

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

Official Paper of the University of Nebraska

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Published every day during the college year except Saturday and Sunday. Subscription price, per semester, \$1.

Entered at the postoffice at Lincoln, Nebraska, as second-class mail matter under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ON INSPIRATION

The Nebraskan clipped not long ago an editorial from Collier's Weekly containing advice to the young man who would make good in the field of journalism. The notable part about this advice was the tribute it paid to the inspiration the writer received from his professors at college. One old fellow in particular we remember whose attraction lay not in his knowledge of trigonometry but in the stimulating influence of his association.

Such examples are known to all of us; they are the common heritage of all men. Just as the schoolboy is fired by the romantic story of Washington, so the college man finds in the course of his four years one man who stirs in his heart ambitions and awakens possibilities heretofore unknown. He may be a big man in his branch of learning, but usually he is a bigger man in his knowledge of life. He forms the ideal of education to the youthful mind; he is knowledge personified. Like Coleridge was to the young Hazlitt, so Dean Bessey has been to more than one eager young botanist, and so other Nebraska professors are to us all.

Hence this advice to freshmen; your education at Nebraska should be more than that gleaned from required courses. As you have come in pursuit of knowledge, the knowledge of life as well as of facts and figures, you must pursue that knowledge farther than the prescribed textbook. Become acquainted with your instructors—examine your own philosophy of life in the light of their mellower minds; study great personalities as well as celebrated treatises. Then to you, too, will come the awakened song of inspiration, and in later life when the seemingly impossible is done, you will look back upon the gentle old man and his books with more reverence than you will ever have for the accumulated wisdom of Solomon and Socrates.

THE REAL WORLD
(Collier's Weekly.)

A heavy-set, middle-aged man with the plastic thumb and square-ended fingers that Dickens noted on one of the inventors of his day (was it Doyce in "Little Dorrit?") had been holding forth in the smoking compartment on how to increase our national production of machine tools. It was a vivid, solid talk on the resources and shortcomings of Providence, Hartford, Detroit, and other towns on how further to organize and speed up in making the things that make the things that will turn out the stuff wherewith to down the boche. Any refined tourist could see how utterly American it was in the way the man lived for his trade. Any loose-limbed poet could write a ream on how the speaker's soul was sensitive only to the stamping of steel dies and vibrant only to the quiver of high-speed drills. And yet, an hour later, the same man was standing alone in the vestibule of their Pullman looking out into the night as the train fled up the snow-wreathed Mohawk Valley, and a passer-by heard him murmur: "Anyhow, if your heart is with some one who's dead, it is safe. No going back on it while you live." One saw the truth then. One thought of Dante and his Beatrice, of the star that shone for the poet through the murk of his hustling, politics-ridden Italy. The real world, which is all too little with us, is the world where the treasure of a man's soul abides, not seen often and not to be lightly revealed, but outwearing time and the things of time.

THREE PICTURES BY
JONAS LIE

Criticised by Nebraska Students

Winter Afternoon

A picture that is good in composition and pleasing in color is only beautiful to me if it brings a message.

In order to convey a message the artist must choose his subject carefully and present it so that it will delight our eyes. However, the subject matters not so much as the manner of presentation.

"Winter Afternoon," by Jonas Lie is so presented that when one glances at it, the impression is of intense cold. The glinting ice and the blue snow tell us that there is an atmosphere which will pierce your very bones.

The manner of presentation is very realistic. But if one goes no farther than the foreground of the picture the message will be lost.

In the background there are fir trees, golden-brown under the rays of the late sun, and the bright sky, and the sun-touched snow, all giving promise of future warmth and life.

In spite of the fact that it is now so cold, we are assured that the time will come, as it always has come before, when the sun will give us new life, and renewed hope.

The message that Jonas Lie brings to me in "Winter Afternoon" is the promise of better things, warmth, life again in nature, and a joy that we all feel with the spring. The picture is satisfying for it promises men something better, for which all men hope.—E. M.

Rose of Valparaiso

When I first looked at this picture it did not seem beautiful to me but I could not keep from looking at it and I kept going back to it after I left it. This picture is not beautiful because the face or form of the woman pictured is beautiful, but for what it represents—the idea or spirit of it.

The face cannot be seen unless you stand close to the painting. Then one can see all of the features which are coarse and ugly. The woman is so wild and primitive that it seems as if she ought to be free and yet I do not feel that she is free. She is like a wild, fierce animal which has been captured and forced to work for man until it is cowed and its pride broken. She is held, not tamed.

The hill-top looks solitary with the wind sweeping across it, and the lowering clouds look so angry that I wish I could stand there and watch the storm.

There is a certain grace in the pose of the woman—she supports her burden so easily, as if she had forgotten it. She was tired before she came up the hill but the wildness of the scene has gripped her and she has halted on her homeward trip, and for that moment she feels a sense of freedom.

The technique of the artist is good. He has succeeded in portraying the mood of nature and the effect it has on the woman. The approaching storm is shown by the clouds and the blowing of the shrubbery and of her skirt. The clouds form the whole background and serve to center the attention upon the woman. The blending of the colors is beautiful and they fit into the scene wonderfully.—O. R.

"Palms in the Wind"

Jonas Lie's picture "Palms in the Wind" strikes me as being beautiful for several reasons: Especially I find it so because it possesses a certain spiritual quality—an ominous note of the strange power and force of nature. This element in the picture gives one a thrill like that experienced when one is frightened or awed. There is a wildness about the picture that I have felt when out in the wind just before a storm.

It has been said long ago that no one could ever paint wind. If any one ever has succeeded I should say Lie has in this picture. The swaying and pulling of the tree, the streaking of the clouds as they are swept across the sky, makes me almost feel the force of the rushing wind. The "lines" are what give the sensation partially.

The colors chosen in painting this picture are a strong factor in making it beautiful. The greenish-yellow sky near the horizon, the gray purple clouds flying across the eky, the black-looking trees silhouetted against the sky and the dark ominous landscape—these are the things which give this picture its spiritual feeling. It brings the real sensation one has in a rush of wind before a storm.—Anon.

WAR MEETING SPEAKERS
TO ARRIVE SATURDAY
(Continued from page one.)

spent in war relief. Doctor Vincent is one of the most brilliant platform speakers in America.

Arthur E. Bestor

Arthur E. Bestor, president of Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, New York, was appointed by President Wilson in September to organ-

ize and direct the speaking division of the committee on public information. Since its organization, this division has drawn together and has coordinated the activities of over 30 national organizations conducting speaking campaigns. Under the supervision of the speaking division all these organizations, centralizing their efforts in the state councils of defense, are conducting a series of war conferences. These war conferences are held in the strategic cities of each

state and form a basis for a series of state-wide mass meetings to be held in each state after the conference.

From the Kentucky war conference which opened at Louisville yesterday, Director Arthur E. Bestor of the speaking division of the committee on public information telegraphed Prof. M. M. Fogg this morning as follows: "Notwithstanding difficult weather conditions trip going successfully. Tremendous crowds everywhere."

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