

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS

The art department at the university has a carefully selected collection of photographs of modern French paintings. They are interesting in themselves but more especially because they are photographs of the pictures we read of and that the studios talk about. When people go abroad they generally bring back an assortment of pictures they suppose they and others are interested in,—frescoes in the Sistine chapel and in St. Mark's and pictures of Dante and Beatrice. Very nice people to be sure and important historical occasions like the assumption and annunciation or the immaculate conception. But we have seen them all dozens of times. These are photographs from the work of Puvis de Chavannes, Bonnat, Chaplin, Louis Dechamps, Bashkirtseff, J. W. Alexander, Whistler and many others. The portrait by Whistler of his mother, is said to be the best portrait ever painted. Whistler himself deprecates any interest taken in it because it is the portrait of his mother. He says it is just a in black and white and it is no one's concern to whom the picture is related, that the picture must please or ail as the rules of color and form are more or less correctly followed. Which, of course, is true, but when we know the picture is the artist's mother, we are not so apt to fail to see what was there before, namely what all people worship in pictures of the madonna. The copy of Manet's picture, which hangs in the Luxembourg, of Olympia, a very ugly nude woman on a divan attended by a negress carrying a huge bouquet and watched by a big black cat, is an eerie thing and a chilly. It is all in blacks and grays and whites. It is as repulsive as Zola's story of Nana. It expresses the same kind of horror and causes the same shudder. It was unfortunate that the cataloguers of the pictures in the Luxembourg in revising the catalogue got things mixed and Olympia's number referred to a title which read "Ma Mere," by Whistler. Everybody stops to look at Olympia and some of them believe anything of that Whistler. You know Du Maurier says "he has no reverence for anybody, but this is going too far." A copy of a portrait of Marie Bashkirtseff by herself, shows her a little Tartar. The portraits of her, seen in the front of her diary, look like those of any young lady. This is a picture of the girl of the diary. There are copies of many of the curious imaginings of Puvis de Chavannes, the present idol of the French people, or rather of French artists. There are two portraits by J. W. Alexander, who seems to me a better artist than Sargent, though he cannot be compared with him his style is so unlike. He has the delicacy of Whistler with something more satisfying and finished in the quality of his work. Mr. Alexander, who is a young American, showed five or six portraits in last year's exhibit in Chicago at the art institute, where they were much admired. His technique is worth a comment. He paints on canvas of very coarse weave and he lays on his color very thin, rarely mixing two colors on his palette. To this method is partly due the simplicity of his effects and the flower-freshness of his colors. He is a painter's painter. While his pictures hung in the gallery in Chicago they were surrounded by a group of young art students excitedly discussing his effects and his method of producing them. These are only a few of the photographs which are all large and clear and repay a few hours examination.

In last week's Courier Mr. New-branch referred to a time "America was

worth fighting for," to a time which he calls "The good old days." There never were any "good old days" after Adam and Eve left the Garden of Eden and began to live and love and hate and work. There were just as many good men in the war of the rebellion, even on the other side, as in the war of the revolution. More, because there were more men. There were more bad ones too by the same token but the good increases faster than the bad. In a thousand years, which are but as a day, this statement will not need proof but even at that date some discouraged observer of men's wicked ways will point to those days in ancient Lincoln "when free institutions stood for a great principal" etc. There are bad men in office here in Lincoln, men who cannot be reformed by the dignity of office or the responsibility of representing 55,000 people. There are good men in office here too, men who represent justice, who sit in the judge's seat and who can neither be bribed nor intimidated. We are not all bad. We are all selfish, but there are more honest than thieves, more law-respecting than law-breakers, more merciful than cruel. It is a good thing to cry out against corruption but not to brand a community with the crime of a few. George Washington was a patriot, Abraham Lincoln was too, and the latter belongs in these degenerate days. He was a clever politician, he pulled wires, and influenced men in more ways than one, though he did nothing dishonorable. There was many a scholar in the south those days whose heart burned within him when he reflected on the disgrace of having such a man as Lincoln at the head of the nation. There are just as many heroes walking up and down the streets of Lincoln today as ever trod the streets of Rome or Boston. They themselves do not know it nor ever will perhaps. You do not know how strong the rope is till it has been strained though it may look like good fibre. Wars bring out the stuff men are made of, they develop the heroic. Now there is Mr. Courtney! His fighting energy would be useful in a real war. He dissipates it now in scrimmages of various kinds, against churches mostly, where all the strain comes on his throat. What a different man he would be if he could ride up and down on a spirited war horse, flourish a sword and cry "Down with the English." Then newspapers would be full of stories of Lieutenant Colonel Courtney's heroism, instead of the disgraceful allusions that occasionally appear in the current and local newspapers referring to the man who would fight.

Miss Elizabeth Irwin sends the following statement of the Charity concert to the editor of The Courier:

I am sorry we are so late in sending you the exact receipts and expenses of the Charity concert. Many persons were slow in reporting to us, some because they were sick and could not do so earlier. The entire receipts from the concert are \$526.10, the expenses were \$62.70, net receipts are \$463.30. We received many generous donations, chief among which have been the kind offices of The Courier and your own personal influence. For both we are grateful. If it be not too late we would like to express our thanks to all the principal livery stables, the Electric Light company, North Printing company, the Newspaper Union and to Mr. McIntosh and the N. P. Curtice Music company, as well as to the musicians who so generously gave what made the concert a success and the financial report what exceeds our expectations in this winter of our hard times. Yours very respectfully,

ELIZABETH W. IRWIN.

This money is to be handed over to the Charity Organization society. This

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The H. M. TEPMAN stock of Columbia, Mo which was recently sold at sheriff's sale was bought by SAMUELS BROS for less than

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Stock arrived in Lincoln January 3 and was put on sale Monday, Jan. 6th, 96, for less than half price. Greatest cut in prices ever made in Lincoln. Remember this stock was bought for nearly a song. In order to close it out by the 1st of February we will make prices so low that it will make goods move very fast

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concert was the most successful enterprise for charity ever conducted in Lincoln. The receipts are so large because Dr. Tyndale and his assistants kept down the expenses to \$68.70. Compare the net returns with those of the Omaha circus which, so far as attendance and excellence is concerned, was a great success also. But Omaha charity received only about \$300. They held the circus two nights and the entire receipts from the two nights were about \$4,000. The woman who managed the programs for the concert was an indefatigable worker and the advertizing on the programs more than paid for them. Dr. Tyndale organized and arranged the concert and selected his assistants. His assistants are able women and the doctor and they deserve the universal praise bestowed on them for accomplishing the success of a decade.

The holiday number of the Overland Monthly publishes a story, with illustrations, by Miss Willa Cather. The Norwegians occupy the farms in the vicinity of Red Cloud almost exclusively. Miss Cather has observed them for a few years in her characteristic way, that is, without appearing to. I think this latest story, "On the Divide," the best

Nebraska-Norwegian prairie story ever written. Her hero is a seven foot Norwegian, Canute Canuteson, who had lived in his split-log hut ten years when the story begins. Canute was lonesome and drank whiskey at first and carved de nuns laughing and men working or praying with demons on their backs. He did both, whiskey drinking and carving to keep from going crazy in the awful loneliness of the Divide. Whiskey soon lost its effect and he took to alcohol. "Alcohol is perfectly consistent in its effect upon man. Drunkenness is merely an exaggeration. A foolish man becomes maudlin; a bloody man, vicious; a coarse man, vulgar. Canute was none of these, but he was morose and gloomy, and liquor took him through all the hells of Dante. As he lay on his giant's bed all the horrors of this world and every other were laid bare to his chilled senses. He was a man who knew no joy, a man who toiled in silence and bitterness. The skull and the serpent were always before him, the symbols of eternal futility and of eternal hate." Canute finally falls in love with the daughter of a family that moves into the next "eighty." His wooing consists in going to her father, Ole Jansen's house, and drinking alcohol with him. The girl