

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS

Evolution signs the race nearly finished when sculptors begin to appear. Centuries of modeling preceded Phidias and Proxiteles and the Egyptians. Though the latter succeeded in building the most impressive monuments, they were overmastered by their religion to such an extent that their ideas of beauty have never been accepted by the artists of succeeding ages. I mean the beauty of the human form that the Greeks and even the Romans expressed so well.

It is flattering to the progress we have made that we show signs of having reached the sculptor age. John Currie belongs to the Egyptian school. He makes grotesque dogs and once he cast Portland cement into a gigantic image of a man, almost as huge as those statues that sat for ages in the Nile and responded with a musical note when the sun's rays touched them. When his man was done he looked too fresh for a pre-historic man, so John buried him in the ground and possessed his soul with patience for a year. Then he dug a well on his place between two sticks found imbedded in the soil just over the head of his gigantic offering. Taking care to have a witness by to repeat his ejaculations about the hardness and virgin character of the soil, John's spade soon struck something as hard as Portland. In view of the statesman—artist's—practice as to work it is difficult to believe that he released the buried man from the earth's long embrace, but it is told that he dug out the colossus himself.

Here the incredible ceases. He named it a petrified man, but the white folks mocked at him. It was not until he found a member of a primitive and unsophisticated race, an old colored man with a cunning faith in white men that sculptor John was able, at last, to live by his wits. The old man's name was Montgomery; he was a janitor at the high school. John told him that he could make a fabulous sum exhibiting the petrified man, that ethnologists had been hunting for many years for just such a proof that "In those days there were giants;" that as the owner of the only survival of a prehistoric race the name of Montgomery would become celebrated all over the world. The janitor gave the foxy inventor a deed on his small farm, obtained the specimen, and disappeared for a while from Lincoln.

With John Currie to represent the artistic development of Lincoln and Bud Lindsey the standard of political sagacity, have we anything to be ashamed of?

A lady who has come to Lincoln within a year or two says that the artistic standards of the people here are too high. This charge is unusual and, unless it have some commercial object, unique. Art is a word that all except its high priests babble about with meaningless and impertinent repetition. But if all the housekeepers of Lincoln, or if just the members of the women's clubs of Lincoln should cover the poor, dumb walls of their houses with pictures cut from the illustrated magazines and papers, cover them as this forerunner of a new gospel has covered here, the men might be driven to drink. Why should the lady of the house strike an attitude in front of a somewhat feeble and self-conscious attempt at mural decoration and declaim on the mission of art, our relation to it, and its relation to us? Such a course will inevitably damage domestic peace and make the neighbors envious. In a less civilized community than ours, missionaries who preach a better religion than the natives possess are frequently spitted, not because the natives are fond of missionary, but because they are not so versatile or trav-

elled as he is and lack a better argument to the superiority of their own deity. I have always thought a successful missionary must be encased in a thicker epidermis than the ordinary man grows. In the first place, because savages are epicures and know the tough from the tender, and in the second place, a man with a delicately poised sense of human rights hesitates to inform several million people that they are wrong; that their forefathers are not where they suppose them to be, and that if they continue to worship the God of their fathers, in many countries commanded by the government, they themselves will not be in the places, after leaving this world, that their descendants suppose them to be. In this way, natives are frequently induced to give up an inferior religion for a better, much to their own advantage, to be sure, but requiring supernatural self-assurance in the messenger who brings the tidings.

Lincoln is not an art centre, yet the support that the Haydon Art club has received since its organization shows that we are interested in the subject. It has given four or five exhibitions of the best work of American artists which have been well patronized in spite of the hard times. It has purchased a number of etchings, which hang in a gallery at the university, and during the winter the club studies certain subjects pertaining to engraving and the various methods of making a picture, as well as architecture and sculpture. Potentially it possesses a worthy and inspiring collection of pictures in a gallery of its own. Miss Sarah Wool Moore, who organized the club, laid the foundation broad as the requirements and generosity of a western city will, in time, demand.

Miss Moore worked for several years to get enough people interested in the movement so that its members should represent every class that makes a city full. She accomplished her purpose after much self-sacrificing and quiet labor. She is now in Florida, where, unless she has changed, she is still, with humility doing two or three times her share of work. The charter members of the club remember her work with gratitude and hope for the future.

The Crete Chautauqua began on the first, though today—the fourth—is really the beginning of the festivities. All the cottages are taken and more tents have been ordered than in any previous year. The Calvert cottage is occupied by Mrs. Calvert, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Garten, and Dr. Sabin, Mr. Welch and family occupy their cottage and share a part of it with Mrs. W. C. Griffith, Mrs. J. W. Winger and Mrs. Agnes Sewell. The Pierce cottage is occupied by the senior Y. W. C. A. of Lincoln. The lawyers' building is filled by twenty-five or thirty members of the Y. W. C. A. of Lincoln. Miss Gertrude Smith and others occupy the Y. M. C. A. building. The jubilee singers are in the G. A. R. building. Wing Allen and party of Omaha people are in the Hardy cottage. The Britt cottage is occupied by Mrs. A. B. Clark and party. Walter Davis and Mrs. Davis, J. S. Harpham and Mrs. Harpham, J. L. Parsons and Mrs. Parsons are in the Eldredge cottage. The first floor of the press building is rented by Mrs. Richardson and party from Eagle, Neb. Mrs. H. M. Bushnell and friends are on the second floor.

Exercises is a heavy word and suggests self-improvement and instruction especially obnoxious in hot weather. I am glad to state that some of the exercises are not improving at all, only cooling and diverting. A child can understand them and the middle-aged are quite as interested. Even the

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