

One Year With THE COURIER For Two Dollars

McClure's Lippincott's Munsey's and Any Dollar Magazine

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OBSERVATIONS.

(Continued from page 1.)

added that if the city needs brick after this council goes out of office the same brick can likely be had for two dollars per thousand less than now, but the contract was made with the Des Moines brick company just the same. It may be that there are reasons why this contract for so much more brick than we can use or pay for must be made, but the people who must pay for it have not been informed of these reasons.

Mr. Dunroy's new volume of poems is favorably reviewed in last Monday's Chicago Record at the length of a column by the young Nebraskan—Mr. Carl Smith, who edits a column in that paper. Mr. Smith appreciates the truthful feeling and the philosophy in "Corn Tassel," and there is reason to believe that when the more famous critics of this country read the poems, they will also appreciate their merit. It is so hard to believe that anything next door can amount to anything, until people at least a thousand miles away, say it is good, that Mr. Dunroy will probably have to wait the eastern verdict. Then we will invite him with belated recognition to take the place his merits entitle him to. The time is soon coming, I hope when this recognition will enable him to look back upon his Grub street experiences with the amusement that painful experiences produce in retrospect.

Haydon Art Club Pictures.

The midwinter exhibit of the Haydon Art club in the art gallery at the State University library building is in progress now and is a most interesting collection of modern and classic art. Hovenden's "Breaking Home Ties" occupies the central place of the exhibit in point of position. It is valued by the owner, Mr. Harrison of Pennsylvania, at one thousand dollars, and it cost the Art club about five hundred dollars to get it here and pay the insurance on it during the time of the exhibition and in transit. It attracted more a tention than any other picture at the World's Fair, though there were hundreds of pictures at that great show superior to it in color and composition. The reason is that the American and English race are sentimental rather than artistic. There is no Gallic worship of the aesthetic for its own sake among us. A bit of faded carpet that reminds us of something homely, a picture painted for the purpose of making us weep, will attract a crowd who will entirely overlook the merely beautiful.

We are a story-telling and story-loving people and therefore most of us prefer Breaking Home Ties to DeLorme's Village Street in Winter. Since the fifteenth century when Italians began to realize the public that was waiting for a good picture of the Mother and Son, many a painter's reputation rests on a single madonna. The subject itself is enshrined in tenderness. Mr. Hovenden's mother is elderly, this is a dark gown of flowered calico with a whitish apron. Her hair is drawn back from as sharply and femininely a head as any gilt-framed madonna of them all, but her face is wrinkled and there are dark shadows under her eyes and her hands, one of which she has laid upon her oldest son's shoulder, are discolored and knotted by the toil of a farmer's wife. Altogether her only beauty is in the ex-

pression of yearning self-effacing motherhood. She has no glory of dusky eyes and artistic draperies, no peachy, Italian skin dimpling into lovely curves when the baby's hand touches her cheek. But in spite of her homeliness she is the madonna that softens the hearts of American men and women. The picture would not be popular in France but it would set the lugubrious English to thinking of their mothers and their boyhood. Mere color and form and atmosphere cannot satisfy the Anglo-Saxon. He must be amused or saddened or horrified before he feels that he has his money's worth. The popularity of Breaking Home Ties is directly related to our temperament rather than to the satisfaction of any artistic longings.

The Village Street in Winter by Hubert De Lorme is a picture by a painter. The management of the light which comes from the back of the picture is very modern. The shadows are transparent and the vibration of light is evident to every conscientious spectator. In composition and color it is stimulating. The purple turkeys and the Shepherd who drives them through the snowy street are the center of the color scheme of bluish and pinkish whites. It is a picture that tells a story of the beauty of the atmosphere and the effect of a sunrise upon commonplace men and women and turkeys. The theme is a painter's and he restricts himself to his theme nor asks the aid of literature.

Next to DeLorme's picture is a small nude, Chloe. The color is as delicate as a mayflower. The female form is exquisitely modeled and the background is unimportant but in perfect harmony. After a day in the harsh world this beauty, not insisted upon or vulgarly emphasized, soothes, blesses, converts.

The Corral, (which the catalog says is Scotch for a hollow in the side of a hill where game usually lies) in Skye is an interesting painting of Skye terrier—like cattle, deep between two hills from which the purple mist has not yet lifted. The mist is pierced by the slanting rays of the sun. The green and heather suggest the tufted growths of the Colorado uplands, but the coloring of the hills and the brushwork is unmistakably English. The sheep picture by T. Sidney Cooper is a group of three sheep in herbivorous repose. They are faithfully painted and worthy of more attention than they seem to get.

But the picture which satisfies the decorative appetite more than any other is the Cardinal Gathering Flowers. Lightly poised on his blessed pontifical feet, clothed in red silken hose and red Moroccan slippers, with his spotless red robe trailing on the gravel walk, the churchman is arranging a bouquet of geraniums and other flowers, which pale before the glow of his presence. The color is so clean and crisp, and the composition is pleasing. Mr. Herrmann has used beloved red without fear and has produced a delightful effect. The Arabs, by Adolph Schreyer a celebrated painter, is hard. Mr. Schreyer is not a modern. He belongs to the Pilate school of art. His work might be copied in a good chromo and lose nothing in atmosphere or in feeling. Irving R. Wiles' Sunshine and Shadow is a large picture by one of the best known of American artists. The coloring is good and the mother and infant seem well drawn. The baby's pleased, awed expression as he touches the flowers has the subtleness of pleased infancy, but the picture, as a whole, is not especially interesting. The texture of China Asters by Robert Shade of Milwaukee reaches the point of decep-

tion. The plush cover is not indicated but it is there in all its deep softness. The Serpent Charmer is another work of large size and fine color but lacking in atmosphere and personality. Restoring from Work, Mu hroom Gatherer, and Picking Roseberries by O. Farsky from hyphenated Belgrade Serbia has clean color and charming composition, and although the pictures are small they carry well. They are merely decorative, however, lacking altogether the bravery and personality of The Cardinal Gathering Flowers. "The Courier," by Alberto P. Sini, is an Arab messenger halted at the blue tiled wall of a Turkish court. He has knocked or called and he and his horse wait the gatekeeper. The color is clean, the composition is faultless, and the technique is not fussy. When simplicity, clean color and good taste characterize a picture, the faults are only negative. In all the decorative pictures before mentioned there is no sentiment or poetry, because it does not belong. It would be a mistake and an impertinence if it were there. The poetry in A Hot Day on the Ocean, A Mother's Care, and Althea by Carolus Wade inheres in the subjects themselves. The artist has not obtained it. Althea is a portrait of a youngish woman in a brown gown. The flesh tints are delicate and the expression of world-weary young womanhood is well rendered. The Money Changer by Leo Bruzin is hard as a lithograph. In color it is an olive green, and the hundred or more objects in the financier's vicinity are painted with microscopic faithfulness. Kettles, by Emma R. Wright, is a study worth having. A large brass kettle "interior" and a smaller upright kettle with a tankard of cool, gray stoneware in the background is exquisitely painted. It has personality, too, which the kettle and pumpkin across the room is lacking in. The latter is real shiny brass, fresh from the scouring hands of a good housewife. The pumpkin has a wedge cut from its side, disclosing the pulp and the seeds. Besides the pumpkin and kettle Mrs. McKnight has a coach shell painted with accuracy and an appreciative color instinct.

Of the water colors, The Country Doctor, by L. E. Earle, is the most ambitious. However, it belongs with The Arabs, and The Serpent Charmer, though a little more modern in technique. The Crucifix at Etaplex, A Head, and Corn Shocks, by M. J. Chapman, has atmosphere and an interesting personality, as well as refinement in color. Mrs. Chapman also has several sketches in pencil and ink that sink in the mind in spite of the modest medium in which they are expressed. Pain Johnson's Indian pictures, The Wigwam, and Peace, are characteristic of the Indian and the Western plains.

They are painted thin and are of a curious leathery tone very much in keeping with the subject. There is something a trifle amateurish about them, though where I cannot say. The Arizona pictures by Harvey Young are typical type, as the university boy orators say, of Tucson, cloudless, dry sky, diffused light, sparse vegetation, and a. l.

Next week the very excellent loan collection and the interesting work of the local artists and art students will be reviewed.

The death of Captain Carson on Thursday morning at the Lincoln hotel saddened a great many. The Captain, in spite of an invalidism of many years, has many friends all over the state who have learned to lean upon his council and upon a quiet and reserved but very strong character.

B. F. Wilcox.

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