



# THE COURIER

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**OBSERVATIONS.****An Hallucination.**

In the last ten days of the picture exhibit hung in the art gallery of the state university, by the Western Art Association, adult patrons were unable to enjoy the pictures on account of the presence of children under picture age. I know it is a darling belief, held by those who do not observe children closely, or observing, idealize them, that all children are elevated and cultivated by a momentary view of good pictures. I have closely observed the public school children at the art gallery in the last week of the exhibit. There is occasionally a boy or girl of eleven or a precocious child of eight who appears to be impressed and appears to be making a comparative study of the exhibit. A large number of the children stand with their backs to the pictures swaying on the ropes which keep them from feeling and smelling of the trees, water, still-life and figures on the walls. In the eyes of another large part of the children as they enter the hall, dawns, an immediate appreciation of the splendid proportions of the gallery and the smooth floor (howbeit encumbered by the immovable bulk of grown people) as a running track. Some of the boys without glancing at the pictures, which their parents have paid a dime for them to see, arrange a race and agree to terms. The race is no sooner started than stopped by the unsympathetic teachers who do not comprehend that the boys have found a running track such as they have dreamed of, but have never hoped to enjoy. Children are fascinated by the sight of money and the young man at the door who receives the tickets was continually surrounded by little

children listening eagerly to the clink of the silver coins, counting the piles of dimes and quarters and speculating on the enormous income of the young man. Meanwhile several games of grab-a-hat-and-run and tag were in progress all over the large room whenever the children were there.

Most of the pictures were beyond the comprehension of the young children. The dog and cat pictures being the only ones to receive spontaneous, uninfluenced commendation from them. If it were possible to hold an exhibit keyed just a little above a child's taste the school children would be benefited. But as it is, it is very hard on the teachers who are anxious that their children should get out of the exhibit just what improvement, gushers say may be extracted by a proper application of pictures to a child. These pictures are like classical music. If one or two were hung in the school room, or where the children might see them in moments of enforced repose for a number of years, the effect upon their taste, upon their appreciation of color, values, composition and drawing, would be permanent. But these exhibits except in the case of the exceptional child, where the children are sociably herded into a large room obviously and originally designed for play, do them no good. The annoyance of noise to patrons who wish to examine the pictures, and to the members of the art class, who are copying them, is of little consequence, of course, if the children are benefited as much as the art expositors say they are, and personally the sight of the children and their naive remarks when they forget to say what they have been taught, is the most interesting part of the show to me. But my observation of the children in the four or five annual exhibits indicates that they consider the pictures a bore but welcome the opportunity of getting out of school and making a winter picnic out of the hallucinations of their elders. A mother of an only child remarked lately while receiving an afternoon call that her son had remarkable discrimination and picked out the best picture in the gallery immediately, and without being led to it. Then the son came in and the mother directed him to change his clothes as she intended to take him with her into town. "Well," he answered, "I'll go down town with you, but you don't get me up to that picture gallery again."

**Quisante.**

Anthony Hope's other books are stirring tales, to be read at a sitting. This one, Quisante, is a book of mental questions and answers. It is difficult to acquire an interest in the characters, and afterwards to keep it alive to the end of the book. Mr. Hope has, in all probability, met Henry James, who has told him what

bad form it is to write interesting books. So this is entirely without the dramatic quality Mr. Hope has given us reasons to expect from him. The hero, Quisante, is an orator and a politician. He is one of those gifted political beings furnished with the insight to see what course and what beliefs will interfere with his career and unscrupulous enough to recant any belief and desert any friend the people who vote for him object to, and besides he recanted and deserted gracefully, as though the acts of renunciation were prompted by an inner light. Quisante possessed what every great orator must, the power of being greatly moved by the expression of his own opinions, or rather by those he thinks his majorities desire him to hold. He is described as having inspired moments, when his subject gets possession of him and he is able to make converts. In one of these moments one of the guests of his host whom he has fascinated, is a young woman with whom Quisante has fallen in love. She has despised him for his bad manners and for his lack of principle, but she comes under the spell. We have to take Mr. Hope's word for Quisante. He tells us that he is clever. We never see him clever. He does not allow him to exert his fascinations upon the reader. Nobody cares for him or his wife. Mr. Hope puts a case: Suppose a beautiful, desirable much courted woman falls in love with an unscrupulous, statesman with vicious instincts, who will lie, get money under false pretenses, and who will destroy an innocent man's reputation for his own gain. Suppose the hero-villain loves the woman who finally marries him. Suppose she is one of the children of light and eschews deceit. Suppose after she is married, loyalty towards her husband compels her to endorse his lies and reinforce his statements. Will she continue to love him? Anthony Hope explains that Quisante's genius, which the reader knows only by hearsay, compels his wife's allegiance, though she fears him and is horrified by his vices and is only really satisfied with her choice when he is making a speech. If Anthony Hope were not the author it is doubtful if many would have the perseverance to persist in the perusal of Quisante. The book is not in the form of a diary, but it might as well be. It is concerned with the fluctuating love and loathing of May Quisante for her husband. It is a long garrulous tale of woe by a strange woman we do not care for. It would be a policeman's duty to listen to her, or an agent of the charity organization society might be induced to give her the time, on account of his sociological studies, but Anthony Hope has disdained, though he knows how, to make her interesting, and readers who read for recreation and a love of literature who finish the book because they bought it, will not recommend it to their friends, unless

they belong to that class of practical jokers who express a satisfaction with a purchase they do not feel in order that they may have companions in chagrin.

**A Bank Receiver.**

Excellent reports are received from Rutland in regard to Mr. D. D. Muir's conduct of the funds and resources of the Merchants' National bank of Rutland Vermont. The reports do justice to Mr. Muir's knowledge of banking, good judgment in rapidly closing up the affairs of an insolvent bank, and are another confirmation of the discrimination and discretion of the Comptroller, Mr. Charles G. Dawes, who appointed Mr. Muir. The Rutland Evening News edited by Mr. Charles T. Fairfield, formerly of Lincoln, in the issue of January 9, 1901, says:

The twenty-five per cent dividend disbursed this week by Receiver D. D. Muir of the looted Merchants National bank of Rutland amounts to nearly \$80,000. A previous dividend of fifty per cent has been paid and it is more than likely that nearly, if not quite, twenty-five per cent more will be realized before this rotten and unfortunate financial incident in this city is closed. This means that already, within less than ten months since the bank was closed and the frightful looting of its funds by Cashier Mussey was discovered, nearly a quarter of a million of dollars have been realized upon the assets of the institution and paid out by the receiver. Considering all the circumstances the owners of the \$320,000 in deposits at the bank when it closed have suffered minimum inconvenience and deprivation. The work has been done in a fairly remarkable way.

This quick liquidation and straightening out of an almost inextricable tangle has been due to two or three noteworthy facts. In the first place, the delegation by the Comptroller of the Currency of Mr. Muir to the task was the best selection that could have been made. Without fear or favor he has prosecuted his difficult mission of saving the depositors every dollar possible out of the wreck. His long banking experience and unswerving devotion to duty have stood him in good stead. Secondly, the stockholders have come to the front heroically and, fortunately or otherwise, have had the ability to pay to a larger degree than anyone anticipated the full assessment on their shares. To pay the assessment has caused many a stockholder actual deprivation. Of the \$100,000 stock, more than \$90,000 has been paid on the assessment and probably ninety-five per cent will eventually be realized. The most sanguine at the outset did not dare to predict that over eighty-five percent would be paid in. Thirdly, the loans of the directors of the bank must necessarily have been of the most part gilt edged, or it would have been out