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## BYE THE BYE.

Two or three years ago the curiosity of the literary world was piqued by the appearance of a book entitled "John Bull and His Island." It was a study of English character, immensely clever and sarcastic, but no one knew the author, who gave his name as Max O'Reil. Subsequently it came out that the writer was a Frenchman, M. Blouet, who had spent years in England as a tutor to children of wealthy parents. Afterward he told us about "John Bull's Daughters" and last year he visited the United States, which resulted in a book on Brother Jonathan that was very pleasing to our national vanity because it seemed to be just and fair. Max O'Reil has written a series of papers on the French people and their characteristics, and the COURIER has secured the exclusive right to their use in Lincoln. In "Jacques Bonhomme" O'Reil writes in the same dashing style that he does when leveling his sallies at John Bull or at Brother Jonathan, gently assisting them to see themselves as others see them. When it is his own country and his own people, however, which are to be held up for inspection, M. Blouet naturally and confessedly allows a rose-colored light to play upon their features and throw a glamor even over their faults and follies. There is no other country, says the writer, about which foreigners talk so much and know so little as France, and he proceeds in a series of clever sketches to enlighten us regarding his fellow countrymen, their life, their work, their play, their prejudices and customs, from "Jacques Bonhomme's" school days to his old age. The fact that the writer speaks whereof he knows and that the reader looks at France through French eyes lends much of its value to the work. One of M. Blouet's most enthusiastic chapters sings the praises of his countrywomen, whom he gallantly defends against charges of frivolity and kindred weaknesses. Their chief charm, and that which distinguishes them from the women of other countries, he considers to be their conversational powers, which are yet free from any taint of strong-mindedness. One of the chief points which the author intends to impress upon the reader is the falsity of the familiar saying "Paris is France." Paris is not France, insists the writer, and France is not to be judged by Parisian standards; as well might one take the turbulent and extravagant Parisian workman as a type of the sober, peaceful and industrious peasantry. As individuals and therefore as a nation, he admits the French tendency towards narrowness and absorption in their own affairs. For example, if one were to ask the first hundred men one met in France the name of the president of the United States, only two or three would be able to answer the question. And yet we speak of French inquisitiveness! These papers will begin in this week's COURIER and continue for eight or ten issues.

Dick Johnson is a notable example of the beneficent result of having one's fortune told by a bright young woman. The good things promised him are all coming to pass and with such a rush as to almost bewilder the fortunate fellow. Last week came a cablegram announcing the safe arrival of the promised son. A few days later Dick was made manager of E. K. Criley's hotel at Beatrice, the new Padlock, and of course it goes without saying that he would not leave the Capital City without being tempted by a handsome increase in salary. Tuesday evening he was presented by his friends at the Capital with a gold-headed cane, and he seems to be on the road of realization to all the good luck predicted in his "fortune." Dick is English born, but on arriving in this country he picked up his h's and dropped the insufferable insolence of the average Britisher if he ever had any of it. We are proud of him as a conspicuous proof of the saving grace of American institutions and influences. He began his hotel career as a bell-boy in a summer hotel up in Wisconsin. He made himself so indispensable that the proprietor had to promote him in order to keep him and give his genius for usefulness more scope. He has retained the old habit, and for four years past has been the chief and radiant ornament of the Capital's desk. Dick is one of those cheerful souls who are born with well-behaved livers and rose-colored eyes. His fount of good nature is always in full flow, and it is not strange that this impending change elicits a mingled sentiment of regret and well wishing from a host of people who have come in contact with him.

The state board of agriculture will hold its annual meeting in this city beginning on Jan. 21st. One of the important matters to be settled is the location of the state fair for the next five years. A corn exhibition will be held in Grant memorial hall in connection with the meeting, and it is proposed that the exhibits shall be sent east to advertise Nebraska and her products. The premiums will range from \$5 to \$25, and most of the exhibits will be of lots of twenty ears. It may interest the ordinary reader to know how the latter are to be compared. The board announces the following score of points: Length of ear 100; circumference of ear 100; evenness of ear 100; percent of net grain to cob 300; color and uniformity of grain 300; quality and ripeness of grain 100; weight of net grain compared with legal standard 100.

The Hayden Art club promises to make an effort to secure "The Angelus" for an exhibition in Lincoln late in the winter, and holds out to the public the hope of being successful. "The Angelus" was sold a short time ago to an American firm for \$55,000 francs about \$10,000 in competition with French bidders, who are suspected of having shrewdly bid Brother Jonathan under pretense of wanting to keep the painting in France. "The Angelus" will be seen at a New York exhibition under the auspices of the American Association for the Encouragement and Promotion of Art. That high-sounding name is intended to conceal the identity of several art dealers, who are handling the picture to advance their own business interests. There is little doubt of their letting their costly canvases go about the country if they can get their price. The New York exhibition is planned

to show the works of Barye, but a hundred masterpieces by Corot, Daubigny, Decamps, Delacroix, Diaz, Dupre, Millet, Rousseau and Troyon will also be exhibited, ostensibly as accessories to the show. A New York critic, speaking of this matter, says: "Alone, 'The Angelus' would certainly disappoint the public. It is a sombre, unimposing canvas (21 1/2 x 25 1/2 inches), painted with a heavy hand and altogether lacking in technical beauty. But arranged, as it probably will be, in a little shrine of its own, with detectives to guard it, and perhaps railed off so that it may not be approached too lightly, it will be a charming 'piece de resistance.' People will look at the Barye bronzes and the Barye water-colors and at the great works of the masters of the Fontainebleau school, and then they will come back again and again to look at 'The Angelus,' and they will whisper to each other: 'Fancy! more than \$100,000—just think of it! Nearly \$200 an inch! and they will wonder if it is painted on gold and if the frame is solid gold to!"

Elsewhere in this COURIER is an article entitled "How to Judge a Picture." It is from the pen of Miss Sarah Wool Moore, instructor in art at the State University, a lady who has proven her right to speak authoritatively on matters artistic. As Miss Moore says, there are no absolute standards of criticism, of judgment, but there are general rules, and her timely article is helpfully suggestive. Anyone not already up on the subject who will read Miss Moore's explanations carefully cannot fail of viewing the works exhibited in the Senate chamber with greater intelligence and profit. It is not pretended that the reading of this article will make a critic of anyone. It is not exhaustive, but as comprehensive probably as it could well be in the limited space given it, and it is so plain, so free from technical terms and mystic expressions as to be clear to the simplest adult understanding. In two words, it is helpful, suggestive. The COURIER hopes that Miss Moore may favor the public through its columns with more information bearing on the current art exhibition.

A huggable waltz gown is one of the latest things written about by an eastern correspondent. What a vista of possibilities the same opens up to the imagination of the male sex! This particular gown is described as being fitted over a bonnet, corset and put together without steels, beads, cords, straps, hooks or even buttons. It is a clinging Greek affair, draped after the manner of the Greek dress, with folds that fall and flow about the figure. A girdle and buckle hold the garters at the waist, and knots of ribbon secure the neck and sleeves. It is a house-dress, but may be worn on home-dancing occasions. The necessity for a dress of this sort may be questioned by precise spinsters and severe matrons, but there isn't a pretty woman in the country who will honestly frown it down. Of course, if a body doesn't like men, and has an aversion to being hugged in the waltz, then the gown in question would be as impertinent as the monograms carved on the Ujiji maids by their husbands and sweethearts. But brought to the compass of a woman's waist, a man isn't satisfied with an armful of whalebone. It isn't a pleasant thing to hold. He wants to feel something tangible, something responsive and that's what he can't feel when the woman of his choice is faced in an armor of steel. To be successfully hugged a woman must be curving, and in the huggable gown with its yielding seams and its graceful drapery she can be as sinuous as a serpent. Right here a bit of gratuitous advice may not be impertinent. The trump card in hugging at any other time than in a waltz is brevity. A taste is an appetizer, but satiety cloyes the senses. The sweets of life should be niggardly dispensed. They should be fed to the admirer as parsimoniously as a trained nurse feeds a convalescing patient. No matter how huggable the subject the king of hearts will run away as soon as he has fasted. Motto: Never give a man enough of your time and favor if you want to keep him enslaved. With the huggable gown and discretion any bright, neat woman can rule a despot. A man knows the danger to be apprehended from a surfeit. The hint, dear girls, doesn't cost you a cent.

The Omaha charity ball this week seems to have been far from a brilliant affair. From the reports of the dailies it would seem that only fifty or sixty couples participated and that the ladies left their best gowns at home. The reporters made desperate efforts to gild the ball as a success without lying outright.

Dave Rowe of Denver, formerly manager of the Lincoln base ball club, was in town Monday on his way back from the Minneapolis meeting of the Western base ball association. While in Lincoln Mr. Rowe tried to find enough enthusiasm to stir up, in the hope of getting Lincoln into the association. St. Joe was kicked out because of its failure to meet certain requirements, and its place is going begging. Previous to the meeting it was loudly talked that Detroit and Toledo would be likely to go into the association, but it is likely that neither city made application, and now Lincoln is good enough to fill the gap. All lovers of the national game would like to see this city represented by a good ball team, but the gentlemen of sportive inclinations who were called on to chip in \$700 each at the close of the former experiment are not falling over each other in a mad rush for more of that kind of fun. However, hope springs eternal, and perhaps a new crop of enthusiasm will be ready to harvest by spring.

The Union Pacific seems to have aroused itself to the importance of the passenger traffic in and out of Lincoln, and is improving its accommodations accordingly. An arrangement has been made whereby its trains will run into the B. & M. depot, a change from the run-the-risk-of-being-killed-in-getting-to-it depot that will bring thousands of blessings down upon the heads of the U. P. management. It is intimated that another passenger train will be put on soon to connect with the west bound flyer at Columbus. The up-town ticket office is being refurbished,

ed, and Ed Slosson, the old reliable, the man who never sleeps and never goes out of town, will have handsome quarters worthy the great railway system that he represents so vigorously. The Union Pacific's interest in real estate in west house business, and, apparently, it means to get a bigger share of the travel to and from Lincoln. The improved depot facilities and increased train service will probably be supplemented with newspaper announcements of the advantages offered by the great Overland Route, and Lincoln people will be correspondingly proud.

Crancer, the art dealer, is exhibiting in one of his windows seven paintings from the brush of D. Weber of Frelberg, Germany. The artist is the father of Adolf Weber, who visited Vaterland last summer and brought these paintings back with him. There is a scene in the Black Forest: rocky mountains on the right, a torrent in the middle foreground and a forest of firs at the left. Two small pieces give Swiss landscapes, but Mr. Weber is happiest in his character studies. Two of them show German cooks, male and female, a third pictures a philosopher and a fourth a long-haired member of some religious order. The backgrounds are almost black, and the shadings are in dark browns. The character lines are skillfully drawn, and the effect is rich, subdued, antique.

The ministers have met and resolved. They resolved to make certain "recommendations" relative to funerals, which may be briefly summarized, to-wit: That the arrangements on the part of both rich and poor be simple and inexpensive; that long sermons be discouraged; that relatives take leave of the dead before the public service and that the coffin be not opened in church; that the uncovering of heads at out-door services be discouraged; that the horses be not walked all the way to the cemetery; that the pastors be consulted as to the arrangements and that Sunday funerals be discouraged. The ministers have fired their guns into the air, and it is not clear from the statement furnished for publication whether they were aiming for publicity in particular or not. The presumption, however, is that the ministers themselves are tacitly pledged to personally with greater force and effect. In fact they refuse to do certain things—preach a long funeral sermon, for example. It is quite probable public sentiment will approve all the recommendations with the possible exception of that relating to the length of sermons. So many good souls are fond of spectacles. They insist on having the virtues of the dead and the promises of redemption paraded at the greatest possible length. They look to their pastor to glorify a commonplace life, often to send the advice of his pastor, but now the latter has such complacency, demand a eulogy as a matter of right on one side and duty on the other, and never think of a recompense for the labor. No wonder the ministers rebel. Most people have very vague conceptions of the effort required to speak. The words roll from a speaker's tongue so fluently! It seems so easy! But anyone who has attempted the work of literary composition, either for speech or writing, knows that the work and the agony is just as real as though muscles, instead of gray matter, were being strained. There is no adequate reason why ministers should submit to the imposition.

Faith, hope and charity, but the greatest of these is charity. So said the Master nearly two thousand years ago, and man has found no cause in all the ages since to doubt the dictum. The poor we have with us always. It is the duty, it should be the pleasure—it is the pleasure—of man to help man. In the heart of every man is pity for the unfortunate. It may be smothered at times by the cares of business, family, of society, but it needs only to be stirred up to burst forth in loving kindness. During the past two days a quiet but thoughtful man has been asking leading citizens of Lincoln what they thought of the idea of a charity ball, and he has met the warmest approval on every hand. Among the gentlemen consulted are Governor Thayer, Mayor Graham, Auditor Benton, Postmaster Watkins, Elder Howe, Editor Gers, Messrs. Frank L. Sheldon, C. J. Ernst, George H. Clark, H. P. Foster, Wm. Leonard, R. H. Oakley, D. E. Thompson, Charles Magoon, J. H. McMurty and C. C. Burr. One and all heartily endorse the move to make fashion pay tribute to charity, and the quiet man will probably call these gentlemen together within a few days to appoint committees and make plans. The idea is to have the ball on New Year's night, which will give the ladies as well as the committees ample time to prepare for the affair. In the large cities the annual charity ball is one of the biggest social events of the year, and there seems to be no reason why Lincoln should not have this metropolitan feature. It can be made a fashionable affair from which its patrons will retire with the satisfaction of feeling that they had their money's worth (for the tickets will have to be high), and a handsome sum will be realized for the poor.

A preventative for cramp. There no longer exists any doubt but cramp can be prevented. True cramp never appears without a warning, and if Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as directed as soon as the first indication of cramp appears, it will invariably dispel all symptoms of the disease. This can always be done if it is kept at hand. 50c and \$1 bottles for sale by A. L. Shader.

Leavitt, the coal man, the gay and genial Henry, will be found after December first in one of the best locations in Lincoln. The up-town office will be at 1138 O street, the store now occupied by the Golden Eagle house.

School Shoes at Brisco & Cook's.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Richard Stahl, of "Said Pasha" fame, now a resident of Omaha, has written another comic opera, "The Sea King," and is in a fair way to have it bring in a money return. It was submitted to Emma Abbott while in Omaha last week, and she wanted to buy it and begin rehearsals at once. Charles H. Pratt, her manager, has intimate relations with Rudolph Aronson of the New York Casino, and at his suggestion Stahl will first of all perform the opera at the New York Casino. Harry B. Smith has written some of the libretto and among his work is the following topical song: When an old man like me in a woman puts trust,

A great error he's certain to make. Though he fancies she loves him, 'tis only his "dash."

There is a good deal of cause to wonder how the Musee people make it pay, or, in other words, how they can afford to give the entertainment they do for the trifling admittance charged. The big card of this week has undoubtedly been the performance of four seals. They do simple things, it is true, but the marvelous thing about it is that they have been taught to understand the language of man. The young man in charge is from Hamburg, Germany, where there is an institution given up to the training of animals. The seals are from the North Sea. Two of them were trained abroad, and the young man is now at work on the two babies. The newspaper men were favored with a private performance the other day and had a chance to examine the seals at close range. The little fellows have glossy skins, that reflect beautiful colors, and big soulful eyes that almost talked. The two trained seals were fondled without fear of being bitten and seemed to be docile, affectionate little things. One could not help coveting one of them for a pet. What a novelty he would be. As the seals move about in the light the color of their fur apparently changes with exquisitely beautiful effects. This is an interesting attraction as the Musee has never had. To take fishes from the sea, and to understand man's orders and exhibit them in tricks on a stage four thousand miles from their native home—why, it's a marvelous thing when you stop to think of it. The seals live a long time either in or out of water, and are transported in crates. Sherman's trained goats made another strong feature. They too had been trained to understand spoken orders, which they obeyed with the precision of a machine. The seals were quite remarkable. In many rope-walks acts by animals the "rope" has a surface of two inches or more, but it is set up far away and only shows a thin edge to the audience. Fata Morgana was rather a high-sounding name for the stereopticon pictures of Leo Marley, but the dissolving views were really excellent and provoked a great deal of merriment. The sea serpent was thirty or forty feet long and embodied the features of the traditional monster of the deep. Among the bill of attractions for next week will be a tableau representing the participants in the Cronin murder by wax figures; also, Reed brothers and their black art; Nana Sahib, mysterious being from the east; Walters & Gray with their transatlantic vandellies; Edward Loret, long shoe dancer; little Miss Loret, the young woman who makes shadows of all kinds of heads with her hands; Sol. Stone, the lightning calculator; J. H. Vandant, reformed spiritualist; Kilman & McKee, acrobats; Bado & Neaty, trapeze performers.

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Afternoon Musical. Miss Ethel Howe and her students gave a recital at Temple hall yesterday afternoon. It began at three o'clock, and the nine numbers took barely an hour, showing a promise of no inconsiderable merit. The recital had a friendly, personal interest and attracted a large company of ladies. Miss Howe is a sweet singer of proven ability, and she enjoys the esteem of Lincoln people in an unusual degree. Her competency as a teacher is conceded, and the audience complimented the progress and execution of her pupils with frequent applause. The following program was rendered:

- 1. Duett—Syrren and Friar..... Emanuel Miss Coleman, Mr. Barnes.
- 2. Slumber Song..... Kucken Miss McAlpine.
- 3. The Outpost..... Pinault Miss Shire.
- 4. Love's Sorrow..... Shelley Miss Shire.
- 5. Masks and Faces..... Molloy Mrs. McDonald.
- 6. Wooing..... Strelzki Miss Brockman.
- 7. Dear Heart..... Matiel Mr. Barnes.
- 8. Pierrot..... Hutchinson Miss Coleman.
- 9. Angelo's Serenade..... Braga Soprano Solo with Violin and Piano accompaniment Miss Howe, Miss Handolph and Miss Green.

TO-NIGHT'S HALLAD CONCERT. The demand for tickets for Mrs. Weber's ballad concert this evening has been very large, and a big, fashionable audience is assured. A party of young people came from Council Bluffs and Omaha this morning and will remain over for the concert. There will be two changes on the program as sent out. Mrs. Weber will sing "Just a Song at Twilight" for No. 7, and Mr. Weber, whose playing is always welcomed, will perform one of his own compositions, viz.: "The Landlady's." Mrs. Nellie B. Sheldon, pianist, of Chicago, is a stranger in Lincoln, but she will not be after this evening, for her playing is simply charming. Her touch is wonderfully clear and magnetic and best of all she plays compositions readily appreciated by an audience. Mr. Brigham, who has heard her much, speaks in the highest terms and says that she is the most pleasing pianist he has ever heard. Mr. Brigham's ballads will be "Across the Far Blue Hills, Marie," by Marston, and "Once More We Meet," by Wellings.

AT FUNKE'S. Robert Downing one of the rising tragedians, will be seen at Funke's next Monday evening in one of his new plays, "The White Pilgrim," of which the Cincinnati Enquirer says: "The White Pilgrim" is not a highly flavored, many-colored drama, through the scenes of which are strewn all kinds of rich-sounding but meaningless words. It is a play in all the terms meant. And among the banal-like dramatic and gaudy things that pass muster as stage creations it stands a pale, marble shaft, pure, white and flawless. A piece of statuary cannot borrow the pleasing accessories of tint, shading, foreground and perspective like a water-color, but its merits must rest upon the simple beauty of its design and execution. And it is this simplicity that is the native and lasting charm of "The White Pilgrim" as Robert Downing produced it. This actor's repertoire is rich in thesian gems, but "The Pilgrim" is the brightest jewel of them all. The story is taken from an original poem of the name, and in the adaptation it has lost none of its poetic fervor or sweetness. It is laid in the twelfth century, and tells how a Christian maiden won the heart of the Fagan Prince Harold.

"THE BURGLAR." Gus Thomas' comedy-drama, "The Burglar," is booked at Funke's for next Friday and Saturday evenings and a Saturday matinee. The original suggestion of the play called "The Burglar" was, in itself, a charming fancy. A precocious but lovable child, informed that burglars never harm people who do not attempt to interfere with them, but are very dangerous if bothered, awakes to discover one of them prowling about her father's library. With implicit faith in the burglar's harmlessness if allowed to have his own way, the child feels no fear and is only anxious that the robber shall "burgle as quietly as possible." The astonished robber, when he realizes the situation, chuckles over it, tenderly bundles the

little tot up in a rug and ensconces her upon a sofa near the fire where she can watch him work. "I'm going to take everything in sight, little one," he says, "but that's no reason why you should take cold." From the snowy rug on the sofa, tinted by the firelight, the child's voice asks: "Wouldn't he please leave a knife and fork and spoon for mamma's breakfast?" "You'd better be a burglar than anything else!" This situation, deliciously elaborated and peculiarly effective in the half-light, was the foundation for the play. Mr. Thomas has given it a new interest by creating a powerful and tragic dramatic under-situation. The burglar is the innocent's wayward father and presently he discovers the relationship. Changed in an instant from the careless, ruffianly outcast to the repentant and agonized father, the burglar becomes the central figure in a scene of intense pathos.

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HOW TO JUDGE A PICTURE. BY SARAH WOOL MOORE. It would be as easy to answer categorically the question how to judge a picture as to tell how to paint a picture. Both are matters of education. Judgment is an acquired faculty. It grows by use and it is only by continually testing and trying this faculty by comparing many examples of art and bringing to bear on the subject the experience and evidence of others whose success is acknowledged that we may hope to have an opinion of value. A good critic ought not to be, but is, as rare as a good artist. If artists are sometimes born such, critics are invariably made, and self-made, for the work of other minds can help them only by assimilation. Ruskin's definition of the difference between false and true taste will help us to realize this. He says: "The difference between false and true taste is the difference between our first and our ultimate impressions." In nature our first impressions may be our ultimate ones. The loveliness of a mountain lake or the majesty of a thunder cloud does not grow upon us, we realize it at once; but in works of art our first impressions are almost always not our ultimate ones. We may, for instance, be attracted by powerful technique or repelled by weak or faulty technique and not look deeper. If we are judging a student's work the technical qualities are the ones to be considered, the student is learning how; but a work of art is an end, not a means; it is a creation, we don't care so much how it was made, though that is interesting. We learn to love it though the technique be weak and faulty, as in innumerable instances of the early masters to be seen in European galleries—some such examples in Lininger's gallery, Omaha, and many in New York and New Haven. These masters were the path breakers, the men who made possible the work of Michael Angelo and Titian. They are dear to old friends, but new acquaintances are sure to be stumbled at false perspective, or odd, awkward realistic conceptions of saints and apostles who belonged in the Orient and not in some little Italian castello or Dutch dorf. After a little, the observer feels singleness of purpose, directness, power, and when he begins to realize the part these works played in their day the charm of association gives an added value. The productions of the early masters are unique; the world is too sophisticated to evolve anything like them again. But how does the unprepared tourist regard this treasure? He feels an actual scorn of it, little suspects that his judgment is perfectly

superficial, perfectly worthless. That same man is the one to be attracted by a picture the single recommendation is that the illusion of its technique is almost as strong as reality. Again a superficial judgment, or rather no judgment at all but simply a first impression, will not be the ultimate one if the man gives himself the trouble of any thought, study or reading.

An artist's powerful technical handling of his subject is good, is great, and carries you rapidly and smoothly to the end in view, whereas a weak and faulty treatment keeps you jolting and jarring over the road, but there are qualities in a great picture not apparent at first, which come out one by one, and these are the qualities which give the most refined delight to the initiated. The same amount of time, trouble and thought expended by a candidate for initiation and degrees in free-masonry would add this "precious seeing to the eye."

Will fifteen minutes spent before one of Raphael's cartoons give any insight into his Raphael called the "painter of the mind." We must think if we would judge Raphael. Take any one of his great historical pictures, aside from the situation of the moment, expressed with such mastery, notice how every important incident in the past which leads up to it, is, by some group, some symbol or some gesture, brought to your recollection and how the future is likewise suggested. Sometimes in one figure Raphael has painted the whole character, history and philosophy of a man. Instance: the isolated, self-absorbed cynic Diogenes in the "School of Athens." Having the clew to Raphael's thought what else is there to enjoy? A thousand things: his exquisite taste, his harmonious grouping, which won for him the title of "the melodist," etc. All these things may be studied better, more completely, from photographs and reproductions than from originals.

Take another familiar name, Rembrandt, the master of mystery. Raphael is as clear as the sun, Rembrandt makes the shadows, the abysses, the dark places, the night, tell their story; and yet he is realistic, he uses the most tremendous contrasts. Let us never relinquish the hope of having a Rembrandt exhibition in Lincoln some day—Mr. Schaus' splendid "Gilder" and the etchings exhibited at Wanderlic's in New York City last winter would together make a delightful exhibition.

Rembrandt's theory is a sort of prominence subordination theory. A man rises in a crowd to speak. Your eyes are fixed on him. Now the faces about him sink into dim background. He ends and another springs up and claims your attention; number one now merges into background. Something of this principle is felt, but not all of it, at the first sight of a Rembrandt. In general, we need to be told what is good and what is bad and why it is so. If the hundreds gone before us, who have thought, weighed, pondered these matters, have arrived at some unanimous conclusion let us inform ourselves as to what that conclusion is, and enjoy the advantage of so much knowledge at the start. It will give us momentum and a right direction. Let us accept the dictum, for example, that there is a charm in the study of composition or the arrangement the artist makes of his material, the varying silhouette, the uses of geometrical masses, or for instance triangular or pyramidal forms in landscape or circular groups, balance of masses and lines that relieve each other or conduct the eye to the most important point. This we cannot study in one picture; we must have a number to compare together. If we are somewhat behind hand we don't waste time trying to discover these points in pictures which have not been vouchered for, because we are now establishing our standards. The charm of line, the power of chiaroscuro or light and shade, are most to be felt in etchings and pen and ink drawings. If we can see many such together, so that these qualities are reiterated, an impression will be made on us.

To be able, therefore, to judge a picture a certain education is necessary, and for those interested it is very opportune that a collection of good studies in the very thing needed, is now on exhibition in the Senate Chamber under the auspices of the Hayden Art club. In the original drawings, 125 in number, loaned by the Century Company of New York, we can compare the force of black and white studies in various mediums and by excellent artists. There are studies in oil and studies in wash, which is India ink or sepia applied by the brush, as the marines of J. O. Davidson; studies in wash mixed with pen and ink as in Harry Penn's "City Hall, Albany;" studies in Simou-pure pen and ink, as in Henry's "Rattlesnake" or Kenble's humorous sketches. Notice the thin, vacillating lines of these last, how they fade into vacuity. There are studies in pencil, as Vanderhook's "Pulpit in St. Paul's," and in gouche, which means the addition of white or body paint.

Not less interesting is the selection of auto-type reproductions of the great masters from the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts. This exhibit can give large returns for study and the intelligent people of Lincoln will not be slow to avail themselves of such a substantial benefit.

To Advertisers and Contributors. The unsatisfactory delivery service which the COURIER has had of late, has made it necessary for a change and beginning with this issue all papers will be delivered by U. S. mail carriers. In order to supply subscribers in the suburbs, it is necessary that the COURIER be at the Postoffice at seven o'clock Saturday morning, therefore we must ask that everything intended for publication be at this office not later than 3 p. m. Friday, as the forms are closed at 7 o'clock so as to be ready for the press.

Advertisers who desire to change their ads, and all friends who hand in personal, etc., will please govern themselves accordingly.

Ashty & Millsbaugh will have their grand fur opening next week on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14, 15 and 16. Seal garments and furs of every description will be on sale during those days.

Full line of fur muffs and boas at H. R. Nisley & Co's.

The Gray Bros.' shoes are sold by Brisco & Cook.