

Art Items.

Miss Cornell is making a portrait, in relief, of her mother.

Robert Franz, one of the world's greatest song writer's, is dead.

Miss Barbour is busily engaged in carving a cabinet for the World's Fair.

Josef Hoffman, the celebrated boy pianist, ran away from his parents and skipped to India as a Stowaway. It is said that he has gone crazy from over-study.

The collection of Gustave Dore's huge paintings of scriptural scenes, have been moved from London to New York and may be seen in Carnegie's music hall.

In the Montana exhibit at the World's Fair, will be a silver statue of Justice. The commissioners offered to sell the privilege of posing as model, to the highest bidder of several actresses. Mr. Park is the artist and Miss Ada Rehan will be the model.

There are interesting articles in the December Scribner's, on the "Nude in Art," by W. H. Law and Kenyon Cox. December's Century has a collection of Madonnas. The late Theodore Child has an article in Harper's, on "Some Types of the Virgin."

Miss Barton is modeling "The Nebraska Athlete" for the Columbian Exposition. The statue is life size and represents a sprinter in the "set" start, with arms outstretched. Many visitors saw and admired it last week, and Miss Barton was the recipient of many deserved compliments.

Most of the art news continues to be in connection with the Chicago Exposition. The sculptors and painters are still busy there. The director of the U. S. mint has placed orders to furnish plaster designs, for medals with Augustus St. Gaudens and for diplomas, with W. H. Law.

Sand Burrs.

See the young man in the cutter,
Lash the boys who hang behind;
Many are the words they utter,
That are very unrefined.

Now, the junior and the co-ed
O'er the snow they fly in haste,
Close they press their curly heads
While his arms entwine her waist.

Soft the night o'er earth is stealing,
While the students silent flock,
Loud the mirth at midnight pealing
From a room in Barr's block.

What's the cause, why this commotion?
Not a word echo deigns to say:
'Tis the sound of chips in motion,
From early eve to dawn of day.

A student sat in his attic story,
Conned the Hesperian from lid to lid;
In his eye was the light of seraphic glory,
As he read o'er the story of "The White Pyramid."

Hours thus he sat in sweet contemplation,
Never a word, like one inspired—
Then down dashed the book in wrathful d—nation,
And murmured, "These cuts make me tired."

From far and near the politicians gather,
Loud their voices rise in joint debate,
Who's the man who'll be elected,
Senator from Nebraska state?

Is it Crouse or Boyd or Majors,
Bryan, Thurston, Paddock or Van Wyck?
Here's a ten that I will wager
That a "dark horse" wins the strike.

What a chunk of treachery the small boy is,
He meets your eye with smiling phiz
And looks so good neath your searching quiz,
But you turn your back and swift k-w-h-i-z-z,
Flies straight that hard snow-ball of his—
Your off ear burns with a red hot siz,
You wish that kid would mind his biz,
What a chunk o' treachery the small boy is!