

Artificial Light and Its Artistic Administration

ARTIFICIAL light is the first necessity of civilized life. Never was there so great a demand nor such a necessity for artificial light as at the present time. History shows little or no change in the source or quantity of light consumed from the dawn of civilization till the last part of the present century. It is safe to state that more artificial light has been used in the past forty years than in the two thousand years preceding this period, and it is universally conceded that during this period civilization has made its greatest advancement in art, literature, science, music and all the great discoveries and progress which has been an era of man's greatest genius and attainments.

Is it not just and proper to attribute this great march toward perfection to the use of artificial light?

No subject has received more study or has been so carefully analyzed as the decorative features in artificial light and fixtures. We are justified in saying that to this necessity Mr. Russell has contributed largely, knowing there is a demand for first-class work in every line, and it is this demand only that he seeks to supply.

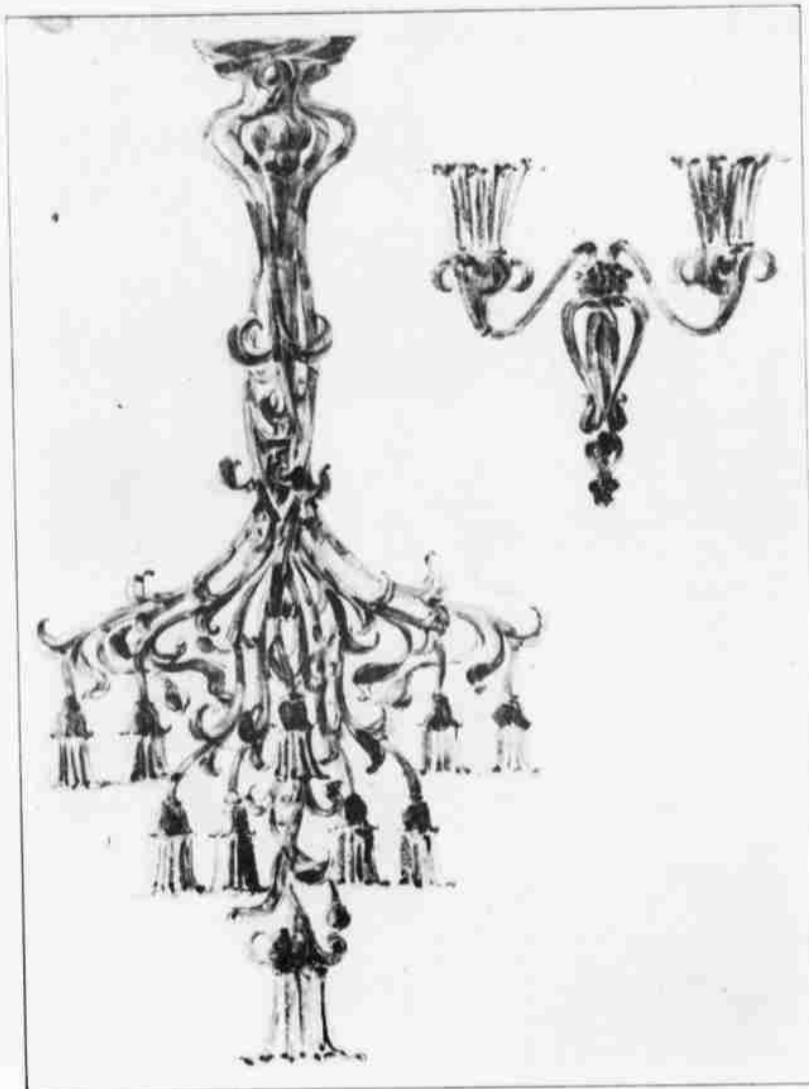
No home, however resplendent in riches, is homelike nor beautiful without light. The happy hours of the home circle are spent in its glow. There is a greater contrast between a well and cheerfully lighted home than there is between a dark and gloomy day and a morning full of sunshine and brightness. All the architectural plans and material that go into the structure and building of character are conceived and wrought out in a home and most of them in artificial illumination. The above cuts represent three fixtures that are to be used in different rooms in two of Omaha's finest residences, and as the illumination of the room depends upon two things: First, the amount of light to make a given space brilliant; second, the amount of light that reflects from the object that receives the light and enters the eye. It is a matter of science more delicate than the analysis of chemicals to require a harmonious diffusion of light that will produce a soft but brilliant effect, free from shadows.

The cut at the left shows a thirteen-light

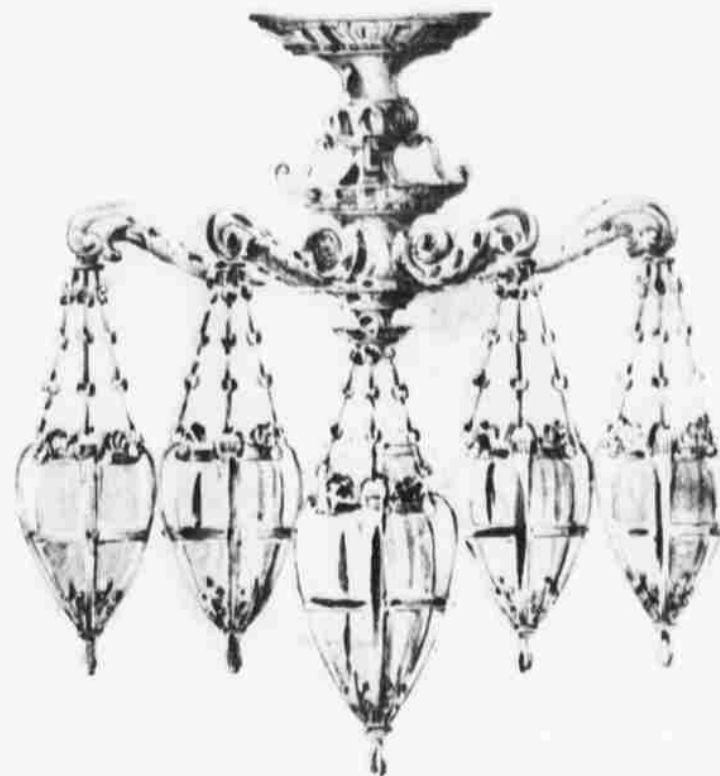
electric chandelier of pure L'Art Nouveau design with Fraval glass trimmings, and is a model of artistic beauty that will lend harmony and add to the furnishings of any room. The design at the right is a gem of Italian Renaissance art, sharp in outline and decorative in character. These are a few pieces only that go into the furnishings of these beautiful homes to produce artificial light. Space only prevents a display of the more elaborate fixtures.

No city in the United States has a better artist, a person better versed in classic work than the originator and designer of these artistic gems of art. Mr. Russell has

the support not only of the best architects at home, but is frequently called upon for suggestions and sketches by architects and builders from many of our larger cities. His show rooms are full of classic works of art in lighting fixtures. Banquet and reading lamps, candelabras and sconces. If you wish an artistic fixture, if you want a good fixture, if you desire an Oriental design, or a design suitable for any style of architecture, if you are interested in seeing the finest assortment of gas and electric fixtures and other articles pertaining to artificial light in America, you can see them at his show rooms in Omaha.



IN THE RECEPTION ROOM OF F. P. KIRKENDALL—DESIGNED BY F. M. RUSSELL.



IN THE RECEPTION HALL OF J. B. KITCHEN—DESIGNED BY F. M. RUSSELL.

Some Good Short Stories

AN OLD printer tells this story of Horace Greeley: One day as he sat at his desk he looked up and saw a small boy standing beside him.

"Well, sonny, what do you want?" he piped.

"I want a place to work in your office."

"And what do you want that for?" asked the old man.

"I want to grow up and get rich," was the answer.

Mr. Greeley looked at him for a moment.

"Get rich?" he said. "I guess you didn't notice that this is a newspaper office. You must be looking for the druggist next door."

don't want to see no presidents; she's done see 'nough presidents."

Mrs. Cleveland laughed heartily when she heard this. Then she proposed to go to the mountain, since the mountain refused to budge, and the next day she drove out to Sutherland.

"I am surprised, Mammy Mary," said Mrs. Gordon, before introducing the distinguished guest, "that you sent such a message. You have never been impolite before."

"An' dat nigger done tell what I say? Well, he never did have no sense an' no manners! Co'ze I 'spected he'd say I's sorry I's ind'posed."

New Secretary of Navy

(Continued from Third Page.)

and those three sat until broad daylight discussing the situation. With the enthusiasm of young patriots, they maintained the policy of the government must be one of interference in Cuba, although they appreciated the serious consequence of such a course. From that day Roosevelt and Moody were bound by the strongest ties of sympathy on the great issues before the country.

Mr. Moody is a great reader, and at his home in Haverhill he has a well selected library. "I do not buy a book until I have read it," he said in discussing his literary desires and tastes, "and in consequence I have a collection of books that I value very highly. What is my favorite line of reading? Well, I can hardly say, but I am exceedingly fond of history, biography and fiction. My favorite author? I can answer that without hesitation. It is Dickens. There is scarcely one of his books that I do not know from beginning to end. I have also read all of Dumas' works, a rather rare accomplishment nowadays, and am intensely fond of Kipling, Stevenson and Hawthorne. The latter, you know, was a resident of my district, and at one time was collector at the port of Salem."

Mr. Moody has much in common with President Roosevelt in his views on public questions, and especially on civil service reform. In a practical way he has been able to accomplish something in the latter line by bringing about a reorganization of the system of appointments in the house of representatives. While he regrets leaving congress, he expresses satisfaction on one point when he says:

"I won't have to appoint another postmaster in all my life. A postoffice to me is associated with calamity and trouble." The distribution of postoffice patronage in

his district was very distasteful to him and he is congratulating himself upon his escape from it. "I accept the navy portfolio with the single purpose of administering the affairs of the department honestly, courageously and economically, and have no new policy to announce. I am in thorough accord with the policy of developing the navy, and have always favored liberal appropriations for that purpose. This is all I care to say on entering this new field of duty."

While Mr. Moody is not a lover of society in the fashionable acceptance of that term, he is a most sociable man, and is a lively spirit at small dinner parties. He is an expert with the chafing dish and can prepare most appetizing suppers for his bachelor friends. He is unmarried and at the age of 48 is as heart whole, apparently, as at 18.

Carpenter's Letter

(Continued from Sixth Page.)

Upon Sundays there is no work and the chaplains hold services, at which all the prisoners attend.

Colonel Jake Smith's Jail.

Prisons will have to be established in different parts of the islands. So far there is nothing of a sanitary nature in existence and our soldiers have had trouble in finding

quarters to incarcerate criminals. One of the queerest jails of Luzon was that built by Colonel Jacob H. Smith of the Seventeenth infantry, at Bautista. Colonel Smith had been ambushed, but had captured the ambushers, had killed twelve of them and taken a number of guns. He brought his prisoners to Bautista, but found no adequate jail accommodations for them. The town is on the railroad and there were some unused rails lying beside the track. He solved the problem by making a jail of these rails, laying them up in the shape of a diamond, forming an inclosure about fifteen feet wide. The entrance was by an alley of rails so narrow that only one man could pass through at a time. Other rails were put over the top and into this iron cage the insurgents were brought. There were fifty of them in the cage when I photographed them and a harder-looking set of Filipino brigands I have not seen.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Animals at the Park Zoo

(Continued from Fourth Page.)

Instead of only a few. The wolves in the park occasionally join with their prolonged and mournful howls the barking of the coyotes.

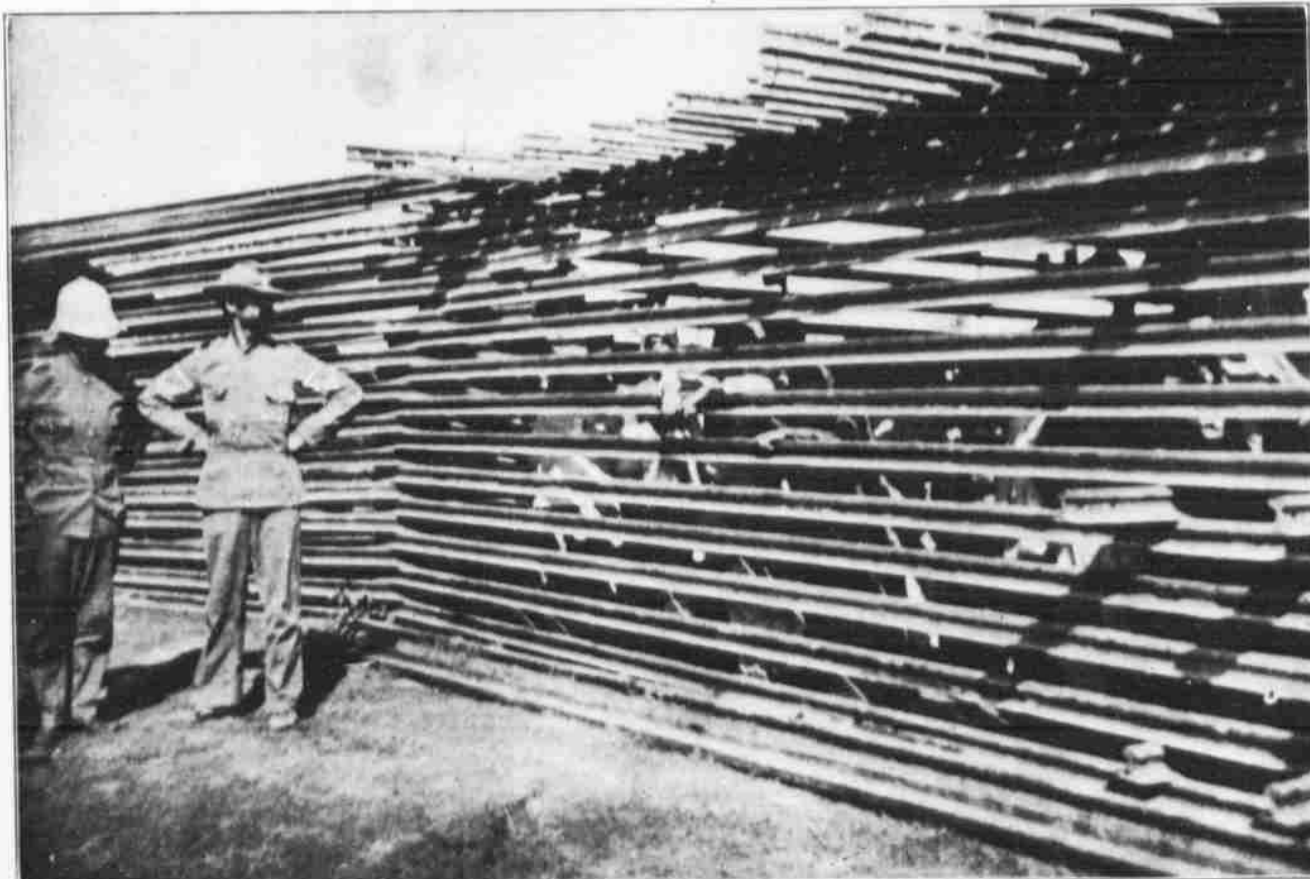
The big black bear, which, when he feels inclined to be sociable, responds to the name of "Marshall," has a cage all to himself, and is in fine condition. Probably the presence of children with candy and nuts would have made him more sociable.

The owls blinked an unwelcome salute. The prairie dogs have not yet overcome their caution and disappear when any one approaches. Two beautiful golden eagles, in splendid condition, seem to appreciate the coming of spring, but with longings for azure heights and mountain peaks that must remain unsatisfied.

The elk are beginning to shed their horns, that is, those that have horns to shed. They never thoroughly understood what unrestrained liberty meant, as they were very young when they became attractions in Riverview park. They are all splendid looking creatures and show no timidity at the approach of any one. They are too young to have developed horns such as adorn the heads of fully developed elk, but these will come in a few years, when they will be equal to any elk exhibit in any city park in the country.

The herd of deer is one of the prettiest sights in the park. They are quite tame. They are sixteen of them and they occupy a large pasture on the north side of the park. The view of their home is picturesque and just wild enough to add a charm to the scene.

But the massive frame of "Monarch," the splendid and probably unequalled specimen of the noble animals now almost extinct, is the most striking object of all those to be seen in the park. It will be remembered that his mate died last fall, leaving him to brood alone over the glories of his race in days that will never come again.



COLONEL JAKE SMITH'S JAIL—IT HOLDS THEM.

Albert Bigelow Paine, the poet, who wrote "You Ought to Be in Kansas When the Sunflowers Blow," has been called the champion long-distance stammerer of the earth, says the New York Times. One day, when he had spent the greater part of a minute in asking a friend what time it was, the friend, after telling him, remarked:

"If you ever intend to become famous by your last words you would better write them out."

"W-w-w-w-w-h-h-h-h-y?" asked Paine.

"Because," replied his friend, "if you were to attempt to say them you'd never live long enough to finish the sentence."

Prof. Gates of Harvard, who has original methods of training the undergraduate idea how to shoot in advanced English composition, recently called for an imitation of Arnold's pure, pellucid style.

With misgivings and no small amount of labor the class wrought, and in due time so the story runs in the New York Tribune, the themes were handed in.

At the next meeting of the class the professor met his students with a smile—an uncommonly sardonic smile.

"Gentlemen," said he, "there has been an error here. Most of you have imitated Benedict and not Matthew Arnold."

In the course of her career, says a writer in Current Literature, Mammy Mary had met many distinguished persons, but her own importance as a nurse for three generations in the family of General John B. Gordon of Georgia kept her from being overwhelmed by the honor.

When Mrs. Cleveland, during the second term of her husband's presidency, visited the Gordons at the governor's mansion in Atlanta, she expressed a desire to see a genuine old negro mammy. So the carriage was hitched up and Mammy Mary was sent for at Sutherland, the Gordon country place, which she preferred to the noise and excitement of official life. When the coachman drew up he found her smoking her evening pipe. Not a step would she stir.

"She done say," said the unsuccessful envoy on his return to town, "dat she