ively American School of Art.

NOTABLE WORK C: SOLON H. BORGLUM

Career of the Omaha APTINT.

The development of a distinctive American school of art requires certain conditions which it is easier to define than to realize. The alternative presents itself, either of bringing over the foreign artist into the atmosphere of American life, or of sending our own artists with their homeborn ideals to take shape under the training of the best foreign schools. Too often the going abroad of the American artist results either in the loss of the American tone and inspiration in his work or in its subordination to school mannerism and technique to such an extent that any distinctive native element disappears. Thus we have Americans taking prizes in the salon, but usually for pictures that most nearly approach the French ideals, while, on the other hand, our artists are apt to bring from abroad not only the technique of the foreign school, but the more depressing and repellent aspects of its spirit. There have, of course, been many notable exceptions. Saint-Gaudens and French have put a distinctive American motive into monumental sculpture, while men like Whistler and Sargent lend us the luster of their names by producing works distinguished by the universal rather than the local quality of their genius.

A very interesting approach to the realization of the ideal conditions is brought to public notice in the works of the American sculptor who is the object of this sketch. The approval of the jurors of the Paris exposition of 1900 was shown in the award to Mr. Borgium of a silver and bronze medal, the former for the pieces "The Scout" and "The Lame Horse," the latter for the bronse casting of "The Buf-Even in the representations here shown the reader will not fall to detect a freedom of handling and a deep feeling of sympathy with the life of the American far west which could be born of nothing but a living experience and a long and conscientious study of its scenes and charac-

Solon Hannibal Borglum was born in 1868, in Ogden, Utah. During his infancy his parents removed to Omaha, where they still live. Most of the son's early life was spent on his father's ranch in western Nebraska. In that free and bracing life there were born in him ideals of form and sentiment such as no old world experience could produce. These forms were those of a genuine art-inspiration, because originating in a joyous experience, in a career which he had chosen from love. His highest ambition in his youth was to become a successful ranchman. It was not until his 24th year that he yielded to the persuasion of his brother John, an artist residing in Santa Ana, Cal., who urged him to come and live with him and begin the study of art. After a period of initiatory study there Solon went to the Art school in Cincinnati, where, under Rebisso, he began the study of sculpture and the anatomy of the human figure and the horse.

Scientific Studies. The young realist from the west was not one to treat his art irreverently. He exbausted every means of arriving at the truth of nature, and for this purpose car- is "The Indian Scout." It was ried his study of anatomy into the city's repository of dead aminals, where he might dissect the bodies of horses to his satisfac-

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SCULPTOR OF THE PRAIRIE tion. It is said that for six months he devoted one day a week to these anatomical tion. It is said that for six months he destudies. No veterinary surgeon in the coun try was his superior in the knowledge of Progress in the Development of a Distinct | the structure of the horse. In the surgical institute of the city he also pursued his studies of the human anatomy so far as to entitle him to a diploma had he desired it In the second year of his studies in the Cincinnati school he won the home scholarship, and in a few months left this coun Commands High Favor in Parls and try for Europe, intending to make only a at St. Louis-Sketch of the short visit. In Parls he began to work on "The Little Horse in the Wind" and a group of "Cowboys Lassoing Wild Horses." He became so absorbed and interested in his work that he decided to remain and finish it for the saion. The group was ac much attention, while "The Little Horse" was purchased by the Cincinnati Art museum. So much interest had Borgium in-

cepted, favorably placed and attracted spired among artists in Paris that they advised him to remain and produce a large work for the next salon. This resulted in his exhibiting in the next year the life-size group, "The Stampede of Wild Horses." The animals are represented at the brink of a precipice, and the wild motion, the pause, the horror, the plunge are all powerfully depicted in the skilfully chosen pose. The Little Lame Horse was exhibited bronze. Both of these pieces received the mention honorable.

The summer of 1899 Borglum spent among the Sloux of Crow Creek reservation in South Dakota, Here he studied the Indian, not alone from without, but from within, entering with sympathy into his interests and his occupations, and learning to know him through genuine friendly and uman companionship. This he was enabled to do through the good offices of the Rev. Hachaliah Burt, an Episcopal clergyman, who for years has been the spiritual father and guide of the Indians of that locality, and who interpreted their talk, and with his help these taciturn Indians were induced to lay aside their reserve and to pose for the young sculptor at his will. Not less strange and subtle was Borglum's use of the Indian pony as an art subject Here, too, by truthfulness to nature he won the final approval even of the French critic, accustomed as he is to the majestic outlines of the typical French horse. "The Little Lame Horse" has won his laurels even in Paris. The Indian and the pony, the scaut and the cowboy, are subjects having a certain pathetic interest in ommon, and they are treated by a sympathetic artist, wholly new to the art of the new motive. One feels in the production of young Borglum's chisel the man himself, the free citizen of the great west, whose vision is as broad as the prairie sky, whose muscle is as firm as his heart is tender, and whose eye looks straight for truth.

Exhibits at Paris.

At the exposition of 1900 were shown the two works, "The Little Lame Horse," which had been exhibited in the salon of 1899, and the new work produced after his sojourn in South Dakota, "The Indian Scout" or "On the Border of White Man's Land." In the salon of 1900 was also exhibited "The Buffalo," which afterward was given a medal for the casting by the Paris World's fair jury; in the salon of 1899 "The Stampede of Wild Horses," already mentioned, which by request was placed in the center of the United States pavilion in Paris; and in the salon of 1898 "The Horse in the Wind" and "Cowboys Lassoing Wild Horses." Other works of Mr. Borglum's are "The Rough Rider," "The Sandstorm," "Horse and Colt," "Horse and Snake" and "The Indian War

Dance. The piece which probably has aroused the most interest of all thus far exhibited is "The Indian Scout." It was shown in Omaha on the return of the artist from his three months' sojourn with the Indians, and thence was taken to Paris, where it fore being sent to the exposition. The models for the group were none other than a scout of General Custer, the famous Black Eagle, and his pony, which figured in the celebrated skirmish along the Missouri river in the early '70s. It represents an Indian crouching beneath his horse at the brink of a precipice and gazing searchingly

for the enemy beyond. The pony stands patiently ready to bear his master away at an instant's warning. If we may not claim for Borgium a technical proficiency that makes him a present rival of his elders among American sculptors, no one can deny the existence of a conscientious skill, and exquisite fiber and a thrilling motive in his productions, that seems to be born of American skies and to breath the spirit of American life. Time and a reverence for form and for the realism which a true and high love of nature inspires will do their part in developing in him the ability to produce other works distinctively American and of permanent

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

cial number devoted to the west,

value.-Frank Sewall in June Century. Spe-

Teacher-Do you remember that expres sion, Tornmie, about fools and angels? Tommie—Yes, ma'am; fools butt in where angels foar to tread.

"Mollie, dear, don't quarrel with your little cousin; you should love him." "Well, I love him 'cos he's my cousin; but I don't like him at all, mamma."

Mamma-Edith, I am glad you have stopped crying. Edith-But I haven't, mother; I am just esting a little before I go on!

Elsis Oh! You better leave those pre serves alone. Ma said if she caught you at 'em again she'd dust your jacket. Tommy-I know, but I ain't wearin' any lacket. I took it off on purpose.

"Son, de be careful not to make so many "Yes, mother; but if I don't make blots, now can I learn to use a blotter?"

"Papa, you say when I'm at Billy's house musn't fight him, 'cos I'm his guest; and when he's here I can't fight him, 'cos he's company. When can I fight him, anyway? When I meet him on the street?"

RELIGIOUS.

negroes.

Bishop Keiley of the Catholic diocese of Georgia has mailed to each of the churches in his jurisdiction a letter directing that under the recent order of the pope the use of female voices in Catholic church choirs

A league has been formed, with Dr. Patton, former president of Princeton, at its head, "to organise the friends of the Bible, opposite a more reverential and constructive study of the sacred volume and to maintain the historic faith of the church its divine inspiration and supreme authority as the word of God."

Here Deep Princeton, at its shall put a wreath of flowers on his grave on Memorial day this year, as I have every year for more than thirty years.

"One of the greatest sensations the village ever experienced came when "Doc" Hemingway, the local dentist, came home.

HARKING BACK TO WAR TIME How Soldiers' Graves Were Strewn with

Flowers Bators Mamorial Day. BOY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR

War News the Basis of Thrilling Tales by Village Gossips-When the War Was Over and "Johnny Came Marching Home,"

(Copyright, 1964, by E. S. McClure.) "I remember the first Memorial day in our town very well," said the man who was a boy in the 60s, "and I remember the decoration of soldiers' graves with flowers long before the custom was concentrated on one day as it is now.

"I was born just too late-to do any fighting in the civil war, and I was almost broken-hearted because I was so young. Both my older brothers went to the front early in the contest and later my father followed them.

"I remember, too," he continued, "how the first company of volunteers from our neighborhood marched from the village down to the railroad station to take the train for the county seat when they were to be mustered in.

tears much of the time, my father was very serious-minded, and even Sam, the second brother, 17, and generally full of the Old Nick, was quieter than usual. "To me it was a great day, for was I not

to see real soldiers for the first time in my life on that day, all dressed up in 'regimentals,' with guns on their shoulders-fighting men, who were to march away proudly erect, and confident in their ability to whip the enemy the very first time the two armies met? I had been longing for that day ever since the fall of Sumter. Personal pride was added to my elation, because Jim was to be one of the fighting

Illusion Shattered.

sight of our volunteers was, in fact, the the ferrule upon some of us. His grave old world, in a manner to bring into art a first shattering of an illusion for me. In- was the first soldier's grave in our v.llage I had expected, they all had on citizen's been decorated if he had been the most untheir Sunday-go-to-meetings, to be sure, one of the best liked, the mound of earth but more wore their every-day duds; and they didn't march a bit as I thought they would. They went in pairs all right, but and bouquets. they just walked along, without keeping step or any display of military bearing. There was no band, either, only a snare sight of maimed and sick men who wore drum, beaten by 'Uncle' Wallingford, who the blue in the streets of the village behad been a drummer in the Mexican war, and a fife blown with enthusiasm but with- it as a matter of course. Oblong boxes out much tune or time by the young fellow who had taught the village school the diers' funerals and more flower-strewn winter before.

"When the train came along they all piled in any old way. The whole thing that was decimated again and again. outraged my boyish notions of the manner in which fighting men should start for the 18th birthday and followed my big brother

"I had read in the history books about would be. One big fellow among the men in camp and hospital volunteers, I remember, broke down and "By easy stages the war underwent some changes in the design be- much real fighting; I'm morally sure there in 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are wasn't one who realized in the least what he was likely to encounter in the south.

News Came Slowly.

"My most vivid memories of the weeks immediately following the departure of the volunteers from the village bave to do with the nightly gatherings at the postoffice and at the houses of the neighbors. Word from the front and the volunteer camps reached our village mainly through the 'Seemi-Weekly Trybune,' as we used to call Mr. Greeley's newspaper, and on two nights of the week some member of the party would, read the war news out to the others; nights when there was no paper there were hot discussions of the situation. Often, also, there was reading of letters from the volunteers, who for a long time were held in camp at the county seat, muck to their disgust, waiting for guns and uniforms. "Just before they finally got away, my big brother Jim got a leave of absence for one day and came home to see us. He had his uniform then-a loose blouse-like jacket, of cheap, dark blue cloth that fitted him wretchedly; lighter blue trousers and the worst looking shoes I had ever seen. He didn't look nearly as trim and neat as the soldiers do nowadays. In my eyes the only redeeming feature about his uniform was

the brass buttons on his blouse. "After the boys' got away to the front little later the 'Seemi-Weekly' began to skirmishes at first, to be sure, but genuine

hostile meetings all the same. "There was a village wag who, for e time, when reading the news, used to interpolate incidents of his own imagining. One night he read a wholly fictitious story, telling how Hiram Wilbur, a great, hulking young farmer of the neighborhood, had been hit by a cannon ball, 'which,' read the wag, 'had lodged in his chest and could not be removed, though the surgeons attached to half a dozen regiments were working at it.' This story was swallowed whole by some of the postoffice crowd, and applauded as a wonderful joke by the unthinking.

Too Serious for Joking.

"Some of the older men, though, my father among them, discouraged that sort of thing. They thought we were likely soon to get news so serious that even the village wag would be ashamed that he had made a joke of war. "My father was justified when the news

of the first Bull Run fight, with its story of the utter rout of the northern forces, came through. The lists of killed and wounded The decision of the American Hible so-clety to add the revised version to its issues is not likely to detract materially from the circulation or the superior popularity of the King James version.

The African Methodist Episcopal church purposes raising \$600,000 from its member-ship for carrying on the good works of the denomination. That doesn't look like either spiritual or worldly poverty among the negroes. village wag began to realise by that time that the war was a serious thing. The 'ninety-day' notion was forgotten in our village, and the village wag himself one of the volunteers when Tather Abra-

Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, the famous New York divine, celebrated his 30th birthday quite recently. "I have never been sick a day in my life," says Dr. Collyer, "and I have never cetten inty breakfast in bed. What is my recipe for longevity? Live a natural life, eat what you want and walk on the sunny side of the street."

A Missourian who died the other day was a preacher for twenty-three years, then a propened his maily a minister again for twenty-side maily a minister again for twenty-side had been amputated above the knee and hearly every house and nearly every hous

toothache on the slightest provocation they were so anxious to help him get started again and to hear him tell about his own bravery. It must be admitted that, though he never minimized the tremendous importance of his own services to the country, he was always fair, even generous, to his comrades from our village and peigh-

borhood. "But there came a time when 'Doo' Hamingway's star waned. Most of the bad teeth in the village and surrounding territory were pulled or filled after a while, and besides, so many of the producers were away that mensy got scarce. Also, other soldiers, some without an arm, others with only one foot, and one poor fellow with both arms and both legs gone, came home soon, and the hero worship was divided,

Solemn Reminders.

"Malmed soldiers had hardly become a ommon sight in our village, however, when one day there was taken from the baggage car of the noon train a big, oblong box, to meet which a solemn delegation had marched down from the village. The ministers of all the three churches headed the delegation-something before unheard of there, for denominational prejudices were strong in our village before the war -and besides these were the local justice, the two local lawyers and all the other prominent men in the place. The flag on the liberty pole was hung at half-mast, with the union down, and with a broad, black stripe added above and below; and "All but my big brother, Jim, in our all the church bells tolled from the time family drove in to the village from the the train stopped at the station till the farm to see them off. My mother was in procession had toiled its way to the Preebyterian church.

"It was the first of the many war funerals that were held in our village, and it cast a most profound gloom over everything. We boys, who had been allowed to form a company of juvenile home guards, were also allowed in the procession. were as much cast down as anyone in the audience, the largest that had ever been known in the village. Farmers drove in are troubling you. You wouldn't think It all starts from the unnatural condifrom their homes miles and miles away. of using any of the medicine on your tion of the lining of the affected parts. Not nearly all could enter the church, and out-door services were held for those who had to remain outside.

"The body in the big box was that of the schoolmaster, who had blown the fife so enthusiastically on the day our volunteers had gone away to the war. Most of the "Well, I saw the 'real soldiers' right boys in the juvenile home guards had been mough when they marched away, but they his pupils, but we all forgave him on that didn't look like real soldiers to me. The day for the skill with which he had wielded stead of wearing smart 'regimentals,' as to be decorated with flowers. It would have clothes; some of them were dressed in popular man in all that region; as he was under which they laid his body away was fairly covered with home-made wreaths

Victims Multiplied.

"After that, as the war went on, the came so common that the villagers took came often, too, and there were more solgraves, for the volunteers from our neighborhood belonged to a fighting regiment

"By and by my brother Sam passed his Jim to the front. To us boys, who were not more than 9 or 10 years old when the the fortitude shown by the mothers of fighting began the war began to seem the Sparta when their sons went away to normal thing. Destitution among soldiers' fight, and I was especially ruffled by the families began and all the women in the goodbye sobs that were heard here and village and neighborhood spent a good deal there from the mothers and wives and of their time scraping lint and making sweethearts. There was nothing Spartan bandages for the wounded and putting up about the partings, as I had hoped there bags and boxes of things to send to the

versally absorbing topic. War songs took patient of the tears. Not one in twenty the place of almost all other popular music of them thought they were likely to have The note of underlying sadness expressed Marching, 'Take This Bible Home to Mother' and their like made itself manifest everywhere. There may have been many jolly war songs, but I remember only one that was at all jolly. The orthodox version of this old song wound up in this Way:

And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.
But it was sometimes sung surreptitiously by the older boys a little differently:

And we'll all drink stone blind When Johnny comes marching home. "As the years were along the stay-athomes began to take daily newspapers instead of the 'semi-weekly,' for it did not give the news promptly enough to suit, and the nightly meetings at the postoffice were enlivened and made more interesting by the views and comments of the veterans whose terms of enlistment had run out or who had been invalided home. My big brother Jim was one of these, and soon after his return my father, his patriotism set on fire by one of 'Father Abraham's' calls to arms, went to the front 'to take his boy's place.' To us boys who were 'too young to fight' it began to seem likely that the war would last long enough for us to grow to the soldier's age, as many had who were only a little older than we.

Nothing Like it Today. "The boys of today have nothing in their their letters came oftener for awhile, and a lives, it seems to me, so absorbing as the growing history of the war unfolded to us give news of real fighting. Only small daily in the papers and in the letters from our fathers and brothers was to us. We studied battle pictures in Harper's and Leslie's with an intensity that can hardly be described, and, though our village was so far inland that none of us had ever seen a ship or a steamer or a piece of water large enough to float a vessel, we learned enough about naval matters to understand the news of the river and sea fighting very well.

"The war maps, too, both those appearing in the papers and the larger ones to hang on the wall, which were sold by enterprising canvassers, were studied by us as few boys study anything newadays so far as I can learn. There was one of these maps showing the course of Sherman's 'march to the sea' by means of a broad purple band, which had a peculiar and absorbing fascination for us all. I have a copy of that map now; it holds the place of honor in my den, and I study it still sometimes, for my father was with Sherman when a minnie bullet put his name among those in the awful list of the killed in the Tribune.

"The most vivid memory of all places that dreadful list before my eyes even now sometimes; it is more vivid even than the memory of my father's funeral. It seemed unreal to all of us, because his body could not be brought back, and I have never been able to put flowers on his grave. The custom of half-masting the flag on the liberty pole for soldiers' funerals had been discontinued, they had become so common, but was revived again when the funeral services were held for

"The memory next most vivid is of the day when the flag on the village liberty pole, black bordered, reversed and halfmasted, proclaimed to the neighborhood the news that Lincoln had been killed. It would be impossible to describe the grief and dismay with which our village and the neighborhood received this news.

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