



The statue of Lincoln contemplated and finished, as far as plaster can finish it, by John Currie, has fallen into disfavor with the art critics of the city and may not be erected on postoffice square. It has been decided, however, to carve something out of the marble sent by the people of Tennessee to John Currie. A committee has been appointed to select a sculptor who can model a statue of Lincoln worthy to be carved from the marble and set up in the most prominent place in the city. The names of the committee are unknown to me, but it should be composed of individuals who, if not practical artists, have studied and seen the best work of the best artists enough to distinguish good work from bad. In the instructions to the committee the clause, "Other things being equal, select a Nebraska man to model the statue" is unfortunate, if not fatal to a happy choice. No good sculptor lives in Nebraska, if he did he would be dead from starvation. The leisure class support artists and there is no leisure class here. Such a statement can only be resented by those who deny the fact that Nebraska is a new state and is situated 1,500 miles from the Atlantic coast and hereditary wealth.

Some of the recent monthly magazines have shown illustrations of statues made by a young sculptor who lives in New York city. His name is Rhind, and his latest work is a statue of John C. Calhoun. It shows the combative energy of the believer in state rights, his rugged strength and dauntless spirit. No one could stand in front of the statue without admitting that here was a fighter. To acquire that expression took years of combat. No bucolic experience cut those eye sockets so deep, no mercantile traffic lifted that noble head in challenge. A foreigner ignorant of American history in looking at the statue modeled by Rhind would know that the man he was looking at had had something to do with events in the United States. Such a sculptor should model a statue of the greatest American for the city of Lincoln. The influence of such a work upon the youth of the state can not be reckoned. Mr. Rhind's price would be much larger than a native Nebraskans' would be, but considering the indestructibility of the material, and the expanding knowledge of the people, any price the committee might pay a native sculptor would be an extravagance.

Not that Nebraska cannot produce sculptors, when she is old enough, but statesmen come first. Moses had to lead the people out of bondage before they were able to build ornamental temples. Since Mr. Bryan's nomination eastern people have looked up Nebraska on the map. They have quit asking the western man how many miles his state is from Chicago and whether he takes a gun with him when he goes to church.

If J. Sterling Morton is selected by the bolting democrats the state will get a reputation for timber that may cause saw mills to locate here. Mr. Thurston has been selected by the republican campaign committee to answer Mr. Bryan. Word has come back to Nebraska that he is considered the only man who ever equaled Mr. Bryan in debate. The former accomplishes his effects by pointing a trembling but impassioned finger at the American flag and assuring his hearers that it shall wave forever if it takes all of his ances-

tors and descendants to keep it moving, and once he even offered a few oratorical drops of his own blood for its defense. No one in Nebraska, or out of it, can play upon the feeling Americans have for the red, white and blue like Mr. Thurston, and so long as oratory is not argument nor a statement of facts, but repartee, appeal, defiance and insuendo, Mr. Thurston can answer Mr. Bryan as well as anyone else.

Up to the present time Charlie Dawes has posed as the friend of great men. His clever conduct of the Illinois campaign has made him great himself. He is besieged by reporters all the time and Mr. Dawes' opinions appear on the first page of the Chicago papers. To be sure such attention is a fleeting fame which he will have to resign to the next murderer with originality enough to mutilate his victim in a new way, but Mr. McKinley has stamped Mr. Dawes' maneuvers with his approval and when he is president it will be: "Mr. Dawes, what'll you have?"

In a review of Nebraska's well known men, Mr. Estabrook should have a place of honor in oratory. He is as magnetic as "the boy orator," he stimulates and thrills and elates as the great orators of all ages have done. He can not speak extempore and it is a question if any one can. Mr. Bryan's quick replies to questions from the audience show an alertness, and a facility that nobody has yet been able to parry, but the questions are those which a speaker with any imagination might have foreseen. Mr. Estabrook's orations have been placed in text books on Rhetoric among examples of the best orators. He was born in the east when his mother was visiting there. Yet he was brought up in Nebraska and considers himself a Nebraskan. The committee of the Lincoln club which was appointed to see that Nebraska and Lincoln are advertised can put the money into base ball or a Lincoln statue, William Jennings Bryan, J. Sterling Morton, John M. Thurston, Charles Dawes, Estabrook and Bentley will advertise Nebraska and especially Lincoln for the year 1896.

If the names of the aforementioned distinguished politicians can be matched by the name of one Nebraskan as eminent in art, the Lincoln people will give up their desire to have a man who knows his business model the statue of Lincoln.

Mrs. McKinley objects to the grass in her dooryard being trampled down by the crowds who come to look at the house McKinley lives in, she objects to the noise they make and she is very much annoyed when the incidents of her daily life are put in the papers by the reporters who shadow her and her mother-in-law. Mrs. Bryan is a younger woman with three children who have never given the grass in the dooryard much of a chance to grow anyway. An invalid mother has trained her to self-repression and patience. She is gracious to the reporters and though the majority of them are working for republican newspapers they have become the friends of the family. Mr. Oulahan of the United Press is prime favorite with the children. Little Grace was carrying around a picture of her papa smiling farewell on the rear of a car to a station audience. When asked if she thought it was a good picture of her papa she said she liked it because Mr.

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