

THE MAGAZINES

E. H. Blashfield, whose Christmas angels hung large and green near the entrance to the American department at the "World's Fair," has had a colored picture in the last two issues of Scribner's monthly. Both of them are copies of panels on a piano Mr. Blashfield has decorated for Mrs. George W. Chilas Drexel. This is the first time that any of the older magazines have used color in their illustrations. Mr. Blashfield's color scheme is very simple—blue, gilt, green and a touch of red complete the number of the colors. In the back of the book where the editor of the monthly magazine always humbly locates his remarks under the heading, "In the Field of Art" Mr. Blashfield's decorated piano is more exhaustively treated. The panels are painted on the sides of the piano box and connected by scroll work. The square panels represent military, dramatic, sacred and pastoral music. The round panel on the lid represents classical music. This round panel recalls one of Mr. Blashfield's peculiarities noticeable in some of his world's fair pictures. The figures in the panel are those of a youth playing a violin to a harp accompaniment played by a maiden of Greek descent. The girl is fully dressed, the youth is nude. He has one leg crossed over his knee in a position impossible to maintain longer than five minutes. Art is long and he may have to sit on that piano for two hundred years or more. If the artist would only let the weight of the man's knee throw his right foot up a bit Mrs. Drexel and her guests would not be in danger of "that tired feeling" which must come to them if they look at the lid of the piano.

An article in the same magazine by Mary Gay Humpherys disputes the statement that working girls do not hang together in a strike. She says, "The sense of power that has accompanied these changes, among its varied influences gives the factory-girl a dignity of character that the unorganized saleswoman cannot match among her more attractive surroundings. A man prominent in labor matters says that in time of trouble there is no loyalty that compares with that of the working girl; she stands firmest; stays longest; is less amenable to those insidious influences that are the most fatal with which the working-people have to contend. A gentleman, whose opinions a number of centuries have thought worthy respectful consideration, has said that under the same circumstances men and women will act pretty much in the same manner. It is suspected that the ethics of women are influenced somewhat by their physique. The human impulses are the same; and working-girls standing picket in a strike have been known to use arguments of force as the men sometimes do. An outsider can scarcely comprehend the complexity of emotions, casuistry, personal reasons, abstract propositions, and sense of the picturesque that have combined to bring forth the word "scab." When in a turbulent meeting a peacemaker rises to say, "I don't think it very polite for one lady to call another lady a scab," the speech has no humor except to one in some remote mental perspective.

Others bend their heads to escape the fast flying words, praying that they may be averted.

I find this interesting bit of gossip in an eastern paper concerning General Sickles and his daughter. Many Lincoln people noticed the beautiful girl who accompanies her father on his western stumping trip and the unusual fondness they show each other." A few days ago I was waiting in the Grand Central Station when I was unconsciously made a

witness of quite a romantic meeting. As the passengers from the train came filing along the platform I spied among them General Sickles, who was returning home from a speech-making tour.

As he neared the waiting crowd a young girl of Spanish type, of beautiful face and figure, brownish-black hair and deep black eyes, fringed with long, curly eyelashes, stepped forward and exclaimed in a sweet, well-modulated voice: "Is this not General Sickles?" He bowed and answered, "It is." Thereupon the young woman, looking him straight in the eyes, exclaimed with a merry laugh, which revealed two rows of perfect teeth, "Don't you know me?"

The General, again bowing and this time also smiling, said, "Pardon, but I must confess and also regret that you have the advantage." The young girl, not a bit "phased," looked at the General affectionately and replied, "Look at me. Don't you know me? Don't you know your daughter Eda?" It was Miss Eda Sickles, who, with her brother Stanton, had but a few days previous arrived from Spain. They had come to visit their father, and arrived while he was away. Ascertaining the day and the hour when he was expected they had gone to the station to meet and surprise him. Miss Sickles is now about nineteen years of age, and as her father has not seen her since she was six years old, it is not strange that at the first meeting he did not recognize her. She is his daughter by his second wife, who resides permanently in Spain, as she does not care for this country. Miss Sickles and her brother are at Brevoort House. General Sickles is the happiest man in town, and almost daily can be seen with his daughter making the round of the big stores.

The first installment of George Du Maurier's new story "The Martian" appears in the October Harpers. It will be strange if it is as successful as Trilby. Nevertheless people are curious enough to buy the magazine and Harper may make enough to pay them for the 50000 dollars the story has cost them. Whistler can write too. His "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" proved that. Hitherto it has taken much less than Du Maurier's attack to provoke a reply from Whistler. Two can play at Du Maurier's game and Whistler is the man to beat him at it. If Scribners or the Century or even McClure's could get Whistler to write a story for them—people would go without a dinner for the sake of reading it. If they could get both.

Second publication October 3.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein National Life Insurance company of Montpelier, Vermont, is plaintiff, and Carlos C. Burr defendant, I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 28th day of October, A. D. 1896, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction, the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lot F Cropsey County Clerk subdivision of lot one (1), two (2), three (3), four (4), in block fifty-three (53) in the city of Lincoln, the west half (1/2) of the south half (1/2) of lot twelve (12), in the southwest quarter (1/4) of section thirty-six (36), town ten (10), range six (6) east of the 6th P. M., also three hundred and twenty-five (325) feet off the north end of the west half (1/2) of the west half (1/2) of the northwest quarter (1/4) of the northwest quarter (1/4) of section one (1), town nine (9), range six (6), east of the 6th P. M., also fifty (50) feet off the south end of lot one (1) and fifty (50) feet off the south end of the east half of lot two (2) in block one hundred and eighty (180) in the city of Lincoln, also lot eight (8), block eighty-five (85), in the city of Lincoln, all in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 25th day of August, A. D., 1896.

John Trompen, Sheriff.

Oct 25.

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