

Reviews.

The March number of the Arena contains a very unique and interesting "Appeal." It is for the "Foundation of a Colony of Self-Supporting Artists," as the title states. It is in the form of an open letter to the men and women artists of all countries. They are called upon to live for art's sake—not for the material price of art in the open market. The plan which is set forth is for the establishment of a colony of men of genius who shall extract their substance from the soil, living simply and frugally so that but a minimum of manual toil shall be required of each. The remainder of their time is to be allowed freely to each one and is to be devoted to the pursuit of art in free accordance with the genius of the artist. There is to be no labor for hire—no manufacture of art to order.

The colony is to be—or rather is, for it is editorially stated that it is now organized—carried through on eminently practical lines, (the standard of practicability, of course, being purely Arcadian). Liké all undertakings of the sort the ideal brethren or brethren with ideals, as one chooses, is to "return to the natural life of primitive men of the soil, giving part of their lives (for art's sake) to raising their own sheep and cows, catching their own fish and planting their own corn even in a wilderness of modern civilization." As the choice of occupation, when it comes to division of labor, is altogether free I hope there will not be too many artists who will want to devote their surplus energy to "catching fish" or, perhaps, to herding sheep after the manner of their own painted shepherds and shepherdesses. Otherwise Jacques Bonhomme—for the colony is in France—will exact hard bargains for his corn.

The artists are somewhat particular about the location of their colony, also. Among the requisites are "a union with a mild but energetic climate, having a balance of sunshine, wind and rain. A union by fraternal sympathy with the people of a country already settled, having an Art future, where the soil shall favor the easy raising of food; with landscape varied by hills, plateaus, woods and watercourses, not too far inland," etc. Postoffice handy and schoolhouse within three miles is evidently presupposed. The obtaining of this location, so the "Appeal" states, "necessitates the finding of some one sympathetic to Art, who will provide land ready and cleared for cultivation, and small simple dwellings * * also a few sheep, cows, horses and some farming implements." In return for this bonus to the Art settlement "poets, writers and musicians will dedicate their poems and compositions to him" and it is to be presumed, he will be at liberty to reap whatever profit may accrue through the rise of his adjacent real estate. Since the colony is reported established the sympathetic friend of Art has evidently been induced to invest.

The organization of the colony is socialist—the socialism being what is commonly considered of the ideal rather than the practical sort. There are three fundamental rules to which each colonist must agree and "without which it does not exist." They are (1) "To unite to create, individually and jointly, an Art for Art's sake, which is to express the highest aspiration of his soul, renouncing all egoism and distinction. (2) To devote part of the day to manual labor, so as to become self-supporting. (3) To crush all selfishness, jealousy, envy, malice and discord, and to live as far as possible the noble life of an artist."

One does not need to be a cynic to have some small doubts as to the long existence of the colony, if it is strictly conditioned by these rules. No. 2, at

least, is certainly worthy of New Year's Day itself. But artists are human, or rather a little less than human, according to Lombroso's interpretation.

On the whole this move bears a striking example to the Brook Farm experiment in New England in the early part of this century. That settlement actually existed for a number of years and such men as Emerson and Hawthorne were members of it. I wonder if this movement of French artists will prove a forerunner of Twentieth Century thought and progress, a first straw caught in the morning breeze of the new cycle, or whether it is merely a final disillusionment and extravaganza of the fin de siècle.

Mrs. Peattie contributed a very peculiar little poem to the February number of the Atlantic Monthly. It is a love poem, but decidedly out of the usual order of love poems. It is written in rather irregular blank verse, unrhymed—which is certainly an exceptional form for an inspiration from the Muse of Passion. The idea, too, is unique. It is partly indicated in the title, "Love's Delay." The last few lines of the poem embody it more fully:

"Haste not,
Dear love, your coming. Wait awhile!
I dream,
In solitary twilight hours, how sweet,
How tender-sweet and pure your kiss
will be,—
Your first kiss, love! Delay—lest it be
past!"

An interesting story comes to us from Boston, where they tell it with bated breath. It appears that the officials in charge of the Juvenile Department of the Boston Public Library have noticed for the past week or two an unusual demand for copies of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. This demand was so much in excess of anything they had ever known that they felt it necessary to investigate the causes of this unprecedented interest in Bunyan. Inquiry revealed the fact that the teacher of history in a well known school has reached the colonial events of the seventeenth century, and had recommended to all her pupils the perusal of Bunyan's book as a part of the bibliography of the story of the Pilgrim Fathers!—THE BOOKMAN.

The London World recently likened the modern novel to a gigantic octopus, which is everlastingly absorbing into its system some hitherto independent branch of literature. Not content with this, it pictures with awestruck pen this omnivorous monster stretching its tentacles over the map of the world, and threatening to revolutionize even the nomenclature of the habitable portions of the globe. Here is a specimen of the new geography:

"Soaring onward down Time's gulf, the prophetic eye welcomes the addition to the Union of the flourishing State of Morc 11a, familiarly abbreviated to Ma, comprising within its bounds the picturesque and prosperous towns of Elsmere and Treasady, the latter standing on the banks of the river Mississumphryward. Nor does it take a violent effort of the imagination to picture the uprising of the magnificent city of Satansville on the margin of Lake Corelli."—THE BOOKMAN.

Jack—You should have seen Miss Mis Waldo. Her eyes flashed fire, and—

Arthur—That's funny. You said a moment ago that she froze you with a glance.

Husband (entering kitchen)—How do you account for this? The thermometer here registers 105 degrees.

Wife—Oh, the cook and I have just had an argument.

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Can fancy California selected peaches....	20c
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- 2—A splendid, commodious school building, with all "high school" facilities.
- 3—Located in the Platte and Beaver valley, eighty miles east of Denver, in the midst of a large area of fine, arable land, covered by irrigation ditches, and only waiting judicious farming to develop wealth.
- 4—The climate is adapted to all sorts of crops grown in the North Temperate zone.
- 5—Excellent water can be had at depth varying from 30 to 60 feet, the lower strata furnishing the purest mountain water at a table.
- 6—Fine building stone adjacent to the town, can be had at from \$1.75 to \$1.00 per cord, thus making it cheaper to build of stone than lumber.
- 7—Three crops of alfalfa are grown in the season, yielding as a rule six tons per acre as the product, while wild hay on the higher land grows well and always brings a big price. The rich yield of hay makes it pre-eminently a country in which to raise cattle and hogs to the feeding stage when it is easy to drive them to the cheap corn of Nebraska.
- 8—Small fruits and vegetables of all kinds can be developed to any extent almost—the real conditions when told seem almost fabulous.
- 9—Steam threshers in work of 1896 show average of wheat in this vicinity to be forty bushels per acre, oats fifty bushels.
- 10—Entire absence of contagious diseases of both man and beast; the atmosphere is a regular daily life giver.
- 11—The county of Morgan, in which Brush is located, is free of debt and taxes are low.

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