

Chicago Notes.

While Chicago is not a picturesque city, there is at least one picturesque spot, the pier at the mouth of the Chicago river. In the early evening it is lined with men fishing with hooks and lines out near the end, but nearer shore with nets. Long wooden arms reach out over the water with large round hoop nets dangling from ropes at the end. These are lowered into the water by pulleys and after a moment are drawn up with a few little fish wriggling in the centre. They are scooped out and put still wriggling on ice.

The father of the pier is an old man, with his face bronzed by the sun and reddened by the beer. He speaks of his calling freely and with engaging frankness.

"Are you getting any fish?" we ask.

He straightens himself as well as he can, and rolls the sleeves of his red flannel shirt higher.

"Draw not a bloomie' minny. But we ain't particular; just enough to make a living without working."

We walk on out to the end of the pier and look back.

Chicago, clouded with smoke and the darkness, looks less sordid than by daylight. The lights of steamers and tug^s glow across the still waters. The waves lap up against the pier's edge. The old fisherman, like the others, bends double to draw up the water-heavy net. We wonder what he would consider work.

SHORT STORIES.

In St. James' Church the gas had not been lighted on account of the heat. The dark stained glass windows kept out the glare of the sun, and gave a cool dimness. A single light up in the organ loft fell across the pages of music and made silhouette of the organists face. The choir were singing softly, their faces only half visible.

"Let me hide myself in thee," they chanted.

Then a single voice rose above them all, a rich full soprano, even and true.

"Be of sin the double cure."

The voice filled the church and sank mellow and low at the end.

"Let me hide myself in thee."

I touched a girl who sat near me.

"Who is she?" I asked breathlessly.

"It is one of the little choir boys," she answered. "He is not eleven yet."

In the museum of the art institute is a set of Japanese armor. It has the usual features of armor though of a Japanese stamp throughout. The helmet is oddly shaped. The metal is elaborately worked and decorated. There are some unnamable weapons that suggest the heroic warrior of a land of the half civilized. And as if the makers were unwilling to overlook anything that might add to the glory of battle or take away from the frightfulness of death. There is a Japanese fan prescribed, I suppose, for the heat of battle.

I go into the room of the museum where they have the Egyptian pottery and mummies and little carved statues the size of your thumb, the tiny green and blue stone beetles that served as the sets in the Egyptian rings and kept away evil spirits, and I am filled with Egyptian feeling.

The Egyptian Princesses of the third dynasty look down upon you with their wide impassive eyes; the hideous images of Osiris and Isis gaze calmly past you; the painted eyes on the mummy cases stare up as they have stared for perhaps five thousand years; and I forget that the sphinx is a facsimile copy, the original of which is in the Vatican Museum; I imagine the Nile at my feet and the desert at my back; I smell heavy Lotus flowers and see the massive front of some great temple; I am Egyptian for the time being and am half inclined to worship the repulsive little god who is

half man and half hippopotamus. Then I have an overmastering inclination to creep into one of the mummy cases and see how it feels to lie still for five thousand years.

There is a picture in one of the collections lent to the art institute for exhibition that would repay a half day's study. It is an oil painting, "The Grief of the Pasha," by Jerome.

The background is a dark network of Moorish columns and arches and passage ways. In the foreground a great velvety blue rug is spread over the tiling and on it stretched at full length on his side is the body of a dead tiger. His head is thrown slightly back, his mouth is partly open, his paws are bent and nerveless. Around his head and under his feet are scattered pink roses. An incense burner is at his head, two lighted candles stand beside him and shine on his tawny shoulders.

Back and to one side sits the Pasha, his turbaned head bent and his intense eyes fixed on the dead eyes of the tiger.

In the south wing of the art institute, among collections of old lace and embroidery, is an old coat with two waistcoats. They are fanciful things. The waistcoats are of light tan silk embroidered with many colored flowers. The coat is richly trimmed with lace and buttons.

"Ah," you think when you first see them. "These are samples of the clothes worn in the degenerate days of France when men were nothing except effeminate."

Then you read the card of explanation:

.....
Coat and Two Waistcoats
.....
Worn by
.....
MARSHALL NEY,
.....
One of Napoleon's generals.
.....

They say that the annual exhibition of the students at the art institute is much better than it has ever been before, that there is less sentimentalism and pretension and more real effort and merit.

There is some very good work shown at least, especially in the collection of sketches from life. Out of the three or four hundred of these a number leave really strong impressions, a thing that student work seldom does. In one, the face of a boy whose features are strong rather than beautiful, the technique is so finished that the face stands out with force and character. Most of the sketches are studies in expression.

There is an odd thing in the water color collection. It is a study from life of an old man. The eyes have not been attempted, only the outline and coloring of the head and chin being given. Yet there you have the head of a feeble old man with the white hair and the characteristic reddish skin. The pose of the head and the turn of the chin are so characteristic, the coloring is so well done that after a moment you forget the lack of eyes in admiration for the artist's work.

One of the most interesting points of the exhibition is the collection of designs for lace. They are drawn with such delicacy that they would almost deceive one who did not look closely. The lace is drawn in white on a dark background so that every thread shows distinctly. It is significant that without exception these designs are made by women.

One of the old rooms in the art institute is the room where they keep the collection of paintings by old masters. These are nearly all portraits worked out in rather strong reds and yellows. The faces look somewhat apoplectic and the colors are rather too heavy to suit modern taste but after all the pictures have the indescribable something that

makes you remember them.

On the west wall of this room is the best portrait of Columbus I have ever seen. It makes him a real man, makes one forget for a moment the discoverer in the human being. It was painted, the inscription says, from a miniature which was painted from life while Columbus was in Spain, but which has been lost.

Chicago people are very proud of their university. New people you meet ask with their second breath if I have been out to see it and lift their eyebrows with surprise when I say "No."

To reach the university from the city, students can take the elevated railway, the "Alley L" they call it because it runs almost the entire way through alleys. From the cars one gets a brief view of Jackson park from above, but he also gets a view, not so brief, of various back yards and gravel roofs. In the rush of Chicago streets, things are not done by the rules of aesthetics.

The first glimpse of Chicago University comes when the end of the track is almost reached. Across grounds, covered with trees disappointingly small and grass plats disappointingly level, the buildings stand together, all built of gray stone and roofed with red painted metal.

The school buildings and dormitories are all much alike in outside finish; solid, plain, with pointed small gable ends facing out from all the roofs; they are four-storied and medium-sized with the exception of Cobb Lecture hall.

One thing that seemed odd to a student from Nebraska, was the lack of guides. One of these, when he first came, thought he would pose as a visitor for a half hour till he could get his bearings, so he stopped a gown clad senior and asked where he might find the office and get a guide to take him over the buildings.

The senior told him there were no guide; "just go over the buildings by yourself."

"But I want to ask questions," he persisted.

The senior looked puzzled a moment and then answered:

"I think any old student would answer questions."

Cobb Lecture hall, the largest of the buildings, corresponds largely to our University hall having the registrar's office, the chapel and lecture rooms.

The inside walls of the rooms in this building are finished in pressed brick, the lower one-third dark red, and the upper part terra cotta. The ceilings are panelled in dark wood and the floors are of oak. Altogether the building seems substantial but rather sombre.

At chapel one of the deans led the exercises, a prayer and the responsive reading of a psalm, the singing was led by a choir of young men students wearing caps and gowns. After the exercises, the students remained standing while the three deans, one of whom was a woman, came down the middle aisle and passed out.

The Haskell museum is just east of the main building. Here is the oriental museum with its Egyptian mummies of men and birds, its Japanese gods and Hindoo amulets. Here also are the lecture rooms of the divinity school. The interior walls are panelled sparingly with marble and the floors are mosaic throughout.

Of the other buildings the physical laboratory is the most elaborately finished, being floored and panelled in white marble. In front of the entrance is an inscribed tablet stating that the building is erected to the memory of Martin Ryerson by his son.

On the top floor of the Walker museum which apparently is to be the main museum of the university, is an interesting collection made by the Folk Lore society. Here is a row of plaster

Free

Advertising.

What a lot of free advertising the Burlington must receive if it is true, as some people say that "a pleased passenger is a railroad's best advertisement!"

To all points east, west north and south, the Burlington has well equipped and unparalleled service.

Burlington
RouteGeorge W. Bonnell,
C. P. & T. A.

CYCLE PHOTOGRAPHS
ATHLETIC PHOTOGRAPHS
PHOTOGRAPHS OF BABIES
PHOTOGRAPHS OF GROUPS
EXTERIOR VIEWS

Clements

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
129 South Eleventh Street.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK.

LINCOLN, NEB.

S. H. BURNHAM, A. J. SAWYER,
President. Vice president
D. G. WING, Cashier.

CAPITAL \$250,000.

Directors—A. J. Sawyer, S. H. Burnham, E. Finney, J. A. Lancaster, Lewis Gregory, N. Z. Snell, G. M. Lambertson, D. G. Wing, S. W. Burnham.



Actual time traveling.

31 hours to Salt Lake.
61 hours to San Francisco.
68 hours to Portland.
77 hours to Los Angeles.

—FROM—

LINCOLN, NEB.

\$5,000

Worth of millinery
bought and to be sold
at one quarter the regular
price during June.

W. WILLIAMS
1221 O street.