

A number of young society ladies and gentlemen went down to the four o'clock train on Wednesday morning to see the circus animals unloaded.

Mrs. A. M. Davis, Mrs. A. E. Kennard and Mrs. Walter Davis gave a morning at home on Friday morning in honor of Miss Minnie Gaylord of Brooklyn.

Mr. L. C. Richards is ill with typhoid fever. Mrs. Richards, who was in Denver attending the Biennial received a disconcerting telegram but found on her arrival in Lincoln that Mr. Richards' condition had improved. His many friends will be glad to know that he is better though strictly secluded from all but the immediate family.

PARIS LETTER.

It is quite impossible, it seems to me, that there should be so much discussion over a thing as there is over Rodin's Balzac, without its being something very unusually worth while. Neither the commonplace nor the ridiculous is aggressive. One can like or laugh at either in peace. But nobody seems to have much peace with "Balzac." The only people who have a harder time than those who like it are the Author's Society who ordered it, and even signed a contract for it, and who, now it is finished, do not like it. The great public, meanwhile, "smiles derisive."

The statue stands quite at the end of the sculpture garden of the Salons, and I admit that one's first view of it is somewhat of a shock. How did Balzac look? Very few data exist to answer the question. There is the bust by David at the Comedie Francaise; a little portrait by Louis Boulanger, which was shown in 1889 at the exposition; a daguerreotype, without much expression, taken by Nadar. Then there are the things that his contemporaries wrote about him, from which we learn that he had a strange, powerful head, thickly set upon his shoulders by a bull like neck, a prominent nose, penetrating, ardent eyes, and that his hair fell in straggling locks over his forehead. His body was heavy and clumsy. When he worked he enveloped himself in a loose white garment, something like a capuchin's robe, and this was a characteristic feature in his appearance, which has been commented on by all those who left on record their impressions of him. It is in this robe de chambre that he is standing in Rodin's statue. He has flung it around him without even taking the time to put his arms through the sleeves. The weight of his body is thrown back upon one limb, in a position that a man would take instinctively if he stopped under the influence of a sudden idea. What M. Rodin has tried to express is a symbolic Balzac in a supreme moment of his life, when, standing off and looking at the Human Comedy, he might have seen it as in a vision in its entirety.

Very well! What is one's first impression as you look at the statue? That of a colossal, formless figure, wrapped about in the bareness of its white plaster, with an equally formless garment without line or shape, and surmounted by a head with features accented to express power and strength, but which in consequence seem, if pathetic, grotesque as well. I could never laugh at it as half Paris does; to me it is great—full of genius; and yet never could I wish for one minute to see it erected in any public place in Paris.

I have talked with some of Rodin's best friends and warmest supporters about it, and the fact is I do not believe, owing to the very qualities of his artist's genius, he could ever make a successful statue of such a subject. His imagination is always busy with dealing directly with nature. In a work like "Balzac," instead of nature he has docu-

ments. Rodin is not a literary man, not a reader. Shakespeare, Schiller, and Dante are almost the only writers he cares for. He is a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams, and withal naïf and simple and sensitive, and sometimes awe struck before some of his dreams if they take possession of him. His idea is to express a character by distinguishing every possible detail in connection with it that plays an essential part. When he must represent an abstract conception of a human figure that he has not seen, but known only through literature, it is impossible for him to realize by his customary means his conception. This is what I think today. I wonder how Rodin's Balzac will seem to me ten years from now. One sees it very badly at the Salon, as any one must feel who, as I did, had a view of it before it was exhibited to the public. The cross lights are frightful, giving the weirdest possible look to the eyes, ferocious shadows to the curl of the mustache, and generally unattractive lines to the face.

"Zara," Rejane's new play at the Vaudeville, is deliciously amusing, in spite of the fact that it is a one-act play, and that it is an artistic mistake for Rejane to want to do that sort of thing. Her days in the Vaudeville may be numbered for the story is that she is about to divorce her husband, Porel, and then, of course she must go to another theatre. The Charles Simon, who, with Berton is the author of "Zara," is a son of Jules Simon. They have made their heroine out of one of the café chantant singers, who form a type as interesting in their way as Helevy's little Cardinals. Let me mention also that "Zara" is accompanied by her mother—a Madame Cardinal of the purest and most interesting dye, and admirably done by Grassot, who is one of the best French comedians. It was she who created the part of one of the doves in Bisson's "The Dove Cote," which first appeared in Paris as "Jalousie."

Zara sings in the provinces; and in real life the world is not always gay for young girls who make their debuts in cafes in the provinces. They make their engagements through a theatrical agency, and generally in virtue of a commission to the agent of something like fifteen per cent. on the total of the entire engagement. It often amounts to as much as the entire salary of the first month. Moreover, in the provinces theatres are supported by subscribers, and the subscribers have the right—and avail themselves of it—to hiss a novice who does not please them. The managers, too, had a pleasing device of arranging to have her hissed if he considers, upon reflection, that the engagement has been based upon a higher price than he is willing to pay. The unfledged little songster, in consequence, far more often than not, at the end of her first month finds herself out-of-doors and in debt for the agent's fee. Hers is a happy, or unhappy-go lucky, as you will, bohemian world while one is young in it. The end is, invariably, that some man pays her debts and looks out for her.

This is what happened to Zara. If you know Rejane you can imagine what a picturesque, original, delightful little gamin of a café chantant singer she made. The whole piece is Rejane, except for occasional interludes of her irrepressible mother. She ends as a star at the "Ambassadeurs," before whose doors we watch for her in the last act to see her walk out between the many gleaming lamps glowing through the trees on the stage, exactly as though it were the real green of the Champs Elysees; a lovely vision—yes, lovely—even Rejane, under the trees in the night light—in the most exquisite of white frocks—in whom the play has not made us believe the least in the world, but whom we would like to have go on indefinitely just the same.

NOTICE—To the people of Lincoln and adjoining towns. Being the largest dealer in the western part of the state in fireworks I am prepared to give the best prices on fire crackers, roman candles, sky rockets, bomb shells, novelties, etc. Don't fail to see the electric balloon ascension in front of our place of business on the eve of the Fourth.

C. M. SEITZ
GOOD LUCK GROCERY
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As for the weather it keeps on indefinitely in its own way without in the least consulting one's feelings. The day of the Vanderbilt Dresser marriage the thermometer was forty, and it hailed in the afternoon. It was a charming wedding, marked by that unostentatious simplicity which any one who knew anything of either family would expect. There were no flowers except the customary white blossoms on the church altar, and nothing could have been less spectacular than the bridal cortege. First came the four ushers—Mr. John Aunt, Mr. Frank Andrews, Jr., Count Antoine Sala, and Mr. Rutgers Le Roy, wearing boutonnières of white orchids. The two bridesmaids, Miss Van Dusen Reed and Mlle. de Montsaunin, dressed in dainty gowns of green taffeta; the skirts shirred; the bodices made with revers covered with incrustations of yellow lace, turning away from fronts made of mousseline de soie edged with tiny satin ribbons. They wore black hats turned up on one side, pearl pins, given by Mr. Vanderbilt, and carried bouquets of white orchids and lilies-of-the-valley.

Next came the bride on the arm of her brother, Mr. Daniel Le Roy Dresser, a tall distinguished-looking girl, with dark hair waved away from a fine intelligent face. She wore a petticoat of white brocade satin, trimmed with lace flounces that belonged to her grandmother, and a long court train of white satin, entirely covered with the magnificent veil of point-lace that her mother wore at her marriage. The bodice of the dress was fastened at one side by a bunch of orange-blossoms, and untrimmed, except for a pretty drapery giving the effect of a bolero. Orange blossoms fastened the veil at the top. She wore no jewelry. Mr. Vanderbilt and his best man, Mr. William Osgood Field, met the bride at the altar. The service was the simple ceremony of the Episcopal Church, performed by Dr. Morgan, Rev. George Merrill, of Tuxedo, the bride's brother-in-law, and the Rev. Mr. Hayward. The music was Guilman's "Marche Nuptiale" for the entrance of the bridal party, Bach's D minor Toccata and D minor Fugue, and the dear old Mendelssohn "Wedding March" at the end.

All the American colony of Paris was present, besides many families and many friends of both bride and bridegroom from New York, and there were many charming faces and beautiful dresses. Miss Dresser, the bride's sister, wore a lovely frock of Cluny lace over yellow mousseline de soie, with turquoise belt and collar. Mrs. Brown, another sister, wore pink with mousseline de soie. The Duchess of Marlborough was charming in a dress of Havana crepe de Chine, with a mantle of the same color with many frills of mousseline de soie in exactly the same shade. We noticed among others the Duchess of Manchester, Mr. and Mrs. Sloane, Mr. and Mrs. Twombly, Mrs. Shepherd, Mr. and Mrs. Tuck, Miss Bryant, Miss Fairchild, Madame de Hegeman and her niece Madame Konig, General and Miss Porter, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, Mrs. Lamson, Mr. and Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Magruder, Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander, Mrs. Bodington, and Mr. Bridgman.

KATHARINE DE FOREST.

NEW TOURIST CARLINE.

Weekly Personally Conducted Excursions to Portland, Ore., via Burlington Route.

On February 17 and every Thursday thereafter at 6:10 p. m. Pullman tourist sleepers in charge of our own excursion conductor are scheduled to leave Lincoln for Portland, via Denver, Leadville, Salt Lake City, Ogden and Oregon Short Line, passing through the grandest scenery of the Rockies and stopping several hours at Salt Lake City to allow a visit at many points of interest there.

Berths, tickets and full information may be obtained at B. & M. depot or city ticket office, corner Tenth and O.

GEO. W. BONNELL, C. P. & T. A.

PURITY OF THE AIR.

"Out in Arizona we have a way of bragging on the purity and clearness of our air," said Judge Murphy, the delegate at Washington from that territory, "and we have reason for it, for there is nothing like it in the known world. The air of California may surpass that of Arizona from a photographer's point of view, and it is claimed that it does, but as the Arizonian only cares for air for breathing purposes, we are not at all jealous on that point. We can see mountain tops for over 100 miles, and some here claimed that mountains 130 miles distant can be discerned with the naked eye. I was speaking of this to some friends here recently when I was blandly informed by a Scotch clergyman, who was here on a visit, that that would hardly be regarded as in any way remarkable in Scotland, where, too, he said, the air was very clear. 'We can see further than 130 miles in Scotland,' he said. 'We can see all the way to the moon.'"

—Ex.

Dan's Pay Day.

It having been the custom of a certain establishment in the north to pay the workers fortnightly, and the workmen having found the custom somewhat inconvenient, it was decided to send a delegate to the head of the firm to state their grievances. An Irishman, named Dan D—, famed for his sagacity and persuasive powers, was selected for the task. He duly waited on the master, who addressed him thus:

"Well, Daniel, what can we do for you this morning?"

"If ye please, sur, I've been sint as a diligiate by the workers to ask a favor of ye regardin' the payment of our wages."

"Yes; and what do they desire?" queried the master.

"Well, sur, it is the desire of meself, and it is also the desire of ivery man in the establishment, that we receive our fortnight's pay every week."

For sale, or will exchange for a first class Nebraska farm, a number of choice residence lots in the city of Hannibal, Mo. These lots are in the line of future improvement and are only about fifteen minutes walk from the United States post office and district court building; the trade will be made on a cash valuation. For particulars write George D. Clayton & Co., real estate dealers, Hannibal, Mo.

Public Servants.

Inquiring Child—Why do the papers call office-holders public servants?
Mother—Because they are paid so much and do so little.