pointment.

ial exhit of the general federation of women's clubs at the Paris exhibition board ticket. consists of Mrs. William Tod Helmuth. Temperance Union and the National be represented by exhibits.

The Fairbury club will keep open house on the evening of January 1st, at which time it will welcome all Club friends both gentlemen and ladies.

ART HISTORY.

Outline of Work Prepared by Mrs. F. M. Hall, Chairman of he Art Committee of the N. F. W. C.

- (a) Architecture.
- (b) Sculpture.
- (c) Painting.

Α.

ANCIENT ART.

I. Egyptian art. II. Babylonian and Assyrian art.

III. Persian, Phoenican, Palestine and art of Asia Minor.

IV. Greek art.

V. Etruscan and Roman art.

В.

Christian art to the Renaissance.

Modern art from the Renaissance to the present.

I. In Italy. II. In Germany. III. In France. IV. In Holland. V. In Belgium. VI. ln Spain. VII. In Eng-

GENERAL REMARKS.

In ancient art architecture and sculpture predominated.

In early Christian art architecture and painting predominated.

In modern art painting predominates. Architecture and sculpture take second place.

LESSON V.

GREEK ART FROM PRIDIAN PERIOD TO END.

1. Phidian Period. So-called from Phidias.

Note his statues of Athena Parthenos, Olympian Zeus and Frieze Parthenon. He added expression to sublime character and deep religious feeling in his statues of men and women, and a god-like mien in his statues of his deities. Describe the Parthenon, Erechtheum and Acropolis as a whole.

2. Past Phidian Period.

How does the art of Scopas, Praxiteles differ from that of Phidias?

3. Hellenic Period.

Note the decline. Illustrate by a comparison of Niobe and Laocoon; the dying Gaul and Farnese Bull.

4. Greek Painting.

See the same authors for this lesson that were given for the previous one.

The COURIER And any One Dollar Club Magazine (UI.U

Forgotten.

The game was tairly under way. It was the great match of the season, the Nutmeg University eleven being pitted against the Bean College Club. The ruth, in the Criterion. day was that on which we give thanks for blessings bestowed upon us, and pray for a continuation of the divine favor for yet another year. The grand stand he left college? was packed. Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sweethearts of the sterling young catch up.

his own production almost entirely. His men on the gridiron field filled it to delivery was poor, and although some of overflowing. It was an as-emblage of his thoughts and ideas were commented the wealth and fashion of the land. Far on favorably, as a whole it was a disap- away the lonely sexton slammed the door of the church, waking its hollow echoes, and sprinted for a passing elec-The committee in charge of the spec- tric car, his hand on his waistcoat pocket, where he snugly tucked his bleaching.

The day was perfect, with no cloud in of New York; Mrs. Charles A. West, of sight. Possibly a few turkey feathers Massachusetts; Mrs. James B. Grant, of floated on the soft air, but they were Colorado. The Woman's Christian not noticed. Who could see anything save the magnificent struggle going on Association of College Alumnae will also in front? For it was a magnificent struggle—the greatest in the annals of American football. Full-backs, halfbacks, quarter-backs and other integral and fractional backs swarmed everywhere. Still, there was a strange, nameless feeling in the grand stand and on the field that something was lacking. what was it?

> The combat deepens. The Nutmegs have lost two men; the Beans three. Eager substitutes rush to take their places. Ambulances flit about. There. another Bean bites the dust! But how quickly the noble Bean avenges his fall two Nutmegs go down no more to rise. Red Cross workers are everywhere. One nurse is mowed down by a Bean hurled through the air by two Nutmegs like a bolt from a catapult. Cheers from the grand etand rend the air. What a game it is! But the feeling that something is missing will not down. What

Now the rush an shock of the conflict is indescribable. A Bean has lost an ear; listen to the cheers from the grand stand. A field surgeon claps the lost ear in place; it does not fit—it is the ear of some unknown Nutmeg. The joke is on the surgeon. Hear the half delirious cries from the grand stand, as mother, sister sweetheart, cheer on the combatants. First-aid-to-the injured workers are doing what they can. There is a field hospital at the other end of the grounds. Heroic nurses carry away the wounded on litters, themselves in direct danger from Beans and Nutmegs flying through the air, either whole or in parts. Bravo! Bravo! cries the grand stand. In the thickest of the fray the consolation of religion is not lacking. Catholic priest and Protestant minister alike go fearlessly about, carrying comfort to more than one fallen hero whose name shall hereafter live not alone in enduring brass and marble, but in the hearts of his countrymen as well. But still there broods everywhere the feeling that omething is lacking in the game.

It is over now. It was a grand game. The startled air is shivered with the plaudits of the grand stand. The nurses and the police clear up the bloody field. Then, as the fierce huzzas die away, everybody frames the question which has been in his heart. What was it that was lacking in the football game? On the field there remain alone the two captains, stretched on the plain, but still able to breathe. The captain of the Beans raised his head and looked at the captain of the Nutmegs. He rubbed his remaining ear and said:

"Old man, there was something lacking in that game. What in the Old Harry was it?"

The Nutmeg man struck his lower jaw on the ground to force it back into place and said:

"You're right, but I'll give up as to what it was. Hold-I've got it! We didn't have any ball!"

Surgeons bore them away on a single stretcher, and the spectators made a break for the trolley cars.—Hayden Car-

Hasn't Spowter done anything since

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