

endlessly "Change under the change-colored arches of changeless morning and night." "Uninterruptedly the measure of words, meaningless to her, ran on and on, until at last incessant repetition wove the spell by which thought is suspended. Stumbling un-awares upon the means, she had put her busy brain out of action and released her spirit. In her ears was a rushing sound for a little and then darkness—slowly drawn like a large curtain—gathered about her. Passing from out of the darkness into a great light, she found herself face to face with Cadenhouse. She knew not what haven she had reached, upon what further shore she stood, but there they met." Then Babs was sure Lorraine would not marry Cadenhouse, and the story ends and nobody gets his deserts, which is even more of a liberty than Scheherazade dared take with the traditions of story telling.

Exhibit of Nebraska Art Association.

The exhibit this year surpasses previous exhibits in quality variety, catholicity. Those who prefer pictures on the order of colored photographs with outlines clearly drawn and only slightly obscured by atmosphere and shadow, are pleased with Dolph's dogs, the "Unbutton My Shoe" by Maria Brooks, the Burbank Indian portraits which have an ethnological value, or Kappe's "Bad News." There are others of the pleasant story-telling character, which satisfy the occasional visitor who has small idea of a painter's aspiration to attain atmosphere and vibration. But most of the painters of this year's exhibit have confined themselves to color, form, light and vibration and the infinite variety of the aspects of nature, and have left literature, romance, moralizing to writers and preachers.

It is commendable and shows a laudable desire to disseminate culture in those laymen and artists who have volunteered to teach Nebraska people which pictures are worthiest their attention, but after all, all visitors prefer to make their own choice without too much advice and explanation. Considering which blessed peculiarity of human nature a review of a picture exhibit is rather supererogatory. Unless it be kept in mind that it is only the opinion of one person and is not and has no intention of being *ex cathedra*.

Because the ocean has always seemed to me the grandest, most mysterious and most fascinating of anything on earth I like best the picture by William J. Bixbee of Boston—called "Foam," a large wave breaking on ocean-tanned rocks, where the water shows the light green streak that proves it is but a thin aspiring sheet, with the sunlight shining through it and just ready to take its place.

"The Lions" by H. O. Tanner, a colored man, who has received Honorable Mention at the Salon, and various other prizes and medals. The lion is hunting what seems to be a hopeless meal in a desert, over rocks without vegetation enough to support anything worth a lion's while. The great beast is painted with few and powerful strokes. His stealthy, velvet footed climb is felt and the atmosphere is hot and quiet. The other lion is but a shape in the background. Elizabeth Noorse has two pictures of fascinating children. Innocence, un-studied pose, a child's anxiety to please and be good, exquisite modeling and a refined fresh tone characterize them. The tone is unusual, and so thinly put on that the white canvas behind seems to have faded it. Her mother

and child and the roofs of the city of Tunis are also very interesting. Her pictures are not fussy. They seem to have been painted readily and with simplicity. Charles Austin Needham paints luscious marts. He has two pictures here, "Winter" and "Holiday in a Park." The former is the corner of a park with a cabstand on the other side of it with the snow blowing in thin, smoky, clouds off the smooth tops of the cabs, and drifted in patches on to the blanketed horses. City snow is so quickly converted into what has the appearance of very dirty meal that Mr. Needham's very fortunate selection of a park and the tops of cabs for his snow effects indicates the discrimination that all his pictures show. His technique is broad, his color is clean, and his drawing is irreproachable. "The Red Shawl" by Alfred Maurer is a brilliant and very satisfactory study of color. I overheard the remark that one might as well drape an India shawl because the woman is but a model for the shawl. True, only very few could interpret an India shawl so tenderly and reveal so indubitably its oriental secret of color. The three pictures sent by Mr. Chase are not related in subject or treatment. "His First Portrait" is a picture of a very tall woman with her back to the audience dressed in the parsimonious folds of a kimono and holding a baby who looks over her shoulder as unconscious of the occasion as the kimono. The woman is very tall and I feel that the painter has slighted her and denied her her woman's right to complimentary treatment for the same reason that Whistler does but sketch a woman back of a muff and wastes no time on her feet but draws them with one long burnt-umber stroke of his brush, that carelessly leaves them several inches too long. He may have said that he was not drawing a woman but a muff and he needed her only to hold it in place, but the public cares nothing about the explanation. Mr. Chase uses the woman in the kimono to hold the baby up, but I think he ignores her to the point of rudeness. Mr. Chase's "Autumn in the Shinnecock Hills" is altogether delightful; mellow sunshine on fields of great beauty. "Still Life" is a conscientiously painted picture of fruit and copper—very conventional a little hard and not at all characteristic, probably selected by Mr. Chase as very likely to please a western audience. Think of it! a man who has painted, "Alice" spending his time on hothouse grapes and copper studio vessels. It reminds me of the encores of "Home, Sweet Home" which great musicians sing to us.

Mr. Chas. C. Curran has sent ten pictures of the Swiss mountains representing a year's work. In the pink morning light, under the gilding light of the moon, in cloudy weather in the cold September daylight, lighted from below by a setting sun, in an after glow and at high noon, the same group of mountains are scarcely recognized in the different atmospheres. Mr. Curran's point of view must have been from an opposite mountain as high as those he painted and the series is a most interesting and scientific study of the effect of different atmospheric conditions and under different positions of the sun and moon, on the same mountain forms. Charles Francis Browne's "Summer Sky" is a warm afternoon with trees and meadows reciprocating tenderness. "Moonrise over the Sea" is hung in the traditional place of honor at the end of the gallery, facing the entrance. It is an exquisite study of moonlight on the waves, a very difficult and elusive effect and most ef-

fectually attained. Miss Cora Parker, formerly in charge of the art department at the University, contributes two impressive results of her summer's work: "Afterglow" and "Midsummer." The former is a clump of bushes with the sun setting behind them, and there is not a more radiant, more inspired canvas in the room. "Midsummer in Central Park" is painted with the same sympathetic feeling. There should be a word corresponding to "musicianly" for the same correctness, sympathy and chastity with the brush. If there were such a word it would fit Miss Parker's work. A landscape by Souza-Pinto is a canal, old enough to have tall rushes and sedge grass leaning over it, to be bordered by poplars and navigated by mossy boats. Rhoda Holmes Nichol's Narcissus, a slender boy on a bank over a Narcissus pool, is a new treatment of a very old subject. There are only three nudes in the collection. The half-draped figure of a young girl reading, by Mr. Fry of New York is beautifully modeled and the color is clean. The model in the studio is absorbed in a newspaper and is just as interesting in a different way. "Twilight after Rain" by Chas. Warren Eaton is a quiet little lane going to sleep after a bath, full of repose and unobtrusive sentiment. "Night on the Maine Coast" by Miss Grothjean has a glass over it and it is difficult to get it in the right light but when this is accomplished it is an exquisite bit of color and phantasy.

These are only a few of the pictures which impressed me in an afternoon's inspection. Further loitering will discover many more.

Real Estate and the Pest House.

The neighborhood of a pest house would depreciate the value of the most accessible and beautiful building lots. It is questionable if a city hospital would have so disastrous an effect. Men avoid a plague or a pest, but a hospital is one of the regular institutions of a city. If the private hospitals already in operation in Lincoln were called by a name which suggested a plague spot, unquestionably their vicinity would be as cheap as dirt as soon as the name became current. If the council would quit talking about a pest house and discourse upon the advantages to isolated lots of a dignified commodious city hospital there would be fewer and shorter petitions against such a building from fastidious neighborhoods. Even Mr. Mockett might be conciliated if the council should offer to call it "The Mockett Hospital."

The Influence of Words.

A foreigner cannot use our language perfectly or understand it satisfactorily because no dictionary gives the color which words acquire by usage. For instance there is the compound word young-one, made by two euphonious and dignified words. Yet the word is a vulgarism and scrupulous teachers and parents avoid it. Unobjectionable dictionary words have been stained and soiled to a degree which unfits them for the use of discriminating natives. Whole phrases have been so long used in one connection, that the language is impoverished by their loss. The ordinary newspaper reporter is accustomed to say in a certain part of his report of obsequies that the body was consigned to the tomb or to the earth. It was therefore with a shock that I read the other day of a bride being consigned to her husband. There is not a man, woman or youth in Lincoln who is not convinced that his or her services are worth a hundred dol-

lars a week at an underestimate to any paper at present edited by obviously unfit editors. A good many of these born writers finally do get on a paper and begin to orate "along these lines" and use the loosely fitting words and phrases that other writers that resemble them in inspiration have worn threadbare. Schools of journalism do not seem to have effected any change in the material of the managing editor who is seldom exacting in regard to the English his reporters use but has a modest ambition to expurgate the most glaring banalities from the pages he edits. Because of the lack of exact thinking and speaking the language is losing useful phrases and words that it can not easily spare, thus forcing people who do not like soiled words to use foreign ones. Comparatively few read books. The newspapers are read by everybody. Their style is the people's style. Their vocabulary is the people's vocabulary. The influence of newspapers on the magnificent engine, language, is primary, vital, constant. I hope the people of the new century will demand that their daily news be furnished them in pure English and stop a paper which habitually uses slovenly English. If publishers can discover what the people really want, they are eager enough to furnish it and the demand would be met immediately with a supply.

Mrs. Fiske.

When Becky Sharp soliloquizes before the fire after her spiteful, angry guests have gone, she opens her mouth and the vowel sounds are full and the consonants have their full value. But Becky Sharp in all the other scenes of the play speaks her lines through her teeth very rapidly. Her gestures and expressions are admirable and illuminate her meaning, but her words are unintelligible. Her character must be a mystery to those who have not read *Vanity Fair*. She is a great actress, and her work has the integrity of a candid mind, it seems to me incongruous and inconsistent she should so slight the dialogue of an author like Thackeray. The soliloquy scene is peculiarly suited to Mrs. Fiske's temperament. She speaks of herself, her deceits, her treachery, her schemes to get into society with such contemptuous frankness. Becky Sharp was born with those pitilessly keen eyes that see through shams and comprehend instantly the motive for using them. Such minds often belong to cynics like Becky. The clear sight of evil is demoralizing and Becky saw it clear as a child. She was never unsophisticated and faith never had a chance to work on her. She alone understood herself and she alone truly estimated and weighed the other characters of the play or book. Rawdon Crawley, her husband did not understand her, Lord Steyn did not understand her. Miss Crawley, the cynical old maid, understood her best, but she gave her credit for a romantic love, which we know she never experienced. As the greatest American tragedienne she deserves a more wholesome role than either Becky Sharp or Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

To Spoil His Business.

"No, I 'ain't got no more of that blue ribbon," said the country storekeeper, leaning across the counter, confidentially. "I've had two pieces of it and sold it right out in less than a month, so I see it wa'n't no use to get any more, for I can't keep it in stock. I shouldn't have a thing in my store," he added, firmly, "if it sold out the way that ribbon did."