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Up Salt Creek Way.

[By FLORA BULLOCK]

So Paderewski is coming to Lincoln to wake the echoes for the first time in the brand-new auditorium. I suppose that already the popular "Minuet" is being tinkled forth from every piano in Lincoln in preparation for the event. The distinguished artist will be expected to play that, and I imagine many a ticket will be sold on the strength of the belief. Further, it could be positively known that he would play "Whistling Rufus," with his own variations, or "Georgia Camp-meeting," or "Home, Sweet Home"—with variations also, the more the merrier—the house would be packed to its utmost capacity. Otherwise I am a little dubious. Of course advertising, the liberal use of his "queer" name, judicious descriptions of the cut of his hair, of his personal ways and eccentricities—a necessary part of his paraphernalia—will draw the curious. Many a good father whose daughter thrums out jigs and coon songs for him, and practices her scales and lingers with real love over a Beethoven sonata while he is away at work, will be invigiled in going to hear Paderewski in spite of his declaration that he "don't care for this yere classical music." The old man may sit through the evening of torture, to him, but the chances are that he will leave after the first sonata or fugue unless he is determined to get his money's worth of whatever comes. There will be many who go to hear the strong-handed and nimble-fingered Pole who will not enjoy themselves.

Pardon my cynicism. I remember the slim attendance at the three piano concerts given in Lincoln last year by world-renowned artists. Doubtless their names had not percolated Lincoln's masses as freely as has Paderewski's. The musical folk of the city did their best to make the names known. Yet I know students of a conservatory who were paying forty dollars a month for the expense of their education, who deliberately missed the opportunity of hearing Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, Madame Carreno and Mr. Rosenthal. The audience at each of these three concerts was composed of about the same people, and in each case it might have comfortably filled the entire dress circle of the Lansing. Yet Lincoln is known as a musical town, and perhaps when the Pole comes it will show signs of more right to the title than it has heretofore displayed.

There is some hope of a special train going up from The Old Town on the River, but old-timers say a forlorn hope.

room for any old library, anyhow. Then mebbly he'll whack up some more cash."

It reminds me of the newspaper forensics indulged in during the days of yore by a large number of "citizens" over the monotonous problem of the straightening of Salt creek. I suppose that topic would be found discussed more frequently in back files of the city papers than any other unless it be the perennial question of water supply. But now the spectacle of a poky old town like Lincoln getting actively interested in a question of so much vital importance as the location, the building, the equipment and running of a library, is a pleasing one. I am not sure but that this aroused interest will be worth much more than it has cost, or will cost. Certainly after the library is built and ready for use every citizen who has been engaged in the laudable occupation of offering advice to the library board will feel that his advice has been taken—because the board will be sure to consider and follow all advice—and will therefore take more interest in the library. So if you are disposed to smile at the eagerness of every one to act in an advisory capacity, just remember that it does no harm, the library board is prepared, and the volunteer feels good. The deliberation of the excellent library board about all matters will serve a good purpose.

The location liberally offered by Mr. Thompson at Eleventh and J streets is such as might suit a Boston million dollar public library. The corner at Fourteenth and M is somewhat better and would satisfy more people. But, as a friend expressed it, "No one but the club women would poke their heads inside of it," if the library is located there among the well dressed folks. It may not be as bad as that, but, still, one would question whether the vagabonds and loafers of the street would steal an hour away to read Puck and Judge, the Scientific American and the Ladies' Home Journal in the Carnegie library at Fourteenth and M. For the well-dressed crowd who are already too lovers this site is ideal, and school children, under the guidance of a teacher who is a book-lover, will trudge to any part of the city for a book.

Perhaps there may be enough library enthusiasm in the city on Salt creek some day to aid in the establishment of branch libraries, and then the conscript fathers would allow a little corner of Haymarket square to be used in that way, unless they might wish to erect a jail there. If Andrew Carnegie's gift were to be used purely in a philanthropic library spirit—and I hardly think, since it is given to the whole city, that such is the intent—then of all places in the town for the stately and substantial building to rise, the corner or R and Tenth is the best. There are several corners in that end of town which could be vacated easily enough, for the buildings on them are old frame shacks that have seen their best days.

This business of offering suggestions and advice is the most delightful occupation in the world.

About twenty years ago the first district school was opened at the little hamlet of Roca, twelve miles south of Lincoln. I was one of the A B C pupils and remember that among the big boys taking their first work in a public school was a frank-faced fellow with a clear eye that had a tendency to twinkle, but told always of a clear intellect and a sure aim. Perhaps we children did not know it, but from the first the teacher recognized the strength, the originality, of that boy and the height of culture which he had already reached under the guidance of a strong souled, high-minded mother. The boy's name was Amos Warner.

In the all too brief term of years

allotted to him he fulfilled the promise of his boyhood. From the day when he entered the university of Nebraska to the time when, more than a year ago, he gave his last lectures before the students of Leland Stanford, Jr. university, his force and sanity of thought and sincerity of purpose impressed themselves on all who came to know him. The best of his college record was not a list of high grades—for some kinds of learning did not come easy to him—but the real leadership in his thoughtful character that made itself felt through all the gay coloring of humor and witticism which his friends enjoyed. He was not a college star. But he was the one of whom his classmates and all students of his day expected good works and large services for all men.

Further up in the scale they found him the same. He was not a dreamer of visions, but a man of broad horizon—who could think wisely and sanely and do as he thought. His friends of later days, the professors of his adopted university,—for Dr. Warner was one of those Nebraskans who adopt other homes for a time but turn their faces always with something of longing to the fairest of all prairie lands—and especially David Starr Jordan, recognized the integrity of character and force of intellect which he held in service to his fellows. It was my privilege to read a number of lectures along a general ethical line given by Dr. Warner during the latter part of his active work in Leland Stanford university. The eloquence of wisdom and the force of sweetness and light spoke in every line. A broad reading, a culture that is not gained in a few years showed there. But I could not help feeling as I read that enlarged opportunities had only, developed and ripened the character and the culture brought to the little district school a few short years ago—an endowment of birth and of training by a royal mother.

It is the old story, the "Damsie" story of the "lad o' pairts" who went forth to win the prize, that he might honor those of his house and serve God nobly with all his strength. Prizes were won, but the victor, worn with the strife, stepped aside from men to rest for awhile and then to fight the last grim battle as a knightly scholar should. Words cannot express the feeling of irretrievable loss that comes to all those who have known Amos Warner.

FOR SALE.

Handsome, Modern eight room residence three blocks from State Capitol, owner anxious to sell and offers this beautiful home for \$4,000 (easy worth \$6,000.) Nine room cottage entirely modern, best location on G street, offered at a decided bargain. Seven room cottage, 1315 F street, modern, \$1,650. H. C. Young, Richards Block, 118 North Eleventh St., Ground floor office.

CLUBS.

(Continued from Page 5.)

ing (University library); Handbook of German, Flemish and Dutch schools, by J. S. Crowe (City library); see lives of Durer, Holbein and others.

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"I say, kid, we're goin' to have a library."
"You bet!"
"That old rich feller's got more money 'an all get out, ain't he?"
"Yep."
"Where you s'pose they'll put it?"
"Post office square, heard a man say."
"Go off; that ain't no place for a library. Too rackety. They'd orter put it up on the capitol square, where we went last summer when the band played."
"Naw, sir; too fur off."
"I heard 'em talking about putting it in that hole on Fourteenth and P."
"Hub! That'd spoil the skating rink."
"Then I heard about a man that wanted to give 'em some lots."
"Don't believe it. Give 'em, nit."
"And there was a man what's got some lots up on L street—or mebbe it was N, or M, or Eleventh, I dunno just where, wanted to sell them a place for about 'steen thousand dollars."
"Well, where in thunder will they put it?"
"Dunno; guess they'll have to tell that old feller back east that they ain't got