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[First Publication, Feb. 24th.--3]

NOTICE OF PROBATE OF FOREIGN WILL.

In the county court of Lancaster county Nebraska:

The state of Nebraska to Franklin Baker, Sarah Baker, Ira F Baker and to any other persons interested in said matter.

You are hereby notified, that an instrument purporting to be an authenticated copy of the Last Will and Testament of Samuel Baker, deceased, late of Portage county, Ohio, and of the probate thereof is on file in said court, and also a petition signed by Frank Baker, his son, praying for the probate of said instrument. That on the 19th day of March, 1900, at ten o'clock a. m., said petition and the proof of the execution of said instrument will be heard at the county court room in Lincoln, in said county, and that if you do not then appear and contest, said court may probate and record the same.

This notice has been ordered published for three weeks successively prior to said hearing in The Courier of Lincoln, Nebraska, a weekly legal newspaper of general circulation printed in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Witness my hand and seal of said court this 21st day of February, 1900.

[SEAL] **FRANK R. WATERS,**
County Judge.

By **WALTER A. LEISE,** Clerk County Court.

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Up Salt Creek Way.

Yes, your auditorium is fine, the acoustics are perfect. The quiet group of listeners who sat in the corner of the gallery furthest from the stage that night of the Event lost none of the golden tones. Yet I think few of them would wish to sit just there again when Paderewski plays. A nameless something was dissipated by the distance; no opera glass could supply it; we felt that it was there, but out of our grasp. A thirst for a real draught of the nectar grew as the hour slipped by until we felt that nothing would satisfy unless we might go and put a hand on the piano, like a blind and deaf Helen Keller, craving the thrill of the sound. The sensation of far-offness, intangible and hardly analyzed, seemed to cover us, and we sat and listened as through a mist. It was beautiful, and not in any artistic way failing in effect. But while musicians enthuse over the stupendousness, the wonder of technique, and those less versed expatiate upon brilliant runs and liquid melodic lines, some of us felt the fog of distance still about us. We shall know better where to place ourselves another time when Paderewski plays.

But as for acoustics—well, there are acoustics and acoustics. The builders builded well, but forgot one thing, apparently. The Darwinian theory does not seem to have entered into their calculations. I am not so sure about mankind, and I fear that womankind has lost all traces of the primeval, but I am positive that in bykind there still lingers the old tree-climbing instinct. I was led to philosophize a little along this line the other day when I saw a blind boy who is not over fond of physical exertion ascend to the highest branch of a tall tree. It was not the prairie man's hope of looking over and around that impelled him, for he could see nothing. It must have been, therefore, the Darwinian theory that led him skyward.

So proof was afforded that the acoustics of the new building are quite extraordinary. One can hear everything that goes on inside and outside at the same time. Mingled with the sweetest of harmonies was the rasping, crashing sound of foot steps on a slated roof. The audience had done well to get itself into any sort of ease after having been washed to a pulp in the effort to gain entrance to the hall, and this added torture was almost too much. I imagine that those on the floor below and the artist himself did not know how long that racket had been kept up—it began very shortly after the program opened—for surely someone would have moved to put a quietus on it long before that frantic appeal of silence. We're western, but we're very slow about some things.

Yet though annoyances disturbed, and for a time dimmed the splendor, the event itself is what we count as unforgettable. To the veriest layman, unlearned in musical lore or terminology, who perhaps went with an expectation of being bored, the concert must have been something of a revelation. I like to believe that training in music is not a *sine qua non* for the enjoyment of the harmonies of the masters thrilled from a master's fingers—though belief is not always presable. Discrimination and the note by note appreciation of good music is not for any but those who sit at the feet of Caliope and labor long. But enjoyment and keen delight might, I should think, be a rich portion to those less fortunate. Yet I heard of one man who squeezed through the crush, endured one or two numbers and then gave it up, and went home to his newspaper, and I misdoubt that there were others. Then a few nights later I tried to put up the doors and shutters to my memory while I saw a large audi-

ence half ecstatic over the miraculous imitations of Blind Boone. So I put forth optimistic theories very timorously.

Some one writes that the whole vocabulary of adjectives has been exhausted in the attempt to put Paderewski's playing into language. The attempt is futile. Say that it is music, perfect music, and you have just about covered the ground. No need for comparisons with showering pearls of a waterfall, ecstatic bird notes, the murmuring of winds; the similes do not describe and do not clarify the notion in any reader's mind. Not all the natural sounds put together could tell the story of Paderewski's music. It is something deeper.

One of the best things Paderewski did for his audience was to rid them of the notion that he is a bundle of freakishness merely. He seemed very sane, though as sensitive as a musical artist must be. I thought that even the long hair was pardonable. It afforded the poor man some shelter from the stare of the populace.

GRAVE AND GAY.

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She learned to cut a dash,
And in her letters, as a rule,
Appeared appeals for cash.

The modest sum which she had deemed
Sufficient, ere she went,
Soon like the merest trifle seemed,
And vanished to a cent.

For ice cream sodas, matinees,
Club dues and golfing sticks
The dollars quickly went their ways
And left her in a fix.

So to papa she makes appeal
To double the amount,
Lest other girls should make her feel
That she's of no account.

Papa, alarmed, designs a cure,
And writes that she must spend
Less money, for he is so poor
That cash he cannot send.

She's touched to think that to such straits
Her good papa is brought,
But while her kind heart palpitates
She has a happy thought.

"Poor, dear papa," she writes, all doubt
Gone from her little head,
"If all your money's given out
Just send a cheque instead."

—Town Topics.

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J. FRANCIS,
Gen'l Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

Letter From Germany.

STUTTGART, Germany, Feb. 3, 1900.

These Germans are an extremely egotistical race—a sincere, earnest, plodding people, on the average, inclined to stupidity. One often wonders how long they can keep on; how long they will survive as a power. Necessarily my impressions are not based on very extensive observation, but, still, right here in Stuttgart serious problems confront one and excite thoughtful speculation.

All food products are fifty per cent higher here than in New York. Egg, milk, flour, sugar, tea and coffee—especially potatoes—are very high and of inferior grade to what you are accustomed to. Fresh meat is a luxury. Sausage and dried smoked meat and fish are consumed in incredible quantities. Fruit and vegetables are scarcely to be had in winter, except by persons of more than moderate means. Rents are enormous. Ready-made articles are very high and generally inferior in quality and make. Household furnishings are much dearer than at home. One is tempted to wonder who has the money, or is there much to be had? Relative to American ideas of wealth, there is little here. Labor appears criminally cheap to one accustomed to our wages. A common laborer gets three marks (seventy-five cents) per day and wash-women and seamstresses often not twenty-five cents and seldom over fifty cents. Teachers are, in general, miserably paid. Officials are generally poorly paid, but have the advantages of small pensions.

All the population seem to be in the mad rush for the cities here, as at home. Prolific, indeed, are these Germans, except among the most intelligent classes, where they seldom have more than three children. "Raising cannon food," as Humors or somebody said, seems to be the chief work of the nation.

The fields are generally meagre and are left to the women to till, the men being either in the towns or army. Owners of large agricultural estates complain of the scarcity of farm hands. Under such conditions where is the food to come from? From America? The German agriculturists seem more willing their people should starve than get cheap food in that direction.

Colonization is the national fad here, as in America. Will that solve the problem? It looks as if it will only delay that social revolution towards which civilization seems tending. This old Europe needs a few more wars and depopulating pests. The equilibrium of population is as vital a question as "balance of power." I constantly wonder how these people live, and yet the laboring classes seem to have a sufficiency of food to carry on the "splitting and budding" process ad infinitum.

The German military is a mighty and wonderfully made institution—the *sine qua non* of national pride and ambition—and yet one cannot but feel that it will eventually become the cancer to destroy the German stomach. On all sides one hears that Germany can whip all creation with her army and some seem anxious to show America how the spider and fly game is played, but as to who would be the spider and who the fly between a nation of restricted resources and one unconscious of its innate powers, there can be no question. The Franco-Prussian war was a bad thing for the Germans. It inflated them so that they are constantly hungry to "fight or bust." It gave them a faith in themselves more mighty than that which can remove mountains. The German loves his country, himself, his beer, his "Frau und Kinder" with an infinite and passionate intensity, but, like most other people, individuals or nations, needs to learn that "there are others" in this world as well as himself.

ADELA RANDALL.