

- A STORY -

Thanksgiving: A Monologue

(Emily Guiwits.)

The last rehearsal was over. With fussy haste the singers had gathered together their small belongings and hustled out into the crisp November air. Already the janitor was turning out the lights—one flickering jet alone remained in the organ loft. Soon the church would be dark and silent, the grey stone gleaming white in the moonlight.

"The sopranos were in good form tonight," thought the organist, as he gathered up the sheets of music and arranged them in order for the next day. "That was a fine crescendo just before the tenor solo. There was life and color in their singing—generally it is leaden and colorless. If they do as well tomorrow I will be satisfied. But choir singers are so unreliable—they positively have no sense of personal responsibility. If one of them happens to have a headache, more than likely she will not appear, then the quartet will have to be cut out, and maybe one of the solos in the anthem. It's a mercy the boys are more faithful than the girls. And what a volume of sound does come out of their little throats!"

"Don't stop for me, John," he called to the waiting janitor. "I'll lock the side door when I'm through—I believe I'll just run over this accompaniment once more before I go home."

"What a wonderful composition this is," he said to himself, as he reverently opened "A Song of Thanksgiving," by Frances Allitsen. "In the majestic expression of a divine dictum I know of no song that is its equal. It is strong, severe,—it breathes the atmosphere of serene, yet inexorable religious asceticism. And Mr. Archer is worthy of the song," he continued, remembering how the magnificent voice rang out after the opening chords. "It is something to be thankful for that such music and voices exist in the world. Well, I'm going home—it's not necessary to stay here all night because we're going to have a little special music tomorrow, Thanksgiving day, indeed! My spirit of thankfulness will depend very largely on the number of empty chairs in the choir tomorrow."

Walking swiftly down the deserted street, Organist John Barton soon reached a comfortable brick flat where a cozy parlor and bedroom answered his requirements of a home.

"Now that was kind of Lizzie," he thought, as the cheerful blaze of a fire met his eye on opening the door. "Just as if she hadn't enough to do without building fires in my grate. I must bring Lizzie a little present tomorrow—no, it's Christmas when one gives presents, isn't it? Well, I can bring her a flower or two—some of those frowzy-headed yellow things I saw in the window today. Girls always like flowers—I must remember it, I really must."

"Well, I've nothing more to worry about tonight," he said aloud, as he seated himself before the little fire. "It seems to me I had something in mind to do this evening—and if I'm not mistaken it was something pleasant, too. O yes, it was to look over Crawford's new composition. Bless the man, what a worker he is, to be sure! Teaching all day, playing twice on Sunday and with choir rehearsals enough during the week to drive him stark mad—yet turning out a composition every little while that takes your breath away. There's a funny thing about Crawford's compositions—they're always indicative of his moods when he wrote them. His last 'Spirit Dance' was written the night of the Howards' party, and the graceful little fantasia is, indeed, a 'dance of the spirits.'

"My, but he was blue when he wrote this nocturne! 'Nocturne Doloroso'—I wonder if the music is as mournful as the name?"

Going to his piano John Barton played page after page of the manu-

script, sometimes repeating a phrase as if questioning his first interpretation.

"There's no need for Tom Crawford to go on teaching any longer," he said decisively, after turning the last page. "Why this nocturne is wonderful, it's simply magnificent! I didn't suppose it was in the old man to do anything so good. He seems to have the knack of expressing his exact meaning in the notes—and that's the point where all the rest of us fellows fall down. It's not for lack of ideas that we don't do something great—it's because we don't know how to express our ideas. It's easy enough to feel deeply about things, but to express those feelings so they will produce corresponding emotions in other people—there's the point that sticks. There is comedy enough for a dozen plays in every human life—yes and tragedy, too," he continued with a sigh. "Now look at my own life, for example. Queer how things happen to a fellow, one thing after another, with no apparent reason or sequence. Now I never would have thought twenty years ago that I would be in Nebraska today."

Leaning back in his easy chair his thoughts called up in review the years already passed—his boyhood's English home—those later years at sea—the landing in that little English village where he studied with the organist of the tiny church. What peaceful years those were and how proud he was on that first Sunday when he played through the whole morning service! And Nelly—the organist's dark-eyed daughter—she is sleeping in the little churchyard with her hands folded over her peaceful breast. Next those years of further study in London—his father's death and the necessity for prompt and final decision in regard to his future life. On the one hand the commonplace existence of an English gentleman—every energy directed toward living up to his family traditions—on the other hand obscurity, perhaps, but music—a life devoted to the art he loved so well. Then the sudden resolve to leave old England and trust his future to a foreign land—the trip over the ocean seven years ago—drifting across the country to Nebraska and staying here simply from lack of ambition to pack up and go further.

"After all, what difference does it make?" said John Barton, dreamily. "One place is as good as another for an humble individual like myself. Here I have my church organ and my piano—here I can study and teach the immortal works of the great masters—here I can contribute my mite toward the musical education of the world!"—"Arise and come up higher," said an angel who suddenly appeared at his side. "Thou hast been faithful over a few things—I will make thee ruler over"—"Mr. Barton, Mr. Barton," called Lizzie's voice from the hallway. "Aint you comin' to breakfast? 'Cause it's eight o'clock and the coffee's all gettin' cold!"

John Barton awoke with a start. "My goodness, here it's morning," he said in amazement. "I must have gone to sleep in my chair—why I never did such a thing before in my life! And it's Thanksgiving morning, too! O, I do hope those sopranos will all be on hand!"

THE RULING PASSION.

"I tell you, our navy is full of brave fighters," said Skidmore.

"True," added Kilduff, "and if there is no enemy to fight, they will fight among themselves."—The Middy.

Doctor—Above all things you must dismiss every source of trouble and anxiety.

Patient—But, doctor, that's impossible. I've just got a new automobile.—Town Topics.

Little Clarence—Pa, is carbolic acid very useful?

Mr. Callipers—To be sure it is, my son. A great many superfluous people could hardly commit suicide without it.

DR. BENJ. F. BAILEY.

Office, Zehring Block. Residence, 1313 C street. Phones, office 618; residence 671. Hours, 9 to 10 a. m.; 12 to 12:30; 2 to 4 p. m. Evenings by appointment. Sundays, 12 to 1 p. m., and by appointment.

DR. J. B. TRICKEY.

Practicing Optician

OFFICE, 1035 O STREET.

Hours, 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m.

LOUIS N. WENTE, D. D. S.,

OFFICE, ROOMS 26, 27, I. BROWNELL BLOCK.

137 South Eleventh street, Telephone, Office, 530.

DR. RUTH M. WOOD.

612 SOUTH SIXTEENTH STREET.

Phone L1042.

Hours, 10 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m.

M. B. KETCHUM, M. D., Phar. D.

Practice limited to EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT, CATARRH, AND FITTING SPECTACLES. Phone 848.

Hours, 9 to 5; Sunday, 1 to 2:30. Rooms 313-314 Third Floor Richards Block, Lincoln, Neb.

J. R. HAGGARD, M. D.,

LINCOLN, NEB.

Office, 1100 O street—Rooms 212, 213, 214, Richards Block; Telephone 535.

Residence, 1310 G street; Telephone K984

Ladies!

WE MAKE SWITCHES AND POMPADOURS TO ORDER, DO HAIRDRESSING, SHAMPOOING, AND GIVE SCALP TREATMENT.

APPOINTMENTS MADE BY PHONE.

AGNES RAWLINGS

Phone 38 143 SOUTH 12TH

THE FRANKLIN Ice Cream and Dairy Co.

Manufacturers of the finest quality of Plain and Fancy ICE CREAM, ICES, FROZEN PUDDINGS, FRAPEE, and SHERBETS.

Prompt delivery and satisfaction guaranteed.

133 South 12th Street. Phone 205.

FOR FUR COATS FUR CAPES FUR COBLARETTES FURS OF ALL KINDS

—GO TO—

O. STEELE

.. Furrier..

143 SO. TWELFTH STREET

LINCOLN, NEB.



Flowers



In Endless Variety—all the best stock... We'll fill Thanksgiving orders by phone or mail. If you are going to have a dinner order a few flowers.

We expect to be in the Butler Block, in rear of Miller & Paine's, in a week or two—in the meantime we are at 36th and R Sts.

Stackhouse & Greer



The New Florists.

PHONE F1019.

H. W. BROWN

Druggist and Bookseller

WHITING'S FINE STATIONERY AND CALLING CARDS.

127 So. Eleventh Street. Phone 68

Rudge & Guenzel Co. 1118-1126 N Street

Things Colonial . . .



Two choice reproductions shown below, and we carry many quaint, old pieces—such as RUSH BOTTOM MAHOGANY ROCKERS OLD COLONY CHAIRS COLONIAL TWIN BEDS etc., at prices you pay in other stores for very ordinary designs.

None of the "old feeling" has been lost in reproducing this table. Made in solid mahogany, satin finished, in 27, 30, and 36 inch top, and the prices range from \$15.00 to \$40.00.

We have just brought out this design in beautifully figured oak, and in the new Antwerp finish, 38 inch top, at \$22.00.

We show the Weathered, Flemish, Belgian, Antwerp, and Golden Oak, in wax finish.

An old Virginia home furnished the original of which this beautiful piece is a copy. The clean cut lines of the mahogany frame, and the one color silk upholstery, gives this Davenport a chaste, classic character.

And there's a curve in the back, and a shape in the seat that imparts to one a satisfying restfulness not often found in parlor furniture.

COLONIAL DAVENPORTS, \$24 to \$125. COLONIAL CHAIRS to Match, \$8 to \$40.

Any Good Thing to Furnish a Home Garland Stove Agents

