

EXPENSIVE LIVING!

No matter what others do or say, we still give you the

Newest and Best Grades of SHOES

At LOWER PRICES than others. You can save money by buying your Boots and Shoes of

WEBSTER & ROGERS, 1043 O Street.

The Next Number Especially Good. TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS

READ BY ALL MEN AND WOMEN. Published first day of December, March, June and September. DELICATE, DAINTY, WITTY, INTENSE.

Every reputable news and book stand has it. Price, single number, 50 CENTS, \$2.00 PER YEAR, postage FREE.

Santa Fe Route!

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R.

The Popular Route to the Pacific Coast.

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleepers

Between Kansas City and SAN DIEGO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN FRANCISCO. Short Line Rates to PORTLAND, Oregon.

Double Daily Train Service Between Kansas City and PUEBLO, COLORADO SPRINGS, and DENVER. Short Line to SALT LAKE CITY.

The Direct Texas Route

Solid Trains Between Kansas City and Galveston. The Short Line Between Kansas City and Gainesville, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Austin, Temple, San Antonio, Houston, and all Principal Points in Texas.

The Only Line Running Through the OKLAHOMA COUNTRY. The Only Direct Line to the Texas Pan-Handle. For Maps and Time Tables and Information Regarding Rates and Routes Call on or Address

E. L. PALMER, Passenger Agent, 1316 Farnam Street, OMAHA, NEB.



In useful, inventive process, that enriches all who use it. It is probably the greatest opportunity for the people of this country. It is free. Write for it at once. Address, G. E. BROWN & Co., Box 498, Portland, Maine.



DR. T. O'CONNOR, (Successor to Dr. Charles Sunrise.) Cures Cancers, Tumors, Wens and Fistulas without the use of Knife, Chloroform or Ether. Office 1327 O Street LINCOLN, NEB.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

AN EX-DIPLOMATIST TAKES WORDS FROM JULES SIMON FOR A TEXT.

The Eminent Frenchman is Afraid That Contact with Americans is Ruining the Morals of the Gauls—Misunderstandings Between Peoples.

[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—In a recent number of The Temps, which is the most weighty and the most important of all the Paris newspapers, M. Jules Simon devotes an entire column to abuse of the Americans, whom he holds up to the obloquy of the civilized world as the destroyers of that most important of all social institutions—namely, the family. It is not the first time the citizens of this great country have been thus assailed by their cousins on the other side of the broad Atlantic, and as a rule they can afford to treat with indifference attacks of this character. But M. Jules Simon holds a position of such exceptional eminence in the Old World, both as a statesman of international reputation and as dean of the French literary world, that his remarks are certain to carry more than ordinary weight throughout Europe.

After declaring that it is the North Americans who are setting the pace, not only in the Western but also in the Eastern Hemisphere, and who are forcing by competition as well as by example the nations of Europe to trans-



JULES SIMON.

form their easy going and deliberate gait into a mad Yankee gallop which leaves no time for any such cumbersome baggage as sentiment and domestic ties of affection, he proceeds to state that it is the family institution alone which sweetens life and renders it pure. It therefore follows, according to M. Simon, that if the Americans by means of their pernicious example are destroying the family system of the Old World, they are ipso facto also destroying the purity of the latter.

This will doubtless appear to most of my American readers a very astonishing remark—especially when it is borne in mind that it comes from a Gaul. To be accused, by the French of all people, of the crime of perverting their morality and of contaminating their purity is probably about the very last thing in the world that the Americans would expect. Indeed, the inhabitants of this country have hitherto been under the impression that it was just the other way—that, instead of the Americans perverting the French, it was the latter who were making havoc of American innocence; and to such an extent does this belief prevail in the United States that the terms "very Gallic" or "very French" are regarded here as synonymous of a propriety that is, to say the least, questionable.

False and erroneous impressions concerning sister nations prevail on both sides of the Atlantic, which are fostered and increased by such newspaper articles as those of M. Jules Simon, and which can only be dispelled by a better and more thorough mutual acquaintance between the Old World and the New. Not all French novels, plays and ways are immoral, nor on the other hand are the family institution and home life as conspicuously absent from the social system of the United States as M. Jules Simon would lead his countrymen to believe. There are other and better things in France than the can can and the Moulin Rouge, while in America people, although eager to get ahead of their competitors in the race of life, nevertheless find time to devote to their home affections and to domestic ties.

In the course of his article M. Simon compares a French family as yet untainted by transatlantic adulteration with what he imagines to be a typical American household. The members of the French family he portrays as living and dying in the house in which they were born—a house every corner of which recalls to mind and is sanctified by a caress or a lesson of the mother of the family. Her he describes as the "pattern and apostle of every virtue." The family in question is respectable without being austere, fond of pleasures, but only of those which are compatible with a strict sense of duty and self respect; addicted to art, science and literature, but disdainful of the more frivolous forms of the latter, and whose intercourse is restricted to polite society.

This is M. Simon's idea of the French family unadulterated by American contamination. Quite the opposite thereof in every respect is the typical American family—of M. Jules Simon's imagination. Matrimony in the United States he declares to be more of a business contract, terminable at pleasure by means of an ordinary lawsuit ending in divorce, than any lasting bond of love, as in France. The ties of marriage are not regarded as sacred or permanent, but are treated merely as the stipulations of an ordinary commercial agreement. The American mother, according to M. Simon, is the contrary of that "pattern and apostle of every virtue" above portrayed as the French mere de famille. She regards her maternal duties as onerous, declines to either tend

her children and packs them off to school as soon as ever they are beyond mere infancy.

If she does not reside at a hotel she has a house, where her husband and herself occasionally receive their friends, but which serves for but little else. The husband, as a rule, prefers his club, where he finds solitude if he desires it, card games if he is fond of gambling, gossip if he likes conversation, and in many cases luxuries which he cannot afford to have at his own home. Frequently he dines at his club. Being thus the entire day on "change or at his business and spending the evening at his club, what becomes of the wife? She, during this time, says M. Simon, forms acquaintances and social relations of her own. She is left entirely free to her own devices, unhampered by any of the sentimental scruples of the Old World concerning her husband and children, and—well, she "hovers on the border line of divorce."

Concerning the American practice of living at hotels—and it is clear that M. Simon believes that at least 70 per cent. of the well to do population of the United States has adopted that means of existence—he declares that these caravansaries render even superfluous the hypocrisy of pretending to have a home and a family. Monsieur and Madame have each their separately numbered room and their duly numbered seat at the table d'hotel, nor is it usual, he adds, for either the rooms of the husband and wife, nor yet their places at table, to be contiguous.

As to the American children M. Simon asserts that the only tie which binds them to their parents is the sentiment that they are dependent upon the latter for maintenance and support. As soon as from one reason or another they become self supporting the tie in question disappears, they shake themselves free from the obligation of obedience, which, according to M. Simon, they look upon as a "yoke" instead of as a loving duty, and they become comparative strangers to their fathers and mothers.

This is the conception which M. Jules Simon has formed of the typical American family, and inasmuch as he is esteemed in Europe to be the greatest living authority and writer on all problems connected with the social system, it stands to reason that he will be believed, not alone by the vast majority of his countrymen, who are incredibly ignorant of everything beyond their frontiers, but also by the greater portion of the people of the Old World.

It is scarcely necessary for me to mention the fact that M. Simon has never visited the United States, and that the sole opportunities which he has enjoyed of studying the intricacies of the very complex American character have been on the Paris boulevards or at the summer hotels. Possibly his convictions on the subject have been confirmed by the superficial and altogether valueless opinions of those of his countrymen who, having spent a few days in New York drifting about between the Hoffman House and the Hotel Martin, fondly imagine that they know America. Unfortunately neither they nor yet M. Simon appear to understand that there are other kinds of Americans than those whom they happen to have encountered in hotels, and that there is just as much regard for family and domestic ties of affection in the United States as in either France or anywhere else in Europe. The love of home—and of those dear ones who brighten with their presence, be the relation what it may—is just as strongly developed in the American heart as in the French character.

I, too, like M. Simon, am a foreigner, and while I can lay no claim to his reputation, nor to his knowledge, nor to the universal respect which he enjoys abroad, yet there is one thing in which I am his superior—namely, in experience of the American life and of the American character. And let me assure him and those whom he has misled that it is just as preposterous to judge the American family and the American character from what is seen thereof in hotels, either in Europe or in New York, as it is for Americans to gauge the standard of French morality by vile translations of vile French novels. In the cities, towns and villages of the United States—aye, and right here in New York as well—there are a home life, a domestic happiness and a family organization of which the ordinary foreign globe trotter has no knowledge, but which are every whit as perfect in all their features as those of France or any other country of the Old World.

AN EX-DIPLOMATIST.

Major McKinley's Parents.

CANTON, O., Feb. 11.—William McKinley, Sr., and wife, parents of the protectionist champion and present governor of Ohio, William McKinley, Jr., recently celebrated their sixty-third wedding anniversary. It was a notable occasion, and graced by the presence of several distinguished gentlemen. The venerable father of the statesman is a familiar figure upon the streets of this city, his eighty-five years being no hindrance to active participation in business affairs. With his wife the senior William lives in a cheerful home on West Tuscarawas street, in this city. A daughter, Miss Ida, makes her home with them. And such good hearted, high minded old folks are they that in all Canton none can be found who are held in higher esteem. Three sons, all of whom have been successful in life, survive of a family of six—William, the Republican statesman; Abner, who is a prominent New York business man, and David, who resides in San Francisco, and represents the Hawaiian government as its American consul. The McKinleys are well known in this section, and have exerted a wonderful influence for good. The head of the family bids fair to become a centenarian. K.

An ancient copper mine, which was first worked 1,181 years ago, is about to be reopened in Musashi, Japan. Old Japanese manuscripts of undoubted authenticity mention the mine. Its galleries and levels are in some cases just as they were 700 years ago.

HIS INSPIRATION.

The Greatest Effort of His Life and Its Fearful Effect.

"Horror, what an obscure hand you write!" said the literary editor to the new space writer as he turned in a bit of poetry. "Oh, it's plain enough," interjected the poet hastily. "The rhymes and the meter will satisfy the compositor out, and there'll not be the least bit of trouble if they just follow copy."

And the copy went bustling up the tube to the composing room. "Say, what dog-gasted chump has been sendin' in his Chinese laundry bill for copy?" wildly yelled out Slug 10, wiping a sudden burst of perspiration from his forehead and glaring at his last take. "I can't make head or tail out of this thing!"

"Well, Chinese or no Chinese," cried the burly foreman, "make whatever you can out of it and snag it up in mighty short order, for we're late now."

And the type fairly jumped from the case into the stick. "Good Caesar!" gasped the proofreader, clutching at his brow. "Are my eyes failing or is this a premonition of nervous prostration?" Then he rubbed his eyes and started. "By the gods! either I've got the blind staggers or Slug 10's on a royal toot!"

At that instant a scream came down the spout: "Rush that proof along, for heaven's sake! We're late!"

The proofreader groaned, galloped down the column, hesitated and then desperately thrust the slip into the tube, huskily murmuring, "I compared it with the copy and that's as near as I can get to Hebrew these days."

That night the new space writer hurriedly wrapped up and addressed a copy of the issue without a glance, and dropped it into the mail with this brief note:

MY ONLIES SWEET AND DEAREST MARIE—I send you a number of the Sunday supplement containing my little poem. Your face was an ever present inspiration to me when I wrote and happy thoughts of you inspired every sentence. Here you will find expressed what I have ever felt toward you, but have hardly dared to voice before. Till death, etc.

Miss Marie Cortlandt Van Clifton glanced through the tender note, blushed with pleasure and hurriedly opening the paper read:

TO MARIE. When the breeze from the bluebottle's blustering bliss Twirls the toads in a toronamental, And the whiskey white of the wheedlesome whim Drowns the roll of the rattatattoo, Then I dream in the shade of the shally-goshier.

And the voice of the ballymoley Brings the smell of stale poppy-cods blundered in blue From the willy-wad over the day. Ah, the shuddering shoo and the blinketty-blanks

When the pungling falls from the bough In the blast of a hurricane's hickety-hanks On the hills of the hocketty-how! Give the figmarable to the claugery wang. If they care for such fiddledeedee; But the thungumbok kiss of the whangery-bang Keeps the blaggety-piggie for me.

L'ENVOI. It is pilly-po-doodle and allgoboging When the lolly-pop covers the ground, Or the fiddle perishes pooky-pung When the heart jimmy-cogles around. If the soul cannot snoot at the glugie-somoc care, Seeking success in gluggety-glug, It is useless to say to the pulsating heart, "Yanky-doodle ker-chuggety-chug!"

The new space writer and Miss Marie Cortlandt Van Clifton are not engaged now.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

One Side.

Of all the eccentricities which have been recorded as belonging to men of genius, perhaps none could be better considered more amusing than that which was displayed by the great musician Frederick Chopin, at one period of his career. This was the time when Chopin was young, and not too fond of taking trouble about anything except music. His personal appearance was the last thing to which he gave thought; and yet, the "public" made certain demands upon a performer which he reluctantly conceded.

The way in which he reconciled his indulgence in regard to one matter of his toilet, with his regard for the audience he never failed to charm, he tells in a letter sent to his parents from Vienna in 1831. He says, in writing of some family friends: "When they saw me at Mme. Schaschek's their astonishment knew no bounds at my looking such a proper fellow. I have left my whiskers only on the right cheek. They grow very well there; and there is really no occasion to have them on my left cheek, as I always sit with the right one toward the audience!"—Youth's Companion.

The Artist and His Visitor.

Scott Leighton was sketching a landscape near Poland Springs, Me., one day, when he found a dilapidated looking man gazing over his shoulder at the canvas. "Humph!" ejaculated the visitor, more in scorn than in interest, as he gazed at the embryo work of art, "what do you paint them for—the market?"

"Yes," said Mr. Leighton. "Well, you must paint a lot of them to get a living. I guess you have a harder way of getting a living than I have."

Bravely endeavoring to hide a smile, the artist asked: "What is your business?" "Oh, I peddle pond lilies," answered the old man, as he walked away.—Boston Globe.

His Vocation.

"All the world's a stage, you know," said the actor who was having his hair trimmed.

"Yes," replied the barber, "although I don't realize it except when I have a bald-headed man in the chair."

"And why then?" "Because I have to act a part."—Washington Star.

S. H. BURNHAM, SUCCESSOR TO BETTS & WEAVER. Dealer in all kinds of COAL AND WOOD. JOHN DOOLITTLE, Manager. Office 1045 O Street, Yards 6th and M Sts. Phone 440.

German National Bank, LINCOLN, NEB.

C. E. Montgomery, President. Hermann H. Schaberg, Vice Pres. Joseph Boehmer, Cashier, O. J. Wilcox, Asst. Cashier.

Capital \$100,000.00 Surplus 30,000.00

Transacts a General Banking Business

Issues letters of credit, draw drafts on all parts of the world. Foreign collections a specialty



COAL HUTCHINS & HYATT 1040 O ST. Telephone 225.

Canon City, Rock Springs, Vulcan, Mendota, Scranton, Anthracite.

A TRUE STORY OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

IT was towards the close of a bright summer's day that the prodigal son arrived at the paternal mansion. He had come by the quickest route, "The Burlington." The sun was declining in the west—the only thing that does decline west of Chicago except base ball—and its slanting rays threw a golden tint upon the gray hairs of the aged father who sat on the front porch reading the last "Burlington Route" advertisement.

The gate opened, and the old man peering over his spectacles discried a ragged tramp coming up the walk. He was about to set the dog on him, in accordance with the usual custom of that hospitable region, when the tramp came up, removed a dilapidated hat rim which encircled his brow, and cried, "father, don't you know me?" "Know you?" returned the old man, after scrutinizing him a moment over his spectacles, "I would know you if I saw your hide hanging in a tan yard, it's my own lost b-boy!" Then the fond parent fell upon his son's neck and wept—wept because it was so dirty, it hadn't been washed since Christmas, but he took him in all the same, gave him a bath and a new suit of clothes and then walked him down to the B. & M. depot to see to what perfection the "Burlington" had brought their passenger train service. 'Twas marvelous, and the prodigal son straightway registered a solemn vow that his children and his children's children for all time to come should recognize the "Burlington" as the one great railway whose equipment was always UP TO DATE.

We don't know how this legend of the prodigal son came down through the ages so accurate and free from side issues, but it's here, intact and unincumbered, ready to adorn a back cover or point a moral. The moral of this story is: if you would prosper in this world, travel only by the "Burlington Route."

J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent, OMAHA. Burlington Route A. C. ZIEMER, City Passenger Agent, LINCOLN.

FAST MAIL ROUTE! 2-DAILY TRAINS-2

Atchison, Leavenworth, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis and all Points South, East and West.

The direct line to Ft. Scott, Parsons, Wichita, Hutchinson and all principal points in Kansas.

The only road to the Great Hot Springs of Arkansas. Pullman Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars on all trains.

J. E. R. MILLAR, R. P. R. MILLAR, City Ticket Agt. Gen'l Agt.



Moving Household Goods and Pianos a Specialty

Telephone 176 OFFICE 1001 O Street.