

LUCKY BALDWIN'S BIG FARM

Fifty-Two Thousand Acres Covered with Golden Fields and Richly Scented Groves. STABLES FILLED WITH THOROUGHBREDS

Two Train Loads of Guests Attend an Auction Sale of Land—Free Lunch and General Conviviality—Sales Average \$165 Per Acre.

LOS ANGELES, March 15.—(Correspondence of The Bee.)—One of the most exhilarating experiences one can have these bright March days is a ride through the San Gabriel valley in a trolley. In the first place the crowd of twelve or fifteen people from all parts of the world, all bent on having a good time and seeing and learning all they can about the country, is in itself interesting. Then the novelty of sitting perched up in the air, the eyecore, admiring and envying scenes of some of the most beautiful mountains, and with a grand flourish of bugle and whip our four prancing horses bear us rapidly up the busy streets, over the long bridges that span the Los Angeles river, which here and there but a rivulet on account of its divergence a little above into irrigation ditches, past beautiful homes bowered in vine and flower. We are bound for the famous Santa Anita ranch owned by "Lucky" Baldwin, as he is called, and justly so it would seem, for whatever he touches straight way turneth to gold. Our road lies along the arroyo. From it can be caught glimpses of purple distance, crowned with snow-capped mountains, as we wind in and out among the green hills. As the road is smooth and the horses are good, the ride is a pleasure. We pass the Garvanza, Lincoln Park and South Pasadena behind us. Nearing the Raymond manor, we are told that the man who owned the place was a man of some means, and that he had a grand orange grove and vineyard, the sky above as blue as a sapphire, the valley stretching a shining green far ahead and the eye can reach its northern edge beyond the lofty Sierras, its southern fringed with dimpling hills, while away in the east rises proud San Jacinto.

ROADSIDE VIEWS

We drive down a long avenue lined on either side with feathery pepper trees, bearing their load of scarlet berries. Near and far we heard the plaintive cry of the peewee and several of the grandly plumaged birds spread themselves for our entertainment. They are very tame and many of them wander in among the groves. Before reaching the home place we pass the store, boarding house, blacksmith shop, school and church. The number of employees it was found necessary to have all these.

BALDWIN'S SWIFT FLYERS.

Reluctantly leaving these fairly scenes our attention is next called to the race track and some of the thoroughbreds that are here so successfully trained. This climate is especially adapted to the raising of fine stock, and this country is becoming famous for its fast horses. Among his favorite is a bay colt named "Empire," which has earned on the track \$165,000 for his lucky owner, Gano, Cleveland, Rey del-Santa Anita and many others were in the stable at the time of the sale. Hundreds of thoroughbreds he has about 500 work horses for carrying on the general farming, for he has thousands of acres in alfalfa. Other thousands are in wheat. Hundreds bear the golden orange, which are packed on the place and shipped by carload. Hundreds of the professed fanners are converted into wine before leaving the ranch. Our party were all treated to the article, and most of them, women included, partook of the proffered feast. We men may yet be forced to start a crusade among the women to turn them from the fascinating wine cup. We have heard with a feeling of dismay the familiarity with which it is handled in this country, and especially in the so-called higher society. When our sisters and daughters are outwined, and God forbid our mothers get to dallying with the wine cup it will be high time to dash it from our own lips, to take not only them, but the life of our nation.

ACRES AT AUCTION.

An auction was held here on the 24th of February, and over 2,000 people were in attendance. A great tent that covered two acres was pitched, and the people might be protected from the sun. Two train loads of ten cars each came from Los Angeles and fourteen tallies carried their complement. Crowds were running over with curious humanity were there and private conveyances of every description swelled the throng. A free lunch and plenty of it was served from tables in the form of a hollow oblong, one table being 114 feet long by twenty-eight feet wide, and another being almost as long. In addition to the substantial, each one was presented with as many fine nut oranges as the cool convenience could carry, intensely men, or in their pockets. Bunch baskets or bags were necessarily ruled out. The auction passed off quietly and pleasantly. No account, and no fault finding. A jolly crowd altogether. About 245 acres were sold at an average price of \$165 per acre. This included nothing but the crop of barley, which it is planted, and which stands about a foot and a half high, and plenty of water for irrigation. The terms

were one-fourth cash, balance one, two and three years at 8 per cent interest on deferred payments. The buyers were mostly from New York, Chicago, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska and California. Most of it will be planted to alfalfa. This is the only ranch owned by Baldwin. They are scattered throughout the state. One is a sheep ranch. Another runs to goats. Another still, is engaged in raising ears, in other words is a mule ranch. Another is devoted to cattle, and one to hogs. In toto he must own hundreds of thousands of acres. Another notable man is hotels. The "Baldwin" in San Francisco is a fine affair, and the Tallac on the romantic and beautiful Lake Tahoe is in keeping with its surroundings. The homeward ride was happy and restful, made doubly so by the singing of birds, and the beautiful scenes of some of the most beautiful mountains, and with a grand flourish of bugle and whip our four prancing horses bear us rapidly up the busy streets, over the long bridges that span the Los Angeles river, which here and there but a rivulet on account of its divergence a little above into irrigation ditches, past beautiful homes bowered in vine and flower. We are bound for the famous Santa Anita ranch owned by "Lucky" Baldwin, as he is called, and justly so it would seem, for whatever he touches straight way turneth to gold. Our road lies along the arroyo. From it can be caught glimpses of purple distance, crowned with snow-capped mountains, as we wind in and out among the green hills. As the road is smooth and the horses are good, the ride is a pleasure. We pass the Garvanza, Lincoln Park and South Pasadena behind us. Nearing the Raymond manor, we are told that the man who owned the place was a man of some means, and that he had a grand orange grove and vineyard, the sky above as blue as a sapphire, the valley stretching a shining green far ahead and the eye can reach its northern edge beyond the lofty Sierras, its southern fringed with dimpling hills, while away in the east rises proud San Jacinto.

A TAX ON BACHELORS.

From an Old Scrapbook. I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers, And as fast as I dreamed it was coming into numbers. It seemed that a law had been recently made, That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid. And a order to make them all willing to marry. The tax was as large as a man could well carry. The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use, 'Twas a horrid injustice and horrid abuse, And declared that they'd save their own hearts' blood from spilling. Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling! But the rulers determined then still to shillings! So they set all the bachelors up at vendue. A crier was sent through the town to and fro, To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow, And to call out to all he might meet or see: "How much an old bachelor sold here today?" "His forty old bachelors sold here today!" And presently all the old maids in the city, Each in her very best bonnet and crown, From 20 to 60, fair, plain, red and hale, Of every description, all hooked to the sale. The auctioneer then in his labor began, And called out aloud as he held up a man: "How much an old bachelor sold here today?" "I'll buy!" In a twinkling each maiden responded: "I'll buy!" In short, at a highly extravagant price, The bachelors all were sold off in a trice, And forty old maidens, some younger, some older, Each hugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

THE THEATERS.

Primrose & West, with their brilliant company of minstrel merry makers, come to the Boyd tonight (Sunday) and tomorrow night. This will be the one minstrel event of the season. Primrose & West are the acknowledged world's leaders in this style of entertainment. Other minstrel organizations have arisen, fought their brief life and dropped exhausted and defeated by the wayside. But year after year Primrose & West have not only held their own, but have triumphantly advanced, capturing stronghold and citadel of public favor. To minstrelsy they have devoted their lives. Their art is their creed. Its furtherance is their ambition; its proud destiny the realized hopes and aspirations. They have advanced with it. They have devoted every energy; they have spared no expense in keeping this most genuine form of American amusement in the very front rank of popular entertainment. This year is the epitome of their career. Their entire plan is new from overture to the final fall of the curtain. They have the best minstrel organization ever put together in America, and their appearance here should prove one of the happiest events of the amusement year.

Primrose & West are fully prepared to surpass in both novelty and variety all expectations of former patrons, and to astonish theater goers with the magnificence and merit of Primrose & West's acknowledged eminent minstrels. They unite in an ensemble of overwhelming grandeur, the magnificent first part which every detail has been subject to their personal efforts and upholds American superiority over all competitors. These well known stars have for many years endeavored to keep minstrelsy at a high standard and their names today stand before the public as originators and producers of first class entertainments. This season everything is new, and Primrose & West appear at each and every performance, surrounded by a large company of artists.

The White Squadron. Pearson's big native drama, comes to the Fifteenth Street theater for four nights, commencing with matinee today. Its big success here last season is still fresh in the memory of those who have seen it. The White Squadron appeals to the popular taste by reason of its patriotic sentiments and character drawings. An element of human nature, thoroughly consistent with the times and place where the action of the play takes place, predominates the four interesting acts of the plot. The plot is made doubly interesting, as it deals with historical incidents. There is a uniformity of one of these unappreciated efforts to break up the brigands of Brazil and bring the robbers to justice. General Demetrio de Romancos of the Brazilian army, is one of these unappreciated, but polished villains whose dexterity and cleverness covers up the true nature of the man and makes of him, not the ordinary villain, but the stereotyped drama, but a character which will bear study and not revolt the feelings of the sensitive or those who love to see pictures true to life and its incidents.

The hero of the play, Lieutenant Victor Staunton of the cruiser Chicago, forms a striking contrast to the general of the Brazilian army. Romantic has a nephew equipped as unscrupulous as himself. The latter's pretty sister is adored by Staunton. This affords opportunity for pretty love scenes, and leads up to incidents which are exciting and add interest to the general plot. In the third act the congress of the navy is assembled. Here the artist has had wide scope and has improved his opportunities. The magnificent cruizers are seen in all their beauty and grandeur. The other scenes have not been neglected, and the skill of the artist is seen in every act. In the fourth act, which pictures the Parahiba, a monastery is presented surrounded by tropical scrubbery amid hilly deserts.

The company is one of remarkable strength and includes Elmer C. Grandin, W. A. Whittier, Ed. Fort, Fredrick, Julian, Edna Post, C. George Hall, Tessie Deagle, J. J. Coleman and others. During the action of the third act over 150 people are used to man and work the different cruizers of the great naval powers of the world. Miss Mabel Eaton, the beautiful and clever emotional actress, will present her claims for popularity before her old friends and acquaintances at the first time at Boyd's theater on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, when she will be seen in Belasco's drama, "La Belle Russe." Miss Eaton began her stage career with Augustin Daly's stock company, and has been identified with a number of other stock companies of standing ability. As Lady Fairfax in Rose Coghlan's Diplomacy company of last season, she permanently established for herself a splendid reputation and gave positive evidence of possessing the qualifications of a "star." It has required a great deal of pluck and self-confidence during the present unparalleled depression in theatrical circles to launch forth as a star. Yet Miss Eaton is fortified with those requisites, and it will not be surprising if she shall succeed. Well known to those who know that she is endowed with genius. The superb manner in which she dresses her character, and the earnest at-

ention paid to the details of her exacting portrayal are proof sufficient that she is in every respect a most finished and artistic actress. Her company includes the names of Mr. Henry Talbot, Mr. Carlisle Wells, Mr. Thomas E. Murray, Mr. Robinson, Mr. William Harper, Miss Ada Van Etta, Miss Louise Heath and Miss Hazel Mandeville.

One of the brightest and most entertaining musical farce comedies which has been produced in recent years is Sanger & DeWanna's "The Irish Visitors." "Lucky Charm," which will be the next attraction at the Fifteenth Street theater for three nights and Saturday matinee, commencing Thursday, March 22. The author has certainly hit upon a new subject, and from all accounts the skit has achieved the greatest kind of a success. The farce is more than amusing, because the leading character is played by the celebrated Irish dialect comedian, Mr. Thomas E. Murray, who, associated with "Our Irish Visitors" combination. The mere mention of Mr. Murray's name to the average theater goer is enough to provoke laughter. He is a man of his line whose methods are always natural and unassuming, yet so refreshing is his brogue and inflections that he is sure to make his audiences laugh by the merest incident. He is supported by Ada Bohner, the well known soprano, and an excellent company of singers, comedians and dancers.

The famous Carriel-Ferency comic opera will begin a three nights engagement on Thursday, March 22, presenting their great success, "The Tyrolean," which will be produced with the original stars, magnificent costumes and accessories as at the Irving Place theater in New York, where the opera enjoyed a run of over 100 consecutive nights. The Tyrolean will be given on Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee. On Saturday evening Carl Weinberger's "Laughing Heirs" will be staged. The cast is a very strong one and comprises artists of the highest rank.

Of Miss Ida Bonney, who is to give a dramatization of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" in this city on March 31, we have these additional words of praise from the New York Herald: "Miss Bonney has a voice of wonderful flexibility, that is sweet and melodious, a mobile countenance and uses expressive gestures. The term 'recital' has a new meaning when connected with the dramatic power which she brings to it, and her methods are worthy of a Cushman."

CONVIVIALITIES.

"No man is naturally brave," says an authority, and yet men get married every year. "What makes some girls look young so long?" "The men are to blame. They won't propose." "Ethel says she is single from choice," said Fanny. "That's right," remarked Roystering Blade. "The one she hoped to marry made a choice of some one else." "Now, Eva, this is nothing to interest them. They eat and drink and scheme and plot. For you're only a business letter." "It's written across the top and sides and there are three postscripts to it. It's from a woman." "Miss Bourke of San Francisco is worth \$15,000,000 and is about to wed an Italian count. She ought to consult Princess Colonna as to the advisability of buying a title without a husband."

He—do you think a woman can be bought with money? She—I do not. Look at Mary Jones. Mr. Harduppe offered her \$1,000, all he had at the time, and she refused and married Mr. Rox, the millionaire, for love. "The Souls," a society composed of some of London's smartest and latest tried to demonstrate the possibility of Platonic friendship. The most talked of "Souls," perhaps, is Miss Margaret Tennant, whose engagement to the half-brother of "Souls," makes two of them with but a single thought.

In Holland the lower chest once formed a part of every bride's outfit. Less portable, but more sightly than the "Saratoga" trunk, it fulfilled its purpose with grace and dignity, and was an heirloom from generation to generation. The modern chest is an easy thing to secure, but these up-to-date girls hold in disdain her chesty attitude. They are carved out, of English or Flemish make, or elaborately inlaid with marqueterie of colored woods and daintily finished with flowers or characters of their own design and manners. There are very few of the genuine old fashioned "dower chests" to be seen in this city. At least one of them in this city is a very massive affair, weighing several hundred pounds.

IMPLEMENTS.

A venerable and pompous English bishop was having his portrait painted by an eminent artist. After sitting steady for an hour in silence the churchman thought he would break the monotony by asking the artist: "How are you getting along?" "I am getting along," replied the artist. "To the astonishment of the bishop the artist, who was painting his work, replied: "Move your head a little to the right and squint your mouth." "Not being accustomed to such a form of address, his lordship said: "May I ask why you address me in this manner?" "I want to take off a little of your cheek," the bishop collapsed.

A singular incident is related in the Congregationalist regarding a church which was seeking for a pastor and sought that paper's help. It was found that the church offered an encouraging opportunity for the right sort of a man, and its needs were accordingly filled. One of the first letters in response came from a minister without charge, who expressed an ardent desire to throw his whole energy into just such a field as that described in the paper, and the church in question was the very one which he had been serving only a few months before.

The Bishop's Wife—We congratulate ourselves, Mrs. Newcome, that you have come to live among us. We need intelligent churchwomen. And so we may expect you at the rectory on Ash Wednesday to assist us in making plans for Lenten work? "Mrs. Newcome, certainly. My bishop, I pride myself in being a churchwoman, and an always ready for Lent. But tell me, please, when does Lent begin? It is a year in Greenville? In New Orleans it always comes the day after Mardi Gras."

"And now, brethren," said Rev. Mr. Wilgus, as the contribution box started on its rounds, "remember, that while it is well to do good, it is better to do it in grace, they are much less apt to miscarry if the postage has been liberally prepaid."

British and American Poets. Prize Competition. Quotations from Longfellow and Many Other American and British Singers. PRIZES OFFERED FOR NAMING THEM

Almost everybody has a favorite poem, or favorite verse quotation. Have you? If not, ask your friends in what poem the selections that follow may be found. It is a very interesting pastime, and it will interest every person whom you tell about it. The first three numbers—those in the illustration—are from Longfellow. The very first is prose—for the sake of variety. The second will make an acrostic—we have to put in the first letter of each picture in the circles, place one below the other, and read the initials downward. The result will be the name of one of Longfellow's best known poems. The third is a riddle. The first line from one of the same author's poems. Numbers 4 to 9 are verse quotations from well known American and British poets—none obscure, and no selection from poems that are themselves obscure or unpublished.

1. The splendor falls on castle walls, And snowy summits old in story; The long light shimmers across the lakes, And the wild cataract leaps in glory. Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, Blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying! 2. The flour, the sugar, and the fruit, Commingled well, how well they suit, As if this flesh which waits about our life Were brass impregnable—and humored thus. Comes at the last, and with a little pin Bore through his castle wall, and—farewell king!

3. What was done, what to do—a glance told him both, And, striking his spurs with a terrible oath, He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas. And the wave of retreat checked its course In the lava. The sight of their master compelled it to pause. 4. Close his eyes; his work is done! What to him is friend or foe-man, Ripe for the sword or set of suns? Hand of man or kiss of woman? Lay him low! Lay him low!

5. O land, of every land the best, O land, whose glory shall increase; Now in your white raiment drest For the great festival of peace, Take ye your place in the gold of bloom, And let it fade undimmed above. 6. We are two travelers, Roger and I, Roger's my dog—come here, you scamp! I'll show you the garden—mind your eye! Over the table—look out for the lamp! The roc is going a little old; And the years have traveled through wind and weather. And slept outdoors when nights were cold, And ate and drank and starved together.

7. Praise him from whom all blessings flow, Praise him who sendeth joy and woe— The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives, The Lord who makes the world and lives. 8. The three stood calm and silent, And looked upon the foe. And a great shout of laughter For the crown again on his brow? 'Twould puzzle the Devil to name a vice That our maker, his Excellent Highness wince!

9. Cover him over, Pietro, And bury him in the court below; You never to him, but to his soul, And, hark you, then to the convent go, Bid every monk of the convent toll, And let monks say mass for your mistress' soul. 10. Now praise to God's oft-granted grace, Now praise to man's undaunted face, Look up to thine and to thy Son's above! I was; I am; and I shall be so.

11. How long, Good Angel, O how long? Sing us from Heaven a man's own song. For art and labor met in a truce, For beauty made his bride of use, We think thee, while, withal, we crave The austere virtues strong to save. 12. Breathe there the man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land! Oh, what is death but parting breath? On many a bloody plain I've dared his face, and in this place I scorn him yet again!

13. Three poets in three distant ages born, Greece, Italy, and England did adorn. The first in loftiness of thought surpassed; In might of intellect the last; The force of nature's nobler gifts no fewer; To make a third she linked the former two.

CARPETS.

There are many new things to be seen in Moquette, Axminster and Velvet carpets, and they are down in price. You can buy a good Velvet at 90c and \$1.00 per yard---depends on the pattern.

\$1.00 will be the price put on a few patterns of Axminsters. It will pay you to see them, as there won't be any at this price long. Ingrains in the greatest variety of new effects. The prices begin low enough, and only get to 55c for an wool extra super. Some new things as high as 65c and 75c, but they are just as cheap.

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