

Celebrated Violinist Coming



KOCIAN.

Kocian, the young Bohemian violinist, is to make his second Omaha appearance at the Lyric theater on Friday evening of this week, where he will play one of his characteristic programs.

wonderful performer on the greatest of musical instruments. Since he was here he has gained in experience and breadth and is more than ever a master of the violin.

Advice to Earnest Musicians

Be Your Own Best Friend and in Doing This Accomplish the Work for Which You Are Best Fitted For—Do Not Be Selfish Nor Misled by the Remarks of Friends Who Are Merely Flattering You.

HERE they come from, all these students of music? Everywhere you go, you see a frantic roll, or its equivalent. Here is a young maiden with bright eye, hope-lit face, health-burst ood, walking along life's high-road, bearing with her, as her badge of service, a roll of music.

Where do they come from? Where are they going? What will they do? It is Somebody's "pupil." (By the way, did you read that classic, that wonderful story, in the American Magazine for September, entitled "His Pupil"?—If you didn't, get a copy, and do so now; whether you are a pupil or a teacher, read it; you will be glad that you did.)

And, Somebody's "pupil" has dreams. Oh! Those dreams of the student in the first days of study! And the other night, as the snow was being driven with whir and sweep, through the wintry interlude of our Indian summer, the thought came to the writer of this column, "What shall one say that would be helpful to the younger student; to those who are fairly started on the way of study; and to those who have already spent some seasons at their chosen work?"

From the silence—and with the usual result of letting one's mind become passive for a few moments—there came this thought: "Be your own best friend!"

At first this thought seemed strangely foreign—"Be your own best friend"—until upon reflection it seemed the most reasonable thing to think of. We often say of a person, "He is his own worst enemy." Why should we not reverse the saying, change the pessimistic condition, to the optimistic possibility, and assert with positive confidence the advice, "Be your own best friend?"

A great Teacher said, long centuries ago, that "a man's foes shall be they of his own household." A man's enemies will not be those who work from without, but those who work from within, and around. In that play—wherein is found the beautiful song "Who is Sylvia?"—the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," by Shakespeare, Proteus exclaims, "I to myself am dearer than a friend." You will recall that Proteus has been in love with Julia, while his friend, Valentine, has been similarly engaged with Sylvia. But, Oh! Inconceivable! Proteus is now in love with Sylvia, who, he declares, is a "celestial sun," while Julia was merely a "twinkling star." And he says that if he keeps Julia, and Valentine, he loves himself; but if he loses Julia (this erstwhile love), and Valentine (his friend), he will instead of Valentine; and thereupon adds, "I to myself am dearer than a friend."

It was not said that a man's "friends" would be they of his own household, but his "foes." And many a time has the old saying been proved true. Many a career has been dreamed of, almost started, and abandoned, by the loss of one's own household; and because the ambitious one was his, or her, "own worst enemy," and because one had failed to be one's "own best friend."

Nowadays we hear people talk about "looking out for Number One." Very true and very good. But there is the "You" lack of "number one." Very wise that "You" should look out for "number one,"

but you must first look out for "You!" That is the Real Self. The individual "I." The Number One. And your best and truest friend is your Real Self. It teaches you by intuition. When people tell you that you are a second Melba, then the "something-within-you"—that Real "You"—tells you that you are not a second Melba. When your friends tell you that you are a second Schumann—Heink something, or rather, Someone—the Real "You"—tells you that you are nothing of the sort; that if you were, you would not be what you are now, nor where you are now.

If your family—your own household—should tell you that you are a second Paderewski or Kubelik, "Someone" (that Real Self) tells you it is not true. But we don't always believe the "Someone" that quietly tells us the truth, from inside; and sooner or later, we find that our foes were those of our own household; that our enemies were not those who told us of our faults; we find that after all Proteus was right, and that friends are not as dear to us as our own True Selves. Friends tell us that we are masters of our art, when we are told otherwise by our intuition. But we like to believe the flattery, and we like to hear the pleasant words, and we enjoy the applause of those who love us. But we some day learn that these outside words do not satisfy, and that we should have been "our own best friends," by doing some serious quiet thinking and studying of our own conditions, instead of being "our own worst enemies," by listening to the untutored opinions of kind-intentioned and well-meaning friends who flatter us and give us the pleasant word and the empty but delectable compliment.

Well, then, how shall I be my own best friend? Answer—Simply by doing those things which will appeal to "You" as being the wisest thing to do; not the most convenient, nor the most attractive, nor the most agreeable, perhaps, but the wisest. If you think you are really a great neglected one, a flower "wasting your sweetness on the desert air," come out of it; that is, come out of the desert; get into the crowd, and sing or play; if you have the thing that you think you have, there will be listeners. But don't go on wishing, and complaining, and saying that you can't learn anything here, and that if you only had the chances other people had, you would justify the things your innocent and unwise friends have said about you, and to you. Every week or two we hear of someone being a "wonder." This gets to the ear of the person who is thus spoken of. Well, then, there never was such a market for wonders as there is today.

If you really think you are a wonder, that is, if the inner "You" really and truly thinks so, but would like to be positive, go to some one who knows more than you do yourself. We do not go to consultants or scholars for opinions on our throats, nor to large multi-ocular or microscopists for opinions on our eyes or ears. Above all do not consult a banker or a lawyer as to whether you are, or are not, a budding musical genius; or a merchant or scholar in need; if you are on the right track musically. Seek opinion, not approval.

Many of these "foes" of ours are the best-meaning, so-called "friends." There is not a real little living who won't tell you that that fact is true. This shows all, "Be Your Own Best Friend." True. "Be Your Own Best Friend." For "I in Myself am dearer than a Friend." A man's "foes" will not be other students, other envious or jealous persons of any kind; these will point out your faults, offences only too gladly; but they are your friends; do matter how they may have you; they will exaggerate your faults, which is well for you will thereby see them plainer; and they will minimize and probably try to depreciate your good points;

but that cannot really be done. The good will remain. Cream does not, as yet, go to the bottom. A man's foes will not be those. But a man's foes will be "they of his own household." Dear as they are, they are prejudiced in your favor. Loved as they are, they are capable of only one viewpoint, as far as you are concerned, for Love is Blind.

And remember that this is not a preaching, nor a sermon, nor even a homily; it is a chapter written out of an actual series of experiences. It is worth to you just what you get out of it. It is worth to the writer what he takes out of it. That is all! THOMAS J. KELLY.

Musical Notes.

The new feature of the Tuesday Morning Musical club will be president's day, which seems to have struck a popular chord. President's day will be Wednesday, November 2.

- Adams Buell, Gounod, Cavatina from "Faust"
Signor Scotti, Raft, Nocturne Op. 9, No. 4
Paganini-Schumann Caprice, No. 2
Adams Buell, Delibes, (a) Triste-Ave, (b) Costa, Signor Scotti, Glashow, Studio Op. 8, No. 13
Arensky, Echo de Vienne, Sauer
Adams Buell, (a) Serenata from Don Giovanni, Mozart, (b) Fin ch'han dal vino, Mozart
Signor Scotti

WHY THE CHANGING FASHIONS

Just a Matter of Business, with Dividends for Two Classes.

Season after season, year in and year out, "the fashions" present themselves in an endless succession of changes, says the London Times. Where do they come from and how do they come? Who invents them? It seems a mysterious business, and there is, in fact, a good deal of uncertainty and caprice about it, but no mystery. It is a regular process conducted by definite and intelligible principles, which are at bottom just the same old business principles that govern other things. The fashions are business, and only different from business in the fact

that that their essential quality is changed; they are clothes illuminated by change. The same quality enters into some other things, too, but not nearly to the same extent for very simple and sufficient reasons. There is more demand and at the same time more scope for change in dress than in other things, such as furniture, houses, meals or modes of shaking hands. Change is novelty and desired mainly because it attracts attention and confers distinction, and these objects are more immediately attained in proportion to the prominence of the personal element.

Nothing is so close to the person as clothes; nothing so effectively attracts attention to the person. At the same time they are more perishable than furniture and houses; they need constant renewals, and the possibility of variation are unlimited. Consequently dress offers a field for fashion or novelty so superior to any other that it has annexed the word. The dress—and especially women's dress—for the same reason, because it is more important for women to attract personal attention than for men. There are fashions in men's dress, but they represent very trifling changes, and the men who attach importance to them are of no account. These observations give the clue to the process of producing the fashions. There are three persons who have a common in-

terest in constant change of dress; they are the manufacturer, the dressmaker and the wearer. The first two need no explanation; they want to sell the commodities they produce, and frequent changes of style insure a perpetually renewed demand. Without such changes people would go on wearing their old things much longer, and since there would be no inducement to buy new ones so long as the old ones were worn, the business would stagnate. The purveyor's business would shrink accordingly. The fashions, which compel customers to get new things, keep it going.

How, then, about the third party concerned, the wearer, whose interest is not to be always obliged to buy new things? It looks as if the fashions were devised for the benefit of the manufacturer and the dressmaker, who conspire against the wearer. The answer is that if there are wearers and wearers, those who set the fashion and those who follow it. The latter would really gain if there were no changes, but to the former novelty is essential, and their interest is identical with the manufacturer and the dressmaker; they are partners in the business. Who are they?

Women, who for one reason or another desire to attract attention and be conspicuous. They include ladies occupying prominent positions in the social world, ladies occupying equity or more prominent positions on the stage, beauties in

society and the beauties out of it. All these require to be conspicuous, and an indispensable means to most of them is novelty in dress, which attracts attention and distinguishes them from the crowd. They are partners with the trade; they "set the fashion." Other women follow perfectly and have come in a certain list of psychology. The leaders of fashion lead in order to be conspicuous; their example is gradually followed until the fashion is established, when every woman has to adopt it for the opposite reason, in order not to be conspicuous, and then the process starts all over again.

Pointed Paragraphs.

The more a man gets left the more he talks about his rights. A woman's chattering teeth never usurp the functions of her tongue. Many a person with an eye for the beautiful has an ear for ugly gossip. The world usually sides with the man who makes a noise like a really noisy. And a woman can forgive a man almost anything except his failure to admire her. Most of your troubles are silly troubles—that is, troubles that are unimportant. If her husband isn't a sailing proposition a woman is apt to consider marriage a failure. A bunch of promise suits is sure to demonstrate that some things are better left unwritten. There may be such a thing as a man of very few words—but who ever heard of a woman like that? A busy old bachelor says that eating onions will often prevent a mistake from coming on a woman's lip.—Chicago News.

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