

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

for praying for the conversion of Robert G. Ingersoll. One preacher is reported to have said that he was sure the Methodists of the country would never be guilty of such a foolish act as praying for Ingersoll. The young people's society came in for a good deal of condemnation.

The average man, mindful of the picturesque side of the exploit, might not grow enthusiastic over the project to send up one mighty, unanimous, all-pull-together prayer for the conversion of the prose-poet of infidelity. But from the point of view of the churchman who embraces the doctrinal idea of the purpose and efficacy of prayer, why shouldn't the young people's society of Christian endeavor and the Methodists too, for that matter, pray for Colonel Ingersoll? Wouldn't it be a good idea to remove the scales from the eyes of the sneering agnostic and make him see and send him up and down the country praising God and His mercy? Is it the Methodist idea that Ingersoll is hopeless? Surely if Saul of Tarsus could be made to see the truth it ought to be possible to reach Ingersoll. Saul stood by while Stephen was stoned to death, and "he made havoc of the church, entering into every house and haling men and women, committing them to prison." Ingersoll has done some damage, but his record is pretty clean by the side of Paul's.

If the young people's society wants to pray for Ingersoll it would seem that the Methodists ought to let the praying go on and not ridicule the society for doing what the Methodists' Bible teaches is the duty of all good Christians. Colonel Ingersoll, at last reports, was still in the dark, and unrepentant, although Kentucky has gone republican. If the Methodist brethren want to take the wind out of the sails of the young people's society they might turn in and make a success of the undertaking commenced by the society.

Ingersoll's scalp would be a fine trophy to hang to the Methodist belt.

The political atmosphere in this state is clearing. Within the past two

weeks there has been a decided change in the situation in the republican party, and it is now evident that the party is in no danger of nominating as its candidate for governor a shambling, grinning, be-whiskered "Jack." There is some spirit and patriotism left in the party, and the demand for reputable, respectable, able men has met with a gratifying response. From all over the state come expressions of earnest hope that the republican nominee for the office of governor will be a man who can go in and out among men and hold up his head among the intelligent, respectable people of the state, and reflect credit upon the office. There is a general protest against the "Jack" species of state politics. MacColl's whiskers have begun to fade. "Jack" is slated for another two year's rest in the confines of Lexington.

If indications count for anything the republican nominee for governor will be a manly man, sober, able and trustworthy; a man who will not rattle around in the gubernatorial office, but fill it. He will represent the growing sentiment for better things in Nebraska and he will have the ability and energy to help push the state forward in the important two years that are just ahead.

It has been three weeks since The Courier ventured to attempt to arouse the republicans of the state to a realization of the responsibility that is upon them in this campaign, and the reception of this endeavor by the republican press of the state, and republicans generally, encourages us to the belief that the party is preparing to do its duty at the state convention.

The men who have attempted to run a corner on the offices of the state have been made to hear the protest of the people. Slate makers have of late been running to cover and on every side is heard the cry: "Let the delegates and not the bosses make the nominations."

THE EDITOR.

## MUSICAL MENTION

JOHN RANDOLPH

On Friday evening, May 15, Mr. Leopold Godowsky, a Russian pianist, presumably like poor Marie Bashkirtseff, "with a verneer of Parasian civilization" gave a piano recital at the Funke opera house. The piano is usually so unresponsive an instrument and I have such dreadful memories of unrelieved tedium in hearing an ambitious program "rendered" by uninteresting players that I went to the theatre upon that occasion with some apprehension. In this decade of wonderful virtuosity and artistic interpretation I at least, hack as I am in the service of the muse, would not walk around the block to hear an inferior player upon the pianoforte. One can forgive a second rate vocalist or violinist; the song of one and the soul of the other sometimes please because of a certain human quality apparently inherent in both. But the piano with its monotonous keyboard is an appalling rattle of dry bones under the hand of a mediocre performer. And the more ambitious the program attempted, the more forlorn the fiasco. It is, of course, one of the joys of home to hear a nocturne of Chopin or a characteristic piece of E. A. MacDowell "performed"

by the talented member of the family, but thank heaven, even the critic is not now compelled to listen to that same prodigy play, Liszt Rhapsodies, for two hours at a stretch in a public recital.

All apprehensions on this score were speedily set at rest. Before he was half through the group of short numbers which make up Schumann's "Carnival," a fantasy which must have discomfited those who had not studied it or were unprovided with an analytical program. Mr. Godowsky had established his position as virtuoso and artist; and the musicians present were prepared for enjoyment of a high order. The program included the Weber-Tausig "Invitation to the Dance" with its gigantic technical difficulties, a rarely heard of and very beautiful arrangement by Saint Saens of the Ballet music from Glueck's "Alcesta," occasionally played by Fanny Bloomfield Zeiser, a group of studies and short pieces from Chopin, besides the inevitable Liszt numbers. Mr. Godowsky would, no doubt, have played a more severe and possibly less attractive program had he been aware of the musical character of his audience, but the familiar-

ity and comparative popularity of the numbers played was no drawback, for even the well known Chopin compositions took on new graces under the pianist's hand. I was prepared for the ample technical skill of the player, for he came heralded as a pianist of great digital facility, but to me this was the least of his merits. Certainly his scale and octave playing were wonderfully fine, in some effects he surpassed Paderewski and even the velvet pawed Josefky—but what I most enjoyed was a certain poetic charm, not a fervor of passionate or violent emotion, but the more intellectual satisfaction of a rich nature giving itself freely and yet with a certain artistic reserve. There was composure, almost calm, at the piano. No straining after effect, no pounding and muscular gyration of long arms. The atmosphere created in hearing his interpretation of Chopin and Schumann was, if I may venture upon the parallel, that produced by reading Gray or Coventry Patmore rather than Byron or Paul Verlaine. For example, that wonderful Berceuse of Chopin, the only real cradle song, as he has written the only real funeral march for the piano, was played more beautifully than I have ever heard it. Its tender, dreamy beauty is exactly suited to this artist's style or to his mood on this particular occasion.

There is a tendency in literature and art at the present time, probably the result of too much civilization, to return to what are called "elemental passions." The parturition of these elemental passions consists often merely of a certain brutality of idea and of expression. Any one who has watched the stage and novel of the present day will realize what I mean. Our younger

(First Publication May 16, 1896.)  
Edward Olcott, etc., vs. Edward O. C. Lawrence, et al., 18-100.

To Benjamin A. Gibson, Mary C. Gibson, his wife, Alexander S. Porter, Dewitt C. Wheeler, William H. Sullivan, and Mrs. ——— Sullivan, his wife, first real name unknown, non-resident defendants:

You and each of you are hereby notified that on April 18th, 1896, Edward Olcott, as executor of the last will and testament of George Olcott, deceased, Francis C. Faulkner, as assignee of The Connecticut River Savings Bank, and The Connecticut River National Bank, a corporation, as plaintiffs, began an action against you and other defendants in the District Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska, the object of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage on the following land in said county, to-wit: The southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section number 11, town 10 north of range 6, east of the 6th Principal Meridian, made by Edward O. C. Lawrence, dated June 26th, 1893, to secure the payment of five promissory notes of said Edward O. C. Lawrence to said Benjamin A. Gibson, four being for \$5,000 each, and one for \$10,000, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of \$30,000.00 on which there is now due \$30,000, with interest from June 26th, 1893, at ten per cent per annum.

Plaintiffs pray for decree of foreclosure and sale of said land to satisfy said liens as aforesaid, for deficiency judgment and general relief.

You are required to answer plaintiff's petition on or before the 22d day of June, 1896.

Edward Olcott, as executor, et al.,  
Plaintiffs.  
By S. L. Geisthardt, Attorney.  
June 6—G.

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