

OBSERVATIONS.

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some of them pirated and some of them authorized, but all of them selling like everything and needing constantly to be re-enforced with new ones. In 1860 about the only stories for children, except some discountenanced and half-forbidden fairy tales, were those tiresome yarns of short-lived heroes who suffered agonies rather than be caught in a lie. Mothers had to read these unnatural biographies when their children clamored for a story, and both sizes were bored into unconscious disgust before the tale was told. When Alice in Wonderland appeared it was no self-sacrifice to read it aloud. On the contrary, grown-up people hunted up children to try it on, and enjoy it with. The inhabitants of the nursery moved into literature to the satisfaction and gratitude of the keepers thereof. A few years afterward Alice Behind the Looking Glass was written and the two are usually published in one volume. The lyrics of the latter are more generally quoted than the Wonderland poems, but the fascinating little dandy of a white rabbit only appears casually in the second volume. The rhymed story of the walrus and the carpenter who asked the nice little fat oysters to take a walk and then ate them up, has subtle irony that pleases the base and sets the children into a reverie:

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low,
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

The time has come, the Walrus said,
To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.
But wait a bit, the Oysters cried,
Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!
No hurry! said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides,
Are very good indeed;
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us," the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?"
"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick.
After we've brought them out so far
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

Mr. Dodgshun is the author of the Hunting of the Snark and several other jabberwocky poems, none of which met with any marked success. Somehow the childish flavor is lacking. In his choice of words Mr. Dodgshun was a symbolist:

"And hast thou slain the jabberwock?
Come to my arms my beamish boy!
Oh frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy."

The invented words remind us of the meanings of a great many words and they are perfect onomatopoes. The two books aforementioned cannot be compared with anything written for children except Mr. Kipling's Jungle book. They are both strong flights of

the imagination, but the Alice books deepen the insight into and increase the sympathy for children and their dreams. Mr. Dodgshun wrote for children as Boutet de Monvel paints them. He reveals their innocent imaginings, their shrewdness, their habit of ignoring the real and of dwelling in an unreal world, and above all, he teaches ruthless intruders and psychological experimentalists to keep hands off from a world they have forgotten the way to.

MUSICAL MENTION.

In all respects the most satisfactory of the series of Philharmonic concerts was that given at the Funke on Monday evening. The program was sufficiently ambitious to be a source of credit to a much larger city than Lincoln, the soloist won hearty appreciation, and the orchestra showed a steady gain in confidence and artistic finish. Too much can not be said in praise of the rendition of the beautiful Haydn symphony with which the program opened. Mr. Hagenow wisely chose for his first serious undertaking a work of intrinsic beauty whose attractions and variety would appeal to an audience on a first hearing.

Haydn's music will never grow old to us, even though a new school of composers has arisen with more modern methods, for a light-hearted happiness breathes through his works which makes them ever young. This military symphony has great variety in the use of the various instruments, changing from the wind to the strings with answering themes and with trumpet signals in the allegretto movement which gives to the work its name. Besides this important composition the orchestra gave Weber's overture to "Der Freischuetz;" an exquisite rendition of Schumann's "Trauermerei" by the strings whose repetition was enthusiastically demanded by the

audience; the "Danse of the Sylphes" from Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust," in which the harp effects were given by Mrs. Will Owen Jones on the piano; and in closing the stirring "Coronation March" from Die Folkunger."

Miss Treat surpassed even the best that her admirers expected from her. She sang with an unaffected ease and lack of nervousness which was pleasant to behold, and received quite an ovation at the close of her first number, a group of songs combining great variety of style, but whose spirit was thoroughly caught by the singer. In the dainty Schubert lied, "Hark! Hark! the Lark," much of the artistic rendering was lost in so large an auditorium, the effects were too delicate for the space; but the sadness and weariness of the German song by Heine was thoroughly interpreted by the singer, while the closing number of the group Denza's "A May Morning," became the embodiment of joy through her clear, sweet tones.

In the elaborate aria by Bemberg, "The Death of Joan of Arc," Miss Treat's voice blended marvelously with the orchestra, and if it were the intention of the composer that voice and instruments should form one harmonious whole, that effect was certainly attained. But if, as printed on the program, the orchestra was but an accompaniment, its volume should have been modulated, for the singer's voice was sometimes lost altogether, and her words not heard at any time.

This fine work has not before been given in Lincoln, and would bear a repetition.

Mrs. P. V. M. Raymond in her perfect accompaniments lent artistic support to the soloist.

First Kansas Farmer—I think a million is too much for any man to have.

Second Kansas Farmer—I guess you mean that it's too much for any other man to have.

(First Publication January 29)
MASTER'S SALE,

Docket R.—No. 348.
In the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Nebraska. The National Life Insurance Company of Montpelier, Vermont, complainant,

vs.
Margaret A. Fedawa, et al., defendants.

In Chancery.

FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE.

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance and by virtue of a decree entered in the above cause on the 29th day of December, 1897, I, Samuel S. Curtis, Master in Chancery of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of Nebraska, will, on the first day of March, 1898, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the east door of the county court house building, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, state and district of Nebraska, sell at auction, for cash, the following described property, to wit: All of lots number three (3) and nine (9) and the west half of lot number ten (10), in block number thirty-two (32) in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

The above described real estate will be offered in parcels as follows: Lot number three (3) as one parcel, the north thirty-two (32) feet of lot nine (9) and the north thirty-two (32) feet of the west half of lot ten (10), as one parcel; and the south one hundred and ten (110) feet of lot nine (9) and the south one hundred and ten (110) feet of the west half of lot ten (10), as one parcel.

SAMUEL S. CURTIS,
Master in Chancery.
S. L. GEISTHARDT,
Solicitor for Complainant,

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