

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Joy Webster is visiting in Sturgis, Mich.

Miss Ona Imhoff is visiting in Topeka, Kansas.

Mr. F. C. Seacrest was in Tecumseh Sunday.

Mrs. J. H. Manley left for Denver Tuesday.

Mr. E. S. Sayre left Tuesday for the world's fair.

Mr. F. C. Sholes has been ill for several days.

Mrs. J. E. Hill returned Thursday from Colorado.

Mrs. Guy Brown is visiting her son at Grant, Nebr.

Miss Mary Byam is enjoying a visit at the world's fair.

Mr. L. C. Burr returned Tuesday from Milwaukee.

Mr. Robert Gillespie left last week for Galveston Texas.

Mr. J. E. Markell, of Omaha, was in the city this week.

Miss L. Crow is enjoying a vacation at the world's fair.

Miss Annie Barr has returned from Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. Robert Dorgan, of La Porte, Texas, is in the city.

The Misses Cowdery have returned from the Black Hills.

Mrs. Ed Baum, of Omaha, was in the city several days this week.

Mrs. S. G. Thomas and daughter Lottie are at Fort Collins, Col.

Mr. John T. Dorgan has been confined to the house this week by illness.

Messrs. W. R. Dennis and Charles D. Smith left Sunday for Kansas City.

Mr. W. H. Dorgan returned Wednesday from a two week's outing in Iowa.

Miss Hattie Huffman has returned from a delightful visit to the world's fair.

Professor and Mrs. G. C. Menzendorf left Tuesday for the Columbian exposition.

Attorney C. L. Richards has returned from an eight week's tour through the west.

Dr. A. G. Warner and family left Tuesday for their new home in Palo Alto, Cal.

Mrs. Charles Howe left Monday evening to spend three weeks visiting at Saluda, Col.

Rev. Louis Gregory and daughter, Miss Helen, left Wednesday for the White City.

Mr. Emory Hardy will leave today for Chicago, where he will remain a couple of weeks.

Mr. Reynolds and son Edwin of Omaha, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hargraves.

Dr. and Mrs. F. D. Crim and daughter Anna have returned from the mountains of Colorado.

Dr. M. L. Sabin has returned from a delightful visit of two months at the world's fair.

Messrs. R. H. Oakley, A. C. Ziemer and C. A. Atkinson left Wednesday afternoon for Chicago.

Mr. J. H. Shollmeyer, of St. Louis, was the guest of Mr. Pryor Markell several days this week.

The Misses Minnie and Margaret Baughman of Denver are visiting relatives and friends in Lincoln.

Mr. Clinton D. King, and Mr. William Matthews, left Monday for a visit to Chicago and the world's fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Daubach and family have returned from a three week's visit to the world's fair.

Mrs. S. D. Cox left Wednesday for Newburg, Ind., whither she was called by the fatal illness of her father.

Mrs. G. W. Craig, who has been visiting Mrs. W. E. Stewart left Saturday for her home in Grove City, Wash.

Mrs. R. T. Van Brunt has returned from a delightful visit of five weeks at the world's fair and Lake Geneva.

Miss Agnes Sewell and Miss Lottie Whedon left Friday for Chicago to spend a week viewing the Columbian exposition.

Miss Maude Atterbury who has been visiting Mrs. E. S. Tyson, for the past week returned Saturday to her home in Ulysses, Neb.

Mr. Hugh G. McVicker, has returned from a visit to Portland, Ore., and Salt Lake City. Mrs. McVicker remained with relatives in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Marsland and family left Wednesday for Custer, S. D., to spend a week. They were accompanied by Miss Kate Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Keifer of Peoria, Ill., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hickey. Mr. Keifer is assistant treasurer of the Peoria & Pekin railroad.

Mr. J. W. Cutright of the News, has accepted the position of private secretary to Congressman Bryan and he will leave for Washington early in September.

Miss Katherine Weston of Beatrice, spent Tuesday in this city. Miss Weston is now in Newcastle Wyo., but will return to Lincoln in September to resume her studies at the state univer-

sity. Mr. Bert Weston will also spend the winter in this city.

Mr. Charles L. Burr has returned from Spirit Lake, Iowa, where he spent several weeks. Mr. Lew Marshall who left Spirit Lake at the same time is now in Chicago.

Mrs. C. E. Wilkinson left Sunday for the world's fair. After remaining there a few days she will go to St. Joseph to spend a few weeks with her sister Mrs. M. M. Gordon.

Mr. F. A. Bartholomew left last Friday for New York, where he will remain a month and on his return he will stop at Chicago, where he will be joined by Mrs. Bartholomew.

Rev. and Mrs. C. Bradt have returned have an extensive eastern trip. While absent they visited the Christian Endeavor convention at Montreal and the Columbian exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Meyer, Miss Gunnison, Mrs. Richard Murphy and Max Meyer will leave for Chicago Sunday at 2:40 p. m., and will spend a couple of weeks taking in the fair.

Miss Maude Remick, of Los Angeles, Cal., who has been visiting friends in this city, went to Red Oak, Iowa, Monday, intending to start for Colorado with her parents in a few days.

Mr. Sam E. Low editor of the News, returned Tuesday from Colorado, where he spent nearly two months. His friends will be pleased to learn that his health is completely restored.

Messrs. Frank Hadley and Mode Griffith who left this city on bicycles for Chicago have reached that city without any accidents. They made the trip in six and one-half days, a distance of 624 miles.

Dr. R. E. Giffin, surgeon general of the National guard of Nebraska, left Sunday to attend the third annual meeting of the association of military surgeons of the National guards of the United States at Chicago.

Professor and Mrs. C. N. Little left Wednesday for California where they will reside in the future. Professor Little having accepted a call from the Leland Stanford university. Their departure from Lincoln is the occasion of general regret. The professor was one of the most popular and highly esteemed members of the faculty of the university of Nebraska; and in and out of university circles he was and is held in the greatest regard, as is Mrs. Little, who has resided in Lincoln since girlhood and whose friends are without number. It is with a feeling of satisfaction that friends consider the marked tribute paid to Professor Little by the greatest university in the west, an institution by the way, that has made heavy drafts upon our own university; and congratulations have been right heartily given; but there is much regret, withal, and the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Little will be seriously felt.

Miss S. E. Blacklee, fine dressmaking, at Mrs. Gosper's, 1114 O street.

His Order.

A father with eight marriageable daughters advertised as a last resource to get them off his hands. He received the following telegram:

"Am a bachelor and wealthy. Will gladly marry one of your daughters. Send a sample at once."—Tit-Bits.

Jealous.

Sweet Girl Graduate—They wouldn't let me read a poem at the commencement exercises, but I got ahead of them just the same.

Her Friend—How?

Sweet Girl Graduate—I wore one.—Buffalo Courier.

Too Much For His Nerves.

"What's the matter, old chap?" exclaimed Cholly.

"Hand me your smelling bottle, dear boy," said Freddy faintly. The young woman who had just passed us gives off a strong odor of new gingham!—Chicago Tribune.

He Sets Them Wild.

"I didn't know he was a story writer."

"Oh, yes. Why, people who read his stories nearly go wild!"

"You don't say! How's that?"

"They always wind up with an advertisement."—Truth.

A Puzzle.

She (in Wagner car)—How smoothly and silently these cars move along!

He—Yes. Isn't it queer that a man who can make such quiet cars should write such noisy music?—New York Weekly.

A Day of Enjoyment.

Mr. Gabber—Where's Mrs. Gabber?

Servant—Somebody told her an important secret this morning, and she has been out all day going from house to house visiting her friends.—New York Press.

Side Lights.

"What are those lanterns we see shining on the beach?" asked Hawley.

"Those are 't lanterns," said Paulow.

"They are the diamond earrings of the proprietor's wife."—Harper's Bazar.

His Fear.

Wife—Why don't you take the umbrella, dear? Are you afraid somebody will steal it?

Hubby—No, I'm afraid somebody will recognize it.—Detroit Tribune.

Not Possible.

Dick—Is it true that Rambler went off with an unknown man?

Theodore—That couldn't be, don't you know. Rambler knew him, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Proof Positive.

"Mrs. Smith's got a dog that likes me," said little Emily, coming home from a visit with her aunt.

"How do you know he likes you?" her mother asked.

"'Cause he tasted of me!" answered the little girl.—Youth's Companion.

AGNOSTICISM.

De quarent 'ligion I ebber did hear
Is de 'ligion ob de agnostick.
A-agnostick for somethin he nebber can see.
An a leebin out food an ole Nic.
He nebber has knocked at de Bibl de
Ner wep' wid de sinners in need;
He don' b'lieve nuttin in de heaben or de yarth,
Kceptin w'at his eyes had seed!

De quarent 'ligion I ebber did hear
Is de 'ligion ob de agnostick.
He hain't like de lamps dat de virgins hab.
'Cause he can't show de littles wick!
He nebber has sot on de mo'nere's bench
Ner listened ter der Spirit's call,
An de onliest preachin he ebber has dun
Is, "I don't know nuttin at all!"

De quarent 'ligion I ebber did hear
Is de 'ligion ob de agnostick.
Fer he gets no yaris in searchin aroun
Ter he op de souls dat is sick!
He's a study'n now, but, yo' min' my word,
He'll drop 'em in a gospil wall;
Ef his heart don't tramp at de judgment tramp,
"Den I don't know nuttin at all!"
William H. Hayne in Harper's Weekly.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

It's 20 years since that time. I was a tight hearted boy then—a boy of 20. I lived in Paris, and I studied Art. Being an artist, I always spelled Art with a capital A. I have other things to think of besides Art now. I have to think of painting what the public will buy. I have to make it pay—I have made it pay.

But it is not about myself I want to talk; it is of Orson—orson the Hirsute, Orson the Unrelenting, Orson the Hater of Art. Of course his name wasn't Orson. His real name was Jobinard, and he lived at the corner of the Rue de l'Antienne Comedie, did this uncompromising grocer, this well to do Esau of the Quartier Latin, this man who hated Art, artists, and, above all, Art students with a peculiar ferocity.

Alciabide Jobinard had reason to dislike Art students. They had a nasty way of getting into his debt, but Jobinard took the bull by the horns—he gave no more credit.

"Ma foi!" he would say, with a supercilious sneer, "Credit is dead, my good young sir. He doesn't live here any longer. He is dead and buried."

And then one had to go empty away. It had been so handy in the good old days just to run into Jobinard's for whatever one wanted, and—well, "stick it up." You see, you could get an entire meal at Jobinard's, one of those little sham boneless hams; they're quite enough on them for four. Tinned provisions in inexhaustible variety, wines from 75 centimes upward, liquors, desert, even in the shape of cheeses of all sorts, almonds and raisins, grapes and peaches. It was excessively convenient.

When one was hard up, one dealt with Jobinard, and it was put down to the account. When one was in funds, one dined and breakfasted at a restaurant and left Jobinard's severely alone.

But now all was changed. Mlle. Amenaide was an uncommonly pretty girl, and we were all desperately head over heels in love with her. By "we" I mean the Art students, but of all the Art students that were desperately in love with Mlle. Amenaide, Daburon, the sculptor, was the most demonstrative. Jobinard hated Daburon with a deadly hatred because Daburon never expended more than 10 centimes at a time. It was the society of Mlle. Amenaide that Daburon hungered for, and he got it because he was entitled to it, being a purchaser.

Mlle. Amenaide was Jobinard's cashier. It was a large shop, and there were several assistants, but all moneys were paid to Mlle. Amenaide, the cashier, who sat in a glass box underneath the great chiming clock.

Daburon, the sculptor, would enter the shop, nod in a cavalier manner to Jobinard, as though he were the very dust beneath his feet; then he would look at Mlle. Amenaide, raise his hat with his right hand, place his left upon his heart and make her a low bow; then he would pretend to blow her a kiss from the tips of his fingers, as though he were a circus rider; then he would take up a box of matches or some other peculiarly inexpensive article.

"Have the kindness to wrap that up carefully for me in paper," he would remark in a patronizing manner. Then he would march up to Mlle. Amenaide with the air of an Alexander—you could almost hear the tune of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" playing as you saw him do it. He would pay his 10 centimes and whisper some compliment into the ear of Mlle. Amenaide. Then he would receive his purchase from the hand of Mlle. Amenaide in a magnificent and condescending manner. Then he would strike a ridiculous attitude of exaggerated admiration and stare at the unhappy grocer as though he were one of the seven wonders of the world.

"What a bust!" or "What arms!" or "What muscularity!" he would say, and then he would heave a sigh and swagger out of the shop.

Jobinard, who was a particularly ugly, thickest, hairy little man, used at first rather to resent these references to his personal advantages. His four assistants and his cashier would titter, and Jobinard used to blush, but at length the poor fellow fell into the snare laid for him by the villain Daburon.

He got to believe himself the perfect type of manly beauty. When a French man has once come to this conclusion there is no folly of which he is not ready to be guilty.

The fact is, Daburon had passed the word round. The Art students, male and female, invariably stared appreciatively at the little, hairy, thickest Jobinard as though he were the glass of fashion and the mold of form. Jobinard now began to give himself airs. He swaggered about the shop, he posed and he titimized all day long, and then he began to make it rather warm for Jobinard.

"Ah, M. Jobinard, if you were only poor man, what a thing it would be!" Art! Ah, if we only had you to sit in the nude. We are going to do a defying the lightning next week. What an Ajax you would make, Jobinard!"

"You really ought to sacrifice yourself in the interests of Art," another would

remark. "You'd ruin the professional model. You would indeed."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," Jobinard would reply, his hairy, baboonlike face grinning with delight, "a too benevolent heaven has made me the man I am, and then he struck an attitude."

"What legs!" we all cried in a sort of chorus.

"Ah, M. Jobinard," I said pleadingly, "if you would only permit us to photograph your lower extremities."

"Never, gentlemen, never!" replied the infuriated Jobinard; "I care nothing for Art. Besides, it would be almost indecent; I could never look into a print shop without coming face to face with the evidences of my too fatal beauty."

From that day Jobinard ceased to wear his professional apron.

It was about a week after this that Daburon, I and another man presented ourselves at Jobinard's establishment. We raised our hats to Jobinard as one man, we smiled, and then we bowed.

The hairy little grocer seemed considerably astonished at our performance.

"M. Jobinard," said Daburon, who was our spokesman, "you see before you a deputation of three, representing the Art students of Paris, some 500 in number. We have come to beg a favor. We know, alas! too well, that it would be absolutely impossible to induce a man of your position in society to sit to us; but, M. Jobinard, a man possessing the lower extremities of a Hercules, a Farnese Hercules, M. Jobinard—and I need hardly remind you that Hercules was a demigod—has his duties as well as his privileges. Those magnificent lower extremities of his are not his own—they belong to the public."

"Such lower extremities as yours, monsieur, are not for an age, but for all time. They must be handed down in marble to posterity. The legs of Jobinard must become a household word in Art. To refuse our request, monsieur, would be a crime. You would retain the copyright of your own legs of course. They would be multiplied in plaster of paris and become a marketable commodity over the whole civilized world. Such muscles as these," said Daburon, respectfully prodding and patting the unfortunate Jobinard, "must not be lost to the artistic world. What a biceps, what a deltoid, my friends!" he continued.

"What a magnificent development of the sternocleidomastoid!"

The wretched Jobinard, blown out with pride, seemed like the frog in the fable, ready to burst. And then he proudly drew up the leg of his nether garment to the knee and exhibited a muscular brown limb as hairy as that of an ape.

"You will not refuse us?" we cried in chorus.

"You will not dare to refuse us," added Daburon.

"Gentlemen, I yield! I see that Art cannot get on without me. When would you like to begin?" said poor Jobinard.

"Tomorrow at noon," answered Daburon as he shook hands with the little grocer reverentially, and then we took our leave.

Next day a long procession filed into the shop.

"This way, gentlemen, this way, if you please," said M. Jobinard as he indicated the way to his back yard.

We must have been at least 80. Everybody brought something; there were four sacks of plaster, some paving stones, bits of broken iron, bricks, and enough material to have walled up Jobinard alive.

A great mass of moist plaster was prepared, the limbs that had become necessary to the world of Art were denuded of their covering and placed in the moist mass, then large quantities of the liquid plaster was poured on them, then the scraps of old iron, the bars, the paving stones and the bricks were carefully inserted and built up into the still soft mass which was at least a yard high and a yard thick.

"Don't move, dear M. Jobinard," cried Daburon, "the plaster is about to set. We shall return in half an hour, by which time the molds will be complete."

M. Jobinard, seated in the center of his back yard, bolt upright, bowed to each of us as we passed out.

In about a quarter of an hour Jobinard began to feel distinctly uncomfortable. "The molds seem getting terribly heavy," he said to one of his assistants, who kept him company. "They seem on fire, and I can't move."

At that moment the procession, headed by Daburon, filed once more into the courtyard.

"It's getting painful, gentlemen," said Jobinard. "I feel as though I were being turned to stone."

"Try and bear it bravely. Nothing is attained in this world, dear monsieur, without a certain amount of physical suffering. It will be set as hard as marble in a few minutes. We will obtain the necessary appliances for your release at once, Jobinard. Remain perfectly quiet till our return," said Daburon rather suavely.

And then we each of us kissed our finger tips solemnly to poor Jobinard, and we filed out once more. It was the last day of the term at the Art school, and we were all off for our holidays.

For two hours Jobinard waited for us in an agony of fear; then he sent for a stonemason, who dug him out. They had to get the plaster off with a hammer. We had, by the direction of the Demon Daburon, omitted to oil the shapely limbs of our victim.

Poor Jobinard!—Tit-Bits.

The English Maid's Prerogative.

"My English maid," says a housekeeper, "is amusingly tenacious of her rights and her limitations alike. If a friend of hers rings at the front door, Bayle is furious at the presumption. If he goes to the kitchen door, she is equally vexed. She regards the side door as her prerogative and demands a summons from thence."—Philadelphia Press.

Man's Hard Lot.

Allie—I often wish I were a man. Don't you?

Winnie—Indeed I don't. Do you suppose I want to be at the beck and call of every woman I know?—Truth.

WE WILL SELL YOU MORE

SEASONABLE DRY GOODS

In any department through the stock for the dollar than any house. Investigate, it is to your interest.

BLOCH & KOHN.

Progressive Dry Goods Emporium.

1141 AND 1143 O STREET

SULPHO SALINE BATH HOUSE AND SANITARIUM.

This palatial establishment is now open in all departments with the exception of Turkish, Russian, Electric Cabinet and Roman, and these will be ready by June 1.

Arrangement of Hours—GREAT PLUNGE. Ladies, from 8 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. Daily except Sunday. Gentlemen, from 1 p. m. to 11 p. m. week days, and from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. Sundays. SOCIAL SWIM—On Monday and Thursday evenings 7:30 to 10:30 the plunge will be open to both sexes. Gentlemen on these evenings will be admitted only when accompanied by a lady and all strangers to the institution must procure an introduction before they can purchase tickets. Only special non-transferable tickets will be accepted on social evenings.

Special Notice—On Wednesday afternoon from 1 to 4 o'clock the great plunge can be rented for private parties. Children under 12 will not be admitted unless accompanied by parent or guardian. Boys under 16 will be admitted during ladies hours when accompanied by their mother or guardian. During June, July and August the great plunge will be open to both sexes from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. daily except Monday. The great plunge occupies a space of 50 feet wide by 142 feet in length and is from 3½ to 9 feet deep. It is filled with mineral water from the company's own wells and is absolutely pure and remarkably clear and buoyant. There are 100 dressing rooms, two toilet rooms, two hot and cold shower baths, one automatic needle bath, two rubber covered spring boards, a raft, a traveling crane and ropes for the art of swimming. Several life preservers, mirrors, combs and brushes, soap and towels, etc., and the admission to the plunge with all these privileges is but 25 CENTS.



Miss Bertie Burr and Mr. F. Dever give instructions in swimming to ladies and children, men and boys during advertised hours.

The Hot Salt Baths are remarkably efficacious in such ailments as rheumatism, dyspepsia, gout, malaria, kidney, liver and nervous troubles and blood diseases. The hot salt departments are probably the most important of this great establishment and both sexes may bathe at the same time, there being separate and distinct apartments for ladies and gentlemen, with skilled attendants in each. If you are sick, or feel bad and don't know exactly what ails you, try these salt baths for a short time and see the result. It will be a revelation to you.

The Bed Rooms are charming, they are well ventilated, handsomely furnished and are for the accommodation of those in ill health who wish to take baths and remain in the building, or for those who wish a night's lodging after a Turkish, Russian or Cabinet bath.

The Reception Rooms and Private Parlors are richly decorated and afford much comfort and rest to those who wish to while away an hour or two after a bath. The latest fashion books, periodicals and illustrated papers are on convenient tables. Luxurious divans, rockers and easy chairs are on every side. The carpets are rich in color and design. Be sure and visit these apartments.

The Barber Shop is in charge of careful men. The tools are sharp, the surroundings neat and comfortable and the charges moderate.

The Ladies Hair Dressing Department is very complete and is supplied with everything necessary for artistic and satisfactory work. The lady attendants are experienced and courteous and will strive to please all who favor them with a visit.

The Plain Baths are very complete and afford ample accommodations for both sexes at the same time. All rates are in advance.

Pamphlets, testimonials and all information may be secured by addressing Drs. M. H. and J. O. Everett, managing physicians, M and Fourteenth streets, Lincoln, Neb.

WESTERN NORMAL COLLEGE,

The School for the Masses

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

AN OLD SCHOOL IN A NEW LOCATION

(FORMERLY OF SHENANDOAH, IOWA.)

25 Departments.

85 Teachers.

Beautiful, healthy location, 20-acre campus, electric street car line runs directly to campus without change. \$250,000 in buildings, splendid equipments, superior accommodations, strong faculty, experienced management, comprehensive curriculum, thorough work, high moral and Christian influences and low expenses for students.

DEPARTMENTS AND COURSES.

We have 25 courses. Our music, fine art, pen art, d'arsarte, elocutionary, courses and kindergarten and model training schools (for both children and student teachers), are not equalled in the west.

STREET CAR TRANSFERS

to