

The card clubs are beginning to organize for the winter.

The first Pleasant Hour party will be given some time about the middle of October.

The reception given by Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Burr immediately following the Burr-Dawes wedding, next week, will be limited to relatives of the contracting parties.

Many years have elapsed since the Prince of Wales has been seen at the annual races at Baden-Baden, of which he was until two decades ago one of the most constant patrons. Repeated efforts have been made since to induce him to honor them once more with his presence, but he has turned a deaf ear to all invitations up to the other day when he came over from Homburg for the meeting. He must have found many changes at Baden-Baden since he was last there, while the people of the place who recall the wild revels and escapades in which he figured there and which ultimately led to the ignoring of his presence by the reigning Grand Duke and Grand Duchess, will probably have found him toned down and more seriously disposed—in fact, very different from the jovial Welshman of a quarter of a century ago. It was especially his prowess at the card table which got him into bad odor at the Court of Karlsruhe in those days, and there were at least two young wealthy parvenus—one of them bearing the name of Fuchs—who were completely ruined at the card table at Baden-Baden, the Prince of Wales being one of the largest winners, and, therefore, being charged, even in the German press, with the responsibility of their financial collapse. It was this more than anything else that caused the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden to cease recognizing his presence within their dominions and to withhold the customary honors paid to visiting royalty, although they had been previously much put out, it is true, by his far from dignified behavior, his rackets mode of life, if we may be permitted to use the expression, and his queer associations. Finally the Prince got angry one day at some slight to which he was subjected by the Government officials at the races—probably it was the refusal to open the doors of the grand ducal stand to his oddly composed party—and he swore he would never visit the Baden-Baden races again. He might have relented the last two years had it not been for the presence at Baden-Baden during the races of the Hungarian Count Tassila Festetics, who had inherited from his mother-in-law, the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, nee Princess of Baden, the beautiful Villa Stephanie, and who invariably had a number of horses entered for the races. Count Tassilo Festetics is a nobleman who, having invited the Prince of Wales to stay with him at Kesthely for the shooting, subsequently wrote to His Royal Highness that he could not be permitted to bring the financier Baron Hirsch in his suite and that the doors of Kesthely would, no matter what happened, remain closed against the Hebrew millionaire. This year, however, Count Festetics is in mourning for his mother, who has just died, has no horses entered for the races and is not at the Villa Stephanie. Consequently the Prince went, not, however, as stated in the English newspapers, as the guest of the Grand Duke of Baden, but as that of the Prince and Princess of Fuerstenberg, with whom he stayed at the Hotel de Russe. The Grand Duke paid no attention whatsoever to the British heir-apparent. It was the Prince of Fuerstenberg, the enormously wealthy Silesian nobleman, who drove him in a carriage and four from the railroad station to the race course, the postillions and grooms wearing the Fuerstenberg liveries, and if access was enjoyed to the Grand Ducal stand, it was because it had been placed at the disposal of Prince Herman of Sax-Weimer, who is a great friend of the Prince of Wales and a member of the Fuerstenberg party.

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Miss Mame Price, of Chicago, is in the city.

Job Sherman and W. E. Clarke are in New York.

The two conservatories of music gave concerts this week. The Nebraska conservatory giving a faculty concert Monday evening, and the conservatory connected with the University of Nebraska an opening concert Tuesday evening at the new Funke. Both were well attended.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Freeman, Tuesday, a son.

Now that Mr. Meyer took the cake a great many people are curious to know what he did with it.

It is hard to say just what is meant by the phrase, "the advanced woman." With a certain type of men of the world it seems to mean a woman who uses her brains at all and is anything more than a well-dressed plaything of the Turkish kind. With the average man and woman it probably means simply the being who advocates suffrage for her sex and who likes to speak on the platform. The English literary man apparently bestows the name upon that sister of the pen who chooses to discuss in a novel with modern frankness the question of matrimony and the sentimental ways of mankind. The editor of "The Idler," taking this view of the matter, has after pondering the question, "How to Court the Advanced Woman," determined to ask these feminine novelists to answer it. Their response has been prompt. George Egerton, the author of "Keynotes," boldly advances the opinion that man is inferior, that his superiority has always been purely an economic one. She believes that the particularly intelligent woman can marry an average man of honorable character and no overplus of brains with a fair prospect of happiness. "Woman at her best," she says, "will always be attracted by manly qualities in a man, and if the average man is only prepared to give as well as to take, to realize that the woman he marries has a conscience, opinions and feelings of her own, and to treat them with the same deference as he would extend, say, to those of a male chum, he may safely risk courting her—and as much in the old way as possible!" Mrs. Mannington Caffyn, the "Yellow Astor" lady, is not sure that the advanced woman will submit at all to be courted; she rather thinks that the average man ought to keep in mind the coming girl, for whom the advanced woman is only preparing the way. The coming girl is described by Mrs. Caffyn as a sane and simple ruler over men's hearts, a creature of tempered knowledge and sweet serenity, of pity, loving kindness and humor. Truly a charming young lady for the average man to court. Sarah Grand's answer is short and to the point. She declares that she has "very little to say on the subject, the answer seems to me to be such a simple one. There is only one way to court a woman, and that is with respect. So long as a man and a woman respect each other's individuality, neither can have any just cause of complaint."

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