

FUNKE OPERA HOUSE

F. C. ZEHRUNG, MGR.

SPECIAL

LILLIAN LEWIS

—IN—

CLEOPATRA

**A
Magnificent
Production**

TUESDAY OCT, 22

REGULAR PRICES



MISS LILLIAN LEWIS

FUNKE OPERA HOUSE

F. C. ZEHRUNG, MGR.

SPECIAL

LILLIAN LEWIS

—IN—

CLEOPATRA

**A
Magnificent
Production**

TUESDAY OCT. 22

REGULAR PRICES

SOCIAL GOSSIP

J. B. Ferguson went to Chicago Monday.

Geo. D. Camp left for St. Louis Monday.

Miss Maggie Smith is in Helena, Montana.

Miss Carrie Gensel visited friends in Plattsburgh this week.

Mrs. Otto Mohrenstecher has gone to Quincy, Ill., to visit her parents.

Judge Reese went to Denver Tuesday morning to meet Mrs. Reese, who has been in the mountains, and returns with her.

Miss Anderson gives a party to her classmate, Miss Triplett, tonight on the occasion of Miss Triplett's departure from Lincoln. A large number of university students are invited.

The latest thing in Milford gold was exhibited in the window of a restaurant on Tenth street. A plate of innocent virgin soil was heavily besprinkled with gold dust, at which the hay-seeds gazed in undisguised rapture.

Mrs. Margaret E. Hoover died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Daugherty, Sunday morning. The funeral services were conducted at the house and the remains were taken to

Point Low, Ill., for burial.

Many of the ladies during the women's federation meetings met Mrs. Towne and Mrs. Ford of Omaha. Both these ladies gave parties last week for their friend, Mrs. Spottiswoode, of Orange, N. J. Mrs. Spottiswoode left the early part of the week for her eastern home.

It is unfortunate that the Patriarchs and the Pleasant Hour club give their party on the same night next week. The executive committees of the various clubs should hold a conference and arrange their dates so that any one, popular enough to be invited to all the club parties, might do so.

Mr. Carl Tucker, the young man who has come rapidly to the front as a vocal teacher during the last six months, now has large classes in Seward, Grand Island and Kearney. Mr. Tucker is a young man of many and varied ambitions and a goodly share of what is commonly called "artistic temperament." He has had most enviable success with his out-of-town classes, and his popularity among his pupils is most flattering.

One evening last week, Mrs. A. J. Sawyer entertained at her home the city librarian and members of the library board. Mrs. Sawyer was for years an active member of the board and has always manifested the greatest interest in the library and its work.

Supper was served at seven o'clock. The toasts were conducted in a unique manner, the regular order of business of the library board meeting followed. Mr. Geisthardt made the first toast in the shape of a secretary's report, Mrs. Shepherd made a witty toast on cataloguing, Carrie Dennis read the librarian's report. Then followed the reports of special committees by Rev. Chapin, Dr. Lasby, Mrs. McConnell and Mrs. Pound. Mr. C. H. Gere spoke on unfinished business. Mrs. Sawyer acted as president and toastmistress.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brown entertained the F street whist club on Tuesday evening. The rooms were not crowded but sociably filled by the expert members of the club. They played till nearly 11, when refreshments were served and the guests had to leave. It is always the way. When you have a toothache Time sits down beside you and folds his hands and waits; when you are playing cards with a good partner he flees from you with a villain's laugh. The following is a partial list of those present: Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Tilton, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Phillips, Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Righter, Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Imhoff, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Morrill, Mrs. A. B. Clark, Miss Bertie Clark, Miss Sarah Harris, Mr. Albinus Nance, Mr. Cal Thompson,

Mrs. Baldwin, Mattson Baldwin, Mrs. Henry Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Coffroth, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Richards.

The absence of box parties at the theatres this season is notable. Hard times is not the only reason for the emptiness of the boxes and logias. Just now there happens to be no ardent love affairs going on in high life and that settles the box business. Box parties in this town were always queer things anyway. They were such unerring indicators. You could always tell just how serious a young man's intentions were by the number of box parties and American beauties to which he treated the young woman. When he became perfectly reckless in the matter of boxes, then you knew pretty surely that the engagement was on. Then come the cards, then marriage and then—"Farewell Luria!" No more box parties and no more flowers. The break is sudden and absolute. I saw some young married people in a box here one time, and that was several weeks ago at Roland Reed. I was in hopes that perhaps that daring example might change things a little, but "Nay, nay, Pavline," it was not to be. I am sorry that the boxes are not patronized more now. A very stupid play is endurable when the boxes are full of pretty faces and pretty gowns. Besides that, one of the innocent and most correct attentions that a young man can bestow upon a young lady is to ask her to be one of a box party.