

warmth of a living touch. And yet she throw all this over to "chronical small beer" in a very literal sense.

Stage sensations never come singly. Mrs. James Brown Potter is in New York busy getting her divorce. She has at last made public her reasons for leaving her husband. I will quote her statement in full, for it is a much more quiet, simple, womanly explanation than I ever thought Mrs. Potter could make.

"I have never for one moment regretted going upon the stage; neither have I ever cast one longing look back at the old society days, nor even thought with pleasure of the so called social triumph I was said to have made. I look upon those things as hollow and utterly rapid; they mean absolutely nothing. It is nine years since I left New York, and I have lost all interest in the city's social set. Indeed I care as little for them as they care for me. First of all, let me say that I was much amused at something said in the papers a few days ago about Mr. James Brown Potter's posing as a saint, keeping my home ready for my return at any time I chose to come back. It is very nice of Mr. Potter to express such sickly sentiment. That house and home happens to be mine, as well as everything in the house. It was given to me by Pierre Lorillard for the successful work I did in getting people to join the Tuxedo club. But I am getting ahead of my story. I was born and brought up in the South—a country girl—educated differently from city girls. My family was poor. I was very domestic and simple in my tastes. I was taught to sew and made all my dresses. Indeed, my wedding dress was the first gown I ever wore which was made outside of my home. I met James Brown Potter, a fine, handsome man. I fell in love with him, and before I was 17 we were married and came to New York to live. Mr. Potter was considered a howling swell, and my family were led to believe that I had made a great match, and that my future lay along a path of roses. My ideas of life and those of the Potters were at variance. I was brought up to think that life was real and that love ruled the world. The Potters lived only for outside show, always seemed to be afraid to appear natural, and were always at swords' points with one another. There was nothing natural, nothing genuine in this new life I was leading. All was conventional, all surface. My enthusiasm and naturalness were certainly chilled by the Potters. My success in private theatricals paved the way to something better, and one day, sick and weary of all the mockery, tired of the constant fault-finding to which I was compelled to submit, tired of going out with a smiling face and a breaking heart, tired of the snubs of the Potters, who are always jealous of each other, tired of genteel poverty, I walked out of that home Mr. Potter is keeping for me and left everything behind me. I have never been permitted to go back to get

my belongings, and not even as much as a pair of sleeve buttons has ever been sent me. I sacrificed little to gain the glorious heritage of honest independence."

Notice Mrs. Potter does not say "the glorious heritage of an artist's life" or any rot of that sort, but "the glorious heritage of an honest independence." In fact in that lengthy statement Mrs. Potter does not once allude to her recent flattering success, nor once call herself an "artist." The gentlewoman does show through the Thesipian sometimes after all. And this recalls a statement I have made before. Cora Potter's methods of advertising have always been most dignified and legitimate. She has never lost her jewels nor recommended complexion soap nor had an agent to distribute her pictures and press notices nor interviewed reporters. All of the free advertising that the press has given her and her family affairs has been without her consent and wish. She has never before answered the charges made against her nor deigned to explain, she has simply worked ceaselessly and faithfully—and had her pictures taken with her hair rumpled up and parted on the side in that wierd way in which no woman could wear it without a headache. Somehow Mrs. Potter's statements regarding her domestic life seem exceedingly simple, direct and probable. Life must have been pretty hard for her in New York. She came from the south, the south where the sun still has his own way, where his influence is fervent and strong, the south that has never been conventionalized or civilized, that is as untrammelled and ungoverned as the sea. She entered the most restrained and rigidly conventional set in this country. As she says, the Potters are a hard family to live with. Everyone in New York knows that. The world decided that she was and ought to be happy, but she was not, and she refused to wear the mask. She had imagination and talent and life meant too much to her to be wasted. It is hard for people of brains to suffer passively, for they hold the key to independence and the antidote for suffering. If Mrs. Potter had been always a sovereign of society and born to the purpose then her resort to the stage would have been strange indeed and a scandal much more than probable. But she was not; she simply went back to her own. She was born among emotional, demonstrative people and she returned to them. Voila. She says that she was brought up to think that "life was real and that love ruled the world." Ah, yes, but does it after all? That is the sentimental side of Mrs. Potter the secret of what some would call her failure, some her triumph. Its too bad that sentiment or practicality, one or the other, does not finally establish its supremacy. It would save us all so much pain and uncomfortable experience. For in spite of the growing demands of the practical education still fosters sentiment. No mat-

ter what language we learn they teach us first to conjugate the same treacherous verb. Except in the Greek, and among the Greeks the verb was too terribly irregular to thrust at a novice. No pin intended.



THE LINCOLN SALT BATHS

SULPHO-SALINE BATH HOUSE AND SANITARIUM

COR 14 AND M.

All forms of baths, Turkish, Russian Roman and Electric.

WITH SPECIAL ATTENTION

To the application of natural and salt water baths for the cure **Rheumatism** and **Skin**, Blood and Nervous diseases. A special department for surgical cases and diseases peculiar to women.

DRS. M. H. AND J. O. EVERETT
Managing Physicians.



BEST LINE TO DENVER AND CALIFORNIA

A GUIDE TO HEALTH

with every purchase of

Munyon's Remedies at RIGGS' pharmacy.

When wanting a clean, easy shave or an artistic hair-cut, try

S. F. WESTERFIELD

THE POPULAR TONSORIAL ARTIST,

who has an elegant barber shop with oak chairs, etc., called "The Annex" at 117 North Thirteenth street, south of Lansing theatre.

HE HAS ALSO VERY NEAT BATH ROOMS.

Under new management

MERCHANTS' HOTEL
OMAHA, NEBR.

PAXTON, HULETT & DAVENPORT, Proprietors.

Special attention to state trade, guest and commercial travelers. Farnam street electric cars pass the door to and from all parts of the city.



IS THE ONLY DIRECT ROUTE TO THE SOUTH

Come and See Us

H. C. TOWNSEND, F. D. CORNELL,
G. P. & T. Agt. C. P. & T. Agt.
St. Louis, Mo. 1201 O St.

MILMINE & CLARK.

BICYCLE REPAIRERS.

208 SO 11 TH.

Acute and chronic cases treated with assurance of success. Languid tires restored to health and vigor. Tires blown up without pain. Wind free. We understand the anatomy, physiology and hygiene of wheels and give homoeopathic or allopathic treatment as individual cases require. Sure cure guaranteed. Testimonials: My wheel had three ribs fractured and you cured it in one treatment. "My tires were suffering from a case of acute aneurism which had been pronounced fatal by other bicycle doctors, but you cured the disorder and I did not lose a day of my tour." "I was troubled with varicose tires, involving frequent ruptures and incontinence of wind. You cured me." "Thousands of testimonials like the above sent on application."

BIGYGLS FOR RENT.

Watch for the name

LINCOLN ICE CO.

They have no pond ice. 1040 O street

THE BOYS

WHO LIKE GOOD EATING

ALL GO TO

FRANCIS BROS. 1418 O STREET

They get something

To eat

For their Money.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

HEADQUARTERS FOR WHEELMEN.

COOPER'S ICE WAGONS

are the only ice wagons handling

GENUINE BLUE RIVER ICE.

Telephones 583 and 589

Nebraska Pant and Suit Co.

West half of trunk factory
1217 O St.

ALL WOOL PANTS made to order. First-class and guaranteed to fit, \$3, 4, 5, 6, and upwards

BUSINESS SUITS \$15, 18, 20 and up.

VESTINGS Popular prices. Goods sold by yard, and ends for boy's pants, etc. Few uncalled for pants and suits at your own price.

O. R. OAKLEY

O. N. HOLCOM, cutter.

BLUE RIVER ICE

can only be had from the wagons of

P. H. Cooper.

Telephones 358 and 588

DRESS SUITS

You are invited to inspect our

DRESS SUITS

price \$25 and \$35, equal in fit and workmanship to \$65 and \$75 tailor made suits. The finest material and finish; latest style

EWING CLOTHING COMPANY

You are invited to inspect our

DRESS SUITS

price \$25 and \$35, equal in fit and workmanship to \$65 and \$75 tailor made suits. The finest material and finish; latest style

EWING CLOTHING COMPANY