

ARE YOU

In the push

If so this will interest you. Every Rambler rider who goes the mile in less than

Two minutes

paced or unpaced, at any sanctioned L.A. W. race will receive an

Embellished souvenir

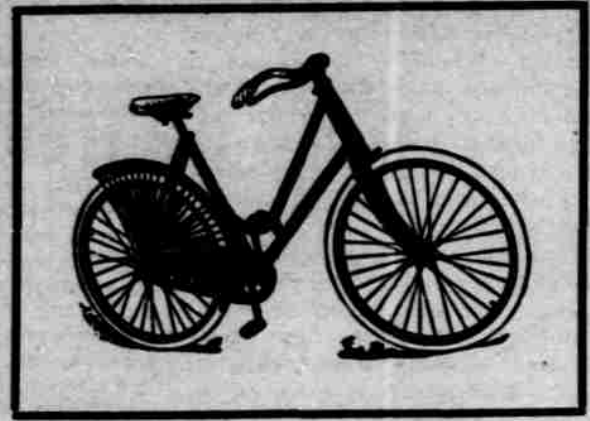
with name and details of performance engraved upon it. Riders of

Any other wheel

fitted with J. & G. tires will receive a little less valuable souvenir for like performance. The holder of the greatest number of "two minute" souvenirs by Jan 1, 1897 will receive a grand souvenir.

E. R. GUTHRIE, 1540 O St.

RAMBLER



TRIBUNE

MISS PENELOPE, OMAHA

My Dear Eleanor:—
Now June has kissed good-bye her sister May,
And enters royally her own brief way;
She brooders sunbeams into love-lit hours
And weaves herself a winding sheet of flowers.

There, my dear, I knew it would be a shock to you, when you found out I am a poet as well as a linguist, but I have concluded it is no use to keep my light under a barrel. It is liable to burn up the barrel, and no one would be prepared for the illumination which is sure to follow. Glance over the above again and tell me if you do not think it bears the hall mark of genius. I do, but in case you don't agree with me, you needn't mention it.

Summer has come! But the weather is keeping awfully dark about it. It is really a touching sight to see the thermometer hopping around with its overcoat on. We may get a chance to cut ice yet. Even the June bug's gait is a little rheumatically. It doesn't seem to be quite up to the skirt dance of former seasons. You may have had the experience, when in your darkened chambers you sought the first, sweet sleep of night, and found it not because of this creature's resistance—sis-sis-sis. It may never light, but it might as well, one goes through the agony of anticipation, every sixty minutes in an hour.

You should have seen the dreams of gowns, albeit not of the stuff dreams are made of, and the loves of bonnets, which were gathered about Mrs. Barton's luncheon table at the Millard Friday. Eighty-six women in their best "bibs and tuckers." Some in silks, and some in tawns and some in velvet gowns. Everybody had a delightful time. Men are becoming quite obsolete at social festivities. Women dress for each other's despair, and are beginning to coquette with one another, and frequently conceive overwhelming admirations, one for the other, while men are relegated to clubs and hotel lobbies. I am old fashioned enough to not quite approve. I think it must have been lovely when they used to invite everybody to 6 o'clock supper, and put everything on the table at once, stewed chicken and dumplings, preserves, pound cake and fragrant coffee in big cups, tin cups, anything to suggest size, and rich cream. I have a great contempt for these egg-shell trifles we call afternoon coffees. Then in the sweet first starlight, everybody would set in the great shrub sweet garden, where hundred-leaved roses, gilly flowers, phlox and blue gentians huddled together in splendid inartistic confusion. You needn't be alarmed. I have no idea of entering on a crusade against existing conditions, but doesn't it sound just a bit alluring, contrasted with our cyclonic tendencies?

The reception at Mrs. Yates' for Miss Kountze was lovely. The rooms were fairly dripping with color from the quantities of roses, grown on the spacious grounds at Hillside.

There were lots of happy looking girls, and delicious refreshments. Cooking at Hillside does not seem to be a homely accomplishment of life's necessity, but rises to the dignity of a fine art. The Misses Yates themselves are artists, a fact of which I think they have reason to be proud.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Bennett, who have returned from Utica, N. Y., entertained quietly at dinner Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Yost and Mr. and Mrs. Lyman. A delicious dinner was daintily served.

Mrs. Harry McCormick, with her little son, Scott, leave Thursday to join Mr. McCormick on their ranch near Sheridan, Wyo. It is too bad to have them go, for they intend making their home in the future on the ranch. Mrs. McCormick is one of the

very brightest and sweetest of our young married women.

Society is bracing itself for the strain which three June weddings will inevitably be on our somewhat depleted pocket books.

The carriages began to roll toward Trinity early this evening for the Barker-Smith wedding. Barker, Barker—that may puzzle you, but of course you know Smith. Well, I didn't go, because I had promised to write to you, but I caught glimpses of pink, and the white confections, ribbons, swansdown and flowers, and all the bangles and dangles of a pretentious wedding. Why do people insist on reeling off so much thread at the start? It must either be laboriously wound back again or wasted. There is no use denying it, the extravagance charged to the account of the present makes me weary. I long for the free simplicity of the past.

Our hired girl is going to be married. She said it was unfortunate she chose the same day as the Kountze wedding, but it couldn't be helped now.

With half a chance Nora would be a wit. The tragic element in this is that mama says we will do without a girl the rest of the summer. I began to run down at once and lose my appetite. Papa said at the breakfast table this morning, "Mother, I think Penelope needs exercise"—then, I hate to think it, but I believe he winked at mama, as the bad boy said, "It's hard when your parents turn against you."

The John Drew company played to excellent houses four performances. "Christopher, Jr." is a much better play than "The Squire of Dames." From our standpoint that is an impossible sort of thing. The squire, according to our light, would be an impertinent bore. John Drew was John Drew and I like him, but Maud Adams can have us at any minute for the asking. Some one told me Richard Harding Davis wants to marry her, and no wonder. She is a graceful, charmingly natural actress, but I've an idea she would make a dreadful pie. I heard a prominent gentleman here speaking of the play Saturday evening and in the course of the conversation he said: "Well, I saw Miss Fluff and Miss Duff and Miss Puff there, and I think if they changed their seats once they did two dozen times. I mean to ask the manager if some of them can't be chained down; it divides one's attention so." A word to any girl who does not wish to be chained down.

Mrs. Col Schwan gave a lovely luncheon today. Covers were laid for twelve, the table decorated with red roses and they had things to eat.

A large whist club has been inaugurated. About fifty ladies have joined and they play twice a week in the Bee building. I put in an application, but I am told several people threw up their hands and exclaimed, "Penelope Jones, why, she can't play 'slap-jack,'" so I was black balled. I am not very popular any more. I am suspected of having written "Wed in the Morning Dead at Night," or "The Anarchist's Revenge," wherein my political convictions are said to be too pronounced, and my position on the money question too indefinite. So you can easily see I am a dangerous character.

The plays at Unity club, under the direction of Mrs. J. H. Wheeler, were a great success. Mrs. Wheeler has undoubted ability both as an actress and a dramatic coach. I am thinking of going away on a trip, that is I have an invitation to take one, not to the land where the great red sun is swallowed by the sea. I am not sure whether I can go, but if I do, I may not write to you for some time, it is so hard to write while travelling. How we prey upon each other. I write to you as an escape valve for many emotions, you to me perhaps for the

same reason. St. Louis is devastated. We deplore, but our enterprising papers revel in description, and the nonchalant newsboys shriek upon our streets, "Extry, all about the horrible cyclone in St. Louis." And our nickles go to swell the paper's exchequer, and

the newsboys' commission, at the expense of our sister's calamity. It's too bad, but it is a little way the world has and methinks the world is too old and "got in its ways" to be reformed. Yours as always, PENELOPE. Omaha, Neb., June 4.

DRAPERY

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GRAND CONCERT BY STATE BAND

SUNDAY AFTERNOON