

well look forward with anticipation to Mr. Hamlin's appearance in concert here.

The Matinee Musicals will hold their next meeting on Monday afternoon at the rooms of the club, Fifteenth and O street. The program, which commences promptly at 4 o'clock, will consist of compositions by members of the club, and will doubtless prove very attractive. Mrs. Herzog and Misses Hollowbush, Miller and Hayward are among those whose compositions will be rendered.

Word from the Wesleyan quartette, now on the road, relates that it is singing to good houses in spite of the bad weather. The tour was begun last Monday. Mr. Dunroy, who accompanies the quartette as a reader, reports cheerful progress. His letter on another page is an interesting account of the trip to date.

Raymond D. Kingsbury was conducted through the mystic rites and incantations of Kappa Sigma fraternity at a late hour Tuesday night and appeared wearing the fraternity pin the following day. Mr. Kingsbury enjoys considerable local glory from his excellent playing on the university football team.

Mr. Leonard H. Robbins, late of Princeton, now of Philadelphia, has been visiting his fraternity, the Kappa Sigma, and other friends. He has accepted a position on the Philadelphia Press, of which, since the football season began, he has been the Princeton correspondent. The rapid recognition of Mr. Robbins' ability is very gratifying to his many friends here.

The officers for the Pleasant Hour club, elected for the following year are as follows: Oliver Rodgers, president; J. H. Mallalieu, vice president; Guy B. Hurlburt, secretary and treasurer; R. M. Joyce, master of ceremonies; George J. Woods, John F. Dorgan, Homer Honeywell, executive committee.

The Union-Commercial club gave an old fashioned New England dinner for its members on Thanksgiving day. Every gentleman was urged to escort a feminine friend to the feast, which was served in the club rooms and universally enjoyed.

A Silhouette party was given Thursday night in the new rooms of the Y. W. O. A. A musical program was delivered and the guests made merry during the evening over popped corn.

Manager Frank C. Zehrung has been to New York booking shows and adding to his already large list of acquaintances in the profession.

Miss Anne Rivett, hairdressing and shampooing, moved from Burr Bk to Emporium, 143 South Twelfth.

Mrs. J. W. MacDonald left Tuesday for Washington, where she will rejoin her husband. She was accompanied by her little son and Miss Regna MacDonald.

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Mr. and Mrs. Bowman Rollins, of Columbia, Mo., spent the week with their mother and sister, Mrs. Carson and Miss Carson at the Lincoln hotel. They returned to their home yesterday.

De Loss T. Smith—watches, jewelry and repairing—1140 O street.

Mrs. John Dorgan and Mrs. Alexander Wilson are visiting, shopping and sight seeing in Chicago.

Dentist Hill, over Miller & Paine.

Miss Bert Clark is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Plummer and other friends.

The Lincoln Light Infantry company gave a party last night at their hall.

Next Friday the Delta Tau Deltas will give a dancing party in Turpin's hall.

Rev. Percy Silvers has had a call to Indianapolis.

Special Correspondence.

Hanover, Kan., Nov. 22nd.—The tall tenor, the short second tenor, the fat basso and the medium sized baritone with your lean humble servant, plunged into bleeding Kansas last night through the storm. The wind blew snow banks into our faces as we left the train, and the committee at the train to meet us threw cold water in our open countenances, figuratively speaking, when they announced that there would be no concert. They said that there would not be enough audience to catch a pig on such a night, and so we were hustled off through the straggling streets of the little German village, and lodged in divers places.

As for me, I drew a prize. I was bundled into the front end of a lumberman's office, but the cheer looked slim at the first glance, the clouds soon cleared, for the sound of rattling plates, the hum of a singing tea kettle and the gentle aroma of tea and good things soon greeted my nostrils, and when the glistening snow was well shaken from my clothing, I was taken into a back room where was light and cheer and a dainty little housewife smilingly await.

It so happened that the lumberman and his wife had taught school in days gone by, and they were right good talkers. The hours slipped by till bedtime with talks on literature and school anecdotes and the history of the little town.

When the clock struck ten we retired and I remembered no more until the coffee mill sounded a home sick strain in my ears this morning. It has been many a weary year since I have heard the sound of a coffee mill in the morning, and the sound took me away back into the realm of childhood, where I saw my mother, young and happy, with a group of laughing boys around her. Such a little thing will sometimes unlock the doors of memory and let out the ghosts that have been hidden away sacredly for years!

The trip from Lincoln was a merry one. The driving storm seemed to set every one's nerves to tingling. The members of the quartet acted like frisky colts let loose from the irksome stall, and joke and laughter and brilliant repartee sounded through the car. There were interludes of weary waiting on account of the storm, and it seemed sometimes as if the train would never start again, but after stopping innumerable times we got into Wymore.

I don't say that Wymore is a pretty town, nor a cheerful town under any circumstances, but on a day like yesterday it is one of the most desolate places that ever was made, and I actually believe that the wind can blow harder and colder around some of the corners in that town than any place I ever had the misfortune to get into.

We left the train with appetites that would drive us through any thing for a bite to eat. With the mirage of a rare beefsteak with horseradish ever before us, we ran through the streets of the little town in search of an eating place. I saw a restaurant sign across the street and the baritone spied a cafe. He being of a high toned nature, suggested that we give the cafe a trial. In we plunged all covered with snow and the others of our party followed. The landlord nearly had heart failure when he saw five customers piling in on him at once and he rushed tremblingly to the kitchen to tell the cook that a klondike had struck his cafe. By that time our olfactory nerves had sufficiently thawed to perceive that the cafe was filled with divers and sundry odors that were Corbett-like in their strength, and with the remark that something had crawled in there and died, I bolted for the door and the others followed after.

So at last we got into the restaurant

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and a good woman got us a dinner of home made food that was just what we wanted. After the dinner was over the quartet sat down and began singing. Then it was that I saw a sight that I shall not forget for many a day. As the organ-like tones of the voices swelled out, the poor, hard worked woman who had cooked our dinner came into the room and dropped like one dead into a chair. She wore her work apron and her hair was half down. Her eyes were hollow and lines of care marked her face and brow.

She was a typical woman of the small Nebraska town. Her life was as dead a level as the prairies that stretch endlessly out from the little town, and as dreary as the stormy day. On the walls of the room were ghastly crayon pictures of her dead children, the shrine before which, she, like devout catholics before the image of Our Blessed Lady, performed her devotions. As the heart-break of the songs filled the little room the woman was taken out of the dreary world, away from the dull prairies, from the flat graves and hateful present to the land of dreams. The tears gathered in the sunken eyes and she smiled through them a wan smile, like the sun smiling through a mist of rain.

But the song ended.
WILLIAM REED DUNROY,
with the Wesleyan Quartet.

Tom—I see by the papers that the Queen of England says that she likes American girls.

Dick—Indeed? Well there are others.