

Professional Directory.

Phone.		Office hours
Office 656	{ Dr. O. C. Reynolds	{ Office rooms 18-19, Burr Block..... } 10 to 1 a
Res. 655		{ Res. 2548 Q st..... } 3 to 5 p. m
	{ Dr. S. E. Cook	{ 1215 O St. } 9:30-12:30 am
		{ Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat } 2-5 p m
Office. 618	{ Dr. Benj. F. Bailey	{ Office, Zehring Block } 9 to 10 a m
Res. 671.		{ Residence, 1313 C street } 12 to 12:30
		{ 2 to 4 p m
		Evenings, by appointment. Sunday's 12 to 1 p. m. and by appointment.
	{ Dr. J. B. Trickey,	{ Office, 1035 O street..... } 9 to 12 a. m
		{ Refractionist only } 1 to 4 p. m.

DENTISTS.

Office 530.	{ Dr. Louis N. Wentz, D.D.S. }	{ Office, rooms 26, 27 and } 1, Brownell Block, 137
		{ so 11th street. }

Lincoln Infirmary of Osteopathy,
Farmers and Merchants Building.

Business Directory.

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Social and Personal

There has been a greater dearth of society news than usual this week, presumably from the fact that the mid-summer exodus of society folk to the mountains, woods and water is now at its height. However, the younger members of society's realm have been having rather a busy week of, it judging by the number of parties given. Among these the party given by Leon Crandall in honor of Senator Thurston's daughters, Misses Grace and Jean, and the party given by the L. A. T. club to the Misses Minnie Floren, Grace Campbell of Seward and Fern Wintersteen of Fremont deserve special mention.

Unquestionably the social event of the summer season was the splendid party given by Leon Crandall at his elegant home on Seventeenth and A streets last Tuesday evening, in compliment to the Misses Jean and Grace Thurston of Omaha. To a spectator it seemed as if he wandered upon some merry spot in fairyland. The grounds were lighted by two immense head-lights, while hundreds of Japanese lanterns lent additional beauty to the scene. The lawn was covered with a snow white tarpaulin, upon which the young people tripped the graceful measures of the art Terpsichorean to strains of enchanting music discoursed by the mandolin orchestra and piano hidden among the vines on the veranda. Hammocks in large numbers were swung among the trees as a resting place for those wearied with dancing. The scene within was no less lively than that on the lawn. The interior of the dwelling was brilliantly lighted, the decorations being done in fragrant sweet peas, transforming each room into a veritable bower. Here came those who had tired of the frolic on the lawn or else sought the couches and cushions scattered about the veranda, where Mrs. Crandall, beautifully gowned, was serving punch, ices and other cooling refreshments. The streets about the residence were thronged with people eager for a glimpse of the light, life and merriment going on before them. The Misses Thurston in honor of whom the party was given left Wednesday morning on the early train for their home in Omaha. Those receiving invitations were Misses Funk, Grace and Jean Thurston, Hammond, Hargreave, Weesner, Hunt, Mabel and Grace Bennett, Lillian and Jessie White, Ruth and Jessie Macfarland, Myer, Cornell, Weber Bignell, Hoffman, Poynter, Fuller, Lillibridge, Bartley, Coggsball, Miller; Messrs Sedgwick, York, A. and P. Lau, Stein, Holmes, Marquette, Hill, Morrison, Smith, Burnham, Rehlender, I. and A. Raymond, Fawell, Brown, Hickey, Yates, Kormeyer, F. and E. Funk, Hewitt, Wheeler, Giffen, Patterson, Wittman.

Misses Mabel and Edyth Erford gave very pretty little party to a few of their young lady friends last Monday evening in honor of the Misses Grace Campbell, Minnie Floren of Seward and Fern Wintersteen of Fremont. The house was prettily decorated with flowers, while hammocks and cushions were scattered about the veranda. The evening was spent in an interesting contest game in which the honors were won by Misses Raphael and Campbell, after

which a delightful collation was served. Those present were Misses Floren, Campbell, Wintersteen, Stearns, Macfarland, Sawyer, Armstrong, Matthews, Reagan, Walla, Anderson, M. and C. Hullhorst, Clinton, Wilson, Barrick, Watson, Howland, Shaffer, Leese, McGreer, Anthony, Edith and Mabel Erford.

Alex and Peter Lau gave a charming little party Wednesday evening in honor of Misses Grace and Jean Thurston of Omaha. The house was gaily decorated throughout, the high tower being filled with cushions and easy chairs, where the guests could retire to rest after the dancing which was the most popular amusement of the evening. Punch and ices were served during the evening by Mrs. Lau assisted by Mrs. Giffen. Those present were Misses Grace and Jean Thurston, Outcalt, Funk, Meyer, Macfarland, Weesner, Bennett, Fuller, Giffen, Raymond, Crandall, Wheeler, Wittman, Burnham, Alex and Peter Lau.

The many Lincoln friends of Mrs. Charlotte DeLaney will be glad to read the following beautiful description of her California home.

SANTA BARBARA, JUNE 21, '09.

My home is one of the loveliest spots you can imagine, on the beautiful San Marcos stage road. It is 1100 feet above the sea, of which we have a grand view. There are 120 acres, mostly rocks and precipices and chapparel, but there are fifteen acres of almost unparalleled richness—the wash of leaf-mould from the mountain sides, and above the frost line. There is a glorious brook which traverses the whole length of the place, tumbling over great boulders, tearing through stony channels, murmuring between ferny banks or lying in deep haunted pools. Oh, such a brook!

At present we, Constance and I—Joe has spread his wings and flown out of the home nest—with some friends are camping by the brook-side, and, oh, it is elysium! There is a small barn on the place, a little barn-yard and two orchards in which the apricots are just beginning to ripen. Once a week we come down here to our pretty little cabin, completely hidden in vines and flowers, and do our baking, get our mail, water our garden, etc. We live as near to nature as is compatible with decency—work, eat, and sleep in the open air, and in the simplest possible manner, and always with the magnificent panorama of the mountains, the lovely valley, and the waving branches of the live oaks, sycamores, maples, and bays above us.

We expect to get some good views of the home and will send you some; though they can give you no idea of the beauty and fragrance and peace of the spot in which our camp is made. Our neighbors here are nearly all Spanish people, kindly, gentle dark-eyed, as ignorantly innocent as the birds and animals. Most of them are wretchedly poor; their food, mostly I'm afraid "of the chameleon's favor," but even that is better than "the air" would be in a town, purer, surely, if not so rich. Our own food is of the very simplest, and all our work is done by ourselves.

The classic shades of Woodlawn were enlivened by a merry crowd of picnic