

tions in line. The Hebron band led the way followed by two nondescripts dressed and masked to represent anything you please. These two riders, Messrs John Lowe and A. M. Black, could not have been recognized by their intimates. Grotesque jack-o-lanterns grinned hideously from foremost wheels.

Two tandems, over which were orange and scarlet umbrellas represented Billmeyer & Sadler. Mr. C. S. Shader looked down on the populace from an old ordinary. Other decorated wheels and riders excited much amusement or admiration according to their varying characteristics.

The children along the line were delighted with the make up of E. L. Moll, who was dressed as a clown and rode a single wheel with a monkey wreathed in roses perched in front.

B. A. George and R. G. Bannet made a most devoted and interesting couple, dressed as a negro man and woman and pushing a tandem.

The boys were also shrilly appreciative of Mr. Bert Leckliter who made a most fascinating frog, albeit his movements were rather smooth for a frog.

Mephisto, in his everyday clothes was greeted with the acclamation which always is paid his exceedingly popular majesty.

The floats were well conceived and executed. The smoothness of the movement contributed not a little to the success of the representations of yachts and war-ships.

Alva Halley, of the Fitzgerald club, was captain, steersman, and crew of a dainty sail boat, called "The Fitzgerald." Mr. Halley wore his century tars in a string. Forty eight is his modicum number.

H. E. Sidles had two floats; one was a battle ship with three turrets and realistic belching of smoke and roaring of guns. Hung on two wheels, ridden by Leslie Stire and John Dixon, it pursued a majestic way. Mr. Frank Sidles and Colonel Burr riding a tandem, were the motive power of another yacht. The motorcycle created much favorable comment. It was carried by two wheels braced together and ridden by Miss Gertie George and Mr. G. L. Smith.

The Miller & Paine club made a good showing, a large number of the members being in line. Mr. G. W. Childers led the way in a gorgeous Turkish costume which was peculiarly fitted to his particular style and elicited much admiration. The rest of the Miller & Paine club wheels were done in white. The ladies wore the daintiest of little white caps and were charming.

The Herroleheimer club was led by Mesdames Ruby and Jewel Hubbard. The prevailing color was pink, roses being the favorite flower. Many pretty wheels were in this line. Mrs. Lizzie Bristol had a beautiful decoration of pink roses and rode without a hat with roses in her hair. Miss Faurot was dressed to represent a pansy and her quaint costume which appeared in the flower parade Wednesday was both ingenious and beautiful. Others in line were Misses Thebaut and De Lashmutt.

Mrs. Charles Keefer gave a reception at her home at 1201 G street on Friday afternoon from three to five, in honor of Mrs. W. J. Chamberlain of Denver, Colorado. The house was beautifully decorated with Meteor roses and palms. Hagenow's string quartet, stationed on the stair landing, furnished music which delighted the many guests. In the refreshment room Miss Grace Ashton, assisted by Misses Ellen and Frances Gere, Cora Crossway and Lottie Whedon, served delicious sherbet. Dainty Marguerite Chamberlain stood in the doorway leading from the reception room and presented each of the guests with a rose.

Married, on Wednesday morning, September 20, at 10:30, at St. Theresa's pro-cathedral, Miss Lydia Hyland to James Lucas of St. Louis. Miss Mae Highland was bridesmaid and Mr. Evans of Creston, Iowa, was best man. The ushers were John Ledwith and Frank Barry. Immediately after the ceremony the wedding party repaired to the home of the bride's parents, where an elegant wedding breakfast was served to the relatives and a few friends. Mr. and Mrs. Lucas left for St. Louis where they will make their home.

Mrs. William Owen Thomas gave a card party on Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Lawton (born Heath) of Cripple Creek, Colorado. Those present were: Mrs. James Lawton of Cripple Creek, Percy Silver of Omaha, Lambertson, Campbell, Wright, Coffroth, L. C. and Charlie Burr, G. and Jno. Fawell, Tefft, Ewing, D. E. Thompson, Frank Brown, Howe, Pitcher, Lyons,

Ladd, Watson, Beeson, Green, Leonard, Buckstaff, I. M. Raymond, Muir, Dorgan, Wilson, Marshall, Oakley, Winger, MacDonald, Irvine, Mitchell, Burnham, Seacrest, Holmes, Rector, E. P. Brown, C. I. Jones, Talbot, Morrison, Tilton, and Bigger. Misses Bennett, Miller, Burr, Hardy and Congdon.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. MacDonald gave a box party at the Oliver on Thursday evening in honor of the queen of the carnival, Mrs. John B. Wright, who wore her coronation robes and was the cynosure of the evening. The other guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Coffroth, Miss Regna MacDonald, Mr. Owen Oakley and Mr. Wright.

Mrs. H. H. Sudduth of Waseca, Minn., is visiting her sister Mrs. Frances Wilson and her nieces Mrs. Dorgan and Mrs. Muir. Mrs. Sudduth has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Nissley of Colorado Springs. She will resume her homeward journey on Monday.

Miss Nellie Vaill LaSelle, who was a student at the State University last year, has entered LaSelle Seminary at Auburndale, Massachusetts, in company with her cousin, Miss Corinne LaSelle Salisbury of Beatrice, Nebraska.

Married on Monday, September 18th, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Post, at 1812 H street, Miss Edna Z. Post to Mr. George C. Mason of Holyoke, Colorado, the Rev. Fletcher L. Wharton officiating.

Mrs. Schweitzer and Misses Daisy, Hilda and Edna Schweitzer returned to their home in San Francisco on Monday after having spent several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mayer.

Mrs. John H. White and Master Frank White of Seattle, Wash., and Miss Rachel Isaman of Aurora, were the guests of Mrs. G. W. Pierce and family at 3167 R street, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Taylor of Minden, Nebraska, returned home on Monday, after spending a few days at the home of Mrs. Taylor's parents at 1048 G street.

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Mrs. F. E. White and Mrs. Theodore Livingston of Plattsmouth and Mrs. J. O. Phillippi of Omaha, are guests of Mrs. C. E. Yates.

Kappa Alpha Theta gave a card party on Thursday evening, September 21st, at the fraternity house at 1601 M street.

Miss Macfarland will entertain a party of friends this morning by a Kensington at her home on Fourteenth and Q streets.

From now until October 1st we will sell Gas, Electric, and Combination Fixtures at 20 per cent off. Korsmeyer Plumbing and Heating Co.

Miss Clara Taggart of Augusta, Wisconsin, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Ernest Bell at 1455 Q street.

Mr. and Mrs. Karley Gingery left on Wednesday for Hutchins, Iowa, where they will make their home.

Miss Emma Outcalt entertained a party of friends at her home on 11 and D streets Monday evening.

Regent E. Von Forell of the State University arrived in the city on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. F. H. Hebbard and son Edwin left Thursday morning for a visit in Illinois.

Mr. Joe A. Royce will leave next week for Chicago where he will attend college.

Bishop Warren of Denver is the guest of Mr. John M. Stewart.

A FAIRY GODMOTHER.

The marvelous transformation last week of the old hall at the fair grounds from a barn to a noble dining room for the men of the First Regiment, was due to the inspiration and industry of Mrs. W. D. Fitzgerald and the committee of which she was chairman. The stained old rafters were concealed by pink and green pennants or burgees—thousands of them. Their sharply pointed tips

lifted the roof into graceful, gothic airiness. Before the metamorphosis the hall was nothing but the commonplace room that state fair boards all over the country call "the art hall" and this one was filled with the dust and smells of ancient fairs. And as a state fair is the most hopelessly, vulgar institution we have fortunately outgrown, so the art hall would have been given up, decoratively, by any one but an ingenious woman with inspiration. Unfortunately I gave the credit last week to the wrong fairy godmother, but it is a gracious type and accepts apologies and herein is hope, even for a newspaper reporter who is but mortal and needs supernatural assistance to recover the good graces lost by error. The other ladies who worked for weeks before and during the reception deserve the recognition and thanks of the city. Among them are: Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Rehlender and Mrs. Davis, and many others.

THE OLD TOWN ON THE RIVER.

[FLORA BULLOCK.]

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year."

The poet should have been a Nebraskan, and the sadness would not have sat so heavy on his soul. He would have thought and felt more of the beauty, the richness, the ceasing from labor that nature knows, the dreamy blue-white haze in the air, the red sunset glows, and the first kindly suggestion of frost in the morning. Even the glories of an apple orchard would appeal to him, unless, as cheerful people have always suspected, he was at the time a dispeptic or a victim of malaria. In this part of God's country the season just beginning—calendar wise—is so beautiful, usually, that we all feel as if we could turn poets for the nonce and read our titles clear to greater fame than falls to the share of the author of the melancholy lines. Yet expression is not easy, and still to the end of time words are inadequate.

The old town on the river basks peacefully amid its venerable trees in the softened sunshine. Every morning old Sol must melt away the long winding fog-wisps that lie grayly in the valleys, but the hills are free at evening to catch his last red gleams. The trees have still their sober midsummer dress but already they have drunk of a softly falling autumn rain, and have shivered a little in a breeze that whispers an old story to them. The Big Muddy crawls along—it is almost three-fourths sand-bar row—and adds a white beauty to the scene if you are far away from and above it. I stood on an eminence today and looked down on the city of trees.—I wonder if the inaugurator of Arbor day did not have his hand in the making of this beautiful grove,—then out at the river, across into Iowa, down into Missouri, and all around at the yellow corn-fields and straight-rowed orchards of my own Nebraska. Kearney point, where once the old fort stood, but where now the token of peace, the cross on a Catholic church, is lifted, lies to the south of the city and just at its base, is the approach to the red bridge spanning the sand-bars, and the river, when there is any. There is toll to pay if you walk across this bridge into Iowa.

"The only town in Nebraska that has a history." That is not strictly true, and the narrative would not occupy much space in a "Universal History of the World, Beginning with Adam," etc. Just a few old stories of pioneer days and plainmen and "freighters," then oblivion, historically speaking, and a moderate respectability befitting a Nebraska town. Nebraska City has been blessed in owning several public spirited and energetic citizens who have taken a life long interest in collecting "all these stories and traditions." Other villages have not been so fortunate. A young

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