

Rode at six o'clock in the morning. Miss Mamie Muldoon to Mr. George Heffley. After a wedding breakfast at the bride's home, Mr. and Mrs. Heffley began a wedding tour in the east. Mr. Heffley is a stalwart, straight, soldierly, looking man. Miss Muldoon was deputy state auditor to Mr. Cornell.

Ex-Governor James W. Dawes of Crete, is one of four recently promoted Nebraskans. James W. Dawes, J. N. Killian, B. D. Slaughter and Thomas Swobe have been transferred from the volunteer to the regular army. Major Dawes now has the rank of Captain in the regular army. Captain Swobe, at present in the Philippines, is now captain in the quartermaster's department. General Killian of Columbus, is now assistant commissary of subsistence, with rank of captain. At the outbreak of the war he was captain of Company K, First Nebraska, and returned from the Philippines with rank of major and has since been appointed adjutant general of the state. Major Slaughter of Fullerton, is placed in the pay department, with rank of captain.

Miss Pearl Bishop gave a crokinole party on Wednesday evening. Miss Pollock won first prize and Mr. Hall second. An entertaining program was furnished by members of the Thalian club assisted by Mr. Harley Husted. Those present were: Misses Varderveer, Willis, Mussetter, Salisbury, Pollock, Marsh, Meiers, Hawley, Smith, Wagner, Grimm, Smout, Murray and Mrs. H. F. Bishop; Messrs. H. F. Bishop, Nelson, Wonderly, Husted, Sneider, Hall, Steiner and James F. Bishop, Jr.

Doctor and Mrs. J. F. Stevens gave a dinner Saturday evening to Mrs. Lane of Detroit, Doctor and Mrs. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Barnes, and Professor and Mrs. E. A. Burnette.

Mrs. W. A. Green gave a card party Thursday afternoon and Mr. and Mrs. Green entertained in the same pleasant manner in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Smith of Red Oak, Iowa, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. G. D. Follmer, on their way home from a extended visit in California.

Gregory, The Coal Man, 11th & O. Miss Nance entertained the Kishmet club Wednesday evening.

Miss McClure of Mount Pleasant is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. F. Kelley.

Mrs. Gallatly of Fairbury was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Whiting, this week.

Phi Kappi Psi fraternity will give a dance at the Lincoln, April 19th.

Mrs. James Irwin of Quincy, Illinois, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Eliza Polk.

Miss Holmes' Concert.

The benefit concert to Miss Holmes on Tuesday evening assembled a large and handsome audience. The long and classical program was enough to severely test a more mature singer than Miss Holmes, but she responded to the unusual demand with an ever rising courage. The stage was arranged and set as a drawing room with palms, roses and carnations. The first part of the program was of greater musical complexity than the second, where the simpler motifs and more familiar melodies excited more applause. Her dramatic fervor and discrimination was shown especially in "Three Fishers went Sailing," "To Sevilla," and "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice." In the Spanish song I saw the home sick lover and the liquid syllables were onomatopoeia of a Spanish lover's song. Miss Holmes' clear enunciation of the words of the songs she sings, the beautiful English

words each one finished and keeping its place in the stanza as well as if without the aid of melody she were improvising a poem, increases the literary effect of her singing. Let us hope that when she comes back from instruction, she may still like English best and that her liquified tones may still be plain to understand. Doubtless she will return with a repertoire of Italian, French, German and Spanish songs, but no one ever reaches the people so effectively as by singing songs to them in their native tongue. Miss Holmes' voice is rich and even and free from any harshness throughout the entire register. She also has a most agreeable habit of singing on the key. She sang the Carmen song with melody but without abandon to the joyous freedom and bohemianism of the gypsy song. She is too youthful, too inexperienced to sing Carmen.

Miss Holmes was greeted with immense bouquets of lilies and roses. She was ably assisted by two of the most talented musicians in the city. Miss Silence Dale's whose violin has a tender, deep, human voice never played better or more acceptably. She was sympathetically accompanied by Miss Syford. Miss Hoover's playing is always characterized by musically true sentiment and reserve power. Even ignorance is quiet when her clever fingers touch the piano. As an encore she played Fruhlingsrauschen. Miss Holmes' accompanist, Mr. Randolph, was one of the secrets of her confidence. Accompaniments were never better played or more delicately and truly shaded.

The concert and preliminary business were excellently managed by Mr. Neal, who was the motive power, the initial force, that started the movement and kept it moving. The program:

- "Creation's Hymn," Beethoven
- "Delizia," Beethoven
- "My Abode," (Aufenthalt) Schubert
- "Greeting to Spring," (Fruhlingsglaube) Schubert
- "Death and the Maiden," Schubert
- "The Asra," Rubinstein

Piano solo—  
(a) Melodie Paderewski  
(b) Scherzo Rheinberger

Miss Marie Hoover.  
(a) Spring Song; (b) O Love Thy Help;  
(c) My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice;  
Samson and Delila, Sant Saens

Miss Holmes.  
"To Sevilla," Dessauer  
"Three Fishers went Sailing," John Hullah  
"O Mother Mine," Homer A. Norris  
"September," Charlton

Violin solo—  
(a) Adagio Elegique Wieniawski  
(b) Polonaise in D  
Miss Silence Dale's.  
"Gypsy Song," from "Carmen," Bizet  
Miss Holmes.

Died, Tuesday, April 8th at his home, 910 South Twentieth street, Mr. John L. Doty, aged sixty-five, of paralysis. Mr. Doty was born in New York, February 11th, 1839. He was married in 1861 to Miss Mary L. McGhee, who survives him. He began the practice of law at twenty-five years of age. He spent fifteen years of his life in the treasury department at Washington. He came to Lincoln in 1886. He was a member of St. Paul's Methodist church, and for many years has been a member of the church board. Mr. Doty has three brothers in Pennsylvania and one sister in Kansas. The funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon.

Omaha Notes.

(From The Excelsior.)

Mrs. A. G. Beeson gave a musicale on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Russell Harrison and son are visiting Mrs. Saunders.

At South Omaha on Tuesday evening, Lieutenant Governor Savage was given

an elaborate dinner by forty representative citizens, Mayor Kelly presiding as toastmaster.

General and Mrs. Manderson, who have been at Nassau, are expected home about the 15th of this month. The health of General Manderson has been greatly improved by the change.

Judge Joseph R. Clarkson, whose resignation from the regular body of Christian Scientists some months ago caused such a commotion, has decided to re-engage in lecturing and teaching, with the only distinction that his services will be absolutely free. He will be pleased to address on the subject of scientific Christianity any gathering of people who may invite him and who will provide a place for speaking.

"There once was a man in our town  
Who wasn't overwise;  
He started into business  
But didn't advertise.  
Of course there is a moral  
Connected with this tale,—  
He runs an advertisement now,  
It's headed "Sheriff's Sale'."

OMAHA LETTER.

Omaha, Nebr.,  
March 31, 1901.

Dear Eleanor:  
I wonder if our old friend Lucullus, when he bade the festive Roman 400 to a feast, was obliged to have the list of guests pass under the awful discriminating eye of a "House Committee?" Probably not, which goes to prove the immense superiority of modern methods. In these days when money is the "Open Sesame"—to almost any door, however securely barred—it is very difficult to maintain an aristocracy. There are fortunately a few devoted souls, who are willing to brave the hoots of the rabble in order to accomplish this worthy end, if possible. But it is very difficult—Hercules had an easy job, compared to sweeping the halls of swaddom free from the dust of plebeian feet. I know what you are thinking, even if your loyalty forbids your expression. Your thoughts are something like this: "Dear me! Penelope's prelude are so lengthy and bewildering." I will explain—simply give you the episode. I shall not comment. A little thing occurred here last week, which brought the swords of the classes from their shining scabbards, and led the masses to swing their shillalahs in great shape. General Fitzhugh Lee—the wearer of well merited gold lace and buttons—has been retired in the fullness of time on full pay and his works do follow him. In order to do honor to a national hero, who has tarried a spare in our midst, Doctor George A. Miller, who represents a large chunk of earth's salt, thought well of spreading a feast and bidding guests and making merry—not because General Fitzhugh Lee was going—but as a mark of appreciation that he had ever come. The larder was examined, the linen press, the silver chest—nobody had borrowed the forks, the laundry had been brought home and there was plenty of cold meat for hash, so in great cheerfulness of spirit, the dear Doctor handed over his list for the ultimatum of the House Committee, little dreaming he was passing on a wad of nitro-glycerine which was likely to explode and blow the House Committee to Kingdom Come or some other place where they couldn't be sure of their company. Near the top of the list appeared a name—never mind whose—but belonging to a gentleman who stands high also on the list of our public spirited progressive citizens, who has occupied civic positions of trust creditably and whose hands and pocket are not divorced when it comes

to the public good. He is one of the best known members of the Commercial club. The Commercial club, which has labored that the Omaha club might eat. The awful eye of the House Committee is said to have screwed in its monocle and glared on the plain name of the plain citizen, guiltless of an ornamented handle or an alphabetical tail.

Then the awe inspiring voice of the House Committee troubled the ear of night. "Who is this man whose name appears among the illustrious cognomens of our order? Who was this man's grandmother? Can any one assure us he had a grandfather? Will any of the nobles deny the disquieting rumor that he has been known to appear upon the Rialto in ready made garments? Who will assume the responsibility of saying he will not eat with his knife? However painful it may be to us to inflict a mortal hurt upon a fellow creature, we owe a duty to posterity. It is not seemly that an untitled citizen should sit at meat in the hall of the Nobles!" And so it came to pass that the gold pencil of the House Committee wrote against the name of the untitled citizen the fateful word, "Rejected."—A soft sigh, is said to have emanated from the shining bosom of the House Committee, when it realized what a terrible faux pas its diligence had averted, so when Tim Murphy was thrust into his proper place in the ranks, the General said, "Let the battle begin!"

The episode has been the chief topic of conversation at the cafes—on the street and in the offices since the W. H. aired its sympathy with the rank and file in an article wherein the "Ward McAllister" of Omaha was the motif running thro' a little War Dance whose melody quite eclipsed a "Hot Time in the Old Town." Ward McAllister, otherwise the chairman, is forced to shoulder all the blame, which I am told isn't quite fair. Altho' his gold pencil "done the deed" it was under the compelling eye of the entire House Committee.

The feast was laid and the banqueters made merry altho' I am sure there was a chord in the generous Doctor's heart which would have vibrated to more lightsome melody if the plain citizen had not been excluded. He, however, has good, generous meals at home, and was no doubt more comfortable next day than if he had lingered long over the champagne cup at the Omaha club. "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth!"

We are very much rejoiced over the fact that the senatorial robe has been dropped upon shoulders so well fitted to wear it gracefully as Mr. Millard's. I dare say Mr. Dietrich is all right too, but as the Englishwoman would say in her Love Letters—he is not exactly our "Ownest Own." By the way since you ask me—I have not read those letters—but the parodies on them have fallen under my notice quite frequently and have succeeded in prejudicing me to such an extent that I do not care particularly. Just fancy, Eleanor, if any enterprising, unscrupulous publisher should ever get hold of our letters and, not caring how he made his money, or whether he made any at all, published them! It might be a treat for the yellow backed public, but fancy our chagrin!

I hope the benefit for your recently discovered singer may be a great success. I wish there had been more discerning publics in my youth. I should admire to have been discovered. How often

"Nature in her far off glens  
Flutes her soft messages to men."

and find they are heedless, too hurried, too selfish to listen and the messages die away disappointed.—Do you remember