

Mrs. G. W. Rhodes gave an informal luncheon Thursday at one o'clock.

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Mr. C. H. Gere entertained the Round table at dinner Monday evening. The table was adorned with American beauties. After the repast Mr. Albert Watkins led in a discussion of "The Development of the Primary Election Laws."

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The engagement of a former Lincoln man popular in university circles, to a charming and accomplished young woman of Beatrice, is being talked of sub-rosa, but as the date of the nuptials is indefinite the names will not be divulged.

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The marriage of Miss Mary A. Kimmerle, of Norfolk, and Mr. Horace P. Gray of Lincoln, occurred Monday at noon at the parsonage of the Free Baptist church. Reverend John H. Wolfe performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Gray will reside on Poplar street.

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Mrs. Willis L. Johnson gave a party Friday afternoon in honor of Misses Ella and Verna Barrett of Hastings. Guests were the Misses Barrett, and Misses Dorothy Raymond, Helen Butler, Lorine Emery, Donna Williams, Helen Smith, Pauline, Lucile, and Helen Johnson.

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The Good Times Card club entertained Monday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Church, in honor of Dr. and Mrs. S. E. Cosford, who this week removed to Omaha. Tuesday afternoon Mrs. H. M. Scott entertained the ladies of the club in honor of Mrs. Cosford, and Miss Myrtle Koontz of Kansas City.

A Nebraska Poet

In Harper's Weekly of January 4, 1902, appears a poem by Miss Willa Sibert Cather, called "Arcadian Winter." The exquisite rhythm and the tender memorial for skies that look bluer now than when they domed Arcady is characteristic. The grace and

music and regret of the lines haunt one like the idyls of Herrick. Miss Cather has the light touch, the something that comes after awhile to the maturing poet who reverences literature and refuses all parodies. Miss Cather is a Nebraska woman and a graduate of the state university. At present she is teaching literature in the schools of Pittsburg, Pa., and writes for eastern newspapers and magazines.

ARCADIAN WINTER.

Woe is me to tell it thee,
Winter winds in Arcady!
Scattered is thy flock and fled
From the glades where once it fed,
And the snow lies drifted white
In the bower of our delight,
Where the beech threw gracious shade
On the cheek of boy and maid,
And the bitter blasts make roar
Through the fleshless sycamore.

White enchantment holds the spring,
Where thou once wert wont to sing,
And the cold hath cut to death
Reeds melodious of thy breath.
He, the rival of thy lyre,
Nightingale with note of fire,
Sings no more; but far away,
From the windy hill-side gray,
Calls a broken note forlorn
From an aged shepherd's horn.

Still about the fire they tell
How it long ago befell
That a shepherd maid and lad
Met and trembled and were glad,
When the swift spring waters ran,
And the wind to boy or man
Brought the aching of his sires,
Song and love and all desires.
Ere the starry dogwoods fell
They were lovers, so they tell.

Woe is me to tell it thee,
Winter winds in Arcady!
Broken pipes and vows forgot,
Scattered flocks returning not,
Frozen brook and drifted hill,
Ashen sun and song-birds still,
Songs of summer and desire
Crooned about the winter fire,
Shepherd lads with silver hair,
Shepherd maids no longer fair.

MISS ROOT'S POPULARITY GROWS



Miss Edith Root, daughter of the secretary of war, is one of the most popular belles in Washington. Her mother not caring much for society, the chief responsibility of entertaining falls upon the shoulders of this beautiful young girl, who is winning more hearts every day by her gracious manner.

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