Gregory The Coal Man.

Mrs. W. B. Miller of Chicago, is a guest of Mrs. E. R. Sizer, 1740 D street.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Williams are guests of Mr. Williams' sister in California.

Miss Schlesinger, a Denver belle, is visiting her cousins the Misses Schlesinger, at 1448 L street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Pauli gave a card party Wednesday evening at their home, 134 North Fourteenth street.

Doctor and Mrs. C. E. Coffin of Ord, arrived in the city Thursday and will for a few days be guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Coffin.

The non-commissioned officers of the university cadet battalion gave an informal dance last night at Waish hall. About fifty couples were present.

Miss Garten gave a small kensington in honor of Miss Katherine Criley of Kansas City, on Tuesday. A dozen of Miss Criley's friends were present.

The members of Pi Beta Phi, Kappa Kappa Gamma, and Delta Gamma sororities, formed a theatre party last night to witness the production of "A Pair of Spectacles," given for the benefit of the college settlement fund.

Mr. and Mrs. William Owen Thomas will give card parties next Monday and Tuesday evenings in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Raymond. Mrs. Thomas wil lentertain a company of ladies at cards on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Burr entertained a dozen young ladies informally on Saturday in honor of Miss Katherine Criley, of Kansas City. Progressive ping pong was played at two tables. Mrs. E. Henkle won a prize for expert playing. Dainty refreshments were served.

Miss Claire Funke gave a luncheon Saturday in honr of Miss Gertrude White, of Omaha. The table decorations were pink and green. Those present were Misses White, Jessie Outcalt, Hargreaves, Louise Hargreaves, Mabel



Mrs. Arthur T. Kemp, a society belle prominent in New York's "four hundred," wife of a well known millionaire and a beauty of international fame, is said to have become stagestruck and is determined to leave society for the footlights. Mrs. Kemp is worth nearly a million in her own right. She will probably start her stage career next season.

## CAPTAIN SIGSBEE'S DAUGHTER TO WED



Miss Ethel Sigsbee, the fair daughter of the captain of the ill-fated Maine, will be one of the early June brides of the capital. Her wedding to Robert H. Small, son of Samuel Small, the well known Georgia journalist, will be largely attended by the national set, where Miss Ethel Sigsbee is very popular. Young Mr. Small is connected with the editorial staff of the Washington Evening Star.

## incoln, Fow the Cown was Named

Was Lincoln so named because the first legislature admired the great war president?

No, indeed. Go to Hon. T. P. Kennard or Hon. C. H. Gere and either one will tell you a far different story. The designation of the city was part of a shrewd trick devised in the cunning brain of State Senator J. H. N. Patrick, of Douglas, to defeat the location of the capital here. The dodge failed, the capital was securely anchored, and the name survives until this day. Yet almost every citizen, except the old timer, believes that the Athens of Nebraska was named simply out of adoration for Abraham Lincoln.

President Johnson issued a proclamation admitting Nebraska to statehood on March 1st, 1867. Governor Butler immediately began to unloose and lubricate the newly created machinery of the state.

Two serious problems confronted him. There must be a legislative reapportionment, and the site of the capital must be definitely located. Shaking up the members of the legislature was bitterly opposed by the Douglas county solons. They were supported in their opposition by the north counties. The South Platte people wanted reapportionment and the selection of a permanent site for the capitol.

Governor Butler offered to leave the capitol location controversy matter out of a call for the special session providing that the Douglas county men would support the redistricting. They refused. They also ridiculed anything like taking the state government away from Omaha.

After a little maneuvering Governor Butler called a special session and placed both the mooted problems in the call. The legislature met on May 18th. The Otoe delegation was solidly democratic.

The redistricting scheme of Governor Butler was quickly disposed of by the legislature, and then came the heated contest over the selection of the capitol site. The debate was long and arduous. The log rolling and wirepulling was almost as impressive as the strategems of the last senatorial campaign. The North Platte members wanted to disrupt the South Platte legislators and defeat the bill. To do this a fiery shaft was one day discharged at the Otoe men with extreme suddenness. Senator Mill S. Reeves, the mainstay of the delegation, had been a bitter rebel and had often declared that he hated the name of Lincoin as intensely as he did the personal appellation of his satanic majesty. Senator Patrick in the fury of the contest deftly moved to strike out "Capital City," the proposed designation, and call the town "Lincoln."

Without a moment's delay Senator Reeves was on his feet. The Douglas men looked on in eager expectation, awaiting some flery outburst.

"Mr. President," he shouted.

"The senator from Otoe has the floor," said the president of the senate. "I second the motion of the senator from Douglas," asserted the Otoe senator.

The South Platte men were not a bit slow. Before the Douglas county delegation could recover from the cruel surprise, the roll was being called and the amendment carried. This was included in the measure when it passed the senate and went to the house and Lincoln it has been from that day to this.

苦 苦 苦

Miss Galey (of New York)—I suppose ping-pong is quite popular in Boston?

Miss Brownibsen (of Boston, puzzled)
-Ping-pong? Who wrote it?-Town
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## Che Old Patrol

Thirteen years ago the old patrol wagon, now dismantled and abandoned, began its career as a portion of the executive machinery of the city, but now there is a new one equipped with the latest improvements, gorgeously trimmed in several colors, spick and span throughout. But the freshly painted wagon can hardly expect to equal in any way the record of the old.

Criminals of all color and kind have been whirled along the streets of the city to the center of municipal justice—the police station. In the vehicle have ridden the plainly intoxicated, citizens simply disorderly, and guilty ones bearing on their brows the gory brand of Cain. All gradations of human woe and degradation have reposed upon the cushioned seats from tearful offenders to ancient malefactors, defiant and unabashed.

Yet it is not these things that illuminate the record of the defunct