

# SOCIETY NOTES

## LIFE'S MAZY WHIRL

and broke the drummer's door in. They yanked him down to the barroom and danced him nice and pleasant for about half an hour, the towhead that we had figured would have to stand a lot of that sort of thing himself acting as master of ceremonies. Then they stuck the drummer up on another shelf and started out in a compact bunch to make the rounds.

"Don't you lamb-ropers up yere in Idaho never shoot up a town none?" inquired the towhead from Chicago, as they started out.

"There was a note of reproach in his tone like as if he considered Wyoming better than Idaho when it came to getting action, that sort o' shamed the boys and put them on their mettle.

"Well," said Lafe Murdock, "we ain't shot 'er up none fr 'bout two months, and I reckon to-day's about the day."

"The suggestion went with a whoop. All the boys hopped their cayuses and one was got out of old man Larkins' barn for the newcomer.

"They're talking about that day yet out in Pocatello, those that were there when it happened. If there was one pane of glass left in the town when the sun went down it was not reported. The town was in a cloud of cayuse-kicked dust all day, and nary a cowpuncher thought of dismounting to take a drink. They just rode in alongside the bars and drank and then gave their cayuses the rowels and shot out again, howling.

"Well, say, that pinky boy was all sorts of a horseman. Going in face foremost on his cayuse wasn't good enough for him. He backed his horse into every shack in town, and every time he did the stunt the boys gave him a yee-ow. I didn't use to bank much on academy training with a fox hunt finish. But, Lordy, that fellow could ride. Along toward sundown he pretended to be all out and the boys affectionately picked him up and packed him off to bed in the best room of the Eldorado that old man Larkins had set aside for him.

"And I'm wantin' you all t' know that this yere's a all-right ombrey," Jim and I heard Lafe Murdock say as they were stripping the towhead from Chicago for bed.

"They got him tucked in his little bed all right and comfortable, and then they went off to wind up the day drinking his health. Jim and me, we found him sitting up in bed feeling of his head, ten minutes after the boys who had put him to bed had disappeared. He wasn't out, or anything like it—that was all shammed—and he hadn't slugged half the booze he had pretended to drink with the boys. He was grinning when we came in.

"Well?" he said, looking from one to the other of us.

"Jim walked over to the bed, pulled out his roll, and counted out five \$100 bills on the pink kid's coverlet.

"Neat work, son," said Jim, smiling. "I felt like a sure-thing gambler when I took that bet of yours, and I'm glad to know that I wasn't."

"Long about 9 o'clock next morning most of the boys, Lafe Murdock included, were standing around in front of the Eldorado, waiting for their ombrey. And we were waiting for the pink kid. He came down about 9:30—our buck-board was in front, waiting to take him and us out to the ranch.

"Well, say—you'd oughter seen the boys when the pink kid came down, attired in a natty blue suit, russet shoes and a plaid fore-and-aft cap. He was smiling most pleasant, but they saw how it was. Lafe Murdock was the one to relieve the tens'on. He strolled up to us three, and said he to Jim and me, grasping us together:

"Boss, I know where I stand, an' th' boys all knows where they stand, an' we ain't a-buttin' in none, now or hereafter, but with respect to your friend,' nodding toward the pink kid from Chicago, 'which we consider a all-right ombrey, even if he did fool us up a hull lot—well, we figger it out that it's our buy and we'd like t' have you join us.' "We joined them."

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Two women were conversing in the room of an invalid, who was not as fast asleep as she pretended to be.

First Woman—Yes, my dear, it's awful the extent to which some people will carry their spite. I was talking to Mrs. Bloggs yesterday about poor Anne on the bed there—you know they can't bear one another—and she sez, "Well, if anything should happen," she sez, "you'd never ketch me going to her funeral," she sez, "and—"

The invalid (loudly)—And you may tell Mrs. Bloggs that if she don't come to my funeral I certainly won't go to hers.

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Mamma—This paper says that parlor matches are prohibited.

Daughter—Never mind, mamma; I can see my men in the dining room.

The ushering in of the penitential season does not appear to affect the number of invitations issued, but may make a slight difference in the character of entertainments.

There will probably be no large dances given for six weeks, and there the distinction between the Lenten period, and the weeks preceding and following it, is likely to end.

Of the musicales there will be a plenty, as several have already been announced, and others are being planned. This delightful mode of entertaining is always enjoyed, and is considered perfectly proper during Lent, even by the most devoted. Dinners are always en regle, and there will be card parties.

At a bachelor dinner in Chicago last week, the question of the scarcity of children in the smart set was made the subject of a rather novel bet. One of the guests offered to wager that those present had more than twice as many uncles and aunts as sisters and brothers. No sooner

man and Sheridan. Prominent among them was the famous picture of Colonel Cody, painted and presented to him by Rosa Bonheur. A large silken flag was artistically held aloft and formed a back ground, where the bridal party stood under a canopy of smilax. A statue of Colonel Cody stood near by. Overhead were hung crossed sabres and the figure "12," denoting Lieutenant Stott's regiment. The sabres were the two first used by him, one being his non-commissioned officer's and the other the first he used upon becoming a commissioned officer. Both will be cherished forever, as they have performed double duty.

The bridal party, led by Master William Cody Boal, a nephew of the bride, and the ring-bearer. He was a miniature soldier, as he wore the uniform of a second lieutenant. The ring was tied to the hilt of the sabre by a yellow ribbon. He stood at attention and saluted the groom as he approached, attended by

clanking of their sabres and spurs made music which thrilled the hearts of those present.

Before the buffet luncheon was served a table covered with a silk flag and decorated with asparagus ferns tied with yellow ribbons was brought in. Boys followed, bearing the large wedding cake which was ornamented by a flag, and placed it before the bride. Lieutenant Fonda and Master William Cody Boal stood at attention, while Lieutenant Stott, in a gallant and soldierly manner, presented his wife with his sabre, which she used to cut the cake in half. Afterward the guests were presented with bits of the cake in white boxes adorned with tiny flags and tied by yellow ribbons.

The bride was born in North Platte, and has always made her home there. She attended school in the far east, and has traveled extensively. She is brilliant and accomplished, and will make an ideal wife. She is fond of all out-door sports, is a good horsewoman and will be able to follow her husband wherever ordered.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Stott, amid showers of rice and good wishes, left in the afternoon for Fort Clark, Tex., where the Twelfth cavalry will be stationed until mid-summer, when they will report for a two-years' tour in the Philippines under command of Colonel William C. Forbush, an old family friend, who was stationed near here years ago, when Colonel Cody was chief of scouts with the Fifth cavalry.

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Mrs. F. A. Korsmeyer and Miss Korsmeyer, gave a pleasant musicale this afternoon at their residence, 1840 E street. There were seventy-five guests. The decorations in the drawing room were green, and in the dining room red was used. The program was given by Mr. Carl F. Steckelberg, violinist, Mr. Wilbur Starr, baritone, Miss Marie Hoover, pianist. After the program dainty refreshments were served, ices by Mrs. Robertson, and coffee by Mrs. Burlington, assisted by Misses Julia Wort, Mabel Cleveland, May Chamberlain, Harriett Towne, Mary Hullhorst, and Cora Smith.

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Mr. Charles Stuart gave a handsomely appointed dinner, Tuesday evening, to the active members of Phi Delta Theta. Covers were laid for sixteen. The Phi colors are blue and white, and the pin is in the shape of a shield. The place cards were shield-shaped, decorated with forget-me-nots and tied with blue ribbons, and the centerpiece was of white roses. Lilies of the valley, the Phi Delta Theta flowers, were at the plates. After the banquet, which was served in seven courses, a game of famous initials was introduced, and all joined in singing college songs.

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The approaching marriage of Miss Jennie May Barber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Barber, to Mr. Francis John Plym, which is to be celebrated Tuesday evening, March the tenth, is the subject of much interest in fraternity circles. Miss Barber is a prominent member of Pi Beta Phi, and Mr. Plym is a Phi Gamma Delta. The members of both these fraternities will be guests at the wedding. The families of the bride and groom elect are old friends, and Mr. Plym and Mr. Barber are both alumni of the Illinois university.

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Mrs. Potter Palmer, the recognized leader of Chicago society, who became known to people all over the country because of her work as president of the board of lady managers for the Columbian exposition, has definitely decided to abandon Chicago for Paris. She will leave her magnificent palace on the Lake Shore Drive within two months. She has leased one of the finest houses in Paris, near the Bois. This will become the new Palmer castle.

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Mr. and Mrs. John T. Dorgan entertained the Strollers Monday evening in honor of Miss Grace Harrison. Euchre was the diversion early in the evening, after which there was a program consisting of legerdemain by Mr. Clinton R. Lee, readings by Mrs. Herbert Marsland, songs by Mrs. Mark Woods and Miss Harrison, and a quotation on Washington by Mrs. O. E. Rector. Mrs. Ross Curtice and Mr. George Holmes won the prizes at cards.

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The Misses Stuart gave a delightful six-hand euchre last evening in honor of Miss Iler of Omaha, and Miss Ashmun of St. Joseph. There were twelve tables in use. A two course supper was served. Out-of-town guests were Misses Wattles and Thomas of Omaha, Miss Montgomery of Plattsmouth, Mr. Swartz of Omaha.



MRS. WALTER E. LUDWIG.

had the better proved he was right, so far as those present were concerned, than he offered to risk double the amount that the number of marriages in society is decreasing each year. While the betting man was putting away the money the most silent one present meekly remarked that the fashionable matron was more agitated over late marriages than late hours.

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The marriage of Miss Irma Cody, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. William F. Cody, to Lieutenant Clarence Armstrong Stott of the Twelfth United States cavalry, is of interest to the many Lincoln friends of Colonel Cody and his family. The wedding was a military one throughout, and was celebrated on Tuesday at the family home in North Platte. The house was beautifully decorated with jonquils, palms, ferns and flags, which were held in place by bands of yellow ribbon, the true cavalry shade.

The ceremony was performed in the library, the walls of which were hung with pictures of some of the most famous generals, including General Nelson A. Miles, commander of the United States army, and Generals Grant, Sher-

Lieutenant Ferdinand A. Fonda of the Tenth cavalry, who took their places at the altar.

To the strains of the Mendelssohn wedding march came the maid in waiting, Miss Arta Clara Boal, followed by the bride walking alone. She was met by Dr. D. Franklin Powell (Colonel Cody's warmest friend), who gave her away, acting as proxy at the request of her father, who is in Europe.

The bride looked beautiful in a gown of white Irish lace with sash and trimmings of white liberty satin and chiffon. Her delicate tulle veil was worn thrown back from her face and was wreathed with natural orange blossoms. Her only jewel was a pearl crescent, a gift of the groom.

The maid in waiting, a niece of the bride, wore a dainty white French batiste and valenciennes lace over white taffeta, with ribbons and sash of white liberty gauze. She carried upon her left arm a large bouquet of jonquils and ferns, tied with a wide yellow ribbon, the streamers nearly reaching the hem of her skirt.

Both the groom and his best man wore the full dress uniform of the army. The