



GOWNS FOR STREET AND HOUSE WEAR.

The Empire gown shown in this picture has some novel features. The skirt is entirely plain, of thick goods. The bodice is of rich brocade, and the same ornaments the front above the velvet girdle. The upper sleeves are of velvet to match skirt. The lower dress is made of fine cashmere, the skirt being elaborately braided. The corsage shows a novel and effective vest front, with ribbon drapery.



The well known Pleasant Hour club gave another one of their pleasant parties Friday evening at the Hotel Lincoln. This was by far the prettiest party of the season. The ladies for the most part wore exquisite evening dress although a few handsome street costumes were noticed. The costumes were many of them new and made for the occasion, and the various hues of evening shades under the brilliant electric lights presented a scene which is rarely ever excelled. Irvine's orchestra was in attendance, and, as usual supplied delicious strains of dance music much to the delight of all. The program consisting of twelve numbers and several extras, passed unusually fast. A dainty supper was served about midnight. An unusually large number of spectators were present a goodly number of the younger people taking part, and their freshness and gaiety added much to the occasion. The dancers were Messrs. and Mesdames C E Van Dusen, F C Ladd, G K Brown, J A Buckstaff, J D McFarland, H R Nissley, R D Muir, F W Little, Misses Annie Silvers and Trimble of Denver, Belle Sabin of Beatrice, Olive Latta, Minnie DePue, Louise Smith, Mamie Carson, Joannette Wilson, Marsha Funke, Fay Marshall, Fannie Hawley, May Burr, Maud Oakley, Grace Oakley, Maud Hammon, Alice Cowdry, Rachel Brock, Messrs. Arthur Wilson of Denver, Little of Chicago, Will Hammond, John Dorgan, R T Joyce, Frank Hathaway, Oscar Funke, Ernest Funke, Ed Fitzgerald, S T St. John, Will Meyer, M S Aitken, Geo Woods, George Meisner, Frank Burr, Chas Burr, Fred Howe and Mat Baldwin.

young ladies were exceedingly brilliant, quite a number of new gowns being noticed. The program consisted of sixteen numbers and seemed to pass only too quickly. Shortly before midnight a splendid supper was enjoyed in the dining room of the Temple cafe. The matrons were Mesdames Agie Griffith, Leland Ecker, Dr. Bailey, S E Moore and A D Ricketts. The dancers were Misses Dora Harley, Stella Curtis, Adela Simmons, Grace Huntzinger, Fannie Reitor, Marie Marshall, Eva Ricketts, Emerald Jones, Birdie Poston, Florence Winger, Lucy Griffith, Mae Lansing, Ada Heaton, Hattie Rucker, Blanch Garten, George Carey, Sadie Graham, Pearl Agay, May Moore, Jennie Stewart, Stella Hoyt, Jessie Leland, Jo Lottridge, Minnie Miller, Bertha Slavin of Omaha, Messrs. Arthur Hainer, Van Smith, Geo Cullen, Harry Evans, Ora Ward, John Lottridge, Geo Stenier, Geo Johnson, Archie VanHoun, Frank Kitcher, Harry Harley, Clatie Shader, Wilson Winger, Arda Chapman, Fred Cooley, Ross Curtis, Prof Garoutte, Foster Beach, Homer Honeywell, Arthur Walsh, Dudley Cook, Guy Hurlburt, Roy Chapman, Ed Reagan and Ernest Foyson.

Mrs. T. H. Benton entertained a large number of friends Wednesday afternoon at cards. The charming home was darkened and illuminated with gas. The rooms were prettily decorated with cut flowers and graceful festoons of smilax. Russian tea was served during the afternoon and an elegant supper was enjoyed at the card tables at six. The ladies invited to cards were Mesdames Riggs Wheeler, Marven, Swan, Tilton, Marquette, Kennard, Wm. Thompson, Oakley, Moore, D. E. Thompson, Stearns, Kent, Cowdery, Burr, Melick, Davis, Nissley, Mosher, Mills, Laws, Helwig, Brown, Sawyer, Merrill, Sutton, Hargrave, Bittmeyer, Shilling, Hill, Bigger, Yates, Wright, E. E. Brown, Van Dusen, Ladd, Geo Brown, Rehlander, Brace, Hurlburt, Tait, Casebur Abbott, Knight, Cal. Thompson, Teeters, Big-nell, Allen, O'Neil, Brownell, Barber, Foster, W. J. Marshall, Sarah Marshall, Traphagen, Ogden, F. W. Brown, Rehlander, Melick, Herrick, Jones, McCandless, Cambridge, Dayton, R. S. Thompson, Messrs. Maule, Billings, W. M. Benton, Preston, Hamilton of York, Dorsey of Wahoo, Arty Cody of North Platte, Misses Sabin of Beatrice, Leffer of York, and Silver of Denver.

The Reta literary held a business meeting Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Howell. The club disbanded and reorganized with sixteen members as the Century club, and will continue their work in Columbian history, as outlined by Prof. Caldwell. The ladies will give their annual banquet on Friday evening at the home of Mrs. W. E. Kirker 636 south Seventeenth street. Aside from the banquet a program will be rendered consisting of some literary productions and several musical numbers.

A very pleasant party was that given by Miss Lila Watson on last Friday evening in honor of a visiting friend, Miss Maude Bayburn of Fairbury. The features of the evening were cards, dancing and refreshments. Those present were Misses Maude Bayburn, Francis Palmer, Estella Pike, Grace Wetherly, Gertrude Alexander, Willie Watson, Messrs. Ed Sharp, Jas Bailey,

James Townsend, Chas Talmage, and Phil Bohanan.

Another, and the closing party, in honor of the three visiting young ladies that have been shown so much attention during their stay, was given at Masonic temple Saturday evening tendered by Mr. and Mrs. S. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mayer and Mr. H. L. Mayer. The honored guests of the evening were Miss Pauline Mayer of New York, and the Misses Schwab and Ehrlich of St. Joseph. Dancing was of course the order of the evening, each one entering into the festivities free from constraint and formalities. A fine array of good things to tickle the palate were served during the latter part of the evening in the reception room and Irvine's orchestra was present to discourse sweet and tuneful music, much to the gratification of the merry dancers. Those present besides the entertainers were Messrs and Mesdames Ackerman, Newark, Kohn, Bruchs, Sam and Lou Wessel, Selligsohn, Ksensky, Mitcheil, L. Berkson, Well, L. Meyer, W Meyer, L. Barr. Misses Amanda Kohn, Ida Friend, Sara Schwab, Tillie Berkson, Steinler, Rosa Frank, Mrs Sarbach of Humboldt. Messrs S Berkson Hugo Kohn, J Oppenheimer, Sam Rich, Jake Oppenheimer, Eisner, C Gunnison, D Goldgerg, S Greenebaum, C Gugenheim, E. Hecht and others.

Mrs. George Brown entertains a company of friends this evening in honor of Miss Belle Sabine of Beatrice. High five is to be the order of the evening and a good time is expected by all. The following is a list of the invited guests: Misses Sabin of Beatrice, Trimble of Denver, Silver of Denver, Nellie Kelley, Gertrude Laws, Theo Laws, Martha Funke, Fay Marshall, Jeannette Wilson, Alice Cowdery, Lulu Clark, Hallie Hooper, Kittle Cowdery, Olive Latta, Maude Burr, Mamie Carson, Rose Carson, Leila Shears, Carrie Wasmer, Nellie White Fannie Hawley, Maud Smith. Messrs Chas Burr, John Dorgan, Ernest Funke, W Morton Smith, Phil Wing, Dr. Spahr, Will Brown, Pryor Markel, Joyce, Oscar Funke, Will Myers, Frank Hathaway, St John, Harry Freeman, Bernard McNay of Red Cloud.

The Bon Home cooking club was delightfully entertained Friday evening by Mr. T. P. Kennard assisted by his daughters, Mrs. Lou Kennard Riggs and Mrs. C. D. Pitcher. An elaborate dinner was served at seven o'clock by four members. The club has the reputation of knowing how to make good things and how to enjoy them after they are made and their reputation was fully sustained in a goodly manner Friday evening. After dinner the guests repaired to the parlors where the jovial game of high five was indulged in until midnight. The members of the club present were Messrs and Mesdames Myron Weesler, R D Stearns, T H Benton, W R Cambridge, C A Keith, Chas Traphagen, F W Helwig, Dr. Dayton. The guests were Messrs and Mesdames Phelps Paine, W A Preston, H B Patrick, A E Kennard, Miss Fannie Latham and Miss Emma Kennard.

The S. L. P. C. Club held an interesting meeting last Friday evening at the home of Miss Mattie Godele. High five and refreshments were the absorbing features for Misses Ethel Harding, Clara Hammond, Bert Hurn, Jennie Pomfort, Mae Alvey, Claudia Ulrich and Grace Gillespie.

Miss Clara M. Richardson will give a vocal recital on Tuesday evening at the Windsor Hotel. She will be assisted by Mrs. P. W. Plank, pianist, and Mrs. Will Owen Jones, accompanist.

Miss Minnie DePue, assistant principal of the schools in David City, spent holiday week with relatives in the city. She departed for David city Sunday to resume her duties.

A prominent young business man connected with one of Lincoln's most popular jewelry houses will join the benedictus within a month. Who it is we will state later.

Miss Myrtle Mallalieu of Kearney was the guest of Miss Myrtle Stevenson last week. She was the honored guest at a very pleasant high five party Saturday.

Messrs Rachel Schwab and Josie Ehrlich of St. Joseph, who spent holiday week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lou Wessel, returned home Monday.

Miss Katharine Criley of Kansas City, who has been spending the week in the city a guest of Miss Lottie Whedon, left Monday for her home.

Mrs. C. D. Pitcher is entertaining Miss Emma Kennard of Council Bluffs, and Miss Fannie Latham of Chicago.

Miss Helen Gregory who spent the holidays with friends in Nebraska City, returned home Monday.

Mr. Eugene Hallett and son Scott leave Monday for a two weeks visit in Georgia and the South.

Miss Grace Oakley left Wednesday for Knoxville, Illinois, where she will resume her studies.

Mr. Lozart Cahn after a months sojourn at Colorado Springs, has returned to Lincoln.

Mrs. Artie Cody Boal of North Platte is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Ladd.

Hon. and Mrs. Chas. Green are guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Oakley.

Mrs. H. K. Elwood of Marion, Iowa, is visiting her son Mr. C. D. Griffin.

Miss Anne Silver of Denver, is the guest of Miss Martha Funke.

Miss Anne Funk is the guest of Miss Mansfield at Peoria, Illinois.

Clearing sale of cloaks and remnants of dress goods at way down prices at Herpolsheimer & Co's.

SWELL TEA PARTIES.

SO CALLED BECAUSE TEA IS NOT SERVED.

Walter Wellman Gives an Edifying Glimpse of Washington Society—Most of the Guests Are Strangers to the Hostess and to One Another.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—There is a great clatter of horses' hoofs on the pavements of the Capital City, a rumble of heavy carriage wheels, a banging of the doors of broughams. Society has awakened from its long lethargy and is once more endeavoring to be gay and imagine it is having a good time.

I want to tell you a little something about swell society in this American capital of ours. It won't take me long to tell you all I know, for I am anything but fashionable. I went to a tea a day or two ago—one of the swellest teas the town has seen for many a month—and probably I shan't go again for a long year. A swell tea in Washington, particularly in a big house where the hostess is ambitious and the invitations numerous, is one of the most soul harrowing and provoking instruments of torture I ever had the misfortune to meet with. A tea in Washington, you should know, is called a tea probably from the fact that no tea is served; that no one thinks of tea or even coffee, and that the one great beverage which every one eagerly looks for and lovingly lingers by is champagne punch.

You are invited from 4 to 6 in the afternoon, but after you have haggled with a caddy about the price for half an hour and finally reached an agreement by which he is to call for you at a quarter to 4 sharp a neighbor who is fashionable, or who thinks she is, kindly suggests that it is very bad form for any one to appear at a 4 o'clock tea before 5. "And if you want to be right in the swim," she adds, "you won't get there till a quarter after 5 and will stay only half an hour. This makes you look like an old hand." I accepted her advice about not going till 5 and wish I had made it an hour later and had staid only thirty seconds.

Well, we arrived at 5. There is a long string of carriages just ahead of us, for every one else wants to be fashionable too. After a long wait we get up to the port cochere and alight. The man who opens the carriage door is so magnificent a personage that I am at once in awe of him. I am afraid I won't do something just right and that he will look reprovingly at me. He hands me a little ticket with a number on it, which I afterward learn is the carriage number, to be used in ordering your vehicle when you get ready to tear yourself away.

Within the hall another magnificent person in livery waves you to the right and your ladies to the left, and after you have given one young man your coat and received a check for it, and another young man your hat and received a check for that, you begin to look around for the ladies who are so unfortunate as to be under your escort. During the ten minutes which are occupied in this search you have your toes walked upon by at least a dozen distinguished people, cabinet officers and senators and their wives, who are nearsighted and important and who appear to think they have right of way. Some men would consider it an honor to have their toes trod upon by such distinguished persons, but I have been so long in Washington that the honor conferred seems to me to be out of all proportion to the pain inflicted.

There is nothing now to do but to take your place in the line of guests and advance as rapidly as possible to the place where the hostess is standing to receive you. As you near her you can see that she is magnificently attired and that her face wears a perpetual smile. As she is a stranger to you, you fall to wondering who is to give you the introduction, when you observe that a young man stands near by to whisper an inquiry as to who you are, and in turn to announce with another whisper your name, so that the hostess may graciously greet you as one of her oldest and dearest friends. It is a great relief to discover that you are not the only one who must thus be made known.

In fact two-thirds of the guests are strangers within the gates, like yourself. Probably our capital society is the only society in this country in which people are invited to affairs of this sort simply because their names are known and without any previous acquaintance with or even an introduction to the hostess.

The worst of it is, as you presently discover, that not only are a majority of the guests strangers to the host and hostess, but to each other. There is a great big crowd of people, and those whose acquaintance is somewhat limited wander about disconsolately looking for some one to say a word to. The crush is great. Half the time you are wedged in so that you can't stir one way or the other. A big fat diplomat bars your progress in one direction, and three women of goodly size and great compactness render it difficult for you to take even a single step in the other direction. Like the arctic explorer whose ship is beset in the ice pack, you have nothing to do but wait and watch for a favorable opening and then make your escape.

The house is richly furnished, but not so rich as the hangings that women fall to pick at the curtains and declare them cheap, or to examine the so called silk hangings on the walls and pronounce them imitation of the real article. The manner in which one must in the name of fashion throw his home open to the marauding and the criticisms of the mob is something quite appalling to me. The rugs on the floor are soft and thick, and one thinks he should like to have such rugs at his house, but they have this disadvantage—that while walking upon them you can't for the life of you tell whether you are stepping on a carpet that cost six dollars a yard or the elegant train of some lady who has drifted into your vicinity.

I know that I was in a sort of nervous state all the time I was at this tea, in fear that the next minute would find me either floundering upon the floor amid a wrecked train or standing up receiving the withering glance of a justly offended dame. So I passed most of the time looking at my feet, and I noticed that other men did the same thing.

It is tremendously hot. Probably \$20,000 was spent in ornamenting the walls of this house and not a dollar for ventilation. About one-third of the people present appear to have bad breaths. Society people are more afflicted with this misfortune than other people because they eat so much sweet stuff and drink so much champagne punch between nibbles at salads and things. As the mob surges to and fro, disporting many fine gowns and jewels, one finds himself unconsciously moralizing upon what shall it profit a man to have fine clothes if he lose his good health and acquire a bad breath.

The conversation which goes on in these crowded drawing rooms is a revelation. Unless you had heard it with your own ears you could never have believed a company of men and women could be so insane and stupid. It is impossible to move about without hearing what your neighbors have to say, but if you overhear one bright or interesting remark in the whole entertainment you will be in great luck. I don't mean to say that the people are naturally stupid. Many of them are as bright as new silver coins and have made their reputations in the world in some phase of intellectual effort.

But it would take more than a common mortal, male or female, to be brilliant, or even interesting, in a mob like this. There is no conversation—mere slinging of a few sentences at one another. No one sits down. If you attempt to stand by a friend long enough to have a bit of talk a current of humanity or storm of gown or train or something comes along and separates you. If you are not interrupted in this manner some woman rushes up and whisks your friend off to be introduced to some one else, or brings her friend up and plants him or her between you and your acquaintance, with whom you are trying to carry on conversation, and drives you away in thirty seconds.

You notice that every one is moving toward the dining room, where a table is gorgeously spread with things and you can't for the life of you tell what they are, but they look good enough to eat. Here the crush is at high pressure. In the excitement and enforced contact of the moment you feel your neighbor's heart beating against yours. This may or may not be interesting—it depends altogether upon the identity and characteristics of the neighbor whom the fates have awarded you for the moment. It seems impossible to get near the table, where from the edges of the crowd you get glimpses of men and women eating red stuff and drinking from pretty cups. You envy them and wonder how they ever got there. You are in despair.

But while you are waiting and growing hungry an experienced tea fiend comes up, inserts a shoulder in the nearest opening, says "I beg your pardon," smiles and pushes in. A series of insinuations of the thin and well trained shoulder, of pardons and smiles, and the experienced pusher has pushed her way, or sometimes it is his way, to the very front, where he or she presently stands with a plate in one hand and a fork in the other as calm as a sleeping dog. Notwithstanding the crowd every one is studiously polite and considerate. There are no disgraces to and fro, forward and back, a trained eye would observe, however, that it is the accomplished and experienced tea attendant that gets to the front, while the tyro remains in the outskirts and sucks his thumb. Politeness is here a cloak to pushing people out of one's way, as I fancy it is in any of the other affairs of life.

Of course it is absolutely necessary that some idiot should come along with ice cream and dash it against your best trousers. And an old woman loses control of her glass of punch and spills it upon your coat. Another old woman, to whom you were so unfortunate as to be introduced, asks you to get her an ice, and after you have skirmished for about ten minutes, perspired and had your clothes ruined, walked upon the gowns of a half dozen other women, you return triumphantly with the ice in your trembling hand only to discover that some other dupe has been before you and supplied the old dame's wants. It is a favorite trick of the experienced tea attendant in Washington to ask four or five men to get her something from the table. One or another is pretty sure to meet with success in his quest in her behalf, and if two or three of them come up with cups and plates, why, so much the better.

It is a queer jumble of humanity. The highest officers of the government are here and also the lowest in rank. Most of the women are married. Half of them are old enough to know better. The young and interesting women do not like to waste their strength in such unsatisfactory endeavors, for there are no corners to sit down in and sole possession of any sort of a man is impossible. The men are either old rounders, who live on tea tables in order to save expenses at their clubs or restaurants, diplomats old and young or young and offensively duds, or politicians who are here not so much for society's sake as for their wives' and their re-election.

They are nice people. Many of them are famous people. A few are brilliant people. But the idea itself is absurd, stupid, harassing, senseless. It ought never to be. While a dinner satisfies and develops or a reception with a small number of guests—so that repose and genuine conversation is possible—brings people close together and makes them friends in fact, a tea is a hop-skip-and-jump social function in which every one is trying to remember some one else, avoid being run over and to get something to eat without loss of life or limb or clothing. The tea should go. At any rate I'll have no more of it.

WALTER WELLMAN.

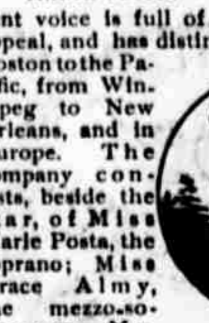
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Their Appearance at the Lansing Monday Evening and Who They Are.



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MARIE POST.



GRACE ALMY.



FLETCHER WYATT.

Mr. Wyatt, of Polish descent, and possesses a remarkable voice, covering a range of over two and a half octaves. She uses it with dramatic effect, and has been called the Polish "Patti."



FELIX WINTERNITZ.

Mr. Wyatt, the bass, has an exceptional voice. It is one whose strength, depth and rich quality never fail to enchant the hearer. He is a graduate of Sig. Bar. Hill, and widely known in the musical world.



Henrietta Mockridge, musical world Miss Mockridge, the accompanist, is a sister of the tenor, and this is her second season with him. Her playing is characterized by fine intelligence, and her excellent penmanship enables her to beautifully embellish the work of the company.



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