

**In Society.**

The first of the popular band informals was given last night in the armory the committee in charge being, L. J. Pepperberg, President; C. B. Cornell, chairman; Ralph Jenne, master of ceremonies; Alcinous Hayman, E. E. Sprague and Fred Fairman.

Dr. and Mrs. Clapp were chaperones. For the first time since the informals began Eddie Walt's orchestra furnished the music and upheld their reputation in every respect.

These band informals should be, and perhaps are, the most enjoyable events of the University social life. They are functions given by the band and the proceeds go to the band, and not into some individual's pocket who is using his school and schoolmates as a means of private gain. If class hops were more of class affairs and the proceeds devoted to the classes, the various functions would be more enjoyable for all concerned and that element of professionalism, that mercenary spirit, which has crept into society would be entirely eliminated.

Yesterday evening one of the most elaborate social functions of the season occurred, the occasion being the reception given by the Episcopal church club to the church members of the students and faculty of the University, at their headquarters, 1234 S street. Between the hours of 8 and 10 p. m. the parlors were thronged with guests. Bishop Williams of the diocese of eastern Nebraska and Bishop Graves of the diocese of the Platte, were both present, being the guests of the club. Among the faculty members present were Dr. and Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Brock and Misses Hayden, Frankish and Puffer. The last named young ladies assisted in receiving the guests. Mrs. F. W. A. King assisted by the other members of the St. Luke's young ladies' guild, served refreshments. The decorations were golden rod and autumn leaves.

This evening at 7:30 at Fairview, the home of the bride, will occur the wedding of Miss Ruth Baird Bryan and Mr. W. H. Leavitt, of Newport, R. I.

Miss Bryan was one of the most popular young ladies in the University during her two-year course here, being secretary of the class of '05, her first year and prominent in literary and athletic circles during the remainder of her course. The bride to be is a member of Delta Gamma sorority.

President Steen of the Sophomore class, has appointed the following Sophomore hop committee: Chairman, H. A. Dildine; master of ceremonies, Ralph Jenne; E. M. Shallenberger, E. F. Robinson, Mason Wheeler, Ralph Smith, R. H. Thompson, Martha Cline, Roma Love, Hellen Dolson.

The exact date of the Soph. hop has not yet been set, but it will probably be during the first week in November.

A sorority not a thousand miles distant, whose initials spell K. A. T., and whose pledges in consequence of which (and other whiches) are called "Kittens," were uniquely congratulated by some of their fraternity friends the other evening when a basket containing six little kittens with their sorority about their necks and a card of congratulations on the new pledges, was left mysteriously at the door of the chapter house. So far nothing is certain as to the perpetrators of the fun, but the girls have their suspicions.

Eleven young ladies were initiated into the mysteries of Delta Gamma last night. Miss Abbie Stuart, another D. G. pledge, is at the hospital with typhoid fever.

Mr. George Thompson, in charge of the eastern division of the Union Pacific, paid a flying visit to his son Bob, at the Alpha Theta Chi house last Wednesday.

T. J. Hewitt of South Omaha, visited his Phi Delt brothers the first of the week.

Mrs. Wiggenshorn, nee Lansing, of Ashland, is visiting at the Delta Gamma house.

Alpha Theta Chi has pledged Frank Brookings of Tekamah.

Don Raymond of Lincoln, is pledged to Phi Delta Theta.

Beta Theta Pi enjoyed a visit from Mr. Price of Fairbury this week.

The Phi Deltas will initiate six new men tonight at the chapter house.

Miss Mildred Post and Ethel Norval will spend Sunday at their homes.

"Rummy" Hull, of military fame, is visiting his Delta Tau brothers.

Miss Mabel Miles of Falls City, is visiting at the Pi Phi chapter house.

Miss Adele Lathrop of New York City, has been pledged to Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Six of the Chi Omega girls are now in their new chapter house at 1227 D street.

The girls of Pi Beta Phi have begun a series of Friday evening informals at the chapter house.

Miss Edith Abbott, of Grand Island, visit her Delta Gamma sisters on Wednesday on her way to Chicago.

Wednesday evening the Delta Gammas were entertained informally at Miss Ruth Bryan's home at Fairview.

Miss Jeanette Post, of York, who has been visiting at the Kappa Alpha Theta house, returned to her home Wednesday.

Miss Edith Shedd, who has just recovered from a severe illness, returned and began her work at the conservatory Monday.

Mrs. Fiske is visiting her daughter, Florence, at the Pi Phi house. Miss Fiske expects to leave shortly for the east to take up music.

Last night Sigma Alpha Epsilon opened the post-rushing society season with a dance at Walsh hall.

About forty couples enjoyed the dance and refreshments, which were served in the shape of punch. A representative of nearly every other frat in the school enjoyed the hospitality of the Sigma Alphas.

The hall decorations consisted of flags, frat and Uni. pennants with Sigma Alpha Epsilon colors of purple and gold predominating.

**FROM THE WEST.**

**W. F. Meier, '03, Writes Letter To Nebraskan.**

South Bend, Wash., Sept. 28, 1903.  
Editor Nebraskan:

When I received your request for a sketch of my trip into the northwest I hardly knew what to write or what to omit, for there are so many things highly interesting to me that might be of but little interest to others when set in type. I shall try, however, to "hit the high places" and give only those things that may be interesting in themselves.

On the evening of June 11 I boarded the Denver flyer, my ticket reading through to Seattle. On the train was P. J. Harrison, '05, Neal Wynn, '01, and several other University students—enough to make a jolly and interesting crowd. Mr. Harrison was bound for Salt Lake City and Mr. Wyne for California. We made slow time in Nebraska because of the rains so prevalent at that time, but we cared little for that, since our mothers had supplied each of us with a large lunch box and we had plenty of literature.

We reached Denver several hours behind time, which prevented us from taking a run out over the city and still keep our scheduled time. We had twenty minutes for breakfast and at 9:15 left on the D. & R. G. for a day's trip through the most wonderful scenery I have ever seen. Having been born and raised on the plains of Nebraska, I had always wondered what the mountains looked like. We had not gone west of Denver very far before we could see the dim outline of the bluffs which I supposed were the real big mountains, but before the day was over my disappointment at the

first view of mountains was fully supplanted with wonder occasioned by the passage through the Royal Gorge.

The scenery of the Royal Gorge is something that cannot be described. To say that the train runs a race along a narrow winding path, with the rushing, dashing Arkansas, between two almost perpendicular solid rock walls, rising in places over 2,000 feet, does not begin to tell of its grandeur, yet what more can a person say? Perhaps I can illustrate the impression it produces by telling how it effected one of our fellow passengers. We had been going deeper and deeper among the rocks. It was raining, and you could see the large drops of water strike the stone walls and spatter into spray. An old gentleman stood on the vestibule with me, where we had gone to make better observations. We turned a sharp curve and plunged across the noted swinging bridge, supported from beams fastened above on the rock walls. "My God!" said the old man. "They'll never send me over this road again," and he went back into the car where he could not see what I termed the beauty of the scenery.

Grand and imposing as the passage through the gorge was, the next day our route lay through a country that went as far to the other extreme. On entering Utah, you leave behind the "rocky" mountains of Colorado and see before you great bluffs and hills that look like black mud hills. The land along the railroad track is black and dry—not a blade of grass can be seen—not a tree can be found—only the monotony of a desert with an occasional shrivelled cactus plant with its blood-red blossoms.

At Salt Lake City, where we arrived at 5:30 p. m., June 13, we were met by Green and Reed University students, who had been employed by the city engineer for the summer. After a good square supper we were shown the sights of the city—the Mormon temple that was forty years in building, the tabernacle, Young's statue, the Bee Hive, the Salt Palace, Ensign's park, Fort Douglas, and others. One thing that a visitor to Salt Lake City must always remember is its broad, well-kept streets with cold mountain water running down either side. The location of the city, its plan, the buildings erected, and the highly productive irrigated country surrounding must always remain a monument to the thrift and energy of those who composed the Mormon following.

At 3 a. m. Sunday morning I left Salt Lake City, and from there on I traveled alone. It did not seem like Sunday out in the dry Idaho sage bush country. It did not look as though such a country could be of any value, yet at the little stations one could see hundreds of sacks of wool piled along the track, the evidence of sheep-raising, although no flocks could be seen.

The next day I reached Portland. Here I saw my first large steamboats, and I spent some little time at the docks noting the methods of loading and unloading the vessels. Portland is a nice city in every respect. Many buildings are fine—her union depot especially. Considerable business seemed to be done, although I was told that it was unusual for that time of the year. One of the things that impressed me here was the growth of roses. The florists' roses of Lincoln would be put to shame by those that grow in this country in almost every garden.

On the night of June 16 I reached Seattle, the "Queen City" as it is called, and here I spent the greater part of the summer. To one accustomed to the level rectangular streets of Lincoln the streets of Seattle are awful. Not only do those running back from the bay go up—up a hundred feet each block, but they run diagonally, or "any old way." For instance, down in the business portion of the city Pike street is four blocks north of Madison, but seventeen blocks east of First avenue the two have intersected each other and diverge. I was not aware of this intersection until after I had spent two months in Seattle, and it caused me to spend nearly a half a day in trying to locate Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Reed, the latter of whom will be remembered as a former instructor in American history. Mr. Reed is principal of one of the city schools.

Seattle is above all else a business city. The streets are always crowded with teams and wagons and people. You cannot judge as to business con-

ditions, however, from the number of people on the streets, because so large a percentage are transient, and yet even a transient people produce a certain class of business. The docks and wharves are usually well lined with steamers and schooners either loading or unloading freight, and the freight handled by the railroads is not small.

During the summer I met a number of Nebraskans in Seattle beside those permanently located here. Among the latter I found Wilson, law '00; Thorgrimson, law '01; Landon, law '00, practicing law. Of the former, C. A. Sather, law '03, and Jake Shank, law '03, both spent some time here looking over the field. Ralph and Rufus Wood, law '03, were here a few days and are now in Alaska working with a transportation company. E. H. Jones, '01, and his mother spent about a month in the city and then returned to Dunbar, Neb. So, you see, with as large a number of University people around them as that, one did not feel that he was altogether a stranger in Seattle.

Seattle is connected with Tacoma by an interurban line, over which cars are run every hour, the third rail system being used for propulsion. Instead of having this rail guarded and the shoe making connection with it underneath, as is the practice in the eastern states, it is left practically free and as a result some eight or ten people have been killed by coming in contact with it. The cars often gain a speed of sixty-five miles per hour, especially those making no stops between the two cities. There is some talk of extending the line south along the sound as far as Olympia.

I came down to South Bend a few weeks ago to take charge of the English department in the high school. This is a progressive and growing city, that is just now fully recovering from the effects of boom days of ten years ago. To show you how cosmopolitan the entire west is permit me to give this as an example: Of five new teachers placed in the schools of South Bend this year, one comes from Iowa, one from Virginia, one from Kentucky, two from Wisconsin and one from Nebraska. I was surprised to find even at South Bend people I knew. John T. Welsh, and his brother, Martin C., both graduates of the Nebraska College of Law, are in practice here. The former came here some ten years ago and established himself after having been principal of the high school for a year.

I have had a great many inquiries from University friends as to the prospects for young men in this part of the northwest. In one way the opportunities are very much greater here than they are further east, but the young man that comes here expecting to fall into a fortune will be sadly disappointed. There are plenty of chances but to be successful he must contend with some of the keenest intellects in the country, for it is largely an energetic and determined people that have moved here into this state. But if he proves himself valuable to whatever line he enters in all probability he will be pushed forward and placed in a position of responsibility. It requires the same characteristics to rise here as elsewhere, although the rise may be a bit more rapid here other things being equal.  
W. F. M., '03.

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