



The lenten quiet remains undisturbed. Things socially are about as they were last week. The approach of Easter is manifest in the briskness of trade in the dry goods and millinery stores, and the fair ones may be depended upon to be as dazzling as ever. The women's clubs have not been interfered with by lent; the members of these organizations have been and are particularly active. Some of them who take delight in the waltz are now solemnly preparing and reading learned papers on the most unheard of subjects.

At the Fourth Baptist church, Chicago, Kittredge Wheeler, delivered a prelude on 'The Four Hundred' to a sermon on "The Three Hundred." In his prelude he said: "Ward McAllister is dead. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, is living; more alive than ever. Ward McAllister is soon to be forgotten. Charles Haddon Spurgeon is ascended up on high, a constant force in the world about us and in the world above us. Mrs. Paran Stevens says, so we read: 'We did not need Mr. McAllister; he knew wines and dinners, but we could get along without him.' Is this the eulogy of the 400 over their leader? If it be, a good text for the funeral would be these words: 'Whose God is their belly.' Ward McAllister was an authority on wines, dinners, décolleté and bank accounts. He was the leader of a brilliant set; brilliant not necessarily because of their virtues or intelligence, but because of diamonds. The money may have piled up by selling gum, soap or rawhides; it may have come by watering stock, by cornering the market, by bribe taking, by the tall-chimneyed brewery, by making merchandise of matrimony. The wealth may have been amassed by a combination heartless, cruel, which ground the life out of thousands of the helpless poor; by robbing the city, robbing the people or robbing the state. You may have money and not be one of the 400, but money you must have to enter the set. You may have honor and intelligence and many virtues with money and be in the 400; you may be without honor and without intelligence and without many virtues, but if you have money you may be counted in. But, as a jewel in a swine's snout, so it is to see one who from being very poor has become rapidly very rich but still ignorant and coarse sitting among the upholstered 400, heavy and obese, exposing his swinish corporosity. Among the colored people of the south the 400 flourish luxuriantly and the social lines are no more sharply drawn by McAllister's gilded set in New York than by the aristocratic negro. Indeed, 400 are too many for him. He belongs to the upper ten, and with savage and barbaric delight he 'cuts' and 'snubs' the low-down liggah.' Society, the 400, 'does not know' its early schoolmates and old-time neighbors whose farms joined, in sweet and honest days, before one hand wore the diamond of indolence, the other hand the plainer band of honest toil. Of two girls one took her woman's heart to the altar of God and married an honest man for love! The other girl took her heart to the market place and married a dishonest man for money! One woman has a home, a high-necked dress, children, a faithful husband whom she trusts. The other woman has a suite of rooms in a fashionable hotel, a low-necked dress, no children and a faithless husband whom she has found to be false. And the childless woman in the suite of rooms, with a false husband, she is in society; she 'does not know' the mother with the merry children and the faithful husband in the Christian home, but the state and the church and humanity and God know her. She wears the coronet of noble womanhood; the jewels of motherhood, and she shall shine, as the stars, forever. The Christian wife, the faithful mother, she is not one of the 400, but, thank heaven, under God, she belongs to a selecter company—to the 300 of Gideon's army, 'elect, precious,' 'who bring salvation to the people.'"

A wedding consummated a few days ago in Chicago takes from Lincoln one of the city's most gifted and delightful singers as well

as a popular member of society. The announcement of the marriage of Miss Nanon Lillibridge, daughter of Mr. D. R. Lillibridge, proprietor of the Lincoln business college, to Edward C. Keating, of Chicago, will be a surprise to the friends of the young couple in this city, as only a very few people knew of the contemplated step. The wedding occurred at the residence of Mr. Keating's parents, 27 Thirty-third street, the guests being limited to Miss Gertrude Marquett of this city and relatives. The groom is well known in Lincoln through his residence here last year. He was a member of the Pleasant Hour club and when not traveling he took an active interest in society. With his father and brother he is engaged in the manufacture of leather goods in Chicago, and undoubtedly has a prosperous career before him. The bride has a most attractive personality and has always been much admired in Lincoln society, while her singing gave her a place in the front rank of the musicians of the city. She has an exceptionally pleasing contralto voice, and probably no vocalist has been so much in demand in the last two years. Lately she was a member of the choir of the First Presbyterian church, where her solos assisted materially in increasing the weekly attendance. She will be greatly missed in both musical and social circles. Mr. and Mrs. Keating will make their home in Chicago.

Mrs. T. W. Griffith, who was the beautiful Miss Aileen Oakley of Lincoln, is now at San Antonio where her husband, Lieutenant Griffith, is stationed, and we see by the *San Antonio Express* that she has been helping out Mrs. Frank Wheaton in amateur theatricals. It will be remembered by *Excelsior* readers that when General Wheaton was in command in Fort Omaha that Mrs. Wheaton was very clever at that form of entertainment. The play given at San Antonio the other evening was "Tulu," which Mrs. Wheaton once gave here, taking the part of the Duchess. The *Express* says: "Her fine interpretation of this important role caused much mirth among the spectators and added much to the interest of the play. * * * Mrs. Griffith was a picture throughout the whole performance, and her beauty in the first act particularly was only equaled by the spirit and grace with which she carried out her part. At the close of the play the 'stars' all repaired to the home of Mrs. Frank Wheaton, where a fine supper was served and they all made merry over the evening's triumphs. The friends of Miss Grace Oakley (Mrs. Griffith's sister) will be glad to know that she is recovering from her seriously sprained ankle, which prevented her from taking the part of Tulu. If the performance is repeated she will play that role as originally intended."—Omaha *Excelsior*.

"The Open Gate" and "Chums" are the two short plays to be given by the University of Nebraska dramatic club at the Funke Monday evening, March 25th. "The Open Gate" is a little one-act drama with a number of dramatic situations and is full of interest. "Chums" is a ludicrous college play and is funny from beginning to end. In fact it is a sort of "Charley's Aunt." There are five characters in the farce and they are all young men. Three of them impersonate female characters. The club has been rehearsing and working hard since the trip to Ashland and there is a surprise in store for those who think that amateurs cannot act in a creditable manner. The following ladies are the patronesses of the club on this occasion: Mrs. Cantfield, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Bessey, Mrs. Gere, Mrs. Morrill, Mrs. Reese, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Ingersoll, Mrs. Wing, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Buckstaff, Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Pound, Miss Elliott and Mrs. Manning.

Alpha Epsilon chapter of Sigma Chi fraternity gave a cotillion last night in the hall, Thirteenth and P streets, which was beautifully decorated with the fraternity colors, blue and gold, and a profusion of smilax and carnations. The cotillion was led by Mr. Joe Mallieu and Miss Marie Marshall. Those present were: Messrs. Harry Frank, Ralph Saxton, Lawrence Packard, Harry Doubran, Arthur Bishop, Burgett, E. A. Duff, Claire Hebard, Geo. Cullen, Chas. Pulis, Joe Mallalieu, Bert Wheeler, Claire Young, Ralph Andrews, Geo. Riesser, Theo. Westermann, Sam Low, Joe Mason; Misses Dora Hardy, Florence Farwell, Hanson, May Whiting, Mattie Burks, Joe Lottridge, Stella Curtice, Lucy Griffith, May Moore, Marie Marshall, Richards, Sue Gustin of Kearney, Blossom Williamson, Edna Polk, Lottie Whedon, Elo Winger, Joe Winger, Bertha Hoddy; Messrs and Meedames W. E. Hardy, Myron Wheeler, Norman Peters, Richards and Ansley.