

## SOCIAL GOSSIP.

Seward T. St. John, of Juniata, whose presence in Lincoln a couple of weeks ago was noted in *THE COURIER*, always had a bent toward theatricals. While a resident of this city he was a regular theatre habitue, and his friends in society in Lincoln and Omaha remember his interest in amateur theatricals. Mr. St. John was a member of the Tuesday Evening club that flourished in Lincoln for a couple of seasons, and he took a leading part in the dramatic entertainments of the club. He also appeared in one or two performances given by society people in the local theatres. It will not therefore, be a surprise to his friends to learn that he has finally gone into the theatrical business. Mr. St. John gave up his position here a couple of years ago on account of ill health, and went out to his father's farm where he has since remained. He is now himself again. Ed Church, owner of the Griffith "Faust" company made Mr. St. John an offer to become treasurer and general financial agent of the company. The proposition was accepted and Mr. St. John will arrive in the city in a few days and will go out with the company in September.

In the glittering "People You Know" department in the more or less esteemed *Journal* there appeared the other day an extended mention of a person whom I venture to say the great majority of the *Journal's* readers do not know, unless it be a fact that the *Journal's* readers are resident in or are familiar with the portion of the city known vaguely as the "reservation"—and that is hardly possible. Chronicling the doings of a member of the half-world under the caption "People You Know" is at once an insult to the considerable number of reputable people who read the *Journal*, and an offense against that sense of propriety which should have some restraining influence, even in a daily newspaper office.

The number of clubs, and their inevitable rivalry, will make Lincoln society lively this winter if nothing more. With a fatuity that is never graduated into knowledge by experience and kindness each club claims to be "the most select," whatever that means. Such a claim can never be established by any club because no one but its own members believe it. And what is the use of being an aristocrat if no one knows it?

All club parties have their own characteristics of good-fellowship and apparent exclusiveness; but it is a fact that they have supplanted individual hospitality to a great extent. The walls of a man's house are as sacred to him as the folds of an Arab's tent. When he opens his doors and invites his friends, it is a most delicate compliment to each one of them. Their host, for that night at least, loses all sordid characteristics and is a generous and loving friend.

At a club party the club itself is the host. Each member is simply entertaining himself. He pays for the entertainment and he can complain of anything he does not like if he chooses, or criticise any other member. Too many hosts spoil the ball. Think of the fine houses here which used to glitter with lights from billiard room to furnace room (which is the modern of "from cellar to garret") several times a year that now only open

to coteries, i. e. to people who see each other all the time anyway. The club party is a form of communism. It lacks individuality, hospitality and generosity. Individuality is the only interesting element that has ever existed. Masses of men and women are about as interesting as a bushel of beans. I hope the householders of Lincoln will give parties as is parties this winter and not allow their sense of hospitality to be quieted by a club.

A party given in a private house is as individual, as different, from all other parties as the people who give it are different from other people. A correct report of the party will differentiate it from other functions of the season. It can not be turned off with: "A pleasant time was had."

Professor Owens has been under the care of the doctor in Edinburgh. He has been shooting in the Scotch hills. He says the birds are very tame, they are fed all winter and regard man as a larder instead of a deadly engine. The keepers have to beat the bushes and make a frightful noise to make them fly up. This parlor shooting is not at all suited to a sportsman of Professor Owens' *verve*. He will be in Lincoln about the twenty-first of next month. In London he met Professor and Mrs. Allen who sail the seventh of next month. Professor Brace will also sail soon.

Chancellor G. E. MacLean is expected this week.

Professor Sherman left Chautauqua on Monday to meet Mrs. Sherman who has been enjoying the kind of Colorado to be seen from Manitou—the best kind.

Miss Tuttle returned from Fort Collins Colorado yesterday. Miss Elizabeth Tuttle will have charge of the drawing classes at the Polytechnic institute this winter. She will have charge of the evening classes in drawing that will meet three times a week. Many people from the city have expressed their wish to join these classes.

Mr. A. A. Faurot has charge of the department of university preparation at the Polytechnic and Miss Martha Hutchison will take the Latin classes.

Miss Mary Jones entertained the Kappa Kappa Gamma fraternity and the Phi Delta Theta fraternity on Tuesday evening. She was assisted by her library associates.

Miss Sharp, of the Armour Institute, Chicago, visited Miss Robbins the early part of the week.

Next week Miss Jones expects to be in the new library.

The new library building will contain, besides the library proper, a lecture room and private office for the following professors: Professor Wolfe, Philosophy, Professor Sherman, English Literature, Professor Taylor, Political Science, Professor Caldwell, American History. The State Historical Society is on the ground floor of the wing, the library room above.

Professor and Mrs. W. G. L. Taylor returned last week from their summer vacation in New York.

Professor G. W. A. Luckey, who has accepted the chair of Pedagogy has

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arrived.

Professor Dann and Mrs. Dann returned last week.

Mr. Randolph has returned from his vacation in the Black Hills.

Miss Maggie Whedon has gone out to her father's country place to spend a week or two. Miss Maggie rides to the farm, seven or eight miles out of the city, frequently without fatigue.

The people that bound us on the east are having trolley parties. Saturday evening in Chicago a car with a double coronet of electric lights and a star pendant from its glittering throat, made a trip of fifty-five miles through rustling cornfields and humid vegetable gardens. It was filled with the guests of Mr. Howard Abel of the Chicago and North Shore Street Railway. A pleasant time was had, as the *Journal* would say. Who will give a like trolley party here? There is no pleasanter ride anywhere than the one from O street to Union college. The breath of the prairies is sweet in one's nostrils as the car turns east by Mr. Ames' country seat. It grows sweeter all the time as the land given over to

corn, sunflowers, and all growing things increases. You start on Saturday night, when you reach Union college it is Sunday night and the Sabbath calm rebukes your week-day mirth. The company serves no Rip-Van-Winkle wine between stations either.

The Adventists are sure they are right. They are trained to argue on the Sunday question from babyhood. It is just as well not to argue with them, for anything can be proven from the Bible, and it is more than likely they know more Bible than the man who disagrees with them.

Among recent desirable additions to Lincoln's population are Col. John D. Fredd and his son, William E. Fredd. These gentlemen have lived for years in the south and come to this city from Iowa, to embark in extensive business enterprises. Col. Fredd and son are making their home at the Lindell Hotel. The latter has pronounced musical tastes and will no doubt be welcomed by Lincoln young people.

*THE COURIER'S* Plattsmouth correspondent sends the following: The Black Hills party consisting of Mayor Newell and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Craig and Mr. and Mrs. Fricke, have returned.

It is said there is "nothing in a name"