

## EARLY ASPECTS

In 1868 to call Lincoln a village was a misnomer. The magic city of the great American Desert was altogether in the imagination of the real estate agent. In the early summer of that year my father came to Lincoln, purchased lots and let the contract for a ten room house to be built where the Lindell hotel now stands, and to be completed the first of October. The only dwelling south of this location was on the corner of Thirteenth and K streets. The Reverend Mr. Little of the Congregational church lived in a story and a half house with a bay window where Mr. R. H. Oakley's house now stands. Elder Davis of the Methodist church lived on L between Thirteenth and Fourteenth.

At that time the water-tables had just been laid in the old capitol building. August 20 we left Cincinnati accompanied by our household and the inevitable dog,—a thorough-bred pointer. The journey from Cincinnati to St. Louis occupied fifteen days. Owing to the low water of the river a good part of that time we were either on a sand bar or tied to some wharf for the night, as navigation was dangerous. After many such trials we arrived at St. Louis and were transferred to the boat "Mountaineer" that ran from St. Louis to Fort Benton, the head of navigation on the Missouri. We were twelve days going to Nebraska City and found just as many obstacles to conquer as in the first part of our journey.

My father met us at Nebraska City with two wagons to convey us and our effects to our new home. Our first night was spent in the city. My father said my mother and myself would better take the stage to the last station, about fifteen miles from Lincoln. I told him that emigration by steam boat and stage was not what I expected, so I prevailed on him to let us go in the wagon with him. By the time we reached the first stage station I was quite willing to take the coach to Mr. Roberts' where we were to spend the night. Then I had my first experience of western life. Everybody sat at the same table, used the same brush and comb and slept in the same room. The ideas that governed these people were named *Liberte Egalite, Fraternite*. I was young, had just been graduated from college and thought my opinions worth considering and my knowledge of the fitness of things good. When we were shown our home my disgust began. The whole of the upstairs unplastered, unpartitioned, was our bed-room. It contained five beds. The one intended for my mother and myself was curtained off. The men folks, with the farm hands, stage drivers and other pilgrims and strangers filled the other part. I did not think I could sleep. However I soon forgot my discomfort and was only aroused by the call to breakfast. There were no toilet arrangements upstairs. When we went down the men stood aside for us to use the common wash-bowl roller towel and and 8x10 looking glass with a comb nailed on to it by a string.

On the morning of September 20 we reached Lincoln. Alas! how great our disappointment! No one can appreciate the utter desolation of the place nor the home sick feeling that came over us unless one has gone from a large eastern place to live in an unpainted, unfenced, treeless western town. I will try to picture Lincoln at that time. It had not more than seventy-five houses built anywhere regardless of the points of the compass, with nothing to show which was the front and which the back door,

or to define the street line, no school or church, a few small stores about the postoffice square, the office itself in a dwelling house, and the postmaster himself very curious over the few letters. Why, he would run out of his office when a strange looking letter came to tell the person to whom it was addressed that there was a letter for him at the office, but "that is another story."

On Tenth street between P and O there was a small building in which school was kept. On Sunday morning the Methodists held a service there and in the afternoon the Congregationalists. The first Episcopal service was held in Leighton & Brown's unfinished store room at the corner of Eleventh and O streets. We cleared a space in front, put a white cloth on one end of the carpenter's bench and made seats by placing a board on two nail kegs. I think there were twelve people there of whom eight were familiar with the service, and of these eight, seven have joined the great majority. From that nucleus Holy Trinity church came. In 1869 we had a mission priest who held service in many of the new buildings, and after a while we had the use of the senate chamber.

There are a number of persons in Lincoln today who remember many pleasant evenings spent in the old Townley house with music, games and conversation, when we all did what we could to help each other through that first winter. How memories crowd, one thing recalls another, and of reminders there seem no end. I will tell of the snow blockade, when we were cut off from communication with the outside world for one week, of our first New Years day, first legislature, gubernatorial reception, first minstrel entertainment, our first literary society. These things were interesting and I will tell about them next time.

L. L. FULLER.

## SOCIAL GOSSIP

Mr. and Mrs. M. I. Aitken have returned from their wedding trip.

Monday evening George S. Hagenbeck and Miss Claude G. Gwin were married at the bride's home, 929 G street, by Rev. A. C. Crosthwaite.

Wednesday morning Mrs. Able and her pupils gave an exhibition of fancy swimming to the swimming club. Mrs. Able is very skillful in the water, she seems quite familiar with all the fancy strokes and methods. Some of her pupils have made remarkable progress and can hold their own in the water anywhere. The sanitarium plunge is a good big one and seems to have a decided fascination for everyone who has ever tried it.

Tuesday evening the pupils of Chamberlain's commercial college gave a musical and literary program at Lansing hall. The exercises were piano solos by Miss Etta Parrish and Professor Easterday, vocal duet by Misses Hatch and Morrill; recitations by Miss Minnow Gillum and Charles Churchill; instrumental duets by the Misses Hearn and Misses Fletcher and a vocal solo by Miss Cutter. After the program was over the young people danced until a late hour.

I wish the city council would pass an ordinance to keep new brides in Lincoln. Our young men go abroad into the weary wilderness of the world and seek their wives and bring them home and they stay here for a week and a day and then return to the parental roof on the other side of the continent. It is not just to Lincoln, for really we don't treat them as badly as that. As the bleeding hero says in Shenandoah, "A woman's place is with her husband."

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