

one of the smartest and gayest parties that Lincoln society has known for a long time. The decorations were arranged, I believe, by Mr. Johnson and Mr. Baldwin, and the work was excellently done. The hotel never looked more attractive, and there were many beautiful gowns on beautiful women. The next Pleasant Hour party will be held late in November. At the meeting held the other day, John Dixon and Bert Wheeler were voted into the club. The Patriarchs by their very name imply dignity and distinction, and this organization, now next to the oldest dancing club in the city, is this year remaining true to its traditions. It is not affected in the slightest degree by what the other clubs may do. It's the Patriarchs, and a law unto itself. So when the other clubs felt the necessity of going in for elaboration, the Patriarchs adhered closely to the ideas upon which the club was founded. The Patriarchs have no desire to give large dances or make any display. They take in new members cautiously and proceed quietly. This season they have, perhaps, more members than usual, but there has been no departure in any respect from Patriarchs principles. With possibly one or two exceptions, the dances will be given, as was the one Friday night of last week, in the Lansing hall, and they will be among the notable entertainments of the winter. It is the intention to hold the dances every three weeks. One cotillon may be given. The Patriarchs have a large waiting list.

Whatever may be its weaknesses society in this city is not dull. Neither is it flat. Age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety. It is as many hued as a kaleidoscope, as fresh as the breezes that blow over the Nebraska plains, as interesting as the pictures in the Standard. There is a certain piquant flavor in Lincoln society that is not to be met with in every place where men and women gather together and wear evening dress and diamonds and boutonnières. It is original, outspoken, aggressive, independent. It is complete in itself, does what it has a mind to do, and snaps its fingers at the world. Sometimes its enthusiasm leads it into new paths; sometimes it is as frisky and kittenish as a young girl just out of a convent. But in it all and through it all, in season and out of season, it is interesting. It allows no innocuous desuetude to threaten its vitality. It is made up of nervous activities and it is constantly vibrating. Society is kind to its devotees. It not only provides entertainment, meat and drink, but goes a step a step further in hospitable intent and supplies something to talk about. Seldom, if ever, can the man or woman in Lincoln society complain of ennui or cry out that there is nothing to talk about. There always is something to talk about, and usually the theme is very much alive, susceptible of various kinds of treatment, capable of affording opportunities for argument, sarcasm, ridicule, aye a little spleen. What may be called the society circle is comparatively small, and the people know each other and their little idiosyncrasies so well that there is a strong personal flavor in its gossip. It is not the less interesting on that account. Three or four weeks ago society was stirred to the foundations by a—well, it may be called a sensation. It was exciting while it lasted, but it was quickly superceded. Within the last ten days or two weeks there has been something else to talk about, something that has eclipsed all other topics, something that is not only talked about in the sacred precincts of the charmed circle, but down town, in the hotels and shops, by men about town, and the little boys on the street; something that has been given a place in the daily newspapers of Lincoln and telegraphed

broadcast over the country; something that has advertised Lincoln—and people are always wishing for something to advertise Lincoln—and furnished a fruitful topic of conversation for the officers of Uncle Sam's standing army wherever they may be. Aye, it has gone forth into all places, and assumed many different forms. It has given an opportunity for the zealous to become champions of this or that side, for the scrappers to scrap, for the talkers to talk. It has been a sweet morsel and it has been turned over and over again, twisted about, and bitten into. Shall it be longer discussed? *Cui bono?* Surely all that the subject possibly contains has been extracted. There is nothing more to be said. It is time now to take up something else. Lincoln society is not so lacking in resources that it must keep to one theme for more than two weeks. To keep on talking on this one topic would argue a dearth of proper material. And the chameleon has many spots and colors! I would paraphrase the motto of the Clover club and say:

"Here's to what's already gone.  
Hurrah for what's next to come."

The Lincoln bicycle clubs have been improving the opportunities offered by this glorious weather and have kept the roads around Lincoln hot.

Mr. O. F. O'Realward is wearing a new century pin that makes his first thousand miles on his wheel. He is one of the most enduring riders in the state and can make a hundred and fifty miles a day on his wheel with all ease.

University theatricals have begun again. The members of the literary societies "opened the season" with John Kendrick Bang's "A Proposal Under Difficulties" in the chapel last Saturday evening. From all reports the entertainment was successful, and I know that one of the young men in the cast, Mr. Keene Abbot, is a very clever amateur, who, if he cared to take to histrionics seriously, might do really good things in that line. I do not remember having seen a more promising amateur. He has a peculiarly fortunate name for the stage, too.

I understand that the members of the university literary societies are contemplating building a society hall on the grounds and will ask the aid of the regents at their next sitting. I am glad to hear of this. I don't know whether new halls are needed, I don't even know whether the societies are needed but this I know, that lots of ambitious and energetic young bipeds must have diversion of some sort and that they should have room and facilities for it. At any rate literary societies are one degree better than cane rushes, and they are not so trying on a man's wardrobe.

The Sunday afternoon "music service" at the Universalist church was much as usual. The music varied from the grand serenity of Beethoven to little Italian allegros that ended with a giggle. Mr. Smith's singing had fire. It lacked ease and finish. Like many, he overdoes the tremolo, which deprives his work of sustained force. The flute solo was sweet, though, like some "real" maple syrup, its sweetness had rather too much tang of wood. The audience was as sympathetic as any audience well can be under the restrictions of a music service. One cannot well let one's enthusiasm take one too far. If one did, one might applaud, and that would be awful to think of, as bad as applauding a prayer. It is whispered, however, that some might show more substantial appreciation when the "plate" passes.

THE COURIER'S Nebraska City correspondent sends the following.

Mrs. Robert Payne left last Saturday for Kearney. Mr. and Mrs. Payne will make that place their home for this winter.

Two of Nebraska City's most honored men have been laid to rest in the last few days, Gen. C. H. Van Wyck, who died in Washington, and Mr. Frederick

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