

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS

The program for the season's Chautauqua at Crete has some unusual features. Miss Olaf Krarer, the lady from Greenland, only three feet and four inches high and weighing 100 pounds, will speak on "The domestic life of the Esquimaux women." The prospectus states that she will lecture in the fur robes of the frozen north. If it be hot, let us hope she will not lecture on "The domestic life of the Esquimaux women" in her everyday clothes. She might appear before the audience in costume for a moment just to show how her fur wrapper hangs and fits, but she is too little for a big audience to keep in furs on a July day. No doubt Mademoiselle Olaf has a dimity dress with big sleeves and a gored skirt or a shirt waist with a black skirt, in which case it will be quite as interesting for the Chautauqua part of the Nineteenth century to see how the Fifth century looks in the Nineteenth's clothes as to see it dissolving in the dress prescribed by the arctic zone.

Prof. Louis Favour, electrical magician, who plays electrical jokes, is a second attraction, a little unusual for a Chautauqua assembly. The Chautauqua people are "perfectly wild," as Mrs. Glibb says about Dawnte, the Elizabethan Age and Green's "History of the English People." For recreation I have never seen them take anything lighter than "Westward Ho" or "Hypatia." Charles Kingsley is to the "circles" what Sol Smith Russell or Joseph Jefferson are to certain strict church members. They consider and teach the young, who, through no fault of their own, are restricted to them for immediate ancestry, that Joseph Jefferson and Sol Smith Russell, although they are actors, still have moral lessons of value to impart and that they would better go to see them. Therefore is it strange to see the hippodrome numbers that the Chautauqua has introduced for the season of 1894.

Not that any of the serious, instructive features are left out. The Rev. J. D. Stewart will lecture on Biblical topics as heretofore, the Rev. Willard Scott will provide ecclesiastical facetiae, and W. J. Bryan will give these clouds a silver lining by a discussion of Bimetallism. Prof. Fossler has a lecture on Gedanken perlen deutscher litteratur which will not be a chariot race.

Some of the photogravures that accompany the program are worse than the usual lot of newspaper pictures. Mrs. Will Owen Jones looks a very large, dogmatic, new woman, Mrs. Peattie, wisened, and squinting, Mr. W. R. Dawes is the image of Billy Ker-sands as to a speaking feature, Mrs. Field looks like someone else, but I can't "place" her. These four people have a strong case of libel against the publishers of the program, if a libel case is ever strong. The programs go all over the state and as people who have read and heard of these well known people gaze on what is said to be their likenesses they may say "Gracious! Is that the way they look? I do not care to see them as much as I did."

Seriously the program is a rare one and all who can go and do not are like those people the parable tells about who were invited to a feast and sent word that they must grub in the dirt instead.

The death of Frank Mayo in the train on his way to Omaha to play his last engagement of the season there removes the second of the three old actors on the American stage, for whom all theatre goers have a personal affection. William Warren, Frank Mayo and Joseph Jefferson were old men several years ago, but they belong to the newest school of acting. Their methods are those of the impressionist. They let the trivial go, except in so far as it is the result of

character, and show only the essential features of a character, forming for fifty years. They show it by an art so subtle, so perfect it seems no art at all. The individual in the audience is delighted by faint perfumes, indications so slight that he is sure no one but himself has perceived them. Self revelation is a dangerous thing if the actor lacks worth. In the case of Booth, the master, and the three aforementioned actors, they never played without making devoted friends of all in the audience that deserved their comradeship. William Warren played for thirty years or more in the Boston museum. When he died, some years ago, all Boston mourned the loss of a man worthy of reverence and love.

Frank Mayo was acquainted with grief and disappointment, but he did not presume upon his experiences. We love him for his goodness and modesty that no role could conceal, though "Pudd'nhead Wilson" expressed it better than anything else he ever played. When Joe Jefferson's time comes, happily there is no reason to fear it may be soon, the last of the three old men will have gone. Clay Clement and Richard Mansfield are in the same line of descent. With the legacies of their predecessors and their self-made fortune they will probably attain a higher point than they did. But when they take leave of their generation regret cannot be sharper than we feel for Frank Mayo.

A citizen of Rulo says there is but one gold bug in the place and he is a banker and an Englishman. It is noticeable that bankers assume a ponderous and portentous tone when they speak of the silver fallacy. They all see money piled up around them—some of them do—they hear it ring, they heft it, and the intimacy with the medium of exchange deceives them into believing themselves doctors of finance. It is a far cry, nevertheless, from the piles of gold and silver in the cage or the vaults to the solution of the problems of political economy.

If the St. Louis convention declares for gold unreservedly and the free silver men get control of the Chicago convention, the names of democrat and republican will mean very little in the coming campaign. The issue is great enough to make a democratic goldbug low-tariff man vote for McKinley and the party at the opposite pole vote for Horace Boies or W. J. Bryan. The terms democrat and republican have not meant much, but "in" and "out" since the war. But it takes a cyclone to loosen the hold some people have on a name and its associations and supposed meaning. The cyclone has begun to gather strength, it is in the air of the south and the west, its path is growing broader and broader and whether it hits New York, Pennsylvania and New England does not much matter. California is a large state, so is Colorado, Nebraska, Illinois and Iowa. Indiana has a comfortable territory and Ohio's population is not scattered enough to be lonesome. There is a lot of well-meaning people in all these states just waiting to hear the glad news. And W. J. Bryan is the missionary to convert them.

"The Rounder" says that there are more profuse promises that the earnings of the Burlington will, from this on, show large increases. I hope so and I really believe that the road has turned the corner in the long lane of depression.

The street car patrons are obliged to do the work of conductors these days. A man works his passage when he has to put fourteen other fares in the box. The work of the motorman, who has to keep watch of the pedestrians who want to get on the car, let passengers off, attend to the switches,

a runaway train

Sometimes, through accident or neglect, control of a train is lost and it speeds down the grade. It is so easy to go down hill; but the journey back is slow and hard. Have you been climbing up in strength, accumulating force? Or have you been going the other way, losing ground?

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- Figured China silk parasols, white handles, each... \$1.17
- Children's red satin, 14 inch parasols worth 50c each at... 33c
- Ladies fancy parasols upward to \$13.50

- wide, yer yard... 57c
- Cheney Bros. 24 in wide, printed China silk per yard... 47c
- Faille silke, all colors, worth 75c per yard... 57c

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- All wool novelty dress goods per yard... 19c
- Wool novelty dress goods, per yd... 29c
- All wool and silk and wool novelty dress goods worth from 73c to \$1.25 per yard at... 39c
- Plain Mohair, 40in., wide reduced from 75c per yard to... 45c
- Mohair serge 50 in. wide, reduced from 89c per yard to... 58c
- Silk and wool novelty dress goods per yard... 63c
- All wool black serge 36 in wide per yard... 18c
- Silk finish black Henrietta 46in.



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- Sailor hats from 50c upward to \$3.00
- Panama sailors at... \$1.26

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