



WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS

The author of "Cape Cod Folks" was obliged to give the characters in the second edition of her book new names because she had given them in the first place their own names and described them so their second cousin would not mistake them. Authors with a lack of imagination and an over consciousness of the claims of realism are doing the same all the time. Here is another: At one time there was a considerable American Catholic colony in Rome, with a large representation of Boston lady converts, Sedgwicks, Metcalfs, Brewsters, and Bristeds, and so forth. 'A chief among 'em takin' notes' appeared in the person of Miss Tincker, a sharp-tongued maiden lady from Maine, who wrote several successful Italian novels, "Signor Monaldini's Niece" among the rest.

Her notes on the American colony were not written at the start, but out spoken—which convinced the Boston ladies of her insanity. They actually took up a subscription, and had the critical authoress shut up in a private asylum for three months—on trial, as it were. Miss Tincker employed this enforced leisure in writing a novel in which her persecutors appeared, thinly disguised. "By the Libber" was published by her as soon as she was released, and ran through three editions in as many weeks in Boston. I remember a copy for which \$13 was paid. Since then Miss Tincker roams fancy free along the crests of the Apennines and no American from Boston asks, "Where do you wander?" This was fifteen and more years ago. The only comparable shake-up given to an American colony in Europe was three years since, when a former clerical assistant of the Rev. Dr. Morgan, of Paris, told in surreptitious print what he knew of the goings on in that city and Nice. All the copies that came to Paris were secretly bought up. The only way of seeing a copy was to get around the next clerical assistant, who had a private copy—doubtless for his own professional information. Luckily, the chapel of the Avenue de l'Alma is not high-church enough to introduce the confessional. But—how these Christians do love one another!—which was first said in Ephesus, or some other city very much like Paris.

The wife—Be care'ul John and don't let baby drop on the hard floor.  
The husband—I will my dear I would not wake him up for the wor.d.

Walker—Did you notice that two bicycle dealers had been shot as burglars?

Scorcher—Yes; and I hope to heaven that one of them is the man that sold me this wheel.

Every one in Nebraska who earns his living by writing is sorry that Mrs. Peattie is going to leave the state. She goes to Chicago in order to rejoin her husband who is the Chicago correspondent of a New York paper. They are sure to have a pleasant home and to be visited by loving and interesting friends.

Never was a writer more sorry for the woes of others, more ready to praise, more swift to champion a lost cause, more careless of consequences to herself. Her work on the World Herald under the head, "A word with the women" has a personal note a naturalness and directness that is more literary than journalistic. For newspapers nowadays think it best workmanship when from the editor-in-chief down to the

Will Owen Jones the voice is the voice of a corporation not of a person. In consequence of this system it has become a tiresome duty to read the daily product of the newspaper machine. It is a duty because few men in business have the time to consider national and international questions as carefully as they suppose that editors do, and it is tiresome because the ponderous opinions of a column or two which appear in western papers are a reproduction of eastern editorials that appeared a day or a week before. It is just as amusing and more instructing to read an article in an encyclopedia. Mrs. Peattie's work for magazines and her strong individuality has kept her work from curing under the rays of the western sun. The day laborers on Nebraska papers are sorry that she is going away but glad that she will live in a more congenial and appreciative atmosphere. Nebraska has produced a number of very bright people but no one ever hears of them till they get out of the state. The names of those whom the dwellers in the east delight to honor would fill this column but instead of appreciating the honor to the state Nebraskans wonder at the taste of those Yankees. Henry Estabrook formerly of Omaha, prepared his speech on "The Vergence of the Flag" and delivered it first on the fourth of July at Weeping Water. The people listened to him quietly and dispersed with out either applause or expression of disapproval. He went home saying to himself "It is a good speech all the same but they took it like so many cakes of soap." In a year or two Mr. Estabrook delivered the same speech in New York and the house rose at him. After these old familiar faces are gone reflections upon their loveliness and desirability as citizens are useless unless they serve to remind us of a duty to those who are left.

COULDN'T STOP.

And then they both began to sing.  
The key was, I think, B flat,  
Sue took the alto, May the air,  
And I—well, I took—my hat.

Will—I am tired of this life, and I am going to the other world.

Marie—What! Do you mean that you intend to commit suicide?

Will—No, no; I mean London, Paris and, perhaps, Vienna.

Marie—I, too, am tired of this life. Take me with you, and let's have a double funeral!

"The Violet," by Julia Magruder, with eleven illustrations by Gibson, is not so good as it looks. The cover is in violet cloth with silver lettering. The letter press is large and clear, the paper is thick and the margins are wide, and withal the story is interesting, yet I do not like it. It may be read in an evening and no one who begins it will lay it down unfinished. "The Violet" is Mrs. Bertrand who appears as a chaperon. She is like the Princess Sonia, beautiful, elegantly dressed and distinguished—that is, Miss Magruder says she is. Her character's do not speak for themselves but Miss Magruder speaks for them. She says on every page that Mrs. Bertrand is noble, and disinterested but she is a puppet who can not act for herself. Very likely the author has seen fair ladies with dove like smoothness of vesure and distinguished manners but she is not familiar enough with the type to make it live. The hero is also noble, well dressed,

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