

CLUB NEWS

[Continued from page 5.]

for two hours by Mrs. Frank Hall of Lincoln, who gave a lecture on "Religion and Art." Mrs. Hall has travelled extensively "abroad" and is brimful of enthusiasm over Greek and Roman Art, and the ladies who were fortunate enough to have an opportunity of listening to her lecture and looking at the large collection of pictures, pronounced it a very enjoyable occasion.

At six, the members and guests were invited into the dining room where a pleasant surprise awaited them. A row of husbands stood by the table, each ready to claim his wife, or the wife of some other husband. A long table was handsomely laid, and thirty ladies and gentlemen were served a very palatable supper. In the evening, Mrs. Hall entertained them by a still further talk on Art, illustrated by stereoptic views.

The ladies of University Place met Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Love for the purpose of reorganizing the Woman's club of University Place. Any lady of University Place may now become a member by signing the constitution and by paying the annual fee. The following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Dr. Knapp; first vice-president, Mrs. Love; second vice-president, Mrs. Esterbrook; secretary, Mrs. Bowler; treasurer, Mrs. Gardner. The department of book review will meet November 15th at 7:30 p. m. with Mrs. Love. The department of child study will meet November 16th at 3 p. m. in the reception room of the university building. The department of physical culture will meet November 16th at 5:30 p. m. in the reception room of the university. The department of literature will meet Monday afternoon November 22nd, in the reception room of the university. The current events department will furnish a short program occupying fifteen minutes at each meeting of the club. The social department will take its turn in rotation of programs.

All the ladies of the former club together with any other ladies of the place are cordially invited to join. The club will meet Friday evening November 26th, with Mrs. Gardner.

GOSSIP OF THE TOWN.

After a full summer of glaring tobacco signs, hideous circus posters and endless advertisements for washing compounds and local haberdashers, there was some hope for at least relief in mural decorations from the play companies. But so far this season such hopes have not been realized. A few players like Clement, Crane and Mantel have put out posters satisfactory at least on account of their simplicity and plainness. One set of bills only has approached the artistic—the posters of the "Gay Coney Island" company. Striking and novel as they were in some respects, nevertheless one looks back to them as to a distant oasis in monotonous Sahara, of cheap and coarse decorations with which the public has been affected by such companies as "McGinty the Sport," "The Passing Show" and the "London Bell Ringers."

Speaking of bills, there is something pathetic in the sight of a small, half-faded dodger that hangs in the broken window of an empty store down on lower P street near the depot. The print is poor and the paper coarse and the wind and the rain creeping in has turned it a dirty yellow. But still it hangs there, flopping in the breeze and day and day catching the eye of the travelers hurrying up and down the little hill that leads to the depot.

Nearly a year that old, weather-stained

bill has hung there; for it is the bill of the "Convict Minstrels" held last Christmas week at that big dark, ever-silent place just over the hill south of town. For the one night that gloomy pile took on a festive scene, with music sounding and lights burning, the large hall filled with smiling and sympathetic faces. Other things—past, present and future—were for the moment forgotten in the buck and wing dances, the recitations and popular songs and the screaming farce that completed it all. Then the last car went screaming up the hill and on toward the city, the lights in the big hall were put out, the lock step was formed and the actors went back again to their cells and their thoughts. And all that is left of it all is an old torn, half-faded "bill of the play" that flops unceasingly down in the empty store window on P street.

Clay Clement has consented to moderate the hearty kiss of his in the "New Dominion," and the world once more smiles serenely upon him and his company, and of them all no one is happier than Mrs. Clement, for reasons too obvious to anyone who has seen the play. Some say the whole thing was nothing but a big story for advertising purposes, but be that as it may, it is all over with now, and Clement is again his big, genial self, and continues making money and friends wherever he goes. No actor on the stage is a better boon companion, as every manager and every newspaper man knows. His conversation sparkles with wit and is filled with stories of his half dozen years on the stage, and underneath all the lighter flow there is a current of that pleasing philosophy which crops out so prominently in his play. Such a man is worth listening to. He will sit over a box of cigars and talk just as long as anyone will hear him. Two years ago he went down to an informal smoker given him here in Lincoln by a college fraternity of which he was a member in Chicago university and was one of the boys, singing the old college songs, telling stories and giving the fraternity yells until dawn touched the eastern windows. That was two years ago, before he was married. This year he left the young fellows at two o'clock in the morning—the married actor's midnight, as he called it.

One of Clement's stories has never found its way into print. It was years ago when Robson and Crane had formed their unusually strong combination and were playing in New York. At one of the neighboring houses Sol Smith Russell was appearing in a political play. One scene showed Russell addressing a mob of enthusiastic citizens from a hotel balcony. Between acts at their own house Robson and Crane had jumped into a hack and had been driven rapidly over to Russell's theatre, and had come upon the stage just as the "supes" were taking their place under the balcony. They joined in the crowd and said nothing. The curtain went up, the mob cheered loudly, and Russell stepped out to address them.

"My fellow-citizens—" he began. Then he glanced down and caught sight of Robson and Crane. Russell stopped short and the "supes" cheered again. But none yelled louder or raised a bigger din than the two actors from up the street.

"Good, old man! Look at him! Keep her up! 'Rah for Solly!"

Russell was completely overcome and could not say a word. Then in a stage whisper came from Robson and Crane:

"Go on! Why don't you keep it up? Go it, Solly! Why, the old man's scared!"

Crancer & Curtice at 207 South 11th St., are showing the best selected line of pictures ever seen in Lincoln; also the latest in frames may be gotten there.

FUNKE OPERA HOUSE

F. C. ZEHRUNG, Mgr
Corner O and Twelfth streets

Matinee and Night

THANKSGIVING
Thursday, November 25

DAVIS' UNCLE TOMS CABIN

Brigade Band, Symphony Orchestra, 50 men, women and children, horses, ponies, donkeys and dogs.

The Largest in the World
Seats on sale Wednesday 10 a. m. Prices 10-20-30c

ONE NIGHT ONLY

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

Lincoln J Carter's
Grand Scenic Production,

THE HEART OF CHICAGO

TWO CARLOADS OF SPECIAL SCENERY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

THE QUEEN OF BURLESQUE
HELEN RUSSELL

AND HER MAMMOTH COMPANY IN

ROBIN HOOD

Elaborate Scenery; Elegant Costumes; American and Foreign Novelties.

Russell had to ring down the curtain but before he could find the two impromptu supes they were back at their own house chuckling at each other between lines of their own play.

There is a notice published in the postoffice building that is a novelty in its way. It is a government notice calling for bids to carry the United States mails to the Klondike regions, "by railway, steamboat, wagon or dog-sledge." It is safe to say that the number of bidders from this vicinity will not be large.

NOTICE.

(First Publication October 23.)

Wm. M. Buckman vs. Edward T. Huff, et. al. 21-257.

To Albert Huff, Jessie Huff, his wife, and Thomas L. Teasdale, non-resident defendants:

You and each of you are hereby notified that on September 18th, 1897, William M. Buckman, as plaintiff, began an action against you and other defendants in the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, the object of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage on the following land in said county, to-wit: Lot number 12 in block number 13, in the city of Lincoln, according to the recorded plat thereof, made by Edward T. Huff and Emma E. Huff to the Lombard Investment Company, dated September

1st, 1890, to secure the payment of a promissory note of said Edward T. Huff and Emma E. Huff to said Lombard Investment Company for \$1,650.00, on which there is now due \$1,780.00 with interest from September 1st, 1895, at ten per cent per annum.

Plaintiff prays for decree of foreclosure and sale of said land to satisfy said liens as aforesaid, for deficiency judgment and general relief.

You are required to answer plaintiff's petition on or before the 29th day of November, 1897.

WILLIAM M. BUCKMAN, Plaintiff.
By S. L. Gesthardt, Attorney.

Nov. 13.

CYCLES PHOTOGRAPHS
ATHLETIC PHOTOGRAPHS
PHOTOGRAPHS OF BABIES
PHOTOGRAPHS OF GROUPS
EXTERIOR VIEWS

Clements

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
129 South Eleventh Street.