

THE SUMMER GIRL IN LONDON'

You see all the world at the Hotel Cecil, the half-world and "Toddie" Sloan.

It seemed to me that two girls traveling alone ought not to come to such a gay hotel, but Leonie said that she was in Europe to see things, and she would not bury herself where it was too—she hesitated. I suggested the world respectable, interrogatively. She declined it indignantly and said "too quiet." It does no good to argue with Leonie. Then, too, Tom said I must humor her. It is my private conviction that Tom would have drawn the line at the Hotel Cecil, but we are here. Leonie suggested that we sort of fasten ourselves to a pretty little widow from New York that we met on the steamer, and she could, apparently, chaperon us. It did not sound unpleasant. If one must have a chaperon, a young and pretty widow certainly has greater possibilities for giving pleasure than chaperons of the fat, unattractive and grandly virtuous age. So we three joined forces.

We had not been in the hotel a half-hour when the "grandly virtuous" widow came to us to tell us how many pitfalls there are in London for young and pretty women, and that she would take us under her protection and make our stay very pleasant. She said she would take us everywhere; would get us invitations to the "at home" to be given to the International Congress of Women, to the garden party to be given by Lady Rothschild, to the reception to be given by Lady Aberdeen; that she would take us to the Legation to call on Ambassador and Mrs. Choate, to Windsor, where the Congress of Women were to be allowed to see the Queen ride by, as she went out for her daily recreation; that she would chaperon us to Henley and to all the rest of the week's gayeties. Our pretty widow smiled sweetly, thanked her kindly, but did not accept nor did she refuse. She confided to us in an undertone that it looked to her as if the woman were playing a confidence game, and after getting us under obligations she would try to borrow money from us. So it proved. Before night she had told a story of remittances that had not come, that she needed money for cab fare, bus fare and for meals. She said that she was connected with a New York newspaper and was earning money, but there was much delay in getting returns for matter she was sending. Of course, none of us could allow a woman to go hungry. Then we found that her credentials were only a calling card on which she had written the name of the New York paper.

But what a lot she does with that card! She goes everywhere with it and says, with a grand air, that she belongs to the American press. She passes sacred portals, and guards, and sentinels, while they are trying to figure out what distinguished class of Americans she represents. And she hangs to us at every turn. There is no freezing her off. Going down to Henley we bought first-class tickets for the train. She borrowed the money of our pretty widow and bought a third-class ticket. She paid half the price we did, and took a seat in our compartment. The tickets were not taken up until just before we arrived. The ticket collector demurred at the third-class ticket. She said she belonged to the "press" with that air of hers, and the man, not wanting to expose his ignorance of American class distinction, said no more. At Henley, as we showed our tickets on getting into the "break" that was to take us to "Clubland," the calling card with the "New York Yellow" written across it

was flourished again, and she took a seat beside us. As we arrived at "Clubland" and surrendered the entrance portion of our ticket, we left her to argue out with the guard her right to enter. In a few minutes she came in, smiling. Now, I think I know something about the courtesies that are extended to representatives of the press, so I waited to see how she would manage about her luncheon. Our tickets for the races included luncheon and tea, for which we had paid a round sum. In England there is no wheedling the subordinate. Madame had talked "press" to the top men at the entrance to "Clubland;" she had had a good view of the river, with its thousands of little boats and their gayly dressed occupants, the house-boats, with their gayer decorations, the racing and the people; she had heard the music and had occupied the best chairs as a "press" representative, but I did not believe she could get by the guard to the luncheon tent without a luncheon ticket. As we surrendered ours Madame was directly back of us. She smiled, haughtily, to the guard: "The press." The guard said: "Your ticket, madam." Madame said: "I told you that I represent the press. Kindly step one side."

The guard hesitated an instant and then stepped meekly to one side, with a dazed expression. Madame came to our table with the inimitable complacency she adopts with us, and took a seat opposite. She was well into the luncheon when the guard left his post at the entrance and came to her. He said: "Madam, what did you say you represented?" Madame turned to him with a withering glance and replied: "The press. If you have any doubts about my right to come in, go to the main entrance and make inquiries." The poor guard looked helpless and puzzled, and walked slowly away. It was a wonderful method she had, and a decidedly cheap one. I was really beginning to admire her audacity. It was what Tom would call "colossal nerve." I could not resist ejaculating that she could not get a meal in America on the strength of the "press." I said it, as I thought, admiringly; but she did not take it so. She turned to me, and in a pathetic voice said: "Do you want me to go hungry?" That was a settler. But we three, our pretty widow, Leonie and myself, decided to lose her. We did. As we returned to our hotel we met the managing editor of the paper she claimed to represent. He assured us she was not connected in any way with his paper. This is only one instance. There are several women here in London attending the Congress who are representing themselves as newspaper women, and demanding favors. English people are too courteous to ask for their credentials, and they enjoy all that is going.

A man with black eyes and a black mustache walks up and down the corridors of the hotel, through the drawing rooms, out into the court, up and down the walks, and always seems to be in our vicinity. Our widow has been deathly afraid that Leonie and I would receive an introduction to him. She said we must not know him; that she was sure that he had been a head waiter somewhere; that she had caught him snapping his fingers several times. Now, today—just guess who the head waiter is? No other man than Count Colonna, head of the house of all the Colonnas of Italy. He is hunting for a rich wife. He says American girls are so fond of titles, he is sure they want to know him. He asked a woman from California, who is stopping here with her son, to introduce him. He told her that he gets many admiring glances as he walks about. She replied that she

could not take the responsibility of introducing him to American girls. But, finally, someone did introduce him to a very pretty girl and told him that she had great wealth. He is most devoted. He follows her every moment. The girl, however, has not a cent. I wonder how he is going to act when he discovers it?

"Toddie" Sloan has just gone into the hotel from a cab, dressed in immaculate evening clothes. His hats are an awful size for such a little fellow, yet they seem to fit him. Big head, I suppose, does not always mean self-appreciation. "Toddie" gave our little widow a "straight tip," and she made a lot of money on a horse that was 4½ to 1, or something that sounded like that. Leonie and I wanted to bet, but the pretty widow said no, it was bad enough for her; she did not think it was right, and she wanted to keep us free from all vices.

I wonder if "Toddie" Sloan is giving Adele Ritchie straight tips? Edna Wallace Hopper was here, but she had to return to America. Our widow says I must stop this gossip; that I know too much.—Town Topics.

A SPECIMEN REGIMENT.

We are very glad to see that the First Nebraska is at least one home-coming regiment which refuses to feed the yellow journals with nasty scandals and complaints or furnish material for fresh lies about the administration. These fine fellows went out to the Philippines, did their duty on all occasions like modest patriots, and have now come home crowned with the laurels of soldierly performance. It is refreshing to celebrate the disbandment of men who served their flag with valor and devotion, and who refuse unanimously to join the ignoble army of the belly-achers.

Mr. Atkinson and his fellow copperheads will find no serviceable material among the men of the First Nebraska. So far as we can hear, not one of them has denounced the purpose of our military operations in the Philippines or would have our policy modified in any respect save that of increasing the force and perhaps, changing the leadership, with a view to a speedy and final occupation. The tribute of blood and suffering they have paid, the memory of their dead comrades over whose graves they have wept, the feeling that they have fought in a righteous cause—all these considerations hold high place in their loyal hearts.

Of course the jackals of journalism barked their coward barks in the name of the First Nebraska, but in every case that has come under our notice the libel has been repudiated and the liar held up to scorn and execration. They will not be forgotten, these stalwart heroes from the corn belt. The country recognizes their manly qualities, and every one who loves his flag and its high renown hopes that the example of the First Nebraska will be followed by every regiment returning from the seat of war. Three cheers for them all around!—Editorial in the Washington Post, D. C.

"Dead men tell no tales."

"Lucky for their doctors, isn't it?"

"I suppose it will break your heart for me to say I can only be a sister to you?"

"Not at all my dear. I never knew a girl who did not say the same thing to me."

When a man takes life easily it is hard to decide whether he is a philosopher or a loafer.

First Publication July 22—4
IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF LANCASTER COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

Elizabeth A. Knox, as Executrix of the estate of Caroline Hartwell, deceased, vs. Henry S. Reed, et al.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANTS.

To Henry S. Reed and Minnie L. Reed:—You and each of you will take notice that on the 20th day of July, 1899, the above named plaintiff filed her petition in the court aforesaid against you and each of you, the object and prayer of said petition are to foreclose two certain mortgages executed by you to the Clark & Leonard Investment Company and by it assigned to this plaintiff upon the following described premises to-wit: Commencing at the N. E. corner of the S. E. quarter, of the S. E. quarter of Section thirty-six, 36, Township ten, 10, N. of Range six 6, E. of the 6th P. M., then running W. six hundred and ninety-one, 691, feet on the N. line of the said S. E. quarter of the S. E. quarter thence running twenty-nine and 1-100 feet on a line parallel to the E. line of said S. E. quarter to the starting point, thence S. three hundred 300 feet on a line parallel to the E. line of said S. E. quarter, thence W. one hundred and twenty-eight 128 feet on a line parallel to the N. line of said S. E. quarter, thence N. three hundred 300 feet on a line parallel to the E. line of the said S. E. quarter, thence E. one hundred and twenty-eight, 128, feet to the point of beginning, the same being Lots one, 1, two, 2, three, 3, four, 4, five, 5, and six 6. Block three, 3 Windsor Addition to the City of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, to secure the payment of two certain promissory notes and interest thereon, said notes being dated June 12, 1894, for the sum of Fifteen Hundred Dollars, \$1,500, and One Hundred and Fifty Dollars, \$150.00, respectively with interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum till due and ten per cent per annum after maturity, said notes being due on the 1st day of June, 1895, that default has been made in the payment of said notes and interest and there is now due upon the said notes and mortgages the sum of \$1,584 with interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum from the 14th day of July, 1899, for which sum with interest as aforesaid, plaintiff prays for a decree that the defendants be required to pay the same or that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due.

Plaintiff further prays that a receiver may be appointed to take charge of said premises and to rent the same, collect the rents and profits thereof, to pay taxes and keep said premises insured and to hold the balance subject to the order of the court, and plaintiff proposes for said receiver the name of A. E. Moeller and as sureties for said receiver and for said plaintiff the names of J. R. Inkster and H. S. Freeman. Said application for a receiver is based upon the affidavits of H. B. Sawyer, G. R. Kimmel, H. W. Davis, A. W. Miller, E. P. Hovey, A. D. Kitchen and W. J. Fryer.

You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 11th day of September, 1899, and hearing on application for appointment of a receiver will be had on said last named date at the hour of 9 A. M., of said day or as soon thereafter as council can be heard by the court or a judge thereof.

Dated Lincoln, Nebraska, July 20, 1899.
ELIZABETH A. KNOX, as Executrix of the estate of Caroline Hartwell, deceased.

By HARWOOD and AMES & AMES, her attorneys.

Many Hours Quicker...

VIA



TO THE..

PACIFIC COAST

...Than by any other line

The Overland Limited
Carries the Government Fast Mail.

SAN FRANCISCO PORTLAND

ONLY { 60 Hours to San Francisco
 { 58 Hours to Portland

FROM LINCOLN.

For time tables, folders, and illustrated pamphlets descriptive of the territory traversed, call on E. B. Slosson General Agent.

DR. LEONHARDT'S

ANTI-PILL

Cures Constipation, Biliousness, nervousness and the pill habit. Action not followed by constiveness. Doubt it? Try it. Sample free. Druggists, 25c, or address ANTI-PILL CO., Lincoln, Neb.