

what in the Dickens is the Willowton Ladies' June Society," said McIlrath, "but the Woman's club? You can call it society if you want to, but what's the difference? And your wife has been president of it for a year and you said last night it had been the pleasantest year of your married life. The truth is, Brown, that little wife of yours switches your freight around like a train dispatcher and you don't know any more than a carload of baled hay when you are to be side-tracked or what port you are billed for. So, you didn't know you were speaking to the Woman's club? Jehosaphat! that's rich," roared McIlrath, doubling himself up with delight. The laugh was on Brown. "We all smoke in this crowd," said Holland. "The devil you do!" snarled Brown, and struck out for his office. Brown was mad—he was boiling mad. He address a Woman's club—the thought made him burn with indignation from head to foot—but he had—he surely had—and that great big I and remarkably small you feeling that Mr. Brown had always had when contemplating his wife's or any other woman's mental ability, had come very near being jarred loose. He would never let on to his wife, but what he knew it was a club all the time, but he would make her feel that he was not to be trifled with; that she could not play him such tricks with impunity. While he would not say anything she should feel his displeasure. The children were home from school and dinner was all ready when he came in at noon. Mrs. Brown had seen him coming with his hands thrust into his pockets, and she knew he was not in the best of humor. He said nothing to any one, but took his seat at the table. There was a perceptible gloom in the atmosphere and silence reigned supreme until dinner was half over, when Mr. Brown remarked in a dead level tone of voice: "Well, we had a fine time at the club last night." At the word club Mrs. Brown's heart contracted, but there was not a quiver of an eyelid to betray her fear. "Yes, we did," she said. "I was real proud of you, George. I did not know you could do so well at public speaking. Mrs. Clark was in here this morning to bring us some of the cake and cream that was left—" "Oh, good," interrupted Willie, "Can we have it for dinner?" "Course we can," said Nellie. "It will melt if we don't." "And she said," continued Mrs. Brown, "that her husband thinks you are just the man this district wants for senator as you are such a fluent speaker." For just one second Mr. Brown had a mental view of a lumbering freight train loaded with baled hay being switched onto a side-track, but it was more pleasant to contemplate Mr. Clark's idea of the senatorship—for he held the same opinion on that subject—Jimmie cried, "O, say pa, Gemmie Burns said his father laughed all the morning at the stories you told last night and he is going to send right off after Riley's books. The cake and ice cream were brought on and Mr. Brown told over for the benefit of the children the story that had so amused the progenitor of Thomas Burns. Mrs. Brown said she heard that morning that Lucy Thompson was to be married next week to Mr. Williams and there was to be a large wedding, and she heard they were to be invited, and they would have to look around for a wedding present. Club was not mentioned again. Mr. Brown started back to his office—he could not quite figure out how it had all happened. His wife was deuced smart. There was no question about that, and, of course, he would watch to see that she did not get careless about things around home or neglect the children. What a success she had made of her society or club or whatever you call it! But, then, he had drawn the constitution. Here a brilliant thought struck him, and the rift that had been made in his self-complacency closed up so tightly that the crack was not visible to the naked eye. Of course that's the solution of the whole question, thought he—plain as the nose on your face—why had he not seen it before. Environment was the whole thing. What was it his wife was reading the other night about the mimicry of nature? How animals and birds took on the color of their surroundings. If the plumage of the birds of the Great Desert is strikingly like the soil of their home and all its animals, from hens and gazelles to locusts wear the tawny color of the desert sand. If the lizard takes on the color of its back ground, the polar bear and Arctic birds are white like the snow, and so on, what's the matter

with a natural law working in an intellectual as well as physical way? Of course that was the key to the whole situation. His wife had become brainy by living with him! Certainly, thought Brown; clear case, right along the lines of evolution—modification by environment, sure—and his thumbs sought the armholes of his vest, his expansive chest swelled with pride into a fine front, and—Richard was himself again.

**THEATRICAL.**

**THE OLIVER.**

The success of Ernest Seton Thompson on the lecture platform has been phenomenal. During the past season he has spoken twice a day in order to comply with the demand for his services. Everywhere crowded houses have welcomed him, and always, on afternoon occasions, the greater portion of the audience has been children. The charm of Seton-Thompson's art is in its simplicity, its novelty and the flavor of the forest which he imparts to all his descriptive work. Whether he is analyzing the tracks of the hare, imitating the challenge to battle of the bull elk, or repeating the mocking bark of the pin gopher, he is all the time carrying his audience farther back from the foot hills into the Rockies and getting them nearer to the true life of Nimrod. The whole human family is his public, because every human being loves wild animals.

The people of Lincoln will have a chance to hear him at the Oliver Theatre this afternoon and evening.

The comedy event of the season at the Oliver Theatre is the appearance on Monday evening of Harry Corson Clark, who is well remembered here from the hit he scored last season in "What Happened to Jones." He is supported by a New York company in a brand new farce entitled "What Did Tompkins Do?" Mr. Clark has scored a hit of huge proportions in his latest attempt. His performance is the very top notch of comic effort. No money has not been spared upon the beautiful stage settings, the handsome women who support him: and their beautiful and artistic gowns they wear. There are a dozen Parisian creations which alone represent a small fortune.

Sale of seats now going on.

**THE FUNKE.**

The street parade by Rusco and Holland's Big Minstrel Festival is superior to anything by a smaller organization. This season they will eclipse all former attempts and the public will have a free treat at one P. M. today. This is not a stereotyped parade. They give an entire new departure, gaudy entertaining, and laughable, well worth your time to see. The Big Minstrel Festival will appear at the Funke Opera House today only, matinee and night, Saturday, April 6th.

One of the most interesting theatrical events of the season is the engagement of that talented young comedian, Mr. George B. Howard and the sprightly soubrette, Miss Flora Dorset, with their own company of Dramatic and Vaudeville artists, at the Funke Opera House all next week, commencing Monday, April 8th. As an opening bill the company presents Jessie Mae Hall's greatest success entitled "The Princess of Patches" with Miss Dorset in the title role and Mr. Howard in his original character of Weary Wiggles. As usual with popular priced attractions, a lady will be admitted free on opening night if accompanied by a person with a paid 30 or 50 cent reserved seat ticket, if reserved prior to 7 o'clock Monday evening. The advance sale will open Saturday morning. Strong vaudeville between acts, not a single act duplicated during the entire engagement.

**OLIVER** UNDER THE DIRECTION OF O. T. CRAWFORD & F. C. ZEHRUNG Corner 13th and P. Phone 354

**TODAY MATINEE and NIGHT**

Children's Day—The Great Friend of Wild Animals, **ERNEST SETON - THOMPSON**, Two of His Great Illustrated Lectures.

"Personality of Wild Animals"—Saturday afternoon, April 6. "Wild Animals I Have Known"—Saturday evening, April 6.

Since October last, over 80,000 children and 75,000 grownups have attended these lectures, seen Mr. Seton-Thompson's beautiful animal pictures, and heard the wonderful stories of his experience with them.

All the Children of Lincoln are invited to come and bring their parents, teachers and friends. They will see their Animal Favorites. The Springfield Fox, Mollie Cottontail, Lobo and his Mate, Little Johnny. The Great Bears and many other Animals and Birds in his book.

Prices—Matinee, children 25c, adults 50c, any seat in the house, except boxes. Box seats \$1.00, children half price. Only boxes reserved at matinee, Evening prices 25c to \$1.00, children 50c any seat. Seats now on sale.

**MONDAY NIGHT, APRIL 8.**

**A ROYAL FEAST OF FUN.**

The popular and versatile Comedian

In his newest and Latest Hit



Pretty Girls, Catchy Music, Stunning Gowns, Handsome Settings; supporting company of exceptional excellence. A Most Triumphant success.

Prices 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00. Seats now on sale.

**FUNKE** UNDER THE DIRECTION OF O. T. CRAWFORD AND F. C. ZEHRUNG COR. O AND TWELFTH. PHONE 994

**TODAY—MATINEE and NIGHT**

A Sensational triumph! A Mammoth Attraction! The Mightiest of the Mighty!

**RUSCO AND HOLLAND'S**

(Successors to Richards & Pringle)

**BIG MINSTREL FESTIVAL,**

Monumental as a Monument! Gigantic as a Giant! Colossal as a Colossus! Pleasurable Surprise of Prime Magnitude! Cannon Shots from the Minstrel Kings! A princely effort by the reigning monarchs of minstrel caterers to His Royal Highness, The American Public. A Superlatively Great and Incomparably Big Minstrel Festival. A company without an equal in the whole world of minstrelsy. Free Street Parade Daily.

Prices—Matinee, 10c to 25c; evening, 15c to 50c.

**6 Nights, Matinee Saturday Beginning Monday, April 8.**

First appearance in this city of the versatile Comedian,	<b>MON. NIGHT</b>	Jessie Mae Hall's Southern Romance, <b>THE PRINCESS OF PATCHES.</b>
<b>MR. GEORGE B. HOWARD</b>	<b>TUES. "</b>	Edwin Arden's great success, <b>EAGLE'S NEST.</b>
And the charming soubrette,	<b>WED. "</b>	The new 4-act comedy drama, <b>THE LITTLE GYPSY.</b>
<b>MISS FLORA DORSET</b>	<b>THURS. "</b>	George B. Howard's American Play, <b>THE WINNING HAND, or THE SHADOW OF CRIME.</b>
And their great company of dramatic and vaudeville artists, presenting the following plays:	<b>FRI. "</b>	The ever popular drama, <b>THE TWO ORPHANS.</b>
	<b>SAT. MATINEE</b>	Lizzie Evans' Success, <b>FOGG'S FERRY.</b>
	<b>SAT. NIGHT</b>	William A. Brady's success, <b>OLD GLORY.</b>

Vaudeville between the acts. Seats now on sale. Ladies free Monday as usual. Prices 10c, 20c, 30c and 50c.