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**P. E. ALMOND,**  
1106 O St., Lincoln, Nebr.  
Dealer in Home Physical Training  
Outfits, Fountain Bath Brush Out-  
fits, and "Self and Sex Series"  
books.

Lee, to Lieutenant Rhea of the seventh cavalry. The wedding will occur next week on June the twenty-sixth. Lieutenant Evan Humphrey will be best man.

Mrs. Nance and Miss Nance gave a large card party Thursdays morning. Six handed euchre was the entertainment, and the tables were distributed through the rooms and on the porch, where punch also was served by Mrs. Elmer Merrill. The hostesses were assisted by Misses Putnam, Carson and Hollowbush. Prizes were won by Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. E. C. Folsom. Those present were Mesdames E. C. Folsom, Sewell, Ewing, Putnam, Hays, E. E. Brown, Moore, George Clarke, W. B. Hargreaves, A. G. Davis, A. E. Kennard, Pitcher, F. W. Smith, Van Brunt, W. C. Wilson, Chapin, Barbour, Le Gore, Kellogg, E. L. Holyoke, Plummer, Holm Perry, Chas. Branch, Casebeer, Garrouette of Kansas City, P. Garoutte, Risser, H. L. Mayer, C. Thompson; Latschaw, Chas. Mayer, S. B. Pound, R. A. Holyoke, Mullen, Ackerman, A. L. Hoover, L. W. Marshall, Griffith, Newmark, Haecker, Bignell, Lindly, E. C. Merrill, J. Manahan, Burnham, Dawes of Crete, E. J. Fitzgerald, F. B. Richter, Chas. Rudge, Thomas Walsh, W. J. Turner; Misses Oakley, Hollowbush, Richards, Truax of Chicago, Saunders, Marshall, Gahan, L. Pound, Risser, Lindly and Bignell.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Coffin entertained at dinner Monday afternoon. The guests were: Judge S. A. Holcomb, Doctor B. L. Paine, Doctor C. E. Coffin of Ord, Nebraska, Judge E. M. Bartlett of Omaha, Honorable R. M. Taggart of Nebraska City, Honorable George L. Loomis of Fremont, Mr. D. C. Stratton of Pawnee City, and Mr. W. B. Lynch and Mr. O. J. Wilcox of Lincoln.

Gregory, The Coal Man, 11th & O.

Governor and Mrs. Savage will leave next Tuesday for a trip through the Black Hills, returning to Lincoln July third.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Briggs of 429 Winthrop avenue, Argyle park, Chicago, a daughter, on June the sixteenth. Mrs. Briggs was Miss Ruth Owen of Lincoln. Mr. Briggs is cartoonist for Hearst's Chicago American.

Doctor and Mrs. U. R. Gettier are visiting their sons, Messrs. John and S. W. Gettier.

Mrs. E. E. Lowman, daughter of Ex-Governor Furnas, spent the week in Lincoln. She came to secure surgical treatment for her son.

Mrs. Clinton R. Lee is the guest of friends in Grand Rapids, Mich.

The best equipped and most popular dining hall in the city is the Palace Dining hall, 1130 N street. Sunday dinners a specialty. Best attention paid to family board. Give it a trial.

Mrs. C. G. Crittenden entertained Les Bohemiennes Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Owen Oakley, who was graduated from the United States Naval Academy

this year, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Oakley.

Mrs. R. O. Phillips and Miss Mary Minor will leave next week for Seattle, where they will spend the summer.

Misses Ellen and Frances Gere will leave tomorrow for Chicago, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Simmons for a week.

Mrs. S. Greer and daughter, Mrs. McDill, Mrs. Israel and Mr. and Mrs. E. Fleming and family, left on Monday for Ruskin, where they are the guests of Mrs. George Sykes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bryan and family have gone to Buffalo, where they will spend several weeks at the exposition.

Mrs. George W. Bonnell and the Misses Bonnell will spend the summer at Manitou, Colo.

Mrs. Mary Axtell of the Lincoln chapter, P. E. O., was elected state president at the state convention last week.

Mrs. S. W. Gettier entertained Monday evening in honor of her niece, Miss Marian Hankey.

Mrs. A. E. Hargreaves will entertain this evening in honor of Mrs. Edwards of Chicago.

Mrs. Mina D. Plumb, Brown block, 1526 O street, room 1, is the agent for Chas. A. Stevens & Bros., silk importers of Chicago. She takes orders for tailor-made suits, etc. Just now she sells fifteen dollar tailor-made suits for six dollars.

Dr. J. L. Greene, superintendent of the hospital for the insane, has gone to Colorado for a brief vacation.

County Clerk D. A. Frye was called to Peoria, Ill., last week by the illness and death of his mother, Mrs. Abraham Frye.

Mr. Harold Scudder of New York city will spend the summer in Lincoln.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Mason will spend the summer in Buffalo.

Mrs. M. F. Scott and Miss Elizabeth Scott of Ashland were the guests of Mrs. A. A. Scott this week.

Mrs. L. D. McConnell and Misses Margerie and Grace McConnell will spend the summer in Ohio and New York.

Mrs. Randolph and Miss Ruth Randolph are in St. Bonifacius, Pa., where they will remain for several weeks.

Mrs. Schroeder and Miss Clara Schroeder are visiting in Denver. They will also go to Colorado Springs.

Mrs. R. N. Orrill and children left Tuesday morning for Dewese, where they will visit Mrs. Orrill's parents for several weeks.

Married, at the home of the bride, 1210 Q street, Tuesday afternoon, Miss Imogene Clinton and Mr. Harry Newton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Gallagher of Seward, uncle of the bride. Miss Clara Street was maid of honor, and Mrs. Alden Chap-

man played the wedding march. Mr. and Mrs. Newton left last night for Denver, their future home.

Mary D. Manning, teacher in elocution and dramatic art, Sherwood school of music, Chicago, will receive a limited number of pupils during the summer. Address 427 South 12th street.

Mrs. John B. Horton and Miss Horton have gone to New Brighton, Pa., where they will visit for a short time before going to the Maine coast.

Miss Anna Thomas returned from Columbus, Ohio, last Sunday and will spend the summer with her mother, Mrs. Kate E. Thomas.

Mrs. James W. Dawes is the guest of Mrs. Burnham.

Some new things in sweaters just in at Paine's clothing store.

#### OMAHA LETTER.

Omaha, Nebr.,  
June 15, 1901.

Dear Eleanor:

It must be quite half an hour since I seated myself by this window, which opens to the west, with some scraps of paper in my lap and the familiar blue stump of a pencil with its useful nub at the end, held listlessly in my fingers.

I have been thinking! Don't let the printer omit that exclamation mark. It is intended to stand for all necessary surprise and all the funny things that might be said in regard to such a strenuous proceeding on my part. There! I have unloaded my mental distress in the use of that word. If you will show me a book where that adjective fails to appear on about every third page, I will show you a book of the old school. Novelists, critics, book reviewers, in fact every devotee of the pen or pencil, uses it, nay revels in it. It supplies a long-felt want. Evidently our books, our plays, our recreations, our very thoughts are strenuous. I do not wonder at its popularity. It is a fine, strong, sonorous word. I only wonder how we ever managed to do without it.

It is difficult for me to realize, in this quiet, changeless little den of mine,—which is always the same, save that the chintz curtains come home from the cleaners a trifle less strenuous in color each season,—that life has become such a complicated, high pressure affair, so difficult to analyze, so often impossible to understand. The era of realism, from which I very truly hope we are emerging, has thrown such a pessimistic hue over everything that I hardly wonder over the number of people who, growing weary over the contemplation of the phases of life, all tagged with that hopeless, "What's the use," deliberately sit down to a meal of "Rough on Rats," or closing up every exhaust in their rooms, turn on the gas without the slightest consideration, perhaps with no thought for the people whose metre will do the registering.

We, as a people, are certainly in an unhealthy state, mentally, neurotic—that is another find of some one, who has placed us under great obligation thereby. If a case has been diagnosed and a disease declared, isn't it supposed to be good practise to look for the cause?

Now, I am much inclined to blame to a large extent the omnivorous novel reading of today. There is such a tremendously large class of women nowadays to whom life offers very little legitimate distraction. So many pretty, well educated girls, who for the lack of means on their parents' side, are condemned to a monotonous life at home, without the trips to seashore and mountain resorts which annihilate the terror of summer heat for others. Debarred from balls, teas and luncheons in winter because they cannot have the trappings necessary to such a life, or quite as often because they must early go into

the market places and join the hustling, striving crowd in its wage-earning contest. There are younger children at home, who must be reared and educated. And the girl of today feels scarcely less keenly than the boy, that she must contribute her share toward the maintenance of the family. This necessity bars her from the portal over which the satin-shod feet of the 400 gaily trip into the fascinating game of society.

These girls feel bitterly that they are quite as well fitted by nature and education to join this silken-clad, honey-fed, rose bedded throng, as many of those whom fickle fortune has better favored.

Their mothers, perhaps, have the right to belong to the Colonial Dames, but do not. They can climb their family tree without finding it "waxed at the other end by some plebeian vocation," but alas! their family has fallen behind in these days of Great Trusts, Great Corporations, Great Consolidated Every Thing and they find themselves chained to the merciless wheels of labor just at the time when every impulse of romantic, budding womanhood leaps in the blood and yearns toward some possible fate which shall satisfy the demand of their hearts. Every natural-minded girl, whether she acknowledges it or not, dreams in the depth of her soul that some where along the primrose path the rose of love,—her own particular rose,—blooms for her to grasp—if duty, stern-browed and relentless, does not turn her feet aside, does not delay her until some vandal hand has plucked her flower. These girls do not pose for sympathy. They would doubtless be very much offended if philanthropists were to put on foot any movement to ameliorate their condition, and yet the diverted current of their lives is certainly sad. Not one of them but dreams her dream of what life might mean if she had not been cheated out of her heritage. You can see them any day—crowding the street cars wending their way to the offices and shops; bright, stylish, many of them beautiful girls. They are stenographers, bookkeepers, clerks—not because they wish to be, not because they have the slightest natural inclination to usurp man's place in the world,—but because they must. If you will find me one girl who honestly prefers the independence of earning her own living, I will find you a hundred who would gladly exchange its doubtful good for the crown of a worthy love upon their shining heads, and who would subscribe to the abandon of Galatea's prayer, "Set me lower, lower Love—that I may be a woman and look up to thee; and looking, longing, loving, give and take the worst, which thou, by thine own nature, shall inflict on me."

These are the novel readers! Novels provide their relaxation, their recreation; they supply all the glow, color and revelry which their lives lack. It would be impossible to turn out the monthly grist in large enough quantities to satisfy their thirst. They become exalted with a literary intoxication, which is a very subtle form of dissipation. This is why I maintain that the morbid, problematic novel of late years is a menace.

It gives to girls an entirely wrong impression of the relation of the sexes. It raises a false standard of womanhood. It engenders a mental stigmatism, so that life, as it is, is out of focus. I read an article somewhere a day or two ago which suggested that the apotheosis of this strenuous modern life of ours had been reached, and that a reaction was not unlikely. The writer argues from a simple premise, for the florist is to begin it; and, after all, he is not to be ignored in his character of Purveyor to Her Majesty, The American Woman. It is not to be denied that Her Royal Highness has heretofore demanded fashion in her flowers, and fashion she has had to the exclusion of the sweetness flow-