

Reverend and Mrs. C. W. Lowrie of Holdrege are guests of Mrs. Lowrie's parents, Doctor and Mrs. Hullhorst. They will go to Duluth next week.

Doctor and Mrs. Joseph Scroggs will have as their guest next week their sister, Miss Elizabeth Scroggs, of Beaver, Pennsylvania, who will spend a month with them.

Mr. Ross P. Curtice has gone to California to visit his mother and sister, Mrs. Curtice and her two children have been there for two months and all will return together.

**A Rare Bicycle Path**

Twenty-five miles of highway, graded and bridged like a railroad's right of way, cindered like a millionaire's private race track, cleared through heavy timber and carried around the precipitous sides of lakes on level shelves high above the water, and dedicated to the exclusive use of the wheel is the result of long and persistent effort made by wheelmen of Seattle against seemingly impossible obstacles.

The population of Seattle, like all western cities, is largely recruited from the eastern states. Thus it was that many people, accustomed to the level roads of the middle states and the rolling highways which make wheeling in the thickly populated east such a pleasure, came to this city of hills, with its beautiful surroundings of sound, lake, river and forest, and unpacked their wheels in all earnestness. Disappointment at once awaited these enthusiasts, for that same nature which had been so lavish in her gifts to the eye had not smoothed highways for the bicycle. The very hills which seemed so inviting to the would-be rider effectually blocked his way, and the very forests which looked so cool on a hot summer day were penetrated here and there only by narrow, dusty lanes or rough, plank floored country roads.

But the energetic wheelmen refused to be confined to the paved streets of Seattle's limited level business district, and the county commissioners began to feel a pressure to make good the main highways that the bicycles might be used with pleasure in the country. It was not long before the "Queen city good roads club" was formed, for the purpose of systematizing the efforts toward good road-building, and to construct a bicycle path from the northern city limits along the shore of Lake Washington to the southern city limits, a project which promised an uninterrupted ride would wind in and out of heavy timber, alternately dipping into the shaded, cool and circling on the overhanging bank above the lake.

One of the first steps taken by the club was to secure an action on the part of the city council to tax every bicycle in town \$1 per year. This tax, excepting a small fee deducted by the city for the cost of collection and registration, was turned over to a commission to be spent on the building and maintenance of bicycle paths. So well did the plan result that it has been maintained, with but small modification, and has resulted in the perfection of the present system of paths. There are three main divisions of this bicycle highway, namely, the Lake Washington path, the Lake Union path and the Magnolia bluff path. The grades are very slight, the builders not hesitating to cut through a bank and bridge over a ravine almost as carefully as would be done for a narrow gauge railroad. The surface of the paths is well cindered, making them dustless in the dry season and firm in the rainy weather.

A Chicago man, riding about the path, said: "Give me the Lake Washington bicycle path in Chicago, with a wire fence about it, and I will make a million dollars out of it."—Country Life in America.

**Saturday Night  
In Lincoln**

Some interesting sights, sights not to be seen on any other evening in the week, are visible in Lincoln on Saturday nights. To a person standing on an O street corner, if he or she be of an observing turn, there is much to edify and amuse. On that night all

feet turn toward the town's great artery of commerce, principally because it is gay with light and laughter, and because of that principle of life that is violently opposed to segregation.

In the first place the fact that it is Saturday night would in a measure account for the crowd of gaily dressed people, who wander up and down its streets from sunset till nearly midnight. It is apparent that they come to see and, possibly, to be seen. There are city people, and there are their country cousins. They come to town in all sorts of conveyances, in wagons, buggies, bicycles, on foot, and on horseback. The cars are crowded with people going to and from town, some are seeking the cool breezes of a car ride, and some are hurrying to the scene of activity. There is the tired mother, first of all. After a hard week's labor, she chooses a walk down O street as a simple form of recreation. Perhaps there are two or three children tugging at her skirts, but she does not mind, she is happy. Tomorrow will be Sunday, and she can rest. Perhaps she visits the grocery store, and the meat market, before she goes home, for something for the Sunday dinner. The country girl and her beau are very much in evidence, as they meander up one side and down the other, happy in the first sweetness of love's young dream. She may have on a flower garden bonnet, or not; any way she is proud and triumphant. They gaze into the different shop windows, try

the different soda fountains, listen to some phonographs for a while, and stroll on.

Then come a crowd of girls who have worked every day and night during the week. This is really the only night they can get together, and be dressed in their best clothes. They have their week's wages to spend and there are always lots of boys on the corners they can flirt with, so down they go, giggling and simpering.

The electric lights are shining brightly, the popcorn vender sits under a blazing torch, oscillating his popper over the fire and calling out his wares in sing-song tones. There is a band playing somewhere, one can hear a strain occasionally. The Salvation Army is out in full force, and they proceed to exhort the sinner to forsake his evil ways. People drive up and down in carriages, sometimes stopping to listen and now and then drop a coin into some little lassie's hand. An automobile darts here and there among the throng, and there are bicycles galore.

Occasionally a spinster trips along, who minces her words, as she exclaims: "What a lot of people." The soda water men find Saturday night their harvest time. People can drive up to the drug stores and by pressing a button, summon a boy, while they remain in their buggies. A great many people do this, but the ones who are not so up to date, or who are carriageless, go inside, sit on a high stool to imbibe the delicious beverages.

Of course there are street fakirs with their strident cries, who invariably assure you of their desire to give you something for nothing.

On the whole, Saturday night is enjoyed by all, either young or old, and the people usually wend their way homeward, tired, but happy.

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**THE PRESIDENT AT OYSTER BAY**



"The president on horseback," is the name the Oyster Bay folks have given to Col. Roosevelt. A whole horde of photographers hover around the president's summer home on the alert for snapshots of the president on his horse. This authentic photograph has only just been taken and shows President Roosevelt leaving his house for a Sunday afternoon ride.