

the Lincoln Savings bank was run in the same manner as he and Mosher ran the Capital National. The secret of this activity on the part of Richard is that Mr. Miller, when before the jury in the Outcalt case stated facts and opinions not calculated to make the ex-cashier of the Capital National bank appear as a man pure and spotless. He is now getting even. The thought may occur

to many people that Outcalt would do well to go about his business. Messrs. Miller and Barkeley have enjoyed the confidence of the business community, and whatever may have been the mistakes in their management, the public is not prepared, at the instance of a man like Outcalt, to believe that there was any wrong doing.

THE EDITOR.

ELEANOR'S LETTER

NOTE—The Courier has secured the services of a well known society woman who will hereafter cover the social field in a weekly confidential letter. Her long residence in Lincoln makes her specially adapted for this work, and it is believed that "Eleanor's Letter" will speedily become a valuable feature of The Courier.

Dear S—The town, since you left it, has actually shown signs of life, tho' this week the beginning of Lent throws us once more into our long accustomed "cattymose" condition. I do not know when I have had more real enjoyment than at the Leap year party of the Lincoln club last week. You know there are certain men who always ask you to dance. There are others, you know, who never ask you. Well, it was fun giving ice to the people who all winter long have been giving ice to you. I would notice a man standing disconsolate, waiting for somebody to take pity on him, and then, if he happened to be one of those who have been in the habit of passing me by, I would go up to him and dangle my collection of heart programs and ask him if he was having a good time—and sail away without giving him the high privilege of dancing with me. The women who had charge of the dance did their work well. Mrs. Hargreaves was particularly active on the floor, and she was a success in finding "more couples" for the lancers.

By the way, did it ever occur to you as strange that there is not a dancing club in Lincoln? Oh, yes, I know you will mention the Patriarchs and the Lincoln club and the Pleasant Hour club, and really the last named does come pretty near being a dancing club, but it is now composed almost exclusively of young, unmarried people. What I mean is that the Patriarchs and the Lincoln club, which were really organized for the purpose of giving their members a suitable opportunity to dance, contain so many who haven't got dancing feet—people who may be brilliant conversationalists and important personages, and all that, but who have about as much facility in tripping over waxed floors as I have in saying the multiplication table, and you know I couldn't tell how much four times four is if my life depended on it.

Because a man happens to be a bank director or a "prominent citizen," whatever that is, and identified with society, it does not follow that he has nimble feet, and will shiue as a member of a dancing club. Nearly everybody who attends the Pleasant Hour parties is a good dancer, tho' one or two are a bit dizzy when it comes to two-stepping; but there are lots of good people in the other clubs who are probably pillars of the church—there is a tradition that church pillars cannot dance. Maybe some day there will be a dancing club organized that will contain only such persons who can produce a well authenticated terpsichorean certificate.

Mrs. Lambertson gave a reception Tuesday afternoon. The house was crowded with people you and I know, and some we do not know. The house, you know, is handsome and it was looking its best that afternoon. Miss Wiloughby and her musicians sat in the recess in the hall, and the decorations were palms, roses and carnations. The reception was given for Mrs. Lambert-

son's sister, Miss Sherwood, whom I wrote you was visiting here from Connecticut. Mrs. Funke and Mrs. Burnham assisted Mrs. Lambertson, Mrs. Burnham at the punch bowl in the dining room and Mrs. Funke by seeing that the dining room was filled with congenial groups. From three to six the house was filled—so of course I cannot tell you who was there. Mrs. Branch had begun to take a prominent part in Lincoln society before you left, had she not? I do not remember. She is a pretty woman, with especially nice manners. I see her nearly everywhere I go, so I conclude she is a great favorite. I hear you say to yourself—"Oh, that Eleanor is so conceited." I do not say such things to everybody, my dear, but my weekly letters to you play diary to me. It will be great fun having them published in The Courier because nobody knows who I am or who you are and I can keep a file of The Courier to refer to. Miss Sherwood bears a family resemblance to Mrs. Lambertson, tho' she is not so tall.

The Lambertsons have been entertaining a Mr. Walter Marvin, of Pittsburg. He is a Yale man. He left for home this week.

I am going to the Pleasant Hour party tonight (Friday), and I am glad it is not a german or bal masque. The course of germans we have been having is wearing on one's nerves, and a string of unrequited favors makes me fearful of meeting the favorers. The Pleasant Hour club has been doing things pretty well, notwithstanding Frank Zebrung's game foot. Matt Baldwin is bearing the burden of responsibility with complaisance.

Really, the university influence has at last penetrated society. Things have reached such a state that you cannot step on a man's foot out in society without hearing a university professor groan, or drop a handkerchief without having a young professor pick it up. I believe you know all of them but Prof. McLeod. He is one of the latest additions to the faculty. He dances well, and is the pink of propriety. I see him everywhere. Imagine a man being strictly proper in Lincoln! Since Bobby Richter no one has tried it. The new professor is a blond and good looking.

Lieut. Townley must have abandoned the idea of giving a german—I haven't heard any more about it. He is devoting himself to whist. Last Monday he had a birthday and a whist party—a horrid stag party. The men say Mrs. Townley served a delightful lunch. As near as I can remember the stags were: Will Hardy, Will Hammond, N C Abbott, W C Wilson, Dr. Dayton, M I Aitken, J D MacFarland, a Mr. Maret ex-Governor Nance, J H Harley and Joseph Bartley. The score? I have forgotten the figures.

They say, and "they" means the men, that the Union club is having a boom. A lot of new members have been taken in since the first of the year. It's whist that's doing it. The Union club people are talking of a state whist league.

Charley Dawes is in town. He is such a prominent man now that the Chicago Tribune and other papers devote columns to him. He has made a big advance in more ways than one

HERPOLSHEIMER & CO

Nebraska's largest department stock

We invite you all to visit our store to examine our beautiful line of

LADIES' DRESS SILKS

ranging in price from

\$1. to \$18.

in all the latest styles including

THE 20TH CENTURY SKIRTS

We'll thank you to accept our invitation to call and examine.

HERPOLSHEIMER & CO

CAPITAL CITY MEAT COMPANY
1014 P Street
Where You Can Buy
Choice Sirloin Steak at 10c
Very Good Steak at 5c
Broiling beef as low as 2 1/2c
Bacon 5c per pound
WE DON'T CHANGE PRICES EVERY DAY
Give us a trial

You Saw THIS ADVERTISEMENT; Of Course you Did.

And so Would Every Reader of Lincoln's Only Weekly Paper

THE COURIER.

Who Reads the COURIER?

- Society Reads It.
- Merchants Read It.
- Wheelmen Read It.
- Lovers of Base Ball Read It.
- The Men Read It.
- The Women Read It.
- Literary People Read It.
- Lawn Tennis Players Read It.

As a Fact, Everyone Reads It.

Are You in its Columns as an Advertiser? IF NOT, WHY NOT?