

ELEANOR'S LETTER

My dear S—This thing of having to write a letter regularly regardless of circumstances, isn't the easiest thing in the world. This week there has been rather more going on than last week, and it is easier on that account. Your suggestions as to how I might improve the letters are very good, I think, and when I get time I will try to act on them.

I wonder if you remember May North? She visited in Lincoln a number of times, and I am sure you must have met her. The last time she was here was, I believe, a couple of years ago, when she spent some weeks as the guest of the Misses Cowdrey. Jack often speaks of her, and of her recitations. I think he was a bit smitten. Once I heard her recite something about the lament of a man of the world over his old dress suit—he was on the eve of his wedding day, and the dress suit, covered with wine stains, that had clothed him in the gay days of bachelorhood, was to be discarded forever for the new one in which he would seek his bride. The sight of the stained garments brought up fond recollections, and caused strange musings. It was a taking story and Miss North did it so well that I was sure she would make a good actress. She had been on the stage, with Elsie De Wolfe, before I met her, and afterwards she joined another company. I think she had a fitting matrimonial experience. I speak of her now because I see by an Omaha paper that she is back in Nebraska, living in Omaha with her family—her father is United States collector or something. The paper speaks highly of her as an actress and intimates that she will be much in demand at local entertainments. I suppose we will see her occasionally in Lincoln.

People are talking about the propriety of the authorities of the state university allowing the students to give hops in the armory. The ministers started it. I don't know whether the students want to hop in the armory, but the seriousness with which the idea is discussed is funny. The Journal takes sides with the ministers, and that is funny, too. Will Jones, the managing editor, always tilted his superior nose at any such frivolity as dancing when he was attending the university and acting as walking delegate for the barbarians. But Mr. Gere is a great man with his feet. They, the feet, slide over a waxed floor like butter on a hot skillet. It's queer that he should object to dancing. This is a dancing town and if the students make up their minds that they want to do the two-step in the armory it is not unlikely that they will two-step in the armory. I heard the other day that the question is to be acted on at the next meeting of the regents.

Will Robinson is out now, and he doesn't seem to mind walking on one foot. In the young married people's set the principal topic of conversation or thought is, Who will find himself in the sanitarium next? George Woods and Mr. Robinson have had their turn, and I am told John Dorgan goes around with a rabbit's foot and a bottle of Pond's Extract in each pocket. John is good at avoiding things. You know his reputation for avoiding burglars and footpads.

Last week I said Mr. Clough was coming back to Lincoln to live. This, I learn, was an error. He is in the city temporarily and will remain two or three weeks. Mr. Clough is a great admirer of the scenery between Omaha and Lincoln. He has been making frequent trips, usually once a week, all winter.

Last fall Henrietta Hollowbush went to Boston to study music at the New

England Conservatory of music—I think the piano and pipe organ. The other day I met her on the street, much to my surprise. She came back to Lincoln on account of the sickness that is prevalent in Boston and also, I understand, on account of some trouble she has with her throat. She is a very clever and spirited girl, and a good musician. I may add that she is popular with the "smart set" of young people.

Miss Sherwood, Mrs. Lambertson's sister, who has been visiting here several weeks, has gone to Omaha, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Offut. Mr. and Mrs. Offut lately visited at the Lambertson's. Miss Sherwood will again visit Lincoln before returning to Connecticut.

Maud Oakley sang with the Lorelei quartet, of which she is a member, Monday in Omaha at the meeting of the Women's club. A number of Lincoln people were there.

The leap year party last night was very successful. In the grand march I noticed these people:

Misses	Messes
Bertie Clark	Will Johnson
Grace Oakley	M. Baldwin
Mae Burr	F. White
M. Oakley	Howell
Moore	Mailalieu
Tukey	White
Anderson	Ray Welch
Griffith	Will Clark
Marshall	Clough
Nance	Joyce
Slaughter	H. Harley
Risser	McCleod
Hollowbush	Guy Huribut
Brooks	Harry Evans

I wonder if it is as hard for the men to get all the girls to parties as it was for us? Mae Burr and Grace Oakley managed the party. If it had not been for their tact and thoughtfulness it would have been a failure. Generalship is necessary when it comes to getting up a party and those girls earned their stripes on Thursday night and by the campaign that preceded it. In the first place they made out a list of what they supposed to be congenial people, at any rate they were congenial the last time they saw them together, then they went around to see the feminine half of the list and here is where the light skirmishing began and a number declared themselves "hors du combat" and went to the rear, and Thursday night saw them not. A list has to be shifted: B, instead of going with C, has to put up with A. A is a good fellow and a good card player, but at a dance he is more of a necessity than a luxury. A has taken all of us to parties and theatres and he must be taken to this party irrespective of his accomplishments. So B takes him. (You understand, do you not S, that A stands for a number of young men)? Leap year is a social clearing house. The girls get a chance to return the indifference and "Oh! I'll take you if I have to" which they have been getting for three years. I wish it came oftener. It is good for us to understand also some of the difficulties the men have in getting up parties and disposing of the ineligible. As I said before, in spite of many difficulties it was a sparkling success at last. The girls were on their mettle and the men were subdued by the pathetic uncertainties of their position. It was happiness enough to look at them. It is no cross to sit dances through if the world knows you can dance if you want to. At a leap year party it is more fun not to dance than to dance. When you get back I will tell you something very funny that happened at the party. A good many are talking about it now, so many that it is sure to get into general circulation before long anyway.

An innovation at the leap year party that proved to be decidedly popular was an arrangement of screens in the parlors that gave complete privacy to little

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tete-a-tete interviews. There were not enough of these screens to go around. It was no end of fun watching the scramble for them. It seemed to me most of the people cared more for the screening than they did for the dancing. I am sure the screens could many a tale unfold if they could only speak. I witnessed a good many funny things, that of course I could not write about. Two or three times when a girl had a screen partner that she cared more for than her next dancing partner, she would keep the young man hidden from view, and somewhere, out in the great ball-room, a man and a girl would find themselves without partners. On the whole the screen idea was great. I wonder if the idea will be followed. Dancing parties would suddenly become vastly more popular if it should be.

I think I alluded to the party as sparkling. Of course it was. It was a success. Still I noticed that most of the people were rather quiet. Perhaps the Lenten conscience touched the Episcopalians, many of whom were there. It may be that the men were exhausted from worrying as to whether they would get to the party, and the girls were tired trying to take care of all the men. The list given above is not complete. Frank C. Zehrung was there, but he was blasé. You remember the words of the song, "The dude who didn't dance." Mae Moore was there as a spectator. The doctor will not allow her to dance for a long time—I don't remember just how long. But Joe Mailalieu consented to cheer a few of us up by dancing with us. Mr. Clough carried a bunch of American beauties four feet long that Marie Marshall gave him. Hardly any of the young married people were there. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall came late. I told you last week that they have moved into Lillie Muir's house. Mae Burr was master of ceremonies.

Frank Cook has gone to Hilldale, Mich.

A conspicuous leap year party absentee was Olive Latta. She went to Plattsmouth from Omaha to attend a wedding. Miss Tukey came down from Omaha to attend the party as the guest of Mae Burr.

Miss Anderson intends returning home shortly, I hear. She was one of the belles at the leap year party.

I wish you would write me a letter that I can publish in The Courier. A few may be interested in both sides of this correspondence, and I often think when reading your letters they are much more worth publishing than my silly

scrawls. You know mamma does not know that I am "Eleanor." No one does except myself and the editors of The Courier. I suppose it is just as well for me that they do not.

One of the fraternity girls at the university sent in this notice of "Frat" festivities: Alpha Theta Chi a local "frat" gave a party at the Lansing Friday, March 13, 1896.

Phi Delta Theta banqueted at the Lincoln hotel last Saturday night, this being their anniversary of the founding of the "frat." The Delta Gammas sent carnations, the Phi Delta Theta flower. I will tell you about the Theta reception at Miss Clark's next week.

Another girl who was prominently absent from the party was Hallie Hooper. So far as I know she is about the only person in the city who is observing Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Rodgers gave a small card party last night. There were only four tables—just large enough to be very pleasant.

Last week, Friday, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wilson gave a small whist party—duplicate you know, where you move from table to table and play the same hands your predecessors played—it is like life and the history of members of the same family. Afterwards the guests had a chafing-dish supper.

Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Campbell and Maude Oakley went to Omaha to witness a play by an amateur dramatic club made up of Omaha's brightest and best.

You haven't sent back that photograph of Jack's yet. I have use for it and I hope you will send it right away. He has noticed its absence. Good bye,

Yours lovingly,  
ELEANOR.  
Lincoln, Neb., Friday, March 20.

Cheaper than growing, 3 cans choice peas, 25c at The Alliance store, 1006 P street.

Hon. Harry Broome, one of the brightest members of the Omaha bar, was in the city several days this week attending business before the supreme court.

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