

A GRACEFUL SIMILE

Lincoln is being run by a set of political tricksters who have no more honor about them than a dog at a sheep killing.—Firth Graphic.

NOT LINCOLN ETIQUETTE.

A recent English book on etiquette says: "Morning calls are usually made between the hours of 2 and 4. A gentleman should take his hat into the room with him, holding it in his hand during the visit—everything else should be left in the hall."

Well, we do not do that in this country, thank goodness.

PLAYING WITH TITLES

Drummond wrote a book and called it "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Henry Wood wrote a book and called it "Natural Law in the Business World." Professor Sherman, of the University of Nebraska, wrote a lecture and called it "Spiritual Law in the Natural World." "Analytics of Literature" antedates "Hysteries of Literature" several years.

SPEAKING OF BIG WORDS!

Just sprinkle a few of these in your conversation:

Subconstitutionalist, incomprehensibility, philoprogenitiveness, honorificabilitudinitas, anthropophagenarian, his proportionableness, velocipedestrianistical, proantitransubstantiationistical and transubstantiationableness.

THE STATE AND THE PRESS.

How strange it seems that some of the little county "cheese press" papers like the Firth Graphic will howl for such men as L. L. Lindsey, to head the delegation of honest hard working republicans in this county.—Bennett Union.

"The Cheese Press" very seldom stoops to notice a two-nick editor (?). The "parvenu" of the Bennett Union is trying to come back at us because of our article in last week's issue. He is not a republican. He was fired out of the county central committee last fall. He shows his trait by taking exceptions to a man's color. L. L. Lindsey will be the delegate from this district to the National convention in June. The Union is not recognized as a republican paper in this county and the way The Graphic is gaining ground among the best politicians in the county gives the Union a sick feeling. Its possum brained editor don't know the first principles of journalism. He steals articles from all the exchanges for his editorials and tries to make the people look upon him as "A great I am." The republican party of Lancaster County does not want the support of a paper which has an editor (?) who has not the brains to stand up for the truth. If L. L. Lindsey is a man of color, there is more true manhood and republicanism in him than the Editor of the Bennett Union will ever attain.—Firth Graphic.

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ELEANOR'S LETTER

My dear S— I am beginning to be frightened. The other day I overheard one of the girls (one of my particular friends) say: "Well, for one, if I ever find out who Eleanor is, I propose to cut her dead." And you have told me I did not make my letters interesting enough! Really, I can't for the life of me see what anybody has to complain of. Can you? Acting under instructions from the editor I have been as careful as I could be in avoiding anything that might seem spiteful or unkind, and yet I hear I am "horrid." You will say, what's the odds? and that's about the way I feel about it, or rather, that's the way I want to feel.

People are still talking about that leap year party. It seems that there were a good many things I did not see. But who is there that can see through cloth screens? The party is talked about more than any party of the season. Several of the men and perhaps an equal number of the girls came away very unhappy. Somehow the party unmasked hidden feelings, and placed a number of people on their proper footing. These people, up to the leap year dance, had been proceeding on a false basis. I have heard a number of people say they will never go to another leap year party.

I have tried to find out the prospect for dancing after Easter, but there don't seem to be any definite plans. The Patriarchs will probably have one more dance, and the Lincoln club is likely to round out the season with another big party. Nobody seems to know what the Pleasant Hour club is going to do. I don't think it will do anything.

You remember I spoke of May North last week. Well, Sunday's World Herald had a picture of her. The article speaks of her as "Pretty Miss Stockwell." "Helen Stockwell" was her stage name.

One night this week I attended a small informal card party with chafing dish attachment. The attachment proved to be the main feature of the evening. I drank a cocktail for the first time. You know my decided principles so far as drinking is concerned, and I suppose you will be shocked at my downfall. I expect you will say: "I knew Eleanor would come to it." I haven't come to it, my dear, and what's more I don't intend to. This time everybody drank and on the impulse of the moment, and partly because everybody was looking at me to see what I would do, I just drank with the rest. They called the cocktail by some peculiar name—I don't remember what. I couldn't see that it did me any harm, but I suppose I braced myself. Why do they drink cocktails out of such small glasses? It seemed to be very smooth and pleasant. But it must be dreadful to get in the habit of drinking. I suppose the harm comes in drinking several cocktails at a time.

You used to say that Lincoln would not be metropolitan until society people got over beginning dances at 8 o'clock and extended the time for "Home Sweet Home" from 12 to 3 a. m., and stopped the intemperate use of water at social functions. We must be metropolitan now, from your point of view.

Jack says the only criticism he has to make of the liquid refreshment offered him at parties, etc., is that it often contains deleterious elements. He says Lincoln water is terribly deleterious. You know Jack. I notice tho' that he advises me to stick to water. He doesn't know about that cocktail.

Captain Guilfoyle got tired of playing bachelor. He went to Ft. Robinson this week. Mrs. Guilfoyle and the little girl have been there several weeks. Professor Owens accompanied the captain.

The theatres helped to liven things

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