

Slaughters occupied one of the boxes and the Frank Halls had another. But the audience wasn't as pretty as when Della Fox presented "Fleur de Lis."

I see by the Omaha papers that Miss Sherwood, Mrs. Lambertson's sister, has been the recipient of much attention during her visit in Omaha. And I notice by the Excelsior which Jack left with me the other day that Miss McClure has been the guest of the Robert T. Lincolns in their box at the grand opera in Chicago. Miss McClure, as you doubtless remember, is Mrs. W. F. Kelley's sister. She left this city a few weeks ago to visit the Lincolns in Chicago.

Miss Willa Cather has been down from Red Cloud. I imagine last week's theatrical trio, Fox, Russell and Mansfield called her hither.

The Lincoln club has sent out notices of an Easter dance to be given at the Lincoln hotel April 10. I understand this will be the Lincoln club's last party. If it is as pretty as the last two given by this club it will be a mighty pretty party. There is a prospect that a lot of new gowns will be worn at this affair. It is getting late for dancing, don't you think? This is the time of year when one likes best of all to do nothing, and usually it requires an effort even to do that. I would like to spend the summer in Europe, but Papa says I may consider myself lucky if I get as far as Crete. The Chautauqua assembly is so exciting. It is a lovely substitute for Paris and London. Jack says he may rent a chateau at Crete during the assembly season. He says he would like to receive Mamma and me there. He says the intellectual surroundings would suit me to a T. Jack has grown dreadfully sarcastic since I told him I am Eleanor. He says Samuel Pepys and Sir John Evelyn are not in it with me as social chroniclers. I never heard of Mr. Pepys or Sir John Evelyn, and I don't know exactly what he means, but I know it is something mean. Jack told Mamma that he feared I would have brain fever as the result of my intellectual labors, and this time he seemed to be in earnest. I don't think these letters are so very intellectual; do you? Though goodness knows it is hard enough to write them. I wouldn't be literary ten hours a day every day for anything in the world.

You will notice that I have stopped calling the girls by their first names. Miss Marshall and Miss Nance sounds formal in a letter, but the editors of THE COURIER suggested that the use of the names without the Miss in the press was an informality that some of the girls might resent, and they said the practice tended to detract from the dignity of those whose names are mentioned. Jack says the editors are right, and that I should Mister all the men. He says I would oblige him if I would leave him out of the letters altogether, but if I must drag him in—he says I use him to fill up—I must refer to him as Mr. Jack. How absurd! I guess he can stand it, and all the rest of the men, for that matter. Men are public property.

Mr. Buckstaff has rented the old Gillespie house next door to his residence at 17th and G streets. You remember he purchased this property some time ago, and had it remodelled and brought up to date. He had some difficulty renting it because it is so large. I understand it will be occupied by Mrs. Coates, Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves and Mr. and Mrs. Beeson.

George W. Gerwig, of Allegheny City, has been in town this week. I don't think you knew him. He was graduated from the state university and was in business here for a couple of years. He left Lincoln as near as I can remember about three years ago. He has a political position in Allegheny City, secretary of the board of school controllers, I think it is called. Mr. Ger-

wig was a shining light of the old Tuesday Evening club which flourished four or five years ago. He has pronounced literary tastes. He is, or at least he was, interested in dramatic affairs. He wrote a play shortly before he left Lincoln. I believe he was popular here, and I am sure he has many Lincoln friends.

Frank Cook has gone out west to shoot ducks and geese. He will come back with birds and gamey stories, Jack says. I do not know him very well but Jack says Frank Cook has the most active and unscrupulous imagination of any friend that he has. He says that a year or two ago Frank went to Minnesota and caught a fish almost as large as a whale. Last spring he chased ducks all over the Platte. He sent barrels of birds back and they piled them up in the bank and the hunter stood over them with his gun and a sweet modest look. When any one remarked upon his unerring aim he blushed and looked as though he really was trying not to appreciate himself too much.

Jack says Frank Cook will go bear hunting sometime and come back with a bear skin over his shoulders. His story of the conflict will be like this: "Everybody else ran away but I stood my ground until the bear was within three feet of me when I let him have both barrels right in the head. He was stunned but still advanced upon me. I just whipped out my knife, skinned him alive and threw the skin neatly over my shoulders as you see." He will then have the skin nailed up in the bank. Customers will want to know its history and the adventure will take rank with the legend of St. George and the dragon.

John Dixon has been visiting his home in Nebraska City. I have heard that Mr. Dixon's visits home were not made solely to see his folks.

Miss Nance gave a birthday party on Monday night for her father. The guests were

- Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Raymond,
- S. H. Burnham,
- Walter Hargreaves,
- J. H. Harley,
- Fechet,
- Slaughter,
- Morrill,
- Townley,
- Righter,
- Yates,
- L. C. Richards,
- Miss Fechet.

Mrs. C. I. Jones gave an afternoon party last Friday.

The confectioners' windows are lovely with Easter expressions. Nests of fine-spun candy made to imitate yellow, pink, blue and green hay are fascinating if not realistic. I want to send Alice that duck in Sutton and Hollowbush's that nods its head—I am afraid she might think I thought it a goose. She would not, if it were filled with candy. The confection I send you is only to remind you of my regard. Is not Easter a lovely season? It repeats the Christmas message to men again.

When I waken Sunday morning there will be a bunch of lillies from Jack. He is poetic without being a rhymist and he never forgets a holiday and the meaning of it.

Some of the girls object to my mentioning their names in my letter to you. They say it makes them conspicuous. American beauties and Easter lillies are conspicuous also, whether Eleanor says anything about them or not.

The girls are really not jealous of that Easter lily of girls—that I spoke of last week. Whatever pleasure she enjoys is incomplete unless she shares it with the rest of us. Long may she reign over us.

Nothing, except a few fraternity parties, to which I was not invited, has occurred to break my solitude this week.

Next week Lent is over and parties begin again—The Lincoln party will be gorgeous. Yours


ELEANOR

Lincoln, April 3, 1896

"ALL THE MAGAZINES IN ONE."

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