

ELEANOR'S LETTER

My Dear S:—Your motherly letter reproving me for what you are pleased to call my "wildness" has amused me very much. Do you know that you are very funny when you are serious? The idea of S's venturing to teach decorum! It is enough to make one choke. You refer to that cocktail that I was foolish enough to tell you about, and intimate that in doing, experimentally, what most people do, habitually, I committed a cardinal sin. Since when, my dear S, have you grown so strait laced?

But seriously, I think it is shocking the way people are getting to drink in society, and tho' the cocktail had to me an entirely unobjectionable taste, I do not mean to get in the habit of drinking. I intend to continue to draw the line at the decorous sherbet. So you can put your mind at rest so far as I am concerned, and dismiss any visions you may have had of Eleanor getting gay. Jack says nobody need fear that I will ever be anything but stupidly conventional. He says I am as unsophisticated as a cow—an elegant simile by the way—and that my morals would make a Puritan tired. You know Jack is neither unsophisticated nor a Puritan.

This week there is a little business for dancing feet—the Patriarchs Wednesday night and the Lincoln club tonight. I understand these dances close the regular season for both clubs.

Saturday Miss Carson went to Des Moines where she is the guest of Miss Quick, a charming young lady who has visited in Lincoln a couple of times. Miss Carson intends to return soon and bring Miss Quick with her. They may have reached Lincoln by this. Miss Rose Carson is in Omaha staying with the Shearers.

Some of the Pleasant Hour young men were in favor of having another party even if they had to impose an assessment. So they called a meeting for last Saturday. But nobody, or scarcely anybody, came, and I understand the idea is about given up.

Miss Agnes Sewell returned last week from Columbus, Ohio, where she has been visiting Captain and Mrs. Dudley. By the number of brass buttons miniature swords, and pins that returned with her I think Columbus must be a sociable place.

Misses Jennie Underwood and Ura Kelley visited in Columbus at the same time.

Miss Kelley has gone to New York with her father to hear grand opera.

The Pershing Rifles are arranging a party at The Lincoln.

Mrs. C. S. Lippincott and Miss Julia Lippincott were in Norfolk this week. Mrs. Lippincott took part in a concert given by Omaha musicians. She has been in excellent voice this winter, and has assisted in a great many concerts here. Mrs. Lippincott on her last visit in Cincinnati was under the instruction of the best vocal teachers of that musical city, and always one of the most delightful singers, she is now greatly improved. Her singing at the charity concert and at the music services in the Universalist church was much enjoyed. The early part of the season Mrs. Lippincott suffered from an injury of the ankle. And not long ago she had a narrow escape from burning—some kind of an accident in her home.

The university students whose feet touch the earth instead of slipping along in the clouds are circulating a petition to the board of regents asking that dances be permitted in the armory. The regents meet next week and the students are anxious to carry their point. One of them who comes to see messys almost

everybody is signing. He says most of the state officers did not sign. Jack says the average state officer spends two-thirds of his time thinking what the grangers think about him, and that they are afraid to endorse this movement for fear their granger constituents might think they were getting too "flossy"—that's Jack's word. I am sure I would do as I pleased. If I believed it was a good thing to allow the students to dance in the armory I would say so. I wouldn't be a clam just because I happened to be a state officer. Jack says I will never be either—a clam or a state officer. He says it would be better if I did emulate the clam in some respects.

There have been dances in the armory, and I can't see, for the life of me, why they should not be held there. The university authorities might order out all the wives of the faculty and arrange a circle of chaperons around the dancers.

Wing Allen of Omaha was a visitor in Lincoln on Thursday of this week. I saw Oscar Funke here also this week.

Miss Sherwood has returned from her visit to Omaha and is again the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lambertson.

The Patriarch party on Wednesday night—the last of the season—was very pleasant. Those present were:

- Dr. and Mrs. Ladd,
- Mr. and Mrs. Carl Funke,
- I. M. Raymond,
- Taylor,
- Lambertson,
- Beeson
- Barbour,
- Yates and Willard Yates
- Mrs. A. S. Raymond,
- Arthur Raymond,
- Mr. Harwood,
- Miss Richardson,
- Clark and Bertie Clark,
- Sherwood,
- Mr. Hanna.
- McCloud.
- White,
- Owens,
- Lyon.

Jack says the banquet at the Lincoln given by Brigadier General Bills to the officers of the Nebraska National guard on Wednesday evening at the Lindell hotel was the jolliest spread he ever attended. Captain Guilfoyle was an ideal toastmaster. He started the guests to singing every once in a while. Every one was in such a good humor from the glorious new commander to the second lieutenants.

The guards have had no such experience since Dr. Giffen's banquet to the officers on the Governor's staff several years ago.

Dr. and Mrs. Ladd came home from Whitehall, Ill., a week or so ago. They were at Dr. Ladd's home. The doctor's father who was ill is reported to be much better.

S. E. Moore has returned from Newark, O., as has also Mrs. W. B. Ogden. I can't tell you how surprised I was to hear of two of Lincoln's society men whom you know well being—but of course it will not do to say anything about it. There has been a good deal of curiosity about it, and most everybody has learned the particulars.

Dr. John White was master of ceremonies at the Patriarchs' dance. You know the habit he has of doing everything well. He was quite up to the mark as master of ceremonies.

Tonight the Lincoln club will give an Easter party at the Lincoln hotel. The attendance will be limited to members, and there will not be that crush that marked some of the earlier parties—the one given New Year's eve for instance. I hear that a number of the women will wear handsome new spring gowns, made

Lansing Theatre

ED. A. CHURCH, Manager

WEDNESDAY APR. 15 THURSDAY APRIL 16

The Garming Comedienne

KATIE PUTNAM

Aided by a model company

In an elaborate scenic production of the romantic comedy drama by C. T. Dazey author of "In Old Kentucky"

THE OLD LIME KILN

KATIE PUTNAM

Sings many new songs. Including

"SWEET LUCINDA BROWN" and "SWINGIN' IN DE SKY"

for this occasion. Jack left today on his trip; but I am going to the Lincoln club dance anyway. He sometimes takes other girls and I think I am entitled to equal privilege. He demurred a little when I told him. He wanted to know if there would be screens, following the example of the last leap year party given by the girls of the Pleasant Hour circle. I said, "certainly not." Then he seemed relieved—as if screens had any attraction for me. This dance for me at least will probably be the last of the season, and I wouldn't miss it for worlds. The last party! Tomorrow I will add my dance program to my boudoir collection, and in so doing dismiss all thought of the ball room for months to come. With my back to a past season of unusual gayety in which men and women have danced unceasingly, I will face the era of picnics and summer outings. For one I am sorry the robins have come. There are so many nasty little bugs in the summer, and then the heat is so hot. And men are gallant and romantic in the winter. In the summer they adopt pic-nicky manners that are not nearly so becoming. But "after the ball is over" I will go in for the potato salads and fried chicken of summer unconventionality and make the most of it. Next week I will buy a new hammock and W. D. Howells' latest, and then I will be fixed.

Frank Cook is doing nicely after his late accident. He is at the Wilson's at 17th and M streets. He will probably be out in another week.

The Pi Beta Phi's give a reception to all the fraternities this evening at Mr. Lahr's, corner 17th and L. The patronesses are Mrs. A. S. Raymond, Mrs. W. J. Bryan and Mrs. C. H. Morrill.

They say that Mr. Gerwig came back to his college home to study still further into Professor Sherman's system of lit-

Have you heard the story of knife?

STUART ROBSON

In his great New York Success

MRS. PONDERBURY'S PAST

Under direction of Wm. R. Hayden

MR. ROBSON AS MATTHEW PONDERBURY

Whose pet name is

Sammy

Funniest play of the year

erature as well as to revive some special memories connected with the theory and practice of society. He has large interests in the present term of court.

The Fortnightly club will meet with Mrs. L. C. Richards, corner 14th and R, this afternoon.

The Tavery Opera company ought to have played to a crowded house. Nether-sole cannot present Carmen with any more diablerie, grace and fire than Mme Theo. Dorre did. She met her match in Max Eugene, the Toreador. Jack says if she had lived to try the same tricks on him that she tortured Jose with, the bull fighter would have retaliated by beating her; then he would have despised her and she would have been the suppliant. I told Jack it was all very well for him to prophesy in cold blood. If he had had Jose's Spanish blood and heard that Toreador song while his Carmencita taunted him and showed her love for the six-foot bull-fighter he would have acted as Jose did. It is very often the fact of a rival's superior strength and size that decides a lover to kill the girl. Not because he is afraid to die because most always he kills himself but he does not wish that man to kill him and live in happiness with his sweet heart. But Jack says I do not understand about these matters—that men are brave and no woman's coward heart can understand them.

Lieutenant Perry, of Ft. Robinson, is in the city the guest of Prof. Owens.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Kimball will give a reception for Miss Clara Richardson at the University School of Music Monday evening.

Mrs. W. C. Wilson invited some neighbors and a few other friends in last Saturday night to hear music from a phonograph. Good bye.

ELEANOR.

Friday, April 10.