

MISS PENELOPE, OMAHA

My Dear Eleanor:—Did you ever happen to see a little poem, the first line of which reads, "There is no crown in the world so good as patience." That is no doubt as perfectly true as it is exquisitely poetic, but it is equally true that there are a goodly number of uncrowned queens being shoved along the checker board of life, and I am one of them.

I heard an irate ornament of high life say: "I've a great mind to write a letter myself, and take down that Eleanor and Penelope—they think they're so smart, and they are simply mean; jealous I suppose." I looked at her, physically figured her up, and mentally ciphered her down, and concluded if she invited us out to a hand to hand combat, we better take to the woods, but if she simply meant to write a letter —

I have had rather a barren field to glean in since I wrote you last. Its very stupid of people not to do or be or have something interesting. I am quite confident the supply of adjectives has not failed, but adjectives are a sort of drug in the market when names are so scarce.

The Mondamin concert took place last Thursday night, and was quite an event; the Choral society numbering a hundred and twenty five voices, under the able leadership of Thos. Kelly, and the orchestra of twenty-five pieces directed by Franz Adelman furnished a real musical treat, to a very fair audience of folks, and a generous sprinkling of the "best people," if you know who they are—who went in to leaven the lump. Miss Dickinson gave a box party. She looked especially attractive in a costume of black, while Miss Sloan in dark red was a fitting foil, as I think they are our two prettiest debutantes. I also saw Miss Squires, Miss Drake, Mrs. H. W. Yates, Miss Yates, and the Boyd box was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Boyd with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Sohmer.

It was amusing to hear some people near me, discussing the occupants of the boxes, they knew all about them, and found them much more interesting than the music—it is too bad, but a cat may look at a king, and if society doesn't wish to be gazed at, talked about or written up, society will have to take its tea things, and saw dust dolls, and get it to a nunnery.

Homer Moore is coming back. Of course you will say you didn't know there was such a person, and did not know he had gone away, and so cannot be expected to enthuse over his return. Naturally not, but I am going to tell you who he is. To speak in the language of poesy, which is easy for me. He is a large and scintillating star, which dropped in on us last year, and did a little missionary work by weeding the false notes out of our particularly dreadful voices, and then dropped out again—it transpired in the course of human events that we found he came here to obtain a divorce from Mrs. Homer Moore. She had a contralto voice, I believe, and he wished to marry a soprano.

Omaha has a great penchant for running after strange gods, and there was quite a Homer Moore craze. Absolutely Eleanor, it would have made you tired to see pupils desert a teacher like Mrs. Cotton, who had done everything for them, go to this new divinity, and after two or three lessons, say: "Really, you should just hear how Mr. Moore has brought my voice out, its just wonderful—why he says in a short time I will be able to sing duets with myself."

The Misses Yates gave a Salmagundi party Tuesday evening to about twenty of their friends. Even at this distance I can see you don't know what a Salmagundi party is—it's a mistake Eleanor to be so transparent—you should never let on you don't underst and things.

Look wise, and wait developements. I went to a dinner party once and when the man began handing around desert, I noticed that the cakes were playing tunes. I was almost afraid to swallow one for fear I would take in the girl I left behind me, but I kept quiet, and finally discovered that by some accident the man was passing the maccaroni and kisses in the music box. Well, this party simply means a different game is played at each table, although as usual you progress. On this occasion the first prizes were captured by Mr. Wilson and Miss Hoagland, and the boobys by Mrs. A. Reed and Mr. Milt Darling. There is a tremendous lot of China changes hands in the course of a year in this progressive card business, and it very early begins a systematic and thorough course for the ruin: of the female disposition. Men blow in their money, women their temper, and the odds are even.

Mrs. and Miss Hoagland have recently returned from an extended brief trip through California.

Mrs. Frank Johnson gave a large reception Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Chadwick ree Campbell, formerly of Omaha.

There are a number of good things at the theatres this week. The 20th Century Girl at the Creighton delighted good audiences, as did Shore Acres at Boyd's. Nat Goodwin's scenery for Gilded Fool did not arrive so there was no matinee at Boyd's Wednesday. The genial Nat went down to Creighton and seemed to heartily appreciate the 20th Century Girl. We could have lent him all the trimmings for Gilded Fool, but he didn't ask us, so we were there ourselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Megeath, jr., are expected home from their wedding journey tomorrow. Mrs. Megeath was a Miss Adelaide Miller, daughter of a wealthy oil man of Franklin, Pa. From all accounts the wedding was beautiful, a typical spring affair, where all the daffodils and yellow ribbon in that section of the country must have figured. And now after a lengthy trip taken in the private car of the bride's father, they will return to cast in their lot with us, and share the bread and butter of our daily life. May they always be able to supplement strawberry jam, and cake at least on Sunday.

The Rosberry Shrub Sec, the little play in which Mrs. Matheson and Mrs. Wheeler quite distinguished themselves, sometime since is, I see by the paper, to be repeated Friday night for positively the last time. This doesn't frighten us any more; it used to. We were wont to burst into tears at the announcement, just as we did when we heard Patti was to make a farewell tour, but we don't any more. We know they are just teasing us; they don't mean it. Really its a very funny thing—the Shrub—but I can't imagine how any one can want to make themselves look such guys. I won't be in any play if I can't look pretty. Bob says that must be the reason I never was in one. You know Bob has only been out of sailor collar, and knee breeches about three years, and he is perfectly capable of giving the Historical Society of London pointers on any subject. I sometimes wish I'd been an only child. Have you got your summer clothes? I am having a few shirt waists made, and have bought a sailor hat, and consequently will amble through the perfumed summer months, looking exactly like any one of the ten thousand other women you will see. There is nothing in the world so effectually reduces us to a level as the shirt waist; rich and poor, high and low, acknowledge its sovereignty—and individual taste is permitted no individuality, save in the selection of color, dot or stripe.

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My Chatelaine watch says 12 o'clock—midnight—that mysterious hour, when the "veil between the present and the future" grows thin, the jarring things of day, have softened into the indefinable influences of the night, when the desires of the body sink themselves into the aspirations of the spirit, when the noisy utterances of mankind are hushed, and God speaks. Good night,

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PENELOPE.
Omaha, Wednesday, April 15, 1895.