

MISS PENELOPE, OMAHA

My Dear Eleanor:—"You compliment me, or mean to do so, by saying I am the most thorough business woman you know. Why is it, I wonder, I am so many things I do not care to be? A business woman, when I like the clinging ones, when I love the frou-frou of silk, and my soul is moved, not by an account book, but by the fainting perfume of a lace and bon-bon life."

This is an extract from a letter I have recently received, and I sighed a little as I laid it down, it is the same cry which has welled up since time was, against the inevitable. As a sweeping classification, women are divided into two classes, the woman who must work and meet life actively, and the woman who has nothing to do and receives life passively. Nature does not make the distinction, but the accident of circumstance. Many a woman who bends day after day over her desk because she must, has a soul far more keenly alive to the graces of life than her more favored sister. When one does over and over the same things it is obligatory to do, ennui may be the result; when one does over and over the things he does not have to do, the same weariness may be engendered, with this difference, ennui which stretches itself on silken cushions, finds no excuse. In the other case it must earn the rest which is forever the reward of well meant action. I shall tell my friend not to write this way to me again for it makes me a trifle sad, and I have no use for sadness in my line of business.

Talking about giving ice to people, you should have seen us, dealing it out in large lots to the public last Saturday. Mr. Kuhn, one of our druggists, announced to his patrons and to every body generally last week, that the grand opening day of his Onyx Soda Water Fountain, would be presided over by society ladies, for the benefit of the Presbyterian hospital. The invitation was made irresistible by the addition of this classic gem of "poetry."

"April days are hot and growing hotter, Come to Kuhn's for your soda water; April days are fair, but April days are fickle, Be sure and come, and don't forget your nickle."

As the boys say, it was "no lie" about them being fickle. Saturday dawned clear, but with an icy, jeering sort of a smile, which seemed to say, what's the matter with soup and hot bricks?

The ladies were brave, however, and donned light shirt waists and appeared at the cashier's desk, and behind the counter at an early hour. Promptly at ten o'clock, Mrs. Richard Carrier and Mrs. C. M. Wilhelm opened the ball, and it was kept rolling ably assisted through the day by Mrs. Hoobler, Misses McKell, Brown, Preston and others. The freeze culminated in the evening when Mrs. Luddington and Mrs. Matheson took charge with a gay corps of helpers, Miss Sloan, Miss Mount, Miss Webster and last but not least Miss Jessie Dickinson. It was quite a gay scene, music lent charm, supplemented by roses, smilax, electric lights, all the etcetera, in fact that one finds at the swellest, social function.

The gilded youth dropped in, bought his chips and invited the fair dispenser of soda to join him. After a dozen or so, even egg flips lost their charm, I heard one girl say, "Heavens; I wonder if I can crawl under the counter somewhere, Lieut. Hutchinson has just come in and says we must all join, and I am positively incapable of accommodating another glass, even for the cause." Once a stolid looking party entered, looked about with apparent surprise at the gayety of the assemble, when one of the dainty maidens fitted up to her asking politely, "Have you been waited on—hat do you wish?" "I want a bottle of

castor oil." "Oh," blankly returned the dainty maiden, to whom any flavor more common than strawberry or blood orange was foreign. "Well, I don't know that we are serving that, but I guess the man will attend you." Fortunately the man was not so easily phased, and furnished the oil. It was really rather amusing to see the women with their seal-skin sacques and fur boas on, coming in and demand for sweet charity's sake, that you give them the least chilling thing on tap. "An egg flip, perhaps Madam," vouchsafed the gentlemanly mixer? "Yes, I guess so," replied one lively matron, "unless you could manage a fried egg." I have not found out how much they made, but will let you know if you are interested. I do know that Dick Berlin in his usual generous style, dropped in a whole lot of nickles, of which the omniverous newsboy reaped the benefit.

Did you ever hear that we narrowly escaped a completed Ecclesiastical Romance here? No? well we did, and like all such romances which are worth printers ink, it ended badly. What is it to us, if John Smith courts Mary Jones and weds her, and eats her salt rising bread to the end of her life? Nothing, absolutely nothing; the elements which concern us are lacking, but should he fail to win her, shoot himself, or stick a knife into his successful rival, it becomes emphatically our very particular business. In this case it opened with proper scenic effects. The principal was Rev. Paul Matthews—a shepherd over a missionary flock here, but most interesting he was a son of the late Justice Matthews. We were inclined to allow him to work out his destiny, until we learned that his eyes had wandered from the litany, in a fatal moment, and a Daughter of Heth had ensnared him. Surplice and stole, beardless face and rosary, but after all a man, and what is it distracts the average man, be he priest, saint or sinner? A fluff of golden hair, round pink tinted face, blue eyes and baby stare, and all the so forth and so forth which constitutes the up-to-date society girl. You know a minister's wooing speed? He is impressed with the brevity of life and he does not dally long over the garden gate, so the engagement was announced. It brought the usual congratulations in its trail, and suited every one well enough, except some members of the young man's family. I don't know what their objection was, but it won; suddenly there was no engagement, no man, no maiden. She went south, and he, I guess, went home to mamma. Now he is engaged again. So is she for the matter of that, and now this vacillating lover and dutiful son is here on a visit. It is safe to suppose the present incumbent is acceptable to the Matthews family; in the meantime our own candidate for churchly preferment looks as if she believed she had made a lucky escape, it would surely be a terrible responsibility for the average western girl to attempt to support the dignity of so highly colored a constituency.

Undoubtedly you have noticed the announcement of the engagement of Miss Nell Moore, daughter of Dr. Moore, to Mr. Harry Jordan. I really don't know how to tell you who he is, except that he is a brother of Mrs. Lyle Dickey; that is no worse than the case of some men whose only claim to notice is, that they are the husbands of their wives. Mrs. H. G. Burt tendered Miss Moore a very pretty luncheon; the decorations involved the first letter of the last name of the high contracting parties in every possible way. M. and J. cut from beets added piquancy to the salad, and finish to the fish, lent a grace to the meringue not its own, and as a friend of mine said, it was all very touching and sweet, except in the case of the first course, for

at this stage of the game it was really too bad to find M. and J. in the soup. Oh! we are prolific in ideas here, but it does not relieve our financial embarrassment, can't raise a cent on ideas, at the three-ball man's. The French club gave a very pleasant afternoon at Mr. John Monell's on Monday. Miss Emily Wakely, who is an exceptionally good French scholar, has translated a play from English to French, and she and Dr. DePecher presented it on that occasion. It was very cleverly done. Mrs. Edward Peck and her daughter gave a little play, and Mrs. Wesels sang; it was all enjoyable, but I found my specialty was marked in disposing of numerous cups of tea at the close of the performance. What there is of my French is shy.

If there is anything we dote on in Omaha its clubs. Show me a people whose grandfathers couldn't spell, and I will show you a people shod, belted and crowned with culture, whose pathway is strewn with the asteroids of progress and high art. Not that we assume undue airs, for instance at the coming out party of a certain Bud here, a certain other Bud somewhat higher up on the genealogical tree was assisting and stood in line. During the afternoon a young gentleman took the receiving Bud aside and said: "L. how does it happen you are receiving here, how do you know these people so well?" "Family association, my dear friend; their ancestors and mine moved up from 'the bottoms' at the same time."

But the clubs—there is the Saturday Night Club, the Unity Club, the Woman's Club, the French Club, the Cooking Club, the Policeman's Club, and—Oh! don't appologize for interrupting me—I should never have breath to finish. The Whist Club is quite an affair, and the members are not only very fine players of the game, but they have very fine suppers. A friend of mine, a member of the club, was discussing cards a few evenings since, and her husband spoke of whist saying: "I am not an expert, I cannot play nearly so well as my wife." Their son and heir sat in the room reading, and looked up at this juncture, remarking, "Maybe you would be if you made it your business—Ma don't do anything else." Our children may rise up and call us blessed but they frequently rise up and give us away.

Mrs. L. M. Bennett leaves shortly for Utica, N. Y., for a visit to her people. Judge Wakeley and Robert Patrick have gone to New York, supposedly on law business, in reality, no doubt to get their spring hats. General Manderson is east again; they certainly need a lot of 'splaining back there about sugar, must be spun sugar—that's a joke, Eleanor. Do you know I think I'd be a great success as a correspondent for a last year's almanac? I notice, I mean some one told me, since I never read Town Topics myself, that the approaching nuptials of Miss Charlotte Kilgore to Captain Ashtor Bryant Heyle, assistant U. S. surgeon, are advertised to take place at the church of the Advent. Why should we ask, "what's in a name?" In some cases there are lots of letters, aristocratically combined, to say the least, but that is not the reason I mention this by

no means, but because Captain Heyle is quite well known in Omaha. He took in the Rifle Range festivities several times, plucked a few blossoms off our young affections and then presented his gold laced person to Miss Kilgore! Oh, well we are used to it; we are not very successful with foreign importations, in fact some of us are not particularly successful in capturing a "naughty, naughty man," either foreign or domestic.

There's blow in the moon. The editress of the Woman's Weekly and the editress of the Excelsior have crossed swords. At last accounts Mary appears to have the best of Clementina. The Woman's Weekly says: "Mr. Chase grasps an idea if he is furnished time—and the idea." This is awful, awful!

Mary better be careful, first thing he knows Clementina won't let him play in her yard, or hollow down her rain barrel, and Mary will have to take his little woolly sheep and go home.

Frank Lea Short's dramatic school gives its second "at home" Monday night at Creighton hall. What do you say—a good time to stay at home? Eleanor, that's plain mean, they act up awful nice. I am going and will tell you about it.

Let me make you a political prediction. Wm. B. Allison will be our next president of the United States. So drop your idols and get into the band wagon while there is yet time. McKinley seems to have the lead just now, but like a fast horse, he starts off too fly to stay. Reed is not in it, nor is Morton. Harrison's new wife has switched him off the track, because she could not go to Washington and play the first lady in the land with any degree of popularity. Old scandals, like Banquo's ghost, will not down. Allison is second choice of nearly everybody—therein is his great strength. Please accept the button I enclose. Do you know I think those lawn dresses lined with a contrasting color, are perfectly lovely—Blanche McKenna is making one, a dark blue lawn lined with red, which is perfectly sweet. Blanche has such lots of taste; she advised me to have a yellow one, lined with lavender, but I am afraid she was guying me, because you know I am so dark "complexed." Mr. Burgess, manager of the Creighton, has been east looking up attractions, and prospecting for a summer garden here. I don't know the outcome, but if anybody can succeed he can, he is the most enterprising and delightful manager any theatre east or west ever had. If he had no other claim to immortality, this one would suffice—he has made Duse—a possibility. I am an enthusiast, I admit, but I never prostrate myself before an unworthy shrine, and so far as you are concerned, I am, always, unworthily yours.

PENELOPE.

Omaha, April 22, 1896.

Well Dressed Men.

There are many nobby suits seen on our streets this spring. They come from the shop of Paine, Warfel & Bumstead, who have the largest and finest assortment of woollens ever seen in Lincoln.

Ladies

Summer

Underwear

Ladies Jersey vests, low neck sleeveless. Low neck, short sleeves, and high neck, long sleeves

Ladies Jersey pants, knee length, and ankle length.

Ladies Union suits low neck sleeveless, low neck, short sleeves and high neck, long sleeves.

We have the most complete line of ladies Underwear we have ever shown—some exceptional bargains which will interest you.

Miller & Paine