

MISS PENELOPE, OMAHA

Dear Eleanor:—Gen'l and Mrs. Brook, you know we feel as if these delightful people belong to us, are east. Gen'l Brook is to command the troops at the unveiling of the Hancock statue in Washington. Lieut. Quay, one of our former gallants, is with them. Mrs. Warren Rogers and her little daughter leave before long—to spend the season at the summer residence of Mrs. Rogers' mother. The prospect seems to be that the Warren Rogers may leave Omaha for an indefinite length of time, which we naturally regret. Mrs. Bishop Clarkson is in Maryland for the summer. I heard a few days ago that Mrs. George McCord nee Crandall of this city, now of Pueblo, Col., met with quite a serious accident recently. A bed room lamp exploded, quite severely burning her face and neck. These things unworthily seem worse to us when they happen to pretty people. Mrs. Casper E. Yost entertained Gen'l and Mrs. Manderson, and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lyman very informally at a little dinner Tuesday evening.

Xavier Scharwenka was the musical attraction this week, and was entertained socially in the limited time permitted. The Woman's club gave him a very thorough opportunity to shake hands with the fair sex. Prof. Jones of the Omaha conservatory of music, and who for several years was a pupil of Scharwenka's, gave a luncheon in his master's honor, inviting a number of local musicians. Scharwenka also lunched en famille at Mr. John A. Creighton's. If there had been more days there would have been more luncheons, as this great artist has very many warm admirers in Omaha.

Mr. Clifford Smith and his bride are at the Paxton. Every one is much delighted with Mrs. Smith. We always have been attached to Mr. Smith, and I think it shows great magnanimity on our part to admire her. They go from here to the summer house of the groom's father, Mr. Ben Smith, Rockport, Me.

The Current Topic club which went into a trance for the summer last week, has been succeeded by a morning reading club to be held only through May. They have begun Van Dycke's Dutch and Flemish Painters. The club inaugurated at Mrs. Geo. Pritchett's Tuesday morning. The members: Mesdames Savage, Cowin, Beche, Manderson, Pritchett, McCord and several others, whose names I did not learn.

Didn't you think Clay Clement was fine in "The New Dominion?" I think I should dote on having a German Baron in love with me. He didn't have half good enough houses. Your Mr. Frank Zehrung was in a box with our Mr. Burgess. I heard a girl behind me say: "That's Mr. Zehrung of Lincoln, isn't he lovely." You better keep him at home.

It is positively distressing to my proud journalistic spirit to be obliged to chronicle one week that Mrs. A— went to Cedar Rapids for a few days, and the next week be forced to offer you as a choice newsy item the information that Mrs. A— has returned from Cedar Rapids after a few days. I would not blame you at all for plunging my letter down, and saying: "Penelope is getting vapid—what do I care where Mrs. A goes, or when she comes back." That is all right Eleanor, but you can't afford to be so deadly superior. Mrs. A is "in society" and it is her just due to have her goings and comings chronicled in our columns. This paucity is due to financial depression. I can't afford to inaugurate a series of fetes in order to have something to write about. Everybody else is in the same dilemma. I met Miss Balcombe,

the society editor of one of our papers, one day and she looked as wild as I felt, and said: "Can't you give me something, Penelope?" I came near tipping my hand by saying: "My dear S. E. of the W. H. I am on the still hunt myself, and haven't bagged a bird," but I caught myself in time. Miss Balcombe has the true newspaper spirit. She scents the smoke of battle afar off and it is all day in the morning with the flirtatious item that seeks to elude her.

By the way, Eleanor, I heard a lovely woman criticise our methods one day lately—by our and we and us—I mean THE COURIER staff you know. She says if the writers on THE COURIER made half the effort to be agreeable that they do to be disagreeable, it would be a much better employment of their talents. Let us try it, and maybe we could get entered at third class rates for a Sunday school leaflet. It think it would really be more in my legitimate line, its such an effort for me to be disagreeable and I find myself almost unable to decide whether to correspond with the Westminster Session Leaf or The Courier. I have flattering offers from both, it is just as well to have a style susceptible of violent adaptation—it's likely this part of my letter will never see print. I notice the publishers reserve the right to blue pencil one's efforts. If there is anything I like better than blue pencil, its red paint.

There is a great China sale on here at Kilpatrick's.—Dear me you should hear the connoisseurs talk about Royal Meissen, Cape de Monte, Rouen and Dresden. They mean dishes of all sorts. Everyone predicted the man wouldn't sell a sou's worth here, but he has. A number of prospective weddings have done it. Mrs. Cudaby was bidding furiously on some article, while Miss Nash, the bride elect against her—finally Mrs. Cudaby said "Mary, I wish you would stop, I'm buying these for you."

The Roof Garden will be an established feature some time in June. I hear it regularly rumored that it may be opened by some some society performance. A show under the direct influence of our own particular divinity,—whose benign patronage means that it shall henceforth and for ever bear the hall mark of respectability—All hail to thee, most potent sovereign, whose court we approach with misgivings, unless we have on a nine gore skirt, and of whose favor we would despair, in a last year shirt waist. All hail! We started out with a vague feeling of insurrection, we repent, we see the error of our ways, we beg your gracious highness to accept the most humble acknowledgment, of one
PENELOPE.

Omaha, May 6, 1896.

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