

ELEANOR'S LETTER

MY DEAR S—I can scarcely write my fingers are so stiff. Mamma, the girl and I have cleaned the whole house with a little help from a man with the carpets and the paint. I exult as I walk about the streets and see other people just beginning to clean house. Mamma said for a girl who is up every evening in the week I am pretty good help. She does not understand though that I worked so hard in order to get through and to get to work on my spring clothes. How lovely the cry-goods windows look now. Don't you think the linens and dimities are lovely? I am so glad fichus are stylish—the long diagonal lines from shoulder to waist are so becoming, and the open neck is as comfortable as it is beautiful. In a sprigged muslin, sounds like the beginning of your grandmother's romance, does it not? We will all begin and end that way this summer.

The university and the capitol yards are lively spots. It is not the birds that think so either.

If you could have seen Anne Barr lead her classes at the gymnasium last Saturday you would have admired her more than ever. She directed the exercises with spirit, accuracy and ease. You know how slender and delicate she was when she began the gymnasium work? Well, she is just as slender now, but she is straight, lithe and the continued exercise seems not to tire her. The girls looked very pretty and except for a few faults, which discipline has no effect upon, they did as well as the boys. A girl cannot, for the sake of uniformity, restrain her individual desire to look fascinating. Where one-half or a third of a company is fixing bangs or arranging ties while the rest are going through concerted and supposed-to-be simultaneous movements the effect is marred. But instinct is stronger than reason even in the advanced class at the university. The majority kept their minds quite seriously upon the leader and the result was frequently one of surprising dexterity. I was especially interested in the marching. The difficulty and intricacy made the girls forget their hair in their anxiety to do it right and not to deserve the ridicule of the Pershing Rifles or of any of Captain Guilfoyle's men who were scattered thickly about. That they did not deserve it the frequent and heavy applause showed. The girls went up ropes and smooth poles like cats and came down again with a cat's immunity. The constant subject of remark was: "How light they are on their feet; how easy it is for them." And it was so, whether they jumped the pet of the gymnasium—the horse—or leaped a bar six feet high or climbed to the roof on a ladder, it was without effort. Miss Barr must teach the "Italian method" that the singing teachers talk about. It is so easy and effortless and does not leave the performer breathless and exhausted. The spectators were delighted and with the exception of one young man, a recent graduate of the university, appreciated the situation. As the class of girls ran and leaped the aforesaid young man encouraged them by loud shouts, not hesitating to address those who are unfortunate enough to be acquaintances of his, by their first name. The young ladies' dignity and seriousness might have affected a more sensitive man, but in this case it was of no avail. A popularity, which is more noisy than heartfelt, causes the fellow to commit many a faux pas which a little thoughtfulness would save him from.

Miss Grace Oakley and her friend, Miss Harrison, went to Omaha last Saturday. They saw Miss May Mount who is expected in Lincoln next week. Mattson Baldwin's Meadow-brook party was kept at home by the rain. The party was arranged for Miss Harrison who has been visiting Grace Oakley. The former left for her home in Beatrice on Tuesday. She was here only a few days, but long enough to make a number of friends. Instead of going to a party, Mattson had to climb upon the top of one of the houses in the Baldwin terrace and shovel off bricks that the wind had blown down. One of the girls remarked to me in reference to Mattson's labor in the rain: "It shows what a person can do if he has to."

Helen Nance had a small party Wednesday night.

John Farwell and his sister, Florence, will give a party Friday evening at Lansing hall. I hear the programs are very pretty and that the hall will

be made cozy with settees and pillows. Mr. Duff of Nebraska City, Bert Wheeler and Harry Frank of Omaha are expected to be there.

The Beta Theta Pi party at Ernest Ames' house, postponed last week on account of sickness, was given last night.

Saturday evening George Bartlett will entertain the Sigma Alpha Epsilon and their friends at his house.

Thursday afternoon Mrs. George Woods entertained the Cheese and Cracker club. Mrs. Marshall and one or two others were absent on account of the ladies' whist club which met the same afternoon. The Cheese and Cracker club began its existence, like so many others, joyously and enthusiastically. It is likely to die now from inanition. The members have married and their rivalry now concerns carpets, furniture and draperies. In the time lately past it was beaux. Now everything is settled and though the romance may continue in the life of each it is no longer in the club. If the girls want the crackers and cheese not to turn stale they must ask some of the younger girls to join their organization. To be sure, it will not be long before they will be married, but they can do the same thing, invite the girls who are in the grammar school now and they in turn can turn it over to Dorothy Raymond, Silence Stewart, Dorrance Harwood, Helen McFarland, Marian Ogden and the other infants who will set the pace then.

Tuesday when the gale was blowing the strongest, I looked out the window and saw two young ladies—very pretty girls of the younger set—driving by. They had evidently been making calls. They had on new spring hats, light gloves and chic costumes. They looked like buds waving wildly on their stems in the rain. The rain was not hurting them, but it was ruining their clothes which to their mind was of much more consequence. The wind nearly blew the carriage over. It was swaying this way and that way, when the young lady with the reins had an inspiration and drove into the open door of a barn. I learned this afterwards, for when they disappeared from my sight they were conquered by the storm. In about an hour I heard bursts of laughter and I looked out at two Indians going by. Indians never laugh like that though. You know what I mean; a gurgling, rippling, liquid laugh. It was the two girls once beleaguered in the phaeton. They had driven into the barn and waited an hour. It still rained. They were cold and their teeth chattered, but they would not spoil their clothes. Finally they took off their wet dresses and their hats and hung them up in the barn, wrapped the lap robes about them and shuffled home in the stableman's immense rubbers. He had left two pair there. When he got back he found that some one with unusual ideas of barter had been there. In place of an imposing pair of rubber boots and two or three yards of overshoe he found a horse and phaeton, two dresses and two blossoms, which he afterwards concluded were hats. Well, when these girls passed my window one was wrapped in a plain dark robe and one in a gray fur robe. They met a young man who had never seen them in their Indian costumes. To carry-out the part they executed a W.

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