

ELEANOR'S LETTER

DEAR PENELOPE:

Lincoln revives! The end of a presidential campaign acts upon social and business life like a smelling bottle on the relaxed nerves of a subject in a faint. When any body is elected, McKinley or Bryan, McCall or Holcomb we will be better off than we are now. Papa says if Bryan is elected everything and everybody will go to pieces. You remember "Little Puck" and the hoodoo man in it? It was only necessary for him to come on the stage when everything on it dropped to pieces including the telephone. Papa thinks that Mr. Bryan has the same effect on stocks, wheat and corn as the hoodoo had on the stage furniture, but papa is worried over the collapsed state of his business and as he is a republican he lays it all to Mr. Bryan. It is so satisfactory to have somebody to hate and to lay one's misfortune to. Now Jack is for Bryan. He says the trouble is that people and their needs have been increasing faster than the supply of gold and that consequently gold has got so dear that it takes twice the amount of corn, land, houses, railroad stock or labor, that it used to, to buy gold. He says that we are always speaking of the price of property in money and that if I could only see the pile of gold that the products of labor would buy, decrease each season in the last ten years, I would know what low prices really meant. And here Jack looks really handsome. His eyes are bright and he looks as if he could conquer anything. At those times I am always glad papa is not in the room or it would be the American Exchange street corner over again. Papa bullies poor Jack. You see he has the advantage of age and of his relationship

to me and Jack always gives up to him, albeit with a poor grace. Of course I am for Bryan.

The chief object of interest next week is the wedding of Mr. Cook and Miss Clark. They are to be married at the home of the bride's mother. Only the relatives and a very few friends are invited. It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Cook will reside somewhere on the Pacific coast. Lincoln society will miss them sadly.

The young set meet in greater or smaller numbers every night. The older members of the Pleasant Hour club seem to be somewhat depressed by the state of finance. But finance never touches the youngsters. Refreshments are frequently candy and apples. Lately Jack sends me small boxes of fresh New York candy. He gets it at Rectors. All summer long drives ended at the push button in front of Rector's and in the winter Ode still pursues us. The candy is Tenney's daintily packed in white boxes. It is lucky you can not see me now for I have a chocolate cream—a big one—in my mouth which I allow to slowly and luxuriously melt.

Dr. and Mrs. Giffen are riding about merrily again. They are making up for lost time chatting and laughing like reunited comrades. I am sure I wish them happiness.

Do you ever see Rob Patrick? If you do it must be between the depot and his residence. I see him in Lincoln so frequently.

You have heard about Josie Treemen going to South America to live. It is summer there now and she has a number of pretty Organdie dresses in her trousseau.

Yours,
ELEANOR.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

The Mandolin Club is enthusiastic over the royal hospitality extended to its members at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lansing. After two hours of excellent practice by the club, a most elaborate lunch was served. Those present were: Misses Grace Oakley, Henrietta Hollowbush, Maud Oakley, Florence Farwell, Holmes, Laura Houtz; Messrs. Harry Lansing, C. Y. Smith, Homer Honeywell, Frank Burr and Fred White; Messrs. and Mesdames F. W. Smith and L. W. Marshall.

Miss Lottie Clark and Miss Spurck have undertaken to supply the students of the state university and visitors with lunches. They have fitted up an apartment in the basement of the university where they will serve hot coffee, sandwiches et cetera. All who know these young ladies predict success, for they have youth, energy, courage and the good will of a large number of friends.

Miss Anna Dick, modiste, has moved her rooms to 1318 O street. She has just returned from the east with a line of imported novelties and ideas.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Muir, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Dorgan, went to Brownville last week to visit Mr. Muir's father and mother. They returned on Tuesday to finish their visit with Mr. and Mrs. Dorgan.

Mrs. Muir says she must go home in time to vote for Bryan.

The following people spent Wednesday evening delightfully and informally with Miss Grace Oakley: The Misses Helen Nance, Alice Slaughter, and Messrs. Clair Hebard, Frank Cowdry and Ralph Corby.

The second floor of the Harris block, 1134 N street, has been fitted up for a dancing hall. The floor has received the attention of experts. It is of hard wood, and the boards are laid parallel with the length of the hall. Parties desiring to rent it can do so at the Courier office, in the same block.

Lincoln is about to lose another young man from society. Harry Lansing leaves this week to take a position as a type writer in San Francisco.

Miss Maud Oakley spent Tuesday in Omaha.

Mrs. S. Beckwith and Mrs. J. Bean, of Mt. Pleasant, Ia., are visiting relatives, Mrs. Putnam and Mrs. F. W. Kelley.

Mrs. Roberts, of Anderson, Ind., is the guest of Mrs. H. B. Patrick.

Sutton & Hollowbush have invented a cough drop. They call it the S. & H. Sutton & Hollowbush, and it is a good one. Stop and get one on your way to

the theatre. It will save you a spasm of coughing.

"EN MASQUE.

If you have got any sense left on the thirty-first night of this month you will chase yourself down to Florence Farwell's at 8 o'clock sharp, or you'll get left. Wear any old thing, but be sure your face is hidden from view. If you don't want to be found out you will keep your mouth shut 'till time to feed it. Don't worry about not having a partner, for Alice Slaughter will see to that.

Get a move on yourself and let us know whether you are coming or not."

The young people who enjoyed the complimentary ride in the patrol and the practical joke on J. B. Wright will not forget Miss Maud Oakley's party last Hallow'een.

scheme for getting away from their home in New York and travelling over the country with all the advantages of a made-to-order social position. It may turn out that they are really noblemen after all. The girls who danced with them are hoping so. And a local fashion paper has come across the two heroes in Denver, where they were repeating their pretty performance at the Festival of Mountain and Plains."

"After all, what does it matter, if the fellows danced well and otherwise behaved themselves?"

A New York gentleman said in Lincoln, three weeks ago, that he knew these barons to the extent of twenty dollars. One of them taught a riding school in an eastern city. Although their titles are valid, their purses are



KATHYRN KIDDER as Mme. San Gene.

Go to 1414 O street for manicuring, hairdressing, scalp treatment, massage for the complexion. Hair goods, ornaments, curling irons, cosmetics and embroidery silks. Mrs. J. C. Bell.

The Omaha Bee had a quarter of a column devoted to the blue blooded tramps—Baron von Sack von Mitzioff and Baron von Leretzon, who graced the Ak-Sar-Ben ball, clothed in garments borrowed from admiring friends. It speaks of the royal entertainment given them by Omaha people, of their pretentious claims to being officers in the German army and titled noblemen, and lastly, of the wager to walk around the world. The Bee further states that "the fair girls who danced with them and whose waists were encircled by their high-born arms are agitated by a report, which, to be sure, lacks confirmation, but which is in its nature disquieting and ill-calculated to foster the romantic dreams which are bred by intimate association with the nobility. It is said that the references of the most illustrious barons have been looked into with the dreadful result that they have been discovered to be nothing less than two mischievous and impecunious young men of German ancestry and American birth, who have hit upon this ingenious

empty, and will probably remain so until some dear relative fills it with his last will and testament. There are hundreds of titled paupers in New York City and Chicago, who fill menial positions. Rumor says that the barons have been feasted and feted all through the western part of this state, and that they really have some new "swagger" hunting suits.

These gilt-edged tramps have certainly conceived of a novel mode to see America in its different phases. It is somewhat doubtful, however, that any nation but ours will extend to them the characteristic hospitality of our people.

Whether these men are titled or not does not alter the fact of their colossal impudence in travelling about the country and working the inhabitants of it for food and social entertainment. The tramp makes his living by trading on a pity for the destitute that everyone feels. His affrontery is rewarded with a largess that ought to be given to some real working man temporarily out of work. Instead of that the tramp uses up the supply of compassion for a penny he will do nothing to cure and when the workingman out of a job because of sickness or hard times applies for aid he does it in