

from the way gutters and side walks are preempted from six o'clock on.

People are flocking home from resorts far and near, and everybody had the "most perfectly lovely time." Those who did not catch simply huge fish are the persons who do not like to fish. I heard one enthusiastic sportsman just returned ask a girl who had been at a lake resort, if she had caught any fish.

"Mercy no!" she replied, "I did not try; I was afraid."

"Afraid," he exclaimed, in amazement, "afraid of what?"

"That I would catch a fish," she laughed. I could thoroughly appreciate her feeling.

Girls do not look quite so attractive after they have returned to their normal conditions, with their brown hands and faces, the result of a hatless, sleeves-to-the-elbows summer. I have an idea that lemons and buttermilk will be in great demand as the society girls seek to whiten themselves in anticipation of the Ak Sar-Ben ball.

No one seems to have hazarded a guess as to the King and Queen yet. Since the King must have money,—youth and beauty being requisite only for the Queen,—it is not necessarily a difficult proposition.

How useless it seems to try and interest one's self in little tawdry events while that great question which is being solved in the distinguished sick room at Buffalo is unanswered.

I considered myself a rather colorless, opinionless person until the awful news came flashing over the wires last Friday. Then my patriotism, love of country and party sprang, fully armed, to life. I am not concerned about the outcome, some way, but I say with Mr. Bryan—"Oh! the bitter humiliation of it!"

It is a dishonor to the flag, to those dead and gone patriots who blazed the way for this great republic. It has dishonored us, and those who shall come after us. It seems to me the most senseless, hardest to forgive crime in the annals of history. Thank heaven! we can safely trust the outcome to Him who watcheth over Israel. For the red-handed assassin dared to strike not only the highest official, but also at the Lord's anointed!

There comes the rain! Buckets of it, fully sustaining the reputation of Nebraska for doing well anything it attempts.

By the way, can you tell me if Mr. Zehring is affecting particularly noisy hosiery this season? A letter from an Iowa girl friend recently makes inquiry as to whether I am acquainted with the above-named citizen of your city. She says he is "just lovely," and wears quite too utterly utter hose. In fact, I judge that, although she admired him, his apparel impressed her still more. Such is fame!

If you do not write me pretty soon, my enthusiasm is likely to fade away.

PENELOPE.

LINCOLN LETTER.

Lincoln, Nebr.,
September 10, 1901.

Dear Penelope:

One of those long silences superinduced by heat and summer ennui has dropped, like a curtain, before my communications to you. You have been good enough to write, but then you have been in a cool place where thought is not soured and thickened by a sun which seems only a mile or two away. Lincoln has been baked this summer and everybody who has stayed in it now wears a chastened look and as little besides as the police or society allow. The man in the sleeping car whose thirst was at last quenched could not forget how thirsty he was and still kept the

rest of the passengers awake by groaning about how thirsty he was before he got the water. We can sympathize with him, and are still expatiating on the heat which has but just declined and the crops which are still dried up and unmaturing.

We were shocked for a moment out of our monotonous complaints by the assassination of a beloved president, but the doctors say he is sure to get well and they would not say so unless they were convinced, because now if anything should happen there would need to be some very elaborate explanations. There is therefore nothing to take our minds off our too recent sufferings and our present losses.

The fields of corn stretch away in every direction from Lincoln, withered and yellow, the leaves rattling stiffly like a rattlesnake's warning. Nebraskans have lost heavily by this summer's drought and it is not surprising that they are still talking about it. There is nothing like hunger to start a baby to making a loud noise and there is nothing like the loss of money to start the people into voluble complaints. Therefore, Penelope, in your cool retreat listen to the voice of the Nebraska farmer and the regrets of the trades-people who exist to serve him and his wife and children, nor say that the dirge-like notes weary and depress you. Poets who do not keep close to the people are not long remembered. They have but little influence and they get a reputation for profundity which is death to a poet. You know my aspirations to write poetry that is good enough to lull the suspicions and scruples of a managing editor on a daily newspaper? It is not an exalted ambition, but so far I have not attained it. Somebody told me the other day that you were getting more and more literary and that even in Omaha where "they" are so particular about what gets into the newspapers, your stories, essays and critiques are eagerly sought for by editors. I should think so, indeed, and they might have shown discrimination some time ago.

But, Penelope dear, to be snubbed and ignored has been the lot of all the truly great. If publishers took us up and petted us thus early in our careers would it not be a sign that we possessed the ephemeral talent of an Edwin Markham rather than that of the immortal poets we both revere? However, there is no sign of an approaching and fatal popularity here in Lincoln. The "C" editor barely allows me to write for the paper, and when I ask her about the quality of my work she looks solemn and changes the subject and says the letters are well enough, especially when they provoke a reply from you.

There are a number of men in Lincoln who want to be policemen. These periodically stir up some councilman or somebody who writes letters to the newspapers to urge the enlargement of the police force. Seems to me we have enough policemen considering how finite their intelligence when it is desirable to discover a murderer or prevent an assassination. You may have read about the murder a few weeks ago of a Mr. Gillilan. Mr. Gillilan was a quiet, peaceable man with a saving sense of humour which displayed itself in a quiet, unobtrusive sarcasm and a sane conduct of his life. A recent evening he was returning from his down-town office, it is supposed, though no definite record of his movements can be found after he left the home of a friend. He had a bundle of innocuous theological magazines under his arm and as he walked along he was considering the problems which theosophy professes to settle. Suddenly he was assaulted and killed, not without a struggle, for the magazines were scattered about the sidewalk. Investigation has only confirmed the general opinion of Mr. Gillilan in regard to his character and his

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