

MISS PENELOPE, OMAHA

My Dear Eleanor: Mighty Sampson never died. False Dillah lives forever. She lulls us with the siren song of treachery. We listen, we believe, we seek to slumberous rest, fondling the dear delusion that we are good or great or fair, or, whatever in our inmost soul we most crave to be. Sampson awoke shorn of his glorious locks and strength. We awake with every lace like ruffle of assumption ripped off our plain calico back ground, which we have been struggling to disguise. Your efforts at sympathy for my low estate and crushed condition impress me as a trifle insincere. An old French cynic said: "There is something in the misfortune of our friends not wholly disagreeable to us." Your real active feeling seems to be one of thankfulness that no one has evinced a disposition to attach your scalp to his girdle. Of course I am sorry Clementina doesn't like my style (Eleanor, never refer to my pen gymnastics as work) and I mean to change it. Hereafter my report will run something after this fashion, "On Tuesday a most delightful luncheon was given by the charming Mrs. A. B. C. to her fascinating guest, the lovely Miss X. Y. Z., at her exquisite home.

The table was magnificently decorated with a table cloth and bon bon dishes—the— That's enough—of course, it was enough before I began, but this is what you pays your money for, so don't complain.

This is not strictly speaking, society news, but I gave you warning long ago, that I considered it very wearing to confine one's self exclusively to society and its gyrations. I had always a mania for wandering through forbidden fields. The sign "No trespassing" and "No admittance" always pulled me with an insane desire to trespass and enter. Certainly there are a few functions (with apologies to the Excelsior). The number of luncheons ought to boom Hood's Sarsaparilla. You likely do not see the connection, but if you had been at Miss Jessie Millard's lunch for the Misses Black, the necessity for an appetite would have appealed to you. Mrs. Dallas Beche gives a luncheon this week, and Mrs. Guy C. Burton has issued one hundred and twenty-five invitations to a luncheon at the Millard Friday in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles K. Barton, and I have issued an invitation to luncheon to myself to go to Balduff's and have some strawberry short cake. Cards are out from Mrs. Henry W. Yates and the Misses Yates for a reception from 5 until 7, May 30, to meet Miss Kountz and practically to say good-bye to Miss Kountz, as she is to be married in the sweetest of all months—the month of roses—June. General and Mrs. Manderson left Tuesday for New York. General Manderson is to deliver the dedicatory address at the tomb of Grant, on Memorial day. Even my frivolity, for the nonce, is checked—"Now lies he here," and the greatest do him reverence! This reminds me, Eleanor, that that idea of yours about doing without sugar in your coffee and sending the savings to the foreign missions is absurd. You know the sugar bounty is declared constitutional, therefore, you better "Stand Up for Nebraska" than save for the heathen.

Miss Blanche McKenna leaves this week for Leavenworth, Kans. My informant did not say what day—I refer you for further information to the society columns of the Bee.

Mrs. Peattie is in Chicago for a week's visit. Speaking of Mrs. Peattie again reminds me that the Woman's club held its annual meeting for the election of officers on Monday. Mrs. Ella Peattie was made president for the coming year. Among the four hundred or more present, there was only one lonesome looking individual. Through some arrangement, not understood by the majority of the club, where news gatherers as a rule are barred, a World-Herald reporter was conducted early in the game to the platform, and after a time, when retreat, graceful or otherwise was impossible, he became aware from the hundreds of curious, inquiring eyes bent on him, and one or two perfectly lady-like remarks made to him, that he was looked upon as a large, unsightly blot, in this garden of roses. There are moments—and this was one of them. Mrs. Z. T. Lindsay and Mrs. Heller have gone as the club's representatives to Louisville, Ky., to the national convention of woman's clubs. You no doubt have heard the World-Herald laughing the last week—but laughing hardly does the performance justice. It has contorted and doubled up in a paroxysm of glee. It has made a discovery—of course it doesn't often do that, and a little mild glee might be excused. We thought it was rather funny ourselves at first, and laughed too, but we supposed we would be allowed to stop some time, and the thing of the World-Herald breaking out afresh every day in loud guffaws, then catching its breath and dying in chorus, "Everybody laugh," is worse than being a

hired mourner at a funeral. What's it about? Dear me, I forgot, haven't you heard, that they discovered some thirty or forty lines of Rosey's seventeen-mile speech was a bodily adoption from the speech of one Aldrege, a Texas gentleman. Funny? Oh! of course, but I wish some gentleman who could be easily spared would be good enough to die, so that we could consistently quit laughing, just for a rest. Really the size of the laugh is all out of proportion to the meagre dimensions of the joke. No! I am not "Stuck on Rosey," either, but he really has a "Don't know when he's licked" quality in his character, which, in its way, is superb. But who can shut out fate? The prejudice of centuries forbids our loving him. Rosey reminds me of two boys I once knew, and an episode I witnessed. A curled darling of patrician parentage appeared one day on the velvet lawn of his father's home with a beautiful large slice of sugared gingerbread. A boy upon the curb, a child of the people, saw the curled darling, and coveted the cake. Upon making known his wishes he was curtly denied. A scrap promptly ensued, during which the gingerbread was reduced to a condition adapted only to the wants of the ants of the hill, or birds of the air. "Ah, Ha!" taunted the patrician pride, "You didn't get the cake." "Pooh! Who cares?" replied the child of the people, "Neither did you." But excuse me, it is time to laugh. If I forget my cue in this comic opera company of the W. H. I am liable to lose my "job." The Squash Town Bugie and the Podunk Clarion are fit to die in despair; the World-Herald turned an X ray on them and found their laugh was hollow and refused to reproduce it in their columns of the gayety Herald. Chorus, "Everybody laugh."

I understand "The Shrub" is to be played in Lincoln Saturday night as a curtain raiser for "The Bells." That's a pretty nice scheme. We don't allow them to play it here any more, because the mayor says we are liable to die laughing. You never know when I am in earnest! Well; I suppose not. I only am, for truly, in earnest when I am asleep, which I very nearly am just at present—but the play "Rosberry Shrub" is funny—very—and "The Bells" nothing to sneer at. Make Jack take you. I cannot come down, much as I would like to. Unity club, which has deservedly quite a local reputation, presents two plays Friday evening, "His Toast," and "Per Telephone," assisted by the Misses Lowe, who, by the way, are lovely musicians, with mandolins, guitars and harp. Wilhelmina Lowe sweeping the strings of a golden harp, justifies one for having visions of the time, "When the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Don't worry over Jack's pretended approval of me. He doesn't mean it, and I am true to the impossible ideals of my youth, which Jack does not embody. What can we depend on? Nothing! Not even the weather. I began to write to you Sunday, reduced to indecision by the heat and a dimity gown. I finish on Tuesday. I am about to mail my effort Wednesday, and am shivering and thinking longingly of my jersey flannels which are safely stowed away in the too pronounced embrace of moth balls. It seems as if the weather, at least, might be sincere. More anon, yours, PENELOPE. Omaha, May 28, 1896.

THE JUNE RACES

"We are going to try an experiment at the June races of the Lincoln Park association," said C. T. Boggs, secretary, to The Courier yesterday. "We are going to have one \$900 pacing race for three-year-olds, in which we will award the premiums by heats. There has been considerable discussion of this plan among racing men, and we have decided to try it in one race. "A great feature of the June races will be the 2:09 pace. There will be ten or more starters, with records ranging from 2:06 1/4 to 2:10 Here are some of the horses entered: Affrite, 2:06 1/4; Ella T., 2:09; Direction, 2:06 3/4; Badge, 2:06 3/4; Judge Hurt, 2:09. "There will also be a 2:15 pace. We have a large number of entries for this race. "In the 2:12 trot there are thus far sixteen entries, including the Nebraska horse, Pat L., 2:11 1/4; The Corporal, 2:12 1/4; McVera, 2:12 1/4; Pactolus, 2:12 1/4." All of these races are for \$1,000 each. There will be fifteen to twenty races. The meet will open June 16 and close June 19.

NOTICE.

Water consumers will take due notice that the penalty for non-payment of water rent will take effect on Monday, June 1. Saturday, May 30, is a legal holiday and the office will be closed. Hence time to avoid the penalty will expire Friday next. L. J. BYER, Water Commissioner.

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