

rage of democracy, and grasp for the ermine and purple.

If I were talking to you instead of writing, in this almost traitorous style, I am sure the sunlight of your smiles would be in eclipse and I should feel like emulating the provolone ground hog and crawl back in my hole. But I can not see you, and at this long range I do not feel your reproach.

I am not in a very angelic mood, and have half a mind to go back and hunt up a needy Lord or Duke, buy him a new suit or armour, get a little fresh gold leaf for his crown, bring him over, stow him in a flat on Farnam street, and take to type writing for a living; only my typewriter can't spell.

I wonder if this isn't the mood in which maids write letters to the newspapers, mix a teaspoonful of rouge on rats with their pate de fois and thus lose their last chance for a crown? All last week I hung over the fashion plate trying to decide in what style the pile of cambric beside me should be fashioned, in order that I might have prettier shirt waists than any one else. I went into ecstasies over the diaphanous sweep of organdies which the gentlemanly clerks with well directed flourish placed before me. I trotted all over town to find where I could get lace by the bolt cheap, and had fatuous dreams of myself, an airy, fairy figure beneath the sweet June moon, all frills and puffs and laces. Alas! the windows of my room this morning, together with the temperature, suggested that I had pitched my tent at Cap Nome, and my dreams had been the unstable ones of the seeker after fairy gold. The jeering north wind bore down and seemed to say, with the frozen humor of an arctic explorer, "Do you suppose I think more of you than I do of the Ice Man? Do you suppose I intend that the ammonia machine shall do me out of my job? You and the south wind, together with some of the would-be senators, are getting a little previous."

I called down the tube to Mary to know if she wouldn't shake down the furnace, that a little more heat might come up to my room; then I crawled under the friendly cover of the blankets to shut out the sound of that mocking voice and to think where in the world I had put my fur cape.

Yesterday, while I was writing, I told my small, restless brother Bob if he would sit on a chair perfectly quiet for 30 minutes I would give him a nickel. He promptly climbed up and sat so still that only the blinking of his blue-grey eyes and the rise and fall of his sailor collar, betrayed life. When I told him the time was up, he came to me solemnly for his reward and looked at me with the light of a great resolve on his face—"I'm glad that's over and I wouldn't do it again, not for ten cents."

I cannot be quite so positive as B. B., but if you will forgive me I will try, "never to do it again."

Yours as ever,  
PENELOPE.

#### LINCOLN LETTER.

Lincoln, Nebr.,  
March 7, 1901.

Dear Penelope:

I am indeed delighted to see again your familiar, large, angular, very elegant and illegible handwriting. I read your letters by the eye of affection and admiration rather than by those large blue globules which before we were married Jack called his "stars." (The eye of affection is single; "two eyes of affection" is impossible, somehow, isn't it?) I missed you horribly when you were in Europe. You and Mr. Morton Smith were my only literary acquaintances and when he died and you went abroad I felt that my only connection with "literature" was dis severed forever.

Morton Smith was kind enough to say after he had read one of my really private letters to you that it was interesting enough to publish in The Courier. I had dreamed of writing stories like Correlli or Mrs. Holmes but everything I sent enough stamps with had been returned, so I had begun to lose hope. I really thought my letters were silly but Morton Smith said the people really liked them and he knew more than the men that mailed my rejected M.S. back to me, I think. Jack said that people read them because they were so impossibly silly. But at that time I occasionally dreamed of a literary career to consummate which, would have made marriage impossible and then besides Jack bears to literature, the same relation that tone-deaf people bear to music.

You know, Penelope, I like your name. I pronounce it and the vision, the mirage of your elfish, whimsical, curl-framed face appears to me, I have only one fault to find with your name, Lincoln people do not pronounce it correctly. In spite of the dozens of colleges in and around this academic seat, my friends, who did not know they were talking to the famous unknown of the Penelope Letters use to call you Pen-elope, in three syllables instead of four and the last two just as in the sentence, "John and Mary clope tomorrow." I've had cold chills about it and I'll have 'em again, now I am going to write you. I dared not inform them that was not your name for it might have been a "clue." You know quotation marks are bad form—too many of them—but they give a mysterious insinuatingness to words that nothing else imparts and I never have been able to give up the habit that was acquired when I began to write clandestine notes in the sixth grade, just after I found out what they meant, and their peculiar ability to rescue a slang phrase from unmitigated vulgarity. Once the teacher intercepted a "terrible" note and if it had not been for the "quotes" she'd have sent me home with it to "Maw." The quotes indicated to this astute teacher that I was simply being demoralized by my chum who sat next me and who was really several grades ahead of me in taste and moral rigidity. The teacher afterwards induced "Maw" to forbid my associating with this chum, and thus removed from my young life one of its most vigorous motors on the ascent of the hill of difficulty.

Lincoln has suffered some changes since I used to so frankly write you about the inhabitants. Many of the set that used to form my whole horizon have married, moved away, or died and so far as participating in current functions, died, married or moved away has had the same effect. The young married set, the Dorgans, Woods, Rectors, Fitzgeralds, Greens etc., are just about the same and just as gay. The older married set, the Buckstuffs, Irvines, W. B. Hargreaves, Wrights, Wilsons, Yates, Thompsons, Leonards, Beesons, Rodgers, etc., has suffered some losses. Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers now live in Boston, and Omaha has drawn the Beesons.

The older coterie that formerly enjoyed each other so much has been depleted by death and by the panic and long drawn-out hard times. Perhaps more than any others Mr. and Mrs. Gere represent the old-time, gracious, cultured self-respecting society. The Raymonds, the Lamberts, the Halle, Holmes, Burnhams etc., retain their distinction and subtly express its influence. There are many others whose activity makes up the constantly changing kaleidocope of Lincoln society. If it were not for them there would be "nothing doing" but buying, selling and swapping. Ten years or more ago there was a unique character in Lincoln society who has "dropped out." He lives here, dresses just as well, looks as debonaire

and almost as young, but he is no longer quoted or copied. He is absorbed in the management of the Oliver and although the presence of a first-class company is always signalized by Frank Zehring's faultless, evening dress and by his solitary presence in the left-hand box next the stage, his participation in functions is almost confined to this semi-professional "presiding" at the performances of distinguished companies. It has got so now that when a man wants to find out the standing of a show he just asks Frank Zehring if he means to wear his dress suit, and Frank conscientiously considers and tells him, though he knows when he says, "business suit" that that settles it.

While on the theatre, I want to tell you about the young men in this town. In the days when Ferguson, Jim Irwin, Downie Muir, Charlie Caldwell, Lambertson and Will Leonard were "gallous young hounds" young men took the girls to the shows. The queer set, who are the beaux of unfortunate Lincoln girls, do nothing of the sort now. They are invited to happy homes, where they are fed and warmed and listened to patiently, and with a good imitation of pleasure. But they do not repay social courtesies. They apparently think it is sufficient to go calling and accept all sorts of favors without making any effort to return them. The pleasant old dances given by the Pleasant Hour club are no longer tributary offerings. If it were not for the young, unsuppressable longing of every girl to enjoy life, to look her prettiest in pretty gowns, and to just taste the cup poured out for youth and beauty the ungrateful, unresponsive, petted youths of this town would be ignored by the very pretty girls who redeem the streets of ugliness when they pass through them. But this is an old complaint.

The most successful public entertainment ever given by Lincoln people was the Carnival of Nations celebrated last week at the auditorium. The only Mrs. Ogden was the president general and she was assisted by a score and more of Lincoln women whose good nature, energy and unselfish energy for the city was rewarded by an attendance of several thousand people. Omaha women can unite in a like effort for the improvement of the city as soon as the new auditorium is erected.

Lincoln, although, of course only a fraction of her inhabitants is Catholic or Episcopalian, is really observing Lent. Society is taking a nap and a fast, a part for the sake of their complexion and digestion unhandeomely affected by mid night ice-cream, coffee and salads and the other part is in genuine "retreat," seriously repenting sins, renouncing real pleasures, giving up favorite fleshly dishes and mortifying their own flesh. These will receive the rewards of conscience and appear on Easter in resplendent chapeau and renewed youth. This is a long letter. It is the joy of writing you again, of being en rapport again with one whom I love.

With all the fervor of nineteen,  
ELEANOR.

Grace White, in her new paper, "The Reasoner," published at Woodbridge, N. J., says: "No commoner thing, journalistically considered, ever got past the press to the public than Mr. Bryan's new paper. There is not a new thought in it. There is not an old thought in bright phrase in it. There is not a new subject treated nor an old subject treated in a new way. It isn't even 'Bryan-esque.' It is dull, platitudinous, stale, lacking in everything that people expect in a paper written by Bryan, the Bryan, the only Bryan, the Fountain of Living Waters, as he practically describes himself." Of course as women have no business with ideas, this will have to pass as one woman's opinion—but!!!

## THE DOCTORS ARE HERE.

Three Months Services are Given Free to

All Invalids who Call Upon Them

Before April 13th.

A staff of eminent physicians and surgeons from the British Medical Institute have, at the urgent solicitation of a large number of patients under their care in this country, established a permanent branch of the institute in this city in the Sheldon block, at the corner of 11th and N streets.

These eminent gentlemen have decided to give their services entirely free for three months (medicines excepted) to all invalids who call upon them before April 13th. These services consist not only of consultation, examination and advice, but also of all minor surgical operations.

The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally acquainted with the sick and afflicted, and under no condition will any charge whatever be made for any services rendered for three months, to all who call before April 13th.

The doctors treat all forms of disease and deformities, and guarantee a cure in every case they undertake. At the first interview a thorough investigation is made, and, if incurable, you are frankly and kindly told so; also advised against spending your money for useless treatment.

Male and female weakness, catarrh and catarrhal deafness, also rupture, goitre, cancer, all skin diseases, and all diseases of the rectum are positively cured by their new treatment.

The Chief Consulting Surgeon of the Institute is in personal charge.

Office hours from 9 A. M. till 8 P. M.  
No Sunday hours.

SPECIAL NOTICE—If you cannot call, send stamp for question blank for home treatment.

The Annual Meeting of the German Baptist Brethren will be held in Lincoln, Nebraska, from May Twenty Four to May Thirty-One, Nineteen Hundred and One.

For this meeting a special rate of one fare for the round trip will be made from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis and all stations on the Burlington Route. The roads east of Chicago and St. Louis are also expected to make a very low rate for the Brethren, and sell through tickets to Lincoln and return.

Tickets will be on sale May 23 to May 27, inclusive, and they will be limited for return to June 4.

The charge, therefore, for a round trip ticket to Lincoln and return for the Brethren Meeting will be: From Chicago, \$14.40; from Peoria, \$12.90; from St. Louis \$12.55.

Brethren who wish to stay longer in Nebraska, can have the limit on their tickets extended by depositing them with the railroad "joint agent" at Lincoln who will issue a certificate of deposit on or before June 3, and charge a fee of fifty cents for it. Tickets will then be good for return at any time until June 30, 1901.

Many of the Brethren will probably want to visit some of the numerous German Baptist settlements in Nebraska before returning home. Any one who presents a certificate of deposit to the Burlington Route agent at Lincoln will be able to get a round-trip ticket to any place on our line in Nebraska for half fare. These tickets will be sold on May 28 to June 3, inclusive, and will be good for return to Lincoln until June 25.

We publish a folder about the German Baptist Brethren in Nebraska. In it is a very large sectional map of the state, with reference marks which indicate where the Brethren settlements are located. It tells about the crops and prospects, and contains letters from resident Brethren, giving their experiences in Nebraska. A copy of this will be sent without charge if you will ask P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Illinois.