

OMAHA LETTER.

Omaha, Nebr.,
July 15, 1901.

Dear Eleanor:

Project your mind into the past once a little, mine own familiar friend, and you may be able to recall a period in your existence when, with the thermometer at twenty degrees below, you froze toward me; icicles clung to your pen point and "no letter did you send me all the long time that I waited." When the thermometer reverses its pilgrimage and climbs instead of skates out of sight, I meet my Waterloo. My ideas, such as I have, run together, become a liquid mass and "hair" under the sun like melted sugar over the blue flames of the gas range. I reach languid fingers and bring them back empty of everything save blisters. Suppose I had sent you quires of paper decorated with words "that burn?" I fancy some one would have thrown cold water on my efforts with very little ceremony.

Do not misconstrue this into an apology; there is no apology due, unless it should come from the Weather Bureau.

Mr. Welch, our local forecaster, moves, I believe glides would be a better word, among us with a cheerful, almost radiant expression of satisfaction which, whether natural or assumed, seems to add insult unto injury.

I heard him ask a gentleman in the street car a few days since if he didn't suppose that His Royal Highness in the region below would like a good man to help run his business.

"If he does," replied the addressed and perspiring gentleman, "there will be no trouble about your getting fine recommendations from everybody in this locality."

Of course it is all very well to speak lightly on this subject, but as our butcher man said yesterday, "Dis is getting so it vasn't any shoke already any more." As he contrary to the time honored conception of butchers, is naturally pessimistic, it may be that the joke has escaped him. There is no more 400—it too has melted and run together until it looks like 4000000000 or any other indiscriminate number with a tail piece of innumerable ciphers.

There is no "smart set," no aristocracy, no elect. We are just as indistinguishable, panting, perspiring mass of humanity, upon a molten earth beneath a sky of brass.

Of course everybody who could has escaped and fled to the sea or the mountains, which ever way their inclinations or passions indicated.

Count Creighton leaves Saturday with Doctor and Mrs. Allison for Europe. We do not feel in the least ashamed to send our only titled representative across the big waters and risk comparison upon the native soil of Kings and Queens.

In fact we have already officially notified them on the other side that our well beloved Count is to have the best that their land and larder affords—to use his own language he must have "butter on his custard pie, 'ave he so desires." See to it, most noble Lords and Ladies! If you do not care to have us, as a Nation, descend upon you in righteous indignation. Count Creighton will visit Miss Mary Munchoff, who is a distant relative of his, and it was through his advice she decided to go abroad for the perfection in training of her naturally beautiful voice. You have no doubt read of the success of her venture in this line. We are very proud of her, too. In fact I am not sure but we are cultivating pride in our citizens and citizenesses, to the point of weakness.

There is some excuse for us from the fact that for many long years, it was a natural query, "Can any good thing come out of Omaha?" Now, howe-

we have laid that doubt under the asphalt and pass it along to South Omaha.

But to return to Miss Munchoff. I am in a position to know that all her remarkable success has left her utterly unspoiled. She is the same unassuming, gentle girl who left us four years ago with her laurels unwon. Every week she sends home her journal to the mother, who lives and moves and has her being in her thoughts of this gifted daughter. Each little item of her daily life is faithfully recorded for the pleasure of this same loving, unselfish mother, who gave up her greatest joy when she cheerfully resigned Mary to her career.

The simplicity of these recitals would surprise and delight you. I know it is trite to say that there is no royal road to the heights she has reached, but it is true as trite sayings are apt to be. Besides the labor necessary for the cultivation of her voice, Miss Munchoff has perfected herself in both the French and Italian languages since she has been in Europe. When one of the best critics of the old world speaks of her as a "rejuvenated Patti" it would seem that there is not much more to be said. I have as you know been pronounced a wonder as an advance notice writer. If I could only manage to have this fall under the eyes of Miss Munchoff, I might be reasonably sure of a complimentary ticket to her first American concert. I wish that were not a possibility so far in the future, for I think I would cheerfully "give the price" and sacrifice my only pair of Jouvin gloves in such a cause.

General and Mrs. Manderson have gone in somebody's private car to Rockyford, Colorado. They expect to meet and bring home as their guest, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oxnard. Mr. Oxnard is he of the best sugar fame. Mrs. Oxnard is of the sweet variety—a beauty—so rumor hath it—French sweetmeat! That is rather an obvious effort to be funny—and a most conspicuous failure. It is the kind of witticism the Daily News indulges in. But the Examiner says that the News is an entirely unimportant sheet. How can that be, when you see how it has influenced me? There is something painful in a naturally serious minded person attempting jocularity. Fancy McKinley making faces at Mark Hanna, or telling him to "come off!"

Miss Blanche McKenna has gone to Buffalo as the guest of Mrs. Clifford Smith. Miss Mabel Balcombe, who has won my cordial dislike by having a story accepted by Town Topics, is at Mackinac for the summer, and Miss Penelope Mayfair is casting about for a cheap high sounding summer resort, so that she can have her address in the Excelsior. By the way the Excelsior has become a rather dressy looking affair, and has given us some entertaining reading lately. I wish Miss Harris would get somebody to make some other pictures for our paper than the patent insides for drug stores. I really think if I could have a few illumined posters through my letters, it would help me out a lot to find out what I mean when I read over two or three of my old letters and they really made some of those excavated Pompeian tablets look like primers. I find that my letters, like Bryan's speeches have to be taken "hot from the griddle" in order to be digested.

The lead in my \$2 eagle pencil is beginning to melt, and what is more to the purpose mother appeared at my door a moment ago in a kimona which out Japs all Japan, and wearing an expression left over from last winter and made a few economical remarks about the gas; reminded me further that tomorrow will be wash day and that we were booked for an early breakfast. Mother means well, but there is something nar-

rowing to the best of women in a long life devoted to gas bills and wash days which even the possession of a gifted daughter cannot entirely counteract.

I have literally stuck to this pencil and paper pad from eight o'clock until the present writing just to prove to you that there are worse afflictions than no letter at all.

Yours, etc.,

PENELOPE.

CLUBS.

(Continued from Page 5.)

intelligent, sympathetic direction to restore it to its former artistic value. In forbidding the use of aniline dyes, our government has wisely followed the example of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey, who foresaw the ruin of their people's rug industry through the aniline temptation. Pueblo pots should be seen more frequently in eastern homes as jardinières. The Indians are expert workers in leather and silver, and their product in these materials should find its way into the eastern shops. Bead work has undeveloped possibilities in ecclesiastical embroidery as well as in the demands of the women of fashion. The Indian woman's handicraft suffers nothing by comparison with that her most skilled white sister; let her work be received and exhibited by the women's exchanges. Each article praised or purchased encourages the maker to produce another. Clubs and patriotic societies should take a hand in the advancement of Indian arts and arrange exhibitions where the public may become better acquainted with Indian basketry, pottery, rugs, bead work, leather and silver.

NELTJE DE G. DOUBLEDAY,
111 East 16th Street, New York.

Landscape Gardening.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the American Park and Outdoor Art Association offers the following suggestions, made by members noted for their knowledge of this art, such as F. L. and John C. Oimstead, Warren H. Manning, Thomas H. McBride, L. E. Holden, Mrs. Cyrus McCormick and others:

1. Park designing is a creative art, requiring special training to enable the designer to suit his plan to the character of the land and produce a picture harmonious in its details. The preservation of natural beauties should be the civic pride of our women. A bluff, a shore line or cove, a succession of richly colored boulders, or a clump of trees may form the central point in a delightful scene, where the planter should use his materials as a painter his pigments.

2. School buildings and their surrounding grounds should be object lessons in architecture and landscape gardening. Our public schools should encourage the study of plants and trees with reference to their decorative use in the town, the park and along the highway.

3. The signs and billboards that so frequently mar our landscapes should be abolished.

4. Every tangled roadside thicket and every river bank has individual beauties which should be preserved, and, where possible, heightened by combined action of those whose love of nature is supplemented by special training.

Mrs. ALBERT H. BROCKWAY,

In the past requests have been made for suggestions and directions for school room decoration and for lists of suitable works of art for school rooms. The committee will cheerfully respond to such requests.

The committee will furnish clubs with bibliographies and with suggestions for the study of history of art, and of literature as illustrated by art.

In the former case address Miss Luella

M. Stewart, 1000 James St., Syracuse N. Y. In the latter, Mrs. Sidney J. Parsons, 239 West 28th Street, Los Angeles, Cal.—From The Club Woman.

The Ninety-ninth street play ground in New York city this year is proving even a greater benefaction than it was last summer. It is located in one of the poorest and most densely populated neighborhoods of the upper West side, and occupies twelve city blocks. Over twelve hundred children were registered the first day. Base ball, basket ball and an open air gymnasium are provided for the older boys, while swings, sand piles and toys furnish entertainment for the smaller children. A large pavilion which was erected last summer is used for kindergarten games and as a shelter from sudden showers. A girl's library also has been started in the play ground and is growing in popularity. The play ground is a popular resort for mothers who take their babies and derive great enjoyment from watching the sports of the children.

Kate Miller, aged eighty years, of Fredericksburg, Pa., is probably the oldest woman employed in an industrial establishment in the United States. For more than fifty years she has been a "factory girl," and for twenty years she has worked in the same building.

Miss Herminia Davila of Porto Rico, who is staying in New York city, has just completed a needlework portrait of Andrew Carnegie which has been placed in the Porto Rican exhibit at Buffalo. The picture is an enlarged copy of a photograph showing the head and shoulders of Mr. Carnegie, and the proportions and shadings are accurately reproduced. The stitches of black and white are invisible except on closest scrutiny. In the corners, forming a setting for the portrait, are embroidered pansies which are so finely worked that they appear to be painted. The whole is mounted in an elaborate and beautiful frame designed by Miss Davila.

Four years ago the name of Lincoln, N. J., was known throughout the country. It was the first of the eastern towns to try the plan of equal rights for men and women, and at the first election in 1897, all but one of the city officers were women. On Wednesday, July 10, by order of the court of chancery, the town of Lincoln, with its goods and chattels, properties and franchises was sold at auction to the highest bidder.

Mrs. Anna McDonald of Marysville, West Virginia, is the only woman jailer in the United States. She occupies the position of deputy sheriff, and her charges are among the most desperate characters in the country. She is a widow forty-three years of age, and lives with her two children in the jail, where at the present time are confined two of the most desperate moonshiners ever captured in the state, also a man charged with murder. When her prisoners are wanted in court she is obliged to take them ten miles to Petersburg, the county seat, and none have ever escaped from her custody.

A button especially suited to uniforms has been patented in Europe by Mrs. Dudley F. Phelps of New York. This button requires no sewing; it is fastened to the garment by means of two small prongs, to which the top is fastened like a glove fastener. This top may be removed for polishing by pressing a spring.

St. Peter—Well, who are you?
Applicant at gate—I'm the first shirt-waist man.

St. Peter—Ladies' entrance, please.—Newark Advertiser.