

LINCOLN LETTER

Dear Penelope:

Since I wrote you last The Courier has changed owners. One of the requests from the new management was that the Omaha and Lincoln letters should be continued. So you at least will continue to receive my letters in print. Whether your letters will continue to be printed after they are written and read by others as well as me depends upon yourself. I am satisfied either way for I know I shall continue to hear from you, newspapers or no newspapers.

The Honeywell-Hollowbush wedding, which occurred on the real wedding's day, Wednesday of this week, just fitted my ideas of what a wedding should be. The staring, speculations, gossiping hundreds were not invited. The bride and groom, awaited by their family and immediate friends, arrived at the Episcopal church and were married by the rector, the Rev. Francis Eason. Reverently and without the consciousness of being the center of hundreds of curious and more or less indifferent eyes, they took the vows of lifelong devotion to each other. The details of the wedding were arranged with as nice care as though for the appraising eyes of the multitude. There were no attendants and no ushers. The guests came into the church into a home and selected their own seats. Everything was quiet, elegant, reserved and an example to the barbarians who contemplate marriage.

When the lune de miel journey is over, Mr. and Mrs. Honeywell will be given the receptions and functions which their prominent place in society warrants. By that time they will have toned down their expression of happiness, the rustle of tissue paper and the thousand and one conventionalities and ceremonials which distract a conscientious young couple's attention will have ceased from troubling. The bride has written all the letters of thanks to the friends who gave wedding presents and she and her husband are ready to en-

joy their new home and even their remote acquaintances. Honeywell and Hollowbush—how harmoniously they scan!

Have you ever lived in a college town, Penelope? If you have not you will scarcely sympathize with girls who must reside in a place where unmarried society is dominated by undergraduates. While the girls are undergraduates themselves it is all very well; but as soon as she is graduated a girl is "an old girl" and passe. It does not matter if she is precociously wise and was graduated at nineteen, she is "an old girl." The seniors who were juniors when she was a senior, sophomores when she was a junior, freshmen when she was a sophomore and nothing when she was a freshman regard her as a holy relic. They are dumb in her presence and would not think of asking her company to a rout or joust. During her four years of attendance, let me say at the university of Nebraska located in Lincoln, she was more or less of a belle and went to all the university and fraternity parties and never missed a dance. For a young thing with a record like this it is hard to be obliged to drink the bitter beaker those who are hors du combat must drink. There are scores of pretty girls in Lincoln still this side of twenty-seven who for six or seven years have been regarded as "old girls." This is not to say that seclusion has not had a chastening effect upon them. It has. And although only their intimate friends know it, they are more fit to reign than ever. But a girl's day in Lincoln is short. The sun rises in her freshman year and sets forever at commencement. The sororities let her down a little more easily. The alumnae members are just as interested in the active members as they were in their own flowering period. Barbarians are separated by the adamant will of strangeness from the undergraduates. There is one exception—Roscoe Pound. Custom cannot stale his spirits, nor crop after crop of undergraduates, ever fresher and fresher change his conviction that

the undergraduates in the university of Nebraska possess a profounder judgment and better manners than the students of any other fresh-water school. Mr. Pound is a judge, but the undergraduate university correspondent of the daily papers continues to speak of him as "Roscoe Pound," a naive sign of their affectionate regard for him.

In towns where men's schools flourish the lot of a girl who does not get married at least in her fourth season is not much more enviable. Such a woman, young or old, is called "the widow." She is the relic of the alumni, she is a bequest, and at the same time she furnishes the undergraduates, who are humorously the most impoverished class in the world, with a subject of perennial humor. Be thankful, Penelope, that you do not live in a university town, co-educational or otherwise.

So Mr. Gareissen is in Omaha again. He has not favored Lincoln with his presence since his return from "Your-up," but I have heard that he is well and still looking like his picture. What changes occur in the ranks of Omaha musicians from year to year! A few years ago Joseph Gahm and Hans Albert occupied the centre of the stage; now Mr. Albert is gone and Mr. Gahm is seldom heard in public. Of all the sincere, unassuming musicians who ever lived in Omaha and left it the richer for their influence, the most worthy of praise is Mr. Butler. Unselfish in his devotion to his beloved art, the friend of young musicians, a loyal advocate of the right of the masses to hear good music generally reserved for the favored few—when will the man arise to take his place? I am glad we had the privilege of hearing him in Lincoln before his removal to Seattle. Adieu, ELEANOR.
Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 7, 1901.

Freedom is as essential to love as virtue is to true happiness.—Town Topics.

When a woman meets a man half way he begins to think it is time for him to turn back.—Town Topics.

He—Now, don't you bother to help me on with my coat.
She—It's no bother. It's a pleasure.

J. F. Harris

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