

at it, sigh softly to themselves, and after dark pass down another street. But to the traveller looking from the car window, the poor old, dilapidated structure suggests nothing but the incongruity of the sign board. "Clarke's Palace Hotel," which still hangs by its rusty and creaking hook and sways restlessly in the winds that blow from the prairie uncaring.

He is the five-year-old son of a South Seventeenth resident—a bright faced, curly-headed little youngster who has a mind of his own and a way of his own in expressing his mind. One day this week his father took him down to Rector's for soda water.

"Well, what'll you have, Fred,—ice cream soda or phosphate?"

The name rather bewildered the boy for he looked perplexed a moment and then with serious face said to the attendant:

"Just give me the kind with tuds on."

On the way home in the street car, the boy had to sit where the rays of the sun fell annoyingly across his face and into his eyes. Opposite him in the shade sat a tall, lean man, with watery eyes and a sandy, bushy beard, and a heavy brass watch chain across his breast.

"Better sit over here on my lap, sonny," said the man, "and be in the shade."

"No, thank you," replied the boy, and then, (for none can read a man's face quicker than children) "I think I prefer the sun."

The tenor—tall, dark, with curly hair and deep, black, passionate eyes—stood forth and sang of faith and trust and hope. And his voice filled the church and then sank away like the wind of spring, leaving the heat vibrating and melting into tears. Then the song ceased altogether and silence fell upon the audience—that silent moment when the heart stirred to its very depth, is not its own.

But back by the door a woman broke that deathlike stillness—a woman clutching a worn and faded shawl tight about her hollow shoulders and leading a little boy. Her face was ashy pale and her mouth set as in death and her eyes, unlike the others, were hard and glittering and dry, dry as parched earth of summer.

And taking the boy by the hand—the boy, who, like the singer, had curly hair and deep, black, passionate eyes—she gathered her shawl feverishly about her and went out.

H. G. SHEDD,

Charon—I want double pay for my work now.

Pluto—Why's that?

Charon—Because I have to do double work. The chaps who rock the boats are keeping me busy.

May—I believe she has on a last season's hat.

Clara—Worse! She still has her last year's husband!

Bluejaws—Yes; I am very fond of the variety stage, and think I'll stick to it.

Footlights—Yet you are hardly a variety actor. The sketch you put on is quite "legit."

Bluejaws—Quite so, but I get my salary regularly, and that's where the variety comes in.

First Critic—Why do you always sit near the drums at comic operas?

Second Critic—So as to miss most of the stale jokes.

Cholly—Lord de Liverus said an awfully clever thing last night.

Chappie—Ya-as. What?

Cholly—He said that if the Americans got into a war with Japan it would be a war between the Japs and Yaps, and he didn't care which won.

CLUBS.

Officers of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs.

President, Mrs. B. M. Stoutenborough, Plattsmouth.
 Vice-president, Mrs. J. E. Keysor, 2724 Caldwell street, Omaha.
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Lincoln Clubs.

NAME OF CLUB.	PRESIDENT.	SECRETARY
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Book Review	Mrs. I. N. Baker	Mrs. Kelley
Century	Mrs. M. H. Garten	Mrs. R. T. Van Brunt
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Fortnightly	Mrs. C. H. Imhoff	Mrs. C. H. Gere
Hall in Grove	Mrs. H. M. Bushnell	Mrs. Walter Davis
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Matinee Musicale	Mrs. D. A. Campbell	Mrs. J. W. Winger
Sorosis	Mrs. A. J. Sawyer	Mrs. J. E. Miller
Sorosis, Jr.	Mrs. Wm. T. Stevens	Mrs. Fred Shephard
Wednesday Afternoon	The hostess acts as president	Mrs. Robert Wilson
Woman's Club	Mrs. A. A. Scott	Mrs. Kelly
Y. W. C. A. Magazine Club	Miss Wild	

OFFICERS OF THE CITY FEDERATION.

President, Mrs. Geo. L. Meissner, 1512 D street.

First vice president, Mrs. Ida Kelley, 839 North Twenty-third street.

Second vice-president, Mrs. H. H. Wheeler, 1517 H street.

Women are natural born reformers. They must have something to work for, must be either trying to lift up the fallen, sending petticoats to the Hottentots or cleaning the streets of their home city. Men will have organizations for no other purpose than for amusement and recreation, but not so with women. Their clubs, their societies and organizations, must have some object in view if nothing else than the aiding of working girls to good reading matter, the promulgation of good cooking receipts, or the ironing of shirt waists. At first it was thought that the club idea was some sort of a fad that would soon die out; as it had no great object in view. It was thought that with no greater incentive than that of storing the mind with history and art and the like, that the clubs would soon die a natural death. But lo, and behold, new life was infused into the clubs before they had begun to languish, and now the club has an object such as suits the mind of women bent on reform and house cleaning.

Some bright woman, tired of seeing weedy streets clustered with stones and broken glass, tired of sidewalks that were but a few boards laid here and there on stringers, thought of the idea of a city improvement society. Soon it became popular because it was the sensible thing to do, and such societies were organized elsewhere. And what should be more natural than that a woman's club should take up with such an idea? House cleaning has always been a favorite occupation of the softer sex, and street cleaning is but house cleaning moved out of doors. In several of the larger cities, notably Denver, the society has made a powerful impression, and the sentiment created in favor of clean streets and good sidewalks has been great and is growing.

Here in our own pretty city the women have not been idle. Under the direction of Mrs. W. G. L. Taylor, a local society was organized under the protecting wing of the woman's club. The women flocked to it at once. It was something practical, something that they could take hold of and work with a will at. Women who had never seen the use of clubs, who were in no way

identified with the "new woman" so called, came to the city improvement society and paid in the small initiation fee and were enthusiastic. The society even opened its doors to the men, and as much as men hate house cleaning, they joined in numbers sufficient to encourage the women greatly, although it is thought that the men were not all unselfish in the matter, as it has been hinted that they thought that if the women went to cleaning all out of doors, they would have less time to clean house. Married men know what house cleaning is, to their sorrow.

The society has already vindicated its existence. It has proven itself worthy of the support of the citizens of the city by the work already accomplished. Last spring the school grounds were cleared, trees were planted, flower-beds made and flowers planted. The school children were interested in the matter and an education in cleanliness and thrift was begun in many a boy and girl that will be a life-long benefit. The once bare and sun-burned school grounds are veritable little parks this summer. The flaming flags of the petunia, the brilliant phlox, the delicate portulaca, and many other flowers enliven the grassy roll around the big bare brick buildings, and there is an air of cheerfulness that is both surprising and pleasing. The reports of the chairmen from the different schools have been most encouraging. Several times children have come to the society to make reports and they have made intelligent and enthusiastic little talks about the work, showing that they were extremely interested.

But the beautifying of the school grounds is but the first step in the ladder to the beautifying of the city at large. At the meeting of the society in the parlors of the Commercial club Monday afternoon, much wider and higher plans were discussed. It was an enthusiastic gathering for such hot weather. Taking into consideration that Mrs. Taylor, the president, is out of the city, and also that many of the members are away on vacations, the attendance was gratifying. And though the heat was oppressive, the interest did not lag. Mrs. McConnell, president, Mrs. Coffroth, the secretary, was present, and the meeting opened promptly at 9 o'clock (the society is a stickler for promptness) and business was immediately begun. Reports from such committees as were in the city were submitted. Mrs. M. D. Welch, chairman of the weed committee, said that she had been talking and working

a great deal. Reports of weed patches had been sent in to Street Commissioner Lindsay and he had promised to see that the weeds were cut down. The central and main portion of the city will be well looked after, but the outlying districts are apt to be neglected. The ladies expressed much pleasure at the action of the council in setting aside \$250 for weed cutting.

Mrs. C. H. Hall talked of side walks. She has been doing considerable talking with the owners of poor sidewalks and is trying to create a sentiment in favor of good walks. One of the most encouraging features of the meeting was the presence of Councilman Woodward, who made an absorbingly interesting and instructive address to the women on sidewalks. He told of the ordinances in regard to walks and outlined his plans for the future. He spoke of his desire to enlarge the area in which wooden side walks must be replaced with stone or other hard walks as fast as they wear out and asked the co-operation of the society in his work. The women were much interested in his talk and were not at all backward in asking questions and talking freely as they went along. Councilman Woodward presented the society with a copy of the city ordinances that was much appreciated. A rising vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Woodward for his presence and interest.

It is not the province of the society to find fault. Not to hinder, but to aid, is the unwritten motto of the members. It is the desire of all to unite with the city council in making the city a place of beauty, cleanliness and health, for the artistic development will eventually mean a financial development. A fine, clean residence city will call many to the place. Eastern visitors who come here and see a city of beautiful streets, fine parks and handsome school grounds, will become enamored of the place and invest in corner lots. It is not all a matter of art with women, they have a little selfishness at heart. They know that it means enhanced value to the city property and so they are interested in making Lincoln a city noted for cleanliness.

When the cool weather comes back from the north this fall, when the women come home from their vacations and all are invigorated and ready for the fall work, then the society will begin to show of what metal it is composed. The hot weather is enough to make even the stiffest backbone wobbly, and it is a wonder that so prosy a thing as a city improvement society has backbone enough to hold its head from the ground these days. And when the society once gets well on its feet, then farewell to sidewalks fringed with ragged weeds, farewell to walks with a board here and there, farewell to unsightly streets filled with waste paper and fruit skins. It may be, some day, after enough sentiment has been created, that we may have streets paved with something else than rotten cedar blocks that jam a person's teeth clean through the roof of his mouth every time he takes a ride over them. It may be that we will have city parks that will be a bit of the country let down into the hot dusty

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