

They were playing in the sand-pile in the back-yard,—a boy of eight, freckled, hair closely clipped, in Brownie overalls and a rather dirty cotton waist, and a girl of like age in a long blue faded gingham dress, tan shoes badly scratched, and a wide sunbonnet. The boy had stepped upon the wall of her sand house and trouble had grown out of the accid nt.

"You can't play here," the boy said as one end to the matter. "You just go home and never come back, you darn thing, you!"

The girl went crying across the alley to her home and in a few minutes came by, lead by her mother.

"The children have had trouble, Mrs. Lawson," said the mother of the girl, "they generally play peacefully but Anna says that Frank called her a darn thing just now. I can't have her play with him if he talks that way."

The boy was called in from the sand-heap where he was still sitting, kicking the sand about with his feet.

"Frank, Mrs. Hawkins tells me you said, 'you darn thing' to Anna just now. What do you mean by such talk?" the mother asked sternly.

"I—I—didn't say—you darn thing you" the boy started in hesitatingly. "I—I said, you go right home, you dar—ling, you." And Anna knows that's what I said, didn't I?"

And the girl could not resist and peace once more rested over the sand-heap out under the apple tree close to the alley.

There is probably but one citizen in this whole nation who last summer attended the two great national conventions, voted personally for each of the nominees, and yet was barred from voting at election time for either, and then received an office at the hands of the chosen president. That one man is Chas. S. Johnson who at one time lived at Wahoo and was well known in Nebraska, but more recently of Alaska. Mr. Johnson is a good republican and always has been. So last summer he came down from the regions of the North Pole and gold excitement, sat in the Saint Louis convention and cast his vote for McKinley. Then before returning north for the remainder of the hot season, he took in the Chicago convention. There he found that a friend of his from Sitka who had come down to whoop up things for free-silver had been unable to stand the heat of the Windy city, the tumult of the convention, Chicago, beverages, or something and was in no condition to attend the sessions. So Johnson took his friend's badge and proxy and went into the convention and was one of the first to start the stampede to Bryan, believing the "silver-tongued orator of the Platt" to be as he said, the easiest man in the bunch for McKinley to defeat. And later McKinley was so pleased with Johnson's mind on that point that he gave him the office of the attorney general of Alaska, which position will not take too much of his time to prevent him from acquiring some familiarity with the Klondyke region across the border.

They are three high school boys whose parents give them the third story of the house and let them do pretty much as they please there. The three were all in bed one cold Sunday morning last winter when the oldest suggested that they arouse the household by singing. So they wailed everything they could all sing and the second one suggested that each sing a solo.

Bob the oldest started in and Will the second boy followed, but Frank the youngest, aged twelve shut his mouth like a clam and would not sing, all out of "bullheadedness as the others thought.

"Make him," said Bob with authority. Then they tickled him, pounded him and scrubbed his back with a clothes brush. But the youngster never murmured.

"The bath-tub," said Will, and then turned on the water ice cold and ducked him in, night-shirt and all, rolled him over, plumped his head under, and then pulled him out and rubbed him fiery red with a piece of carpet. But the lad was grit to the back-bone and showed the stuff he was made of.

"Why don't you howl, anyhow?" said Bob.

"Oh, that's a song I never sing," replied the youngster smiling with satisfaction to himself as they piled into bed again.

He had come home from the office earlier in the afternoon than usual and gone out to the hammock under the tree for an hour's nap before dinner. Then in his dreams he heard music, soft and distant and invisible, and even in his sleep he thought of heaven. The music came nearer and nearer and some how he seemed to recognize something familiar in the strains but he could not make out just what. The music seemed louder and came directly up to him and then began to recede again, dying away and growing fainter and fainter in the distance. But just then a soft, childish hand ran across his face and a sweet voice said, "Just hear the band, papa.—Big, fat man play drum—pretty mens.

The father looked down the street and saw an open trolley-car speeding southward, filled with men in red uniforms, one of whom sat on the rear seat and pounded the bass drum lustily and fainter and fainter from the car came the strains of "El Capitan."

—H. G. SHEDD.

REST.

After a day of care and toil
Rest lulls us to sleep at night
And after days of active work
How we welcome the Sabbath bright.

If the brain and the body are weary
There's no soporific like rest,
Nature provides a sedative sweet
In "Morpheus" the myth we love best.

We know vegetation takes rest,
The winter is the sleeping time,
If not, there would be no buds in spring
No fruits, or autumns sublime.

God makes a coverlet of snow like wool
To keep all nature in a warmer clime.
He tucks his vegetable children in
And gives them a resting time.

The mill-race running its busy course
To the mill pond says, why idle here,
But the pond replies with the best of grace,
If I did not lie here there would be no mill-race.

The rain drops call back to the clouds up above,
You lazy clouds, come down refresh the earth;
The clouds call back if no clouds hung above,
No rain drops would be given birth.

When we return from a foreign shore
How sweet to be home and our wanderings o'er.

And when we have finished our work here at last,
We shall sleep and rest as we have in the past.

—BERTHA REYNOLDS ZOOK.
Nebraska City.

She—There are other pebbles on the beach.

He—I don't know. I was the only one on it last summer.

Wyld—I heard of a man the other day who said his married life had contained nothing but happiness.

Enpec—He must have parted from his wife at the altar.

Maud—I'm thinking of writing a novel.
Claud—Well, there's no harm in that.

CLUBS.

Officers of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs.

- President, Mrs. B. M. Stoutenborough, Plattsburgh.
- Vice-president, Mrs. J. E. Keysor, 2724 Caldwell street, Omaha.
- Secretary, Miss Vesta Gray, Fremont.
- Treasurer, Mrs. M. F. Nichols, Beatrice.
- Auditor, Mrs. D. C. McKillip, Seward.
- Librarian, Mrs. G. M. Lambertson, Lincoln.

Lincoln Clubs.

NAME OF CLUB.	PRESIDENT.	SECRETARY.
Atheneae	Mrs. Will Green	Mrs. Belle Hamilton
Book Review	Mrs. I. N. Baker	Mrs. Kelley
Century	Mrs. M. H. Garten	Mrs. R. T. Van Brunt
Faculty Club	Mrs. Geo. E. MacLean	Mrs. P. B. Burnett
Fortnightly	Mrs. C. H. Imhoff	Mrs. C. H. Gere
Hall in Grove	Mrs. H. M. Bushnell	Mrs. Walter Davis
Lotos	Mrs. J. L. McConnell	Mrs. Lucy A. Bessey
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.

Miss Prey Interviews Mrs. Henrotin.

TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUBS.

Mrs. Henrotin told me about a comparatively recent development in Woman's clubs, one that she is much interested in, the town and country club. The need for this work was first seen, she says, by Miss Steele, of Dayton, Ohio, who died last February. Miss Steele was a woman who gave especial attention to the women removed from the advantages and opportunities found in cities and large towns. She found a need for something to bring into closer friendship the club women of the cities and those of the country, and the result was a plan somewhat indefinite at first for town and country clubs.

Miss Steele was at that time, two years ago, on the committee on reciprocity of the General Federation of Clubs. From this committee was sent out a recommendation to the various clubs and from this recommendation the clubs were started. As yet there are only a few of them and their work is hardly formulated. Such work must be of course experimental in its early stages. It was agreed that on the one hand many country women were shut out from libraries, lectures, music and social life, that the women in towns and cities had, many of them, more opportunities for culture and refinement than they could use or appreciate, and that some way must be devised some way of evening things up; jealousies and prejudices on one hand or the other must be removed. With these things in view the clubs began to push ahead, believing that the way of working would not be hard to find when work was begun.

Some of the ways of working may be illustrated by giving the actual work of two such clubs according to reports sent to Mrs. Henrotin, the Northfield Town and Country club, and the town and country club of Rochester, both in Minnesota.

The woman's clubs of Northfield, when they read the recommendation, appointed a joint committee to take such measures as were practicable. This committee, through sub-committees,

sent out letters of inquiry to one hundred families living near the town with return postal, asking what these people thought of a town and country club; if they would care to belong to such a club and meet once a month for literary programs and tea after the program; and if they would find a rest room, where country women could come when they were tired during the busy, nervous day in town helpful. The replies showed a good demand for the rest room, and what was hardly to be expected, a much more enthusiastic demand for the literary work.

Then the city club women were asked to join in with the enterprise. A club was formed with the membership equally divided between town and country.

In the main business street the rest rooms, a reception room and a kitchen, were fitted up and put in charge of a woman who served tea and coffee for any woman who might call. The literary work was begun by a study and discussion, introduced by appointed speakers, of Charles Reede's "Put Yourself in His Place."

Since then the patronage of the rest room has increased though slowly, but the increased numbers for the literary program made necessary an early change into larger quarters. The report closes with a paragraph on two parts of which I quote:

"The results of the club have been good in many ways, none better than in bringing together in a normal and natural way women of the country and of the city."

The work of the Rochester Woman's club seemed to emphasize the rest rooms rather than the literary work. Rochester is what may be called a market town, depending almost entirely upon the agricultural interests of the surrounding country. It is in the center of one of the richest parts of Minnesota and is always alive with farmers' wagons and carriages. So the need for a place where farmer's wives who came to market could go during the day, eat the lunch that they brought with them and rest with their children, was felt more strongly than it had been in Northfield. The woman's club of Rochester was a new club only a year old. It had practiced very little in any kind of work so that the town and country club was undertaken with a little timidity and uncertainty as to possible results.

A committee was appointed to see the prominent business men and find out what they thought of the new plan for restrooms. Some doubted the need for