

but by the Citizen's Business league of Milwaukee. The league evidently was in earnest and has already pledged itself to take entire charge of the business responsibilities of this convention. Leaving the ladies free to devote their entire thought and energies to dispensing the lavish hospitality which they are already planning.

The art department of the Woman's club is fortunate in having secured for a leader Mrs. F. M. Hall, who is an enthusiastic devotee at the shrine of the Muse of Art. Mrs. Hall will bring to this work an energy and enthusiasm which will be an inspiration to the department. At the last meeting the art of Persia, Phoenicia, Palestine and Asia Minor were discussed. Mrs. Hall had brought her large collection of photographs representing Egyptian and Assyrian art, which aided very much to the interest of the meeting. Phoenician art was ably discussed by Mrs. W. C. Phillips. In discussing the art of Palestine and Asia Minor she described vividly the magnificence of Solomon's temple. She said she had gone to her Bible as an authority on art and found it a veritable storehouse of information. The art of Persia will be presented at the next meeting by Mrs. Stonebraker, who was unable to be present last Thursday. There were twenty-five ladies at this department meeting and the interest is steadily increasing.

The D. A. R. met at the home of Mrs. S. B. Pound last week Friday afternoon. There was a large attendance of members and several guests had been invited to listen to the talk of Mrs. Angie F. Newman on the meaning and significance of the American flag and especially what it meant to the American abroad. Mrs. Newman is a born orator and it is always a delight to listen to her. On this occasion she almost excelled herself in the fluency and vividness of her word pictures. She explained the origin of the flag and the protection it afforded Americans abroad. Every loyal American's love of country and old glory comes next to love of God, and certainly Mrs. Newman made each one present feel what a blessed privilege it was to be born in this land of freedom, beneath its folds; in her pleasing way she carried her audience with her, from London, Paris and Rome to Jerusalem and Jericho, showing the respect paid, even among the wandering Bedouins, to the American flag. In speaking of the origin of the scarlet in the flag, Mrs. Newman related the story of St. George and the dragon, showing a fine picture of St. George; she also spoke of the scarlet cross of the Crusaders; she displayed an English flag, showing how it was made up of the red crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, the patron saints of England and Scotland respectively. She gave a vivid description of her travels in the holy land under the protection of a kavass from the American consulate into whose garments was woven the American flag; she showed a picture of this kavass taken in Jerusalem. Mrs. Newman's address was followed by the reading of Rudyard Kipling's *Recessional* by Mrs. Manning. The friends of Mrs. Manning who were not fortunate enough to hear her on this occasion know how well adapted her voice is to this good poem and how sympathetically it was rendered. The afternoon's entertainment was closed by Miss McFall singing *Columbia* so enthusiastically that all were tempted to join in singing.

HEART DISEASE

And nervous ailments are as curable as other diseases. I treat nothing else.

J. S. Leonhardt, M.D.
Canton 127 Q St., Lincoln, Neb.



Have your

Collars and Cuffs

Laundered with

"NO SAW EDGE"

EVANS

LAUNDRY CO

Tel. 199.

LENARD H. ROBBINS' INTERVIEW WITH ADMIRAL SCHLEY.

The following letter is very interesting, especially to those who are fascinated by newspaper work, as it is a faithful record of a news reporter's experience on a city paper:

It was 12:00 noon when I drove into town yesterday. At one o'clock I was working for the press. The first shot out of the box the city editor put me on police, the hardest run in the city; my duties covered the central offices in the Grand City Hall. It was all new and I was horribly frightened for a while. There was police court for an hour and, then there were half a dozen offices to watch. I arranged to swing onto a murder and a suicide during the afternoon, and these I telephoned in. (The office then notified the reporter in the district nearest the news, and my responsibility ended.) Way up in the top story of the city hall is a comfortable club room given over entirely to reporters, and it makes a dandy place to loaf and play poker.

In the evening I went back to the office. "Got anything picturesque?" asked the city. A woman had been given a hearing on the charge of fortune telling, so I spread out and made a flash head of it. While winding up my minor police, city came and said, "Admiral Schley is up at 1826 Spruce. Get an interview."

Good Gawd! Scared? Well I guess! I stormed 1826. The Admiral was at dinner. Couldn't see me. I assailed the housemaid twice. The third time the butler came and informed me that there was absolutely no chance. He showed me out. I showed him half a dollar. It was then 7:55 and the carriages were waiting outside to take the swell dinner party to the theatre. The butler came back. "The Admiral will see you for one minute." I wished he had refused, but I was in for it and marched upstairs. I saw some ladies peeping over the rail at me, and one of them giggled and said something about an awful reporter and Kismet. I didn't care. I loved 'em all. The Admiral was standing in evening dress beside the ruins of the dinner table, talking to some swell snobs. The Admiral turned took me aside, shook my hand for half a minute and was glad to see me. I enclose the interview, the only one obtained by any other Phila paper except the Times, the editor of which entertained the Admiral. I started back to the office full of enthusiasm, and on the way I met the fancy man who draws \$50 and does things when he feels like it.

He took me up to the Princeton club and blew me to supper. "Don't hurry back" he said. "Take all night for your assignment." So I handed in my copy about midnight and found that I had forgotten the names of the guests at dinner. That meant a visit to the Times office. When I returned, "Where the hell have you been, Robbins?" I told the man at the desk. He grabbed the names and chased into the composing room. When he came back he held a consultation with the copy readers. "He's too fresh," someone said. "Listen to this" and he read a police item that was decidedly breezy. "You let his stuff alone," said the city editor, and I in the back room smiled. Then I thought I would go home and had put on my rubbers when the fire bell rang and all the office force stopped to count. "Nineteen twenty seven" said city. "Where is it then?" "Camden" said Time. Just then a man dashed up the stairs. "Hell of a fire in Camden," he cried "you can see it from Chestnut street." "Kirk," yelled city, "Take Him and Robbins over. Hurry now. Get the story in by 1:30." So we three grabbed our coats. "Hope I'll see you again some time, Robbins," said the Journalist with a sympathetic shrug.

We tore down the street toward the river, and as we passed Independence Hall, the clock stood 12:15. It was a big fire and a couple of men were hurt. Kirk and Him got the skeleton of the story and went across, while I stayed behind to get late news.

The men were hurt while I had the whole job on my hands, and it took a lot of hustling there in that cold, skippy street. I telephoned my stuff over, and at 2:30 city said to come back and let the fire have its own way. I waited an hour for the ferry, and fell into bed at the hotel at 4:00 a. m.

That was one day's work. It was enough to kill anybody but a fool kid full of enthusiasm.

Letters sent to the Press,—Editorial Rooms,—will get me. I want to hear from both you people. I'm frightfully lonesome. Goodbye, Robbins.

THE ADMIRAL INTERVIEWED

At the end of the dinner at the McClure residence, at which, beside the host and hostess and their visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Merchant, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McIlvaine, and Mr. Fred Schober participated, Admiral Schley was interviewed by a representative of "The Press." The warrior looked reposeful and elegant in full evening dress and appeared none the worse for his summer campaign. His countenance glowed with health and his iron gray beard

fairly bristled with energy. As he stood beside the flower-decked table in the gleaming lights of the chandelier, he presented a perfect picture of well-earned peace and contentment. He bore out his reputation for affability, and consented to be interviewed, although the time before being driven to the theatre was so short that the gentlemen at dinner were obliged to forego the customary cigars.

"I do not consider the weather at all unpropitious," he began, "it is hardly suggestive of the weather around Santiago last July, I admit."

"Will you return to active duty soon?" was asked.

"I expect to resume my work in the navy very shortly," he replied.

"Have you received intimation of your probable future location?"

"I have not."

"Have you expressed any choice?"

"No indeed," he answered laughingly. "I leave that entirely with the Department."

The Admiral expressed himself regretful that his stay in Philadelphia could not be made longer. He is to return to the city on December 22, however, at which time in Grace Baptist Church, Broad and Berks Streets, he will be presented by Philadelphia friends with one of the most elaborately designed swords ever given an officer of the army or navy. Governor Hastings and Mayor Warwick will deliver addresses of welcome on this occasion.

THE WAY TO GO TO CALIFORNIA

is in a tourist sleeping car, personally conducted, via of the Burlington route. You don't change cars. You make fast time. You see the finest scenery on the globe. Your car is not so expensively finished nor so fine to look at as a palace sleeper, but it is just as clean, just as comfortable, just as good to ride in, and nearly \$20 cheaper.

The Burlington excursions leave Lincoln at 6:10 p. m. every Thursday, reaching San Francisco Sunday and Los Angeles Monday. Porter with each car. Excursion manager with each party. For folder giving full information call at B & M depot or City ticket office, corner 10th and O streets.

G. W. BONNELL,
C. P. & T. A.

Robert Manley, city editor of the Fremont Tribune, spent last Sunday in the city.

Phi Delta Theta has sent invitations out for a smoker this evening at their chapter house, 1522 S street.