

fit financially and physically to the children themselves.

"As the twig is bent the tree inclines," and if we would have frugal, saving men and women, we must inculcate these principles in the children. Practically, however, in most schools economy is simply a matter of precept and even that is not in most cases made prominent by the proper insistence. The difference such habits wisely directed may bring about in the lives of children is certainly vast enough to make this subject of inculcating habits of thrift and economy a feature of the public schools and there are few things which club women could do which would bring greater good to a greater number.

The clubs of Columbus, Ohio, have just formed a city federation. In advocating the federation idea, Mrs. Canfield said:

"Such a federation in Columbus would have much the effect and purpose of the large department club. Literature, history, science, civics, household economics, hygiene, art and current events are the subjects studied by these clubs, making a scope and variety of theme from which to draw rich and valuable programs to be enjoyed by the many where now only a few have that privilege."

The object of the federation is declared to be "to promote acquaintance among club women of Columbus and to strengthen by efficient organization individual efforts for the good of the community in which they live."

All women's clubs in Columbus which endorse the object of the federation are eligible to membership. The admission fee is 10 cents per capita in advance, and annual dues are 10 cents per capita. —Western Club Woman.

It is definitely announced that Sarah Bernhardt is to play Hamlet this season in doublet and hose. She has won her present fame in flowing robes, wrinkled sleeves and glittering drapery. Can it be that she is flying to the "ills she knows not of" in thus discarding the voluminous draperies which she has heretofore used?

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"I punish you, my child, to show my love for you."

"It isn't necessary for your love to work overtime on my account, ma."

London Letter.

As I promised, Her Majesty adheres to her resolve to go to Cimiez as usual. I do not think the British nation will adopt the suggestion put out in actor Kyrle Bellew's rather wild letter to the press. He wants us to rise in our might and protest. "The nation has spoken its mind to Kings and Queens before this," he cried; then added somewhat lamely, "Can we not legally insist?" No, I don't think we can, even if we wished to do so. It may be a historical fact that the nation has before now signified its wishes to the Sovereign upon matters of public nature; but there seems no reason why it should interfere with the ruler's pleasures; moreover, I would remind Mr. Bellew that our gracious Majesty is a woman, and might, on that account, insist upon having her own way! To be serious, it seems a pity for irresponsible scribblers to go out of their way to insult a nation of men who, if a trifle touchy about their dignity, and too tolerant of virulent agitators in their press have done nothing—and will do nothing—to merit an accusation of want of chivalry to womanhood. I would fain believe that the position—as woman and as Queen—of our great and good Victoria places her above all national disputes.

The Princess of Wales looked very sweet and sad on her birthday, which one could hardly believe was her fifty-fourth. She had hosts of presents, including some—accompanied by the quaintest letters—from the dearly beloved grandchildren. The York babies are her greatest consolations. Everyone hopes that her next birthday may be less sorrowful. She does not, however, obtrude her grief upon people, but evidently makes an effort to be cheerful. It is only by her paleness and by the neuralgia that always attacks her when she is "run down," that her friends are reminded how much she sorrows for her mother.

If though I do not yet credit the reports—Princess Victoria does eventually marry her mother's nephew, George of Greece, it will be solely because the daughter cares more for the mother's wishes than for her own inclinations. Of course, apart from the young Princess's acknowledged aversion to matrimony, and the fact that the pair are first cousins, the marriage would be an eminently suitable one. They are of the same age (thirty,) they have known each other all their lives and are fast friends. George is a typical "good fellow," six feet five inches high, weighing nineteen stone, yet active as a cat. He is a champion wrestler and boxer; nevertheless—mirabile dictu!—he is studious and clever, a good linguist, and as modest a man, withal, as you would easily find. He is handsome, too, fair and well setup, with a merry twinkle in the eyes of true Scandinavian blue, and a dimple in the chin which shows susceptibility to the charms of the fair sex! The Greeks, who are devoted to him, are enthusiastic about his appointment as High Commissioner to the Powers in Crete. You remember that he saved the life of his cousin, the present Tsar, by striking aside the knife of a Japanese fanatic. The incident happened when the two were touring in the east. Nicholas is about half the size of George. The Danish family calls them "David and Jonathan."

Another nephew of the Princess of Wales is causing her solicitude of a less pleasurable sort. This is Prince Harald of Denmark—son of the Crown Prince—who is lying dangerously ill of typhoid fever. His mother is nursing him night and day. He is a pretty boy of twenty-three; once gay and debonair, until the disappointment which, it is supposed, predisposed him to this illness. He was one of the suitors for the hand of the

Wilhelmina, and was very much epris with that rather hard-hearted maiden who, after trotting him about and smiling on him, suddenly announced that she would have nothing to say to him!

The Duchess of York has gladly welcomed back her soldier-brother. A friend of mine came over with him in the troopship "Simla," and says that "young Teck" was the life of the officers' mess and adored by the men. He is very musical—indeed, the band of the regiment is under his special charge. He was forever devising improvement, superintending practice or organizing treats for the men. His accounts of the hardships endured during the campaign was the more edifying, as it was given so simply, without any attempt at self-laudation. The officers, of course, shared alike with the men in every respect. The shortness of water and lack of vegetable food seem to have been two of the greatest hardships. When one had scooped a hole in the sand and obtained a little water—so muddy that it stuck to the lips—enteric fever was the result of the doubtful joy. "We had a little jam, though, sometimes," said the boyish warrior; "but when I saw butter again, my word, how I did go into it!" By the way, the troopship—which brought over fifteen hundred persons was four days delayed by the gale. The anxiety of the soldiers' relatives was keen. The gallant Seventh Hussars had been absent on foreign service for twelve years. But the circumstance which I consider most striking was that the four days' delay actually caused a scarcity of provisions. On the last day the sailors and "Tommyes" had no breakfast! What would have happened in case of any big disaster, involving a greater delay? Then there were 150 sick soldiers, and many women and children on board. A little more liber-

ality as regards commissariat would be an economy in the long run.

You will have had by cable all particulars regarding Lord Kitchener's great scheme for the Gordon College at Khartoum. He had the Queen's enthusiastic approval before the idea was spoken of to the world. When he visited the Stock Exchange the scene was magnetic. The members of "the House" have many faults individually; I suppose there are more rogues and rouses in its precincts than in any other earthly place of the size, notwithstanding the leaven of worthy members; but collectively they are patriotic and have a real British enthusiasm of worth. I am told that they actually hugged Lord Kitchener with tears in their eyes. Of course they sang "For he's a jolly good fellow." They can do nothing without singing! And when he jumped on a bench to thank them, saying: "But you know very well that I've not come for nothing!" the response was worthy a big body of Englishmen constituting a national institution. He said to someone the other day: "An American sent my first contribution. Why, I could have got all I wanted from those generous cousins of ours. Mark my words—they'll show us how to do it!" By the way, it would not be an impossible thing for an American woman to do what no one of our lovely enthusiasts here has yet succeeded in doing! Are you not upon your mettle, my fair cousins across the sea?

The latest accounts seem to confirm the fears entertained that Lady Alice Montagu is consumptive. She gets no stronger, and the Duchess of Manchester is distracted with anxiety. Authorities recommend the Cape; but the invalid is not considered strong enough for the journey. The poor girl is lovelier than ever—like a frail lily.

I have from Edinburgh a curious re-

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