

his missionary rounds. Although it is necessarily small and light, it has all the details and fittings in keeping with its size and purpose. Its outside measure is eighteen feet wide and twenty-seven feet long, with a tiny bay window two feet deep, to give more room for the altar. From the floor to the ridge pole is eighteen feet, though the cross and the belfry which it surmounts add several feet more. There are seats for 100 people, without the least crowding. Built into the left of the chancel is a small organ of special construction and good tone. When the chapel is on the road the cross and the bell are removed and it can be drawn under telegraph wires with plenty of room to spare.

Catherine Waugh McCullough has just issued a bright little book showing the status of women before the law. This is a subject that has received more or less attention from club women but it has remained for Mrs. McCullough to adroitly expose some of the absurdities of the law as it exists for mother and child. This little book is dedicated to mothers, some of whom now suffer through unjust laws; to fathers, many of whom are kinder than the laws and are probably ignorant of or indifferent to possible injustice; to legislators, who have the power to change laws.

The book is a story and deals with the family life of Mr. and Mrs. Lex and their family of five children, and is full of pathos. Mr. Lex has studied law and been admitted to the bar, but is so constructed mentally and morally that he is better qualified to lay down the law to his family than to attract clients. He furnished his wife and family money "as the law required," that is, he bought what he thought best and the combination of colors and styles which those sweet girls and proud boys were compelled to wear add that pathetic humor which only increases one's desire to take vengeance on the pompous self-sufficient head of the family. Every one of us know that type of a man and abominate him. Of course Mr. Lex is a caricature, but the man who interferes with the details of the housekeeping, who uses his own taste in buying the clothing for every member of the family is very apt to make, sooner or later, the striking combinations which occurred in Mary's fall suit, as purchased by Mr. Lex, viz.: an army blue dress, a purple jacket, and a pink felt hat trimmed with yellow chrysanthemums and an ermine bird.

Of the same general type is the man who interferes with the details of housekeeping, who does the marketing, weighs out the supplies and gives his orders as to what he wishes cooked. Fortunately there are few of this type, but unfortunately it exists.

Mrs. Lex wished the family to wear flannels in the winter. Mr. Lex would have none of this "molly-coddling," he believed in "toughening" them. So one cold chilly day he took delicate little Daisy out for a walk, minus flannels of course; also minus rubbers, to which he objected "because they made the feet perspire." That night Daisy had the croup. Her lawful guardian did not consider she needed a doctor and the poor distracted mother was not permitted to call one. Next morning Mr. Lex thought perhaps he'd better call a doctor, who arrived just in time to see Daisy gasp her last. Mr. Lex collects John's wages because John is a minor. So through the whole book Mr. Lex plays the tyrant because he was born that way and because the law allows it. Remarkable eccentricities of the law are brought out in this original way, and the author is the recipient of many letters asking all sorts of questions, as "How recently have these laws been reinforced?" "Are they not dead letters?" etc. Mrs. McCullough says not at all. A woman comes into a lawyer's office, states a grievance and demands

redress. He promptly tells her such is the law, refers to some statute, or reads her some decision, then says, "until the law is changed it would be worse than useless to take the matter into court. When a decision is handed down from the supreme court that is the end, until the law is changed by the court or legislature." All in all this bright little book will bring these absurd laws to the attention of many who would otherwise give them no thought and may result in much good. Fiction is one of the surest ways of securing attention to many of the evils of the hour.

At the international congress of women to be held in London in June, the press of the United States will be officially represented by Mrs. Westover Alden, editor of the woman's department of the New York Tribune. This is one of the instances where merit receives its reward, and the selection of Mrs. Alden for this honorable and responsible position, will meet with the approval of all who are acquainted with her ability to represent the press of this country. Margaret Hamilton Welch, her compeer—said with that generosity which we always admire between those of the same profession—in a recent number of Harper's Bazar:

"Mrs. Alden is not only a capable newspaper woman, but is an author as well, and has demonstrated, too, her fine executive ability in more than one department of civic work. Mrs. Alden has the courage of her convictions and the modesty of her wisdom, and may be counted upon to do and say the right thing for American press women."

Women candidates were elected for mayor and council in the recent city elections in Beattie, Kan. There were two tickets in the field, one composed of women and the other of men. Mrs. Charles To ten was elected mayor and Mrs. Sheldon, Mrs. Schlight, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Kerlin and Mrs. Watkins to the council, while Miss O'Neil, candidate for clerk, won easily. The women drove their own carriages through a blinding snowstorm, carrying voters to the polls. The police judge and marshal are men.

To the club studying English history the following from T. P. O'Connor will be of interest:

It is a matter of common belief, he says, that in the extremely unlikely event of the entire abolition of all titular distinctions in England and the disintegration of the social hierarchy into its primitive elements, her majesty's present royal designation would be reduced to the simple formula of "Mrs. Guelph." This is an entire mistake. The queen's legal name, were she by some mysterious process to become a simple commoner, would be "Mrs. Wettin," by virtue of her marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, whose name, stripped of territorial and other garnishings, was plain Albert Wettin.

The queen, prior to her marriage, was entitled to the patronymic of Azon—she was Miss Azon, in fact.

There are clubs and clubs, but one with an entirely new object has recently been revealed. This club did not hide its light under a bushel, neither did it proclaim its object from the house top. But the irrepressible reporter not only discovered it, but boldly disclosed its innermost secrets, which are secrets no longer, hence you shall hear. Last fall a band of North Side ladies of Chicago organized a sewing club for the winter with the avowed object of pricking their fingers in the interest of charity. Not one of the women of the club is compelled to use a thimble and needle in her own behalf. Therefore the work accomplished is the more creditable, for

most of us know how long it takes the unaccustomed fingers to ply the needle skillfully. The club began and finished 1,766 pieces of clothing. Not only did these willing fingers do the work but the money to buy the material was contributed by the members. Poor children in hospital beds were made more comfortable by dainty bed jackets of flannel made by the kind women. Suffering little ones were made happy by pretty bright night gowns of flannelette, which were soft and warm and at the same time satisfied a child's love for gay colors. Comfortable flannel garments of all kinds were made and presented to the poor, the sick and the suffering. Such gifts to the poor contain in their folds not only the blessings of the giver, but a retroactive blessing to the giver. The wonder grows, how many and varied are the ways devised by club women to assist in the betterment of humanity. Daily the force and advantage to be derived from organization is being demonstrated in some practical way by the club women of the United States.

The New Book Review club celebrated its fourth anniversary last week at the home of Mrs. A. A. Scott. It was a real birthday party, with birthday cake et cetera, tendered the members by their president, Mrs. H. W. Kelley. As Mrs. Scott was the first president of this club, which was organized at her home four years ago, it was a pretty thought to hold this anniversary

gathering at her home. Club routine was laid aside for the afternoon and a guessing game, which furnished much amusement, substituted. Mrs. S. C. Langworthy and Mrs. B. M. Stoutenborough, who are honorary members of this club but were unable to be present, sent cordial words of greeting and congratulations. Miss Daisy Tuttle, the club's guest, added much to the enjoyment of the afternoon by some pleasing and well-rendered vocal selections. At the close of the dainty "pink tea" which was served in three courses, the birthday cake was cut by the president who took that occasion to give a charming cut prophecy. This club feels that it has spent a very profitable as well as pleasant year under Mrs. Kelley's regime.

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