

firms, doing business in the same line, the purpose being to keep up and increase prices. The combine is an absorption of a number of firms into one corporation, under one head and management, with the purpose to reduce the cost of manufacture and production. It may happen as some claim, that it will be more profitable to lower the prices than to raise them for larger consumption at higher prices. It is quite possible for a combine to effect this result. The difference between a trust and a combine is, therefore, the difference between smallpox and vaccination.

"These are economic problems that concern women no less than men. What proportion the study of them bears to the study of art and literature in our clubs we cannot tell. If we study the history of the world we shall discover an amazing number of what we call new remedies have already been tried with no cure. We must go slowly and a little way at a time, because the times hold for us a great peril—but it is also a great opportunity. By nature women are conservative, and we need a conservative force. She is courageous, and we have need of courage; in politics there is need of a stiffening of knees.

"There is a state where the politicians crawl on their hands and knees after the labor vote; that is not in Iowa; our politicians do not do that—they crawl on all fours after the farmer's vote. A few are not crawling at all, but they can tell better than I can how difficult it is to line up the best of them when there is need of a house cleaning in the city council.

"Comrades, we, all of us, whatever our creed, believe in a power that makes for righteousness. But we need not only the heart to feel and the courage to bear and suffer—we need the eyes to see and the force to act, and in all things 'Beware from truth to swerve.'"

The program committee for the biennials of the G. F. W. C. does not have a sinecure. Many and various are the questions that must be considered by it. Shall we have paid talent? Those opposed claim that if talent is what is wanted it is not necessary to go outside of the Federation for talented women; or if amusement and entertainment is the object the time of the biennial might be more profitably employed. In discussing some of the current problems of the day. Many think the expense of employing Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, Miss Agnes Repplier and Miss Muldoon for their part in the Denver biennial, was unwarranted. This may be so. But there is another side to the question, argue those who are in favor of paid talent. The Western Club Woman says:

"The women who came many miles, and were worn out having their minds improved, found those evening programs a delightful relaxation. Without being lion hunters, it is pleasant to meet a live lion now and then, and hear her purr softly as the cooing dove. Having dined with 'Aunt Cindy' in early youth, it is agreeable to meet the author of her being, and to eliminate Miss Muldoon's inimitable darkey song would be to leave a really aching void.

Among the tendencies that are faulty in women's clubs—which are otherwise perfect—may be set down the over-anxious treasury defenders, and their deadly seriousness. There is always a small coterie of women who can't bear to see money spent. They live in hourly dread the treasury is to be depleted, and every time some one wants to authorize the purchase of ten squares of paper at two and one-half cents a square to mount pictures they ask with deep concern depicted on their features, "How much money is there in the treasury?"

There is also a tendency, but this is not exclusively feminine, to get something for nothing, and feel that the honor conferred quite offsets the favor

done. It would be better for us to have a higher appreciation of what we ask. Often we cannot offer payment because we do not appreciate what we have received too much to put a money value upon it. But when we do pay for value received we should do so ungrudgingly. The best way to "help women" is to pay them for doing what we want done. The only way to put money in circulation is to spend it.

We want Jane Addams and Corinne Brown and Mrs. O'Sullivan; we want to weep with those that mourn, but there is a time for laughter as well as tears, and we ought also to rejoice with those who rejoice. The slum child is part of life, but so is the old ex slave who sings the weird songs that are a dim memory to those who have lived in the South. If we believe in the good time coming, and the new era and the dawn that is brightening the mountain tops though plain lies in darkness, we can afford to smile now and then and believe that with God in His heaven all must yet be right with the world. Has it not been said 'An ounce of gladness is worth a pound, of tears to serve the Lord with?' It is time we began to realize it.

An interesting article by Edward A. Steiner, in Woman's Home Companion, gives some of the conservative rules that governed the girl graduate of a century ago. Oberlin College is the pioneer in advanced educational thought. Broad and sympathetic it was the first to open its doors on equal footing to women and to the colored race. It is now about sixty-five years since, for the first time in the history of our country, young ladies studied the higher branches in the same classes with young men and publicly received the degree of bachelor of arts from the oft styled cradle of education.

"In the year 1841, 'three women graduated, and were the first young women to receive a degree in the arts;' and in 1884 two women applied for admission to the theological seminary, were admitted, and finished the course, although they did not receive a degree. One coveted privilege these young ladies were not permitted to enjoy, that of reading their essays on commencement day. The professor of rhetoric was their proxy. Such an ardent woman's rights advocate as Lucy Stone had to suffer under this humiliating discrimination, but not without vigorous protest. Her essay was not read by the professor of rhetoric, for the simple reason that it was never written. In 1859 that barrier was broken down and the pent-up energies of many generations of irate female students, who here as everywhere obtain their rights if they want them.

"The living of the young ladies must have been very plain, for they paid only seventy five cents a week for board, and they paid that by work at the rate of three cents an hour. I find nowhere a record of class parties, and not a trace of a class picture, and I know that there existed no such frivolous thing as a chocolate drop. There were four women to enter the first regular freshman class. Though the frivolities of modern college life were not permitted, love could not be kept out, and Mary F. Kellogg, one of the four, afterward became the wife of ex President Fairchild. The mother of Dr. Barrows, the recently elected president, was also one of those pioneers of co-education, and she certainly did not dream that at a crisis in the history of her alma mater she would give her beloved son to be the leader of that noble institution."

There is a general desire among club women to possess a permanent club home at each center, and many cities are realizing this ambition. We have recent word of what the club women of Minneapolis are doing in this direction. They are planning to provide themselves,

not only with a club home, but at the same time to enlarge their enterprise and make it a business venture; from which they hope to realize profitable dividends. They have organized a company with 100 charter members or bond holders, which will issue bonds to the amount of \$100,000, and then proceed to put a desirable building in the business part of the city. The plan provides for an auditorium seating 1,000 persons, which, upon occasion, can be changed into a ball-room. There are to be reception rooms, small club rooms, a banquet hall, a store and cafe, and one floor will be reserved for studios and offices.

The following resolutions are being circulated by the New York clubs:

That the present civil status of women in the state of New York makes the execution of the death penalty upon her legalized murder.

That the best interests of humanity demand the abolition of capital punishment.

"To live content with small means;
To seek elegance rather than luxury.
And refinement rather than fashion;
To be worthy, not respectable;
And wealthy, not rich;
To study hard, think quietly;
Talk gently, act frankly;
To listen to stars and birds,
To babes and sages
With open heart.
To bear all cheerfully,
Do all bravely, await occasions,
Hurry never;
In a word to let the spiritual, unbidden
and unconscious
Grow up through the common.
This is to be my symphony.
—William Ellery Channing.

The last time I saw Phillips Brooks to speak with him was at a memorable crisis in his history writes Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in McClures. "It was close upon the date of his acceptance of the bishopric of Massachusetts; but this fact was not generally known. If one had any doubt of this, the sight of the man on the occasion to which I refer would have made it clear to the dull-est perception. We were at lunch, four of us—Mr. Brooks, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Ward and myself, with friends whose hospitality is expert in the art of selecting the difficult and delightful number of guests which is more than the graces but less than the muses. Mr. Brooks was very quiet at first—almost silent; and, it seemed to my slight social experience with him, unprecedently sober. But Dr. Holmes' conversational genius soon struck the sparks in the smouldering fire in the preacher's heart and the two men began to talk. The rest of us held the breath to listen, as our hostess with her distinguished tact stirred the flame when she would; and one of the most remarkable conversations which I ever heard followed. Mr. Brooks began to talk about the duties of the upper to the lower classes of society, and of the Christian to the irreligious. He spoke rapidly, then earnestly, then eagerly, hotly, without fear and without reproach like the Christian Bayard that he was. At the last he pushed on into monologue—a thing I never heard him do before; and no one, not even the king of Boston conversers, cared to interrupt him. To my surprise he spoke of the salvation army in language of deep respect. He honored its work. He prophesied heartily for its future. He spoke contemptuously of the nervousness of people of means about disease in clothing brought from the sweat-shops and from homes whose horrors but few of us troubled a heart throb to alleviate. With sacred indignation he rebuked the heathen of the west end, who cared neither for their own souls nor for those of other men. He scored worldliness of heart

and life in a lofty denunciation to which it was impossible to offer a protesting word. He mentioned by name a certain fashionable men's club on the Back bay. 'The salvation army,' he cried, 'ought to be sent there. Nobody needs them more. They ought to go right through such a place as that and preach new testament religion!'

"At this point Dr. Holmes suggested, in a subdued voice: 'But, Dr. Brooks such men as those are not going to listen to the salvation army. It seems to me that you are the man to go into the—club and preach Christianity.'

"Dr. Brooks made no reply. The rest of us took the thought up and urged him a little. But he fell into a silence so sad that it was impossible to break it. His gaze wandered from us solemnly. Was he renewing the conflict of soul which must have preceded his determination to leave the pastorate of his loved and loving people? Was he heartsick with his own great ideal of what a Christian teacher might achieve and must forever fail to? Was he thinking of his limits in the light of his aspirations? He talked no more. In a few moments he abruptly and silently left us.

Mrs. J. W. Bedell, president of the colored woman's club, of Lincoln, entertained in honor of Mrs. T. J. Mahammitt, at her pleasant home, last week. Mrs. Mahammitt was formerly state organizer and is now vice president of the colored clubs in Nebraska. The lynchings in the South, and the importance of educating their young people, were the subjects discussed at their meeting. At the close dainty refreshments were served.

Cozy club, of Tecumseh, held its annual business meeting June 7th, for the election of officers and to discuss the work for the coming year. The election resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Apperson; vice president, Mrs. Barton; secretary, Mrs. Allen; Treasurer, Mrs. Sullivan. This club has had what every club needs, a live, wide awake president. Mrs. Apperson has attended every meeting during the year, has had the good of the club thoroughly at heart and has always presided with such grace and dignity that her re-election on the informal ballot was but a slight manifestation of the esteem in which she is held. The work for the coming year will be German history. A vigorous effort will be made to have university extension lectures. Like children, who have spent a year in school and have "passed," we hail the vacation with delight.

Saturday, June 10th, dawned a perfect day. As prearranged the Zetetic club of Weeping Water enjoyed a delightful ride of seven miles over the charming country, to meet with Mrs. C. J. Sage of Avoca. At the usual hour 3 P. M., the meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. Margaret Sackett. Thirteen members responded to roll call with some fitting quotations.

A very neat resolution of thanks from the Mattmouth club, for our late entertainment, was read by our President. In Mrs. Butler's absence, her paper, "The Old South," was read by Mrs. Ingersoll. Mrs. Gates read an interesting paper on, "The New Nation." Mrs. Sage read an instructive paper on, "The Growth of the United States." Mrs. Sackett gave an interesting report of her visit to the Public Schools. Mr. Sage then giving the pass word, was permitted to come into our domain long enough to entertain us with four choice selections of music on the graphophone. Mrs. Sage then had a little surprise prepared for us in the way of dainty refreshments.

Adjourned to meet on June 16th with Mrs. Woodford.

Go to Hanna's for sads, Cor. 14th & O