

public man has any gratitude of any feeling for such a death as Stotsenburg's and such glory to the state, as he brought to it what may such inferior heroes as Stevenson and Towne expect?

The people here know that Mr. Bryan has done more to advertise Lincoln, than any other resident, that his sojourn with us actually brings into our unworthy midst such men as Webster Davis, Cyclone Davis, Greenback Weaver and Sulzer of New York, famous for having entertained hopes of a vice presidential nomination. Our apathy is not due to politics but temperament, habit and the customs of the people. The only time Nebraska lungs were ever really tested was when President McKinley came to Nebraska and that was because he was the President of the United States and democrat and republican cheered the President.

#### A Solemn Warning.

On most of the hearings of Lincoln, and I know not of how many other towns in this country a bill printed in red letters and lavishly capitalized, has been posted. It reads:

#### A SOLEMN WARNING

BY

W. J. BRYAN.

The Fight this year will be to carry on the sentiment of that Song we have so often repeated, "My Country 'Tis of Thee." If we lose, our Children and our Children's Children will not succeed to the Spirit of that Song, and celebrations of the Fourth of July will pass away, for the Spirit of Empire will be among us. W. J. Bryan in welcoming the Bryan Home Guards and Traveling Mens' Club on their return from the National Democratic Convention, Saturday, July 7th,

When the platform committee of the national democratic convention was in session at Kansas City, some of the sections drafted for that document were received with amusement. It is reported that one of the declarations which was left out, much to Mr. Bryan's regret, read as follows: "How can we ask the nations of the earth to trade with us with our hands filled with blood at the cannon's mouth?" Senator Tillman when he heard this remarkable figure, rose to his feet and cupping his hands as though trying to hold the blood Mr. Bryan so touchingly referred to, pranced up and down the room though he said the stage was not properly set without the cannon. Senator Tillman has a saving sense of humour which if Mr. Bryan shared would save him from absurdities like this Solemn Warning and "hands full of blood at the cannon's mouth."

#### A Church Trust.

The proposition by Doctor Manss of the First Congregational church to the Methodist church to combine on Sundays in using a common auditorium has excited considerable discussion. It is not proposed that the two churches unite for anything but public preaching services. The two congregations would have their prayer meetings, and all church gatherings as before. But the Methodists have accepted plans for their new church and will soon begin to build it.

A discouraging feature of union meetings as exemplified in those the Congregationalists and Methodists are now holding is in the fact that the members of both churches do not feel the same responsibility either spiritually or financially. Last Sunday Doctor Manss announced that the union prayer meeting of the preceding Wednesday was composed of eight Congregationalists and one Methodist, and that the collection showed the same shirking. In spite of Doctor Washington Gladden's frequent arguments for union, I think neither the time nor the people are ready for emancipation, from denominational bonds, even though the fetters chafe the spirit.

## CLUBS.

#### OFFICERS OF N. F. W. C., 1899 & 1900.

Pres., Mrs. Anna L. Apperson, Tecumseh.  
V. P., Mrs. Ida W. Blair, Wayne.  
Cor. Sec., Mrs. Virginia D. Arup, Tecumseh.  
Rec. Sec., Miss Mary Hill, York.  
Treas., Mrs. H. F. Doane, Crete.  
Librarian, Mrs. G. M. Lambertson, Lincoln.  
Auditor, Mrs. E. J. Halner, Aurora.

#### G. F. W. C. Officers for 1900-1902.

President—Mrs. Rebecca D. Lowe, Georgia.  
V.-President—Mrs. C. T. Denison, New York.  
3d V.-Pres'd't—Miss Margaret J. Evans, Minn.  
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Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, Indiana; Miss Margaret J. Evans, Minnesota; Mrs. Margaret J. Lockwood, District of Columbia; Mrs. Annie West, Massachusetts; Mrs. W. J. Christie, Montana; Mrs. W. J. Coad, South Dakota; Mrs. William Streeter, New Hampshire; Mrs. R. L. Priddy, Kansas.

#### The Women's Congress.

PARIS, June 24.—First impressions are, after all is said and done, hardly to be trusted. Certainly those in connection with the congress having for its subject "The Work and Institutions of Women," were unfair. During the first meetings of the congress all the American women present were of the opinion that this international gathering was something of a farce, that its dignity suffered from the use of a dinner bell instead of a gavel, and that there was an essence of absurdity in the president's stopping people who went over time by pinching them. That Mlle Sarah Monod, writer and philanthropist, is a clever woman can be denied by no one, but her parliamentary methods are distinctly individual, and do not on the surface appeal to the order-loving American as in keeping with the importance of the body over which she presides.

Again, curious as have been the looks of various companies of club women I have seen in the United States, I was impressed at that first meeting of the congress with the belief that America simply could not produce a collection so peculiar either in dress or bearing as that which graced the platform of congress hall Monday afternoon. It was not a case of beauty, but one of good taste, not of the expenditure of money, but the much talked-about well dressed French woman's failure to make good use of what she had at hand.

Still another first impression. That afternoon left us Americans rather inclined to think that the French, having instituted the congress, having called together speakers from many countries, didn't appear especially interested in what was to be said. Their attitude was something like: "Speak now, and while you're doing it we'll get ready for the next one; and, remember, you'll get pinched if you don't stop when your time is up."

Such feelings, I repeat, were those following the first meetings of the congress. They have faded now. In their place, oddly appearing women have forced interesting personalities to notice. One feels less rebellious against the jangling of the dinner bell, and alive to the fact that a French woman can do more than one thing at a time. She may carry on a conversation with her neighbor on the platform and simultaneously participate in the consideration of the subject which is being presented. The French are the last people to be intentionally discourteous.

At the end of the week, therefore, it is agreed, among the American women at least, that this congress just closing is not, in the terms of our deplorable but

withal expressive slang, "to be sneezed at." Those who have organized the congress are to be congratulated on having brought into being so extensive a society, and one which has with indisputable courage taken on its shoulders the solution of time-honored problems. The congress originated, moreover, not as our federation of women's clubs has done, out of the foundation of hundreds of small organizations in towns and cities all over the country, but simply out of Paris, a non club producing place. The women prominent in the congress do not want to vote; I do not even know that they want to convert anybody. They are the conservative element of progressive French womanhood, interesting themselves in their property rights, in marriage laws, in education, in art, science and letters. At their invitation delegates have come to the congress from England, America, Germany, Italy, Russia, Switzerland, Sweden, Belgium, Denmark, Austria, Spain, Armenia, Turkey and India.

Among the large number of French women who have read papers and delivered addresses before the congress two were speakers of unusual ability. Mlle. Jeanne E. Schmahl, French in spite of her German name, has a positive gift for oratory, and her address elicited the proverbial "storm" or applause. She is the woman to whose efforts was due the passage last year of a law which gives French working women a right to the disposition of their earnings, and her subject in the congress was along the same line. Mme. Legrain, wife of the famous French physician whose crusade against absinthe has attracted wide attention, spoke in favor of temperance. Her inspiring appeal to her countrywomen for a deeper interest in temperance showed that France has its well organized anti-liquor societies.

Miss Jane Addams was the first American woman to appear on the congress program, and I confess to a little thrill of pride on behalf of my country as I sat in that little French audience and listened to Miss Addams as she told in a very simple fashion about Hull House. It was scarcely surprising to see the same gifts which have won this woman universal recognition at home accorded her the almost instant sympathy and admiration of a company of strangers. But this further deference to Miss Addams' charm was none the less pleasing to the Americans who witnessed it.

Mrs. Linda Hull Larned, president of the National Household Economics association, read a paper, having her organization for its subject. The French women were very much impressed with Mrs. Larned's appearance. They repeated that she was "tres joli" and that her paper was both unique and well presented. If applause be taken as indicative of success, Mrs. Larned may be said to have made the "American" hit of the congress.

A southern woman who has been well received is Mrs. Emma Moffett Tyng. Mrs. Tyng delivered an address in French on the woman's club movement in the United States.

Mrs. Mary Wright Sewall has thus far been unable to speak. She arrived in Paris on Tuesday, but she has complained of a sore throat and wished to be excused from extra talking. Mrs. Sewall, while not a delegate to the congress as an official representative, was especially invited to come to Paris by Mme. Pegard, secretary of the congress. There have been the usual number of social affairs gracing the congress, and the French have endeavored to extend a pleasing hospitality to their guests.—Jessie Trimble, in Chicago Record.

Hold fast and hold to the last is good advice, but do not try it with firecrackers.—Saturday Evening Post.

#### BRONCHO BILL'S VALEDICTORY.

—By Willa Sibert Catlin.

I've got my walkin' papers,  
An' I'm goin' to cut my wire.  
An' I'll never drink another  
Till I board the Denver flyer.  
I ain't got time for kissin';  
For I've got a lot to do,  
The fever took me sudden,  
An' it took no 'count of you.  
It took me mighty sudden  
When I saw a garden wall  
With a hedge o' bloomin' sunflowers,  
An' I knew I'd got my call.  
I heard a broncho whinny  
Down in Central Park tonight,  
And a stunnin' woman cut him  
An' whirled him out o' sight.  
He knew me for his brother,  
Standin' lonesome in the throng,  
And the fever took him sudden  
An' he passed the word along.  
I guess I know the feelin'  
When it gets a hold that way,  
Lord! There ain't enough o' women  
For to coax a man to stay.  
So I've got my walkin' papers,  
An' I'm goin' to loose the reins,  
An' I'll never drink another,  
Till I strike the Kansas plains,  
I'll never take a jack pot  
Till I sit and try my luck  
Down at Teddy's joint in Denver  
Where the fellows go to buck;  
An' I hear the corks a poppin';  
An' the berr a ch' c'lin' low,  
An' the billiard balls a clinkin'  
With the chaps I used to know,  
The ranchers from Wyoming  
An' the fellows from the mines,  
A puttin' down the shekels  
An' a puttin' up the wines  
Fellows takin' heavy chances  
Stakin' fortunes on their claim,  
An' ridin' down a hundred miles  
To join me in a game.  
Chaps who give the dare to fortune  
From the tropics to the snow,  
Got their boots in Dawson, maybe,  
An' their hats in Mexico.  
Oh! I've got my walkin' papers,  
An' I hate your dirty town,  
Where the men'll rob a fellow  
And the women throw him down,  
You're not the girl I'm meanin'  
An' you've always done me square,  
But you see a man gets restless,  
An' he needs a change o' air.  
You can get another sweetheart  
As wears the proper clothes  
An' always hunts the tailor  
Where the other chappies goes,  
An' always do you credit  
When he takes you to a ball.  
An' is on to all your racket—  
God! I'm tired of it all.  
The sunflowers'll be noddin'  
When I strike the catt'e' land,  
An' the sage is gray and dusty  
With the Colorado sand.—  
Oh, I'll never drink another  
Till I see the Rockies rise  
Big as temples topped on temples  
Tipped with snow ag'in the skies;  
An' the spires are frozen starlight  
When the day begins to pale—  
Oh! I've got my walkin' papers,  
An' I've got to hit the trail!

It is easy to dream big things in a hammock.—Saturday Evening Post.