

CLUBS.

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held on Friday afternoon of the week of the regular club meeting at 2:30 in the club rooms. Mrs. J. W. Johnson reported the Mother's Congress at Des Moines last spring. Reports from the delegates to the Biennial were presented by Mrs. H. P. Eames who reviewed the domestic science program. Mrs. Eli Plummer reviewed the industrial division. Miss Annie Miller, the social aspect of the convention and Mrs. Bushnell spoke of the noted speakers, the prominent women connected with the press and furnished an eloquent sketch of Mrs. Lowe, the president. The next meeting will be in charge of Mrs. H. P. Eames, who will hold a musicale. It is hoped many new names will be added to the list of membership on this occasion.

Sorosis of Lincoln met Tuesday with Mrs. W. Q. Bell. There was no regular program, but each member related some pleasant reminiscence of the vacation months. Arrangements were made for the annual celebration of Sorosis birthday which occurs on the eleventh of November. As the eleventh is on Sunday this year the ninth will be the day festivity.

Those in attendance at the Federation meeting on Tuesday heard Mrs. Scott's enthusiastic report of the Reciprocity Bureau. In the October Club Woman a paper, "Reciprocity Among Clubs," read by Mrs. Ballard Thompson of Michigan, is published. She dwells upon the value state federated clubs have received from their Reciprocity Bureaus and advocates the forming of a great Central Bureau. Mrs. Croly in the May number of the Club Woman suggested a number of Central bureaus for important departments. The French Woman at the Congress des Droits de la Femme, which was held during the Paris Exposition has received much attention. To America, especially, the French woman as she appeared in her role at the Congress this summer was a surprise. The French laws are frequently stern and unjust to women, to working women especially, and then the property laws are made principally in behalf of men. When we speak of French Women the French woman of the novel leaps into our mind. French literature is supposed to lead in the art of realism but nevertheless it does not give us a fair idea of the capability of the French woman who earns her bread. Her judgment, her capacity for work, and the responsibility that she carries. A French woman forms her opinions rapidly and with enthusiasm. She possesses wonderful power and ease in expressing herself. Several years ago it was great surprise to a small party of Americans visiting in France to find a well organized Woman's suffrage league there. One evening at the salon of the charming madame many ideas in regard to the advancement of women were pronounced. An occasional epigram, music, a verse or the bravos of the monsieurs took off the sharp edges of radicalism. The Congress this summer gave an opportunity for the expression of such ideas as were then put forth but which had grown with the passing of time with great strides. The measures advised at the Congress were beyond what we have planned for or even dreamed of in this country. "They would have all young girls, rich and poor, taught to be self-supporting; they would have a money value put upon work done by women in their families; they would have all laws imposing upon woman obedience to her husband abolished; and that woman in order to preserve her individuality, her liberty, her interests, keep her own name, after she

marries instead of adopting her husband's." We know that we are in the middle stage in America now, that woman has been and is still prospecting for a standard that shall apply more or less to all. But France! The evolution is beginning with such rapidity that the type that it shall evolve cannot as yet be comprehended.

A National club report emphasizes the importance of Sorosis in women's clubs. Sorosis in New York City met October 1st. The organization there has been in existence thirty-two years and has done fine work in an intellectual and philanthropic way. The president is Mrs. Dennison, who is the first vice president of the General Federation.

The National Association of Colored Women is an organization that has come into existence during the last ten years, and it now has a branch in every state in the country. Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, President of the Association in an article in the Western World, speaking of the aim of the society says:

"Carefully and conscientiously we shall study the questions which affect the race most deeply and directly. Against the convict lease system, the Jim Crow car laws, lynchings, and all other barbarities which degrade us, we shall protest with such force of logic that those who oppress us will either cease to disavow the inalienability and equality of human rights, or be ashamed to openly violate the very principles upon which this government was founded. By discharging our obligations to the children, by coming into closest possible touch with the masses of our people, by studying the labor question as it affects the race, by establishing schools of domestic science, by setting a high moral standard and living up to it, purifying the home, Negro women will render their race a service whose value it is not in my power to estimate or express. The National Association is being cherished with such loyalty and zeal by our women that there is every reason to hope it will soon become the power for good, the tower of strength, and the source of inspiration to which it is destined."

FIELDS OF WORK FOR WOMEN.

"Miss Sarah M. Burks is probably the only woman mail-carrier in the west, and her route is one of the most desolate conceivable. From St. Johns to Jimtown, A. T., she rides twice a week, covering a distance of 208 miles, as the towns are fifty two miles apart. The intersecting country is practically a wilderness. Generally she is alone, and if she has a companion he is likely to be a miner, a commercial traveler, or a lawyer, who has rented a horse from Miss Burks' father, and she is to collect payment and care for the horse."

According to the Chicago Times-Herald Miss B. A. Mulroney of Philadelphia has made a fortune in Alaska. She lives in Dawson City, runs a hotel, owns a mine, and superintends her own "gang."

The New Book Review club met on Wednesday at the home of Mrs. T. J. Usher.

The French class of the Woman's club meets Saturday afternoons and is in charge of Madame Brooks.

The Century club met Tuesday. Mrs. Hartley had the subject, "The Old Empire, Menes and other Dynastic Kings."

The Athense club met on Friday, October the twelfth, with Mrs. Fawell. Mrs. Bailey had the paper for the after-

HUTCHINS & HYATT, SELECT OAK AND HICKORY WOOD SAWED ANY LENGTH.

noon. Subject, "Asiatic Architecture." The subject for Friday, October 26th, will be "Grecian Architecture."

The last meeting of the Fortnightly was held at Mrs. Gere's home on Friday.

The Matinee Musicale had its first regular program of the season on Monday afternoon. The program was unusually fine. The club is rejoicing in having some of its members that have been absent for several winters, in Lincoln once more and active in musical circles.

FIRST DIVISION.

Wedding Music.

If Music be the Food of Love, Play on.

Hochzeitmusick, Op. 45 Jensen

Miss Annie L. Miller,

Miss Ethel Syford.

(a) "Devotion" Berdan

(b) "The Village Blacksmith's Bride" G. Holzel

Mrs. W. L. Sheets.

Elsa's Brautzug zum Munster, (from Wagner

Lohengrin)

Miss May Belle Hagenow, 1st Violin

Miss Agnes Brownell, 2nd Violin

Mrs. Emma Hagenow, Viola

Miss Lillian Eiche, Cello

Miss M. A. Smith, Piano

(a) The Ring Hawley

(b) Love Has Eyes H. R. Bishop

(c) Ask Nothing More Marziale

Miss Anna Gertrude Childs.

Norwegian Bridal Procession Grieg

Mrs. Will Owen Jones.

(a) "Thou Art Like Unto a Lovely Flower" Wilson G. Smith

(b) "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" Lewis R. Dressler

Mr. Edward S. Thatcher.

Bridal Chorus—Rose Maiden Cowen

Miss Anna Gertrude Childs

Mrs. E. Lewis Baker.

Mr. John Martin Mr. E. S. Thatcher

Accompanist Miss M. A. Smith

Monday, October, 15, 1900.

"VIRTUAMA" TABLETS cure "brain-fag" Great restorative for weak men and women, \$2. Cheap or remedies won't cure. Mailed Kidd Drug Company, Elgin, Ill. Riggs' Pharmacy, Lincoln, Nebr.

The Rock Island playing cards are the slickest you ever handled. One pack will be sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. A money order or draft for 50 cents or same in stamps will secure 4 packs. They will be sent by express, charges prepaid. Address, JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R'y, Chicago.

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THE MAN WHO WAS FOR PEACE.

KATHARINE MELICK.

For The Courier.

When Frau Gertrud found the pale green vines clambering with a great brown twist of clematis right over a young walnut tree by the river, she clasped her two small hands together, and laughed to herself. "Everything must grow here," she said, for this was in the days when she talked "American" to herself for practice, and she pulled a long spray of the plummy hop clusters, and pinched the loose green flakes for the fine bitter smell. "Nun will ich—Now will I surprise Gustav?"

Only a man whom speech wrenches, can guess what the thick barrels in the cave by the old stone house were to Smith Kestner. Even Schwartz Kummelmann, the cooper who had made the barrels, was welcome now, when, on a Sunday afternoon, he slouched into the smithy, while Frau Gertrud talked with the young wife of the miller, from down stream, and the miller's pretty sisters. Black Kummelmann lived alone, and muttered to himself for company. When he came to the smithy, it was to be talked to, not to talk. The situation has its terrors, which only the reticent know. It was not pleasant to thwart Black Kummelmann by half hours of smoke and silence. It was at such times that the eloquence of the Nuremberg mug sank into the soul of the smith. It found voice first in the cooper's thick Swabian guttural.

"Yes, it was one surprised Mounseer, on that Neideck road," Kummelmann spread out his thick fingers and contemplated two pale yellow gold rings, alike awkwardly filed apart, inside his palms, to allow the passage of the hairy fourth finger of each hand.

"And it was these golden Ringlein that him betrayed. My father watches behind the green hedge, when all the camp sleeps. The mud of the road is freezing. Soon the frost will sparkle on it. But it is not the frost that shines by the stars. It is das Kleine, the little one." He crooks the square end of the left finger over the left cleft of the smaller ring—the one with the glittering crest that has sealed no French billet for fifty years.

"Now my father sees das Kleine moye, and shine, and go out, even so as the firefly. He can shoot, but he knows the better way. He waits until Mounseer, listening long, stands with stretched neck to see over the little hedge. Then he swings once the long sword, and Mounseer's head falls in the mud of the road. So my father has no wedding ring to buy, and no more I."

"But," interposed the smith, with whom the third mug, brought by the miller's Freda, had prevailed, "the last time it was a club of the Schwartz oak with which your father brained the Frenchman."

As the smith afterward recalled such temerities, the blue mug came to be invested with a magical charm. In his cups he was not merely at ease. He became autocratic. When the despoiled remnants of Frau Gertrud's Kuchen and sausage and rare white bread lay on the crooked boards of the cottonwood table and the cooper swung himself over the red stones of the ford, and slouched away to the thatched roof that covered his black tarred walls, Gustav, looking after, pronounced judgment.

"It is sehr bad for him to be alone." No one denied him, not even slender