

have the advantage of those on the outside in being able to admit them or keep them out. As one big club, northern members of the Federation have no right to change the membership conditions so radically as to drive out the white women of the south, who have served the Federation loyally, efficiently and zealously. Even if this be an unfounded prejudice, noblesse oblige should be a relevant virtue in this case. When the negroes are invited to join the Federation the southern women should be the ones to extend the invitation, because the negro population of the south is so largely in excess of the white, because of its long domicile there because of the civil war and the history of the United States and because of the general all-around propriety of the situation.

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#### For This Relief —

Some of the Pullman cars on the Burlington between Denver and Chicago are very comfortable. They are new, but that is not the reason, they are fitted inside with piano-finished mahogany but that is not the reason, the passengers are waited upon by porters not too anxious for tips, but that is not the reason they are comfortable. They have large sized toilet rooms, where three or four women can do up their hair without being impossibly crowded. The relief of such a toilet room is inexpressible. In spite of woman's skirts, her long hair, her complicated costumes and the difficulties in the way of getting them on straight and securely she has been given a room to dress in about the size of a dry-goods box. And the men with their fixtures have had palatial apartments containing four bowls. No woman, from her birth up accustomed to seeing men take the second best of everything, ever traveled in a car containing these contrasting rooms at opposite ends of the car, who did not leave it at the journey's end, embittered and opposed to masculine domination. These new toilet rooms will have more influence in maintaining the happiness of homes than many other reforms with longer and more scientific names.

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#### To Club Women.

The president of the Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Draper Smith of Omaha and the corresponding secretary, Mrs. Neely are trying with indifferent success to get together accurate information for the contents of the year-book. Their efforts are repeated and undaunted by the slowness of the replies. It every club woman who sees this paragraph would but ask the secretary of her club if she had furnished the necessary information to the state secretary the efforts of these devoted and business-like officers would be more quickly rewarded, and the year book which furnishes so much valuable information to students of Nebraska club work could be immediately issued. The invitation to hold the next annual meeting at Wayne was accepted by the executive board at its last meeting.

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#### The Old Town on the River.

Miss Flora Bullock has accomplished that most difficult of all tasks—the memorializing of a town of groceries, banks, dry-goods shops, barber-shops, manufactories, railroad stations, and various institutions, without being commonplace and tiresome. Barrie located Thrums in literature, Miss Mitford and Mr. White immortalized the villages where they lived. Miss Bullock has translated Nebraska

City with the aid of a photographer and an artist into literature. Printed on heavy enameled, paper enclosed in covers of dark blue and white the book with a cover design of a country road bordered by golden-rod and presided over by a crow on a sign-post pointing the way to the old town is most attractive. Messrs. Tyson and Rice who took the photographs have artistic eyes for the light and shade and the long roll and swell of the Nebraska prairies. The frontispiece is a picture of the main street of Nebraska City "in the night and the rain." The tender night haloed by the lights has paved the streets with gold and draped silver wires between glittering posts, it has transmuted bricks into sterling metal and made intaglios of street signs. The curious yellow heavy Missouri is drawn in its long, lazy length with its low banks on one side and its lower banks or flats on the other. Miss Bullock's English is pure and the precision of her phrases and the sureness of her touch is a delight. My friend in Beatrice will say that it is because the book is the work of a woman that I like it so much. But inspect, my friend, the works on Lincoln and Omaha with pictures of unilluminated prominent citizens, read if you are Christly patient enough, their biographies and then turn to these pages written by a young Nebraska worshiper of Nature in the peculiar tones and forms of Nebraska landscape and deny "after reading and inspection the great and literary charm of the book and the poetic atmosphere of the pictures."

The preface in the book: "Not the Old Town historical, social, nor commercial, but the Old Town beautiful, is the theme of this little book. Traditions may best be told by those who helped make them. But all sojourners are privileged to enjoy the beauties of the fairest region in Nebraska \* \* \*

A part of these sketches and verses were contributed to the columns of The Courier of Lincoln in the years 1899 and 1900.

Miss Bullock's verse is virile and the rhythm is scholarly. This to the River is a good sample:

Whirling and swirling, swift and strong;  
O River, pause and answer me:—  
What is the burden you bear along?

The River paused not, nor answered he.  
Yet I caught one strain of his murmuring

[song:]

"I bear the mountains down to the sea."

(Observations Continued on Page 3.)

#### SILHOUETTES.

[BY MARTHA PIERCE.]

#### DISCONTENT.

Two girls as children played together and grew up side by side. By and by one of them went away and studied and worked. After a long time she sang for the world and the world praised her. The other woman staying quietly in her village heard echoes of the plaudits her old-time friend was winning. After a time she was married to a plain man, a carpenter of the town. Her husband was also her lover and she was foolishly content. The village approved. It was an old fashioned place.

Chance brought the singer back to the village of short, crooked streets and little dark houses. On a day she sat in the tiny home of the carpenter and her one-time friend. The room was very plain, but the bare floor was freshly scrubbed and there was a flower in the window. Conversation lagged, though they strove to put away new things and be to each other what they once had been. Then the baby woke and the

childless woman, took it on her knees and kissed its rosy feet. After that it was easier for both.

When the time came for the singer to go away, she turned and looked back at the smooth-browed woman at the gate with the small sweet child in her arms. Then she turned swiftly with knit brows, hurried down the darkening street, her gaze set straight before her.

"I have chosen," she murmured; "it is a sweet life. But not for me."

The smooth-browed woman watched her friend out of sight with wistful eyes. She looked down then at her print gown and red, work coarsened hands. The child fretted. For the first time its cry was unheeded. A new strange spirit clouded the clear eyes and dragged at the corners of the cheerful mouth. Mechanically she carried the child into the house and sat down by the fire. Her eyes moved from article to article of the meagre furnishing. Absently she comforted the child until he fell asleep. The fire burned low. The clock struck. Startled the woman sprang up and put the child in its cradle. As she hurried about her supper work an unwonted frown knit her brow.

"I have chosen," she said. "I threw away my chance for the wider life. It is not for me."

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#### A SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN THE COUNTRY

Gray skies over gray fields, and a damp March wind, seeking the marrow. But such a merry heart had little Mary Johnson. Never a bit did she mind the gray sky or the ugly wire-fenced fields or the chill wind. Perched beside her big sturdy brother Oscar, on the back seat of the farm wagon, her pink cheeks rivaled the pink fascinator wound about her throat, and her gray eyes in contrast with all that soft rosy color were almost blue. Happy as the meadow larks, so confident of coming spring, whistling on the fence posts, Mary Johnson too warbled clearly. What she really wanted to sing was "Would We Two were Maying" but she had never heard of it. Besides it was Sunday and they were going to church. So she sang to the unresponsive backs of her parents so comfortably wrapped in their blankets on the front seats, the songs of the Sunday School. And it is not for pen or me to say of what she thought when she sang:

"Ring the bells of Heaven,  
There is joy today."

Her voice was very clear and sweet, and so contagious her merry warblings that now and then Oscar joined to it his deep bass, to her unconcealed delight. Once her mother remonstrated over her green and red plaid shawled shoulder but Mary Johnson was used to remonstrances. So they came happily over the gray levels the short three miles to the white school house set on a brown knoll. Could it be they were late? Mary declared she could count fifteen teams tied to the fence, while they were yet a long way off. But as they drew nearer they saw that the men still stood in a group at the door. As they drove into the yard Mary saw where Olaf Ericsson stood, leaning his broad shoulders against the wall. So tall, so handsome, so unlike all the other men was Olaf Ericsson. When the wagon stopped before the door, Olaf sprang to help her down before Oscar could clamber to the ground, and now Mary's cheeks were so pink that the fascinator was pale indeed. She and her mother went into the school house and took their places with the other women, who sat all together at one side, and chatted softly until presently all the men filed in decorously and sat on the other side. Then the good gray minister stood up behind the teacher's desk and preached from the text.

"And this is my commandment unto you, that ye love one another."

And all the sacred hour Mary Johnson could hear a golden-throated meadow lark just outside the window, trilling and trilling, sweet ecstatic secrets concerning the springtime and a certain nest, and other things joyful, present and to come.

#### THANKSGIVING, 1900.

Our thanks we offer up today  
As round the festive board we sit  
For soldiers who were under fire  
And turkeys who were over it.

#### Misplaced Sweetness.

She was pouring at a tea that afternoon, and she looked unusually bewitching. He was sitting at her left, in a bower of palms that almost concealed him. He was holding one of her hands under cover of the table cloth, while she tried to pour with the other.

She did not look at him as he talked, but he knew, by her color and the little quiver of the hand he was holding, that she heard everything he said.

"Dearest," he murmured, as she sent one cup off without a spoon and another filled only with whipped cream, "dearest, if you don't mind my saying all this to you, just drop a spoon. Couldn't you manage it?"

A clatter of silver, and more color in the girl's face, as, in stooping to pick up the spoon, he kissed her hand. Spurred by this success, he went on: "Dearest, if—if you return it—that is, if you love me, you know, just put three lumps of sugar into the next cup you pour—'y-e-s.' Or, if you don't, two, to spell—'oo'."

One, two, three! The tiny cup was almost full, but in her haste to hide her confession she covered the three lumps hastily with chocolate and cream, and sent them off.

He asked his mother, as they drove home that night, if she had enjoyed herself.

"Ugh! No!" was her disgusted reply. "Such horrible stuff to drink as they gave one! Why, my cup was half full of sugar."

#### Flirting a la Japonaise.

Mrs. Mutsu, whose death has recently been announced, was one of the most attractive women who ever presided at the Japanese legation at Washington, D. C. Her end, it is said, was hastened by her sorrow for the death of her husband, which occurred three years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Mutsu were a most devoted couple, and when Mr. Mutsu was stationed at the national capitol they were constantly seen together. Asked at an afternoon tea what was Minister Mutsu's favorite sport, his gentle little wife looked up archly and said: "Oh, madam, my husband he like to flirt best of all things in the world. He think this American sport most adorable. We flirt and flirt all the day long. I flirt with him, he flirt with me."—San Francisco Argonaut.

"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?"

"Yes; I'm a cornetist."

"And your sister?"

"She's a pianist."

"Does your mother play?"

"And your father?"

"He's a pessimist."

Hewett—Gruet says that he is doing a big business in Chicago.

Jewett—He is; he sells women's shoes. —Town Topics.