

The Hall in the Grove met Friday, February 1st, with Mrs. C. A. Adams. Mrs. Stein read an interesting paper upon Japan and its Artistic Influence. Mrs. Adams had prepared a paper upon Practical Socialism and Mrs. Isaac Johnson opened the discussion, Dangers that threaten and Hopes that Beckon.

fourths of the dues by each chapter." Mrs. Sawyer opened with her paper, the discovery of Nebraska by Coronado in 1541 and during the course of her paper she related the main events in Nebraska's life to the time of her admission as a state in 1867. The delegates elected to the continental congress are regent Mrs. M. H. Everett and Mrs. J. C. Harpham with Miss Stevens and Mrs. H. F. Smith for alternates.

The current topics department of the Woman's club met on Tuesday at the club rooms. Twenty-three ladies were present. Mrs. Wessel gave a comprehensive talk upon the French and the French government. The machineries of legislation and law were described and the paternalism of the government regarding art, literature and education. Mrs. Lucas discussed and sang the Marseillaise hymn. Miss Julia L. Haskell discussed the Real French Woman in her many phases.

The Lotos club met Thursday afternoon with Mrs. L. C. Richards. Mrs. Eason read a paper on the bacteria of typhoid fever, diphtheria and scarlet fever, contained in milk, and the crying need of a milk inspector. Mrs. Ward of Denver, Mrs. Levering and Miss Butler were visitors.

The meeting of the Century club occurred at the home of Mrs. Haskell. Mrs. Helen Howell discussed Egypt under the 18th and 19th dynasties: Queen Hatshepsut.

Sorosis met Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Barnard. Miss Persson lectured upon physical culture.

The Woman's club of Lincoln will be at home at Walsh hall on Monday afternoon to all the literary clubs of Lincoln. Individual invitations have been sent to all club women not members of the Woman's club. The afternoon will open with a musical and be followed by a reception.

The art department of the Lincoln Woman's club met Monday afternoon. The leader for the afternoon was unable to be present, but Miss Hayden, who is in charge of the department spoke informally, but with her usual charm of manner, of the situation, environment and character of the Louvre and Luxembourg buildings and galleries.

The literature department of the Lincoln Woman's club met Thursday afternoon. Miss Towne, leader of the department, spoke of the Life, Times and Works of Burns. The "Cotters Saturday Night" and a few short poems were read to illustrate his fondness and appreciation of nature.

The Fremont Woman's club has pledged \$300 toward the new library in Fremont.

The current topics and current literature departments of the Plattsmouth Woman's club met Friday evening February 1st. Mrs. Chapman reviewed the life and reign of Queen Victoria. Miss Gase, Mesdames Wise and Sleeth presented accounts of the Queen, and the important events of her reign. Mesdames Herold, Kempster and Helpe added interesting incidents of her life. An entertaining review of the book, Bolanyo, was prepared and read by Mrs.

L. A. Moore. Mrs. Stoutenborough announced Judge Chapman's lecture this week upon Japan. Mrs. Wise, corresponding secretary, spoke of the fine paper prepared by Mrs. Unruh, also one by Miss Mapes and a song by Miss Street. The universal history department met this week.

The Brooklyn Woman's club will celebrate its thirty-second anniversary on February 16th.

At a recent meeting in Trenton, of the New Jersey Regents of the D. A. R., the candidacy of Mrs. Roebing for President-General was endorsed. Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Fairbanks have already received state endorsements. The prospect therefore of a closely contested election is probable.

### MISCELLANY

BY FLORA BULLOCK.

I met a veritable man of wrath the other evening. Not in a German nor any garden, but on the platform of a railway station. When he explained to me the cause of his mental disturbance, I offered sympathy, and together we chanted the song of the Philistines of the Philistines—"Blessed is the man who does what he says he'll do."

A certain Great One now loose in the land, a voice crying in this wilderness of labor, "Blessed is the man who has found his work," agreed that at a definite time in the course of his wanderings he would stop over night at a little burg very near the end of the world and enlighten the inhabitants, let them look at him, and incidentally advertise his Wonderful Works. The time approached; people from around about were thinking that the safety of their souls demanded they should sit at the feet of the Great One, freight train journeys and midnight hours notwithstanding. The day before the Event, came word that the Great One would not arrive, as it had struck him to go another way but he might favor them later. He couldn't fetch his message to Garcia just then, but he'd bring it when he got ready. He did not ask any questions nor inquire if Ali Baba or Sam couldn't do it as well. He just simply said, "It is so," and so it was. Great Ones may do as they please, or rather, as the man of wrath says, they will do as they please.

My criticism is that it was very unwise for the Great One to assert that he would be in any certain place at an appointed time. Even if he does not understand himself, he should know other Great Ones well enough, after all the Books he has writ about them. He should remember that the blessed spirit of vagabondia abides in all truly Great Ones who start out to find their work. The spirit calls them hither; they go hither; it beckons them thither; thither they wend their way. Do you suppose John the Baptist followed a mixed itinerary? Oh, the railroad, yes it is spoiler of all elemental simplicity in Great Ones. They start out to carry messages to Garcia and to other folks; then they fix an itinerary and make solemn promises, forgetting that they are to be Great Ones, and coming down from ideal things to the plane of Commercial Travelers, with goods to brag of and sell for due consideration. It is well for one to know when he takes his pilgrim staff whether he is going as a Great One, or as a Commercial Traveler. If the former let him make no promises and send no heralds far ahead; let him gather the people about him and tell them the message he has; if the latter, he may fix his route and make dates—but let him beware that he keeps them,

or the faithful will lose faith and business will not prosper. It has been so strongly impressed on the Common People that when they have a message to carry to Garcia they should not halt nor turn aside from the course. So when they assume the waiting attitude of Garcia they expect to be served.

There are skeptical Philistines who read with what devotion they can, a certain meat-market paper covered leaflet printed every once in a while, who intimate, gently, that this one of the roving Great Ones is possibly not so much a Great One as he is a Commercial Traveler. But surely, if he can maintain his eccentricity of itinerary continuously, his claim to glory will be established.

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In the old, old Tartar city of Samarkand in Central Asia, a traveler tells us, there is a beautiful mosque not far from the tottering walls and crumbling glories of long centuries past. It is the tomb of the mighty Tamerlane, of terrible memory. It was five hundred years ago that the conqueror ceased to lead the flying hosts, ceased to erect great pyramids of human heads in glorification of victories, and all that was mortal, as the phrase is, of the chief of thousands was enclosed in a sarcophagus of beautiful jasper and placed under the great dome of the imposing temple.

I wonder with what barbaric rites and symbolism, what kingly pomp and ceremony the dust of the greatest of the world's conquerors was put away?

"Lo all our pomp of yesterday,  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre."

Yet today we make a man's tomb outlive his works, and the ruin that he wrought. The centuries of progress have brought us not very far in the way we bury our dead. There are pagan rites yet; feathers jostled the pall bearers of the sleeping Queen and pushed almost to the coffin, and all the royalty of Europe swaggered in to get a piece of the pie. It might not be granted to the Empress Queen, though she lived long and served faithfully, to slip away quietly. But her funeral must be made a ceremonious occasion, thousands of pounds must be spent. "She must be buried like a Queen," the world thought. Human nature is so very human.

Some traits never seem to change. Timour the Lame lies in a jasper sarcophagus five centuries old, Timour the terrible Tartar. Victoria the Gracious lies in a beautiful mausoleum that will outline all personal memory of her.

The real thing—the character she left as an ideal, the record of good, the incentive to duty and purity in all the courts of Europe—that is the substance, the rest is vain show, which means as little as the barbaric solemnity with which the pagan of all ages has said, "Dust to dust."

### SCHOOLS.

A real composition by Freddy

The object of schools is to teach the young idea how to shoot something besides rabbits. It is claimed that schools of this time are much better than those of 40 years ago. But I know a man who attended school 40 years ago and he says the schools for boys were much better at that time. In those days the schools were not run for the sake of selling school books printed by some concern who had a pull with the school board. The man spoken of knew a boy whose father was asked by the teacher what school books his son had studied the father said never mind about the books but give the boy a good thrashing a day and he had no doubt but the boy would grow up and be a great credit to the school. This school has since placed a brass tablet in the school house wall in honor of this boy.

### A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A hundred years ago  
there were no telephones;  
The telegraph was still  
an undiscovered aid,  
And messengers were  
not at beck and call;  
The railroads too were dreams  
in brains of wild-eyed cranks  
And porters had not  
been invented yet;  
The steamships had not  
proudly plowed the mighty deep  
Nor sailed the wide expanse of wet,  
A hundred years ago.

A hundred years ago  
the housewife sewed by hand  
And wove her linen  
with her spinning wheel;  
The bike was all unknown  
and bloomers too were not,  
And oil stoves never yet  
had cooked a meal;  
And ragtime too was not on earth  
and cake walks still  
Were hanging 'round in limbo  
with their fun,  
And coon songs were not sung,  
and no one yet had heard  
Of that great ratio called  
"sixteen to one,"  
A hundred years ago.

A hundred years ago  
we had no Pettigrew,  
And Bryan with his voice  
had not appeared,  
Nor Pingree nor Mark Hanna  
nor Old Pipe Dream Jones  
Had yet their sleek  
and portly forms appeared,  
And Aguinaldo—where,  
oh where was he? and where  
Our kind old friend, Oom Paul,  
and last not least,  
Dick Croker with his fine bull pups  
was out of sight,  
And no one dared  
to wear his trousers creased,  
A hundred years ago.

A hundred years ago  
the grip had not been found,  
Nor germs nor microbes  
shown to mortal men;  
The chafing dish  
with all its deadly arts was still  
A-floating 'round in  
"whichness of the when;"  
The yellow journals and the  
dim electric lights  
And automobiles  
and degenerates  
And rubber tires and rubber necks  
and typewriters  
Had not as yet received  
their patent dates.  
A hundred years ago.

A hundred years ago  
the women wore big hoops  
And beauty patches  
on their rosy cheeks;  
They did not strut about  
in masculine attire  
And look at times  
like idiotic freaks.  
They were not known as  
"new," nor did they want to vote,  
Nor did the men in  
gay shirt waists appear,  
But Patti still was making  
farewell tours and Wales  
Was waiting for some  
well worn shoes  
A hundred years ago.

A hundred years ago  
our gay soubrettes were young  
And playing skittish parts  
in funny plays;  
And Sarah Bernhardt too  
and Della Fox were there  
A-showing off in  
many giddy ways,  
And over and above it all,  
it seems so strange  
That vaudeville had  
never yet been seen,  
Nor phonographs nor graphophones  
nor all such things  
And Russell Sage  
was tender, young and green  
A hundred years ago.

—W. R. Dunroy, in  
Sioux City Times.

"Where is Miss Specie lately?"  
"She has gone to South Dakota to  
qualify for a divorce."  
"A divorce? Why, she isn't married."  
"No, but she expects to be, and she  
does not want to waste time after she is  
married."—Town Topics.