

Modern Russia will be taken up. The next program will include talks upon the Russian Government, the Russian Commune System and the Greek Catholic church.

Copy of a Model Constitution Prepared by Revision Committee of the N. F. W. C.

ARTICLE I

The name of this Association shall be (The Fortnightly, Sorosis, Woman's club or any other name agreed upon.)

ARTICLE II

The object of this Association is to stimulate intellectual and moral development and to promote good fellowship among its members.

ARTICLE III

The officers of this Association shall be a president, vice president, secretary and treasurer, whose duties shall be such as belong to their usual offices in all societies.

ARTICLE IV

All officers shall be elected for one year only. The election shall be by ballot.

ARTICLE V

This Constitution and By-Laws may be amended at any regular meeting by a two-thirds vote of members present, provided notice of such amendment has been given at the previous meeting.

BY-LAWS

1 The regular meetings of this club shall be on the first and third Wednesdays of every month, excepting June, July, August and September. They shall be held from three to five o'clock.

2 The annual fee shall be fifty cents.

3 In the discussion which follows a paper, and in business meetings, no member shall speak longer than five minutes at a time, nor more than twice on any one point, unless permission is granted by the president.

ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR REGULAR MEETINGS.

- 1 Call to order.
- 2 The minutes of the last meeting.
- 3 Reading of letters, or anything of special or local interest.
- 4 Announcement of subject and place of next meeting.
- 5 The paper.
- 6 Discussion.
- 7 Adjournment.

The Auburn Woman's club opened their meeting to guests this week. The following program was given:

Music
Rosa Bonheur
Benefit to the amateur of the study of art
Raphael (Ideal women)

Miss Hay
Mrs. Harman
Grace McGrew

J. F. HARRIS,

No. 1, Board of Trade,
CHICAGO.

STOCKS

—AND—

BONDS

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MEMBER
New York Stock Exchange,
Chicago Stock Exchange,
Chicago Board of Trade

Study of art in the school room
Mrs. Fisher
Current events, led by Mrs. Harmon
Travel scenes in California
Mrs. Killarney
Wayside sketches from the home of
General Lee Wallace Mrs. Howe
Music

The Woman's club of Hooper have recently enjoyed a group of three lectures, Ireland, Scotland and London, by Doctor A. T. Wolfe.

The Conductor and the Pennies.

I got on a car this morning to come down town and there were two other women on the car.

Also a man.

This does not include the conductor and motorman.

The conductor went to collect the fares, and one of the women counted out five cents.

Five little copper cents.

Five pennies. Think of it!

It took me so a-back that when he came for my fare I looked at him with a vacant stare, and he passed on.

He thought I had paid once.

But think of it! Five pennies!!

I will be charitable. I suppose she got them from the laundry man, or in change for a yeast cake. But were there no little hands in reach, grasping for those pennies, eager to get at the corner a whack at a prize package & draw, perchance, a nickle prize? But she gave them to the conductor. All of them. Five pennies. You can tell how strongly I feel about it, because I have passed five places where I might have paraphrased.

And if you wad out nonsense with white space it makes it less wearisome.

But, Oh, Girls, Girls, don't give your pennies to the street car conductor. Think of the little hands, think of the church collection. Think of the starving in India. In case of doubt send them to me.

Nothing is too small for me to throw a fit about.

Postage stamps acceptable.

Five pennies!—Sillifred Clack, in The Philistine.

The Bar Man and the Beer Checks.

(After Sillifred Clack.)

Five little beer checks! Think of it, Boys—five young, innocent looking beer checks!

I watched the young man count them out, one by one, slowly, each one good for a drink at "Tim's Place." Were there no dry throats, yawning, drinkless, outside that plate glass window, that this narrow soul should count out, one by one, those five little beer checks? Were these no wavering politicians whose balance of indecision might have been thrown, by even one of those five little checks?

I was so taken a-back by the sight that when the gentlemanly mixerologist said, "What'll you have, sir?" that I gazed at him vacantly—he passed me by, thinking, perhaps, I had had my drink or was shy the price.

I feel strongly, perhaps, but I am thirsty; you may realize how deeply I was affected when I tell you I passed five saloons on my way home without remembering to go in—then, coming out of my trance, went in the sixth and spent the rest of the evening. O, Boys! don't—don't give your beer checks to the Bar Man! Are there no church contribution boxes? Think of the thirsty in India! Think of the thirsty in our own land! Failing them, think of me! Nothing is too dry for me to kick about! I always ask the clerk at the post-office to lick my stamps. Five beer checks! Think of it!

ELTA MATHESON.

When a man tells a woman that he understands her thoroughly, he is either just falling in love with her or just falling out.

THE KID.

[KATHARINE MELICK.]

For The Courier.

PART ONE.

This may be the story of the Little Lady's boy. Again, it may not. Ah! If only we could know! There is to be some comfort, after all, for us, in becoming a part of the vast Unknown. We shall find out so many things.

It was long before the self-installed guardian of the House of the Grottoes perceived that there had been a boy. Some of the marbles among the coral and sea-urchins were strangely chipped and nicked. There was a baby picture beneath the hair-wreath, and its aureole of white curls had been none of the gipsy grand-daughters'. The small fists clutched nothing at all, with masculine assurance. Often and often the blue eyes of the little dame rested on those small, assertive fists, before the new friend understood. There are so few things a boy leaves behind him, when he slips out of a life he filled.

But the empty place is so big. What were the wants of two boarders, or their talk of donations or examinations as the case might be,—what could these be to the lone mother-heart? Something, for she often stood in the tiny door way, a real yellow cat beside her, and a worsted one under her feet, to say, "Be sure to come back tonight. His Reverence is away at his country appointment, and it's so lonely." Then when the two women sat long over their tea, the hour was drawn out by many a ruse,—the opening of a wicker basket that held a string of gold beads two centuries old, and by the same token, worn into shining halves; or the unrolling of a creamy berth of real lace wrought by the wearer of the beads two generations past. You may see them both in the painting of the little lady over the corner grotto. But that color in the delicate young face is not even as well done as the flush that comes now upon the sweet old cheeks.

"Good night. I wish I knew whether the Reverend would come back before morning."

"You're not afraid?"

"No; I'm used to that. It's when I don't hear him till his hand is on the latch."

The look, more than the words,—the color dropping out of the patient lips,—haunted the younger woman. It was true, then,—the whispered story of the lad who came only by night to the house of shadows, the lad who in a boyish frolic had accidentally struck and killed his best friend. The neighbors had been very obliging with many details, but the boarder had held her peace. She only knew that no son of the white-haired dame walked the streets of Ardenale by day.

The anxious longing on the mother's face, whenever the postman came, whenever the little gate clicked, or the latch rattled in the wind, said that nobody had seen the boy by day nor night in Ardenale for a long, long time. And as the trembling fingers grew feebler, and it came to be the young woman's part to pour hot coffee and stir the fire, two sat before the old china and thin silver thinking their thoughts of the Boy.

Sensitive, impractical,—his mother's son,—there could be but one meaning to the long silence, and that was a meaning not to be read. When the days grew short and cold, a pair of slippers "for one of my nephews" began to grow out of the largest wicker basket of wools. They were a work of months, nearly every day some new suggestion changing the color scheme a little, or requiring alteration and reconstruction. Fingers that every day lost somewhat of their cunning, worked with stiffening joints at the pathetic pretense.

There was never any word spoken till long after the loving fingers rested.

Nevertheless the girl who watched and wondered, slowly came to know her task. She must find the boy.

* * *

The old Jail of Streeter is of faded brick. You notice the grayness more, because of the zig zag lines of new red repair work, about the east cell windows. They overlook the Branch of Streeter's Run, and it was into this creek that the convicts dropped, from that jagged red hole, the night of the famous "Jail Delivery."

It was a long time ago. The "old jail" is a forlorn dwelling house, now, and sturdy legged Shanahans play under the window still known as "the Kid's." But the uncompromising walls must have looked much the same as they do today, when "the Kid" first saw them.

It had been such an easy "bag" that the sheriff's posse laughed, when they closed in on the boy, perched on a square wooden gate post, whistling what sounded like the bugle call for "Retreat." But when they surrounded the store which he had been watching, across the street, they found that the picket had done his duty. The night birds had flown, and only the fledging was caught.

He came quietly enough, except when the black bulk of the Jail stood out of night. Then he broke away for a minute, but a watching officer tripped him, and he fell with his forehead on the curb stone. That was how it happened that they carried him into the corridor; and the sheriff's wife, watching, with the little revolver which she kept for trying moments, hidden in her hand bag, saw him, so, for the first time with blood drops on his brown curls, and on his long brown lashes.

"Tom!" rang down the corridor, as the turning cage swung round, to let the men step in. "That boy sleeps in the hired girl's room tonight."

"Why Mollie, he's already tried to escape, and broke his own head against the side walk."

"The woman's cell, then."

"Where's Frank?"

"They took her to the Home after you left, this afternoon."

"Why, that's all right. Is it ready?"

"Yes,—only for a pillow. I was airing the things."

Mollie stepped heavily but firmly to her linen closet, and chose a small, soft pillow, which had never seen the "woman's cell." She did not know that after she and her sponge were out of the cell, the prisoner flung himself off that pillow, and stood, all night, with his face against the bars outside his window, and the night air chilling his damp locks, until, from sheer weakness, he slipped down upon the floor, and slept like the child he was. Not then, but afterward, she knew that, and other things of the boy.

"I'm afraid your sponge an' water done that kid no good, Mollie," said the sheriff, as he gulped down his breakfast coffee. "He's got a terrible cold, the jailor says."

"I generally do regret them same things,"—the sheriff's wife frowned into her coffee strainer. "I thought Kendal would be the last."

Her husband leaned back in his chair, and his long black beard shook with

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