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thought her in the kitchen, and had heard the boys in their room getting ready for school, and Willie said his teacher told him to tell about the battle of Waterloo, and he couldn't find it—he guessed he would ask ma. "O shoot!" said Jimmie, "it's no use; ma is good, but she don't know much, for I asked her the other day where Robert Burns was born. She said she used to know, but she had forgotten.

The children went clattering down the stairs and off to school, and their mother stood still with a great ache in her throat. Her Jimmie, her first born, her pink and white dimpled baby, whose little arms she used to kiss so passionately, looked on her now with a sort of contempt. She had starved her own mind that she might minister to the physical comforts of her family; until now her husband and children had passed her intellectually, and she was left away down the road alone. How long would it be before her influence over her growing boys and little girl would be gone if that was the opinion they were getting of her? "Ma is good, but she don't know much" rang through and through her head, and even her heart strings took up the sad refrain.

A rap at the door startled Mrs. Brown from her musings, and she opened it to find Mrs. Holland, a neighbor, with a crisp new sunbonnet on her hand. "Good morning, Mrs. Brown, isn't it just grand this morning? How can you stay in the house? I just couldn't, so I ran over to show you my latest attempt in millinery. Fine, isn't it?" And the sprightly little woman had entered, taken a chair, and held the bit of white ruffled cambric up to view, before Mrs. Brown had had time to say a word.

"It's very pretty," said Mrs. Brown. "Did you make it?" "Of course I did. You thought I got it from Paris, I suppose, but I didn't. Why! what's the matter with you this morning—you look as solemn as an owl. Sick or cross?" "Neither, just tired of living." "O, don't die, for if you do I shall be obliged to wear this bonnet to the funeral, for I've nothing else and that would never do in the world." "I'm not dead yet, nor likely to be soon, but I do wish we could do something to make life more interesting here in Willowton—start a club or something." "Well; lets," said Mrs. Holland, turning her sunbonnet round and round on the fist she held up in front of her. "Let's what?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Let's start a club; wasn't that what you said?" "Why, yes, that's what I said, but what will the men say?" "Who cares what the men say? It isn't their say. Do they ask us every time they turn around? If they did, it would keep my husband pretty busy, for he is revolving most of the time. What's the use of telling them anything about it? They will only have a jimminy fit if we do. If I want to do anything I think my husband will get cranky about, I go and do it and afterwards I tell him if I want to, and if I don't want to I don't, but just wait until he finds it out, if he ever does. Then if he says anything, I say, 'O, that's history.'" "Every woman has her own way of managing her husband," said Mrs. Brown. "But I do wish we had a club in this town."

"Well, then, let's have a club in this town," said Mrs. Holland, springing up. "I never want anything but what I get it if I can, and if it is necessary for me to manage my husband to get my way about something that does not concern him, I just manage him, that is all. I don't believe there is a woman in the world but what would be only too thankful if her husband would allow her to follow her own judgment and common sense so she could be per-

fectly straight-forward and honest with him, and not have to go to the trouble of wheedling him to her way. But I think husbands like to be wheedled." "Now what do you say to coming over to my house this afternoon about two o'clock, and we will start out and see what we can do and call a meeting tomorrow afternoon at—my house," said Mrs. Brown. "All right, and we will organize according to Hoyle," replied Mrs. Holland, as she tripped down the steps. "Good-bye, be on time," she called back.

Then Mrs. Brown flew at her work! She made beds, swept, dusted, pared potatoes, and whipped a fruit pudding into the oven quicker than she ever did before. She had a nice dinner ready when her children and husband came home.

"Hellow! anyone here?" asked Mr. Brown. "No, what makes you think so?" "Nothing, only you look so kind of glad." "I'm glad to see my husband and little folks," she replied, "that's all, and now sit right down to dinner, it is ready and waiting." A hearty, healthy, happy family, typical of thousands of Nebraska homes, partook of the noon-day meal. "Nellie, you may wipe the dishes for me before you go to school," said her mother. Nellie looked up in surprise at the unusual request. "Mamma does many things for you, dear, and now you can do something to help her." "All right, mamma," said the good-natured child.

The dinner work was done up in short order. After all had gone Mrs. Brown hurriedly dressed and was at Mrs. Holland's by two o'clock. She found Mrs. Holland waiting full of animation for the enterprise. She said that just because she wanted to get rid of her husband so she could get ready without his knowledge he hung around for an hour and a half.

The two friends were more successful than they had dared to hope. Every one they called on was delighted with the idea. One woman said: "O! how can I come? I never have a moment's time for myself from morning till night. I could not find time to study, and if I cannot keep up with the club I would better keep out." "Perhaps," said Mrs. Holland, "you may have my experience. It used to take me all the morning when we were first married to do my work and get dinner by noon and I worked every minute just as fast as I could. One day a circus was coming to town and advertised the parade at ten o'clock. By half past nine I had everything done and was dressed and down-town. I wanted to see the parade. And if you just play the club's a circus, you'll get there. I can work twice as fast if I have something pleasant to work for and look forward to." The very busy little woman said she would surely be at Mrs. Brown's the next afternoon, if she possibly could.

That evening, Mrs. Brown had an extra fine supper. Mr. Brown stood around afterwards with his thumbs in the armpits of his vest and smoked and talked. Mrs. Brown told him she thought of inviting some of her friends on the following afternoon to form a little society for mutual improvements. She said: "I am forgetting everything I ever did know, and they hope to exchange ideas on the best way of doing things about the house, such as keeping washtubs from falling down, and exchanging choice pudding receipts. (Mr. Brown adored puddings.) They intend," Mrs. Brown said, "to study different countries, so wives will not be so stupid when their husbands talk with them. They select an author for each meeting and learn all they can about him, and have quotations and music, and each tells about what she has read during the week,

and thus it is something like a school. What do you think of it, George?"

"Fine, splendid, just the thing," said Mr. Brown. "Great idea—anything I can do for you?" "Yes, there is, George; I wish you would block us out a constitution. You see, we women don't know very much and that is why we organize this society."

"All right," said her husband, "I'll fix you a starter. I remember an old constitution we had in our college society, and I'll just change it a little." Mr. Brown sat down to the writing desk and started off with a preamble that as all men were created free and equal, that society would meet for mutual benefit, and wound up by pledging their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors to each other and the cause. Mrs. Brown said that would help them out all right and thanked him over and over again.

The next afternoon thirty ladies assembled in Mrs. Brown's parlors and the very busy little woman had found time to come, too. Mrs. Brown was elected president. That morning she had found a formula for organizing clubs. As almost everyone else had brought clippings of club doings in other places they were soon in running order. They decided, as it was the first day of June, to call themselves the Woman's June Club. "I shall call it the Woman's June Society to Mr. Brown," remarked their president with a twinkle in her eye, that plainly told everyone present that that was her way of dealing with her husband.

"Well, how went the society?" asked Mr. Brown at the tea table. "O, just splendidly. And we are so much obliged for the constitution you drew for us. We are all started now and I am president," said the wife, "and we call it the Woman's June Society because we were organized on the first day of June." "Cute name," said Brown. "If there is anything else I can do for you just let me know."

Mrs. Brown said very little about the club after that, but how she did work and study, and how different her life seemed, and how the women all enjoyed their club. It was a red letter day in her life when one noon Jimmie asked his father to tell him something about an author, a critique of whose life and characteristics she had just prepared, and when Mr. Brown said he did not know anything about it, she told Jimmie she could help him, she guessed. How surprised they all were when she related the story of his life and mentioned his principal works, and repeated a little gem from his writings.

"Wy, mamma," said Jimmie, "I never thought you knew." "I learned it at the Society," said Mrs. Brown. "I tell you that society is a fine thing," remarked her husband. "You don't seem like the same woman. How are you getting along, constitution works all right?" "Works like a charm," replied his wife. Although she did not see fit to tell him it was very much revised before being presented to the club for adoption.

One day, Mrs. Brown remarked after dinner just before her husband started away: "Our society is talking about giving a musical. I should like to have it held here, but we have no piano." "Well, let's get one," said Mr. Brown. "O, George," cried his wife, "do you mean it? do you really mean it?" "Why, yes; why not? I'll tell Kellog to send up his best, on trial of course, and if we like it we'll keep it," replied her husband. "You dear old papa," cried Nellie, who was near. She could not reach his neck so she clasped her little arms around his ample waist and pressing her curly head against him, she jumped her feet in an ecstasy of joy. "You dear old papa! How good you are!" Brown