

regularly. An Episcopal bishop in England held noon-day services and sent word to the laborers at work on the cathedral or in its vicinity, that they might smoke their after-luncheon pipes in the cathedral while he preached to them the word of life. They came in great numbers and liked it so much that after a while most of them did not care to smoke while the services were in progress. But they could do as they liked, the good bishop did not care; he was after their souls, not the tobacco habit. In conversation with some high churchmen who were shocked at the desecration of the cathedral, he told them he thought tobacco was too small a vice to keep a man out of heaven.

Many men in Dr. Balcom Shaw's congregation at the West End Presbyterian church of New York told him they did not come to church because they had to stay at home and take care of the babies and let their wives come to church. His, not to question the reason; he told them he would see that the babies were cared for and that thereafter he should expect them at church.

Child study, modern child specialists and the discussions in women's clubs and elsewhere about what is bad for children have settled the point that it is very bad for them as well as for the grown-up people who wish to listen to the singing or preaching, to take young children into crowded auditoriums where it is likely all the air that reaches the children's lungs has been breathed over and over by adult lungs, clean and otherwise. So Dr. Shaw had no intention of asking the recalcitrant members of his flock to bring their infants to church with them.

On the contrary he induced his trustees to hire a handsome brown stone house four stories high, situated in the midst of the parish. A committee of bright young women go there every Sunday morning and take care of the babies who like it so much that they cry to go if the weather is bad and their "folks" think they would better stay at home. The creche is furnished with tiny chairs and tables, picture books, blackboards, cradles and cribs. But what of the young ladies? Do they not need the ministrations of a pastor? The plan is a good one, but it seems to be taken for granted that the girls do not need to hear sermons. And doubtless the girls are satisfied, but is not one soul as valuable as another?

The ministers seem to think that if only they can induce the brothers to come to church, the souls of the sisters wandering about in the region between heaven and hell are of small consequence. It is an idea similar to the Mahometan, the Buddhist and heathen teaching; that woman does not need to go to heaven, that she only exists on earth for the continuation of the race and that Heaven is only a place for creative intellects such as man alone possesses. It is not unlikely that some of these Hindu women are beginning to think they ought to have a try at heaven. If such is the case there are enough turbaned Hindus to tell them that such a wish is unwomanly and if persisted in will break up that sacred institution, the home, or harem, and smash Hindu civilization all to pieces. The era of "Me too" in the mouth of woman is not confined to America. It is stirring in India, it has mounted to a breaking wave of sound in England, and in the islands of the sea the men are trying to convince their helpmates that they were born silly and incompetent and it is sacrilegious and revolutionary to question the righteousness of injustice.

White House Flowers

Every day since Mrs. Roosevelt has been the mistress of the White house, she has sent a box of flowers from the White house conservatory to Mrs. McKinley at Canton. Mrs. McKinley has other flowers, but these from the White house, which have never failed to arrive every day, are tokens from a very kind woman to the widow of the man who would be president now if it had not been for an anarchist's bullet.

Although Mrs. McKinley has been an invalid for years, she enjoyed the occasions when she was well enough to preside at a dinner or reception, and more than all she enjoyed the honor paid her distinguished husband. The flowers are a survival and reminder of that period of her life.

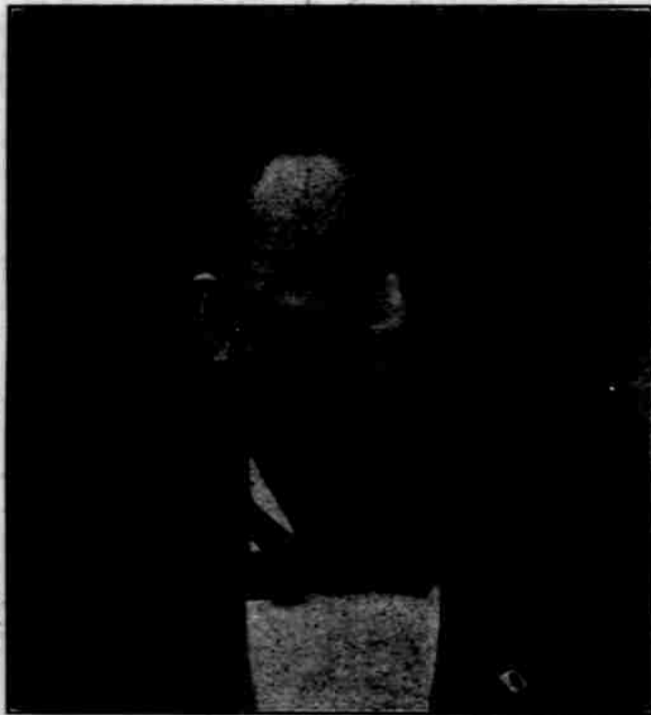
An average woman might have remembered the widow of the president for a week or perhaps for a month or two. But Mrs. Roosevelt is not an average woman. She remembers, after others have forgotten, the loneliness of the other woman in Canton and sends her what will cheer her most, flowers from the White house conservatory.

Social Reverence

There was once a man (and he was probably a Frenchman) who gave a party. While his guests were gambolling in the drawing room he was taken sick unto death and retired to his chamber where he died. The friends and servants who gathered about him asked him if they should not send the guests away, but he did not wish to turn happiness into grief and it was not until the next day that the guests learned that they would never see their host of the day before again. This man had respect for happiness, for the light, easily turned aside footsteps of joy. He was serene in the hour of death, and the laughter and conversation that reached the room where he was saying good-bye to this world did not disturb him. He was a philosopher

and a rare good fellow. Some people would call him a pagan. Respect for their grief is supposed to be one of the duties we owe to our fellow beings. No one preaches the respect we owe to our friends' festival moments, but it is just as shocking to break up festivities as it is to show noisy gayety at a funeral, and the most reckless hackman will not drive across the humblest or the longest funeral procession.

We have public schools, we have penitentiaries and we have asylums for the insane. It is more needful that every town should have playgrounds, where the young and playful can gambol like the lambs and the colts. The little children whose parents live in blocks have no place to play. Consequently they race and tumble about the down-town alleys and streets. A woman in Newark, New Jersey, who lives in a house next to an empty lot in which the small children of the neighborhood played games, was annoyed by the noise they made and sprinkled red pepper thickly over the ground. The children breathed it, and, of course, sneezed violently. They were too little to know that the little heaps of red powder on the ground were made of red pepper. They called the place "the sneezin' lot" and returned to their alleys warning any little strangers of the effect of playing there. One of the mothers of the children investigated the "sneezin' lot" and found the red pepper. The woman's husband was a night watchman and the noisy little children kept him awake. Every city could keep little open spaces in the crowded parts of the town for the use of the children. The parks are generally at the end of a long car ride and of little every day use to young children.



WILLIAM B. PRICE.

William B. Price is a son of Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Price, and belongs to one of the oldest families of Virginia. He was born in Lynchburg, July 2, 1865. His grandfather's farm adjoined the scene of Lee's actual surrender at Appomattox court house. Throughout the war his parents and family remained staunch to the lost cause. During the conflict their wealth was swallowed up and they became poor. When peace was declared the Price family was the first to enter in the work of reconstruction, General Price, a connection of the family, being one of the foremost of the confederates to assist in relieving the distress of the south and in urging the people to pledge anew their loyalty to the union.

His parents in 1868 removed to Harland courthouse, Ky., where they lived until 1882, in which year they emigrated to Brown county, Kansas, where they still reside. After securing a public school education Mr. Price, at the age of nineteen, undertook the publication of a newspaper at Oneida, Kan. Two years later he founded the Belvidere Tribune. Both ventures were financially successful and soon after Mr. Price embarked in a newspaper venture in Yuma, Colorado.

Here he became embroiled in the Hill-Wolcott factional fight and revengeful political enemies succeeded in causing him a severe financial loss. In 1889 he landed in Lincoln with \$25 in cash and a letter of introduction to Judge Field written by the father of the latter at Yuma. He secured a position in the office of J. L. Caldwell, where he read law. He afterwards supplemented this training with a legal course at Iowa City, Ia., where he supported himself by editorial work on the Iowa City Republican.

Mr. Price served as the private secretary of Lieutenant Governor Moore after the election of the latter. He became a free silver republican in 1896 and spoke twice a day throughout the campaign. Under State Auditor John F. Cornell he was insurance deputy. Recently Mr. Price was appointed by Governor Savage to succeed the late J. Sterling Morton as commissioner at the St. Louis exposition, a recognition by Governor Savage which Mr. Price prizes highly and as a result of which he has been the recipient of profuse congratulations.

Mr. Price has been mentioned by prominent fusionists as a candidate for state auditor this fall and the suggestion has received hearty endorsement from many of his friends throughout the state. Some of the characteristics that go to make up Mr. Price's personality are deemed eccentricities by the unknowing and unacquainted, but these are overshadowed by the trait of unswerving loyalty to friends, a trait which in him is strongly exemplified.

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