

tioned tennis and golf, the modern games which women play, had he not been admonished by the naive query of the toastmistress, "Are you going to tell all you know?" One of the "Knotty Points" discussed by Mr. Guthrie was how to reconcile the fish stories, related by the lawyers of their summer outings, with their well-known integrity. He thought it must be that they spoke in parables. He professed to have discovered the key by which he proceeded to interpret them. Another of the guests had discovered a waterfall, but the speaker was in doubt whether it was a fall of water, or was connected with the chignon worn by our grandmothers. The enigmatic words, "Confessions of Sorosis," which came next upon the program accompanied by the sentiment, "Tis good to lengthen to the last a sunny mood," filled the minds of all with consternation, especially as Mr. Guthrie darkly hinted that they were to be given with the lights out. They proved to be original drawings thrown upon a screen illustrative of some incident, amusing or otherwise, which had taken place during each one's summer vacation. Mirth-provoking rhymes were read by Mrs. A. S. Tibbetts to aid in guessing whom each picture represented. The drawings were made by Miss Elma Marsland. The rhymes were composed by the program committee, Mesdames Guthrie, Tibbetts and Hinman. During the evening Miss Sargeant rendered most acceptably two instrumental solos—"La Forelle" (The Trout), Heller; "Belisario," Donizetti. A song was given by Miss Elma Marsland. "Memory Voices," composed and dedicated to the club by Miss Sargeant, was sung by Mesdames Guthrie, Lees, Hinman, Tibbetts, Burlingim, and Miss Marsland. The finale was "Auld Lang Syne," in which all joined.

Mr. W. J. Bryan favored the Woman's club with an address on "Thomas Jefferson," at the regular meeting Monday afternoon. The members showed their appreciation by their presence, the room being crowded, and by close attention during the talk, which was given in Mr. Bryan's inimitably simple and straightforward manner.

The program was in charge of the history department, Mrs. T. F. A. Williams leader. In introducing the speaker Mrs. Williams thanked one who was assisting in making history, for stopping in his busy life to do this kindness for the history department.

It has been said that history is a record of the lives of great men and, Mr. Bryan added, of great women also. It is an epoch in history when God lets loose a thinker upon the world; and Jefferson was a thinker, the study of whose ideas would well repay the student.

Mr. Bryan spoke of Jefferson as a man, as a philosopher, and as a statesman. Jefferson was one of the richest men of his time and yet he was the champion of the common people, and the spokesman of the poor. The man who has money, is not necessarily arrogant and haughty, but the man whom money has, is generally so. Jefferson's money was his servant, not his master, and was used to advance his ideas. Jefferson was one of the best educated men of his time, but his knowledge did not give him a feeling of superiority over others, but a feeling of responsibility rather.

"He is wiser than others who sees more of the arc of the infinite circle than others." No man understood human nature so well as did Jefferson.

Mr. Bryan considers Jefferson the greatest statesman the world has known, and Lincoln the nearest his equal in the regard. Mr. Bryan compared Jefferson and Lincoln as statesmen, as orators, as writers and thinkers. He said he was never so impressed with Jefferson's greatness as when he visited his tomb at Monticello and saw on his monument the inscription which he himself suggested: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and the Father of the University of Virginia." He had been twice president of the United States, once vice-president, and had had many other honors conferred upon him, but he forgot all these in suggesting his epitaph.

In closing Mr. Bryan paid a tribute to the work of women today, and to the Woman's club. When he had finished speaking Mrs. Williams, on behalf of the club, presented Mr. Bryan with a bouquet of magnificent chrysanthemums, saying they were given not to repay him for his address, for that was impossible, but as a tribute to the purity of the motives which actuate him in his life's work. At the opening of the program Miss Hoover played a group of piano numbers, "Love's Dream" (nocturne), Liszt; "Bird As Prophet," Schumann;

"The Lorely," Seeling. Mrs. Mark Woods sang "Nymphs and Fauns," by Bemberg, with violin obligato by Mrs. Ross Curtice, and piano accompaniment by Miss Mary Smith of University Place. Fortunate indeed is the Woman's club to have upon its programs such artists as Miss Hoover and Mrs. Woods.

The increase in the membership of the club is most gratifying, five hundred and twenty-five names being now on the roll.

### A Bit of Pathos in Real Life

Every man believes that every other man is touched a little on some subject or another. And this is probably true. Human nature is prone to eccentricity. In some it is cleverly concealed; in others it is most pronounced. The influence of some great grief oft carries strong men off their balance on one subject and one alone. On all others they are ra-

one fateful night the lad stumbled and fell and was cut in two by the cruel wheels of the cars. When his comrades found him he still clutched the lantern in his right hand, but the shock of his fall had extinguished the light. They picked the dead lad up and tenderly carried his lifeless body to the way car. All efforts to get the lantern free from the closed fingers of the corpse were in vain, and the trainmen, who were somewhat superstitious, decided that it would bring ill luck to cut the handle. He was brought to his home and his heart-broken father, with the darkened lantern in his tightly clutched hand.

The father, bowed down by age and the crushing blow he had received, threw himself across the body of his beloved boy, and gave way to his intense grief and despair. When the remains of the son were laid to rest beside his mother in the cemetery of a little country town near by, the agonized father was too weak to follow the remains to their last resting place. When the lad was first brought home, the old man with loving

### NEXT HEAD OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY



According to General Corbin, who is in a position to know, the next head of the United States army is to be Major General Young, whose latest photograph is here reproduced. The future successor of General Miles has seen forty years of service in the army, having served in both the civil and Spanish-American wars. As this photograph shows, he looks every inch a soldier.

tional. One such of dramatic interest was recalled the other day.

For many years an old man could often be seen walking about the streets of Lincoln in the dead of night with a lantern in his hand. It was never lighted, and the aged personage on being interrogated as to the reason of his carrying the article about without putting it to some use would refuse to answer, and would only smile sadly and pass on into the night. The old man one day sickened and died, and after he had been laid to rest the story of his strange action was told by a relative.

The old man had a son, a bright and promising boy, who was the pride of his heart. The lad was the child of his mature years, and the fond parent held high hopes of the ability of the young man to make a name for himself in the world. But the bright visions of the father were doomed to be blasted. The boy developed a taste for the life of a railway trainman, and in spite of the strenuous opposition of the parent he entered the service.

All went well for a few months, until

hands cut the wire handle of the lantern, and leaving a part of it in the fingers of his dead boy reverently carried it to his room and placed it near his bed.

He was never seen after this on the streets without the darkened lantern in his hand that was found in the closed fingers of his son when he was picked up dead by his comrades on the dark railroad track.

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