Hospitals.

(Edited by Mrs. Gertrude P. Perine.)

As we have visited the many hospitals in making this report, we are sure that no city of equal size or age has devoted so much attention and money to the care of the sick as Omaha. It is with pride and pleasure that we present the following sketches, especially those given over the signatures of those who were the pioneers in this holy work, and have long been personally interested. The recollection of the scenes that occurred in the first hospital are thrilling, and the memory of those women who, through storm and heat, visited it day by day and kept it in perfect order, is something of which to be proud. Omaha owes a great debt to the women who, in the "early days," laid the foundation of what is now a most perfect system of medical work in hospitals.

CLARKSON MEMORIAL.

The Clarkson Memorial hospital is the direct outgrowth of the first hospital in Omaha, which was built in 1869, near the corner of Webster and Twenty-third streets by the Ladies' Hospital association, composed of women from all Protestant denominations in the city. It was opened early in 1870, and called the "Good Samaritan." It was supported by the united efforts of the members of the association, who took upon themselves, by turns, the offices of nurse, inspector and general provider. A few generous physicians gave it a free medical service.

In 1871 its control was transferred to the Episcopal church.

On December 6, 1877, it was totally destroyed by fire, and the work for the time being was abandoned.

On the 19th of October, 1881, at a meeting of women called by Bishop Clarkson, the association was reorganized, and a similar hospital was opened at 1716 Dodge street.

In April, 1883, the lot was cleared and the present commodious hospital begun on the same site. The corner stone was laid June 12, and in December following, it was dedicated by Bishop Clarkson under the name of the "Child's Hospital."

It is a handsome building of brick and stone, four stories high, well planned, and with a capacity of twenty-four beds, of which seven are endowed.

It has a corps of well trained nurses, and a fine operating room, and is one of the successful charities of the city.

Soon after its completion it was transferred to the Cathedral chapter of the diocese, which assumed the nominal control, with a board of managers, composed wholly of women.

On May 23, 1892, the hospital was incorporated under the name of "Clarkson Memorial hospital," with a board of trustees, consisting of Rt. Rev. George Worthington, bishop of the diocese; Hon. James M. Woolworth, Mr. Herman Kountze, Mr. F. H. Davis, Mrs. R. H. Clarkson and Mrs. A. J. Poppleton.

Its present officers are: Mrs. R. H. Clarkson, manager; Mrs. J. L. Webster, secretary and treasurer; Dr. John L. Summers, physician and surgeon in charge.

MRS. A. J. POPPLETON.

Speaking of the first hospital ever organized reminds me of some of our experiences. The house was so small the little rooms were always crowded. Often beds were made on the floor for those who could not be otherwise taken care of. One morning I met the matron coming out to meet me, as it was my day of visitation. She was pale and frightened. A man had tried to walk across the floor and had fallen dead. There was no one to call and she could only wait till some one came. Everthing had to be done by going personally, for there were no telephones. Many young men were taken there who were without homes, as the number of "detached" men was at that time very great. It was partly to meet their needs in time of illness that the hospital was organized. Many of these young men became despondent, and it is told of the nearest neighbor that he used to go out to his well every morning to see if any one had jumped in during the night. Women were often sheltered there, and sometimes those who were too unfortunate to find any home but the street were taken in and helped to a better life, thus exemplifying the deeper meaning of the word hospital.

ST. JOSEPH'S.

Omaha is fortunate in having in its midst many noble institutions devoted to the care of the poor and unfortunate. Among these the St. Joseph's Creighton Memorial hospital is pre-eminent. Specially designed for hospital purposes, equipped with the latest accessories known to medical and sanitary science, and managed by Sisters of the Order of St. Francis, it is at once an honor and benediction to the church, to Omaha, and to the founder—Hon. John A. Creighton and his late lamented wife.

The Sisters of St. Francis, an order specially trained for hospital work, came to Omaha at the instance of the late Bishop O'Connor in 1880, and took charge of the old Mercy hospital, on Twelfth and Mason streets. The accommodations were limited and crude. Being the only hospital in Omaha, it was constantly over-crowded. As the city grew, so did demands on the hospital. The name was changed to St. Joseph's.

The need of a new hospital building grew apace. It was frequently discussed, but the great cost of erecting a building commensurate with the wants of the city, chilled the movement. By the will of Mrs. John A. Creighton a fund of $50,000 was set aside for the projected building. Mr. Creighton heartily seconded the wishes of his wife. The site on the corner of Twelfth and Castellar streets was chosen. Plans were prepared and practical work began in 1890. The corner stone was laid Sunday, November 23, of that year, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Scannell, then bishop of Concordia, Kas. Six hundred men, representing eight Catholic societies, besides a vast concourse of young and old of both sexes, participated in the ceremonies.

The hospital building occupies three sides of a square. It has a frontage of 262½ feet on Tenth street, the wings running back 150½ feet. It is full four stories in height, the basement story being almost entirely above ground. The materials are pressed brick with brown stone trimmings. The main entrance on Tenth street is an imposing arch of brown stone, springing from a cluster of columns, tapering in graceful lines with a cross on and above the arch, carved in stone are the words:

CREIGHTON MEMORIAL.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

The building and grounds represent an outlay of over $200,000, an enduring and beneficent monument to the memory of his wife and his own liberality.

The hospital contains sixteen wards and seventy private rooms, affording accommodations for 300 patients at one time.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

In March, 1891, the M. E. Hospital and Deaconess Home association was organized. The association sent to the Chicago Training School for City, Home and Foreign Missions for a matron, head nurse, two probationers and a visiting deaconess. On May 14 they came. The hospital was opened for patients May 28. Six patients were received the first day and several operations were performed the first week. More nurses were needed at once, for so many sick came that the deaconess family was compelled to move out to make room for them.

The hospital is small, having but thirty beds, including two for children. Every bed is either occupied or engaged most of the time.

The work is done by Methodist deaconesses, who work without salary that the money may be used in caring for the sick poor who are not able to pay, hence much free work is done. Our physicians are in perfect sympathy with the deaconess work, and not only work gratis for the free patients, but where the patient is able to pay part they say: "Pay the hospital and we will do without."

METHODIST HOSPITAL.

It was our privilege to visit some of the leading hospitals in New York City not long ago. We are satisfied that there is no better work done in the east than is being done in the hospitals in Omaha. And when we learned that patients were paying $10, $12 or $15 a month for ward beds and from $30 to $40 a week for private rooms, with extra pay for special nurses, etc., we felt that Omaha did not fully appreciate her hospital privileges.

It has been now almost four years since we began, in which time there have been received and treated 1,810 patients. The report for the last year is as follows: Number of patients received from Omaha and South Omaha, 142; number from Nebraska, outside Omaha, 270; number from Iowa, 108; number from other states, 32; total, 552. Number of surgical operations, 385; number entirely free cases, 126; time occupied by free cases, 2,800 days; number of deaths, 9.

A. PFRIMMER, Matron.

DOUGLAS COUNTY.

The Douglas county hospital is the only public institution of the kind in the state. The farm on which the buildings are situated lies in the southwestern portion of the city and consists of 110 acres of ground. On October 10, 1892, a resolution was adopted by the board of county commissioners organizing a medical staff, which is composed of the leading physicians of the city. Every form of disease is treated and with great success. Beside the regular staff the county employs a resident physician selected each year from graduates of medical colleges of Omaha by competitive examination by the medical staff. The total number of inmates now in the hospital is 120. There is a chaplain employed who also holds service every Sabbath and does much for the spiritual welfare of the patients.

ARMSTRONG-HOPKINS.

The Armstrong—Hopkins' private hospital, exclusively for treatment of women and children, was opened October, 1893, and is located in a very beautiful part of the city, 1339 South Twenty-ninth avenue, facing Hanscom park, where the attractive scenes continually before one help take the mind from sickness and aid in the restoration of the body. It is a new and handsome structure, supplied with all modern improvements and medical and surgical appliances. Dr. Hopkins has, in addition to practice in some of the best colleges and hospitals in this country, had seven years extensive practice in India, having had full charge of hospital dispensaries and training schools for nurses there. She then returned to this country on account of the trying climate. She brought with her from India a most efficient nurse, a Christian Jewess from Bombay, a linguist versed in many tongues and a woman of rare skill, tact and tenderness.

The hospital is a museum of Indian tapestries, rugs, curios and trophies which lend a charm to the whole place and relieve it of the sense of severity felt in the ordinary hospital.

SWEDISH EMANUEL.

The present Swedish Emanuel hospital building is a wing of what will be a very large and imposing building when completed. It stands on a lofty site overlooking the whole city. It was built by the untiring energies of Rev. J. Fegelstrom who has the management of it assisted by most competent sisters or deaconesses of the Lutheran church. Its equipment is very complete, and although too far from the business portion of the city for emergency work, the tonic properties of the pure air surrounding it are of great value in bringing back health to those who are cared for there.

PRESBYTERIAN.

When we behold the large, four-story, finely equipped building at Thirteenth and Dodge streets now occupied by the Presbyterian hospital, we can hardly realize that less than five years ago it was started in a very feeble way, with only four beds and no endowment fund. For some time previous to its founding the belief had existed in the minds of many that there was abundant room for such a hospital in this city, but it was not until the summer of 1890 that arrangements were made by which it could be started.

A house was secured and fitted up in Kountze Place, and four beds for the sick were provided. A few days afterward the first patient arrived from the western part of the state.

When it had been running about a year and a half, at the suggestion of its superintendent, and at the request of its trustees, "the Ladies' Aid to the Presbyterian Hospital" was organized. This organization, from its very beginning, has been the strong right arm of support to the hospital.

In less than three years the work had outgrown its limited quarters, and it was decided that a more commodious building should be secured, and better facilities provided for the extension of its interests.

Accordingly, the present location was selected, and the house fitted up in the best possible style, competent nurses and helpers employed, and, in April, 1893, the hospital was established in its new home. It has two fine operating rooms, and an emergency department.

Since entering this enlarged field of usefulness the work has been most encouraging, and has grown to a degree that has gained for the hospital a well earned reputation. In the few years it has been in existence over 700 persons have received its hospitality, and it must be remembered that many of these were charity cases. Whether the patient is able to pay or not, it aims to turn away no worthy case. No distinction is made as to race, color or creed.

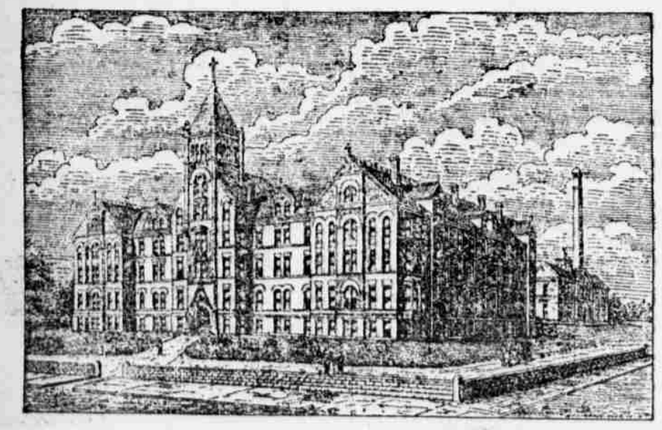
The hospital at present aims to maintain one free bed out of every six, but during the past year has been obliged to greatly increase its charity work. About 33 per cent of its care has been given without renumeration from the patients.

The medical and surgical departments are in charge of Miss Margaret Huston, a graduate of the Illinois Training School for Nurses, and who has had practical experience under some of the best surgeons in Chicago.

In order to carry out this work the hospital not only deserves, but has the right to expect the supreme confidence and generous financial support of its friends, and all benevolent persons of this city and surrounding country, and having received these, it will at no distant time be not only an ornament to this western metropolis, but will be an efficient means of doing a far greater amount of practical Christian work.

FANNY L. HENRY.

PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL.



ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

MOOCHY.

A Story for Children.

Moochy is a little colored boy who lives in a hospital in a large city. The children's ward in a large hospital—what a sad place it is! Here you see children of all ages, from the wee babe to the girl and boy who used to go to school before they were taken sick. Their pathetic faces look up at you from snowy beds ranged in rows around the room, for this is a ward and each little patient occupies a bed just a few feet from his neighbor on either side. It is a bright, clean room with plenty of light and air. Here the children that are not too ill to play may amuse themselves all day long. They have dolls and a doll's house almost as large as some of the rooms in which they live at home and hosts of books and playthings. Sometimes these children have quite as much fun as you have in your homes, but they are an odd looking company, very different from those you are accustomed to see. Here is Annie, the oldest child in the ward. She is 11. She was carried into the hospital some months ago screaming with pain and unable to move her limbs. She is better now and the doctors say she will walk again. That is good news for Annie. Every day she asks how long it will be before she can walk.

Near her is a little girl about the same age, with her head closely bandaged. There is Sara, the little Jewess, who has had a difficult and dangerous operation. She is getting well now and enjoys playing again. Just across the room is a little German girl, younger than these, who suffers greatly. Poor little Freta! She will never be any better. She cannot sit up or move on her little bed and the white suffering face grows thinner and whiter every day. All the children are very kind to Freta.

But it is of Moochy I meant to write. He has been in the hospital so long that he seems quite at home there and it would be difficult to think of the children's ward without him. He has a shining black face and the prettiest little dimples in his cheeks. He is a happy little fellow in spite of his misfortunes, for Moochy is 4 years old and has never walked. His little limbs are bent and twisted by disease and his joints are much too large for his delicate little frame. His arms look like the italic letter S and though he can use his hands they are not so strong as those of other children. He has no father and mother and like Topsy he must have "growed," for nobody could ever learn much about him. He lived with a poor woman in a dismal little house in a dark street. She gave him what she could spare from her own large family, which was little enough. Here some kind ladies found him and brought him to the hospital. He was a little frightened at first by so many new faces and his strange surroundings, but he soon became accustomed to the change and began to feel quite important, for he was an interesting "case." Strange doctors came to see him and he never wearied of holding out his little crooked arms for the inspection of visitors, and if strangers entering the ward failed to notice him they were soon made aware of the fact. A little woolly head would pop out from under a table or peer around a corner of the doll's house and a voice would call out, "I'm here; look at me." Moochy became the pet and plaything of the house. He was always remembered when donations were sent to the children. There were books with bright pictures, blocks with letters on and a little rocking horse for the boy who could not walk. All these things he was told came from good people outside, so the great outside world became a strange and beautiful place in his childish fancy and when some of the children began to talk of going home he said he was going home. When they asked him where his home was he replied, "Outside"—that was all he knew about home. The children were fond of him because he would pick up the playthings they dropped and could not get. He would slide along the floor as fast as the others could walk; that was his way of traveling. The nurses liked him because he never cried when they gave him his medicines. Even the nauseous cod liver oil he took as part of his dinner. He let them bind up his arms in splints and made no complaint so long as his hands were free. Now, least you should think Moochy too faultless, I must tell you of a little trick he had that sometimes made him quite naughty. He was very fond of dolls, and though he had dolls of his own, if he happened to fancy one the little girls were playing with he would snatch it out of their hands, slide away and creep under a low table in a corner of the room, where they could not get at him. Then a wail would go up from the little girls, and nurse would have to interfere and drag Moochy from his hiding place and make him give up the doll. Then he would pant. His head would droop and he would fall in a heap on the floor, and people who were not used to his trick would say, "How very sick that child is!" But he was not sick. He was only "playing 'possum," and a very cunning little 'possum he was.

After many weeks his arms became straight and he grew quite strong and well. Soon he was able to stand, then to take a step or two, holding fast to chairs. That was a great day when Moochy began to walk! All the children announced it at once. Then we stood him in the middle of the floor and watched him take a few uncertain steps, like a little, toddling baby. In a short time he could walk alone. Then how proud he was! He stumped around on his heels with his feet very far apart, just as you have seen boys walking on stilts. To him, however, and the delighted children looking, it was a most graceful performance.

Then we began to think of sending him home. But, alas! Moochy had no home. The poor woman who cared for him had moved away and could not be found. So the charitable lady, who was president of the hospital, said that Moochy should remain there till we could find a better home for him "outside."

MINERVA M. NEWBECKER, M. D.

A Birthday Wish.

This twenty-third of April brings freshly to my mind
Another April day as fair as one need wish to find,
When all the joy of motherhood again came to my heart,
And you, my little daughter, was of my life a part.
You came to cheer my lonely heart, and fill again the place
That Death had made so vacant, when he chilled the baby face
Of my precious, first-born darling, and closed her eyes of blue
And left me sadly sorrowing, and, oh! so lonely, too.

You came to me in springtime, with the swelling buds and showers,
When nature wakens from her sleep and brings her early flowers
To deck the chapel altars, and commemorate the day
On which the Savior left the tomb and rolled the stone away.
That we, His children, might look up, in faith and humble trust,
And know our great Redeemer lives and watches o'er our dust
Until the resurrection morn, when, if we've faithful been,
We shall hear the joyful summons, "Well done, come, enter in."

The years have passed so quickly, and you have ta'en your place
As a loved wife and mother, and you now fill with grace
The dearest spot to woman's heart, a home by love made blest—
No other lot can be compared with love and home and rest.
And may your steps be guided by His o'ershadowing love,
As on the way you journey, until we meet above;
And may not one be missing from the circle here below
When we reach the heavenly city and are known as we shall know.

SARAH E. LOCKRIDGE.

Omaha, April 23.

WITH KEY AND SOUNDER.

Some Phases of Life Seen in a Branch Telegraph Office.

"Do you like to telegraph? Don't you get tired of the constant tick, tick? Don't people bother you most to death?" These are the questions asked me every day.

Yes, I like the telegraph. There is no work after having once mastered the pleasant and fascinating art. The constant tick, tick, I seldom notice, unless directed to me. I sit by my instrument and read or visit with friends, and never notice noise, unless it calls me. Every office has its queer experiences, but sometimes I think mine most of all. I am asked every conceivable question, from "Please tell me where Judge Cooley is," to "Will you hold my dog until I go upstairs?"

I never realized the ignorance of the majority of the people about telegrams, the method of checking, sending, receiving, etc., until I was where people consider me a public directory, and do not stop at anything in the question line.

About a month ago a lady drove up to the office door in a very fine turnout. Her gown was fine, her diamonds large. She wished me to send a message to Chicago to her husband for a ticket, and said she would call in a few minutes for the same. "But I cannot get the ticket for you; I can only send the telegram," I said. Her eyes grew larger and larger, and her surprise was great, for she said: "Why, I thought they came over the wire."

I sent a telegram to a pretty house on D—street last week, for the lady of the house. When the messenger boy gave it to her she began to cry and scream. "Oh, my dear boy! My boy is dead. I know he is dead. Read it, Fanny, quick, I can't. I never can open the envelope. Oh! my boy, my boy!" Then she went into hysterics. Fanny could not get up enough courage to open the telegram, and after calling in the neighbors, they called the boy and asked him to open it. It read: "Mother, am dead broke; send me a five. Jim."

We see tragedies as well as comedies, sometimes. A young looking lady with a child had often been to the office. The first message she asked to send collect, as she had no money, and the pitiful and sorrowful face conquered me, and I sent it to California, risking payment at the other end. It read: "Don't you care for us? Am out of money. What shall we do?"

A message was sent nearly every day—always paid at the other end, but no answer. Her last message read: "Do not know where to go, baby sick. Do not search for us. Good bye." It was the same old story over again—woman's confidence, man's desertion. I only know by the telegrams her story, but was it not plain enough? The desperate look on her face induced some of the charitable women of Omaha to care for her, and kept the river from receiving two bodies. They finally sent her home to Tennessee to her relatives.

It is surprising how many messages are received and sent by all kinds of business men. Fifty years ago no one thought of such a thing. Today every business house of any importance receives an average of five to ten wires per day and many of my customers' telegraph bills are the largest items in their business.

How differently people receive telegrams, especially men. Some grab the envelope and will not sign until the contents are known; others throw the messages at clerks to read, as though receiving them was too much of a bore. I have seen men tremble just like a woman when opening a telegram. As a general thing my customers are kind and always very polite, never complain and I see only the sunniest side of their life unless I remember what is in the telegrams. I never had a disagreeable customer, still, it is rather provoking to have a man run after you in the street after business hours yelling: "Oh, Miss, please send this, it is so important and must have a quick answer," and then learn afterward that the message has lain half a day on his desk. Some few men keep constantly coming for a telegram: "Anything for me?" "Haven't you received an answer yet?" etc. They see a messenger boy in the office whose business is to deliver telegrams, yet they look at me as though I had either swallowed or hidden their precious telegrams.

One thing I like about branch office work—you keep posted. I hear many astonishing things going over the wires and when the signature comes I am more astonished than ever, but the old saying "One can get used to anything," is true and it often "goes in one ear and out the other." A woman can keep secrets all right. If you do not belive me ask the telegraph girls. They know a few things they do not tell. I delivered a message the other day and said: "Mr. —— I do not know whether this is for you or not, as I think a mistake is made in the name." The man grabbed the envelope and said: "Oh yes, it is from my old woman—can tell the writing on the envelope."

Now these little instances are but a few of the queer things that happen each day. How can the world grow monotonous when such people exist?

I hear my office call and must stop, but before I close I wish to inform all business women and men and those that know nothing of business who have telegrams to send and wish good service, quick sending and delivery, and everything done in first-class style send via X. Y. Z. Telegraph company. No office genuine unless the title appears in white letters on a blue sign.

LOIS A. McCLEAN.

Trifles—A Fragment.

Just a vine with tiny blossoms,
Climbing up the tower high;
Yet it shed a gracious fragrance
On the weary passer-by.

Just a slender little brooklet,
Flowing down the meadow green
But I saw a thirsty pilgrim
Drinking from its crystal stream.

And from these I learned a lesson,
On that pleasant summer morn;
Walking home with silent musings,
Through its fields of waving corn.

Slender brook, and tiny blossoms!
Veriest trifles, you will say,
Yet each had its cheering mission,
To the hearts that passed that way.

Humble teachers! But they told me,
And their message lingers still;
"None so poor, or weak, or lonely,
But can work some good or ill."

Springing from the faintest causes,
Grand results have sometimes shown
What a power there is in trifles,
To the thoughtful soul unknown.

* * * * *

—Lila L. Egbert, Omaha.

PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR WOMEN

The Ladies' Class of the Omaha Turnverein.

That physical culture has become more than a fad with the women of Omaha is evidenced by the constantly increasing attendance at the class of the Omaha Turnverein. This society has for the past nine or ten years provided instruction for women and the efficiency of the work done there is daily winning adherents to the German system of gymnastics. This past winter over seventy women have attended the class. They meet Thursday evenings in the hall of the society. The exercises consist of walking, running, calisthenics, dumbbells and wand exercises and club swinging; also exercises of an easy and graceful nature on the horizontal ladder, horse, parallel bars, etc. In this connection it may be interesting to state regarding the much discussed question as to the desirability of apparatus exercises for women that at its recent meeting in New Yorok the American Society for the Advancement of Physical Culture decided in favor of apparatus turning for women; and indeed, one needs but to glance at the rosy cheeks and strong, graceful bodies of these women to know that it is of benefit to them.

It has always been the aim of the various Turner societies to interest women in their work, and now nearly every Turnverein of any importance can boast a ladies' class. Not all the members of this class are young girls. A number of married women have attended this winter and are among the most enthusiastic members of the class. In consequence of the interest women are taking in the matter the children's classes have assumed very large proportions, so much so that early in the year the classes had to be divided.

The costumes worn by the ladies are of dark blue flannel trimmed with white braid and consist of a loose belted waist and bloomers and is really very becoming. The members of the class are especially proficient in the use of Indian clubs. They are to appear at the annual exhibition the 20th of May, and will undoubtedly prove an attraction. It is also rumored that they intend to take part in the annual tournament of the turner societies of Nebraska at Plattsmouth some time in June, when the ladies' class of the Lincoln Turnvereins will be present.

A cordial invitation is hereby extended to all women who are interested in physical culture to call at Turner hall, 1818 Harney street and Thursday evening at 8 o'clock and judge for themselves what the class has accomplished this winter.

EMMA ANDRES.

John Reznicheck, fresh meat, fish, game, vegetables always on hand. 2707 Leavenworth.

How Shall Good Nurses for Childred B Secured?

With all the hallowed influences of a mother's presence in the nursery she is sometimes forced to relinquish this most precious duty because of ill health, or circumstances which require her to become a bread winner. Then the all important question comes, whom shall she secure to take her place? How many mothers make a searching examination of the qualifications of the applicant? Too little attention is paid to the selection of the person who is to be the close companion of the little ones of the family. This is somewhat excusable since there is no bureau of information to provide the inquirers with satisfactory data, and, what is still worse, there is no place where one can be properly trained for this work except by practising on some person's children.

Who would purchase at great cost a beautiful dress and hire a dressmaker to fashion it who had only the knowledge she had chanced to acquire? Yet a nurse without any other qualifications than youth, inexperience and sometimes indifference is put in charge of young children. She cuts and slashes into the child's character till it comes from her hands a misshapen thing—a misfit for every circumstance in life.

One of the crying needs of today is the establishment of schools for the training of children's nurses, providing thorough instruction in the care and physical training of children from infancy to 2 years of age. The course should include the study of child nature, children's amusements and the kindergarten principles and gifts, with practical experience under careful supervision during the course. When finished satisfactorily a certificate of competency should be granted. Such a school could be conducted in connection with a creche. Each person coming should be taken on trial first, and if she seemed to possess cruel, neglectful or stupid characteristics she should be dismissed. Such sifting would assure to the woman who wanted a nurse one with whom she could trust her children's welfare.

The nurse, though thus thoroughly equipped, would still lack one essential. This element of success could be obtained only by such intimate relations with the mother that she would imbibe the mother's enthusiasm and grasp her plans for her development.

The associate of the children should be something more than a servant. Surely, no person whom the mother considers her inferior is a fit guide and companion for her children during the most impressionable period of their lives, therefore their nurse ought to be respected, respectable and beloved by the whole family.

If this relation could exist, many young ladies coming from good homes with high aspirations, good education and lovely characters would cheerfully fill these places now relegated to untrained, ignorant, stupid incompetents.

I will not harrow your feeling by reciting the outrageous practices of nurses employed under the present system, for you can see for yourself any sunny day in the park of any city enough to make your heart bleed, and if such things are done in public, what will not be done in the seclusion of the nursery.

Words fail to express the indignation I feel when I see mothers employing these unworthy, untrained illiterates merely to avoid care and responsibility. What reward shall she have who enslaves her child that she may be free?

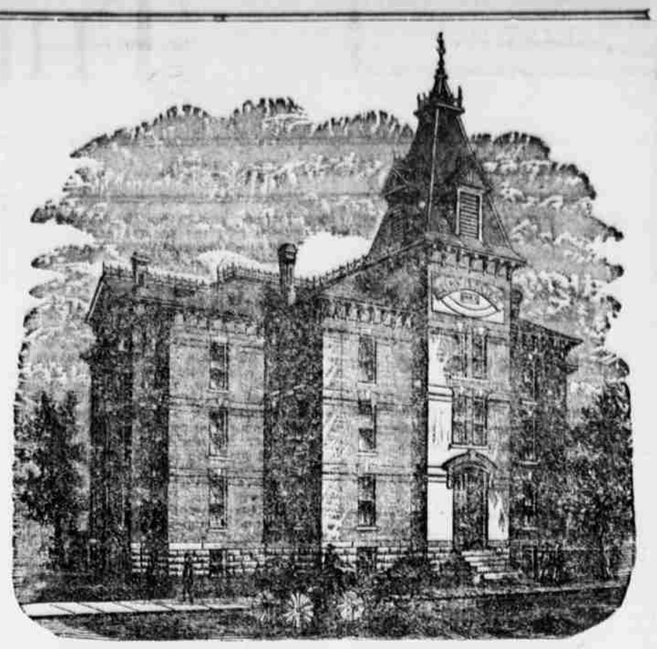
SUE P. BLACKBURN.

Of Interest to Retail Cigar Dealers.

Buds, $35.00 per thousand; Santa Rosa, $33.00 per thousand. Superior in quality to any higher priced cigars. These brands will greatly increase your sales on cigars. Upon receipt of $1.75 will send sample box, 50 of these cigars, express prepaid, to cigar dealers only. References, to Omaha Bee, First National bank, Plattsmouth, Neb.; Omaha National bank and O. C. Holmes, secretary, room 691 Bee building. Address

JULIUS PEPPERBERG, MFR.,
Plattsmouth, Neb.

Why not have noon-day rests for our young men, where they can have the simple lunch, a cup of coffee and the latest magazine.



HASTINGS COLLEGE.

ORGANIZED 1882. HASTINGS, NEB.

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