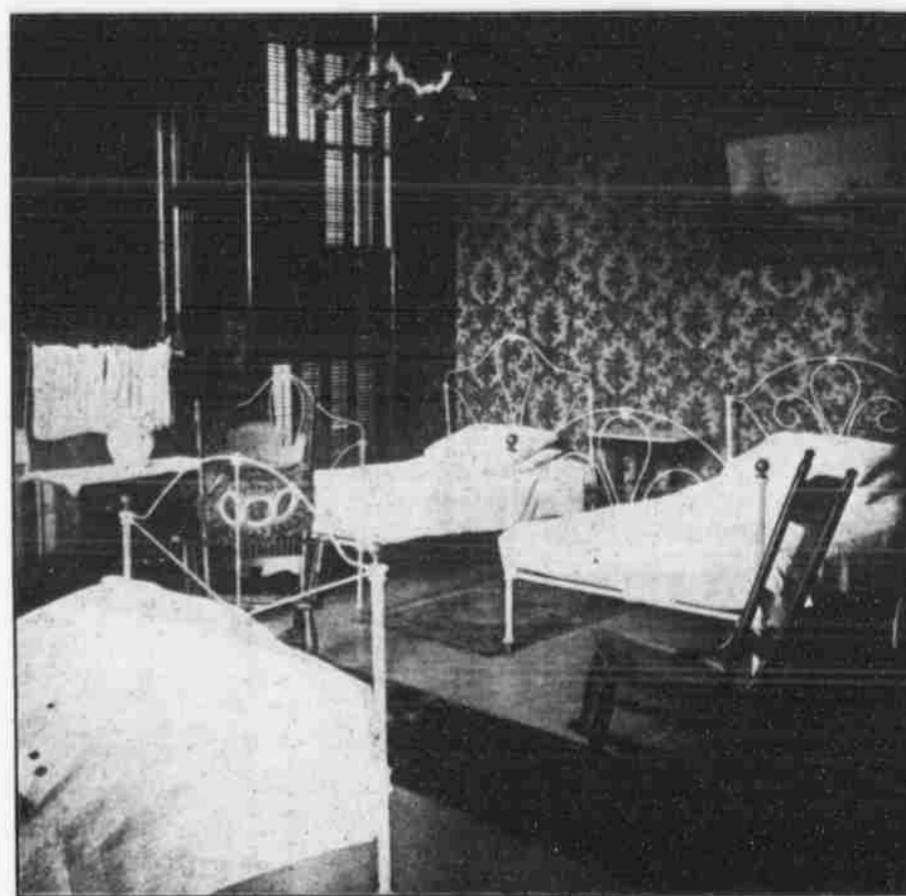


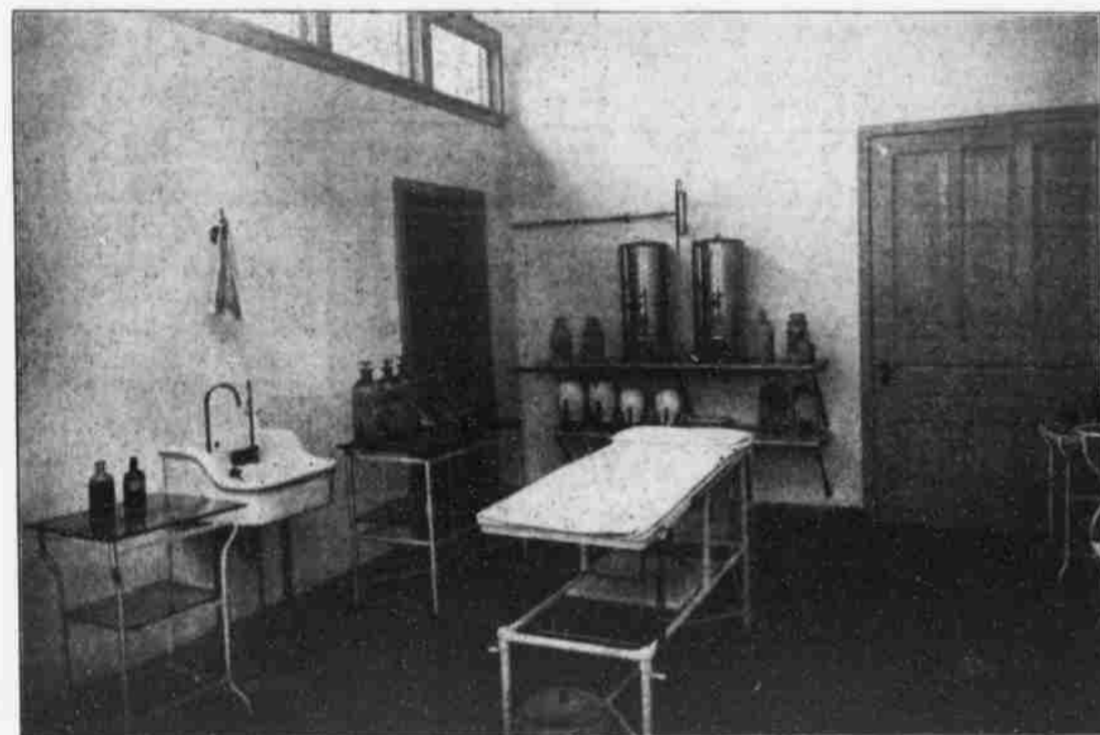
New Home of the Wise Memorial Hospital



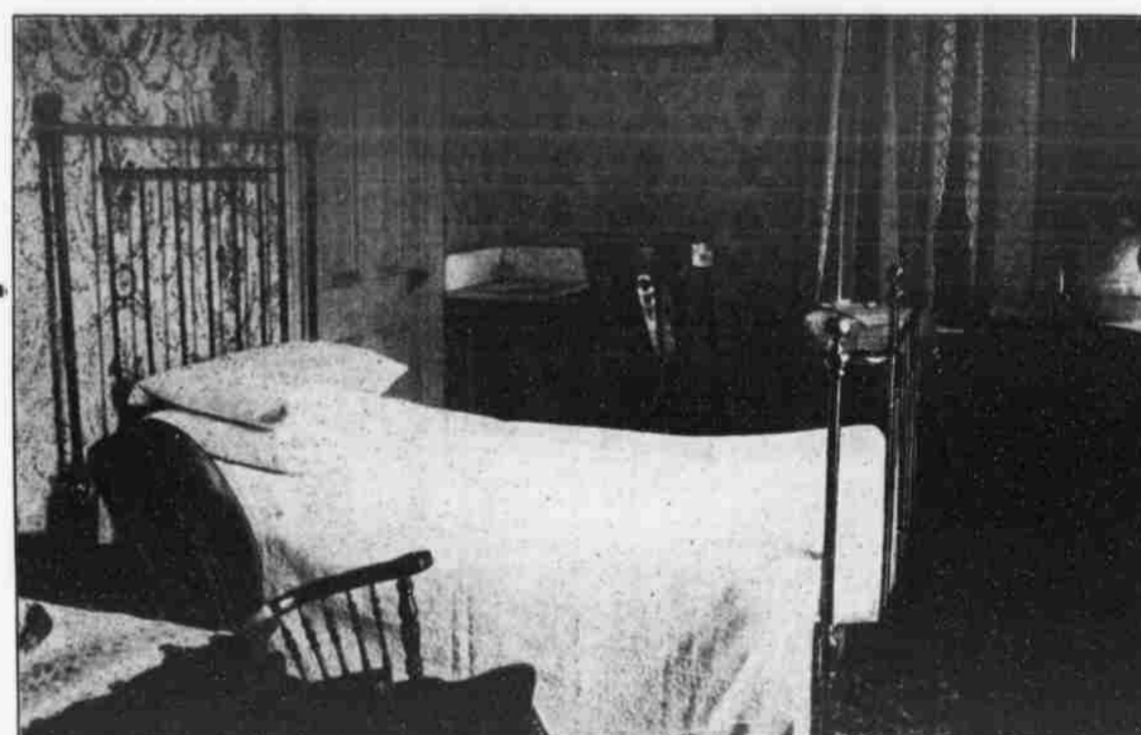
WISE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.—Photo by a Staff Artist.



CORNER OF A WARD.—Photo by a Staff Artist.



OPERATING ROOM, WISE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.—Photo by a Staff Artist.



PRIVATE ROOM IN WISE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.—Photo by a Staff Artist.

WHERE once the older aristocracy of Omaha met at smart functions or sat at great dinners, those "by human ills distressed" now spend the hours of their recuperation and know no greater feasting than the broths and dainties of invalids' fare. A broad green lawn, tree-studded and with a fountain in its center, that once served for fetes and lantern parties now has the gentler mission of providing for weary eyes a view restful and cheering. The house that was the J. J. Brown residence is now the Wise Memorial hospital.

In exterior appearance the great brick building, numbered 2225 Sherman avenue, is unchanged except for an enlargement on the north, but in its interior arrangements such alterations have been made as were necessary to make wards of bed chambers and parlors and the winding staircase has been sacrificed for one up which the helpless may be borne with greater ease and safety.

When the hospital corps, moving from 3208 Sherman avenue, took possession last month a little band of valiant women were among those who rejoiced, for they felt

that it was in a measure a crowning of their own long and patient efforts. Three years ago these women, Mrs. J. L. Brandeis, Mrs. J. Sonnenberg, Mrs. C. Schlank and Mrs. J. Rosenstein, began their campaign for the nucleus of a hospital fund. They secured half the proceeds of a benefit at the Orpheum theater; they conducted a booth at the street fair; they annexed a day's proceeds of a soda fountain and they collected \$2,500 in donations.

Incidentally they interested other women and some prominent business men, and when, early in November, 1901, they incorporated they had back of them about 175 supporters pledged to give a specified amount from month to month that the institution might be assured of income other than spasmodic donations. But the same women remained at the front and are no less active now than when their undertaking was in its swaddling clothes. Mrs. Brandeis is president and Mrs. Sonnenberg is vice president. Mrs. L. Levy is financial secretary. Mr. Isaac Kahn is corresponding secretary and Mr. A. Brown is treasurer. Associated with these on the board of directors are Messrs. J. L. Brandeis, J. Sonnenberg, C. Schlank, Isidor Ziegler and

Mesdames S. Arnstein, J. Lobman, M. Spiesberger and F. Frank.

The hospital takes its name from the eminent Rabbi Wise whose death occurred some two years ago, but it is distinctly a charitable institution and non-sectarian. The poor are admitted regardless of church affiliation and given the benefit of the best the institution affords. There are, of course, private rooms for those who prefer and who are able to contribute to the maintenance of the hospital, but of the 200 patients who have been cared for since the institution first opened in the old quarters, November 18 of last year, fifty have been charity charges. Two of the twenty-two now being cared for are of the same class.

The capacity in the new quarters is forty and to attend their wants are eight nurses under Miss Jennie M. Wheeler. On the staff of physicians and surgeons are Drs. Hoffman, Davis, Summers, Jonas, Allison, Bridges, Rosewater, Wearne, Goetz, Ludington and Owen. It was under their direction that the alterations in the interior arrangement were made. The old staircase was found inconvenient because of its spiral course and was promptly replaced by a straight one, up which litter

bearers may ascend without inconvenience to the patient. Electric lights and new plumbing were installed. Paint was applied. The private rooms and the wards, each with a capacity of seven were equipped with the immaculate white hospital beds. And to the north was builded as an annex to the main building a large apartment now fully equipped with all that modern surgery requires in the accomplishment of its difficult and marvelous mendings, and a sterilizing department and robing room for the surgeons' use. Miss Wheeler has been provided with a very cozy apartment and every effort made to create a homelike appearance so far as possible. The premises have been leased from Mrs. J. J. Brown for but three years, but nothing in the present equipment is suggestive of temporary makeshift.

Indeed the sponsors of the Wise Memorial hospital have no other thought than that it shall prove one of the enduring and thriving institutions of Omaha and the work in that behalf is more energetic now, perhaps, than ever. A donation of \$500 was received in September from A. Slimmer of Waverly, Ia., and many Omaha capitalists have given considerable amounts

but the sponsors of the institution continue to labor that the subscription list may grow and 400 names is now a much desired and apparently near attainment. Furthermore, there has been undertaken for the night of Thursday, December 11, a charity ball that is to be a more than ordinary event. The Metropolitan club on West Harney is to be used and will be elaborately decorated. A superior orchestra has been secured and the women interested in the hospital have started to canvass the smart set and the smaller social sets with the one determination that 500 couples shall be on the list.

"These women," said one of the staff of physicians, "are working wisely and well in a very good cause. When they leased the new premises I thought the surroundings ideal and the building inviting and cozy, but I feared the trains down under the bluffs to the east might disturb the patients. I have since discovered that they do not disturb even the most fretful and my last and only objection is removed. Out of nothing there has been builded without the aid of endowment or annuity a splendid institution where a splendid work is being done in a splendid way."

Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

GENERAL "Phil" Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident did he laugh the most. "Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day, when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: 'Well, begorrah, if you're goin' to get on, I'll get off.'"

In his lecture, "Love, Courtship and Marriage," delivered in the Lebanon Valley college chapel a few years ago, relates the Topeka Herald, Rev. John Dewitt Miller of Philadelphia said that men should kiss their wives as they did when they were a year or two married. When the lecture was over an old man went home, put his arm around his wife's neck and kissed her.

Meeting the lecturer some time after, he said, "It's no go."

"What isn't?" said the lecturer

"Vel," said the man, "ven I kissed my wife she said, 'Vat's gone wrong mit you, ye outt fool, ye?'"

As an instance of clever repartee, this which we find in the Boston Pilot is hard to beat. A distinguished lawyer and politician was traveling on a train when an Irishwoman came into the car with a basket, bundle, etc. She paid her fare, but the conductor passed by the lawyer without collecting anything. The good woman thereupon said to the lawyer: "An' faith an' why is it that the conductor takes the money of a poor woman an' don't ask ye, who seem to be a rich man, for anything?" The lawyer, who had a pass, replied: "My dear madam, I'm traveling on my beauty." The woman looked at him for a moment and then quickly answered: "An' is that so? Then ye must be very near yer journey's end."

There is a well known attorney in New York whose wife, to whom he is devotedly attached, is almost an invalid. On one oc-

casional the wife was suffering intensely from a nervous headache and thinking perhaps his voice might soothe her to sleep she asked him to read aloud to her, which he did as the colored maid went back and forth about the room, setting things in order for the night.

Presently the maid quietly withdrew to the kitchen below, where the old cook, Aunt Phyllis, was making ready to lock up and depart.

"Mr. Alex sho' is a good man," said the maid, beginning. "He settin' up dar readin' de Bible to Miss Alice, an' she sick."

"Go on, chile," answered Aunt Phyllis. "Don' you know Mr. Alex ain't readin' no Bible? He's a lawyer."

William Barbour, who was defeated for congress in the Sixth New Jersey district, reports the New York Times, ran counter to a strong feeling of state pride in his canvass because of his residence in New York.

The other day in Paterson he met a stanch Jerseyman, who said: "Sorry, I

couldn't vote for you, Colonel, but I thought we ought to elect a Jerseyman."

"Well, you must admit I am an American, at any rate," said Mr. Barbour, after explaining how he felt that his Jersey interests identified him with the state.

"America may be good enough for you," said the Paterson man, "but I prefer Jersey."

A delightful funny story comes across the water from Paris concerning a well known public man, who was recently presented by a Soudanese potentate with the Labaksi-Tapo Order of Merit. The recipient anxious to display the decoration at the earliest opportunity, applied at once to the ministry for permission to wear it. While readily granting the permission, the minister inquired, with the ghost of a smile:

"Do you know what the order is like?" "Certainly," replied the delighted applicant, "it is a beautiful gold ring and hanging from it a small red enamel pipe of peace. I should like to wear it."

"Of course, you may wear it, but accord-

ing to law you have to wear it as it is worn by the natives in Africa."

"And how might that be?"

"Why, with the ring through the nose."

The new knight of the Labaksi-Tapo order has not been heard of since.

"Why," said a lady, reproachfully, to her husband, "you know when I say Denmark I always mean Holland!" Perhaps the city girl in the following story, told by the Philadelphia Telegraph, allowed herself a similar latitude of expression:

She was sitting on the porch, lazily rocking to and fro, and watching the fireflies flitting about her companions and said, in a musing tone:

"I wonder if it is true that fireflies do get into the haystacks sometimes and set them afire?"

Everybody laughed at what was apparently a pleasantry, but the young lady looked surprised.

"Why," said she, "it was only yesterday that I saw in the paper an article headed, 'Work of Firebugs!' It said they had set a barn on fire. Really."