

Men and Women and Their Doings

ONE of the women's organizations of Omaha which knows how to do things is the Hiawatha Kensington. It is composed of women who live in the south part of the city, and who get together in regular sessions for the purpose of having an afternoon of pleasure. They undertake to solve no problems, and do not even debate serious matters. On the other hand, they simply pass the time in a way that is most pleasing to themselves. Topics of interest to housewives, daily experiences, incidents of the outside world and general small talk serve to occupy the time they spend in these weekly sessions, and the interest shown seems to justify the existence of the club. A staff artist was present at one of the club's meetings recently, and secured a picture that shows a number of pleasant and satisfied faces, proving that all women's club are not sources of discontent.

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Paine of Tecumseh, Neb., was celebrated at their home Saturday evening, January 23. A company of over fifty guests was in attendance and the host and hostess received many valuable presents, including two purses of gold which aggregated \$65. Mr. and Mrs. Paine were married in Cato, N. Y., and before coming to this county in 1879 had lived in Farmridge and Ottawa, Ill. They have lived in Tecumseh since 1886 and are of the very best citizens of that community.

Prof. M. W. Bartlett of the Iowa State Normal school at Cedar Falls, Ia., recently celebrated his golden jubilee as a teacher. On January 29 the event was observed by a special celebration in which the faculty of the normal school and other prominent Iowa educators joined. State Superintendent Sabin made the principal address, congratulating Prof. Bartlett on his long and successful career as a pedagogue, and illustrating from his example the value of a life thus spent in the service of other lives. Prof. Bartlett is still a well preserved and vigorous man, and bids fair to go on for many years "teaching the young idea how to shoot." The photograph from which his picture in this number was made was taken several years ago, but is still a good likeness.

Hon. G. A. Luikhart of Norfolk, who was dangerously hurt in a runaway accident on the streets a few days ago, is one of the leading German citizens of the state. He is a democrat in politics and came to the front a few years ago, when the fusionists attained the ascendancy in state affairs. He is a close personal friend of Senator Allen and W. J. Bryan, and it has been stated that had Mr. Bryan been elected president in 1896 he would have made Mr. Luikhart his minister to Germany. Mr. Luikhart is extensively interested in banking and mercantile affairs, and is one of the most successful business men in the northern part of Nebraska. He was trampled under foot by a spirited horse on the evening of January 30, and received injuries that were at first thought to be fatal, but which have since proven to be not necessarily so, and a strong chance for his recovery is now believed to exist by his attending physicians. His face will be badly disfigured, if he does recover, as he was terribly cut by the sharp calks on the horse's shoes.

A Japanese War Song

When Japan sent a party of naval officers and sailors to this country to take charge of the cruiser Kasagi, built by the Cramps, they taught one of the Japanese war songs to their American acquaintances. Here is how the Japanese version ran in part:

Tenshin joyaku bakai hashi
Toyo heiwa no giwo shiranu.
Momoi ganko no chan-chan ga,
Burei kiwamaru furumaiwa,
Setshi yakuwan kogai bifun,
Nippon danshino udemaidu,
Yaban no gume o yaburanto.

Translated the song is as follows:

"The Tientsin treaty has been broken. The extremely discourteous conduct of the barbarous and stubborn Chinese, failing to recognize the value of peace in the east, causes teeth to be set and arms folded, while public sentiment is sorrowful and angry.

"To break this dream of barbarism by the power of the Japanese soldiery, our reinforcements are continually advancing, with flags floating bravely.

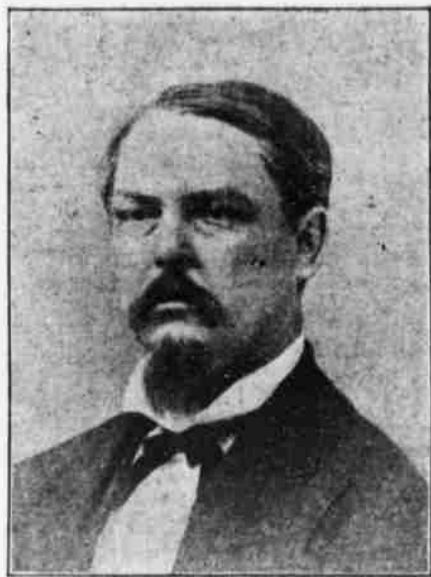
"Both in the desperate battle of the Gulf of Pechili and in an attack on the province of Selkio, we displayed the national prowess by slaughtering the Chinese fighting against our country.

"We are marching through a country in which the scorching heat blisters the flesh. We are passing through fire and water, but we do not care. The enemy's projectiles comes like hail. The corpses are piled mountain high at Heijo. Blood discolors the waters of Wei-hai-wei, but our soldiers, never retreating an inch, easily capture the Chinese fort.

"Grasping 400 provinces with one hand and planting the flag of the Rising Sun on the castle of Peking let us return in triumph. For you are to be an example



HIAWATHA KENSINGTON CLUB—ONE OF THE SOCIAL ORGANIZATIONS OF OMAHA.—Photo by a Staff Artist.



M. W. BARTLETT, MEMBER OF FACULTY OF IOWA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT IOWA FALLS, Ia.



G. A. LUIKHART, NORFOLK, Neb.

of the military clan, increasing the fame of the nation.

"Human life is only fifty years. If we are reluctant to lose it, we become disloyal to the emperor for generations.

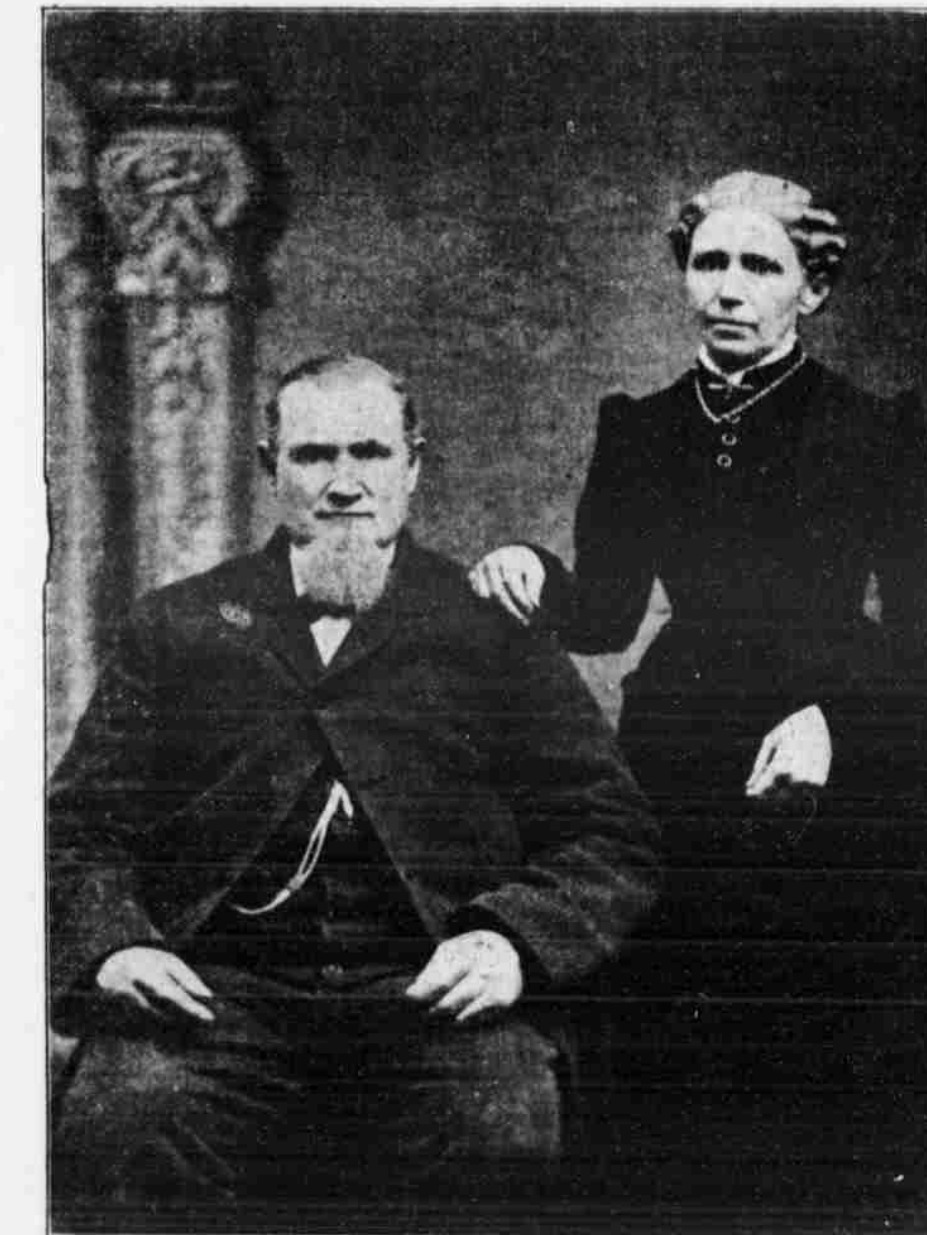
"Two ways lie open before us: The loyal way is to die. Let our motto be to continue fighting until we fall exhausted.

"This is the most satisfactory solution. How desirous. Hoy joyful."—New York Sun.

A Double Resurrection

General Barlow of the union army fell wounded and, it was thought, dying, during the first day of the battle of Gettysburg, and within the confederate lines. General Gordon, cantering by, saw him and recognized him. Dismounting, he approached the prostrate man and inquired what he could do for him.

"I am dying," said Barlow. "Just reach into my coat pocket, draw out the letter



MR. AND MRS. ED M. PAINE, TECUMSEH, Neb., WHO RECENTLY CELEBRATED THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING.

you find there, and read it to me. It is from my wife."

Gordon read the letter.

"Now, general," said Barlow, "please destroy that letter. I want you to notify her—she is in the town over yonder—what has happened to me."

"I will," replied Gordon.

He sent for Mrs. Barlow, giving her safe conduct through the southern lines, and then rode away, certain that Barlow's death was a question of only a few hours at most.

But Barlow did not die. His wife came promptly, and had him removed to the town of Gettysburg, where she nursed him so faithfully that he recovered.

Many years passed, until one night both generals were guests at a dinner in Washington. Some one brought them together and formally introduced them. Time had altered the personal appearance of both.

"Are you any relation to the General Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg?" asked Gordon.

"Yes, a very near relation," answered Barlow, with a laugh. "I am the very man who was killed. But I have been informed that a man named Gordon lost his life in battle later on. He saved my life at Gettysburg. Are you any kin to that man?"

"I am he," was the reply.

Both heroes laughed as they gave each other a heartier handshake.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Never Satisfied

"My husband," complains the wife, "is so Puritanical! He does not believe in theaters, dancing, card playing, clubs or any of the modern forms of amusement."

"Indeed?" murmurs the confidant. "But (soothingly) you should remember that you took him for better or worse."

"I know; and I can't help thinking how much better it would be if he were worse."—Judge.