

The old mill a mile or two south of the city stands stenciled against the fading line of western sunset, its sloping roof seemingly touching the sky and its cheerless bulk casting far-away shadows across the fields. The last rays of the evening sun top the hill and flood the open windows and doors of the mill until it looks like a huge tin lantern punctured full of light points. Cobweb nets hang in the corners and float from rafter to rafter and everywhere dust of the prairie has covered the white fine powder that settles over every mill. An old circular stone rests against one end of the building and broken bits of beams and machinery show dimly in the gathering dust. Birds fly in and out the windows, but their direction is mostly inward—for it is night. A cat pokes her head out of a door, stretches backward on her fore-feet and creeps stealthily away through the long waving grass. A dog turns off from the road toward the place but bears a sound and stops short with head erect and one foot half-raised. Then he turns back and hastens on toward the city. For two men with baggy, ill-fitting garments, dusty shoes and shapeless hats, whose faces even in the twilight are dark and forbidding, have made their way along the deserted railway grade, and entered the shadow of the old mill, dragging a heavy sack between them.

The rim of crimson light above the hill sinks lower and lower and the shadows fall deeper until the ruined mill melts away in the gathering gloom while the low, vibrating hoot of an owl comes echoing from its silent depths.

The husband of the family held quite a prominent place on the Burlington in those days and naturally the whole household were wrapped up in the road. Its service, extensions, equipment and general prosperity made up their life. One evening the family entertained a few friends. In one corner the husband was talking with several gentlemen and the conversation had drifted back to their school days, while the wife bustled about to see if all were having a pleasant time. In passing the corner where the gentlemen were talking, the word "algebra" struck her ears.

"Algebra? Algebra? What town is that, Mark? Is it a new station on the Burlington? I never heard it before."

"No!" replied the husband rather sourly, "it's the name of a new sleeper the Pullman people sent through this morning. Good name, don't you think?"

H. G. SHEDD.

THE MODERN POEM.

He wrote a poem  
with intricate rhymes,  
With care, it was  
cunningly wrought,  
Embellished with words  
of delicate sound,  
And filled with  
ennobling thought.

But the editor man  
sent it hurrying home,  
With a note of much  
culture and grace,  
Saying "Write me a poem  
just two inches long,  
I need it to fill  
some spare space."

So he wrote a few lines  
of meaningless rot,  
And sent it post haste  
through the mail,  
And he found it next month  
at the foot of a page,  
"Twas just the right  
length for a sale."

—William Reed Dunroy.

When the lion and the lamb lie down together it's 10 to 1 they get up together.

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- President, Mrs. Geo. L. Meissner, 1512 D street.
- First vice president, Mrs. Ida Kelley, 839 North Twenty-third street.
- Second vice-president, Mrs. H. H. Wheeler, 1517 H street.

Jackson park is almost as good as a graveyard to make one feel the fleeting character of the work of humanity. It gave me a sort of melancholy pleasure—the same feeling I have when I meet a funeral procession,—to look over the ruins of the Columbia Exposition. Most of the park has been cleared up but there still remains in the south part long rows of blackened stumps that used to be, I understand, solid masonry. One heavy masonry bridge across the lagoon from the Court of Honor still remains. But its companion, sad to tell, burned to the water and has been replaced by a more substantial structure of planking. The stone part of the wall around the Court of Honor has peeled off into the water leaving a board fence little more beautiful than the docks along the Chicago river.

North and south of the Court of Honor stumps mark the foundations of what were marble palaces once. Far to the south are a few dilapidated statues that look very much like born scarecrows. Near the Court of Honor is what is left of two plaster animals of some sort, horses I should judge, from the remains. It was hard to keep back the thought that always comes when I look at mammoth bones and things like that, "This must have been alive sometime." These remains are different of course from the ordinary pre-historical bones. Iron pipes and wooden laths may not be quite as suggestive of former life as decayed teeth a foot in width, but the suggestion is here. Some of the plaster though cracked, still keeps the form of a massive shoulder; and that helps.

The one thing of the fair that will probably be permanent is the group of brick foundations that were necessary to hold the machinery in the Machinery Hall. These are put down in cement and cannot be removed without being blasted.

The Art Building is the one remaining building from the Exposition and unless I guess wrong, it will not remain always. They have had to put up wire netting to keep on some of the fresco work now, and patches show all over the walls where holes have been plastered up.

The plaster lions near the door are peeling off all down their backs—sun-burned I suppose. And the tall maidens on whose tired heads rests the cornice need their faces washed sadly.

The inside of this building however is more hopeful. At least there are enough interesting things to look at to distract one's attention from the rooms themselves.

I wandered past the beautiful collection of old Roman copper vessels and lamps, green with age, through the Columbus room where there is an array of portraits of Columbus and everybody and thing connected with him, on into a second room where they keep books, maps, documents and articles that have anything to do with him or his time. Here are worn eaten doors of the house Columbus lived in, shortly after his marriage, rude affairs built like barn doors of planks running up and down and with a lock and key of hand worked iron not any too smoothly done, that made me think involuntarily of pirates and their massive treasure chests locked probably with rough keys like this.

These doors and the lock suggest a great deal of the rude mechanic world Columbus lived in. One of the maps tell a tale of odd childishness among scholars. It is a map that King Henry of France had made for him by geographers. It was probably considered then a marvel of accuracy and scientific thought. But imagination must have got the upper hand of the staid geographers, for they made Australia reach around the southern point of Africa, across the Atlantic ocean and well to the west of Cape Horn, and with the idea that if the earth was round, the equator must be higher up than the poles. They have written all the names in the northern hemisphere upside down. Scattered over the map are trees to emphasize the distinction between land and sea. These, too, point up in South America, and down on the other side of the equator.

From the Columbus room I went to the zoology rooms where I specially got lost among stuffed animals. My consciousness tells me that Darwin is right when he says we are related to monkeys. For, after gazing at awkward walruses and suggestively posed snakes and lions, I felt real relief when I found some stuffed monkeys, and a little farther on monkey skeletons. They seemed so wholesomely like old friends of mine. The skeletons I could hardly have told from human skeletons.

In the last room of the zoology alcove

I found the Esquimo collection, especially interesting on account of the new gold fields. I tried to imagine myself washing gold in the Klondike region. Before me was long rows of fur garments, clumsy for hoods and shoes. It must be cold there. Near the door were some odd looking wraps made of fish skin. They were for damp weather. It must be foggy there. Across were snow shoes and dog sledges made without nails by tying wood together with thongs. There must be snow and ice there. Even the little Esquimo dolls told their story of climate. Their painted, flat wooden faces looked out from fur hoods and their bodies were muffled in fur coats. The prospect in such a climate was not altogether pleasant, even with a little gold dust thrown in.

I did not see why this Esquimo collection was placed in the zoology alcove, lack of room, perhaps. But it seemed almost an insinuation against their standing in the social scale. Yet, on account of the furs and fish skins, the collection did not seem altogether out of place. There seemed to be less of the human about it than about the other ethnological collections across the corridors.

After seeing all these stuffed forms to illustrate the animals of the different countries, I came into these ethnology rooms almost expecting to see stuffed Indians and Chinese. And indeed the museum has come as near this as is possible considering the difficulty there might be in getting men for stuffing; for there are elaborate collections of clothing from the different people, casts of typical faces, and mummies in all styles; the most respectable being of course the Egyptian.

The Peruvian mummies in the collection here are not so well preserved as the mummies in the University of Nebraska museum, but there are better collections of articles found with the mummies, corn, dishes, flags, work boxes and spindle. And of course there is a greater variety of positions that the mummies have taken. They seem to have been left in the positions they assumed when they died and so give an impression much more vivid than that left by the Egyptian mummies who take things with the calmness of the rich fields and broad stream of the Nile, and lie straight and composed, in the position befitting civilized mummies. One of the Peruvian mummies is posed in an especially ghastly way, with his head thrown up and back over his shoulder, and with his face contorted by a sardonic uncanny grin. I think there is nothing quite so fascinating to me as mummies. I did not take the same interest in other collections. The bright parrot-feather ornament of the other South American Indians, the old boats of the West Indians and the beads and buckskin of the North American Indians were just ordinary curiosities.

To the outfit of a Navajo medicine man, with its hundreds of little charms and its hundreds of little leather bags of medicine, is tacked a naively sarcastic explanation:

"It would appear that he strove to unite the practice of native magic with the art of the ordinary white medical practitioner. It is said that he succeeded in killing so many of his patients that he was finally expelled from his tribe and driven from his country."

We are left free to infer why he was so successful.

By an odd coincidence the collection of beaded baby cradles is next to the collection of Indian scalp-locks. I came to the cradles first. They were worn some of them and rather dirty, but the careful beading and the fine leather fringe along the edge were unmistakable evidence of happy motherhood. Perhaps after all, I thought, I had not given the Indians due credit as human beings.