

maids of honor have a dreary time and are forbidden any fun. You would have been disabused on that idea if you had seen the pile of music of the "Geisha" and "Shop Girl" type that went with the court to Cimiez, in the spring. It is a condition of the post that the maid of honor should be able to play and sing and accompany at sight. The Queen often asks for a given song and expects to get it immediately, but she does not insist upon classic works; she can enjoy "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note," and Miss Lambert, one of her most musical attendants, used even to do "Tararaboom-deay." The banjo is not forbidden in the royal presence, and Chevalier's new songs are always welcome. Every maid of honor is styled "Honorable" during her time of service which terminates only on her marriage, and she has £300 a year to dress on, besides a handsome dowry. She is only on duty three months of each year, so on the whole Miss Edwards is a lucky little maid.

Speaking of dowries reminds me of a story going the rounds to the effect that the Queen is about to give a dot to Lady Anne Coventry on her marriage with Prince Victor Duleep Singh. It is not likely to be true; the only contingency which would make it so would be the acceptance by the Prince of a high official post in India, and on this the India Office would be likely to have much to say, as it has already had about the marriage, which will probably be delayed considerably by red-tape formalities.

The Duchess of Hamilton's marriage rather startled everybody, as it is only two years since the Duke's death. However, the poor lady had rather a miserable time with him, for their tastes were totally dissimilar. The Duchess of Devonshire's eldest daughter does not care much for town life and social triumphs; her passion is for hunting and all country pursuits; whereas her husband cared nothing for these, but only for yachting, which she detests! He left her badly off, too, and settled everything he could on the young daughter, Lady Mary, who will be a great catch for somebody when she comes out. But now the Duchess, in Mr. Carnaby Foster, has found a mate whose tastes coincide with her own. Their estates are near, so they are friends for some years' standing. All her people are pleased at the marriage.

It is a great pity that the king of Siam could not have come to London earlier; he would have been such a nice person to lionize. However, the Grenfells were probably not sorry to occupy their lovely Taplow court themselves until after Henley. His Majesty (you really must not expect me to spell, or even to remember his name) is quite a nice looking young fellow, with a record of many good deeds, and a mind both kind and cultured.

He is an ardent Buddhist, but is not averse to the work of Christians among his subjects, nor does he attempt to interfere with religious freedom. However, he doesn't approve of all we do. One day he agreed to go and see the British service on Sunday, at Bangkok. He started with a numerous retinue, but when he got to the building he found the usual number of coolies sitting outside in the broiling sun, swinging punkahs to keep the inside cool. Thereupon he went away. "No," said he; "if you Christians can't worship your God without keeping a lot of heathen toiling in the sun all the while, I've quite enough of your religion." Another time, when someone was alleging that Christianity increases the happiness of nations, he smiled quietly, and merely said: "I think the King of Siam's people are happier than those of the Tear of Russia."

He is a practical Buddhist, if you please; for instance, he has a walled-in central portion of his palace, where 3,000 lovely women dwell, and where he is the

only man allowed to enter. In this earthly Garden of Eden there are female policemen and even a god—which shows that the serpent has entered it! But it is a sweet place all the same. It is known as "The Inside," so far as it is known at all; but in Siam it is a breach of etiquette to mention it either in speech or in writing! The orthodox wives seem to live quite contentedly with the favorites of less exalted rank; but then, the king hates disputes. One thing which he did in order to avoid any question of such things, was to secure the succession by marrying all his half-sisters when he came to the throne! His favorite ladies are treated with such reverence that one of them lost her life some years ago in consequence of the sacredness of her person. She was proceeding to some country house of his and was going down the river in a gay houseboat, towed by a steam launch, when at a sudden bend, the boat upset. Of all the spectators attracted by her cries not one was of a rank that entitled him to touch her, so she was drowned before sufficiently exalted assistance could be procured! The king erected several splendid monuments and a hospital to perpetuate her memory.

Fancy Princess Louise coming out as an architect! She is getting quite Scotch in her "eye to the main chance," but then her husband is not at all well off. Her latest achievement—the designing of a new wing to a pretty Highland inn, and the painting of a signboard for the same establishment—is a bit of good business for the astute proprietor as well as for herself, no doubt.

One anecdote about poor Jean Ingelow will make you smile. While she was living in town she wrote exquisitely about the song of the nightingale, which she had never heard. At last some friend, determined that she should hear it, asked her down to the country house. On a lovely moonlit night the party went into the garden, Miss Ingelow full of eagerness, and when a burst of thrilling song caused every one's face to brighten, she said, with a puzzled air, "Are they singing now? I can't hear anything." However, the mystery was soon explained. She was a Londoner, with a dread of country "draughts," and she had forgotten to take the cotton-wool out of her ears!

You will be glad to hear that Nicolini has rallied again, and is so much better that Patti is again going to have some of her summer house parties. This week her guests include Isidore de Lara and the Prince and Princess of Monaco.

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Round trip tickets will be sold by the North western line to points on dates and at rates mentioned below:

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For further particulars call on or write, A. S. Fielding, City Ticket Agent 117 S 10th. st., Lincoln, Nebr.

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Geo. W. Bonnell, C. P. & T. A.

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My Day at Chautauqua.

I was invited to speak in the department of social economics at Chautauqua. The subject on which I was requested to make an address was "The Influence of Club Life on the Home," and as I had very decided ideas on that subject I welcomed the occasion to air them. I knew about Chautauqua in a vague way, about the courses of study and the power which the movement had been in the educational world, and from the many invitations which I had received to speak at other chautauquas, I could form some idea of the extent of the movement, but really to understand it one must go to Chautauqua.

I arrived at the foot of the lake on a very hot July day; the train was several hours late, owing to heavy rains and washouts, and to get off the hot car and walk out on the pier was a delightful experience. The great storm clouds were scudding over the blue waters and, though the lake is narrow, it was very rough. Quite large steamers ply between the lower and upper lake, and they go so often that it is a very animated scene. These steamers are usually crowded, but as the day was stormy and the lake rough, there were comparatively few passengers.

Lake Chautauqua is one of the lovely series of lakes of Western New York, of which Cayuga is the most beautiful. Chautauqua is a pretty lake, the banks are low, well wooded and thickly settled, farm houses and pleasant country homes being situated all the way from Lakewood to Chautauqua on the banks.

On the lake it was so cool that a wrap was pleasant, and when the steamer came to the wharf at Chautauqua Assembly it seemed as if hundreds of people were awaiting its arrival. All was bustle, but admirable order prevailed. The arrangements for baggage, etc., are so complete that the incoming and outgoing crowds do not even jostle each other, and the absence of disorder and the pushing of a struggling crowd, which is so un-

pleasant to encounter, is entirely absent, owing to the system which prevails. This same order and system extends through all the place. There were ten thousand people at the assembly, and still one was perfectly unconscious of so large a crowd in so small a space.

It is now twenty-five years since Bishop Vincent established the chautauqua system of education, and it is so thoroughly reduced to a system that the great assemblies come and go without confusion or conflict. For one reason the interests are so diversified that the crowd is more or less scattered, though twice during the day, at the morning lecture and in the evening after supper, when the band plays on the porch of the Athenaeum hotel, some conception can be formed of the large number of people in attendance.

The Athenaeum hotel is well kept with an excellent table and is really the headquarters of the chautauqua system, the office of the association being in the hall of the hotel, and at the hotel you meet all the speakers in the different courses.

After one has been to Chautauqua one season it is easy to make a choice of the courses one desires to attend, and, having made that choice, it is not difficult to avoid conflicting attractions. Some one has wisely said that to be able to make a choice and adhere to it is the great lesson needed by the women of the nineteenth century, and I was lost in admiration of the habits of the Chautauqua system, who go season after season for one, two or three weeks, follow their course and leave without being disturbed by the thousand and one clever speakers and attractive programs presented. One lady told me that she had visited Chautauqua for ten seasons, had always taken a course in Hebrew and Biblical literature, and had left at the termination of the course. I doubt if she had been in the amphitheatre more than twenty times. Another young lady told me that she had been to Chautauqua for six seasons for the courses in Greek, and she seemed entirely oblivious to any other attraction.

There are, of course, a certain number of people who go there to pass the time, and it is a very good way of passing time. They hear much that is interesting and instructive, and if they hear too much that is their own fault and not the fault of the system, which is admirably conceived and not