

ADDITIONAL CLUBS

The Ashland Woman's club entertained the members of the Plattsmouth and Weeping Water clubs Thursday, May 12. The interchange of courtesies between these three clubs has become a source of great pleasure to all the clubs. Last year they met at Plattsmouth, and many old friendships were renewed Thursday. The thirty guests were met at the train by the club's president, Mrs. Fales and Mrs. Hicks. In the afternoon from 3 to 5 a charming reception was held at the home of Mrs. Harnsberger. The house was artistically decorated with the club colors, violet and pink, draperies of both colors being drawn from the chandelier in the library to the corners of the room.

Beneath this canopy the speakers later stood, surrounded by masses of pink roses and lilacs. In the dining room a beautiful flag extended across one side. Mrs. Harnsberger was assisted in receiving by Mesdames Wiggenhorn, Fales and Shedd. Miss Dora Wiggenhorn, assisted by several young ladies in pretty light dresses, served in the dining room.

About eighty people, including the club's forty members, enjoyed the warm hospitality so generously extended.

In the evening the same company met once more at the same beautiful home, and this time felt acquainted with all.

Pretty programs were distributed, bearing on their face the charming welcome from Coriolanus:

"A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep.

And I could laugh. I am light, and heavy, welcome.

A curse begin at every root of his heart, That is not glad to see thee!"

The Ashland club may well be proud of the dignity of the presiding officer. The cordiality and sincerity of her few words of welcome were but the expression of the true spirit of hospitality already experienced in a more practical form by the visitors. Mrs. Davis responded gracefully for the clubs of Plattsmouth. Each club was represented on the program. A discussion of fifteen minutes was allowed after the first paper, "the punishment of children" by Mrs. Parmale of Plattsmouth. In fact the interest in the subject became so great, and speakers so ready to speak and bright in personal reminiscences, that the one topic could easily have occupied the evening. One advocate of corporal punishment advocated a peach tree switch. She said she realized that those trees were scarce nowadays, but in her childhood, a flourishing peach tree existed at her home, which gradually shrunk away while leaving marked benefits in her temper. Mrs. Murty and Mrs. Travis both discussed the club question with its power for brightening and ennobling the lives of women. The topics while similar, were treated quite differently. Mrs. Ingersoll, president of the Zetetic club, gave an interesting review of the Beth Book. Even those who had not read the book obtained a fair knowledge of its plot and object.

Mrs. Laverty of Ashland foretold the attractions to be expected at Omaha this summer and the beauty of the buildings and surroundings.

Two musical numbers, a rippling piano number, by Mrs. Steele, and Dens's May Morning, by Miss Patterson, completed the program. Together the assembled club women sang together the stirring strains of America, and parted for the night. Friday morning all met together at the train, with grateful adieus and hopes of another reunion.

"Lester dear," said Mrs. Giddings, anxiously to her husband, "I don't like that cough of yours."

"I'm sorry," replied Giddings, "but it is the best I have."

A Dinner in Bohemia.

On Easter eve, after the odds and ends of shopping were done, the young author and Florita decided to dine in Bohemia. They crossed the town toward the east.

A Hungarian orchestra, inaudible while they were carried along the street by the rush of the rude north wind, whirled them into its warmer and not less wild embrace when they opened the street door of the cafe. The house had been a magnificent old family mansion in its day.

"Well, let's begin with oysters," shouted the Author to Florita above the din of plates and music and talk.

"What! in Bohemia?"

"Oh, they want to please all kinds of people. You may have a gulyas next, and be Hungarian, if you like. A cocktail and oysters for two. There's Goodhue the publisher, the one who rejected my last story. Do you see? With that brilliant-haired man. I wonder who he is?"

"He looks as brilliant as his hair."

"If he were very clever, he'd peroxide his fiery crimps."

The guests of such resorts include those who lend themselves or the time, to a pretence of identical tolerance, be it some grim seeker for brutal truth, or the woman of society who writes in gloves. All seem to consent to forego rigid conventionality; the obscure or the pious, sincere or trifling; the epicurean dilettante, or the woman of half-the-world, and take their places beside the musician or the artist, and, it may happen, beside his wife.

The music stopped and the oysters were served with tiny time-worn trident forks. After the very brief period needed to consume this course, the Author noticed a charming face vis-a-vis, set off by the white marble of the elaborately carved mantel. He gazed meditatively. Florita glanced about.

"Do you like that shade of rose around her neck?" she asked.

"Charming!"

"I bought some velvet of that same color today. They call it cerise. How white it makes her look!"

"Reminds me of those red guillotine collars they wore in the reign of terror. Do you think she's pretty?"

"Well, rather. He's good looking, don't you think?"

"Oh, not over. How much in love he seems."

"Did you see her put her hand on his shoulder? Is that champagne?"

"Yes. Now let's try every course, and try all the dishes we don't know. Waiter, Eiergerstel, for two!"

A Bohemian in New York may be any one from a man of the world who has an artistic bias, to the foreign beggar, trying to live by his brush or pen. The opulent publisher may hide threadbare ideals by the side of a Bohemian Jew, who lavishes his rich store of life on romance.

"What a medley!"

"Yes, there's a medley in that one crowd next to us. Newspaper men, they are mostly. I don't know just what set. They seem to be giving a dinner to the blondish artist with a beard, whom one would swear to be a doctor."

"I wonder why art and medical students look so much alike, sometimes?"

"Brutal experiences, probably."

"Dealing with flesh, perhaps! What a noise those reporters make over their artist!"

"No, I have it! That's the fellow who has just brought out a pathological study he calls a novel. True scientific method. No gloves, no phrases, all paragraphs."

An eager talker whose deep-set eyes were near together, was declaiming sea stories more and more loudly. The table of young men was convulsed. Florita could have reached out her hand

and touched the narrator, he was so near.

"The captain had to put all the passengers in the hold! The men had to use marlinspikes by G—d!"

"When he talks about marlinspikes, I know he's romancing," remarked the Author.

"Who is that great man with the shaggy black beard? He seems to be interested in me."

"Oh, he is an anarchist, I take it. Notice the big, leonine fellow who has just come in. He is a new dramatist; and the fat, grey-haired boy with him, is talking over something of importance. Probably wants the leading part in the new play.... She looks at me so often, I think she's quite taken, Florita."

"Nonsense! Her companion is a very attractive man."

"Hel Stupid and heavy, I think!"

"Yes, heavy, but that is not bad. He is not so much in love as she is."

"He doesn't know how to behave! With such a charming woman he should try to be more entertaining."

"She doesn't give him a chance."

"What enormous hands he has, and see those pink cuffs!"

"Her hands are too small."

"But very white, and her face too."

"It's that pink collar. I wish you would look at me now and then. Just for appearances, you know. Pretend you are a little interested!"

"Madame, I am at your service!"

"The captain stayed on the bridge all night,—on my life! The whole damned crew were frightened to death!" shouted the man at the next table. His audience had dwindled to one who had the misfortune to be wedged in between him and the wall.

"And is this gulyas? Why didn't you tell me it was nothing but a ragout?"

"I thought you wouldn't like it. Try some Rind-burst with prunellen?"

"No more experiments, please. I will wait for the chicken and paprika."

"Well, I shall experiment with this Hungarian 'mastica,' said to be very intoxicating. Now that cymbale marks the waltz time; should you say Strauss?"

"Viennese, surely. But the cymbale never marks time. It is the base viol. Don't you hear that throb, at the first beat of the measure?"

"The cymbale seems to me to give the rhythm. It is so light, so graceful."

"I like the great viol better. It is more virile."

"The delicacy of the cymbale appeals to me. If I were a girl I would fall in love with the cymbale player."

"A man is no judge of what type of man a woman will like; your charmer is growing livelier."

"Too much champagne. I wonder how he likes that?"

"He is becoming absolutely stationary."

"I believe she is older than he is. She has a small hint of a double chin."

"Oh, those soft, white women have that in youth. He is certainly composed. And he looks strong."

"I could easily do him up!"

"My dear, I shouldn't like to see you try. He is a tall and heavy man."

"I could down him in one blow."

"You couldn't! Look at the size of his hands, and his determined chin."

"I could get the better of him in ten minutes!"

The violin wailed forth in a long-drawn breath of the music of Hungary, and the cymbale crossed it with a down-sweep of its resounding strings. The viol groaned passionately, and there was a melodious blur of sound, suddenly resolving itself into a curious little turn which in such music precedes a final chord.

"Check, waiter," said the Author. He drained the thick, brown drops of mastica.

"Ask him for finger bowls, as an experiment," said Florita.

The couple by the fire place looked toward them when they rose with free glances of casual interest; the anarchist turned a brave stare; a pretty, painted Jewess, in pearl-grey feathers, pertly scrutinized Florita's tailor made gown as she and the Author went out buoyantly toward home and the spring time.

FLORENCE EMERSON.

DAWN ON THE PLAINS.

A vast oppressive silence,
deep as death,
The sky above, faint
sprinkled with a few
Dim fading stars,
that feebly flicker, like
A firefly in the early
evening dew.

A dusky darkness
over all the plains;
The misty distances
unending lie,
The grayish shadows
of the night-kissed land
Are woven with the
shadows of the sky.

When lo! a sudden
glory floods the east,
The curtain of the night
is rent in twain
Like the veil that parted
in the holy place,
When on calvary,
the lamb of God was slain,

And in the east the tossing
plumes of morn
Are shaking splendors
through the pearly sky;
While through the ambient air,
there bursts a sound
Of wild birds singing,
as they wing on high.

And soon the prairies flash
with countless gems,
The blades of grass
encrusted with a weight
Of jewels richer than
a royal crown,
The wild flow'rs bending
with a priceless freight.

At last above the jewelled
plain appears
The dazzling, regal ruler
of the day,
And every bush seems
like the one of old
Where God was,
and the plain a place to pray.

—William Reed Dunroy.

"I just hate this war talk," said Mrs. Spudds. "It takes up so much room in the paper that there isn't any room left to tell what women are going to wear this spring."

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