

CLUBS.

[Continued from Page 5.]

tation was given to Mrs. Smith as she stepped to her new place. There was still some waiting for the report of the tellers upon minor committees and Mrs. Heller occupied the time with a report of her visit to Washington, where she represented the club at the National Congress of Mothers.

Announcement was made by Mrs. McKelvey that the city improvement committee would hold a public meeting at Creighton hall on Wednesday evening, and the new department for the study of the French language emphasized its meeting on Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Definite information has been received from the Philadelphia delegation to the annual meeting of the National Federation of Women's clubs which meets in Denver in June. The Philadelphia delegation will stop at Omaha enroute to take part in the "Omaha prelude" to the annual convention. Nearly all of the eastern delegations have announced a determination to do the same thing and June 18 and 19, the dates fixed for this gathering of the clans from all sections, promise to be a notable occasion. Women of national reputation will be here and the exercises will be of a most interesting nature.

The information from Philadelphia announces that a delegation of thirty women will start from the city of brotherly love for the west and will put in two full days in Omaha. Among the women constituting this delegation are several of national reputation, including Mrs. Edward Longstreth, Mrs. Mumford, Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, president of the Civic club of Philadelphia and a woman of great prominence in public matters, Miss Agnes Repplier, author and critic, Miss Clara de Graffenreid of the United States bureau of labor.

BY THE WAY, HOW ABOUT THAT SUMMER TRIP?

Which way are you going this year? We want a word with you on the subject. You know it's our business to help you out in plans for a railroad or steamship trip and we are always glad to do so. But we need your assurance to start with. Just tell us where you want to go and we will furnish you with plans and specifications in the shape of routes, rates, time schedules, luxury of equipment, etc., etc.

Remember that this year we are more in the passenger business than ever. If you doubt this statement please go to the corner of Ninth and S street and view our superb new passenger station, finely appointed and designed for the convenience and comfort of Elkhart-Northwestern line passengers, and then when ready to go north, east, south or west, call on

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It was on the golf links at Trouville. Hilltop was about to play, when a French caddy got in his way.

"Fore!" cried Hilltop.

"He doesn't know what fore means," said Barlow. "Speak in French."

"Quatre!" yelled Hilltop.—Harper's Bazar.

"I hope, papa," said Bobbie, "that the government isn't buying its torpedoes of Mr. Spilkins down in the village. I got some there last fourth of July and half of them would not go off."—Harper's Bazar.

Frederick A. Stokes Company, publishers, 27 and 29 West Twenty-third street, New York.

Special Correspondence.

[WILLIAM REED DUNROY.]

LA MOILLE, Ill., May 16.—This is a sleepy little village, its Sabbath quiet, broken only at intervals by the intrusion of the outer secular world. Twice or thrice a day the discordant shriek of the locomotive creates a ripple in the slumbrous atmosphere, and then there is quiet again.

The town is old. Quaint houses nestle among great lilac bushes, purple with their painfully sweet blossoms. Long rambling houses with wide verandas and lawns covered with flowering shrubs. And back of the houses a background of apple and peach trees, great bouquets of color, opalescent and glorious. Yesterday was apple blossom Sunday. In the soft, misty, silvery rain, the blossoms glistened and the ground beneath the trees were patterned with a rare carpet of pink and snow.

And the wide streets were grass green and a golden sprinkling of dandelion flowers brightened the emerald carpet. Everywhere there is evidence of age and youth. The old houses are partially covered with the climbing rose, the old fences are sheltered by shrubs and the great trees are festooned with vines of ivy, woodbine and grape. The very graves are covered with vines and flowers and there is a mantle of beauty to hide every ugly thing.

In the woods that skirt the village, the umbrella-like leaves of May apple spread close to the earth and the ground is almost purple with violets in places. The wild plum, the crab apple and the hawthorne are all in full bloom and the woods are like a garden. All manner of birds sing and the chirp of the red squirrel sounds shrilly in the depths of the wood.

But there are no prairies here. You are penned in by groves and woods and can see but a little way. There is a cramped feeling that comes over one used to the domed sky and the round ring of the horizon. All one has is a little patch of sky rimmed about with trees. One's possessions are circumscribed, and a full, wide breath seems impossible.

I don't know how old the village is, but it is many years since the first house was built. In the centre of the town is a common where the grass is entirely green. This is where the school children play. Facing the common is a fine new brick school house, the monument to a miser who departing from this world left a part of his money to educate the rising generation.

For years "Old Jo Allen" was a well known character. He was immensely wealthy, owning much land, and land worth \$100 an acre means something. But all his life long he starved and pinched and saved. He lived alone, an old lonely bachelor, in a little tumble-down hut. He was not admired much because he was so "stingy" as the people said.

But what a difference death makes! And again how much more respect we have for a man sometimes after his will is read. When the will of this stingy old bachelor was read it was found that he had left \$30,000 for a school building for the little town, and now he is "Mr. Joseph Allen" and the school is the Allen school and the old man's picture hangs in every room. A magnificent monument to an old bachelor, is it not?

The churches are white with green blinds and the trees shelter and almost hide them. Old cracked bells call the worshippers out at morning and night. And nearly every one goes to church. Those who do not, are looked upon askance by the more respectable, and an agnostic is a terrible thing. No vulgar saloon sign pollutes the gaze along the street and a drunken man is looked upon as a snake might be in Ireland.

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WYUKA.

Beyond the teeming city's gates there lies
Another city 'neath the prairie skies,
Its streets are silent of the steps of men
And silent of their jars and noise and cries.

Each narrow house is roofed with fragrant sod
Over which the long cool grasses bend and nod

And ever like a finger grimly stands
A shaft of marble pointing up to God.

And neither wintry cold nor summer sun
Nor budding flow'r nor faded withered one
Can make or mar, can bring a sigh or smile,

For all their laughter and their tears are done.

The city's gates swing open night and day
Alike to rich and poor, to gold and gray,
And as the gates swing shut, there is no great

Nor small, for all distinctions sweep away.

The sinner and the saint both there abide
The hero and the coward, rags and pride,
The murdered, and the murderer, the judge,

The hangman, all lie sleeping side by side.

No sound of war's alarms reach them there,

Nor peers upon them solemn visaged care,
A peace that passeth human ken, above
The city broods, a peace we all shall share.

—William Reed Dunroy.

"Do you know," said the Thrush to the Lark, "that the Bullfinch is piping love lays to you?"
"I take no stock in pipe stories," replied the wise bird.

But sad to say there was a meeting of the elders in the pretty little Baptist church Saturday and they erased a man's name from the record of the church and he is excommunicated, because he looked upon the wine when it was red and the beer when it was brown and became drunken and tipsy.

But yesterday was apple blossom Sunday and even the thought of the drunken church member could not dim the glory of the day. The usual Sabbath stillness was yet more still and a holy hush pervaded the village. And today the sun shines, the birds sing and the clean washed sky looks down on a world of glory, a new world born out of the brown and white winter.

From afar comes the sound of war, and the mail brings many letters back to the waiting ones at home from the brave soldier ladies who may never see the quiet little village again. And all the little boys wear blue uniforms and carry wooden swords. The little girls wear flags and violets in their braided hair, while the maidens carry a soldier's picture in a locket about their throats and weep in the fragrant night for a soldier lover who may never return. And still, yesterday was apple blossom Sunday and the glory remains today.

Sue—Supposing everyone thought before speaking?

Prue—Why, you'd be able to hear a pin drop.

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