

# CLUBS.

## Officers of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs.

President, Mrs. B. M. Stoutenborough, Plattsmouth.  
 Vice president, Mrs. E. M. Cobb, York.  
 Secretary, Mrs. Henrietta Smith, Omaha.  
 Treasurer, Mrs. M. V. Nichols, Beatrice.  
 Auditor, Mrs. Ella S. Larsh, Nebraska City.  
 Librarian, Mrs. G. M. Lambertson, Lincoln.

The annual meeting of the Weeping Water Zetetic club was held at the home of Mrs. Butler May 25 and the following officers elected:

President—Mrs. Margaret Sackett.  
 Vice President—Mrs. Girardet.  
 Secretary—Mrs. Nellie Sackett.  
 Treasurer—Mrs. Donelan.  
 Executive committee—Mrs. Woodford and Mrs. Grace elected for two years; Mrs. Hungate and Mrs. Dunham elected for one year.

The "co-ordination of forces," which Mrs. Henrotin recommends as the stronghold of the Woman's club movement, has just been practically applied in New York city in the formation of a club in one of its largest department stores. Unlike the average venture in a new field, which springs feebly from a small beginning, this club takes on life with numerical strength, and great enthusiasm. It originates in a store where out of 2,700 employes, 2,000 are women. Its primary object is to bring about better acquaintance and understanding of those interested in various departmental work and to provide social and literary opportunities for its members. There is a clause, too, to the effect that the club desires to bring about a better understanding between the customer and the business woman. The means by which this result is to be effected is not specified.

Mrs. Florence Stowell of Wanamaker's, and president of the Looking Forward club of Philadelphia, says upon this point:

"Our store clubs ask no charity, not even the charity of patience. It is our business to serve and to serve well and it is no kindness to tempt us to leave our duty half done. We only wish other women to stop and think that the distance between the two sides of the counter is not so great after all, and that the woman behind the counter is feeling the same joy or sorrow or hope or discouragement that is making your own heart happy or mournful. Often she appreciates the pretty things you buy just as much as you do, and she likes to remember that its purchaser was a woman with a pleasant smile and a kindly word. Our club is the beginning of a widely extended movement that, little by little, will solve some of the problems over which we can today only grieve and lament."

Following is a general review of the Current Events department of the Woman's club of Columbus:

The department is especially adapted to the "busy woman" who desires to keep in touch with the progress of the world. This department for 1897-98 has not as large a membership as the year previous. In 1896-97 we only had three departments, viz.; musical, literary and current events, while this year we have added art and domestic science departments, and there are many who feel that they can only spare time for one department.

The year began with a membership in the department of sixteen, after our summer vacation. The first meeting, October 16, 1897, with our department secretary, Mrs. F. E. Rorer. Meeting was called to order by Mrs. F. W. Herrick. After roll call, to which all members responded with a "current event," minutes were read and approved. It was decided to meet twice a month, electing a new leader each month. After the transaction of business, the following program was carried out:

Paper—"The Word Why?" by Miss McMahon.

Reading—"Grace and Health," by Mrs. Watts.

Paper—"Woes of Fat People," by Mrs. McCann.

Meeting with Mrs. Coolidge.

Paper—"Present Condition of Cuba," by Mrs. M. Brugger.

The next meeting was held with Mrs. Herrick November 13. It was moved and carried that, in order to alternate with other departments, Art and Domestic Science, the department would meet only once a month. Mrs. Watts was then elected leader for January, 1898.

Mrs. C. C. Gray read a paper on "The Nashville Exposition," telling of the woman's congress.

Mrs. Rorer read Mrs. Henrotin's letter on "The State Federation of Woman's clubs."

December 11—Mrs. Weed on "Traveling Libraries."

"The Late Demise of Some of Our Great Men," Mrs. Brindley.

February 12 met with Mrs. Watts.

Reading—"Exports and Wages," by Mrs. Watts.

Reading—"Journey to the Klondike," by Mrs. Covert.

The next meeting, March 12, with Mrs. Chambers.

"The Dreyfus Case," by Mrs. C. C. Gray.

"Holland Submarine Boat," by Mrs. Weed.

May 14 with Mrs. Covert.

"The Phillipines and What They Will Bring to Us," by Mrs. Rorer.

By special request Mrs. Ballou gave an interesting talk on her trip to Alaska.

This closed one year's work and we then took a vacation until October 1. Although we meet but once a month, we find it profitable to attend these meetings, in which the condensed news of the month is brought and those who are too busy to read can profit by what others have read. The members of this department believe it to be a sure means of keeping up with the times. We close, hoping to have a larger membership next year.

### HOMESEEKERS EXCURSION.

Aug. 2nd and 16th, Sept. 6th and 20th, Oct. 4th and 18th the Burlington will sell to all points in Indian and Oklahoma Territory at one fare plus \$2.00 round trip. Apply at B. & M. depot or city office, corner 10th and O Ss., for information.

G. W. BONNELL, C. P. & T. A.  
 Oct. 18.

### A SACRIFICE.

Francis Brenner groaned as he reached the landing of the rickety Pendle block stairs. They were the climax of a rare and disagreeable journey, pursued through dingy streets and between staggering, swarming tenements on an errand that needed a courage, a conviction, an old experience, and an unflinching tact he uncomfortably felt he had not. The situation was unusual. He had been sent to recall a willful sister from her extraordinary ways and he felt younger than his twenty-four years as he stood outside her closed door, looking dolefully up and down the hall. "I've done my best," his father said. "Now you try." That was why he had come, and not only that perhaps. He was very proud of his sister. It did not, however, prevent the reluctant mood in which he knocked, nor a sudden sinking of heart as the door opened and she stood before him, bowing low, her white hands crossed.

She looked very pale and very charming. That delicate and mobile face, held in perfect control by a will remarkable in so slight a creature—that gracious carriage—that exquisite daring of gesture always roused in him a hot remonstrance, and impatience and revolt at what he termed their incredible waste. He entered, distrustfully surveying the room. It contained nothing startling, however. There were a number of water colors on the walls. The table supported a bowl of roses. In the centre of the place was laid out a fragile and costly tea service. Beyond these trifles everything was plain, even ugly.

He sat down and she placed herself opposite him, clasping her hands lightly over her knee, looking expectant, but not speaking. This was embarrassing enough.

He began as one begins a cold bath. "When are you coming home?" he said.

Sara cast him a wearily amused glance. She sighed.

"You too?" was what she returned.

A sudden courage came to him. Perhaps it was her pallor, distressingly apparent above the black gown. Perhaps it was the appeal of a face which certainly did not intend an appeal. He plunged into his harangue with more confidence. She did not interrupt, but when he had finished, her eyes were luminous and to his disgust she laughed.

"How tragically you take it!" she said.

He stiffened. It was not trivial to him. She had left them to carry out some absurd ideas that would ruin her chances for life. She was serving on the staff of a little labor newspaper, and turning a deaf ear to the entreaties of a millionaire father and an affectionate brother and sister, who must needs make pilgrimages from the hearts of the aristocrats to the heart of the proletariat in order to encroach upon her valuable time. It appeared she was independent and had a "mission", and was altogether impossible in her views. Nothing but a perfect manner and her charming, if unyielding, amiability saved her from being a prig. And she laughed.

"What have you been doing?" he asked abruptly.

With good nature she handed him some sheets upon which the ink was hardly dry. He sighed as he read. If crude, they were tremendously clever. And when he thought of this cleverness, turned into other channels—

"They're good. I believe they're immensely good," he said, returning them. "And you can afford—this?"

He glanced about the tiny room.

"I can afford this."

"How poorly that paper pays!" She said nothing. He rose and paced to and fro.

"Doesn't society tempt you at all?" She considered.

"I'm something like a man who has never smoked alone. He doesn't miss a cigar. With a lot of smoking men he's rather discontented."

"Of course it's no use mentioning us."

"My dear brother, we've gone over this so many times," she entreated. Continuing, for he made no reply: "I daresay you've heard of nuns who gave up all—made their lives one long devotion—set their religion first. I've set my work first. Besides—"

He asked her what.

"I'm a socialist."

He lost his temper then. "You chose to retain that fad?" he cried.

She was silent and he knew he had weakened his attitude by the intolerance.

"See here," he challenged. "If father lost his money would you come to us—give this up?"

"I'd come to you," she answered wearily.

"To keep Laura from starving would you write for the capitalist papers?"

"Why do you argue? It isn't so."

He paused. "Have you any friends?" She flushed proudly. Then she laughed.

"They come at all hours. They take possession of the room and its contents. We discuss radical reform and I make them tea!"

"And they make you hate us?"

"I don't hate you. I can't get along with you."

"Don't you believe in anybody's being rich?"

She threw back her head with a movement of oppression.

"Not as long as anybody's starving. Not as long as people work twelve hours in sweat shops, and the little children grow up ignorant," she cried passionately.

"Oh, Sara, Sara!"

She turned around. She clasped her fingers over the chair back and let her chin fall upon them. He looked helplessly down upon her as she sat gazing steadily into space with clear, indomitable eyes.

"You see I can't change," she remarked with a kind of sad triumph.

"And you won't. So there we are."

The lonely resolute figure she made roused in him a passionate pity and resentment that shook the hand he laid upon her shoulders. But it appeared she was beyond such tremor and all weakness. So Francis descended the stairs again.

EDITH L. LEWIS.

### NEBRASKA AND WYOMING HOME-SEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

August 2nd and 16, September 6th and 20th, October 4th and 18th, the Elkhorn line (Northwestern) will sell tickets at one fare plus \$2 for the round trip to points on its line in Nebraska west and north and in Wyoming west of and including Orin Junction, the minimum round trip rate to be \$9. Stopovers granted on going trip beyond Stanton and Creston, Neb. For further information call on A. S. FIELDING, C. T. A., 117 So. 10th St.

### HANSON & EVERT,

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1 pt. Mason Fruit Jar, 1 doz..... 6c

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Ginger Snaps, 1 lb..... 10c

Cabbage, 2 heads..... 5c

Cucumbers, each..... 1c

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