

ments were served. Miss Richter of Chicago secured the prize.

Mrs. W. C. Griffith entertained a company of ladies informally yesterday afternoon for Mrs. George Cook of Chicago.

Miss Agnes Rawlings formerly at the Palace Beautiful will meet her friends and patrons at the hair dressing parlors of Miss Anne Rivett, 143 South 12th.

Miss Eather Clark, teacher of art and literature in the State normal school at Peru, is the guest of Mrs. W. E. Kirker.

Electric wiring, gas and electric fixtures and lamps a specialty. Kormeyer Plumbing and Heating Co., 215 South Eleventh street.

Miss Helena Lau entertained the alumni chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma at a sumptuous luncheon.

Born, on Wednesday morning, April 12, to Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Brown, a daughter.

Mrs. L. J. Herzog and daughter, returned last week from Omaha where they were visiting relatives.

Dentist Hill, over Miller & Paine.

Miss Welch went to Omaha today to spend Sunday with Mrs. H. Percy Silver.

Mrs. N. C. Abbott entertained junior Sorosis on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. S. M. True is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Winger.

The senior promenade will occur on next Friday evening.

Died, on Monday evening, April 10, of spinal meningitis, Margaret Earle Lewis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Lewis. Miss Marjory was a wholesome, happy little girl, fond of all out door life, of animals and growing things. Her parents are dearly loved here, and sympathy for them and personal regret for the loss of so bright and lovable a child is keenly felt.

CLUBS.

(Continued from page 5.)

factor to this end should be divided as nearly equally as possible among club members. There is no doubt that the women who have held office in the club—either as the presiding officer, or the secretary, or chairman of some responsible committee—make stronger and more helpful members, ergo, each member of every club, should in turn, be responsible for some part of the official work of that club. This is one of the instances where the benefit is also retro-active. The broadening and strengthening of the individual broadens and strengthens the club.

This yearly rotation of office would hardly hold true in regard to State or National federations; here an experience and training are necessary that are not demanded in small clubs; an experience and training which it takes the good part of the first year to acquire, that the results may be of the highest order. But in the average club where the greatest good to the greatest number should be the watchword, there is no question that the offices should rotate each year.

NOTICE OF INDEBTEDNESS.

Notice is hereby given that the total indebtedness of the Sulpho-Saline Bath Co., a corporation, on the first day of April, 1899, is as follows: Bills payable, secured by mortgage, \$19,000.00. Sulpho Saline Bath Company, by M. H. EVERETT, Pres. M. H. EVERETT, J. O. EVERETT, CHAS. O. WHEEDON, Directors.

A DAY IN ROME.

[HELEN C. HARWOOD.]

It was late. Mrs. Chatsworth, a vigorous English woman of a goodly number of years, and the proprietor of our present abode, usually sat in her small office which faced the breakfast room. She would press her lips tightly together, and then greet each late offender with a dubious, awful "good morning." We darted by the doorway, in order to avoid if possible, the invasion of the English climate upon the sunny Italian atmosphere, but a voice called after us:

"Buono giorno signora. Buono giorno signorina. Good Morning."

Thank heaven. It was only Giovanni. Mrs. Chatsworth was interviewing new arrivals.

"You go see seven church today signorina?" inquired Giovanni as he returned with muffins and marmalade, and a prolific smile.

"Yes," chimed in the English curate who sat opposite. "It's the proper thing to do. You know that it's Holy Thursday today. Well I'm off. I am going to do twelve, myself. By the way I leave tonight," and he bowed a mournful adieu to the feminine cohort of the table.

The room was well filled with English white-caps and representatives of American maidendom.

"Did he ask you to write to him?", demanded Miss C of Stratford, of Miss Wimpole of Chester.

"Yes, he did."

Both question and answer were given in a low tone, but intent was the ear of the table.

"He did me too," reported a little woman from a far corner.

"And me, and me, and me," came from all quarters, until Katish whispered, "he must be preparing a work on feminine autography."

"The signorinas will visit seven churches today? Is it not so?" pursued Giovanni.

"But why, Giovanni?" insisted Katish.

"It will be well for your souls," he responded. "The signoras will be pardoned many sins if they do so."

"Let's go, let's go," I exclaimed. "Quick, Giovanni, a carriage," and in a few moments we were whirling off toward Santa Maggiore.

As we entered, the procession of choir boys with their red robes, white lace over-bonnet, and huge candles, the scientific name of which I have forgotten; of priests, of bishops, and a cardinal were just going up to the altar, singing as they went. Suddenly there rang out so high, and sweet, and clear, a voice.

"Ah," cried Katish. "It is the 'angel singer.' I heard of him in America. Did you ever hear anything so beautiful? Come, come!" and dragging her aunt and me with her she drew us up to the very choir screen. We staid until the last note had died away, and the pillars and the great walls that they supported, had again sunk back into their silent apathy. Then we made flying visits to St. John Lateran, St. Maria della Pace, St. Maria in Aracoeli, where resides the precious bambino, to St. Andrea della Valle, and to the Gosu church.

Here, mass was just over and the procession leaving. As the priests and the young boys of the Jesuit school passed down the aisle, two by two, we sought, we searched each face to find the cunning, the deceit, the magnetism, the brains of the Jesuit of the past. But we found not the Jesuit-type of history.

"And now for St. Peter in Vincole," said I. Miss Beman gritted her teeth, but said nothing.

"Why don't you go home and rest?"

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asked Katish of her aunt, "and we'll meet you here in an hour and then we will go to St. Peter for the afternoon's service."

She left us willingly, and unhesitatingly. Katish and I clambered up the steep road-way to the height, where stands St. Peter in Vincoli. After lingering some time, for here abides the famous Moses of Michael Angelo, we wandered out behind the church where rested a horny rock. Even this appealed to our weariness.

We were silent some time, when Katish said:

"I am so glad that we don't have to talk every minute. When we first knew each other the parlez-vous was scattered all through the day and all through the night. The preliminaries of friendship are such a bore."

"True, but some way they are among the have-to-be's. Katish do you remember that Miss Cullins that we met in Paris?"

"Yes, I do. She said some very sensible things, I think."

"Do you remember her discourse on Americans abroad? She said that she was continually meeting Americans that she wished weren't Americans. If they would only behave as they did in their own country she would be satisfied. And of all horrible things the adopting of the French bourgeois habit of eating something on top of an omnibus or in a carriage was positively the most horrible."

"I agree with her," said Katish decidedly.

"So do I," I responded promptly.

"The very day that she was talking about it we went to a picture gallery. You staid at home, but we were nearly famished. Well, I mounted up on top of an omnibus, and sat myself down beside a motherly-looking bourgeoisie and ate two, two Katish, two whole croissons. It was not the first time that I had committed the crime either. I thought, though, if America was otherwise there represented on haute, on top, that she might not approve, and so I tried to look belongingly to the French

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