

granted.

Books will be sold at auction to the highest bidder at the annual meeting.

Special meetings may be called by the executive committee.

Eight members shall constitute a quorum.

The officers of this society are as follows: President, Miss Lizzie Irwin; secretary and treasurer, Miss Howland. Committee to select books: Miss Irwin, Mrs. Sawyer and Mrs. L. A. Sherman.

This committee with the president and secretary constitute the executive committee.

The following from a doctor connected with an institution in which there are many children is so obviously true that we wish it might come under the eye of every mother in the land:

There is nothing more irritable to a cough than coughing. For some time I had been so fully assured of this that I determined for one minute at least to lessen the number of coughs heard in a certain ward in a hospital of the institution. By the promise of rewards and punishments I succeeded in inducing them to simply hold their breath when attempted to cough, and in a little while I was myself surprised to see how some of the children entirely recovered from the disease. Constant coughing is precisely like scratching a wound on the outside of the body; so long as it is done the wound will not heal. Let a person when tempted to cough draw a long breath and hold it until it warms and soothes every air cell, and some benefit will soon be received from this process. The nitrogen which is thus refined acts as an anodyne to the mucous membrane, allaying the desire to cough and giving the throat and lungs a chance to heal. At the same time a suitable medicine will aid nature in her efforts to recuperate.

The last meeting of the History department of the woman's club was held at the home of Mrs. Hatfield, 1327 E street, when Miss Mary Tremaine, head of the department, lectured upon "William and Mary College" and "The Vicissitudes of Maryland." This was followed by a general discussion of the subject after which light refreshments were served by the hostess.

Mrs. Viola Price Franklin will lead at the next meeting of the Art department of the Woman's Club on "English and Spanish Art." All members are urged to be present, as at this meeting the department will reorganize for next years work.

The W. R. P. C. club held a very pleasant meeting Friday, May 5, with Mrs. L. W. Pickens. After the business session and arrangements had been made for the reception of Second Assistant Postmaster General Shallenberger and wife, who were to visit Lincoln the following Monday, the program was rendered. It opened with the hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and consisted of papers and a reading given by Mesdames Wilson, Kempton and Rush. After discussing the problem of housecleaning over the dainty refreshments, which were served by the hostess the ladies dispersed to meet next Friday afternoon with Mrs. I. M. Heckler, 1820 G street. Quotations from Pope.

These are busy days at the Hague. The townspeople as well as the government have made great preparations to fittingly entertain their guests. There is already a great influx of visitors and every available room in the hotels, as well as residences, are engaged at greatly enhanced prices. Several Russian delegates arrived on the 13th, the first of the official representatives to put in an appearance. The first American delegate arrived on the 15th. Quarters for the delegates have been engaged for six weeks, indicating that the conference be prolonged. There will be about 120 delegates entitled to vote. Extraordinary

precautions have been taken to prevent unauthorized persons gaining admission to the Huis Ten Bosch, where the sessions of the conference are to be held.

Last Friday evening the Hall in the Grove met with Mrs. M. H. Garten with a full attendance of members. The symposium, "What Has Holland Done for the World? In Science, Agriculture, Commerce, Theology, and Museums," was capably led by Mrs. Mohler, and the varied topics as presented were interestingly discussed by each member. All agreed that much knowledge had been gained through the study of brave little Holland and felt a regret in the closing of these social and profitable meetings of the year. A called meeting with no program will be held in about two weeks to decide upon plans for next season.

Club women are showing a very general interest in the coming "Peace Conference" to be opened this week at the Hague. At a recent "Peace" meeting held in Tremont Temple, Boston, the venerable Julia Ward Howe presided. Among the stirring addresses made was one by Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, the distinguished ex-president of Wellesley college. In replying to the question "What shall we do?" she urged the following: "Educate the children; give time, effort, and money as much as you can; and think, and talk, and hope, and believe in the possibility of arbitration and the coming of the reign of the Prince of Peace."

Miss Christine Bradley, daughter of Governor Bradley of Kentucky, who christened the battleship Kentucky with water last summer, is studying law with her father and may soon be heard of as his law partner.

Miss Caroline Hazard, of Peacedale, R. I., has been elected president of Wellesley College to succeed Mrs. Julia J. Irvine.

#### TO SPEND THE DAY.

[HELEN C. HARWOOD.]

Germaine regarded her hat nonchalantly. It was a sailor, and of all things abhorred in France, I know of none more abhorred than this Anglo-American species of head-gear.

"Why! Germaine, you are not going to wear that? I exclaimed. "I thought that you preferred dying." "Oh, one never knows to what they are coming," she replied.

"Depeche toi. Hurry up. Depeche toi, mon petit chou, Hurry up, my dear, called her mother."

Germaine slowly put on her hat, pushing in the hat pins with utter oblivion as to their future reappearance or disappearance. Then with a last scowl at herself in the glass.

"I am ready maman," she said wearily.

While the porter unlocked the garden-gate a tall bending rose bush touched Germaine upon the forehead. She looked up and a half blown rose looked down at her, and then Germaine and that rose came on together, slowly, hand-in-hand. I am not quite positive whether that was a meditative rose or not, but if so, it must have had a certain feeling of kinship for its new found companion.

On reaching the station door a gentle, peaceful snort welcomed us, European engines being ever too polite to shriek. Downstairs, upstairs we ran, until the guard grabbed us all in a bundle, as it were, and put us into a compartment, grumbling something about "dangerous" as he locked the door.

"Germaine," began Madame, "if you hadn't been so fearfully slow we—" then she looked at Germaine and was silent.

The journey from Argenteuil to Pontoise is, considering its shortness, the

most fertile of all, if exercise be the chief requirement. We were barely located. Indeed we had only half discussed the prospects of sun, or clouds, or raindrops for the day, when the guard began unlocking the door and crying:

"Tout le monde descend ici. All change here," and every one got out.

"Mademoiselle," said Madame, as we settled ourselves once more, "Monsieur Roquet is an old friend of my husband. They were boys together. He has a beautiful garden. Quantities, simply quantities of chrysanthemums. Three children. Eline, who is about thirteen and Nanquet is eleven it seems to me.

They have just married their eldest son, Edouard."

Germaine began pulling the rose to pieces. "Maman I don't see why I had to come today? You know as well as I do—"

"On descend ici pour — — —" Change here for —. I have forgotten the name of the towns.

We climbed out. Next we found ourselves in a crowded carriage. An English woman with numerous boxes was taking more than her share of space.

"Madame, pardonez-moi," said a portly dame, "mais, but," and then looking severely at the profuse luggage.

The English woman gazed blankly about her. She evidently did not understand a word of French, at least French in France. Here was a glorious opportunity that must not be lost. The French have no love for the English and they do not hide their sentiments, ever under bushel baskets.

"English people are always like that," said a pretty woman with chiffons and a parasol.

"C'est ca, c'est ca. That's it, that's it. I agree with you perfectly, madame," said an airy, impertinent looking monsieur, with a long cane, which he held between two rubbed fingers.

"They insist, too, on having the windows open. It is positively shameful," continued a large woman in mourning.

Though from this side of the Atlantic, and a long distance from this side, there is a little rill of Anglo Saxonism coursing through me. Even in spite of the fact that I have a fondness for that awful word "Britisher," that I do say "I guess," that dimly perceiving the force of "beauty" its beauty and poetry have not yet inspired me, and that I am hard hearted in regard to that appealing, magnificent exclamation "fancy!"

Madame seemed to divine my feelings. "Ah, but you are American ne'est pas Mademoiselle? Is it not so Mademoiselle?" She tried to say soothingly. A few feelings, however, were ruffled.

"On descend ici four Pontoise," shrieked the guard. "Change here for Pontoise."

Still another train and the spires of Pontoise gradually began to appear.

Monsieur Roguet met us at the depot and was most effusive in his welcome. Madame came out to the garden to greet us, and though startled at the appearance of an American was gracious, and said that she had been in England several times. She attempted good morning in English, but instead made a slight difference and said "gud nite."

"We will have luncheon out-of-doors," she continued. "It is such fine weather. Such splendid sunshine. Perhaps my husband will show you his flowers. He is devoted to them."

Monsieur marshalled us through his garden, stopping lovingly before some pet bush or shrub; and I could not help wondering if he was as good a father as he was guardian to these garden pets.

Lunch was announced. We seated ourselves around a table shaded by a great umbrella-like tree which barricaded the vigorous sun. Only occasionally did some bold ray rush in daringly.

"There are some interesting buildings in Pontoise, Mademoiselle," said Monsieur, "though they are not well known

outside of France. How is it, do you say in English? Will zee please pass zee pain, no zee bread? I can speke English zee voyez, Mademoiselle. 'There was an old monastery here, where Saint Louis was ill for a long time. After one of his pilgrimages to the Holy Land, I think that it was. Only a bit of the chapel which he built in commemoration of his recovery, is remaining. What, Mademoiselle! You would like some water to drink. Comment? C'est dangereux ca.

"Mon ami," said Madame severely to her husband, "people often drink water in America."

"True, my dear, I had forgotten about it, but it seems to me a very reckless habit." There are some churches here, too, Mademoiselle. Old ones.

"Monsieur Roguet," said his wife, "I wish that you would leave those churches alone. They are very ugly. Why, Madame Rubere," she said to Germaine's mother, "you have not been here since we married Edouard. Father LeBeau said that he never saw a handsomer wedding. But you have no idea, Mademoiselle" turning to me, "the tremendous amount of work that it is to marry a son."

"No, I have not, Madame," I answered reflecting.

"I wouldn't go through it again for a great deal. Not for some time that is, regarding Eline and Nanni. So many arrangements, so many things to look after."

"Everything was satisfactory, Madame?" inquired Madame Rubere.

"Yes, very, Madame." "How hungry I am!" exclaimed Germaine. "Famished. Monsieur Edouard is living in Paris Madame?"

"Yes, they have a lovely apartment there. But, Germaine, you look very tired. Is it possible that you are growing old?"

"Yes, Madame. Let me see, why you are just twice as old as I am plus five years. How large multiplication does make numbers! When I was a little girl I remember your telling maman your age, and I have always remembered. We can grow old together ne c'est pas, Madame?"

"The sun is so warm today. It makes my face burn fearfully." Monsieur Roguet came from the garden, just then, with a great bunch of chrysanthemums. "Monsieur," said Madame, "perhaps you could twist a few branches so the sun wouldn't be quite so hot."

"My dear, what is the matter with you? The sun is under a cloud."

"Mademoiselle" pursued madame, addressing the Americaine. "I am so glad that my son is married. If you only understood what a relief it is to me you would truly sympathize with me. Consultations morning, noon, and night with his fiance's people. There was the mass to arrange about. High mass. Think of it! Four priests to officiate. C'etait beau ca. Then there was the wedding breakfast to look after. We didn't always quite agree, Madame Symonde, Edouard's mother-in-law, and I, and always, always some discussion. We furnished the apartment, too, you know, that is Monsieur Symonde and my husband. Then, too, I must needs look after the corbeille."

"There I don't understand about the corbeille? Please do tell me about it, Madame."

"Comment. You don't know about that. How strange! What marvelous affairs marriages are in America! No corbeille, and I don't quite see the use of fathers and mothers? They don't seem to have much to say about affairs of the heart. Ugh! I shouldn't like that. No, indeed."

"But you were just complaining about the responsibility and the work, Madame."

"Oh, well, I don't exactly dislike it you know."