

"A Day In Venice" which is rivaling "Narcissus" in popularity. He lived in Venice for a year on the Grand Canal, and today a big black gondola glides in and out of the ancient waterways with a spray of yellow jonquils and the name "Narcissus" painted on the prow. The Venetians have been a music loving people from time immemorial, and Nevin's old gondolier saw fit to commemorate his sojourn in Venice in that poetic fashion.

I. Alba—(Dawn).

The first movement begins with a few drowsy harmonies, as the sun touches the spires of St. Mark's with fire and the gondolier rouses and stretches himself in the sunlight on the steps of some old church where he has been sleeping. The lagoons are silver and a thousand scents are in the air and the freshness of morning is upon the water. The gondolier laughs—at nothing—at everything, at life and youth, laughs because the sky is blue and the sun is warm, laughs for joy at the gladness and beauty of another day—a day in Venice.

II. Gondolieri—(The Gondoliers).

"She to me

Was as a fairy city of the heart;
Rising like water columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn and of wealth the mart."—Byron.

The swing of the paddle is in the first measure, the rhythmic theme haunts one, carries one out upon dream highways fairer even than the waterways of Venice. It is a short cut to poetry and dreamland. The gondoliers are off for the day, out upon the historic waterways, gliding down the Grand Canal, under the arched stone bridges, through deep, still streets where the stone walls on either side are mottled with age, and the shadows make the water green and the air is cool,—and out again into the broad sunlit lagoons. It is in Venice, where people believe in happiness, even at work, and the gondolier has no other creed. He is not ambitious, he desires nothing but to be always a gondolier, as his fathers were before him. He will live a little, laugh a little, love a little while he is young, pray a little when he is old; what more would you have? Perhaps he has heard how one of his forefathers, long gone, carried guests down those same waterways to the fetes at the palace of the Doges; perhaps that he carried some doomed victim of the Forties out into the Adriatic and brought him back no more. But that and all the dark history of Venice is forgotten in the sunlight and the swing of the paddle and the rhythmic, haunting melody of the gondoliers' song. Life is good on the lagoons.

III. CAUZONE AMORSO—(Venetian Love Song.)

The love song is written in the key of A flat, the key in which beautiful things happen. The work of the day is over, and the gondolier has his little sweetheart beside him, and in all the world there are but two people and the moon. It is a safe and happy love song, yet there is an intense fervor in the opening melody, for he has been away from her a whole day—and that is so long sometimes. The second subject, softer, more tender, than the first, rising to a climax in one voluptuous, languishing chord over which, in the score, the composer has written: "IO T'AMO!"—(I love you). Few greater things are written now-a-days than that love song.

IV. BUONA NOTTE—(good Night)

As the gondolier and his sweetheart glide out toward the Adriatic they pass an old church from which the Ave Maria is sounding. Perhaps the lovers sing a snatch of the hymn, perhaps the little girl crosses herself. Night sleeps deep and peaceful over Venice, the lights glimmer behind them, the moon draws a little fleecy veil over her face, like an abbess who demurely draws up her sur-

plice, said DeMusset. They are happy, and they hope that all the world is so.

V L' ENVOI.

In the afternoon, as we all sat upon the porch at Vineacre, the talk ran hither and thither and some of us were drifting into a discussion of utilitarianism, when Mr. Nevin's father spoke up, as one having authority and said calmly: "We are all creatures of sentiment, we live and die by it, dispute it as we will, and it is the strongest force there is." The remark set me to thinking. I fancy it explains Ethelbert Nevin and his music. In his childhood he was never taught to be afraid of sentiment, and he has never learned to fear it. That is why his musical invention is so singularly free, why the influence of no school has ever touched him, why in all his music he is so entirely and gloriously himself. If MacDowell is king of France, this man is king of Navarre. He has a province of his own in the music of the world—in the art of the world. No other man has ever set foot into his kingdom; it is wholly his own and he is the only man among all men living who can tell of it. His message is for his lips alone, no other could ever speak it. His work is unique among the world's beautiful creations. He carries so much of our pleasure and delight under that hair that is tinged with gray. His harmony and melody are his own, like no one's else. He has no affectations; he is not afraid of simplicity, of directness, as some one has said his melodies "gain a certain distinction from their very unconsciousness of the danger of vulgarity." To everything he writes, however slight, that rare grace and distinction clings, an aroma of poetry, a breath from some world brighter and better than ours, and exhalation of roses and nightingale notes and southern nights. Take, for instance, the little negro melody he did for the Dartmouth college boys; if any one else had written that it would have been cheap. Is it? Try it and see! Even in his children's songs there is the same grace and tenderness. What he touches he dignifies. Of a simple lyric he can make a noble tragedy. And he has the courage of genius. I was asking his little daughter, Doris, who is just six, about some little French and Italian songs she sings when she startled me by saying, "But best of all, I like 'Onward Christian Soldiers'." I told her gravely that I didn't believe her father would consider that much of a song at all. "I don't care," replied the young lady, "I like that best." Not so much unlike her father, after all. For if Ethelbert Nevin liked "Onward, Christian Soldiers," he would say so, and he wouldn't give a snap of his gentlemanly fingers what the rest of the world said.

A LULLABY.

The nestling birds have ceased to creep
Beneath the mother's wing;
The fairies now the dewdrops steep
In fragile lily-cups down deep,
The cheery crickets sing,
Sleep, baby, sleep!
While God above with guard of love
A tender vigil keep.

Each nodding flower knows sleep is best
When darkness falls
And bars sun's window in the west:
From pillow soft on mother's breast
Sweet slumber calls.
Rest, baby rest!
No harm comes near my baby dear
By love caressed.

Across the little mouth a gleam,
A smile that does not cease,
The moon sends down in silver stream
An angel message in each beam
A glad some note of peace.
Dream, baby dream!
Of childish joy with no alloy
And love alone supreme.

—Annie L. Miller.

CLUBS.

[LOUISA L. RICKETTS.]

The following are the officers of the General Federation of Women's clubs:
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Mrs. A. B. Fuller, Auditor, Ashland.

Mrs. D. G. McKillip, corresponding secretary Nebraska G. F. W. C. sends the following contribution to The Courier concerning the limitation of delegates to the national federation to the state federations. It was printed last week but through one of the unaccountable errata of the composing room Mrs. McKillip's name was omitted from her essay. Mrs. McKillip has been and is so strong and helpful a club woman that the omission of her name from a contribution is like leaving off the signature of a check or from the type-written letter of a friend. For the sake of identification it is therefore reprinted this week:

Apropos of the subject of reorganizing the G. F. W. C. it is not often that a new movement becomes so successful that it has to be abandoned, but such seems to be the case in regard to the National organization. The biennial meetings have grown so large that it is doubtful if another invitation will be extended from any city, and the business men of Milwaukee by whose invitation the coming biennial is to meet in that city, will for once in their lives have enough of a good thing. Yet the resolution to reorganize and have the biennial composed of representatives from the state federations only, thus throwing overboard the individual clubs that have made the G. F. W. C. the pronounced success that it is today, appears to be rank injustice. Another objection will be the increased taxation of the state federations. The financial question is the Chinese puzzle of the Ex. Board of the Nebraska Fed. and will be as long as the dues are only \$2.00 per annum for each club, and year books, badges, and programs continue to cost money. To increase the state taxation to equal the revenue received by the general federation under the present system of representation where the majority of its funds come from the dues paid by individual clubs would result in the withdrawal of many states from the General Federation, and if the State Federation increased the dues of the local clubs in order to meet the increased State tax the consequences would be that many local clubs would sever their connection with the State Federation, so it would be as broad as it is long. The ten cent per capita tax would not furnish the revenue to the General Federa-

tion that the present system of assessment does.

The large clubs would undoubtedly feel that the money they would pay out for the honor of belonging to the General Federation when that honor would cost sixty or seventy dollars a year, could be more profitably spent at home and who can dispute that argument? The liberal donation of the Omaha Woman's club started the circulating library of this state that is such a help to country clubs, and its contribution of fifty dollars a year is so necessary to its existence, and it was the generosity of the Lincoln Woman's club that put the Reciprocity Bureau on its feet. The large city clubs are of more benefit to the local clubs throughout the state than is the General Federation. They can exist without the General Federation and never know the difference, but many would find hard work to get along with out those helps that are the results of the philanthropic efforts of the large city clubs. The most just solution of the difficulty that confronts our National Organization would be to keep the present system of taxation and divide the General Federation into districts and these districts conventions elect an equal number of delegates to the Biennial meetings and in this way all sections of the country would be equally represented without the immense number of delegates that bids fair to sink the Biennial ship.

The election of officers for the International Council of Women resulted in the choice of Mrs. May Wright Sewall for president, and Lady Aberdeen, the former president, as vice president.

Perhaps one of the most important subjects discussed by the Council was that of handicrafts. The thought pervading this discussion was that hand work must be employed as well as brain work to insure the development of the race, that head work minus hand work and hand work without head work are deforming the race, that a just ethical standard can never arise until mental and physical work have reached just proportions in every human being, and that as peoples, until we stop living artificially we cannot fail to have artificial and superficial handicrafts; that every human being should be taught to work with his hands and no snobs tolerated.

Lady Aberdeen is a diplomat of no small power. On the morning of the Fourth of July she invited the speakers of the Council to a breakfast at Westminster Palace hotel. When our American delegates arrived the stars and stripes were floating at the entrance and this little touch of the human effaced many unpleasant impressions of the convention. In a nice little speech Lady Aberdeen said she could not be in all the sections to hear the speakers, and the public receptions were too crowded to give her a chance to know each individually, so she gave this nine o'clock breakfast just to get acquainted.

(Continued on page 9)

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