

stooped and kissed his little daughter, saying, "We will have to make a musician out of this young lady some day, so we might as well begin to think about it."

Mrs. Brown just made the work fly and rushed over to Mrs. Holland's to tell her that they were going to have a new piano and the musical could be held at her house. The piano came and the musical became an accomplished fact, and was a grand success. The house was beautifully decorated and every woman brought her husband or escort besides a friend or two. Mr. Brown enjoyed the evening most of all. After the program was finished a supper was served on small tables. For the women of Willowton were good cooks and did not as yet spell culture with a very large C and serve their husbands and guests with a very small wafer and a spoonful of sherbet. Mr. Brown discovered that McClrath, the banker, on the south side of the square, whom he had known for years in a business way, but had never met socially before, was pitcher for the Princeton team at the same time he was pitching for the Yale baseball nine. They had actually played a matched game in which Brown's curved balls won the day for Yale, and that they belonged to the same Greek society. For the amusement of the company as well as for old time's sake McClrath sat down before the piano and "You must be a Beta Theta Pi or you won't go to heaven when you die" was rolled out in McClrath's clear tenor and Brown's sonorous bass. "What a glorious evening it has been," declared Mr. Brown when all had left. "I never dreamed there were so many nice people in Willowton. I tell you, little wife, I am glad we started that society. It seems like old times and it makes the town worth living in." While Mrs. Brown was straightening round so she could get breakfast in the morning her delighted husband sat down to the piano and picked out Greenville with one finger.

A week or two afterwards, Mrs. Holland came over and said: "I have invited Mrs. Johnson to join the club. She lives over on the west side and I was calling on her the other day and she said she had not met many of the ladies of Willowton, although she has been here for three years. She lives so far out only a few have called. She is a graduate of Vassar, too, and when I told her about our club and asked her to join she seemed so pleased. But she said you had never called on her and she understood the club met with you next time." "I'll go right over, this afternoon," said Mrs. Brown, and she went and found a very sweet, homesick little woman and made her promise to be with the June Club at its next meeting.

So the winter wore away and the Brown family seemed to grow happier every day. The piano was a never-failing source of pleasure. Mrs. Brown soon picked up her music again, and what glorious family concerts they held—Mr. Brown of course leading the choir. The interest in the Woman's June Club was increasing all the time, and every week brought new members into the circle, and now it was May and the club was preparing to give its annual banquet on the first day of June. "Well," said Mr. Brown, at supper one night, "it is just as I expected, the plague has struck the town." "What plague, papa?" asked Willie. "What plague, papa?" echoed Mrs. Brown and the other children. "The clubonic plague," replied Brown. "The clubonic plague," said his wife, "what do you mean?" "Well, it is something like the bubonic plague," replied Brown, "only it's worse, for the bubonic plague can be controlled and this

can't. It's the club plague." "Why, papa," said his wife, "what are you talking about?" "We were in at Wood's cigar store today," said Brown, "a whole crowd of us, and somehow we got to talking about our wives and Johnson said since his wife had joined the club she seemed like another woman and appeared happier than she had since they moved west." "What then?" asked his wife. "I told him I had a thorn bush at the south end of my lot and he could have what thorns he wanted to pin up with when his buttons were off." "What did he say?" inquired Mrs. Brown. "He asked if I thought I'd have any to spare and I told him my wife knew her place and kept it, that she took care of her home and children and had not gone insane after a fool fad." "Why, George Brown, how could you talk so; wasn't he mad?" "O, no," said Brown. "He just laughed and said he was glad to hear that you and the children were all right. I never liked that Johnson fellow very much, anyway. He's a sort of smart Alecky chap, who thinks he is just as good as any one. Confound a man who will let his wife run him. I've no use for such cattle. I wouldn't let the children go there any more if I were you, if she is that kind of a woman. Her children must run haphazard while she is off to her club. They are no fit associates for our little folks, and no knowing what our children may catch from the poor little neglected things." "Why, papa," said Nellie, "Mamie Johnson is one of the nicest girls in our school and I like her awfully well." "Mamie may be a nice girl," said her father, "but her mother is not a lady, for no lady will so forget her womanhood and the place God has designed her to fill as to join a club." When Mr. Brown said God he looked very solemn and pronounced it Gawd. Although he had not a particle of religion himself, he thought it a good thing for women and children and worked it on them occasionally. "Now, mamma," said he, as he arose from the table, "if any of that outfit come around to ask you to join that club, just send them to me. I will attend to the matter, you are not used to dealing with people and I am. I'll send them about their business in a hurry." After delivering himself of this manifesto, Mr. Brown put on his hat and started for the lodge with his hands rammed down to the bottom of his pockets. Mr. Brown always stuffed his hands in his pockets when he was out of humor, and when he was on good terms with himself he wore his thumbs in the armholes of his vest.

Shortly after dinner one day Mrs. Holland came running in. "O!" cried she, "I thought I'd catch you, Mr. Brown, before you got away. I've come a-begging." "I'm dead broke," said Brown; "not a cent to my name." "I'm not soliciting filthy lucre, it is talent I'm after, and you can't plead the bankrupt law in that case. You see the June club—society—" "The what?" said Mr. Brown. "The June cluck society did you say?" "Yes, sir, I did," emphatically assented that lady, seeing at once her danger. "Hens cluck," said Brown. "Well," she replied, "when we women have anything that you men are not invited to, don't you call it a hen party? And if we are hens, can't we cluck if we want to?" And Mrs. Holland assumed a determined air that virtually said she was one woman who would cluck or die. "All right," laughed Brown. "Cluck away. What do you want?"

"We are going to give a banquet on our anniversary and we are going to make a James Whitcomb Riley evening of it, and we want you to tell us all you know about him, for your wife says you used to go to school together and you know ever so many funny things about his boyhood and when he travelled as a fakir. We want to put you down on our program for a bundle of anecdotes about him, and we also want you to reply to the toast,

## EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 7.

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### SPECIAL DESSERTS OF CREAM ICE.

Eggs, natural size, containing yolk.....	dozen	\$1 00
Bird's Nests.....	dozen	1 00
Small Chickens.....	dozen	1 00
Larger Nests.....	each	1 00
Setting Hen, 6 egg, 12 portions.....	each	2 00
Wish Bones, tied with ribbons.....	dozen	3 00
Large Rabbit, 15 portions.....	each	2 00
Wine Jelly.....	quart	2 00
St. Honore, 12 to 16 portions.....		3 00
Jardiniere en Bellevue.....	dozen	4 00
Doves.....		3 00
Ind. Wine Jelley.....	dozen	1 00
Biscuit Glaces, plain.....	dozen	3 00
Iced Puddings.....	quart	1 00
Punches.....	per quart, 75c to	3 00
Mousse Glace.....	quart	1 00

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## BALDUFF,

Telephone 711. 1520 Farnam, OMAHA

"The Junes." You helped us start the society, you know, and we want you to tell about it." "All right," said Brown, "I'm yours to command, and if you women will get your program ready I will print them for you with my compliments." "O, will you?" cried both women at once. "I think Mrs. Brown has a very nice husband," said Mrs. Holland. "I believe we will have to give you the title of Godfather of the Junes." Mr. Brown laughed, bid the ladies good afternoon, and with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest started for his office, with the mental remark that women were nice little things. As he passed a small artificial pond that he had made for the children in the corner of his garden he stooped a moment to watch a brood of fluffy goslings swim round and round in the little circle and with the same feeling in his breast that he had had towards his wife and her friend, he thought—"Goslings are nice little things"—and went on.

The banquet was an event in the history of Willowton. The Opera house was beautifully decorated. The long tables were elegant with snowy linen, silver and flowers.

Well groomed men and prettily gowned women laughed and chatted in the large room. The menu was just what hearty, healthy, active inhabitants of Nebraska with wholesome lives and good digestion required.

When the program began, Mrs. Brown, as president, made a short, beautifully worded speech of welcome and when she sat down Brown glowed with pride that she was his wife. He never realized how bright she was before. Mrs. Holland was toastmistress and introduced Mr. Brown as Godfather to "The Junes," to which toast he would respond. When Mr. Brown arose to his feet and looked over the long tables, the feeling that he used to have at his old alumni banquets came over him, and seeing all were provided with water, he caught up his own glass and holding it up to the light, said: "Let us drink in this clear element, typical in its purity of my subject, success and prosperity to 'The Junes,'" the crowd caught the spirit of the occasion and glasses were clinked and drained. Then Mr. Brown launched forth. He never did anything by halves; he told how he drew the constitution to start this society, how he had watched its growth with interest and love; how successful it had become, how it had brought the college to the home. It was the busy housewife's post-graduate course. It was the common school to that woman whose early education had been neglected. It was the place for bright women who have something to say to come and say it, and for women who have nothing to say to come and learn something to say and how to say it. It was purely educational and to that woman whose life had been one constant doing for others it was a change, a rest, a place to gather new thoughts,

a place to take her mental offering, feeling, however small it might be, it would be appreciated. "She feels her individuality, that she is something besides a household fixture like the cookstove or pump-handle, always in place and working well for the benefit of the family. When she comes home from the society the memory of the music, the literary quotations, the papers, and, above all, the current events which she discusses with her family at tea-time is to her a mental feast and 'New light on home-seen nature beams, new glory over woman, and daily life and duty seems no longer poor and common.'" How he wished a society like this could be in every town o'er which waves our glorious heaven-born stars and stripes and—he was going to add counteract the baleful influences of women's clubs, but he happened to see the Johnsons almost in front of him and he knew she had joined the Woman's club and he did not wish to hurt her feelings, so he said: "And bring to other homes the happiness it has brought to mine." After many other laudatory remarks, he wound up poetically by saying: "Their homes are more cultured—they now are above the gossip and scandal that ignorance loves; their aim is the knowledge that elevates lives, and they make better sweethearts and mothers and wives." Mr. Brown sat down amidst a storm of applause, and put in the time congratulating himself while other speakers had the floor, until he was called on for his Whitcomb Riley anecdotes.

The next morning when Brown went down-town he stopped on the corner to chat a moment with Holland and Clark when McClrath and Johnson came along. "Fine time we had last night at the club," said Johnson. "What club?" asked Brown. "The Woman's club," replied Johnson. "I don't know anything about the Woman's club," said Brown. "O, no," said Holland. "It wasn't Brown, boys, who covered himself all over with glory last night. It was another fellow that looked like him." "I tell you," said Brown, "I don't know anything about the Woman's club." "Then," said Holland, "who was it that toasted 'The Junes' last night at the banquet, your double?" "I responded to the toast 'The Junes,' last night at the banquet of the Ladies' June Society. A society that was organized at my house and for which I drew the constitution. But I know nothing whatever of the Woman's club. I heard there was one in town, but that is all I know about it." "Great Caesar's ghost!" cried McClrath. "Why, Brown, you great clam, you haven't brains enough to start a headache if you don't know it was the Woman's club that you eulogized so to the skies last night. What did you think you were addressing? An undertakers' convention or a drovers' meeting." "I was addressing the Willowton Ladies' June Society," replied Brown, with great dignity. "Well,