

her volume "Russian Laces and Lace-Makers" was untiring in her effort to make her book an authentic treatise upon the subject. She toured Russia collecting and photographing laces and inspecting those marvelous rugs made by the serfs before the emancipation. She founded the Mary School of Lace-Making in St. Petersburg under the patronage of the Empress Dowager Marya Feodorovna. In this school twenty little peasant girls who understand the rudiments of lace-making are cared for and instructed for two years in elementary branches, drawing and designing. At the expiration of two years they are permitted to weave gold lace sewn with seed pearls for empresses and queens, and are then sent home with the expectation that they will teach others in their district what they have learned. Mme. Davydoff also reviewed the rug industry in Russia. She was sent by the Government to France, Bokhara and Central Asia on special missions. In 1892, assisted by the Ministry of Imperial Domains, she organized systematized work for women in the districts most devastated by that fearful famine, establishing schools for weaving, lace-making and embroidery.

The Baroness A. I. Budberg has done great good in the impetus she has given women for agricultural study. For a number of years she has maintained an agricultural school on her own estate. Here two distinct courses are offered, one for the peasant class and another for those who have received an education. The former receive elementary instruction in the common branches, besides all subjects that have a practical connection with the house or farm. The course offered the educated class has many additions such as arboriculture, zoology, chemistry, mineralogy, drawing, political economy, knowledge of machinery and veterinary surgery. Last summer the Government seeing the good results of the school established a similar one near Moscow.

The reports of the D. A. R. gathering this winter in Washington have doubtless been greatly exaggerated as to displays of jealousy and temper, but nevertheless truth was the foundation for these rumours and stories. The Gasper Chapter, D. A. R. of Providence, Rhode Island, on hearing the report of their delegates, protested "against the display of personal ambition and party aims which are making our national congress a disgrace, together with an urgent request to the state regents to use their influence to secure an amendment to the national constitution that shall reduce the representation to a sufficiently small number of delegates to secure a business-like procedure." The action of this chapter gives hope that a more peaceful spirit may be the presiding genius of the next conference.

The annual convention of the International Kindergarten Union was held in Chicago, April the tenth, eleventh and twelfth, by invitation of the Chicago Kindergarten club. Miss Caroline T. Haven of the New York City Ethical schools, was in charge of the sessions which were attended by nearly a thousand delegates and visitors. Seventy kindergarten clubs and associations in this country and in Canada were represented.

#### The Federation as an Educator.

During the past two years music has taken upward strides locally and nationally. New clubs have been formed, and the established clubs are growing in numbers and in musical strength. There never was a time when the musicians all over the country were so thoroughly in earnest. Has musical knowledge become more generally diffused? Are musicians explaining what

they know to those less fortunate, or what is bringing about this musical revival? Surely the National Federation of Music clubs has been one factor, with its army of enthusiastic, conscientious musicians.

There is scarcely a town or village that has not felt its stimulating effect already. The Western clubs, being so far removed from all musical centres, feel that belonging to the Federation brings them in touch with those whose aim is that of promoting musical culture and the stimulation of musical interest. An exchange of ideas must give encouragement and serve as an incentive to better work. The western section of N. F. M. C. sustained a heavy loss in the resignation of Mrs. Hardt, of Topeka, Kansas, and Mrs. Farnsworth, of Boulder, Colorado, directors of this section, by their removal east. For several months we were without a director. Then Mrs. Thomas Groce of Galveston, Texas, was elected to fill Mrs. Hardt's place. Mrs. J. W. Shannon of Denver, was chosen to fill Mrs. Farnsworth's place. A month later Mrs. Shannon resigned, as a year abroad would seriously interfere with her work. Mrs. Arthur Shaw, president of the Matinee Musicals of Spokane, was elected to fill this vacancy in November 1900. Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Groce have brought to this section enthusiasm, excellent ideas and executive ability that will be felt and appreciated by the board of management. Fifteen new clubs have been added to the section since the last biennial.

In the west the clubs are beginning to feel the true spirit of the federation idea—"that it is more blessed to give than to receive"—and seldom is a letter received now saying, "We do not receive any benefit from the federation," but, "What can we do to assist you in forwarding this grand work, where it is so much needed." There seems to be a wave of enthusiasm and good feeling that has spread all through this section, as the club reports are unanimous in saying, "The club year has been most successful," and "It has been quite an expense and a great deal of work, but we enjoy it so much we do not mind a little trouble."—Mrs. David A. Campbell, in the "Concert-Goer."

#### N. F. W. C. Standing Committees.

##### ART.

- Mrs. F. M. Hall, Lincoln.
- " Elizabeth Langworthy, Seward.
- " Anna R. Morey, Hastings.

##### HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS.

- Mrs. W. D. Baker, Norfolk.
- " Sullivan, Columbus.
- " Sarah Wells Phelps, Schuyler.

##### INDUSTRIAL.

- Mrs. A. M. Edwards, Milford.
- " Nellie Cady, St. Paul.
- " Etta R. Holmes, Kearney.

##### LIBRARY.

- Mrs. B. M. Stoutenborough, Plattsmouth.
- " L. L. Ricketts, Lincoln.
- " H. S. Towne, Omaha.

##### CONSTITUTION.

- Mrs. A. K. Gault, Omaha.
- " Draper Smith, Omaha.
- " Stoutenborough, Plattsmouth.

##### MUSIC.

- Mrs. Lily R. Burton, Fremont.
- " S. E. Sedgwick, York.
- Miss Mary A. Smith, University Place

##### EDUCATIONAL.

- Mrs. Anna L. Apperson, Tecumseh.
- " G. M. Wheeler, Lincoln.
- Miss Cory Berryman, Central City.

##### CREDENTIALS.

- Mrs. John Erhardt, Stanton.
- " Brainard Dearborn, Wakefield.
- " E. M. Smith, Wayne.

##### PROGRAM.

- Mrs. C. S. Lobingier, Omaha.
- " Hainer, Aurora.
- " Stoutenborough, Plattsmouth.

##### TRANSPORTATION.

- Mrs. H. D. Neely, Omaha.
- " E. V. Herford, Omaha.

##### RECIPROCITY.

- Mrs. Archibald Scott, Lincoln.

#### THE WEDDING PRESENT.

An Episode of Eastertide.

It was at the breakfast table one morning that Sally first broached to me the subject of a wedding present for Corey Sands.

"The cards came yesterday, Jim," she said, "and I've thought of nothing else since. Stella's friends are all so rich and Corey's so artistic that it is simply hopeless to dream of vying with them."

"In another way that fact is rather cheering," I said. "for whatever we choose for them is sure to sink into insignificant obscurity, and so it can't matter much what we give." And I stirred my coffee with the comfortable smile of conscious mediocrity.

"It matters greatly to me," retorted Sally, grandly. "I always see my own present the moment I enter the room, and it always looks the most conspicuous thing there. If it's good, I'm obviously complacent; if it's bad, my blush is an immediate signal to everybody about."

"As in the case of those you choose alone?" I suggested, wickedly, but, thinking it wiser not to await Sally's reply, I went on: "Seriously, dear, when can we meet to get something for Corey?"

"Let me see, Jim," and she laid down her egg spoon and made a calendar of her hands, which, as I delight to tell her, with scorn, are disgracefully white and dimpled for a matron of her years. "The wedding is the fifteenth, and we are now at the second. I can't go with you today nor tomorrow, nor Thursday nor Friday. Saturday, possibly, if Madeline doesn't need me to chaperone her and Bob Denny at the game."

I groaned. In these days the business men are the leisure class of society, and the women suffer from long hours and overwork.

"Why don't you strike?" I asked; but Sally did not look intelligent. "Well, then," I went on, "perhaps I'd better look round a bit alone. Would you try pictures?"

"Oh, no, Jim, dear. Corey has all the good carbons to be had, and he'll be sure to get a lot of water-colors. There's not much else you could do in the way of pictures."

"Not unless I had a life-sized portrait of you painted for him," I was base enough to remark. Sally had once narrowly escaped being Mrs. Corey Sands. She glared at me, and I gracefully turned the discussion.

"Pottery, then—a bit of Rookwood or Doulton?"

"No, no; something unique, Jim. Corey already has quite a collection of breakables, you know."

"He has a passion for Canton. I've heard him say he could never have too much of it. Only a really good piece is so terribly expensive."

Sally sighed. "That's the worst of it! Everything really good is expensive, from china to cooks." And then the last instance of Maria's depravity held the floor until I went off down town.

Sally's engagements would not permit her to meet me on Saturday, and the business of choosing the Sands' present was deferred to Tuesday of the next week. On Monday, as I went by Lyons' auction rooms after luncheon, I noticed that a sale was going on, and I wandered in. The room was dark and crowded. People kept unusually quiet during the tiresome preliminary sale of silver-mounted pocketbooks, tea strainers and fruit knives. Even the outer fringe of idlers felt that some exceptional skirmish was in the air.

Presently a set of china was announced—antique Canton of great value, personally imported by the father of the present owner, who was now obliged to sell at a great loss.

I watched the sale of the first dozen

pieces with hardly more than an idler's interest. Then a bowl of unusual shape and exquisite coloring—those Canton things are so different in color when you come to examine them as negroes—was put up, and I had an inspiration. I would get that for Corey Sands. He would not dream how I came by it, and doubtless it would go for a song. Bidding on the other pieces had been more or less apathetic.

But I was reckoning without my host. Starting at a dollar, the auctioneer ran it up easily, by bids of twenty-five cents, to three dollars; then several bidders dropped out, and the few left grew deadly earnest.

"Four-fifty, who gives five? Five dollars. Yes sir. Do I hear six? Six; do I hear it? Five-fifty? Thank you. Five seventy-five? Six?" And so on up to ten.

In my excitement I had forgotten to fix, mentally, a limit. I now paused for a moment as the bids slackened, and decided not to go above fifteen. From this point on the bidding was confined to one other man and myself. I could not see my enemy, as he was apparently on the other side of the room, nor did I hear his voice, for his bidding was conveyed by nods when the auctioneer looked his way and mentioned a figure that appealed to him. This showed him to be a more cautious bidder than I. In fact, as the fight waxed dogged, and rose nearer and nearer my limit, my one hope was that I, being the more reckless, might win through sheer bravado.

"Thirteen and a half!" shouted the impartial auctioneer. "Thirteen seventy-five." "Fourteen," from me, and for a second I thought I had it. No; "fourteen ten" from the other. "Fourteen twenty-five;" my blood was up. "Fourteen fifty. Fourteen fifty. Fourteen fifty. Fifteen?" A nod evidently answered him, for he turned to me expectantly. I hesitated. Should I stretch a point? Even for sixteen dollars the bowl was a prize, and a "bargain," as Sally would say—as if any of her transactions were anything else. How I wished the even limit had fallen to me!

Meanwhile, the hammer was slowly descending. "Going at fifteen, going, going—"

"Fifteen and a half!" I shouted and then listened, almost throbbingly, for the antiphony. It did not come. The auctioneer was evidently satisfied, and after a look in the direction of my unseen rival, knocked down the bowl to me.

Sally was delighted with my success, especially as it saved her a morning in town.

"I really couldn't have gone, you know, after all," she confessed. "I had promised Mrs. Childs." But she was so sweet about the bowl that I forgave her duplicity.

Two days after we got the following note:

"Dear Jim:—The bowl is a stunner. Stella and I are more than delighted, and grateful to you and Mrs. Jim. It rather adds to my satisfaction that I know where you got it, and, incidentally what you got it for. Congratulate you on beating me, dear boy. I was the other man.

Yours,

Corey.

—Town Topic.

They do say that people are just dying to be buried in Logan Park cemetery since the company began to talk of fixing it up.—From William Reed Dunroy's "Salad Dressing" in S. C. Tribune.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND WOMEN to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary \$750 a year and expenses, all payable in cash. No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address Manager, 355 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.