

as related to civil service reform;" Mr. Charles W. Birtwell on "Woman Suffrage as related to the care of the young, the poor, and the defective." Mrs. Fanny B. Ames is expected to speak on "Women and the public schools."

An appropriate entertainment will be given in Copley hall, Boston, on May the fifteenth, at the Colonial Day Festival, under the auspices of the New England Women's Press Association. An old-time country dance, the Sir Roger de Coverly, will be first on the program, followed by a Papoose dance, the Minuet, dance of Canadian Voyageurs and Coureurs du Bois. A group of singers will give old church tunes, modern English glees and the wild songs of the Canadian Voyageurs.

Twenty energetic girls, members of the Froebel Circle of King's Daughters at Savannah, Georgia, have purchased a cottage at Tybee and fitted it up for a seashore home for waifs. A day nursery has been supported there during the entire year, and a Christmas tree entertainment was given to five hundred children. A matron and cook are in charge of the home, and 180 children were cared for there during the last year. Three years ago the society started with a capital of \$150; today \$1,300 of the \$1,500, cost of the home, has been paid, in addition to the expenses of operation during the two years.

A "darning club" is Centralia, Missouri's latest departure in club organization. This unique society is composed of thirteen young matrons who meet every two weeks and do mending of all descriptions while discussing the subjects of literature, music and art. Stocking mending is a specialty of the club, and the most proficient in the art are rewarded by election as officers.

A musicale was given by the Mental Culture club of Auburn at the home of Professor W. H. Gardner, on April the nineteenth. Sixty guests were present, including Mrs. W. A. Swearingen and Miss Lillian Kauble of Plattsmouth.

The following program was presented:

Talk, Music	
Rev. G. W. Borden	
Piano solo, The Flatterer	Chaminade
Miss Allie Furlong	
Solo, Happy Days	Strelzki
Mrs. W. A. Swearingen	
Piano solo, The Storm	Chopin
Miss Gardner	
Violin solo, Il Trovatore	Saigalee
Miss Lillian Kauble	
Solo	Selected
Miss Dora Swearingen	
Reading	Selected
Miss Emma Berlet	
Solo, The Swallows	Cowen
Mrs. Swearingen	
Violin solo, Caprice	Bohm
Miss Kauble	
Piano duet, Les Sylphes	Bachmann
Misses Eustice and Reed	
Solo, For all Eternity	Mascheron
Mrs. Swearingen	
Duet, O that We Two were Maying	
Mrs. Swearingen, Miss Swearingen	
Piano solo	Selected
Miss Swearingen	

The Tribune would be the last to hint that the Woman's club might be engaged in more useful business. It knows the intellectual stimulus the club has been to scores of women, but it is impelled to remark that the questions of literature, art, history, music and the like might be given a week's

vacation for the purpose of discussing "The Hired Girl; Her Uses and Abuses." Here would be something practical and tangible and the field is ripe for the harvest, as it were. There are two big sides to the hired girl problem, and if the Woman's club could compromise in some manner the differences between the hired girl and the housewife, so the latter would be treated as a member of the family and the other could have assurance of being through with her work before the fifteenth hour of the day, all might live happier ever after.—Fremont Tribune.

A bouquet which will be presented to Mrs. McKinley at San Jose, California, will be more than a hundred feet in circumference, and will contain two tons of flowers, representing all the varieties of flowers and leaves in that country.

A call has been issued by Mrs. May Wright Sewall of Indianapolis, United States representative on the international peace commission of women, asking the women throughout the country to arrange for meetings on May the eighteenth in behalf of international peace and arbitration. The call says: "Notwithstanding the discouraging conditions since the holding of The Hague conference and the many pessimistic jeers, it is certainly matter for grateful consideration that, as a result of the conference, the permanent court of international arbitration will convene at The Hague on the second anniversary of the conference—May the fifteenth."

On Tuesday the English literature department of the Omaha Woman's club had charge of the program. Mrs. F. H. Cole, the leader of the department briefly reviewed the work of the year, and the special study of John Milton and Jonathan Swift. Mrs. Charles Urquhart sang, The Lorelei, by Liezt.

Mrs. A. W. Bowman read a paper, Italian Influence. The Polacca Brillante was then played by Mrs. Edward Johnson. Miss Fairbrother read Robinson Crusoe—An Analysis. She was applauded enthusiastically, and presented with a beautiful bouquet of roses. The program closed with the exquisite song, Life's Lullaby, by Gerald Lane sung by Mrs. Urquhart.

During the business session of the club a complete report of the bill board committee was presented by the chair, Mrs. C. W. Damon. She read portions of the state laws which declare impure bill boards and advertising to be nuisances and stating the penalties therefor. Mrs. Damon said the mayor had promised assistance and that the newspapers had written circular letters advising advertisers of the said state laws. A circular is also being prepared for use of club members in making complaints.

A message to club members from the president of the state federation, Mrs. Draper Smith, was read by the secretary, Miss Kennedy. It contained suggestions for the appointment of a club extension committee and for a state federation day which will be considered at the next meeting.

The delegates elected to attend the state federation meeting at Wayne, Nebraska, are: Mesdames Penfold, Towl, Keyser, Damon, Rosewater, Creigh, McGilton, Towne, Ward, MacMurphy and Charde. The president, Mrs. Tilden, is also a delegate by virtue of her office.

Reverend J. Stitt Wilson of Evanston, Illinois, spoke to the club for a few minutes on, The Relation of Christ to the Social Problem. Mr. Wilson is recently from Europe where he has studied social questions. In this country he has been connected with the Northwestern University Settlement and Hull House in Chicago. He is an earnest speaker and is to conduct meetings in the city this week at Fourteenth and Harney streets.

THE OLD ARMORY.

KATHARINE M. MELICK.
(For The Courier.)

It is not so very old, yet the creaking in the centre, and the chalk wish bones enclosing the two baskets seem strangely infantile on that floor. The tall referee who stands holding the ball in the very act of the toss up, was spreading an army blanket on that self same spot, three years ago tonight, for his first soldier sleep. See the khaki uniforms coming down the company line. It was in one of those that the referee learned that swinging step the old company team plays an Academy line-up, and the town has turned out to see. It has seen the orchestra, and the bean-bag race between Academy girls and the tumbling and leaping of Academy boys—everything but what it has come to see—a victory for the Company team.

There is no doubt in any mind as to the outcome, when the over-confident array of orange and black sweaters fronts the dingy khaki line. You can see darker streaks on those wiry dun trousers—streaks of Cavite mud, and Mololos mire. The mother of Stub, there—the blocky little chap who plays guard—wanted to wash his, and only Stub's accidental appearance on the scene forestalled that catastrophe. See the stains from end to end of his squareness. That's Maccabebe road, where he went in to the neck. Gold lace wouldn't touch it. Look at the sturdy brown fore-arm, out of the half sleeve of brown shirt. The tropic tan had not worn away when he touched Golden Gate harbor, and the first boats brought him word of his father's death. Stub came home to finish the cement walk his father had been laying, and he has laid every cement walk in town since that day. See how he gets the low ball. But how the Academy guard reaches over his head. Too high—that play.

But what a Centre the Academy has! He wriggles out of every skirmish with that ball in his hard white arms. The Company Centre seems to miss his reach. His sleeves are in the way, and he had to leave them because he doesn't want to show a tattooed arm.

Who threw the ball to the Academy Forward? That was sleight of hand. Hear the new yell over the rest! It wasn't any trick to put the ball in, when not another player was within five yards. Where was the Company left forward? They fairly played the Academy team off the floor, last practice.

Watch it now. Khaki strikes hard, but see the thing fly back from hand to hand, as if it were jerked by a trolley wire. The Academy puts good practice into the lads. See that slim professor reach over little Stub. Twice!—In four minutes, too, and not a point for the Company. It's queer.

Not enough spirit, though, in such a contest, for men who have run against bamboo hedges and crooked Tagai knives. Every one of those ex-volunteers is an Academy man. Just there, where the ball is rolling out from under the meles—see that Centre get it again,—they hung the booth of Filipino sword-iron, in the exhibit of Manila products, after the Company came home. Men who have faced anything from a feather tipped poisoned arrow, blown out of a hollow bamboo, seven feet long, to a bolo or a wooden cannon with a section of gas-pipe for barrel, or a shell made of a tomato can filled with rusty nails—how can they set their teeth to win a basket ball game?

Six times in a ten minute half, and not a throw for the Company. The second half may sing another song, but while they wait, the Armory has resources of its own for those who know it.

The flag which the Academy sent

with the Company was presented on that stage, the night after the lads had bunked on the floor together, the evening of the call. No townsman will ever forget that day—each soldier hurrying home from the bank, or the store, or garden patch, or school laboratory, to pack his knap-sack and bring it here. All you can see on that platform is a dozen pieces of tipsy green forest, flanking the Academy orchestra, but I see the President's wife, with a brave white face, and a voice full of tears, trying to tell the lads what we put into their keeping. By the lockers here under the balcony they say Hyshie spread his blanket, when the mothers and sisters had gone away—and when the last silly young volunteer had been set in a roar by Hyshie's fun. It was just in front of the stage, where the basket stands, that he lay when they brought him home from Camp Merritt, and every mother with a boy on the transport came to weep with Hyshie's mother.

Little Stub was with him most, cooling his forehead until Hyshie would begin to reach out a hand for "Mother"—the mother who came too late. There. See Stub go after that ball again. How they slide! The floor is smooth as wax. Yes. There's been many a company dance here. You think they're noisy, now, but these walls have echoed more laughter and more sobs—they have closed in more silences of a whole city—than any other here. From the Easter when all the churches came together to join in a memorial service for our lad that lies yet in Havana harbor, where the Maine's top mast marks the place—from that Sunday to the other when the returning transport was righted, and the people flocked, without prearrangement, here together for their evening prayers, it has been our Forum.

Troupes who play sometimes on the Armory stage complain of undemonstrative audiences. Look at those old ladies leaning out over the balcony, and see the small boys dancing over that one score for the Company. You wouldn't think this same assemblage open to such indictment. But it is. The Herr Magicians and Frau Prima Donnas are right. Tragedy and comedy have been played so high in these walls, that they cannot be shaken to the resin dripping rafters, by the impersonator who "cawn't eat, and cawn't sleep," or the Tyrolean troupe with yodels, green hats, and a glass orchestra.

To tell the truth, I didn't want to watch the last half. Twelve to two for the Academy, the referee is saying. But it's good to know that the Academy

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