

ha, Neb.; Mrs. W. W. Boyd, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Dotha Stone Pinneo, Norwalk, Conn.; Miss Louisa B. Poppenheim, Charleston, C. S.

* * *

"Women devote too much time to children when they are little, forgetting that the mother is more needed when the children are older and out in the world," says Miss Thomas, of Bryn Mawr. In this one finds the real philosophy of the "new" mothers, who are studying to simplify the needs of young children. Incidentally simplicity is better for the child, but it is absolutely necessary for the mother who would not wear out her vitality long before her life is the most needed for spiritual guidance and sympathy in her own family. For a woman to spend her time tucking fine lawn for a child seems foolish enough if one stops to think how an hour or two a day of some broadening influence would be fitting her to be a real companion for her children when they are older. To be able to keep herself in touch with her growing children requires all her mental resources, as well as a splendid reserve of vital energy. Mrs. Margaret Deland has given an excellent recipe for this in admonishing women against allowing themselves to be laid on the shelf. This is no new thing, as a perennial type of womanhood can testify, and Miss Thomas herself refers to her own mother as one who gave wise oversight to her household, and yet made a happy companionship for her children.

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The plan adopted this year by the program committee of the Matinee Musicale of having its artist members give recitals before the club, or at least give a large part of a single program, instead of appearing once on several programs as in previous seasons, is meeting with general approval. The wisdom of this plan was fully demonstrated Monday afternoon when the program was given by Mrs. Will Owen Jones, pianist, and Mrs. Mark Woods, soprano.

Mrs. Jones' playing was characterized by the ease which has always marked her performances, and which inspires her listeners with confidence, and added to this was remarkable brilliancy and breadth of style. She had thoughtfully provided printed analyses of the Chopin Fantasia, and the Brahms sonata, written by a noted critic, which added greatly to the interest in listening to these works.

As usual Mrs. Woods charmed with her glorious voice, which seemed to adapt itself equally well to the operatic number and the ballads. Mrs. Woods has always been a favorite in the Matinee Musicale.

Mrs. L. J. Herzog accompanied Mrs. Woods on the piano, and Miss Lillie Eliche added to the effect of the ballads with cello obligatos.

The program follows:

Overture to 25th Church Cantata.....	Bach-Saint Saens
Intermezzo.....	Moszkowski
Pastorale, F minor.....	Chopin
Lied Signor.....	Meyerbeer
Andante and Finale from Sonata, F minor.....	Brahms
Group of old Ballads—	
(a) September.....	Charlton
(b) Douglas, Tender and True.....	Lady John Scott
(c) Nymphs and Shepherds.....	Purcell
The Linden Tree.....	Schubert-Liszt
Two Poems after Omar Khayyam.....	Arthur Foote
Of Br'er Rabbit, from Fireside Tales.....	MacDowell
La Campanella.....	Liszt

The next program will be devoted to the compositions of Richard Strauss, a well known modern composer, and will be presented by Mrs. R. A. Holyoke, Miss Hoover, Miss Eliche, and Miss Sydney Murphy. This will be an open meeting and each member will be privileged to take two guests.

* * *

The formation of a women's club federation in Greater New York is now a certainty, for during the last week the clubwomen throughout the city have been sounded on the project, and it has received hearty indorsement in every quarter. The West End Woman's Republican association passed a unanimous vote in favor of such a federation yesterday at the regular meeting of the club, at 2307 Broadway. Mrs. Belle de Rivera, who started the movement, laid the project before the Republican women.

"Such a federation as I speak of," she said, "is a necessity to the women's organizations in Greater New York. The convention held last spring in Los Angeles showed one thing plainly, and that was that New York city clubs had accomplished practically little as compared to clubs of other large cities. The reason is that clubs of other cities are united, and we are not. The federation festival, which was held a short time ago at the Waldorf-Astoria, shows the necessity for unity.

"There are numberless popular movements and questions of interest to women which we favor, but which we cannot support as we would like to do, because we are so widely separated. The present unendurable evil, the crush in the open street cars which the Woman's Health Protective association is fighting so persistently, would be done away with in a remarkably short time if the club-women of the city were joined together in the crusade as a city federation. I have sounded many of the clubwomen of the city on the proposal, and in every instance the idea has been received not only favorably but with enthusiasm. The impression which started when the subject was first proposed, namely, that the movement was intended to make a split in the state federation, is absurd. The broad field of work open to the clubwomen of New York demands unity and co-operation among the women, and the only way to secure this is through the formation of a New York City Federation of Women's Clubs."—Inter-Ocean.

"One kettle full makes about fifty of the large boxes," the candy man explained, "and we average eight hundred boxes a day. We have our peanuts shipped from Virginia; they come all ready to be put into the candy. A barrel of peanuts all shelled and hulled costs about twenty-four dollars, and getting them in one thousand barrel lots as we do, calls for a snug sum of money. The sugar we use is the old fashioned A, and it is really the best for candy."

In another room they were making fudge, and such a stirring and boiling as there was. There were moulds of every description, some round, some square, some like flowers and birds, and some heart shaped.

The most interesting thing to be seen in a candy factory is the dipping of caramels. The little white lumps are dipped in a chocolate syrup and come out, not sticky, but hard and ready to be packed.

In another room downstairs the best caramels were being dipped and packed in dainty little boxes that could not fall

Prospective cook—I couldn't live in a flat, ma'am.

Head of the family—Why not?

P. C.—I wouldn't care to be on the same floor with the family.

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In a Candy Factory

"There is a greater demand for candy this year than last," said a candy manufacturer to a Courier representative a few days ago. "In fact, the demand is forty per cent. more than it was at this time last year. The most popular candy, and the kind that we sell the most of, is chocolate caramels, although fudge is well liked, and in a fair way to rival the caramels. We ship candy all over the country, but principally to towns in Nebraska and Kansas. We have an order today from a man in Oberlin, Kansas, for twenty-four hundred pounds, from eight cents a pound up to twenty-five, at the wholesale price. We sell about five thousand pounds a day, during the Christmas rush.

"The trade in Lincoln is large, that is the wholesale trade—we do not sell candy at retail, it would be an injustice to the retailers."

The visitor was then shown through the factory. On the first floor is the shipping room; there are boxes of all sizes and descriptions, buckets and wooden palls on every side, on shelves above one's head, and some being loaded into wagons outside, to be taken to outgoing trains and shipped all over the state. On each box or pall was written the name and address of the buyer and the number of pounds therein. These are checked off and taken away with a rapidity that is amazing.

On the next floor the candy is made. Coke is burned for fuel and it makes a steady fire, and an ideal one to boil candy over. The kettles are immense and made of copper. One man stirs the candy constantly. In one room they were making peanut candy. Three men were working at this, one stirred until the candy was nearly done, then another one "tried it," and the kettle was taken off the fire, another added more peanuts, it was beaten up again, spread out on a very clean table, and rollers passed over it, which marked it into sticks.

to please the most critical person. While candy is always put up in attractive boxes, some of the daintiest ever seen were in this lot. Little heart-shaped boxes, with holly or artificial cherries tied on the cover, some in the shape of a huge chrysanthemum, and a hundred other ideas equally as pretty and unique. It takes one girl to tend to the filling of the fancy boxes, and about twenty-five other girls to tend to the rest of it.

Several men are employed and they are all experts. They waste nothing, spill nothing, burn nothing. They turn out candy, pack it and get it ready to ship in an astonishingly short time, and, considering how sticky candy is, the rooms where it is made were very clean.

On Saturday afternoon when the work is over, each worker scrubs his table or pan, whatever the case may be, thoroughly, thus they are clean for the beginning of the week's work on Monday morning.

While there are a great many chocolate caramels made, the cheaper candies are in demand also. The mixed candy, which is used exclusively for Christmas trees, is manufactured and barrel after barrel is sent out of town. Lemon drops and candy beans are conspicuous in a candy factory, as well as the better kinds. On the whole a visit through a factory where they manufacture sweets, is highly interesting, and the people who have never had the pleasure of seeing the making of it, and only sit at home and open the dainty boxes and nibble at the contents, don't know what it all means or what they have missed.

* * *

Jones—That horse I bet on led half way round the track, then he turned round and ran back.

Brown—You should have played him both ways, my boy.

* * *

"In heaven's name, why is De Rigueur so attentive to that ordinary woman?" "Hush, or she might hear you. That's the new cook he is taking home."

* * *

"Brown says he has an auto for sale." "I'm not surprised. I sold him mine on Monday."

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