

day. Monday the twenty-third has been chosen for the opening day. A president-general is to be elected and much interest is felt both by the friends of the present incumbent, Mrs. Fairbanks, who wish to see her re-elected, and by the followers of Mrs. Donald McLean, who is also a candidate. Mrs. McLean's friends claim that Mrs. Fairbanks is not eligible for another term, but she will be a candidate just the same and a spirited contest is expected.

The most interesting topic to come before the congress will be the plans relating to Continental hall—no longer a dream now, but a reality. The site has already been secured and nearly 100 plans have been submitted by architects all over the country. Three of the plans have been selected and a choice from among the three will be made by a vote of the congress.

The site is near the Corcoran Art gallery and commands a fine view of the White House, and the Washington monument. Continental hall will cost about \$300,000, include an auditorium seating 2,000 persons, to be used by congresses and will be provided with a steel-lined vault for the safe keeping of valuable papers and funds.

Mrs. M. H. Everett and Mrs. Ella K. Morrison, who will represent Deborah Avery chapter at the convention, started for Washington on Thursday, expecting to join the Chicago delegation Friday. Mrs. W. L. Woodworth will also be present at the congress.

But one change in its officers was made by the Woman's club at its annual meeting on Monday. Mrs. H. H. Wilson was made auditor, to succeed Mrs. H. M. Bushnell who wished to be released. The entire ticket, which was elected unanimously, was as follows: President, Mrs. F. M. Hall; first vice-president, Mrs. F. N. Gibson; second vice-president, Mrs. Guy A. Brown; recording secretary, Miss Jeannette Green;

corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. F. Stevens; treasurer, Mrs. George H. Schwake; auditor, Mrs. H. H. Wilson.

The following women were elected to represent the club at the state federation to meet in October: Delegates—Mesdames A. W. Field, W. A. Poynter, M. D. Welch; Miss A. L. Miller; Mesdames G. H. Schwake, Eli Plummer, A. J. Sawyer, J. F. Stevens, A. A. Scott, Guy Brown, M. H. Everett, Henry Gund, and Miss Jeannette Green. Alternates—Mesdames Ralph Johnson, G. E. Barber, Milton Scott, P. Mortenson, C. W. Little, Emma Seacrest, F. E. Lahr, F. N. Gibson, D. C. Bell, L. C. Chapin, G. E. Hibner, S. M. Wiseman, J. H. Clark.

Among the plans of work suggested for next year were a cooking school in connection with the high school course, and a manual training school for boys. Giving assistance to the college settlement, and providing good pictures for the public schools were also mentioned as promising fields for work.

The ladies voted to indorse the bill now before the legislature providing for a building for the state historical association.

Mrs. M. D. Welch invited all women who have ever attended the home department to be present at the entertainment for children which will be given in four weeks, and to be accompanied by a child.

At the opening of the meeting Miss Jane Morrow sang Angus MacDonald by Roeckel, with Miss Sydney Murphy as accompanist. Miss Aenone Poston played *Solrree de Vienne*, No. 8, Schubert—Liszt.

"How do you like de new preacher?" asked Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Very much," answered Miss Miami Brown. "He's got a good staht. He knows a heap o' words, an' jes' as soon as he gits 'em arranged in de proper order he'll hab a mighty fine sermon."—Washington Star.



A. O. THOMAS, OF KEARNEY.
Secretary of the Nebraska Teachers' Association.

Made Good With the Cow Punchers

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 14.—Here is a true tale. To be sure it is none the better for that; but neither is it any the worse. It is the tale of a tenderfoot that came out on top. It was told by a grizzled ranchman who was getting the first taste of the civilization of the effete east that he had had in fifteen years, in a restaurant not a thousand miles from the court house not long ago. He was reminiscent—reminiscent of the ranch and of that last taste of civilization fifteen years back. On that occasion it was Chicago, not greater New York, that figured as the "effete east."

At that time he and his partner had been connected with the "G-52 outfit" in Idaho. His partner, he it observed, was a young Scotchman, a fellow with a handle to his name, who had had the sense to realize that he was none the better for that, to the ultimate persuading of his fellows that he was equally none the worse for it. Out in the beef country he was just plain "Jim" to his equals and "Mr. Hamilton" to his inferiors. "Jim" and the Idaho man had sought the effete east, i. e., Chicago, in charge of a load of cattle from G-52, which was about thirty miles north of Pocatello. They had put up at the old Richelleu of happy memory and put in considerable time painting the town as deep a shade of carmine as they could before society found Jim out. That "Sir" tacked in front of his name cut considerable ice in the social pond, even though the ranch had agreed to forget it, in view of the fact that Jim was the right sort, in spite of it.

"It was a case of evening togs and dinner at some swell house—a different one every night," said the Idaho man. "Of course, I trailed along with Jim. He wouldn't have it any other way, and he made it stick; though sometimes I got so tired of spike-tailed waiters' clothes that I came near swerving several times and Jim had to do everything short of picketing me to hold me down at that. So we had a pretty hot time of it that trip, though Jim had a whole gripful of letters to Chicago folks that he never presented at all.

"One night, it was the last week of our stay in Chicago, we had dinner with some swell folks over on the North Side. After dinner, when the men folks got together in the smoking room, Jim and I had to answer a heap of questions about the ranching business.

"The son of the host was particularly anxious to know a lot about the game. He was a tall, slender lad of about 22 or 23, with tow hair, a peachy skin, and a little bit of a light, rat-tailed mustache.

"Say, what the young man didn't want to learn about the cattle business was just nothing at all. Jim and I asked him if he was thinking about going into ranching, but he said no, but the business interested him, and that as we were the first people we had ever met that were actually engaged in it he wanted to verify a few things that he had heard about the cattle land.

"It was up to us then, of course, to ask him to come out to our outfit, and take a look around, and we did, although he was such a juniper looking cuss, with his pink hide and his tow hair and his mild eastern way, that neither of us could

just figure out how he'd look at a ranch. But it was plain that he was trolling for the invitation, so Jim and I passed it along to him.

"He had heard that cowboys had a way of raisin' hell—beg pardon, he called it 'hazin', and that sure does sound better—with tenderfeet that came their way. And he was most particular anxious to know more about it. We figured out that he was scared o' his hide, Jim and I did, and we had to grin. We could just see the hands looking over and sizin' up that pinky boy, and we could hear the cracks they'd make when he appeared.

"But Jim, being dead anxious to switch him from his determination to come out and visit us, made out to comfort him some; told him how the boys never really hurt up tenderfeet, just danced 'em a little for exercise like. The boys were all right at bottom, but just a leetle mite mischievous when they first see a tenderfoot. But Pinky he didn't bluff for a cent.

"Well," says he, 'I'll come, but I won't dance and I won't be hazed.'

"Jim and me, we just twiddled our thumbs and looked hard at the ceiling.

"Bet you five hundred they don't bother me at all," the kid went on.

"Sure, they won't," said Jim. "The boys never monkey with the guests of the boss—it's only the rank outsiders they get after. When you drift along out our way we'll be there to take care of you."

"Bet you five hundred they don't haze me, even if they don't know I'm going to be one of your guests," the pinky young chap persisted.

"You're on, son," said Jim, with a grin.

"All right," said the young fellow, in a business-like way. "I'll arrive in Pocatello on Nov. 15, two months from today. Will the cowboys be in Pocatello on Nov. 15?"

"Lots of 'em," says Jim. "That's after the busy spell. And we'll see that a lot of our hands are there, anyhow, busy or no busy, eh, pard?" addressing me. And I strung along with the remark that there'd likely be a whole lot of the boys in and around Pocatello on the date mentioned.

"Very well," said the young fellow, making a note in his little book, just as if he was registering the date of a pink tea. "And you two gentlemen 'll happen to be in Pocatello, too?"

"We sure would be, we told him.

"Good," said the kid. "And when I get into Pocatello you're not to let the cowboys know that I'm to be your guest, or anything of the sort. All you've got to do is to look on, and you won't have to butt in, no matter what happens. And I won't be hazed—and five hundred goes?"

"Jim took another good look at the kid's peachblow hide and his tallowy hair and that little bit of a rat-tailed mustache, and then he grinned.

"It sure goes," he said. "But I hate to steal your money, son."

"That juniper kid ought to go into training right now," said Jim, on our way back to the hotel.

"A few days later we went back to the ranch and on Nov. 13 we got a telegram from that pink Chicago boy saying he would strike Pocatello at 10 o'clock next day. Things were pretty slack at the ranch; the round up was over and there was nothing much doing. So Jim went over to the bunk house with advance money for the boys and told 'em that if any of them thought Pocatello was in need of a coat of pink paint they could

CAPTAIN CLOVER TO COME HOME



Captain Richardson Clover, naval attache to the United States embassy at London, will take a term at sea next April, when his three years' attache service will be up. His wife and family will return to Washington. London will be very sorry to lose the couple, who are very popular.