Mrs. May Wright Sewall,
Who Has Spoken Before Many Assemblages

Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks
She Has Been Called on to Preside at Many Gatherings

# For Duty's Sake...A Thrilling Story of a Railroad Engineer

By ALLAN GARRIGUS

SIMPSON'S place was but a collection of brown flotsam in a tossing sea of green verdure. A group of low, unpainted buildings huddled together beneath a clattering windmill in a hollow square of dwarf willow hedge.

From out of the shimmering south came the old stage road, rising and falling with the gentle swells of the prairie, passing the house between long files of purple-topped ironweeds and stretching its length on and on, a white scar across the face of nature, that finally ran into the foothills of the north and disappeared.

A solitary traveler plodded over the rise, shuffled through the dust to the house and asked for a drink of water; but even while raising the cup to his lips he gave a little shiver and slid to the porch floor in a dead faint.

It is not the way of the plains to turn a stranger from the door, besides which the man was burning with fever, and so the Simpsons took the wanderer in and cared for him.

After some days of incoherent babbling the man came suddenly to his wits and found himself in a cool, quiet room, with a restful calm brooding over him. He was weak and weary, his bandaged head throbbed if he did but move, there was but a confused memory of a shadowy Nemesis that had been pursuing him and it was good to lie still and doze.

A woman tiptoed in and out who had the comforting touch of a mother. Sometimes a man creaked up to the bedside, looked intently at him, and creaked away again. Also, at rare intervals, there was a third person—a girl who took good care to show him no more than the side of her face—a profile that it had pleased him to study.

At last the man was strong again and there was apparently no need of prolonging his visit, but there was no place for him to go, and also, he desired to stay. Which desire Simpson, from beneath his bushy brows, was quick enough to perceive and encourage. There was plenty of work about the place—more than he could do alone, for he was no longer strong—hands were scarce. Perhaps he might care to stay; this is what Simpson suggested, to which the mother and daughter looked a timid approval, the daughter raising her eyes with a sweet, friendly smile that suddenly swept away the doubts that had been gathering in the man's mind.

Thus it was that Mark Danvers took up the reins, instead of the throttle, and drove steeds of flesh rather than those of steel. He helped to lay by the corn, followed behind the breaking plow and watched the long ribbons of sod ripple from the plow point; attended upon the clacking binder, building up a thatched village of wheat shocks; pitched the perfumed hay, and so long as he was busy he was happy.

At other times the thing called memory suddenly reappeared and cracked its whip at his heels. Whenever this happened there was such a desperation in his eyes that the girl saw it and straightway guessed that there was a story—guessed that he was a fugitive, and yet trusted him, for there was no guilt, no crafty deceit—nothing but fear written upon his brow. Sympathy is the royal road to love. With a woman it is also the beginning of curiosity. And so the girl decided that the story should be told, and having so decided, bit by bit, after the artlessly artful manner of her kind, she proceeded to beguile it from him.

For what man of us can refuse what a woman demands, in the name of compassion, to know?

Mark Danvers had been a rough, wayward fellow, with a jest ever upon his lips and an oath at its heels, but with a dominant passion that kept him from going very far to the bad—the love of his engine.

The glad thing of life that quivered at his touch like a proud filly!

It had been the dream of his young life to drive a locomotive. His star of hope—the headlight of the engine that was to be his—had never set.

By and by he ceased to see this headlight in the perspective. It became a reality, and he climbed up and rode behind it. It was something to be the youngest engineman on the road. It was also something to pull the "Pioneer Limited."

It was hell to put the Pioneer Limited in the ditch, and that was what Mark had done.

The dazzle of another headlight swinging around a sharp curve—a swift grasp of a lever—the grind and bump of the air—these were the things he remembered.

The rest was a whirling chaos until he found himself thundering at the door of the nearest signal tower and pleading, for God's sake, to get a special to the wreck. After that the horror of it got somehow into his brain, and he ran on and on—and that was all. As to the wreck, he had never heard the particulars.

No doubt it was bad enough; they always are, but such as it was he had not caused it. Some one had blundered, true, but not him. Sure, the "Pioneer" had the right of way over everything, and the other fellow had no business on the track, and there wasn't anything there to trouble him.

The thing that tweaked his heartstrings was the overpowering conviction that he must have committed the unpardonable—done just what he had sworn he never should do—jumped from his engine—left her to dash like a riderless steed into the abyss of fire.

If this were not so, how came it that he had escaped with nothing but a knock on his forehead?

At first the girl had attempted to hold up to him the futility of such a sacrifice. The right to save his own life, surely that could not be denied him.

To Mark there appeared no such privilege. It was the duty of an engineman to stick with his engine to the last. The company paid him to defend the train—with his life, if necessary.

To desert his engine in the face of danger meant to him what it means to a soldier to desert in the face of the enemy. The penalty of the one—the sharp crackle of the firing squad—a merciful death.

Of the other, the drumming out of camp of the "quitter"—an unmerciful living death.

How infinitely he would have preferred to have gone into the wreck with his hand upon the lever—faithful unto death—faithful even in death.

At this she had stood up and looked at him with an unwavering faith burning in her eyes. "You did not do it!" she cried. "No one shall make me believe that you were such a coward. Isn't there some way to prove it—some one who knows the truth?"

Mark admitted that there was. Billy Fobes, his fireman, would tell, if he wasn't dead. Billy was his friend, too. But when it came right down to the test he wasn't quite sure he wanted to know the truth. Along with anguish of uncertainty there is always the blessed chance. But to know—to know absolutely—is sometimes to close the door forever against hope.

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The sun had gone down in a blaze of glory. A fresh breeze whispered in the willows and furtively rattled the sunflowers. Away to the south twinkled the lights of a vagrant prairie fire. In the west the lightning flared in an aureole of flame about the snowy turban of a giant thunder-head, and faint grumbles of thunder came now and then from behind the clouds, like the murmurings of some discontented Titan.

The crickets—the little sisters of the night—chanted vespers in a quavering reedy chorus. A katydid stabbed the silence with its sybillant warning and from the lake came the sleepy twittering of the water fowls.

The family was sitting on the porch. The father smoking, the daughter idly strumming on a guitar, Mark seated in the background—where he chose to be.

A neighbor jogged up on an awkward farm horse and left the mail. There was a letter for the girl. A long, yellow envelope with "R. R. B." printed in the upper left-hand corner. She drew in her breath with a sharp gasp, rose tremblingly to her feet and entered the house. Presently Mark felt a touch on his arm through the open window. She beckoned him in.

"Read!" she cried, thrusting the letter into his hands; "it's from your Mr. Fobes. I wrote to him; I was afraid you wouldn't. Don't be afraid, it's good news—read."

Mark held the sheet up to the light and gazed at it vaguely. "I can't make it out," he said, weakly, "the letters seem to run all together. Read it for me, Mar—Marjorie."

And this is what the letter said:

"And so Mr. Danvers thought he jumped. Well, if he had it wouldn't have been no killing disgrace. I done it myself. But you can tell him for me that he didn't. I pulled him out through the cab window with my own hands after the bump. I had to pry his hold loose from the lever. He had a pretty stiff knock on the head. There wasn't no wreck to speak of. Would have been, though, if he hadn't stuck with his engine like he did. The old man was asking me the other day where he was and when he was coming back. Says I, 'Next month, I hear.' Yours,

"WILLIAM FOBES."

"P. S.—The papers said he was a hero."

"Isn't it too good!" she cried joyously. "Now you can go back, can't you?"

Mark slowly mopped his perspiring forehead.

"Yes, I can go back," he answered, jerkily, "but I'm not going."

"Not going?" She lifted her brows incredulously.

He shook his head. "I had it all thought out in case something like this did happen. When I came along here running wild, with my headlight smashed, did you people figure on what you were going to do with me? Didn't you take me in without a word—without considering your own feelings in the least? Haven't you kept me until I was as good as new and treated me white all the way through. And now that I've got a chance to get back at you do you reckon I'm the man to pull out empty, when I ought to stay and help you people over the grade?

"Your father needs some one all the time on the farm—he told me so himself, and he said he'd be sorry to see me leave. Another thing he said once, too, mighty near put me in the clear, 'that if—that if—he could find some one as good as me he wouldn't mind your marrying him, only he mustn't take you away from home—he couldn't stand that.'

"So you see, Marjorie, I'm not agoing. I judge there's other folks can do their duty besides you. I'd ought to told you long ago—how matters stood with me. I reckon you know that I've loved you from the first. I've been carrying the signals plain enough, and I reckon, too, you know why I haven't said it right out. Its because I couldn't bear to ask you until I knew what I could offer you. I didn't want you to have a husband with coward branded all over him. I've got some money at home, enough to buy the Mills farm—right next south. You'll be close home then—that is if you want me—do you Marjorie?"

She took a step backward. "Do you think," she cried, "that I can't see through it all, do you suppose that I don't know? Why are you doing this? Are you simple enough to believe that any girl would marry a man who proposed to her for duty's sake?"

"It isn't that," he answered. "I love you, and you know it, and I'm staying here because I ought to, and I'm willing to do it—glad to do it. It isn't any use for you to say anything. I won't go."

"You will," she flashed a swift smile at him, "there's no need of your staying. I—don't you see Mark that—why you foolish boy, why don't you ask me to go with you?"

* * * * * * * *

"Lord, Lord," he said a moment later, looking down at her proudly, "your way is going to be the best way after all. Its just going around a high mountain by a pleasant road, instead of climbing over it."

### Boy Conquers Wolf.

New York Herald.

Elliott Terry, a thirteen-year-old boy, of Box Elder county, Utah, is the hero of a desperate encounter with a gray wolf. The lad emerged victorious from the conflict with nothing more serious than a flesh wound in the leg. With his five-year-old brother, Eddie, Elliott was hunting squirrels. He was armed with only a small rifle. In a clump of bushes the lads were attacked by a wolf, unusually large for this State. The younger boy took flight, while Elliott gave battle to the wolf.

The animal, evidently driven down from the mountains by the snows, was ferocious. The boy fired a shot from his rifle and before the wolf reached him had discharged the weapon twice more. All three bullets took effect, but not sufficiently to disable the animal which leaped at the boy and fastened his fangs in his leg.

Elliott, being unable to fire another shot, grappled the beast by the throat. The animal snarled and snapped, but the lad held his grip, applying all his strength with both hands in an effort to strangle his antagonist. This style of defense proved effective, the wolf finally ceasing to struggle.

While the wolf lay gasping on the ground the lad dispatched it by cutting its throat with a knife.

### Satan's Visiting Day.

Satan gone a-visitin'—
Dress too fine ter tell!
Hear him holler, "Mawnin'!
Hope you feelin' well?"
En, hear me give de answer,
Plain ez plain kin be:
"I well enough, Br'er Satan,
W'en you fur away fum me!

"Wet or rainy spell,
De folks is mighty well—
Mighty well, Br'er Satan,
W'en you fur away fum me!"

Satan sorter study—
"Is dat de word ter tell?
Guests what come ter my house
I treats 'um mighty well!
I greases er de griddle—
I make de brimstone tea."
But I tell him, "I'm de one guest
Wants you away fum me!

"Wet or rainy spell,
I doin' mighty well—
Mighty well, Br'er Satan,
W'en you fur away fum me!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

# Many Indianapolis Women Who Make Acceptable Public Speeches

## Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, Mrs. Charles M. Walker and Other Women Who Talk Fluently...Self-Consciousness to Overcome

## Mrs. Walker Has Been Invited to Deliver an Address in Berlin, Germany ...Women's Clubs Have Developed the Art of Public Speaking to a Great Extent

Mrs. Charles M. Walker,
A Well-Known Woman Speaker

THE gift of speaking well in public is not given to every woman; perhaps because the gift of speaking fluently in private is so lavishly bestowed. Whatever the reason, an unexpected demand for a speech before an audience is enough to put the composure and the ideas of most women to utter rout. The prevalence of women's clubs has done much to cultivate the art of speaking in semi-public among the gentler sex, but even the beneficent and inspiring influence exerted by the clubs does not always make for self-possession in the face of the actual public. Many women who are able to address their club circles with calmness and an assured vocabulary, go to pieces at the thought of talking to a larger audience.

Reading papers and making speeches are two totally different affairs, and the woman who is perfectly willing to undertake the one on any occasion whatever, will probably decline with emphasis even to consider the other.

Most Indianapolis women belong to clubs, and to belong to a club means, of course, that a woman prepares and reads papers on any subject that happens to be allotted to her. Reading papers is not at all a nerve-racking process, for with the comforting pages of a paper in the hand, almost any Indianapolis clubwoman would be perfectly at ease in addressing an audience of polar bears. But let her lack the paper and she is lost; her ideas are in confusion; her ready supply of words is checked and she falters, hesitates and repeats herself blunderingly.

The woman who wishes to school herself to speak, rather than to read in public, sometimes tries preparing her talk or speech, committing it to memory, and then repeating it, holding the pages in her hand to give her confidence. Sometimes the scheme works and she goes through her speech smoothly, having managed to convey to her audience that she is talking extempore—a thing always to be desired in public speaking, as it gives the heart-to-heart effect that every speaker craves. But now and then it is a sorry scheme of things, for the speechmaker forgets or omits some portion of her carefully prepared talk. She hesitates, repeats her last sentence while groping for the next one, plunges ahead unadvisedly, and brings up against the blank wall of confusion. Then she has to stop to look up her place in her paper—and the place is always two or three pages back or forward of the page which she holds uppermost. The pause which ensues is awkward for audience and speaker, and when she takes up the thread of her discourse again the effectiveness of it is entirely marred.

Indianapolis, however, does possess women who can talk at any place and at any time, and on almost any subject, with perfect ease and grace. They are comparatively few, of course, but what they lack in quantity they make up in quality. Of the Indianapolis women who speak well in public, Mrs. May Wright Sewall is the best known. The high positions which Mrs. Sewall holds in national and international organizations of women require her to speak before large audiences, and she has an ease of manner in addressing a public audience that few women possess. Mrs. Sewall thinks quickly and her sentences have the brilliancy and the pointedness that is not always the accompaniment of the extemporaneous speech. She has an inexhaustible vocabulary, and no matter whether she speaks for an hour or for five minutes, she is never at a loss for words in which to express herself nor does she mar the effect of her points by repeating her words and phrases. Mrs. Sewall's voice, while not large, is well modulated and clear, her enunciation is unusually distinct and she has the faculty, rare among women, of pitching her voice to correspond with the requirements of the hall in which she speaks, so that there is never any difficulty in understanding her remarks.

The local Council of Women is the best place in which to get an idea of women speakers in Indianapolis. The council is made up of delegates from most of the clubs of the city, and the women who compose it are, consequently, the representative club women. The meetings are not limited to the members and many are largely attended, so the women that speak there are virtually addressing the public in doing so. Most of the members of the council are self-possessed in addressing the meeting, and the greater number of them enter into the discussions of the various resolutions and business introduced in the meetings. There are few of them, however, who attempt addresses of any length on any of the subjects that come up for discussion, sharing probably in the natural distaste of most women to public speaking. They confine themselves chiefly to short comments, and their remarks, however pungent, are usually as brief as they can make them.

Mrs. Charles M. Walker is one of the few council members who can and does speak at length upon subjects which interest her. Mrs. Walker has the faculty of arranging her ideas in logical sequence and her points in her extemporaneous speeches are made as effectively as in her prepared papers. She has a well-modulated voice, clear and distinct. Mrs. Walker has recently been accorded the distinction of being asked to address the International Council of Women at its meeting next summer in Berlin. Such an invitation is necessarily extended only to a few women from a gathering that represents over twenty countries. It was recently decided by the women in Germany connected with the International Council of Women, to ask no woman to speak at the international meeting who had not a "carrying" voice. The decision makes the compliment to Mrs. Walker a double one, implying a belief in her fitness both as thinker and speaker.

Mrs. John W. Kern is another of the council members who speaks with ease. Mrs. Kern is the vice president of the council and she presides on occasion with dignity and graciousness. She speaks either from the platform or the floor, always clearly and to the point. Her manner of speaking is without flourish of oratorical effect, but is exceedingly effective in its simplicity and directness. Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke and Dr. Rebecca Rogers George are also able speakers among the council members, exhibiting no self-consciousness in their manner or speech, keeping to the subject in discussion, and speaking concisely and effectively.

Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, who is seldom heard in Indianapolis, is one of the Indianapolis women who speak especially well. Mrs. Fairbanks is president general of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and she presides over the meetings of that body with a graciousness that fulfills all the requirements of a presiding officer.

Mrs. Samuel Elliott Perkins, who is one of the most prominent club women of the city, is also one of the best of the women speakers of Indianapolis. Mrs. Perkins's voice is especially fitted for speaking before audiences, being rich, full and well-pitched. Mrs. Perkins is in demand for talks on literary and artistic subjects before clubs, and her talks are always delightful, both in matter and manner.

Others of the club women of the city who speak especially well are Mrs. Clemens Vonnegut, Mrs. A. S. Spruance, Miss Adelaide Carman, Mrs. Henry D. Pierce, Mrs. George Hitt, Mrs. Alfred F. Potts, Mrs. G. M. Henderson and Mrs. J. S. Barth. Mrs. John L. Griffiths, who speaks charmingly, has the gift, rare among women, of story telling. The missionary societies have members who also speak well, and are at their ease in addressing an audience, but they are known to a smaller circle of auditors than the club women.

### The One Day

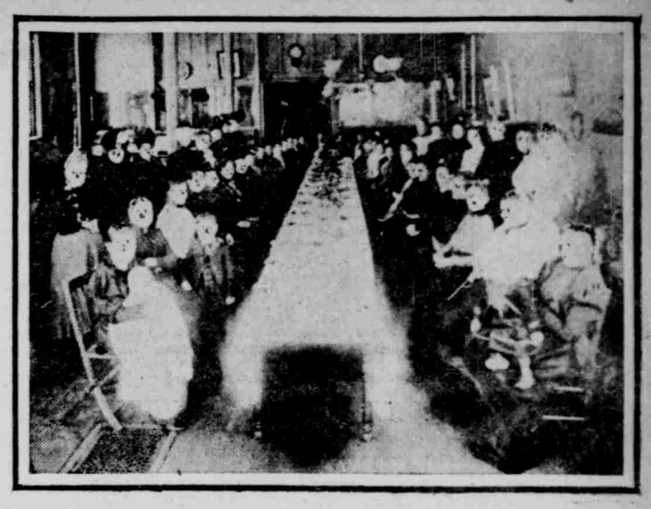
By Edwin Meade Robinson

(Pictures by Charlotte Freligh Paddock.)

What makes days so differ-unt?
Gee! but I hate Monday!
If I was the Presi-dunt,
I'd cut out that one day.
Got to get up early then,
An' go to school—a-wishin'
It was Saturday again,
An' I was goin' fishin'.
Who invented such a day?
Blame the blame' luck, anyway!

Sis thinks Sunday's jest as bad.—
Says she 'most can't bear it;
That white dress makes her so mad,
She'd jest like to tear it!
Has to learn that long one—"Thy
Duty Toward Thy Neighbor."—
But when she wants to dress dolls—"Why,
Dear, 'Thou shalt not labor!'"
"Shalt not labor?" Sis says—"Say,
What's catechisms, anyway?"

Saturday's the day for me;
Ain't no books, nor spellin',
No "Best clo'es"—an', Ge-mun-nee!
I jest feel like yellin'
When it comes. I always get
All tired out, a-playin,'
I don't mind it, though, you bet—
That's why I'm a-sayin'
If I jest could have my way
Ev'ry day'd be Saturday!



Members of Mothers' Club of Boys' Club at Dinner

# Mothers' Club of Boys' Club Unique Institution of the City

## Rule for Eligibility Is That Each Member Shall Have a Boy in the Boys' Club...Work of Miss Alice Graydon, the Superintendent...Old Officers Re-Elected Recently

LAST Tuesday was election day at the Mothers' Club, of the Boys' Club. For the second time in its history the club elected officers; for the first time it elected officers all alone; but this made no difference in the accomplishment of the election. The Mothers' Club wastes no time over unnecessary parliamentary rulings; it goes straight to business.

"It's the day for our election," said Mrs. Flora Bryant, president of the club. "Miss Graydon isn't here, but I guess we can elect officers anyway. First, we will have nominations for president."

"Well, I don't see any use in changing officers at all," said one mother. "The ones we've got are doing well enough—and I say let well enough alone."

"But I don't want to be president again," protested Mrs. Bryant. "I think some of the other mothers ought to have a chance at it." And she proceeded to nominate another mother. "I don't want it," said the other mother. "I don't see any use in making a change."

Miss Alice Graydon,
Superintendent of the Boys' Club

Finally Mrs. Bryant gave it up. "Well, if you won't nominate anybody else, I suppose I'll have to take it," she said. She turned to the secretary, Mrs. Ida McKee, who sat beside her. "Now, you get up and say: 'All those who want Mrs. Bryant for president another year say: "Yes," she said in an audible whisper.

Mrs. McKee did as directed, and "Yes' came from all corners of the room. She hesitated a moment. "All those who are not in favor say 'No.'" There was a dead silence. "Well, everybody said 'yes,' but nobody said "no," said Mrs. McKee, "so I suppose silence gives consent," and Mrs. Bryant was elected.

In the matter of vice president the sentiment of the club was the same and Mrs. Eliza Wamsley was re-elected. "It's time to vote for treasurer now," said the secretary, Mrs. McKee. "No, it isn't—it's time to vote for the secretary," said the treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Myers. Treasurer was voted for and Mrs. Myers continued in office. "Well, if all the rest of us have to serve over again you'll have to, also," said Mrs. Bryant, turning to Mrs. McKee; so Mrs. McKee was nominated and elected for another term.

The result of the election was perfectly satisfactory to all the mothers and there had been no tiresome casting of ballots, nor a lot of time wasted on unnecessary ceremonies. Therein the Mothers' Club sets an example.

There are Mothers' Clubs and Mothers' Clubs. The majority of Mothers' Clubs are founded for the purpose of teaching the young idea to shoot and the members are women of various kinds. Motherhood is not a requirement for membership in a club of that kind. The married woman who has never a chick or child, and the woman who still wears Miss before her name are as valued members as the real mothers, and their idea on the subject of idea-shooting are as eagerly welcomed as those of the woman with a whole brood of children.

MOTHERS' CLUB OF BOYS' CLUB.

But there are other Mothers' Clubs and the Mothers' Club of the Boys' Club here in Indianapolis is one of the others. The club is what a Mothers' Club should be—a club for mothers; and though the young idea is discussed to some extent—bring a company of mothers together and keep them entirely away from talk of the children if you can—it is the mothers themselves that are the chief consideration of the club. The club differs, too, in that motherhood is a stipulated requirement for membership. Any woman who wishes to join the Mothers' Club must have a boy in the Boys' Club, and the rule is rigidly adhered to. Only last meeting one of the members brought with her a friend whose name she proposed for membership. "But she hasn't any boy," added the member afterward. The matter was referred to the committee on membership, but the chances are small for the proposed member. The one exception to the rule in the club is the president, Mrs. Bryant, but she brought up her two brothers in so motherly a way that the club considers her fully eligible for membership and office-holding. The Mothers' Club in its present form was organized six years ago, when the Boys' Club took possession of its present quarters, on South Delaware street. Before that time there had been mothers' meetings and many of the members of the present club were attendants. Until a year ago the club was under the direction of the advisory board of the Boys' Club and Miss Graydon was superintendent of the Boys' Club, but at that time it was decided to put the club in control of its own affairs, and officers were elected, who conduct the business of the club with aid from Miss Graydon and the board.

It is to be doubted if there is any club in Indianapolis where any more real enjoyment is to be found than in this Mothers' Club. The members are all busy women; life holds very few leisure moments for most of them and in some cases the afternoon spent at the Mothers' Club is the one afternoon in all the month that the hands, tired with washing or sewing or housework, are idle. And it isn't even once a month for all the members, either; there is one lovely woman who with her daughter, spends all these lovely spring days, and the long summer days, and the bleak winter days, over sewing. Both mother and daughter are members of the Mothers' Club, but they do not find it possible for each to take a whole afternoon each month away from their needles, so they take turns in coming and one month the sweet-faced black-clad mother comes, the next month the daughter. Some of the mothers come from way over on the West Side; another leaves the ninety-year old mother, after whom she looks with tenderest care, to attend the meetings; and still another trudges into every meeting with the little Jewish baby that is her protege tucked under her arm. But they all come if they can possibly get there, for the meetings are too bright spots to be willingly missed.

Beyond its mission of happiness the Mothers' Club can hardly be said to have a definite aim, but the flourishing condition of this particular club might lead to a suspicion that definite aims are scarcely a necessity in clubs. At present the Mothers are making aprons of gingham, which they sell at very reasonable prices, the proceeds to be reserved to apply to any object which may appeal to them as necessary. Now and then when occasion arises the club does charitable work and there is never sickness or death anywhere touching its circle that something of help does not come from the little company of women. A successful fair was given in the beginning of the club's history and a few entertainments have been carried through since then, but the club does not bother itself much with moneymaking schemes. "We're too busy at home, most of us, to care about working up things here for money," explains one member. So for the most part the meetings are purely social. There is a little preliminary business, the members sew on the aprons or on any of their own sewing that they happen to bring; then there is a programme arranged either by the club or by the board—a talk, a reading and a song or two; and then refreshments—for they always have refreshments at this club, if you please. Two of the members take charge of that part of the programme and with the sum made up of the small fees collected from the members at the previous meeting they serve salad, sandwiches and coffee, ice cream and cake, or whatever appeals to them as particularly good. There are two especially grand good times each year—the Thanksgiving dinner and the June picnic; all the Mothers turn out for those two events and the amount of enjoyment crowded into them might make even a cynic's heart rejoice. Now and then some special study is taken up by the mothers; a year or so ago they had a little course of basket making, and the pretty art caught their fancy; the fingers which work at other harder things caught deftly at the work, and many a quaint, smoothly-woven basket went home from the Mothers' Club. "I'd like to make baskets again," hinted one member at the last meeting, and so eagerly was her suggestion taken up by the others that there will probably be another basket-weaving period in the club. And that is a brief history of the year's programme of the little club which is doing more admirable work than many a more ambitious organization.

QUAINT CHARACTERS.

The club, like all organizations, has its quaint characters. One of them is a beaming little Irishwoman. Surely there was never a more joyous, more eager-to-be-pleased mother than this little creature, with her face shining from cleanliness and cheerfulness. For everything she has a word of commendation. "Its a swate song now isn't it?" she entreats you behind the back of her hand, and you must have a hard heart to refuse an answering beam. "She's been a good prisident, an' that's the truth," she confides again, and though you perhaps have never been to a Mothers' Club meeting before, you are enthusiastically sure of it. Another of the characters of the club is the mother who brings the little Jewish baby. For eight years the little woman took care of a bed-ridden husband, and at his death she was desolate with that lonliness that comes to one when an engrossing duty is suddenly removed. So she took this one of a little brood of Jewish babies, suddenly bereft of a mother, and the little black-eyed creature now goes with her wherever she goes. She came into one of the meetings last winter with the little mite tucked under her arm beneath a cape. "Sure I'd bring it with me if I had to carry it under me skirt to keep it warm," she said. At the Thanksgiving dinner the nine-months-old Hebrew sat up and drank coffee and nibbled at turkey bones with the Christian mother as happy as any member of the crew.

The Mothers' Club is, as a woman, devoted to Miss Alice Graydon, who is the superintendent of the Boys' Club and general guardian angel of the whole institution. "All the ladies on the board are lovely Christian ladies and we love them every one," whispered one mother the other day at a mention of Miss Graydon's name. "Yes, they're all good to us an' we love 'em all—but it's Miss Graydon's the girl, God bless her."

Miss Graydon has done a remarkable work with the Boys' Club and the mothers are devoted to her for the things she has accomplished with their boys, who without the club might have run wild, as well as on their own account. One hears Miss Graydon's name on every side at the mothers' meetings and nothing is planned or done without her approval.

The Mothers' Club could hardly be considered without "Charlie," the janitor and general factotum of the club, who plays the part of subguardian angel to both boys and mothers. Charlie serves the refreshments at the mothers' meetings, and all the way through he may be seen outside in the hall, hovering at the window to count the noses, so that no mother or visitor may be left plateless when serving time comes. He never makes a mistake, for the plates and noses always come out even. Besides getting the china ready and serving, Charlie makes the coffee at all the entertainments and it is always good coffee. Usually some member of the board or the serving committee comes down into the kitchen early to tell Charlie just how to make the coffee—for never was a housekeeper who hadn't her own particular recipe for coffee-making. Charlie listens with respectful attention. "Then she goes upstairs and I make the coffee my own way, and when she gets it she says, 'My, what fine coffee.'" Charlie is heart and soul in the work of the club, and he talks earnestly with the boys about their futures and helps Miss Graydon with advice as well as with his hands.

The members of the Mothers' Club are Mrs. Emma Branch, Mrs. Margaret Alstatt, Mrs. Priscilla Miller, Mrs. Maggie McKinney, Mrs. Sarah Ann Prosser, Mrs. Elvira Keaha, Mrs. Margaret Lovinger, Mrs. Laura Mohler, Mrs. Sarah Kohl, Mrs. Blanch Huff, Mrs. Julia Ramsey, Mrs. Margaret Myers, Mrs. Louisa Lane, Mrs. Wamsley, Mrs. Florence Hubbard, Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Laura Scheigert, Mrs. Schissle, Mrs. Josie Alstatt, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Buck, Mrs. Anna Long, Mrs. Laura Douglass, Mrs. Dora Hillock, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. Winters, Mrs. Michalis, Mrs. Gentry, Mrs. Van Briggle, Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Dimes.