

CLUB NOTES AND NEWS



AND now it narrows down to the biennial and the color line. That is about all one hears in the clubs and every day more club women announce their intention of attending the biennial. An effort will be made to induce the club women to all go on one line, but from the expression of opinion every line running out of Butte will be about evenly patronized. Many have either written or telegraphed for rooms in Los Angeles. A majority will leave on the 25th so as to reach Los Angeles in time to rest before the campaign begins.

Mention was made in the Atlas club of the gift of the Ravenswood Woman's club of Chicago to the Lake View High school of a luncheon capable of accommodating 1,000 persons. Here pupils will be furnished luncheons at actual cost. Here is a sample menu—Tuesday: Puree of pea soup 5 cents, creamed eggs on toast 5 cents, corned beef hash 5 cents, rolls 2 cents, macaroons 5 cents, fruit jelly and whipped cream 5 cents, hot corn bread 2 cents.

This is the first club, it was said, which prepared this work, the board of education giving \$1,500 towards its establishment and the club women raising the rest by club contributions. Two members of the club will be at the luncheon to give pupils entering a cafeteria check and to receive the money.

For the Children's Sake.
The members of the Atlas club thought such a thing would be excellent for Butte but impracticable just now. One member spoke of something the club women could do, if they would. She was in the library when orders were given the girls to send out all children whose hands were dirty. She said that they would go on the street and fall into bad hands, for few would go home. It seemed a pity that children who wanted to read could not do so and she advocated that the club call the matter to the attention of the Butte federation and see what could be done in the matter.

It would cost very little to put in a place where these children could wash their hands and faces and be entitled to the benefits of the library. It is something that should be done and at once.

In speaking of the color line a club woman said yesterday: "I see they are still talking of having the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight in Los Angeles. When the color line question comes up at the biennial both the fighters can get some pointers if they are in training there."

Booker Washington Is Shy.
"And the news that Booker T. Washington, who was requested by the Los Angeles club women to write his views on the color line refused to do so, has agitated the lovers of a good fight," Booker T. said:

"I have absolutely and determinedly refused to be drawn into a discussion of the matter now disturbing the federation of women's clubs. My concern is with the larger aspects of the problem as it affects our people, and I have not allowed myself at all to discuss these extraneous themes, which are, of course, to be expected."

Then he was asked to attend the biennial and he refused. Wise Booker T. It is a significant fact that club women who were most strenuous in their views in favor of the colored women, are silent and will make no prophecies on the color line debate.

Club women here who do not have access to Eastern papers and club journals, are asking that the papers here publish excerpts from articles on the color line agitation. Here is an open letter to club women from Mrs. A. C. Granger, president of the Georgia federation of women's clubs. Mrs. Granger and Mrs. Lindsay Johnson are the two Georgia representatives on the conference committee which recently met with Northern women:

Mrs. Granger's Letter.
"The New York conference has come and gone, but not until now has the Southern woman announced its result. Why so late? Because the representatives of the two state federations had pledged themselves to secrecy until each of the two official bodies had voted upon it."

"This has been done and the Georgia executive board has accepted the substitute amendment, with an 'individual note,' which goes from us to each club in the general federation of women's clubs."

"The executive board of the Massachusetts federation has refused to accept the substitute amendment, and has sent in to the secretary for appending to the call for the biennial its own reorganization plan."

"Is Georgia dismayed at this? Not in the least, for there are other factors in this complex problem. The board of presidents of Massachusetts voted to drop reorganization and adopt the substitute by a vote of 60 to 10, and this in spite of knowing that its opinion had already been set at naught as 'informal.'"

"The Georgia women had been told that the only power to accept or reject for this Massachusetts federation was vested in its board of presidents. Sixty to 10 in favor of the substitute amendment agreed upon by Massachusetts and Georgia means that throughout the old Bay state an enormous majority of the club women believe in the substitute, which, while placing each club in a state federation on a perfect equality in its eligibility to the general federation of women's clubs, also places the responsibility of its admission where it has always belonged, and always should belong, with the executive board of the general federation of women's clubs. Still more in its favor, the words 'white' and 'colored' are entirely avoided. If this plan could be adopted by a large majority there would be no necessity of wearisome discussion, for the general federation would have succeeded in finding a way in which, with perfect quiet and courtesy, the desired end had been attained. In this respect it would stand with the great social organizations of men."

"Perhaps, too, that enormous majority of Massachusetts presidents may have ventured to believe that possibly Georgia women might be better fitted to cope with a subject so near and familiar to them—a condition, not a mere theory, based upon one or one score of isolated individuals. Georgia women do not give to the world sensational stories which touch the most sacred side of womanhood. They are too familiar with the facts which enable such tales to be written, things which are the foundation for their desire for each race to be kept distinct."

"Georgia knows so well the evil results of unwise education of negro women that it is the duty of her clubwomen to hold undyingly to that which they know to be proper and necessary for the good of both races. Knowing the case so well we rejoice to be able to say that the unity of Georgia and the majority of Massachusetts are together."

The Atlas Club.
The Atlas club met on yesterday afternoon with Mrs. A. H. Whitcomb at the Lenox.

There was a good attendance and a very pleasant session was enjoyed. A number of current topics were discussed and several affairs to be referred to the City Federation were talked of and it was decided to have the president and delegate bring it before the federation.

A paper by Mrs. J. A. Daum on "Cologne" was read and greatly enjoyed. Two delayed papers are given today, in full. One by Mrs. Jean I. Ingham, on "Forests and Plains of Germany," and one by Miss S. Dona Peters on "William Tell—Its Origin and Different Versions."

The club will meet next Friday with the president, Mrs. E. A. Gilbert, 52 Main street, Meaderville. Mrs. Ingham's paper was as follows:
Forest and Plains of Germany.
No other land in all the globe has the intense interest to the living world as has the German land. Unlike the antiquity of Egypt, or India, whose history is a dead past, buried by their dead, the antiquity of the German land has its apex in the present. Every foot of it is historic ground, and recounts the evolution, not of a nation only, nor a race, but of modern civilization.

has reclaimed and held concessions from the briny domain. The patient Dutchman advanced, the sullen sea receded.

Several feet below the sea level, though right upon its border, Holland stands; behind her dikes, rich in productivity, rich in history, rich in her brave and gentle people. We draw very warmly to the Holland Dutch, not only because they are pre-eminently the "Saxon" of our ancestors, but also because the early Dutch settlements in America have left their impress for sturdy honesty, for industry and thrift, that stands out distinctly even to the present day.

The Hague and Amsterdam, twin cities of the sea, have each a tale to tell of times long gone by. Even little Holland, so full of life and business, is not too straight for parks and woodlands, watered by the ever-present canals.

Here in Holland we see the windmills, whether a part of the old German inheritance we can't say, and clothes spread upon the ground to dry. They didn't inherit clotheslines and clothespins. Did they inherit the fantastic headgear that Holland women disport themselves in? God bless them. They inherited good heads and stout hearts, whatever head-dress or bodily raiment they may choose to adorn themselves with. We cannot leave this historic lowland, this child of the river and the sea, without a pressing mention of Leyden.

Leyden stands on 50 small islands made by the Rhine and its branches, and is ten miles from the Hague. Madley tells us that at the time of the great siege, 1574, its watery streets were shaded with lime trees, poplars and willows, and crossed by 145 bridges of hammered stone. The houses were elegant, the squares and streets spacious, and dry and clean. What one first thinks of in connection with Leyden is the great siege, 1574. When the Spanish commander, Valdebe, demanded their surrender, Vanderdoes, on behalf of the men of Leyden answered, "When provisions fail us we will devour our left hands, having our right to defend our liberty." This brave speech has its echo in Gen. Paul Kruger and the Dutch republic of South Africa.

The elements fought on the side of the naughty town of Leyden, as we shall hope that they or some other assassin deliverer may rise in the defense of the Boers of Africa. When famine had become too sore to be endured any longer, even the dogs and cats and mice on which they had been living failed them. Now it was that a carrier pigeon brought news that William, prince of Orange, was coming to raise the siege and supply the beleaguered town. William cut the dikes in order to float his ships into the town, but to no purpose, the water was not deep enough and the sufferings of the people were intensified by seeing relief just beyond their reach. All parties had reckoned without the elements. A storm arose and drove the flood through the broken dykes. Onward it poured, sweeping away the Spanish and carrying the flotilla of 200 boats to the very gates of the city. It may be only a fancy, but a pleasing one that these may have been the identical winds that

swore a perpetual bond, "agreeing to defend with goods and chattels against all who should attack them." Then it was Albert started in to force them by sending Landenberg and Gersler, two bailiffs to dwell among them and began a course of tyranny which was intended to drive the people from Albert's severity as emperor to take refuge in his loving kindness as Duke of Austria. The mountaineers failed to see this subtle distinction, and were driven, instead, into independence.

Then persecutions began, increase of taxes, severe punishment of slight offenses. Landenberg's avenging of himself by seizing and taking oxen from the plow of Arnold's old father and putting out his eyes.

This was the last blow; the Unterwalden was ripe for a revolt, and it was a woman's word that gave the final impulse. Werner Stauffacher's wife could not make herself happy, in the fine new house, while "the oppressed groaned and the oppressors laughed" in the valleys of the forest towns. She said to her husband, "shall we mothers nurse beggars at our bosoms and bring maid servants for foreigners? What are the men of the mountains good for?"

Then it was the three leaders raised hands towards heaven and swore to the Lord, before whom peasants and kings are equal, faithfully to live and die for the rights of the people, to suffer no injustice, but also to commit none, and to undertake and carry out everything as one man."

Their covenant being made they agreed to begin the work on New Year's day, and went home to tend their cattle, unconscious that their place of meeting was to be famous hereafter from that night's work.

There met high hearts at midnight hours, Pure hands were raised to heaven, And vows were pledged that men should roam, Through every Alpine dell, Free as the wind, the torrent's foam, The shaft of William Tell.

And prayer, the full deep flow of prayer Hallowed the pastoral sod, And souls grew strong for battle there Nerved with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt— That calm, devoted band— And rose, and made their spirits felt Through all the mountain land.

The struggle was destined to begin sooner than the little band intended. The crisis was brought on by the well known adventure of William Tell. Tell was one of the thirty who met on the field of Rutili. Born in the little village of Burglen, he was famous for his skill as an archer, even in a place where every man was a good marksman, and noted also for his quiet, determined character.

He knew not that his chosen hand Made strong by God, his native land Would rescue from the shameful yoke Of slavery—the which he broke.

William Tell, he who scorned the hat, To death condemned was he for that, Unless an apple on the spot, From his own child's head he shot.

The revolution was thorough and successful, but save Gesler's, not one drop of Austrian blood was spilled. The peasants went back to their work, Tell, among them, returning to the scenes of his early toil and happiness in the little town of Aaldorf. Seven years later he appeared again at his country's call to fight in the battle of Morgarten, the first of the Swiss victories, after which history knows him no more, until the moment of his death, which he met in a manner worthy of his life.

There's a little stream, the Schachen Not far from Aaldorf's walls That downward to its parent The Reuss, in tumult brawls; And dangerous in its current

been preserved and here we find growing ancient oaks which may have nodded to the armies of Caesar, or given shelter to Hannibal and his warriors; may have heard the war cry of the brave Arminius and echoed back the wall of Augustus "Varus, give me back my Roman legions."

The Elbe flows through a valley of peculiar beauty. This river rises in the Riesen Gebirge (Reezen Ge ber ge). Its principal sources are the white fountains at the base of Schnee Kuppe (Snee K up pe) and the seven fountains of the Elbe in the Moorian meadows.

All the mountains of Germany depend upon the Hercynian-Carpathian and the Alps. But one single mountain crowns the plains of lower Germany; it is the Brocken or Brocksberg—the middle part of the Hartz mountains, which become lower on every side around their common center; connected on the south with Thuringia, walled only by Eichsfeld. The Hartz mountains, if mountains they can be called, being at the highest only 3,500 feet, are thickly covered with the native forest, and present a picturesque and interesting feature of Germany.

With western Germany and its people of today we meet only the German, Schwartzwald (Schwartz Vala) the Black forest, famous in poetry and legend. It is now Baden and Wurtemberg, famous in history—in learning—in human progress.

The Thuringian forest—The ringer-vaal (Lu rin ger vald) in central Germany, near the head water of those two historic rivers, the Rhine and the Danube, can be scarcely mentioned in a limited paper like this. Here cluster the most fascinating and bewildering conceits of German myth.

"It is," says a famous traveler, "picturesque and weird enough to inspire myth and poetry in the prosy realism of today. All these are Germany and the Germans. But as we approach the lower Danube, the fertile plains and dense woods, one so distinctly Gathic-German are so no longer. From Belgrade all is changed. The Huns and the Turks sparingly mixed with Slavs comprise the inhabitants of this region. Turkey, Bulgaria, Servia Roumania and Hungary represent an Asiatic civilization of the Mongolian or Luranian type and stand out in sharp contrast with German Europe."

Miss Peter's paper was as follows:
WILLIAM TELL.

In the shadow of the towering Alps and on the southern shore of beautiful Lake Lucerne grew up three sections of valleys of rural people, Schwyz, Uri and Unterwalden, who were of one race, holding the tradition preserved in their old songs, that their ancestors had come from Suecia or Sweden, driven from the north by famine. Their fair hair and complexion, and great height, seemed to confirm this account of their origin, which Gustavus Adolphus quoted in the seventeenth century, as giving him a claim to the friendship of Schwyz.

While reading the history of this picturesque country and its devout inhabitants, imagination makes one almost hear the Alpine horn whose sound called them to the Abbey of Einsiedeln or wandering with Conrad von Seldenburg in search of some retired spot and, like him, hearing a choir of angels singing, in the wild solitude at the foot of the Titlis Mountains, and exclaiming with him, "This is the hill of angels."

"It is said the pious ear may still hear at intervals the angels' song." So little was known of this shepherd people by the outside world. About the court and the emperor they troubled themselves very little, until circumstances brought about a collision with those higher powers. When Emperor Henry II granted to the Abbey of Einsiedeln, the lands surrounding it, trouble soon ensued. The shepherds belonging to the monastery claimed the right, which had belonged to the peasants from time immemorial, to feed their flocks on the Alps. They appealed to the emperor, who decided for the monks and put the resisting peasants under his ban. The bishop of Constance followed with the excommunication of the church; but ban and excommunication were alike met with stubborn resistance and defiance. "If the protection of the em-



MRS. MAMIE B. KELLEY-JOSLYN OF DEER LODGE.

THE people of Deer Lodge are justly proud of one of the most talented music composers in the state.

Mrs. Nannie B. Kelley-Joslyn has been a resident of Montana all of her life, and has lived in Deer Lodge since her early childhood.

She has always stood at the forefront of the music-loving people of the town and her first composition, "Love's Way," was brought out a little more than a year ago by Mrs. Peter Valiton, who rendered it in elegant style at Cottonwood hall.

Her second piece, "Concert Waltz

Song," was first sung by the composer at a musicale given in Helena, by Mrs. Theodore Brantly, a few months ago.

It is a gem and will be sung for the first time in Deer Lodge by Mrs. Joslyn at a concert to be given in the near future, at which time a third composition will also be brought out.

Mrs. Joslyn not only writes her own words and music but does all of the arranging. She is one of the leading members of the Ladies' Chaminade Music club of the city, and her vocal selections are always subjects of commendation.

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To feeble limb and hand, When those in lusty manhood Its force can scarce withstand.

Old age had bowed Tell's figure And blanched his dark brown hair; The hand that clove the apple No more such deeds might dare; When in that raging torrent He saw a struggling child While on the bank the mother In helpless fright, ran wild.

The Switzer paused no moment, Though prudence well might ask If yet the limb held vigor For such a vigorous task. He plunged to do that rescue He sunk to rise no more, Until with weeds and timber, He floated to the shore.

And thus the great life ended; God! was it not the best Of all the deeds of valor That won a hero's rest? So mused I by the Schachen; So say we true and well, That that last deed was the best deed That closed the life of Tell.

In these days of change, all the old historical landmarks, known to other generations, are liable to be taken up and put down in other places or even removed altogether. We are no longer allowed to love the Stuarts and hate Henry the VIII, with the simplicity of 50 years ago, while the waves of progress has threatened to sweep William Tell away entirely. When Haller published his doubts as to the story of the apple in 1760, they immediately burned the entire edition of his books, so that scarcely a copy can now be found. As to Tell's existence, one would imagine it sufficiently vouched for by the presence of a hundred people who had known him in life, at the dedication of the memorial chapel, only 20 years after his death. The details of the story do not signify so much. They form only the drapery of the figure which stands to this day, one of the few heroes who have been able so to forget themselves and so to inspire other men with self-forgetfulness, as to obtain with them a nation's freedom. Tell still lives in the music of Rossini, and in Schiller's magnificent play, and deeper yet, he lives safely in the peoples' songs and in the faithful hearts of his countrymen.

West Side Shakespeare Club.
The West Side Shakespeare club met with Miss Jennie Robinson last Tuesday and spent a pleasant evening. The roll call was responded to as usual, by quotations from the lesson. The club finished reading "Othello" with Act V, "The Taming of the Shrew" will be taken up next Tuesday. Then came discussion on the play just read and it was just about a tie as to whether Othello or Desdemona was most to be pitied.

Mrs. D. A. Dickson, Mrs. A. J. Campbell and Misses Jenny Robinson and Milly Coffin brought questions which were answered and discussed by the members. Mrs. Charles Jackman read an excellent paper on Iago.

Miss Robinson served the club with what appeared to be good nuts, but on inspection it was found that the meats had been removed and the shell glued together again. It was an April Fool joke which caused much merriment. By one of the empty shells was a little gold heart with the letter "O" on one side and "D" on the reverse. Miss Fosselman was the one who found it.

Then Miss Robinson served "real" refreshments and delicious they were, too. Altogether it was one of the most delightful sessions the club has had.

Miss Robinson had the "cunningest" favors. They were card fool caps tied with the club colors of cream and cherry. On one side was written, "April fool has come at last; get your horn and blow a blast; and also give a foolish joke, if you don't you'll get a poke." On the reverse side was written: "April 1, 1902—a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."



MRS. A. J. DAUM, Who Read a Paper Before the Atlas Club.

14 years later scattered the Spanish Armada in the English channel and saved England.

Following the valley of the Rhine till it is broken up by the Jura mountains. Once the barrier and defense of Rome against Barbaricum now a densely populated world—full of busy life, and equally full of the monuments and relics of past ages. Ages whose life and history have been wrought into the living inhabitants.

The center of Germany is covered with mountains, leaving little room for plains, unless we call the ridges that separate the rivers such. These, once covered by oak, fir, chestnut and maple, are now marked out in farms, vineyards and villas. Much of the native forest has

peror does not secure our rights, we have no further need of it," said the Schwyzers and Uri and Unterwalden agreed with them. Their natural right was before that of bishop or emperor; they compelled their priests to perform divine service as before; their meadows were fertile, and their flocks multiplied, in spite of the bishop's curse, and they quietly took the produce of their flocks to market at Zurich or Lucerne.

When Albert of Austria came into imperial power, his scheme was to unite all Switzerland and make it an appanage of his own family. This the Waldstatten stoutly resisted, and forseeing the evil times in store for them, assembled in the first year of Alfred's reign and