

do I feel on this subject that my sentiments will not bear the shackles of mere prose. Like "burning Sappho," then, let me take up my lyre and voice in verse the eternal truth concerning man in his relation to womankind.

"Sing, Muse, the glory and the praise  
Of man, in ev'ry mood and phase.  
In strains of soulful ardor sing  
The graces of Creation's King,  
Who rules the home with nerve and  
dash,  
Receives the bills and finds the cash.  
Ah, Muse, unless the truth you miss,  
Your canticle should run like this:

"O man, in hours of toil or ease,  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,  
Still dost thou keep the world in line,  
The cradle-rocking hand is thine.  
For thee, the duty is in store,  
With babe in arms to walk the floor,  
And when the midnight hour is nigh  
The paregoric flask to ply.

On thee to tread were base and wrong,  
And they that do will learn ere long  
Hell hath no demon, hoof'd and horn'd  
So vicious than a man that's scorned.  
But in thy milder moods thou art  
All light and love and soul and heart.  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou.

Concerning thee, O man, we're taught  
Thy way is tantamount to naught;  
And this to question, no one can,  
O Frailty, that thy name is man;  
And that, twixt adverse currents toss'd,  
He that deliberates is lost.  
Yet, let's conceal it as we will,  
Man, gentle man, we love thee still.

And so, though sordid souls may pine  
For commonplace Gesang and Wein,  
These blessings are not worth a pin,  
Unless we see that man's thrown in.  
Hence let us not in manner coy  
Deny that he's our pride and joy.  
Away with secrecy and stealth;  
The men, God bless them—here's their  
health.

#### THE IDEAL CLUB.\*

MRS. PHILIP HAMBURGER.

"My soul sees the perfect  
Which mine eyes seek in vain."  
—EMERSON.

I fully appreciate the significance of this great gathering, and the cause for rejoicing in the attainment of the Concordia Club's twenty-fifth anniversary or "Silver Jubilee."

What a flood of recollections and visions of the past it must bring to those who, like myself, were fortunate enough to attend its first social function, a function given not upon the magnificent scale now adopted, but nevertheless enjoyable and congenial. The toast assigned to me, "The Ideal Club," seems to me to be truly ideal. An ideal is a phantasm of our standard of perfection, which we pursue, imitate and strive to attain. It is the rainbow of the mind whose brilliant hues give promise of the highest civilization. It is the ladder upon which man mounts heavenward, as in the words of Victor Hugo:

"The human mind has a summit,  
The ideal to this God descends—  
Man rises."

Why I should be one of the few singled out of so many to respond to a toast this evening on clubs—"Ideal Clubs," leaves a question: Is it that I have been so closely identified with club work (not social club

\*Toast offered at the Concordia Club's twenty-fifth anniversary banquet.

work, but organized club work of State Federations and National Councils), or is it, perhaps, that henceforth women are to constitute part of your advisory board?

Women in all ages have had a way of refusing to be ignored. Educational and municipal machinery runs better for her touch; perhaps some of the club entertainments would be better attended were she consulted.

It has been reserved for the nineteenth century to witness the birth and development of club life, an outgrowth of the French salons. The benefit accruing from the influence of organizations on character is always felt indirectly rather than directly; each influence contributes a little to make up the whole. This is doubly true in its psychological sense; it is the composite mind which controls organizations; each brings to it the individual thought, enthusiasm and power. Thus we all profit by coming more in contact with one another. Club life seems to have sprung from the restlessness of the present age. Whether it is a literary, philanthropic, civic, educational or social club, it emanates from the same cause, and often stands as a protest to this most materialistic age.

This is purely a social club. Social club life: what beautiful words and how they can be idealized. How thoroughly ideal the Concordia Club could be, if it would open its doors occasionally as is done elsewhere, for the purpose of entertainments given in behalf of a worthy cause. Or why not occasionally have a lecture or a musical, or give a reception to some celebrity. It certainly would reflect credit upon our Concordia, that men, world renowned, should be entertained within its walls. That would be ideal.

I beg your pardon, such has already been the case in this club. Let it be the precedent for other clubs to follow. Jewish clubs are acknowledged to be ideal; they are ideal, inasmuch as they allow a member to bring his wife and daughters to mingle with other members in all social enjoyments.

Only recently a prominent newspaper man made the rounds of New York clubs to find out their methods and workings. In his conclusions we must all agree; he thinks that if there is an ideal club it is certainly that one to which the whole family may come.

The small fireside with the assembled family is enlarged to the broader fireside with many families, which brings about a variety of amusements. People with everything to make home attractive, find diversion occasionally in meeting congenial friends and indulging in some innocent recreation. A truly refined social life is the crown of all civilization. Let us hope that

the past twenty-five years have only been the beginning of a development towards such a state, and that the next twenty-five years will make our club the ideal one of Western Pennsylvania:

Long life to the Concordia Club;  
Concordia may it ever be.

Long life to its officers and members, and to the committee who so magnificently and bountifully provided this glorious evening's feast of wit and flow of soul. May it be our lot to meet often, and always under the most pleasant auspices; let it not be that we seek an ideal club in vain, but that we may always find our ideal club here.

Jan. 19, 1899.

#### Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

#### "Royal Blue."

That's the name of an exquisite production in women's correspondence stationery. New—just in.

Our engraving department is noted for its fine, artistic work.

JOS. EICHBAUM & CO.,

242 FIFTH AVENUE.

The art of phonophony explained—things phonophonic sold.

STIEREN H. & C. P. CO.,

Optical Specialists,  
Stieren Buildings,  
544 Smithfield St.  
406-408 Sixth Ave.

1500 pairs of men's shoes and a particularly interesting price on every pair—just a hint.

W. B. LOVELESS & CO.,

Sixth Street and Penn Avenue.