

Woman

Features in this Column:
The Suffragist of Today
Progress of the Movement
An Appeal to Mothers

Time was when woman's suffrage was associated with short hair, bloomers and denunciations of the tyrant man. This type of suffragist, I regret to say, was so striking that she yet remains in the memory of the more conservative citizen, causing him to shudder at the very thought of the emancipation of his womankind. It is for the benefit of this man and of his wife, who probably shares his views, and of others like them, who haven't kept abreast of the movement, that I want to speak a few words about the modern American suffragist.

I absolutely believe she represents the better element of her sex. She is no longer a subject for cartoons. As



MRS. GABRIELLE STEWART MULLINER.

far as appearance goes, she is well groomed, becomingly dressed and has a diplomatic rather than an aggressive manner. Her mind is logical, her manner of argument calm and her personality magnetic, and she is anything but mannish. The suffrage movement of today counts thousands of women who, like Mrs. Henry Villard, Mrs. Clarence Mackay and Mrs. Gabrielle Stewart Mulliner, are noted for their social tact and charm as well as for their intellectual qualities.

The present suffrage movement in this country frowns upon the masculine woman. It makes, on the other hand, an appeal to the mothers of the land that it may help them do more for their children and to the home women in every state in the Union that they may be able to vote for laws that will protect the fireside and better existing conditions.

Woman's suffrage wants the support of every wife and every mother, and it hopes sooner or later to have the sanction of every husband and every father. The movement is for the betterment of the entire human race. Let me quote from a recent speech of Mrs. Gabrielle Stewart Mulliner:

"I do not start from the mistaken standpoint that all men are uneducated, tricky, dishonest, incapable voters and officeholders, who have made a failure of our government, and that all women are refined, uplifted, educated angels who will reform the government and turn the United States into a forest of Arden or a Utopia, but I do say that there is something wrong with the present system when, building on our constitution, which promises so much, the people of America can be laboring under the burden of so much suffering and want and ignorance and crime.

Some one has made mistakes and some one has misappropriated the functions of self government when there is a bread line and when there are supplies of poisoned food, when the milk supply is deadly, when children cannot get schooling, when people starve to death, when men and women commit suicide because life is so cheerless. There is something wrong. Men have had the affairs of the nation in their control now since 1776, and they have not been able to work out the problem to the satisfaction of any one, themselves included.

I have no desire for suffrage for women for the sake of casting a ballot, but it is what it stands for. It means that one can have a voice in selecting the men who make and who enact the laws.

"We women who pay taxes," says Mrs. Henry Villard, "who by ever increasing hundreds of thousands are

compelled to earn our livelihood in shops, in factories and in offices, are simply raising the banner of 1776, 'No taxation without representation.'"

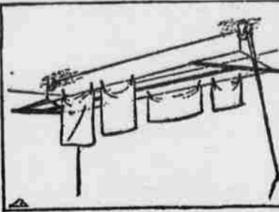
Mrs. Clarence Mackay is devoting her large fortune to the advancement of the cause. She has opened headquarters in the Metropolitan Life building, New York, where she works earnestly every day.

"To my mind," she said recently, "the real importance of giving women votes would be found in this—that a multitude of practical questions which are now left quite unsolved would be taken up and solved. We see our opportunity. There are schools which educate the children of the women of today, and these need constant care. There are the injustices and the oppression suffered by these women who have to make a living for themselves. There are hospitals to be worked for and public charities to be improved. The woman of leisure should devote her energies to working with her sex, standing shoulder to shoulder with the wage earners, ready to help the cause which unites all women upon a common ground because they are women and for the sake of their womanhood."

MAUD ROBINSON TOOMBS.

Interior Clothesline.

The clothesline or hanger as illustrated herewith is intended for use in the house during wet or cloudy weather. The frame is made with a centerpiece of round wood about one inch in diameter and any length to suit the size of the room. The wood may be square if a round piece cannot be secured. The two end pieces are of the same material and eighteen inches long. The pieces are held together at



THE INDOOR DRIER.

the connections with small braces made from iron. The frame is hung to the ceiling on three one-half inch brass screw pulleys. Clotheslines are stretched between the end pieces on which to hang the clothes.

Loading the Wagon.

It is generally believed that the load pulls easier if put well forward on the wagon. But this is not so on the ordinary wagon, where the hind wheels are larger than the front ones. Should the wheels be equal in size the load should be equally distributed. If the trucks are so low down that the horses have an upward pull on the load, then it would be all right to put the load well forward. The load should be proportioned to the surface contact of the wheels. A large wheel sinks less than a small one. Therefore the load should be heaviest on the hind wheels. Distribute the weight so that no one wheel or no one side is carrying the greater share, lest it make the draft excessive for the tonnage carried.

Wash Eggs For Market.

It would in a sense be better to wash eggs sent to market than to send them in a dirty condition. But washed eggs have no keeping qualities. The water appears to dissolve the gelatinous substance which seals the pores of the shell, and air is thus admitted and soon starts decomposition. The better way to treat dirty eggs is to take a woolen rag only slightly moistened with water and gently rub off the dirt.

Two Turns.

"Mary," said the mistress, addressing her new servant, "turn the flap-jacks, quick!"

Hurrying to the sizzling pan, the servant did so.

"That was well done, Mary. You didn't break one of them. Stop! Why are you turning them over again?"

"They say one good turn deserves another, mum."—Judge.

A Waiter's Mistake.

Walter (whose attention has been called to a gross error in addition)—Very sorry, sir, but even if you hadn't found out the mistake the firm would have benefited, not me.

Diner—Then you have no excuse!—Punch.

THE FERTILITY OF EGGS.

We read much about feeding for fertility of eggs, as if there was a special method of ration to charge an egg with embryos.

Put that theory under a hen, and she will desert the nest.

Just use the old method and furnish your hens with grit and shell, green food, cut bone, fresh water, pure air and good grain in deep litter for food and blood circulator.

Add to this a lively, loud voiced, strong lunged, broad backed, strong legged, full breasted, busy male.

That's our plan to bring bright eyed ruffie duffies, and our egg customers will tell you it works. Yes, we'll let you feed soft mash, too, even if the goose bone prophets say you shouldn't. To test their theory that mash brings infertile or weak chicks, we fed a pen on an equal three part crumbly mash of mids, cornmeal, bran and scrap almost exclusively and never get more or harder chicks from any other ration.

You get infertile eggs when hens are overworked for winter eggs, weakened by inbreeding and disease, overfat, overfed, underfed, nearly dead and immature; when they have been burned with red pepper, doped with egg tonic and drugged with cattle powder and when there are too many hens to a pen or too many roosters to a hen.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

"Why don't my pullets lay?" is a frequent question sent us. Your pullets may be of age and fed correctly, but there is a factor often disregarded. They should be bred from laying ancestry; otherwise they are only profitable for feather beds and potpie.

On Oct. 1, 1908, there were 1,671,758 cases of eggs in cold storage, valued at \$12,533,185. To advance the price orders were only half filled. If people would only take the hint and put up eggs in water glass they could make the trust cry, "Alas, alas!"

A genius is raising poultry, growing mushrooms and running a frog pond. What a list of delicacies!

Gather the goose eggs quickly, lest they get chilled, and keep the ducks in till 10 in the morning, or they will lay in the water.

A man is not to be blamed for allowing his wife to trim the incubator lamps. Just as it takes a good woman to keep a fool man straight, so it takes a woman to trim a lamp wick straight.

The incubators are working double time to get out the early chicks. Never run a machine with a smoking lamp or one that leaks. It's a good plan to have extra lamps, thermometers, etc., on hand for accidents.

Make a resolution in the spring that you will cut out sloppy cornmeal for chicks. Feed them dry ground mixed grains to get the gains.

Be sure when you order eggs or birds to mention where you saw the dealer's advertisement appear. Nearly all the journals, if this is done, refund your loss and help bring the guilty party to justice.

The insurable incubator is now for sale. Whether the machine is fire-proof or not depends on the man who tends the machine. Always have several fire extinguishers in your incubator and brooder houses for emergencies.

One reason for such poor hatches is the mating of a male to too many hens. This is often the trouble on the farms where such large flocks are kept. One male to fifteen hens is correct.

The next time you go among the chickens play rooster and crow. Every time you crow the hens will nod their heads. So ought all the sisters applaud man when he does something commendable.

You must take the cat in hand when the chicks appear. Introduce them. You will be surprised how quickly Tab will understand. Cats do not bother white so much as colored chicks, as the latter look like birds. In hatching season feed meat to the cats, and they'll only bother the long tailed rats.

It is a criminal offense to poison cats and dogs. To make dumb animals suffer for the lingering death that such poison often inflicts is heinous. Have a quiet brotherly talk with him, and all will come right.

"My wife is a lecturer, and I am an entertainer," said Hobbs.

"Indeed! I knew your wife appeared in public, but I did not know that you ever did."

"Oh, I don't appear in public! I stay at home and entertain the baby."

—London Fun.

Romance of Automobiling.

We sped along in spirits high that night through the soft glamour of the pale moonlight.

Up hill and down, o'er level, broad highways, Their surface smooth deserving of all praise.

On either side the trees stood dark and still. At times we heard the crickets chirping shrill.

The whirpool, too, sang his plaintive lay To thrill us as we hastened on our way.

The romance of the evening filled our souls, And, though at times we bumped into some holes,

In the dark roadway, life seemed fair and sweet, Significant to us of joy complete.

A mystic languor on our senses fell And bound us in a sweet, enchanting spell.

Until we were some thirty miles from town, And then the blamed old benzine cart broke down.

—Somerville Journal.

The Preliminaries.

"What's the matter with John and Mary?"

"They have quarreled."

"Maybe they will kiss and make up."

"Well, not in that order. She will make up first."

Appendicitis.

Nurse—Doctor, a sponge is missing. Possibly you sewed it up inside the patient.

Eminent Surgeon—Thank you. Remind me to add \$10 to the bill for material.—Puck.

An Original Optimist.

A most unusual optimist was Sophocles McCue.

"Cheer up!" he'd often cry. "The sky will not be always blue. The sun is warm and bright, I know, but do not mope or pine.

Just think of all the gloomy days on which it cannot shine. Don't say because it doesn't rain today it won't tonight.

Tomorrow may be drear and dank, although today is bright. Into each life some sun must shine. A storm's not always due."

Ah, a most unusual optimist was Sophocles McCue.

—A. H. Folwell in Puck.

A Narrow Escape.

Tom—How did you come out at the church fair last night?

Jack—I came out with a nickel—just enough to pay my car fare home.—Atlanta Constitution.

Hard Luck.

"Why was your wedding postponed?"

"My fiancé and his best man overate themselves—or something like that—at his bachelor dinner."—Cleveland Leader.

To a Poet.

Write on and don't despair, my boy, Because you find your muse is coy

And all your lines, to your annoy, The editors decline.

What though your muse has proved unkind? You have a royal chance to find

One every way just to your mind. Remember, there are mine!

—J. J. O'Connell in New York Evening Telegram.

An Experiment.

"He wanted to borrow a pistol."

"What for?"

"To blow out his brains."

"Does he think he can improve on nature?"

The Uneasy Life.

"I hear Bander has married an actress."

"Yes. He says he can't bear the idea of settling down."—St. Louis Republic.

Accounted For.

Barber (rather slow)—Beg pardon, sir, but your hair is turning a bit gray.

Victim—Shouldn't wonder. Look at the time I've been here.—Chicago News.

Marital Amenities.

"My dear, when you look as amiable as all that you quite take my breath away."

"I couldn't do that, my dear; it's too strong."—Baltimore American.

The Office Romance.

Out through the office window, all day long

His gaze will wander to the passing throng.

There eagerly each comrade's face to scan As if each one might be the looked for man.

Is it some loved one from the dear old home? Is it one dreamed of who will never come? Is it some comrade of his boyhood days Or brother lost for whom he lifts that gaze?

Perhaps it is—but, ah, see him arise! A face outside he seems to recognize. He rushes to his boss, and in his ear He whispers: "I must quickly disappear. That fellow's coming after me—Bill Brown."

He's got a dan. Please say I've left the place.

A "Queer" Preacher.

Rev. Mr. Haganmore, to whose memory is a slab in the church at Catoch, Leicestershire, England, was "a little queer." It seems that the reverend gentleman died in January, 1886, leaving all of his property, valued at \$3,500, to a railroad porter.

This queer old preacher kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment of an evening was to go the rounds of his premises, let loose the dogs and fire off his gun. He lost his life in a curious manner. Starting out to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him and threw him into a pond of water. The servants heard his cries, but, being locked up, could not render assistance, so the old man was drowned.

When the inventory of his property was taken, he was found to be the owner of 80 gowns, 100 pairs of trousers, 100 pairs of boots, 400 pairs of shoes, 80 wigs (although he had plenty of natural hair), 50 dogs, 96 wagons and carts, 30 wheelbarrows, 249 razors, 80 plows, 50 saddles and 222 pickaxes and shovels. He surely was "a little queer."

After Waterloo.

This morning (four days after the great battle) I went to visit the field of Waterloo, * * * but on arrival there the sight was too horrible to behold. I felt sick in the stomach and was obliged to return. The multitude of carcasses, the heaps of wounded men with mangled limbs, unable to move and perishing from not having their wounds dressed or from hunger, as the allies were, of course, obliged to take their surgeons and wagons with them, formed a spectacle I shall not forget. * * * At Hougomont, where there is an orchard, every tree is pierced with bullets. The barns are all burned down, and in the courtyard it is said they have been obliged to burn upward of a thousand carcasses, an awful holocaust to the war demon.—From "Reminiscences of European Travel, 1815-1819," by Major W. F. Frye.

A Monument to a Horse.

There are some very curious monuments to animals scattered over the countryside. The one with the most remarkable story crowns Farley mount, near Winchester. Underneath it lies buried, as an inscription on the exterior records, "A horse, the property of Paulet St. John, Esq., that in the month of September, 1733, leaped into a chalk pit twenty-five feet deep—a fox hunting, with his master on his back, and in October, 1734, won the Hunters' plate on Worthing downs and was rode by his owner and entered in the name of Beware Chalk Pit." This inscription, which is a copy of the original, was restored by the Right Hon. Sir William Heathcote, Bart., in 1870. A duplicate is in the interior, which is provided with three seats intended for the accommodation of wayfarers.—Wide World Magazine.

The Treatment of Erysipelas.

Aspinwall Judd of New York recommends the use of strong carbolic acid painted on the surface in cases of erysipelas until the surface is whitened and then followed by swabbing with alcohol. The treatment must go a half inch beyond the border of the eruption to destroy all the germs. The unbearable itching, burning and throbbing are relieved at once, fever soon falls, and general symptoms are relieved. The author has treated successfully sixty-seven cases and five cases in which it failed. No scarring results. The superficial layers of the skin come off as in mild sunburn, and the complexion is improved.—Medical Record.

Underground in Paris.

Underground passages for pedestrians are to be built at various points beneath the Champs Elysees, which the constant stream of motor cars now renders impassable from morning till evening. The congestion of other Paris streets also has grown to an alarming extent, and all thoroughfares around the Opera are blocked with traffic for hours, morning and afternoon. If the Champs Elysees tunnels prove a success others will be excavated in the center of Paris, and foot passengers will in future cross not over streets, but under them.

If women will make practical politics wireless, men will gladly leave the whole field to them.

Of course trade in possum meat is now looking up.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Attorneys-at-Law.

H. WILSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office, Masonic building, second floor, Honesdale, Pa.

W. M. H. LEE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over post office. All legal business promptly attended to. Honesdale, Pa.

E. C. MUMFORD, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Liberty Hall building, opposite the Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

HOMER GREENE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Reif's store, Honesdale, Pa.

A. T. SEARLE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office near Court House, Honesdale, Pa.

O. L. ROWLAND, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

CHARLES A. McCARTY, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Special and prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office over Reif's new store, Honesdale, Pa.

F. P. KIMBLE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over the post office Honesdale, Pa.

M. E. SIMONS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office in the Court House, Honesdale, Pa.

HERMAN HARMES, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Patents and pensions secured. Office in the Schueroholz building Honesdale, Pa.

PETER H. ILOFF, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Second floor, old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

R. M. SALMON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Next door to post office. Formerly occupied by W. H. Dimmick. Honesdale, Pa.

Dentists.

D. R. E. T. BROWN, DENTIST. Office—First floor, old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

Physicians.

D. R. H. B. SEARLES, HONESDALE, PA. Office and residence 1116 Church street. Telephone. Office Hours—2:00 to 4:00 and 7:30 to 8:30, p. m.

LETTER

To A. M. Henshaw from Wana-maker & Brown.

DEAR SIR: We are in receipt of an unlimited number of congratulations from our sales agents upon the superb assortment of Spring Clothes. They agreeing with us in pronouncing them the handsomest ever gotten together. We send forward this supplemental line of Gray and Oxford from the fact that it is being whispered that high priced merchant tailors are preparing to introduce them as their leading lines; and these fortify us in the statement that you have everything that can be demanded.

WANAMAKER & BROWN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR THE MIDDLE DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Bankrupt No. 1387.

In the matter of Erwin D. Prentice in Bankruptcy. To the creditors of Erwin D. Prentice, in the county of Wayne and district aforesaid, a bankrupt. Notice is hereby given that on the 16th day of March, A. D. 1908, the said Erwin D. Prentice was duly adjudged a bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the referee in the borough of Honesdale, Wayne county, Pennsylvania, upon Friday, the 24 day of April, 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before such meeting.

W. M. H. LEE, Referee in Bankruptcy. Honesdale, Pa., March 17, 1908. 25w3

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION, ESTATE OF EUNICE A. FARNHAM, late of Honesdale.

All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested, for settlement.

P. C. FARNHAM, Executor. Honesdale, Pa., March 5, 1908. 20w6

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership in the mercantile business, in the borough of Honesdale, Wayne county, Pa., heretofore existing between Manuel Jacobson and Wm. A. Jacobson, under the firm name of Jacobson & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The said Manuel Jacobson will continue said business under the firm name of M. Jacobson & Co., and will settle all claims against the late firm, and collect all debts due to it.

MANUEL JACOBSON, W. A. JACOBSON. March 15, 1908. 22w3

WANTED—In every Hamlet, Village, and Township, energetic people who will use their spare time for good pay. Drawer 5, Honesdale, Pa. 1f

SMOKE

"BOB" HAMILTON

10 CENT CIGAR.

THE CIGAR OF QUALITY.