

A "CO-ED" PARADISE

IDEAL RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN TWO SEXES IN WISCONSIN.

The Male Undergraduates Are So Deferrential to Their Feminine Comrades as to Call Them "Princesses."

Wisconsin is the paradise of the co-ed—a fact indicated, among other things, in the deferential habit of calling her, not co-ed, but woman student. Days and days I spent trying to track down the co-educational problem, until I secured, even to myself, to be the victim of an evil maid. There is no co-education problem at Wisconsin. Members of the faculty, and among them recent arrivals from Eastern universities, declared this in so many words. To the undergraduates—and I lived and took most of my meals at different fraternity houses—the only problem with regard to the woman student seemed to be how to get nearer or next. For there is only one woman to half a dozen men, and the most approved use of an idle hour appears to be what is called "fassing."

The unrestrained social intercourse natural to the West, has full swing, and the result is, as always in a self-respecting community, a state of innocence which to any one from a highly chaperoned community, seems little short of Arcadian. About a hundred of the young women room and dine in Chadbourne Hall. Another hundred live in sorority houses. The rest live in their own homes or board in student lodging houses—some of them in houses partly occupied by men students.

Until the present year there had been no dean of women. The new dean is trying, and with success, to prevent men and women students from living in the same houses.

The matter of chaperons is more difficult. Each of the sororities has a matron, but she is largely a figurehead. She has not even a position on the house committee, so that, though she has responsibilities to the university, she has little or no authority over the students.

Buggy riding flourishes. One of the undergraduates admitted to me that it was not unusual for parties of two and three couples to drive out to the several hotels on Lake Mendota for dinner. "I suppose," he added, "that that will seem to you horribly crude." On the contrary, it seemed like the Golden Age—or like my own boyhood in the Middle West. I asked if a single couple ever went on such an expedition. He shook his head. The girl's own dignity, if not the traditions of the university, would forbid this.

When I put the same question to another undergraduate, he smiled and said that occasionally a couple would go forth to dine in single blessedness.

Yet I am convinced that no serious harm is done. Were engagements common? By no means. Sometimes gossiping souls would allege that a couple were engaged—or, if not, they ought to be. But no engagements were announced, except in most cases, as the immediate prelude to student marriages, which are rare. And this was wise, one informant told me, for then if the young woman went home and married a man in her native town no one could prove that she was unduly experienced, or that the undergraduate had been jilted.

And this leads to the only thing approaching a co-educational problem. Though men and women are of much the same age, there is a radical difference in their situation in life.

The women are in a position to be married but the men are not in a position to be married, but the men are not in a position to marry them, as regards either age or worldly goods.

The women, arriving from farm, village or city, regard their life in the university as a social coming out—their first and perhaps only chance for a real good time.

Arrangement of Kitchen Utensils.

For the housewife with a small kitchen where spoons, knives and forks must be kept in one compartment, try having the top drawer of the kitchen cabinet divided into three sections, the partitions extending from the front to the back of the drawer. Use one section for knives and forks, a second for spoons of all kinds and a third for miscellaneous utensils, as egg beaters, skimmers, can openers and pancake turners. By this plan one can see at a glance, the article desired. The drawer will always present an orderly appearance, and will hold a greater number of utensils than if they were laid in in a "haphazard" manner.

Home Adornment in Schools.

The "house beautiful" advocates are trying to get into the public schools to talk once a week on the ways to decorate a home with small outlay. It seems a fine propaganda, and eminently practical women look with favor on it.

A Caution.

Never awaken a child suddenly and never carry a baby immediately into a glaring light when he wakes up; the sudden impression of light is bad for the eyes.

NATURAL SODA FOUNTAIN

One of the Most Interesting Gushing Wells in the World.

One of the most interesting and novel gushing wells in the world, and perhaps without a rival in either respect, is a geyser of soda water that recently came up at Wendling, just across the Mendocino County border from Sonoma, Cal.

This well produces sod water—genuine soda water—and of a quality that would warrant bottling for the general trade, in such quantities as were never struck before. There is so much of this water that it is turned into a huge long flume, and used to float great logs from the forest to the lumber mills.

An artesian well borer was recently employed to secure an adequate water supply for a large sawmill in that region. He drilled to a depth of 100 feet, the lower 110 feet being through solid granite. Then a slight trace of water was found. The artesian man then placed fifty-four sticks of dynamite at the bottom of the well, and exploded them. Instantly water gushed up, rising 20 feet above the surface of the ground, pouring forth in enormous volume. That was days ago, and since then there has been no indication of a cessation of this vast "natural soda fountain."

Bullded Better Than He Knew.

"There is a woman up in the front of the car who hasn't paid her fare," said the conductor to the man in the rear seat, "but I can't place her."

"Perhaps I can give you a pointer," said the helpful man. "Pick out the woman who fingers her hatpins all the time. That is the latest wrinkle of the female street car pirate. Reading her neighbor's paper and gazing into futurity are out of date. Everybody has got on to those tricks. But the woman that beats her way has to do something to hide her guilt, so she fiddles with her hatpins."

"Maybe you are right," said the conductor. "Anyhow, I'll try."

After a little he reported to the helpful man.

"That worked all right," he said. "She owned up. She said you would pay for her."

"Me?" exclaimed the helpful man. "What have I got to do with it?"

"Everything, apparently," said the conductor. "She happened to look back here when I spoke to her. She said she knew you, and that it would be all right. There she is now, standing up and nodding at you. Know her?"

"Yes," said the man weakly, "she's my wife."

Journalism and Punctiliousness.

A photographer in an Iowa town was called upon not long ago to make some pictures of an old lady of seventy years or so, but of surprising agility and quickness of perception.

The picture man was, therefore, somewhat surprised to find that no words of address could induce the old lady to speak until after the operation was completed. Then she put her fingers into her mouth, whence she withdrew several wads of paper.

"You wouldn't have me photographed with my cheeks falling in, would you?" she asked the photographer. "I just stuffed two pages of the Des Moines Register in my mouth to fill out."

An Anti-Ant Building.

Reinforced concrete is the material which will be used almost exclusively in the construction of the new Government buildings to be erected by the United States at San Juan, Porto Rico, for use as a post office, court house and custom house. Wood is to be practically excluded from the structure; the only place about the building where wood will be employed will be in the window sashes on one side of the edifice. The interior doors will be of rattan. The reason why wood is being avoided by the government in this case is because there is a small ant indigenous to the island of Porto Rico which eats its way up through wooden chairs, doors and desks and makes them spongy on the inside.

Effects of Overeating.

"Don't eat too much," says "What-to-Eat." Overeating is responsible for many of the ills that afflict humanity. It brings on various diseases, and it predisposes to many kinds of infections. The same stricture may be applied to overdrinking. If one has been so foolish as to eat or drink too much, however, the best thing is to remain in the open air till the effects are overcome. Nothing is so good for an overloaded stomach and a heavy head as great drafts of fresh air. Every lover of "Pickwick" remembers how the jolly Pickwickians had to take twenty mile tramps to walk off the big dinners they ate at old Mr. Wardle's place in the country.

Centre of Glove Industry.

The center of the glove industry is at Grenoble in the south of France. The kids there are tended with the greatest care, the idea being to produce skins that are strong and pliable and at the same time free from blemishes. The finest quality of kid is obtained from animals that are killed before they begin to eat grass at all, because from that time the skins have a tendency to become hard and coarse.

A Sky Trust.

The new comet has six tails. The syndicate idea has evidently spread to the heavens.

MRS. EDDY SAYS "I EXIST."

Formal Statement to the Public by Christian Science Founder.

Newton, Mass., June 8.—Mother Mary Baker G. Eddy's home at Chestnut Hill was besieged again by persons who wanted to learn what she had to say about the charges made by Mrs. Della Gilbert of New York, a disgruntled member of the Christian Science cult, that she was either dead or a mental wreck.

Mrs. Eddy consented that a number of newspaper men should be admitted to her presence as she went out for her daily drive. They were not allowed to talk to her. They saw that she was much more feeble than a year ago, but that she was able to walk without assistance and that her commands to her assistants were clear and coherent.

The following official statement was issued by Mrs. Eddy's advisers in her name and over her signature:

"I have the pleasure to report to one and all of my beloved friends and



MRS. MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

followers that I exist in the flesh and am seen daily by the members of my household and by those with whom I have appointments.

"Above all this fastian of either denying or asserting the personality and presence of Mary Baker Eddy stands the eternal fact of Christian Science and the honest history of its discoverer and founder. It is self evident that the discoverer of an eternal truth cannot be a temporal fraud.

"The cause of Christian Science is prospering throughout the world and stands forever as an eternal and demonstrable science, and I do not regard this attack upon me as a trial, for when those things cease to bless they will cease to occur. And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose. What shall we say, then, to those things? If God be for us, who can be against us?"

The board of directors of the mother church of Christian Science elected William P. McKim as president, Stephen A. Chase of Fall River treasurer and John V. Dittmore of New York clerk, the latter succeeding William B. Johnson, who resigned.

The following letter was received from Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, addressed to the board of directors:

"I thank you for your kind invitation to be present at the annual meeting of the mother church. I will attend the meeting, but not in propria persona. Watch and pray that God directs your meetings and your lives, and your leader will then be sure that they are blessed in their results."

CLARKSON TO SERVE TERM.

President's Decision About Surveyorship of Port of New York.

Washington, June 8.—James S. Clarkson, surveyor of the port of New York, will be allowed to serve out his present term, which has about a year to run, but will not be reappointed.

The Republican state machine has already suggested George W. Aldridge's name to President Taft as a fit successor to General Clarkson, but the president declined to accede to the request.

The prediction is made that Mr. Taft will seek for Clarkson's successor a man more of the type of William Williams, recently named commissioner of immigration at Ellis Island.

Stage Manager Tries Suicide.

Montgomery, N. Y., June 8.—Clement Hopkins, formerly stage manager for Blanche Walsh and a member of the "Lamb's" club of New York, attempted suicide at his country home here while temporarily deranged. He stabbed himself in the breast, and the wound will probably prove fatal.

Absent Minded Alderman.

A Lynn (Mass.) Alderman at a recent Aldermanic meeting inquired what had become of an order he had introduced some time before calling for an arc light on Willow street. The City Clerk, after digging into his files, informed him that the order had come before the board nearly a month previous and that he had voted against it.

The Imitative Ally.

One of the present sensations of the trade is due to the importation of "Irish" linen goods from the land of the wily Jap. The detail and elaboration of the weaves are alike astonishing. The price is even more so.

SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS

By REV. F. E. DAVISON
Rutland, Vt.

CHURCH'S HALL OF FAME.

International Bible Lesson for June 13, '09—(Heb. 11: 1-40)



Every nation has its hall of fame.

On the walls of its Valhalla the names of the immortals are inscribed, like the Pantheon, built by Louis I. of Bavaria, which was consecrated to all Germans who have become renowned in war, statesmanship, literature, science, or art.

Roll of the Departed.

And it is significant that these great men are all dead men. The world has a universal habit of finding out that it has been entertaining angels unawares. Blessings brighten as they take their flight. The Washington monument erected among the skyscrapers of New York would not attract so much attention as it does standing out solitary and alone on the banks of the Potomac. We are too near the men of the present to properly estimate their proportions. Some of them are much bigger than they appear, and some of them will shrink mightily when we get the proper perspective. It is quite likely that the neighbors of Abraham thought him a deluded, addle-brained visionary when he gave up his pleasant home in Ur of the Chaldees, and started out on a wild goose errand to a land that he expected to receive for an inheritance, and we know that even Moses, the greatest statesman of the ages was criticised by his brother and sister, and that the common rabble of the street took up stones to pelt him. We have frowns, and criticism, and abuse and mud for our living leaders, but fragrant flowers for their coffins, and soaring monuments for their graves.

Have to Die to Be Appreciated.

People have to die to be appreciated. Joan of Arc was burned at the stake as a vile heretic, but she has recently been beatified by the Pope. The flames did not harm her great spirit, and the beatification will not add any lustre to her glory. The incident only serves to point this moral and adorn this tale. There were thousands of men who abused Abraham Lincoln. They never could speak of him without a sneer. He was a "railsplitter," a black republican, an uncouth interloper. He was abused by the newspapers, caricatured on the platform, denounced by the politicians. The waves of assault rolled up to his feet from the south, and dashed over his head from the north, and they never ceased to roll over him till his gentle heart broke in death. But 40 years after his assassination Columbia carves his name in her temple of fame side by side with Washington, and the whole country, yea, the whole civilized world uncovers and bends the knee at the grave of Abraham Lincoln.

A Matchless Pantheon.

The Hebrew people have their hall of fame. It is found in the eleventh chapter of the book of Hebrews, written very likely by Apollon, a lover of his race. He goes into that matchless Pantheon, and beginning with Abel, the first martyr, he writes upon the pages of an imperishable book the names of the heroes of faith for 4,000 years. The nations visit that sacred edifice and read the deathless names.—Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Barak, Samson, Jephthah, David, Samuel, the Prophets.—a cloud of witnesses, an honor roll whom the proudest nations of earth might covet.

The Living Dead.

And yet these heroes are not dead. They never began to have influence in the world that they have at this very moment. Their contemporaries never were affected by them as the whole world is to-day. When Abraham set out from Mesopotamia he took none of his neighbors with him. When Enoch walked with God, he went alone, in life and in translation. When Noah sailed over the judgment flood he could induce no one else to embark with him, save his own family. They had little success, as men count success with those who were coeval with them. But to-day wherever the Bible is read Enoch is walking with God, Abraham is inheriting the promises,—the father of a multitude like the sands of the sea,—and Moses is breaking the bonds of the oppressor and shouting in the ear of every taskmaster, "Let my people go." No great man ever really dies. When Jesus was in the flesh he was limited to the narrow confines of Palestine. It was only at his departure that he could really say, Go ye into all the world, and lo, I am with you always. The Christ is the most omnipresent personality in the world to-day. But the same thing is true in a lesser degree in respect to every great soul of man. Thus the present is peopled with the shadowy forms of the past. It is impossible to entomb the immortals.

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- 4th—Those who have used it are perfectly satisfied with it, and recommend its use to others.

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