

HELL DESCRIBED BY WOMAN WHO'S IN IT

Miss Magie, Who Offered Self as "Slave," Invokes Law as Result of Her Experience

CASE OF NATURE'S ANGRY REVOLT

"Girl with Gray-Green Eyes" Again Takes Society to Task for Its Neglect—Tired of Brushing Against Pigs and Being Slave of Ignorance.

Chicago.—Lest the world fall back to thinking that it is a good enough place for a working girl to live in, Miss Elizabeth Magie, the "girl with the gray-green eyes," who three years ago offered herself for sale to the highest bidder as an "American slave," has exploded another set of epigrammatic bombs calculated to disillusion the more smug and comfortable elements of society.

Miss Magie is plain of speech, though not of feature, and her newest reminder to civilization of its neglect toward the wage-earning woman is submitted as "a graphic description of hell by one who is actually in it."

Buried in comment on conditions as she has found them is a clue which may explain why Miss Magie has not married any of the thousands of men who offered themselves after she presented herself for sale.

"It is hell," she says, "to pray for an angel and get a devil."

Whether all the woeful horns is not stated, but there is a hint that one of them was not quite up to the standard even of a heartless world in that announcement that Miss Magie has retained a lawyer to bring a damage suit because of something that happened following her offer of herself on the auction block.

One of the young woman's exclamations is not quite original, but it embodies the keynote of her complaint. It is:

"Gee! Ain't it hell to be poor!"

Here are some of the epigrams from the young woman's statement:

"It is hell to have a superior education and to have to work for and obey the commands of ignorance.

"To have a sensitive and refined nature and have to be forever brushing up against pigs.

"To have an ear for fine music and have to be tortured by street organs.

"To know that you can do some things better than other people and never have an opportunity to prove it.

"To hitch your wagon to a star and then have the darned star start off before you can get into the wagon.

"To long for a little home where you can plant and tend a few flowers and have to live in a little 8x10 hall-room.

"To hang on to a street car strap, with seventeen bundles under your other arm, and see silver-harnessed bulldozers riding by in automobiles.

"To crave the society of clean, cultured people and have the janitor invite you to an amusement park.

"To love the best candy and never have any.

"To be a 'poor but honest' woman and have men offer you financial assistance on impossible conditions.

"To have a high standard of morality and be called a fool for not violating it for a 'price'.

"To have a clear conscience and a clean record and go to bed hungry.

"To have long-faced sanctimonious cusses tell you 'the Lord loveth whom He chasteneth'.

"To be always in debt to the landlady.

"To have these everlasting 'don't worry' and 'keep smiling' signs staring you in the face when you don't know where your next meal is coming from."

WANTS \$200,000 TELESCOPE.

Better Way of Solving Mystery of Mars Than \$10,000,000 Mirror.

Berlin.—Director Friedrich S. Archenbold of the Treptow Observatory, Berlin's official astronomer, dashes cold water on the proposal of Prof. Pickering of Harvard that a mirror six-tenths of a mile square be used for the purpose of establishing communication with the inhabitants of Mars.

Prof. Archenbold says that while he respects Prof. Pickering as an able and serious scientist he cannot agree with him that optical understanding with Mars is possible, because at the time when Mars nears the earth the inhabitants of that planet, if it has any, would be unable to see the earth, since at that time the sun's rays come between the two planets.

Prof. Archenbold thinks, moreover, that it would be a waste of money to spend \$10,000,000 for such a mirror, as he feels sure that at a cost of only \$200,000 it would be possible to construct a telescope by which anybody could see what is going on in Mars. With such a telescope he is convinced that positive results would be obtainable.

Better Name Him "Nine."

Setauket, L. I.—If Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Johanns, of West Meadows, near Setauket, do not name their son "Nine," it will prove they have no faith in the luck attaching to a name. The child was born at the ninth hour of the ninth day of the ninth month of the year 1909, after his parents had been married nine years.

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

KEEP SCISSORS IN CASE.

Design for Ornamental and Useful Contrivance.

Good scissors should always be kept in a case, and as many of them are sold without cases, such a little ornamental one as we show here will be found useful. Its size and shape must, in a great measure, depend on the scissors it is intended for; and



this can easily be ascertained by tracing 'round them when they are laid flat down.

Two-pieces of cardboard are covered with silk that has been painted or embroidered with some pretty little design; line each with plain silk and bind the edge with narrow ribbon or else work round in buttonhole, forming tiny scallops. Narrow sarcenet ribbon is then seamed to each edge to form a border that separates the two sides.

THE WAY TO ENCOURAGE YOUR HUSBAND WHO IS STRUGGLING FOR A LIVING.

Do not hesitate to remind him every few days that you have nothing decent to wear—never have had since you were married.

Ask him, every little while, "Why is it we never have anything like other people; never go anywhere?"

Do not fail to tell him now and then that he has been hard up for money ever since you were married.

Do not forget to twit him with the fact that he took you out of a comfortable home and buried you in an obscure, out-of-the-way place, and that he never has time to go anywhere with you.

Do not forget to remind your husband often that your children do not dress as other children do; that the girls should take music lessons from the best teachers, and that they should have a first-class piano and other things to correspond.

Do not encourage your children to wear their clothes a long time; and never try to make them over. When a garment begins to show wear, to get a little out of date, just cast it aside and get a new one. New clothes look so much fresher and smarter than old ones, and one feels so much better in them.

Do not try to economize too much. You know it is the liberal soul that gets fat. Be generous with your husband's money.—Success Magazine.

A Woman's Nature Story.

Mrs. William Holbrook of Harpswell, Me., is the owner of a cat which was whipped by robins, and Mrs. Thomas Welsh of the same town has a cat that "permits deserted chickens to nestle in her fur to keep warm." Mrs. Holbrook says her cat, called Jim Blaine, tried to catch a young robin on the lawn, and that the parent birds called a score of robins to their assistance. The birds were fighting mad, and two of them chased Jim Blaine into the house. Mrs. Holbrook took the cat and put it out on the porch, and the robins formed a line between the fledglings and the porch and in bird language dared Jim Blaine to come on. Jim refused the call to combat. Mrs. Welsh's cat made friends with the fluffy, cheeping chicks after her kittens had been taken from her. The cat and the chickens have been photographed together.

Wedding Ring Finger.

The idea that the wedding ring should be worn on the third finger of the left hand because "a nerve connects this finger with the heart" is of Roman origin, but, oddly enough, is not continued on the Continent as in England, for in France, Belgium and Germany, and most other European nations, the "engagement ring" finger is the third finger of the left hand, while the "wedding ring" finger is the third finger of the right hand.

BY WIRELESS TELEPHONE

The old apple tree was one soft cloud of pink; but the tramp who rushed across the orchard and clutched and clawed his way so frantically up among its beautiful blossoms out of the way of the teeth of the wiry little fox terrier who raced so madly after him never stopped to comment on its loveliness.

As he climbed, something glittering fell from his rags to the short young grass; but the tramp didn't see it, and when Bobs, tired of barking, ran off to the other side of the orchard to dig for woodchucks, the tramp dropped down on the other side of the tree and silently stole away. When he was safe out of sight and hearing of Bobs, he searched anxiously among his rags, and when he found that the glittering thing was gone he swore.

Mysie Woodford sat on the wide piazza, crying as if her heart would break. When she went to make the biscuits for dinner, she had laid her diamond ring that her old Aunt Jane had left to her on the pantry window sill, and when she went to look for it, it was not there. As she raised her head to wipe the tears away she saw a nice young man standing at the gate looking at her. He raised his hat and asked leave to rest for a while on the piazza. She brought out a chair for him, stopping on the way to bathe her tear-stained face with icy well water, and seating herself gazed at him with frank amazement as he put the small instrument he carried in his hand up to his ear and began to talk, as if he were answering someone who was at the other end of a telephone wire.

"Yes!" he said briskly. "It's a good bit over a mile. They said it was a mile at the last farmhouse." He turned to Mysie. "How far is it from here to the postoffice?" he asked.

"A mile and a quarter," said Mysie. The nice young man resumed his conversation with the little instrument.

"She says it's a mile and a quarter," he said. "Yes! She! Yes! I'm resting on her piazza." Then his face flushed. "Aw, quit your kidding," he said angrily and put down the receiver. Then in answer to Mysie's frank look of wonder, "It's a wireless telephone," he explained. "My chum's the inventor. We're trying experiments to see how far it will carry. He is in the postoffice." Mysie looked her utter amazement and disbelief so frankly that he added: "Wouldn't you like to try it yourself?"

"Yes!" said Mysie promptly. "If it really is a telephone, I'd like to tell Kelly, the constable, to be on the lookout for a tramp who went by here toward the village just before dinner. He must have stolen my ring. I left it on the pantry window while I mixed the biscuits for dinner, and when I looked for it it was gone."

"Have you looked everywhere for it?" asked the nice young man, sympathetically, adding hesitatingly: "Was it—had it—any particular—value?"

Mysie blushed—she was only 17. "My Aunt Jane left it to me when she died two years ago," she said, with dignity. The nice young man looked abashed but relieved.

"Oh!" he said. Then he added quickly: "I—I—thought—it might be—"

In spite of herself Mysie giggled. "No! It isn't an engagement ring," she said.

The nice young man looked his delight. To tell the truth the first sight of that tear-stained face and those yellow curls had wiled his young heart quite away from him. Now he decided that he had a fighting chance, anyway.

"Are you sure you've looked everywhere?" he asked again.

Mysie nodded.

"Everywhere I can think of," she said. "Can't you think of some place to look?" she added abstractedly. Then she dropped the little instrument as if it had bitten her and looked up at him queerly.

"What is it? What's the matter?" he asked anxiously.

"Why—why—that—that thing said—when I asked if you couldn't think of some place to look—that thing said, just as plain: 'In the shade of the old apple tree.'"

"Oh, that nothing," he said. "That's only some of Jim's funny business. That's the name of an old song, you know."

But Mysie didn't hear him. She had jumped up and was just in the act of running down the steps.

"Where are you going?" he cried. "Down to the old apple tree," she said. "I heard Bobs barking like mad down there this afternoon. Perhaps that tramp was there. Anyway, I'm going to look," she added decisively, as the nice young man tried to say something to prevent her. So he followed her meekly.

It was quite a while before the nice young man caught sight of the ring glittering and gleaming among the short grass. He hesitated about picking it up just then—they were having such a delightful time. But at last he did. Mysie put out her hand for it with a cry of delight.

"Let me put it on for you," said the nice young man. And when, blushing and dimpling, Mysie put out her hand he said very softly, but very decidedly: "I'm going to put the mate to that on your finger just as soon as we've put our wireless 'phone on the market."

And Maysie didn't say "No." She just blushed pink—a pink as beautiful as the blossoms on the old apple tree.—JOSEPHINE BRUORTON.

A WANDERING MONUMENT.

It Has Slid So Far That No One is Sure Where the Grave is.

It is probable that no burial monument in existence has a more peculiar history than that placed over the grave of a young man who was buried on the banks of the Assiniboine River in Manitoba, Canada.

Every one naturally supposed it would remain there, says the Wide World. The ground, however, is sloping and owing to the nature of the soil the bank, grave, monument and all have been gradually sliding downhill.

Recently the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway constructed its roadway some little distance away and the immense weight of the embankment greatly accelerated the pace of the landslide.

The stone, still bravely endeavoring to preserve the perpendicular, is now at least a hundred feet from its original position and the question arises as to the whereabouts of the grave which it formerly covered.

Oh, Yes, We're Superstitious.

A man stood on a lower Broadway corner with a box of good luck rings. They were horseshoe nails made into rings, bright like silver, glittering in the sun. It was amazing the number of people who went up and bought these rings of the man, fitting them carefully on their fingers, paying for them, walking off with them, turning them this way and that to admire them, though their price was only a nickel.

"Do you make your living selling them?" asked a woman who bought a very fetching one for her third finger.

"Yes, madam," said he.

"There must be a lot of superstitious people in New York," said she, "if a man can make his living by selling horseshoe nail rings at a nickel apiece."

"There are, madam," said he.

Spencer on Sports.

Herbert Spencer one time put very neatly the distinction between sport as an amusement and as an occupation. Dropping in at his club, he met a young friend who invited him to play billiards. The philosopher led off and left the balls in a good position for his opponent, who dexterously ran out, not allowing his companion another shot.

After depositing his cue in the rack the philosopher remarked: "Sir, a certain proficiency in such a sport as this is a sign of a good education of the eye, the nerve, the hand, but the mastership of billiards which you have exhibited could have been acquired only by an ill-spent youth."

Others' Troubles No Trouble.

Among the patients in the various wards of a Philadelphia hospital there was recently a testy old millionaire of that city whose case gave his physician considerable difficulty at first.

"Well," said the crusty patient one morning, "how do you find me now, eh?"

"You're getting on fine," responded the doctor, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction. "Your legs are still swollen, but that doesn't trouble me."

"Of course, it doesn't!" howled the old man. "And let me tell you this: If your legs were swollen, it wouldn't trouble me, either."

Sixth Toe Unwelcome.

On the line between Lincoln and Sagadahoc counties, Maine, is a settlement of thrifty farmer folk peculiar for the number of people in the settlement who have six toes on each foot. The sixth toe is an offshoot from the little toe of the ordinary foot. It is perfect in shape, although it is not always in alignment with the other five toes of the foot. For this reason it is troublesome and becomes more troublesome as the people advance in years.

Appreciation Should Be a Stimulant.

Appreciation should be a stimulant, not a sedative. Do not let yourself be spoiled by words of praise. If someone tells you that you have talent, do not conclude that it will not be necessary for you to work any longer. One does not think much of goods which fade when exposed to the sunshine. There is a fatal lack in the character which is spoiled, instead of inspired, by appreciation.

The Champion Hen.

Mrs. E. B. Estey of Tyson, Vt., is satisfied she possesses the champion American hen. The prize of her barnyard lays eggs weighing on an average a little more than a quarter of a pound. The largest egg so far is 6 1/2 inches long and 7 1/2 inches in circumference. Mrs. Estey has refused an offer of \$500 for the hen.

Means Much for Egypt.

Oil has been struck 150 miles south of Suez, on the Red sea coast, the gusher giving increasing quantities daily, and indicating large reserves. The possibility of a cheap supply of fuel is a discovery of the greatest importance to Egypt.

Attaining Success.

Success is a series of golden stairs leading up to the heights of fame and fortune. On every stair is a man who knew how to make good use of time, who grabbed the forelock of opportunity, and held on with grim determination until he got "there."

A Woman of Some Weight.

A woman who weighed 448 pounds was buried at Eye, Suffolk, Eng., recently. The coffin was six and a half feet long, three feet across, and two feet deep, and was taken to the cemetery on a dray, being lowered into the grave by chains and pulleys.

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