



TRAIN GIRLS FOR MOTHERHOOD

Prof. Scott Nearing, of Pennsylvania, says Mercenary Marriages Make Children Bad.

Philadelphia.—Advocating the training of women in the duties of motherhood, Scott Nearing, professor of economics in the University of Pennsylvania, said in a lecture in Swarthmore College that one-eighth of all modern children possess criminal tendencies, because their mothers are "educated for a mercenary marriage instead of motherhood."

Professor Nearing, who got into the limelight recently through his outspoken ideas for limited race suicide and opposition to women teachers in the public schools, spoke on "Practical Economic Questions."

"One of the first steps," he said, "will be to train our coming women in the duties of motherhood. This should come before all occupations, because it is the most important occupation of the women of to-day from a race standpoint."

"Modern girls are usually educated for a mercenary marriage, but never for motherhood. In view of this fact one-eighth of our modern children have criminal tendencies. We do not, as Colonel Roosevelt says, need more children. We need better children."

"Girls should be taught the most important social facts concerning the health, the responsibilities of motherhood and how to meet them. Motherhood is regarded by some—and should be regarded by all—as the highest, most sacred and most important of womanly callings."

Touching on fatherhood as being equally important, Professor Nearing said that the proper training of prospective papas is being sadly neglected also. He said a man's duty to his family did not end when he furnishes the income. Because of his contact with the outs de monde he has a broader view of life, and he should train his children to get the right viewpoint.

TO DEVELOP MONKEYS' BRAINS.

Prof. Shepherd to Show the Mental Power of the Animals.

Washington, D. C.—Prof. W. T. Shepherd is conducting a series of experiments designed to show what mental development, if any, monkeys are capable of. The experiments are being conducted with Indian monkeys.

Prof. Shepherd will train the monkeys in various ways, afterward killing them and comparing their brains with the brains of untrained monkeys of the same species.

"While the experiments have shown that the monkey is superior to a human being so far as the lower animal faculties are concerned," said Prof. Shepherd, "I hesitate to believe that the animals ever will be able to approach the high standard of mentality of man. I believe, like Darwin, that the human race springs from monkeys or a more highly developed animal of this species."

The monkeys now are in the custody of Dr. S. L. Franz, Professor of Experimental Psychology at George Washington University. Prof. Shepherd formerly was connected with George Washington University.

OLDER MEN BEST LOVERS.

Ex-Secretary Gage Says He Never Felt So Romantic in Youth.

Chicago.—Three score years and ten is the heyday of romance, said Lyman J. Gage, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, while in Chicago on his honeymoon. Although seventy-three years old, he said he was happier than in his first love. Mrs. Gage, formerly Mrs. Ada Ballou of San Diego, Cal., is only thirty.

"I have known her less than a year," said Mr. Gage, "but I feel as if I had always been near her. One has to reach my age to feel that deeply, you know. When I was young I used to think I was in love lots of times, but I never felt like this."

"When a man has reached a mature age he looks deeper into things. He is able to commune with the real hearts of others, so to speak, and see the real elements of character."

BUCK DEER FIGHT TO DEATH.

Found Lying Drowned in a Brook with Their Horns Locked.

Collinsville, Conn.—With horns locked two large buck deer were found lying in a brook in a wooden and unfrequented section of North Canton by partridge hunters. The torn and trampled turf close by the stream gave evidence of the terrific death struggle in which the animals had been engaged before they fell into the water and drowned. It was the opinion of the game warden that they had been dead one day.

Deer have been frequent in the town during the last six months.

A Slicker.

is bolted to the bottom of the back of the runners.

The weight of the driver who rides the implement causes the rod or knife to run just under the surface of the ground. When the rod clogs it is dumped by lifting on the handles, shown in the cut. It works very nicely when the soil is smooth, finely pulverized and reasonably free from stubble and other trash. When the slicker is to be used care should be exercised in turning the stubble under well.

Trapped Dog Starves to Death.

York, Pa.—A dog belonging to John C. Wallace of Crayeville, which was believed to have been stolen, was found on the river hills with its head tightly wedged in a small hole in a hollow tree. The dog had evidently followed a squirrel, and in leaping after it had caught its head in the hole. The animal had been dead some time when found.

Weeds in Unclean Seed.

Most of our worst weeds are introduced in unclean seed grain. It is more difficult to produce clean seed than it is unclean, and for that reason many seed growers are tempted to sell seed which contains many of the injurious weeds.

Notes and Comment

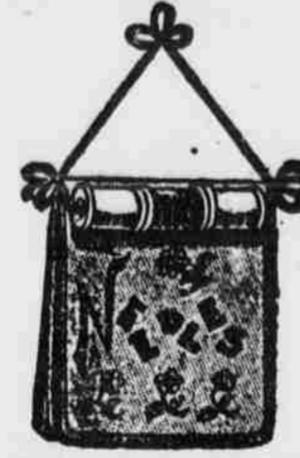
Of Interest to Women Readers

HOLDS NEEDLES AND COTTON.

Useful Little Article That May Be Called Indispensable.

One of those useful little articles which are indispensable to the good housewife, and which would be sure to sell well at bazaars, may be seen in the accompanying illustration. It consists of a book, needle-case, with covers in silk, satin, or brocade, stiffened with cardboard and outlined with silk cord in some contrasting color.

The word "Needles" is embroidered on the front, accompanied by conven-



tionalized sprays of marguerite daisies, but for these any other sort of flowers can be substituted. The name or initials of the owner might be embroidered if the case should be intended as a personal gift.

The loops of cord by which the case can be suspended on the wall or across the corner of a looking-glass serve also to pass through the three reels of cotton which add greatly to the utility of the case, since cottons and needles are seldom required except in each other's company, and it often happens that the needles are no where to be seen, and vice versa. To prevent such a vexatious occurrence the contrivance which is here illustrated should prove most useful.

Anent Choosing a Wife.

Now comes the great question that is agitating social Washington. Eru- dite authors and ambitious newspaper-men are contributing a symposium on "how to choose a wife." The old and yet ever new story of love and mating is always a popular theme for discussion.

The conclusion was reached in one corner of the press gallery, during a special discussion of this question, that "not one man out of 3,000 who marries actually chooses his wife." He thinks, it is true, that he is courting a girl, while, as a matter of fact, it is girl who is courting him. When he thinks he is claiming her for his own, as a matter of fact she is making him a captive for life. Of course, it was admitted, there was a sort of charm in such capacity, even for the most freedom-loving man; still no amount of discussion appeared to bring any real solution of the way a man chooses his wife, or the way a wife chooses a husband. In fact, this complicated question promises to take rank with the old query, "How old is Ann?" the authorship of "Ain't it awful, Mabel?" or the unanswered problem, "Who struck Billy Pater-

son?"

It has been suggested that if the government would take a hand in the solution, as it does in Japan, it might be possible to marry the right women to the right men—train up a lady, fit her in every way for wifehood, then shoot her home with a dispatch authorizing her to marry some distinguished man, much in the same way that these affairs were managed—or mismanaged—in the days of the grand old Spartans—Joe Mitchell Chapple, in the National Magazine for July.

Short-Sighted Mothers.

The housekeeper who has to manage carefully should set herself to learn this much of wisdom; to entrust to others the duties that they can perform, in order that she may exercise her greater skill upon others that they cannot accomplish.

Every one knows mothers—and very good mothers too—who seem to feel a kind of pride in bearing their own burdens and denying to others the discipline of taking a share of them.

Such are the women who boast that they never ask their husbands to fetch a book or carry a portmanteau; never trouble their children with little home duties, but bring them up to be free of any burden or knowledge of housework.

There is no credit due to a woman for this kind of independence. She is denying her family the opportunity for taking lessons in service and in practical housewifery.

Let not the mother say to herself, "I can do this better than they can," referring to her daughters; or "Let the girls have all their time to themselves; their day for work will come." For if the daughters never learn, when "their day" comes, there will be ever so many mistakes made in housewifery, and how will their husbands like that?"

When a lampwick is too large for the burner, it catches, will not turn up readily and is a trial to one's patience. Instead of buying a new wick or cutting it down the side to make more trouble by ravelling, try this way. Draw two or three threads from the middle of the wick and it will act like a charm.

THE CORPSE'S EXCURSION.

Death is a Solemn Affair But So is Economy.

Cal White stuck his head in through the ticket window of Salters Depot railroad station and said:

"Boss, gimme two round-trip tickets to Society Hill—one for myself and one fur a corpse."

"I never heard of nobody buying excursion tickets for corpses," said the agent. "What's the meaning?"

"Well, boss," Cal replied, "my brother Webster died yesterday, and I want to take the corpse up to Society Hill and let the family view the remains, and then I'll bring him back to Salters Depot here and bury him. That'll be a big sight cheaper than for the whole family to trapse all the way from Society Hill and all the way back again."

A Real Bargain.

"Have you Hike's Baking Powder?" inquired the female bargain-flend.

"No, madam," answered the wily grocery clerk; "but we have Bike's, which is just as good, but costs thirteen cents more, and contains a coupon, which, when presented with 9,999 similar coupons, entitles the holder to one guess at the number of minutes from now until the end of the world, the one coming nearest to a correct solution being rewarded with a certificate good for one year's subscription to 'The Cooklades' and Laundry-maids Gazette,' when accompanied by 39 cents in cash."

She bought Bike's and went away perfectly happy.

Disenchanted.

"Yes," she admitted, with a sad little sigh, "there was a time when I thought him the grandest man in the world—when I thought that nothing could ever make me cease to love him."

"Well," her friend replied, "I suppose we are all doomed to these disengaging experiences. We have only to become acquainted with a man to discover that he is not the god we have supposed him to be."

"But it wasn't becoming acquainted with him that destroyed my ideal. I am sure that I could still think him splendid if I had never seen him riding breeches!"

Got Them Mixed.

There is an amusing story in which John Hay, Bret Harte and Mrs. Humphrey Ward figure. Mrs. Ward had never met Bret Harte before, but had read "Little Breeches," and supposed Bret Harte was its author. Hay, while ambassador to England, introduced Harte to Mrs. Ward. "I am so glad to meet you, Mr. Harte," said she. "For a long time I have known and admired your 'Little Breeches.'"

Harte looked at Hay; Hay looked at Harte. Then the latter said: "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Ward, but you have put the 'Little Breeches' on the wrong man."

THE MISTRESS' OBJECTION.



"Mary, after the week is out I shan't need your services," the boarding house keeper told her cook; "your cooking doesn't suit me."

"But the boarders seem to like it, ma'am!"

"Yes. That's why I must get another cook."—The Bohemian.

Justifiable Assault.

"Tommy, I will have to whip you for fighting when I said you mustn't. What were you and Jimmy White quarreling about?"

"Why, mom, he said you were ten years older than his mother, and I told him he was a liar!"

"Well, Tommy, I don't approve of your fighting, but under the circumstances—Here's a quarter for you, and I'll ask your papa to take you to the moving-picture show to-night."

In Ireland.

First Bicycle Crank—No, I never carry an extra ounce of weight on my machine—not even a tool bag.

Second Ditto—But suppose you break down on the road, and have no tools?

First B. C.—Oh, that's easily arranged. I carry them in my pocket—Tid-Bits.

Once Was Enough.

Magistrate (discharging prisoner)—Now, then, I would advise you to keep away from bad company.

Prisoner (feelingly)—Thank you, sir. You won't see me here again.

Back to First Principles.

"Hips, curves, embonpoint! Everything has had to go."

"Yes; woman is pretty near down to the original rib!"

The Old, Old Story.

"Don't chide me for carrying a revolver. This little gun saved my life once."

"How exciting. Tell me about it. I was starving and I pawned it."

ROUNDABOUT MAIL DELIVERY.

To Be Sent Ten Feet a Letter Must Travel 294 Miles.

One of the most remarkable mail routes in the world is that which a letter journeys in getting from Beebe Plain, Vt., to Beebe Plain, Quebec, Canada. While the two offices are within ten feet of each other—are located in the same room, in fact—a letter mailed from one office to the other must make a trip of 294 miles—sixty-seven miles in Canada and the rest in the United States.

The plain old fashioned store building, which is situated on the international boundary line, contains both the United States and Canadian offices. There are separate entrances to each, but both are in the same room, have the same lobby, and there are no partitions to mark the division between the domain of Uncle Sam and the possession of King Edward.

"If you mail a letter from the Vermont side addressed to the Quebec side," says the postmaster, "it goes from here to the junction, then to Newport, then to White River Junction and back to Lenoxville."

Br'er Williams Says.
I don't want ter understand heaven 'twel I gits dar, an' even den I ain't gwine ter make too close inquiries, kaze day might ax me whar I come frum, an' how come.—Atlanta Constitution.

Trouble Maker.
De man dat loves to make a disturbance," said Uncle Eben, "is a good deal like de honk horn on an automobile. He kin make folks git out'n de way, but leave him to hissef an' he won't git nowhere."

Roll of HONOR

Attention is called to the STRENGTH of the

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