

She Wanted A Master

To Do Her Thinking and Decide For Her

By F. A. MITCHEL

I had been paying attention to Julia Adams for some time. Indeed, I would have proposed to her had I been reasonably sure of an acceptance. But Julia had another suitor, Frank Digby, and I fancied he was her first choice.

To tell the truth, I was at a disadvantage about that time, having, on being graduated from college, gone into business, for which I was by no means fitted. I had made a failure of it and was casting about for something more to my taste. My poverty was the principal reason why I did not propose to Julia.

The only talent I had ever shown was for sketching, and in that as a boy I showed considerable ability. When it was plain that I would accomplish nothing as a business man I made some sketches, which I showed to publishers and secured orders for illustrations to go with their publications. But I knew it would require some time to get this new hold, and while doing so I kept my own counsel from my friends and acquaintances. Julia tried to find out something about what I had in view, but I gave her no satisfaction. If I should fall in entering a new field I would be in a worse position than before. I put her off by pretending to be in doubt as to what I would do—said I would not hurry in making up my mind, and all that.

The result was what might have been expected. She accepted Frank Digby. Soon after I heard of her engagement I had a talk with her bosom friend, Edith Martin, about her, who said:

"Julia has been brought up with some one to do her thinking and make her decisions for her. Frank Digby has a strong will, and she can rely on him for guidance. He will take the lead in everything. There is nothing weak, nothing vacillating about him. I think it will be a very good match."

"Quite likely," I replied, wincing under what was probably not intended, but what was a lecture to me, holding up my shortcomings in contrast with Digby's strong points. I made the best of my disappointment, but I confess to having been mean enough to hope that he would rule Julia with a rod of iron since that seemed to be what she wanted.

Miss Martin, besides being a bosom friend of Julia's, was a gabbler. It wasn't difficult to set her talking, and, since she was a sort of confessor for Julia, I received a good deal of information simply by propounding leading questions. For instance, one day I said to her:

"The more I think of it the more I believe that our mutual friend, Julia Adams, has a fine prospect before her with Frank Digby. Opposites should mate. If the woman is easy going the man should be decided, and vice versa. I wouldn't mind getting a strong minded wife myself. I'd rather like to be ruled by a woman."

"Would you?" replied Edith, swallowing the bait and the hook together. "Why don't you marry a window smashing, theater burning suffragette?" "Just what I'd like. I'm glad Julia got the kind of man she wanted. When are they going to be married?"

"I don't know. Not at present anyway. I wouldn't have you repeat it, but sometimes I think Frank is just a teeny weeny bit too decided for Julia. You see, there are certain things we girls like to have decided for us and certain things we like to decide for ourselves."

"For instance?" "Well, last week Julia bought a hat. When Frank saw it he said, 'Why didn't you buy a muff for your head and have done with it?' You wouldn't wish me to be out of fashion, would you?" retorted Julia. "Fashion!" said Frank sneeringly. "Do you know what fashion is? It's a lot of men who sell you women things, giving you new designs that are as different as possible from what you've been wearing so that you can't wear or make over what you've got. It wouldn't have mattered if he'd stopped here, for we all know that, but he had to go on and say, 'I have always hoped that when I got a wife she'd have more independence than to submit to such nonsense.' But the fashion?" persisted Julia. "We can't ignore the fashion." "Fashion be hanged!" Frank answered. "I wouldn't want my wife to wear a hat like a grenadier or put a pot or a kettle on her head." At this Julia swept out of the room without deigning to notice him.

"H'm!" I said. "That was on Wednesday. On Sunday morning Frank called to take Julia to church. She came down with a little prayer book and hymnal she had received at Christmas. 'You won't need those,' said Frank. 'Why not?' said Julia. 'I'm a member of the Presbyterian church,' said Frank. 'And I'm an Episcopalian,' retorted Julia. 'All form and no fervor,' said Frank. 'That made Julia mad, and she said, 'You can disapprove of my hats, but you shan't run down my church.'"

"Well?" I put in to help her on. "Frank went to his church, and Julia went to hers."

"I thought she wanted a man to make her decisions for her."

"As I told you, we girls want some of our decisions made for us, some we want to make for ourselves."

"I see. You don't wish to be interfered with in the matter of your hats or your religion?"

"Certainly not."

"What things do you girls wish to have decided for you?"

"Let me see. There are lots of them, but I can't think of one all of a sudden. One couldn't be expected to do that."

"Of course not!" We are all more or less dogs in the maul, and I am sorry to say that I was much pleased at this recital. If I couldn't have Julia I was not so unselfish as to wish her happiness with another man. I dare say it would have been very noble in me to do so, but that's not my kind of nobility. On the contrary, I felt as if I would like to throw some bones of contention between the two myself. But this was out of the question.

I was interested in the matter not only because I wanted Julia for myself, but on account of the fact that she had engaged herself to Digby because she wished to be bossed. She had intimated to me that I wasn't a strong enough character to domineer over her, but I had my doubts about the woman of the present day needing an overseer. That might have occurred in the days of our grandmothers, when no one thought of leaving out the word "obey" in the marriage service, but now, when women are ambitious for a voice in the government, it is different. The suffragette doesn't look like a woman pining for a master, and all women who earn their own living become more or less independent. I therefore took Julia's desire to set up a king for herself with a grain of salt. If, however, it was sincere I hoped that she would have the same experience as the frogs that chose a stork for a ruler.

The next time I met Edith Martin she had great news for me. "Haven't you heard?" she exclaimed excitedly. "No. What is it?" "It's perfectly awful!" "What's perfectly awful?" "But he deserved it, every bit of it!" "Deserved what?"

Some time was required for her to express her opinion about it before she could curb herself to tell me what it was. This feminine trait, which seems to me akin to spending a lot of time over the address of a letter to discover whom it is from, instead of breaking it open to look at the signature, having spent its force, Edith came down to facts and told me the story. She had got it direct from Julia and had not troubled herself to inquire into the man's side of the story.

"Things had been going from bad to worse between them," said the bosom friend, "when one morning Frank called to see Julia for a better understanding. Instead of going in the afternoon or evening he went about 11 o'clock in the morning. He'd been used to running in on her informally, and, being told that she was in the pantry making a pie, he just went in there. 'I've come,' he said, 'with the olive branch. I dare say I have faults, but the principal trouble between us is that occasionally I would like to have my own way about some things.'"

"You don't mean he was as unreasonable as that?" I exclaimed. "Unreasonable! Julia took it as an insult. 'That means,' she said, 'that you consider me a person who wants to have her own way about everything; that I am obstinate, mulish, pigish—everything that is unreasonable.' You are putting those words into my mouth," he replied. "I have wanted a good, strong, noble man for a husband, but I haven't wanted a tyrant. Our engagement is broken. So there!" She had a scoop filled with flour in her hand, and she was so mad that she threw it all over him."

"You don't mean it?" I exclaimed. "How he must have looked!" "Looked! He was white as a sheet in front and black behind. Julia ran through a door into the kitchen, then upstairs and into her room, locking herself in. Frank dusted the flour off his clothes as best he could with his handkerchief, then left the house."

"They'll make it up," I suggested. "Never. Julia is one of those pliable, gentle creatures who, when they are goaded to desperation, will turn, and when they turn they will never crawl again."

"Crawl?" "Yes. Julia gave way to him till she couldn't stand it any longer."

"Poor girl!" Not long after that, having proved that I could make a good living as an illustrator and believing that Julia's engagement with Digby was not likely to be renewed, I called upon her. "I think she had had enough of being bossed and had demonstrated to her satisfaction that she didn't need an overseer. At any rate, she didn't mention such necessity, and when I told her that I had found success in a new field she seemed interested. I think Edith Martin had told her that I was looking for a wife to boss me, for Julia gave evidence that she would like the job. So I proposed and was accepted."

We got on very well together. I have a way of out-herding Herod with her. When she wants her way a little bit I give her a bucketful of it all at once. This breaks her up. I have tried yielding to her when her acts are sure to lead to grief, hoping to teach her by example. But this has been a failure. She invariably throws the fault on me. I never argue with her and when I find it necessary to act on my own opinions do so without a word. "This plan works admirably."

THE BREAK UP OF TURKEY.

1830—Greece, independent; Serbia, autonomous; Algeria occupied by France.
1862—Roumania, autonomous.
1878—Roumania, Serbia and Montenegro, independent; Bulgaria, autonomous; Bosnia-Herzegovina occupied by Austria-Hungary; Cyprus, by Great Britain.
1881—Tunis, French protectorate.
1882—Egypt occupied by Great Britain.
1885—Eastern Roumelia annexed to autonomous Bulgaria.
1908—Crete autonomous under the powers.
1908—Bulgaria, independent; Bosnia-Herzegovina annexed to Austria-Hungary.
1911—Tripoli annexed to Italy.
1913, Jan. 1—Turkey agrees to cede Balkan allies all of European Turkey proper, west and north of Adrianople.
Jan. 6—Turkey agrees to cede rights in Crete.
Jan. 22—Turkey agrees to cede Adrianople and leave Aegean islands to disposition by powers.

FRENCHMAN DISCOVERS COLD ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Scientist Able to Produce Powerful, Harmless Rays.

M. Dussaud, a French scientist, who has discovered a means for the production of what he terms "cold light," gave recently some details of his discovery, which, it is thought, may revolutionize electric lighting.

Starting on the principle that rest is as essential to matter as to animal organism, he has constructed an electric lamp in which the light is concentrated on a single point by filaments working successively; thence the light is projected through a lens magnifying a thousandfold. Thus he has succeeded in concentrating a 2,000 candlepower light on one point and in passing thirty-two volts into an eight volt lamp, which with the ordinary light would burst.

Experiments with this lamp have established that the new light is absolutely without danger, as no heat is given off, and it requires only a one hundredth part of the current of the ordinary lamp. It can be worked by a tiny battery, or sufficient motive power can be obtained from a jet of water from an ordinary faucet or even a squirrel turning a cage.

The light, it is said, offers great advantages in photography, as its photogenic power is four times that of the magnesium flashlight. It has been tried with great success at the Blarritz lighthouse, and M. Dussaud is working on its application to searchlights for the ministry of war.

ASK AID IN BEHALF OF BIRDS

Two Naturalists Make Appeal to School Children.

John Burroughs and Ernest Thompson Seton, naturalists, issued an appeal recently to the school children of this country asking them to urge their congressmen and senators to help in the passage of a bill now in congress the purpose of which is to place all migratory birds under the protection of the government.

"The destruction of bird life is costing American farmers millions of dollars annually," part of the appeal reads, "through the constantly increased devastation of harmful insects on which the birds feed."

"We urge you to get your parents, teachers and friends to write to the congressman of your district and the two senators of your state asking immediate action on the pending bird protection bill, that they may understand how deep is the interest in it and how great is the need of it."

SEE REMAINS OF NERO'S VILLA

Fishermen Near Rome Discover Submerged Columns.

At Anzio, a fishing town and bathing resort thirty miles from Rome, in a clear, calm sea after the recent storms, fishermen discovered extensive remains of Nero's villa submerged 200 yards from shore.

They saw a lot of broken columns of statuary, some of which they recovered, and also a colossal female head. Other submerged Roman buildings and temples were discerned along the seashore.

The government's archaeological department intends to make explorations at the points referred to.

Sews With Metal Hands. Gilbert W. Pukhelsner, a farmer of Salem, Ind., who lost both arms, has metal hands, which he manages so well that he can shave, sew, write and catch or throw a ball.

The Pirates. Old Blackbeard and his buccaners who sailed the Spanish main And grim Laftite and Morgan, too, Have come to life again. They're cruising up and down Broadway In cabs and motorcars And wearing coats of costly fur And smoking big cigars.

They've hauled the Jolly Roger down The dollar mark to ply And armed themselves with worthless shares And dividends that lie. They strip a corporation bare, And wreck and sink a bank, And make, as in the good old days, The victims walk the plank.

Though some of them have studied law Or entered politics And some in gilded offices Pursue their wicked tricks, I know them for the savage souls That scattered blood and flame From Holyhead to Panama. They're pirates just the same. —New York America.

SLIDES ON CANAL CAUSE OF ALARM

Officials on Big Ditch Deeply Concerned.

HAD NOT EXPECTED TROUBLE

What Will Happen When Water is Let in and Banks Become Wet is Now the Question — Engineers Believe Dredge Boats Will Be Able to Cope With Future Filling in.

By ARTHUR W. DUNN.

Washington, Feb. 20. — [Special.] — Slides at the Panama canal have given officials interested in the big ditch more concern than they have publicly expressed. In the first place these slides were not anticipated, as so often asserted. If they had been anticipated or even thought possible, the work of excavation would not have been so conducted as to allow them to overrun the tracks of the working outfit.

The engineers went back as far as they thought necessary in making the slope of the excavation and farther. One-third more than the amount of excavating has been done than was first estimated as necessary.

Effect of the Water.

If there is such a tendency for the earth to slide when dry, what will happen when the water is turned in? is a question often asked, for it is possible that when the loose volcanic earth becomes saturated with water it will slough off to a greater extent than at present.

It is expected by the engineers that the canal will be kept deep enough by dredging, and the slides can be taken care of with the dredge boats as well as now handled by the steam shovels and dump cars. Altogether it seems to be quite a problem which Uncle Sam has on hand, and there will be others after the canal is completed.

Matter of Protection.

Quite the most important matter after the canal is really in operation will be an adequate protection. Already fortifications are being constructed, and arrangements have been made for the sending of several regiments of infantry, if they can be spared (even if not needed in Mexico) after Hawaii has been garrisoned. But even with infantry and coast artillery on the canal zone there is yet the question of a navy squadron on either side. The canal will be a care after it is completed.

Not a Solemn Occasion.

When he began presiding over the joint session of senate and house to count the electoral vote Senator Bacon told his hearers that this was a solemn occasion and that no manifestations of applause should be shown. Of course he could not keep the exuberant Democrats from applauding. They always applaud when there is an opportunity.

But, more than that, the occasion was not solemn, because the members of the house chattered, laughed and talked with each other, and the senators also did a good deal of talking back and forth. It was a perfunctory occasion, and, though necessary to complete the election of the next president, it was not much more solemn than an ordinary day in the house.

Against Conservation.

Senator Bankhead made a vigorous attack upon the conservationists, especially that small band who played tennis with Roosevelt when he was president and who are keeping up the fight for the Roosevelt conservation policies. The Alabama senator insisted that they were retarding the progress of the country and instanced the veto of the Coosa river dam project which they obtained.

He said that the water power in Alabama was still going to waste and the company had gone to Canada to establish its plant. The project was intended to manufacture cheaply a fertilizer much needed in the south, which now comes from Chile, where an export duty of \$12 a ton is charged. Bankhead has been very much against the methods of many of the conservationists.

Practicing at the Bars.

It is too bad that Congressman Rucker of Colorado will be lost to the house after March 4. He always says something good. When the Kenyon-Webb anti-liquor bill was considered in the house Rucker supported it.

"I was a practitioner of the bars in the early days of my life," said Rucker. "I had occasion to go out many times and cuss the court deciding the case and very many times to go out from the other bar and cuss the proprietor for serving such bad whisky. But I am in favor of this bill because it makes all of us, severally and individually, our own barkeepers, and since I am compelled to go back to one or both of these bars, I am going to go along the lines of least resistance and vote for this bill."

A Man From Maine.

When the tellers announced that the six votes of Maine had been cast for Woodrow Wilson for president, very few who heard the announcement knew that those returns had been brought to the capital by a man eighty-two years old. He performed the same mission fifty-two years ago, the last time before 1912, that Maine cast her vote for the Democratic candidates.

VIOLIN IS HERALDED AS A CURE FOR BALDNESS.

Expert Declares Stringed Instrumental Music is Decided Aid to Hair.

"If you are bald, learn the violin," is the moral to be drawn from a startling statement made by M. Henri de Parville in London recently. According to this authority, music exercises a manifest action upon the nervous system, which itself also affects the nutrition of the bodily tissues; therefore it seems reasonable to conclude that in a general way music has an influence upon the physiological individuality.

Musicians, it appears, are bald in the proportion of 11 per cent, but among instrumentalists the influence of musical vibrations makes itself felt in two opposite directions, according to the class of instrument.

Thus, while string instruments prevent and arrest the falling off of the hair, the brass instruments exercise the most deadly influence upon the scalp. The piano and the violin, especially the former, have an undeniably preservative effect.

The trombone, however, is the most deleterious of all, for in five or six years the player has lost at least 60 per cent of his hair. This disagreeable result is known as "fanfare baldness" because the evil particularly punishes regimental musicians.

THIS TOWN TO BE CATLESS.

Policemen With Rifles War on Small-pox Carriers.

War to the death on all cats was declared in Berkeley, Cal., recently by the police department in the interest of public health. A theory that cats are responsible for spreading smallpox caused the campaign against them.

The order has gone out that if it is possible to rid a town of cats Berkeley shall be the first catless town in the country.

Extermination began, and policemen armed with small rifles shot cats on sight without regard to pedigree or ownership.

Cold Ham Made a Cold Heart.

"Your honor, all I'd get to eat were delicatessen stuff, ham and beans, pickles, potato salad and sauerkraut. But instead of eating this stuff herself she would go to her mother's to eat and leave the cold food for me," said William Brown in the Brooklyn court of domestic relations recently. His wife, Mary, charged him with non-support. The case was adjourned.

Wireless Whispers.

A Frenchman claims to send 200 words a minute by wireless telegraphy. Tests by European naval officers have indicated that the waves in wireless telegraphy travel at a rate of nearly 200,000 miles a second.

Although mountains 20,000 feet high intervene, Peru and Brazil heretofore isolated from each other, have been linked by wireless telegraphy.

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