

## A Moral Issue

(By John D. Wells)

THE idee was Mirandy's: she allowed we'd orter go  
An' pack our duds an' go t' town  
t' see the chicken show;  
An' so we went an' tuk it in, but bein'  
that we're just  
Of' fashioned folks who still believe of'  
fashioned ways are best,  
I s'pose that we was prejudiced an'  
mebbe sot ag'in  
New-fangled ways that smarter folks see  
lots o' virtue in—  
Perhaps that's it—but, anyway, we both  
rise up t' state  
There's been too much shinnanagin' on  
Nature's plans of late!

We wandered 'mongst the fancy coops of  
chickens—there was some  
So proud an' highfalutin' that we dassen't  
speak to 'em.  
Whillet others looked so foreign-like an'  
had such foreign gait  
'Twas plain they couldn't understand nor  
talk United States.  
There's Andalusions, Cochins, too, an'  
them Rhode Island Reds,  
An' other freaks, 'til mother says, "I  
swan, I'd like t' see  
A plain ol' fashioned chicken, 'cause I'm  
homesick," she-says-ah.

But nary a good ol' fashioned hen or  
rooster could be found—  
Jest ultra-hens with pedygeos, that  
strutted all around  
With head held up an' cacklin' 'till they  
party nigh was hoarse,  
Like women home from Reno, with a  
new fresh-laid brood—  
There wa'n't a sign of henyard life nor  
chicken motherhood;  
Mirandy up an' told the man—the boss of  
all the pens—  
That we was "strangers in the place;  
where was the settin' lens?"

I thought I saw the feller smile, but he-  
says-he, "Come on."  
An' led us 'round amongst the coops an'  
pens until blame-don  
He found a durned contraption—we could  
hear the chickens 'tweat,  
An' lots of folks was standin' 'round  
discussin' Farenheat;  
I thought the feller smiled ag'in an' about  
the time he did,  
He reached across the railin' there an'  
lifted up the lid—  
An' drat my pelt if ever I expected such  
a sight—  
They's hatchin' chickens right an' left by  
durned electric light!

Mirandy sort o' squared herself, her  
motherhood upset:  
"My law!" says she, "have all the hens  
on airth turned Suffragette?"—  
An' ain't there no more motherin' like  
Nature meant for?—Come  
Away from this immoral place—the place  
for us is home!  
An' home we went, where Virtue rules  
an' never goes nor haws—  
Where all the chickens on the place  
knows all their pas and mas,  
Where moral law is uppermost, an' mother  
she inten's  
A special prize of extry corn for all her  
settin' hens

## Parents—A Composition by a Very Small Boy

(From "Success Magazine")

Parents is our Mamas and Papas.  
They is mighty nice things to have only  
when little boys and girls have been bad  
and then they is not so nice.

Parents is them folks what makes us  
say our prayers and go to Sunday-school  
and bring in wood and things.

A Papa is a parent that buys the bread  
and meat and a Mama is a parent what  
cooks it and washes the dishes and ties up  
sore toes and makes us wash our neck  
and ears and teeth and everything. Also  
a Mama is a parent what a boy has to  
beg to go in swimmin' and then has to  
slip off from if he gets to go.

There is two kinds of parents—the kind  
what stays at home and the kind what  
goes to clubs and lodges. I like the kind  
what stays at home best. Gee! I hate  
to come home from school and find Ma  
gone and the cookies too.

All little girls and boys ought to have  
two parents, but some have only one.  
Some of them is dead and livin' with God

and some of them is not dead but is livin'  
somewheres else.

They is nice tho' about some other  
things such as, givin' us nickels and  
cookies and baseball bats. Boys don't  
get to choose they parents but I don't  
care cause I got a dandy set anyhow.

When I gets to be a parent I will not  
whip my little boys or make 'em take a  
bath in winter time or play with silly  
girls or go to school.

I guess that is all I know about parents.

"A woman's life should be cumulative  
so that it would take up into itself all  
of her experiences, all of her acts. Every-  
thing that has happened to her ought  
to be pyramided into one whole glorious  
character."

Men seem to have accepted women in  
Spain when once the initial step was  
taken with a better grace than in some  
other countries. An extraordinary young  
woman graduate from Mrs. Gulick's  
institute wrote for the leading papers in  
Seville a series of articles on the women



LOVE AT HOME

of America, England, Germany and China.  
The articles were well written and at-  
tracted much attention. The last one  
was signed with her name, and when it  
appeared the writer was immediately  
invited by the Liberal Club of Seville—  
the largest club of men in the city—to  
give them an address on Spanish women.  
When she appeared on the platform  
there was such prolonged applause that  
it was several minutes before she could  
speak.

It did not take the war to establish  
women's preeminence in finger-print work,  
though the work of Miss Dahm and others  
now finger-printing the army has received  
most comment in the press. Ten years  
before the war Henry P. de Forest of the  
New York Civil Service Commission,  
tells us that a woman was instructor to  
navy and army officials. This is Mrs.  
M. E. Holland, who studied her subject  
at Scotland Yard.

Another woman in New York, says Mr.  
de Forest, a Miss Sullender, about five  
years ago began the study of finger prints.  
She became extremely proficient and  
stood first in two competitive examinations  
held for finger-print experts by the Civil  
Service Commission of that city. A Mrs.  
Tittle stood second. Both these women  
passed a better examination than the best  
man in the city at that time. Miss  
Sullender is in the Finger-Print Bureau

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LIMITED CANADA

of the Department of Charities. She  
has been teaching the subject for the  
past three years, with great success, and  
three of her women pupils, Miss Dahm,  
Miss Burns and Miss Nolan, are now in the  
Finger-Print Bureau of the United States  
Navy.

## Rhubarb and Raisin Jam

2 quarts of cut rhubarb, 2 cupfuls of  
seeded raisins, 2 cupfuls of granulated  
sugar, 1 cupful of orange juice. Cut the  
rhubarb into small pieces but do not  
remove the skin, and put it into a porce-  
lain-lined kettle. Add the sugar, mix  
well, and let stand for from three to four

hours. Bring to a boil quickly and add  
the raisins, which have been washed,  
dried and put through a food chopp'r.  
Simmer slowly for one hour, and add  
the orange juice. Fill sterilized jolly  
glasses, or jars, and cover with paraffin.

## Corn Dodgers

2 tablespoonfuls lard, 1½ cupful sugar,  
1½ cupful cornmeal, 1 cupful milk, 2  
teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 cupful  
flour. Mix thoroughly the ingredients  
given and fry in a hot skillet until brown.  
Apples sliced thin and added give a good  
flavor; the cakes should be cooked a little  
longer if this is done.