BEING SOME STRANGE PERSPECTIVES SEEN THROUGH THE SMALL END OF THE GLASS — WITH A CHERRY AT THE BOTTOM

DESCRIBED BY HELENA SMITH-DAYTON
PICTURED BY ANGIE BREAKSPEAR

COUSIN IKE---BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY

"Speakin' of Arizona, I've never met a whole family so down on anything as the Dibbles was on Colorado. They just couldn't say anything good of it. Some one sent Fannie Dibble some real pretty views of places in Colorado and the Dibbles wouldn't let her have 'em in her album. Why, they was so dead set against it I'm surprised they didn't have a brand new flag made for their pole, cutting out the star that stood for Colorado. Cousin Ike just tainted that whole bloomin' state as far as the Dibbles were concerned. Colorado to them meant Cousin Ike, and Cousin Ike meant a whole buryin' ground full of family skeletons. Oh, now I come to think of it, it wasn't Colorado at all! It was California.

"'Ike's people were simply elegant. I'm distantly connected, about three times removed, and that's how I come to know so much about all the inside details of all of 'em from Ike down. Or, as I should say, from Ike up, 'cause Ike was gen'ly admitted to be the lowest Dibble. Funny how one member will break over the traces and shame the life out of all the others, ain't it?

"He didn't have regard for things when he was young and to home, and it was a great relief to all the Dibbles when Ike cut out and went west. I thought it wasn't giving the west a square deal, but from that day on the Dibbles cut the Pacific coast right off their list. They seemed to argue that anyone or anything or any place that would have to do with Ike couldn't be much.

"You see, the Dibbles were mighty self-conscious people, havin' lived right here in Westville, Conn., in the same white house for so many generations. It's a great and respectable thing to get to be known as the So-and-Sos of Such-a-Place, and the Dibbles were.

"The Dibbles' affection for Cousin Ike must have been well acquainted with the cat that liked hot soup, but they certainly took a morbid interest in his antics, because the Dibbles were born reformers.

"They just swallowed hard every time they thought of the things they'd say to Ike to turn him from his evil ways. It was torturin' to nice folks like them to have one-by-their-name breaking jails and records out west. They wrote several letters to Ike telling him if he'd come home they'd give him a place in the store at six dollars per to start and he could board with his married sister.

"Of course this must have seemed a big inducement to anyone who was having a lot of fun out in Wyoming!

"Ike was one of the kind that would rather play than learn his books when he was little, but they was able to make out enough of his answer to know that Ike would be—something the Dibbles couldn't make out, but probably a remark popular in Idaho—if he came back. They inferred he didn't have any longings to see the scenes of his childhood.

"A spell afterwards they got the minister to write, too, and it was as friendly and nice a letter as you'd wish to read. But no! Ike seemed possessed to go his own unrighteous way and they give up all hope of saving the brand—for fear they'd all get burnt. Pretty soon Ike had so cut himself adrift from his folks that letters were returned with 'No such person here' in red ink.

"Some years later they got a picter of Ike. It just came with no word or nothin' on it, but it certainly spoke for itself, that picter! Something peculiar about getting your photygraft taken—you always want to send 'em to folks you hain't heard of for years. Limbers up your remembrances. Yes, sir, it's second nater to send a likeness of yourself to folks you aren't on speakin' terms with. Otherwise, what's the use of havin' a fine, elegant picter if your enemies can't see it an' be consumed with envy? The Dibbles didn't have much to be consumed over in Ike's case, but it was a melancholy satisfaction for 'em to gaze at his features, an' say, 'I told you so! Doesn't he look it? Yes, indeed. And to think he is or was a Dibble. He was an awful pretty baby, too. Mother Dibble always said he was the prettiest and best behaved child she had!'

"Old Mis' Dibble always laid everything to the time Ike was vaccinated.

"Next came tidings Ike was dead. It didn't come direct nor backed up by proofs, but the faith the Dibbles put in the report was positively disrespectful to the dead. I said they might give poor Ike just one little measly chancst for his life, but Ike was as dead as a doornail to the Dibbles. They seemed to think it made him respectable.

"But you know what a hand some folks is for details? Well, the relatives of the 'late deceased' hadn't figgered on the local thirst for information. They gave Ike a fine funeral and as peaceful an end as any Dibble ever had. Ike in death was conventional. Them Dibbles even went as far as to say that in his last days he was a credit to the name he bore and that the citizens of his town in Dakota felt dreadful bad when he passed away and the leading stores were closed when the percession went by. They had a faint aroma of a tale that come back about Ike once before telling how he came into town shootin' off fireworks and everybody had to run for shelter and pull down the shutters till it was all over. Still, I'm not the one to begrudge Ike Dibble a good, bang-up funeral and I hope he got it!

"But d'ye think Ike rested easy in the nice, genteel grave the Dibbles allotted him? I should say not. There was so many rumors you'd a' thought Ike was a war. Everybody had a different story and nobody believed he was dead.

"The Dawsons, who have a son out west somewheres, claim Rob met Ike in a cigar store in Utah, and Ike told Rob he was goin' to the mines. Ike seemed healthy, but as if he'd led a hard and various life.

"Soon comes another society note that Ike had married a squaw woman on the reservation and was living like a lord. This didn't set well on the Dibbles and they threatened to show the notice of Ike's death in the Oklahoma paper. I told Oscar Dibble that the lady might be as good as Ike. Oscar said he'd defend his dead cousin's memory against all vilifiers. I let it go at that.

"A man from Oregon stopped over in town, who seemed positive he knew Ike, and the things he told about him made me tickled that I was five times removed from the Dibbles. The Oregon feller said Ike was a fire-eating rip-snorter and had more funerals to his credit than any man in the state. The Dibbles attempted to plaster this over by saying Ike was in the undertaking business. But that story didn't catch on, 'cause everyone knew Ike wouldn't get himself up in black kid gloves nohow. Even for business purposes you couldn't make Ike a parlor ornyment.

"The next sound from Ike was when we heard he was up in a place called Caliente—either in California or Minnesota, somewhere near there. This time he was said to have settled down and was working steady, though we didn't hear what at. Which was all consolin' to those interested, but the only flaw in it all was, this Caliente Ike, while he answered Ike's description to a T, called himself Emanuel Higginbotham. Still, Ike would be likely to have changed his name. For awhile we took comfort thinkin' Ike was doin' well, and we hoped he'd see his way clear to come on and bring his family for a visit. The Dibbles began to allow Ike to inhabit the earth once more, and even went so far as to hope they'd like his wife, which was unbendin' some for a Dibble.

"But all this was kicked over pretty quick when they heard that Ike was mixed up in a train robbin' epidemic. The way they popped him back to his grave was a caution. After this they was so sore on anything west of Rahway, N. J., they refused passes to a Wild West show.

"What the Dibbles failed to do for Ike when they gave him his first funeral they did this second time. They even talked of his good qualities. It was quite affectin' to hear 'em go on. They said Westville was too narrer to understand Ike, but everyone out in the world where he made his mark before leavin' knew and loved him. But they continued to have it in for Montana. That western state that had contained Ike was not popular with the Dibbles, though I don't doubt but what there's some real nice people out that way. There must at least be the sheriffs and their families who look after the Ikes, and others high-class and respectable.

It always looked to me like not bein' well informed to get down on a place like Iowa and judge the whole population by one black-sheep relation. Ike isn't what you might call a real specimen of Kansas or whatever that place is—the name for the moment escapes me. I told Sam Dibble the responsibility rested on Connecticut.

"Well, Ike had been fittingly mourned for six months when the Dawson son, Rob, came home on a visit. Rob had wonderful tales of Ike sittkin' it richer'n cream in a claim of his in Nevada. The town just went wild over the news. Everyone seemed to think they was going to be made rich by Ike's lucky hit.

"As for the Dibbles, everyone was curious to see what stand they'd take. They was set, was the Dibbles, and they weren't the kind to tolerate digging up a dead cat if they was the ones who acted in an official capacity at the interment. It would come hard to resurrect Ike, howsomever gilded he might be. Then again, the Dibbles was great where there was a dollar concerned—they even regarded a penny as a young dollar. When some one up and spoke to the Dibbles about Ike they said they didn't care to discuss family affairs!

"But the news wasn't through thrillin' when it was heralded broadcast that Mr. Ike Dibble, the Nevada Creocus, as some one referred to him, was comin' on a visit to his relations. The supercility that whole tribe of Dibbles took on even to me would a' made anyone think I was at least 14 times removed! I learned from Rob Dawson that they had went to him for Ike's post office address and it's easy to see the rest. They writ invitin' him to come on and, as I found out later, they sent him a lot of money to show him they didn't know nothin' about his bein' rich—which would have convinced the most skeptical.

"Porterhouse is none too good for the prodigal who comes back ownin' half the state of Yucatan!

"Well, Ike came. We—the whole of Westville—was at the station to meet him, so he wouldn't feel lonesome on his home-comin'. But Ike brought plenty of company with him. A Mrs. Ike and seven little Ikes alit with him on the Westville platform. Say, the Dibbles hadn't thought of that possibility! Still, they made the best of it, 'cause Ike was so rich there'd be enough for everybody.

"The Dibbles made a great splurge over their wealthy cousin, but the whole town was glad to see old Ike. I guess no one ever came to Westville that was used and treated like Ike Dibble. And in return he promised us all a slice of mining stock. We all got the western fever and the Dibbles had the nerve to say they was always fascinated with the idea of going out there. The Dibble girls were playin' up to Ike by givin' Mrs. Ike a dose of quick culture. Ike's wife had been a Miss Hickey—information began and ended there. Still, Ike wasn't as delicate himself as maiden-hair ferns, so what could you expect? Ike and family staid on contented through the winter and the Dibbles never fagged entertainin' of their rich cousin.

"The whole incident goes to prove that I ain't as far removed from the Dibble family as I formerly supposed. When they took up a collection to pay the Ike crowd's fare back to Washington Territory, I was asked as one of the immediate family to contribute.

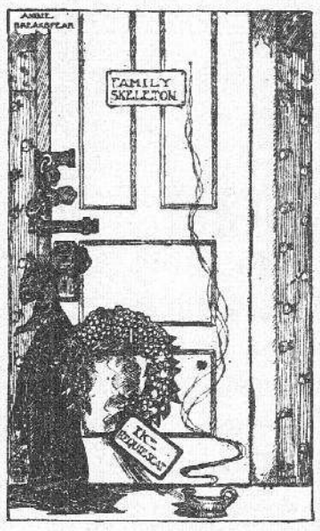
"More good money gone into a gold mine!"

* * *

The Cherry—You are apt to regret digging up a cat or a man that's passed on.

(Copyright, 1907, by W. G. Chapman.)

That if you really care for a person you will not say unkind things to or of them?



The Dibbles strained every point to bleach the black sheep's memory.

When Ike got off the train—he wasn't quite alone.

"This picture of Cousin Ike come with no word nor nothin'."

The Industrial Status of Women

By Carrie Chapman-Catt

Women of the Past Busy and Useful Manufacturers—Occupations of Women Gradually Replaced by Inventions—Public Opinion Jeered at Women Thrust from Their Proper Sphere—How the Woman's Right Movement Has Increased the Opportunities—Average Woman's Wages Never So High as Now.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

A study of the stupendous movements of progress in the last century cannot fail to thrill the student with wonder and admiration and to convince him anew that there is a "divinity which shapes our ends." No changes accomplished in that wonderful hundred years are more permanent or far-reaching in effect than those in the industrial status of women and none demonstrates more clearly that the indirect results of great movements may sometimes equal direct results in importance and helpfulness. There was never a distinct movement to extend industrial opportunity to women. It came instead as the unpredicted but inevitable result of two parallel lines of progress, apparently quite unrelated to each other.

One of these was the remarkable commercial evolution of the last century, initiated and developed by a succession of inventions which revolutionized methods of manufacture and gradually replaced household industries by factory products; the other is well known as the woman movement.

At the beginning of the century money was scarce and hard to get. The main problem of every family was how to supply its needs without the use of money. Thrifty households solved it very satisfactorily by creating nearly every product consumed. As agriculture furnished the chief source of income of a majority of the people of the United States it was a matter of comparative ease to bring the family needs within the possibilities of its own production. In those days of simplicity wheat and corn were ground into flour and meal at the village mill, the miller keeping a portion by way of toll or pay. Butter and cheese were made in nearly every home. Meat was provided by the butchering of animals reared by the family for the express purpose, and a system of exchange with neighbors made possible a continued fresh supply. Tea and sugar were pactically the only articles to be purchased at "the store." Many families used maple sugar only, which they produced themselves or secured by exchange. The history of the evolution demonstrated that housewives upon occasion could content themselves with "herb tea," and undoubtedly the less prosperous continued to use it whenever money was not forthcoming to purchase the real article. In these simple ways, nearly every family was enabled to provide its own table with all necessities and many comforts without the use of money.

The family clothing was likewise provided by home industry. All farmers and many villagers had their patch of flax, which the skilled fingers of the housewife turned into snowy linen and then fashioned into undergarments for the family, bedclothing and table linen. Nearly every family raised a few sheep as well, and the housewife wove the wool into cloth which she manufactured into outer garments for the whole family. The average woman not only made her own clothes but all those of her husband and children. The women spun wool as well, and the gentle click of their needles was the inevitable accompaniment to conversation as they knitted it into stockings, mittens, hoods and wraps.

During the year the village shoemaker visited the family and manufactured shoes for all its members, the skins of animals killed for meat having been preserved and tanned for his use.

In the spring the women made "soft soap" from scraps of grease accumulated during the winter, reducing it with lye made from wood ashes; and in the fall they manufactured starch from potatoes, and thus supplied the needs of the laundry. They made "tallow dips" which served as the only lights most families had. A comfortable substitute for matches was found in the homemade paper lighters. Beds were supplied with generous feather beds and pillows filled with feathers plucked from the family geese. The covers were often elaborately and skillfully "pieced" with bits of cloth, and the quiltings were among the most popular social functions of the day. The few needs of the family which could not be supplied by home labor were satisfied by the exchange of farm products. It was in this way the subscription to the country newspaper and the contribution to the minister's salary were paid.

All thrifty and well-trained women of the period were manufacturers and lived busy, useful lives. The happiness and welfare of the family were far more dependent upon their skilled accomplishments and untiring labor than upon the work of men. However, every family was a cooperative society, each laboring and producing for the common welfare, and there was little time for idleness for men, women or children. Under these conditions there was small necessity or opportunity for women to work outside their homes. If spinster or widow was compelled to take up her abode with a male relative as was the custom of the day, she was not necessarily forced to suffer the humiliation of dependence, since a skilled woman in any household could far more than pay for her own keeping. Women were happy and contented in the useful sphere defined for them by the conditions of the times. However, this simplicity of living was destined to be displaced by a far more complicated system and the well-established sphere of women to be ruthlessly destroyed in consequence.

The successful cultivation of cotton in the south and the succession of inventions which made its manufacture at the north a tempting enterprise to capital soon placed quantities of cotton cloth upon the market. Those who did not produce their own linen bought cotton, and it soon became fashionable. The household weaver of linen became ambitious to weave in the public factory, and little by little the manufacture of linen as a household industry was lost. The improved machinery for the manufacture of woolen cloth encouraged the establishment of woolen factories as well. At first farmers carried their wool to these factories, receiving in return the woven cloth, while the manufacturer kept a portion of it in payment for the service performed. The improved texture of the factory cloth soon established its popularity and made it fashionable. The next step followed naturally. The farmer sold his wool for money and with money bought his cloth; thus the household manufacture of woolen cloth was likewise driven from the home. Fifty years after the invention of the knitting machine the factories were not only knitting the stockings and mittens of the nation but its undergarments as well.

The sewing machine was invented in 1846 and was a helpful assistant to women in the manufacture of clothing at home; but 50 years later it had become the center of a large factory enterpise and a very large proportion of men's tailoring, shirts, collars, cuffs and women's muslin underwear, wrappers and cloaks were produced in the factory, while each year women's gowns were manufactured there in increasing quantities.

One by one the occupations of women disappeared from the home to reappear in the factory and under the magic touch of capital to produce fortunes of a magnitude not dreamed of in the early days of American simplicity. Gas and electricity took the place of the tallow dips. Cheap soap replaced the home-made article and great factories sprung up all over the country for the manufacture of starch for the use of table and laundry, and the soft soap and potato starch of our grandmothers became forgotten arts. The manufacture of butter and cheese is so entirely relegated to the factory that western farmers now sell cream and buy butter. Bread, cakes, and pies are produced in fabulous quantities by the bakeries. Canneries without number prepare the choicest fruits and vegetables in a variety of ways for immediate use, while every culinary achievement of our grandmothers, from their every-day baked pork and beans to their holiday plum pudding, is reproduced with cleverness by the modern factory.

In fact there was no accomplishment of the old-time housewife which has not now become a market commodity and women in consequence have lost their ancient sphere of usefulness. The disappearance of the household manufactures from the home greatly lightened the labors of women, but introduced a new problem. The necessities which have been produced by home labor could only be had in the public market and money alone could buy them. To meet the new demand a greatly increased family income became necessary and the men of the family were not always able to provide it. It was as natural as it was logical for women to conclude to sell their industrial services and with the wage they earned to purchase the comforts they had lost when the home industries passed into the factory.

Undoubtedly women, and especially unmarried women, would have entered very generally into the field of wage-earner, in obedience to these natural laws, had not restrictive influences tended quite as strongly to keep them within the home. There existed an almost unanimous belief that woman's sphere could only be found within the walls of her home. Public opinion is not infrequently as binding as law and the bitterness with which this opinion was upheld visited unbearable criticism upon many women workers. They were dubbed indelicate and were made to feel that they were outcasts from all good opinion. Nothing but poverty served to pardon their offense.

The positions open to women were few and these pitifully remunerated. As late as 1840 Harriet Martineau visited the United States and found seven occupations only open to women—teaching, needlework, keeping boarders, working in cotton factories, typesetting, bookbinding and household service.

The daughters of none but the poor could afford to offend public opinion for the sake of a paltry wage in a menial vocation; nor could men endure the sallies of wit which were in store for those who could not support their womenfolk. Men labored the harder to meet the new responsibility of enlarged income and women accepted the leisure the absence of household industries brought with varying degrees of satisfaction.

It was upon these conditions that the "woman's rights" movement, organized and inaugurated in 1848, began to work. It did not demand better or more numerous opportunities for women in the work of the world as its chief petition. Its work consisted in destroying the prejudices which restricted the freedom of women in every department of life. It was the duty of the new movement to educate public sentiment to a proper perception of the economic truth that a woman has the same right as a man to sell her industrial services in the public market to the highest bidder and the same right to develop those services to the highest possible value. Moreover, it was necessary to prove that a woman could perform skilled labor; that she possessed intelligence to grasp new work and the elements of business reliability. These facts could only be proved by experiment and employers were not willing to experiment. Leaders of the woman's rights movement attacked the position of the conservatives with vigor and through every avenue open to them petitioned the public to grant women the right to try new lines of work.

Here and there liberal-minded employers were convinced far enough to give women an opportunity to demonstrate their fitness or unfitness, and here and there women were found brave enough to accept employment. The woman on trial demonstrated the wisdom of the experiment, and increasing numbers were employed. The old prejudices had to be combated anew with each industry entered by women, but with the necessities of women driving them into the field of work upon the one hand and the woman's right movement demanding fair play upon the other, the industrial status of women made rapid progress. The civil war gave the movement a new impetus and dating from its close prejudices began to disappear and the public to respect where it had once condemned.

Undoubtedly the conditions of foreign countries would obtain in the United States had it not been for the heroic efforts of the woman's rights movement to elevate the status of women. It made bold claims for equality of rights between men and women in education, industry, religion and politics. Society made constant concessions to its demands and the woman wage earner was the happy beneficiary. The first stores which employed women were boycotted by customers and the women clerks were shunned by old friends. Now the great department stores of the cities are very largely served by women clerks. However, many new occupations have been created by the popular adoption of new inventions, and if men have been crowded out of some employments, others quite as desirable are now at their disposal. New employments have arisen for women as well, and have tended to prevent overcrowding in the old occupations. The telephone and the typewriter have furnished well-paid vocations to thousands of girls, and have prevented the lowering of wages in shops and stores which would otherwise have been called upon to furnish them with employment. The work of women has not reduced wages, the average wage of men being higher in the United States at this time than at any previous time. The average woman's wage has also gradually but certainly risen and was never as high as now.

Whenever the trades unions have accepted women in full membership the competition between men and women workers has ceased and there has been no consequent disadvantage to men workers. In fact, the liberal trades unions have proved the best friends of the workingwoman. In trades where women compete with each other and especially where no organization for self-defense exists wages are low and employment uncertain. In trades where men and women compete with each other without organization the industrial status of both men and women is unstable and wages fluctuating.

At the beginning of the last century the wage-earning work of women was of such slight importance that the census classified it with that of children. It has become an important industrial factor, which must be reckoned with in every economic problem. At the beginning they were driven to labor by necessity. The same necessity still forces them to work, but a new motive has been made possible by the evolution of the century. They are now inspired to seek high vocations and to do better work by the knowledge that they have the God-given right to work. No prejudice can now drive women out of the world's workshop. If one may prophesy as to their industrial future, it would seem safe to predict that the present lines of development will be followed until in each vocation occupied by men and women there will be "equal pay for equal work." "The survival of the fittest" will settle the question of competition between men and women and eventually each sex will be adjusted to the work it can do best.

Hibernating Bats.

Nearly all bats have the faculty of hibernating. Their hibernation, however, is not perfect—that is to say, that when the warm days occur in the middle of winter they wake up, together with the insects which are their food. Still, there is a true hibernation trace, differing from sleep, with very low rate of pulse, heart action and respiration. Probably they would endure immersion in water for an hour or two without drowning, as other hibernators have been found to do.

Those Dear Girls.

Nell—See my new engagement ring, dear? Isn't it a beauty?

Bess—Did Tom give it to you?

Nell—Yes.

Bess—Talk about its being a beauty—you ought to have seen the one he wanted to give me.—Chicago News.

BY PROXY.

Ethel (to herself)—Harold wants to make it up to me now, but I just won't. He can go on kissing me as long as he likes.

Everything Bad.

A prominent planter recently had occasion to visit some of his holdings in southern Arkansas. The land was situated several miles from a railroad, and it was necessary to finish the journey in a buggy. So he took a friend with him and started out.

After traversing several miles of sparsely settled country, they came upon a farmer plowing corn on the side of a hill. The planter, wishing to appear civil to his neighbors, stopped his horse and yelled at the man, who came to the fence, mopping his face with a red bandana.

"Good morning."

"Mornin', mister!"

"You live here, I suppose?"

"Yep."

"How's crops?"

"Fair to middlin'."

"That's a bad hill you're plowing."

"I know it. Bad hoss, pullin' th' plow, bad plow, bad everything."

"Why, you talk like you were the poorest man in Arkansas," laughed the planter.

"I ain't, though," was the response, as the young fellow smiled good-naturedly. "Another feller owns half o' this crop."

Protecting His Magazines.

"While waiting at the doctor's the other day, I picked up a magazine from his table to pass the time," said the man who observes things. "All through the book, on nearly every other page was stamped his name, and it so irritated me that I spoke to him about it.

"'If I didn't fill that magazine up with my name,' he said, 'it wouldn't last ten minutes in this place. Somebody would be sure to carry it away. Even as it is, I lose one every little while.'"

Author (ruefully)—You didn't say much about my book! Reviewer (blandly)—My dear fellow, pray don't thank me! — (London (Eng.) Bystander.

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