

THE WOMEN OF CHAMPERY WEAR TROUSERS JUST LIKE THE MEN, WHO ARE A LAZY LOT.



SKIRTS DO HELP TO CONCEAL THE SIZE OF ONE'S FEET.



IN DEALINGS WITH GOATS TROUSERS HAVE ADVANTAGES.



KNITTING AND TROUSERS SEEM INCONGRUOUS.

LACK OF FARM WORKERS.

In Connecticut Women Have to Toil in Fields—Crops Going to Waste.

Bridgeport, Oct. 8.—Farm help in Connecticut is so scarce that women have been obliged to go into the fields and help to harvest the late crops of farm produce.

All last summer it was no uncommon sight anywhere in the farming districts of Connecticut to see the wives and daughters of the farmers, after they had finished with their household duties, go to the fields and there handle the hoe, the pitchfork and the rake rather than see the crops spoil. Just now the women are cutting corn and picking winter apples from the trees and piling the dropped apples in heaps.

Mrs. Emma Erskine Hahn, of Stamford, said the other day: "I have barrels of apples rotting on the ground, corn to cut, potatoes to dig and wood to cut, and I am willing, ay, more than willing, to pay good wages for ten hours' labor, and I cannot find man or boy to be hired. All my neighbors are in the same condition."

Mrs. Hahn's case is one of scores, of hundreds, in Connecticut. There seem to be few who were rare to do farm work, though the work is not nearly so hard as much of the work in cities. Apples by the bushel are rotting on the ground because no one can be found to pick them up; acres of corn are still standing uncut and no one to cut it; potatoes, on almost every farm, are still in the ground because the farmers have been so busy with other work that they have not had time with their scant help to dig them. The loss to Connecticut farmers because of the inability to get farm help sufficient to harvest their fall crops in time will be enormous, but can scarcely be estimated in dollars.

When asked to what cause she attributed the scarcity of farm help, Mrs. Hahn said:

"I think it is the aversion the average laboring man has to the quiet connected with farm life. The men all seem to want to be in crowds where there is a great deal going on. Of course,

it is quiet back here where we are, but it is healthful, and there are good beds to sleep on and good food to eat. The work is no harder than the work in the cities. There is one other thing, perhaps, that is more the reason why it is difficult to get farm help than any other. It is liquor. We have no saloons here. And some way all these farm laborers seem to want their liquor. They are not satisfied unless they have it. Nearly all the men we get work very well for a few days. Then they become discontented because of the loneliness of the place, as they call it, and they go away.

"But it does seem to me that these poor, homeless men that we hear so much about in New York, who are willing to do work but cannot get it, would be able to content themselves on a good farm with comfortable surroundings. But then, again, most of these men who are farm laborers do not care for books, and unless one is of an intellectual turn of mind in these quiet, rural places I suppose it must be hard to keep from getting discontented. They must have something to feed the mind, and if they do not care for books there is, to the average farm laborer, little else to feed his mind. Some men, however, find contentment in the very nature about them. But these are rare among farm hands.

"The cities have drained the country or farm districts of all the boys who were reared on the farms. As soon as the boys get old enough to earn a living, no matter how hard the work, they go to the city. The farm has no charms for them. The reason for this is principally due to the unattractive life the parents of these boys make of farm life. The old-fashioned Connecticut farmer has made the mistake of making the life of a farmer a life of drudgery, whereas it should be the most independent life of all callings. Is it any wonder that the children of these farmers want to leave the farmhouse as soon as they are able to get away? The farmers themselves are largely to blame for the abandoned farms in Connecticut, though there are fewer and fewer of these so-called abandoned farms in Connecticut each year. Rich New York people are buying up these farms and converting them into beauty spots. The price of land, even back here where we are, six miles from Stamford, has doubled in two years. The real farmers, that is, the old-time farmers of Connecticut, are being pushed back further and further each year by the wealthy people who are buying up the farms for country places, and, through these people, and not through the

farmers themselves, the farming land of Connecticut is becoming valuable.

"The great philanthropists and the charitable people can do a great deal of good for the poor people, these people who are said to want work but cannot get it, if they would buy up some of these Connecticut farms and give these poor people the right to live on a portion of the land and farm it. Give them all they produce, but have a practical farmer for a superintendent, who could oversee it all and tell the novices how to go about farming. In this way many of the poor people in the big cities could be made self-supporting on a little piece of land of five or ten acres. It would be much better than giving the men meals and lodging day after day in New York City, with no effort made to change the condition of the unfortunates.

Charles Keller, superintendent of the Bridgeport free employment bureau, says: "There has been a scarcity of good farm help all the season. The principal reason for this is the treatment farm help receives at the hands of many of the farmers. It is a fact that the farm help does not get proper food in many cases, and is it any wonder that, under such conditions, there is a scarcity of help of this kind? Of course, there are good farmers, who treat their help as they should, but there are others who do not, and the innocent farmers are obliged to suffer for the sins of the guilty. At this time of the year the farmers are paying from \$15 to \$18 a month to farm help. This is for the winter season. The hours of the farm hand are long. He is up at sunrise and finishes his work by lantern light this time of the year."

Superintendent J. J. Linsly, of the New-Haven branch of the State Employment Bureau, says:

"It is a fact that statistics show that the average laborer in the factories in the cities is earning less a month than the average farm hand. The average wage in a city, all told, is \$12 a month, after paying for board and washing. The average farm hand earns \$14 a month and gets his board and washing. So in the end the farm hand earns \$2 more a month. But you cannot impress this upon the factory hand. He sees his \$10 every week and thinks he is getting more. But he does not consider that his board and washing must be paid for out of that."

Summing the matter up, it appears that there are plenty of comfortable homes, without excessively hard work, on the farms in Connecticut, for a steady man, one who is content with the simple life of the country, but these men are scarce, most of them longing for the fleshpots of the great cities, where men who could live comfortably and save money in the country barely manage to eke out an existence.

WOMEN IN TROUSERS.

In Champéry, Switzerland, the Sight Causes No Comment.

It will probably be news to many advocates of feminine dress reform to hear that the women of Champéry, a primitive mountain district of the Canton Valais, Switzerland, have worn trousers from time immemorial. The Champéry region is in the southwestern part of the Canton Valais, the village of Champéry itself being at the foot of the Dent du Midi, well known to Lake Geneva tourists.

The men of Champéry are noted for their lazy habits, and beyond acting as guides to mountain climbers in the summer months they lead an absolutely idle life. The women perform all the hard labor required of a mountaineering people. It is they who pasture the cattle on the steep and often dangerous Alpine slopes, cut the timber and mow the grass. It is a usual sight to see a Champéry woman, her daily toil ended, returning to the village dragging her husband on one of the wooden sleighs in general use throughout Switzerland, her lord and master all the while lazily smoking his pipe.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the women of Champéry should have adopted the masculine attire. Their costume is of the simplest kind—a jerkin of rough, dark blue material, with trousers to match, and a red foulard to protect the head.

While desperately practical, nothing more unprepossessing in the way of feminine dress could be imagined than this costume of the Champéry dames and damsels. Moreover, these wives and mothers of Champéry, who are accustomed to all the work generally supposed to be the lot of the sterner sex, not unnaturally seek what consolation they can in masculine comforts. Chief among these is the short briar pipe, which they all smoke, and evidently enjoy as much as, if not more than, their husbands and fathers.

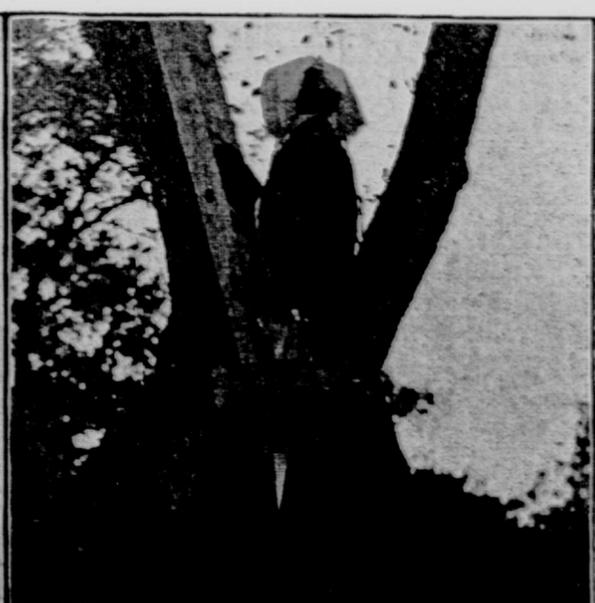
CONNECTICUT FARMERS' WIVES AND DAUGHTERS ARE FORCED TO WORK IN THE HARVEST FIELD THROUGH LACK OF MEN TO HIRE.



CONNECTICUT FARMER'S WIFE GATHERING WINDFALL APPLES.



CONNECTICUT FARMER'S WIFE HARVESTING POTATOES.



CONNECTICUT FARMER'S DAUGHTER PICKING WINTER APPLES.