

Mrs. Belmont Training Girls How to Farm Scientifically

Nine Already at Work In Overalls—Opportunity For Factory Girls

They Learn How to Become Agriculturists and Landscape Gardeners



WORKING ten hours a day and dressed in blue jumpers, overalls and cotton shirts, nine happy girls are forming the pioneer class of a school of agriculture which Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont is establishing and intends to endow on her Brookholt estate at Hempstead, N. Y.



MRS. BELMONT AND HER DOG.

out on 200 acres of her Hempstead place, is probably the only one of its kind in the United States. It is her intention to give the girls who show aptitude and interest every opportunity, with the hope that on leaving they will be able to take positions as superintendents or go still further into the field of landscape gardening.

Mrs. Belmont Talks.

"It seems as though my idea of a farm for women has dated from the time I can remember anything," said Mrs. Belmont. "I have always believed in it, always wanted it, and now that the school is started I intend that the land shall never be sold; that it shall always remain what it is—a school of agriculture for women. I intend to endow it, and when all the land about is built up and Uniondale is a thriving town this tract of 200 acres will remain exactly what it is today, though larger and always progressive, I hope, in the center of the community. "I have always been keenly interested in farming and landscape gar-



THREE MILKMAIDS.

dening myself, you know, but I always seem to have had the greatest amount of difficulty in getting the right kind of men to do the work for me. When Brookholt was being laid out several years ago and I undertook its personal supervision, though I had the greenest kind of Polacks, raw Irish and German immigrants laboring under me, I hadn't the slightest trouble with them. This confirmed the belief I have always held—that there was a vocation that women could succeed in equally with men and not only succeed in, but find tremendously interesting as well.

"I have started the school with only

a small number to begin with, as we are not prepared for more just at present. The outside work is in charge of Mrs. Laura D. Williams, a scientific farmer, who comes from Philadelphia.

Confident of Success.

"Every night the girls make their report of the day's work in a diary which they keep. This includes what



Photo by American Press Association.

FARMERETTES AT WORK.

they have done throughout the day, the methods followed in each case, the condition of the soil they found and, in short, every detail of plowing, planting, sowing or reaping.

"Then when they leave the school and start out for themselves these diaries will have been converted into the most valuable textbooks, for they will be chronicles not only of what is right to do theoretically in different instances, but they will also stand a record of the actual experience encountered in developing the theories in each case.

"There is no reason why women should not make clever and astute farmers. Women who are at the head of beautiful country homes in England take far more interest in their grounds and houses than the women in this country. Here we leave the work quite to outsiders, to whom we pay a big price to do the work and not bother us until it is done, whereas the wives of country gentlemen abroad demonstrate the keenest personal interest in the development of everything that goes on about their



Photo by American Press Association.

MRS. WILLIAMS, SUPERINTENDENT.

estates. It is really beautiful work, and when has not beautiful work appeared especially to women?"

The Daily Schedule.

From the time they arrive at Brookholt the girls are given two months' probation. If they prove sufficiently able, strong and interested to go on with the work they proceed at \$16 a month.

Their schedule for the day begins at 6 a. m. with the sounding of the rising gong, and breakfast is served at 6:30. At 7 o'clock they start out in the fields and do not return until 12 o'clock, the dinner hour. At 1 o'clock they again start out and do not come back until 6. A hearty supper is then served, and the evening is spent in talking over the day's work and the writing of the diaries.

The final ceremony of the day's actual work is the milking of the cows. Covered from head to foot with white gowns, the girls take turns at playing milkmaid each night. After the diaries are written they turn in at an early hour.

MRS. WOODROW WILSON.

New Jersey Governor's Wife May Be Next "First Lady of the Land." Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of the governor of New Jersey, may be the next "first lady of the land." Several of the leaders of the Democratic party have already declared for Wilson for the Democratic nomination for president in 1912. If he should be nominated, and if the Democrats should be successful—well, when all those ifs have been solved in her favor, Mrs.



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MRS. WOODROW WILSON.

Wilson will be the mistress of the White House. Just now she is acting as the hostess of the executive mansion at Trenton.

Mrs. Wilson was Miss Ellen Louise Axson of Savannah, Ga., when she married Professor Wilson in 1885. She is a charming, rosy woman, with a wealth of golden hair, and the women who have met her say that she would add much to the social life of the national capital. She is a musician and a painter of ability. The Wilsons are great churchgoers, attending the Presbyterian church. They have three children, all girls, Margaret, Jessie and Nellie.

Windows For Umbrellas.

Windows or porches for umbrellas have been placed on the market by a concern which believes there is sufficient reason for such an innovation to make it popular.

The windows are isinglass and are sold either separate or attached to a new or old umbrella. Their purpose, of course, is to enable the user to see ahead when holding an umbrella as a protection against a driving rain.

FRANCISCO I. MADERO.

Leader of Mexican Insurgents Comes From Old and Wealthy Family. There are several picturesque figures in the Mexican conflict. One is Francisco I. Madero, leader of the insurgents. Madero is descended from an old and wealthy family. He has many brothers and sisters. Madero was educated in Europe, the United States and elsewhere and then returned to Mexico and went into politics. He wrote a book exposing the Diaz government and then ran for the presidency. Before doing so he made his will. Running for president in Mexico is not without its perils. Madero was landed in jail before election day and was, of course, defeated. He



FRANCISCO I. MADERO.

afterward succeeded in escaping and made his way to the United States. Seeing that peaceful opposition to the Diaz regime was idle, he launched the revolution, going back to his country to lead it in person.

One of the anomalies of the situation is that all the Maderos are not working together. Some of Francisco's brothers and a number of his uncles are not revolutionists at all. If he could unite the family he could doubtless whip Diaz, as the clan Madero has always believed in large families and flourishes as the stars of heaven or the seed of the patriarchs.

IT'S BEGUN.

THE rugs are hanging on the line. The curtains have been sent away. And every useful thing of mine has hidden been since yesterday. The chairs are stacked up in the hall. The sofa pillows in the sun. There's not a picture on the wall, for it's begun.

Ammonia pervades the place; My easy chair is piled with books; Strange women, lacking every grace And also lacking pleasant looks, Rush madly through the house all day. Perspiring freely as they run; Downtown for lunch I'm glad to stay, For it's begun.

Upon the parlor floor I see A cake of yellow soap half worn. Was ever, comes the thought to me, Man's habitation so forlorn? My path is barred with rocking chairs; At risk of limb my room is won. Today I tumbled down the stairs, For it's begun.

Farewell, sweet peace and comfort, now! Farewell, contentment, for awhile! At night she'll have a throbbing brow And will have lost the way to smile. Worn out and weary on her couch I'll find her when the day is done, And for a week she'll have a grouch, For it's begun.

—Exchange.

The Hungry Boy.

Mercy on us, hungry boy, what a blessing you enjoy with your sturdy little tum always eager for a crumb! What a privilege is yours taking care of apple cores, carbohydrates, starches, pie, anything that a fire can fry, any protoid at all so they make it in a ball, in a dumpling or a cake such as mother used to make. May your stomach give you joy! I was once a hungry boy.

Oh, for boyhood's appetite and its eagerness to bite anything not too accursed as perhaps to bite it first! All the wisdom in the hats of the learned as to fats, all the dietetic crew are as nothing unto you. Pass the flannel cakes, the kraut—any old thing—trot it out—pass the pudding and the plum, nothing puts you on the bum; anything the teeth can chew is acceptable to you, any mixture or alloy whatsoever, hungry boy.

Oh, for such another spread as you all the time are fed, with your little pewter spoon working morning, night and noon, dipping here and dipping there, unforbidden anywhere, never idle, never still, nothing warranted to kill, nothing hurtful on the whole coming to the little bowl which you rattle on the board when you devastate your board bidding this or that a boy, ere it passes, hungry boy. Consequently, little man, do your feeding while you can. Eat your fill and sleep your sleep while your apparatus keep smooth and working and your dreams are not frazzled at the seams. Not for long is that great joy, so go to it, hungry boy.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Discretion and Riches.

Men get rich by using their discretion, and for the most part, as would seem from the way they conduct themselves ever after, they use it all up.—Puck.

The First Wuxtries.



"There goes another load of bricks for some new skyscraper." "No; it's the special delivery of the Babylonian Journal."

Wasted on Him. Man With the Bulging Brow—Wisdom, according to Solomon, brings length of days. You ought to cultivate it. Man With the Bulbous Nose—Gosh! The days are too long for me as they are!—Chicago Tribune.

The Society Scale. "Pa," said Freddy, "what is a social scale?" "Generally speaking," replied pa, "it's a place where they weigh money."—Bohemian Magazine.

Forearmed. He—Do you think we can keep our engagement a secret for awhile? She—Certainly, dear. Everybody has promised me they'll not say a word.—Judge.

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