

WORSE SHOW FASHIONS

The Sheath Stocking Shocks a Few Fortunate Beholders.

DU MAURIER HAT EFFECTS.

New York Belles Wear Beauty Spots Revived From Marie Antoinette's Day—Semi-empire-directoire Modes Reign Supreme at the Garden.

My Dear Elsa—So you thought the horse show wasn't worth coming on for this year? Dick wrote you there'd be another "social frost," did he? Well, there were many such Richmonds in the field with like dolorous prognostications, but I counted upon your sporting blood making you risk a fighting chance. As usual, all signs failed, for Society, spelled with a big S, took the bit in its mouth and bolted for Madison Square Garden in fine form. Horses? Yes, dear, but then you know I've been inhaling tanbark, dreaming hackneys, cobs, roadsters and jumpers for five blissful days, and they've got on my vocabulary. But it was great to see the old enthusiasm displayed once more, not only in the ring, but among the crowds around the oval, in the boxes and the seats. One met during the week at the show every one one knew and a few hundreds one didn't. Now, Calamity Jane's character I loath to personate, but, my dear, there are rumors that the last bugle has been blown for entries in the ring—the old Garden's for sale—and the swan song of the national horse show in its present quarters sung. Aren't you sorry you missed the music?

The decorations were charming this year. American flags draped the walls near the ceiling, and below these patriotic emblems were festoons of white cloth caught up with rosettes of hunting pink alternating with branches of autumn leaves. I never liked the old trimmings of yellow and black, did you? They made me feel like a spectator at a Princeton football game with the gridiron and the yells left out. And, speaking of lifting up one's voice, there was deafening applause when Mrs. Watson Thursday afternoon drove her celebrated team, Lady Baltimore and Maryland, in the mail phaeton class to victory and another blue ribbon. The band played "Dixie" and "Maryland, My Maryland," and as this, you know, is my native state the compliment seemed partly mine.

I was convinced that things were as they should be, for my spine shivered, and this is a psychological fact that one's artistic temperament is all right. If you don't get the shivers when you listen to beautiful or inspiring music or read a lovely poem or look at a superb painting or a superb equine specimen the gates of art are closed to you forever.

Did I get the shivers over the clothes, you ask?

I did, my dear; I did. Indeed, I might enlarge upon the statement and say I got a shock when gazing at a stunning creature artistically holding up her trailing sheath skirt and displaying thereby a sheath stocking. No, it's not a joke. Sheath hosiery's the latest from Paris, and this girl was a pioneer. I have learned since that these unique foot coverings are slit up in front as well as at the side. The open space is two inches wide at the top and graduated to a quarter of an inch at the foot, laced with a half inch black ribbon. This ribbon is finished with a large flat bow at the top. Shocking, positively shocking, eh? Should you ask me to make a summary of the dress situation at the show I would say—leading color, dull amethyst; fur, white fox; flower, gar-



THE SHEATH STOCKING.

denia. Unsatisfactory? Well, to be more explicit the gowns for the most part were in dark colors both in the afternoon and evening. Of course you know that in the morning nothing but the strictly tailored cloth suit is ever permissible. But the dark frocks had nothing of gloom about them, for numberless rows of buttons embroidered, jeweled and bedizened in various ways gave a festive touch. But these same buttons contributed a comedy part to some very remarkable costumes worn by women with right modistie ideas gone horribly wrong. Yes, indeed, the horse show proved conclusively to my mind that the semi-empire-directoire period has "arrived." Hipless coats and gowns were numerous on the promenade, and, although

many of the gowns were elaborate creations, few of them could be called beautiful. Still, all represented an enormous lot of money.

There were grotesque attempts of the picturesque and classic gown to be seen, and when seen one was filled with the pharisaical sentiment, "Thank God, I am not one of them!" and a feeling of gratitude for directoire styles and the biggest of hats stole over one. And that is saying a whole lot for the hats. Despite the "latest information from over the water" predicting the small chapeau, one saw nothing of this chic thing at the Garden last week. Hats so huge were the rule that they sat all over the head and nestled confidently on the shoulders of the wearers. The Russian turban was very much in evidence, and Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt one afternoon appeared in a Persian lamb turban so large that it almost hid her piquant face. These Du Maurier hat effects, shadowing the face as they do, are really grewsome affairs. That day she wore a directoire coat of the same dark fur over a white broadcloth frock, one of the few light costumes seen in the boxes. But the funniest things of all were the beauty spots some of the women were wearing on their faces. These spots have come in with the other French fashions and are, as you know, revived from Marie Antoinette's time. The twentieth century girls call them the "telegrophy of



A STUDY IN BUTTONS.

the face," and they are placed to emphasize a good point—mouth, forehead, dimple or what you are fortunate enough to possess in the way of facial loveliness.

You know, Mrs. Van S. always goes a style one better. She has a mole on her face that has always been the pride of her life, so when the patch became the thing this lady simply enlarged upon her mole and left the court plaster, or velvet beauty spot, severely alone.

Saturday after the show our "bunch" were having tea at Sherry's, with Mrs. Van S. as chaperon. While sitting at table a drop of water from some flowers that were handed to her fell upon her cheek. She took out her handkerchief and daintily wiped the spot. But, alas, forgetting the enlarged mole, she wiped it off, too, and gave away the secret of its origin. A few minutes later she excused herself and returned with the mole once more in its original shape and size—that is to say, the original size it had been painted. Moral—Stick to the old time method. Ever most sincerely yours,

MABEL.

New York.

Animal Oddities.

The elephant smells, not with his trunk, but with the roof of his mouth, which contains a nostril and olfactory nerves.

When moor hens dive they swim with their wings, practically lying under water. Most birds that swim do so with their webbed feet.

The penulphthalms or walking fish is found in the south Pacific. At low tide it crawls over the lonely coral beaches on two shimmering, yellow scaled legs in search of sand crabs.

The marabou or adjutant is a tall Indian bird of the stork species. At one meal it will devour the whole carcass of a hare or a cat. It stands five feet high, and the expanse of wings is nearly fifteen feet.

A Christmas Letter.

If Santa Claus were not a myth, As also is his reindeer, Today I'd be contented with My lot and not complain, dear, For then I might ask him to take To you a gift that's very Particularly apt to make The heart on Christmas merry. But I should bid him bring to me Precisely this same present. A fair exchange would seem to be Appropriate and pleasant. So, sweetheart, in these mythless times, Since I can do no better, A merry Christmas, with the rhymes That lock love in my letter. —New York Life.

The Santa Claus Question.

If he's a myth, as sages tell, Let them make this much clear: Who is it that contrives so well To see me broke each year? —Washington Star.

Speaking of Molars.

"Your dentist is a very polite man, isn't he?" "Painfully so."—Judge.

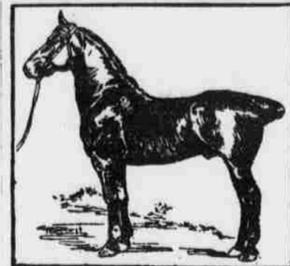
Farm and Garden

GOOD HORSES.

The Preservation of Our Best Native American Types.

By GEORGE M. ROMMEL. Pedantic persons may express some astonishment at the idea of looking to a breed of saddle horses for carriage horses, but the records of horses with pedigrees are sufficient proof of the claim that the American saddle horse register contains some of our best carriage blood and that breeders who are using that blood judiciously are acting wisely.

There are certain lines of breeding found in the saddle horse register which can be relied upon to produce carriage horses. In Kentucky the



GARMON, CARRIAGE STALLION AT HEAD OF GOVERNMENT STUD AT COLORADO EXPERIMENT STATION.

breeding of horses for individual excellence of conformation, quality and action is carried to a greater degree than in any other state, and, contrary to popular opinion, the most of the men outside of the thoroughbred establishments who make their living from horse breeding in Kentucky—in the blue grass counties at least—are breeding not for speed, but for type. This has been going on for years, and for this reason the good, handsome horses of Kentucky have usually been appreciated, their history traced and their descendants accounted for. If the same careful attention to points of conformation and action had been shown fifty years ago by Morgan breeders in New England and had there been displayed the same enthusiasm for and loyalty to a valuable local type of horses there would now be no necessity for government aid to save the Morgan from destruction. If horsemen in the limestone sections of the corn belt had paid less attention to the speed records of the stallions in their localities and more to their individuality the carriage horse work of the department of agriculture would be out of place.

Specific work in horse breeding by the United States government was first made possible by the inclusion in the appropriation act for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1905, of an item of \$25,000 for experiments in animal breeding and feeding in co-operation with state agricultural experiment stations.

The reasons for taking up the breeding of carriage horses have been fully set forth in various publications, in articles for the press and in public addresses, but a recapitulation here may not be out of order. Briefly stated, they were: That carriage horses are, as a rule, the most valuable class on the market, that as a result of the strong demand the supply was gradually diminishing and that, notwithstanding all the importations of the carriage type from abroad, the preferred horse was the American horse. Most important of all, however, was the feeling that steps should be taken to correct the practice of castrating valuable stallions and selling valuable mares for other than



BELMONT, OFTEN FOUND IN PEDIGREES OF AMERICAN CARRIAGE HORSES.

breeding purposes. The department also felt that, although probably nothing could be done by the American horseman from his attachment to the standard bred horse, the most useful characteristics of this horse should be preserved if it would continue to be of high value to the farmers of the country.

The Farmer of the Future.

The future farmer will subjugate his land and defy drought as well as floods. He will become a scientific forester, and every farm will produce wood and lumber as well as wheat and apples. Women will work outdoors as heartily as men—in fact, they will be the horticulturists and the truck gardeners. There will be closer relation between the producer and the consumer, ignoring a horde of middlemen who frequently waste more than is destroyed by ignorant help and insect foes combined. Under the alliance with the school the farm will be valued not only for its gross weight of products, but for its poems and its education.

STOCK FOOD FOR PIGS.

Some Experiments With Commercial and Homemade Feed.

In a report from South Dakota to the Experiment Station Record, Washington, the subjoined about stock food for pigs appears:

In the first of the two series of tests reported, which included two years, five commercial stock feeds with ground corn and barley were fed in comparison with ground corn and barley one to one. The feeding period in the first year covered ninety-two days and in the second sixty-three days, and the lots included from eight to ten pigs. In every case the pigs had access to rape pasture.

On the check ration the average daily gain per pig for the two years was 1.1 pounds, the feed required per pound of gain 5.19 pounds and the cost of a pound of gain 4 cents. On the ration including stock feeds the daily gain ranged from 1.17 pounds per head to 1.34 pounds, the grain eaten per pound of gain from 4.54 to 4.86 pounds and the cost of a pound of gain from 4.16 to 4.53 cents.

In the second series of tests cornmeal was compared with cornmeal and a commercial stock feed and with cornmeal and a homemade stock feed, using three lots of eight pigs each, fed for sixty-one days. All the lots had the run of blue grass pasture in addition to the grain or grain and stock feed. The total gain was 514 pounds on cornmeal alone, 483 pounds on cornmeal and commercial stock feed and 551 pounds on cornmeal and homemade stock feed. The feed required per pound of gain in the three cases was 4.91, 5.49 and 5.11 pounds and the cost of a pound of gain 3.85, 4.69 and 4.4 cents.

From the above table it will be seen that it required more pounds of feed for 100 pounds of gain in this experiment than it did for the average of the lots in the previous experiment. This can be accounted for from the fact that the rape pasture furnished a more succulent feed than did the blue grass pasture.

From the data presented in this bulletin the reader must draw his own conclusions as to the value of any of the stock foods tried.

The homemade stock feed, according to the authors, was made up as follows:

Gentian, two pounds, cost 50 cents; ginger, one pound, cost 40 cents; sodium bicarbonate, one pound, cost 10 cents; fenugreek, five tenths of a pound, cost 10 cents.

Purchase these materials at a drug store and have them mixed into fine powders. Then mix with five pounds of common salt and twenty-five pounds of shorts. This compound will cost about 4½ cents per pound. For the pig mix a pound with every forty-eight pounds of grain.

Pasturage For Pigs.

Thirty shoats averaging fifty-two pounds in weight were divided as nearly equal as possible into three lots of ten each. Lot No. 1 was fed on a grain mixture of shorts one-half, cornmeal one-fourth and Kafir cornmeal one-fourth in a dry lot. The other two lots were fed the same grain ration, but one received rape pasture and the other alfalfa pasture in addition. Each lot was given what grain the hogs would eat up clean, and each had access to water and ashes. The gains of the three lots were very nearly equal. The dry lot consumed 537 pounds, or 70 pounds for every 100 pounds of grain, more gain than the pasture lots. The lot on rape required one acre of pasture, while the alfalfa lot used a trifle less than one-half acre.

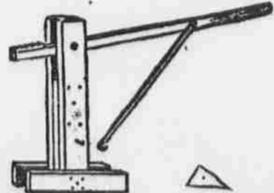
Farm Labor in New York State.

The American Agriculturist contains brief statements from several farmers in different parts of New York state relating to the farm labor problem. The general trend of the replies indicates that good farm labor is scarce, that wages for day labor range from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per day and monthly wages from \$20 to \$33 with board for ten hours' work per day and that the scarcity of work in cities is bringing back to the farm those who were born and brought up thereon. The encouragement of the immigration of farm labor from the United Kingdom, Germany, Sweden and other European countries is advocated as a remedy.

Jack For Raising Buggy.

To make the implement shown in the accompanying illustration use two pieces of oak 22 by 4 by 1 and one piece 15 by 4 by 1. Nail the smaller piece between the larger ones at one end. To the lower end nail two pieces of 12 by 4 by 1, one on each side of the three pieces already joined for a supporting base.

Three inches from the top of the boards bore a half inch hole. Take another piece of wood 28 by 1 by 1½



and bore a hole in it seven inches from one end. Place it between the two boards and bolt with a four inch bolt.

Tack a notched piece of wood about five inches long to the short end of this lever. About eight inches from the other end fasten loosely a piece of strap iron nineteen inches long which has a hook on the opposite end. Drive two nails in the upright boards to regulate the height, and, says Prairie Farmer, you have a convenient, light and inexpensive buggy jack.

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