

Family Changes

Welcome or Not They Occur

By ADA MAY BRECKER



POPULAR poem of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman immortalizes the holy stove as the fetish of the good family man and the devoted housemother, who feel that the home cannot survive without the historic kitchen and society cannot endure without the home. They think this mainly because the society wherewith they are familiar has had a family in a home with a kitchen. They are unprepared for a change. They are accustomed to one way and by reason of that accustomedness they think there can be no other way.

And yet they and all other people are forever proving the verities of change and the impermanence of all they build and all they do. Otherwise no evolution and no theory of evolution whose basic idea is ceaseless change, each alteration producing another. That is how a "lifeless" earth became animated with growing green and how plants were converted into animals and animals developed into men and how men grew from savagery to civilization.

Ages and eons and millions of years pass as leisurely by in consummation of the changes, but, however slowly, stupendous revolutions are surely wrought. Old Mother Earth persists, but she dresses differently and behaves differently, harmonious with the alterations in her age. Likewise all her children, mineral, vegetable, animal, human and superhuman.

Plants are seeds, sprouts. They flower, they bear fruit. Institutions and customs develop like living things. Trade evolves from crude barbarian barter through wampum currency to elaborately intricate modern financial systems with stocks, bonds, banks, notes, credit, and a thousand other complexities. Religions pass from idolatry to new thought and science. Marriage passes from purchase, where the woman is servant and slave and the man owner, to modern wedlock whereby the women are made ornamental parasites whom their husbands toil to adorn.

The family passes from patriarchal proprietorship, where the father owns multitudes of wives and children with a view to utilizing them as laborers in house and fields, to the modern household where the father works to the end that the mother may dress magnificently and join clubs, the daughters study music and go to Europe, and the sons attend college and live in costly fraternities and be jolly good fellows.

And the family of the present passes into the family of the future. The race is growing as it has grown in the past. And as it grows it is bound to need new conditions, new habits, new environments. It is predestined by its growth to expand beyond to-day's institutions, as a child outgrows its clothes, as a seedling bursts from the stifling ground.

Changes are foreordained in the fact of evolution. The radicals see and promote them, abet them, hasten them. The conservatives are blind and impede them. But the changes come. Welcome or not, they occur ceaselessly. The patriarchs, the proudest and noblest of them, perhaps, would have stood aghast at the thought of the twentieth-century husband toilsomely earning money for his lady wife to get gowns and culture and travel with. They would have deemed family and society mortally fated were wife to be free, were homes to be partnerships.



Qualities Making Model Husband

By ANNA CONNOR

My husband? O, he need not be the scion of the house of a thousand belted earls.

He need not have silver and gold galore.

He need not know how to turn the ticker on the board of trade in his favor.

He must not come a-wooing me for money, for I have none.

He must not have for his motto: "How happy could I be with either were the other dear charmer away."

He must not take off his hat to a woman with money and leave it on to a woman with none, but must be a prince of the blood royal to all his mother's sisters, be they robed in silken gown or gabled in "hadden gray."

He must not try to pass counterfeit brains in the form of money left him by the "old man," now dead.

He need not go rushing off to a cool country home in August, forgetting the swarming, sweltering poor ones left behind—the children of the alleys, of the dust-bound streets, who, mayhap, have never seen a thistle bloom.

He need not—O, there are a lot of things he need not be, but this "man" of mine must be a man, a real man, mind you, live he on the hill or in the hollow.

What will he do? O, most everything. He can control great rail-ways, he can even be a corporation lawyer, or he can work away down underneath the ground in the mines, for will not the light of his great life glorify and illumine everything it touches?

Many Deaths by Leaking Gas

By C. JOHNSON

Has it ever occurred to any reader that many reported cases of suicide by gas may be due to accidental asphyxiation caused by lack of ventilation?

Every one knows that if a burning candle be placed in a jar and the mouth of the jar be closed, the candle will soon be extinguished.

This is because of the fact that the oxygen contained in the air in the jar becomes changed to carbon dioxide, which is a non-supporter of combustion.

In homes where the gas is kept burning at night the air is constantly becoming more and more charged with carbonic acid, thrown off by the burning gas, stove fires and lungs of the occupants.

Is it not possible, then, that in cold weather, when the doors and windows are tightly closed for weeks at a time and the above-mentioned change is constantly going on, that the carbonic acid, which is heavier than air and therefore sinks to the floor, where it keeps on collecting and rising, will at length rise high enough to extinguish the burning gas, while the gas keeps pouring from the open jet?

Of course some air will come through the pores in the walls and around the sashes, but if there is no circulation between outdoors and inside, what is to prevent the foul air from staying where it is and keeping the poorer outside air from entering?

A Split Infinitive

By Mary F. Leonard

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"I must deplore—" began Prof. Wentworth, removing his glasses.

"You have no idea how funny you look without them," interjected his companion; whereupon he hastily replaced them, for nothing could have been farther from his wish at the moment than to appear funny. However, as he hooked them over his ears he reflected that Miss Sherman probably meant odd. He had noted with disapproval her careless manner of speech.

"You began to say something, professor; I did not intend to interrupt," Miss Sherman added after a considerable pause, as she shifted her fluffy white parasol from one shoulder to the other.

"I beg your pardon, I am very absent-minded—I do not recall—" he hesitated, wondering how long it had been since he last spoke.

"I'll excuse you upon one condition. You must tell me what you were thinking about; you looked as solemn as an owl."

The professor blushed like a girl under the scrutiny of those mischievous blue eyes, in whose sight he felt sure he must appear a sort of lightning-change artist. "It was your use of the word funny. I was reflecting that you perhaps meant odd," he replied.

"I have noticed that you reflect too much," said Miss Sherman severely. "It makes me feel as if I were being dissected."

This was so like his own sensation the professor was surprised. "I am far from presuming to criticize," he said; "you remember you insisted."

Miss Sherman again shifted her becoming background and gazed out upon the lake. "How did you like 'Across the Storm'?" she asked, "I believe that is what we were discussing."

"I have to confess that a story of that kind is not in my line, yet I do not deny its merits,—a certain spright-



"MY DEAR MISS SHERMAN," HE EXCLAIMED, "I HAVE NOTHING TO THE MATTER."

ness, and some not unworthy characterization—but as regards style one must deplore the colloquialisms, and among other things, the frequent use of the split infinitive."

"It may be true, but for all that it is a delightful love story. It is quite clear to me, Professor, that you have never been in love," she looked at him archly over her shoulder.

"I must beg to know upon what you found that conclusion," he answered, moving nearer.

"On this same habit of reflection. Now all you find in this story is split infinitives. At most it is to you an ungrammatical romance."

"And you?—I am to draw the inference—"

She laughed. "No, it is not necessary you should draw any."

It would be unjust to Miss Sherman's penetration to suppose she did not know what was coming when some minutes later Prof. Wentworth, in language as clear and concise as he was master of, made her an offer of marriage, but she was surprised at herself that she did not find it more amusing. She upon whose word a multi-millionaire and a novelist of wide fame, not to mention certain lesser lights, were at this moment hanging in eager suspense.

The professor might be stilled, but he was earnest and manly, and she felt a strange reluctance to wound him. "It wouldn't do at all," she told him. "We have been very good friends this summer, and you have perhaps found me entertaining; but after a while that would wear off. You would begin to—see nothing but the split infinitives. I should shock you in various ways, and you would bore me, and we'd both be miserable. I am dreadfully sorry, but—"

He accepted her decision quietly, but she remembered long afterwards how white he looked.

Professor Wentworth was delivering a course of lectures on Philology at the summer school across the lake from the home of his college friend Arthur Sherman. Mr. Sherman's pretty wife and no less attractive sister made their cottage the center of social life on the lakeside, and in accepting their cordial invitations the professor had found himself in an un-

wanted atmosphere of carol... gayety. Several days after the episode by the lake, Mr. Sherman one afternoon came upon his sister ensconced in a large wicker chair on the porch, some salts in her hand, and a disconsolate expression of countenance.

"By the way, Carolyn, Wentworth asked me to say good-by for him. His lectures are over and he leaves tonight. He had intended to call this afternoon, but I told him Helen and I were going to Jamestown, and that you were not well."

"That was very tiresome of you when I wanted particularly to see him," was the pettish reply.

"I fear Carolyn is in for nervous prostration," her brother remarked to his wife as they drove away.

Something did seem to go wrong. The millionaire who appeared at this inopportune moment was dismissed with scant courtesy, and then, left to herself, Carolyn began to cry silently. It was thus the professor found her.

"My dear Miss Sherman," he exclaimed, "I hope nothing is the matter."

"Oh, nothing; I was only feeling tired and bored," she replied, hastily drying her eyes. "I have a tiresome headache."

"Then I fear I shall not help matters, but there is something I'd really like to say to you if it would not bore you too much."

"It is only myself that bores me," Carolyn replied, encouragingly.

"Well, I have just discovered that I must be something of a bore," the professor spoke, cheerfully. "I have been thinking over what you said to me, and I see I have grown into the habit of laying too much emphasis on corrections of form. As you expressed it, where others found a charming story I found only some of the sin of the specialist, but I want to thank you for opening my eyes. I hope you will believe how I value your friendship."

"Oh, don't!" cried Carolyn, putting her handkerchief to her eyes again. "Is anything wrong? I don't want to distress you—" the professor felt greatly embarrassed. "It is impossible for me to—adequately express my—"

Carolyn sat suddenly erect. "Do you know what you have done?" she cried. "You have split an infinitive!"

He looked at her in astonishment, then said, recklessly, "Well, I don't care!"

"But I care, for it alters the case!" For a second Prof. Wentworth's grammatical mind was bewildered, but he was not dull, and in the flushed, tearful, smiling face he read that which thrilled him as no mastery of language had power to do. He bent over her. "My darling, I come back because I couldn't stay away, and now I begin to believe you wanted me," he said.

"I should never have acknowledged it if you had not split that infinitive," was her mischievous reply. "That showed me you really cared."

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HAIL THE MARYLAND TOM! TO

Its Rightful Place in the World Set Forth by Writer in the Baltimore Sun.

The modern tomato, with its round, rosy cheeks and sweet, cool heart, is essentially a Maryland product. Its wild grandparent was known and esteemed by the native Indians of the state as far back as the year 2500 B. C. When the white settlers came they began to improve upon the original methods of cultivating it, and soon it was lifted from its original state as a lowly pot herb and placed among the heaven-sent delicacies. To-day the tomato asks no odds of any other fruit or vegetable. As it is grown upon the eastern shore it is as perfect as the grapes of Calabria or the apples of Hesperides. The most accomplished tomatoologists in the world have their laboratories on the shore.

The present crop, elegantly increased in artistic cans, will go forth to all the world, spreading happiness from pole to pole. It will penetrate the jungles of Africa and the pampas of Patagonia. A year from now you will find the discarded cans, rusting out their declining days, in the ash barrels, back yards and remotest suburbs of Buenos Ayres, Melbourne and Budapest. Thus Maryland feeds the world, emptying generously her cornucopia of gastronomic delights and rakery in the valuable shakels of the exotic epicure.—Baltimore Sun.

A Traveling Salesman.

H. F. Beers, 617-7th Ave., Peoria, Ill., writes: "I have been troubled for some time with kidney trouble, so severely at times I could scarcely carry my grips. After using one bottle of Foley's Kidney Pills I have been entirely relieved, and cheerfully recommend them to all." Foley's Kidney Pills are healing and antiseptic and will restore health and strength. Sold by all druggists.

Uneasy Lies the Head, Etc.

"When you feel a banker in for great authority," said Uncle Eben, "do a little preliminary practice as a baseball umpire and see whether you really enjoys it."

Twelve Things To Do In January

(1) Start the year like a business man. Take an inventory of your property, and begin an accurate account of receipts and expenses.

(2) See that all 1909 debts are promptly cleared off. There was never a better time to get even with the world and then stay so.

(3) No land should be bare in winter, but if any is without cover crops, plow in readiness for spring planting.

(4) See that all stock and poultry are properly sheltered. Shelter is cheaper than feed.

(5) Send for catalogs of dealers in improved seeds, implements and machinery. Plan to grow more productive varieties of all crops and cultivate with all possible cheap horse power instead of expensive hand labor.

(6) Set about getting an improved breed of poultry, hogs and cattle this year.

(7) Clean up the sprouts and brush and fill up the gullies that separate your patches and unite them in great broad, evenly cultivated fields.

(8) Don't go crazy about the old line "money crops." There is money in corn and hay and cattle as well as in cotton and tobacco.

(9) Drain that wet place on your farm. It will probably be the most fertile spot you have.

(10) Map out a scheme for your whole farm, indicating the crops to go in each field all arranged with due regard to the value of rotation.

(11) Keep in health by using warm clothing, fresh air in sleeping rooms, moderation in eating, and prompt attention to colds. Let patent medicines alone.

(12) See your county school superintendent and cooperate with him in organizing boys' corn clubs in your county.—Farmer and Gazette.

Shreveport Schedule.

The Louisiana & Arkansas Railway announces the opening of its line into Shreveport, La., January 1, 1910. Double daily passenger service is inaugurated between Alexandria and Shreveport via Minden, La., on the following schedule:

| | | |
|---------------|-------------|-------------|
| Lv Shreveport | 8:00 a. m. | 10:00 a. m. |
| Minden | 7:25 a. m. | 11:25 a. m. |
| Sibley | 7:47 a. m. | 12:07 p. m. |
| Winfield | 10:07 a. m. | 2:15 p. m. |
| Alexandria | 12:01 noon | 4:20 p. m. |
| Lv Alexandria | 7:50 a. m. | 1:00 p. m. |
| Winfield | 9:10 a. m. | 2:25 p. m. |
| Sibley | 11:44 a. m. | 5:59 p. m. |
| Ar Minden | 11:54 a. m. | 6:10 p. m. |
| Lv Minden | 12:23 p. m. | 6:30 p. m. |
| Ar Shreveport | 1:45 p. m. | 8:00 p. m. |

Daily Service between Shreveport and Jena Branch points.
Lv Shreveport 10:00 a. m. Lv Jena 7:15 a. m.
Packton 4:00 p. m. Trout 7:27 a. m.
Georgetown 4:27 p. m. Georgetown 8:00 a. m.
Ar Jena 5:15 p. m. Ar S. Port 1:45 p. m.

This is the ONLY route between Winfield and Shreveport. If you appreciate good service use no other. R. S. ATKINSON, Gen. Pass. Agt.
S. P. HIGGINBOTHAM, Gen. Pass. Agt.
Agent L. & A. Ry. Winnfield, La. Texarkana, Ark.

No Avoiding It. If a man gets into the habit of hunting trouble he's sure to find it, and if he's so lazy that he always tries to avoid it, it will find him.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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