

## Woman's Half Victory in Pittsburg

The Old and the New Process in Stogy Making Show Woman's Place in Industry

By William Hard



ODAY, in the stogy factories of Pittsburg, there are 2,211 women and only 463 men. AND IN THREE PARTICULARLY LARGE "TRUST" FACTORIES, IN WHICH THE LAST WORD IN CHEAP, QUICK PRODUCTION HAS BEEN SPOKEN, THERE ARE 1,925 WOMEN AND EXACTLY TEN MEN.

On the one hand there is the male hand-stogy-maker. He just takes tobacco leaves and, with his own hands, without the help of machines or even of tools (except a knife and a clip), constructs, all by himself, a complete smoke. It took him a long time to learn how to do that. On the other hand, the most nearly perfected type of the team-and-machine process, which is taking his place, and which makes of his single, complete operation a triple one.

The girl who begins the process is not a stogy-maker at all. She is only a "bunch-breaker." With the help of her machine she gives the inside filler-leaves of the stogy their first outside covering, the "binder." The second outside covering, the "wrapper" is still to be put on.

Then the half-dressed stogies, instead of being "shaped" deftly and delicately by the finger-tips of a craftsman, are rushed and squeezed into form by "molds" and "presses."

The finishing touches are put on by a most ingenious machine called a "suction-table." It is full of little holes through which currents of air, sucked downward, straighten out the tobacco leaf, and hold it taut and flat while a die, descending, cuts it into exactly the right size. The "suction-table" (Mr. Rumkin would have called it a vampire) sucks the last few drops of blood from the art and craft of stogy-making. The girl at the "suction-table" takes the piece of tobacco designed for her by the machine and "rolls" it around the half-finished stogy, giving it its "wrapper" and thus completing it.

TWO GIRLS AND THREE MACHINES HAVE NOW DONE WHAT ONE MAN DID BEFORE. THEY HAVEN'T DONE IT SO WELL, BUT THEY HAVE DONE IT FASTER AND CHEAPER. And there you have a little social revolution happening before your eyes. Women have driven men into a corner in the stogy trade in Pittsburg and they have done it through their natural affinity with the most modern, the most mechanical and automatic, the most simplified and cheapened factory processes.

Of the 463 men in the stogy factories of Pittsburg, 168 are still complete hand-stogy-makers. Of the 2,211 women in the stogy factories of Pittsburg, only twelve have become hand-stogy-makers and they make Italian stogies, which are held together along the side with paste and have no finish at either end. The victory in Pittsburg, therefore, has been only a partial victory. Woman has got into industry, but not by excelling, or equalling, man's technique.—Everybody's.

## Better Field Than Politics

By Mme. Cross Newhouse, Founder of the  
Beaux Arts Club

I AM not thoroughly convinced that the women of the East are yet ready for the ballot. The West is more aggressive than the East, and its women with their ballot is the greatest proof of that statement.

In every other sense of the term "equal rights" I am a firm believer in it. Women should have, as they do have, equal opportunity in professional, business and intellectual life with men. They are advancing along all these lines and are abreast of men. In art and in ethics I believe women are in the vanguard, but I cannot see that at the present time New York women are ready for the ballot. Their day will come, but it must not come too rapidly. Political education and economics are matters that have taken years for men to grasp in their highest meanings, and the woman vote to become a power must be an intelligent, carefully considered asset to the common good.

At the present time I believe a matter far more important to women as a class than the getting of the ballot is her active and sympathetic work with the wage-earning woman and the women whose limited means makes it necessary for them to battle for subsistence in the lowliest walks of life. The woman of leisure who wants to make her life count should reach her hand out, and not down, to these women. She should interest herself in bettering the conditions and environments of those women. She should assist them to get better beds, freer air and more material comfort for themselves and the children depending upon them. Greater than the ballot will the influence of such women be in this great Empire State. The ballot will come, but women must first be prepared to meet the great responsibilities incumbent upon the voter.

## Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

MAN'S shoulders are not always as broad as they're padded.

You'd think every man was a beauty show from the critical way in which he sizes up the women.

Men say they hate anything loud about a woman; it must be disgust that makes them always turn around to stare after a peroxide blonde.

The saddest sight on earth is an old bachelor trying to sew on a button with a blunt needle and a piece of string.

There are some men who, before marriage, will risk their lives to pick up your parasol from in front of a whizzing automobile who wouldn't get off the sofa after marriage to pick up anything you might drop, from a hint to the baby.

A husband gets so used to his wife's conversation that after a while it doesn't interrupt his reading of the newspaper any more than the punking in the steam pipes.

Of course men admire a circumspect woman above all things, but they seldom invite her out to supper.

Nothing bores a man worse than the devotion of the girl before the last.

Love letters lead to all sorts of complications, but post cards tell no tales.—New York Evening World.

### A Philanthropist.

"James," protested the father, "what do you mean by boring holes into that big tree?"

"Father, I'm a benefactor," said the boy, giving his auger a few more vicious turns. "I'm making knot-holes in baseball fences for poor boys."—Puck.

Two years is the life of the average spider.

### Punished.

Mrs. Greene—"I hear young Jones has married?"

Mr. Browne—"Good! I never did like that man."—The Independent.

In the last 11 years, according to officially reported returns, the city of Leeds, England, has earned a profit of \$5,605,000 from its municipality, owned tramways, water works, gas works and electric light plant.

## THE HAT OF DAPHNE.

BY IVIE HERSTET.

I pointed to a gray wisp of material, soft and filmy, that lay on her bed.

"What is that?" I questioned. She was before the looking glass rolling her hair into little shining curls with deft fingers.

"That," she said, "is my new dress."

"Your what?" I said ungrammatically. But Daphne knows when I want to be sarcastic, and she did not answer; instead she turned and looked lovingly at the gray wisp.

"There is not much of it," I remarked, "so I suppose it was not expensive?"

"Mme. Esme charges more for that very reason," she said; "you see, it has got to look less than it really is." "Logically, you are talking nonsense, dear," I said gently, "but never mind. You have got a new muff, I see, as well, naughty child, that was very extravagant of you."

Daphne had not been taking much notice. I am merely her elder sister, and only useful in emergencies, but now she turned round quickly and regarded me with scorn.

"Muff," she said. "What do you mean?"

I pointed dramatically to a large ermine blob that lay upon a chair in a nest of tissue paper. It was very large, and shaped something like a bushy, or a cross between a Turkish fez and a Cossack's what-you-may-eat.

Daphne smiled charmingly; her smile is proverbial.

"That's my new hat; isn't it lovely?"

"Hat?" I said.

"Don't be absurd, Elizabeth; of course, it's a hat—the newest, newest hat from Mme. Esme's. I'm going to wear it to-morrow at the Bazaar with my gray costume. It suits me a ravir, madame says; there was only one other like it in her shop."

"Has mother seen it?" I asked. A shade passed over Daphne's face, a little shadow of trouble.

"N—no, mother hasn't exactly seen it. I told her I had bought a toque, for she said it was so nice of the Duchess to ask us to help her at the Bazaar; that I ought to have something nice and quiet to go in, because the Duchess is well known for her philanthropy, and is sure to dress plainly."

"But it isn't a toque, dear," I said.

"Madame called it a Russlofer-turke, so that is near enough; besides, it's sweet, and I love it," she said, and crooned over the absurd thing.

On the morning of the day we had been calling the "Bazaar Day" for the last week I went into Daphne's bedroom to borrow some hairpins. I found her lying at full length on her bed bathed in the most heartbreaking tears, her pretty hair was all rough and untidy—at least, all I could see of it.

"Whatever is the matter, Daphne?" I inquired in a resigned voice.

"My hat," sobbed Daphne.

I leaned over the foot of the bed with a sigh.

"What about it?" I questioned.

"Mother's seen it!"

"I thought so," I commented sagely; "tell me about it."

Only sobs came from the mass of fair hair and crumpled white muslin and blue ribbons on the bed.

"Look here," I said, "your eyes will be awful red for the afternoon if you don't stop crying, and you'll look simply hideous." My strategy succeeded. Daphne sat up at once. Her cheeks were very pink, and her eyes full of tears. But the lids were neither red nor swollen.

"I—I took it down and showed it to mother, and she asked—asked what on earth it was. I said it was a hat, and she said, 'Stuff and nonsense! you look like—like a Caribbee Islander!'"

"Daphne!" I cried, and I'm afraid I laughed.

She dabbed her eyes with a crumpled lace handkerchief.

"I said I didn't care—I would go in it. I said it was smart, and pretty, and French—so it is."

"Mme. Esme will change it," I suggested.

Daphne's eyes opened wide with horror.

"Change it! Elizabeth—you heartless, cruel thing—how can you?"

"Well, mother will never let you wear it. What else did she say?"

Daphne slipped from the bed and stood facing me defiantly.

"She said if I wore it the Duchess would think I was a third-rate actress, but if I went neatly dressed—oh, how awful that sounds!—she turned her pretty eyes up to the ceiling—I should make a good impression, and would probably be asked to stay at The Towers. She said that if I wore the hat I should be ruining my chances of the Duchess taking us up. Do you know, Elizabeth, I think mother is a real worldly woman."

"And what did you say?" I asked.

"I'm afraid I was rather cheeky," she said, penitently. "I said I wished I had bought the fifteen guinea hat, because it was much bigger and much more elaborate than the ten guinea one, and if I had bought it I should have worn it; I said I didn't see why, because a silly old Duchess chooses to dress like a charwoman, that I, who do know how to put my clothes on, should appear in a black cape and elastic side-boots."

"Then there's nothing more to be said," I remarked as I went out.

I knew that Daphne's naughtiness would bring on one of mother's nervous headaches. If ever we do anything she doesn't approve she always indulges in one—I say "indulges" because generally we do what she wants if we see signs of one coming on, and deep in my innermost heart I think they are used as a mild form of birch now we are grown up.

But the afternoon of the Bazaar Daphne was really very heartless. I was sitting beside mother's couch in the darkened drawing room bathing her aching brow with eau de cologne rags—for I could not go to the Bazaar and leave her—when the door opened and Daphne entered. She wore her gray wisp, a slender, delicate gown, which fitted her tightly, and fell in wonderful folds about her hips; her lovely face, with its sea blue eyes and crimson mouth, was just rose flushed with excitement, and on the sunshine of her fair hair the hat was poised.

"Goodby," she said, "and take great care of mummy, Elizabeth."

Then the door closed softly, and she was gone.

"We are utterly ruined," groaned mother. "Oh, if only I had obedient daughters; Daphne is really too trying! And Mrs. Howard Jones will be there, dressed in a nurse's uniform, which is sure to appeal to the Duchess at once. Oh dear, why didn't Daphne wear her black serge and a quiet hat!"

"But Daphne is quite charming," I said, wringing out another rag and placing it on the burning forehead, "and perhaps the Duchess will take a fancy to her."

"My dear," said mother, "do you know that Her Grace has founded twelve cottages, and is president of a Girls' Tract Society, and ever so many more things—she has two grown-up sons," she added thoughtfully.

"If they are at the Bazaar it'll be all right," I said at once.

Mother sighed despairingly. "Oh, men always admire her; it wouldn't matter if she wore a sack as far as they are concerned, but the Duchess—that is quite another matter."

It must have been several hours later when a taxi buzzed up to the door, and a soft rustle with a fragrance of white violets announced Daphne's home coming.

She flung the drawing room door open and tossed a great bouquet of pale pink roses on to a chair; then she opened her arms with a dramatic gesture and said:

"It is well."

"Good heavens, child, are you mad?" cried mother. "How did it go off? No—don't tell me, I'm sure it was dreadful," and she stopped up her ears. Daphne ran forward and knelt by the sofa; she took her mother's hands determinedly in her own soft ones. "Now listen," she said, "while I preach a little sermon. Ah, how much wiser our dear, kind, silly mothers would be if they would leave everything in the hands of their worldly, designing daughters."

"Oh, don't keep us in suspense," almost shrieked poor mother; "tell us the worst."

"Well," said Daphne, "to begin I confessed I could not make a red flannel jacket to save my life. The Duchess said she was so glad, because she couldn't either; she said she couldn't thread needles. We talked about bridge, and the Duchess asked me who made my gown. She said I was a dear, and would you let me go and stay with her for the shooting?" Daphne grew reminiscent. "Her son, Lord McLean, was there; he is rather a nice boy," she said musingly.

"But Daphne, we thought—" I broke in; she motioned me to silence.

"The Duchess and he and I had tea together in a jolly little tent, and we laughed at all the funny philanthropic people. I told them about Mrs. Howard Jones, and the Duchess asked her to what hospital she belonged. You should have seen her face!" Daphne went off into ripples of laughter.

"Explain, explain!" I cried.

"You know that other hat at Mme. Esme's, the fifteen guinea one that I wanted?"

"Yes—yes!"

Daphne's eyes were downcast and her manner demure.

"The Duchess had it on," she said.—The Throne and Country.

### A Request.

A parent who evidently disapproves of corporal punishment wrote the teacher:

"Dear Miss—Don't hit our Johnnie. We never do it at home except in self-defense."—Sacred Heart Review.



### LIME FOR BEETLES.

Flea-beetles have in recent years been very destructive to young cabbage, radish and turnip plants. Tobacco dust, applied freely, will usually drive the pest away. Plaster-favored with Paris green, or slug-shot, will also help in most cases. Lime freely applied will dispose of the radish, cabbage and onion maggot.

### CARE OF THE CHERRY.

The cherry needs, but little pruning, and is, in fact, easily injured by cutting the main limbs. Such work as is generally needed should be confined to thinning the fruit spurs in the top of the trees and the keeping of the centre open. The outside limbs will droop more or less and this shows that the trunk needs shade. The finest cherries are usually grown on these under limbs in the deepest shade and proves that while the cherry delights in a warm soil and sunny slope it has a way of its own of protecting the fruit and does not require pruning like the peach and apple.—Farmers' Home Journal.

### GOOSEBERRY BUSHES.

Keep an eye on the currant and gooseberry bushes. After the first new leaves come, examine the bushes daily; and the moment you see a currant worm, get busy. The simplest, best remedy is a solution of one ounce of fresh white hellebore in three gallons of water, sprinkled or sprayed on the bushes when the first worms appear. Delay means disaster, for these ravenous worms, left unmolested a few days, will strip a bush of all its foliage, and then what avail is treatment? A second brood of the worms sometimes appears, which necessitates a second dose of poison.—Farmers' Home Journal.

### BUTTER FAT SUBSTITUTES.

At the Nebraska station tests have been made to determine whether or not corn oil could be substituted for the fat removed in skimming the milk, but unsatisfactory results were secured.

It is always well to teach the calf to eat hay and grain as soon as possible. With the dairy calf this grain mixture should consist of equal parts of cornmeal, wheat bran and linseed meal. The calf should not be permitted to become fat, but should be maintained in a thrifty, growing condition. A handful of the mixture placed in the feed trough before the calf will soon get it in the habit of sipping at the grain and from then on it will eat more and more each day.—Weekly Witness.

### HOW TO GROW BEANS.

Everyone wants snaps, but most farmers content themselves with one planting. The Refugee bean is best for early planting, as it is a little more hardy than others. Later, plant Valentine. Plant just enough for temporary supply, and as soon as these are well up, plant more and keep this up till September. Then, if you have a lot of green pods when frost threatens, gather them and put them in stone jars in strong brine, and you can take them out all winter and soak over night in fresh water and they are just as good next day as fresh ones, and you can have them all winter.

Plant Lima beans in rows like snaps and gather the green beans as fast as ready. Do not let them ripen for they will stop bearing, but if regularly gathered as fast as ready, they will bear all summer. Any surplus of green beans can be dried for winter use and will be better than ripe ones.—Farmers' Home Journal.

### A PLEA FOR THE LAWN.

How much more attractive the country homes would appear if we would see that the grass be kept mowed closely with the lawn mower, not once or twice during the summer, but quite frequently, say every week or two. Country people are usually very busy throughout the summer and fall months, but if a little special effort were made each and every one of us could soon get our lawns in such condition that they would not require a great amount of time or labor to keep them green and velvet. But the grass should be mowed frequently; if hot the weeds grow rapidly, and eventually kill it out.

The well-kept lawn, with its smooth green sod, a flower bed or two in some pretty design that meets the fancy, a few climbing vines, some roses, lilacs and other shrubs make even the most homely and unpretentious abode take on an allurement and attractiveness that the finest architecture cannot give.

There is everything in environment, and we owe it to ourselves and to our children to surround the home with all that is good and true and beautiful; and when we do, our lives will be made much brighter and happier thereby.—Ella Reed Folk, in the Infinite Farmer.