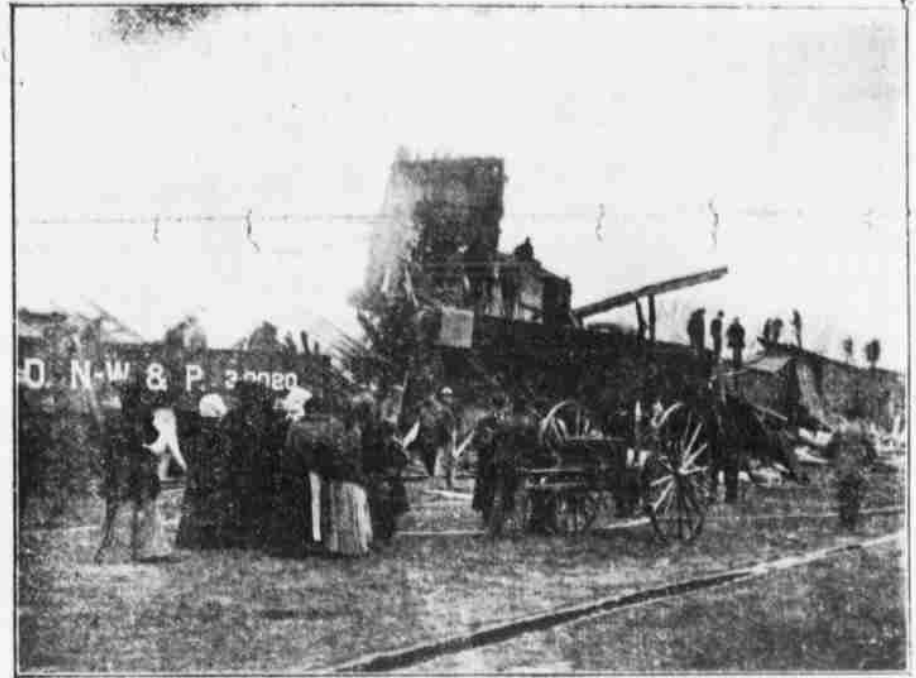


# What Happens When Two Trains Meet on One Track



CRETE FIREMEN PLAYING ON THE BURNING WRECKAGE.—Photo by Smith & Bennett, Crete, Neb.



WHERE THE WRECK PILED UP THE HIGHEST.—Photo by Smith & Bennett, Crete, Neb.

## Women as They Were Fifty Years Ago

**I**N WRITING of men and women half a century ago Miss Abigail E. Dodge, better known to the reading public under her nom de plume, "Gail Hamilton," did not hesitate to tell of the frailties of either sex. "Men are strong; they do things and don't mind it," admits this vigorous woman writer. "They can open doors in the dampest weather. They can unstrap trunks without breaking a blood vessel, turn keys in a moment which women have lost their tempers and lamed their fingers over for half an hour; look down precipices and not be dizzy. . . . You may strike them with all your might on the chest and it doesn't hurt them in the least (I mean if you are a woman). They never grow nervous and cry. They go upstairs three at a time. They put one hand on a four-rail fence and leap it without touching. In short, they do everything easily which women try to do and cannot.

"Moreover," continues this commentator, "men are so 'easy to get along with.' They are conveniently blind and benevolent. Women criticize you, not unjustly, but relentlessly. They judge you in detail, man only in the whole. If your dress is neat, well-fitting and well-toned, men will not notice it, except a few man milliners and a few others who ought to be. If you will only sit still, hold up your head and speak when you are spoken to, you can be very comfortable. I do not mean that men cannot and do not appreciate female brilliancy, but if you are a good listener and in the right receptive mood you can spend an hour very pleasantly without it.

"But a woman finds out in the first three minutes that the fringe on your dress is not a match. In four she has discovered that the silk of your sleeves is frayed at the edge. In five that the binding on the heel of your boot is worn out. By the sixth she has satisfactorily ascertained, what she suspected the first moment she 'set her eyes on you,' that you trimmed your bonnet yourself. The seventh assures her that your collar is only 'imitation,' and when you part, at the end of ten minutes, she has calculated with tolerable accuracy the cost of your dress, has leveled her mental eyeglass at all your innocent little subterfuges and knows to a dead certainty your past history, present circumstances and future prospects. Well, what harm if she does?"

"None in particular. It is only being stretched on the rack a little while. You have no reason to be ashamed and you are not ashamed. Your boots are only beginning to be shabby, and we all know the transitory nature of galloon. Your fringe is too dark, but you ransacked the city and did your best, angels could do no more." You trimmed your bonnet yourself and saved \$2, which was just what you intended to do. Your lace is not real, according to the cant of the shopkeepers, but it is real—real cotton, real linen, real silk, or whatever the material may be, and you never pretended it was Honiton or point.

"But if men, in their strength and courage and independence, are enviable, men in their gentleness are irresistible," concludes the writer. "You expect gentleness in woman. It is their attribute and characteristic. You do not admire its presence so much as you deplore or condemn its absence. But manly tenderness has a peculiar charm and you meet it everywhere—in the house and by the wayside, in city and country, under broadcloth and homespun.

"You may travel from one end of the country to the other and meet not only

civility, but the most cordial and considerate kindness. You may be as ugly as it is possible for virtue to be, and tired and travel-stained and stupid, and your neighbor of a day will show you all the little attentions you could claim from a father or brother or husband. . . . Women would better improve the rights they have before going mad after others they know not of. If men will be so good as to do the law-making and stock-jobbing and bribing and quarreling and stump-speaking, I shall be greatly obliged to them. . . . Am I enthusiastic over this involuntary outgushing of the stream of kindness, which flows so continually from men to usward? I have a right to be. A nation of men loyal, not to grace, beauty, magnificence, but to womankind, to the highest impulses of human nature, to the love element of the universe, is a thing to be enthusiastic about."

### Their Reason

A writer in Lippincott's tells of a young teacher who had taken special pains to implant a knowledge of United States history, who could but feel that much good seed had fallen on stony ground when at the final examination the question, "What character do you like best, and why?" brought forth the following astonishing replies:

"Andrew Jackson, because he whipped the British with an old hickory."  
"Grant, who was elected president twice

and around the world once."  
"I like Monroe for doctrin' the people and Jackson, standing on a stone wall, and fell dead."  
"Lincoln, who was shot and killed standing in a booth, and died saying 'Jefferson survives, I am contented.'"  
"De Soto, who waded in the Mississippi up to his elbows and there found his grave."  
"Old General Putnam, who left his ox and his ass in the field and went and beat the British."  
"The redoubtful John Paul Jones, because he said: 'We'll beat them British or bust,' and then did it."

### "Straight-Front Man"

"Tangling Feet as Illustrated in Assorted Sizes of Avoirdupois" was the topic which Miss Elizabeth A. C. White discoursed upon at the dressmakers' convention in New York the other day, to the edification of a host of women and a lone man. "It's a few tips I'm going to give you," announced Miss White at the start, "on standing, sitting and walking.

"First, I'll show you," she exclaimed energetically, at the same time dragging out an unwilling model, whose fairy form certainly tipped the scales at more than 200 pounds. "Now, sit," commanded the indomitable president. "There, you see her neck gets thick and stout, and where's the figure? She needs a back to that chair, the way she's sitting. And look at her feet! When a fat woman sits down, square out goes her limbs twelve or fifteen inches apart. They don't help her figure. Get up. Now, pick up your skirt high in the back and sit down so the hips are well back. Now that woman

has some intelligence. She didn't have before.

"Now, every woman that's short can look tall if she only stands right. Most women don't have any back; it's all front. Their real intelligence is stupefied. Commence to use your intelligence, stiffen your knees, keep your feet together, and you'll have a stunning figure."

The lone man was the point of attack and the center of attraction. He was a reporter for an afternoon paper, and he ventured to the platform to ask some questions.

"Just what I want—a man!" exclaimed Miss White, the demonstrator. "Now, I'll show you how to straighten out a man." The reporter stammered and remembered another assignment.

"It won't take but a minute," argued Miss White. "And then you'll know how to look really smart. There isn't over one man in 500 here in New York with a really smart look. Now, this man has a cupid form—short and round and too full here—"

The reporter turned purple. "Now, if you were pushed up—so—" continued Miss White, "you'd look an inch or two taller and ten years younger."

The reporter endeavored to retreat. "Just a minute," smiled Miss White. "Now, you know every man ought to have a straight front. Now—heels together, knees straight, chest out, stomach in—oh, more than that—so—"

The reporter wilted. "I'll come back tomorrow," he promised faintly.

"Better let me fit you today," persisted Miss White. "I can give you that smart look." The audience giggled and the reporter looked foolish.

"Now stand on the ball of your feet." Just then the reporter got courage and escaped.



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