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WOMEN WORK ON ROADS.

Philippine Islands Scene of Great Activity Among Native Females.

You would not think that a woman could ever outwork a man when it comes to heavy road work, but such is nevertheless the case in the Philippines.

In the construction of the Paoy-Currimao road it is recalled that at one time there were approximately 500 women and girls employed daily, notes the Engineering News. These feminine workers, receiving from 20 to 25 or 35 centavos per day, according to their strength and ability, are most efficient when materials for subgrade, surfacing or gravel and sand for concrete are to be carried a short distance. They tie up their skirts or "pandling" to be less hampered as they work and wield shovels, load, carry and empty their baskets with a zeal that outclasses the men.

In the construction of the subgrade on the Paoy-Currimao road it was necessary to haul material about one-half a kilometer at one point. This was accomplished with women workers. Men loaded the baskets at the borrow pits. The baskets hold about one-sixtieth cubic meter and are carried on the head. On a short haul a woman will carry from a meter to a meter and a half of material per day.

As may be imagined, there is considerable talking done as the work progresses, especially in the afternoon, when the women begin to tire. Ignorance of the dialect may have caused the listener to misinterpret, but it is said that the capataces (men) use some very forcible arguments to convince the women that they should talk less and work more.

On concrete work women are used to advantage carrying sand, gravel and water. They are not strong enough to mix concrete for any length of time, so men are employed for that purpose.

DRAGGING STATE ROADS.

Successful Roadmaking Depends Largely on Co-operation.

Several of the states which have realized the great value of the split log road drag employ this device in building state roads. Connecticut has met with great success by the use of the drag, and few states in the Union have better roads than Connecticut.

There exists, however, in other states a serious difference of opinion among authorities as to whether or not the responsibility of dragging the roads



DRAGGING CONNECTICUT ROAD.

rests solely upon the farmers' shoulders or whether the state or county should do this work.

In the last analysis successful road-making depends upon harmonious co-operation between individuals and county, state and national authorities. We may not have reached the stage when state aid to the extent of many millions of dollars is advisable, but we certainly have reached the stage when the burden should be taken from the unsupported shoulders of the farmer, where it has rested all too long. The farmer is perfectly willing to do his share. He simply objects to the policy which makes his share all the work and little of the credit or reward.

CHINESE TO BUILD ROAD.

Highway Will Be a Hundred Miles Long—To Spare No Expense.

Chinese engineers under the direction of Jick G. Wong, an American trained engineer, have been in Hongkong for some time making arrangements for commencing the survey of an automobile truck road in Kwangtung province, which is designated as a feeder for the Kwangtung section of the Canton-Hankow railway and also probably as the beginning of a railway in connection with that trunk line.

The road now planned and for which detailed surveys are being commenced will be substantially 100 miles long. It is expected to start at a station called Poko in Chinese, in section 12 of the Canton-Hankow railway, about seventy miles from Canton, and will follow the line of the old imperial mail and courier road or path, a road over which imperial dispatches have been transported for hundreds of years by relays much in the manner of the old pony express in the western states of the United States, except that as a rule the service was performed by runners. The new road will extend to the town of Kongs, near the border of Fukien province. It is planned to give the new road considerable hard surface dressing.—Horseless Age.

Jamaica's Fine Highways.
The little island of Jamaica has over 1,000 miles of first class macadam roads. Each section, a distance ranging from a few hundred yards to a mile or more, is in charge of a section man or woman, who is responsible for the road's condition within those limits.

No Sympathy.
"He lost money in a wheat deal."
"Then I haven't a grain of sympathy for him."—Baltimore American.

Hope.
Hope throws a generous contempt upon ill usage and looks like a handsome defiance of a misfortune, as who should say, "You are somewhat troublesome now, but I shall conquer you."
—Jeremy Collier.

A Matter of Sentiment

Account of the Suffragist Meeting at Twin Star Ranch

By ROSE STREET

There were six of them sitting in a row on the rail fence behind the corral. In the moonlight they loomed largely as half a dozen loose jointed cowpunchers. There were Boss Carwood himself of the Twin Star ranch and his henchmen—Jink Prole, Tony Goff, Jack Raymond and Mason Pepper—as well as Febe Hatch from the Two Bar outfit, beyond Red Spider creek.

All were smoking industriously, and each one kept an inquisitive eye trained on the lighted windows of the Twin Star ranch house, where Mrs. Carwood



"IF I HAD A WIFE SHE WOULDN'T ATTEND SUFFRAGIST MEETINGS."

was entertaining a number of ladies who had been invited to meet Mrs. Percy Fenn, the well known reformer of Chicago.

Febe Hatch lighted another cigarette, blew a cloud of smoke into the moonlight and laughed dryly.

"Hear that whooping?" he asked. "I reckon this here Mrs. Percy Fenn has got our wives a-going for fair."

"She could get me going easy enough," remarked Tony Goff enthusiastically.

"She's sure a good looker," Mason Pepper hooked a heel in the lower rail, crossed his legs and gripped one knee in his hands, swaying gently to and fro, his handsome eyes on the silver sphere of the moon.

"If I had a wife," he said, with a superior air, "she wouldn't attend any suffragette meetings. She wouldn't go anywhere I didn't approve of."

This bombshell was followed by a dead silence.

Boss Carwood drew a long breath.

"Do tell us some more things, Mason," he said in a choking voice. "If there's one thing more than another that I love and admire, it is to hear a mealy, no 'count bachelor tell what he's going to do when he gets married."

"Because he does so diffrent, I presume," drawled Mason.

"Exactly, and I suppose if your girl—your very best girl—was a-sitting in the front row there in the living room, clapping her hands at every remark made by Mrs. Percy Fenn, why, Mason, I s'pose you'd break the whole thing off, eh?" Boss Carwood nearly fell off the fence as he leaned forward to observe the embarrassment of Mr. Pepper.

"I s'pose would" was Mason's emphatic reply.

"Then go in and break it off now!" yelled Tony Goff triumphantly.

"What do you mean?"

"Only this, Pop—Miss Emily Dale's screaming with the rest of 'em in there!"

"Hub!" was Mr. Pepper's reply. From the house came the sound of excited female voices lifted in happy discussion. They were all talking at once, and the burden of their song was the oppression of woman, and their slogan was "Equality with man."

"Poor creatures!" said Jack Raymond feelingly. "Every blamed one of them females has got a good husband and a comfortable home, and then as hasn't expects to catch a husband and have a home in the near future. I confess I didn't think my Emmert was so dissatisfied with me."

"It's going to make a lot of divided households," observed Jink Prole thoughtfully, "this here diffrence of opinion."

"They's stopped talking—so much," volunteered Tony Goff. "It must be because they've found something better to do, probably eating."

"Funny how then can all be so happy not believing in the protection of husbands and that the most beautiful thing any woman can do is to make a happy home and keep her husband loving her long after they're both old and forlorn." Thus spoke the lone bachelor of the company.

Before Mason Pepper's companions

could make response to these remarks there came a shuffling sound across the grass and appeared Wah Lee clad in immaculate white garments and bearing a huge tray.

"Al yah!" he screeched when he saw the six perched on the fence. "Missy Carwood, she send allee same compliments and mebbe gentlemen likee lefeshments."

Wah Lee, relieved of his burden of dainties, balanced the tray on one pony hand and turned to go.

"How is the party going along, Wah Lee?" asked Tony Goff.

The Chinaman turned a masklike countenance toward them.

"Oh, so, so—makee much noise—like what you call 'em—fire crackers—al, yah! All ladies say, men velly, velly bad! No like 'em—no ways."

The six scraped their empty plates and eyed each other furtively.

"We can't stand for that line of talk," said Jink Prole decisively as he slipped down from the fence. "If reason I'll just step to the house and tell Mrs. Prole that her lord and master says it's time to go home."

Jink strode to the corral and picked out his own horse and the pony that had borne his wife to the Three Star ranch.

One by one the others followed suit until only Boss Carwood was left. With heaving shoulders and rumbling chuckles of mirth he carried the empty tray to the kitchen door and then took up his stand under the maple tree by the front piazza, where he shamelessly assumed the part of eavesdropper.

Jink Prole was the first to reach the house. He rode close to the steps and rapped loudly with one spurred heel.

Presently Wah Lee flapped out expectantly.

"Wah Lee, please tell Mrs. Prole that I am waiting for her. It is 11 o'clock," said Jack firmly.

Wah Lee flapped into the house, and momentary silence followed his announcement. Then came an animated murmur of voices, and Mrs. Prole appeared in the doorway—tall, slender, well poised.

"Jink, dear, did you want me?" she asked sweetly.

"Jink, dear," stiffened visibly in the saddle. "It's time to go home, Anna," he said gruffly.

Mrs. Prole came to the edge of the piazza. There was a puzzled look on her amiable countenance as she surveyed her usually indulgent spouse.

"Why, what is the matter?" she was asking when there came a rattle of hoofs, and Jack Raymond and Tony Goff clattered to a standstill, each leading a pony.

"Howdy, Mrs. Prole," greeted Raymond hurriedly. "Will you please tell Emmert that I think it's time to go home?"

"And you might say the same thing to my Polly," cut in Tony Goff.

"And, say, Mrs. Prole, just tell Lizzie Hatch that her boss is waiting here and that if she wants his company home she better hurry," was Febe Hatch's contribution to these marital orders.

At this moment Mason Pepper came leisurely up on his big black horse, his hand on the bridle rein of Emily Dale's buckskin pony.

"Any message from you, Mason?" asked Mrs. Prole sweetly.

"Why, ma'am, I'm just a-waiting for Emily," said Mason in a tired tone.

"Very well. I will give your messages," said Mrs. Prole, and she disappeared within the house.

A ripple of musical laughter followed the messages. It came in a silvery stream from the throat of Mrs. Percy Fenn, who apologized prettily for the lapse even while she delivered several stabbing remarks.

Within the house there was absolute silence, while Mrs. Fenn's words sank deep into the hearts of the would be masterful women. Then there was a rustle of skirts, and several women came through the wide hall and out upon the piazza.

In the deep shadow of the maple Boss Carwood hugged himself gleefully.

Mrs. Jack Raymond, herself Emmert Hodre, stepped forward, voicing the sentiments of her companions as by mutual consent.

"We are not ready to go, Jack," she said in a masterful manner. "You may come again in an hour—or leave the horses and we will ride home alone."

Mrs. Prole and Polly Goff, who, with Emmert, lived in cottages on the Twin Star property, waited calmly, but Mrs. Febe Hatch and Emily Dale moved uneasily. Both lived beyond Red Spider creek, and the trail was a lonely one.

There are times when absolute independence is decidedly uncomfortable.

"You prefer to ride home alone?" asked Tony Goff, looking his Polly straight in the eye.

Polly, who had been a pretty school-ma'am, eyed her husband unflinchingly.

"Of course not," she said cheerfully, "but you men must understand that you cannot dictate to us in little matters of this sort. We will send word when we are ready to go."

Mr. Goff stared resentfully at her. He was torn between indignation and the chivalry of the plainsman. Mason Pepper's black horse stirred uneasily as his master's hand fell heavily on his satiny neck.

"I reckon Mrs. Goff has expressed the sentiments of all the ladies," said Mr. Pepper, with a questioning eye fixed on Emily Dale's lovely face.

Miss Dale lifted a scornful lip and tossed her head.

Silence fell between the five women in the piazza and the five men waiting at the steps. Somehow each one of the ten knew that there was an impending crisis. If the piazza

won, why, there would be something gone from the home life of these men and women—that little leaning on the stronger arm of the male, that delightful sense of protection that must be the privilege of every happily married woman. All of these women were happily married, and had not Mrs. Percy Fenn come to stir them to an independent rebellion each one would have gone her way unannouncing. Perhaps Mrs. Fenn did not quite understand the real issues of the cause that she represented.

Five women stood aggressively at the edge of the abyss. Five men gazed at them with hostile eyes and questioned the wisdom of marriage with its recurring crises during the adjustment of different natures.

Into the silence broke Mrs. Fenn's light, scornful laugh. The five women turned as by one accord toward the door, and the eyes of the five men dilated and their hands tightened on the bridle reins.

Another instant and the decision would have been made, but it appeared that interruption was to come from an unexpected quarter.

From the bunk house, where the unattached men of the outfit had been playing cards, there sounded the large phonograph which had been the Christmas gift of Boss Carwood to his men. There was a rippling piano prelude and then the words of a dear familiar song sung in a rich, sweet soprano:

"Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold!"

Who has not listened to that old melody, sacred to married lovers who have carried love down into old age with unbroken chafers?

Within the house the lips of the women were smitten dumb; on the piazza the five insurgents looked at the five men with misty eyes that saw far into the future—and found the sight good. Emily Dale, her lips tender, her great eyes luminous with a new understanding of love and its relation to life, looked at Mason Pepper and saw the big man staring steadfastly at the moon.

Emmerett Raymond saw the girl's face and the proud pose of the man's head, and she felt a vague terror of the new influence that was affecting their simple lives in this slushy way. Some one must break through, some one must cross the abyss that would otherwise widen between husbands and wives, between lover and sweet heart.

As the last notes of the song died away in lingering cadences Emily Dale stepped forward and crossed the abyss on a bridge of love that must last through the years until silver threads mingled with the gold of her pretty hair.

"I'm ready now, Mason," she said sweetly, and her voice trembled.

The black horse whirled sharply, and Mason Pepper leaped to the steps and pulled the buckskin pony forward.

Emily Dale smiled back at Mrs. Prole. "Please say 'good night' for me to Mrs. Carwood and tell Mrs. Fenn that her talk has been—so—so enlightening!"

If Mason Pepper held her in his arms for an instant before he lifted her into the saddle no one noticed it. No one noticed that they rode away at once down the trail, the black horse and the buckskin pony so close together that Mason and his sweetheart could hold hands as they rode slowly home.

As I said, no one noticed them save, perhaps, Boss Carwood, but his attention was immediately transferred to the four cowpunchers who waited contentedly while their wives made brief adieus in the house and then obediently rode home beside their respective husbands.

When the last one had gone and there still remained a group of undecided women about Mrs. Percy Fenn, Carwood heard the laugh of the reformer once more. This time it was rather metallic in tone.

"I guess I'll go in and stand by the missus," muttered Carwood. "Seems like she'll need some help in managing Mrs. Percy, and when there's trouble brewing I guess there isn't anything that a woman likes to have around better than a mere husband, and I'm the man for the job!" And as he went the boss softly whistled a few bars of "Silver Threads Among Us."



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