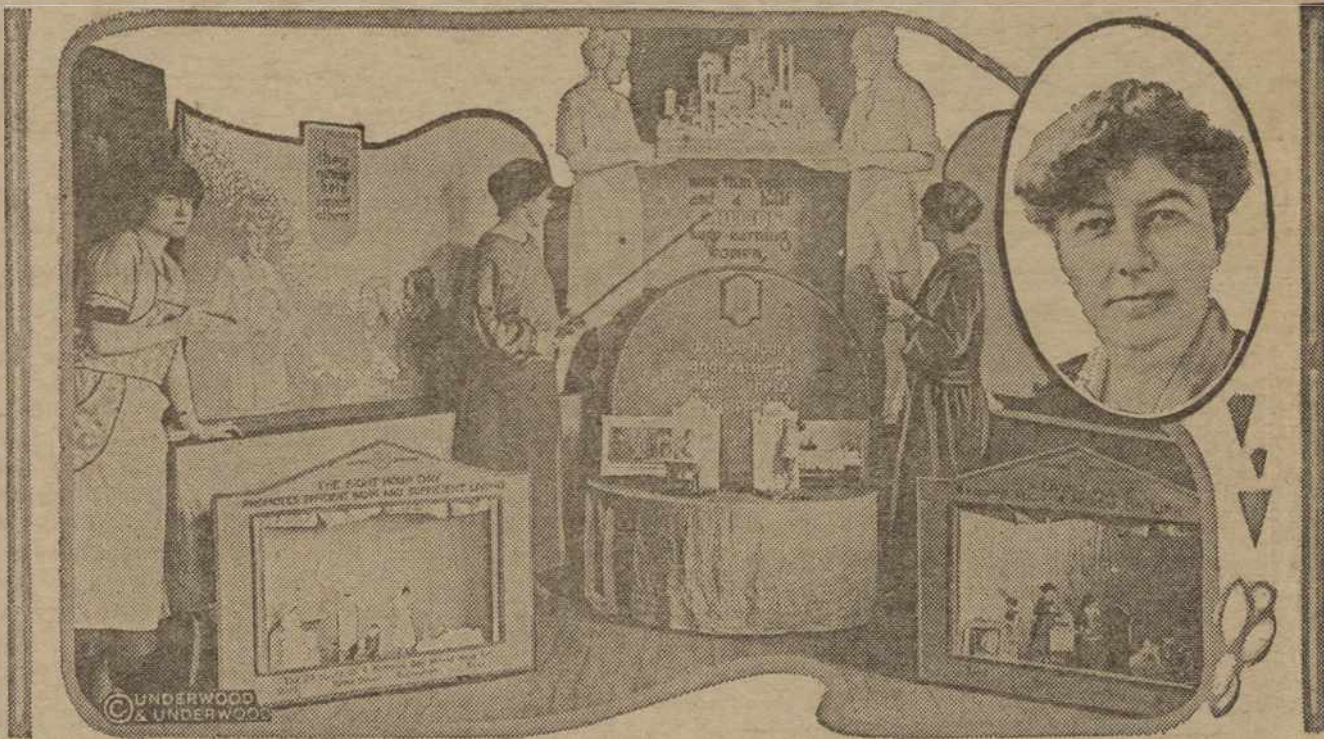


Women Confer on Their Sex in Industry



Did you know that there are eight and one-half million wage-earning women in the United States? This, coupled with the fact that many thousands of them are mothers and homekeepers brings about some definite problems which were discussed at the women's industrial conference which was held by the woman's bureau of the Department of Labor on January 11-13 with representative women from all over the country attending. The photograph shows (left to right): Mrs. Mary N. Winslow, editor and director of exhibits for the bureau; Miss Mary V. Robinson, assistant editor, and Miss Lida Lee, assistant director of exhibits, with some of the exhibits which were shown. Insert is portrait of Miss Mary Anderson, who was in charge of conference.

Slap Unseals Secret Murder 30 Years Old

Angry Father of Punished Girl Reveals Confession That Convicts Wife Slayer.

SLEW WOMAN WITH MATTOCK

Only Person Who Knew Truth Gets Religion and After 30 Years of Silence Tells the Story of Crime.

Raleigh, N. C.—If old John Shepherd's boy hadn't slapped three teeth out of old Ves Wingler's daughter's mouth, and if old John Shepherd hadn't got religion at the hands of a wandering mountain evangelist, old man Wingler might have rounded out his allotted three-score years and ten with his second wife and their numerous children in his cabin on the banks of Reddy's creek, high up in the Blue Ridge, and the old theory that slaying will out would have stood discredited.

Or if old Ves Wingler had been a little more discreet in his use of a grubbing hoe 30 years ago, it would not have come to pass that, now in his sixty-first year, he finds himself grasping a mattock provided by the North Carolina state prison with the certainty that as soon as he wears it out on the roads of the state another will be provided for him.

If old man Wingler had been content with the buxom, easy-going and altogether serviceable wife of his youth, it wouldn't have mattered whether his daughter lost her teeth at the hands of a somewhat primitive suitor, and old man Shepherd could have had all the pangs of newly acquired religion his soul craved, with no trouble to anybody.

Tired of His Wife.
But it didn't happen that way. Wingler got tired of his wife two years and seven days after he brought her to his one-room log cabin. He took his mattock in hand and crushed her skull with it. There was nobody there to see it save their five-months-old daughter, and the nearest neighbor lived a mile down the creek. They heard the wife screaming.

The time between the suppression of the dying wife's screams and the arrival of the first of the contingent of neighbors was employed by Wingler in deep meditation on means of explaining that his wife had suffered an accident, and that he had taken none but a husbandly part in the event. He put on the habiliments of woe, lifted up his voice in heart-broken lamentation, and stirred his imagination with his fears.

First came the people of his own blood, his mother, and a regiment of sisters, who lived nearest the little cabin. Entering the room, they beheld the young wife lying on the floor, with her head toward the fire-place.

Accused of Killing.
"Yes, you killed her," charged his mother.

"I know it, but tell 'em that she fell out of the loft and hit her head on the pot on the hearth there," pleaded Ves.

"There's no place in the loft where she could have fallen out," observed the canny mountain woman.

"Well, make one," pleaded the distracted husband.

Wingler turned toward the door to see John Shepherd standing there, hesitating between a grin at what he had overheard and blanched horror at what he saw lying on the bed. The two men stared at each other. Wingler was a powerful man. Shepherd was a man of lesser caliber, and he quailed before the terrible look that he had seen in the eyes of the master of the cabin. Wingler crossed over toward him.

"I killed—her," he said, slowly, "but if you—breathe a word of it, I will—kill—you."

That was all that was ever said between them. Shepherd watched the mother and sisters open a hole in the low ceiling over the hearth, widen it big enough for a heavy woman to fall through, and then turn to minister to the stricken wife. Other neighbors came and looked on darkly. Through the night the mother and sisters of the husband watched the ebbing tide of life drift out. Dawn and death entered the cabin hand-in-hand, and the neighbors prepared the body for burial. But dawn brought Wingler almost to the disaster that he afterward staved off for 30 years. Sudden and bloody death is not unusual in the mountains of North Carolina, where men's passions run without restraint, but here was a woman dead. It was unusual, and the thoughts that flashed to the mind of the man's mother were reflected in the minds of everybody.

Coming by ones and twos from their fair coves in the mountains, to watch beside the woman, a dozen women gathered there. And women are naturally more observant than men. One had seen the marks of a struggle before the door of the house, blood on the ground, a trail leading to the low steps, the print of a bloody hand on either side of the mattock. These things they told their husbands.

A Jury of Men.
It was 17 miles across the hills, and no roads save trails to the county seat, but the coroner came. He assembled a jury, but only the men attended. Testifying before juries was not the part for women to play in that remote settlement three decades ago. Only the men came, and of them all only Wingler and Shepherd knew anything. Shepherd was silent, under the threatening eye of Wingler, and Wingler's story alone was heard.

The jury doubtfully took his word for it, and since there was no doctor there to look at her wounds, the verdict was that she fell out of the loft and was killed accidentally.

Back home with their wives, the men had fresh suspicion planted in their minds, and ten days later they went 17 miles and got a doctor. They examined the body and made a casual examination. But wonders die after nine days, even in the mountains, and they were not impressed by the doctor, anyhow. The body had mortified, and they were glad enough to put it back in the ground and forget about it.

Happiness Unmarred.

After what less simple folk would call an indecently short length of time, Ves Wingler married again. His second wife was fifteen years his junior. They lived prosperously and had many children. The cabin rotted down, and they moved into a more dignified dwelling place. Apparently the specter of his dead wife never returned to trouble the husband. Ves Wingler was happy.

Twenty-nine years he lived the life of the average mountaineer. He was at times accused of making liquor without sanction of the law. He drank and brawled and gambled, now in company of John Shepherd and now without him. So far as the evidence went at the trial, the death of his wife was never mentioned between them. Ves Wingler closed the book and dared anybody to open it.

Their families maintained amiable relations. The sons of Shepherd courted the daughters of Wingler, even down to the younger strata of the two families.

Evangelist Comes.

With the opening of spring there came into the fastnesses of the Blue Ridge a migrant evangelist. He preached a simple doctrine of hell fire and damnation. He pictured the terrors of eternal fire that burned for all who forsook not their stills, their brawlings and their gambings and destruction for all who repented not and confessed not their sins. Shepherd harkened unto the preacher and confessed his own sins.

Then on a warm spring evening

Recovers Handkerchief Lost Forty Years Ago

Hallfax.—Forty years ago a boy pushed his pocket-handkerchief into a cavity in the Ebenezer Primitive Methodist chapel, and found he was unable to pull it out again.

The boy is now Alderman Whittaker, deputy mayor of the town, but he never forgot his lost handkerchief. The chapel has just been pulled down and the alderman asked the contractor to look out for the handkerchief.

This was done; the handkerchief was found and has been returned to Alderman Whittaker with a note from the contractor: "I don't know how you have managed without it for so many years."

when a young Shepherd was calling on one of the daughters of the house of Wingler, the youngest daughter, made a nuisance of herself generally. The ardent swain from the house of Shepherd, irked by her continued interference, slapped her teeth, three of them, completely out of her mouth. She went bawling to Wingler and the son of Shepherd was banished with threats.

Next morning, Wingler repaired to the magistrate and issued a warrant charging Shepherd with assault and battery on the person of his daughter. The boy fled the state, and there was war between the houses of Wingler and Shepherd. Wingler made threats and Shepherd hinted darkly that Wingler had better be careful. But he was not careful.

Convicted of Crime.
Within a week, Wingler had fled the state two jumps ahead of a sheriff, who wanted him for the killing of his wife 30 years before. Some time later he returned to the state and was taken into custody, tried, convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to 30 years at hard labor in the state prison. The Supreme court in one of the most remarkable opinions on record, denied him a new trial.

In vain did attorneys for the defendant hammer on the theory of vengeance, stirred by the prosecution of young Shepherd. In vain they accused witnesses of a conspiracy against him and brought impeachment against the character of every one of them. The jury stood adamant, not because they believed John Shepherd, but because they believed the women.

Times have changed. Thirty years ago not a woman felt that she could attend an inquest and maintain her self-respect. Every one of them brought through the years a vivid picture of what she had seen. They ached to tell it, and they made a story of it.

Pious oaths sworn to by Shepherd, bastioned with newly-found Biblical citations, had little weight. He had heard Wingler say he killed his wife. It was what the women had seen that the jury took as sufficient circumstantial evidence. In vain did Wingler tell his story of the wife who fell out of the loft. The women had him when they remembered so much and told it with unanimity as to detail. Perhaps 30 years' enforced silence had heightened the picture.

Eight months have passed since Wingler's daughter lost her teeth, but in that far settlement that straddles the Blue Ridge as it runs southward across the western end of North Carolina, they still marvel about it. It has become epic. Shepherd is preparing to move away before the tide of reaction to a more pious community. And the little toothless Wingler girl likely will never see her daddy any more.

POULTRY

LITTLE LAMP WARMS WATER

Operating 24 Hours Daily With Current at Ten Cents a Kilowatt Hour Is Cheap.

Not only should drinking water intended for poultry be kept from freezing so that the hens can drink at all times, but, according to scientific poultry raisers, it should also not be cold enough to chill the birds. Both requisites may be provided for by the use of this inexpensive electric water warmer.

An ordinary pail or pan may be used with the addition of a large tin can or small pail for the heating unit. If made of galvanized iron, the parts will last longer. Arms riveted to the can extend over the edge of the water pail. Care must be taken to solder around the rivet holes on the outside, for the lamp container must be water-tight.

An ordinary metal lamp socket is soldered or crimped into a tin disk large enough to cover the container. This cover must be either a tight-fitting lid or be made to fasten with a spring or catch.

In all but the coldest weather a 15-watt lamp will warm a ten-quart pail sufficiently. Operating 24 hours a day



Warm Drinking Water Often Means More Eggs.

with current at 10 cents a kilowatt hour, the warmer will cost 3.6 cents, which is worth while if it adds only two eggs a day to an otherwise doubtful cold weather production. In severe winter weather, it may even prevent the loss of some of the hens.—J. H. V. in Popular Science Monthly.

GREEN FEEDS FOR CHICKENS

Where Fowls Have Unlimited Range in Summer There Is No Difficulty—Different in Winter.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

If the best results are to be obtained with poultry, they must be furnished with a plentiful supply of green feed. Where fowls have unlimited range on a farm they will secure green feed during the spring and summer, but during the winter it must be supplied for them.

The question of how to supply the best feed at the least cost is one that each poultry keeper must decide largely for himself. It will probably make but little difference what kind of green feed is supplied provided it is relished by the fowls. Cabbages, turnips, beets, potatoes, etc., are suitable for this purpose. The larger roots and the cabbages may be suspended by means of a wire or string or they may be placed on the floor, in which case it would be well to split the turnips or beets lengthwise with a large knife. Potatoes and turnips should be fed cooked. The mangel is an excellent root for feeding raw.

Cut clover, soaked in boiling water, fed alone or with the mash, is good, say poultry specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. Clover meal and ground alfalfa make very good feeds for this purpose. Where the fowls are yarded and not enough green feed is furnished by the yards, a small patch of clover, alfalfa, or rape may be sown. Any one of these, if frequently mowed, will furnish a great quantity of green feed in a form relished by the fowls. Canada field peas may also be sown for this purpose, and when fed in a tender, crisp condition are eaten readily. Rye is a good crop for late fall and early spring, for it will germinate and grow in cold weather. As a general thing, fowls should have once a day about all the green feed they will eat.

POWDER CONTROLS HEN LICE

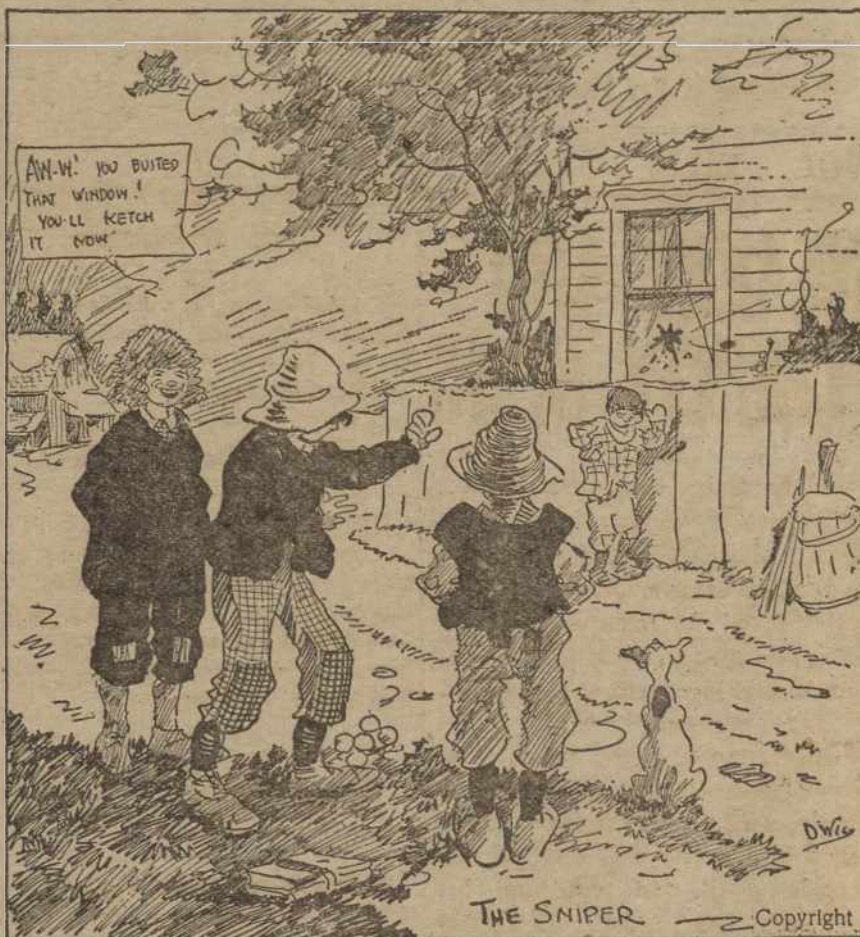
Mixture of Gasoline, Stock Dip and Dry Cement Will Prove Quite Effective.

Common hen lice that live on the hairs, feathers and skin of the fowls can be controlled by treating with a home-made powder composed of mixing three parts of gasoline and one part of stock dip and adding enough dry cement to make a powder. Hold the bird with its head down and apply the mixture by working in the feathers.

Retain Pullets in Fall.

Farmers are urged to stop the practice of selling their pullets in the fall. These are worth more as winter layers than as meat for the table. Winter eggs must come from the pullets, so these should be kept and not sold off.

SCHOOL DAYS



THE SNIPER Copyright

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

YOUR CAPITAL

IF YOU are drawing a thousand dollars a year you are getting interest on \$25,000. Twenty-five thousand dollars therefore is your capital.

Every dollar that you add to your yearly income means that your capital is increased by \$25.

Double your salary and you double your capital. Quadruple your \$1,000 a year and you can consider yourself worth \$100,000, which is a tidy fortune.

The capital that you carry under your hat, you do not need to risk in speculation. It is immune from bank burglars and stock jugglers. It is yours as long as you keep your health and retain your earning capacity.

Always consider your brains as your capital. Take the same care of them that the banker takes of his funds and those entrusted to him.

Bad habits, sloth, shiftlessness, impair your capital. So does ill health. Avoid all of them if you can.

Keep your body in good physical condition, for if it is not, your brain will not be able to earn the interest that it ought to.

Get rid of bad habits. All of them cut your capital down.

Add to your capital as regularly as you can. Add not only to your earning power, but to the reserve of money that all men ought to establish as soon as possible.

When the capital that is under your hat and the capital that you have invested in good securities are both working for you, you will be beyond the reach of want and on your way to prosperity and independence.

But remember that both kinds of capital must be cared for and safeguarded, or they will shrink instead of expand.

Make them grow, while the growing is good. Capital of one kind or another is the only insurance against the miseries of poverty and old age. (Copyright by John Blake.)

Pretty Enough for 100.

The posters on exhibition were numbered from 1 to 100.

"See, here's the one Aunt Lois drew," said the mother, who was showing the drawings to her seven-year-old daughter.

"Oh, mother, look! She only got 42; that's pretty enough for 100."

MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a man like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: Short, coat looks as if it were too tight over his husky little breast. He is fond of clothes and yet never indulges in a comfortable suit. He sits on the edge of chairs, and he is always on the edge of telling you he loves you. He doesn't stutter, yet he is nervous. As a lover he is very amusing, especially when he pretends that he isn't your lover. In most cases he tries the platonic, but his saccharine smile gives him away and his terrific effort never to be late is a fearful telltale.

IN FACT

His great fault is his faultlessness and people always know he will turn up a bustling little mass.

Prescription For His Bride:
Elixir of promptness for you. His breakfast on time daily and his carpet slippers on the rug nightly.

Absorb This:
IT IS NOT PROMPTNESS THAT KILLS. IT'S FAILURE TO MEET IT. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Has Anyone Laughed

At You

Because —

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

You are dissatisfied? "Nothing suits you" has been fired at you. "Will you ever be content?" has been hurled at you, hasn't it? At any rate you are not one to stick in a rut. You are casting about for the future, you want something better. These laughs will be right though, unless your dissatisfaction takes its shape in action rather than in growlings.

SO

Your Get-away Here Is:
To believe that actions speak louder than growling—and get up and move heaven and earth to alter what you hate to endure. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

I don't like to talk with people who always agree with me. It is amusing to coquette with an echo for a while, but one soon tires of it.

FOOD FOR THE FAMILY

IF YOU like brains, try these:
Beef Brains in Corn Patties.
Remove a slice from the top of large corn muffins and remove the centers with a spoon, leaving a firm, crisp wall. Parboil the brains in acidulated water, add them to highly seasoned white sauce and fill the muffin patties, sprinkle with grated cheese and place in a hot oven to brown well.

Scotch Hash.

Chop one onion and cook in a little beef drippings, then add cooked meat which has been put through a meat grinder and one-fourth as much dry bread crumbs. Moisten with a little soup stock if at hand (or water will do), season well and heat very hot in an iron frying pan.

Potato and Ham Croquettes.

Take three cupfuls of hot rice, potato, three tablespoonfuls of sweet fat, salt, pepper to taste, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, one cupful of minced ham, a few dashes of cayenne and celery salt, a teaspoonful of onion juice and the yolk of an egg. Mix and shape into balls, roll in egg and crumbs and fry until brown.

Olive and Oyster Canape.

Take one cupful of green olives stoned, one cupful of oysters, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one of minced onion, one tablespoonful of finely minced red pepper, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one-half teaspoonful of beef extract. Cook butter, olives, pepper and onions for five minutes. Parboil the oysters in their own liquor, adding water to make a cupful. Pour the liquor into the flour and vegetable mixture, stirring until smooth. Add the seasoning and oysters and serve on squares of buttered toast garnished with whole olives.

Baked Apple Dumplings.

Cut rich pastry into six-inch squares. In the center of each place a cored, pared apple. Fill the centers with sugar, cinnamon and a whole clove. Wet the edges of the pastry and fold over the apple. Bake about forty minutes in a moderate oven. The last of the baking brush the tops with white of egg and sprinkle with sugar. Serve with hard sauce.

Nellie Maxwell
(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

She's Always Dissatisfied.
Wifey—I'm just miserable with pain in that awful tooth!

Hubby—There you go again! Of course you have to talk about that one lone tooth that bothers you, but of the 31 others that are good you never speak!