

WHY IS WOMAN RESTLESS?

DESTINY OF NATIONS DEPENDS UPON CONTENTED HOMES.

By W. D. Lewis.

President Texas Farmers' Union.
Why is woman dissatisfied? Why does she grow restless under the crown of womanhood? Why is she weary of the God-given jewel of motherhood? Is it not a sufficient political achievement for woman that future rulers nurse at her breast, laugh in her arms and kneel at her feet? Can ambition leap to more glorious heights than to sing lullabies to the world's greatest geniuses, chant melodies to master minds and rock the cradle of human destiny?

God pity our country when the hand-shake of the politician is more gratifying to woman's heart than the patting of children's feet.

Woman is Ruler Over All.

Why does woman chafe under restraint of sex? Why revile the hand of nature? Why discard the skirts that civilization has clung to since the beginning of time? Why lay aside this hallowed garment that has wiped the tears of sorrow from the face of childhood? In its sacred embrace every generation has hidden its face in shame; clinging to its motherly folds, tottering children have learned to play hide and seek and from it youth learned to reverence and respect womanhood. Can man think of his mother without this consecrated garment?

Why this inordinate thirst for power? Is not woman all powerful? Man cannot enter this world without her consent, he cannot remain in peace without her blessing and unless she sheds tears of regret over his departure, he has lived in vain. Why this longing for civic power when God has made her ruler over all? Why crave authority when man bows down and worships her? Man has given woman his heart, his name and his money. What more does she want?

Can man find it in his heart to look with pride upon the statement that his honorable mother-in-law was one of the most powerful political bosses in the country, that his distinguished grandmother was one of the ablest filibusters in the Senate or that his mother was a noted warrior and her name a terror to the enemy? Whither are we drifting and where will we land?

God Save Us From a Hen-Pecked Nation.

I follow the plow for a living and my views may have in them the smell of the soil; my hair is turning white under the frost of many winters and perhaps I am a little old-fashioned, but I believe there is more moral influence in the dress of woman than in all the statute books of the land. As an agency for morality, I wouldn't give my good old mother's home-made gowns for all the suffragette's constitutions and by-laws in the world.

As a power for purifying society, I wouldn't give one prayer of my saintly mother for all the women's votes in Christendom. As an agency for good government, I wouldn't give the plea of a mother's heart for righteousness for all the oaths of office in the land.

There is more power in the smile of woman than in an act of congress. There are greater possibilities for good government in her family of laughing children than in the cabinet of the president of the United States.

The destiny of this nation lies in the home and not in the legislative halls. The hearthstone and the family Bible will ever remain the source of our inspiration and the Acts of the Apostles will ever shine brighter than the acts of Congress.

This country is law-mad. Why add to a statute book, already groaning under its own weight, the hysterical cry of woman? If we never had a chance to vote again in a lifetime and did not pass another law in twenty-five years, we could survive the ordeal, but without home, civilization would wither and die.

God save these United States from becoming a hen-pecked nation; help us keep sissies out of Congress and forbid that women become step-fathers to government, is the prayer of the farmers of this country.

A DIVINE COVENANT.

God Almighty gave Eve to Adam with the pledge that she would be his helpmeet and with this order of companionship, civilization has towered to its greatest heights. In this relationship, God has blessed woman and man has honored her and after four thousand years of progress, she now proposes to provoke God to decoy

man by asking for suffrage, thereby by amending an agreement to which she was not a party.

Woman, remember that the Israelite scorned a divine covenant, and as a result wandered forty years in the wilderness without God. Likewise man should remember that it is a dangerous thing to debase woman by law. Rome tried lowering woman's standard and an outraged civilization tore the clothes off the backs of the human race and turned them out to roam in the world naked and unshamed.

CAPE HORN'S GHOST SHIP.

The Rocky Phantom That Lures Passing Vessels Into Peril.

Mariners sailing from Europe to the west by way of Cape Horn have often been startled by something that looked like a derelict with the waters washing over her deck.

The ill-fated Crown of Italy was standing close to the jagged black rocks at the entrance of the strait of Le Maire when she sighted what seemed to be a waterlogged bark drifting on the rocks of the strait. Presently the phantom ship disappeared, and soon afterward the Crown of Italy herself went ashore and was broken up by the waves.

About seven years ago the Norwegian bark Serpa got into Seattle with a tale of the "ghost ship" that almost exactly corresponded with that told by the crew of the Crown of Italy.

The numerous reports of a derelict that appeared and disappeared like a phantom led the government of Argentina to look into the matter. A tender went out from the nearby lighthouse to make an investigation. The apparition was found to be caused by a strange freak of nature. Among the black, jagged rocks that lined both sides of the strait of Le Maire there was one that under certain atmospheric conditions bore a curious resemblance to a ship. The formation of the rock and the shadows that the other rocks cast on it combined to produce the effect of a bark running under short sail.

The ship seems to be standing head on, pointing to the south, and is very low in the water. The sails appear to be shortened as they would be in what sailors call "half a gale." There seem to be three masts, and the fore is higher than the main. When you come abreast of the vessel the illusion vanishes, and the "ship" resolves itself into a conglomeration of black rocks. The perpetual fog of those regions helps, of course, to confuse the seaman's vision.

The rock that looks like a ship is by no means a rare natural formation. On Clipperton island there is a great white rock that looks like a three-masted craft, leaning on the wind, with her royals set and the sun shining on her white sails. Some distance west of Honolulu there is a rock known as "French Frigate rock," because once upon a time a French frigate went ashore on it. The cliffs looked so much like a ship that the frigate's officers were deceived and thought they were meeting another vessel. St. Paul island, in the middle of the Atlantic, is said to resemble a ship very closely when it is approached from a certain direction, but it is a place to which mariners prefer to give a wide berth.—Youth's Companion.

Misunderstanding.

The local bigwig's presence in the chair was desired, and two of the organizers waited upon him with a deferential request. The required promise was duly obtained.

"You may rely upon me," said the big man. "Friday, the 25th, in the parish room. It's quite an unsectarian affair, I suppose?"

"Bless your heart, sir," came the reply, "the place was only lime washed last week. You won't find nothin' of the kind on the premises."—Toronto Mail and Empire.

How He Talked.

Rubinstein after a concert tour in Spain was asked, "Do you understand Spanish?"

"No," he said. "Then you had to converse with the Spaniards in French, I suppose?"

"Not every Spaniard speaks French."

"Then how in the world did you talk to them?"

"With the piano," said Rubinstein, with a smile.

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