

## THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM

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### Conference on Rural School Consolidation

The national conference on rural school consolidation to be held at the Iowa State Teachers College next month will be one of the most important educational gatherings in the history of the country. The rural school problem has been an acute one for many years. Many methods have been suggested to overcome the handicaps of a one-teacher school, the most popular being a consolidation of isolated schools into one building.

Experts who have had successful experience in consolidated rural schools and in one-teacher schools will diagnose the case and discuss it before the educators. Leaders in rural education and country life work have promised to attend.

The number of one-room rural schools is about 210,000, two-thirds of which, according to experts, could be consolidated. About 70,000 cannot be consolidated, but it is asserted that about 20,000 of the weaker ones could be consolidated into stronger one-teacher schools.

The conference will assume the following attitude, which is set out in the program, toward the one-teacher rural schools:

"There schools must not be neglected. They must not be boycotted. They must not be starved. But they must be made the best schools that it is possible for money and qualified teachers to make them. Place the best qualified teachers in

the whole public school system in these schools if you are going to place the best qualified teachers anywhere; for, here is where the herculean task is. It is not the place for amateur adventurers or juvenile pretenders. Wherever the nation and the state permit a man to go with his family in an honest effort to earn an honest living, it is the duty of the nation and the state to follow that family and to provide the children thereof with adequate school privileges. This is not done now in at least one hundred thousand rural schools of the United States."

### Tree Conservation

The value of our forests is increasing in public esteem. Slowly but surely we are learning that logging off our timber lands and permitting the land to grow up with underbrush is not only wasteful but also detrimental.

The federal government is conserving forests by planting millions of new trees and encouraging state governments to adopt policies of conservation.

Water and coal companies are beginning to co-operate with the government. In 1919 two water companies set out 300,000 in Pennsylvania. These companies began planting trees three years ago and in the meantime have set out more than 1,690,000 trees.

The coal corporations of Pennsylvania set out 200,000 trees last spring. They believe their mines will still be yielding coal when the trees have attained their growth and that their forests will yield the supply of timber needed in their mines.

Pennsylvania probably leads the states of the Union in reforestation. Indiana has begun to tackle the problem and has made headway. The disappearance of our hard wood forests was painfully apparent during the war when the government sought everywhere for material required in the construction of rifles and other munitions.

### MILKING CHICKENS AND DRIVING FURNACES NOW.

GARDNER, elderly; milk chickens, drive furnace; useful; reference, Rich. ad. 178—New York World.

Among the inventions of the new year will be the no-gloss egg-nog. Those who look into the future through crystal globes and predict what is going to happen, have raised their rates for consultation. More prophecies.

### Dinner Stories

At a dinner given by the prime minister of a little kingdom, which shall be nameless, a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the minister of justice, who had been sitting on his left, had stolen his watch.

"Ah, he shouldn't have done that," said the prime minister, in tones of annoyance; "I will get it back for you."

Sure enough, toward the end of the evening the watch was returned to its owner.

"And what did he say?" asked the diplomat.

"Sh-h," cautioned the host, glancing anxiously about him. "He doesn't know that I've got it back."

The teacher was trying to explain the dangers of overwork to one of the smaller pupils.

"Now, Tommy," she pursued, "if your father were busy all day and said he would have to go back to the office at night, what would he be doing?"

"That's what ma would want to know!"

"You could have heard a pin drop while the leading man held the leading lady in passionate embrace."

"Well?"

"That's why I lost patience when the musical director spoiled the scene by dropping his baton to the floor."

"Bear with the poor man. I happen to know that the leading lady is his wife and he hasn't been married to her long enough to view such scenes with professional indifference."

GOVERNOR WOULD IMPOSE PASSPORT RESTRICTIONS.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Jan. 11.—Governor William D. Stephens of California announced today that he would ask the federal government at Washington to impose passport restrictions that would prevent the proposed tennis championship bout between Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier at Tijuana, Mexico, just across the border line from California.

A train consisting of twenty-seven cars loaded with gin valued at \$8,000,000 is headed for New York. When this consignment comes down the bay aboard a steamer it will go to Cuba, where the old Miss Liberty will smile or frown, whether she will tilt her nose well aloft and pay no attention to it whatever.

### AN ELASTIC AILMENT.

Leonard Erickson has just taken his wife to Rochester, Minn., for an operation for garter—Mount Pleasant (Utah) Pyramid.

Congress is considering a plan to cut down the size of the Congressional Record. To the statesman whose speeches are printed but never heard, this will be the most unkindest cut of all.

The Noble commission has decided to award no peace prize for 1919; evidently being under the impression that there is no peace.

"Doctor Disappears on Eve of His Wedding Day."—Headline. Which would seem to be about the psychological time, we take it.

We have resolved that during 1920 we will not drink any wood alcohol.

### Here Is One Thing That Is Absolutely Impossible

Rheumatism Has Never Been Cured by Liniments or Lotions, and Never Will Be.

You never knew of Rheumatism—most painful source of suffering—being cured by liniments, lotions or other external applications. And you will never see anything but temporary relief afforded by such makeshifts.

But why be satisfied with temporary relief from the pangs of pain which are sure to return with increased severity, when there is permanent relief within your reach. Science has proven that Rheumatism is a disorder of the blood. How then

### Through the Widow's Lorgnette BY HELEN ROWLAND

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"Some day," announced the Widow, as she extravagantly dropped two lumps of sugar into the Bachelor's cup, "I am going to tell the real truth about women!"

The Bachelor raised his eyebrows with a glance of anticipation.

"What have they done," he inquired, "to drive you to this cruel extremity?"

"Nothing," admitted the Widow, helping herself to a wicked looking marmalade glace. "But I do get an unspeakably tired of reading all these old platitudes by the 'heart-throb' writers, on 'How to Win a Man,' 'How to Hold a Husband's Love,' and all that! Just as though any love you had to clutch at was worth holding!"

"Bravo!" cried the Bachelor, clapping his hands. "But," he added with a sudden afterthought, "considering the splendid working knowledge you already have, why do you continue to read them?"

"Because," explained the Widow. "I still cherish a desperate sporting hope that some day, some writer will say something different, something new, something enlightening!" But they never do! They all begin in exactly the same way, with exactly the same false premises, and end in the same false generalities. Even Elinor Glynn, who ought to know better—

"Or—worse!" interpolated the Bachelor sotto voce.

"Even Elinor Glynn," repeated the Widow, "starts right off with the old, old banal statement, that 'man is a natural-born Hunter!'"

"Well, isn't he?" demanded the Bachelor innocently.

"Of course!" The Widow waved her teaspoon with a gesture of scorn. "And woman is a natural-born Fish-er!"

"What!" The Bachelor almost tipped over his tea.

"You overlooked that, didn't you?" laughed the Widow. "That's what they all overlook, or forget or ignore. They always assume that a woman's one wild desire is to be the quarry in the love-chase, and that her one consuming passion is to land a husband. They never give her credit for having any sporting instinct or any anity or any prowess, or any interest on earth in attracting a man, except in order to marry him."

"Stop!" cried the Bachelor, in shocked tones. "You're shattering one of my most cherished illusions. You must be talking about a 'vamp'!"

"I'm not!" protested the Widow. "I'm talking about a normal, nice, average girl, who enjoys attracting a man just for the sake of—being attractive, and enjoys her sentimental fishing just as a man enjoys his hunting."

"But, if a girl doesn't fish for a husband," inquired the Bachelor in frank bewilderment, "what does she fish for?"

"For the pleasure of fishing, Mr. Weatherby! For glory—for vanity—for excitement! What does a man fish for? He doesn't catch a fish, because he wants it, does he—but just because he wants to see if he can catch it. Yet, every time a girl casts her lines or her smiles in a man's direction, he hears wedding bells, and sees 'Object—marriage' written all over her! Whereas, she may be doing it purely unconsciously."

"Or merely for 'practice'!" but in the Bachelor cynically, "to test her ability to catch a bigger fish!"

"Well," admitted the Widow grudgingly. "A girl must practice on somebody at some time. She couldn't possibly want to marry All the men to whom she tries to be agreeable and pleasant and attractive and charming. And yet, I've seen half a dozen men in the same ball-room at one time, all

of whom thought the same woman was in love with them!"

"Yes," rejoined the Bachelor with bitter reminiscence, "and I've seen that 'same woman' exerting herself to make 'em all think it!"

"Well," confessed the Widow, flushing a rosy pink. "It's so tempting and so easy!" But the woman may have been utterly innocent of intending to exert any wiles whatever. It may have been just a sub-conscious feminine instinct with her, a natural, innocent habit of trying to be as charming and as pleasant as possible. But no man will believe that. Not even the unattached woman as a menace to a man's peace of mind. If he's single he thinks she's trying to lure him out of it. It's awfully hard on a normal girl, with a normal amount of vanity."

"It can't be!" sympathized the Bachelor.

"Sometimes," agreed the Widow.

"And sometimes it makes them just the other way. I'm almost certain my butcher's boy fancies that he's a secret sentiment for him, Mr. Weatherby, and probably the postman, and the ice-cream and the milkman and the grocer's clerk, all feel the same way."

"Well, what do you smile at 'em for?" demanded the Bachelor.

"Simply because 'smiling' is a habit with me," explained the Widow.

"That's just what I'm trying to prove. From the time a woman is old enough to climb up and look into a mirror, she learns that a smile is more becoming and more useful to her than a frown. It becomes second nature to her to pat her hair and glance in the mirror, and assume her most attractive expression, at the sound of a masculine footprint. To charm—just for the sake of being charming is not only a primal instinct with her, it's a feminine fetish handed down to her by hundreds of ancestors. And the fact that she tries to be attractive to a man doesn't mean that she wants to marry him, or to 'vamp' him, or to break his heart or deceive him—it doesn't mean a thing in the world!"

"Except an acute and irresistible desire to see if she can attract him!" put in the Bachelor.

"Yes," acquiesced the Widow, "like the 'fishing instinct,' or the 'hunting instinct,' and the only difference between man, the hunter, and woman, the fisher, is that when a woman finally falls in love, she throws away her rod and reel and loses all interest in the sport—as a sport—forever!"

"Her designs are accomplished!" Amen," finished the Bachelor impressively.

"Designs! Designs!" cried the Widow, flinging up her hands with a gesture of exasperation. "Haven't I just spent half an hour proving to you that a woman hasn't any 'designs'? She has nothing but impulses!"

Tell that to the trout!" scoffed the Bachelor. "Perhaps he won't mind being caught, if he knows it was nothing but an 'impulsive' that made you catch him—just to prove that you could."

WIDOW-SIMS

Love is a game of hide-and-seek, in which a man always insists on being 'it,' and doing all the seeking, while the woman pretends to hide.

The only time when a sense of humor is of the slightest use to a woman is when she can laugh at herself for having tried to fascinate a man with it.

A girl may succeed in convincing a man that she can't be kissed, but she can never persuade him that she doesn't want to be.

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