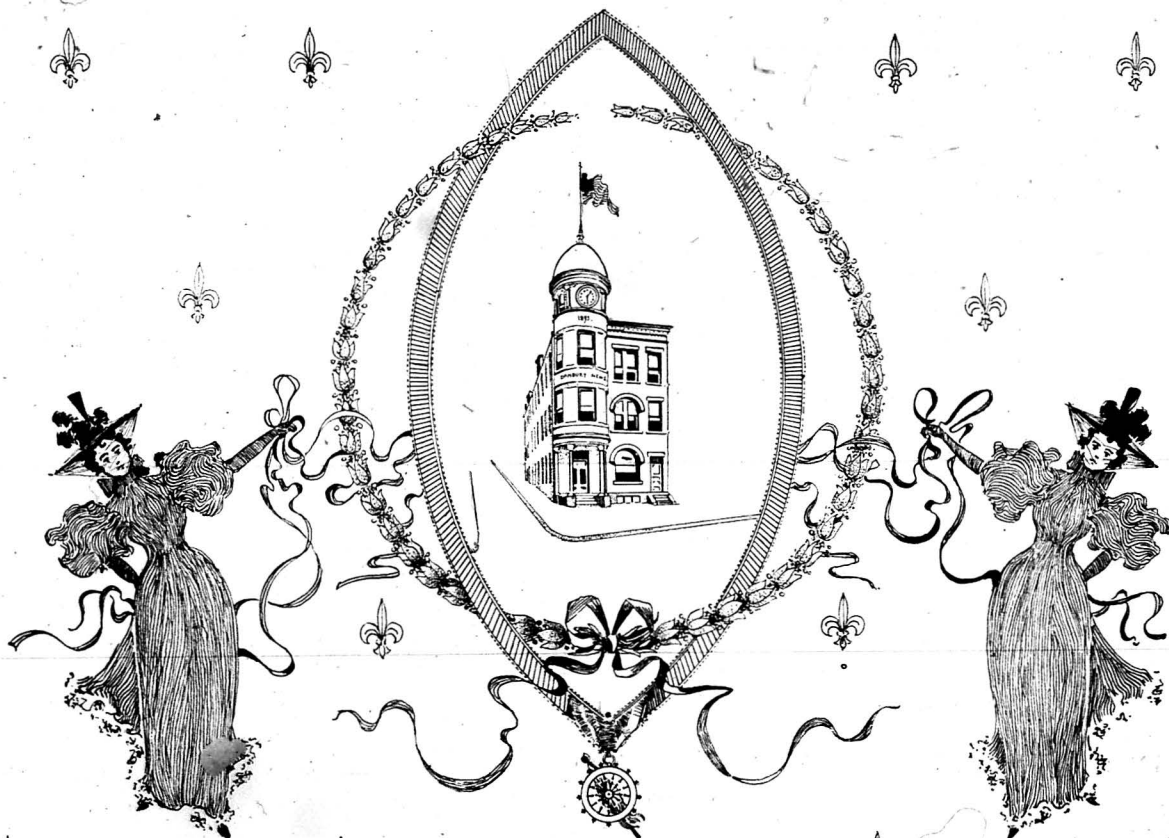
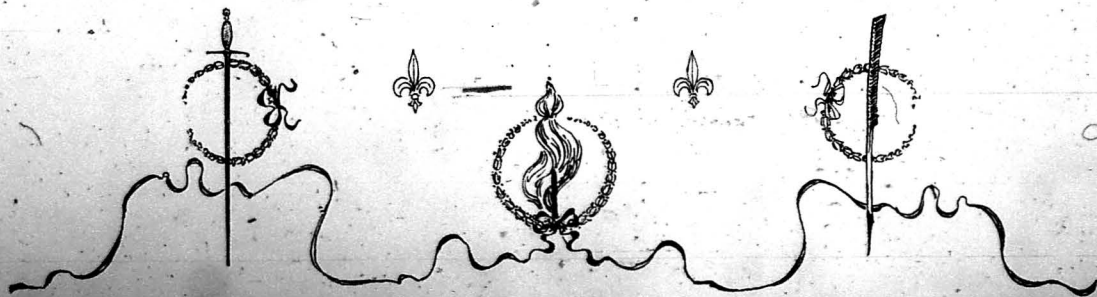


THE
WOMAN'S EDITION



OF THE
DANBURY EVENING NEWS.



Woman's Page.

CONDUCTED BY MISS MINNIE AVERILL

O, woman, in your hours of ease,
In certain, coy and too please,
And variable as the shade,
By the light, quivering goose-quill
made.

When "adv" and "copy" write the
brain,
The out of the we think again,
That our editorial is not
Must work to meet the eye of men,
That their own page have wit and
lustre,
Or, failing that, at least pass muster
in this we've fought, and bled and
died.

Let your kind comment be "They
write!"

The Man and the Child.

There is a very true old saying which
intimates that not only the world, but
its people, as well, are prone to become
"old" and "unpleasant" with the
course of time. Not that we would un-
derstand to prove the fallacy of such
a statement, but like the great poet,
Charles Reade so graphically writes,
there are virtues in the men of to-day
which were not in those of olden
times—broader—nobler, whose virtues
have rendered them immortal, but
whose personality doubtless are very
like the vegetable perennials of the
Pacific.

The peculiarity of mankind in general
is the madness of the mind to think
of anything, or as he heard recently
"anything," with a strong and rather
ridiculous accent on the third word.
The old example of bread and roll,
is instantly thought of, and many com-
mon, virtuous, and noble men, who
lived in the times named as his
possessor. Inherent in man, possibly
in woman, is that sense of proportion
to live like an everlasting well.

"My heart is clean, sir," remarked
a young son of the olden times, who
had, heavy face, saucy eyes and con-
founding, to straight hair.
"And my little was washed, too," and
the homely little features fairly
glowed.

"So I see."

"And my hair is brushed."

"This is being so evident the agent
was too energetic."

"And now, emphatically, we would
bravely suggest the possibility that
the little man—what a pretty
boy!"

"The response—'if it was inaudible,
to be sure, honestly was like per-
fection—impossible."

Despite many faults, there is an at-
tribute and sympathy in the men of
to-day which none, so well as the
children, can appreciate. Whether it
be the result of education, or that
nature is kinder to them, it is im-
mortal, but the great fact
remains that within the strange
heart of the child, there is a
love for a comrade with the child,
the child is unfortunately foreign to
the adult world, and the most im-
portant business men of the country
who day is of more value than money
to him, said to the writer a short
time since.

"Child-life is to me most fascinating,
whether rich or poor, clean or dirty,
well or ill, ragged or neat, it is all
the same. The mere fact that a child is
a child is sufficient for me to love it
greatly."

Men are, though belonging to the
stronger sex, which we have in the
Lincoln-timid creature, and their
many graceful thoughts and acts are
dominated like the flower of familiar
plants, and are caused hurriedly over,
or perchance totally ignored, because they
do not seem to be themselves. Then we do
not see the active of Shakespeare and
mourn how it is disregarded. Yes,
and men are deserving of pity—
well, in the more gentle, kind
man—met to them in the same
breath as praise; pity for their fear-
fulness and praise for their
nobility. Many a man who, without
the powerful "quiver of an eyelash,
the voice and confidence of the
buffet, yet hesitates to perform
the act, born in the kindly thought of
some, in its greatest, some, in the
presence of others. The apostrophe
in the old Hindu, "Oh, men, be what
you are, say what you mean; see
what you think, strive ever to be
the great Buddha," forcibly recalls to
one's mind. Were the world more
kind—let us for less these positions
may quote, deprecatingly, the nursery
rhyme of our childhood, did we
venture to express a desire for that
which the Arab bard sings,
"Which it is not to be a king,
But to be a man."

However, amid the surges of
superiority from an imagined height above
the towers of feigned castle and the
towers of the olden times, give
credit to the manhood of to-day,
which not only love the child, but
is loved in turn, and deems that a
little child who holds no part of
some gentle deed, or winsome word
to illustrate the beauty of the human
face, and acknowledge the interest
and thought which the boy man shows
in, and devote to the welfare of the
children whose chief attraction is to
very childhood. As "all men love a
lover," so ought all men—and women,
—love a child, for the child that
"house beautiful" may be the possible
desire of a nation.

MAX LEXLEY HENRI.

Nyck-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

Oh, woman, who didst first invent
This badge of our dependent state,
Didst not teach us to be weak, but
Went justly we stamped it
On our brows, and made it
A badge of shame.

And smiling whispered heart's desire
How helpless is a noble lord
When his wife has a thread!

Here is a good old-fashioned recipe
For a man's party:—Take the best
part of a quart of fresh
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The Proper Study of Mankind is Man.

WHAT IS MAN?

Origin.—Man, sometimes
Species.—Biped, sometimes degen-
erating into the nude and brute.
Characteristics.—Reason dominant, vary-
ing in height and breadth.
Gender.—Masculine.
Indolence.—To any land, more
than transplanted to American soil.
Generally, vanity, selfishness, egotism,
deficient in moral perception, humili-
ty, intuition, veneration, patriotism,
loyalty. Never attains perfection
until wedded to his complement, sup-
plying the qualities lacking, which can
be found only in the feminine of the
same species.
Such is man from the point of view
of a "SPRINKLER."

The Man Who Knows.

I often think how happy a man ought
to be, because he knows so much, and
that, too, without the labor of ac-
quiring it. He knows the value of
things, and he knows the value of
himself. He knows the value of his
time, and he knows the value of his
money. He knows the value of his
health, and he knows the value of his
life. He knows the value of his
family, and he knows the value of his
country. He knows the value of his
religion, and he knows the value of his
soul. He knows the value of his
friendship, and he knows the value of his
love. He knows the value of his
honor, and he knows the value of his
dignity. He knows the value of his
power, and he knows the value of his
influence. He knows the value of his
wealth, and he knows the value of his
poverty. He knows the value of his
strength, and he knows the value of his
weakness. He knows the value of his
youth, and he knows the value of his
old age. He knows the value of his
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Johnny: "Cause mother says you drink like a fish, and I want to