

From, For and About Women:

Remarks, Opinion and Advice:

SALEM WOMEN.

THEIR INTERESTS, AFFAIRMENTS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Living near the northern suburb of Salem are two young girls, Francis and Christina Peetz, each a hearty, wholesome girl, full of life and vim, and they have demonstrated an ability in the use of mechanical tools equal to that of their brothers. The brothers had each made a violin. They had searched the woods for a curly maple, had found it and prepared the timber, and there being tools and lumber ready for use each girl decided to make herself a violin. This they did, all unaided by the brothers. While probably the instrument of Miss Francis is the equal of the one made by Miss Christina, the writer can describe only that of the latter, having examined it minutely.

The body is carved in graceful curves and with the utmost precision, so that every part is of equal thickness and the joinings are absolutely accurate. The head and neck are beautifully carved, and the front and back are decorated by a narrow line of very dark wood inlaid near the edge with great nicety.

Miss Christina has not only demonstrated her ability in making the violin, but is able to awaken sweet strains by manipulating the bow, though the zither is her favorite instrument.

It required all her spare time of one winter to complete the work, which is a beautiful object lesson of the value of odd moments well applied.

Think of it, ye women who cannot drive a nail without bruising a finger, or saw a board in two on a straight line! Think of the delicate work and skill necessary to produce such a result, to say nothing of the patience required.

Such results may be attained by almost any woman, if she will only exercise the requisite qualities. Do not be content to let your abilities lie dormant. While such an achievement may not be of pecuniary benefit to you, it would be a factor in moulding your nature into one of activity and force.

Women can overcome almost any obstacle if they are so disposed. This assertion has been proven by the success of Miss Myra E. Sperry, the most artistic of Salem's photographers.

Miss Sperry is a native of Ohio, and as a child, when her lessons were learned, found her greatest pleasure in drawing, and her skill in that line being well-known, the blank leaves of books of her fellow pupils were offered her with the plea to "draw something." Her parents had planned to make their daughter a school teacher, and at an early age she became one and continued to alternately teach and attend school, until, feeling that she would like photography better, she began to look about for an opportunity for learning.

For over a year no opportunity offered, as a woman photographer was unknown in that part of the country, but at last, while a student at Hiram College, word was brought that she might enter the studio of C. M. French, an artist and photographer of high ability. At the expiration of the term Miss Sperry entered the studio and was a close and diligent student, when she left to take charge of the finishing in another gallery with the provision that she be allowed to learn operating, in spite of the opinion of Mr. French that "women cannot become successful operators."

Then the art instinct, with the months of close observation of the work of an expert, brought immediate success in this line, so that her services were in demand in the best galleries of the east.

When on a visit to her home she was induced by friends to rent a gallery in an adjoining town that had been abandoned as non-paying. She rented it for a few weeks through the holiday trade, and when that time elapsed there was sufficient work on hand to keep her busy finishing for another month, so the further stay was advertised, and in spite of the greatest effort the next month found the amount of unfinished work nearly doubled. She then concluded to remain until the work was caught up, and was busy for six months and then only wound up the business by taking the remaining negatives home to finish. Being the only successful artist the town had had, business people were desirous of having her continue there.

The leading bankers offered to put up a brick building specially for her use as a studio, but deeming the town too small for permanent location the offer was declined, and in July of 1888 Miss Sperry arrived in Salem to purchase the studio of W. F. Johnson, and has since built up a fine business here, and her artistic merit is well appreciated.

Miss Gertrude Roberts is also an eastern girl, but has for some time identified herself with Salem.

Miss Roberts, when quite a young girl, took up the study of stenography, which she thoroughly mastered. She had previously taught school, and her natural aptitude for teaching, together with her thorough knowledge of the

wine-dress art, made her a fit person for the position she now holds—that of teacher of stenography in the Capital Business College, one of Salem's best institutions of learning and one of the best business colleges on the coast.

Miss Roberts has held this position for several years, and many of the graduates of her department have been eminently successful. Many of her pupils have been much older than she, but her quiet dignity commands respect and obedience from all, hence the success of both pupils and teacher. She is also an artist of no little merit, and has executed many beautiful paintings.

NOTES ABOUT WOMEN.

A new woman at Tolare, Cal., is running the engine for a lumber mill. She is manager of the whole mechanical outfit, and repairs the engine when necessary, as well as running it.

There it is again, the "new" woman. When will the men learn there is no new woman. This one no doubt was a merry romping child, then an energetic young girl, and is now a strong, helpful woman, perhaps doing work that is distasteful to her to support an invalid husband, or a family of fatherless little ones, doing whatever offers to enable her to earn a livelihood.

The woman with the large mouth need not be so unhappy over it, because the girl with the wee button of a rosebud for a mouth is not to be relied upon once in five times, and all the odds are in favor of the good sense, trustworthiness and even brilliancy of her who owns the large mouth. Besides, it is the large tongue and not the size of the mouth that men are afraid of.

She is not unhappy over it. Doesn't she get the most of, and the best of every thing? And can't she see that it is not the mouth itself that attracts or repels, but the words which emanate from it? The woman with a large mouth is apt to possess equally liberal views, and she knows it if she's built upon a generous plan, and rejoices in the fact.

Worth once told Mrs Langtry that the Americans were the best dressed women in the world.

Of course they are. As a class they are the best educated, and education begets refinement of taste, and it is the woman who is most suitably dressed who is best dressed. Good dressing depends not so much upon the richness of the material as upon the appropriateness of its use.

Give us a club that will be an education and not a rolling ball of gossip. DORA.

Provide yourself with a good daily newspaper and you will not be a wall-flower in the woman's club. A. W.

A woman's club on paper is better than none at all. H.

If your husband joins the social club make him put up the "ditto" for the membership of your club. R.

If the man of the house has any objections to the new woman, let him rise up. MEDA.

No, make him sit down.—ED.

Letters From Women

IN WHICH THEY DISCUSS TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE SEX.

MEHAMA, ORE., Nov. 24.—ED. JOURNAL.—I am so glad you have added the woman's department to your weekly. I will now look forward with renewed interest to the coming of your paper. We are so shut in here during the winter months that something new and helpful in the way of the new woman of whom we have only little, will be appreciated. I am sure, did you know how the busy housewife always turns to the home department, you would always have a feast awaiting us. I have a private opinion that the entire JOURNAL does not belong to politics and is without home interest. I have heard that editors did not like to publish lengthy letters from uninteresting members of the fair sex, so I will close, sincerely hoping that you will keep up your woman's department. Yours truly, CONSTANT READER.

FOR THE CLUB. SALEM, ORE., Nov. 18, 1895.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I understood, by a previous article you published, you would open a woman's column for the discussion of "Women's Topics," with an occasional "dab" at the men, I suppose. I am anxious to see the time when Salem can boast of a progressive woman's club that will be equal, nay, beyond any club that our Salem brothers boast of. I think it a privilege we American women have of being independent of the opinions any man may offer or oppose. Salem has an unusual number of practical, intellectual and progressive women, capable of pushing any good cause for the benefit and welfare of her sex. Let the wo-

man's club be organized—discussing questions of an every-day occurrence, both in politics, political economy, education, science, art, and even practical house keeping, and all questions that women like to know more of, and exchange new and encouraging thoughts with others. Especially are these helpful to young matrons whose time is monopolized by the every day round of home duties.

In my travels through the east and south I have met women who were leaders, as well as others who take minor parts in the clubs, and I have found them all fresh in mind and strong in their freedom of thought, which urges them to rise up and claim their inheritance, which is alone for the beautiful, the good and the true.

Let the Salem four hundred organize, or let us have a little circle of our near friends. MRS. W. M.

A Woman's Letter

"MARION" DISCUSSES RUDE CHURCH-GOERS, COMPLEXIONS, PUG DOGS, WOMAN'S CLUBS AND INDIVIDUALITY.

SALEM, Nov. 25th. ED. JOURNAL.—I noticed by your paper that several of our women have adopted the very sensible practice of taking an early morning walk, and also that the women are agitating the question of organizing a woman's club of some description.

If they are unable, from lack of time or money, to organize a social club, why would it not be a wise idea to organize a pedestrian club? By so doing they would avail themselves of the benefit of fresh air and exercise, and at the same time could exchange ideas on various topics and engage in social converse. They would not be shut up in a hot, stuffy, electric-lit room, injuring lungs and eyes, but would be out in the pure air, gaining health and strength. Women are indoors too much at best. It would be far better for them if they would take a long walk daily, divesting themselves of the hampering corset, and also adopting a sensible, comely walking suit.

They might meet and organize, then take a vote on the question of dress, and decide upon the style most pleasing to the majority. Let them also discard uncomfortable shoes, and sacrifice style for comfort. It is useless to try to walk in a free, untrammelled manner while shod in a shoe of the "Piccadilly" last.

A short skirt, reaching to the knees, bloomers beneath, met at the knee by long gaiters, a blouse waist with full front, supplemented by a coat of the reefer or blazer pattern, a plain felt or oil covered sailor hat, comfortable shoes, with rubbers and an umbrella, would make a sensible suit for rainy days, which could be varied for summer use by wearing a light shirt-waist, and making other necessary changes as to head and foot gear.

But they must also learn to walk gracefully. A short skirt is merciless in its display of the havoc long skirts have wrought with the carriage of women.

A tax might be levied upon each member, and the funds used in hiring a competent instructor in the art of walking and breathing, for correctness in walking and breathing is really an art, and one of which few have any knowledge.

And then when everything else is arranged, walk. Walk, whether it be rainy or pleasant, hot or cold, but do not overdo it by going too far at once. You'll soon grow so healthy that you won't take cold by being out in the rain and cold.

There might be degrees in the club; that is, degrees according to the distance each one could walk in a given length of time, and those belonging to each degree go in a body, thereby avoiding the vexing inconvenience of being obliged to go slow, or turn back to accommodate one unable to keep up or pursue the journey further.

INDIVIDUALITY.

Everyone has it in a greater or less degree. With those who possess it in a great amount it will assert itself, but with those who have but little, imitativeness overpowers individuality, and they become common.

We often see a woman who might be becomingly dressed, but because she has seen another wearing a certain style of hat or wrap, thinks she must have something like it, and the result is most unpleasing.

Very likely, when she was purchasing she saw things she liked much better. If she had allowed her own individuality to obtrude itself how much better suited she and others would have been.

The same argument applies to the furnishing of a room. Too many people make the mistake of buying their furniture in sets, "a sofa, two rockers and four chairs," and the room appears stiff and conventional, because of their presence. I always think they were purchased with the remark: "My set cost ten dollars less than mine."

The most pleasing room I have entered for years was a large, ample sitting room, with a polished floor covered with druggets and rugs. The walls were finished in a soft gray shade which brought out to perfection the good points of the many beautiful pictures upon them.

With the exception of the chairs and tables everything was made to order to fill its own nook and use. There were two luxurious divans without that head piece that is always headed the wrong way, and they were liberally provided with comfortable pillows,—none of your delicate fussy affairs that you can't use and wouldn't want to if you could. Two large book cases, filled with good books, and plenty of tables that were not loaded down with what the men call "stuff," and then there were a few pretty plants, chief among them being a palm.

I have seen many rooms upon which ten times the expense had been lavished, but in which there was neither art nor comfort.

Don't be a mirror reflecting the actions and

thoughts of everyone about you. Think and act for yourself.

WOMAN'S COMPLEXION.

The array of boxes and bottles on the dressing table of some women would delight the heart of a druggist. What are the contents for? Why, "for the complexion." Directly or indirectly, or externally and internally. One wonders that they have any skin left at all, or that it is not deserving the name of "hide," after using all of them.

The best thing in the world for the skin, as an outward application is soap and water. I once heard a girl who didn't keep her face very clean and hadn't a good complexion ask another how she managed to keep her complexion in such splendid condition. "O," replied the latter, "I just use cold water and soap, and hot water and more soap." And that was all she did use.

Any woman who is able to walk, and eat three meals a day should have a good complexion, and it's usually her own fault if she hasn't. One should eat good wholesome food, avoiding great quantities of pastry and sweets, and then exercise enough to aid digestion, and inhale all the fresh air your lungs are capable of. By that I mean discard your corsets and give your lungs a chance to expand to their utmost capacity. Get all the sleep you can before midnight. Don't lie abed until some one else has absorbed all the fresh air. Then bathe regularly. As a woman once said, "keep just plain clean," and your complexion will be all right. If you are a brunette your skin will not be as white as a blonde's, but that isn't the point. If it is smooth and clear, without a jaundiced, sallow tint it is all right. Don't be afraid of tan, and don't mistake a healthy tan for sallowness. There's a vast difference, and the two should never be confounded. The very things which cause you to acquire a coat of tan are the ones which are of the most benefit towards clearing your complexion and benefitting your general health. Don't be ashamed of it, for freckles and tan are the trademarks of a jolly good time.

MOVE OVER.

At church a few nights since I witnessed an amusing incident, which, while it amused, disgusted me.

Two young girls sat in the end of a seat, which, you know, is a desirable location. A very fleshy elderly lady was by the usher conducted to that seat. The girls turned sideways and the elderly lady strove to pass them, which is an unpleasant task to even a slimly built person. She positively could not get by, and after several ineffectual attempts she abandoned the effort, and started for the rear of the church, very angry indeed, as was quite pardonable. Then the girls arose and hastily stepped out in the aisle and endeavored to persuade her to take the seat, which she decidedly refused to do. The girls, blushing and ashamed, resumed their places, amid stares of disgust and amusement.

Now, that was at church. There was nothing to be seen,—they were there simply to listen. At least that should have been their mission. Very likely they considered the end of the seat a point of vantage from which to view the other attendants. They should have risen and allowed the lady to pass in comfort, and then resumed their seats, if they were determined to not relinquish their places. It would have been less conspicuous and more considerate had they quietly moved over, and let the lady have the end of the seat, which was hers by right of age.

Had they been at the theatre where the seats were paid for it would have been their right to retain their position, but even in that case, the laws of good breeding require that they arise and allow others to pass, under such circumstances.

A WOMAN AND A PUG.

I wanted her to leave the dog at home, but she was determined to take him. You see he went with us once before, and would get a block or two distant, and she'd have to call and call for him and would try to whistle, which was more excruciating still, and I didn't like to have so much attention attracted to our promenade.

But this last time I had a great laugh even though I was vexed. We had walked out into the suburbs and were intending to take the car home. We came near missing it, and had to run, and what do you suppose that dog did. Well, he got right in the middle of the track and stood there, looking first at us, then the car, and no amount of calling and coaxing would stir him. Ellen you know, is a very tall, finely formed woman, and in manner of bearing is very stately. She is always dressed to the top notch of style, and is striking in appearance. But her performance in trying to get that miserable dog off the track rendered her ridiculously striking—only she didn't strike the dog. She just rushed onto the track and I grabbed him by his little curled-up tail and pulled with all her might, at the same time coaxing him to "come here," as if he could travel backwards. There she stood, pulling one way and the dog the other, and the car was coming and the motorman ringing his bell as hard as he could. I did wish she'd let the dog go and get out of the way and let the car run over him. But not much. The car had to stop, and she finally got the dog on board.

The idea of any woman thinking enough of a good-for-nothing dog to make such a spectacle of herself as that! She's a very nice woman and everyone likes her. Her worst fault is that she likes that dog. She says she has "become attached" to it, they have had it so many years. (I notice she was especially "attached" to it the other day.) She doesn't think as much of any person as she does of the pug, I really believe. She says there's none of the hypocrite about him, and that he is entirely deserving of her friendship. She told me I was jealous, but without reason, for she liked me as well as she did the dog. And I like her, too, for she's been a good friend to me, but, as I told her, I just must free my mind about that pug.

MARION.

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