

Points for Mothers

Comfort For Stay at Home Mothers.

"We are staying home this summer," said the young mother, "as we do not think the baby old enough to be taken out of its usual environment, and we would not go without him." There are no doubt thousands of young mothers and fathers doing the same thing. They realize that there are a certain number of years of their lives that they must give to the children and that they must put aside their own comfort in order to do it. Mothers don't break down when they are doing this sort of work as a general thing and should try to live as calmly and comfortably as possible under the circumstances. It is always with relief that one hears the young mother say "we" are staying at home, for the father owes it to his child as much as the mother to be near it during the critical months of babyhood. Together they can most certainly do better for the child than either one could alone, and along with the cares of motherhood should go hand in hand the responsibilities of fatherhood. The child who is only mothered loses much in its life, for the father's influence is often gone where motherhood is only sweet. The well brought up child must have the father's help as well as the mother's through every step of his life, and he generally gets it in America, whatever may be said of the better training for parenthood in other countries. The father has a double duty to perform, for while he looks out for his child he must also see that the mother keeps herself in condition. An irritable mother will very likely have the same kind of child. She may not be all at fault, having been rendered physically incapable of caring properly for her child by worries of one kind or another. So the young husband must see that she is amused if necessary, that she has nourishing food and that she is not unduly worried by all the business troubles of the family. That precious baby does not realize all the sacrifices that are made for him, and he never will be aware of them until he, too, stands with a child of his own in his arms and the pride of fatherhood in his eyes.

Educating the Children.

The bishop of London once said: "I am convinced that the uplifting of the morality of our people lies above all and everything else in educating our children rationally and morally. I believe that more evil has been done by the squeamishness of parents who are afraid to instruct their children in the vital facts of life than by all the other agencies of vice put together."

Of this same phase of education Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton of New York says:

"The classes in social settlements are doing a tremendous work in giving both boys and girls many impersonal, wholesome interests, and in each of these settlements there should be classes for fathers and mothers, where the sex question is taken up frankly."

Week End Gifts.

The house party guest who cannot think of a suitable gift for a family of children should look over an assortment of boxes fitted with all sorts of indoor and outdoor games for boys and girls and selling at the smallest prices. A box, for example, containing two little tennis rackets with balls and a jumping rope is 25 cents, and for a larger child a box with two rackets and balls is 50 cents or \$1. A box of battledore and shuttlecock is 50 cents or in larger size \$1. A special outfit for little girls includes a battledore set, a catchball and a jumping rope, all with white and gold handles. It is 75 cents. A catchball with a trumpet end that issues a startling blast is 15 cents.

"Seeing Things at Night."

If mothers notice that the brains of their little ones conjure up many sights and thoughts from the shadows of a room more or less dark let the light burn brightly. To force a child to become accustomed to the darkness is a grave error if its nervous system is so organized that this forcing is productive of a fright.

The nervous system of a child is a very susceptible organization, and the deleterious impressions made upon it will often make their influence felt throughout its whole after life. If the child asks for a light under such circumstances do not refuse it.

A Birthday Ring From Germany.

A newly imported novelty from Germany is a wooden birthday cake ring brightly painted in a manner to appeal to children and pierced with holes, in which the birthday candles are to be set. As the holes are many, it is possible to have as many candles as are necessary, even when the children of a family are grown up. The ring of wood is only about an inch thick, and it is intended that the cake be set inside this rim.

Castor Oil.

To the mothers who find it hard to give the little ones castor oil make ginger cookies and add a little more sugar than the recipe calls for, and to a common sized batch add two table-spoonsfuls of castor oil and keep the secret to yourself. Frost the top and let the ones who are ailing eat of them and see how well this remedy works.

Treating the Hair After Sea Bathing.

While salt and water very weak is a good tonic for the hair and scalp, sea bathing with the salt left in the hair is about the worst possible thing, and this is the month when women go down to the seashore and stay around in the surf hours at a time. As a daily shampoo with clear soft water would soon take out all the luster and leave an almost dry scalp, the best way to manage is to keep the head covered, and the best thing for a cap is silk rubber cloth. This can be had now in so many tints as well as patterns, checks, stripes, etc., that there is no excuse for such a cap being unbecoming. But the cap should cover the

hair, and a narrow rubber run through a hem will keep it in place. After the surf riding or the swim the hair should be let hang as long as possible before being dressed, and if there seems any dampness use a little brush—a toothbrush is good—with a few drops of cologne, parting the locks at inch intervals and rubbing the scalp until it glows. But if there is any salt in the hair it will have to be sprayed out. This does not mean a thorough shampoo, but a good spray with perfectly fresh, clean water, first warm, then cold, and a good rubbing after. The idea is to get the hair dry without the real washing entailed by a regular shampoo.

HIS OPPORTUNITY

By ANDREW C. EWING

When I was a young man—that's more than fifty years ago now—I concluded to go south. I had a romantic idea of plantation life and thought I should like to be one of the southern fire eaters of that period.

I found the planters more peaceable than I had expected, at least the best of them, though when they did fight they fought to kill. Those who had come of good stock, fathers of families, had no bloodthirstiness whatever. But there were a number of ugly men in the south, who always went about armed and of whom every one was more or less afraid.

Notwithstanding that shooting was rare I found when I got where it existed that I didn't like it so well as I had thought I would. Indeed, no one took me for a shooter. I was small and youthful looking. The long limbed sons of the south did not seem to consider me of much importance. The only person who fancied me was the planter's daughter, a girl about my own age. She had a number of admirers among those gentlemen, but she said they didn't know anything except about horses, and that wouldn't suit her at all. I could write verses to her, and, having a fine tenor voice and she a guitar, I could sing love songs to her accompaniment.

Her father, Randolph Hunter, had no idea that a love affair was in progress between me and his daughter until it had gone so far that it was scarcely controllable. Then when he found it out he said to me:

"Permit me to remark, sub, that yo' attentions to my dawter must stop at once. If I eve' catch yo' communicating with her in any way whatever I shall give yo' fifty lashes, the same as I would give one of my servants. Hea' is a check fo' yo' salary, sub, made out to the end of the yea'."

According to my ideas before coming to the country, I should have thrown the check in his face and shot him dead. Instead, I put the check in my pocket, bade him good morning and took my departure. But I did not—I could not—leave the country where I dwelt my love. I secured a position as tutor in the home of another planter, who had no daughter of a marriageable age.

One day soon after this I heard that Mr. Hunter had had a difficulty with a slave dealer. The trader had offered to buy a slave husband without his wife. Hunter had replied that he never parted families. The trader after this information offered him a specially high price for the man, whereupon Mr. Hunter broke his cane over the man's head. Neither of them was armed, and the affair at the time went no further, though a feeling seemed to exist that there would be and very soon.

Before going south I had bought a revolver, expecting to have many fracas with it. Though the southerners seemed to consider me too delicate—perhaps insignificant better expresses it—to have any trouble with, I didn't think it prudent to part with my weapon. I carried it at my hip under my coat, where it would not be seen, as the southerners did. One day I had occasion for its use, but not as I had intended.

Taking an afternoon horseback ride, I suddenly heard shots, that seemed to come from a point just ahead of me and around a turn in the road. My first inclination was to turn about to escape stray bullets, but this was so little in keeping with my previous chivalrous ideas that I kept on and, turning the bend, saw Mr. Hunter and another man, both on horseback, pumping lead at each other from revolvers.

But they were too far apart to do much damage. Mr. Hunter was nearest to me. A moment after I came in sight of him he threw his revolver in the road. I inferred he had emptied it. A moment later his opponent drew a second weapon and rode forward. Spurring my horse beside Mr. Hunter, I handed him my revolver. The matter being one of life and death to him, he paid no attention to me, but clutched my pistol. His opponent, who had now come very near, fired a shot at him and missed him. Hunter returned it with no better effect. Then the two pistols exploded at once. Hunter's opponent fell off his horse in the road and died in a few minutes. Hunter's left arm was shattered.

For a few moments the conditions were singular. A man lay dead in the road. His slayer contemplated him momentarily then turned and looked at me.

"Well, sub," he said, "I suppose I am indebted to yo' fo' my life."

"I am pleased to have saved it for your family," I replied.

He turned again to his enemy.

"Who was he?" I asked.

"A nigger trader, sub."

When we parted Mr. Hunter asked me to call upon him during the evening. I met my love on the veranda, and she jumped for me, throwing her arms around my neck. I found her father within, his arm in a sling.

"I presume, sub," he said, "that if yo' hadn't handed me that weapon I should not be here to fo'bid yo'r marriage with my dawter. Therefo' I'm conside'd out of the game."

"No, sir," I responded, "I will marry no man's daughter without his consent."

He reached out his hand, grasped mine and said, with the same formality, with no show of emotion:

"Yo' have it, sub."

CLARKE TELLS OF YOUNGSTER'S EXPERIENCE WITH FICKLE FANS.

Fred Clarke, manager of the Pittsburgh Nationals, tells a story of the time Bill Hastmer, the first baseman, was handed his release by the Louisville club. Bill was very popular, and when he was turned loose he conveyed the idea of strutting across the lot with his luggage. Accordingly he took up his big valise and walked from the field in front of the crowd. The fans cheered their departing favorite, sang out goodbys, wished him good luck and all that sort of thing. Hastmer had made such a hit that he decided to repeat the stunt the next day. This time, however, he was accorded one of the liveliest roastings imaginable. He made it his farewell appearance in earnest.

BILLINGTON SOME SWIMMER.

World's Champion Won Distance Race In Fast Time Recently.

David Billington, the world's champion swimmer, accomplished one of the greatest performances of his career the other day, when he won the seven and one-half mile swim through Paris in 2 hours 15 minutes, conceding one hour to four Frenchwomen swimmers and time varying from thirty seconds to nine minutes to the other male entrants.

The champion began to overhaul his rivals two miles from the start. He took the lead soon after passing Eiffel tower and won easily by about 600 yards. A feature of the race was the splendid performance of Mme. Garnier, one of the women competitors, who led until Billington passed her.

DAVIS CUP MATCHES.

England Will Send Team to Australia. Winner or Loser in Ties.

Negotiations which it is expected will again lead to the deciding of the international matches between the British Isles team and the American being played in this country are now under way.

The English Lawn Tennis association has already decided to send a team to Australia whether or not it is to stand as the challenging nation for the Davis cup. Gordon Inglis, who has officially represented the Australian association in London, was successful in having this action taken the latter part of last month. The success of the British Isles against the Frenchmen has sealed the matter.

QUEAL AFTER FOREIGNERS.

American Long Distance Champion Ready to Tackle Invaders.

Billy Queal, the American professional long distance champion, is the first of the professional runners to enthuse over the announcement that the Finlander, Hannes Kolehmainen and the French champion, Jean Bouin, would

join the professional ranks and come to this country seeking matches. Queal has already issued a deft that he can defeat either one of them over the same distances as these run at Sweden. Besides Queal, Tom Longboat, Alfred Shrubbs and Abbie Wood are only a few of the money chasers who will be ready for match races.

Gobert Has One Ambition.

Andre Gobert, the wonderful French tennis player, has one ambition. It is to win the single championship at Wimbledon, which decides the English title, and the American championship at Newport. These competitions are played on grass courts, a surface not yet completely mastered by Frenchmen.

Dad Has a Word to Say.

The daughters of an east end household, ardent suffragists, were talking politics.

"Taft will sweep the country," declared Mabel.

"Wilson will sweep the country," asserted Maud.

"Roosevelt will sweep the country," averred Mehitabel.

At this point dad took a hand.

"Never mind about who's going to sweep the country," said he. "Who's going to sweep this here kitchen? That's the question now."—Pittsburgh Post.

"Yo' have it, sub."

MIDSUMMER FROCK.

The Dolly Varden Garden Party Costume.



FOULARD DRESS IN PINK AND WHITE.

Charming are the midsommer frocks in Dolly Varden style. This one of figured foulard in pink and white pattern opens over a chiffon petticoat, on which are pink satin buttons.

The skirt flounce and trimming touches are also of pink satin.

For the Tailor Made Hat.

The hat of tailor made persuasion which is so useful an adjunct of the tailor made suit may be altered in various ways by being provided with several changes of trimming. A novel notion that has occurred to a girl with good ideas can be turned to account. When a new crown band, ribbon or bow is added to the hat a necktie to match it in color should be chosen. In this way a dark suit may be given a touch of brilliancy which will add greatly to its appearance.

Supposing a band of cord and beads be added to the hat, then the soft white collar may be fixed together in front by an ornament, made on a safety pin, of beads and cord to match the band.

Another day a band of colored velvet ribbon with donkey ear bows at the sides will diversify the appearance of the hat, and then the collar will be finished with a large bow to match, fastened upon the blouse with fancy pins.

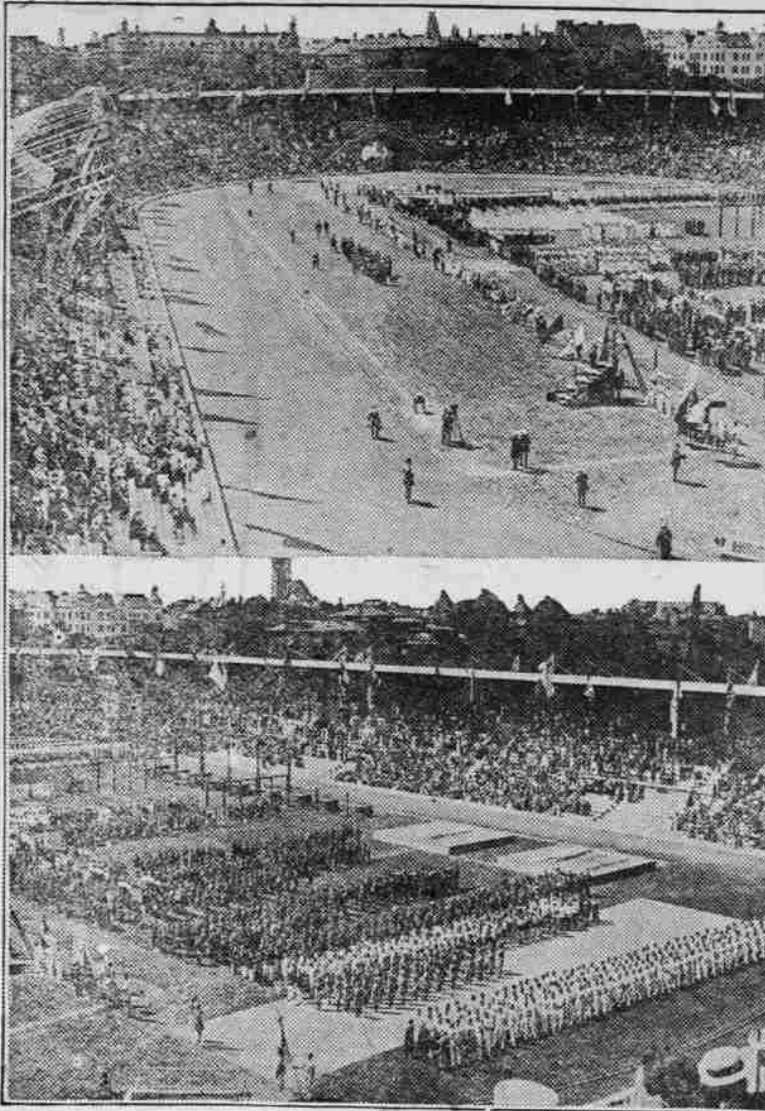
One of the prettiest trimmings for the tailor made hat on a fine day is a closely plaited frill of cream colored lace, with a frill to match worn upon the blouse. Strictly speaking, such a hat is not, of course, entitled to the



BILLY QUEAL, LONG DISTANCE RUNNING CHAMPION.

name of tailor made. It is the "betwixt and between" but that is particularly useful at this season of the year. Neither too severe nor too dressy, made of honey colored straw with posy rings at the sides, from which spring taffeta "wings" such a hat is extremely becoming.

Grand Ensemble of Athletes at Opening of the Olympic Games



Photos by American Press Association.

STOCKHOLM'S mammoth stadium presented a festive appearance on the occasion of the formal opening of the Olympic games, in which the American athletes won the highest honors. The king of Sweden and the crown prince were present, and the assembled athletes of all nations paraded before them. A big choir of men sang hymns, and several bands played. The court pastor preached a sermon in Swedish. While everybody stood uncovered the whole assemblage sang the well known Lutheran hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." King Gustave V. expressed the hope that the noble idea of the games would be a great benefit to the physical health of the nations. Crown Prince Gustave Adolphe eulogized physical culture, saying that the richer a country was in earnest, devoted sportsmanship the more it was to be congratulated.

Women as Inventors. Most of the scientific American proves that most of the articles invented by women have to do with farming and farming apparatus. The first patent granted to a woman was for a process of straw and silk weaving, invented by Mary Kies.

The second was to Mary Brush for a corset and the third to Sophie Usher for a toilet lotion made of cream of tartar and violet water.

Then came Phoebe Collier with an invention for sawing wheel felines, and

Miss Buckley invented a new way to make a sheet iron shawl. Recently a combined toaster and warming pan was invented by Agnes Phelps of Chicago, with Florence King as her attorney and two women witnesses.

Altogether only a little more than 8,000 patents have been granted to women, while men have nearly 1,000,000 to their credit.

Buttonholes of Wool. A good deal of time and labor can be saved by doing all the buttonholes on men's flannel shirts and on children's woolen frocks that have to be washed with wool thread the color of the material.

Buttonholes worked in cotton often stretch and fray out in the washing, but woolen ones keep their shape and even if they shrink can easily be stretched enough to fit the button.

CALBREATH DECLINES ASYLUM POSITION

SALEM, Or., Aug. 21.—Dr. J. F. Calbreath of Portland, has refused to accept the position of superintendent of the eastern Oregon asylum. He notified State Treasurer Kay to this effect last night. This reopens the knotty problem the present state board has to solve in trying to launch an institution on a successful course.

Following the resignation of Dr. M. K. Hall, of La Grande, and his sensational letter giving alleged reasons why the new asylum is doomed to failure, the position was offered to Dr. Calbreath who practically accepted it last Friday, although he said he would not say positively until he had further considered.

As it is planned to open the institution about October 1, it is imperative that a superintendent be appointed immediately, but members of the state board say today the whole matter is so unsettled that they have no one competent to take charge of such an institution in sight.

It is not unlikely the position will be offered to Dr. Frank Griffith, first assistant at the asylum here, but doubt is expressed as to his accepting it should it be offered.

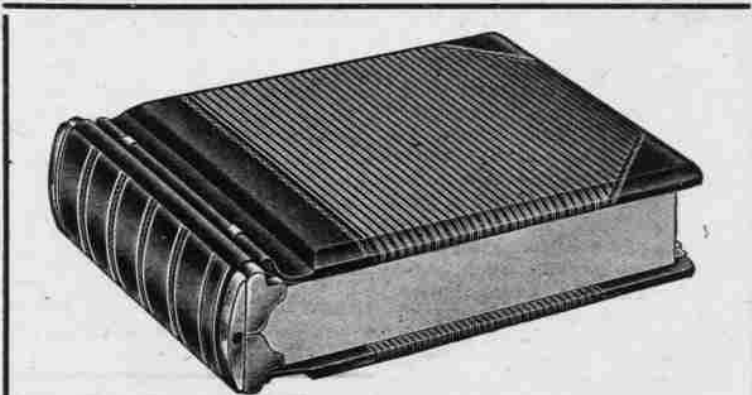
SLAYER OF GIRL Baffles Police

EUGENE, Or., Aug. 21.—Officers who are working on the Mildred Green murder case seem to be as completely baffled as they were at first. They are working day and night following every possible clue, but each time their work has come to naught. The brakeman who saw a negro running in the depot yards the morning after the murder to catch a train is here from Roseburg to assist the officers in locating the man, but the negro has not yet been found.

A young man who left the morning after the crime with the local coast artillerymen for the camp at Fort Stevens was suspected, as there were numbers of little circumstances attached to his actions that appeared suspicious. The officers at Fort Stevens were telephoned to last night and this morning they replied that the man had been given a thorough examination and he had proved an alibi. His landlady here reported to the officers that he had a blood-soaked sheet in his room and that he had tried to wash it, but that was explained by him in a satisfactory manner.

Every other clue has been followed by the officers, but without result. The camps of negroes and Greeks on the railway construction work have been searched and many workmen questioned, without result. A meeting of citizens of Eugene will be held tonight to raise money for a reward for the capture of the murderer. The city has no authority to appropriate money for such a purpose, but the county officials have agreed to offer \$1000.

A small classified ad will rent that vacant room.



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