

ALL THE YEAR ROUND



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Kitchen Troubles and the Remedy.

Only a few years ago it was considered good form to encase the sink in wood thereby concealing the trap, making it inaccessible and offering a place for the collection of filth and vermin.

If this condition exists in your household, let us remedy the trouble by installing a snowy white "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Kitchen Sink. Our work is satisfactory and prices right.

J. A. MONTGOMERY, Astoria Or

Feminine Snapshots

Oriental Spirit Among Western Women

Very carefully I have thought the matter over, and, on the whole, the woman that makes me the weariest of all is the wife who panders to the vanity of a man for what she can get out of him. Lately I was talking to—that is, I was listening to—a woman, who, after the old time manner of her sex, filled and thrilled me with domestic details. Along with a story that is told always goes one that is untold, and this untold one revealed to me how the wife flattered her husband to the top notch and thereby wheedled out of him extravagant sums for her own spending. By pandering to his masculine vanity she was able to gratify her own vanity. As usual with women of the oriental type, her aspirations were toward the noble height of costlier clothing and more display of mere vulgar wealth than her women acquaintances could afford. She told me of some young canary birds that she had allowed to take their first flight from their cage in the dining room. Her husband was present on this important occasion and she said to him: "Just see! You can tell in a minute which of these birds is the male. Look at him! There he goes, as if he owned the earth—strong, fearless, proud, wanting to fight everything and everybody—while the little female is as meek and quiet and peaceable as can be, ready to give up everything to him. Ain't it natural-like?" Whereupon the infinitely gratified and infinitely gullible husband declared that it was just as natural as life. So it was, for that wife herself had the brains of a canary—no more. If she had had the brains of a fully developed woman she would not have tried to wheedle her husband into extravagant spending in the first place, and in the second place she would not have had to resort to the tactics of a slave or a dog to obtain what she needed.

Kindly note these recent items: The lovely, famous and fascinating Countess of Warwick lately toured England, making campaign speeches in the interests of organized labor and of woman's rights. One of her demands is a vote for every man and woman over the age of twenty-one. Item second: Miss Ruth Belle Young has won a prize from Columbia university for an essay on the subject of the relations of the United States with the Latin American republics. (Women cannot understand politics.) Item third: One of the infamous "mashers" for whom New York city is notorious the other day walked up to a strange young woman and threw his arms around her. The girl turned like lightning, hauled off with her fist and hit the fellow a blow that knocked him down, he falling backward and fracturing his skull against the curbstone, and the judge said she served him exactly right.

It is very satisfactory to know that in our republic a girl may still work her way through college and be liked and respected by all her classmates, even though some of them are millionaires' daughters. That is the case with Miss Lucy Esther Macdonald, who was lately graduated from Smith college. She was class president during her senior year.

There can be no Osler club formed among women, for not enough women can be found to acknowledge they are over sixty.

Chief among the blessings of the feminine sex today is that it has play for the powers it possesses, whether they are small or great.

If you are obliged to say disagreeable things to either grown people or children practice the art of saying them as gently as possible. Respect the human dignity in all that wears human form. Think of the manner in which you would be willing to have others speak to you under such circumstances.

One of the important movements among women at present is the very general organizing into unions of those who work at trades. When women in the trades organize and hang together as men do the wages of the feminine sex will rise all along the line. The Women's Trades Union league is doing brave work in this respect. One of the newest trades organizations among women is that of the finishers and button-hole makers on garments of all kinds.

A club of fine old boys has been organized in Brooklyn to prove Dr. Osler wrong in his alleged remark that a man should be put gently out of the swim after he is sixty years old. The club admits no man under sixty, and its members expect to prove that a fine young chap of threescore and past is as good a man as one of thirty. Well, it's time men were waking to the importance of keeping young. There is no more unpleasant sight on this planet than a decayed and decrepit old man.

Mutsuhito, the wonderful emperor of

Japan, is what no lady would be was educated under the supervision of a remarkable woman, his mother. ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

An Amateur.
"I'm never going on another fishing trip with Jim."
"What's the matter?"
"He's a rank amateur; you should have heard the account of the trip he gave my wife last night. He quered me good and plenty."
"Told some whoppers, eh?"
"Whoppers nothin'! He told the truth!"—Houston Post.



A Grecian.
"Well, my boy, did you master your Greek at college?"
"You bet! I can pronounce the names of every one of the secret societies."—Browning's Magazine.

A Compliment Was Intended.
"Why did you say in public that your wife was a regular cat? Don't you think that was a cruel remark?"
"Why, no," said Jones, surprised. "I meant it as a humorous comparison. She is so fond of expensive rugs and cushions."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Astorian, 75 cents a month.

You Know Him.
"Oh, yes, he's a very intellectual man."
"What makes you think that?"
"I judged so from his talk."
"What does he talk about?"
"He's always talking about how intellectual he is."—Plainfield Press.

No Progress.
Mrs. Watkins—Do you know anything about this Moroccan question?
Mrs. Wytkins—No. I only heard a paper read about it by one of the members of our woman's club.—Somerville Journal.

Cause For Regret.
Dyer—Higbee is very stubborn. He never will give up.
Ryer—I wish I had known it before I loaned him that ten.—Tarrytown (N. Y.) News.

The Lucky One.
I grow weary of the labor
That begets my bread and cheese
When I see my lucky neighbor
Sally forth to take his ease.
How can I nurse resignation
In my own rebellious breast?
He is off for his vacation,
And I sadly need a rest.

All the two long weeks of summer,
While he gluts himself with play,
I keep working, growing glummer
As each day succeeds the day.
But, with self congratulation,
I today admit 'twas best.
He is back from his vacation,
And he sorely needs a rest.
—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

Right in Line.
Hicks—He's frying berry culture now, you know, and he says he's having considerable success.
Wicks—Yes?
Hicks—Yes, although he admits the returns are small as yet.
Wicks—Well, that sounds natural. You might call that "success, with small fruits."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Caution.
"What kind of a show have you?" the manager was asked.
"Well," he replied guardedly, "that depends on whether I am talking to the public or revising the salary list."—Chicago Post.

Goodness Is Easy.
Is it better to be beautiful or good? asks an editor who is trying to write down to the level of the female intellect. Well, we'd rather be beautiful, if it's all the same. We can all get the goodness for ourselves.

NO TONGUE CAN TELL SUFFERING

From Itching and Bleeding Eczema—Pain Terrible—Body and Face Covered with Sores—Doctors and Medicines Failed.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE BY CUTICURA

"No tongue can tell how I suffered for five years with itching and bleeding eczema, until I was cured by the Cuticura Remedies, and I am so grateful I want the world to know, for what helped me will help others. My body and face were covered with sores. One day it would seem to be better, and then break out again with the most terrible pain and itching. I have been sick several times, but never in my life did I experience such awful suffering as with this eczema. I had made up my mind that death was near at hand, and I longed for that time when I would be at rest. I had tried many different doctors and medicines without success, and my mother brought me the Cuticura Remedies, insisting that I try them. I began to feel better after the first bath with Cuticura Soap, and one application of Cuticura Ointment. I continued with the Soap and Ointment, and have taken four bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, and consider myself well. Any person having any doubt about this wonderful cure by the Cuticura Remedies can write to my address. Mrs. Altie Etson, Bellevue, Mich."

ITCHING ECZEMA And All Other Itching and Scaly Eruptions Cured by Cuticura.

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of scalp, as in scalled head; all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are such stands proven beyond all doubt.

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