

# THE JOURNAL'S COZY CORNER FOR WOMEN

EDITED BY  
ELEANOR F. BALDWIN

## BELLE IS MARRIED

Dearest Belle, We had such a long night of beautiful sunny weather I began to fear that some of the east—a growth—the most to be dreaded of all fresh weather. It was so dry the streets were dusty before the welcome rain came again to refresh us.

Today I have been out taking a walk and a soak at the same time. I was trying to discover what the charm is that a quiet, unobtrusive Oregon down-pour has for me. I continued to pump with the gentle drip-drip on my umbrella, past beautiful home places with emerald turf and towering trees on which the faint intimation of spring buds was visible—and some of the shrubs are actually in bloom.

I saw today in a yard a bed of "blue myrtle" that used to be a part of every New England lawn. It was in bloom and so beautiful that I stopped right still to admire it.

The Ivy here is simply riotous in its ramblings and so much more vigorous than in the east. I should not think it would train it over roofs and porches as they do, for in this climate it fathers and holds so much moisture that the woodwork suffers from contact with it, and besides, here the highest shrubs are freely exposed to its sunshiny.

I didn't, however, find out the secret of the rain; it keeps its own counsel—but I came home strong and rested after a two-mile walk in the lovely wet weather.

Today I heard the well-loved note of our robin redbreast, so spring cannot be far away; they travel together.

I found your letter awaiting me and am glad to know that after the wedding and the wedding trip you and Carl have settled down in that pretty suite. How happy you must be.

You know I avoid weddings and funerals; somehow they fall into the same category with such provoking ease—but you are a sensible girl married, as you always were single. I perceive by your letter.

Of course, if you could fall in love with Carl while he smoked and went to his side there's no special reason why you should disturb the even tenor of his way by urging him to stop smoking for love of you and to spend every instant of his leisure time in your company.

If it had been intended that you and he should sustain no relations whatever to other people a kind Providence would have had you cast away on a desolate island where you could become thoroughly tired of each other, but now with mixing and mingling with the rest of the world in your favor, I see no reason why you cannot live happily for the rest of your lives.

I was glad to note that Carl has a dresser and a shaving bureau "all to his lone," and his own den as well. After all a man doesn't cease to be an individual with individual wants just because he is married.

Don't get apprehensive over the idea that he doesn't love you any more because he takes a few moments to himself sometimes and don't think it necessary to emphasize the fact of your existence by never allowing him—and you the pleasure of each other's society in absolute silence, for unless you and he can find society in silence as

well as in company, why you are not in such perfect accord as you will doubtless become.

As to that dresser and shaving bureau—I can't think of a better way of very well-to-do man who had a wife and three daughters and I give you my word there wasn't a corner in that whole pretty house that poor man could call his own. But he was a doer and well-trained, and I don't wonder he heard that he revolted, though I think it would have been to his credit to do so.

Yes, I congratulate you on your resolve not to try to make your husband over until you have approximately your own ideal of perfection, for what is it but selfishness for one person—married or single—to pare and cut and shave another's personality just to fit his own convenience?

Of course, I'm not inspired or authoritative but it seems to me that the more freedom for individual preference each partner to a marital contract gives the other the greater the sum total of happiness for both and the less likely the double harness is to gall.

Isn't it queer that so many people think a girl with an office training will not settle down contentedly to domestic life? I couldn't help thinking of this as I read your letter.

I gave devoted thanks that you had no figured wall paper in your rooms, but I'm not sure that a girl with an office training will not settle down contentedly to domestic life? I couldn't help thinking of this as I read your letter.

One fine and another wall paper has caused me acute mental anguish, for I inevitably take on the silliness of the human race or form. Look where I will, I see caricatures of humanity grinning at me from every wall and from some of the floral designs which disfigure so many walls or a distorted human shape doing some fantastic dance in the meaningless geometrical patterns so many designers make to content us.

Money shows how many a lack of nervous prostration and family jars originating in divorce have resulted from the abominations with which people have papered their houses for the past few years.

The eyes can convey inharmonious and distraction to the nerves as well as the tawny and discordant colors and delirious meaningless designs are as trying (though perhaps less likely to be recognized as such) as discordant and ear-racking noises.

## SPRING SUITS FOR GIRLS

Two Very Pretty but Very Simple Examples of the Very Latest From Across the Atlantic.



fashion, and fastened with a row of capsize buttons. The sleeves come from the neck and end in deep turn-back cuffs a little below the elbow.

The skirt is cut in full circular pattern and is without trimming or ornament of any description.

A Panama slip or deep turn-back with fancy gulle is best worn with this smart walking suit.

The second costume is a light maroon shade of the heaviest quality of pongee silk. The edges of the little coat and double skirt are trimmed with wide bands of the silk, and the straps are held in place by large, deep maroon-colored velvet-covered buttons.

A Panama slip or deep turn-back with soft loops and bows of ribbon and velvet completes the costume.

## BEATRICE FAIRFAX SAYS WEAR A NIGHTCAP



**Then Leave the Windows All Wide Open and You Will Have Good Health and a Good Complexion.**

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Here's a fashion that is sensible as well as pretty. It looks like a combination of a Dutch bonnet and our grandmothers' nightcap.

It is a nightcap, but such a modernized, dainty trifle that I am afraid the sturdy Dutch frau and our prim grandmothers would turn up their noses at it.

But, though it may look frivolous, it really is a very useful little piece of headgear.

Incidentally it is exceedingly becoming to most faces.

The great advantage in wearing a nightcap is that you can have all the fresh air you need and still run no danger of catching a cold in your head. The fashion has been revived by the Countess Fabbriotti, a young woman of title and fashion.

The cut here given shows her design. You can see for yourself how pretty it is.

A yard of silk, fine flannel or even pretty flowered muslin, will make a cap.

would advise the style with the flap, for it covers the neck and chest; it can be made to look just as dainty and pretty as the others.

Thus arranged you can defy the rudest blasts that blow.

Draw your window up from the bottom down from the top cover your self up well and all night long you will fill your lungs with pure, fresh air and feel as fresh as a rose in the morning.

Fresh air is absolutely essential to health and good looks.

If you breathe poisoned air all night you will look fagged and colorless in the morning. You will have no energy and soon you will be sorrow and unhealthily looking.

Now, you cannot very well have the air blowing in on your uncovered head. The result would be a cold or neuralgia.

The nightcap solves the difficulty. It is very easy and quickly made. You will be amply repaid for your work when you enjoy a perfect night's rest.

Don't neglect this chance of preserving your health, good looks and youth. Wear a nightcap and be rosy, healthy and fashionable.

## THE BOOK SHELF

**"The Seven of the Seven Gables."**

What Rembrandt is in the world of art is Nathaniel Hawthorne in literature. His nature was one so sensitive that the sorrow and injustice in the world overshadows it; but when the sun does break through the clouds, the shadows flee away.

No work of his shows the sunny touch of human normality like "The House of the Seven Gables," and while it is sketched in for the greater part with a similar design in red roses and the acrony was acute whenever I had to occupy either of these rooms.

Well, dear, next time tell me about the kitchen and how to manage the servant problem. Affectionately yours,  
NELL.

**"The Plum Tree,"** Davis Graham Phillips great novel of practical American politics, will start in next Sunday's Journal.

lenced him, and this curse leads Hawthorne to speak of "dainted magic."

"From father to son, they clung to the ancestral house with singular tenacity of attachment. For various reasons, however, and from impression often too vaguely founded to be put on paper, the writer cherishes the belief that many, if not most, of the successive proprietors of this estate were troubled with doubts as to their moral right to hold it."

"Of their legal tenure there could be no question; but old Matthew Mauld, it is to be feared, rode downward from his own age to a far later one, planting a heavy footstep all the way on the conscience of a Fyncheon. If so, we are left to dispose of the awful query whether such inheritor of the property—conscious of a wrong and falling to rectify it—did not commit anew the same guilt of his ancestor and incur all the original responsibilities."

"And supposing such to be the case, would it not be a far truer mode of expression to say of the Fyncheon family that they inherited a great misfortune, than the reverse?"

As fortune followed the Fyncheons, so the repute of black magic followed the descendants of the original Mauld until at least all trace of the family is lost; but, as may be guessed, Holgrave is the last of the line and comes into his own by marrying little Phoebe, who at the death of the old judge, is with Hepzibah and Clifford heir to all the Fyncheon wealth.

A description of Phoebe will brighten the page:

On her arrival Hepzibah "stole softly into the hall and, horses invisible, saw the young girl, the bright light of the portal at the young, blooming and very cheerful face which presented itself for admittance into the gloomy old mansion."

There was a face to which almost any door would have opened of its own accord.

The young girl so fresh, so unconventional, and yet so orderly and obedient to common rules, as you at once recognize her to be, was widely in contrast at the moment with everything about her.

Little Phoebe was one of those persons who possess as their exclusive patrimony the gift of practical common sense—the subtle influence which enables these favored ones to bring out the hidden capabilities of things around them and particularly to give a look of comfort and habitableness to any place which, for however brief a period, may happen to be their home.

There was still another peculiarity of this inscrutable charm. The bedroom, no doubt, was a chamber of very great value, for however brief a period, it was a person of delicate instinct would have known at once that it was now a maiden's bedroom and had been purified of all former evil and sorrow by her sweet breath and happy thoughts. Her dreams of the past night, being so cheerful ones, had exorcised the gloom and now haunted the chamber instead.

Whatever she did was done without conscious effort and with frequent outbursts of song which were exceedingly

With some writers of fiction it is wholly unnecessary to have a knowledge of them to understand their work. Especially is this true if they write books to sell" mere, and here let me say that to write a book with that end in view, or such a book having been written, to take the trouble to read it, is "bad art" and can bring no intrinsic good to either writer or reader.

Hawthorne was not such a writer and we cannot understand his work aright unless we are to some extent acquainted with the man.

Born of a long line of seafaring men, but of a race dating back to the very beginning of colonial life in New England, there was a strain of sensitiveness in him caused by his utter disinclination to the sea, which, in the end, for so long a time preceded him, and also by his knowledge of the part his first ancestor on New England soil had played in the tragedy of witchcraft.

A quotation will show this:

"We shall compress the real action of our tale at an epoch not very remote from the present day. Still there will be a connection with the long past—a reference to forgotten events and persons, and to manners, feelings and opinions almost or wholly obsolete—which, if adequately translated to the reader, will serve to illustrate how much of old material goes to make up the present novel of human life."

Hence, too, must be drawn a slightly lessor from the little-regarded truth, that the act of the passing generation is the germ which may and must produce good or evil in a far-distant time; that, together with the seed of the merely temporary crop, which mortals term expediency, they inevitably sow the acorns of a more enduring growth which may darkly overshadow their posterity."

Every character in the story is drawn with masterly distinctness. Old Judge Fyncheon is the type of smiling, affable prosperity; his son-in-law, Hepzibah, of the decayed gentlewoman obliged to turn to trade for a livelihood, yet there is something wonderfully lovable in this old maid whose woful visage and form misrepresent the loving, faithful heart in her retreat.

Refusing her prosperous cousin's bounty because he has had her only brother condemned for a crime he did not commit, she lives 80 years in poverty and obscurity, cherishing the image of the wronged brother in her heart.

At the end of that time he is pardoned and comes back to the old house of the seven gables to find his sister so ugly that he shrinks from her despite her affection and to find in Phoebe, the distant-country cousin, a ray of sunshine that partly dispels the twilight in which his mind dwells—the twilight of a youth long past, frozen in the long horror of his imprisonment.

Hepzibah, Phoebe, young Holgrave, who occupies a remote garret in the house and makes daguerotypes; old Uncle Venner, the wan, shadowy Clifford, just out of prison, and the pious and pompous are the principal characters of this story. It is the wonderful art and heart of the writer that fills in the picture with such delicacy of touch, such grace of description, such wonderful mingling of sun and shadow, that once you are in sympathy with him, you turn again to this story of New England life, it is true; but equally a story red-veiled with the blood of our common life—a story of all life, of all lands.

The old Fyncheon house stood upon land that the first Fyncheon, a magistrate, had taken from one obscure man named Mauld, whom he had condemned to death as a wizard. But old Matthew Mauld had uttered a curse on his prosecutor before the hangman's noose sil-

enced him, and this curse leads Hawthorne to speak of "dainted magic."

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Whatever she did was done without conscious effort and with frequent outbursts of song which were exceedingly

pleasant to the ear. This natural tunefulness made Phoebe seem like a bird in a shadowy tree, or conveyed the idea that the stream of life warbled through her heart as a brook sometimes warbles through a pleasant little dell.

Should you read this book, or having read it, and find you love it, keep it at hand; pick it up when you are in the mood of all the beauty from some page, and doing this, after a while you will find that the author has become a reality to you; that you have been permitted to glimpse that soul so great, yet so absorbing and sensitive—because perhaps of its wonderful power to read the souls of others.

**A Prose-writer's Apostrophe to the Commas.**

E. T. Nelson in New York Sun.

O mystic mark!

O symbol dark!

Beyond all comprehension!

How dost thou haunt—

Black, mean and gaunt—

My dreams! Availant!

Thou devil's own invention!

O fearful sign!

O thou malign

And impious creation!

Thy sabbie brow

Frowns on me now—

When I speak thee, thou

Grim Goth of punctuation!

On printed page,

With shame and rage.

From thy type fortified position

Thou son of sin!

With soundless din.

And I consign thee to perdition.

But when again

We meet—oh, then,

My profits will prove our Waterloo;

With hearty zeal

And strokes of steel

I'll beat thee—

E. on your—

LENVOL.

O surely caudled little dot,

Thou makest us say what we would

not—

And what we would we cannot say.

For first, ever, in the way.

And there is no good in these

**BARGAINS IN MEDICINE**

**COLONEL HOFER TAKES STATEMENT NUMBER ONE**

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Salem, Or., March 2.—Colonel E. Hofer of Salem today filed his declaration as a candidate for the house of representatives, taking statement No. 1 for the following reasons:

First—Because it is right and in accord with the teachings and principles of the Republican party.

Second—Because Abraham, Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation and many states abolished slavery long before the federal constitution was amended in that respect. Reformers come from the states.

Third—The people intended by the direct primary law to relieve the legislature of all responsibility in the selection of senators.

Fourth—Because the enforcement of this law puts it out of the power of a minority to hold up the legislature and block public business.

Fifth—Because a man elected to be representative from any district has no right to come to be a representative at some point where he becomes personally interested.

## THE QUIET HOUR

**Our Common Brotherhood.**

By Helen A. Saxton.

I never saw his face or knew his name  
But that gay morning, as I loitering  
came  
Around the blossoming hillside, all  
affairs

With lilac spires and apple blossoms  
brave  
That to the rifling air their sweetness  
I saw where they were making him his  
grave.

If I had chance to meet him by the way  
In all the golden sunshine of the day,  
No pleasant word I might have found  
to say.

But since he could no longer come to  
meet  
The world love-smitten, dreaming at  
his feet  
Nor feel within his pulse the spring-  
tide beat.

Nor love again, I gave for him instead  
And poured upon his low, unconsoling  
head  
The sacramental love that shrives the  
dead.

And though I went my way with eyes  
hid wet  
For grief of one whom I had never met  
Because his day so soon was finished,  
yet

I lifted up my face to heaven again  
Believing human love was not in vain.  
But, moved and softened by the sudden  
strain

Of fellowship, I touched the larger  
mood  
Of universal love, and understood  
The passion of our common brother-  
hood.

How true it is that we need "line  
upon line, and precept upon precept."  
We read some bits of wisdom that ex-  
actly coincide with some sweet or bit-  
terly earnest words we have heard, and  
we think we will never forget it; that  
we will forever after keep it among the  
working tools of our everyday life.

But other thoughts, other experiences  
overlay this and while we have it put  
away in memory's storehouse, it is  
in solution, so to say, aiding us in our  
progress.

## THINK THIS OVER

From the Boston Herald.

"If I were asked what it is that makes man trouble between friends, between wives and husbands, between parents and children and brothers and sisters, I would say without an instant's hesitation—selfishness."

The gentle matron creased the third side of the napkin she was hemming and sighed a little as she went on.

"Selfishness in a and the bottom of almost every pain and sorrow in the world. We do not realize it, because we are slow to acknowledge that the fault is our own. We call it incompatibility and environment and heredity and a number of nice, safe names that seem to throw the blame elsewhere. But keep down in our hearts, if we are honest with ourselves, we shall discover that in every case the jers and bickers of those who stand even in the closest relationship to us, that we must not seeking, must stand true and steady, and desire only to give; that we must yield and be gentle and patient and totally unselfish—just that soon will much of the pain and disappointments of life melt away."

The gentle matron sighed a little again, as she laid aside the finished napkin and took up a stocking to be hand-extended to these. A printing engine has been ordered and soon Chehall will present the novelty of having a coal mine right alongside of the main line of the Northern Pacific to the heart of the city shipping coal daily.

**ADDRESSES BY LAITY AT CALVARY CHURCH**

A series of Sunday evening addresses, studies in church history, is to be conducted by Rev. Ben-Eara Stiles Ely Jr., D. D., pastor-elect of the Calvary Presbyterian church, corner of Eleventh and Clay streets, commencing March 4, and continuing to and including April 21. It is expected that Dr. Ely will take up actively the work of the pastorate early in May. On the evenings when the different lectures will be given the church quartet will provide special music. The personnel of the quartet follows: Mrs. Millie Perkins, soprano; Miss Patronella Conolly, alto; James C. Rathbone, tenor; Herman Clausen Jr., bass; Harold V. Milligan, organist.

**Helix Is Prosperous.**

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Helix, Or., March 3.—A movement is on foot at this place for the organization of a stock company with a capitalization of \$35,000, to build a new store and to carry on a general merchandise business. Helix is a prosperous little town in the heart of one of the best wheat sections in Umatilla county.

**FACTS IN NATURE.**

Not Only Do We Get Inspiration From Nature, But Health as Well.

For people who are run-down and nervous, who suffer from indigestion or dyspepsia, headache, biliousness, or torpid liver, coated tongue with bitter taste in the morning and poor appetite, it becomes necessary to turn to some tonic or strengthener which will assist Nature and help them to get on their feet and put the body into its proper condition. It is becoming more and more apparent that Nature's most valuable health-giving agents are to be found in forest plants and roots.

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. R. V. Pierce, now consulting physician to the Riverside Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., discovered that by scientifically extracting and combining certain medicinal principles from native roots, taken from our American forests, he could produce a medicine which was markedly efficient in curing cases of blood disorder and liver and stomach trouble as well as many other chronic or lingering ailments. This concentrated extract of Nature's health-giving "Golden Medical Discovery." It purifies the blood by putting the stomach and liver into healthy condition, thereby helping the digestion and assimilation of food which feeds the blood. Thereby it cures weak stomach, indigestion, torpid liver, or biliousness, and kindred derangements.

If you have coated tongue, with bitter or bad taste in the morning, frequent headache, feel weak, easily tired, stitches in your side, give out easily and ache, itching of nose, constipation, or irregular bowels, feel flashes of heat alternating with chilly sensations or kindred symptoms, that point to derangement of your liver and kidneys, which the "Golden Medical Discovery" will correct more speedily and permanently than any other known agent. Contains no alcohol or habit-forming drugs. Put in packages of ten in plain English on wrapper.

**REVIVAL MEETINGS AT UNIVERSITY PARK**

A revival is in progress at the University Park church, where a large number have professed conversion. The pastor, Rev. John Dentanen, is preaching on the "Ten Commandments Applied to Modern Sins." C. H. Hart is assisting by leading a large chorus choir. The announcements for the coming week are as follows: Sunday, March 4, "A Sin Against Society, or Marriage and Divorce"; Monday, Rev. Gilman Parker will preach; Tuesday, Rev. Gilman Parker will preach; Wednesday, "Business Time" or "Does It Always Pay to Be Honest?"; Thursday, "Satan's First Sin, or Is It Ever Right to Lie?"; Friday, "The Sin of Sin, or Is There Any Harm in Winking?"; Sunday, March 11, "The Sum of All Sins, or the Man Who Flayed the Fool."

**Chehall Coal Mine.**

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Chehall, Wash., March 3.—Work on the development of the Chehall coal mine in the north end of Lewis is going ahead actively. For years this mine had been operated from the east side of the hill on Coal creek. W. D. Sheldon, the owner, now intends to open it as soon as possible and to the west side of the mine with its shaft vertically.