

WOMAN

Mrs. Joe Leiter,
Nurse at the Fire Pit,
Queen of American
Battlefields—Woman
Rules an Empire.

Mrs. Joe Leiter—so she is called by society—wife of the Chicago millionaire, noted for her beauty and a charming woman withal, recently proved herself a humanitarian and a helpmeet to her husband when he was fighting fire in his coal mine at Zeigler, Ill. The Leiters were at home in Chicago when they got news of the disaster. Mr. Leiter took a special train to the scene. His wife went with him. When they arrived at the mine Mr. Leiter went to work with his men. Mrs. Leiter was at hand ministering to the miners who had suffered in the



MRS. JOSEPH LEITER.

disaster by serving them with sandwiches and coffee which she helped to prepare and encouraged them by her presence and with words of praise and hope. On her order bandages, medicines and salves were taken to the mouth of the shaft, where she had erected a temporary hospital tent. Cots and warm bedding were provided, and when a famished miner was brought out from the burning pit he received quick and effective treatment. When necessary, Mrs. Leiter administered relief with her own hands. Before her marriage to Mr. Leiter she was Miss Juliette Williams of Washington. Her father is Colonel J. R. Williams of the army. His daughter was popular in the official set. Her social success in London after her wedding was instantaneous. Her popularity in Chicago remains what it was before she became the head of the Leiter house in that city. Her actions at the Zeigler coal mine fire have increased for her the admiration of her many friends.

Queen of American Battlefields.

Mrs. Lucinda Dogan, ninety years old and known in Virginia as the "queen of the battlefields," is still living. Her home in Groveton overlooks the first Bull Run fight, which took place July 21, 1861. The house is in the center of the field on which was fought the second Bull Run battle, Aug. 29 and 30, 1862. After both battles Mrs. Dogan with her children went out among the wounded and administered to their wants so far as she was able. When the long trenches for the dead were dug she assisted in the burials. The wounded were so numerous that the medical staffs of both armies used all their bandages. Mrs. Dogan gave up her bed sheets and towels in preparing the bandages. An hour before the second battle Stonewall Jackson sent one of his staff to tell Mrs. Dogan that "there was going to be a fight near her place" and advised her to get away. Before she could start the first guns were fired. A sick woman whom Mrs. Dogan had been nursing in a house near her own was killed by a shell soon after the battle began. Before the last fight a forest stood around the little town. When the battle ceased the trees had been shot down, and nothing but their stumps remained. Mrs. Dogan's mind is still unclouded, and she tells the stories of both battles in an interesting manner.

Woman Rules This Empire.

Mrs. Annie Ordway is the ruler of a strange little colony in the southern part of Florida. The section is known as the Koroshanite empire. Mrs. Ordway's title is "pre-eminent," although her subjects call her affectionately "Victoria Gratia." Estero, on the Estero river, is the capital. The founder of Koroshanite is Dr. Cyrus R. Teed. Colonies were established in Chicago, San Francisco and elsewhere, but for the last few years the followers have been concentrating in the empire in Florida. Koroshanite is derived from "Korsha," the Persian word for Cyrus. For the present, says one who has recently visited the empire, a central nucleus practices celibacy, while other orders of the system sustain the monogamous marriage relations.

MARCLA WILLIS CAMPBELL.

POT GROWN BULBS.

How They Can Be Cultivated Easily in Houses.

More women would grow flowers in the house if there was not an erroneous impression that it required too much skill and an abundance of time. There are, perhaps, certain kinds of flowers such as roses and carnations, which do not respond well to the effort of the amateur, but bulbs rarely fail. Their culture is simple in the extreme—a good potting soil containing plenty of sharp sand, a long period of seclusion in the dark to make root growth and gradual bringing to the light.

It is at this period that most women are at a loss as to the proper care of plants. They cannot fail if they remember these few pointers on pot grown bulbs:

The best temperature for root growth is 40 degrees, for leaves and stems 50 degrees and for the best bloom 60 degrees. The ordinary living room is too hot for successful bulb growing. The cooler the room the longer the flowers last and the larger they are.

Bringing the potted bulb directly from the dark into the hot living room is the cause of short stems and stunted foliage.

Do not have too strong a light when the bulbs are first brought in from the dark. A shelf away from the window where the temperature is about 50 degrees is best until the flower buds begin to show.

Bulbs should never be kept in a temperature of 70 degrees unless they are to be quickly forced.

It pays to buy a high grade of bulbs if you would not be disappointed in results.

If the soil in the yard is too heavy for potting it can be lightened by mixing sand with it. Never bring manure in contact with bulbs. It is fatal to them.

To tell whether a pot is filled with roots turn it upside down, tap the edge gently, and the ball of earth will come out in the hand.

How to Ventilate a Sickroom.

In ventilating a sick chamber it is often desirable and necessary to leave the window open to secure fresh air. The best way to do this is to tack a piece of muslin across the open window by means of thumb tacks. If the air is chilly this will keep the drafts off the patient and will keep out the dust and dirt which might otherwise be blown in. If the day is hot and sultry, and these days are the hardest and most trying on a sick person, an ideal way to ventilate, purify and cool the air is to open the window or windows and stretch a piece of muslin across the opening, then lower the shades to where the window is opened, and after this has been done thoroughly saturate the muslin with cold water. Then place a large basin or pail of cold water under or near the bed. If this is done it often will enable a restless patient to obtain some much needed sleep and rest. As soon as the muslin becomes dry wet it again.

How to Clean Satin Slippers.

If you wore satin slippers last winter and find upon taking them out this season that they are soiled, it is well to clean them at once. If the satin is but slightly soiled get some pieces of stale bread and rub the surface gently with it. This takes off all small discolorations. Kneaded rubber will do the same work, although some women do not like it because it crumbles off on the satin. If the slipper is still soiled looking after this treatment, rub the entire surface with the thread. Remember not to go against or across it. White fannel should be used—a clean piece—dipped in spirits of wine. If this rubbing is done gently and evenly over the surface, the effect is excellent.

How to Make Cabbage Salad.

For a cabbage salad make a dressing with a quarter of a cup of flour and two level tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed together and cooked with a cup of vinegar. Add a beaten egg, a pinch of salt and a scant teaspoonful of mixed mustard. Beat all the time it is cooking. Cool and add at the time of serving two tablespoonfuls of thick cream, beaten, a teaspoonful of sugar and a few dashes of pepper. Shred or chop some cabbage and pour the dressing over. Garnish with hard boiled eggs cut in quarters and then across once. Add also a few sprigs of parsley.

How to Make a Shoe Bag.

A handy shoe bag for traveling may be made from linen or any stout material. Make two oblong bags exactly alike. To make the bags cut the linen in four pieces eighteen inches long by seven wide. Place two together and bind firmly with braid. Turn over a hem at the top three inches deep and draw up with braid. One drawing holds the bags together. The word "Shoes" may be embroidered on each bag in double outline stitch.

How to Iron Embroidered Collars.

When ironing stocks for the neck or embroidered linen collars iron them on a thick towel which has been folded three or four times and laid on the board. Stocks ironed in this manner will appear like new, and if you iron the embroidered linen collars on the wrong side on this folded towel the embroidery pattern will stand out in bold relief.

How to Wash Handkerchiefs Easily.

To wash handkerchiefs easily place the handkerchiefs to soak overnight in salt water that is so strong it is nearly a brine. In the morning lift the handkerchiefs out with a stick and rinse in warm water, after which it will be no task to wash them in the usual way.

TEETH AS THEY GROW

The Way Nature Forms and Fixes Them in the Gums.

THEY ARE NOT MADE OF BONE.

Teeth Are Really Skin Structures in Respect to Their Mode of Origin. The Variety of Form Which Adapts Them For Varying Uses.

Familiar to everybody as are the teeth, few persons, save those who have dipped into their history viewed from the scientific side, can form an adequate idea regarding their true nature. If the man in the street were asked to construct a classified list of his bodily belongings he would almost certainly place teeth in the section which included the bones. There appears reason for his choice. Teeth are hard and bone-like in structure, and they are fixed in the jaws. These facts would seem on the face of things to justify the inclusion of the teeth in the list of skeletal structures. This view of the teeth, however, is readily proved to be incorrect. We have only to appeal to nature's way of making a tooth—in other words, to study its development—to assure ourselves that teeth are not bones at all, but structures of a very different kind.

The first indication of tooth formation begins in very early life with the formation of a groove in the gum, or mucous membrane lining the mouth. This furrow is the birthplace of the teeth. From the groove arise as many little projections of the gum as there are to be teeth. Each projection we call a papilla.

Now, this little body contains a plentiful supply of blood vessels, destined to bring to it the raw material—blood—out of which not teeth alone, but all other organs, tissues and secretions, are manufactured. The papilla, besides, is composed of and particularly invested with living cells of special kind. These cells are to be regarded as the workmen which fabricate the tooth. The material specially required for tooth formation consists of compounds of lime associated with other substances.

Around the papilla and upon it, as on a mold, the hard material of the tooth is deposited. It is elaborated into a substance which, under the microscope, shows a special structure of its own, differing widely from that which is represented in bone. The great bulk of a tooth consists of ivory or dentine, as it is also called. This is a dense, hard substance which shows a texture composed of an infinite variety of microscopic tubules.

But at the crown of the tooth especially we meet with a layer of different kind and of still harder consistency. This is the enamel, which ranks as the hardest substance in the body. Its position on the crown of the tooth bears a relation to the resistance to wear and tear the tooth is intended to exhibit, the softer ivory being thus protected from the obvious results of the process of attrition. Thus on the papilla, as on a living mold, the tooth is formed, its substance coming to cover, as in an envelope, the little projection itself.

Long before the tooth, however, is completed the groove in the gum has become partitioned off into a series of sacs or compartments. The furrow itself becomes converted into a tube by the upward growth and union of its edges in the middle line. Then succeeds division into sacs, in each of which a papilla is present and in each of which a developing tooth is contained.

If the hard materials of the tooth be found around the papilla we discover that the tooth is a hollow and not a solid structure, for the pulp inside every tooth, a substance richly supplied with nerves and blood vessels, really represents the papilla of the early stages. The tooth's nourishment is thus duly provided for, since processes of the pulp pass into the minute tubules of the ivory and so contribute to the maintenance of the vitality of the organ.

When the tooth is completed within its sac, all that remains is for it to appear in the jaw, in which provision has been made for its fixation. A tooth "cuts" the gum when through upward pressure on the sac it bursts through its investment and takes the place nature has mapped out for it in the armamentarium of the mouth.

Now, in all this history there is no hint given of any connection between bone formation and tooth development save indeed for the connection between the two structures in the jaw. The gum is the present tissue of the teeth, and the gum is simply the skin layer of the body folded inward at the mouth to form the lining membrane of that cavity, while it is continued onward, with variations in its organization, to form the lining of the digestive tubes as well. Teeth are therefore truly skin structures in respect of their mode of origin, which, after all, is the surest and indeed the only test of the nature of any living tissue or part.

By all odds the very longest tooth in the world is that of the narwhal, which grows into a twisted ivory pole often exceeding six feet in length.—A. Wilson in Illustrated London News.

Same Man.

"There goes the most talked about man in this community."
"You surprise me. Who talks about him?"
"He does."—Chicago Tribune.

A majority is always better than the best repartee.—Disraeli.

THE CASE OF GIUSEPPE VITTORI

A Story of the Italian Earthquake.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

One December morning Giuseppe Vittori, a fruit merchant of Messina, Sicily, kissed his wife, Natalina, and children—Antonia and Varina, aged respectively six and four years—and, going to the dock, boarded a steamer bound for Naples. Having transacted some business there, he started on his return. The vessel just before daylight was nearing the spot where Messina was then located when Vittori, lying in his berth, felt the ship rise, sink, rise again, then steam on tranquilly as before.

Vittori, not conscious of the importance of this rising and falling of the ship, arose, dressed himself and went on deck. Oh, the horror of that sight! Where the city in which he had been born and passed his life had stood he saw a mass of ruins.

The ship came to anchor in the bay, and Vittori went with others in a boat to the shore. What he had left a populous city was now a gigantic sepulcher. He could not for a long time find the street on which he had lived, and when he did it was still longer before he could find the place where his home had stood, and then he was not certain of it. How could he tell the difference between ruins? He cried out in despair "Natalina!" "Antonio!" "Varina!" in succession, but the only reply was the groans of the wounded and dying emanating from beneath the piles of wood and stone. He set to work frantically to remove the ruins that covered his dear ones. But he soon realized that his efforts were useless. They had lived in the lower story of a high building, and the debris covering them was an immense pile. The scenes about him, too, were dispiriting. People half clothed, some naked, some covered with their own blood, were going about wailing or pulling at the debris to get at their loved ones.

The crowning horror was the breaking out of the fire which covered all with a pall of lurid smoke.

Vittori remained near the burial place of his wife and children till satisfied that they had perished, then in a starving condition sought to get away. He was too late to join the first survivors taken by the steamer Regina Margherita to Palermo, but later he was captured by another ship in reaching Naples. There he was provided with what he most needed in the way of food and clothing and he thought himself what next to do. His dominant desire was to get as far as possible from the scene of carnage. Relief committees were forming, money was pouring in from all points, and above all came the immense stores from America. Vittori's wife's brother lived in New York, and there the stricken man determined to go. Learning that one of the principal objects of the relief committees was to remove the survivors of the earthquake to other ports, Vittori applied to be sent to America, and after considerable delay a passage ticket in the steamer was given him.

The journey through the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic was a melancholy one. Vittori was by no means one of the lower class of Italians, and his surroundings were not calculated to alleviate his grief. What was the world to him while his dear wife and children were lying under the ruins of their home! He was tortured by the thought that possibly they might have been, like others, days, if not weeks, dying.

At last the long voyage was ended, and the vessel which held Vittori and other of his countrymen sailed up the bay of New York. As she neared her pier many upturned Italian faces looked anxiously for friends or loved ones they hoped might have escaped the terrible earthquake and were coming to them. Vittori could not endure to look at them and went below till most of the steerage passengers had gone ashore, then joined the line moving over the gangway toward the crowd still waiting on the pier.

Suddenly he heard a cry, and a pair of arms were thrown around his neck. For a moment he was held so close that he could not see who embraced him, but knew that it was a woman. Unwinding her arms and holding her off, he stood staring at her as if she had been a ghost. He saw his wife.

But his wife was dead, buried with his little ones under the ruins of Messina. What was this vision that had come up to mock him? Laughing, crying, she still clung to him. A tiny hand clasped his. He looked down and saw the upturned face of Antonia. And standing by the boy was little Varina.

Still he stared and wondered. But gradually it came over him that these were flesh and blood. They were indeed his lost wife and children. His senses were leaving him, but by an effort he controlled them.

How did they get here? How did they escape the earthquake?

One after the other he embraced them, taking the children up in his arms and looking at them as if returned from the dead.

Then he was led away.

Natalina, after her husband's departure from Messina, being lonely, had gone with the children to the home of a friend, a low frame dwelling on high ground, where the tidal wave did not reach them, and the house did not fall. They joined the first refugees and were sent on the first vessel that arrived from the stricken district to America.

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