

WOMAN'S REALM

SHALL THE BOYS STRIKE BACK

Caroline Discusses Pugnacious Manner's Standpoint.

"The manly art of self-defense" has ever been a disputed question among intelligent mothers. With the growth of "our boys" comes the question, "Shall the child be allowed to defend himself or not?" Most parents do not want their children involved in disgraceful quarrels, and yet, when he attends school, for "our boy" to be at the mercy of any rough bully who chooses to attack him is a state of things absolutely unendurable. In a recent woman's paper the question, "Whether children should not be allowed to strike back?" was discussed. Interesting views on both sides of the question were presented.

One writer says: "The best family of boys I ever knew fought with each other like Turks at times, but were never interfered with by their mother and to this day those boys, grown and growing up, are the manliest boys and most loving brothers I know."

The one taking the opposite view says: "Do two wrong things make a right? I would rather my boys would suffer a thousand wrongs than to do so unchristian and ungentlemanly thing as to strike back."

To the majority of mothers probably the "happy medium" would be preferable to either of these extremes. A mother must have an unusual amount of self-control and calm deliberation who can stay quietly inside and not interfere while her boys are "fighting like Turks."

This seemed to do in the family mentioned, but I know of one woman, at least, not a hundred miles from here, who would find it utterly impossible to pursue such a course, unless she wished to fit herself for a lunatic asylum.

To be sure that woman cannot be considered as a guide, in that direction, as she has a nervous horror of fighting and would stop a chicken fight if she saw one. The nearest street corner immediately swallows her up at any indication of "trouble" on the street, yet in other matters she is not accused of cowardice. It would be out of the question for a woman of this temperament to allow her boys to come to blows.

We can teach our boys, "precept upon precept," that it is beneath an honest, fair-minded boy to fight over matters which can be settled in a peaceable manner; to give to others the "rights" he claims as his own; that a boy of independence and pluck wants only his "rights" and that to impose upon another, because he is weaker, is the spirit of a savage, and not of a gentleman.

A parent has every right to forbid those under the parental roof-tree to swear, fight or use immoral language, and this should be the law as unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians. Boys can be made to know that the youngest or weakest will be punished as impartially as his older or stronger brother. If he strikes another child, by these and other means, fighting around the home, between brothers or visiting boys, can be done away with. But this does not prevent the evil away from home. There are boys, who, metaphorically speaking, go around with "chips on their shoulders," trying to induce other boys to knock them off, as an excuse for a quarrel. They are like the Irishman, who had the most "lily-white" time, when he could point to the greatest number of blackened eyes and cracked heads as trophies of his skill with the shillalah.

A boy of this sort invited one taught to consider fighting disgraceful to "have a try and see which is the best fellow. I bet I can lick you in two minutes."

"No, sir," said the other, "I don't like fighting. There's nothing to fight about, and we can have lots more fun some other way," and both boys went off good-naturedly to play.

That boy, now nearly grown, has had few fights, yet is rarely imposed upon, as he is not afraid of his playmates, and is able to take care of himself when necessary. Public school teachers forbid fighting on the school grounds and impose a severe penalty when such rules are disregarded. By mutual effort, parents and teachers can do much to prevent fighting, peaceful boys from being imposed upon by the rougher element.

Many a man of brain power, inventive genius or moral strength, is physically weak and small; and many brutal, illiterate men are his superiors, were mere muscle and physical power the test of a man. But the man of intellect, inventive genius or one noted for honesty or moral integrity gets through the world comfortably, with due respect from his fellow-men, where the man of mere muscular strength is held in contempt.

"make our lives sweeter at the same time. Few people realize how much the little attentions of everyday life mean to their associates in the home, the church, the business place. It is generally a lack of consideration which makes one forget the little pleasures, but lack of consideration is not a really one form of selfishness, and selfishness is not considered a desirable quality. Remember that the little things in life, whether good or bad, count for more than those who love them we ever know, and we should be watchful of our actions and words.—Selected.

MISCELLANEOUS OR APPROPRIATE ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

No, I wouldn't deprecate myself, Bridget. Like you in dispute" will you— Would I fly in the face of the biased Apostles, and Father Martin?

It isn't the talent I'm wantin'— Sure, my father, told Michael McCree, Made a beautiful speech and confession When they hanged him, in old Tipperary.

So Bridget Mallick, hold your tongue! About "Woman's Rights" and all that— Sure all the rights I want is one right, To be a good helpmate to Pat.

For he's a good husband, and niver Lays on me the weight of his hand. Except when he's far gone in liquor, And I niver him, you'll please understand.

True for you, I've one eye in mournin', That's because I disputed his right To take and spend all my week's earnin' At Mulligan's wake, Sunday night.

But it's seldom when I've done a washin' He'll ask for morn's half pay; And he'll toss me my share wid a smile, dear, That's like a swate mornin' in May.

Now, where, if I run to convintions, Will be Patrick's home comforts and joys? Who'll clean up his brogans on Sunday, Or patch up his old corduroys?

If we take to the polls night and mornin', Our delicate charms will all fade; The dew will be brushed from the rose, dear, The down from the pache—don't you see?

We'll soon take to sphalistic and shindies, When we get to be sovereign electors, And turn all our husband's hearts from us, Then what will we do for protectors?

We'll have to be crowners and judges, And such like odd malefactors— Or they'll make common councilmen of us, Then where will be our characters?

O, Bridget dear, save us from votin', For sure as the blessed sun rolls, We'll land in the Commons or Senate, Then what will become of our sowls?

CAMPING OUT.
How to Equip and Manage the Gypsy Camp That is in Vogue.

Philadelphia Times.
The delay in our usual hot weather has made some of us lamentably restless in regard to formulating our summer plans. Such a May and June we never have had within the memory of woman and the boys of us who could go have been slow to move while those who could not have been exultant.

Alas, the fury is upon us. Our Frey July is not to be tamed and we must either fly for relief or stay and endure.

For generations there has been a decided halo clouding the exact joys of camping out; every girl who could and was invited accepted with pleasure an invitation to join a party who intended to eschew the habitation of man (I speak of the race, not the individual) and try primitive life of a more or less stony character. The more really primitive the camp the harder and the jollier for the true camper.

There is the point. What constitutes a proper person to go camping and what is a proper camp? Everything depends on the taste of the party and the tone of the place selected for the casting of the tent. As for the kind of woman who would go camping, she is easily described. She must be an honest, contented sort of person, with enough wit in her composition to see the fun in every situation, be it the ruin of all her camp war paint under the cruel torrent of a cloud-burst or the still more cruel pang of hunger when, as usually happens, things give out and supplies are delayed. The right sort of woman for camping used to be rare, but today she is easily found as the regular "all-round good fellow," consequently camping is growing in popularity and we women are reaping the benefit.

where, she would try, "is the air" of daily midday doing fancy work, seated on rugs and clothed in the graceful long robes of the sex, awaiting the return of their friends, who are dispersed in happy fishing, shooting, climbing swimming? "Madame," we reply to the shade of our camping grandmother, "your circle of sweet maidens is like yourself, a Watteau dream of the past. The camp life of today means co-enjoyment of every sport that woods and lakes can afford man or woman."

That would, perhaps, shock the shade, but if she lingered long enough to see the return to camp of the happy, healthy children of the hour she would take away with her a glowing tale of the blessings of the new era for her descendant daughters.

All over the United States women are, not beginning, but already participating in the joys of the rod and gun, the health of the swim and tramp. The men don't get up and, except when disabled by Cupid's dart, spend most of the day in sports for which women are, on account of their dress, unfitted.

We have found that the true beauty of things lies in their fitness, and we have with feminine energy fitted our camping dress to the necessities of camp life. The dress for our women to take with them is simple as a man's. They need to be advised beforehand and pack their knapsack on the principle of elimination.

If you are in doubt as to taking this or that article leave it at home. Take one modern, up-to-date street rig, and that may be one too many; take one altogether pretty but simple waist that may be worn with the street skirt, and then cater to your savage surroundings and select the best climbing suit you can find.

Remember environment is everything; skirts that look horribly short at home before you start will be all too long when you are fording a path a long the unrodden bank of a trout stream.

You must all take the high-top wheeling boot off on your camping trip, or stout-leather leggings, that can be worn over a strong, wide-soled shoe; then be provided with knickerbockers! Real knickerbockers, such as men use on their wheels, loose and roomy, and over them wear a skirt not an inch below the knees. This is not a wheeled costume, but the clothing to be worn by a woman who is acting the healthy, vigorous part of a pioneer, who is exposed to a world of her own selection only and who is one of a community who are all playing children, if exemption from care and social exigency and the privilege of desire to play all day long mean childhood.

For hunting and climbing there is no suit but this described, and if the camping ground has been selected in really wild country, the skirt will often be abandoned.

So natural does it now seem to our men and women that we (the women) should be able to take part in the frolic sports, that the woods are literally full of people, parties of young married people, the woman in velveteen jacket and trousers, booted and belted with a cartridge belt, a la their better (7) half. They have most of them gotten up a prodigious amount of muscle and endurance upon their wheeling trips, and they, free from skirts, can climb, and with their little hatchets cut paths in woods that have seen nothing of the kind since the days of Pocahontas.

HOME AND FASHION HINTS.
Directions of Interest to the Woman in Search of Information on These Topics.

If rubbed with fresh lemon or orange peels knives and forks will be thoroughly freed from the taste of fish.

For visiting costumes China crepe are lined with silk and have a satin grille and collar of a darker shade than the dress.

Medallions of fine silk braid are used on such semi-transparent goods as veiling and barge, both of which are favored for mid-summer.

The round bodice is tucked and opened on the left with rows of embroidery between the tucks, on the wrists and outlining the narrow skirt front.

Two or three clean oyster shells boiled in the teakettle once a week will prevent the formation of iron rust, and all impurities will be incrustated on the shells.

The looser, larger meshed goods or canvas weaves are lined with changeable silk and have a belt and collar to match one color and a silk vest of the other. All have the loose blouse collar.

Never throw away orange peel. Save it, and when dry keep it in tin. Two or three pieces thrown on a fire will cause it to burn up quickly and will also emit a slight but refreshing perfume.

Orange is combined with navy, grayish and light blue shades. A yoke collar, frill and folds in the wrists of orange silk trim a navy blue canvas made over light blue taffeta; narrow satin ribbon in scroll trims the wrist, blouse front opened on the left and the skirt edge.

FASHION'S LATEST FANCIES

Designed expressly for the "Astorian" By the Butterick Publishing Company

A NEW SHIRT-WAIST.
That triumph of usefulness, the shirt-waist, helps out the variety in dress in the summer wardrobe and is always in vogue, neat and trim in effect when made up in becoming tints of Zingham, chavil, dimity, organdy, lawn, it may be worn with almost any style of skirt and requires no decoration save the contrast which the white linen collar affords with a bright ribbon or silk headband.

JAUNTY SAILOR COSTUME.
Sailor costumes are so natty and comfortable not only for the seas but also for the country and general outdoor wear that one should be included in every wardrobe for the summer outing. On the return to the city these costumes are satisfactory for school or play tracks. The costume as here made of white serge is dainty and cool-looking. The blouse slips on over the head and a pretty feature is a square sailor-collared with pointed ends facing a shield facing on an under-waist. The shield is ornamented with an embroidered anchor and rows of blue braid edge the sailor collar and

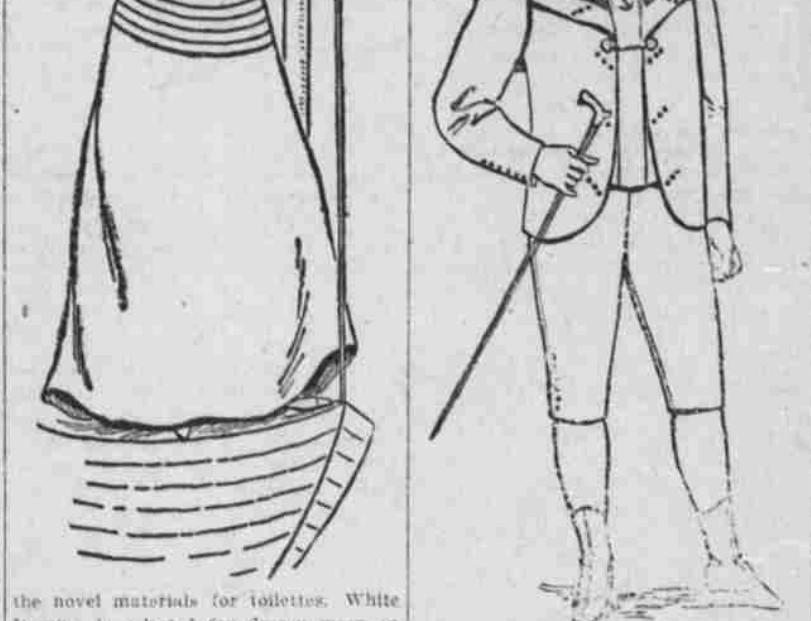


trim the waistbands of the bishop sleeves. The blouse is supported by the under-waist and made a smooth gore at the front. Braid is placed at hem depth on the skirt all round. Skirts made with front-gore and gathered only at the back and sides please little girls; they are newer than the plain round skirts and hang very prettily, standing out well at the sides. Sailor suits for summer are made of duck, Madras, crash, plaid, the paper dresses being trimmed with insertion. On wooden braid is the popular trimming.

A YACHTING TOILETTE.
All plans for summer toilettes include a yachting costume and there is a fancy to adopt bright colors, vivid reds, any number of blue shades and cream white are available and braid is the decoration par excellence. White mohair serge and mohair diagonal are two new lustrous wool fabrics of admirable quality and perfectly suited to either yachting or tennis. A cream-white cotton fish-net also figures conspicuously among

A VERY DRESSY SUIT.
This natty suit comprises a jacket, a middie vest and short trousers and also a plain underwaist to which trousers are buttoned.

The vest has a box-plot at the center of the front on which an anchor is embroidered and it appears between the collar fronts of the jacket. A large sailor-collared of dark-brown cloth is a dressy feature of the jacket and looks well with the light-brown mixed checked used for the remainder of the suit. The dark



cloth also faces lapels turned back on the fronts just below the ends of the collar. The button decoration on the jacket gives a very dressy effect and a silk cord looped over buttons connects the fronts at the lower ends of the lapels. Buttons also ornament the trousers, which are made without a fly, closing at the sides. A suit made like this of any fancy woolen suiting, serge or flannel or of crash or duck will delight little boys who like to be smartly dressed and with such a suit a straw sailor hat with rolling or flat brim will be appropriate.

The Butterick pattern for this suit is No. 910, for sale by Albert Dunbar, exclusive agent.

THE CHURCH.
Salvationists are having big meetings among the soldiers and prisoners on Alcatraz island, in San Francisco bay.

It is announced that Rev. R. Fay Mills, the evangelist who so stirred up the coast about five years ago, has renounced the orthodox faith and become a Unitarian.

She suited him.
"You seem to have taken quite a fancy to Miss Barnes."
"Yes, she's a very strong girl."
"Strong! What has that to do with it?"
"She's the right kind of a girl to take out on a tandem. I never was fond of working myself."—Chicago Post.

Marion Harland says:
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at Oswego, Or., dedicated June 25th, was commenced in February, 1896, and completed in June of the same year, but the dedicatory services were deferred.

Rev. Arthur S. Thompson, D. D., recently of the First Church, Tacoma, Wash., has received a hearty and unanimous call to the Westminster church, Jersey City, N. J. He will enter upon the regular work of the pastorate the 1st of September.

Peaceable Philadelphia has now taken up arms against the Salvation Army. A number of West Philadelphians have brought suit against certain members of the army on the charge of being a nuisance. The situation is substantially the duplicate of that in New York. The case went over to quarter sessions.

One of the most unique features in connection with the great Christian Endeavor meeting on Sunday afternoon, July 12th, was the singing of the Police Glees Club, of San Francisco, in uniform. The men marched on the platform from the wing in truly military style, and were received with much and long-continued applause. The club sang with much effectiveness "Throw Out the Life Line" and responded to the hearty cheers.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.
Her father sent her in His land to dwell, Giving to her a work which must be done; And, since the King loves all his people well, Therefore, she, too, cares for them every one; And when she stoops to lift them from want and sin, The brighter shines her royalty therein.

She walks erect through dangers manifold, While many sink and fall on either hand; She dreads not summer's heat nor winter's cold, For both are subject to the King's command; She need not be afraid of anything, Because she is the daughter of a King.

Even when the angel comes that men call Death And names with terror, it appals not her; She turns to welcome him with quickened breath, Thinking it is the royal messenger; Her heart rejoices that her Father calls Her back to dwell within His palace walls.

For though the land she dwells in is most fair Set round with streams, a picture in its frame; Yet often in her heart deep longings are For that Imperial palace whence she came. Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing Because she is the daughter of a King.—Silver Cross.

Not only piles of the very worst kind can be cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, but eczema, scalds, burns, bruises, boils, ulcers and all other skin troubles can be instantly relieved by the same remedy. Charles Rogers.

A GREAT CONVENIENCE.
Mr. Holman—Shure, 'tis a mighty convenient arrangement living in wad apartment, Mrs. Finucane, Wool, win Ot want to go from the drawing room to the studio or the kitchen, Ot just stay where Ot am"—The Bits.

"They are dandies," said Thos. Bowers, of the Crocket, Texas, Enterprise, while writing about DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for sick headache and disorders of the stomach and liver. Charles Rogers.

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