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TUESDAY, January 30, 1912

Women Will Not Be Identified With Industry Forever



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By Mrs. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, Wife of America's Special Ambassador to the Coronation

THE uncertainty about America's future adds fascination to the interest which many women are manifesting in many phases of public affairs. We do not know what is going to happen to us, but we are resolved to be a POTENT FACTOR in the determination of our future. Women have vivid imagination and idealism, and the present state of our civilization, with all its possibilities, holds so much of allurements that it is difficult nowadays to find a woman so concerned with her home that she takes no interest in public affairs. On the other hand, though, there are NINE MILLION WOMEN ENGAGED IN INDUSTRIES outside the home. Marriage, the rearing of children and DEVELOPMENT OF HOMES ARE STILL VERY POPULAR and vitally important occupations.

Our young women, while more sophisticated on the surface, are still as susceptible to the advances of the "little winged god" as were the heroines of Jane Austen's days, who had no more important object in life than to secure a husband.

THEN TOO, THOSE WHO STUDY THE QUESTION CAREFULLY BELIEVE THAT WOMEN WILL NOT PERMANENTLY REMAIN IN INDUSTRY. NOW IT HAS ALL THE GLAMOR OF NEWNESS, BUT ALREADY THE TIDE IS BEGINNING TO SET BACKWARD TOWARD THE OLD HOME LIFE.

THE SALVE OF LOVE

By SARAH W. CHAMBLIS

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Every morning after my household duties have been attended to I go out to make my purchases of the day's supplies. I pass a little brick house in a window of which sits, sewing, a woman whose expression I have often studied, but always failed to interpret. It may be best described as the expression of one who has been disappointed, but has accepted the disappointment philosophically. The most surprising thing on the premises is a doorplate on which are the words, "Matrimonial Agency."

Now, I am a happily married woman and in no need of a husband, for mine is the best man in the world, and I am the mother of seven dear children. In short, our family is a loving one. But, having passed the little woman at the window many times, my curiosity at last got the better of me, and I went in. I thought the best way to gain information would be to personate a client. So I invited the woman to explain her methods.

"To begin with," she said, "I don't recommend matrimony to nobody. I'm willin' to interduce them as is hankerin' after it, but I'm honest enough to tell 'em that it's a good deal like dissipation—it's follered by a headache."

"I should think that would injure your business," I remarked.

"Not a bit. My opinion is when people get the matrimonial fever they got to go through it just like any other fever, only it's wuss, because most people git over other fevers within a few weeks or months at most, but the matrimonial fever usually lasts a lifetime. Most times it attacks some feller and some girl to once. Such cases can't be stopped. The cases that I put through are those where a man or a woman plines for a mate.

"Now, you're a likely lookin' woman, and I don't want to do you no harm, but I advise you to let matrimony alone. You'll only jump from the frying pan into the fire. You're used as a single person to doin' a hundred different things a day, none of 'em, mebbe, of any importance. Just as soon as you're married you got to stop and think whether your husband will approve of your doin' any one of 'em the way that suggests itself to you. Or if he's with you he'll tell you that your way is not the best. If you think it really is the best, you got to argue about it. When you've had a scrap

ment you give me," she said. "After you left me I give myself a good rubbin' with it, then went to see my old man. He's with me, and our younger children are together again. That's powerful good medicine. We use it in our family all the while now."

THE PAUSE AT DINNER.

Grin Story of an Englishman's Banquet in Egypt.

How completely in any domestic emergency the master can count on his Berber servants is illustrated by this grin anecdote from Mrs. E. L. Butcher's book, "Egypt as We Knew It." An Englishman of very high rank in the Egyptian service wished to give in his own house a dinner party to the prime minister and other Egyptian and English notables. He was a bachelor and did not often entertain, but he spoke to his servants and told them that he particularly wished the dinner to be successful.

The Egyptian, or, rather, Berber, servant has a quick sense for the honor of "our house," as every good servant calls his master's abode. So the servants hastened themselves, and the guests sat down to an excellent dinner beautifully served.

Good fish succeeded good soup, and then there was a pause. The host talked his best, but began to feel nervous. However, after a delay hardly long enough to attract the notice of the guests the even procession of dishes began again, and the evening was most successful.

After the guests had departed the host said a word of praise to his head servant and then remarked:

"By the way, there was rather a long wait after the fish. Why was that?"

"May it please your excellency, the cook died of cholera."

"What?"

But investigation put the fact beyond a doubt. The cook, attacked at the last moment, but anxious for the honor of the house, had worked on till he fell dead at his post, and his body had been then hastily hid aside, and the marmion finished the cooking.

I learned this story after the Englishman had left the country. I never heard that any of the guests suffered or even knew what had happened.

FEAT OF A MACGREGOR.

Wonderful Physical Strength That Was Used to Good Purpose.

Sir William MacGregor was the hero of such an adventure as one expects ordinarily to read about only in fiction of a certain hue.

The steamship Syria, with a lot of Indian coolies on board, struck on a rock about twelve hours from Suva, the capital of Fiji.

Dr. MacGregor, then acting colonial secretary, organized a relief expedition, clambered over a broken mast that was the only path to the emigrants and again returned with a man or woman on his back and sometimes a child, held by its clothes between his teeth.

A man of vast physical strength, MacGregor wanted it all for his final feat. Down below on the reef was a woman who had fallen overboard, had got at the spirits and was mad with drink. The captain of the ship and a police officer who had gone after her were being swept out to sea. MacGregor slid down a rope, caught the knot of the woman's hair in his teeth and with his hands seized the two men and dragged them both into safety. He went back to Suva in a borrowed suit of pajamas, having left all his clothes and a good deal of his skin on the coral reef.

Modest, like many heroes, MacGregor left himself out of his own report, and it was from the governor that the queen first heard the whole story.—London Graphic.

The Name of Arizona.

Arizona, probably Arizona in its original form, was the native and probably Pima name of the place—a hill, valley, stream or some other local feature—just south of the modern boundary, in the mountains still so called, on the headwaters of the stream flowing past Saric, where the famous Planchas de Plata mine was discovered in the middle of the eighteenth century, the name being first known to the Spaniards in that connection and being applied to the mining camp or real de minas. The original meaning of the term is not known. The name should probably be written and pronounced Arisona, as our English sound of z does not occur in Spanish.—H. H. Bancroft, "History of the Pacific States."

Charles Reade as He Ate.

One of the strangest men in regard to his diet was Charles Reade. Writing about his meals at the Garrick club, one of his friends placed one of his menus on record: "He took a cauliflower, flanked by a jug of cream, as first course and a great salad to follow, washed down by curious drinks of the shandy-gaff order. He would drink coffee associated with sweets, black pudding and toasted cheese to the amazement of any onlooker."

A Comfortable Roll.

There is a Philadelphia sporting man who is famous for the roll he always carries. Another man said to him one night:

"I suppose in strange hotels you always put your roll under your pillow, eh?"

"No; oh, no," said the sporting man. "I couldn't sleep with my head so high."—Exchange.

Ambiguous.

He—I'm going to kiss you when I go. She—Leave the house at once!—Exchange.

Death in Roaring Fire

may not result from the work of fire bugs, but often severe burns are caused that make a quick need for Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the quickest, surest cure for burns, wounds, bruises, boils, sores. It subdues inflammation. It kills pain. It heals and soothes. Drives off skin eruptions, ulcers or piles. Only 25c at all druggists.

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Notice For Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon.

Notice is hereby given that John N. Luke of Bandon, Oregon, who, on February 2, 1909, made Homestead entry Serial, No. 04214, for Lot 1, Section 1, Township 30, S. R. 15 W., and lots 3 and 4, Section 6, Township 30, S. Range 14 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. R. Wade, United States Commissioner, at Bandon, Oregon, on the 23 day of February, 1912.

Claimant names as witnesses: H. P. Clausen, R. W. Ensign, R. Hemple, and James Adams, all of Bandon, Oregon.

1-12 BENJAMIN F. JONES, Register.

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Lodge and Professional Directory

Lodges are requested to notify this office on election of officers and on change of meeting night. Cards under this head are 75c per inch per month.

Lewah Tribe No. 48, Imp. O. R. M.

MEETS First and Third Tuesdays of each month at 8th run at the Bandon Wigwam. Sojourning Chiefs in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

A. J. Hartman, J. C. Shields, C. of R. Sachem.

W. O. W.

Keep the logs rolling boys! SEASIDE CAMP NO. 212, WOODMEN OF THE WORLD, Meets First and Third Thursdays. Visiting Neighbors welcomed.

C. M. Gage, C. C.

H. E. Boak, Secretary

Masonic.

BANDON LODGE, No. 130 A. F. & A. M. Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. Special communications second Saturday thereafter. All Master Masons cordially invited.

W. E. Craine, W. M.

Phil Pearson, Secretary

Eastern Star

OCCIDENTAL CHAPTER, No. 45, O. E. S., meets Saturday evening before and after stated communication of Masonic Lodge. Visiting members cordially invited to attend.

Louise M. Boyle, W. M. Merta Mehl, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.

Wm. Lundquist, N. C. S. A. McAllister, Secretary.

Knights of Pythias

DELPHI LODGE, No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Knights hall. Visiting knights invited to attend.

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