

## HOW TO IMPROVE DOMESTIC SERVICE IN AMERICA

By Miss GAIL LAUGHLIN, LL. B., Lawyer and Student of Social and Economic Problems



CONDITIONS IN DOMESTIC SERVICE ARE AT PRESENT UNSATISFACTORY. The testimony of people generally and the facts stated by those who come most closely into touch with domestic labor seem to establish that in a large proportion of cases the service rendered by domestic employees is unsatisfactory and that the supply of competent domestic workers is far below the demand.

IN SHORT, DOMESTIC SERVICE IS LARGELY IN THE HANDS OF UNTRAINED AND INCOMPETENT WORKERS AND IS UNPOPULAR WITH THE MAJORITY OF INTELLIGENT WOMEN WAGE EARNERS.

The reason for this is not found in the wages paid, for it is admitted that wages in domestic service are, all things considered, higher than are the wages paid in many more popular lines of work. The reason is found in other conditions which exist and primarily in the fact that THE DOMESTIC EMPLOYEE IS LOOKED UPON AS A PERSONAL SERVANT RATHER THAN AS AN EMPLOYEE HIRED TO PERFORM SPECIFIC SERVICE. Because of this view there is no fixed standard of work, the hours of labor are indefinite, the employee's entire time is subject to the control of the employer. The position of the employee in the household is that of a semidependent; her social position is that of an inferior.

To improve the character of domestic service the supply of intelligent workers must be increased; to increase the supply of intelligent workers conditions must be so modified as to make the conditions in domestic service conform to as great an extent as possible to conditions existing in other industries and especially so modified as to put the social position of the domestic employee on a par with that of other wage earners. In other words, DOMESTIC SERVICE MUST BE PUT ON A BUSINESS BASIS.

This can be done only through co-operation on the part of both employers and employees, co-operation based on a better and more scientific conception of the character of household labor.

THE PROCESS MUST BE PRIMARILY EDUCATIONAL, BOTH AS REGARDS EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE.

Instruction in the public schools in the elementary principles which bear upon household affairs would do much to give to the next generation a better understanding of the importance of household labor and of the principles underlying it.

## HALF THE STRIKES ARE WON BY THE MEN WHO STRIKE

By SAMUEL GOMPERS, President American Federation of Labor



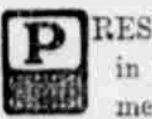
THIS is a great age when every new development of steam or electricity adds to the wealth of the country. THE PEOPLE WHO STRIKE WANT A FAIR SHARE OF THE FRUITS OF THEIR TOIL. I do not want any one to think, however, that I am an advocate of strikes, though they are often necessary and justifiable. I have yet to meet a man in the labor movement in all my experience in that movement, covering a third of a century, who is an advocate of strikes. This, however, is different from antagonism or denunciation of strikes. Neither antagonism nor denunciation has ever stopped one strike.

FIFTY PER CENT OF THE STRIKES ARE ABSOLUTELY WON, AND IN 25 PER CENT OF THE STRIKES PART OF THE DEMANDS ARE GAINED.

Even when the strikes are lost it is a benefit to others, for employers will be more chary in forcing strikes.

## WHAT MUST HAPPEN TO THE FILIPINOS

By JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, President of Cornell University



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has said that the flag will stay in the Philippines as long as it will stay in Alaska. That means forever.

I HOPE OUR FLAG WILL STAY IN THOSE ISLANDS UNTIL ITS WORK THERE IS DONE.

But if it is to stay forever one of two things must happen—WE SHALL EITHER HOLD THE FILIPINOS IN SUBJECTION OR WE MUST ADMIT THE ISLAND OF LUZON AND THE VISAYAN ISLANDS AS UNITED STATES TERRITORIES.

## ONE OF CHRISTIANITY'S PERVERSIONS

By Right Rev. Dr. FREDERICK BURGESS, Bishop of Long Island



ALL THE STRANGE PERVERSIONS OF CHRISTIANITY, THE MOST CURIOUS IS THAT ONE OF MODERN TIMES WHICH PROMISES TO CURE ALL ILLS—TO WORK MIRACLES BY IGNORING THE PHYSICAL—AND WHICH ASKS ITS DISCIPLES TO BELIEVE IN CHRIST FOR THE PRECIOUS BOON OF HEALTH. IT IS THE SPIRIT OF THE MEN FROM WHOM CHRIST TURNED AWAY, AND IT HAS BEEN IN VOGUE ALL DOWN THE AGES.

## A SUCCESSFUL DEVICE

[Original.]

In the autumn of 1873 I was traveling in Europe with my family, my wife and two little daughters, and the 30th of November found us at a small Rus-

sian village at which the railroad terminated. The distance to another railroad leading to St. Petersburg was about three leagues, and there was no way of getting over it except by means of a Russian tarantass. I hired the conveyance from the landlord of the inn at which we got a meal, paying the exorbitant price of 10 rubles. We were

## WOMAN SUFFRAGE WOULD BE A BENEFIT

By Ex-Governor ROBERT E. FATTISON of Pennsylvania



BELIEVE IN THE STATES WHERE WOMAN SUFFRAGE HAS ALREADY BEEN TRIED IT HAS BEEN ACCOMPANIED WITH SUCCESS.

In the city of Philadelphia the election of women to the school board and their appointment to the board of control have been of great advantage. I AM SATISFIED THAT IN THE EDUCATIONAL ADMINISTRATION OF THE STATE THEIR ADMISSION TO THE FULLEST POWER AND AUTHORITY WILL BE ACCOMPANIED WITH THE GREATEST ADVANTAGE TO THE COMMON-WEALTH.

to have a driver who was to take the tarantass back to the starting point.

We had not been long on the road when I noticed that the driver was looking about him furtively, pricking up his ears and now and again turning backward. He and I both spoke a little German, and in this language I learned that it would soon be time for the wolves to be out in force, and he was dreading them.

"The landlord didn't mention wolves," I said.

"Certainly not. It would have interfered with his furnishing you the tarantass."

Horrified at even a remote chance of encountering the hungry beasts I was meditating turning back when there came a distant howl. The driver no sooner heard it than he gave the horse a cut which, with the fright that had come upon the animal at a sound he knew only too well, made him spring forward at a mad gallop.

"Why did you risk our lives, knowing of this danger?" I asked.

"The wolves rarely come in this region before the middle of December. This year there has been more snow than usual to the north of us, and it has driven them down here for food."

There was another howl, this time much nearer. My eyes met those of my wife, and both hers and mine said plainly, "This means death." We then glanced at our children, unconscious of the terrible danger, snuggling together between us under the robes, and our distress was tenfold.

In passing through the more unsettled parts of Europe I carried in my hip pocket a medium sized revolver. This was the only weapon at hand. I took it out and examined the six cartridges (I had no more) to make sure they were in order. I knew that every wolf killed would delay the pack to devour the carcass, and if I could kill six wolves at intervals there was hope that we might get through to the railroad station in safety. I told the driver of my purpose, inquiring how far we had yet to go, and he replied that it was two leagues. He then began to lash the horse unceasingly, shouting to him like a madman.

It was but a few minutes now before the wolves left the wood, and one could see them in the road coming with lightning leaps. I told my wife to get down into the bottom of the tarantass with the children and cover herself and them with the robes. I watched the beasts snarling and biting at one another, and when the leader came within shot I aimed carefully between his gleaming eyes and fired, and he fell. In an instant, as I expected, he was being torn to pieces by the rest of the pack. By this means I succeeded in gaining half a league before they came upon us again. My next shot was delivered just as the tarantass bounded in the air over a rut and was not effective. I fired again and dropped another wolf, with the same result as before in delaying the pack. When we were about a league from the station, I fired my fourth ball, but as it was getting dark my aim was bad, and I missed. I fired again and missed. I had but one shot left. Waiting till the foremost beast was within a few paces of me, knowing that there was but one shot left, I fired and dropped the wolf.

Why this carcass so slightly delayed the pack I do not know. At any rate, we had gained but a quarter of a league when they were on us again.

"I have no more cartridges," I cried to the driver. "Make him do all you can."

"Give me a knife, quick!" he cried. I took out my pocketknife and, opening the sharpest blade, handed it to him, not knowing what he intended to do. He leaned over, and a moment later I saw the horse leave the tarantass and, relieved from the load, shoot on like a rocket. The man had cut the traces. Horror-stricken at his act, knowing that the wolves would be on us at once, I crouched down under the robes. I could feel the tarantass sliding on till, striking some object, it suddenly stopped. Meanwhile I heard the pack go yelping past us. Then I heard a frightful shriek from the horse. Throwing off the cover, I looked ahead and saw the wolves clinging to the poor beast.

"Come," said the driver. "They will soon turn on us." He pointed to a house so far away that I knew it would be impossible to reach it in time. I was turning hither and thither to find some other straw to cling to when I heard shots ahead, and

there was a large Russian wagon, drawn by three horses, from which several men were firing at the wolves, which were galloping away toward the cover of a clump of trees.

That was the end of the adventure. Without a word my wife and I jumped into each other's arms, then embraced the children. At the house I have mentioned we got conveyance to the station, and I sent the driver back to his master with the message that, while I was sorry for his horse, I would rejoice at his losing all the property he possessed. MARTIN B. OLCOTT.

## A TOUCH OF RUSSIA

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

Soon after reaching St. Petersburg on my globe circling trip I found an American who had just arrived that morning, a man from Stamford, Conn., named Joshua H. Bidwell. He was the inventor of the wire clothesline and, having patented it in England, France, Germany and other foreign countries, had arrived in Russia with the same object in view. He was a thorough Yankee from top to bottom.

I had scarcely shaken hands with him when he informed me that the police already had a spy on his track and added:

"I'm here on straight business, I am. I'm here to patent and sell the right to manufacture the only galvanized wire clothesline ever invented. If the police let me alone, I shan't hurt anybody, but if they tackle me they'll wake up a barful of bumblebees."

It was Mr. Bidwell's intentions, after knocking about for two or three days, to visit the American legation and solicit advice on how to proceed to get his patent. We set out to St. Petersburg in company. It was the cause of our coming to grief. The spy who had been following him appeared to be more alert than before; but, fearing that Bidwell would do something rash, I did not mention the fact of our being dogged. He did not catch on until the afternoon of the second day. We then were knocking about on foot and were in the national aquarium when he walked straight up to the spy, tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Look here, Mister Man, have you any business to transact with us?"

He spoke in English, and the Russian could not understand a word of it. He evidently got the drift of things, however, and seemed greatly surprised and annoyed at being addressed in that offhand fashion.

We went out, turned into Warsaw place and entered a wineshop. Bidwell presently went to the door to see if the spy was around and almost bumped into him.

"Now, then, you mean looking son of a gun, but this is a little too steep!" exclaimed the Yankee. "I gave you fair warning, and now?"

He seized the fellow by the shoulders and slammed him about in a terrific manner, but it wasn't more than a minute before five or six policemen were at hand and both of us were under arrest and being hurried away.

We were first taken to a police station about four blocks distant. There we were searched, stripped of every article that our clothing might be overhauled and held for about an hour. We were not questioned at all, and if the official in charge understood anything we said he did not betray the fact. Bidwell was so provoked by the situation that he fired a whole broadside of Connecticut oratory into the official, ending up by threatening a suit for \$100,000 damages, but he might as well have saved his breath. By and by we were taken to headquarters under a strong escort and there ushered into the presence of the chief of police. We were taken in singly. My turn came first. The chief consulted a memorandum and began:

"You arrived in St. Petersburg on the 9th. You claimed to be an American tourist. You received a letter from Paris on the 10th and one from Hamburg on the 11th. You have spoken disrespectfully of the police to the proprietor of the Park hotel. You were very disrespectful toward the officer who was ordered to follow you about. Do you wish to leave St. Petersburg by the evening train?"

I replied that I had come to visit the city as a tourist and had planned to remain for at least a month.

The chief touched a bell, and two

police officers appeared. Out of my own money they bought me a ticket for the German frontier, and both rode with me for the first 300 miles.

What happened to Bidwell I learned long afterward from his own mouth and through the American press. He thought it beneath the dignity of a free born American citizen to bend the knee to the autocrat of St. Petersburg. The charge against him was more serious. His baggage at the hotel had been overhauled, and his samples of wire clotheslines were at once "spotted" as a menace against the peace of the czar. He also had laid violent hands on the sacred body of a police spy, and that proved him a desperate man if not a conspirator. He was defiant when put on examination, and the upshot was that he was taken to the fortress of St. Peter to be held for further investigation. That simply meant to be held at the pleasure of the chief of police. No papers were ever served on him nor was he ever taken into court. He was put into a dark, damp cell, confined to prison fare and treated like a criminal. It was three months before he saw any other face than the jailer's. Then a police official came to ask him if he would agree to leave Russia and never return in case of release.

"Not by a long shot!" was his ready reply. "For every month you hold me in here I'll demand \$50,000 extra, and if Uncle Sam doesn't back my lawsuit every Bidwell in Connecticut will move out of the country."

At the end of seven months he was set at liberty. He started for the American legation, but was intercepted and taken to the depot and forced to enter a train. Two officers accompanied him to the frontier, and he received such a solemn warning against attempting to recross the line that he never tried it. He filed a claim on reaching the United States, but it was pigeonholed and heard of no more.

M. QUAD.

**THE D FORD'S**

**BLACK-DRAUGHT**

**THE ORIGINAL**

**LIVER MEDICINE**

A sallow complexion, dizziness, biliousness and a coated tongue are common indications of liver and kidney diseases. Stomach and bowel troubles, severe as they are, give immediate warning by pain, but liver and kidney troubles, though less painful at the start, are much harder to cure. Theodor's Black-Draught never fails to benefit diseased liver and weakened kidneys. It stirs up the torpid liver to throw off the germs of fever and ague. It is a certain preventive of cholera and Bright's disease of the kidneys. With kidneys reinforced by Theodor's Black-Draught thousands of persons have dwelt immune in the midst of yellow fever. Many families live in perfect health and have no other doctor than Theodor's Black-Draught. It is always on hand for use in an emergency and saves many expensive calls of a doctor.

Mullins, S. C., March 10, 1901.  
I have used Theodor's Black-Draught for three years and I have not had to go to a doctor since I have been taking it. It is the best medicine for me that is on the market for liver and kidney troubles and dyspepsia and other complaints. Rev. A. G. LEWIS.

**A Dog Story.**  
An elderly clergyman living some few miles from a market town and somewhat absentminded in his habit of driving there weekly, where he put up his horse at a particular inn, his dog always in attendance. One day when returning with a friend he was much annoyed to discover that the dog was missing and insisted on driving back to find him. The inn was reached, and there, sure enough, was the dog, and not only the dog, but the parson's horse as well. The hostler had put another horse into the vehicle, but the dog, recognizing the mistake, elected to stay with his animal friend rather than return with his master.—"Letter of a Dog Lover."

**She Remembered.**  
"Rev. Mr. Stern's remarks over poor John were so sympathetic, I thought," said the widow's friend.  
"Sympathetic!" replied the Widow Gayrake. "He said John had gone to join the great majority."  
"Well?"  
"Well, in his sermon several Sundays ago he declared that the great majority of people go below."—Philadelphia Press.

**The Others.**  
Don't live for yourself and do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by promoting that of others. He who labors wholly for the benefit of others and, as it were, forgets himself is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of all his affections and exertions.

## Professional Cards.

**R. H. Walter, D. D. S.**  
DENTAL SURGEON AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.  
Office Nashboro Bldg. A. St., Phone 20  
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

**E. E. Straw, M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Special attention to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Glasses fitted.  
Office in Sengstacken & Smith Building.

**A. G. Gross, M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Office, Nashboro Building, Phone 421  
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

**W. U. Douglas,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND U. S. COMMISSIONER.  
Front street, Marshfield, Oregon.

**S. A. D. Eaton,**  
—LAWYER—  
Will practice in all courts.  
EMPIRE CITY OREGON

**J. W. Bennett,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
MARSHFIELD ORE

**John F. Hall,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Office in Eldorado Block, Front street  
Marshfield, Oregon.  
B. St., MARSHFIELD, ORE

**C. F. McKnight,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
Office in the Benoit & Walter Building.  
MARSHFIELD, OREGON

**Wold & Daniels**  
ENGINEERS and SURVEYORS  
Map work a specialty. Phone. 473  
Marshfield, Oregon

**CHAS. GRISSON MUSIC CO.**  
I. O. O. F. Bldg.  
The very choicest make of pianos and organs to select from. Carrying all kinds of musical instruments.  
For cash or on installments, suit yourself.  
A full line of music suited to every grade, received direct every week.  
Marshfield, Oregon.

**Boots, Shoes and Harness Repaired.**  
John Harding the shoemaker is employed at Haskell's Harness shop.

**We also keep all kinds of leather.**  
Harness Leather, Sole Leather, Lace Leather, Latigo Leather. All kinds of Spring Leggings.  
If you want to buy any kind of harness see Haskell.  
**HARNESS & SADDLERS**  
MARK'S CORNER : : Front Street

**IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE IN NEWSPAPERS ANYWHERE AT ANYTIME Call on or Write E. C. DAKES' ADVERTISING AGENCY 64 & 65 Merchants' Exchange SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

**Reduced Rates From the East**  
Commencing February 15th and continuing until April 30th there will be low rates in effect from the East via the Illinois Central R R to all Washington, Oregon and Idaho points. If any of your friends or relatives in the East are coming West while these rates are in effect, give us their name and address, and we will make it our business to see that they are given the best possible service. We operate through personally conducted excursion cars, and in fact give you the benefit of the latest conveniences known to modern railroading. We have 15 different routes between the East and the West, and are in position to give you the benefit of the best combinations. Write us and we will give you full particulars. E. H. Trumbull, Com'l Agent Ill Cent R R 142 Third St. Portland, Ore.