

# Woman's World

## MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER.

Who is Trying to Aid Women and Children Wage Earners.

Though times have been good for years, the number of women and children who have been compelled to work for wages has steadily increased. In thousands of homes the head of the family does not appear to be able to obtain enough for his labor to support those who are dependent upon him. The wives and children of many such men go to work in stores and factories.

It is because the question of woman and child labor has assumed disquieting proportions in this country that President Roosevelt commissioned Mrs. J. Ellen Foster of Iowa to investigate the subject. Mrs. Foster has already taken a trip through the south, in which she saw thousands of children working in the cotton mills under conditions that have often been declared to be a menace to their health.

Mrs. Foster will, of course, report to the president the result of her inquiries and observations, as the result of which



MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER.

it is not improbable that Mr. Roosevelt will suggest to congress more stringent laws for the protection of women and children who are compelled to become wage-workers.

Mrs. Foster was born in Massachusetts, but early removed to Iowa. Some years ago she was prominent in the political world and won a reputation as a "spellbinder" on the stump.

### Cheesecloth Comfort.

Cheesecloth should be used more commonly for household purposes than it is. The material has the special merit of being firm, yet so loosely woven that grease comes out readily in washing. Thus it is more easily kept clean than linen or crash, for which it may many times be substituted. An unbleached quality that costs not more than five cents a yard is quite as good for general use as more expensive fabrics.

The best kind of dishcloths are made of it. The material should be doubled, raw edges turned in and stitched on the machine. This will wear and because it cleans so easily is most sanitary for warm weather in that it will not become saturated and smell of grease. Rinsing in soap and water will be all that is necessary for cleansing.

For nice furniture it is the best kind of cloth for cleaning, and all cabinet-makers keep three sets for work. The first is used for applying the oil, the second to rub it off, and the third is the polisher. Similar treatment for dining room tables will keep them in the pink of condition.

Cheesecloth will save the daily use of an egg in boiled coffee merely by having small bags of the cotton kept in the kitchen. Put the grounds into one and twist the top around tight with thread, a spool of which should be handy for the purpose. The same bag may be used many times. There is nothing in the cleaning line for which it is not good.

Windows and mirrors will never have a speck of lint on their shining surface if cheesecloth is used, and for all kinds of work it will be found invaluable. A bag made of it should always be kept in the kitchen for straining soups.

Tissue paper is another valuable household asset that all housekeepers do not appreciate. All of it that comes into the house should be saved. Moistened with alcohol it polishes mirrors to perfection, and even dry will make them shine. Silver, all hard woods used for furniture and steel, also brass, if not badly tarnished, will respond immediately to treatment with tissue paper, and for packing of all kinds it is most useful. Lace, silk and all ribbon should always be ironed between two layers of it, for the materials will not then be shiny.

### Cure For the Blues.

The "blues," you know, haven't anything to do with legitimate grief or pain.

They are something or other that comes to us and settles down around us and shuts out the sunshine and music of everyday life, and no one can tell where that something comes from when it settles down or where it goes to when it lifts its dark wings and betakes itself and its following of glooms and apparitions out of our lives for a long or short time, according to our temperaments.

It is a common thing to hear people say, "I don't know what is the matter

with me today, but I have the blues" just as they will say, "I don't know where I caught it, but I am coming down with a heavy cold."

Whatever the cause is, there are times when the blues will seize upon even the most optimistic of us, but we are by no means as helpless in the clutches of the indigo tinted tofmenter as a great many people seem to imagine.

One of the commonest forms of torment adopted by the blues is to convince you beyond hope of argument that you must look upon yourself as a perfect failure.

Such a distressing train of thought can always, of course, find plenty of material to feed upon when the lightning is turned on to any human life that has ever lived, but with the blues in your system you will never stop to think that, even if you are a failure, you are not the only one in existence. You will just be miserably certain for the time being that all your efforts—social, spiritual, physical, intellectual, financial, scientific or in any other direction—have amounted to nothing.

Now, when we find ourselves lost in any such quagmire of despair let us stop before we burrow any deeper and try to realize that, after all, it is not what we do, but what we try to do, which counts for happiness in life, for the reason that the best efforts of human beings fall far short of the brilliant deeds we can so easily accomplish in our ambitious dreams.

When your blues are at their bluest and discouragement over what you have not accomplished is singing its dirge to your sinking heart, just take occasion to remark that you thank God you have not accomplished all that you would like to do in this world, for if you had there would be nothing left to live for, since life without something to be accomplished by you every day is life shorn of all that makes it worth your while to live.

Of course you never will accomplish all that you planned to do in just the way that you planned doing it.

### The True Value of Lemons.

Lemons are very useful in health and sickness. Hot lemonade is one of the best remedies for an incipient cold. It is also excellent in cases of biliousness. For malaria (the "Roman cure") is prepared by cutting the rind and pulp of a lemon into a pint of water, then boiling until there is only half a pint. One teaspoonful is taken before each meal. This has cured obstinate cases when quinine failed. Lemon sirup made by baking a lemon twenty minutes and then squeezing the juice upon half a cupful of sugar is excellent for hoarseness and to break up a cold. Tie a piece of lemon on a corn at night for five nights, leaving it on all night. Soak the foot in warm water and the corn can be easily removed. When the root of the corn is taken out cover the toe with collodion or some other preparation to protect the skin, which will be sensitive, says Woman's Life. Unless the tender skin is protected it will soon form another corn. A piece of cotton saturated with vaseline and put over the toe will doubtless protect it just as well.

### Perfumed Clothes.

One of the nicest ways of keeping dresses—especially the evening ones—fresh is to sew throughout the lining tiny perfumed silk sachets. Any odd bit of silk does for this purpose. Make the sachet about one inch square. Put in a layer of soft white wadding, into which has been sprinkled some sachet powder. Sew up and tack firmly to various places in skirt and bodice. This gives the delicate elusive fragrance to your frock which is rather hard to attain when liquid perfume is used. It also has additional benefit of keeping away destructive moths when the garment is laid aside for a time.

### Wedding Superstitions.

The bridegroom who carries a miniature horseshoe in his pocket will always be lucky.

The bride who dreams of fairies on the night before her wedding will be three blessed.

Never give a telegram to a bride or bridegroom on the way to church. It is a sure omen of evil.

Marriages on board ship are considered unlucky. If you can't be married on dry land remain unwed.

The finding of a spider on the wedding gown by the bride is considered a sure token of happiness to come.

### For Sunken Cheeks.

Sunken cheeks usually denote malnutrition of the body. Those affected should follow a few simple rules of hygiene. Eat simple, nourishing food, take a glass of hot milk at bedtime, take a salt rub every day and join a gymnasium class. Every morning immediately upon rising bathe the face with very cold water. Every night rub into the hollow places all the skin food that you can force the pores to absorb.

### To Wash Chamois Gloves.

In washing chamois gloves do not rub the soap on them.

Make a strong lather instead and go over them, squeezing and rubbing as if washing the hands. Rinse in the same way always in cold water. Wipe with a soft linen cloth, getting as much water out of them as possible while still on the hands. Dry and push into shape with a glove stretcher.

For apple custard use five eggs well beaten to a quart of milk, stir in a pint of apple sauce, sweeten and flavor to taste and bake carefully. Set the custard into a pan of water in the oven to prevent burning.

Lettuce or parsley may be kept fresh and crisp for several days if it be carefully washed and rolled up in a towel and placed directly on the ice.

## NEW YORK'S DIVES.

The Lookout Man's Trick When the Police Show Themselves.

Some of the dives about New York that are under the ban of the police have ingenious contrivances for warning occupants and patrons of the approach of a "bull" or any other suspected person. By the way, these places are never referred to in the vernacular as "dives" or "joints," for the vocabulary of the inventors of slang changes as quickly as a word comes into general use, so a suspected place is now always referred to as a "dumpp."

Warning of the approach of a policeman or detective is given by means of an electric buzzer. Formerly the push button connected with the buzzer was concealed under the edge of the bar in front of or behind a water pipe. This device, however, was discovered by the police, who thereafter on entering a suspected place kept a close watch on the barkeeper and gave him no chance to press the button.

Then came the prong device. This consisted of two small metal prongs projecting from the edge of the wall. When a man suspected to be a limb of the law entered the door, the barkeeper carelessly placed a coin across the two prongs, thus making a circuit and causing the buzzer to sound in the rear.

This device was discovered, too, so now a lookout is stationed outside the door of a dive. He apparently is a loungee, but he scans closely by a quick glance the face of every person who enters. If a man doesn't look all right the lookout presses his foot, which has a copper plate nailed to the surface of the cellar doorway outside. This makes the circuit and causes the buzzer to get busy, so that by the time the "bull" throws open the door the occupants who are wanted by the police have had time to make their escape and those who remain are seated at tables harmlessly drinking beer or engaged in a friendly game of penuche or whist. Everything is apparently "on the level," and the "bull" is forced to withdraw without having been able to obtain any evidence.—New York Press.

### The Ladybug.

"For the farmers Mother Goose has probably done as much as any of the agricultural scientists," was the remarkable statement made recently by Henry Grison Parsons, who, as professor of horticulture, is conducting a course in school gardening at the New York university summer school. "No," he replied, "I am not poking fun at or belittling the biochemic experts and their wonderful discoveries. But do you know the part played in agriculture by the ladybug? The ladybug lives to eat the aphids, or plant louse, which is so destructive to plants. And did you ever see a child kill one of these aphid eating friends of farming? I never did. If a ladybug lights on a child's hand, what does he do? Why he says, 'Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home,' and gently starts the insect on its way. Mother Goose has taught the child to be kind to the ladybug, and as a result, instead of being killed, these little creatures are cherished and allowed to do their beneficent work."

### Slang in Business.

Illustrations of the disadvantage of cultivating local vernacular and slang in one's language are sometimes brought sharply home to business men, as was the case in a letter received the other day by a New York firm from one of their correspondents in the far east, which read in part as follows:

"Will you kindly send us a modern dictionary of American language, as we are unable to understand some of the phrases in your letters? Writing on the—th ultimo, you say, for instance: 'Do not let Messrs. — hand you a lemon in this deal. If they try it on pitch one for fair right over the plate to Mr. —, and if he fozzles cable — for a solar plexus.' The terms used are foreign to us, and we entirely fail to comprehend their significance."—Shipping Illustrated.

### Croker's Autobiography.

Richard Croker writes to the Journal of Irish Society correcting erroneous impressions which he finds current regarding himself. He denies that he was ever a professional pugilist or owned a gin palace, or that he was ever connected in any way with the liquor traffic.

Nor was his father a blacksmith. He was Eyre Coote Croker of County Cork, who emigrated to America when a young man and through his knowledge of horses attained a position in the veterinary department of the United States army, which he held for many years.—New York Sun.

### An Old Oak Jail.

The Brown county (Ind.) jail was built in 1887. The walls are three feet thick and built of white oak timber. The outside and inside walls are built the same as any log house, the logs being hewed one foot square. The inside timbers are put up and down on end, one foot square, making a total thickness of three feet. No prisoner, no matter how serious the crime, has ever dug through these three foot walls. The building is two stories high. The floors are made of square timbers twelve inches thick with lumber nailed to timbers.

### Hanged Bound to a Chair.

The agitation against capital punishment which was active in South Africa some time ago has been revived by details, published recently, of a scene at the recent execution of a Kafir at Pretoria. When the executioner went to the condemned man's cell the prisoner made fierce resistance and struggled violently all the way to the scaffold. At the scaffold the executioner and his assistants cleverly forced the man into a chair, where he was bound so that he could not move. The man and the chair were then hanged together.

## A Breach of Confidence.

(Original)

Why her father and mother didn't give her the name of Mephistopheila instead of Jacqueline I can't imagine. They certainly would have done so had they known how she was to turn out. As it is, nobody ever calls her anything but Jack, and in speaking of her to those who have never seen or known her one necessarily conveys the idea that she is a boy—not only a boy, but a boy of the worst kind.

The way she has treated me and her sister certainly deserves a hundred lashes, and I would like to be the fellow to lay them on. I have always been taught to consider one who would betray a confidence as worse than a thief. Jack betrayed our confidence in the most unblushing manner. It all happened only yesterday, and perhaps I'm not in a condition to look upon her act with charity. I hope I'll never come into a frame of mind to excuse her abominable treachery.

It was this way: Mr. Merryman wanted his daughter—his eldest daughter, Harriet—to marry some big gun. He had no objection to me other than that I was neither president, member of the cabinet nor one of the justices of the United States supreme court. Harriet had tried to get his consent to marry me, but he always put her off by saying, "What do you want to marry a man for who couldn't even set a small rivulet afire, let alone a river?" Then Harriet would expatiate on my good sense, good heart and a good many other things that big guns don't generally possess, especially the good heart, for they are usually diabolically selfish. But her father only laughed at her.

How we ever came to take Jack into our confidence when we came to an agreement to elope I don't know. Harriet thought she couldn't make her preparations without Jack's knowing of them, but I rather put it down to the fact that she must tell some one. At any rate, she told her. Jack clapped her hands, and her eyes glistened with glee. An elopement! How romantic! Just too lovely for anything! She'd help us all she could, and, as for keeping the secret, it would be buried away down in her guileless heart.

We didn't need anything especially elaborate—no rope ladder, fast team, and all that. We concluded just to board a train, go up the road some thirty miles to where a former family domicile, Mr. Strickland, lived and get him to marry us. We would go in the morning, take the afternoon train back and be forgiven in time for dinner. Of course I engaged the parson for a specified day and hour. Jack was intensely interested in it all and made us give her every detail, promising to prepare her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Merryman, for what was to come, so that it wouldn't be so much of a shock.

Harriet met me in the open square near the station. She was trembling all over, but I reassured her. To avoid observation we went to where the foremost car would stand on the track when the train came in. We got away on time and had the satisfaction to be in a car that was nearly empty. The train stopped at the next station on the road a mile beyond. There the door opened, and I heard a familiar girl's voice say: "Come in here. There's lots of room in this car."

I turned with a rubadub heart to see—whom do you suppose? Jack beckoning to her father and mother, who were mounting to the car platform. There they all three bustled into the car we were in, Jack exclaiming: "Goodness gracious, if there isn't Hat! And, I declare, Ben too! Where in the world are you two going?"

The astonishment of the father and mother was very much overdone. It didn't deceive either of us. I glanced at Jack and avoided meeting the eyes of the parents. Mr. Merryman seemed overjoyed that our parties should have met on what he called an improvised excursion. He asked me where we were going, and it was no use to lie, for my ticket would give me away. So I told him, and he was delighted that we were all going to the same place.

Of the two halves of the party one was jubilant, the other mad and mortified. We were obliged to spend an hour and a half in this way before reaching our destination. There we all got out, and Jack proposed a stroll. She walked with her father, while the villain led the way to the parsonage, stopped before the door and proposed a call on the parson. Without waiting for consent, she rang the bell, and we all went in. The parson was expecting us, but since I had told him we would be alone he was a trifle surprised.

"This would be a good time for you and Hat to get spliced," said Jack to me.

The dominie got his book and waited for us to take position. What could we do? I didn't know what Mr. Merryman was going to do, but since he made no move I took Harriet before the clergyman, and we were married. Mr. and Mrs. Merryman came up, gave me a hand and embraced their daughter. Harriet didn't know whether to burst into tears at having had her confidence so abused or to rejoice that she did not have to go back and ask her parents' forgiveness.

When Mr. Merryman put a check for \$10,000 in her hand, joy triumphed.

We took the afternoon train back, reaching home in time for a hasty meal, after which our most intimate friends came pouring in for a wedding reception. They had been invited previously.

CHAUNCEY WARDWELL.

## KLAMATH COUNTY BANK

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

ALEX MARTIN, President  
ALEX MARLIN, Jr., Cashier

E. R. REAMES, Vice-President  
LESLIE ROGERS, Asst. Cashier

## The Pioneer Bank of Klamath County

STATEMENT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS  
JUNE 29, 1907.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$ 314,962.76
Bonds and Securities.....	60,584.86
Real Estate, Buildings and Fixtures.....	29,160.50
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	248,091.93
	\$653,800.13
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock, fully paid.....	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus and Profits.....	12,088.64
Due other Banks.....	40,061.98
DEPOSITS.....	491,649.51
	\$653,800.13

I, Alex Martin, Jr., Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
ALEX MARTIN, Jr., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of July, 1907.

[SEAL]

A. M. WORDEN,

Notary Public for Oregon.

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