

BEING GOOD BY PROXY

Dorothy Dix Tells What She Knows About It, and a Study of Her Ideas Will Give You Some of Your Own and Convince You She Knows It Pretty Nearly All

(Dorothy Dix.)

It is to be feared that this is a unique age that takes its Lent lightly. Nowadays when we don our sackcloth it is silk lined, and all our ashes are ashes of roses; nevertheless, Lent is a time when the thoughts of even the most worldly turn to righteousness, and thus we are enabled to observe one of the most remarkable phenomena of the feminine temperament—woman's ability to be good by proxy.

This is a distinctly feminine accomplishment. When a man thinks about being good he begins with himself. He stops drinking, or swearing, or playing poker, or whatever his particular vice was. When a woman decides on leading the higher life she turns the batteries of her noble resolutions and directs her reform against somebody else. She doesn't even contemplate giving up gossiping, or bridge, or bargain sales, or the thing that was her besetting sin. On the contrary, she contrives to enjoy her own little vices in peace and content, but she devotes all her energy and zeal to trying to make her husband quit smoking, or give up his modest glass of beer, and she feels that she is entitled to a higher place among those who have performed works of supererogation if she can harass him into resigning from his club.

Anxiety for Her Brothers' Soul.

If further proof were wanted of woman's noble and altruistic nature it could be found in the fact that all the great reforms inaugurated by women have had the suppression of the vices of men for their object, and this, too, when there was plenty of need of her looking to her own fence. It has never yet occurred to the woman reformer to tackle the vices of her own sex. All of women's anti-societies deal with the things that they are opposed to men doing. You never hear of the Woman Temperance Talking union, or the Mother's League for Suppressing Bad Children, or the Anti-Gadding society, yet the abuse of the tongue has done as much harm in the world as the abuse of liquor, and there are no other wrongs comparable with the crime of raising up bad and spoiled children, and maintaining an ill-kept home.

It is a soothing and unselfish idea that our brothers' souls need our attention more than our own, and so, during Lent, when all of the feminine ethical societies get busy, we are treated to the amusing spectacle of hordes of reformers who are enjoying all of the sacred pleasures of being reformed without any of the penalties of giving anything up that they wanted to do, and who are filled with a feeling of self-righteous virtue because they have formed a league to abolish betting in poolrooms, or chewing tobacco, or something that they never did anyway.

Give Man Credit for Home Life.

Nor is this ability of woman to be good by proxy confined to her public acts. Every woman who is married to a man who lets her henpeck him considers herself a good wife and congratulates her husband upon having married such a domestic treasure. The feminine idea of wifely duty is getting along smoothly with a man who doesn't dare to contradict you and who never interferes with the house-keeping. His humble attitude of acquiescence never counts, though in reality his wife may be only amiable because she is never crossed.

Likewise, a woman always considers herself a good mother when her children happen to be born with healthy constitutions, and are lucky enough not to take the measles, while the feminine definition of a good

friend is another woman who will lend us her new sleeve pattern before she has used it herself, and who will let us dictate to her about her clubs and whom she will invite to her pink tea. We frequently admire our own disposition because we get along harmoniously with people who will refrain from rubbing us the wrong way.

When it comes to economy, it is somebody else's extravagance that woman usually lops off first. A woman in boasting of her achievements in this line once said to me: "Why, I made my husband wear the same suit of clothes for three years." But this same woman explained that it was economy for her to go to the best dressmaker. Anyway, she cut off all of her husband's indulgences, and they got rich, and to this day she always attributes their success to his having had such an economical wife. A man never knows until after he is married that it is economy to give up cigars in order that you may put the money in bric-a-brac. A woman's burnt offerings are usually made of somebody else's taste.

Self-sacrifice has always been regarded as woman's star virtue, but even in this he generally manages to sacrifice somebody else instead of herself. It is the same spirit that prompted Artemus Ward, in a burst of patriotism, to declare that he was willing to sacrifice all of his wife's relations to put down the rebellion. Women are unconscious of this, but when you hear one railing at the frivolity of fashion you may be sure that she is too lazy to dress, and when you hear one assert that she believes in plain living and high thinking, and that she sets her face against the pleasures of the table, you may rest assured that she is a dyspeptic who has no appetite anyway.

Active in Promoting Charity.

The phase of this mania, however, that women have for being good by proxy that is most objectionable, and that is in peculiar evidence during Lent, is the habit they have of making somebody else foot the bills for their charity. In every city throughout the country there is a coterie of women who outdo the scriptures in not letting their left hand know what their right hand gives, for their pocketbook never finds it out at all. They sustain a flourishing reputation for generosity and philanthropy, and are conspicuous on hospital committees and orphan asylum boards. They are the head and front of every church fair, and missionary bazaar, and tea, and are supposed by people on the outside to be lavish givers, yet they never contribute a cent of their own money.

Let a case of destitution be known, and such a woman claps on her bonnet and is out collecting food and clothing for the sufferers from her neighbors, but it never occurs to her to supply their needs from her own store room. Let a church fair be started, and she gives herself nervous prostration rushing around soliciting contributions from merchants, but you never hear of her digging down into her own pockets and fishing up a cent. Her generosity, which is lauded in the papers and heralded through the consistory in holding up other people and consists in holding up other people and making them give.

Touching Stories Pass On.

It is pleasant to be charitable when it doesn't cost you anything, and one of the reasons that women are so easily touched is because they expect to touch somebody else for the price of their sympathy. I have a suspicion that there would be about a million fewer "causes" in the world if women

had to support themselves instead of making other people do the contributing. As it is, every woman you know has two or three pot charities that she depends on running by holding up her friends. When the time for annual contribution comes around she never thinks of such a thing as raising the money by doing without a new gown, or a piece of furniture she wants. Instead, she indulges herself in whatever she desires and raises the money she needs by the simple expedient of levying blackmail upon her friends.

Of course, it is done decently, and under the guise of an amateur concert, or a reading, or recital by an impecunious young genius to which you are compelled to buy tickets under penalty of forfeiting her friendship. Of course, she knows it is a holdup, and that nobody ever goes to an amateur concert of their own accord, but she justifies herself to her own conscience by saying that you ought to give anyhow, and she actually and honestly feels herself an instrument of grace in forcing you to contribute to the pug dog hospital, or the home for superannuated cats, or whatever form her charitable fad takes.

Seek Their Prey Among Opposite Sex.

Naturally, men are the worst sufferers from this form of proxy giving. The same sort of honor among thieves that makes each confidence man work his own side of the street, keeps women from trying to hold each other up for many contributions, but men, and especially unmarried men, are the helpless victims of the female philanthropists who expect other people to put up for their generosity. This makes Lent truly a time of fasting, and self-denial, and dust and ashes for the average young man. Every mail brings him notes from Mrs. This, That, and the Other One, bulging with tickets that he is expected to buy to help some charity in which he has no interest, and sustain some cause that he has neither money nor the desire to aid. It isn't easy

for a man to refuse these subscriptions, for they come from women whose houses he has visited and of whose hospitality he has partaken. In reality, they are a civil dun for dinners and dances, and if he refuses to make good his welcome is a frosty one the next time he goes to call on Mrs. Proxy G. Samaritan. If only one woman did this it would be a small matter, but when tickets come in shoals, as they do during the time when women are being vicariously generous in Lent, they send the young man to the free lunch counter for food, and cause him to use language about this particular form of philanthropy that would do the women good to hear.

There isn't any use, of course, in trying to make women see that it is better to be good yourself than to make somebody else perfect. They will go on to the end of the chapter plucking the mote out of their brothers' eyes while their own are full of beams, but this particular form of ticket sending nuisance ought to be abated. It is humiliating and exasperating to be forced to maintain other people's charity, and unless a woman means to support her own philanthropies she should keep out of them, and in a still wider charity refrain from holding up her friends. The best sort of goodness is individual goodness, and that doesn't do good by proxy.

DID NOT FORGET CHAUNCEY

John Kendrick's Bangs, in his immitable "Notes From Old Father Time," gives the following jolt to the New York senator:

I have been often asked, if in the course of my wide experience, it has ever been my privilege to know the

distinguished junior senator from New York, and I have always been able to proudly answer, "Why, of course. Certainly I have known him—indeed, I've known his stories all my life."

I hesitate to specify the date upon which I met the first of Senator Depew's stories that I ever heard. The fact is the exact figures are confused in my own mind, and I am not sure whether it was from Adam or Noah or Diogenes that I got it. I do remember that at the moment I set it down as one of the cleverest stories I had ever heard. It was witty, told with all the grace pertinent to the occasion. I remember also that I remarked the fact at the time, and said to Adam or Noah or Diogenes—whichever of the three it was—that I looked for great things from this man Depew, who would subsequently tell that story.

"It bears the earmarks of genius, Adam or Noah or Diogenes, whatever your d'hanged name is," said I.

"It at least shows great erudition," said one of them, whichever it was.

And when I at last encountered the gentleman—and, frankly, I almost grew tired of waiting for him through all the long and weary centuries which elapsed before Peekskill era dawned, and I was so fearful that the stories he was going to tell would grow old before he had his chance—I was not in anywise disappointed. All that I had hoped for, all that I had looked forward to, every trait of character, every little personal habit, all those graces of gestures, of intonation and bearing—even the story itself, old as it was—

(Note—At this point a half sheet of Father Time's manuscript is missing. A thorough search of the parcel has failed to disclose its whereabouts, so that we are regretably to be deprived of this famous story, the very Adam of Anecdotes.—Ed.)

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

THE ELITE CAFE
208 Commercial Street.
Short Orders, Oysters in all styles
Meals at all hours
Service a la Carte
E. ECKERLEN, Proprietor

MRS. BOTKIN IS AGAIN ON TRIAL

Accused of Murdering Mrs. Dunning in Delaware

First to Utilize the Mails for Murder by Sending Victim Poisoned Candy

San Francisco, Cal., March 10.—After repeated postponements and delays extending over a period of several years, the case of Mrs. Cordelia Botkin, once convicted of the murder of Mrs. John P. Dunning and Mrs. J. D. Deane, of Dover, Del., was finally called for trial today. Witnesses are here from Delaware and it is the purpose of the prosecution to proceed without further delay.

Owing to several circumstances that have occurred since her last trial and conviction it is the prevailing opinion that Mrs. Botkin may go free at the present trial. Several witnesses for the prosecution, chief among them former Senator Pennington, father of one of the murdered women, have died since the last trial, while others will be unable to appear for various reasons. Notwithstanding the absence of these important witnesses, District Attorney Byington declares he has as strong a case as at the previous trial and appears confident of securing a second conviction of the accused woman.

The crime of which Mrs. Botkin is accused and of which she has been once convicted is the murder of Mrs. John P. Dunning and Mrs. J. D. Deane, sisters. The agency which it is alleged was employed was poisoned candy sent by mail from San Francisco to the unfortunate victims at their home in Dover, Del. The crime was committed six years ago and attracted the wisest attention at the time. The alleged motive for the deed was the infatuation of Mrs. Botkin for John P. Dunning, husband of one of the victims.

Where Doctors Agree.

When a patient is under the doctor's care for some months, with constantly varying symptoms, but ever increasing weakness from the loss of flesh and strength by the ravages of disease, all doctors will agree that the first gain of flesh indicates a change for the better. Weak, thin, fleshless people, know they feel better as soon as they gain flesh. The best flesh and blood maker is Dr. Gunn's Blood & Nerve Tonic. For pimply, pale and sickly people, both old and young, a better medicine was never made. It turns the food you eat into strong, red blood making solid flesh and muscle at the rate of 1 to 3 lbs. per week. It is sold by all druggists for 75c per box, or 3 boxes for \$2. To overcome the effect of over-indulgence or dissipation use this medicine.

Capital National Bank
of Salem, transacts a general banking business. Only National Bank in Marion county.
Savings Bank Department
Pays three per cent interest on savings accounts. Deposits of ONE DOLLAR or more received at any time. Pass book issued to each depositor.

Voget Lumber AND Fuel Company.
Rough and dressed lumber, sash, doors, lath and shingles, ash and fir wood. Salem Ore.
Down town office 115 Court street. Telephone Main 2451.
One block east of S. P. passenger depot.



Archbishop William Henry Elder, of Cincinnati, the third oldest Catholic prelate in the world, whose eighty-fifth birthday will be celebrated March 22

Our Seeds Meet All Needs
Experience has established it as a fact. You sow; they grow. Buy garden seeds in Bulk and get fresh seeds.
Sweet peas and flower seeds a specialty.
D. A. White & Son
301 Commercial St., Salem, Oregon