

SOCIAL NOTES

The Chrysanthemum Ball.

Mr. A. A. Price, a popular young merchant of this city, and Miss Sadie Tolpolar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Tolpolar, were married Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock on the large veranda at the home of the bride's parents, the veranda being enclosed and beautifully decorated with flowers and vines, the popular young couple standing under a bell of white chrysanthemums while the ceremony was performed by Rev. M. Block, of Portland. The bride was dressed in white tulle with white net over-dress, on princess, and trimmed with Irish point lace. Miss Esther Segal, of Portland, the bridesmaid, was dressed in a beautiful pink messaline, trimmed with baby Irish lace. The best man was Henry Price, brother of the groom. The bride's bouquet, which was thrown from the veranda, was caught by Miss Ruth Corn, of Portland. Miss Sadie Michael acted as flower girl. The bridal couple left for a month's honeymoon on the San Francisco, late that night. Relatives and immediate friends present at the wedding were: Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Goettling, Mrs. A. Goettling, Mr. and Mrs. J. Levitt, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Wood, M. Bollaek, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenzweig, Misses Alice and Thelma, Anna Tolpolar, Mr. G. Bollaek and Essie Block, Messrs. Edmund Bollaek, Dr. Lee, of Oregon City; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Swett, Mr. and Mrs. I. Friedman, Mr. and Mrs. M. Segal, Mr. and Mrs. M. Rogoway, Mr. and Mrs. O. Rogoway, Mr. and Mrs. P. Tolsoning, Mrs. J. Edlison, Mr. and Mrs. M. Michael, son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. S. Olstein, Misses Anna and Esther Segal, Rosa and Lena Price, Esther Senosky, Lena Zagoren, Ida Goldman, Ruth Corn; Messrs. J. A. Levy, Van Bibber, Rev. Dr. Block, of Portland; Mr. and Mrs. S. Rogoway, of Albany; Miss Alma Hart, of Chicago; Isaac Price, of The Dalles; A. Price, of San Francisco.

Artisans Entertain.

The Artisans gave a most successful and enjoyable entertainment Thursday evening, Aug. 13th, at their hall in this city, there being 100 persons present. The fore part of the evening was taken up with a fine program consisting of the following: Piano Solo, Miss Bertha Friedrichs; reading, Mrs. Evans; vocal duet, Mrs. Elmer Cooper and Mrs. Wm. Green; piano solo, Oscar Woodin; recitation, Henry Stribing, and impromptu speeches were made by A. M. White and Mrs. Lutz. A guessing game was one of the features of the evening, in which A. M. White and Mrs. B. V. Lima were awarded the first prizes, and the second prizes were awarded to Paul Neumann and Mrs. W. C. Green. Dancing and refreshments followed.

Large Attendance at Park Services.

The open air services in the city park have been very well attended this month and Sunday evening the number was greater than usual, all available seats being taken. The walks were lined with people and many stood through the entire service. Excellent sermons have been prepared by the various divines of the city and with the extra efforts of the choirs the services have been very interesting.

Hayrack Party.

The young people of the Baptist church gave a hayrack party Saturday evening to Jennings Lodge. They met at the church at 6:45 and took refreshments to be served after the arrival of the party at Jennings' Lodge.

The lawn social given Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. J. M. Warnock at Mount Pleasant by the Civic Improvement Society was a most enjoyable affair and largely attended. A good sum was turned over to the club as the result.

Miss Ponting Weds.

Miss Martha Ponting, daughter of Mrs. Mitchell, of Parkplace, was married Wednesday afternoon at four P. M., to Mr. Clayton White, of this city, at the Baptist church, by Rev. J. M. Linder. Only immediate relatives and a few friends were present. The bride was attired in a neat tan traveling suit, and the impressive ring ceremony was used. Following the ceremony the happy couple left at once for their honeymoon trip which includes a stay at Seaside, and they will also visit a number of cities enroute, and upon their return they will reside at Gladstone in their new home which has just been completed. Miss Ponting has been for some time one of the popular clerks in John Adams' store, in this city, and Mr. White is employed by the Willamette Company at Canemah. Their many friends here wish them the greatest happiness in their wedded life.

Wedding at Bull Run.

A beautiful wedding was the marked spectacle last Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbons, of Bull Run, when their daughter and Mr. C. W. Strathers were united in the sacred bonds of matrimony by Rev. Mr. Reese. The home was prettily decorated with Oregon grape and cut flowers. After the wedding dinner was served the bride and groom left for an extended trip East, amidst a shower of rice. Only immediate friends and relatives of the contracting parties were present at the ceremony. The bride, who is well known in this city, where she made her home for some time, is one of Clackamas county's prominent school teachers.

Stag Party to Benedict.

A. A. Price, the popular young merchant of this city, gave a pre-wedding stag party in Eagles hall last week, Thursday evening. Covers were laid for sixteen guests, who were, Judge Livy Stipp, Joseph Goodfellow, George Hall, Walter Beach, Forbes Pratt, Charles Goettling, August Kakei, Jack Baker, Charles Pope, Dr. C. H. Meissner, Dr. L. G. Lee, Henry Stratton, Charles Robinson, A. R. Price, of San Francisco, Louis Baron and Leo Swirsky, of Portland. At the close of the affair the guests sang "Auld Lang Syne" and departed, extending to the host their best wishes and the hope for a happy future.

Satz-Brown Wedding.

Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock Miss Hester E. Satz and Mr. R. E. Brown, of Sellwood, were united in marriage by Rev. T. F. Bowen, of St. Paul's Episcopal church of this city. A few friends and immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present. Mr. and Mrs. Brown left for Peninsula, where they will make their future home.

To Wed in This City.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. John Adams for the marriage of Mr. Adams' sister, Miss Charlotte Adams, of Portland, and Mr. Stephen Benton Coats, of Condon, Ore., the wedding to take place at their home, 702 Seventh street, this city, Wednesday evening, Sept. 2nd, at eight o'clock.

Sunday School Social.

The Sunday school of the First Baptist church of this city held a social in the assembly room of the church Friday evening. This social was held in place of the yearly picnic, and special games and an extensive program took up the evening. Everyone had a good time.

A social given by the X. L. Club, of Gladstone, last Saturday evening was a success socially and financially, although no admission was charged. Ice cream, candies, etc., were sold at the booths and the proceeds of \$30 was the result. It was given in the tabernacle, there.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE. Copyright, 1908, by Edwin A. Nye.

A FROWN AND A SMILE.

Once upon a time, so the story goes, a man had a vicious thought in his heart, and it showed in his face. His face was dark with hatred and a low desire.

Other men looked on the forbidding face and passed on. Some there were who answered to the frown and passed it on to others. And the way was weary and dark for some that day.

On the same day a little child, waking from a pleasant dream, looked up into its mother's face and smiled. On the mother's face came an answering smile.

The smile on the mother's face was of the kind that would not come off. And when she said goodbye to the father of the child on the morning of that day the smile passed on to the father's face. And the man wore the smile to his work. Like a lighted candle inside a vase, it lightened the face of the man.

On the same day in the heart of a man lay a desperate deed. He saw the father's shining face. The man wavered 'twixt the good and evil thought and was saved from his degradation. Another, weary of the struggle and on the verge of falling, looked at the illumined face, and hope grew again in his soul.

A child crying in the streets looked up through its tears to the radiant face of the man and ceased to weep. A young girl, friendless and torn by a pitiful strife between degradation and starvation, looked on the face of the strong man with the smiling face and somehow found in her inmost soul the strength to resist temptation and despair.

And each of these—the desperate man, the weary soul, the crying child, the despairing girl—knew somehow the power of that smile.

Others, more prosperous, less tempted, saw the father's smile and passed it on, and on that day men and women and children were saved from sadness and from the snare of the tempter.

So the story runs. And it is told that on that day the little child who in the morning smiled into the mother's face met pain and sorrow, and the smile was replaced with many tears. And the light on the mother's face faded into fear. And the father had many cares that day.

But the smile traveled on. The frown, having done its worst, died out.

The smile traveled on. The dog didn't understand.

The woman's name was Maggie Ryan. Sullen eyed and defiant, she swept into the police court. Her hair was awry and her clothes were rumpled from a night spent at the police station. You see, they don't provide very good toilet requisites at the police station.

A little brown spaniel trotted at the woman's heels. Maggie Ryan had slept or tried to sleep on the hard, bare confines of the matron's room. Usually dogs—real, for sure dogs—are not admitted to the station, but something in the woman's wistful face caused the matron to let this little dog in.

He curled up contentedly at the foot of the hard cot where the woman lay. And when she got up in the night and paced the room he walked at her side. In the morning the woman divided her rough breakfast with the spaniel. He was a hungry little dog.

With reckless bravado and scolding the audience of curious loafers Maggie Ryan answered the judge's questions. The dog stayed close. Maggie had been arrested on the charge of disorderly.

"D. and D."—drunk and disorderly. Her eyes were hard and cynical. Her mouth was set in a severe, straight line. Traces of a one time beauty lingered. Dabs of face powder showed too thick in some spots. The toilet facilities at the station, we have already explained, are not good.

The spaniel crouched close to the woman's skirts. "I will give you until tonight to leave town," said the judge. The judge was kind hearted, and he had looked often at the little spaniel. The woman made a mocking bow, taking in the spectators at court.

She started toward the door. From there she would probably "hit the rails"—out of town, out somewhere, anywhere—out of town. The little dog started too. Briskly he sprang to her side. Once he jumped up and licked her hand.

For the first time that day the woman's lip quivered. Her eyes softened. They were almost beautiful eyes—when there were tears in them.

The woman's head drooped for an instant, and with one hand she furtively gave the dog's head a rough caress. The station door swung behind them, and they started down the street. The little dog cowered and then trotted proudly along at the woman's side. As he lifted his brown eyes there was in them a wonderful, worshipful look of love and devotion.

Because he was only a dog. He loved this woman, his mistress—a mistress from whom other women drew aside their skirts in disdain. He was only a dog, and he didn't understand. How should he know the custom of

Diarrhoea Cured.

"My father has for years been troubled with diarrhoea, and tried every means possible to effect a cure, without avail," writes John H. Zirkle of Philippi, W. Va. "He saw Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy advertised in the Philippi Republican and decided to try it. The result is one bottle cured him and he has not suffered with the disease for eighteen months. Before taking this remedy he was a constant sufferer with the disease. He is now sound and well, and although sixty years old can do as much work as a young man." Sold by Huntley Bros., Oregon City and Molalla.

humans who punish the woman shame and let the man go free?

THEY KILLED THE GIRL.

Kathleen Sheehan, aged twenty three, of New York city killed herself because her mates mimicked her speech.

Kathleen was a slip of a lass who came from the old sod recently and brought her mellifluous tongue with her. She broadened "meat" into "mate" and rolled her "r's" with a rich burr. Only ignorance would have failed to catch and admire the delight of her accent.

The girl had a tender heart, the mobile temperament of her people and was timid and sensitive.

She first found employment at a dressmaker's. She chanced to say something about "work." The girls (hated, and one of them said, "You mean 'woyck,' don't you?") When Kathleen understood she was having fun poked at her she took it much to heart and left the place.

She engaged herself at a department store. Laughter greeted her utterances. The teasing wounded her spirit. She worked hard to learn the correct pronunciation of English, but her labor was mostly in vain. She could not easily twist her Limerick tongue.

Kathleen went to another shop only to endure similar torment. She brooded. Her once smiling face grew sad. One day she told her relatives she had insured her life.

"Why?" they asked. "I might die," she said, with a far-away look. "The money would be for you."

The last Sunday the poor lass dressed herself in her best clothes and went to a park. Here she stayed all day and all that night. She was debating the old, old query, "TO BE OR NOT TO BE?" What torture to the distraught brain and tender, sensitive soul! She was passing through her Gethsemane, poor child!

Monday morning at dawn she went to a clump of bushes and swallowed carbolic acid. A policeman found her writhing on the ground. In the ambulance on the way to the hospital she gasped: "They'll never make fun of me again." Then she died.

No, no, lassie; they'll never make fun of you again. And if they only knew how they had hounded your poor little body into the grave most bitterly sorry would they be.

YOU SEE, THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO KNOW A POOR GIRL. And your helping brogue, Kathleen, will not trouble you in the kinder land where you have gone. They speak neither English nor dialects there. There is only one language in heaven—a language used too little on the earth.

It is the language of tenderness and love.

WE DON'T KNOW MUCH. It behooves the scientist to sing long these days. Heretofore he has been rather too dogmatic. If, for instance—Radium may be changed into helium then some of the "well settled principles of science" are knocked into smithereens. The discovery of radium itself was a hard blow.

Truth is a powerful wedge. It splits theory logs smack open. The prating of the sure enough who is certain of his conclusions is often made to sound like the puerile prattling of a child talking in the dark.

A learned professor—Haeckel—in his book "Riddle of the Universe" takes several kinds of kinks out of the boastful know-all. He says we don't know much. And comes mighty near proving it. He says we play at putting up big things—high buildings, great bridges, huge engines and such. But he says we do not know even a little bit about how to prevent murder, suicide, theft and poverty.

He hits us hard there. We boast of our civilization and point to its indices—railroads, machines, news transmitters, etc.

Why, Diogenes made fun of that sort of "progress" 2,000 years ago. He got out his tub and rolled it through the streets of Athens and said, "That is all there is to your boasted progress"—simply making the wheels go round.

Haeckel says we don't know much about a man. We don't know where he got either his mind or his body. We don't know very much about how he can best use either body or mind. We don't know very much about the proper relation of men to government. Our political economy stops short of the problem of distribution.

Haeckel says we know scarcely anything about the prevention of crime. Sin and suffering are problems as serious as in David's time.

He tells us it is the fault of our educational system that we do not know more. He says our education skips the really important things. Maybe. Anyway, we don't know much.

OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE. So you are twenty-one! And you stand up clear eyed to look the world in the face—a man.

Did you ever think, son, how much it cost to make a man of you? It cost a lot of money, but that isn't all. You have cost father a lot of hard knocks and short dinners and gray streaks in his hair. And your mother—boy, you will never know. You have cost her anxious days and nights, and wrinkles in the dear face, and heart-aches.

Sure, it has been expensive to grow you. But—If you are what we think you are, you are worth all you cost us, and more. Be sure of this: Father doesn't say

Granulated Sore Eyes Cured.

"For twenty years I suffered from a bad case of granulated sore eyes, says Martin Boyd, of Henrietta, Ky. "In February, 1908, a gentleman asked me to try Chamberlain's Salve. I bought one box and used about two-thirds of it and my eyes have not given me any trouble since." This salve is for sale by Huntley Bros., Oregon City and Molalla.

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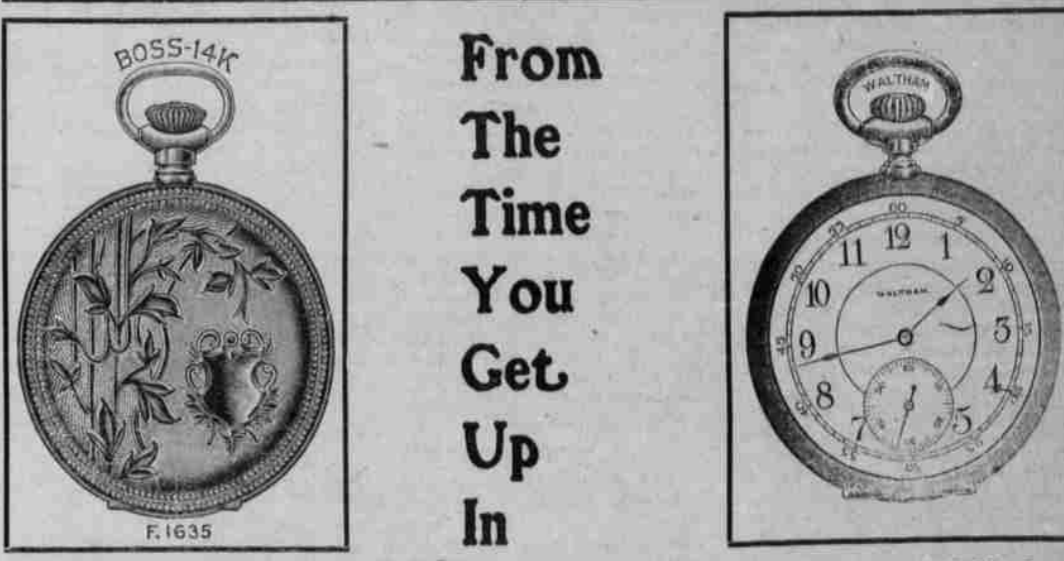
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An Unprofitable Monopoly. During the past two years the operating costs of the municipal electric light plant of Verdula, Minn., exceeded the receipts 65 per cent. If interest and depreciation were added the excess would be 50 per cent. The plant has a monopoly of the lighting business. It's a hard-hearted preacher who will dwell on the subject of future punishment more than Sundays. If we could but had the ground the other side up, part of the time during that rain.