

Society News

By Gertrude P. Corbett.

NEW SATIN HAT IS TRIMMED WITH LARGE WINGS.



One of the most striking of the advance Spring styles yet revealed is a charming chapeau by Madeline Lechat, of Paris. The model is of satin, trimmed with large wings. Worked out in shades of gray, this model would be delightful.

SOCIETY is looking forward to the grand opera season, which will claim the attention of all lovers of good music during the latter part of the week. A number of hostesses are planning box parties, which will be preceded by dinners or followed by suppers at the homes of the hostesses.

The reception arranged by George Wilbur Reed, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carlos L. Reed, 729 Upper Drive, to artists of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, will take place there Friday afternoon instead of Thursday afternoon, as was first planned. The company will not arrive in time Thursday, so the reception will be held the day after.

A charming affair planned for tomorrow will be a bridge afternoon at the home of Mrs. Robert Hillington Montgomery, which will dispense hospitality at her attractive home, 610 Vista Drive.

Mrs. Marshall A. Newell has issued cards for a theater party and tea, at which she will be hostess on Wednesday at the Columbia and later at the Hotel Multnomah.

Mrs. D. G. Tomasin entertained recently at a large evening bridge party at her home in Irvington. The prizes were novel and elaborate. An informal musicale concluded the festivity. Mrs. W. F. Flodner, who possesses a sweet soprano voice, sang "Come to Me," by Dezza. Mrs. J. A. Johnson contributed a group of songs.

Announcement of the engagement of Miss Margaret D. Ripley and Henry H. Walkman is of interest to a wide circle of friends of the young couple. The bride-elect is an attractive member of the young set. She is a graduate of Lincoln High School and is possessed of a charming personality. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Ripley. Mr. Walkman is the son of Mrs. William J. Wakeman, of this city. The wedding date has not been set. The formal announcement was made on Friday night at an elaborate card party given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Ripley, of Williams avenue.

Myrtle Rose Club has issued invitations for an April party, which will be given Wednesday night at Christensen's Hall.

A wedding of interest took place in Seattle yesterday, when E. Benjamin Fisher, of this city, claimed as his bride Miss Eva Danz, daughter of John Danz, a prominent merchant of the Sound City. Ellis Fisher acted as best man and Miss Ruth Cohen was maid of honor. Mr. Fisher is the son of Mrs. M. Appleton, who went to Seattle with Mr. Appleton for the ceremony. Lionel and Edwin Blum were menial were among other Portlanders in attendance. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher will go to Los Angeles and on their return will reside in Portland.

Mrs. George W. Joseph left Thursday for a few months' visit in Calgary with her sister, Mrs. L. Hicks, and niece, Mrs. E. Walker.

Mrs. Lura Fredrickson was hostess at a charming luncheon last Tuesday noon in honor of Mrs. Helen Downs, state orator of the Royal Neighbors of America. The table was prettily decorated with American Beauty roses. Covers were laid for 12. Additional guests called during the afternoon.

Mrs. J. W. Simmons will entertain the Rose Social Club at her home, 450 Park street, Thursday afternoon. All Royal Neighbors of America are invited.

Oregon Rose Camp, Royal Neighbors of America, will entertain with a card and dancing party Friday night in Royal Academy Hall, 515 Fifth street.

One of the prettiest affairs of the latter part of the week was the dance given by the members of Kappa Alpha Fraternity at the Irvington Club Friday night. About 100 guests were present, and were received by Mrs. C. A. Hart, Mrs. Horace Fenton and Miss Ethel Clarke. The rooms were artistically adorned with huge clusters of Scotch broom.

Patrons and friends of the Hotel Malloy were delightfully entertained at a dance given by the management Friday night.

Mrs. Harrington, of 417 Allegheny street, St. Johns, entertained the Coquina Club on Friday night. The home was decorated with the club colors, old rose and old gold. Games and music furnished the entertainment and light refreshments were served.

The February '15 Class of Lincoln High School will give a mance dance in the school gymnasium Wednesday from 2:30 to 6 o'clock. The committee includes Helen O'Neil, Ruth Murphy, Hartley Hutchings and Bernard Metzger.

A surprise party was given last Monday celebrating the birthday of H. W. Mathison. The evening was passed playing 500, honors falling to Mrs. Albert Kunz and C. W. Campbell. Consolation prizes went to Mrs. C. W. Campbell and O. G. Campbell. Later in the evening a supper was served. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kunz, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Barry, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Mathison, Misses Carrie and Mary Mathison and William Mathison.

Little Discussions OF Love and Marriage
BY BARBARA BOYD.
The Too-Perdading Wife.
LIKE a young mother hen with her first chick, the New Bride was hovering about her husband as he donned coat and hat for the office.
"Do wear your overshoes," she cautioned; "it looks like rain."
The New Husband protested.
"Oh, yes," insisted the New Bride. "You may catch cold. And take an umbrella."
"Heavens! You might think we were expecting the deluge."
"But you don't want to get soaking wet. Are you wearing your heavy overcoat?"
"Yes," and rather than argue further, he took the umbrella. But as he went through the vestibule he kicked off the overshoes and stuck the umbrella in a corner. "Alison cuddles me as if I were a baby, or as if I hadn't sense enough to take care of myself," she thought a bit impatiently, as he went out. His mind reverted to the breakfast, where she had insisted upon his drinking two cups of coffee, when he only wanted one, and to last night's dinner, where she had prevailed upon him to eat well-done beef instead of rare, and to various other occasions,

where her personality had been dominant; and as he thought, the contraction of his brows deepened. "She means well. But love, a fellow don't want to be run entirely. He wants a little chance to do as he pleases." Alison too, was doing a little thinking. She had discovered the overshoes and umbrella in the vestibule, and for a minute she was both hurt and troubled; hurt that John had so plainly refused to heed her suggestions, and troubled for fear that he would suffer thereby.
But Alison was not obtuse. Neither had the trait of dominating become as yet like granite in her character. She sat down and did a little bit of thinking. "I have a way," she admitted to herself, "of wanting everyone to do as I wish. I always seem to think my way is better than theirs. To be sure, and she had to laugh to herself, "I do think it is better. But perhaps people would rather have their own way once in a while, even though they suffer by it. And anyway," she concluded, philosophically, "they learn more that way than by always being directed." She arose from her brown study determined, hereafter, not to interfere—too much—with John.
As for John, he had pondered, off and on, during the day, upon the same problem. He came home to dinner, smiling a bit to himself over a plan he had in his mind.
"Let me give you another plate of soup," he said to Alison, as she finished her puree.
"I don't care for any more."
"Oh, yes, you ought to eat another plateful. It is awfully good. You don't eat enough, anyway." And he gave her a second helping.
"But I don't want any more," she protested.
"Eat it anyway," insisted John. "Do you know," he went on, "I think you must be chilly. I'll get you a little wrap." He stepped into the hall, secured a small knit scarf and threw it over her shoulders.
"What in the world is the matter with you?" asked Alison, her eyes big with amazement. "I'm roasting now. And she impatiently threw the scarf in a chair.
"This meat is entirely too well done for you. You ought to eat it rare." He rang the bell for the cook. "Broil Mrs. Andrews a piece of steak quite rare, please."
"Why, John, are you crazy?" asked Alison, fearful for the first time that perhaps John had been drinking.
John couldn't keep up the farce longer. He began to laugh. "No, dear, but I was just thinking about those overshoes and that umbrella this morning."
Alison had the good sense and tact to join in the laugh. "I never realized I'd been thinking about them, too," she admitted. "I know what you mean. I am going to try to break myself of that habit."
"You are a wise little woman," said John, when they rose from the table. "There is a difference, you know," he went on, as he slipped his arm about her waist, "between giving advice when it is asked for, and arbitrarily ruling another. No one wants his right to express his individuality taken from him."
"I'll never say overshoes or umbrella again," laughed Alison.
"And I'll take both tomorrow, though the sun is shining," affirmed John, kissing her.

Doris Blake's Advice

By Doris Blake.

Where the Wife is Older.
RECENTLY I printed a letter from a woman who had married a man years her junior. She claimed she had made a failure of life because of the disparity in age. In today's mail I received the following interesting communication in defense of marrying for companionship regardless of age.
"I do not agree with the writer of the letter which appeared in your columns recently, claiming the folly of marrying a man younger than yourself.
"Your correspondent wrote that she is pretty and found it necessary to spend much time trying to retain her beauty to hold her husband's love; that she has been forced to give up her own friends and her own opinions rather than have her husband think her old.
"I know it is generally supposed that the man should be the older of the two, but my husband was 21 and I 26 when we married. I am not pretty and have not even up my friends or my opinions or my individuality. My husband and I are companions. When any problem is being discussed he expects me to express my own ideas. I do not worry about being pretty. I spend my leisure moments thinking and planning comfort for my husband. I believe that if a wife be neat and keep the home pleasant she need never worry about her husband caring that she is older than he. I have been married longer than your correspondent and our married life has been one honeymoon. And we intend to keep it so!
"If any girl were to come to me and ask my advice I should say married life

is exactly what you make it. It depends on yourself. If you are congenial age makes no difference. Be a companion to your husband. Make your house a home and you will not have to worry. There could not be a happier couple than my husband and I. I am positive of that. After all, it is not physical beauty that holds a husband. It is congeniality, companionship, and a sympathetic interest in his interests, and a willingness to assume your share in the making of a home."
She Asked Her to Marry Him.
"Dear Miss Blake: I am 18 and am in love with a young man of 21. He has asked me to marry him, but he has never told me he loved me. Now, should I marry him or shouldn't I?"
"MADGE."
The young man must love you or he would not ask you to marry him. If you love him, marry him.
Is He Selfish?
"Dear Miss Blake: I am a young girl of 16. I have been going with a boy for some time who is two years my senior. He seems to care more for another girl, but gets sore if I go with another fellow. Don't you think he is a little selfish? He has always been very nice to me and I hate to give him up. Your advice would be very much appreciated."
DORIS.
Indeed I do think he is selfish. He has no right to have any objection to your receiving attentions from other young men.
Looks at Her Queerly.
"Dear Miss Blake: I am a pretty young girl of 17 and I feel the need of your advice. I came to the city a year ago, and in the office where I started work there was a young man who was very good looking and kind to me. After a week he came and called on me, and I have been keeping steady company with him ever since. I love him and he loves me, but we are not engaged. One night I foolishly let him take my hand and he kissed me. I reproached him and said it was not right. He thought I did not love him any more, and left before I could stop him. That was two weeks ago, and I have not met him since. In the office he

looks at me very queerly. Now tell me how to make him come back, for I love him dearly, and it would break my heart to lose him. ROBERT D.

The young man surely could not have loved you sincerely or he would not have allowed the incident to break his friendship with you. He respects you for your reserve and he will soon return to you I am sure.

Somehow She Can't Believe Him.
"Dear Miss Blake: I am a young girl of 18 and I am very much in love with a young man and he tells me that he loves me. But somehow I can't believe him, although he treats me nice and is with me every chance he gets. But I don't know what makes me doubt his word. I wish I didn't and I want you to tell me how I should act to win his love and affections, for I love him dearly and I feel like I could not love another. But I do not want him to think that I love him."
NELLIE.
You must be a very hard person to suit, Nell. What more could you ask of a young man? Do not doubt his words. He will tell you if you ask him. He has always and at all times professed the most ardent love and affection for me, but of late he has been making excuses for not breaking with me without regard to my feelings. We live between his work and his home, but lately he has been going around on another street and out of his way to keep from passing our house. This is costing me many sleepless nights, and many, many sad heartaches. Do you suppose that there could possibly be another girl in it?"
AGNES.

I am afraid that there is another girl in his life. Ask him sincerely and he will tell you if you ask him in the right way. It would be far better for you to know that he does not love you than to go on having sleepless nights and sad heartaches.

Seems to Be Drifting Away.
"Dear Miss Blake: I have a very near and dear friend with whom I have been keeping company with me for three or four years and my whole heart and soul are wrapped up in him, but of late he seems to be drifting away from me. He has always and at all times professed the most ardent love and affection for me, but of late he has been making excuses for not breaking with me without regard to my feelings. We live between his work and his home, but lately he has been going around on another street and out of his way to keep from passing our house. This is costing me many sleepless nights, and many, many sad heartaches. Do you suppose that there could possibly be another girl in it?"
AGNES.

Divorced Life

By Helen Hessing Fuessle.

(Copyright—The Adams Newspaper Series.)
Frank's Remorse.
THE wistful entreaties of her former husband induced Marian to accompany him into the parlor of an out-of-the-way hotel for the interview he implored. Strange sensations ran through the divorced wife as she did Frank's request. The past and its two years of intimate association with him rose before her with a multitude of forgotten details.

"It's absurd for us to be together here," she said uncomfortably, seating herself in a shabby chair.
"It's much more absurd for us to be separated," Marian returned Frank solemnly. "It's impossible. Why can't we get together and start all over again?"
Marian shook her head hopelessly, without replying.
"I've had enough time for reflection," he continued, "to realize now that I was to blame for nearly everything. I realize now how mean and ugly I was at times. I want man enough to know how to stand up under responsibility. The tangle of finances made me irritable. But if you'll just give me another chance I'm certain I can do much better. The joy of this divorce has opened my eyes. You'll find me a very different man, dear."

He paused, but again she did not reply, but gazed out into the cold thoroughfare.
"I love you more now than I ever loved you before," he continued. "I miss you awfully. The world seems empty to me. I'd give anything to be able to recall the things I did and said that hurt you. I can't stand it to think of your knocking around in the world, trying to make your way. Won't you come back to me and begin all over again?"
"It wouldn't be right," answered Marian. "I'm sorry you feel this way about it. But you're just finding it a little hard to break the habit of being my husband. You'll get over it. That's a pretty brutal way of putting it," protested Frank.
"It's the truth," she said quietly. "You also seem to forget that I don't love you."

"I'll be good to you. I'll make you love me."
"You couldn't," she said without pity. "I've told you that I never really did love you. I married you because I was afraid to face the world and make my way. I tried to tell you so at the time, but you wouldn't listen. That's a pretty brutal way of putting it, just because he loves a woman it doesn't necessarily make her love him? If I went back to you now it would be only through cowardice, rank and contemptible cowardice. You wouldn't want me on that basis."
"I want you on any basis!" he answered desperately.
"That's not complimentary," retorted Marian. "But I guess it's a man's view. He wants what he wants when he wants it. No, no. It was we've got to look facts in the face and be sensible. I'm glad we quit before the habit of being married got too strong a grip on both of us. It was the most brave and honest thing I ever did in my life."

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Hints on Health

By Dr. Frederick M. Rossiter.

Questions pertinent to hygiene, sanitation, and prevention of disease, if matters of general interest, will be answered in this column. Where space will not permit or the subject is not suitable, letters will be personally answered, subject to proper limitations and where a stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed. Dr. Rossiter will not make diagnosis of individual diseases. Requests for such service cannot be answered.

Arterio-Sclerosis.
L. WRITES: "I am a subscriber to L. The Oregonian and read with pleasure and profit your articles contributed to that paper. I have a subject upon which I would like very much to have you write if you think it proper and find it convenient.
"I am interested in knowing something of the condition of what is called arterio-sclerosis and whether it is likely to cause enlargement of the heart and something of how dropsy may result from it.
"Is there any special treatment or diet by which it is effected and is there any medical treatment which is effective?"
"I was much interested in a former article of yours touching upon a similar topic, but the article did not exactly cover the information which I wish."

Reply.
1. Arterio-sclerosis is a degenerative change that takes place in the arteries of the body, especially involving the small arteries in the various organs, as the kidneys, the heart and the lungs. The cause of this condition summarized briefly is the irritating effect of poison circulating in the blood. The degenerative change consists of a replacing of the elastic muscular tissue in the vessel wall with connective tissue and fat deposits. This change deprives the vessel of its elasticity, which is very necessary to a free and healthy circulation. As the artery becomes less elastic the caliber is reduced and so in order for the usual amount of blood to reach a part the heart has to work with more power to force it through. This extra work causes the heart to enlarge to take care of the extra burden. With more resistance in the small arteries and a heart bumping with more force, and less elasticity in the vessels, the blood pressure increases with the arterio-sclerosis.
Dropsy is not likely to result from this condition until the heart becomes weakened and is not able to force the blood through the small arteries and capillaries. Dropsy always means insufficient heart force and obstruction. If there is not enough power to keep the blood circulating in the vessels, then the serum or watery parts of the blood leak out into the tissues and cause the swelling, which will always put on pressure.
2. Yes, a non-stimulating diet. Anyone with arterio-sclerosis should be a vegetarian with a low protein diet. Little if any meat, no meat broths, no extracts, avoiding condiments, vinegar, tea, coffee, alcohol, tobacco and other excitants and stimulants.
The effect of medicine is only temporary.

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"Come right in. We'll have luncheon in a jiffy."
Swiftly she recalls a neat little row of red-and-white labels on the pantry shelf. And she says comfortably to herself:

"Campbell's Tomato Soup"
No need of anxiety over unexpected guests. No matter how sudden the emergency, she is always ready without delay or bother to begin the cozy luncheon or the satisfying dinner with a soup which pleases the most captious taste—fragrant piping-hot and hospitably inviting.
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CALENDAR FOR TODAY.
Society.
Miss Martha Chiles will entertain today at luncheon for Miss Elizabeth McGrath, of Watsonville, Cal.
Clubs.
Monday Musical Club, all departments meet today.
Rehearsal for "Winter's Tale," Shakespeare Club, Grand Memorial, Shakespeare House, 1 o'clock today.