

Society News

By Gertrude P. Corbett.

FASHIONABLE SEATTLE HOTEL SCENE OF QUIET WEDDING OF PORTLAND COUPLE

ONE of the most attractive brides of the season was Miss Claire Houghton, whose wedding to William Hurd Lines was solemnized last night at the home of her mother, Mrs. Warren F. Houghton, before a small assemblage of relatives and friends. The wedding was to have been a large affair, but owing to a recent grief in the family the invitations were recalled for the receipt of the charming affair in every detail. The rooms of the handsome residence were artistically adorned with fragrant blossoms. In the drawing-room, where the ceremony was held by Rev. John H. Boyd, a delightful effect was obtained by the use of quantities of Dorothy Perkins rambler, gracefully arranged and combined with palms and greenery. The fireplace was banked with lovely pink roses, and palms added to the pleasing ensemble. The bride, tall, slender, and with a fine, classical beauty, was dressed in a wedding robe of soft satin of an ivory tone, the waist being of Duchess and silver lace over tulle, and a chic tunic of tulle and silver lace trimmed with the crown was made with a long court train, which was trimmed with narrow silver lace and orange blossoms. She also wore her sister's wedding veil, a filmy tulle, arranged in a Juliet cap, banded with orange blossoms. It was arranged rather unquietly, the end being tied in a loose knot and a cluster of the orange blossoms. Her bouquet was a shower arrangement of bride roses and maidenhair ferns.



Mrs. Marion P. Dolph, sister of the bride, was her only attendant, and Andrew Dickinson Norris was best man. Mrs. Dolph was charming in a lovely creation of pink diamonds and silk crepe, embroidered elaborately in gold. It was made over a silk foundation, and the waist was of the gold lace over tulle, with a trimming of Bohemian lace. A tunic of the gold lace also adorned the skirt, and a cloth of gold girdle, ending with a huge pink rose, completed this attractive gown. She carried a bouquet of bridesmaid roses.

After the ceremony, the assemblage, numbering 24, were seated at one large table in the dining-room, where an elaborate wedding supper was served. The table was greatly admired; the center was decked with a large white basket tied with a huge bow of white satin and was filled with bride roses and maidenhair ferns. At either end of the table, smaller baskets containing similar floral decorations were placed with the center by festoons of pink tulle. A profusion of bride roses and greenery was arranged about the room. Mrs. Stephen Van Ransselaer Lines, mother of the bridegroom, who has been in Portland for several weeks awaiting the wedding, presided at the table with Mrs. Warren F. Houghton, mother of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Lines left for a fortnight's wedding trip, and upon their return will be at home at 783 Madison street.

Miss Houghton's engagement was announced at a jolly dance given by Miss Isabella Gault, last February, and since that time she has been overwhelmed with social attentions. She is one of the most popular and lovable girls in the smart set, and is an ardent lover of outdoor sports, as well as being one of the most enthusiastic workers in settlement and philanthropic work.

Mr. Lines is a popular clubman and is associated with the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company. He is a Cornell graduate, class of '08.

A smart assemblage of beautifully gowned women, with their escorts, thronged Christensen's Hall last night to attend the dining-room given by Miss Constance Piper, who was assisted by Mrs. Delphine Marx, a delightful contralto singer. Miss Piper is a young pianist of unusual talent, and has been heard in a recital for the first time in more than two years, as she has but recently returned from New York, where she has been studying with a well-known artist. Her selections were not only well chosen, but were entertaining to the large audience.

Another charming wedding which was solemnized last night was that of Miss Ada Kendall and Earl S. Cobb. The ceremony was read by Dr. T. L. Elliot, at the United Methodist Church, 6 o'clock. Dr. Elliot was assisted by his son, Rev. William G. Elliot.

Miss Margaret Taylor, of Astoria, played the wedding music, and the bride was attended by her sister, Miss Florence Kendall, as maid of honor, and the Misses Hazel Rand, Lyle Stetson and Mildred W. Cebell. Cecil Cobb was his brother's best man.

The bride, a very pretty girl, was attended in a handsome gown of embroidered white chiffon, gracefully trimmed with orange blossoms. Her veil was arranged in a mob cap and fastened with orange blossoms, which were also worn by her mother on her wedding day.

Miss Florence Kendall was admired in a pale lavender embroidered chiffon gown built over soft silk. She carried a huge bouquet of bridesmaid roses. Miss Whitteley wore a gown of pastel green, trimmed with lace, and carried pink sweet peas and ferns. Miss Raab and Miss Stetson wore similarly gowned and carried shower bouquets of pink roses and maiden hair ferns.

The guests were ushered by Beal Kendall, Nicholas Kimball, the new bridegroom, William Heuser and Alfred Clarke, all of whom are fraternity brothers of the bridegroom.

A large reception followed the ceremony at the home of Mrs. L. F. Mosher, 514 Sherman street, this afternoon from 2 to 5. A musical programme has been arranged and refreshments will be served. The committee in charge is composed of Mrs. James Hyland, Mrs. R. McColl, Mrs. J. J. Cosgrove, Mrs. W. J. Wilson, Mrs. W. P. Lillia, Mrs. M. A. Smith, Mrs. P. J. O'Donnell, Mrs. G. J. Murphy and Mrs. W. J. Smith.

The ladies of the Altar Society of St. Lawrence Church will entertain cards at the home of Mrs. L. F. Mosher, 514 Sherman street, this afternoon from 2 to 5. A musical programme has been arranged and refreshments will be served. The committee in charge is composed of Mrs. James Hyland, Mrs. R. McColl, Mrs. J. J. Cosgrove, Mrs. W. J. Wilson, Mrs. W. P. Lillia, Mrs. M. A. Smith, Mrs. P. J. O'Donnell, Mrs. G. J. Murphy and Mrs. W. J. Smith.

An event of this evening will be the farewell dinner given by the Alumni association of the Portland Academy, in honor of Dr. Joseph Rogers Wilson, at the Hotel Maitland, at 6:30 P. M. Reservations for this dinner may be made by calling Ralph J. Huriburt.

he returned, followed by a flock of robins.

"Three or four of us must fly down where Frisky can see us," said Mrs. Robin; "of course, being very careful not to get close to him. The rest must watch for other cats and warn the ones on the ground of danger. I will go down on the ground now. Who will go with me?"

"One from a family is enough," she said, as her husband volunteered; "you stay by the nest. I want to get that Frisky kitten up in this tree, so don't you all fly away when you see him coming, but just keep out of his reach."

Frisky saw the robins when they lighted on the ground and he crept very carefully under the bush.

"Mrs. Robin had her eye on him while she chatted to the others, and as Frisky, of course, did not understand a word she was saying, he felt sure the birds did not notice him in the least.

By and by the robins flew into the lower limbs of the tree, and Frisky climbed up. He was very near to them when they went a limb higher Frisky followed and soon they had him in the high branches without poor Frisky knowing where he was.

"Now give him a picking," said Mrs. Robin, and the first thing poor Frisky knew a dozen robins flew at him trying to peck at his eyes; he tried to squawk, but that was too dangerous, for he would surely fall if he let go the limb.

Frisky tried to get away, but the robins kept close to him, and poor Frisky got as far as the lower limbs, when he lost his hold and fell to the ground amid the chattering and screaming of the robins.

When he jumped up and started to run there was his mother standing under the tree, and on the fence called after him. "Frisky! Frisky! let the birds chase you out of the tree!"

"He is going to get punished," said Mrs. Robin, as they were very near to them. "I guess our lesson will cure him of wanting to catch birds again."

"I wish those kittens on the fence had kept their mouths shut," said Mrs. Robin. "We should have a very pleasant summer."

"Yes, that is so," answered Mr. Robin, "but I wish those kittens on the fence were not so noisy. We will have to keep out of that yard where the bad kittens live."

NEW YORK, June 24.—The girl of the hour seems to be making an effort to look like her immediate ancestors in 1880, but cannot quite accomplish it. That is the way the struggle strikes the onlooker.

To begin with, her figure is all wrong for the kind of gowns and hats she wears. She does not walk rightly for those clothes. Her face is sophisticated. Her makeup is French, not English. Her hair is styled in a way that is altogether of other days, by wearing what are called old-fashioned frocks.

It is in keeping with many other of her fashions that she makes a delight in grafting one epoch on another, in twisting things moral, mental and physical, and in making a result not necessarily grotesque. It is fantastical.

However, the woman of the hour has so much intelligence that she makes a good thing of it, and that is alluring. No one can accuse the women of the hour of being commonplace; they are much else that they demand, and get, attention. The limelight is on them, and they know it, and the camera they are cutting up in motion pictures is not attending strictly to the business in hand, which is the discussion of lingerie gowns. See the sketch of an example of the fashions of one day grafted on the woman of the day another day, and you will find yourself quite enamored of the picture that woman presents.

The material is French muslin or what are once called cotton chiffon, and which washes very well, although one would not recommend a tub of soapsuds for the frock shown.

The lower skirt has come rapidly to the front in the last three months, and which definitely foreshadows the entire fashion in the woman of the hour are three ruffles. Each has its own gathered heading, which is another old fashion revived, and one that is placed against the small one, and by its fullness offsets the lower ruffle, so one is kept from the other, and the business in hand, which is the discussion of lingerie gowns.

The sketch of an example of the fashions of one day grafted on the woman of the day another day, and you will find yourself quite enamored of the picture that woman presents.

The material is French muslin or what are once called cotton chiffon, and which washes very well, although one would not recommend a tub of soapsuds for the frock shown.

The lower skirt has come rapidly to the front in the last three months, and which definitely foreshadows the entire fashion in the woman of the hour are three ruffles. Each has its own gathered heading, which is another old fashion revived, and one that is placed against the small one, and by its fullness offsets the lower ruffle, so one is kept from the other, and the business in hand, which is the discussion of lingerie gowns.

WHAT ANNE RITTENHOUSE SAYS

NEW YORK, June 24.—The girl of the hour seems to be making an effort to look like her immediate ancestors in 1880, but cannot quite accomplish it. That is the way the struggle strikes the onlooker.

To begin with, her figure is all wrong for the kind of gowns and hats she wears. She does not walk rightly for those clothes. Her face is sophisticated. Her makeup is French, not English. Her hair is styled in a way that is altogether of other days, by wearing what are called old-fashioned frocks.

It is in keeping with many other of her fashions that she makes a delight in grafting one epoch on another, in twisting things moral, mental and physical, and in making a result not necessarily grotesque. It is fantastical.

However, the woman of the hour has so much intelligence that she makes a good thing of it, and that is alluring. No one can accuse the women of the hour of being commonplace; they are much else that they demand, and get, attention. The limelight is on them, and they know it, and the camera they are cutting up in motion pictures is not attending strictly to the business in hand, which is the discussion of lingerie gowns.

The sketch of an example of the fashions of one day grafted on the woman of the day another day, and you will find yourself quite enamored of the picture that woman presents.

The material is French muslin or what are once called cotton chiffon, and which washes very well, although one would not recommend a tub of soapsuds for the frock shown.

The lower skirt has come rapidly to the front in the last three months, and which definitely foreshadows the entire fashion in the woman of the hour are three ruffles. Each has its own gathered heading, which is another old fashion revived, and one that is placed against the small one, and by its fullness offsets the lower ruffle, so one is kept from the other, and the business in hand, which is the discussion of lingerie gowns.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

THE last regular Y. W. C. A. board meeting for the season was held on Tuesday. Several members were absent attending the Y. W. C. A. North-west Conference now being held at Cobasset Beach. Miss James presided. Reports for the past month were submitted by the different committees.

New members received during the month were 218, the total membership of the association being 5382. Those enrolled in the physical work department for the month 1215; 1958 of these were enrolled in the swimming classes.

Miss Cory, physical director, says a number of pupils in this department sent there by physicians have shown great gain in health.

Positions were found for 257 women during the month. Women who were looking for permanent boarding and rooming places were helped to find rooming places.

The domestic art classes have been doing good work. The millinery classes are a great help for hats for a large number of poor.

The Rose Carnival brought busy days for the Y. W. C. A. in all departments of work. Most of the departments of work closed their work for the summer. The swimming pool is open all the year. The Bible classes continue and a regular service is held every Sunday at 4:30 P. M.

Divorced Life

By Helen Hessong Fueselle.

A Light in the East brought Marian a letter that took her by complete surprise. The envelope showed her that it was from one of New York's big magazines. With a thrilling sense of importance she broke the seal. She read:

"My dear Miss Winthrop: I am interested in your work, and should like very much to see some of your manuscripts, if you have any on hand. Perhaps you might find a market for some of your work with us. Very truly yours,

"NORMAN RANSOM, Editor."

It is not very often that a young, struggling, and rejected writer receives a letter like the foregoing from the editor of a popular and well-known magazine like "The Cliff Dweller." Marian read and re-read it. The typewritten lines seemed to peer at her through the mists of a dream. To be sought by editors is the longing of every writer.

Marian fished a manuscript out of the litter on her table, and started within the hour for the editor's office. She found it was different from the dingy shade of the "Cheering Hour Magazine." She found Norman Ransom seated in a large, airy office. He wore a high, thick, heavy-rimmed eye-glasses. He was a tall, thin, serious, kindly, literary-looking fellow, and not over 35 in years. He measured five feet, more satisfactory to Marian's weight of an editor than had Gillis, the unkempt.

Your letter was a welcomed surprise," began Marian frankly. "It was very good of you to take notice of my work."

"Not at all," he said pleasantly. "We're always anxious to discover new writers. If you can do the sort of thing we are looking for, we'll consider ourselves in luck. Did you bring a story with you?"

Marian handed him her manuscript. "Won't you sit down?" he said. "I'll look at it right away, if you can wait."

The editor's words were a pleasant surprise, for he had never before received such a letter. He looked at the manuscript which had

THE morning took her by complete surprise. The envelope showed her that it was from one of New York's big magazines. With a thrilling sense of importance she broke the seal. She read:

"My dear Miss Winthrop: I am interested in your work, and should like very much to see some of your manuscripts, if you have any on hand. Perhaps you might find a market for some of your work with us. Very truly yours,

"NORMAN RANSOM, Editor."

It is not very often that a young, struggling, and rejected writer receives a letter like the foregoing from the editor of a popular and well-known magazine like "The Cliff Dweller." Marian read and re-read it. The typewritten lines seemed to peer at her through the mists of a dream. To be sought by editors is the longing of every writer.

Marian fished a manuscript out of the litter on her table, and started within the hour for the editor's office. She found it was different from the dingy shade of the "Cheering Hour Magazine." She found Norman Ransom seated in a large, airy office. He wore a high, thick, heavy-rimmed eye-glasses. He was a tall, thin, serious, kindly, literary-looking fellow, and not over 35 in years. He measured five feet, more satisfactory to Marian's weight of an editor than had Gillis, the unkempt.

Your letter was a welcomed surprise," began Marian frankly. "It was very good of you to take notice of my work."

"Not at all," he said pleasantly. "We're always anxious to discover new writers. If you can do the sort of thing we are looking for, we'll consider ourselves in luck. Did you bring a story with you?"

Marian handed him her manuscript. "Won't you sit down?" he said. "I'll look at it right away, if you can wait."

The editor's words were a pleasant surprise, for he had never before received such a letter. He looked at the manuscript which had

A Most Unusual Sale Of Oriental Rugs

The combined stocks from our Spokane branch (just closed) and our Portland store—all offered now at sacrifice prices for a limited time—form an exhibit of

Oriental Rugs

that is truly worth the time and trouble of a journey to inspect, purely from an artistic viewpoint; comprising as it does an assortment and variety that is not approached on the Pacific Coast. Many are quite wisely attending this sale solely as investors. You are cordially invited to attend.

Atiyeh Bros.

Corner Tenth and Alder
Largest Oriental Dealers in the West

usually been accorded to Marian in her wanderings around New York in an effort to find her place in the big city. She had been waiting in her chair as she saw the editor nod approvingly when he had seen the check from his publisher. Bring it here, Marian, I'll take it. I'd like to have a few changes made in it, but that can be done here in the business office. I'll pay you a hundred dollars if that is satisfactory.

Marian gasped. The details of the room circled and danced before her eyes. A few minutes later, when the editor had made his check from his publisher, she changed her mind, and she was duly delivered to him, he gave it to her with a matter-of-fact smile. The divorcee accepted it dully, groped her way to the elevator, and was vaguely aware that she was being shot down to the ground floor, and dashed at what had befallen her, emerged into the street.

A hundred dollars for a few hours' scribbling! Half a dozen times, as she mused over the check from her purse and gazed at it in bewilderment. She giggled hysterically at the sight of a fat check for a few moments, and crossed to a fashionable shop on Fifth avenue, where she began buying manly and womanly goods, and she sternly denied herself during her poverty-stricken days in New York.

Tomorrow—A Startling Question.

Complexion perfection - Sanitiseptic Lotion—Adv.

Women purveyors are now analyzed on some of the Hudson River boats.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

As the least harmful of all the skin preparations at Druggists and Department stores. Ford, T. Hopkins & Son, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., N.Y.C.

SPECIAL TRAIN PROVIDED

Spanish War Veterans Arrange for Salem Gathering.

A large number of Spanish War Veterans will leave Portland, from Union Depot, Friday morning on a special train, to attend the Sixth Annual Encampment of the Department of Oregon.

The following programme has been arranged by Hal Hibbard Camp of Salem for the visiting veterans:

Friday—10 A. M., arrival and parade;

When You Want Something Particularly Nice—

You can always depend upon K C not to disappoint you. The double raise makes doubly certain—nothing is left to "luck." If the batter is a little thin, K C will raise it light and feathery and it will be all the better. Jamming the stove or turning the pan around makes no difference—K C sustains the raise until baked.

When there's a birthday or wedding cake to bake, or refreshments for reception or party to provide, take no chances—

Use K C

The Summer Colony

of Bungalow City, Bayocean, is in every way desirable for you and your family. The high standard of service offered attracts only those with whom you will find it agreeable to mingle. Summer bungalows for rent at reasonable rates.

Bayocean

Rate, Information and Reservations, 121 Corbett Bldg., Portland, Oreg., or E. V. Pierce's, Buffalo, N. Y.

ADDRESSED TO WOMEN

IS YOURS A Case of "Nerves?"

Hot flashes, dizziness, fainting spells, headache, bearing-down pains, nervousness—all are symptoms of irregularity and female disturbances and are not beyond relief.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

is that of a famous physician unusually experienced in the treatment of women's peculiar ailments. For forty years it has been recommended to suffering women. Thousands of women can bear witness to its beneficial qualities. Perhaps it is all that is required to restore to you perfect health and strength. Now is the time to act, write Dr. E. V. Pierce's, Buffalo, N. Y.

I AM NOW CURED

Man, Domingo Rosendo, (San Francisco, Calif., writes) "I take pleasure in recommending your wonderful medicine, and wish to say in behalf of my wife, Mrs. Rosendo, and my daughter, Mrs. Rosendo, that through their use I am now cured of my various troubles that a woman is heir to. These troubles were: Hot flashes, dizziness, fainting spells, headache, bearing-down pains, nervousness, all are symptoms of irregularity and female disturbances and are not beyond relief. I thank you for your advice."

YOUR DRUGGIST CAN SUPPLY YOU IN LIQUID OR TABLET FORM