

HEAR

MRS. AMEDEE M. SMITH entertained last night at a garden party-reception at her beautiful home in Riverdale. The evening was planned in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sidney Smith (Louise Emmons). The grounds presented a fairytal effect, lighted with numerous electric lights and gay Japanese lanterns. An orchestra hidden in a bower of flowers and greenery played throughout the receiving hours. The table, placed in an inviting corner, was decorated with gladioli and baby-breath. Mrs. Arthur C. Emmons, Mrs. Edwin Caswell, Mrs. W. D. Fenton and Mrs. George Willard Brown presided at the table and punch was served by Miss Katherine Emmons and Mrs. Louis L. Leadbetter. Assisting about the lawn and in the reception halls were Mrs. M. A. Loucks, Mrs. Sellwood, Miss Shanna Cumming, Miss Harriet Cumming, Miss Lone Lambert, Miss Clementine Lambert, Miss Ann Finley and Miss Louise Bradley. The rooms of the attractive residence were tastefully decorated. In the living room and hall hydrangeas were effectively placed; Dorothy Perkins roses and huckleberry barked the drawingroom and the diningroom was decorated in lavender and pink blossoms.

A large number of society folk called during the evening to meet the honored guests and partake of the refreshments of Mr. and Mrs. Amedeé Smith, pitifully of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie E. Thatcher are passing their honeymoon in the Pacific coast cities. On their return they will reside in the St. Clair apartments. Mrs. Thatcher was Miss Lillian B. Woodson, a Southern girl, whose marriage to the young Portland business man was a recent event.

Mrs. E. L. Heller and her son, William E. Heller, of New York, entertained Thursday night at an elaborate dinner dance at the Tualatin Country Clubhouse. Covers were laid for 45 guests. The table, except where covers were laid, was covered with pink roses. The ballroom was decorated with roses. Chorus and dancing followed the repast. Mrs. Heller and her son will leave soon for San Francisco where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. F. Hayman.

An anticipated event of July 15 is the concert and open air vaudeville show that will be given at the Home of the Aged for the benefit of the institution. A number of talented artists will appear. Refreshments will be served by a very efficient staff of several prominent matrons will assist as hostesses. Among those assisting will be Mrs. J. F. Cronin, Miss Harriet, Mrs. John Barrett, Mrs. Charles Marchand, Mrs. P. J. Flynn, Mrs. E. Barrett, Mrs. G. H. Anthony, Miss Irene Daily, Miss Helen McCusker, Miss Edna McCusker, Miss Mary McDougall, Miss Mamie Helen Flynn, Miss Rosemary Baldwin, Miss Louise Hollman.

A reception was given Mrs. McDaniel Stearns, of Indianapolis, by the women of the Christian churches of this city in the parlor of the First Church Thursday. Sweet peas, baby breath and hydrangeas were used for decorating the room. Miss L. Shepard presided at the punch bowl.

Mrs. Stearns delivered a message from the missionary board of Indianapolis. Mrs. G. F. Alexander sang "The Promise of Life," by Cowan, and "Thou Art So Like a Flower." The attendance was large.

The Irvington Park Club will hold a dancing party at the club recreation grounds, foot of East Thirtieth street, on Saturday evening. The newly-formed club band has been practicing and this week, as expected, to play for a portion of the dancing.

WHAT ANNE RITTENHOUSE SAYS

NEW YORK.—Now that we have agreed to adopt wash blouses for Summer weather, minus yards of lace and hand embroidery, we have been compelled to think out schemes for making them a good looking affair without affecting simplicity. Sounds perverse, but is really very simple.

The result of this thought is attractive and, without looking better dressed in the present styles than they did when they loaded the garment with unnecessary furbelows. Everyone did not have a good taste in lace, or a purse to buy a good quality, consequently miles of the poorer grades were used and the whole fashion of wash waists was smart women in preference to any other kind. And the ingenious woman is making her girlish waists into colored linen, which is an idea worth copying.

These had many followers. They were succeeded by the blouse with a man's waistcoat of white pique which was cut off above the waist line to imitate a giraffe, or allowed to go over the shoulders in the regulation manner. Even now when the novelty of these attachments has worn off, one sees many waists with such dashing accessories worn by smart women in preference to any other kind. And the ingenious woman is making her girlish waists into colored linen, which is an idea worth copying.

THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TO-NIGHT

By Mrs. F. A. Walker.

TOMMIE Mouse said the Brownie. Part II.

Tommie managed to get to the ground and into the house without being seen by the dog, and the cook was not in the kitchen, and the pantry door was open.

"It is great fun being a cat, after all," thought Tommie, "but I had better be a mouse for a few minutes before he had been wise to make a change. 'Here I am in a pantry full of things I like and no one near.'"

But Tommie was mistaken, for up on a shelf was the house cat, who had taken advantage of the cook's absence from the kitchen and was drinking cream from a bowl. When she saw Tommie she humped her back and hissed at him.

"What are you doing in my pantry?" she asked. "You get right out of here," and without waiting for a reply she sprang at poor Tommie, knocked over the bowl from which she was drinking, and a dish of soup, which spilled over Tommie, and when the cook came into the kitchen, just as he was running out, she seized a broom and chased him out.

"Bad luck to you!" said the cook, "coming in here and upsetting all the cream and soup. I don't see where the mouse had come from," poor Tommie heard her say from his hiding place under the steps.

Hungry and frightened, Tommie sat under the steps until he thought it safe to come out, and then he ran to the woods as fast as he could go.

He looked where he had seen the Brownie the day before, but he was not there now, and poor Tommie lay down beside the rock and began to mew out his grief.

"Hello, is you making all this noise?" said some one, and Tommie looked up to see the Brownie standing on the rock looking down at him.

"I heard someone making a moun-



Mrs. Leslie E. Thatcher, who was Miss Lillian Bryant Woodson.

bons. Take from the fire, pour the liquor through an colander, return to the pot, and boil down to a half pint. Skim carefully, salt to taste, and put in a cool place to solidify. This is excellent for a typhoid convalescent.

Egg soufflé—This is one of the most delicate ways in which to prepare an egg for an invalid. Beat the yolk and white separately, until extremely light, add a pinch of salt, pour into a china cup and set into a pan of hot water. Stir slowly but constantly until the egg is scalded, but not cooked at high temperature.

The egg should only thicken slightly, but puff up until the cup is almost filled with the creamy custard. Set in the oven a moment and serve at once.

Toast meringue—Dip a slice of delicately browned toast into boiling water, slightly salted. Lay in a deep plate and pour over it a cream made of half a cup of scalding milk, a teaspoonful of butter and a stiffly beaten white of egg, added just before removing from the fire. Place in a hot oven 5 minutes until delicately browned, and serve as quickly as possible.

Egg nest—Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and heap up symmetrically on a piece of toast. Place the yolk in a little depression in the center, and put in a hot oven two or three minutes. Serve with a tiny bit of salt and butter on top of the egg.

Oatmeal cream gruel—Procure coarse oatmeal, have it pounded fine, cover with cold water, stir well, and then allow it to settle and pour off the water. Repeat this three times. Boil the water thus obtained 10 or 15 minutes, season with salt and a cup of hot cream. Serve with crisp bits of toast or sweet-breads.

Zweiback—Cut bread one day old into slices half an inch thick. Place them in a baking pan lined with paper, and set in a moderate oven, allowing the door to remain open until all the moisture is dried out of the bread. Then close the oven door, and brown slowly until each slice is crisp.

ful sound," said the Brownie, "so I came out to see what it was. matter. You have your wish, I see; you are a big white cat. Why are you making such a fuss?"

"Oh, Mr. Brownie, please get me changed into a mouse again, I haven't had anything to eat and the dog chased me and the cook drives me out with a broom when I go into the house. Even the house cat treats me as if I were a mouse," cried Tommie.

"I know how it would be," said the Brownie, "and the fairy said so, too; but I told her the only way to cure you was to let you have a try at being a cat. I will see what I can do for you."

The Brownie knocked on the rock three times, and as it opened, the Brownie found his nose upon the cold rock as he tried to follow his friend, for he did not want to lose sight of him until he was changed into a mouse again.

He had to wait, however, for the rock closed and shut him outside, and there he waited until he fell asleep.

But he was no longer a cat when he awoke; he was a mouse again, and Tommie Mouse was so happy he jumped up and danced on his hind legs, ran over the rock beside him and squeaked for joy, but nowhere could he find the Brownie.

So Tommie Mouse ran home. "I guess he knows how happy and thankful I am; those Brownie fellows know everything," said Tommie.

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate, New York City.)

Divorced Life

By Helen Hessing Poeschle.

SUMMER is an unlovely season in New York. Its fetid crowds of tired, gasping pedestrians, its baking pavements, sizzling sidewalks and breathless streets send those of its 4,000,000 who can afford it pellmell to seashore or mountain. Those who cannot go become irritated and half-grazed. Coney Island draws tens of thousands of the city's heat-maddened multitudes into its wild vortex, affording them its bizarre diversions.

The leisure of the Summer Resorter is a luxury that had come to her in the city's crowds were beginning well high to graze her. Sweating in her little room, she strove to write, but knew that her efforts brought forth little more than gibberish. Mastery of brain and body had not yet come to her. At first it did not occur to her to begone. When the thought finally invaded her heat-dazed brain she seized upon it as an inspiration.

Never having been to a Summer resort, she hadn't the faintest idea whether to turn. The thought of Atlantic City popped into her mind, but she shrank from the crowd she knew she would encounter there. She longed for quiet, for earth, grass, the woods, for a canoe on a quiet, winding stream.

That day she dropped into the Grand Central Station and procured railroad booklets of Summer resorts far and near. She dropped into her chair and began running through them, an enchanting diversion for one ready for flight from blazing, hostile Summer in a big city. Her brain swam with the idea of where to go, yet she shrank from the thought of attempting to sleep for even another night in her hot room. On the subway she continued her fascinated examination of pictures and descriptions of places to go. For one thing, she was astounded at the price schedules for hotel and boarding-house accommodations. She knew she must go slow. She had been anything but extravagant with the proceeds that had come to her in two surprising amounts from the magazine where Jack Meadows, platter of prosperity, had arranged for the apparent purchase of one of her stories a month. And so, having emerged from poverty alley, she had tried hard to nurse her income into longevity.

The heat of the sidewalk burned through the soles of her shoes as she

THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TO-NIGHT

By Mrs. F. A. Walker.

SUMMER is an unlovely season in New York. Its fetid crowds of tired, gasping pedestrians, its baking pavements, sizzling sidewalks and breathless streets send those of its 4,000,000 who can afford it pellmell to seashore or mountain. Those who cannot go become irritated and half-grazed. Coney Island draws tens of thousands of the city's heat-maddened multitudes into its wild vortex, affording them its bizarre diversions.

The leisure of the Summer Resorter is a luxury that had come to her in the city's crowds were beginning well high to graze her. Sweating in her little room, she strove to write, but knew that her efforts brought forth little more than gibberish. Mastery of brain and body had not yet come to her. At first it did not occur to her to begone. When the thought finally invaded her heat-dazed brain she seized upon it as an inspiration.

Never having been to a Summer resort, she hadn't the faintest idea whether to turn. The thought of Atlantic City popped into her mind, but she shrank from the crowd she knew she would encounter there. She longed for quiet, for earth, grass, the woods, for a canoe on a quiet, winding stream.

That day she dropped into the Grand Central Station and procured railroad booklets of Summer resorts far and near. She dropped into her chair and began running through them, an enchanting diversion for one ready for flight from blazing, hostile Summer in a big city. Her brain swam with the idea of where to go, yet she shrank from the thought of attempting to sleep for even another night in her hot room. On the subway she continued her fascinated examination of pictures and descriptions of places to go. For one thing, she was astounded at the price schedules for hotel and boarding-house accommodations. She knew she must go slow. She had been anything but extravagant with the proceeds that had come to her in two surprising amounts from the magazine where Jack Meadows, platter of prosperity, had arranged for the apparent purchase of one of her stories a month. And so, having emerged from poverty alley, she had tried hard to nurse her income into longevity.

The heat of the sidewalk burned through the soles of her shoes as she

GETTING A START

By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr.

NINETY-NINE AND NINE-TENTHS of the people in every class of society, in business and out of it, are depending on automatic compasses and work like automatons. They follow in the footsteps of those who have preceded them, looking neither to the right nor to the left, seldom glancing backward, and infrequently gazing forward. As others have done so they do. Many of them are faithful and can be depended upon. They are devotees of system; they think not and care not, so long as they keep within the bounds of the accepted convention.

The great successes of the world, the men of mark in every line of endeavor, lifted themselves above the overwhelming majority by doing something a little different from what others had done, by being unfaithful to take reasonable chances, and by persistently endeavoring to be original, but not erratic.

For years, yes, for a century, the old-fashioned grain-raiser carried his grain to the mill in bags, and to bale since this bag of grain on the horse's back he put a rock in an empty bag, thus making the beast of burden carry a useless load. By intelligence and sagacity suggested that the bag with the rock

proceeded to her boarding-house. Her thoughts were made a way to cool shades beside cooling, quiet waters, lost in the green luster of wonderful out of doors. Brain and soul were ready for flight. How long her friends would enable her to remain away from the city's welter of pavements and people she little knew or cared. She panted for the change, she had a feeling that in some quiet place she could write.

In the end it was Mrs. Kern, her boarding-house keeper, who helped her make up her mind where to go. "About how much did you think of spending for accommodations?" asked the landlady. Marian told her. "I know just the place for you," said the other. "Just a few hours away from New York—in Connecticut. It's the Placid Inn, on the Housatonic River. You won't find it in the booklets."

Marian hurried eager questions at Mrs. Kern, and her answers satisfied her. Within the hour a telegram had been received, the proprietor of Placid Inn, and that evening came the reply, saying that a reservation for Marian would be held.

Marian packed her trunk in glee. Already she felt like a new being. Already the very name of Placid Inn soothed and calmed. Subconsciously she felt the need of getting away to where she could take inventory of herself after the struggles, the stresses and storms, the velocity of events which had rained upon her since her coming to New York.

(Tomorrow—Placid Inn.)

DR. MARDEN'S UPLIFT TALKS

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN, Author of "Pushing to the Front," etc. (Copyright, 1914, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

On every hand we hear the discussion of success, but rarely training in habit forming which is important as to the real habit.

"W HEN shall I begin to train my child?" asked a young mother of a prominent physician.

"How old is the child?" inquired the doctor.

"Two years, sir."

"Then you have lost just two years," replied he, gravely.

"You must begin with his grandmother," said Oliver Wendell Holmes, when asked a similar question.

"We sow an act, we reap a habit; we sow a habit, we reap a character." While correct habits depend largely on self-discipline, and often on self-denial, bad habits, like weeds, spring up, unaided and untrained, to choke the plants of virtue; and, as with Canada thistles, allowed to go to seed, a fair meadow, we may have, "one day's seeding, ten years' weeding."

We seldom see much change in people after they get to be 25 or 30 years of age, except in going further in the way they have started; but it is a great comfort to think that, when one is young it almost is easy to acquire a good habit as a bad one, and that it is possible to be hardened in goodness as well as in evil.

Take the case of the first 20 years of your life, and you may hope that the last 20 will take good care of you. How unfortunate that the science of habit-forming is not more generally known by parents and taught in our schools, colleges and universities. It is a science compared with which the departments of education sink into insignificance.

Man's life-work is a masterpiece or a hotch, according to each individual. While correct habits depend largely on self-discipline, and often on self-denial, bad habits, like weeds, spring up, unaided and untrained, to choke the plants of virtue; and, as with Canada thistles, allowed to go to seed, a fair meadow, we may have, "one day's seeding, ten years' weeding."

We seldom see much change in people after they get to be 25 or 30 years of age, except in going further in the way they have started; but it is a great comfort to think that, when one is young it almost is easy to acquire a good habit as a bad one, and that it is possible to be hardened in goodness as well as in evil.

Take the case of the first 20 years of your life, and you may hope that the last 20 will take good care of you. How unfortunate that the science of habit-forming is not more generally known by parents and taught in our schools, colleges and universities. It is a science compared with which the departments of education sink into insignificance.

Man's life-work is a masterpiece or a hotch, according to each individual. While correct habits depend largely on self-discipline, and often on self-denial, bad habits, like weeds, spring up, unaided and untrained, to choke the plants of virtue; and, as with Canada thistles, allowed to go to seed, a fair meadow, we may have, "one day's seeding, ten years' weeding."

DR. MARDEN'S UPLIFT TALKS

in it could be just as well filled with more grain.

Today many men think things and do things with a little display of intelligence. With eyes they do not see beyond the horizon of easy viewing; with ears they do not hear the ever ringing bells of progress. Half of their work is wasted because they do not labor intelligently.

Originality, like all other good things, is a dangerous possession; it can be carried to unprofitable lengths. Yet it is better to be original, and to make a mistake now and then, than to refuse to use your creative intelligence.

Practically every one occupying a responsible position obtained it because he displayed some originality in his work, improved upon the labor of others, did something which no one had done before.

No matter how subordinate your position may be, you have opportunity to accomplish something beyond your prescribed duties.

For a home treatment the best thing as you are told to do it; but, while doing it, use your mind as well as your hands. There is no labor so low, no task so menial, so wholly automatic, that the method of doing it cannot be improved upon. There are few, if any, occupations which do not give you an opportunity to think. So study, to improve.

Thousands of our leading men began in the rear rank of industry. While there they watched those above them, emulated them and became ripe for promotion.

More than half of our great railroad presidents began as brakemen. Practically all of our great ocean liner commanders served before the mast. Most of our merchant princes swept out the store and made the fire, but they swept well, they tended to the fire carefully; they used their brains as well as brooms and fuel.

Many a man has swept himself into success.

Hints on Health

By Dr. Frederick M. Rossiter.

There is a Difference.

G. V. C. writes:

"1. Is the combination of buttermilk and raisin pie likely to cause fermentation in the stomach and bring on dizziness?"

Is there any relation between physics and sexual strength and what causes the latter? It is said that epileptics and consumptives are sexually strong."

"3. How can one tell if tapeworm exists?"

"Your answers in the Oregonian will be appreciated."

Reply.

1. If there is a lack in the secretion of hydrochloric acid after this food is taken, this combination no doubt would be followed by fermentation. Many people could not make such a combination without trouble. The gas and products of fermentation might cause dizziness, but not necessarily so.

Men and women who are physically strong and have a good nervous system have all the sexual strength that they need. There is a difference between being well sexed and sexually active. It is the well-sexed men and women who are doing things in this world, who have the push and energy and who are successful. Epileptics and defectives are not sexually strong, but they are sexually active, and they are correspondingly overactive sexually."

3. Only by finding the segments in the stool.

Liver Trouble.

S. K. writes: "Can you tell me in the columns of the Oregonian what is the best remedy for swollen liver?"

Promptly at the Stroke of 9 A. M. Today It Starts

BANKRUPT SALE

Of the Entire Stock of Portland's Newest and Finest Haberdashery

THE STRAND

285 Washington, Bet. Fourth and Fifth Streets

Never was there gathered under one roof a higher grade stock of men's hats, furnishings, etc., etc., all to be sold at the lowest prices ever known.

All 50c Neckwear 20c 25c Hose, 3 Pairs, 50c
Choice Any Hat in the Store (Panama Excepted) \$1.95
\$1.50 Shirts, All Sizes, 75c All \$1 Union Suits 70c

And the Entire Stock at the Same Terrific Reductions. You Must Come.

This Store Less Than Three Months in Business—Everything New.

285 Washington, Bet. Fourth and Fifth Streets

OPEN UNTIL 10:30 TONIGHT

is iodine good if painted over the liver? I have heard that it was.

"I have been troubled with swollen liver for about five years. I went to a doctor, but his medicines did me no good. He gave me cathartic pills.

"The liver causes pressure on my heart and makes it weak and sometimes it flutters at night.

"I have been taking half a wine glass of olive oil night and morning and it has helped some. I use tea, coffee, hot bread, pie or cake, and I let everything greasy or over sweet alone. Can you give me some remedy for this trouble?"

Reply.

1. The best remedy for a trouble such as you seem to have is a course of treatment in a good sanitarium. In case your liver is enlarged, or the gall-bladder is over-filled, no medicine will relieve it. Something more must be done. Iodine in your condition will not do any particular good.

For a home treatment the best thing you can do or have done is to use some water treatments. Have hot packs applied over the liver and stomach for five minutes and then put on a large towel rung out of as cold water as you can get. Leave this on the body and pin on snugly. Leave this on all night. This is a treatment used commonly in Germany and Austria for such troubles and it is often attended with surprising results.

As soon as you can, see a competent physician and find out what your trouble really is.

now on by ranchers clearing land, by campers, fishermen and hunters to prevent fires becoming started. All smoldering fires should be reported immediately to the nearest fire warden.

DOCTOR ORDERS RESINOL FOR BAD RINGWORM

New York, March 9, 1914: "A rash formed on my forehead and commenced spreading. It was a ringworm. The itching and burning which I endured for four months before I commenced using Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment were terrible. All my classmates teased away from me in fear that they would catch it. I used every home remedy I could think of, but with no success. My family doctor advised me to use Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. The moment I applied them I felt a cooling sensation which was lasting. The relief was quick. I used two jars of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment, and was finally rid of the pest. Today there isn't a single mark to show where I had the disease." (Signed) M. G. Ross, 573 Church street.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap are also speedily effective for eczema, pimples, blackheads, dandruff, sores and many forms of piles. Sold by all druggists. For trial free, write to Dept. 37-R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.—Adv.

Complexion perfection-Saniseptic Lotion

—Adv.

How English Beauties Keep Faces Youthful

Christian Miller, F. C. I., noted English beauty expert, attributes the early aging of American women mainly to the use of harsh cosmetics. The warning of the English woman is that she does not go in much for cosmetics, the continuous use of which must ruin and complicate. The beauty devotees of King George's realm have the secret of a wax habit, a more wholesome method of keeping the face girlish-looking and free from the ordinary mercenary wax used like cold cream, rejuvenates the worst complexion. Women here may easily acquire the habit. This wax being obtainable at drug stores generally in the United States and Canada. It is applied at night and washed off in the morning. One ounce is sufficient to completely renovate a bad complexion. It has a peculiar action in keeping the face free from the possibility of developing a red, itchy skin which are constantly appearing.—Adv.

FOREST FIRE CONTROLLED

Oregon Association Asks That Special Provisions Be Observed.

The small slashing fire which started Thursday afternoon about two miles west of Yankton, Columbia County, is under complete control, according to reports received by the Columbia County Fire Patrol Association. This fire was confined wholly to an old logging slash.

No damage to green timber occurred. Supervising Warden Pearson has an adequate force of men working on the fire to preclude the possibility of the fire spreading.

The Oregon Forest Fire Association has received reports from various sections of the state saying that the present hot weather is rapidly drying out the timber and gives warning that special precautions should be taken from

Forest Fire Controlled

Oregon Association Asks That Special Provisions Be Observed.

The small slashing fire which started Thursday afternoon about two miles west of Yankton, Columbia County, is under complete control, according to reports received by the Columbia County Fire Patrol Association. This fire was confined wholly to an old logging slash.

No damage to green timber occurred. Supervising Warden Pearson has an adequate force of men working on the fire to preclude the possibility of the fire spreading.

The Oregon Forest Fire Association has received reports from various sections of the state saying that the present hot weather is rapidly drying out the timber and gives warning that special precautions should be taken from

The Power behind the dough

You may use an old favorite recipe and the best of materials and make it carefully, the oven may be just right, yet you will have a failure if "The Power behind the Dough" is not the right one to leaven it properly and make it light, digestible, wholesome.

Good baking without good baking powder is out of the question. K. C. Baking Powder has wonderful leavening power, and the double action—in the bowl and in the oven—makes good results doubly certain.

Take no chances of failure—use K. C. and have "good luck" every time. At all Grocers.