

CHAPERONE DOGS LATEST FAD IN SMART SOCIETY.

IN CONTRAST to the first two days of the week, yesterday was quite gay socially. The luncheon given by Mrs. Charles Thomas Whitney for Mrs. Joseph K. Clark, of Los Angeles; Mrs. J. F. Dickson's charming lunch, dance and supper for Miss Rhoda Niebling; Mrs. Frederick Warren Farrington's bridge for her daughter-in-law; the tea at which Miss Louise Boyd was hostess for Miss Higbee, and several other affairs, claimed the attention of society.

Mrs. Whitney's luncheon was held at the Waverly Country Club, where a beautifully decorated table had places marked for Mrs. Clark, Mrs. J. F. Dickson, Mrs. Warren Farrington, Mrs. Niebling, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Higbee, Mrs. LeRoy H. Parker, Mrs. Zera F. Snow, Mrs. Thomas D. Honeyman, Mrs. J. G. Edwards, Mrs. Walter F. Smith, Mrs. George F. Young and Mrs. Adrian Fleming.

Mrs. Clark will go to Montana soon to visit Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr. Later she will visit Mr. Marcus Daly at the Daly country estate in Montana. A round of festivities have been planned for the California matron, who is a sister-in-law of Senator Clark and is socially prominent, as well as being a woman of charming personality.

Dr. and Mrs. Dickson were hosts for the merry party of young people who shared the pleasures of the delightful party planned for Miss Niebling. The dance was enjoyed at the Waverly Country Club and the supper later in the evening was spread in the Arcadian Gardens of the Multnomah Hotel.

Mrs. Farrington's tribute to her son's bride was a smart card party at which five tables were arranged for auction bridge and after the game an additional coterie of friends came in for tea. Mrs. Frederick Warren Farrington, Jr., was becomingly gowned in pale green satin combined with lace and tulle.

At Miss Louise Boyd's tea at which she complimented Miss Helen Higbee, the appointments were in keeping with the season, fragrant sweet peas and ferns adorning the room and the guests all wearing dainty Summer frocks. The attractive tea table was presided over by Mrs. Fletcher Linn assisted by Miss Edith and Miss Mabel Riggs. Miss Boyd will be Miss Higbee's maid-of-honor at the De Neff Higbee's wedding next Wednesday. Yesterday's festivity was one of a series at which the popular bride-elect has been feted within the past few weeks.

Mrs. Frederick Alvares added to the social interest of the afternoon by giving a luncheon for Mrs. Loren A. Norris, of San Francisco, who is the house guest of Mrs. Fred P. Morey, and for Miss Nina, who has been visiting in Portland before and has many friends here who delight to welcome her.

The Social Service Club of Oak Grove will give a musical tonight at the home of B. Lee Paget, Oak Grove. The affair is for the benefit of the social service work of the club.

The George H. Snell Circle, No. 23, Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, met in the Grange, Oak Grove, Tuesday night. Candidates for initiation were received and at the social hour 30 visitors were entertained. Among these were members of Blackmar, Winslow, Mead, Peter Porter and other circles.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Locke are entertaining a jolly house party at their attractive Rock View Villa, Twin Rocks, Or. Among those enjoying the hospitality of the host and hostess are Misses Lucille Stephens, Laura Robinson, of Spokane, Wash., Miss Frances Stamper, Jack Stamper, Mrs. James A. Kelly and George G. Kelly, of Portland.

Mrs. T. Kretschmer and Miss Esther Kretschmer are rejoining at Long Beach for the past few weeks.

R. F. Lytle, a well-known lumberman of Housh, Wash., and his wife and their niece, Miss Edith Prater, have left for Gearhart Beach for the Summer.

Mrs. Allen B. Crossman, Miss Lillian Crossman and Mrs. A. M. Cram will leave on Friday for Hood River, where they will be guests at "Nestledyn," the country home of the McCullys.

Oregon Rose Social Club, Royal Neighbors of America, will entertain the children of the members on Sunday when they will hold a basket picnic at Peninsula Park. All Royal Neighbors will be welcomed.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Manley entertained on Monday night in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Tousey, of Plainfield, Mich. A musical programme and a dainty supper followed. An interesting travel talk, "Egypt," given by Mrs. Manley. Mr. and Mrs. Tousey left on Tuesday for their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Williams, accompanied by the latter's sister, Mrs. A. W. Alkire, of Butte, Mont., left Wednesday for Bayceon, where they will remain until about August 1. Summer E. Bryant, well known in college athletic circles, a graduate of Pacific University in the class of 1912, and Miss Constance L. Belknap, a graduate of Willamette University, were married last night. The ceremony took place at 461 East Tenth street, North, the Rev. L. S. Belknap, father of the bride, officiating. Miss Frances Hallinger was maid of honor and Raymond Bryant, brother of the bridegroom, was best man. The bride was lovely in white tulle, trimmed with lace and pearls. The romance which resulted in last night's wedding has its beginning several years ago when the young couple were in their first college year at Pacific University. They will reside at Grays River. The bride is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. L. S. Belknap, of Munro, Or., who are at present visiting here.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Warren Farrington will leave today for Spokane, where they will be guests of the Daniel Brownes. A motor trip will be a feature of the outing.

The first informal dance of the season was given at Welches Summer resort Saturday evening under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Clifford, of Portland, who are here for the season looking after the social and musical features of the resort. The first musical of the season was given Sunday evening in the hotel parlor before a large number of guests and campers. Miss Floretta Velour contributed several piano numbers, Mrs. Clifford on the violin, accompanied by Mrs. Clifford on the piano; Miss Regina Hlatt and Chauncey Mullen sang, and Circuit Judge Gatens, of Portland, contributed some humorous stories as his part of the entertainment.

WHAT ANNE RITTENHOUSE SAYS

NEW YORK, July 17.—(Special.)—First aid to the injured gown: a sash.

That fact should be well-known in the sewing room. It will save much worrying. To describe all the varieties of girdles and sashes now in common

CHAPERONE DOGS LATEST FAD IN SMART SOCIETY.



Mrs. Frank Torole and Mrs. Richard Ware with their police dogs.

NEW YORK, July 22.—(Special.)—Since Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., imported a Belgian sheep dog and announced that she was to train him as a walking chaperone, there has been great rivalry among the society women of New York and Chicago in following this fad. Many New York women followed Mrs. Vanderbilt and now only have to make a peep at Fifth Avenue to see many matrons and misses with their handsome police dogs tugging at a leash. But Miss Chicago was not to follow her larger city, she wanted to be original, hence the controversy between Mrs. Frank Torole, with her newly-acquired Alsatian spitz, Caesar, which she maintains has a much keener sensibility as to just the proper manner in which his mistress should be chaperoned. Miss Richard Ware, with her Belgian police dog Prince, is confident she has not made a mistake in her choice and so the rivalry goes on. The Alsatian is a new species and will be watched with much interest.

use would take a chapter in a book, for the world of invention seems to have worked at night over waistcoats and waistbands.

One of every figure seems to be the motto. At any rate there are few, if any, women who cannot be suited. It would never do to put the gypsy sash on the woman over fifty whose arms are broader by far than her shoulders; neither would the girle with the Japanese bow reaching nearly to the shoulder blades suit the woman whose waist line is almost under her arms.

But there are so many sashes sold and invented and originated over night, that no French or coat is finished until one has been applied. Of course, one must be careful, but that goes with every fashion. If every woman recognized that truth, the designers could do their worst and the result would be robbed of half its ugliness. Looking at it in this light it is easy to see how fashionably a new sash recreates a gown that has not kept pace with the clock of fashion. It can bring down that overshoot waist which was thought quite correct a short while ago, it can hold in the overfulness in the hips that needs straightening now; it can give swing to a plain gown that lacks character, and it can change the color scheme. In doing the latter, it is giving daily service.

Sashes Below the Waistline.
The position of the sash is important. It has gone further and further down the figure until it threatens to reach the knee line as it did several years ago, when it was made absurd by those who exaggerate every phase of fashion. There is again that same downward tendency of the waistline with its straight line from the shoulder, although we think it is far prettier now than then. It really has more dash, more color, but there is the same juvenile suggestion, so beware!

It might be sweepingly said that no sashes are taught quite correct a short while ago. The mere belt has been left far behind in the last few weeks. Even when one wants to hide the joining of the linen skirt to a wash blouse, the belt used is an affair of six inches pulled well down on the hips.

Patent leather for belts is out of fashion at the moment, as suede in colors is preferred, and in this material, the waistcoat girdle is the most fashionable of all. It is quite dressy, fast, and has four large buttons and sometimes has tiny applied pockets at each side.

The plain satin or grosgrain ribbon run through an ornamental buckle in front, a favorite fashion of Summer, is taboo for the moment and there is no hint of its immediate return.

Sashes Are a Turk.
On muslin frocks as well as on those of fine and costlier materials, taffeta ribbon is used for the sash, always arranged in an ornamental manner. There is the huge bow which has prevailed since January, and is now down

ped below the waist line at the back; also there are the knotted ends of the Orient; and the broad method of passing one end over the other a la Turk. The easiest manner adopted of arranging the scarf sash is to pass it twice around the waist, beginning in front, drawing down the folds in any way to suit a figure, crossing the ends at the middle of back and letting the short tassels hang free.

These scarfs are sold in the shops for a reasonable price in several colors.

APPETIZING SUMMER SALADS.
—Cabbage Salad.—Shred fine a new cabbage, the red cabbage is generally most crisp, and set where it is cool while you prepare a dressing as follows: Beat two eggs and place them in a double boiler, or in a kettle set in boiling water, with salt to taste, a teaspoonful of dry mustard and a pinch of cayenne pepper; when these are well mixed add three tablespoonfuls of butter and half a cup of vinegar, stirring constantly until cooked; take off, add a half cupful of cream and pour over the cabbage.

Spanish Onion Salad.—Select a large Spanish onion or two medium-sized ones. Carefully remove two layers from the outside of each, using a sharp knife to detach them from the rest of the onion after a slice has been cut from the top and the onion finely chopped the rest of the onion finely—better grind it in a machine—and mix with salt, cayenne, and olive oil and stuff it into the shell, putting a dust of the parsley on top.

Beet Salad.—Beets and lettuce combine to make a most attractive salad, and a toothsome one. Cook beets until they are tender, remove two layers with a fork or they will "bleed." When done, plunge into cold water, remove the skins and chill. These are more easily cut into small cubes than the small salad plates and the cubes lightly heaped on the lettuce. Serving it from a large dish is apt to give it a messy appearance.

Frozen Tomatoes.—An iced salad is always acceptable in hot weather, and here is an emergency recipe which any woman who wears her own frock can use with success. Drain the juice from a can of tomatoes and press the pulp through a fine sieve. Season with salt, cayenne, or paprika, a few drops of onion juice and a dash of lemon juice. Freeze as you would ice cream. When ready to serve have small lettuce leaves crisp and cold. Heap the frozen salad in the heart of a lettuce leaf, lay on one side a walnut meat or two and on the other a tablespoonful of mayonnaise dressing. Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Divorced Life
By Helen Nesson Fueselle.

Copyright.—The Adams Newspaper Service.
An Encounter and a Premotion.
MARION felt that she had done Calhoun, the young lawyer, a genuine service by laughing him out of his romantic advances. Her act had been truly philanthropic, and she knew it. Making sport of the fooler in good medicine. In more of this attitude on the part of women, rightly applied to male sufferers, would offset countless tragedies of married life. This Marion reasoned. All the next day she saw nothing of Calhoun. She concluded that he had dodged into the dining-room when the coast was clear, or else was taking his meals in his room. She had little time, however, in idle speculation. She felt that she had done her duty in affixing the plaster, and trusted that he would draw to the surface the fever that was afflicting her friend.

The next morning, when she was finishing her breakfast, she felt her arm touched by a hand from behind. "I want to talk to you. Come on," commanded a voice. Looking up, she beheld Calhoun. His face was haggard, the whites of his eyes bloodshot.

"What's the matter?" she returned quickly, anxiously. "You're not well." "Feel rotten," he said shortly. "Through eating?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, getting up. They sauntered out over the lawn. When Calhoun spoke again, Marion caught the smell of liquor. "You've been drinking," she said severely.

"Certainly. Why wouldn't I? I'm a boy," he mocked. "Why wouldn't I do boyish, ashine wangs?"

"You'll never make a man out of yourself by drinking," she retorted.

"But drinking can help me forget,

now and then, that I'm a boy, and a fool, and all that sort of thing." "Oh, don't be so silly," she said impatiently. "What's more, you're going back." She tried to turn, but he seized her arm in an iron grip. "Let me go," she ordered quietly. "Don't make a scene," he denied.

"I'm not making a scene," he denied. "Can't you let me talk to you for a minute? You're not going to drive me back to the bottle again, are you?" "Don't couple me up with your old bottle," she smiled. "What is it?" she added, in a kinder tone. "What did you want to say to me?"

His eyes met hers, and found them blue and kind and sympathetic. The hard lines of his face softened. He smiled partially his old smile. "Can't you get all this boy idea out of your head?" he asked. "It makes me awfully mad to be called a boy. Can't you believe me when I tell you I love you?"

"Let's not talk about that just now," she returned patiently. "Think of all the fun we could have as good friends." "Friendship doesn't go," he protested, his face hardening into a seriousness. "It's got to be love or nothing."

"I'm going to tell you something I should have told you before," she answered. "I'm married." He stood staring at her for a half-minute, to see if it would have its effect.

"What do I care?" he exclaimed. "Married or not, I love you. I worship you. I want you—need you! Can't you see?"

"Frankly, I can't see," she said, laughing a little.

Her laughter, more than her words, galled him.

"By heaven, I'll make you see!" he retorted grimly. Turning on his heel, he strode without further parley back to the door of the Inn, and vanished. Marian continued her walk, puzzled by his conduct, oppressed by an odd, unquieting sense of something of something vague and sinister.

(Tomorrow—An Anxious Day.)

THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TO-NIGHT BY MRS. F. A. WALKER.

Mr. Possum Visits Mr. Bear.

PART I.
MR. POSSUM was hungry and he sat thinking where he could get a good meal without working very hard when it suddenly occurred to him that he had not paid any visits to his friends in the woods in some time.

"Mr. Bear will certainly have a pantry full of just the things I like if only he is awake. He is such a sound sleeper and takes such long naps that I am afraid he may not be up."

So, Mr. Possum trotted off to Mr. Bear's house and knocked at the door. Not a sound could he hear, though he put his ear close to the door each time he knocked, then he went to the window and stood on his tiptoes and peeped in.

He could see just the tip end of Mr. Bear's nose sticking up from the bed clothes, and when he listened very hard he could hear the snoring sound of loud breathing, so he knew Mr. Bear was sound asleep, and it would be hard work to awaken him.

Mr. Possum stood some time thinking. Then he looked about, to make sure no one was in sight, and, walking very softly, he went to the back of Mr. Bear's house to the pantry window and made a place large enough to get through, and in a minute he was inside the pantry.

He had left the window open I should not be able to tell you this story, but he didn't, and that was the way he got into trouble.

He listened to make sure Mr. Bear was still sleeping and from the sounds he heard he knew he was; then Mr. Possum tasted the cake, it was rather dry, because Mr. Bear was not a good housekeeper and left it on the shelf, instead of putting it in the cake box; but Mr. Possum was not fussy, so he ate all of it.

Then he took a big piece of pie; it was mince, and if there was one thing more than another that Mr. Possum loved it was mince pie; so he ate all of it.

Mr. Possum was not very careful about dropping the crumbs, just as little boys and girls sometimes forget and let the crumbs fall on the floor.

Well, that was the way Mr. Possum did, and just as he was trying to see what was on the top shelf he stepped on a bit of mince meat and dropped the pie, and over he went, hitting the pile of tins as he fell.

Mr. Bear came out of his bed with a bound and listened. All at once he heard the sound of falling tins he had heard, and he started for his pantry, growling as he ran. He opened the pantry door and then he saw Mr. Possum.

"Who has been in here while I was asleep and eaten all my good things?" he said, hunting all around for the thief.

He looked behind the door, he looked back of the flour barrel and the molasses barrel, for Mr. Bear was very fond of molasses and bought it by the hog, but no sign could he find of the thief.

"He got away," growled Mr. Bear. "But he closed the window after him. I was too slow in getting up. I'll fix that window this time so no one will get in."

So Mr. Bear got a hammer and some nails and fastened the window so it could not be got around.

Then Mr. Bear closed the door and went back to bed and was soon asleep again, breathing so loud that Mr. Possum, if he had been in the place heard him and looked out.

But where do you think he was hiding all this time? You never will guess, so I will tell you. He was hiding in the molasses barrel.

He was scared, I can tell you, when he felt the cold, sticky stuff, but he made up his mind to stay there until he made any cry and Mr. Bear found him, so he kept still until he heard Mr. Bear's snoring.

Hotel Hoyt
Hoyt and Sixth Sts.
New—Fire Proof—200 Rooms
Rates 75c UP
Permanent guests solicited—Special Rates. One Block from Union Depot.

H. JENNING & SONS, Props.
W. A. Burleigh, Mgr.

Hotel Carlton
Fourteenth and Washington Sts.
Rooms, with bath.....\$1.50
Rooms, without bath.....\$1.00
All outside rooms, fireproof construction. Special rates for permanent guests.

ROSS FINNEGAN, Manager.
VICTOR BRANDT, Proprietor.

Bear sleeping soundly, and then he crawled out. And such a sticky fellow as Mr. Possum was!

Tomorrow I'll tell you how he got out of Mr. Bear's house and what happened afterward.

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Next story—"Mr. Possum Visits Mr. Bear."—Part II.

GETTING A START BY NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, JR.

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Indecision.
BETTER be pig-headed than indecisive. Better have too high an opinion of your ability than underestimate yourself. Better move, even in the wrong direction, than stand still.

Don't think that I consider pig-headedness or blundering action a business or social virtue; but, in decision, I should select either of the former.

Men who have succeeded, who have made a mark for themselves, who are at the head of our great industries, and who are over-seers of our colleges, have been decisive. While they have been cautious, they have been constantly on the move. While they have used discretion, and forecast their actions, they have not stood still, but have done something.

The road of their progress has been strewn with mistakes as well as with accomplishments. They have not feared to plunge, nor have they hesitated. Perhaps they have made as many mistakes as successes, but the quality and quantity of their errors have been less in proportion to their accomplishments than the more than balanced mistakes.

No man of mark, in business or in the professions, reached his present position without making mistakes, and serious ones; but he used each mistake, as well as each accomplishment, and made himself up upon both. The infallible man does not exist. To expect to be perfect is pure and simple idiocy, and is not one of the elements which make for better civilization.

I am not asking any one, especially the youth, to take undue chances, or to refuse to practice caution. Blind activity, however, is likely to be as disastrous as placid tranquillity.

You were put into this world to act, to move, to do something. Keep your eyes open. Allow experience and caution to be your guides, but do not be afraid to lead the guide as well as to follow him. No explorer who depended upon his guide ever reached his goal. He used his guide, and combined the guide's knowledge with his own activity and judgment.

Don't jump. Don't jump from the rock of apparent safety on to the unknown and unseen ground. But take reasonable chances, provided you can afford to do so. No man can afford to be afraid of failure, and with conditions, never losing sight of the place of safety. Reconsider, equipped with a compass, and well provided, do not let the wide world; but never go so far away that you cannot return.

Indecision, and unwillingness to use your ability to the utmost capacity, will keep you forever in the rear. Mix discretion with activity and plunge ahead, taking care not to fall so heavily that you will be permanently made lame.

Action precedes all accomplishment. Depend upon yourself, as well as upon others. Others will help, but they will not do it for you what you can do for yourself.

Your present and future are in your keeping. You, not others, are master of your destiny. Do not refuse to take counsel, to use the experience of others; but remember that you, alone, must cast the final vote, and that you, alone, will be held responsible before the bars of God and man.

SNAPSHOTS BY BARBARA BOYD

An Optimistic Philosophy of Life.
I KNOW of an old lady of 83—but no, she isn't old—old is reading the Odyssey, who is studying sociology, who is keeping right in step with some of the latest courses put into the best colleges.

Of course, it goes without saying, she isn't old. She is as bright and alert and interested and interesting as a woman of 25, most. She marries again at 25. One is merely dropping into the rut of habit or convention where one uses the term "old" because she happens to be 83.

But what I wanted to talk about with my reader-friends was not the matter of her years, but that I said, as also did some others of the little group who were hearing about her—"What is the use of her doing all that at her age?" (How that thought of 83 clings and colors, doesn't it?)

And then the woman who was telling us about her smiled brightly and replied, "She says she expects to go right on from where she leaves off, and she will be as far along as possible on this part of her journey."

It is a thought worth pondering, don't you think? Like Browning's "The best is yet to be." And this woman of 83 wants to get to that best as soon as possible. And she knows she can't do it by leaning. She must grow into it. By some wonderful transition such as death, she was plunged into some state mental or spiritual, far beyond her present capacities, she wouldn't say. She couldn't enjoy it. She wouldn't be prepared to understand it. And so she is preparing herself.

Not that a knowledge of the Odyssey or of sociology or of the world will be useful as she goes on. She may, to be sure, continue the Odyssey. One can hazard all sorts of guesses. But what in reality this knowledge she is getting stands for is a fuller understanding of life. The

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VICTOR BRANDT, Proprietor.

A New Method of Baking Cakes

Mrs. Nevada Briggs, the baking expert, says:

"There is just one way to make your cakes rise high and evenly—give them time to rise before a crust is formed and the batter is stiffened by cooking."

"Using a gas, gasoline or oil stove, light your oven when you put the cake in and keep the flame low until the cake has doubled in bulk; then increase the heat until it is evenly browned and will respond to the pressure of the finger. If using a coal or wood range, leave the oven door open until the cake is in; then turn on the drafts and by the time the oven is at baking temperature, the cake will have raised sufficiently."

For rich, moist, feathery cakes Mrs. Briggs always recommends

KC BAKING POWDER

It is double acting and sustains the raise. You can open and close the oven door, turn the tin around in the oven or do anything else necessary, without any danger of making the cake fall.

Try your favorite cake next time with K C Baking Powder and see how much higher it will rise. Just as you always do, with the same quantity of baking powder. While K C is less expensive than the old fashioned baking powder, it has even greater leavening strength and it is guaranteed pure and healthful.

Try a can and be convinced

Why Women Have Nerves

The "blues"—anxiety—sleeplessness—and warnings of pain and distress are sent by the nerves like flying messengers throughout body and limbs. Such feelings may or may not be accompanied by backache or headache or bearing down. The local disorders and inflammation, if there is any, should be treated with Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets. Then the nervous system and the entire womanly makeup feels the tonic effect of

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

when taken systematically and for any period of time. It is not a "cure-all," but has given uniform satisfaction for over forty years, being designed for the single purpose of curing woman's peculiar ailments.

Sold in liquid form or tablets by druggists—or send 50 one-cent stamps for a box of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Tablets. Ad. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

study helps her to grow in the knowledge of life. And she believes life goes on and that the more she knows of life, that the bigger and broader her vision and understanding of it is, the better prepared she is to enjoy its continuance.

And so, instead of her powers waning as most of ours do, as our years mount, hers are developing, strengthening. And if one could vision her, as she goes on, wouldn't one get a picture of glad life taking up with enthusiasm and joy the new fields of knowledge upon which it is entering.

And if this seems too empyrean for some of us, isn't she getting more out of life here? Aren't the years that are even now passing, and which are so empty and dreary for most of us, full and rich for her? Doesn't she give more joy to those about her and to herself by this optimistic philosophy of life than is hers?

IN STERLING LIVES A GIRL

Who Suffered As Many Girls Do—Tells How She Found Relief.

Pendleton Needs \$40,000 More.
PENDLETON, Or., July 22.—(Special.)—Thirty-three thousand dollars is

An Interesting Interview

President of Cherry's Stores Says New Portland Store Is Bound to Be a Success.

G. H. Cherry, president of Cherry's Pacific Coast chain of clothing stores, said before leaving for New York recently that he had absolute confidence that the company's new store in the Pittock block will enjoy an immediate and widespread patronage. The premises, 389-391 Washington street, near Tenth, will be ready for the store's formal opening on Saturday, August 1.

"This new store is far from experimental," said Mr. Cherry. "We are now operating two stores in San Francisco, two in Oakland and one in Los Angeles. But for the fact that our system of selling men's and women's clothing on credit has proved highly successful we would not complete the Northern link in our chain of stores."

"It is as logical for men and women to buy their clothes on credit as it is for them to secure any other of life's necessities in the same way. Our stores enjoy the patronage of all classes. Judging by our past experience in opening stores in other cities, I expect that our opening day, August 1, will be one of the biggest days in the history of our company."

Young Girls, Heed This Advice.
Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Care of the Hair in European Countries
In southern Europe the very straight, heavily braided hair of the lower-class native women is due to its excessive greasiness and could be greatly improved upon by the elimination of all grease oil. Throughout the continent among the higher social classes great care is taken to keep the hair perfectly clean, not with soaps and make-up, but with preparations made just for the shampoo, and it is probably for this reason alone that the hair of European women is considered the most beautiful in the world. The modern hair which follows canthor-shampoos are the result of its perfect cleansing power. You can avoid any bad condition of scalp or hair by use of this economical home-made shampoo, which is prepared very quickly by just dissolving a teaspoonful of canthor (which every drug store carries) in a cup of hot water and pouring slowly on the head as you rub briskly. This makes a wealth of rich, cleansing lather,