

DOCKETS

MRS. J. J. JENNINGS and her two charming daughters, Miss Florence and Miss Violet, have returned from a year's visit abroad...

Mrs. Katherine Daly entertained yesterday at an al fresco luncheon and outing for a number of the younger set...

Mrs. Henry S. Brill, of New York, and Mrs. Herman Michel, of Cologne, Germany, were honored guests at an elaborate luncheon given at the Hotel Benson...

Twenty guests shared the hospitality of Mrs. Meier and Mrs. Frank. This is one of the many smart affairs that have marked the stay of the visitors in Portland...

Miss Dorothy Moulton is visiting in Eastern Oregon, where she is being extensively entertained.

Miss Fidelia and Miss Belle Hagerty, who have been visiting Mrs. R. W. Ketchum, of this city, left Sunday morning on the steamer Beaver for their home in San Francisco.

Miss Theresa Morgenstern, who has been the guest of Miss Anita Fridenhal for the last few weeks, was suddenly called home Saturday by the death of her uncle, S. Aronson, of Seattle.

Miss Nelle Polisky and Mrs. Max Purl (formerly Miss Jean Goldman) entertained recently at a dancing party at the Elmwood club house...

These present were: Mrs. N. Porter, Miss Bessie Porter, Misses Bessie and Fannie Abrams, Misses Sophie and Gertrude Dubliver, Miss Helen Zidell, Miss Marian Feltsman, Misses Bertha and Jennie Bernstein, Miss Sarah Henna, Miss Bettie Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henna, Mrs. S. Henna, Miss F. Polisky, Mrs. and Miss Mersfelder, Barnatt Goldstein, J. Buzzell, Jack Silverman, L. Gevurtz, Mr. and Mrs. H. Zidell, Louis Henna, Mrs. Helen Zidell, Edith Cohen, Fred Polisky, Phil Polisky, Ben Abrams, Miss Frances Goldstein, Frank Abrams, Mrs. Max Purl, Miss Ruth Zemann, Dr. Jay W. Henna and Miss Nelle Polisky.

Mrs. Pauline Prager and daughters, Miss Rita and Miss Eleanor, have taken apartments at 787 Irving street.

Miss Freda Keller entertained recently at auction bridge in honor of the Misses Jackson, house guests of Mrs. Alva Lee Stephens. Card honors fell to Mrs. Ida Schlenk and Miss Marie Adams...

Miss Mabel and Miss Frances O'Brien, who spent a month visiting friends in the Sound cities, returned home Saturday.

Miss Madeline Groh, who has been visiting friends in Seattle and Tacoma, has returned to her home in this city.

Mrs. J. A. Herron and Mrs. Ella Snook are in town, where they attended the Potlatch, and are visiting friends.

A marriage of interest to a large number of Portlanders is that of George T. Carlson, of this city, and Miss Edith Campbell, which took place June 23 in Elwood, Ind., in the Christian Church, the Rev. Robert Sellars officiating. Guests from Portland, Seattle and California cities were on the invitation list.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlson will be at home at 355 East Pine street, Portland, after August 10. Mr. Carlson is connected with the Simons Manufacturing Company. He is a member of Gamma Delta Phi, fraternities of the Oregon Agricultural College and is also identified with the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club. The wedding was a large and brilliant affair...

Dr. and Mrs. Edward J. Kane, accompanied by Dr. Kane's father and mother from Williamsport, Pa., Joseph P. Kane and the five children, went to Newport by automobile Sunday. They expect to return tonight.

Mrs. Harold Sidney Smith, who has been visiting in Ocean Park, North Beach, will return soon to her home in this city.

Mrs. W. Britton Roberts left Monday for Westfield, Mass., where she will visit her brother and when on her way back will visit Mr. Roberts' relatives in Cincinnati and Minnesota.

Mrs. R. C. Morford, of Minneapolis, is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. C. Browne, of 639 Halsey street, Irvington.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Parker and Dr. W. Merceur will be solemnized this afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Unitarian Church, the Rev. T. I. Elliot officiating. A trip to Europe is planned for the honeymoon.

Several small dinner parties were given yesterday after the polo matches at the Waverly Country Club. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Green entertained at one of these dinners with a few close...

BECHOFF CREATES HANDSOME AFTERNOON FROCK.



Black Chignon Over Satin. Underwear Photo

Black chignon is mounted over a tight-fitting foundation of satin in this Summer frock. Sash of black velvet tied below the hips in the back is a new feature.

Friends as guests. Colonel and Mrs. C. E. Wood and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Johnson were among the guests who were honored at the party.

Mrs. J. E. Wexler and son, Edward, Jr., will leave today for Seaside where they will be house guests of Mrs. F. J. Haines for a fortnight.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry Russell Talbot left yesterday for a camping trip to be away for two weeks.

WHAT ANNE RITENHOUSE SAYS

PARIS, July 18.—(Special).—There have been as many innovations in neckwear as in sleeves and skirts during the last year.

Mme. Paquin started the fashion for the high standing collar when she attached one of lace to the gown she wore at her opening day a year ago. The fashion has a way of following Mme. Paquin's personal clothes and so fashion took up the square boned collar of lace that framed the face and left the neck bare.

At first it was difficult to wear because it did not flare sufficiently at the back to keep clear of the hair, but that defect was soon remedied and its followers in muslin were worn by the thousands. It has been many years since any piece of neckwear has been as popular as this high muslin collar with its hemstitched edge.

But exclusive fashion became a bit weary of the thousands of muslin affairs and demanded something new. Caillet fed this desire in February with a thick ruche of colored tulle which was put into the partly low neckband and stood well away from the head, far out over the shoulders.

This invention for the neck did not get along very well. The women who tried it were not exactly pleased with it and they began moderating its thickness and then abandoning it. But later in the season they returned to it with quite a show of approval and at the present moment in both Paris and London it is frequently worn by the best-dressed women.

The newest version of it is extremely difficult to wear, but very smart. If it had a name, it would be called the Double Ruche That Hides the Collar.



The Double Ruche That Hides the Collar Has Taken the Place of the Medici Collar.

In the garden and in the field as well as the house. One day the old woman was afraid the hay would be wet and spoiled, so she told the lazy son he must help her get in the hay—as it looks like rain. 'I'll work all week if I am sure we can save it,' she told him.

'I do not feel like working,' said the lazy boy. 'Let Freda go to it,' he said. But this time the mother made him go with them, and as they went toward the field they met a cow that had become entangled in some brush.

'Let us help that poor cow,' said Freda, going toward the cow. 'I have no time to waste on a foolish cow,' said the old woman.

'And you are not to waste on a cow!' said the lazy son. But Freda went to the cow and pulled away the brush and briars. Then she led her to a stream of water where she could drink.

The old woman called to her to come quickly and leave the cow to get along as best she could. 'If you don't help me, I shall punish you when I get you home.'

But Freda helped the cow and just as she was leaving her the cow said to her, 'You are a kind girl and I reward you for it by a fairy in disguise and the old woman and her son shall be punished for their hard-heartedness.'

'I will send the rations to destroy the hay that will make the old woman unhappy and the lazy son will be angry because he has to be out in the wet.' 'Look behind my horn,' she said to Freda, 'and you will see a tiny gold key. Take it and tonight when the old woman and her son are asleep go to the chimney in the sitting-room and you will see a tiny keyhole; put this key in it and the door will open, then you will find your reward.'

Freda took the key and hurried to the field where the old woman and her son were, but the rain was falling now and they were just starting for home. 'You lazy girl,' said the son, 'the hay will be spoiled because you stopped to help the old cow.'

'You shall go without your dinner and supper,' said the old woman, 'to pay for this.' When they reached home the woman and her lazy son sat down in front of the fireplace and went to sleep.

When it was dark they were still asleep. Freda went softly to the chimney and looked for the keyhole. There it was just as the fairy told her. She put in the key and a door flew open. Freda went in and she found the key and left it on the outside.

Freda walked along what seemed to her a long road, and presently she met a lion. He spoke to her at once, and she did not have time to feel afraid. 'What do you seek, little maid?' he asked.

'The fairy gave me the key to the door, and I do not seek anything,' replied Freda, 'although the fairy told me I should find my reward here. He led me to the end of the path or road which seemed to branch into three different directions.'

'Which road will you take?' asked the lion. 'It is for you to choose. I can only show you the beginning.' 'They all look inviting,' said Freda, 'but I should like very much to find out where the river ends.'

'Go into the boat,' said the lion, 'and you will soon know.' 'Where are the oars?' asked Freda. 'You do not need oars,' said the lion, 'remember the lines which I will tell you and the boat will glide along or stop as you repeat them.'

'Away, away,' said the lion, 'and the water will smooth itself.' 'And when you wish to stop, you must say: "I have now reached my journey's end. Stop here until I further send." You must not forget the lines.'

'If you do the boat will not start or stop after you have started it. Freda got into the boat and repeated the sending lines. And away she went in the boat, leaving the lion standing on the bank. The lion spoke quite a distance. Freda saw an island on which was a house. 'I wonder,' she thought, 'what it is, something to eat at that house. I have not had my breakfast.'

As the boat came near the island Freda repeated the lines to stop the boat. The boat stopped close to the shore and Freda jumped out and walked up the path that led to the house. (Copyright by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate, New York City.) Next story—"The Little Gold Key." Continued.

Divorced Life by Helen Hessong Fueselle.

Copyright by The Adams Newspaper Service. One Woman's Tragedy. ALL that week Marian scanned the newspaper columns with anxious concern, and much to her gratification she beheld no story of Calhoun's suicide. Nights the brooding clouds of apprehension kept recurring insistently, and the philosophy of Mrs. McCarrren, to whom she had begun to feel very close, and therefore in enabling her to keep her balance.

Early the next week came a picture postcard from Atlantic City. The only writing upon it was "From the Prom." Marian, while it was not entirely reassuring, it relieved Marian immensely. "What did I tell you?" laughed Mrs. McCarrren, when Marian showed it to her. "I told you that you would get a picture postcard from Atlantic City. I presume, He's not grown up yet or a great deal."

"What makes a man so angry?" called out Marian. "It is his egotism," replied the older woman. "Egotism is the cause of nine-tenths of all the trouble between men and women. It is the cause of all the unhappiness between women. I mean the sort of egotism that tries to lord it over another. The pity of it is that it's natural. My husband showed it to me. He has made my life a tragedy. Try as I will and do, I seem unable to overcome it. I'm a living example of what I condemn in others. He spoiled me. I never should have married and brought a child into the world."

"We all feel that way at times," interposed Marian. "You are right," said the other. "I was foolish enough to believe that the perfect romance which precedes a marriage, and which never ends for a time, could last. When the truth began dawning upon me that that sort of thing was not, and apparently could not, be true, I began to feel my suffering began. No one will...



Does your mirror say "Overwork?"

YOU know it does, but the keener the brain the more unwilling it is to admit physical weakness. And you cannot escape the grim fact that overwork is undermining your system, weakening your nerves, upsetting digestion—driving you toward physical breakdown.

Now, there is a scientific food- tonic of which Arnold Bennett, the famous novelist, says that it had a wonderful effect upon his nerves—of which Sir Gilbert Parker says that it freed the nerves and gives fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind.

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913.

Does your mirror say "Overwork?"

That food tonic is Sanatogen. Over 21,000 physicians have written in terms of praise of Sanatogen's reconstructive help—think what that means! And frankly, it is not about time you gave Sanatogen a trial?

Send for Elbert Hubbard's new book "Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his shrewd philosophy together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is free. Address THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO. 28 Q. Irving Place New York

SANATOGEN ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

ever know what I endured, or what I endure today. I've tried to be reasonable and rational about it all, but the bitterness has never left me, and I think never will.

The biggest blow of all has been in learning the lesson that to a woman marriage is the biggest thing in life, while to her husband it is merely an incident, and, worse still, often just an accident. I've never observed a case where it proved an exception to this inflexible, cruel rule, unless it was the score of women's lives simply to see if there was any exception to it.

Little Discussions OF Love and Marriage BY BARBARA BOYD.

The Marriage Ties That Bind Most Happily. "I SUPPOSE," meditated the Bachelor Girl, "the more spiritual the interests that unite husband and wife the happier the two are—and by spiritual I do not necessarily mean religious, though do not think I am opposed in any way to religion, for I am not."

The Bachelor waited hopefully. He was glad to see this serious interest of the Bachelor Girl in marriage. "Some writer has said," went on the Bachelor Girl, "that if you are joined in spirit, God has joined you. And the union that God, or God, has made can't help but be happy."

"Theoretically, people believe it to be not correct to enjoy it. The question of what really is uniting them. If they would shift the matter a bit, I have an idea a very spiritual union, a study of the question might help them to discover why they are not happier."

"I shouldn't think they'd get much out of that," said the Bachelor. "The Bachelor Girl, that if you are joined in spirit, God has joined you. And the union that God, or God, has made can't help but be happy."

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Complexion perfection-Sanitogenic Lotion. Baking Powder Biscuits Light as a Feather By Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, Editor of the Boston Cooking School Magazine. Suicide Follows Disappointment. COQUILLE, Or., July 27.—(Special)—Leroy Casey, a farm hand about 22 years old, shot and killed himself about 8:30 o'clock Friday night with a rifle, at Lee's six miles east of this city. Despondency over love affairs was the cause.

BABY SHOW RIVALRY KEEN

Kenton to Be First of Several in Plan Before State Fair. Competition is keen among the entries in the "Better Babies" shows which are to be held in Portland the coming two months and the blue ribbon winners probably will be entered in the State Fair eugenics exhibit.

TAKE A VACATION FROM "CLOTHES WORRY"

UNTIL AUGUST 1. Cherry's Opening Will Make It Permanent. If you've heard about the new Credit Clothing Store soon to be opened in the Pittock Block you're interested. The news that Cherry's brings to Portland is arousing remarkable enthusiasm among the progressive, "clothes-careful" men and women.

Are Wrinkles Caused By Modern Social Life?

Often the papers and magazines have made the rather broad statement that modern social life is the only cause for wrinkles. Undoubtedly modern social life contributes some to the existence of wrinkles, but one can hardly say it is the cause. However, the wrinkles do come, and one has never made so much of it.

HIS ITCHING ECZEMA GONE RESINOL DID IT

Davenport, Iowa, May 2, 1914—"I had a severe, torturing case of eczema on my feet, hands, arms and body for about four months, and I suffered untold misery. The itching was something awful. In a couple of days it spread all over me with small blisters and then formed a raw mass of sores. I tried ointments, salves, and many other remedies and prescriptions, but I only grew worse. Finally I read of Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap and commenced using it. I got relief from the first treatment—Resinol STOPPED THE ITCHING INSTANTLY, and I could sleep the first night. I used four or five jars of Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap also, and I am entirely cured of that disease—eczema, and I can cheerfully boost Resinol." (Signed) G. W. Fuller, 713 E. 10th St.

How Out-of-Doors Life Affects Beauty

Exposure to sun and wind, dust and the elements, however acting as a tonic to the system in general and sometimes heightening the color of the skin, is still very damaging to the refined appearance of the complexion. The open air in itself is good, but the face should always be well protected against the extreme heat, wind and dust, and dissolving it in a pint of hot water, to which you add 3 teaspoonfuls of glycerine. This lotion is easier to apply than powder, does not rub off, looks like part of the skin, giving a natural, velvety bloom while removing thinness and surface discolorations and curing irritation and pimples.—Adv.