

CLOSER

SOUTHERN BELLE FETED AT NUMEROUS SOCIAL GATHERINGS.



Miss Nell Miller, Guest of Mrs. A. W. Person. Bushnell Photo

Miss Nell Miller, a charming visitor from Kentucky, is the house guest of Mrs. A. W. Person of Irvington. Miss Miller has been entertained at several delightful social gatherings. On Tuesday Mrs. Person honored her at a reception, and last night Mrs. Robert Berger gave a delightful affair for the visitor. Miss Miller will return to her home by way of California.

Rough woolen sweaters one might not find enough food for a story, but it has appeared in the new felt hats, those broad-brimmed capotes that women are wearing from Folkstone to Biarritz. We call them sailors at home. Also the hosiery people are offering orange-colored stockings in several shades. At the Galleries Lafayette, where are cast the shadows of coming fashions, there are so many orange stockings heaped on a table that one has a fleeting impression of a huckster's fruit stand.

Cravats for white blouses are in the same shade; also waistcoats of thin suede of gloss grain silk, of Martine cottons showing small oranges on a black or bright blue background. There are orange-colored buttons on white blouses, waistcoats and top coats.

Probably the most conspicuous garment that has come out in this gorgeous and conspicuous shade is the top coat made of rough, hairy wool. It is an adorable splash of just the right color against a country landscape.

Many of these loose outer garments are trimmed with white; it is at the neck and waists, at the pockets and in the buttons. Can't you see just how effective one of these would be during October and November, with a white shirt for out-of-town life?

If your special kind of life does not allow of warm coats between seasons, or white wash skirts and blouses late in the autumn, then the woolen top coat of orange does not fit into your scheme of things; but the fact that this color has been so widely adopted that it has reached this responsible garment will surely interest you. It may be useful to apply to some part of your autumn wardrobe; and it is rather good to know about such things, don't you think?

Those Orange Hats. The forecasts for fall millinery include the capotelet hat in slightly felt, especially in orange. None of these hats worn now are as bright in tone as the coats, the stockings or the sweaters, but they are quite brilliant enough for the hair. They are



A Small Checked Cloth Top Coat From Paris.

named William; at least, they called him that. So the woodcutter found him on the steps one morning and had taken him in. But the woodcutter was very poor, and now William was grown and there was no more to educate him.

So they called William to them and told him what they intended to do. "We have five pieces of gold," said his father; "you shall have three, as you will need more than we."

William took the gold and told them he would make his fortune and come back to take care of them. "And whatever you do remember that a clear conscience can only be had by being honest," said his father.

So William started on his journey. He traveled for a day and two, and arrived at the city he saw a poor woman sitting by the roadside with a baby in her arms.

William stopped and spoke to her. She told him her baby was ill and that she was taking it to a doctor in the city. William thought of his gold. "If I do not help this woman," he thought, "I shall not be honest," and so he put a piece of gold into her hand.

She stopped at a house and asked for work. "What can you do?" asked the man. "I am willing to do anything that is honest," replied William.

This man was not rich, but he wished to make a display, and he gave William a pair of shoes. He had worked for a long time, and at the end of a year he had saved very little.

His father and mother were pleased to see him. "But where is your fortune?" they asked. William told them how his gold was spent and that he had found a rich and poor alike in their greed for gold.

And so William lived with his father and mother and took care of them. They were glad for taking into their home a friendless babe and William lived a contented life, feeling sure he had been right in all things.

HAVE YOU A CHILD?

Many women long for children, but because of some curable physical derangement are deprived of this greatest of all happiness.

"I took your Compound and have a fine, strong baby." — Mrs. JOHN MITCHELL, Massena, N. Y.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for expectant mothers." — Mrs. A. M. MYERS, Gordonville, Mo.

"I highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before child-birth, it has done so much for me." — Mrs. E. M. DOERF, R. R. 1, Conshohocken, Pa.

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to build up my system and have the dearest baby girl in the world." — Mrs. MOSE BLAKELEY, Imperial, Pa.

"I praise the Compound whenever I have a chance. It did so much for me before my little girl was born." — Mrs. E. W. SANDERS, Rowlesburg, W. Va.

"I took your Compound before baby was born and feel I owe my life to it." — Mrs. WINNIE TILLIS, Winter Haven, Florida.

across the veranda to the front door. "Confound it, we're locked out!" whispered Challoner, turning to Marian, after trying the door. "Now what are we going to do?"

Joyride Ends in Robbery. MARSHFIELD, Or., Aug. 21.—(Special).—Frank Miller was robbed by companions Wednesday night between North Bend and Empire, on the road made notorious by highwaymen in the last few weeks.

Miller came to town to spend a big roll of money and accompanied two women and a man to Empire. While returning, the man coaxed Miller out of the automobile on some pretext, struck him down with a beer bottle, robbed him of \$35 and left him unconscious.

It was quarter to 12. A cool wind was blowing. The moon, which by this time had climbed high, regarded their plight with cold unconcern.

"Come," said Challoner, forcefully. "It was nothing to do but to return to the Inn on foot. The walk will do us good. If we stand around in this condition, I'm afraid you'll catch cold."

"I should have been more careful," he insisted. "I thought I knew that champagne like a book. Here's your coat," he said, picking up the garment he had thrown ashore before their desertion of the wrecked craft.

They now set out briskly on foot. They had clambered upon that side of the river bank on which Placid Inn was located, so that the remainder of their journey was entirely on land, with no more to worry in the way of obstacles ahead than a number of barbed wire fences, through or under which Challoner readily assisted Marian to clamber.

It proved a strange, weird, memorable journey to Marian, not soon to be forgotten. Marian had mercifully been spared a complete ducking, so that the feminine indignity of getting one's disheveled hair not added to her woes, as she strode homeward at the side of her escort.

With his hand upon her arm, he steadied her as they proceeded over fields, through clumps of woodland, and across rough bits of pasture land. "If the people at the Inn find out what's happened to us, we'll never hear the end of it," observed Challoner grimly. "If we can manage to slip in unobserved, it will be something to be thankful for. I wouldn't mind their railing so much," he added. "I am thinking of you."

"The main thing is to get there," returned Marian, with a shiver. "We'll contrive to run the gauntlet. I know of no night-owls at the Inn. They'll all be fast asleep when we get there."

Accurate Information on the War in The Sunday Oregonian

Besides its complete daily news service, which keeps its readers thoroughly posted on the march of events in Europe, The Sunday Oregonian of August 23 will present a large amount of illuminating related matter, both reading and pictures, in its Magazine Supplement.

"The War Will Change the Map of Europe," is a remark frequently heard, and every family that has a copy of next Sunday's Oregonian will have a large colored map of the troubled continent, showing all points of importance. This map will be found valuable in following the course of the campaigns, and if the political features of Europe are indeed to be remade, as now seems possible, it will be well to save it for comparison after the shakoutp.

Germany's Coast Defenses are discussed from an expert standpoint, and are declared very strong. A description of the fortifications of Heligoland, the little island off the mouth of the Elbe River, discloses what a shrewd transaction was the acquisition of this stronghold by Germany from England in 1890.

The Horrors of Warfare, ancient and modern, are depicted in another striking article. It is shown that the business of wholesale man-killing differs only in method from the time of the war-elephant to the war-automobile. There are several battle descriptions of the kind that will probably not be written during the present war, because of the determination of the nations involved to keep war correspondents from seeing any actual carnage.

Nicholas II, Czar of Russia, is described in a full-page article, illustrated with a handsome portrait of the "Little Father" and others of members of his family. "A Melancholy Maniac" is what a French savant called the Czar. This story tells why.

War Pictures—The Cream of the news pictures of the two best pictorial services is represented in the picture pages that will make a part of Section 5, and the current news will, as usual, be illustrated with timely cuts.

Can You Remember everything you read? If you can't your mental training is defective, according to David M. Roth, of Portland, to whose marvelous feats of memory a page is devoted in the magazine.

Pony-Raising as a good way to make money is fully described in another article, with pictures.

"Farmers' Business Adviser" is the title of Professor W. J. Spillman, of the farm management of the department of agriculture. An interesting article tells how he got the title.

James Montgomery Flagg, in verse and pictures, takes up a large part of another page of the magazine. This clever artist "breaks into verse" this time with mirth-provoking results.

"An Epoch in Child-Making" is yet another page article in the magazine. "The Adventures of Suzanne" is another. And besides all this wealth of good reading there are the quaint sayings of Abe Martin, the Hoosier philosopher, and other interesting items.

THE COOL PACIFIC CALLS TO Clatsop Beach

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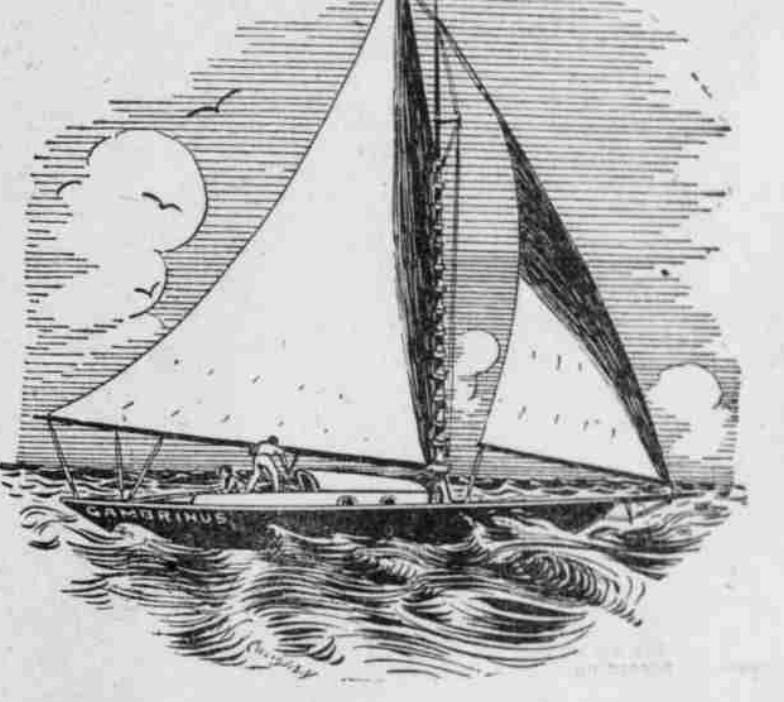
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THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TO-NIGHT BY MRS. F. A. WALKER

ONCE upon a time there was a woodcutter and his wife who lived on the edge of a forest. They had one son