

SO-CHEE!

A MARRIAGE of great interest to a number of Portlanders is that of Gustave Frederick Eilers of this city, and Miss Iva Amella Otto, daughter of Mrs. Amella Otto, of San Francisco. The ceremony will be solemnized in the Church of St. John, the Evangelist, San Francisco, on Wednesday evening, September 2. Invitations for the wedding have been received by friends of the couple in this city. The bridegroom is the brother of Hy Eilers and Adolph Eilers, both prominent business men of Portland. The bride is a charming and accomplished young woman and socially popular in the bay cities.

Another wedding of the same date will be that of Miss De Witt Douglas and Casimir Campbell, which will take place at St. Patrick's Church at 10 o'clock in the morning. Several hundred invitations for the ceremony have been issued.

George L. Story has a cable from his daughter, Mrs. William Jones, saying that she and her daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth and Esther, sailed from Liverpool last Saturday on the Franconian.

Mrs. E. N. Layfield, of Chicago, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. Baker, 770 East Portland street.

In honor of Mrs. A. J. Prideaux, wife of the principal of Woodstock School, the members of the Woodstock Parent-Teachers' Association entertained at the home of the president, Mrs. E. N. Ingham, Friday afternoon. About 50 women called between 3 and 5 o'clock. Mrs. Ingham was assisted by her daughter, Miss De Witt Douglas, University of Oregon girl. The rooms were decorated with a profusion of golden glow and rosemary and made a pretty background for the handsomely crowned women that called during the afternoon. The work of the association for the past year and the coming one was discussed. The plan is even to do more extensive work this year than last.

Mrs. Ingham is a woman of wide experience in the work, and has done much to make the association a success.

Motor trips to Mount Hood are more popular than ever. A number of Portlanders go each week-end to the attractive resorts in the locality. Among those who enjoyed a delightful outing, making the journey in two autos on Sunday were Miss Dagmar Park, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ingham, Miss Ida Shea and her fiancé, Eugene Blanchard; Miss Laura Korell, Miss Lois Blackford, Miss Ida Blackford, Miss Bernice Riley, of Chicago; Lawrence J. Barber, Walter Gadsby, Thomas Swivel, Frank Korell. A stop was made at Government Camp and supper was served at Rhododendron.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Wade Brooks, at the Rex Arms Apartments, are receiving the congratulations of their friends upon the arrival of a baby girl, born August 18.

WEIRD FIGURES ADORN DRECOOL'S LATEST AFTERNOON FROCK.



Underwood Photo. Though the weird, ghost-like figures which adorn the lace tunic of this black satin model afternoon frock, the latest creation of the noted Paris designer, are enough to give one the shivers, the frock, because of its novelty, promises to become the vogue this Fall.

"A halt, the window is raised. Do you think you can get in?" she inquired, anxiously.

Challenger cast a swift glance first to the right, then to the left. Seeing no lights in any of the rooms, he stepped to the screen and raised it, silently. He planned his palms solidly on the window-sill, raised himself dextrously, and succeeded without noise in effecting his entrance.

"Listen," he said under his breath,

"I'm a little afraid that if I try to get around to the front door to let you in, some one will be roused. I could lift you in here in a jiffy. Shall I?"

Marian weighed the proposition. Her brain, by this time dizzy with excitement, her body yearning for rest, approved the suggestion.

"Do you think you could lift me in?" she asked.

"I'm not as light as the proverbial feather."

"I could carry you to the top of Mount Parnassus," said Challenger, breathlessly. "Give me your hands."

In a moment his strong hands had closed over hers. With slow, careful efforts, he lifted her clear of the ground and helped her safely in through the window. A strange force like which she had never felt in a man before, seemed to magnetize Marian completely as she felt herself being lifted bodily and borne upward to the window of her room. Strangely commanding fires burned in the eyes which held her own eyes captive. He stood holding her forearms with steady hands, now that she stood close before him by the window.

"I'm not going to ask you to forgive me for this monstrous deed I'm responsible for," he said quietly. "That would be too much to ask. But I wish you could find it possible not to think of me too harshly because of it. I think of nothing more than I can do in reparation just now. Good night. Pleasant slumbers."

As Marian murmured good night, she was dimly aware that a shadowy figure crossed silently to the door and vanished. The door closed without noise behind him, and she was alone. She crossed and locked the door and in a few minutes she had made ready noiselessly for bed.

WHAT ANNE RITTENHOUSE SAYS

What Do the Fashions of Summer Indicate.

ON THE COAST OF NORMANDY, July 28.—It is always interesting to the observer of fashions to contrast the styles of two seasons in the same spot on the globe. Take last Summer and this one as an example, along this line of seashore which, combining with the Brittany coast, constitutes the Summer Riviera, an area parallel in smartness and wealth with the stretch that runs from Newport to Far Harbor on the American coast.

In the realm of fashionable clothes it is more important for it has always been recognized as the breeding place for Autumn styles since Eugenie came to Trouville during the Second Empire. Last season at this time, the short Poiret tunic ruled; today one is rare. Here and there one runs across an abbreviated tunic fitted close to the bare, but one feels sure it is a left-over.

On every side, the long Cheruit tunic floats away from an attenuated lower skirt, with its opening in front and its wide hem. And side by side with this one finds the straight skirt with panels of pleatings—the most comfortable kind of all—and really pretty when the straight line is insisted on; it is when this skirt flares out at the foot, losing its line that it becomes unattractive.

Taking the fashions of last year at this time as they appeared here and going over them in detail, then contrasting them with the fashions of the moment, one deducts the fact that a woman of the smart set would not pass muster in her last season clothes. They would not even bear alteration.

What are the points of difference? Well the minaret overskirt has given way to the long one; the tiny turban with its towering algerite or vulture wings to the canotier with its wide flat brim, its large flat crown and its frill trimming.

The kimono sleeve has given place to a long tight one, set in at the shoulder at the conventional spot; the fullness at the waist line has been pulled in; the skirt is excessively short and does not



Velvet Hat, Leathered Waist, Long Tunic, Short Skirt and Hip Sash Are All Distinctive Features of the Summer's Styles.

imitate a pair of Turkish trousers at the hips. There are now hip yokes instead of hip drapery.

There is no fineness lapped over in front, above the knees, showing when the wearer walks a transparent underskirt of lace or chiffon.

Instead of black everywhere there is orange yellow, cerise, and Norwegian blue. Instead of muslins there are cotton velvets and accordion pleated designs in colored stripes done in light, fleecy wools.

Instead of straw and tulle hats, there are velvet ones.

The loose negligee blouse has been superseded by the half-fitting basque and the waist line has been lengthened by several inches.

What has gone from above the normal waist to the hip line and the bow at the back has twisted itself around to the front; there is no bow really; only two ends crossed over each other, and knotted.

The astonishing coiffure that was worn first at Deauville last August in the baccarat rooms of the Casino now commences. The midnight after the Grand Prix was run last August an immensely chic young woman excited more comment than the losses at the table by another well-known beauty, by entering the gaming rooms with her hair sleeked back from forehead to crown of head, showing the five points of beauty on her forehead as clearly as though they were grass grown cliffs running into the sea.

"Have we got to do this?" was the question each fashionable woman asked herself and her friends that night. And now the world of women does it without a quiver and the onlookers regard it as a natural thing.

What Changes Will Come.

The world of designers is wondering about the future. What new things does one see along this coast that are strong enough to live? What straws wait the quarter from which to expect the fashion winds in the season of Paris openings?

He is what they say: That fashion is weary of tunics, of wrinkled basques, of Oriental sashes, of too narrow skirts, of no waist line, or too large a waist line.

But what next?

TOMATOES AGAIN.

Fried or broiled tomatoes are excellent for breakfast or supper. Select those that are round and of medium size, wash in cold water and cut in slices half an inch thick. Dip the slices in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, dip in melted butter, put on a double broiler and brown quickly and delicately on each side.

Fried tomatoes are prepared as for broiling, dipped in beaten egg diluted with a little boiling water and then in powdered bread crumbs. Have ready hot fat and brown quickly on each side.

Scalloped tomatoes, for which either the fresh or canned vegetables may be used, are made by placing alternate layers of bread crumbs and tomatoes in a pudding dish. Season each layer with salt, pepper and bits of butter. Bake 20 minutes and, if fond of cheese, scatter a layer over the top. Then bake five minutes longer.

In Ceylon a delicious sauce for cold meats is made from tomatoes and the cream of coconut milk. Take three tomatoes, large, ripe and firm, peel, cut in halves and take out the seeds and put on ice. Just before using, chop them fine and season with half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne and one tablespoonful of onion juice and a chopped green pepper.

The coconut milk is made by pouring a pint of boiling water over a freshly grated nut. Let it stand a hour, then press out all the milk with the hand. Strain away in a bowl and a delicious cream will rise to the surface. Skim off this cream and turn over the tomato pulp. Just before serving add a dessert-spoonful of lemon juice.

For a hot dish at the Sunday night tea, tomatoes are appetizing. Select those that are round and of medium size, wash in cold water and cut in slices half an inch thick. Dip the slices in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, dip in melted butter, put on a double broiler and brown quickly and delicately on each side.

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THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TONIGHT BY MRS. F. A. WALKER.

How Howard Joined the Circus.

HOWARD HAMMOND ran in from school out of breath. "Mother," he said. "I want to stay out of school this afternoon. Some of the boys are going to the circus and I want to go with them."

"You were to the circus last year," his mother said. "We cannot afford to give you the money this year."

Howard sulked through the dinner and when it was time for school he went out of the house and down the street toward the school.

When he reached the corner of the street he turned toward the circus grounds. "I am not going to school," he said. "The other boys are going to the circus and I can work my way by helping the men."

It was a long walk to the grounds, but he kept on and when he came to the big tents he walked among them until he came to the one where the horses were kept. He saw a man standing in the opening and he asked him if there was any work he could do to pay his way into the show.

"Give this boy a job," he called to another man; "he wants to work," he added with a laugh.

"Come on youngster," said the man who was feeding horses. He gave Howard a pail and showed him where to fill it. "All these horses want water," he said.

Howard was anxious to see the big show and he worked hard. "You are a good worker," said the man. "How would you like to go with the show?"

"I would like to if I could see the circus every day."

"Oh, you could see it every day," said the man. "and all day."

"Oh, you will not miss a thing," the man replied. "Take this horse by the bridle and follow me."

Howard did as he was told, and they went to the big tent where the performance was held. Howard heard the music and he knew the show had begun. "I'll miss the show," he said to the man.

"No, you won't," the man replied. "Take that horse to the man at the door."

The curtain swung back as the horses passed through, and Howard had a glimpse of what was going on in the big rings, but he was kept so busy that he did not have a chance to look long at a time. Then the horses had to be taken back.

"Come and eat supper," he said. The man he was helping; "we've got to rub all the horses before the evening performance."

"But I have not seen the show," said Howard, ready to cry from disappointment.

"The afternoon show is over," said the man. "You didn't expect to be let in for the little you did, did you? You can go in this evening."

When night came it was the same thing over again, leading the horses to the big tent and back again, and Howard was so tired that he lay down at the conventual spot; he lay down under the straw and went to sleep.

When he awoke it was with a start, and he looked around him. He seemed

to be moving and after a while he knew he was on a train on his way to get there? He was on his way to the next city. He did not sleep again, and before long the train stopped and the man whose helper he had been called to him to hurry along.

Howard had never seen any one work so hard or fast as the circus people, and he was pushed about and told to hurry in anything but a pleasant manner.

That night he was so lame he could hardly walk and the food was so poor he had not eaten. The second time he went back for a horse he felt queer, and the next thing he knew a policeman was bending over him.

"What's the matter, kid?" he asked.

"I don't know," Howard replied. "I feel tired."

"Guess you fainted," said the policeman. "Do you belong with the circus?"

"I came with them," was the answer. "I want to go home, but I have no money."

"I guess you better come with me," said the officer; but Howard was so weak to walk and an ambulance was sent to take him to a hospital.

When he awoke his father was sitting beside him. "How do you feel?" his father asked.

"I feel like going home," Howard said.

"Do you want to go home?" his father asked. Howard sat up. "Yes," he said. "I want to go home and I want to see mother. Was she very frightened when I did not come home?"

"Yes," his father said. "She is in bed now from the scare you gave us."

"The tears came into Howard's eyes. "I didn't mean to run away," he said. "I wanted to see the circus and while I was asleep they put me on the train."

"Yes, I know," said his father. "But you must never disobey your mother again."

"No," replied Howard. "I'd rather see mother than all the circuses in the world."

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SNAPSHOTS BY BARBARA BOYD

One Man's Matrimonial Problem.

READER friend writes me asking me to help him solve a problem with which he is wrestling.

It is a pleasure to hear from my readers and I am glad to discuss with them any matter which is perplexing them. Even though I may not be able to help, it gives me pleasure to think that perhaps I can be of service to them, and to make the effort. We are all in the big family in this world of ours, and to be able to be of use to each other is part of the happiness of living.

This man has indeed a problem, one which after all nobody but himself can solve. But perhaps one can strengthen his vision in regard to certain aspects of it.

It seems that he very truly loves a young woman, and judging from the way he writes, it is no passing sentimental emotion, but a deep and genuine regard. He seems to have thought down to some of the basic essentials of love and to know what he is doing. Possibly his make experience—mentioned in the letter—is responsible for this. One obstacle that confronts him is that the young woman is, as he expresses it, "above him." She moves in a social circle that is considered superior to his own. She is better educated. The two have, however, certain tastes in common. There is one phase of life in which they are thoroughly congenial. In addition, he is a divorced man. He wants to know whether it would be right for him to try to win her love. He knows she likes him. The interests they have in common make a string, he thinks, which if harped on sufficiently, would shut out the other inharmonies. If indeed they are really

inharmonies, but ought he to do it? And if he did, would these other conditions later raise their heads to cause trouble?

It is a problem, isn't it?

If they would come to genuinely love each other, nothing else would matter. For a real love makes life happy, and completely dispels all the seeming elements of discord.

But have they, in this seeming congeniality, a real basis of genuine regard for each other; or is it merely a passing delight in their common tastes, magnified by reason of its novelty and surprise, to an importance it really does not possess?

I think the answer to this would lie in the fact as to what phase of living this is, just how vital it is to the real things of life. If it is a very important part of life, the basis really of a happy life together, then perhaps it is big enough and solid enough to build on. But if it is only a side issue of life, and upon the important things of life they are not congenial, then taking it as a basis of marriage would probably bring the two to grief.

As to the girl's being better educated, that is not an insurmountable barrier. Other things being equal, girls are apt to be better educated today than the men they meet as social equals. Women have more time for reading and study and the pursuit of special branches of education than men. As the social favorite, social life will not probably figure largely with her in the years to come. Besides, both education and social graces a man can acquire if he desires to.

As to his divorce, he knows best why that came about and whether he is fit to offer himself to a fine girl.

But if my reader-friend can say he honestly believes the two of them can love each other very sincerely and deeply, that their tastes in common touch the big, fundamental facts of life, I would not think that their social or educational differences need be obstacles to keep them apart.

Timber Sale Prospect of Cruise.

ASTORIA, Or., Aug. 24.—(Special).—It is learned today that the cruise of the Bowman timber tract in the Clatsop

No Advance!

The D. Ghirardelli Company announces that it will not raise the prices of Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate and Ghirardelli's Cocoa during 1914. Notwithstanding the fact that the market price of sugar has gone up, and that the European war now raging is causing a raise in the prices of the necessities of life, the D. Ghirardelli Company will maintain its established high quality at the same prices you have always paid.

D. Ghirardelli Co.
Since 1852 San Francisco

Complexion perfection—Santiseptic Lotion—Adv.

WOMAN WANTS TO HELP OTHERS

By Telling How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Miami, Okla.—"I had a female trouble and weakness that annoyed me continually. I tried doctors and all kinds of medicine for several years but was not cured until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I hope my testimonial will help other suffering women to try your wonderful medicine."—Mrs. MARY R. MILLER, Box 453, Miami, Okla.

Another Woman who has Found Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lindsborg, Kansas.—"Some years ago I suffered with terrible pains in my side which I thought were inflammation, also with a bearing down pain, backache, and I was at times awfully nervous. I took three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now enjoying good health. I will be glad to recommend your medicine to any woman suffering with female trouble and you may publish this letter."—Mrs. A. L. SMITH, R. No. 3, Box 60, Lindsborg, Kansas.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Discolored or Spotty Skin Easily Peeled Off

The freckling, discoloring or roughening to which most skins are subject at this season, may readily be gotten rid of. Mercolized was spread lightly over the face before retiring and removed in the morning with soap and water, completely. It is a simple, effective way of banishing tan, freckles or other cutaneous defects. Little skin particles come off each day, so the process itself doesn't even temporarily mar the complexion, and one soon acquires a brand new, spotless, strikingly beautiful face.

Wrinkles caused by weather, worry or illness, are best treated by a simple solution of powdered, potassium dissolved in 6 pint witch hazel. Bathing the face with this produces a truly marvelous transformation.—Adv.

Divorced Life

By Helen Hanning Pugh.

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Locked out of the Inn.

"L OCKED out!" echoed Marian, blankly.

"Yes, I had forgotten all about the fact that they lock their doors with keys and bolts," answered Challenger, helplessly. "We're in for it now. We'll have to roost some one out of bed—I see no other way."

"We can't do that," protested Marian, weakly. "As you say, we'd never hear the end of it. There must be some other way."

"My room is on the second floor. If I could find a ladder, I could climb in, and then come down and open the door for you," suggested Challenger.

"And more than likely you'd get shot for a burglar, if some excitable person should become aroused and see you doing it," smiled Marian. "But listen. My room is on the first floor. I'm sure my window is open. Let's reconnoiter. Maybe you could get in there without causing any disturbance, and then let me through the door."

Challenger offered no objections to the suggestion, although the thought flashed upon him that, should he by any chance be seen emerging from Marian's room, subsequent explanations would possibly sound appallingly unconvincing. However, he saw nothing else to do, and in a moment Marian had led him around to the side of the Inn on which her room was located.

"You see," she whispered, coming to