SOCIETY

THE circus and "The Candy Shop" claimed the attendance of a large percentage of society folk yesterday. There was practically no entertaining of the ordinary bridge, tea or luncheon variety.

A number of society maids and matrons are planning matinee box parties for "The Candy Shop" this afternoon and others will make up parties for Saturday afternoon to witness the delightful musical comedy.

* * *

Shamrock Lodge, the Summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund B. Gaze, which is situated beautifully on the banks of the Willamette River, was the scene of a merry party recently when 24 matrons assembled for an old-fashioned picnic. A long table on the lawn was bounteously spread and was decorated in rich red gladioli. To celebrate five birthdays an immense birthday cake was made in honor of Mrs. Gaze, Mrs. J. E. Wright, Mrs. George Eastman, Mrs. Harlan Curtis and Mrs. J. C. Hare. Bridge occupied the afternoon hours. Mrs. Koa Ervin and Mrs. Robert Townsend won honors for high scores. Other guests present were Mrs. Koa Ervin, Mrs. Robert Townsned, Mrs. William Hare, Mrs. D. Kuettner, Mrs. Charles Levis, Mrs. Francis Waring, Mrs. Charles E. Fields, Mrs. Charles L. Boss, Mrs. W. M. John, Mrs. J. C. Matthes, Mrs. E. H. Anthony, Mrs. Herman J. Blaesing, Mrs. Fred Seineweber, Mrs. J. Mathena, Mrs. Tim Pearson, Mrs. R. F. Lytle and Mrs. W. E. Stewart.

* * *

A charming affair of tomororw will be a luncheon at which Miss Edith Prater is to be hostess, entertaining in compliment to Miss Tess Mack, an attractive visitor from Astoria.

The marriage of Miss Ida Shea and Eugene Bland will be a notable event of tomorrow night. Miss Shea is a pretty girl and will make one of the loveliest brides of the season. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Shea. Mr. Bland is an attorney of this city. He is a member of an old-established Illinois family.

* * *

A recent social affair of interest was a surprise party given in compliment to Charles Neighbors at the home of his sister, Mrs. W. F. Fliedner. A number of young people assembled for an evening of music, dancing and an elaborate supper. Mr. Neighbors has been visiting at the W. F. Fliedner home for nearly two years and has made many friends here. He leaves soon for his home in the East and the recent party was given as a farewell event.

* * *

Mrs. E. T. C. Stevens and Miss Amy Robinson, who have been enjoying an outing at Tagg farm, are planning to return to Portland early next week. Mrs. Stevens is president of the guild of St. Stephens pro-Cathedral and a prominent member of the British Benevolent Society. Miss Robinson is a popular member of the younger set.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Gray, of Seattle, will arrive here today for a visit with their niece, Mrs. Roger B. Sinnott. They are making the trip by motor. A dinner at Falls Chalet and several informal outings are being planned by Mrs. Sinnott for her relatives' pleasure.

* * *

The Kansas Jahawker Society of Oregon will meet tonight in Manchester Hall, Fifth and Oak streets. The two-act farce comedy, "Left in Charge," will be presented by the society's dramatic club and Miss Grace Peyton, violinist, will play a number of selections. The matter of federation of state societies will also be discussed. All former residents of the Sunflower state are cordially invited to be present.

* * *

The members of the California Society of Oregon will hold a festivity at the Oaks tomorrow. Dinner will be served at 6:30 o'clock. Basket lunches will be taken and the society will serve the coffee. The famed hospitality of Californians will be demonstrated to all who attend. Former residents of the Golden state are invited.

* * *

Miss Dagmar Inez Kelly is having a delightful visit at Newport, Or. Trips to the lighthouse, the Devil's Punch Bowl and other points of interest are filling the Summer-time with pleasure. Miss Kelly will take an active part in social and musical affairs during the Fall season.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter and Master Bradford Carpenter are passing the Summer at Shady Oaks, the country home of the Carpenters in Hood River.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Latourette, accompanied by their house guests, Mrs. Katherine Ward Pope and Miss Sedonia Shaw, left for the Tillamook beaches for the remaining part of August. Soon after their return Mrs. Pope will leave for New York to continue her vocal studies.

* * *

Mrs. D. Bussard entertained on Friday afternoon in honor of her daughter, Mrs. George M. Morse (Lucy Bussard). Music was a feature of the affair, at which a dainty lunch was served. The guests included Mrs. G. M. Morse, Mrs. H. T. Hardman, Mrs. A. Knudson, Mrs. J. Baker, Mrs. Oelmayer, Mrs. E. Coovert, Mrs. E. F. Zimmerman, Mrs. W. Dolan, Mrs. A. Blair, Mrs. C. Perry, Mrs. W. L. Angel, Mrs. F. R. Bussard, Mrs. J. R. Patience, Mrs. F. C. Macdonald, Mrs. J. Stewart, Mrs. J. Prudhomme, Mrs. E. Morris, Misses Ruth Angel, Veva Stuart, Mary Bussard, Ruth Bussard.

* * *

Mrs. Marguerite Moore Mansley is passing the summer at Beach Center, North Beach, with her son, Gordon Mansley.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. Harold Povey are being congratulated on the birth of a son, who arrived at their home Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Povey was Miss Marian Plummer.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. C. O. Young entertained a few intimate friends at an informal dinner party last night at their home in Irvington.

* * *

Adeline M. Alvord and her mother, Mrs. Celeste K. Meade, returned to the city Monday after a month's stay at their cottage at Ocean Park, Wash.

THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TO-NIGHT

By Mrs F. A. Walker.

How Billy Pig Kept House.

ONE morning Billy Pig's mother told him she was going to market. "I shall not be home until supper time," she said. "You can rake up the leaves and make the yard tidy, and fill the woodbox and bring a pail of water from the spring.

"Put the new potatoes on to boil, for I am going to have soup for supper, and don't you dare drink the pan of milk on the shelf in the pantry."

Billy Pig smiled as he thought of the nice long day he should have. "I can do that little work in a short time," he said, as he watched his mother go down te road.

Billy Pig sat by the window until almost dinner time, and just as he got out of his chair he saw Billy Goat coming down the road.

"Oh, oh!" thought Billy Pig. "I will have some fun with you, my fine fellow."

Billy Pig ran behind the door and took his mother's apron from the hook and put it on, then he took her shawl and put that around his shoulders.

He put her cap on his head and put on her spectacles and, taking her knitting work from the window sill, sat down in her chair and began to knit, or pretend to.

When Billy Goat reached the house he said: "How do you do, Madam Pig," for he saw the top of Madam Pig's cap and supposed that she was there.

Billy Pig nodded, and said as near like his mother as he could, "Won't you come in, Billy Goat?"

Billy Goat accepted the invitation, for he was fond of Madam Pig's cooking.

"Sit down," said Billy Pig, bending lower over his knitting. Billy Goat took a seat and looked around to see if Billy Pig was anywhere in sight.

Billy Pig chuckled to think he was fooling Billy Goat, and that was his undoing, for Billy Goat saw him and he began to watch Madam Pig knit.

"You knit slowly today," he remarked, and then he noticed that she was not knitting, but just pretending to.

"That is not Madam Pig at all; it is Billy Pig. Madam Pig has gone to market and left him to keep house," he thought.

"Isn't it about dinner time?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Billy Pig, hoping that Billy Goat would go, for he was not having the fun he expected. "And if you meet my son I hope you will try to be nice to him; you are always trying to get him into mischief, and I do not like it."

"If I meet him, Madam Pig," replied Billy Goat, "I will tell him that he has a nice mother, and that he should try to be more like her. Then I shall no doubt give him a good butting with my horns," and he held his head down in a most threatening manner.

"But I do not think I will bother to go home for my dinner. I will take a peek into your pantry and see what you have for Billy Pig's dinner. He is not here, and I may as well eat it."

Billy Goat ate all he wanted, which was all of Billy Pig's dinner, then he filled his pockets with cookies and drank some of the milk in the pan which Billy Pig's mother had told him not to touch.

"Thank you for my dinner, Madam Pig," said Billy Goat, as he went out, "and if I meet Billy Pig I will tell him what I think of him. He should be ashamed not to come home to such a nice dinner as you had for him."

When Billy Goat was out of sight Billy Pig took off his mother's clothes and ran into the pantry. He was so hungry that he had to eat some cookies and drink more of the milk, so that there was not enough to make the soup his mother had planned to have for supper.

When his mother returned she was very angry.

"Go out in the yard and cut me a switch," she told Billy Pig.

Billy Pig began to cry and told his mother all about Billy Goat. "I shall whip you just the same," said his mother. "You would not have got into trouble if you had not put off your work." Tomorrow's story—"Drusilla Goes to the Circus."

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WHAT ANNE RITTENHOUSE SAYS

Bright Colors and Furs Mark Suits.

ON THE COAST OF NORMANDY, July 29.—Some very smart coat suits in chrysanthemum pink wools are brought out for early Autumn.

They are being exploited by French women who have cottages on the fashionable Normandy coast, and go down the cliffs to the Casino in the late afternoon for tea and tango.

The name of the color comes from the peculiarity of the weaving, in which a streak of white is blended with a streak of pink, each casting its tone over the other. The effect is admirable, and women who cannot, or will not, wear pink will find this coloration without objectionable features.

I saw Countess de S, in such a suit yesterday. She had been watching a very uncertain game of tennis over at the courts, played in a gusty wind, and had walked down to the Casino for refuge out of the swirling guests of a channel storm. The weather was cold enough for a showing of furs, so she gave character to the pink suit she wore by adding a scarf of moleskin.

The woolen fabric looked exceedingly comfortable in the chill of the late afternoon, and other women who were braving it out in white linen and muslin envied her.

The skirt was laid in a panel of side pleats at the back which gave ample room to step in, as well as to dance the Maxixe, for there are greater demands made on the skirt by this amazingly popular and difficult dance than the tango, made with its slow measures that require the feet always close together.

Probably the women will demand extra width in evening skirts if the Brazilian dance succeeds in entirely ousting the Argentine one.

I notice, however, that, although the smart persons insist that the tango is no longer chic, it is danced everywhere and in the best society more often than anything else.

For one reason, everyone knows it, and all its complexities and exaggerations have been smoothed out so that it is the most comfortable and least fatiguing of all the new dances. It makes no demand on one's lung power, as does the one-step, nor upon one's agility as does the Maxixe.

But it is the fashion to dance the latter and this may alter the fashion in skirts. It may give them more width and it may cause a higher slash in front, filled in with lace.

Still Belted Coats.

There was a jacket also to this good-looking skirt although the discussion of the relation of the Maxixe to width of the hem divided the description of the two.

It had the same straight effect of a Norfolk jacket, but it was minus the pleats. There was a belt of the material casually run through a silver buckle in front which matched the bullet-shaped silver buttons that fastened the front together.

The moleskin scarf at the neck gave a warm color to the whole and the tailor hat of deep pink felt with its straight band and bow of self-colored grosgrain ribbon deepened the color in her face.

It would make an admirable costume for early Autumn in America. For country club afternoons one could add pink stockings and white canvas shoes.

There are also long circular capes made of these striped woolens which are unlined and thrown carelessly over the figure when the days are not warm enough to go about without a wrap. They are comfortable and easily cleaned, but there are many women who think they savor too strongly of the bathrobe to be a picturesque addition to the morning costume.

The long capes of vivid green, Egyptian blue, of cherry red and of vatican violet are far loveller, giving greater dash to the white on neutral toned costume and fitting in with the strongly marked coloration of the brilliant French coast, which, in Normandy especially, is delightfully reminiscent of the upper coast of Maine.

Yellow and White Suits.

Women are also wearing tailored suits of yellow and white woolen cloth. The design is in huge blacks, possibly too striking for city use, but excellent for seaside or mountains.

The skirts are often slashed in four places at the hem, the entire lower edge bound with wide yellow silk braid, showing yellow stockings as one walks. There are regular Norfolk jackets worn with these skirts, usually of the material, sometimes of plain yellow wool. They have many pockets bound with yellow braid when the material matches the skirt and various kinds of belts.

There is a fashion here, as well as in the mountains, of using a brilliant silk scarf as a belt for a coat—the kind that an Englishman uses around his waist as a substitute for a leather belt. It is carelessly knotted at the left side, its stringed ends hanging half way to the knees.

Because of the exceptionally cold and windy weather that has prevailed along this fashionable coast so far this Summer, one sees a variety of smart clothes quite adaptable to our Fall weather, and it is more than probable that these brilliant striped and checkerboard woolens will play an important role in American country and suburban life.

SMALL ECONOMIES.

The city housewife in America with the world's market practically at her command, frequently offers far less palatable meals than her country sister or even the foreign peasant woman, for whom she expresses profound pity.

This fact is due largely to her association with her typical American husband. He demands quick results in business. She demands quick results in her kitchen. If she has a gas stove she counts on saving as many feet of the illuminating fuel as she possibly can, so that beefsteak, chops and cutlets, fried or sauted dishes, are given the preference over all other methods of cooking. Canned vegetables of every description are used, while the delicatessen shop and the bakery contribute relishes and dessert.

What the housewife saves on gas, however, she loses through lack of nutriment in the food and actual expenditures on high-priced cuts of meat.

There is economy even in the method of using the gas stove. In the case of dishes which are to be simmered or stewed very gently a sheet iron "spreader" should be employed. This is an oblong of sheet iron, large enough to hold two pans or pots, and its center is placed directly over the jet. If one of these pots holds soup stock and the other dried fruit or a vegetable which should simmer, they can be set side by side on the spreader and the heat will be sufficient to keep them just at the boiling point. In fact, if the flow of gas is strong the jet will have to be turned down or they will boil too fast. They should be brought to a boil, however, before they are placed on the spreader.

Lack of flavor and "body" condemns many an American housewife's cookery. And these are the features of restaurant cooking, particularly in foreign restaurants, for which she expresses the greatest admiration. The body or backbone of economical cooking is the stock pot. The flavor is due to well-stocked pantry. The housewife who buys from hand to mouth and wanders from green grocer's to delicatessen shop seldom flavors her food well. There are many flavorings besides onion.—Copyright, 1914, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Divorced Life

By Helen Hessong Fuessle.

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Whisperings at the Inn.

AFTER the night's uncanny experiences, Marian crept into the dry warmth of her bed with tremendous relief and relaxation that was exquisite. None the worse for her unscheduled immersion in the river, she would have slipped swiftly off into slumber, had anxious misgivings not begun parading annoyingly before her.

It occurred to her now for the first time that some one might have seen Challoner leaving her room at this hour. If he had indeed been observed, what would the result be? Already her worried imagination presented thoughts of malign and damaging gossip, tearing her reputation into smithereens, in face of which she could quite conceive how even the most straightforward narrative of the real facts might not suffice to restore her to the light of genuine respectability. The gnarled tangle of her misgivings tortured her for hours that night. She would have given a great deal had she been able to adopt some other means of effecting an entrance.

It occurred to her that the thing to do would be to spread the exact story of what had really occurred, the first thing in the morning, thus seizing the bull by the horns and answering once and for all whatever distorted discussion might be already at this moment gaining currency about the Inn. Yet her sensitive nature revolted at this programme. For one thing, she shrank from making long and tedious explanations which, after all, might not succeed in explaining, but might rather place her and Challoner in all the more compromising light. Circumstantial evidence is a hydra-headed creature, with a multitude of lying tongues which the simple truth can rarely quiet.

Well, she resolved wearily, she would wait. She would see what tomorrow, and the next day, and the next, would bring forth.

Marian slept late next morning, and did not make her appearance in the dining-room until the hour of luncheon. She was late at that, most of the guests having finished their meal. Mrs. McCarrens, however, was still at the table, alone, her husband and son having departed for a whirl at tennis before all the courts were taken.

Hardly had Mrs. McCarren begun talking, than Marian divined that disaster had overtaken her, that her fears had in reality begun to materialize. "Well, I haven't seen you around this morning," began the older woman. "Been strolling with our friend, Mr. Challoner, I suppose?" she inquired.

"No, I haven't seen him today. But we were canoeing last night. Had dinner at the quaintest little hotel up the river."

"It's great to be young," sighed the other. "How I used to love to canoe. But it's too strenuous for me now. And what man wants to paddle a burden around that's fat and forty?"

Wondering what was coming, Marian braced herself for whatever it might prove to be.

"I've learned something about our Mr. Challoner," continued Mrs. McCarrens. "He's married. I wondered if you knew."

"Yes, indeed. He has told me a great deal about his wife," said Marian. "Charming woman. I should love to meet her."

"Is it possible?"

"Why not?" demanded Marian, annoyed at the words. "She's spending the Summer in Europe. If I'm in New York next Fall, I certainly expect to meet her—and to like her very much. Mr. Challoner is extremely devoted to her. It's so refreshing to hear a husband rave about his wife."

The talk turned to other matters, and Marian, with much relief, began believing that her misgivings had been entirely unfounded, and that after all no whisperings were going the rounds about her and Challoner at the Inn.

Tomorrow—An Abrupt Departure.

DR. MARDEN'S UPLIFT TALKS

How About That Vacation?

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE best investment that many men make during the year is represented by the expense of their vacation. They are paying out money and earning nothing, but they are putting themselves in superb condition for great business on their return. They are overhauling their physical and mental machinery, renewing, restoring, lubricating, polishing the delicate bearings and putting them in a condition to run smoothly and noiselessly for the balance of the year.

There is no investment which pays such great dividends as keeping one's physical condition up to the highest standard—upon this hangs all our success and happiness.

You cannot, therefore, afford to be niggardly in the matter of your vacation. Economize on anything else but this. Whatever makes you a healthier, larger, more efficient man or woman is cheap at any price you can stand. Whatever you do, whether you make money or lose it, succeed or fail in your calling, keep up your physical and mental standards.

Suppose you do make a little more money or save a little more, sell a few more goods by omitting your vacation? Does this warrant your putting such a mortgage on your health efficiency, your capacity for happiness?

What good is a human being, no matter what he has accomplished or accumulated, when he has paid for his achievements with a slice of his constitution, when he has developed some physical weakness or has so depleted himself that he has lost his resisting power and has developed some latent disease tendency that would never have shown itself but for his run-down condition?

There are plenty of rich, broken-down men in this country, who would give half their fortunes if they could go back and take advantage of the bitter lesson they have learned from trying to get along without vacations.

Having bartered their health for dollars they sigh in vain for that which their wealth cannot restore.

Oh, to be strong! Each morn to feel
A fresh delight to wake to life;
To spring with bounding pulse to meet
Whate'er of work, of care, of strife
Day brings to me!

Most men underestimate the tremendous importance of mental freshness and vigor. Good thinking can only come from a clear brain, and a clear brain is dependent upon pure blood; and only good food, plenty of sleep, lots of play, good, healthful recreation in the open air and mental harmony can make fresh blood.

It is force, vigor, robustness, spontaneity that count in one's creative work. If these qualities are absent, the product must be inferior. No great work can be accomplished by an overworked or fagged brain. Many people work hard so many hours during the week that they do not have sufficient rest or recreation on Sunday to get rid of the brain ash, the broken down tissues, from the week's work. You may be sure that when your head feels thick and dull and you have great difficulty in concentrating your mind, there are enemies of your efficiency in your blood in the way of poisons, wornout dead cells that you must get rid of. Much of this can be done by thinking, by mental chemistry, if you know how to do it, but nothing will take the place of that refreshment and self-renewal which comes from plenty of outdoor exercise. Forced recreation, exercise taken for the sake of health, amount to very little. The right mental attitude has everything to do with affecting what is desired. This mental attitude is often induced by change of scene and associates. A few weeks' vacation now, when all nature is calling to us to get away from the grind, this wear and tear of the strenuous life may make all the difference between success and failure for another 12 months to many a tired city worker.

SNAPSHOTS BY BARBARA BOYD

The Bull's Eye at Your Belt.

WHEN you go off on your vacation this Summer, I wonder if you will have your bull's eye at your belt?

That sounds rather foolish, or idiotic or incomprehensible, doesn't it?

But I hope every one does have his or her bull's eye at his belt—for women can don them with as great joy as men—and I hope by their light, every one will be guided to the very jolliest vacation he has ever spent.

And this is what I mean by the bull's eye at the belt!

Robert Louis Stevenson, that happy-hearted man, tells how, when he was a boy, he and other friends would each get a bull's eye lantern at night, put it at his belt inside his great coat, and steal forth on trips of adventure. Forth through the dark night they would go, stealthily, whisperingly, feeling that rare and unusual happenings were in store for them. Can't you see the band, sneaking by policemen, darting down dark alleys, giggling as boys will, hushing each other up, whispering mysteriously, the bull's eye at their belt, symbol and warrany of all sorts of high adventure? And oftentimes, writes Louis the Cheerful, they did little but sit around in some fisherman's boat in the chill gray fog and whisper and wait for something to happen. Sometimes they crept into little glens in the hillsides and imagined bandits and highwaymen ready to pounce upon them. One or the other would raise the slide of his lantern and let its gleam shine into the darkness to see what a sudden sound or crackle of underbrush might mean. And then all darkness and stillness again. And they would go home in high spirits, as those who had tasted the very wine of life. And then bull's eye would be carefully put away until the next night, when once more it would be lighted and they would sally forth.

The bull's eye stood to them for romance, adventure, the unexpected. It was covered up under their great coats, nobody knew it was there but themselves. As one by one the little band met, each opened his great coat and showed the gleam. Then it was carefully covered again, a too precious symbol for the unsympathetic to mock at.

Most all of us have this desire for romance, this love of adventure in our nature. We carefully cover it. We conceal it from the passerby. We may even, being of maturer years than Louis and his band, be a trifle ashamed of it. But it is there. And we would revel in it, if we could.

Well, why can't we?

Why can't we this Summer take from its place this bull's eye of ours that may have been laid aside for years and perhaps is all dust-covered, put it under our vacation cloak, tell nobody it is there, if we so prefer, and hie off with it to just the jolliest, most adventurous outing we can imagine? Even if it be—to others—so foolish a thing as sitting in a fisherman's boat in a chill, gray fog, if we enjoy it, why not do it?

That is, if adventure and romance for us lies in a perfect unconventional tramp far afield, why not take it?

If it means a slow drifting day by day along some tree-embowered canal in a canal boat, why not do it?

If it means jogging day in and out through the country on horseback, or in a wagon, why not choose it?

If it means so seemingly conventional a thing as dancing and driving and dressing and perambulating at a fashionable resort, why not fare thither?

Romance and adventure have different meaning for different persons.

But whatever is our interpretation, let's buckle on our bull's eye this Summer, all "unbeknownst" to anyone, and go to it.

How I Earn Money At Home

Perfume Making Easy.

PORTLAND, Aug. 25.—The process of manufacturing perfumes in Southern Europe is not a complicated process and can be followed on a small scale with the roses, which are so abundant in Oregon. Gather the petals when the roses are fully blown. Cut round, flat pieces out of the ordinary thin cotton sold in department stores for interlinings so that they fit ordinary glass jars used for canning and preserving fruits. Dip the cotton in olive oil or melted crisco and soak each piece thoroughly. Place a piece of the oil-soaked cotton flat on the bottom of the jar, and cover it with rose petals; on top of this place another piece of the saturated cotton, and some more rose leaves on that, and so until the jar is filled. Cover it and put it in a sunny place; if sunshine is not available, place it where it will keep warm and dry. At the end of two weeks press the oil out of the petals and cotton and your perfume is ready for the market. While the price charged should not be as much as for attar of roses, still a fair amount of profit could be made, as the cost of the materials is so slight. M. P. L.

Sewing Machines Open Field.

HOOD RIVER, Aug. 25.—A woman with mechanical genius can make money in a small town with no sewing-machine agency, by going from house to house cleaning and adjusting machines. Do the cleaning with gasoline and give a thorough oiling. A few lessons can be taken from a machine agent in the city. Charge by the hour. A good idea would be to keep a small supply of needles, bobbins and other parts on hand. M.

HOOD RIVER, Or., Aug. 24.—Every year, early in the Fall, a friend advertises a class in designing and making of Christmas gifts. Each pupil made what she chose. She taught designing as well as making, and found designing of monograms in special demand.

In December she offered a "hurry-up" class, meeting oftener and working faster. She charged very reasonable prices for lessons and the profit was more than she expected. R.

Cottage Cheese Popular.

MONMOUTH, Or., Aug. 25.—Cottage cheese seems to be a dish much liked by many. I think one who has or can get skim milk might do well to make it for private customers at so much a pint. It is easily made, a little practice and care being necessary for success.

I let the milk become clabbered, pour it in a granite kettle and set on the back of a moderately hot range, taking care to stir occasionally and not to let it get too hot. When the curd has separated from the whey and begins to settle to the bottom of the kettle it is ready to take from the stove and pour into a cheesecloth bag to drain for several hours.

Then put into the mixing bowl, salt to taste and mix in enough good sweet cream to soften. Pack into a dish or jelly tumblers to mould in shape, turn out into a plate and garnish with lettuce leaves.

If one wishes more explicit directions I think a bulletin might be obtained from the O. A. C. M. P.

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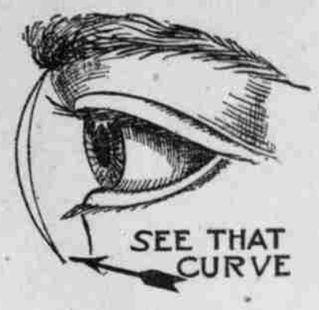

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Domestic Scientists

particularly should read U. S. Bulletin No. 103 of the Dept. of Agriculture on the subject of Aluminum Compounds in Baking Powder

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A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER

Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 66 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haution (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." At druggists and Department Stores.

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, Props., 37 Great Jones St., N.Y.C.

"The Water of Eternal Youth."

The beauties of the Austrian court used a lotion which was so effectual in keeping the face smooth and free from wrinkles, even in the aged, they named it the "water of eternal youth."

Some one recently has divulged the secret of this wonderful, though exceedingly simple, wrinkle lotion, which in her gratitude she has similarly dubbed a preserver of youth: One ounce pure saxolite (powdered), dissolved in a half pint witch hazel—that's all there is to it. Any woman can get these ingredients at her drugstore, put them together, and use the solution with entire safety. To bathe the face in the same brings immediate results, even in case of the deeper wrinkles and furrows. This is also effective for hanging cheeks and double chin.—Adv.

PORTLAND GIRL BRIDE OF MONTANA BUSINESS MAN.

Mrs. Walter M. Curry

Miss Alberta McLaughlin, a pretty and popular Portland girl, and Walter M. Curry, a prominent business man of Butte, Mont., were married last week in the new home of the young couple in Butte. The bride went to Butte, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Nellie McLaughlin, and the ceremony took place on their arrival. The bridegroom formerly lived in this city, where he has many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Curry are now at home in their bungalow in Butte.

A Premet Model of Green Velvet, With Trimming of Monkey Fur. The Pleated Skirt Is of Green Cloth.