

CHERRY'S

CHERRY'S AUTUMN SUITS

Style-Perfect, Beautiful and Buyable on Credit.



Some day

the Detroit Electric full aluminum body with one piece aluminum roof may be copied by others.

Frank C. Riggs Company

CORNELL ROAD, 23d at Washington st.



YOU NEVER TIRE OF



CUTICURA SOAP

Because of its refreshing fragrance, absolute purity and delicate emollient skin-purifying properties derived from Cuticura Ointment.

Samples Free by Mail

FEELS LIKE A NEW WOMAN

As Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Dispel Backache, Headaches and Dizziness.

Figua, Ohio.—"I would be very grateful if I failed to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the praise it deserves, for I have taken it at different times and it always relieved me when other medicines failed, and when I hear a woman complain I always recommend it. Last winter I was attacked with a severe case of organic weakness. I had backache, pains in my hips and over my kidneys, headache, dizziness, lassitude, had no energy, limbs ached and I was always tired. I was hardly able to do my housework. I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on one other occasion, and it had helped me so I took it again and it has built me up, until now I feel like a new woman. You have my hearty consent to use my name and testimonial in any way and I hope it will benefit suffering women."—Mrs. ORPHEA TURNER, 431 S. Wayne St., Figua, Ohio.

Complexion perfection—Sanitizing Lotion



Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman 2nd held in strict confidence.

Acute Articular Rheumatism

Relieved by Anti-Kamnia Tablets

The exact cause of rheumatism is unknown, though it is generally believed to be due to an excess of uric acid in the blood. It may be also said with equal truth that no remedy has been found which is a specific in all cases. In fact the literature of rheumatism shows that there are but few drugs which have not been given a trial. In the hands of one observer we find that a certain drug has been given with the utmost caution; others have found the same remedy to be a great disappointment. All physicians however agree that every method of treatment is aided by the administration of some remedy to relieve the pain and quiet the nervous system and Dr. W. S. Schuitze expresses the opinion of thousands of practitioners when he says that Anti-Kamnia Tablets should be given preference over all other remedies for the relief of the pain in all forms of rheumatism. These tablets can be purchased in any quantity. They are also dispensed in Germany, Australia and all parts. Ask for Anti-Kamnia Tablets.

SNAPSHOTS BY BARBARA BOYD

An Interesting Journey We Are Taking VAN DYKE says of life, "We are on a journey. Our life is a movement, a tendency, a steady, ceaseless progress towards an unseen goal. We are gaining something or losing something every day. Even when our position and our character seem to remain permanent, they are actually changing. It is an interesting definition to give of life, do you not think? A good many of us regard life as a grim struggle, a condition of suffering and wretchedness thrust upon us without our volition and from which we cannot escape. We growl at it or rail at it or shrivel, because, we say, it is none of our doing that we are here. And we go out of it having gained little from it but unhappiness. But suppose we consider this other view of it for a while. Let us see whether this will lead and what result it will bring. For we know that a tree is judged by its fruit. For one thing, to view life as a journey, a journey that is taking us forward, puts a new face upon life, does it not? Each day holds forth glad hands to lead us to new endeavor, to new tasks, to new adventures. There is freshness for us every hour if we will see it. There is always change. And if our mind be not filled with some unchangeable, purely of our own creating, of bitterness or resentment or indifference, we will see and share this change and growth all about us. Taking the view then that life is a journey, how can we make sure that we are going in the right direction, that we are not, even perhaps through sheer ignorance, heading the wrong way that we may be taking steps backward or downward, which if progression is the ultimate end, must retard us? The labels "Right" and "Wrong" help some; but with others these labels carry no authority, no ability to guide. In some instances, these labels are merely a matter of personal opinion or prejudice. But can we not apply a test of our own? Is not life constructive? If every day that we live is a step forward, therefore, those things which are constructive, those things which have no element in them whatever of destructiveness must be life-making, must mean progress. So that anything that is destructive in any way—to the body, to the character, to the work we are doing, anything that will make us regress instead of progress, cannot be life-making. It doesn't give us a sure standard to help us forward, and one that we can make our own? But to some life is dark and hard and dreary for other reasons. They say they are chained to one place or condition, that there is no journey for them. Even to these, every day is a new day with new interests, new portions even of old tasks. But there is more than this that is new. For there is new hope. And hope is great fuel for the engine of life. Feed the body with hope and no matter how chained it may be by disease, a very little cell will respond; and some day there will be a new body with which to go forward. Give the body the view of life as a bright, joyful journey to something always new and interesting, and it will tug at its chains until they are broken and it bounds forward, free. And no matter how fettered we may seem to be by the work in hand, how it may seem to shut us in, view life as a journey, and insensibly the faculties will take on fresh vigor. With the thought that by the very nature of the life that is in one, he must go on, he can't stand still, there flows through one a vitalizing energy that quickens every part of his being to better endeavor. The work in hand is done better. This brings advancement. And thus life proves itself. The thing in it that calls for progress brings progress. And so will life viewed as a journey with the standard of what life in hand as a staff, will not give life its more joy and brightness and worthwhile results than if we look on it bitterly, resentfully, as an experience that has nothing for us but ill?

TALKS ON DOMESTIC SCIENCE BY LILIAN TINGLE.

Salt-Rising Bread and Potato Yeast. FORTY-NINE, Aug. 29.—Will you kindly give, as soon as possible, easy directions for making salt-rising bread? Also for homemade potato yeast? Thank you very much. MRS. C. L. ADVANCE.

SALT-RISING BREAD. Into one pint lukewarm water stir flour to make a drop batter. Let the vessel containing the batter stand in a pan of warm water in a warm place, keeping the temperature of the mixture at near 70 degrees F., as possible. In eight or ten hours it should be light and foamy. Then add one quart lukewarm water, two teaspoons salt and four cups of flour. Stir over the fire until 70 degrees F., until again light, then turn into pans and when double in bulk bake 50 to 60 minutes, depending upon the size of loaves. Some makers add one to three tablespoons sugar and one to two tablespoons melted shortening with the bulk of the flour. Sauté with frequently use one or two tablespoons white cornmeal in the first batter or "ferment."

Potato Yeast. Pare four or five large potatoes, cover with cold water to prevent discoloration. Grate, and stir them as grated, into two quarts water, kept boiling over a fire, until the water is reduced to one-half. Strain through a cloth into a quart jar. Add one-fourth cup salt and three-fourths cup granulated sugar. Let cool to about 68 degrees F., and then add one pint yeast from a previous making, or, better, one cake fresh compressed yeast, or one dry yeast cake softened in one-half cup of water at a temperature of 68 degrees F., stirring it down whenever it becomes light and frothy. Store in fruit jars in a cool place. In bread-making use one-half cup of liquid yeast, or one-half cake of compressed yeast, or one short-pressed yeast. Another way is to boil potatoes in the ordinary way, mashing them in the water in which they were boiled and adding more boiling water to make two quarts. After that process is over, strain through a cloth into a quart jar. Add one-half cup salt and one-half cup sugar, and stir thoroughly and then beat in the juice of two lemons, four tablespoonsful of sugar and two cupsful of water. Beat the yolks of three eggs and add to the boiling water. Pour into a baking dish and bake in a pan of water until the custard is set. Make a meringue of whipped whites of the eggs and add two or three tablespoonsful of granulated sugar, beating it in well. Brown, chill and serve. (Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Lemon Meringue Pudding.—Add a tablespoonful of butter, a cupful of sugar, two heaping tablespoonsful of cornstarch dissolved in a cupful of water and the juice and grated rind of two lemons to a quart of boiling water. Beat the yolks of three eggs and add to the boiling water. Pour into a baking dish and bake in a pan of water until the custard is set. Make a meringue of whipped whites of the eggs and add two or three tablespoonsful of granulated sugar, beating it in well. Brown, chill and serve. (Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Divorced Life By Helen Hesson Plessie.

MARIAN WINTHROP, having bidden Chaltoner good night at the entrance to her hotel, faced a night of mental struggle. It proved to be the sternest ordeal that had ever confronted her. Chaltoner's declaration of love had hit her with the force of a sledge hammer, and she was unprepared to receive such a blow. She had been trifled with, laughed off, or teased lightly into the discard of indefinite postponement. Chaltoner's proposition demanded a definite answer. It embodied a bench order from the high court of Cupid that had to be acted upon. But how?

Her quasi success at writing, on which she had banked so strongly, she knew now to be a mere mirage. Her bread, born of deception and incapable of rescuing her from the waves of hostile circumstance and pulling her up on the rocks of safety from want. In response to her frantic telegram, the editor of the Cliff Dweller had wired her a confirmation of her fears. The gossiping women on the veranda of the hotel had been right. She had been tricked into becoming an object of philanthropy. She loathed and despised herself for it. She could not force herself to care for his conduct, even though she knew it had been well meant. And now what? Tossing and fretting in a dark roomful of black misgivings, Marian tried to review the details of her association with Chaltoner, and to give rational thought to his sudden declaration of love and proposal of marriage. Had she been able to see light ahead, her decision would have been quick—and negative. Had she been able to see her way clear to earn a decent living, she would have struck with tenacity for her original resolution never even to consider marriage again.

Things shape themselves with an unerring disregard for human desires, plans, resolutions and policies. Impalpable events almost invariably determine human directions and destinies. Decisions are forced upon the wavering, unsettled, undecided mind. The winds of circumstance blow up and fill the flapping sails of becalmed human craft. And Marian Winthrop did not foresee that her mind was to be made up by events on the threshold of which she was standing. (Tomorrow—The Siren Song of Feminism.)

Human Wine Carriers Not Wanted on Portland Railway. More rigid precautions than ever are being taken by the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company to prevent drunken men from boarding or riding on the cars.

Chinese Flee from Fire Fifty Orientals Awake Neighborhood as Building Burns. Fifty partly dazed Chinese awoke all Chinatown as they heard panic-stricken from a burning building at 73 Fourth street North at 5:30 A. M. yesterday. The fire started in the basement of the building, which is a three-story structure, and spread to the first floor. The sleeping Chinese on the floor above fled from the building lightly clothed, and slight damage was done to adjoining buildings, owned by the Bellman estate. The loss was covered by insurance. Complexion perfection—Sanitizing Lotion—Adv.

They were talking about them this afternoon—a crowd of stylish women who pride themselves on being modish always. "My new suit is the smartest one I've ever had—aren't those long tunics charming?" The new fall suits at CHERRY'S are so captivating that it's impossible to see them and be happy without one. "I know it! CHERRY'S have a lovely assortment of the soft, lovely purple shades that are so fashionable this fall. Did you see them, girls? The blue suits are just the style, too, of course, there are scores of pretty navy, browns and greens. "Yes, Myrtle. CHERRY'S varieties are splendid. The popular materials are the ones you'd expect—broadcloth, gabardine, poplin and serge. Just think, we can go up there any time and arrange charge accounts on any of those stunning suits. "And wear our new suits now—before the season starts to wane. Let me give you CHERRY'S address, Jessie. I don't believe you've ever been there. It's the new store in the Pittock Block, 283-291 Washington street. Now don't fail to visit them, for they do love to show you their merchandise, whether you buy or not."

upon the streetcars and to save the patrons of the company from their annoyance. Plain clothes officers are employed by the company to watch the cars at the hours when they are most likely to be crowded. These officers, while they rarely take a man to the station, have been working most effectively in the past few weeks in suppressing the annoyance of the passengers. "We have always instructed our conductors not to allow drunken persons to ride on our cars," said President T. Griffith. "If a man is drunk, we have always instructed our conductors to watch for drunkenness and properly handle each situation as it comes up. It is never destructive to the work in order to protect the law-abiding citizens who ride on the cars. Only in rare cases does drunkenness cause accidents. It is due to luck more than anything else."

SPEED LIMIT TO BE CUT

Majority of Council Favors Reduction From 25 to 20 Miles.

Cutting down of the speed limit for automobiles outside of the business district from 25 to 20 miles an hour is to be the issue before the City Commission tomorrow. The proposed new Brewer traffic ordinance comes up for final consideration at the meeting of the City Commission tomorrow. Mayor Albee has announced yesterday that he has changed the measure to provide for the reduced speed of automobiles. Otherwise it will be about the same as when it was last considered by the Council. It is believed the reduced speed provision will be carried. Mayor Albee and Commissioners Daly and Dieck have announced their intention to support it and by their vote they will be able to put it through. The last time the ordinance was considered a vote was taken on the speed provision and it was found that two of the Commissioners favored a reduction and two opposed it. This left the decision in the hands of Mayor Albee, who has announced that he favors the reduction.

CAR SLEUTHS SPY DRUNKS

Human Wine Carriers Not Wanted on Portland Railway. More rigid precautions than ever are being taken by the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company to prevent drunken men from boarding or riding on the cars.

Rumford THE WHOLESOME BAKING POWDER

Restores in part, the nutritious and health-giving phosphates of which fine wheat flour has been deprived, making all home baking more nutritious, more easily digested and of better flavor and texture. Furthermore, you will realize the great saving in money and material by using Rumford. It stands for Pure Food and Household Economy

Mailed Free.—The new Rumford Home Recipe Book, including Fricas, and Casseroles Cookery. RUMFORD COMPANY, Providence, R. I.

A "Helping Hand" Extended to the Middle Aged Woman

THERE comes a time in every woman's life when her organism undergoes an important change. This is a critical period. It is a time when a woman needs her full health and strength. For your own sake you should anticipate this turning point.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

has been recommended for over forty years as a tonic for women who are about to experience "the turn of life." It is helpful in the equalization of the circulation of the blood and in regulating the action of the bowels. Nervousness and low spirits disappear. Happiness and contentment take their place.

The latest in medical science is contained in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice, new edition, 1914. 312 pages, only 21c. Ask your dealer or send 50 cents for sample box.

POPULAR BELLE WHO IS RETURNING FROM EASTERN VISIT.

When the master and Tom Kitten reached Rover Dog, Tom Kitten saw a hole in the ground, and the master said to Rover Dog: "You lost him, didn't you? We will have to wait until tonight, old fellow." When they started back home the master was rubbing his hand against his leg. "Well, if it isn't Tom Kitten," he said. "How did you get down here? Are you hurt?" Then he picked Tom Kitten up and put him on his shoulder, and he rode all the way home, holding tightly to the master's coat. "Where in the world have you been?" asked his mother, as Tom Kitten jumped from his master's shoulder and ran to his room. "Oh! I have had a most wonderful time," said Tom Kitten. "I tried to play with an old brush, and it flew away with me over the fields. "And I must have fallen on some awful creature, because I had not eaten me, I am sure, if I had not frightened him with my claws." "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" laughed Rover Dog. "You are a real hunter, Tom Kitten, and you don't know it. That was the tail of old sly fox, who was coming to the hen yard; it wasn't a brush, and you frightened him away. I saw you clinging to his tail, and I ran after you. It is a good thing you didn't get hurt, because you carried you right into his hole, you are so small."



MISS SYLVIA BAGLEY.

WHAT ANNE RITTENHOUSE SAYS

PALESTINE, Aug. 14.—Evening gowns, naturally, give more opportunity for the exploitation of any fashion fad like that which is rather vaguely termed the Byzantine—the fashion for beads and metallics, rich fabrics and deep colors, and almost billowy with their masses of cut to points that fasten on the shoulders with a single jewel. Callot is showing evening frocks of coarse Oriental gauze in deep vivid colors mounted over white satin. These gowns, made with very short waists, and almost billowy with their masses of gay tulle, are especially attractive.

Beads and Fringe. Beads of every sort and color are used. Tulle tunics, long and full, are finished with deep fringes of white or colored, gold or silver beads. This bead fringe is just the right finish for such filmy material as tulle, for it gives the weight necessary for graceful lines. Fringe of all sorts is featured. Deep silk fringe is used sometimes to finish such ends, but usually the fringe is either metallic or beaded or else woolen. Even fur has followed the trend, and almost billowy with their masses of gay tulle, are especially attractive. Metallic cloth is used sometimes for an entire gown, and it is also combined with feathers, ribbons and flowers, for hat trimming. Jet, too, is sometimes used with black lace and tulle, and it is also combined with feathers, ribbons and flowers, for hat trimming.

Still Artificial Flowers. There is seemingly no abatement in the liking for artificial flowers. They are placed irregularly on the skirt under tulle tunics, they are used at the shoulder singly or in the form of straps—Premet has a white satin evening frock held over the shoulders with straps of deep yellow roses—they band the waist, they edge the lace capes and they rest perily on the left hip. The artificial flower—at the front of the left hip. And it must be a big, conspicuous flower, too, to be truly smart. A pink satin evening frock, much trimmed with silver gawds, shows a big magenta flower fastened on the left hip on the tulle tunic.

Not yet has the boutonniere for the street suit appeared on the left hip; that is still worn on the right shoulder. Premet has a wonderful showing of



White Satin Slipper and Silver Lace Gown, With Wide Girdle of Cerise Satin and Cerise Slippers to Match.

gun, and when he came up to him Tom Kitten, he said to Rover Dog: "You lost him, didn't you? We will have to wait until tonight, old fellow." When they started back home the master was rubbing his hand against his leg. "Well, if it isn't Tom Kitten," he said. "How did you get down here? Are you hurt?" Then he picked Tom Kitten up and put him on his shoulder, and he rode all the way home, holding tightly to the master's coat. "Where in the world have you been?" asked his mother, as Tom Kitten jumped from his master's shoulder and ran to his room. "Oh! I have had a most wonderful time," said Tom Kitten. "I tried to play with an old brush, and it flew away with me over the fields. "And I must have fallen on some awful creature, because I had not eaten me, I am sure, if I had not frightened him with my claws." "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" laughed Rover Dog. "You are a real hunter, Tom Kitten, and you don't know it. That was the tail of old sly fox, who was coming to the hen yard; it wasn't a brush, and you frightened him away. I saw you clinging to his tail, and I ran after you. It is a good thing you didn't get hurt, because you carried you right into his hole, you are so small."

TOMORROW'S STORY—Jo and the Pocketbook.

When the master and Tom Kitten reached Rover Dog, Tom Kitten saw a hole in the ground, and the master said to Rover Dog: "You lost him, didn't you? We will have to wait until tonight, old fellow." When they started back home the master was rubbing his hand against his leg. "Well, if it isn't Tom Kitten," he said. "How did you get down here? Are you hurt?" Then he picked Tom Kitten up and put him on his shoulder, and he rode all the way home, holding tightly to the master's coat. "Where in the world have you been?" asked his mother, as Tom Kitten jumped from his master's shoulder and ran to his room. "Oh! I have had a most wonderful time," said Tom Kitten. "I tried to play with an old brush, and it flew away with me over the fields. "And I must have fallen on some awful creature, because I had not eaten me, I am sure, if I had not frightened him with my claws." "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" laughed Rover Dog. "You are a real hunter, Tom Kitten, and you don't know it. That was the tail of old sly fox, who was coming to the hen yard; it wasn't a brush, and you frightened him away. I saw you clinging to his tail, and I ran after you. It is a good thing you didn't get hurt, because you carried you right into his hole, you are so small."

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

Tom Kitten Becomes a Real Hunter. Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper. One day Tom Kitten was playing beside his mother, who was sleeping in the sun, when he saw something that looked like a brush sticking out from behind a barrel near the yard where the hen house was. Tom Kitten crawled along very softly and wondered what it was, and when he was close to it he saw it move a little.

"The very thing to play with," said Tom Kitten, trying to claw it, but it moved a little further away just then and Tom Kitten missed it. "I'll catch it this time," said Tom Kitten, making another attempt to claw it, and this time he did, and his claws held fast, too. But what Tom Kitten expected to happen did not happen, and instead of having a frolic with the brush he found himself carried along over the fields at a terrible rate of speed. It seemed to Tom Kitten that everything was whirling around and he could feel his fur stand up straight with fright, but he could not let go. Suddenly he found himself behind a stone wall, and a black shadow loomed ahead with a mouth full of teeth was looking at him.

It did not take Tom Kitten long to think. In fact, he jumped before he thought at all, and ran. Then he heard Rover Dog's bark, and Tom Kitten ran under a bush and peeked out to see what he had seen happened. Rover Dog was running and barking, and Tom Kitten looked and saw something running ahead of Rover Dog. "He is chasing something," said Tom Kitten. "I guess I'll go and see what it is." So off he ran after Rover, but Rover went so fast he had to give it up. "I will sit here on the top of this hill and wait for Rover Dog to come back," said Tom Kitten. "He won't catch that animal. It is running too fast even for Rover Dog."

But just then he saw Rover Dog's master running toward him with a