

DOCTORS

ANOTHER charming and lovable girl joined the already long list of brides-to-be yesterday, when Miss Margaret Mearns announced the engagement of Miss Anna Barron to Thomas Martin Fitzpatrick, of Boston, Mass., at a pretty tea at the Mearns residence. The guests, numbering about 25 or 30, were among the most intimate friends of the youthful hostess and her honor guest, and the pretty tea table was presided over by Mrs. Arthur Maxwell Mearns, Mrs. Martin Schacht, Miss Mary Brownlie and Miss Mary Stuart Smith.

Miss Barron is one of the most attractive members of the younger set, a gracious, affable girl, and is enjoying her first season. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James T. Barron and a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Whitney. Although she has passed little of her time in Portland, she is a general favorite. With her family, she has summered in Alaska, where Mr. Barron has extensive interests, and has been attending a finishing school in Boston for three years. She had the pleasure of one season abroad, and traveled extensively.

Mr. Fitzpatrick is the son of T. B. Fitzpatrick, a well-known philanthropist of Boston, and both are members of the firm of Brown, Durrell & Co. Mr. Fitzpatrick is a Harvard graduate, class of 1904, and was captain of the varsity rowing team. He is a member of the Phi Eta Club and popular socially in Boston.

The wedding will be an event of next month, although definite plans have not yet been made.

Miss Irene Studley returned Tuesday from a most delightful visit of two months in San Francisco and Oakland, Cal.

Miss Dorothea Nash returned from Nashville and Newport on Saturday. Miss Nash attended the Summer session of the University of California, afterwards visiting friends in Claremont, Los Angeles County.

Miss Elizabeth Stanley, whose marriage to Sydney Alan Cryer is to be an event of September 24, has been the motif for much informal entertaining. Mrs. Arthur H. Meyers gave a luncheon-shower at her home, City Park home for Miss Stanley on Saturday. Clusters of American Beauty roses adorned the rooms. Covers were laid for Miss Stanley, Mrs. George Nelson Wolfe, Miss Katharine Cryer, Miss Frances Stanley, Mrs. Frank J. Miller, of Forest Grove, Miss Alice Stanley, Mrs. Ivan B. Rhodes, Miss James Miller, Mrs. Leslie Thalhiser (Miss Lillian Woodson), Mrs. Zada Falangus, Mrs. Charles C. Stanley, Miss Phyllis Miller, Miss Marian Nell, Miss Doris Wells and the hostess.

Mrs. H. L. Walter and daughter, Miss Ruth, have returned from a three month visit to Boston, New York, Washington and other Eastern cities.

Mrs. Frank Coffinberry returned Wednesday from a vacation trip visiting Seattle, Vancouver and Victoria, B. C. Mr. Coffinberry remained on the Sound over the week-end.

Roy Peeler, of Chicago, who is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. R. L. McKennett, of 800 East Ankeny street, was entertained at a dinner given Wednesday. Covers were laid for 14 relatives, of which four generations were represented. Mr. Peeler left the same night for Medford, where he intends to engage in business.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ralph Shreve left Wednesday evening to visit friends in Denver and Kansas City, expecting to return by October 1.

The Pi Beta Phi Fraternity will have their regular monthly luncheon at the University Club today at 12:30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Courson, Miss Courson and R. E. Courson returned last week from Glacier National Park, where they passed August visiting the many points of interest in that wonderland.

Judge C. U. Gantenbein will address the members of Scout Young auxiliary No. 3 and Scout Young Camp No. 2 on the life of Scout Young on Tuesday evening, September 15. The meeting will take place in the auxiliary's rooms in the Courthouse.

Mrs. Jay J. Morrow and little niece, Miss Lucetta Wolcott Butler, left last night for a visit in Texas, and expect to be gone a month.

Another engagement of a charming girl, Miss Lenette Ferguson, was announced yesterday and came as a complete surprise. She, too, has been won by an out-of-town man, David M. Clay, Jr., of Seattle. The news was made known at an attractive luncheon given by the bride-elect at the home of her parents, in compliment to her cousin, Miss Margaret Ferguson, of Los Angeles, who has come to Portland to visit the Fergusons. Covers were laid for 12.

Miss Ferguson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Z. Ferguson, and is a charming girl with a most captivating personality. She is a graduate of Oakesmere School, and was a classmate of Miss Sara McCully and Miss Mary Stuart Smith. Mr. Clay is a well-known lumberman in Seattle and a popular clubman of the Sound City.

The wedding will be a smart event of the mid-Winter, preceding which the bride-to-be will be extensively entertained.

Misses Harriet and Mary Kern complimented their house guest, Miss Helen Techudy, of Kansas City, and Miss Rosalind Kingsley, bride-elect, with a pretty tea yesterday, at the Kern residence in Irvington. About 50 smartly rowed matrons and maids called during the afternoon.

OREGON FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

By SARAH EVANS, PRES.

THE civic department of the General Federation has just sent out an interesting and most suggestive little leaflet to the clubs of the country, which says in part: "No matter what course of study your club pursues, it can easily add a few civic topics to its program, create a civic department and have one or more civic days each season. It can easily do a few things to make your town a better town to live in."

"Some of the things your club can do: Provide public playgrounds, open the schoolhouses as social centers for public recreation and discussion; improve the sanitation of the town by attending to its garbage collection, keeping its streets and alleys clean and free from flies; urging sewer and water systems, if there are none; provide for the teaching of citizenship and morals in your public schools; improve your moving pictures."

"Some of the things your club can study: The condition of women and children in industry; the laws which

PROMINENT PORTLAND GIRLS WHOSE ENGAGEMENTS WERE ANNOUNCED YESTERDAY.



Miss Anna Barron



Miss Lenette Ferguson

govern women and children; the public what women have done with the bal-



A Cape of Black Satin Fastened to a Bolero Jacket. The Cape is Lined With Celise, and the Hat Is of Celise Velvet.

shall like it, and mere popularity cannot spoil it for us.

Bright Colors in the Evening.

Much white is still used for evening, but most of the white frocks show bright color of some sort. A favorite model for dance frocks is made of white tulle, with a long tunic edged with bright ribbon. Bright flowers are used, also, to give color to white evening frocks. And of course there are many frocks made entirely of metallic cloth and lace and chiffon.

Purple and American Beauty red are combined, and so are orange and green, cerise and white or black or silver, magenta and Nile green, and brick-dust color and blue. This is a favorite combination of French.

Tulle literally of rainbow hues is lavishly used on evening frocks, and chiffon shading from light pink through all the shades to a deep orange rose is another gay fabric.

The bright velvet hats that one sees now are another evidence of our desire for color. And so are the metallic brocades, the figured chiffon, the wonderful embroideries of beads and metal threads, the brilliant figured silks and the brocaded velvet and velours.

SWEETBREADS.

The chief secret in the successful preparation of sweetbreads lies in their treatment when they first come from the butcher's. They must be parboiled at once for from 15 to 20 minutes in water and salt, never allowing them to boil, and then plunged into ice water and lemon juice or vinegar for an hour to blanch.

The sweetbreads found in veal are considered best, although those found in lamb are also delicious.

In the economy of an animal the sweetbreads are the two large glands that lie along the back of the throat and in the breast. The lower or heart sweetbread is round, compact and much nicer than the throat sweetbread, which is long, narrow and easily divided into sections.

Sweetbreads should always be handled with a silver knife, on account of the phosphorus which they contain in abundance. After parboiling, the little strings and membranes can easily be removed, after which the sweetbreads may be cooked in any of the following ways:

Divorced Life

By Helen Hessong Plessie.

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Cupid's High Court of Claims.

(Copyright—Adams Newspaper Service.)

"YOU are certainly the holder of the world's record for elusiveness," said Challenger with a laugh when they had entered a luxurious dining-room and ordered. "Think of the precious three hours and ten minutes we lost—when we might just as well have been together en route from Atlantic City to New York. I have become a veritable miser of time—time that might be spent with you."

"You shouldn't be. It isn't right," protested Marian.

"Is it right to inflict unnecessary woe and grief upon even the humblest pilgrim to the shrine of—"

"Don't," interrupted Marian, cutting short the whimsical speech.

"Seriously," resumed Challenger, "whatever decision remains to be made in this case by the high and supreme court of appeals, I can see no reason why it shouldn't be handed down in open court. You have letters, whatever their contents, are charming, of course, but word of mouth in this case is immeasurably sweeter. Let's talk it over, anyway. My original statement of this case, your honor, did not begin to cover the whole brief. It isn't fair, I submit, that the action be summarily dismissed before the argument is even presented."

What lay woman has even a fighting chance for triumph when it comes to a pitched debate with a skilful lawyer? Other things being equal, moreover, there is a reason for the success of lawyers in Cupid's high court of claims, as compared with the love-love of other callings.

"I feel that I have made it clear," resumed Challenger seriously, "that my love for you is not a flimsy, disreputable thing. Whether you realize it or not, you have reached out with strong, invisible arms, seized me and held me fast. I have capitulated unconditionally. There was nothing else to do. What is more, you care for me. I believe you love me. Whether you decide to act logically or illogically, we are each other's never-theless. I wish you would admit that you love me, Marian, if for no other reason than to confirm my conclusion and to keep my promise from appearing not wholly obnoxious."

"Yes, I do love you," answered Marian, "much more than I wish I did, much more than I have any right to. Love often makes its own laws." "Every love is a new revelation," a beaming, blinding revelation, dryly prophetic and lawgivers, establishing new precedents, running away from the old and into the new."

"But it isn't right," protested Marian. "We have no right to care for each other. I tell you. No love can be right that inflicts an injustice upon anyone. What of it, Challenger? It is of her that I am thinking."

"It's generous of you to think of my wife," said Challenger soberly. "I love you the more because you do. And here is my answer to that objection. 'It's here in black and white and absolutely conclusive.'"

Reaching into his pocket, he handed Marian a letter, bearing an English stamp and postmark.

Tomorrow—The Handwriting of Fate.

THE SANDMAN STORY

FOR TO-NIGHT

By Mrs. F. A. WALKER.

Otto and the Fairy.

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy named Otto, who did not like to go to school.

One day he took his books and slates under his arm, but instead of going to school he went into the woods and lay down under the trees.

Presently he felt the leaf of the book he was reading move, and looking up, he saw a fairy sitting on the top of the book.

"Why didn't you go to school?" she asked. "Run along, like a good little boy, and do not be ignorant and lazy."

"No, I shall not," replied Otto, with his eyes still on the book, and he did not notice that the fairy had gone.

Otto kept on reading until he saw a shadow on the page where he was reading, and when he looked up he saw hundreds of little brown men around him.

"Come along," they said, and Otto felt himself being dragged over the ground.

The little men stopped in front of a rock, and, as it did not have any moss on it, Otto knew that his captors must be the gnomes.

They tapped on the rock and when it opened they dragged Otto in and he felt himself sinking down and down until he felt water, but they did not stop; through the water they went.

At last they stopped, and as they let go of him Otto sat up and looked about. Everything was dull-looking, not a green thing to be seen, no rocks and the little brown men looked about the same.

"Why did you bring me here?" asked Otto. "This is a dull-looking place."

"This is just the place for you," re-

plied one of the little men. "You are a dull boy. Your head cannot help you, so we will take off your head and let your body do your work."

Twelve of the little men lifted Otto's head from his shoulders and placed it on a rock. Then they put a shovel in one of his hands and a pail in the other and led him to a hill.

"Dig here," they told him, "until you make a cave."

Otto watched his body working, and for a while he thought it was great sport, but it suddenly occurred to him (his head, I mean) that his body was digging the cave in a very foolish way.

The top was left so thin that Otto felt sure it would fall and bury his body.

"Oh, dear," he said at last, "what a simpleton that body is. It will surely be buried under the earth in a short time if I do not stop it. Here, here!"

"Stop digging and listen to me."

But the body did not notice the call, and he called again, "Otto, Otto!"

"What do you want?" the head answered.

"How mixed everything is!" said Otto. "I call myself and myself answers. That poor, foolish body of mine will be lost in a minute. It hasn't an ounce of sense."

Just then the body took a shovel of earth from a weak place, and down came the earth and covered it.

"Help! help!" screamed Otto.

The little brown men came running from all directions. "What is the matter?" they asked.

"My body is buried under that pile of earth," replied the head. "Get it out quick or I—or it—Oh, dear! I do not know what to say; but hurry or my body will die."

"Boys who do not go to school and study," a little man continued, "can never do anything that is worth while."

Just then Otto saw his body walking along trying to shake off the earth which clung to his clothes. "Please put my head back on my shoulders," he said, "or it will surely get into more trouble."

"Will you go to school and learn to guide it in the right way?" asked the

gnomes. Otto promised that he would, and they placed his head on his shoulders again. "Now up with him," they said, and Otto felt himself going up and up, and then the sunlight fell upon his face and he found himself under the tree again.

He felt of his head; it was there and securely fastened. Otto jumped up, took his books and slates and ran toward the schoolhouse, thankful to have his head and body together again.

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LAST TRIP STEAMER POTTER

Will be made, leaving Ash-street dock Monday, September 14, 9 P. M.; returning from Megler, via Astoria, 9:30 A. M. September 15. Schedules and information, O. W. R. & N. City Ticket Office, Third and Washington, or at the dock. Both phones—Adv.

Of the 7,300,000 mules that are estimated in the world, more than half are in the United States; no other country is credited with 1,000,000. Spain comes nearest, with about 510,000.

DIANA'S NEW SUIT

AND ITS REASONS

Just knowing about CHERRY'S and being able to buy it there ON CREDIT—that's all. It's the only possible way she could have managed it so early in the season. Diana has a charge account now at Cherry's—she'll be able to buy new suits, coats, waists and dresses whenever she needs them—without waiting to "save up" her money.

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Cherry's store is at 391 Washington street. When you find the suit you want at Cherry's, let them tell you about their installment arrangements. Their suits are the same of stylish beauty, priced moderately, in all sizes and every fashionable pattern.

Don't argue. The latest 219-391 Washington street, in Pittcock block.

How She Acquired "Feminine Charm"

A nicely-dressed woman sat beside me in the train. Everyone stared at her. It was not her beauty of feature that held our eyes, nor her costume. But there was something about her face and expression—I risked it and asked her to tell me how she got it.

"How you keep your complexion so dazlingly pure? Don't think me impatient, but you seem over 30, yet haven't a line in your face, and your cheeks are quite peach-like. How do you do it?"

Laughing, she said: "That's easy; I remove my skin, sounds shocking, doesn't it? But listen. Instead of cosmetics I use only pure mercurized wax, procurable at any drugstore. I apply this nightly, like cold cream, washing it off mornings. This gently dissolves the soiled, weather-beaten skin, without pain or discomfort, thus revealing the fresh, clear, pink-skin. Every woman has a beautiful complexion underneath, you know. Then, to ward off wrinkles I use a face lift made by dissolving powdered saxolite (one ounce) in one-half pint witch hazel—saxolite is a skin detergent which 'tones' the skin wonderfully. Very simple, isn't it? I thought so. I'm now trying a new plan and like it immensely.—Millie Brown in the Story Teller.—Adv.

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