

SOCIETY NEWS

FOLLOWING closely on the marriage of Lowell Bradford to Miss Lottie Grantham comes the announcement that his brother, Alvin Kiplinger Bradford, is to be married next Wednesday to Miss Lilah Clark, of "Skaneateles Lodge," Lentz.

The bride-elect is a graduate of the University of Oregon and has been a teacher in one of the high schools of the state. She is a capable and energetic worker, and in that capacity shares the interests of her fiancé. While Miss Clark was at Oregon she majored in economics and won honors at delectating. She will be attended at the wedding by her sister, Miss Annie Clark, and Mr. Bradford will be attended by his brother, Paul Bradford, Rev. C. S. Bradford, father of the bridegroom, who read the service at the Bradford-Grantham nuptials, will officiate at the approaching ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Lottie Grantham and Lowell Bradford was solemnized on Wednesday last. Harry Wembridge came from Monte Vista, Cal., for the occasion and sang several selections. He was a classmate of the bridegroom at Reed College.

Alvin Bradford has been a student at Reed College for the last four years, doing work with the Christian Endeavor Union at the same time. He graduated from Reed College last June with the first class. He gave special attention to gymnasium work, being assistant in this department at Reed College. For the last three summers he has been one of the senior directors in the playgrounds of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Bradford will sail Thursday on the steamer Rose City for San Diego, Cal., where Mr. Bradford is to become the assistant physical director in the Young Men's Christian Association.

ABERDEEN, Wash., Sept. 2.—(Special.)—At a pretty home wedding yesterday, Miss Harriet Hogan, of Aberdeen, became the bride of Paul Evedeth, of Portland. The marriage was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Hogan. An improvised altar afforded an ideal setting for the wedding. The bride and groom were arranged artistically and bright candles burned on either side. The Rev. Father Quinn, of St. Mary's Church, officiated. Miss Anna Hogan, sister of the bride, was maid of honor and Carl Schram, of Powell River, B. C., was best man, serving in place of William Stitt, who was unable to be present. About 50 guests witnessed the ceremony. Mrs. J. W. Armstrong, an aunt of the bridegroom and Mrs. Lela Leiby were among the Portland guests. Mrs. C. F. Paige, of Clatskanie, was another guest out of town. The young couple will reside in Portland. The bride has visited there frequently and has been widely feted at social affairs.

HOOD RIVER, Or., Sept. 2.—(Special.)—Miss Kella Hershner, formerly a teacher in the Hood River school, whose wedding to Crawford C. Leachman, a local fruit market man, will be a social event of the month, received a linen shower yesterday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bartmes. The hostesses being Miss Aldine Bartmes and Miss Hazel Hollenbeck.

Those present at the shower were Misses Lottie Kinnaird, Florence Brunst, Frances Bragg, Eva Brock, Olive Neppie, Violet Palmer, Marian Van Horn, Helen Davidson, Hazel Brunquist, Edith Brunquist, Grace Edgington, Genevieve Butterfield and Mrs. C. H. Hendrick. In the city Miss Ruth Cooper, of Underwood, Wash., and Misses Elsa Gill and Eleuthera Smith, of Portland, who are here the guests of Miss Butcher.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Harris and son Frederick, of Longview, are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Herрман, of Ella street.

Mrs. George S. Whiteside left a few days ago for a trip to the East. She plans to be away for several months, and during her absence Dr. Whiteside will take apartments at the Claremont Country Club.

The artistic residence of the Whitesides at 245 Douglas Place has been taken by Mme. Jonell, a young prima donna, who is making Portland her abode for the season. Mme. Jonell is popular socially as well as among lovers of the best in music.

Among those who will be patronesses for the concert to be given by Mrs. Katherine Ward Pope and Miss Florence McMillan on September 14, at the Waltham Hotel ballroom, are Mrs. Warren E. Thomas, Miss Emilie Jones Bauer, Madame Jeanne Jonell, Mrs. John Logan, Mrs. Jeanne Miller Chapman, Mrs. Thomas Carls, Mrs. E. J. Edwards Alden Beals, Miss Kathleen Lawler, Mrs. Ralph C. Walker and Mrs. Luit Dahl Miller.

Mrs. D. P. Naeson is passing the week at Seaside as the house guest of Mrs. James Hume. They will go to Astoria for the regatta.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Elmore Grove (Stella Kress) have returned from their wedding trip through California and have taken apartments at the Hotel Mallory.

Miss Mabel Stegner has returned from California, where she visited several of the most popular beaches. She will take up her work in the Young Women's Christian Association.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the First United Presbyterian church will hold its regular monthly meeting at the church today at 2:30 o'clock. Work among the freedmen of the South will be the topic for special study.

Mrs. F. C. Schramm (Wynn Coman), of Salt Lake, is the guest of Miss Lois Steers, of Portland.

WOMEN'S CLUBS
By EDITH WRIGHT HOLMES

THE clubs and the parent-teacher organizations will begin active work a little earlier this year than heretofore. The Portland Parent-Teacher Council will meet today at 1:30 o'clock for a council of presidents and committee chairmen. At 2:30 o'clock the regular meeting of the general body will be held in Room A, Central Library. Mrs. Alva Lee Shoen, president, has outlined plans for an active year. The exhibition of home work to be held in October is attracting the interest of the school children.

A demonstration of modification of cow's milk will be held at 2 o'clock today in the Parents' Educational Bureau, 621 Courthouse, under the auspices of the Oregon Congress of Mothers. Mrs. J. L. S. Stead will be chair.

ABERDEEN GIRL MARRIED YESTERDAY TO PORTLAND BUSINESS MAN.



Mrs. Paul Evedeth (Harriet Hogan)

Thirty-third street North. This club has for active members children under the age of 14, and Mrs. Carrie R. Beaumont is director. The officers are: Etelka Parrish, president; Mary E. Hatley, vice-president; Imboden Parrish, treasurer; Jennie Bodine, recording secretary; and Alfreda Goodwin, corresponding secretary.

The meetings are held the second Saturday in each month. There is a business meeting, followed by a programme and social hour.

Mrs. George Parrish, soprano; Mrs. Estella C. Mackenzie and Mrs. Beaumont, accompanists; and Miss Minerva Holbrook and Miss Helen O'Day, pianists, will assist at the next meeting. New members are Ruth Battin, Alice Pearson and Elizabeth Battin.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE
By LILLIAN TINGLE.

SCIENCE, OR, AUG. 28.—Will you kindly tell me how to make spiced sweet pickles? I use paraffin and covers on the jars.

DO YOU mean that the jelly has fermented? There may be several possible causes for this. For instance, your glasses may not have been properly sterilized, or the paraffin on top of the jelly may have "shrunk" or "bubbled" and let in air. Or it may not have been hot enough when poured on. Or the jelly may have been allowed to come in contact with dust before the paraffin was put on. Or the juice may not have had the proper proportion of sugar. Without seeing your failure, and knowing all the details of your method in making and storing your jelly, it is rather hard to "guess" with any degree of accuracy just where you have made your mistake; but evidently the jelly has been allowed to become infected with micro-organisms at some stage in its career.

PORTLAND, Aug. 19.—Will you please tell me how to make spiced sweet pickles out of the big ripe cucumbers? The kind I refer to are stuffed with raisins and nuts. Included find stamped envelope for reply.

MRS. A. H. H.

It is never possible for me to send personal replies. Following is the recipe nearest to your description that I have at the moment. Perhaps some reader may offer a suggestion:—Soak the cucumbers in brine in the usual way for one week, freshen in cold water for two or three days as usual. To every quart stryp allow one pint of vinegar. Fill the opening with a mixture of raisins and dates, chopped and seasoned. If liked, add mace and cinnamon to taste. Sew the strip in position. Make a syrup, using 1 1/2 cups water or vinegar for two cups sugar. To every quart stryp allow one thin-cut rind of one lemon (or more if liked), 1 1/2 inches ginger root, one slice of mace, if liked. Stick cinnamon may also be used if the mixed spice flavor is preferred to the lemon and ginger flavor. Lemon juice may take the place of vinegar if preferred. Boil the syrup to a thread and, when cool, pour it over the stuffed cucumbers. Drain and reboil to a thread on three or four successive days, having the stryp cool before pouring on the pickles. Be sure the cucumbers look transparent and that the stryp completely covers the pickles when you seal them.

I cannot speak from personal experience in regard to this recipe.

SNAPSHOTS
By BARBARA BOYD.

Measuring Our Growth.

A STORY is told of one of our greatest American artists that he found, when a student, in one of the famous art galleries abroad a certain picture that delighted him greatly. He would sit before it for hours drinking in its beauty. He studied every detail of it. He felt he knew every art value in it of line and color and composition.

Several years afterward, being again in this city, he hurried with eager steps to see "his picture," as he called it to himself. He was, too, a trifle anxious to see if it would mean as much to him as before. He wondered—just a little—if he would be disappointed in it.

To his joy, he discovered that he found much more pleasure in it than

before, much more to satisfy his artistic sense. The picture showed him how much he had grown artistically. He thought he had already seen all there was to be seen in the picture. But coming to it fresh from further studies, he discovered much in the picture he had not seen before.

Several years afterward, he again repeated the experiment, to find the picture still held more for him. And he says that now, though comparatively an old man, he goes back to that picture as his measure of growth. He says he knows he is growing in his art when he still finds something new in the picture; and that when it becomes a closed book to him, he will know he has stopped growing.

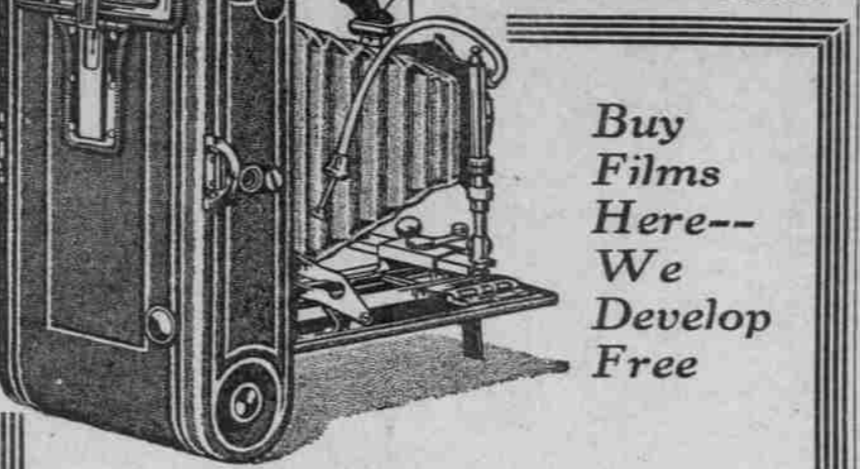
I wonder how many of us have something by which to measure our growth. We do not often stop to think about it, do we? We are so busy with our housekeeping, or the earning of our living, or getting new frocks and hats, or with our teas or bridge or dances, that we do not pause to see whether we are making any real progress, whether we are learning anything from life as we go along.

Yet we know that growth is essential, that where there is a lack of growth, there is a lack of health. As a child, we are eager to grow. We keep measuring to see how many inches we have gained. We have children we watch their growth. When it comes to something other than the physical growth, somehow they do not give little heed to it. We do not go back, like this artist, to something that stands unchanged, to measure ourselves by it and see how we have grown.

But to this artist, this picture became a counselor and friend, an inspiration. Every time he returned to it, he went hopefully, to see what it would tell him about his growth. Haven't we any such mute friends? Aren't there favorite books to which we can turn to see if they haven't messages for us we never discerned when first we read them? Or perhaps books that will no longer longer because we have grown beyond them? Like this artist, certain things may tell us more than formerly because our ideals of life have broadened; or on the other hand, we may have grown beyond certain pictures that in the years gone were favorites. The furnishings of our house may have more beauty for us as our ideas of beauty grow. Or we may come to see there is little beauty in what we have about us when we take the measure of growth; and bring greater beauty into our surroundings.

But it is rather helpful, do you not think, to have some measure of our mental and spiritual growth and return to it once in a while to see if we have increased our stature in other ways than in mere flesh and bones.

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home and put it under his pillow. At dawn, he arose and opened the bundle. And lo, to his surprise the cloth was full of tiny lumps of purest glittering gold.

So he spent part of the money in fixing up his home neatly, a part he put away and some he gave to help his poor neighbors. Soon his lot was showing the prosperity of its owner, and there was an abundance of everything to eat and drink, while Tuma wore the best of clothing and showed all kinds of charity to his friends.

But all this made Kama jealous. He wanted to get rich, too, so he made Tuma tell him what had happened about the gnome's gift.

"I think I will try my luck," he said. So the next morning he went fishing and waited. Sure enough, he heard a cry and saw the gnome struggling with a stone holding down his foot. Kama helped him take it off and followed him home, where he filled a sack which he had brought with the sand. The gnome told him to wait till morning, which Kama did, and there was the bag full of gold, just as he expected.

"I will take a cart this time," he thought to himself, "and will be sure to get enough to last me for 10 years." So, off he trotted, pushing a big cart before him. He saw the gnome again, and again he helped him to get free from the stone and again he went to the cavern in the rock. But this time he leaped his cart full to the brim with sand. And his want away with even thinking the gnome at all for his kindness. But had he looked back he would have seen the little man laughing and capering about and pointing at the cart of sand—for he cast a magic spell on it to teach the selfish Kama a lesson.

Early the next morning Kama jumped out of bed and ran to the cart, expecting to see it piled high with shining gold. But he was horror-struck to see that there was no gold at all—not even a sign of a cart. Cart, sheds, trees had all crumbled into dust and as he glanced around even his hut fell into a heap of ashes. Only a stone in the chimney was left. And from behind this he could hear a small voice singing:

"Selfish, greedy pig,
You must get out and dig.
No more magic gold
Shall your hand ever hold."
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TODAY'S LESSON IS LAST

MRS. RORER TO LECTURE ON VEGETABLES AND EGGS.

Pastry Demonstration Given at Meier & Frank Store; New York Society Woman is Inspired.

Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer's last lecture is scheduled for this afternoon at 3 o'clock. Every day this week the new auditorium of the Meier & Frank store has been crowded with large and representative audiences of interested women who have eagerly taken advantage of the opportunity to hear the famous authority on cooking give her recipes and demonstrate the newest approved methods of handling such preparing all kinds of fancy and staple dishes.

THE SANDMAN STORY
By MRS. F. A. WALKER.

The Gnome's Gift.

ONCE upon a time two brothers lived on the shores of a river in a far-away land where the people were mostly very poor and made their homes in grass huts. The older brother was named Kama. He was a selfish man who never gave a penny or a kind word to anyone. But Tuma had an entirely different disposition.

For Tuma was kind and no one was ever turned away from his door when he asked for bread. Both had huts of grass and lived in a large grove of mango trees, but all around the home of Kama, while everybody loved Tuma, there were dark spots and the little man cowered about for joy.

"Follow me to my house and you will get your reward," said the gnome, taking hold of Tuma's hand and leading him down the bank to a cavern hidden in the side.

The cave was dark except for a huge stone which hung in the center and lit the entire room with its brilliancy. The walls were of white stone through which ran veins of gold, but the floor was carpeted only with black sand.

"Fill your neckcloth with this sand," said the gnome, "but it is under your head tonight and tomorrow look to see what has happened."

So Tuma hid his neckcloth on the ground, piled it full of sand, then went

MYRON HERRICK TO SPEAK
Potential Possibility Head of Large Cleveland Savings Bank.

Myron T. Herrick, ex-Governor of Ohio and until recently United States Ambassador to France, will deliver an address on rural credits before the Portland Chamber of Commerce September 23, at 8 P. M.

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Make no mistake—head straight for this head-to-foot outfitting headquarters for both girls' and boys' hosiery, shoes, underwear, headwear and outer apparel.

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Manston, Wis. — "At the Change of Life I suffered with pains in my back and loins until I could not stand. I also had night-sweats so that the sheets would be wet. I tried other medicine but got no relief. After taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use for six months. The pains left me, the night-sweats and hot flashes grew less, and in one year I was a different woman. I know I have to thank you for my continued good health ever since." — Mrs. M. J. BROWNELL, Manston, Wis.

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