

LOCAL NEWS

BY GERTRUDE P. CORBETT

CALENDAR FOR TODAY.

Society.

Miss Mary Stuart Smith, luncheon today for Mrs. Vernon Cartwright and Mrs. Jervis Webb. Musical, home of Mrs. D. H. Gowans, 225 East Thirty-second street, tonight, benefit British soldiers.

Laurelhurst Club, card party, this afternoon, clubhouse.

Rose City Park Club, entertainment, dancing, tonight.

Charity card party, Sisters of Israel Benevolent Society; Mrs. A. Fishman, chairman.

CHARMING PORTLAND GIRL WHO HAS BEEN ACCORDED HONORS AT UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON.



Miss Susie B. Paige

MRS. VERNON CARTWRIGHT (Margaret Malarkey), Mrs. Jervis Webb (Maureen Campbell) and Mrs. David M. Clay (Annette Ferguson), who are visiting here, are being extensively feted by their friends. Yesterday Miss Katherine Hart was hostess at an attractive luncheon given for the visitors and a few other friends. The table was centered with yellow tulips. Places were marked for Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs. Clay, Mrs. Webb, Miss Mary Stuart Smith, Miss Martha Whiting and Miss Hart.

Today Miss Mary Stuart Smith will entertain at a luncheon for Mrs. Cartwright and Mrs. Webb. The former is a recent arrival from England and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan J. Malarkey. Mrs. Webb is from Detroit. She is a guest at the G. L. Campbell residence on Vista avenue.

Mrs. Clay, who is at the E. Ferguson abode, has lived in Seattle since her marriage, but like the others, has come home for a delightful stay and a reunion with old-time friends.

Mrs. E. E. Cookingham entertained on Saturday for Miss Katherine Hart. The affair was a birthday luncheon for the popular society girl. Mrs. Cookingham planned the most artistic decorations and appointments for the luncheon. There was a wonderful birthday cake centered with a fluffy French doll. Favors, dainty vanity boxes in pink and blue marked the occasion. Covers were laid for several of the most intimate friends of the young honor guest.

At a quiet ceremony in Grace Memorial Church last night, Miss Isabel Hughes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Whitfield, Rev. Oswald W. Taylor read the service in the presence of a few relatives and intimate friends of the couple. The bride was attired in a smart blue cloth traveling suit and wore a blue Spring hat to correspond. Her bouquet was of lilies of the valley and bride roses. Miss Helen Hughes attended her sister as maid of honor and Morris Adair was best man. An informal reception for the bride and family home on Tillamook street followed the marriage ceremony. After a honeymoon trip, Mr. and Mrs. Whitfield will reside in this city. Mr. Whitfield is the son of Albert Whitfield. The family is prominent in Berkshire, England.

The bride is a graduate of St. Helen's Hall and is popular socially. The Whitfields will be entertained at several informal affairs later in the season. They will be at home to their friends after May 1.

Rev. J. Richard Olson returned yesterday from Holdrege, Neb., where he was called by telegram on the death of his father, J. P. Olson, one of the pioneers of Nebraska.

Miss Sybil Spencer, an attractive visitor from Spokane, is the house guest of her cousin, Miss Helen Adams. Several informal affairs have been planned for Miss Spencer.

Miss Thella McCarty and George Cleland were married on Saturday in St. Mark's Church. The ceremony was followed by a dinner party in the Hotel Benson. Tyrolean room. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Cleland, Mr. and Mrs. A. King Wilson, Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Powell, Miss Hanbous, A. Bretton and E. Mentle.

THE SANDMAN STORY

BY MRS. F. WALKER

Why Cranes Dance.

ALMOST everyone knows of a funny little mice that whirl about every few moments in a waltz, but few have heard of a dancing bird that lives far away in the wilds of Australia, that wonderful country on the other side of the world.

Back in the depth of the jungle there has lived for hundreds of years a race of people who are called Bushmen, as the forests they inhabit are called the Bush. They are brown in color and have long, black hair, while their only clothing is a mat tied around the body.

These bushmen have always been fond of dancing, and every week they would hold a feast, at which the girls and men would prance around a blazing fire from sunset till dawn, whirling about in the moonlight to the music of the tom-tom and native drums.

Among the maidens of the olden times were two daughters of a mother who had great power in doing strange things, and some even said she gathered poisonous herbs to put in the food of her foes. The girls were not at all alike. The oldest, whose name was Oba, was a dark beauty, but with flashing eyes and a fiery temper. Sura, who was slight and quiet, had a gentle nature and was not at all striking in appearance. Both were beautiful dancers, but the steps of Sura were said to be more graceful than those of her sister, which made the older girl very jealous. Besides, the girls both loved a young man who was devoted to Sura.

So it soon happened that Oba grew to hate her younger sister most heartily.

One night Sura and the young man were walking in the forest down a path bordered by thick bushes, and in the tangled weeds they stopped. Here they planned to have a wedding feast and a great dance the following week. Oba, who was seated in the bushes, heard every word and her face darkened with anger.

"Never shall my sister marry the man I love," swore Oba under her breath. "I will show her how she can insult her older sister."

So Oba went home, and finding the mother asleep, she asked questions of her and received replies, for the woman did not know to whom she was talking.

"Is it possible to turn anyone into a bird?" she whispered into her mother's ear.

"Oh! yes," said the mother, still dreaming, "if one will gather the root of the yucca and boil it at dawn, the juice will turn anyone into a bird, and will continue to act in most ways as if it were a mortal."

"But where can I find the yucca?" whispered Oba again in her mother's ear.

"Down by the green pool," returned the woman. "The water there is full of the plant."

Oba ran out of the house, and, as she did so, brushed past her sister coming back to the hut singing in her happiness. In a few minutes the wicked girl had reached the pool, gathered a handful of root and was home again. Then she sat till dawn to boil it down.

The next day the coming marriage was announced and great preparations were made. When the night arrived, Oba opened the feast with her dancing, which she kept up for an hour, whirling about in a thousand fantastic ways.

When it came to the turn of the bride, Sura rose timidly, but she soon forgot the crowd and danced away as lightly as a feather blown by the breeze. The company broke into a storm of applause. Oba took a chance when she thought no one was looking to pour the yucca juice into the bride's cup, but she did not notice that the bridegroom, when her back was turned, exchanged the cups, so that the one intended for Sura stood before Oba instead. The young bridegroom knew of the sister's jealousy, and seeing something put into the bride's cup by the sister, knew it was for her and drank it.

When Sura had finished, Oba thought to outdo her sister, so she started again in a mad whirl. As she came by the bridegroom he took up her cup and offered it to the tired girl.

"You are weary with the feasting," he said. "Drink and refresh yourself."

Oba turned up the cup and drank thirstily. But hardly had she swallowed its contents when she uttered a scream—the charm was beginning to work and she realized that she had made a mistake.

She commenced to shrivel up in the legs, her body grew short and fat, her neck pulled out into a long, ugly tube, with a tiny head, to which was stuck a red bill. Two long thin legs reached to the ground—in short, the wicked sister had turned herself into a crane.

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The Columbian Optical measures its standard of achievement by the degree of service it can render its patrons—the sale of a pair of glasses is not the end of a transaction, but the commencement of relations which, so far as the Columbian Optical Company is concerned, are perpetual.

Columbian patrons are satisfied patrons because Columbian service is cheerfully and freely given—because promptness, courtesy and efficiency predominate!

—biased advice is taboo at the Columbian—if upon examination it is found glasses are not needed—you are told so promptly—

If you do need them, the utmost in professional skill—the most modern manufacturing methods—the most accomplished eyeglass adjusters are at your command.

"Torics"
The Perfect Lens
"Kryptoks"
The Invisible Bifocals

Columbian Optical Co.
145 Sixth Street.
Floyd Brower, Mgr.



"A GIRL SHOULD HAVE PRETTY CLOTHES WHILE SHE'S YOUNG, MABEL"

"Well, that's the way I feel, too, Helen, but I haven't yet discovered how it can be done by a girl of my circumstances."

"Why don't you know about CHERRY'S CREDIT SYSTEM, Mabel? THAT'S the way, and the ONLY way, it can be managed."

"They simply buy clothes whenever they need them and pay PART of the price at the time. Then they make installment payments, weekly or monthly, to cover the balance."

"It's just as easy as it sounds—besides being a pleasant and economical way to keep well dressed. The latest Spring and Summer arrivals at CHERRY'S beautiful store are the acme of class."

"You'll find Cherry's store at 339-331 Washington street, in the Pittock block, and you can rest assured that they are showing the nicest things in the Spring lines that style fabrics can produce."

ASK FOR and GET
HORLICK'S
THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK
Cheap substitutes cost YOU same price.

Then she began to dance. Around and around she whirled, bowing and awayling in all kinds of figures, her bony legs sweeping in time to the music, while her harsh voice was raised in a scream.

So, waltzing and bowing, and sidestepping, she vanished from view in the swamp of the green pool, but no one was sorry, for all felt she had gotten what she deserved.

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BEAVERS CUT FRUIT TREES

Thomas Orchardist Appeals to County Authorities for Aid.

ALBANY, Or., March 20.—(Special.)—H. F. Struckmeier, of Thomas, has appealed to the county authorities for assistance in protecting his property from the beavers, who are frequenting his fruit orchard.

They have cut down 50 prune trees, according to a statement made by County Fruit Inspector D. W. Rumbaugh, who inspected the premises, and they also cut down five peach trees.

During the recent high water a portion of the orchard was under water, and it is supposed that the beavers cut down the trees in an effort to keep the water on the part of the orchard which had overflowed.

Mrs. Narcissa Brooks Dead.

SPOKANE, Wash., March 20.—Mrs. Narcissa F. Brooks, state recorder of crosses for the United Daughters of the Confederacy, was buried here today. She was 81 years old.

Read The Oregonian classified ads.

Packard
"TWIN-SIX"
\$2900-\$3300
F.O.B. PORTLAND

Fact No. 9
To ride in a PACKARD Twin Six is to receive all the thrills of an aeroplane with that added 100 per cent factor of safety.

FRANK C. RIGGS COMPANY
Cornell Road, 23d and Washington Sts.

Reach Out—Telephone

Looking for Business?

Pick out any town on the map; then ask for The Telephone Toll Rate. You'll find it *low*—so low that you'll wonder why you never before tried this quick, conclusive method of attracting trade.

Take a talk-trip by Pacific Telephone. Boost your goods. The buyers of a hundred towns are glad to hear from you.

Use the Pacific

Broadway Limited

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20 HOURS
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For particulars address
J. S. CAMPBELL,
District Agent,
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Automatic, A 435
PORTLAND, OREGON

Chicago 12:40 noon
Lo. Englewood 12:56 p. m.
Ar. New York 9:40 a. m.

Westbound:
Lo. New York 2:45 p. m.
Ar. Englewood 9:22 a. m.
Ar. Chicago 9:45 a. m.

WARDEN IS THREATENED

Sign on Cabin Contains Warning of Shooting at Sight.

Postmaster J. D. Medill yesterday bought from the First National Bank the plan of the Yakima Independent. He formerly owned the paper, but sold it several years ago. The bank recently foreclosed a mortgage on it. The paper will be conducted as a weekly Democratic organ.

Carl D. Shoemaker, State Game Warden, says that H. R. Nollet, Deputy Game Warden, reported to his chief that while working in the forest between Brownsville and Coburg in an attempt to check up on violations of the game laws, he came upon a cabin which had on it the following sign:

"Notice—any game warden who is caught here will be shot on sight, as we consider that the game belongs to us—so beware."

Warden Nollet did not believe in signs, so he took the notice down. The inhabitants of the cabin had evidently been gone several days, but the warden found abundant evidence that they had been killing and drying venison, he reported.

North Yakima Paper Bought.
NORTH YAKIMA, Wash., March 20.—

"GOODNESS" cannot be separated from
White River Flour
FREE—Thermometer and Cookbook.
Ask Your Dealer.

Make Your Body Tingle with life and energy for the day's work by eating foods that contain real nutriment—that do not use up all the vitality of the body in an effort to digest them.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit supplies the greatest amount of body-building, energy-creating material with the least tax upon the digestive organs. It is a real whole wheat food, ready-cooked and ready-to-serve, containing the life of the wheat grain, nothing added, nothing taken away. Start the day right by eating Shredded Wheat with hot or cold milk. Serve it for luncheon with sliced bananas or other fruits. Made at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

MARCH 12.—I am writing you today, thinking you can possibly give me the information I desire. It has become necessary for me to do something toward bolstering up the family finance and finding myself unprepared to do the usual things attempted by women, it occurred to me that I might, with a little diligent application, put to good use my cooking ability. Are there not a number of women who do their own work but who do not know how to do it? Is it possible for me to find plenty of opportunities to prepare and serve meals? Are there such women at a good profit, very much so? I would be most grateful for any suggestions they would be so good as to give. Either I can arrange to see you at your convenience, or you can write me. Thanking you in advance, I am, B. J.

I am sorry that it is not possible for me to send you a personal reply. I believe that there is quite a field for catering work such as you describe. The difficulty is to make a start and form a good connection. If you please in your earliest attempts, I think you will find that one woman will gladly recommend you to another. You need, of course, to be well informed in matters of table service, to have good ideas for table decorations (if your employer should ask for suggestions), and to have a good practical knowledge of menu planning, the principals of salad combination, and the making of fancy cakes and desserts. You might get some idea as to what demand there is for such services from the Y. W. C. A. and the Woman's Exchange. The latter might also offer a field for turning your cooking ability into money. You might write and inquire if there is any "specialty" in the line of cooked food that you could furnish for the Woman's Exchange to sell for you on