

SOCIETY NEWS

BY GERTRUDE P. CORBETT

A pretty planned and arranged little tea yesterday, Miss Gladys Sigel's engagement to Frank Howard Hilton was announced. About 15 of the bride-elect's closest friends were asked. A cluster of butterflies were cleverly concealed in the ceiling above the chandelier, and at a signal from the bride-elect, the butterflies fluttered over the tea-table and displayed tiny kiewpies with cards attached announcing the news.

Miss Sigel is the second member of her family to become engaged this season. Her brother, Glen Sigel's engagement to Miss Helen Krause being made about two months ago. Miss Sigel is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Sigel, of Portland Heights, and was graduated from St. Helen's Hall. She is a clever girl and has distinguished herself frequently in her interpretations of dramatic art.

Mr. Hilton is a son of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Hilton, formerly of San Diego, where they were very prominent. He is an attorney of this city and popular in society and clubdom.

The wedding is planned for the early fall, previous to which the young people will be considerably entertained.

A profusion of red roses, ferns and fluffy tulle bows was arranged in the rooms of the Sigel residence, and the attractive tea table was presided over by Mrs. Van Southernland, Doris Clarke, Misses Helen Krause, Dorothea Wagner and Miriam Hilton, sister of the bridegroom-to-be.

During the latter part of the afternoon the party was augmented by a number of men, and they motored out to Chanticleer for dinner and a dance, for which Mr. Hilton was host. Again red was the keynote of the color scheme, the tables and rooms being decked with clusters of red carnations and maidenhair ferns. The upper dining-room was used for the party, and the dancing took place on the lower veranda, which was gaily decorated with Japanese lanterns and red flowers.

Covers were placed for Mr. and Mrs. Van Southernland, Mr. and Mrs. George Herron, Mrs. and Mrs. Frank Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Matern, Misses Gladys Sigel, Dorothea Wagner, Helen Krause, Helen Whitney, Miriam Hilton, Clarice Biles, Harriet Jellison, Juanita Matlock, Gretchen Kiesterman, Greata Butterfield, Doris Clarke and Glenn Sigel, H. Pierce, Philip Jackson, Harold Hilton, Ralph Steinhil, Mr. Meyers, M. Mahleson, Mr. Mackenzie, Dr. Allen Noyes, Mr. Hitch and the host.

MATRON WHO WILL ENTERTAIN TONIGHT AT LAURELHURST CLUB WITH DANCE.



Strove Photo.
Mrs. Charles Shea

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore B. Wilcox will entertain tonight with an informal dance, their guests to include the younger set. Miss Katherine Collins, of Seattle, will reach here today to visit Miss Claire Wilcox for the week-end and will share in the honors of tonight's festivities.

Miss Ailsa MacMaster, who has been passing the greater part of the winter visiting friends in the East, is en route to her home and will reach here tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. MacMaster will entertain a few of the young people at a dinner at their home in honor of Miss MacMaster's return, the party later to be guests of Mrs. Leonard B. Litt at a dance at Hotel Benson.

Mrs. Cyrus D. Daph and Miss Daph have asked a few friends informally on Friday afternoon to greet Mrs. Eleanor Martin, of San Francisco, who will make a brief visit with them. Mrs. Martin has been at Hotel Portland since her arrival and is being entertained extensively by a number of old friends who are prominent in society in this city.

Miss Dorothea Wagner will leave today for the Wakner cottage "Waldheim," at Seaside, to pass the rest of the season. Mrs. Wagner and other members of the family already are in Seaside.

The Misses Bell and Ruth Shields passed the week-end in Salem as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Fry.

Dr. J. Edward Kane will leave July 15 for Chicago to study at the leading hospitals. He will return October 15. Mrs. Kane will accompany him.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Simon and family, now residents of New York City, will arrive on Saturday for a visit of two months. They will be domiciled at the Benson. Mr. Simon is the New York member of Fleischner, Mayer & Co. of this city.

The wedding of Miss Margaret M. Lentz and Frederick R. Behrends was solemnized at the bride's home Wednesday. Reverend Henry Marcotte officiated. Only the immediate families were present. After August 1 Mr. and Mrs. Behrends will be at home on Palatine Hill.

The ceremony was a simple affair. Mr. Behrends is a son of Mrs. Frances R. Behrends and he is a popular young attorney of this city. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. John N. Lentz, of 324 East Fourteenth street North. The wedding was a surprise to the friends of the young couple.

Mrs. Cornelia Haynes, president of the Peninsula Lavender Club, has called a special meeting for this afternoon at 2 o'clock at their rooms in Peninsula Park, to arrange for sewing for the soldiers and also to formulate plans for a picnic.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Carpenter will be honor guests for the informal dance to be given tonight in Laurelhurst Club by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shea.

At a simple and small ceremony yesterday at high noon, Mrs. Paye Davis became the bride of Borge Leonard, at the First Presbyterian Church. Rev. John H. Boyd officiated, and only a few of the most intimate friends of the couple were present. Mr. and Mrs.

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THE SANDMAN STORY

By Mrs. F. A. Walker

A Revised Version of Age.
I T is about time we were revising our ideas of age, revising them in many directions.

We have dropped conventions and traditions in regard to many things. But on the subject of age we are, to a large extent, several hundred years behind the times.

An elderly man said the other day, apropos of himself, "The old man is only in the way now." He is not helpless. He is a man of affairs, in reality an addition to any gathering he joins. But he felt that the generally accepted view toward those of his years was that they are "in the way"—that they are no longer of any use.

This is, to a large extent, true; especially from the viewpoint of the youthful mind. Young people do not, as a rule, have a very exalted idea of old people. They think their ideas antiquated, that they are slow, and generally, as this man said, "in the way." They do not want them about, either in their business or their play. If the

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which many a man and woman lets himself descend, as the years come upon him, adds a burden to the life of many a faithful son and daughter. So that a revision of our ideas of age on the part of all concerned might be well worth while.

SNAPSHOTS

By BARBARA BOYD

Ada's Stray Lambs—Part II.

EARLY the next morning Ada, after giving her father and mother breakfast, tramped down the mountain to the log cabin, which was a postoffice, store and blacksmith shop.

"Won't you please call up Mr. Beverly for me?" she said timidly. The postmaster glanced kindly at the barefooted, sunburned maid and wondered what this mountain wail wanted of the city millionaire.

"Well, tell him," gasped Ada, in a voice broken by sobs, "that Mr. Clarke up at the top of High Knob Mountain, in the clearest patch by the peach orchard, has two fine sheep he would like to sell. And that the best time for him to come would be about 3 this afternoon."

"That's all right," said the postmaster, dropping the phone. "He says he will be up to your house at 3 sharp. He is a crank about raising sheep, but most of these city men have more money than brains."

Ada went home sadly. Every mile seemed ten times as far as it ever had before. The two lambs met her at the gate and rubbed their white heads against her hands.

"Mother," she said, "I have decided to sell my lambs, and Mr. Beverly will be here this afternoon to look at them."

"It's hard on you, child," said the mother. "I know how you love them. But there seems nothing else to do."

Sadly Ada went about her work—the music was dead in her soul and her heart ached over her pets. Slowly the sun crept toward the west. Then there came up the road the sharp honk, honk of an automobile horn. It stopped at the foot of the steep, stony hill. In it was a lady, but on two fine horses rode a man and the handsome boy Ada had seen dancing at the hotel. The riders came dashing up the hill and took off their caps gracefully to the blushing mountain maid at the broken gate.

"I understand that you have two fine sheep for sale, miss," said Mr. Beverly. "I would like to see them. I brought over last fall from Ada a fine sheep, the only one of its kind in America, and expected to have a prize animal for the fair this summer. But she got lost in the mountains some months

ago and both she and her two lambs must have died of the cold. Ada's heart gave a leap of surprise. Her pets must be sheep which had wandered away from the Beverly estate. Then they were not here at all—they already belonged to this man. She had nothing even to sell, and at the thought she burst into tears.

"Oh, sir," she managed to sob, "the sheep I was going to sell you must be yours. I found the mother dead and lambs home in my shawl. I raised them on milk in a bottle. I love them so, but I was going to sell them to you because father and mother are both sick and we need the money. I raised them on milk in a bottle. I love them so, but I was going to sell them to you because father and mother are both sick and we need the money. I raised them on milk in a bottle. I love them so, but I was going to sell them to you because father and mother are both sick and we need the money."

With the visitors following, the girl led them to the back lot. There stood two big, fine, fat lambs with beautiful glossy, curly wool.

"They are the very identical sheep," exclaimed Mr. Beverly. "And the finest specimens I ever saw—worth a cool \$5000, each. Now, miss, don't you cry any more. You have not lost anything by a long shot. You have saved my prize lambs. And I will pay you for your trouble handsomely. Let me meet your parents."

So while Mr. Beverly went in to talk matters over with the father, Ada and Paul, which was the name of the boy, became friends. Presently Mr. Beverly came out smiling.

"I have just arranged satisfactorily with your father, Ada," he said, "to come over and take charge of my estate. I need a man to look after it while I am away—and a girl, too, to care for my sheep. I have a beautiful new cottage not far from my house; you will have a pony of your own and a garden all to yourself. I will expect you to keep an eye on my lambs for me. And as a present to yourself, I will leave this \$100 in your hand. You all are to move down to my place next week. By the way, I want you to keep these lambs right around the house with you like you did here; they are too valuable to go out into the fields alone."

It was a very happy family that night that gathered about the pine table to eat the cold cabbage and corn-bread by the light of the open fire. But Ada looked gladly at the two lambs asleep in the corner and thought, too, of how comfortable the invalid mother would be in the new cottage. Things went on finely after the Clarke's reached the Beverly estate. Mr. Beverly heard Ada sing and wondering at her voice, sent her for training in vocal music. In a few years Ada returned to find that with the consent of her parents she was the adopted daughter of Mr. Beverly. And all on account of the two lambs.

Fairview Folk Plan Entertainment.
GRESHAM, Or., July 12.—(Special.)—The women of the Fairview Methodist Church will give an entertainment in the City Hall, Saturday evening. They have the following programme:

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