

Social Events of Past Week

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.

Spending a fortnight with friends in the Sound cities. Mrs. W. H. Chambers, with her children, are spending the Summer at Salt Air, Long Beach. Miss Maude Hepburn and Mr. and Mrs. Nosker are spending their vacation at Wilhoit Springs. Mrs. A. F. Levy and Misses Salome and Helen Levy, of New York, are now in San Francisco. Mrs. McKinley Mitchell and son returned to Portland after staying at Wilhoit for two weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Neustadter and son, and Miss Stichel spent Sunday at Wilhoit, motoring from Portland. Mrs. Hicks C. Fenton and family returned yesterday from a three weeks' outing at Yaquina Bay. Vincent Monnier returned to Portland Wednesday after visiting his mother at Ocean Park. Mrs. Sarah Moore, with her daughter, Gladys, and Miss Mary D. Hay, are at the Moore Hotel, Seaside. Mrs. J. Shaughnessy and daughter, Lilian, and Miss Hannah Johnson left the city for Seaside. Mr. and Mrs. William Koehler have returned after staying three weeks in their cottage at Long Beach. Mrs. Charles Gaud and Mrs. W. T. Patten, of Seattle, have gone to Gearhart for a visit of a week. Miss Suzanne E. Haulenbeck has returned after several weeks with a party of friends at Shipperd's Springs. Dr. and Mrs. K. A. J. Mackenzie and children are expected home this morning after a Summer tour abroad. Mrs. Leonard Blakely and children, Dorothy, Alice and Charles Leonard, Jr., are at Yorkshir Cottage, Seaside. Miss Eda Levy, who was the guest of Mrs. A. Titzer at the "Tilacranian" cottage, Gearhart, has returned home. Mrs. Harry C. Allen, who has been spending some time with her sister in Baltimore, returned home yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sells have gone to San Francisco to attend the wedding of Miss Amy Sells to Joseph Goldsmith. Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. White (Maybelle Moreland) are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a baby girl. The home of Mr. and Mrs. James Chis, 469 Prescott street, was gladdened on Wednesday by the arrival of a baby girl. Mrs. Hayes and daughter, Chirpie, who have been the guests of Mrs. Penick at Center Beach, returned to Portland Tuesday. Mrs. M. Bagley has left for an extended visit to Vancouver, B. C., Banff and Lake Louise and will return via Spokane. Miss Elizabeth Sawyers is expected to return from her trip East about the first of the month. She is now in Indiana. Miss Daphne Pollard, who has many friends here, is now at the Summer home of a friend at Lincoln Beach, Seattle. The Misses Marce Belshaw and Alta Keyser returned from Sea View, where they were guests at the Holtkemper cottage. Messrs. Brackett, Cutting, Brown and Baruh, motored back to Portland Sunday evening after a few days' outing at Wilhoit. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hustrass, of Minneapolis, who are making a tour of the West, were guests at the Portland Hotel last week. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Patallo, and Mrs. James Nichol are at Banff. Mr. Nichol is expected to return from abroad in a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Cook left the first of last week for a sojourn of several weeks at Banff, Vancouver and Victoria, B. C. W. E. Kaiser, Dr. H. F. Leonard, Karl E. Madison, Mr. Burgan and son, left Saturday for a two weeks' outing on the Trask River. Mrs. A. Monnier and children, who have been spending the greater part of the Summer at Ocean Park have returned home. Miss Blanche Sorenson, of Omaha, will arrive in this city August 23 to be a guest of Mrs. Isaac Vandun for several weeks. Miss Christel Pratt left last week for a visit at her former home in Boston. Miss Pratt was one of the teachers at St. Helens Hall. Captain and Mrs. O. M. Wycklund, Miss Blanche Wycklund and guest, Miss Anna E. Rogers, returned from Fort Stevens last week. Captain and Mrs. J. M. Elliott and their party are expected to return in the Heather from their cruise to Alaska about September 1. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Wickersham are being showered with congratulations because of the birth of a son, who is now about two weeks old. Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Churchill, of Riverdale, with Mr. and Mrs. John Clair Montell as their guests, are spending the week-end at Rhododendron. Miss Elizabeth Stewart and her guest, Miss Marian Markham, of St. Louis, have returned from Seattle, where they have been much entertained. Major and Mrs. J. J. Morrow and General Butler, have returned from a five weeks' trip to Alaska and have taken rooms again at Alexander Court. Mrs. B. P. Weaver and her sister, Miss Margaret Rogers, have returned from a few weeks at Shipperd's Springs. Mrs. Weaver is going soon to Omaha. Miss Mary Mullin, of St. Paul, who has been visiting in Portland, left last week for Newport, where she will spend some time before returning East. Mr. and Mrs. George Cushman Dickey have returned to the Hill, having spent several weeks' Summers at Crescent Lake, Wash., and Puget Sound cities. J. O. Gillen, of the Gillen-Chambers Co., of this city, with Mrs. Gillen, will return this week, after having spent three weeks motoring through Southern Oregon. Dr. Katherine C. Manion has returned to the Hill, Northrup Place, having spent an enjoyable vacation in Yellowstone Park, Spokane and Walla Walla. Mrs. Harold Charters, of Eureka, has been spending the week at Vancouver Barracks. She will visit a week with her brother, Preston W. Smith and Mrs. Smith. Mrs. O. H. Pithian and her daughter, Miss Pauline, arrived at the Martha Washington, in New York, on Thursday, on their way home after a Summer abroad. Mrs. A. G. Kendall, of San Bernardino, Cal., accompanied by her daughter, Miss Kendall, is visiting her daughters, Mrs. Samuel Gordon Reed and Mrs. George S. Brackett. Mrs. Lulu Dahl Miller, with Mrs. C. M. Whitcomb, will leave Sunday morning on the steamer Bear for San Francisco. Mrs. Miller will return to Portland September 1. After an outing of several weeks at Necanicum Inn, Seaside, Mrs. Frank Lewis and her small children, Inge and Frank, Jr., have returned to their Irvington home. Mrs. A. M. Hawkins, of Spokane, who has been visiting with her mother, Mrs. H. H. Hill, at 120 North Twenty-second street, the past two months, left for her home last night. Mrs. Marion P. Maus, wife of General Maus, now stationed at Vancouver Barracks, and her mother, Mrs. Poor, of Washington, D. C., who have been guests at the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco,

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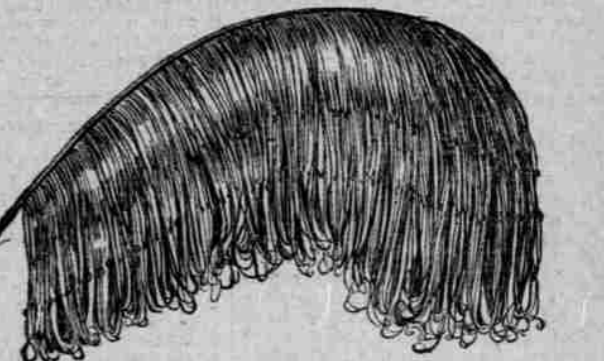
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THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTION EVER OFFERED IN PORTLAND

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Every Willow Plume Guaranteed Hand Tied

- 14-inch Black and White Willow Plumes, hand tied. Special, this week \$4.65 at...
16-inch length Black and White Willow Plumes, hand tied. Special, \$6.75 this sale...
17-inch length Black and White Willow Plumes, hand tied. Special, \$9.95 this sale...
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24-inch length Black and White Willow Plumes, hand tied. Special, \$19.75 this sale...
22-inch length Colored-Shaded Willow Plumes, all new shadings. \$12.50 Extra special...
27-inch length hand-knotted Willow Bands, black, white and \$12.50 black and white, only...

The Wonder Big Extra Special for This Week

WILLOW and OSTRICH PLUMES

Corner of Morrison and First Streets—the Largest Exclusive Millinery House in the City

Ask to See Our Extra Black French Plume, \$5

The Biggest Value Ever Offered for the Money—This Week Only

Cluster Ostrich, in plain and shaded effects, pompon and standing with cluster of aigrettes, at \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

See our new Imported Novelty in Wings and Fancy Feathers, all special priced for this week.



Every French Plume Guaranteed Best Lyons Dye

- 16-inch length French Plumes, black and white, Lyons dye. Special, \$2.95 this sale...
17-inch length French Plumes, black and white. Special for this sale \$3.45 at...
19-inch length French Plumes, black and white. Special for this \$4.50 sale...
20-inch length French Plumes, full glossy heads, wide flue. Special, this \$5.45 sale...
21-inch length very heavy French Plumes, black and white. Special, \$7.45 this sale...
22-inch length French Plumes, black and white; extra value. Special, \$8.45 this sale...
23-inch length French Plumes, black only, selected stock. Special, \$9.75 this sale...
16-inch Black French Plumes, 3 plumes to each box. This sale, for \$4.15 the box, only...

The Wonder Millinery Corner Morrison and First Streets

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE PREACHED THE GOSPEL OF FRESH AIR

Sidelights on the Personality of the Great Queen of Nurses, the Angel of the Trenches, Who Enshrined Herself in the Hearts of Men.

By LOUISE A'HUNTY NASH. Florence Nightingale's first birthday a squad of men from a Highland regiment, many of whom she had nursed back to health at Scutari, were invited by their commanding officer to visit a sculptor's studio. While wondering what they should have been brought there for, the sculptor suddenly uncovered a bust. The men broke ranks with one impulse, shouting, "Miss Nightingale! Miss Nightingale!" With hats off, they surrounded the model, cheering the figure of their "Angel of the Trenches" until the roof rang. When the Crimean war was over, she had called into play her tender sympathies and her practical abilities, there was a meeting of officers, naval and military. It was proposed that each should write on a slip of paper the name that would be most likely to go down to posterity. On every slip was written "Florence Nightingale." The verdict of her old friends and patients has come true. History tells the sad tale of ignorance and carelessness in providing for the sick and wounded in the Crimean war, together with conditions that to retain health was impossible. In short, sickness carried off more lives than those sacrificed in battle. The water supply was polluted and cholera rife. Improvements were visible immediately after the arrival of Miss Nightingale and her 38 nurses. The old red tape regime was overcome. "Each day," a Scutari letter says, "brings a new combination of misery to be unraveled in the Sisters' town. She has been known to stand 20 hours on the arrival of the sick, giving directions for them or assisting at painful operations. "Quickly the sanitary changes were brought about, and the mortality gradually diminished until the average death rate was reached. This ultimate became less than among vigorous troops at home. On coming out, she had run the gauntlet of the most strait-laced physicians in the world who fought the idea of woman leadership. But Miss Nightingale's sweet and gentle manner persuaded them, while later her indomitable will power compelled them. She never saved herself. There were six miles of road walking at night. Little wonder that there was not time for a word for each cot. "No matter," the sick men would say, "the shadow of her passing by, with her little lamp, is comfort enough." And the young soldier would kiss that shadow on the pillow as she passed. "Before she came here," one of them wrote, "there was such cursing and swearing, and after that it was as holy as a church." Such was the way they looked upon their "Angel of the Trenches."

Very rare one, —the sect of the Good Samaritan — his reply. Miss Nightingale was certainly an early teacher of the Fresh Air gospel. She nursed many a poor soldier back to life when apparently dying of smallpox in the little open green shanties of the Crimea. Fresh air she never ceased preaching through her long life. When peace reigned once more between the belligerent powers, that such an ardent worker should break down, was no wonder. After some months of rest she took up the threads of her beautiful life-work again. A grateful country had presented her with a gift of \$250,000. But for herself, she could not accept it, but devoted it to the founding of a training home for nurses at St. Thomas' and King's Cross hospitals. A governess' home, likewise claimed her help, "the blushing poor," as called in a Spanish proverb. Miss Nightingale was regarded universally as the authority on military nursing. Her advice was sought by our American doctors of the Civil War and the French and German physicians of 1870. Truly prophetic were these words regarding her mission: "That she would multiply good to all time!" Today the Red Cross Society is working in the steps that she first tracked. Many valuable books have been penned by her, her "Notes on Nursing" above all. I have never ceased to regret that I just missed seeing Florence Nightingale when visiting some cousins of hers near our village home in Kent. She had come down for a day or so, and tired out by her journey, she was resting in her room. It was where the woods of Keston looked down upon the house—the oaks, under which Pitt and Wilberforce sat and talked when a compact was made between them for the emancipation of the West Indian slaves. Late in life her home was with her sister in Buckinghamshire. Here she devoted herself to the rural population, who need so much instruction in matters that pertain to common personal health. In fact, now she had come to a conclusion that the art of keeping health as a

sacred treasure is, after all, a more valuable one than sick-nursing. "This is the art of health, which every mother, girl, teacher—every woman ought practically to learn. She is every to know it by instinct like a bird. So everything comes before health-knowledge. This art has only lately been discovered—health-nursing we might call it." In the latest portrait of Miss Nightingale, one sees the same earnest face, grown much fuller with the years that have imprinted their character, or rather, her character, lines upon the firmly set mouth. Some kind of drapery, like a Russian "bashlik" is on her head, loosely knotted under her chin, and a flowing "bermou" over her shoulders. Although too weak for any exertion, she retained her powers of mind and her warm heart sympathies all along. During the time when she received her friends on her bed, she asked a nursing deaconess sitting by her, "Have you been always happy these 30 years?" "Always" seemed such a long word that she could not say yes or no; so she replied, "If I had to live my life over again, and it were ten times as long, I would always wish to serve the Lord as a deaconess." Then she said, "Thank God, O, thank God. It is a blessed life when we can live it for others!" In medieval history there was Joan of Arc, who saw her visions, suffered herself to be led by them, and became the savior of her country. For over half a century Florence Nightingale has been enshrined in the hearts of men and women, and possibly by the new order that she brought in. She has been one of the greatest saviors the human race ever had. Opportunity placed her on the pinnacle of a people's love and a world's admiration; she had fitted herself for this opportunity. What she has said of herself is, "All I have done is to work hard!" An audible fog signal for railroads, the invention of a retired Dutch naval officer, applied to cars, had and became automatic whenever a train entered a block in which there is another train.