

Society



Mrs. Z. Swett, Largely Responsible For Success of Art Shop, Russian Booth, Allied Bazaar



Miss Grace Campbell, Also An Active Worker In Souvenir Booth

Mrs. R. W. Blackwood, In Costume Worn At Souvenir Booth, Allied Bazaar

(Continued from Page 5.)

to their friends in Vancouver after January 1.

Stocker-Sheldon.
The wedding of Miss Madeline Estelle Sheldon and Sergeant Randolph C. Stocker, solemnized on December 8, came as a complete surprise to their many friends. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. H. C. DeYoung, at 554 Prescott street, Rev. W. C. Kantner, of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, officiating. Only relatives with a few close friends were in attendance.

The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Sheldon of this city, is a talented musician and is prominent in musical circles. She is somewhat of a pianist, formerly from Billings, Mont., where he was engaged in stock-raising. He is a graduate of the Billings Polytechnical School and later had two years' training at the Roller School at Fort Defiance, Va., which is under military discipline. Mr. Stocker expects to leave very soon for an Eastern camp, where Mrs. Stocker will join him later. She will remain with him until his departure for France.

Say-Porter.
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bradley Say were married in Eugene Friday night by Rev. George H. Parkinson in the Methodist Church of that city. They are well-known University of Oregon students.

Mrs. Say, who was Miss Lillian Porter, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Porter, of this city, and a sister of Victor L. Porter, now in France with the 18th Engineers. She is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta and of Theta Sigma Phi, the women's journalism fraternity. The young people were sophomores in the university last year.

Mr. Say held the position of city editor on the Eugene Daily Guard previous to his enlistment in the Oregon Coast Artillery now stationed at Fort Stevens. He is the son of N. O. Say, of Sherwood, Or.

Mrs. Say will continue a business course and reside with her parents while her husband is in the service of his country.

Windell-Gillfillan.
Miss Frances Helen Gillfillan and Homer Clarence Windell were married Saturday night in the study of the First Presbyterian Church by Rev. Mr. Johnson. The bride is a daughter of Mr.

and Mrs. R. H. Gillfillan, of Grants Pass, and the bridegroom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Windell, Mr. Windell, Sr., is a well-known mining engineer in the engineering department of the Columbia River Shipbuilding Corporation.

The bride wore a gown of midnight blue broadcloth with mole fur trimming, and a large black velvet hat, also trimmed with mole. Mrs. Frank W. Simmons, a sister of the bridegroom, acted as matron of honor, wearing a gown of blue Georgette crepe and lace. D. H. Hotchkiss, of Seattle, acted as best man.

Only close friends and relatives were present at the ceremony, which was followed by a wedding banquet at the Oregon Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Windell will be at home at the Berkeley Apartments, 33 Trinity place.

Weisenborn-MacDonald.
A pretty wedding at which Miss Kathryn B. MacDonald became the bride of Edward Weisenborn was solemnized Thursday morning at St. Stephens Church. The bride was attired in a beautiful gown of blue satin and carried a bouquet of white roses.

The maid-of-honor was Miss Ingrid Simonson and Ernest W. Stauba was best man.

Snow-Sittel.
Miss Elsa Louise Sittel became the bride of Corporal Robert H. Snow, Fourth United States Engineers, Rev. W. B. Hinson, of the Second Baptist Church, officiating. The wedding took place Saturday, October 8. It was a surprise to all their relatives and friends. Corporal Snow expects to leave soon for active service.

ENGAGEMENTS.
The engagement of Miss Claire Habekost to Joseph DeBoest was announced last week. Miss Habekost is visiting friends in Bend for the winter, and her fiancé has enlisted in the Navy. He is a well-known member of the Portland Rowing Club and the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club.

Plans for the wedding are indefinite, and depend upon Mr. DeBoest's order from the Navy.

SOCIETY PERSONALS.

Mr. and Mrs. Rupert P. Snake left last week for their new home in Seattle.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Portland are Judge and Mrs. J. L. Crawford and three children, of Edmonds, Wash. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Erickson, of 488 East Twenty-fourth street, are being home on the arrival of a baby boy, born Monday, November 5.

A baby daughter arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Hayden, Earlton Apartments, Wednesday, December 5. She will be named Leola Enid.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brandy, who came from the East several days ago and stopped at the Multnomah Hotel, are en route to Shalimar, China.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Storey, of Seattle, the former being a prominent business man of the Sound City, spent the week in town at the Multnomah Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Saunders, of Houston, Tex., left for Southern California, Texas, Florida, and the East, and upon their return they will make their home in Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Wieden and daughter, Hazel, returned to their home last week after spending the Summer and Fall months at their orchard home in Hood River, Or.

Maurice Roucher, the noted lecturer, recently of Paris, spent several days in Portland at the Multnomah Hotel last week. He gave a lecture at the Little Theatre during the afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Rossman (Eather Erickson) have returned from their wedding trip, which took them to New York, New Jersey, and Washington, D. C. Rossman took a special course in dentistry at Columbia University.

Mrs. Verne N. Walton, wife of Lieutenant Walton, of the Eighth Company Oregon Coast Artillery, Fort Stevens, has returned to the fort after a delightful visit in Portland where she was extensively entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Blauvelt left last Wednesday for a trip East for the holidays. They will visit New York, Washington, and Kansas City, returning about January 8. Captain W. H. Blauvelt, U. S. A., is a brother of Mr. Blauvelt and is now recruiting officer at Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Mitchell have arrived here from Wauna to pass the winter and are domiciled at the Portland. Mr. Mitchell is in charge of the Government manufacture of airplanes at Vancouver. Others are Lieutenant Mrs. Cecil E. Lovejoy, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. and Mrs. D. Steward, maid and three children, of Bowman, N. D.

Public Library Notes.

FROM Newark, N. J., comes a powerful arraignment of "modern school" theorists who view Latin as "dead wood," to be thrown out of the present-day curriculum.

"Why Study Latin" is the theme of an exhibit prepared by the Newark Public Library and loaned to the Portland Library Association, which has arranged the display of pictures, charts, maps and other data composing the exhibit in the rotunda of the Central Library, on the second floor, near the circulation department.

The argument, the evidence and the proofs are all there, showing the "Relation of Latin to Practical Life," a subject discussed with some warmth in New York and its vicinity about the time this exhibit was prepared. Caesar's arrival on the coast of Britain, a Roman camp, a triumphal procession passing under a victor's arch, a huge amphitheater with gladiatorial combats and other sports of the time, in the great arena, Palatine Hill, a Roman wall, the Senate, some temples, a Roman house, shown in exterior and interior aspects—all in color—give the "atmosphere" of the days when Latin flourished as a living language, while a map of ancient Rome and pictures of some great Romans give the touch of reality.

The statement is made that Latin is not really a dead language—only changed in name, as it still lives in the speech of Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Sicily and Roumania, of which it forms the foundation.

A bibliography is given of articles in leading periodicals and books "for" and "against" the study of Latin. Of "Discipline versus Disillusion" by Dr. Paul Sporey, the classical scholar, an argument favoring the study of Latin, and "Dead Language Superstition" an article opposed to it, are representative.

Some of the points made are: Latin helps one to see clearly the meaning of familiar English words, such as tent, fine, secretary, trivial, etc.

The English language contains many Latin words in their original form, unchanged since Roman times, viz.: Consul, Honor, actor, etc.

Nines of inventions come from Greek or Latin roots, thus adding new words to the English language, as locomotive, incubator, dirigible.

Latin helps one to understand and understand abbreviations, for instance, A. D., I. e., et al., etc.

Latin is the centering literary English, mythological allusions, everyday phrases, the sciences, botany, zoology, medicine, also in law, music and art.

That today's problems were once "live questions" in Rome is another blow to the argument of its lack of modernity, for, "election of candidates by direct vote of the people, suffrage, capital punishment, government, or public utilities, and eugenics, are cited.

We still express many ideas in terms of Greek and Roman thought.

"Patronize home industry is as good a slogan for reading matter as any other thing else. The "Home Products week" has made us give a thought to home publications, and we find, somewhat to our surprise, that Portland's periodicals constitute a list too long to publish in this column. But a few titles selected will show the versatility of Portland as a publisher. Choosing the broad field of agriculture as an example, we find we have on file in the periodical room the following products of this line: Farmer, The Oregon Grange Bulletin, The Western Farmer.

Among others in the library (these to be found in the business and educational department) are The Republican Radiator, whose motto is "Bigger, Better, Buiser Portland"; The Spotlight, published by the Portland Marine News, The Timberman, The Oregon Country, The Northwest Insurance News, Journal of the Oregon Society of Engineers, The Commercial, The Shipyard, and the Journal devoted to the grain and milling trade of the Pacific Coast; and last, but not least, The Shipyard, a well-known publication since 1887.

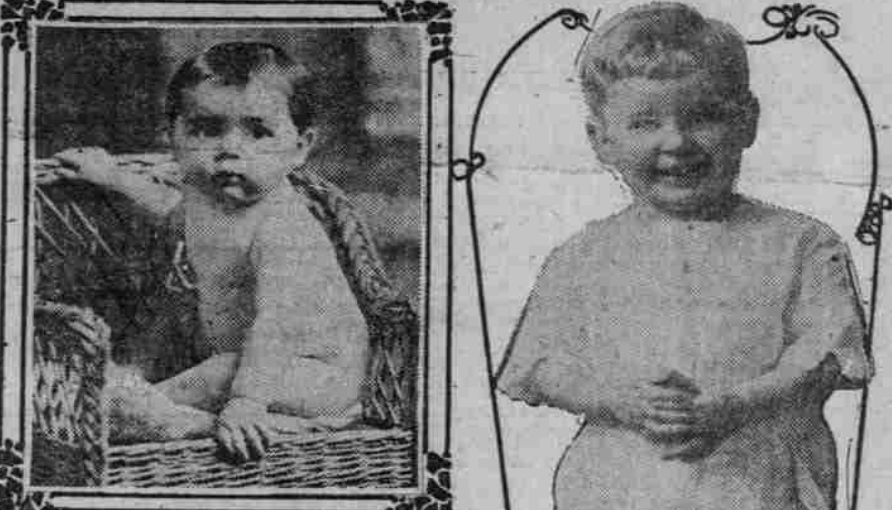
Anyone willing to pay for the following aviation magazines will confer a great favor by communicating with the business and technical department of the Library, Room 211, Multnomah Building, January, November and December, 1917; Aerial Age Weekly, August 16, 1915, and August 20, 1917; Flying, February, October, December, 1915. These numbers are out of print and can not be obtained from back-number dealers.

George Clemenceau, France's new Prime Minister, is called the "Farnch Roosevelt."

HAPPY, HEALTHY BABIES MAKE HIGH SCORES IN EUGENICS TEST.



Gladys M. Smith, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Smith of Tillamook, 99%



Stanley Gordon Jewett Jr., 100%



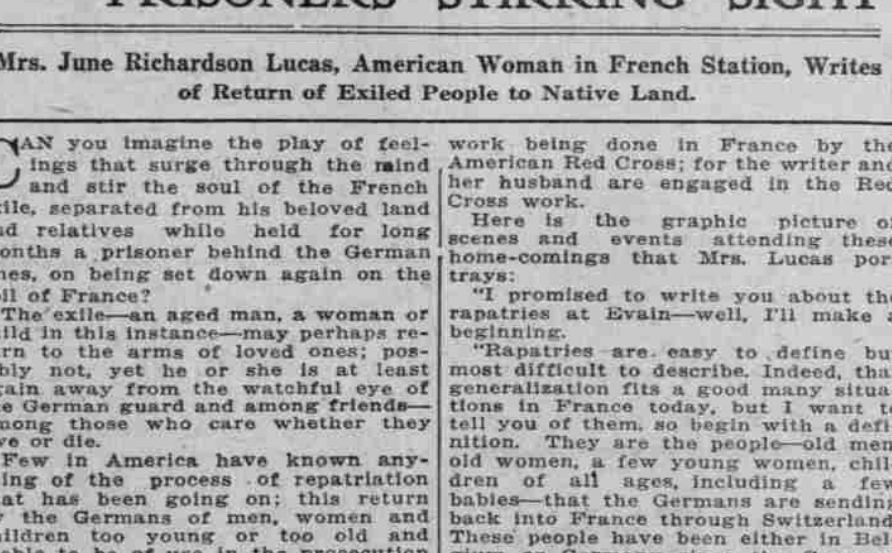
Robert Denhart Powell, Son of Mr. and Mrs. Burns Powell, 99 1/2% BUNNELL-PAWTS



Evelyn Marie Smith, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Smith, 99% BUNNELL-PAWTS



Harry Woodrow Harlow of Hood River, 100% BUNNELL-PAWTS



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HOME-COMING OF FRENCH WAR PRISONERS STIRRING SIGHT

Mrs. June Richardson Lucas, American Woman in French Station, Writes of Return of Exiled People to Native Land.

Can you imagine the play of feelings that surge through the mind and stir the soul of the French exile, separated from his beloved land and relatives while held for long months a prisoner behind the German lines, on being set down again on the soil of France?

The exile—an aged man, a woman or child in this instance—may perhaps return to the arms of loved ones; possibly not, but he or she is at least again away from the watchful eye of the German guard and among friends—among those who care whether they live or die.

Few in America have known anything of the process of repatriation that has been going on; this return by the Germans of men, women and children too young or too old and feeble to be of use in the prosecution of war and war preparations.

American Women Writes.
Portland friends have received through mutual friends a series of letters, written by Mrs. June Richardson Lucas, a charming and talented American woman who is with her husband at the little French station, on the border of Switzerland, where these returning exiles are received. The letter gives a remarkable picture of the home-coming of these people and they show, as well, one little phase of the

convoys to the assigned destinations in the interior of France.

"The little station at Evain gives you a picture—no, a realization of what war means to the civil population—that a devastated village fails to give. The arrival of the train is most dramatic. It comes slowly into view and the crowd of rapatriees on the platform begin to cheer, and those in the train crowd the windows and shout and wave their hands, calling, 'Vive la France! Vive la France!'

"The doors of the train are quickly opened by nurses, ambulance men, government aides and members of the local committees who are helping, and the train is soon emptied of those women with their precious bundles as so cheerful it breaks your heart. They try to smile and look ready for the new demands. The old men seem the most depressed. There is a finality about it all for them that you never forget. The children are dirty and tired, but excited and eager to see what is going to happen next. The sick and the feeble are taken to the ambulance in wheeled chairs and on stretchers, and our American Red Cross men have a way with them that helps so much with these weary people. They put them into the ambulances, or use a big bus for the smallest kiddies, and off they go down the winding street to the Casino. The rest of the crowd walk down.

France Welcomes Returning People.
"The sunset trainload gets a wonderful welcome from their beloved France, the great splashes of pink of the soft sky, the distant hills, deep and green, the blue waters of the lake below reflecting all the glory of the sunset—and they feel it. A sweet-faced sister said to me as we came down in the ambulance: 'Oh, it is so beautiful—my France must be saved!'

At the Casino the weary people find the big room full of light, and the color of the flags everywhere helps to make them realize that they are at home at last. The hot meal is ready for them and they quickly take their places, and very soon the warmth and kindness of it all reaches their tired hearts, and they begin to smile and talk to each other, or to you.

After a little the band, made up of rapatriees who are detailed in Evain to help, begins to play some gay, stirring French air. The children laugh and sing, but the older ones can not bear it and you see many tears. Then the prefect of the district speaks to them in stirring, friendly fashion, welcoming them to their country once more, and with all the tenderness of the French language speaks of their sufferings, of the sufferings of France, of the bravery of the soldiers, of the final victory of France. 'Vive la France!' he shouts in closing, and those homeless people respond with a cheer that blinds and chokes you. You wonder how they can, and yet you see that they must. It begins to rain, and the music on the playing of the 'Marseillaise' they can not sing. At first it sounds like one great sob from a broken people, but the ringing 'Marchons, Marchons' becomes a cry of victory.

Balcony Interesting Place.
The balcony above is a most interesting place. It is the children's place. While the older people pass into the big room adjoining, to go through the long, careful process of registering, the little ones are taken up to the balcony, checked, and left there to be washed, brushed and amused. There are many tears at first; they fear to be separated from their mothers, but the nurses are so friendly and so kind and the boxes of glistening toys on a toy table, quite convenient for small fingers, are so tempting that the battle is soon won. There are rows of little mattresses on the top of the balcony that have clean pads and fresh pillows where sleepy or tired children can rest. But it is too exciting for most of them.

The balcony is rather a critical spot in the whole care, for here is the grave danger of contagion most evident—the skin lesions, the dirty heads, the vermin in their clothes. It is here the American Red Cross will begin to help by co-operating with the dispensary just under the balcony, in greater care in selection of the children and cleaner methods of handling them than have been possible to obtain in the hurry of this daily rush of caring for 1000 people.

Registration Carefully Done.
The registration is so carefully done and so important you must know about it. The big circular desk at which some 200 government clerks sit is arranged alphabetically and the people pass along in line. Each rapatriee is talked with carefully and kindly, and many stories are listened to. This registration bureau is also in receipt of many inquiries from relatives and friends who are making every effort to get in touch with their own people who come through, and each rapatriee's name is instantly referred to that section of the registration. You may see the letter or telegram delivered to a sweet-faced woman or a trembling old man that tells them they are claimed by one who knows them and cares. You find yourself longing so for more letters and telegrams than there are. You cannot bear the disappointed look, the sort of dumb resignation that is in many faces.

After their registration they pass on to another room and there they are assigned to their lodgings for the night. The dispensary sends the sick men, women and children to the different hospitals, and here is where help is needed. The American Red Cross has opened an acute hospital of 60 beds for children.

Workers Work Late.
The Casino slowly empties; the volunteer workers fall to and clean the great room, and the morning tables are laid, and it is long after midnight when the last worker goes. The little village quiets down.

It was a wonderful night as I walked back to our hotel des Quatre Saisons and stood for a while looking across at the convent cloister. As I watched the moonlight in the shadowy courtyard the figure of a sister stepped quickly out into the light of the street and went hurriedly away into the night. I waited. In a few minutes the sister came back with a priest. He limped badly and they could not walk so fast. They disappeared under the low archway in a few minutes I saw a light in the room above the gate. The old priest came close to the window and knelt in the full light of the lamp, his hands before him with the rosary held high. I knew he was kneeling at the foot of a bed; I could see his white cover. The little Mother Superior I had seen earlier stood near with her hand over her eyes. I could not see the dying rapatriee, but I know that he was there. His last hour can give was being offered. It was long before the room was darkened again; then the old priest came slowly out and stood down the winding street in the moonlight, his shadow seeming that of a giant against the convent wall.

Pig Clubs in Douglas Proposed.
ROSEBURG, Or., Dec. 15.—(Special.)—L. J. Allen, of Oregon Agricultural College, state leader of the Pig Club work, O. C. Brown, County School Superintendent, and C. J. Hurd, county agriculturist, are forming plans for the county campaign. The club members will be assisted in getting pure bred pigs at a reasonable price from the local breeders. Each member will keep a careful record of his work and a number of valuable prizes will be offered. It is expected that several hundred boys and girls will enter the work, and their slogan will be "grow corn to feed pigs to feed our soldiers."