SECTION FIVE
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The Sunday Oregonian.

Women's Section
Special Features

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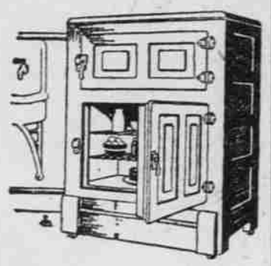

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With the Intelligent Use of the

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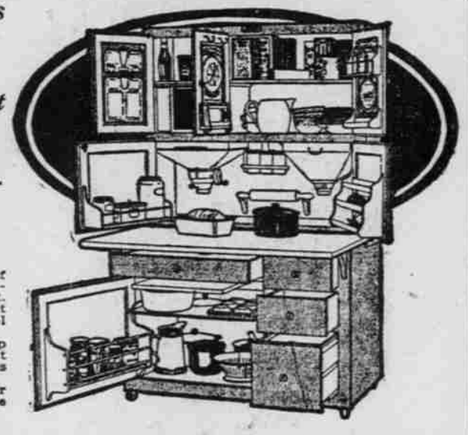

you can do your work in half the time you must take without this labor-saving cabinet. Think of the daily recess it will give you to spend in cool comfort.

Hoosier's Sliding Table Top is your work space. Around it at convenient points are places for 400 articles.

In 40 ways the Hoosier saves you work. Don't be without it a day longer.

$1.00 a Week Brings the HOOSIER Within Reach

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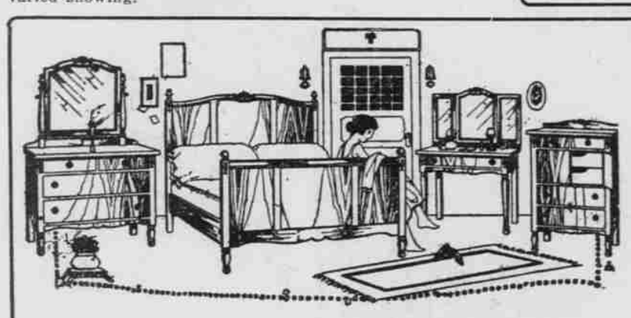

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gives you choice of new Bordered Voiles and Scrims of excellent quality, with hemstitched borders of blue, pink, green and brown.

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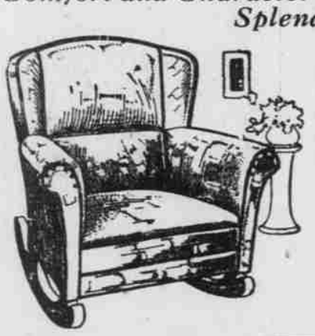
LIBRARY TABLE SCARFS in velour, tapestry, damask and brocade.

Comfort and Character Are Evident in This Splendid



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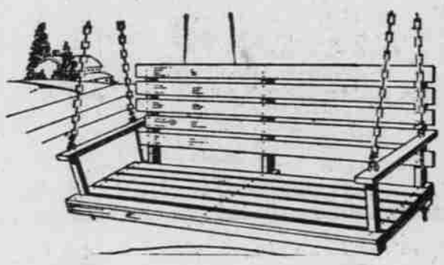
A Very Unusual Offering at the SPECIAL

$3.95



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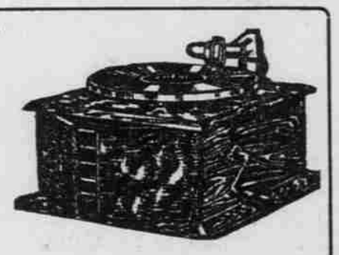

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GO-CARTS AND BABY CARRIAGES

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The New A-B Sanitary Combination GAS RANGE Is a Marvel of Completeness and Convenience. Come in and See It.

POWERS

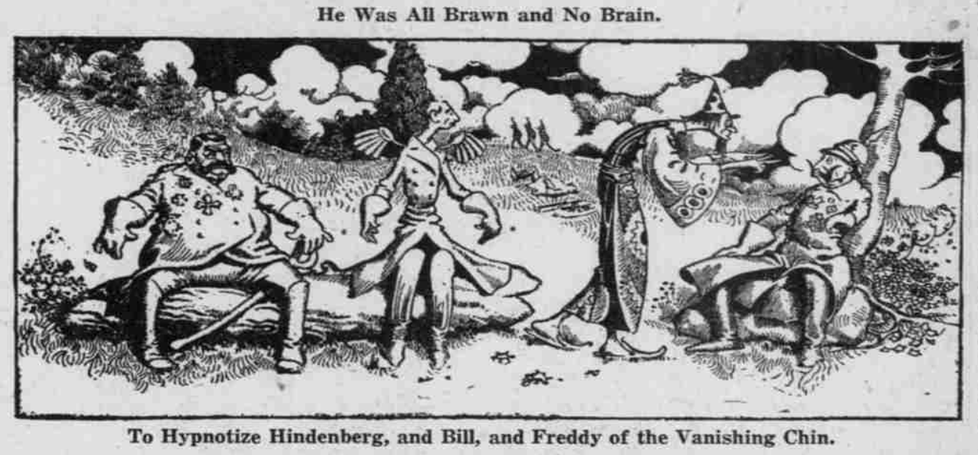
QUALITY FIRST — USE YOUR CREDIT — THIRD & YAMHILL.

AT THE HOUSEBOAT ON THE STYX

A HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) Reported by Wireless to John Kendrick Bangs.

He Was All Brawn and No Brain.



To Hypnotize Hindenberg, and Bill, and Freddy of the Vanishing Chin.

"MORNING, CAG," said Diogenes, as he encountered Cagliostro, the famous hypnotist, mind-reader and sorcerer, in the reading-room of the Houseboat on the Styx. "How's business?"

"Not what it used to be, Diogenes," said Cagliostro with a mournful shake of the head. "Hades is too practical to have any confidence in fellows like myself. If I could only get back to earth again and set up in business at the old stand I'd be worth a billion dollars a day to the cause of civilization right now. I've been trying for six long weary weeks to get old Father Plute to let me go back for a year, but he won't even listen to me."

"Well, I don't wonder much at that," said Diogenes. "Pluto doesn't go much on civilization, and between you and me I have a hunch that the whole royal family of hades is secretly pro-German, anyhow. Blood is thicker than sulphur, and between civilization and selfishness civilization is not Plute's long suit. Besides, I suppose he realizes that if he let you go back he'd have to let others go as well. I understand Napoleon has been after him for a permit for over a year. Boney wants to take a shy at Bill."

"Napoleon would better stay right where he is," said Cagliostro, "if he wants to keep his laurels out of pickle. He wouldn't be a two-spot in this modern game of war. There was some go about Boney, and this is a war of set. Boney used to get his brass band together and go out and let the enemy get at least a birdseye view of him once in a while, but you can't get even a snap-shot of any of these generalissimoles that are conducting this subway contract Bill is trying to pull off. Of course if you could coax Bill, or Chinless Freddy, or old Von Blitzenmug out of his dugout into a fair open fight there'd be a lot of Dutch sausage meat on the market within 24 hours, but that isn't their game. Bill has no ambition to be Imperious Caesar dead and turned to hash, and Boney's style of fighting would give him nervous prostration. Bill gets up in the morning, and says to the gold pretzel-in-waiting, 'Fritzy, old Top, me undt Gott feel like a run out to the front this morning. Get out my bomb-proof camouflage, and tell Field Marshal von Goggenbootz to order out a million Austrians for an escort, with a couple of thousand Belgian women and children as an advance guard to draw the enemy's fire. Phone my new chauffeur, Emperor Charles, to be at the door with my flivver de luxe at 9:30 sharp, and we'll proceed to expose our sacred person to the perils of war.' 'Sure, your magnificence,' says Fritzy, 'but for the sake of the universe let me beg your imperial preponderance to keep the anointed pate below the sky-line.' 'Have no fear for me, my faithful Fritzy,' returns Bill, pinning a couple of iron crosses on the pretzel's shirt front. 'I bear a charmed life. A man who has lived in the company by which I have been surrounded for more than half a century would be safe in a den of rattlesnakes. Besides, Fritzy, Hindenberg write me that the last 200 miles of the journey are through a concrete tunnel 800 feet under ground, so we should worry.' Then Bill gets to the front, and there he goes down a shaft sunk 2000 feet below sea level and looks at the war through a periscope and listens to it through a telephone, wearing a gas mask as a safeguard against a possible interview with chinless Freddy. That's the Boche style of warfare, Diogenes, and Boney couldn't beat it with his old-fashioned slap-dash-bang-on-to-victory kind of fighting. Artillery is good. Bombs are good. Sharp-shooting is good, and personal bravery is good. They all have their values, but if Boney wanted a real personal shy at Bill he'd need an artesian well outfit and a corkscrew to get him out where he could hit him."

"I am afraid you are right, Cag," said Diogenes, "and in my judgment it isn't the least of the Hun's crimes that he has built up a system of warfare that is not based upon a valorous acceptance of the perils of a clean, open fight, but a cowardly evasion of a man's obligation to meet his enemy face to face. If the Hun wins, the lion as a symbol of power will have to yield up his throne to a triumvirate comprising the fox, the mole and the polecat. But I can't see, Cag, why you think you'd be successful where Boney would fail."

"You don't realize the full value of my special talents," said Cagliostro.

"Oh, yes, I do, Caggy, old boy," returned Diogenes. "I have frequently marveled at them. As a magician you are a wonder. I think your little trick at Cleopatra's garden party the other day when you dropped those three eggs into Shylock's hat and on turning it upside-down shook $10,000 worth of liberty bonds into our hostess' lap was perfectly stunning."

"Yes, it was good," laughed Cagliostro, "but it was terribly rough on Shylock. They were his bonds and Cleopatra had 'em spent before 10 o'clock the next morning."

"So I heard," grinned Diogenes. "But after all, Cag, while that sort of thing might amuse the boys in the trenches it wouldn't win the war."

"Perfectly true," said Cagliostro, "but please don't forget that I am something more than a mere magician. I'm a mind reader and a hypnotist as well."

"I had heard so," said Diogenes, "but I have never seen any proof of it. You don't really claim that you can read a man's mind, do you?"

"Sure I can," said Cagliostro, "and I'll prove it to you any time you please."

"No time like the present," laughed Diogenes. "Suppose you read mine now and here. What am I thinking about at this very moment?"

The philosopher gazed steadily into the eye of the sorcerer.

"That's too easy, Di," chuckled Cagliostro. "It's like stealing birdseed from a caged canary. You're thinking I can't do it. That's all."

"By Zeus, you're right!" said Diogenes. "But that might be a happy guess. Try again. What am I thinking now?"

"You are not really thinking," said Cagliostro. "You are merely trying to think of something to think that you think I can't read. How about it?"

"I can't deny it," said Diogenes. "You're right again—but let's have just one more trial. What am I thinking now?"

"You're beginning to think there's something in my talent," returned Cagliostro. "Am I right?"

"You certainly are," said Diogenes. "You've struck it right three times running, but after all it may be nothing more in this case than an association of ideas. Let's try it on some of these chaps in the reading room. There's Samson over there. Can you read his mind?"

"No," said Cagliostro, "but there is a very excellent reason for that. Samson hasn't got any mind to read. He's all brawn and no brain. The results of that hair-cut showed that all Samson's strength was outside, not inside of his head. If he had had a mind he never would have chosen the jawbone of an ass to fight 10,000 Philistines with. His mind would have led him to retreat under those circumstances and chew the rag at the quartermaster's department on the score of unpreparedness. If he had been capable of thought he'd never have pulled the temple down on top of himself just to get rid of his enemies. He's a nice old bruiser, Samson is, but intellectually he is third cousin to the ox, with the emptiness of ages in his cerebellum."

"Well, how about Ananias over there?" suggested Diogenes.

"He's thinking of his lost laurels," said Cagliostro, after a minute of intense concentration upon Ananias. "He is silently bemoaning the fact that since 1914 he who had been for centuries the supreme symbol of Mendacity, the Grand Llama, as it were, of Liars, has now been thrust back into the fifteenth class of common-garden Pikers on the Path of Paltry Prevarication. He is also wondering why he was struck by lightning for telling a comparatively insignificant whopper, and the Hun at Potsdam, with his daily budget of assorted fabrications, hasn't even been caught out in a shower for four long years."

"Now for the proof," said Diogenes, strolling over to where Ananias sat gazing gloomily out of the window. "Ananias," he added, addressing the unfortunate man, "what are you thinking about so deeply?"

"Who—me? I?" replied Ananias, emerging with a start from his revery. "Why—er—I was thinking that I—er—that I—er—preferred maple syrup to squills on buckwheat cakes."

"Ah!" cried Diogenes triumphantly. "I got you that time, Cag. You fell down on Ananias, all right."

"Not at all," retorted Cagliostro, calmly. "On the contrary, Ananias's answer is pretty sure proof that I was right. The old man is such an unmitigated specimen of his kind that he couldn't tell the truth if he tried. If he had told you he was thinking what I said he was I should have known I was wrong."

Diogenes scratched his head as one baffled again.

"Well," he said, "you're plausible enough, Cag, and nobody can deny the inexorable quality of your logic, but somehow or other I am not yet convinced. Try it on Romeo over there and see how it works. What's he thinking about?"

"Juliet," laughed Cagliostro, "but that's too easy, Di. Romeo never thinks of anything else. When a man gets to a point in life where his greatest ambition is to be a glove upon a lady's hand you can bet on it that he has got only one idea in his mind, and can't possibly think beyond that. If Romeo had been capable of thinking beyond that he'd have realized that one glove always presupposes another glove, and he wouldn't have been satisfied to be only one of them, eternally jealous of the other."

"I see you've got this thing down to a scientific basis, Caggy," said Diogenes, completely bewildered by the clearness of Cagliostro's reasoning, "and I see now why they call you a wizard—but just on a chance come back to me again. Am I thinking anything now?"

"No," said Cagliostro, "you are just worrying for fear there may be some science in me after all. For a clincher let's take a real case. Here Comes Socrates. We'll tackle the old boy and see how it works on him. Morning, Soc."

"Morning, Cag," replied the Sage. "How's everything with you today?"

"Fine and dandy," said Cagliostro. "And your charming wife? I trust she is well, happy, and as amiable as ever this beautiful Summer day?"

Socrates' face clouded, and his eye flashed fire as he glanced angrily at the Magician.

"You think I am a trifle facetious, eh, Socksy?" retorted Cagliostro.

"I couldn't have put it better myself, Cagliostro," retorted the Sage icily, "THAT'S PRECISELY WHAT I DO THINK, and I'll thank you hereafter if you will kindly refrain from frivolous allusions, veiled or otherwise, to my family affairs."

The Greek passed on with becoming dignity.

"Poor Socrates!" sighed Cagliostro. "I am afraid the flat-iron has entered his soul, but as a mind-reading proposition what do you think of that, Di?"

"I give in," said Diogenes. "You are more than a sorcerERR; you're sorcerest thing that ever happened. For pure wizardry you have all the cup and sorcerers of the past lashed to the conning-tower, but even at that what do you propose to do with this gift if Plute lets you go over? Is it your plan to sit in with the Kaiser and Von Hindenburg and read their minds and then communicate that to the Allies?"

"No," said Cagliostro. "That wouldn't be worth while. It would all be so misleading; for one of the sad revelations of this war, Diogenes, is that the German mind in no less dishonest than the German tongue, and I should find nothing in it that I could rely upon. No, it is my gift I should bring to bear upon them, my hypnotic power. There never was a time in the whole history of the human race when a successful hypnotist was more sorely needed. If you yourself had been a hypnotist instead of a mere research professor you could have MADE a thousand honest men in half the time it took you to find one, because, with hypnotism, you can cure crime, and divert a criminal instinct into honest channels."

"O, come now, Cag," laughed Diogenes. "Wake up. Come out of Ypsil-

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WELL-KNOWN VOCAL ARTIST SAYS THAT SHE HOPES TO BECOME GREAT MUSICIAN

Anna Fitziu Plans to Remain in New York During Summer and Study—New York Philharmonic Society Now in Seventy-seventh Season Will Give Large Number of Concerts, It Is Announced.

BY EMILY FRANCES BAUER.

NEW YORK, July 6.—(Special.)—Anna Fitziu is one of the most enthusiastic artists planning to remain in New York for the entire summer, in fact Miss Fitziu says she has not had a vacation in a great many years, except the sort of study that she is doing this Summer and that she has been doing during the entire Spring and Winter.

"You know," she said, "it is a popular saying that singers are not good musicians and I guess there is a good deal of truth in that, but I do not think it is too late for me to become a real musician, the sort that Mr. Godowsky would call a musician." But when she began to unravel the nature of the work it not only did not seem a long and arduous task, but one very much within range of possibility.

Miss Fitziu turned to the instrument and said, "You see this lovely Autopiano is the greatest help that I have. Do not think me indolent, because I study the technic too. I get my musical career much like a crab. I go backward and sideways and after I have picked up what is in line to gather I try to co-ordinate everything and in so doing I hope eventually to get what you call a real concert repertory, not just songs enough to satisfy the public, which has been really good to me. It was Melba who advised me to rest. She said that there was nothing like rest for a voice to keep it for a long time in a fresh and good condition, so I will not use the voice very much, but I will study just the same. I have a great number of player rolls and if you look through them you will find that they are all the best music. I have the piano scores of many of these and as I hear them on the player-piano I try to read them from the notes and to gain an understanding of phrasing and things of that sort."

In reviewing her season past she said that she had only planned for nine appearances with the Chicago Opera Association, but she sang 17 times, for which reason she refused to speculate upon the possible number of times she would sing next season in Chicago and in New York.

* * *

The New York Philharmonic Society has issued its announcement for the 77th season of its uninterrupted musical activity in New York. This makes the orchestra the third oldest organi-

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