

Topics of Interest in the Realm Feminine

IN SOCIETY

Nearly one hundred smartly gowned women assembled at the home of Mrs. Ralph W. Wilbur yesterday to meet Mrs. James W. Heustis. Mrs. Wilbur's sister-in-law, and enjoy a musical afternoon. Mrs. Heustis has a beautiful soprano voice which was heard to advantage in a well chosen repertoire. Mrs. Heustis sang at the D. C. congress in Washington, D. C., four years ago. She was accompanied yesterday by Mrs. Wilbur. Mrs. Heustis leaves Thursday morning for her home in Dubuque, Iowa.

Miss Frances Wilson asked a few of the younger set to enjoy tea on the porch of the Wilson home yesterday afternoon with Miss Elizabeth Hoyt. Mrs. Henry Ladd Corbett's sister, who is returning to her home in New York on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lombard left Saturday for a six or eight weeks' trip in the east. While away they will motor extensively.

The lease of the property at Twentieth and Everett streets will necessitate the vacation of the property by Bishop and Mrs. Charles Scadding, as it will the residence where Mrs. M. E. Teal has lived for nearly twenty years at 629 Everett street. Bishop and Mrs. Scadding will soon be at home in their handsome new residence on Portland Heights.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cole arrived at the Portland yesterday from Seattle, where they have been for the past five months, and will pass the summer here. Mrs. George O. Peigram is their daughter.

Mrs. W. C. Keighon, now of Salem, was a Portland visitor last week when she came down to attend Mrs. Rudolph Prael's luncheon on Friday.

Stewart Parker Elliott of Stockton, Cal., was a guest at the Hotel Portland and the Arlington club several days last week. He is owner of the Crown Milling company in Stockton, as well as having important mill interests in Portland. He will be a frequent visitor during the summer.

Mrs. J. H. Gray is visiting her daughter, Mrs. George Hartman Jr., of Pendleton.

Mrs. William P. Lord, of Salem, has as her guest Mrs. J. J. Murphy, of Portland.

Mrs. Claire Perrin (Miss Lillian Rourke) arrived yesterday from San Francisco, and will be the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Rourke, for three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Thompson and Mrs. A. B. Clayton are spending Decoration day in Albany.

Mrs. John Minto was a guest of the Priscilla club in Salem on Thursday.

Members of the Kappa Alpha Theta fraternity will meet at 8 o'clock in the private dining room of the Imperial Thursday, June 15, for an informal dinner to receive the charter and inaugurate the Portland alumni chapter of the fraternity. All members from Portland and vicinity will be present, as there will be much to do. The meeting will be held at 8 o'clock. Judge Samuel White will preside. The fraternity will hold regular monthly dinners for the members in the future.

Mrs. Herman A. Frederich has received a cable telling of the death of her father, J. E. Jones, in North Wales. Under the nom de plume of Eldred, Mr. Jones was a well known Welsh poet.

Miss Margaret Dickson is in Pendleton, where she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Norbourne Berkeley.

CARUSO WANTED HER FOR HOUSEKEEPER, NOT BRIDE

(United Press Leased Wire.) London, May 29.—The most famous of the highest, shriillest notes that Enrico Caruso could command today to express his indignation for being sued for breach of promise by a "shop girl" of Milan. The tenor was very angry and explained with much vehemence that the case, in which she asks \$50,000 for breach of promise, was based on letters written when he endeavored to engage her as a housekeeper. Caruso said the letters were somewhat intimate, but that they contained no promise of marriage, and after he had met the girl in Berlin with some of her family he decided she was "low and common" and he could not engage her. He said he had asked for his letters but had not received them.

DANCED FOR CARNEGIE; NOW THEY'LL CELEBRATE

(United Press Leased Wire.) New York, May 29.—Twenty girls who danced at Highland Fling for Andrew Carnegie at the Carnegie hall, are in line today for a \$100 celebration. A check for that amount, signed by the promoter, is in the hands of Mrs. Margaret Knox, school teacher, who arranged the dance.

Consent of Two Needed.

(United Press Leased Wire.) Washington, May 29.—The consent of two relatives living in Mexico is necessary to transfer the body of General John A. Sutter, California pioneer, from Lillie, Pa., where it is now interred, to Fort Sutter, Cal. Congressman Knowland already has secured the consent of the other relatives.

Freckles

Here's a Simple Remedy That Banishes Early Freckles Almost in a Night.

If those who freckle every summer would get a two-ounce package of Klotz in May they would be almost sure to have no further trouble with the hot sunshine of June and July diseases freckles on other people. One thing is sure—the quicker you use Klotz the sooner you'll be rid of your freckles. Get it of Woodard, Clarke & Co., or wherever toilet goods are sold. If it fails, get your money back.



Why We Need Juvenile Courts

By Darra More. THE trouble with most of our women is that they are forever searching for the ideal. They start out valiantly to do really good things, but are so fascinated by the romantic, the fanciful that they often fall far short of their capabilities. A little common sense is worth a whole ocean of idealism, when a woman has a desire to "do things." The ideal exists only in sermons, novels and the brains of a few women. We aren't free to do what we please in this world in the matter of reform. We've got to start by the right thing in the circumstances with which we cope will permit us to do. We've got to deal with humanity as it is, not as it ought to be.

It is a mistake to say that the business of educating and correcting children is the right thing to do. The juvenile court, and that the court is a reproach to American motherhood. Our prisons and our insane asylums and our hospitals and a lot of other things are a reproach to our citizenship, but they are all as nearly the right thing as we can offer at present. Aren't they? It is right that we should endeavor to give the child high ideals and a high moral standard by teaching our motherhood. But, as long as our motherhood is as it is today, we must cope with it on practical lines. To strike at the source of ugly things is necessary. It is ugly thoughts, and to help the child of the mother who feeds her little baby beer and cabbage, we must use beer and cabbage weapons. We must welcome the instrument that fits the case in hand, and the juvenile court seems to be a good agent for accomplishing re-

forms. There are mothers that fairy stories, lectures on hygiene and even clean moving picture shows cannot reach.

A recent happening will illustrate. Maria Grace Orlando had just got into her wedding gown and was inspecting the effect complacently before the mirror in her home when Truant Officer Lindsay dropped in.

"What are you doing here, little girl?" he inquired politely.

"I'm not a little girl," replied Maria Grace stiffly, "and I'm trying on my wedding gown."

"Married woman?" said the officer. "Why you're only a kid. You don't look a minute older than 12."

"Smart Alec," said Grace crossly. "I'm 14."

"Yes," said Lindsay. "I've seen the marriage record. It says you're 17. Whom are you going to marry, Maria?"

"I'm going to marry a count," reported Maria triumphantly. "A count with a castle and gardens in Italy."

"So?" said Lindsay. "Well, I've investigated your count and he's just a street laborer, and he hasn't any castles or gardens or things—just a front. Come along now, Maria, and bring your mother with you, or I'll have to call the little blue wagon."

So they took Maria and her mother to the juvenile detention home where Domenico Lavitio, the bridegroom, had already proceeded them.

Surely the Child Welfare League, the Mother's Congresses and all the other movements for the uplift of humanity should work hand in hand with the juvenile court.

The Old-Fashioned Short Cake

By Anna B. Scott, Expert Food Economist.

Now is the season for luscious strawberries, and who would enjoy them more than the old-fashioned strawberry shortcake. We have the old-fashioned strawberry shortcake, made with the plain biscuit dough, the strawberry sponge-cake, the strawberry cake with meringue and the strawberry batter cake. All good and to suit all tastes and all purses.

NO. 1 STRAWBERRY CAKE. One and one-half cups flour, one cup milk, one-half cup sugar, two tablespoons shortening, one-half teaspoon salt, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder.

Sift the flour, salt, baking powder and sugar together, rub in the shortening lightly, then add the milk slowly, leaving just enough to brush the top. Turn out on floured bakeboard and pat, or roll, even (this makes one large jelly tin). Dust the pan with a little flour, put in the dough and bake 15 minutes in hot oven. When partly cool, split and spread with butter, then crush two cups strawberries with one cup granulated sugar or cover with whipped cream and garnish with six large strawberries cut in half.

NO. 2 STRAWBERRY CAKE. One cup sugar, two cups flour, one-half cup shortening, one-half cup milk, two teaspoons baking powder, two eggs, two tablespoons pulverized sugar, strawberries.

Cream the sugar and shortening together, add the yolks of the eggs, one at a time, and beat constantly; then add the milk very slowly, mixing constantly with a wooden spoon. Sift the flour and baking powder together and add to the mixture, spread on brown paper half inch thick and bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. This amount will fill two pans 10 inches square. Turn out on cake cloth and pat, or roll, even (this makes one large jelly tin). Beat the whites of the eggs until light and dry and add the pulverized sugar. You can spread jelly on the one layer or put berries between. Then spread the meringue (whites of eggs) over the top; dust with pulverized sugar and put in oven until light brown. Before serving, press large red strawberries into the dried meringue and dust with pulverized sugar.

NO. 3 STRAWBERRY CAKE. Two cups flour, one cup milk, one cup sugar, one egg, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon melted butter.

Sift the flour, sugar, salt and baking powder into a bowl, add the milk and one egg, beat until smooth, then add the melted butter, mix well, and bake in moderate oven, on a large jelly tin, which has been brushed with melted butter, 12 to 15 minutes. Crush two cups strawberries with one cup sugar, pour over the cake and serve with whipped cream, or slice the berries and sugar one hour before serving.

NO. 4—STRAWBERRY CAKE. Five eggs, one cup sugar, one cup flour.

Beat the eggs and sugar until light (about 15 minutes). Sift the flour twice, put in the beaten egg and sugar, and mix very lightly. Line a shallow bakeware with brown paper, pour in the mixture, smooth even, bake in hot oven 12 minutes. Dust with sugar, turn out on cake cloth, wet the paper so that it can easily be removed. This amount will fill a pan 12 inches square. Cut two cups strawberries in half, sugar an hour before serving, cover the cake with whipped cream, and garnish with large berries cut in half.

BANANAS WITH CRUSHED STRAWBERRIES. Four ripe bananas, one cup strawberries, one cup pulverized sugar, one teaspoonful lemon juice.

Skin and scrap the bananas, slice fine and sprinkle the lemon juice over them and half the sugar. Put the strawberries through a fruit press, and pour over the bananas, sprinkle the pulverized sugar and sugar over top. Serve in ice cream glasses. This amount makes five portions.

BANANA A LA CONDA. One cup rice, half cup sugar, four bananas, half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful melted butter, one egg, half cup milk.

Wash the rice through several waters put on in four quarts boiling water and boil 25 minutes. Drain and blanch with boiling water. Butter a cakepan, or large pieplate, spread the rice evenly on. Skin and scrape the bananas, cut in half lengthwise, then in half again, and press into the rice. Beat the egg, milk, salt and sugar together, and pour over the rice and bananas. Put into hot oven 12 minutes. This is very nice served with fruit sauce or crushed strawberries.

MOLDED HOMINY GRITS WITH FRUIT. One cup hominy, one cup dried apricots, one cup sugar, half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful melted butter.

Wash the apricots through several waters, soak over night in three cups cold water. Put in a very cold place, or in ice and salt, until very cold. Boil one hour, then add the fruit and sugar; stir lightly and boil another hour. Brush a melon or round mold with melted butter, pour in the hominy and fruit set in a very cold place, or pack in ice and salt, until very cold. This is nice served with fruit juice or a strawberry sauce made by pressing one cup strawberries through a fruit press and adding one cup sugar.

Things I'd Like to Be. I'd like to be a mermaid. I mean the Venus kind. To hold a little job like that I'm very much inclined.

I'd like to be a swimming girl. A cute, aquatic lass, and I'd like to be in a tank all made of glass.

I'd like to enter vaudeville. Me and my little tank. And with the other Venuses. Like Kellerman I'd rank.

I'd like to show how well I've learned to make a graceful dive. And a graceful one for me. At which I know I'd thrive.

I'd like to gambol in the wet. And frolic, romp and splash. I'd like to play I was a fish—For certain sums of cash.

Especially when it is hot. This job appeals to me. While swimming round within my tank, just think how cool I'd be.

Apologetic. It's much too hot to read. I'd planned a sentimental verse. But why invoke the muse. When it's so blooming hot. That no one cares a snap if I compose a verse or not? My face is flushed and wet. My clothing sticks to me. I'm full and cross, and hate myself. Unhappy as can be. It may be a mistake. To think the way I do. But I surmise that other folk feel just the same way, too. It's ninety in the shade. Or maybe even more.

And poetry, yes, even mine. At such times is a bore. And my friends, I'm sure you'll take it not as if I'm in the place of poetry. I hand you simply this.

Tastes of Queen Mary. From the Queen. Queen Mary is before all else a perfect wife and mother. But it strikes one that perhaps too much stress has been laid on her domesticity. At least scant mention seems to be made of many of her characteristics.

The queen's education was wide and deep, and her fund of general information is remarkable. She has always been a great reader, and books of travel, history and biography are seldom missed. In fact, few ladies have a better knowledge of English literature. Then, like most royalties, the queen is a first rate linguist, and speaks and writes several languages with ease and fluency.

Queen Mary, in her early days, rode well, and Princess Mary inherits this taste and has become a fine horse woman. But her majesty never went with the hounds, and is now seldom seen on horseback. Nor does she shoot, fish or play golf or tennis like several of her royal relations. And yachting for yachting she has no means among the queen's favorite amusements.

In fact, she cares little for the more daring sports and games, but will sometimes play croquet, and often goes for long walks with her children and a lady in attendance. And she dances extremely well and with evident enjoyment.

Woman's Weapon. If a woman is blessed with tact she has the supreme gift. It will bring her all the things she needs. To her it is a much more valuable asset than beauty, or even genius. Tact is certainly the greatest of all gifts to a woman.

The girls' school in some far distant Utopia is going to include a course in tact to correlate with its curriculum every little while. The black specks of the post graduate work. For, when the day of enlightenment does come, the sensible mother and the astute father will realize that a working knowledge of how to get along with people is more to be desired than much wisdom in called higher branches. Tact is more important than trigonometry. It stands a girl in place of beauty; it takes her further than talent; it brings the world to her feet to do her homage.

Tact! Speed the day when we shall appreciate the importance of this unconsidered trifle! Help us to realize that with it woman can wheedle the world out of anything it has to give; but with her feeble strength she can't wrestle with it and get anything!

Her Mistake. "My dear," said a Cardiff man to his new-married wife, "where did all those expensive books on astronomy on the drawing room table come from?"

"A pleasant surprise for you," answered his wife; and she added, "You know, you said this morning that we ought to study astronomy; and so I went to the booksellers and bought all the nicest books I could on the subject."

It was several minutes before he could speak. When he replied: "his voice was husky with emotion."

"My dear," he groaned, "I never said we must study astronomy. I said we must study economy."—Exchange.

Floor Causes Appendicitis? From the Brooklyn Eagle. Dr. Edred M. Conner of London, alleges that appendicitis is due to white flour. Steel from the mill rollers gets into the flour. We eat this minute steel and as it goes round the bend it shunts off on the blind siding. In time it stacks up like a culm heap and irritation ensues.

A good part of the steel is absorbed, to be sure. That explains why it is not found in any of the cases operated on. But the point is, no doubt that more than the 10 penny nail of iron allowed to each mortal is taken in and the body's magnetic equilibrium is thereby upset. The man who invented granum bread died of indigestion, but if he had

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drawn a magnet through it before baking the world has removed the steel particles and might have lived forever. The wise cook today will buy a small magnet and thoroughly stir her flour with it before putting in the water and yeast. Let her wipe off the magnet every little while. The black specks that adhere are tiny bits of steel. Bread made in this way may be eaten without fear of appendicitis.

A Comfortable, Attractive Prison. From Success Magazine. New South Wales, Australia, since the advent of woman's suffrage, has proceeded upon the principle that nothing is too good for the women—even for those who are being deprived of their liberty. The new penitentiary for women, at Long Bay, is probably the most up to date, comfortable and even luxurious place of its kind in the world. It is fitted up with hot and cold baths, with well ventilated cells, painted in

pleasing colors, electric lighted and stocked with suitable reading matter. The prisoners are graded according to the most advanced ideas for good behavior. The wardresses are all educated and refined women, and a committee of ladies of Sydney has charge of those who are discharged from the prison. Gardening, dressmaking, cooking and washing are taught.

The Modern Way. From Cleveland Plain Dealer. "And now, Henry, you must go into the library and ask papa's consent." "What do you mean by that? I'm a yellow whiskered gink? Not on your life, sweetheart. Nix on the papa. He's got any finger in this deal he can come to me—see?"

The cleaning of the kitchen range will be made easier if all grease is rubbed from it or the gas stove with a newspaper while still hot.

MILLIONS OF FAMILIES are using SYRUP of FIGS and ELIXIR of SENNA

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Many Women Think that all silk gloves are "Kaysers." The mistake is natural, because "Kaysers" are the original and best known.

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A "new pair free" if the "tips" wear out before the gloves. "Kaysers" gloves "cost no more" than the "ordinary kind" and are worth double.

Short Silk Gloves, 50c., 75c., \$1.00
Long Silk Gloves 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50
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Good Set of Teeth on Rubber Plate \$5.00

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