

IN THE REALM FEMININE

Noble-Buehner Wedding Date.

PORTLAND society will lose for a time one of its very popular young members when, on Monday, January 15, Miss Meta Buehner will become the bride of Robert Noble and leave at once to pass some time in Chicago. Many delightful whispers have been going the rounds about the engagement which was informally made known Christmas day. Miss Buehner is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Buehner, and a sister of Mrs. George Sallor (Miss Margarita Buehner), Miss Lillian Buehner and Henry Buehner. She completed her education at Lasalle seminary, in Boston, traveling abroad during a portion of the time. Mr. Noble has spent time in Portland off and on for several years. He is connected with the Westinghouse company, of Chicago, and is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey H. Noble, of Gouverneur, N. Y. Mr. Noble is a Perdue university man and a Phi Kappa Psi. The wedding, which is being planned on a simple scale, will be solemnized at the Buehner home. Miss Lillian Buehner will be maid of honor, little Miss Jane Talbot, flower girl and Carl Wernicke best man.

Sorority Dance.

The Chi Omega alumnae of Portland and the active chapter at Eugene, have every reason to congratulate themselves on the brilliant success of their first large "at home" given last evening at Masonic temple. At least 300 guests enjoyed the dances. The orchestra was screened in with palms and about the balcony where many sorority banners. Beautiful and attractive gowns were much in evidence. Patronesses for the dance were Mrs. Prince Lucian Campbell, of Eugene, Mrs. Robert S. Bean, Mrs. Charles W. Fulton, Mrs. T. T. Geer, Mrs. Ray Goodrich, Mrs. Alexander Skene Moody, Mrs. Roscoe P. Giltner, Mrs. Piny Snodgrass and Mrs. Ellen Pennell, both of Eugene.

Pre-Nuptial Dinner.

Miss Mildred Morgan and her fiancé, Owen Summers, Jr., were guests of honor at a small dinner given them last evening by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Buehner whose additional guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Sallor, Miss Dorothy Bour, of Chicago, the Misses Meta and Lillian Buehner, Robert Noble and Henry Buehner. The table was centered with a miniature Christmas tree

and lighted with candelabra shaded in red.

Tea for Sister.

Mrs. C. F. Adams, who leaves Monday for her European tour, has asked friends in for tea tomorrow to meet her sister, Mrs. Cochran, of San Francisco, who will occupy the Adams home while Mr. and Mrs. Adams are gone.

Southern Banquet.

About 50 southern men enjoyed a banquet at the Hotel Carlton last evening when Judge Samuel White was the toastmaster and the speakers were Tom Richardson, Judge Martin L. Pipes, Dr. A. K. Higgs, R. Nelson, Frederick A. Jacobs and George Wilson, of Pendleton. There is no formal organization but for a month men of the south have been enjoying lunch together on Saturday at the Imperial. It is a broad and open affair to all southern men and it is the purpose to be of use in introducing southerners who come here and inducing others to come. The banquet was the first formal affair and will be an annual event. The table was gracefully decorated with pink and white carnations and ferns.

Surprise Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Levy announce the wedding of their daughter, Edith, to Max Herdman, of Seattle, at 2:30 Tuesday afternoon in Temple Beth Israel, Rabbi Jonah B. Wise officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Herdman went directly to Seattle and will take their wedding journey to southern California the middle of February as was originally planned.

Dance and Five Hundred.

The women of the Madeleine parish, Irvington, will entertain their friends with dancing and five hundred this evening at Alumni hall, Grand avenue and Clackamas street. A cordial invitation is extended to all. The patrons and patronesses are Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Seufert, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Dunne, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Munley, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Maginnis, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Casey and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Luckett.

Married Folk Have Celebration.

Cottage Grove, Or., Dec. 29.—That they are not yet too old thoroughly to

enjoy themselves and can yet tell stories with the zest of youth was demonstrated by the married people of the city Wednesday night, when the Married People's club held a banquet in Phillips hall. The entire evening was one round of mirth and enjoyment, and the staid old married people entered into youthful games with old time energy. Ninety-six sat down to the chicken banquet. After the banquet, Toastmaster Bede called for the following toasts: Ernest Purvance, "The Pastor and His Wife"; Rev. Mr. Sutcliffe, "The Ladies' Aid"; Mrs. F. D. Wheeler, "The Newcomers"; S. L. Mackin, reply to welcome to newcomers. A program of readings and music was then rendered.

Select patronage with efficient service makes Oaks rink popular place.

Some Sartorial Woes

Difficulties That Fashionable Street Toilette of Today Presents to Middle Aged Women.

By Elizabeth Lea.

MIDDLE-AGED and elderly women certainly have reason for complaint this season, for practically all of the models launched favor only the young and percomers. A program of readings and music was then rendered.

To many women this oversight on the part of the designers seems nothing

short of downright cruelty, because they feel they cannot accept the conventional modes and keep their self-respect at the same time. Not one is willing to sink into dowdiness—apparently the only alternative—and so a constant struggle goes on between what "I should like to wear" and what "I am compelled to wear." The elderly woman of only a year ago had no such difficulties to contend with as she has at present, for the styles worn by younger women were equally appropriate for those of middle-age and past it.

But we have seen the most radical changes since then and few, if any, are adaptable to the needs of the elderly woman. Take, for instance, the conventional fashionable street toilette of today—the short, narrow skirt, the shapeless blanket coat with its loose, not to say sloppy, lines, and the hat with its perky, ungraceful trimming covering the whole face as well, topped by a veil perfectly grotesque in its effect.

Why, the average elderly woman would look like a freak dressed up in this style, and he it said to their credit very few in this class make the attempt, but sink into a half content to give up the idea of being modish and to wait for greater consideration from Dame Fashion.

But there is really no necessity for waiting for better things to come; rather make the best of existing conditions and so modify prevailing fashions to suit individual needs until a woman may be at once stylishly and becomingly dressed.

"No, no," I hear it said, "modification may have been possible in the past, but not today. One must either make the plunge or refrain altogether." But I say, "It can be done."

Suppose we attack the narrow skirt first of all. When one comes to think of it, should not middle-aged women and those older be thankful they are not compelled to carry around yards and yards of material such as the pleated skirt contained only a few years ago? They should be really grateful that the weight has been lessened to such an extent. Each type is really benefited. The stout woman does not look her weight in a well-cut, fairly narrow skirt; the tall figure can adopt the becoming overskirt effect with only the slightest addition to the weight, while it is obvious the delicate woman will be much more comfortable when carrying as little material as possible.

I do not ask my fellow-women to accept the short skirt, but they can, one and all, wear the narrow skirt if modified to suit the individual.

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

In the Good Old Days.

By Wait Mason.

"YOU seem to have trouble on your mind," remarked the star boarder, sympathetically. "I am greatly distressed," answered the melancholy boarder. "A very dear friend of mine, Mrs. Vermifuge, has been arrested, charged with having poisoned several people. She conducted a moral family boarding house, and it is said that she adulterated her pepper with arsenic. These pure food cranks are carrying things with a high hand when a landlady can be arrested upon such grounds. Things have come to a pretty pass when a woman can't put what she likes into her own pepper box. Mrs. Vermifuge is in for a lot of litigation and inconvenience, and some people predict that she will be executed some fine morning."

"There isn't much danger of that," commented the star boarder. "Such a case as hers, when it comes to trial, will give the medical experts the chance of their lives, and they'll testify to so many things that the jurors will get all balled up, and are just as likely to award the prisoner a gold headed cane as to give her a death sentence. Nowadays (the poisoner hasn't much to fear from the law. Consider the case of Dr. Jekyll at Kansas City. He was accused of having playfully removed most of his wife's relatives, and a jury convicted him, but he was granted a new trial, and I'll bet my watch against Mrs. Jiggers' recipe for pumpkin pies that he will be a free man by Christmas."

"It was different in the brave old days before experts were allowed to testify in murder cases. Poisoning was one of the popular diversions of the ladies two or three centuries ago. In those days there was no bridge what and no suffragist movement, and the girls had to amuse themselves in some way, so they poisoned their relatives and friends, just to be sociable."

"There was Brinvilliers, a beautiful, educated and refined woman. She also had a pull, but none of these things could save her when it became known that she was a poisoner. No lawyers or chemists were called in. She was taken to an underground dungeon and subjected to torture by water. She was strapped down to a wooden horse, and then a large funnel was placed in her mouth, and the executioner poured water into it. The funnel is in existence to this day. It was made of leather and brass, and one may see upon it the

marks of the pearly teeth of the unfortunate marquis, where she bit it in her agony. Her suffering was so great that the executioner's assistant, hardened as he was, left the dungeon weeping. Afterward the marquis was burned. Ah, Mrs. Jiggers and gentlemen, men had stony hearts in those days, and punishment by the law had the bark on it.

"In the year 1615 Anne Turner was tried in London, charged with having administered white arsenic to Sir Thomas Overbury. It seemed that the countess of Somerset, a cultured and charming woman, was anxious to have Sir Thomas canned because he was a busybody and had interfered in sundry matrimonial schemes of hers. The countess was anxious to have him poisoned, as a rebuke to his officiousness, but she couldn't attend to it personally on account of her social activities, so she asked Anne Turner to help her. Anne was a remarkable woman in her way. She was the inventor of yellow starch, which was all the rage in those days of cuffs and ruffs. All the linen of the elite was done up with yellow starch, and Anne was extremely popular."

"She was naturally an obliging woman, anxious to be neighborly, so when the countess asked her to poison Sir Thomas she did her best. But he was too wary, or he was poison proof, or something, for he refused to die, although he did get sick on a couple of occasions. Then Anne was tested and tried. It was shown pretty clearly that she had attempted to poison Sir Thomas but it couldn't be proved that she did poison him. Had the judge been unprejudiced she'd have been acquitted, but that learned jurist had passionate hatred of yellow ruffs and cuffs, and he was determined that Anne should hang. Seeing that the poison charge was going to fall through, he had her accused of sorcery."

"Nobody could survive a sorcery charge in those days. So the jury found her guilty and the judge sentenced her to be hanged in yellow ruff and cuffs, and also ordained that the executioner should wear similar ornaments. Which seems, at this distance of time, like rubbing it in. So poor Anne Turner was hanged, and a similar fate should overtake the man who sold you this butter, Mrs. Jiggers."

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