

American Fashions

BY CORA MOORE AND LILLIAN YOUNG



A smart tailored suit for winter wear.

Undoubtedly we must ascribe the success and attraction of the American woman's dressing to her abandonment of the mediocre dressmaker and tailor, and to the favor she shows to the smart, though simple, ready-made suits and frocks.

It is possible to get such good-looking things these days in the ready-made shops without involving vast expense, for they are reproducing exclusive imported designs (much to the importer's dismay) in materials which bring them within the range of a modest allowance.

Smart-looking suits, much on the order of today's sketch, are to be found made up in good materials and colors for reasonable prices. This suit is made of cinnamon colored cheviot, with wide machine-stitched bands of self material used for trimming.

The cutaway coat has wide little fullness there in over the bust drawn down under the stitched band at the point where the fastening occurs. There are no revers on the coat, the front edge being finished with a row of machine stitching. The band on the skirt is curved up in front, with ends crossed in the pleats with the buttons. This leaves a slight opening at the feet, a feature which is becoming very popular in exclusive models.

The skirt should be made with a slightly raised waistline, plain about the hips and in front, but with some scant gathering in back. It is lined with a light and the lower edge and the ensuing fullness is then taken in evenly under the foot-band.

This is an extremely becoming model for a slender figure, and would make up well in velvet of some deep, rich shade. Bands of the best quality there in over the bust in velvet are mulberry, copper red, deep cherry, chocolate, russet brown, catwax, and violet. Then there are the greens in soft olive tones and in the bottle colorings. One very handsome tailored suit was made of a dark olive velvet, the coat fastened with buttons of dull silver corded buttons, and with the skirt draped on the side. With it was worn a set of white fox fur.

The contrast was beautiful.

New Fashion Notes. Seed pearl jewelry, which was a lost art, has been revived, and is rapidly gaining favor for bairns, earrings, and pendants.

Petticoats of crepe de chine are becoming more popular than those of mesaline, and can be had in lovely evening colors. They are always simply trimmed, and of course, quite scant. They tuck beautifully.

Bismarck is a serviceable, good, standby fur for wraps and motor coats, and not very expensive.

It is not, however, of the militant Louisa Alcott that history will have most to say, but rather of the woman whose first essay in the way of an extended work of fiction was the hundreds of thousands and is still selling. Its initial success, too, was won in a day when the reading public was vastly smaller than now, and the present art of handling a new book like a circus had not been invented.

The parents of Louisa Alcott, who was born in Germantown, Pa., were people of no ordinary mould. Her mother was of the best New England lineage, a descendant of the Quakers, her father, Bronson Alcott, was a man in whom pure intellect had swallowed up all other qualities. He was a student, an inspired teacher, a philosopher of moods and abstractions that few could grasp his meanings.

Poverty of a sort was long with the Alcotts, but it did not crush them as a like degree of penury would a similar family today. At that time it was not quite the thing to be rich, the income of a Tom Lawson or a Carnegie setting up as a writer or a patron of literature would have been inconceivable in the circles in which moved Whittier, Emerson, Hawthorne, Channing and Alcott. But if none of their associates were rich the Alcotts were downright poor, and the philosopher could do nothing to relieve their poverty. A school he founded in Boston, in which he had for assistants Miss Peabody, afterward Hawthorne's wife, and Margaret Fuller, lost two-thirds of its pupils when he published a most unorthodox work, "Conversations of the Gospels," and the rest disappeared when he took a little negro girl into his classes. He was left with four white pupils, of whom three were his own daughters.

At sixteen Louisa began to contribute to the family income by teaching school. Her own education had been wholly un-systematic, entirely haphazard and therefore good for the career fate had store for her. An outdoor life had given her a rugged constitution—she used to say she would not have a playmate who could not climb a tree. Ceaseless association with books and with cultivated people gave her command of language, and her mother's insistence that all of her children should keep journals taught her the art of expression. The very first story she wrote, at the age of sixteen, though not sent out until she was twenty, was published, and what is more remarkable, paid for.

"I can't do much with my hands," she wrote in her journal about this time, "so I will use my head as a battering ram to make my way through the rough-and-tumble world." She used it to some purpose, writing at this time ten or twelve stories a month, most of which were published in the Boston Evening Gazette. When the editor found they were for sale by a woman he sought to cut down her pay, but she defied him and won her point.

So for some years she went on writing short stories for continually increasing prices, though up to 1857 her highest figure was \$10. But in 1853 the Atlantic, the goal of all ambitious New England writers, paid her \$50, and the

next year, which she labeled in her journal "A Year of Good Luck," her prices soared to \$75 and \$100, and her literary earnings for the year were \$1000. After getting a \$100 fee unexpectedly, she wrote in her journal: "I went to bed a happy millionaire to dream of flannel petticoats for my blessed mother, paper for father, a new dress for May, and sleds for my boys."

Then came the storm of civil war, and Louisa went into the hospitals at Washington as an army nurse. "I like to stir in the air," she writes, "and long for battle like a warhorse when he smells powder." Her experiences were welded into a book, "Hospital Sketches," which was eagerly bought by a public hungry for everything about the war. It brought her only \$200, but gave her a reputation and a public. Publishers wrote for manuscript, and in response she sent out the manuscript of a book "Moods," she had written four years before and laid away. "Genius burned so fiercely," she says, speaking of the composition of this work, "that for four weeks I wrote all day and planned all night, being quite possessed by my work." The book was a success and widened her public. The money it brought justified her taking a vacation, and she went abroad for a year as companion lady.

On her return, fortune smiled. She had become a regular contributor to the Atlantic, and was made editor of Merry's Magazine at \$500 a year. But, above all, the great opportunity knocked at her door in the quiet of her home in Irvington. A brief business session was first held, and then came the Christmas jollity.

A large and beautifully decorated tree occupied a place of honor in Mrs. Mann's living-room, and on this, gifts were hung, each having brought on a picture and artist contest was then introduced, half the members holding little prints of old masterpieces and half holding the names of the artists, and when these were correctly matched presents were exchanged between partners.

Mrs. G. H. Warden sang a group of beautiful Christmas carols, giving some of them in German and some in English. The entire house was decorated in Christmas green and scarlet bells. Mrs. Mann was assisted in receiving and serving her guests by her daughter, W. Peck. There were present 15 members of the chapter and two visiting P. E. O. sisters.

The Ragtime Muse
Common Sense.
Sing a song of common sense,
Sing it long and loud;
Sing, regardless of expense,
To the restless crowd.
We may at your purpose balk
As you warble thus,
But we like to hear you talk—
It amuses us!
Sing a song of logic, straight,
Propositions clear;
Reasons good and up to date
Why a man who's here
Health and happiness
Should at once attain?
All that's counted great success—
If he use his brain!
Sing a song of reasoning,
Straight as any string,
Give it a pleasant seasoning,
Spiced with sort of things,
Sings, but do not mourn if
Uninspired go hence;
For a lot of us, you see,
Haven't any sense!
Passion Players Before Camera.
(United Press Leased Wire).
Munich, Dec. 23.—Disgusted with the so-called religious productions given at continental moving picture theatres, representatives of numerous religious bodies have formed a committee to send the famous Oberammergau Passion players to perform before biograph cameras in Palestine.
The organizers are not connected with any moving picture syndicate and the films will be shown only in churches and meeting houses, in which the committee is satisfied there will be a reverent and appropriate atmosphere. The pope has expressed his approval of the work and granted a special dispensation.
New entertainment features every week at the Lyre and Grill. Musical program, 8 to 9, and 10 to 11 p. m.

Men Who See

By Graham Hood.

It has been said that Marconi got his first idea for wireless telegraphy by watching a company of boys throwing stones into a pond.

"How many people do you suppose have spent a lot of time in the same way? They have stood on the shore of a pond, have seen the ripples drop in the water and have watched the constantly widening circles upon its surface following the splash.

Probably, and in the vast majority of cases this exhibition has been productive of no thought at all. It was left to Marconi to see the lesson that it taught and to apply this fact in nature to a practical commercial purpose.

The difference between Marconi and all the other people who have seen stones thrown into ponds is that he saw what was actually happening, whereas they only thought they saw, and this distinction, however, success hinges.

"This story about Marconi should be of value to us, not because it is an interesting incident in the life of a successful man, but for the reason that it should serve as a warning against the too common practice of going through life heedlessly. We see but we do not observe. We note the effect, but we give comparatively little thought to the cause that has produced it.

No matter how we may look at life we are compelled to admit that success depends to a great degree upon the facility we display in taking advantage of opportunities.

To find an opportunity it is necessary that we should keep sufficiently awake to recognize it were we to meet one face to face.

Don't smile at the idea! There are plenty of men who have gone through the greater part of their life without once suspecting that the opportunity to succeed in accomplishing something worth while lay invitingly within their reach. Were you to tell these men that they are blind, or that they wouldn't know an opportunity were they to see it, they would become highly indignant; yet their experience proves that this is the case.

The idea that opportunity comes but once to each of us, and that, should the fickle dame receive no response to her tap upon our door, she promptly turns away and returns to us no more, is about the worst piece of nonsense that has ever been expressed, either in prose or in verse.

The truth is that there are opportunities everywhere. Men are constantly running across them and taking advantage of them, but it is probably safe to say that for every opportunity that is seen and grasped there are scores that are permitted to go to waste. To some degree the ability to see an opportunity may be a matter of accident, but the fact remains that if we are not in a properly observant mood the ability may occur and we may not be able to profit by it.

Thousands of men passed over the plains in Texas and saw the bones of the cattle bleaching there. It was a friend of mine who, seeing the bones, conceived the idea of making money out of them. By the use of well distributed circulars he prevailed upon the farmers to bring the bones into town, where he purchased them, and later disposed of them to his great financial advantage.

All about us there are opportunities waiting for somebody to discover them. We do not train ourselves to observe, we shall pass by on the other side, leaving the opportunity to profit to some more observant individual.

P. E. O. SISTERHOOD IS ENTERTAINED

Mrs. J. C. Mann Entertains for Members With Christmas Tree.

The merriest sort of Christmas festivities dominated the meeting of the Chapter A. P. E. O. Sisterhood, which was held yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. C. Mann, at her home in Irvington. A brief business session was first held, and then came the Christmas jollity.

A large and beautifully decorated tree occupied a place of honor in Mrs. Mann's living-room, and on this, gifts were hung, each having brought on a picture and artist contest was then introduced, half the members holding little prints of old masterpieces and half holding the names of the artists, and when these were correctly matched presents were exchanged between partners.

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Children in "Blue Bird" Cast Bound by Rules of Peace Club



Thirty Stage Youngsters Try Self-Government in Unique Organization.

Little Miss Editha Kelly, who plays Myrl, the heroine of the spectacular production coming to the Hiding next week, is president of "The Blue Bird" Peace club, a unique organization of stage children. It was founded at the New theatre, New York, when Maeterlinck's fantasy was running there.

"It all came out of a quarrel at one of the first rehearsals," explains President Kelly. "I thought and thought about it and then I talked to Lulu Dunn. 'Lulu,' I said, 'let's get up a society and have rules and everything and get all the children to join—then we can rule ourselves and make everybody be good!'"

"Oh, let's," she said, "with presidents and treasurers and, oh, everything!" "So that was the way we started and it's been just fine how good the boys and girls have been ever since."

At the big conference held in the greenroom of the New theatre, the children were told they were henceforward to elect their own officers and live under a democratic form of government. Editha, as Myrl, the chief character of the play, was chosen president. The other officers are changed weekly to give everybody a chance. No dues are levied, so the treasurer has a "clinch."

Justice Is Speedy.
When a child quarrels with one of its playmates and the difficulty can't be quickly patched up, President Kelly and her aides hold a court of justice. Rights and wrongs of the case are graciously discussed and finally a decision is reached. The "kid" adjudged to be the offender must kiss and make up. If she doesn't, remains the dire penalty to be inflicted by order of the court. This is the "silence treatment," the culprit is sent to " Coventry" by all the other "kids." It's prompt and it's efficacious in bringing the badly behaved to time. A few of the rules are:

To behave as well in the theatre as you would at home.
To keep your word of honor.
Not to listen to mean things about anyone else or to tell them yourself.
Not to get angry or make a fuss.
Not to touch anybody's makeup but your own.

Health Suggestions for Busy Woman
By Hildegarde Hawthorne

Most women working for their living in the business and professional world have fairly good health, and are rarely "sick in bed." They haven't time to be, for one thing, and for another, there is a regularity to business life that conduces toward health. It takes you out in the open air for at least a brief while each day, it brings continual fresh interests and occupation, and tends generally to an alertness of mind and body that are good for you.

But though the business woman is rarely ill, she is not often vigorous. Now, every woman who hasn't any organic trouble should be vigorous. It is up to her, and her alone, to make herself so; and, if she isn't, her life is partially a failure, or at any rate, it is incomplete. It misses its "vig" of body is a sign of vigor of mind. A lazy, shirking person is rarely a vigorous one.

Nervous Don't Jump.
To be in vigorous health is to enjoy a feeling of well-being which nothing else gives. Mere motion, the breathing of the fresh morning air, your meals, your sleep, all are a vital pleasure. Your muscles are supple and sure, your blood moves to a merry measure, there is a ring to your voice, a brilliance to your eyes, a color in your cheeks that keeps old age far off and youth a constant comrade. The woman in vigorous health keeps young and sound and sweet. Her nerves don't jump all over the shop, as the English say, and there is nothing lack-lustre about her.

The great trouble with all but a few of us is that we are satisfied with negative rather than positive results. So long as we don't feel ill, we think ourselves all right. We are content to lag home at the end of the day's work, relieved at having no headache, and if we aren't actually hungry for dinner, at least we manage to eat. But we ought to be vividly conscious of feeling well, to rejoice in our physical strength.

Take Breaks Regularly.
Don't, any of you, be satisfied with any half-and-half health. Start the winter that is coming with a clear determination to enjoy vigorous rather than mediocre health. Be a bit stern and uncompromising at first. Force yourself to do the few things necessary until they come to be second nature—until you begin to feel the benefit, when you won't want to go back to the old I haven't-a-headache-today-thank-goodness state.

Begin your day with a little brisk exercise, taken in bed if you like, and followed by a hot scrub in the bath and a cold shower. Plenty of friction after

that with a rough towel. Eat a good breakfast of fruit, cereal, eggs and toast, with coffee or cocoa. Then walk at least part way—the last part—of your trip to the office. And manage to spend half of your lunch hour outdoors, and take deep breathers for ten minutes of that time.

Enjoy Yourself.
After your work is over enjoy yourself. See your friends, do nice things, feel happy. Don't hunch yourself away in some corner and think life isn't worth living—it is just what you make it. You can train any ordinary life into being crumful of interest, fun and things good to know and good to do if you attend to the job with some little firmness and decision.

Refuse to be the sort of woman who is terrorized by a cold or bored by a solitary evening. It is your fault alone if you spend your time half sick and half bored. And in your hands is the remedy. No one else can give you vigor and the joy of physical health, you must work for it yourself. You will cherish it thereafter as indispensable.

Personal Mention
V. D. Williamson, a large land owner in the Spokane region, and A. Maccorquodale, a railroad man, also of Spokane, arrived yesterday and are registered at the Portland.
John L. Rand, an attorney, and Frank S. Ballie, a sheep owner of Baker, are at the Portland.
George A. Batz, proprietor of the Holland hotel of Medford, is at the Portland.
The following party of prominent society women arrived yesterday from the north for a few days' stay in this city, registering at the Portland: Mrs. O. C. Houston and Mrs. G. A. Draham of Olympia; Mrs. J. A. Wolbert, Mrs. Horace Fogg and Mrs. Franklin Fogg of Tacoma.
Harry Engle, a realty man of Vale, is a guest at the Bowers.
Dr. E. H. Griffiths and wife of Victoria are stopping at the Bowers.
R. L. Tucker, a business man of Braverton, is registered at the Bowers.
W. L. Campbell, an advertising man of Seattle, is at the Bowers.
T. W. Biggers, a business man of Seattle, is stopping at the Seward.
Edward H. Todd, with the Christian Advocate, is registered at the Seward from Salem.
L. K. Moore of Fourteenth and West

Household Helps

By Elizabeth Lee.

Among the household helps found in a home making magazine is an idea for using radiator heat that is worth passing along.

It says: "Have the tinsmith make a tray of heavy galvanized iron, size about six inches longer and five inches wider than your radiator. Turn up one side two inches and the other sides one inch to prevent dishes from slipping off. Have half inch holes drilled in the two inch side and set hooks in the wall to pass through the holes."

Those persons who have grapes in the garden may like to know they can be kept till well into the next year if the ends of the stems are dipped in paraffin wax and each bunch is wrapped separately in tissue paper, twisting it firmly to keep out the air. The bunches should be packed in a basket in layers with sheet wadding between.

It goes without saying only perfect grapes should be so preserved.

To dry celery for winter use cut off the coarse, green leaves and dry them, using the white parts for present use at the table.

Cut the discarded pieces into small pieces, lay on a baking pan and place in a moderate oven, where they will dry through but not burn. Move the pieces frequently until thoroughly dry, then rub to a coarse powder and pack in glass jars. This will be found to be a delicious addition to soups, sauces and gravies when fresh celery is not on hand.

Parsley may be dried in the same way, and used in cooking. To do this select large, curly stalks of the parsley and plunge into boiling water, dipping one piece at a time. Shake thoroughly and hang in the sun to dry or put into a moderate oven. Place the stalks in tin boxes between layers of waxed paper and keep in a dry place. When wanted for use soak in cold water.

Sage can be dried also and kept in jars for winter use.

A delicious luncheon dish costing very little is egg plant stuffed. To do this select plant lentils, place in a saucepan and cook in water till tender. Scrape out the inside and fill with an onion chopped fine, a few bread crumbs, a tomato a bit of green pepper, and any minced meat as ham, chicken, beef, etc., salt to taste and mix together with a tablespoonful of butter. Bring the two parts together and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. This is a handy way of using up leftovers both in meat and vegetables. Most women feel there is no use for cold baked potatoes because they are apt to become waxy, but if peeled they can be cut into thin slices or cubes and be made into a salad.

Drawn Butter or White Sauce.
Cream one tablespoon each of flour and butter until thoroughly mixed. Add to one cup of milk, cream or white stock and cook until the flour and butter are well mixed. Season with salt, also pepper if liked.

If brown sauce is desired, put a tablespoonful of butter in a pan and put over the stove to heat. Sprinkle into it a tablespoonful of flour, and brown, stirring constantly. Then add gravy, stock or water until it thickens.

will be absent on business, accompanied by Mrs. Moore, in Ashland and Medford for several days.

San Francisco, a business man of San Francisco, is at the Seward.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Griffith of Eugene are at the Seward.

H. G. Wilson, in charge of Indian affairs on the Pacific coast, is registered from Roseburg at the Imperial.

Charles W. Goodman, a decorator of Seattle, is stopping at the Imperial.

A. C. Dickson, a lumberman of Eugene, is a guest at the Imperial.

W. O'Brien, a lumberman of Astoria, is at the same hotel.

C. A. Terry, a business man of Tacoma, is stopping at the Imperial.

Earl Johnson, a merchant of Eugene, is a guest at the Oregon.

Frank Rajotte, a contractor of Centralia, is stopping at the Oregon.

The Wendell Phillips high school football team of Chicago is registered at the Oregon.

J. A. McEachern, a contractor of Seattle, is at the Oregon.

H. Masterson, a business man of Boise, is registered at the Oregon.

G. Robinet, of Rheims, France, a prominent wine manufacturer, is a guest at the Multnomah.

G. B. Johnson, a merchant of Astoria, is at the Multnomah.

E. S. Collins, a lumberman of Ostrander, is a guest at the Multnomah.

A. S. Coates, a lumberman of Raymond, is at the same hotel.

E. P. Weir, a merchant of Newport, is a guest at the Perkins.

Arthur Bessell, a merchant of Siletz, is a guest at the Perkins.

Rev. Edward A. Harris, of Hood River, is at the Perkins.

D. R. and H. D. Irvine, prominent

HOLD RECEPTION FOR MR. BAILEY

Massachusetts Educator is Guest of Honor at Fine Arts Museum.

The Portland Museum was the scene of a very interesting and delightful gathering last night, when the Arts association extended its hospitality to friends and to the many teachers who are in the city from all parts of the state, to meet Henry Turner Bailey, editor of the School Arts magazine.

The first half hour was given over to an informal reception. Among those in the receiving line were Mrs. W. L. Brewster, Mrs. T. L. Elliott, Mrs. John Pearson, Mrs. J. E. C. King, Mrs. Gay, Miss Henrietta Felling, Miss Esther Wuest, Miss Mary H. Webster, Miss Lillian Tingle, Miss Crocker, Miss Worth, Miss Farnham, Miss Perry and Miss Sperry.

An informal address was delivered by Mr. Bailey upon the needs of inculcating art in the minds and hearts of the pupils of the public schools of today. Mr. Bailey is a very pleasing speaker, and is intensely interested in the cause of art.

"I am more delighted than I can tell you to be in your city," he said. "There is something about the west that appeals to all lovers of the beautiful, and your city of Portland is pre-eminently a city of rare beauty. Then, too, I am greatly pleased to meet your teachers. I am always interested in everything that has to do with the instruction of the young. Our public school system is acknowledged to be a great institution, yet there is room for improvement, and it is along the line of art in this connection that I wish to speak tonight for a few moments."

"This western country is developing at a rapid rate, but not as rapidly as the western cities. Their growth is so great, so rapid that it makes us rub our eyes and look again. Note the wonderful new public buildings, the new hotels, the great hotels, which there is nothing finer in the country; your splendid school buildings. They are monuments in the history of our state, the capital, Portland industry, and Portland progressiveness.

"Each building represents the work of artists in various lines in architecture, its decoration and its furnishing. Under present conditions, the artists are in nearly every case imported from some other place. The objects of art are done by foreign artists. This is not as it should be. It need not be so. You have right here in Portland boys and girls who, if they are given the opportunity and the training, can create all these things with their own hands and brains. It is the business of the public school to sow the seed that will spring up and ripen into talent and inclination along these lines.

"The cooperation of art museums with public art instruction is one of the most important things in the educational world today. You have here in Portland the objects of art of nearly every description, the finest in painting, in sculpture, in bronze, in furniture, and in fabric and embroidery. Some of these should be kept in the art museum all the time, and there should be an art gallery where the young people in the public schools may be privileged to view these examples of the highest and best there is in various branches of art. Study of color was being taken up, that in the schools, it should be illustrated by the finest examples of that particular branch, and the objects should be found in the art museum.

"This plan has been tried in the east, and has met with great success, not only in interesting the young people in the best things, but in instructing them as well. I recall an instance when the study in color was being taken up that the students were furnished with a black and white print of a great painting in which there was a wonderful sunset effect. They were told to color it according to their own ideas, and when they were all completed the students took their work to the museum and compared it with the original. It is safe to say that they learned more by that comparison than could have been taught simply by word of mouth in many months."

Victorians, are at the Multnomah, on their way south for the winter.

Robert Marsden, a Marshfield pioneer, is at the Perkins, on his way home after a tour around the world.

D. J. Hille, a druggist of Castle Rock, is a guest at the Perkins.

Journal Want Ads bring results.

THIS PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Will Heat Your Spare Room

It means a lot to your guests to find a cosy, well-warmed room awaiting them.

A Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is the very thing to drive away chill and damp in a hurry.

No smoke or smell with a Perfection. Just clean, glowing warmth at a minute's notice.

A Perfection Heater gives nine hours' comfort on a single gallon of oil. Handsome, yet inexpensive. Dealers everywhere, or write for descriptive circular.

Get a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater now, and be comfortable all the rest of the winter.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(California)
481 Market Street