

American Fashions

BY CORA MOORE AND LILLIAN YOUNG

The matinee and petticoat negligees are now more popular than the long, one-piece ones, and there is a multitude of charmingly quaint little "coats" designs that can be made up in lace, chiffon, or silk to wear over a silk or lingerie petticoat. Sometimes the matinee is fashioned from lace, and the petticoat from crepe de chine or messaline, making a pretty contrast, though they are often made of the same material.

Shell pink crepe de chine is used in the dainty negligee of the sketch. The cutaway coat is buttonhole edged and hand embroidered, and has an easily gathered empire waist line finished with covered cording. The right front laps over the left across the bust, and the kimono sleeves, edged with embroidery, are rounded up shorter on the outside of the arm and puffed a trifle above a tab of white rabbit fur.

A band of white rabbit also finishes the rounded neck. In back the coat extends to the knees. A long petticoat of the pink crepe de chine, with or without a train, is worn with it. There are scant gathers at the waist, and the skirt is finished around the hem with a band of the white fur.

Fascinating little boudoir bonnets to match usually accompany the negligees. This one, of the same crepe de chine, is rather close fitting, embroidered in front and finished across the back with a lace pleating which ends in a rosette over each ear.

If preferred, white marabou may be used on the coat in place of the rabbit with equal grace.

The Bargain Germ Good and Bad

By V. W.

There is a germ rampant these days to which woman is especially susceptible. Men are almost immune, but dread its effects the more since the poison is felt in their pocketbooks. What is the disease produced by this germ?

Bargain fever.

You cannot escape it for the bacilli are bred in alluring forms in every shop window and specious advertisement. You don't want to escape it. Bargaining is the one epidemic that does not cause thrills of dread in womankind. She welcomes it, she cannot get enough of it, she is infected by it, she is inoculated with real joy, however the purse-filler views it.

It's a germ once acquired, never cured. It may poison your life for the time but there is always enough vitality left to bob up at the next "marked down" season.

The disease being epidemic and fostered by authorities—there is nothing to be done but to let it run its course with the least damage possible.

This bargain fever, infectious if treated with the anti-toxin of common sense and money sense. Think to get something for nothing and the germ is sure poison. The thing that can be had for little is worth little. Understand this and your conscience will be less painful. Spend money you cannot afford for truck you do not want and the bargain fever is fatal. You will suffer from weakness that is the unpleasant trail of all disease.

Regard the bargain germ as a good investment of money savings if put into good goods and you'll emerge from your fever better off than when you acquired it.

There's things that's bargains and things that ain't as the old woman put it when ruefully trying to make a sponge cake from marked-down eggs. Digest the truth and you never dread the bargain germ. Pay cash when bargaining. Temptations are alluring and the paying up time not to be warded off with after regrets. Avoid buying junk because it is cheap and never nervous to bargain. The reaction is too costly.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION

Severe Case of a Philadelphia Woman—Her Symptoms.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I had a severe case of nervous prostration, with palpitation of the heart, constipation, headaches, dizziness, noise in my ears, timid, nervous, restless feelings and sleeplessness."

"I read in the paper where a young woman had been cured of the same troubles by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound so I threw away the medicines the doctor left me and began taking the Compound. Before I had taken half a bottle I was able to sit up and in a short time I was able to do all my work. Your medicine has proved itself able to do all you say it will and I have recommended it in every household I have visited."—Mrs. MARY JOHNSON, 210 Siegel Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Another Bad Case.

Ephrata, Pa.—"About a year ago I was down with nervous prostration. I was pale and weak and would have hysterical spells, sick headaches and a bad pain under my shoulder-blade. I was under the care of different doctors but did not improve. I was so weak I could hardly stand long enough to do my dishes."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me well and happy and I have begun to gain in weight and my face looks healthy now."—Mrs. J. W. HORNBERGER, R. No. 3, Ephrata, Pa.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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When a business man attains a certain income, a speculator "strikes it rich," a manufacturer secures a monopoly, or any impetuous son of earth is struck by lightning and receives a legacy, straightaway he moves his household to the other side of town.

And for this man's family, when they go, the scenes that knew them once know them no more forever. They do not say good-by to the friends they once had as no longer theirs; the neighbors with whom they used to chat over the gate read of them in the social events column, but they never see them. The grocer who once was so friendly to them is dead; the jolly butcher is forgotten—all are gone—faded and swallowed up in the misty past; that past of youth and hope, and the end for which they toiled and longed for has come. The golden days have opened—they have moved to the other side of town.

Men who have incomes of \$4,000 or more (say in Buffalo) make hot haste to live on Delaware avenue in Pittsburgh is the east end in Cincinnati, Walnut Hills; in Cleveland, Euclid avenue; in Chicago, Hyde Park; in Boston, Commonwealth avenue; in New York, uptown. And in these social migrations there is something pitiful for the man who goes can never return of his own free will, and to be forced back by fate is to suffer a humiliation that is worse than disgrace that comes through crime.

When a rich man—say in Albany, Syracuse or Boston—loses his money, and his family has to "come down," the sympathetic souls of earth shed tears for the glory that is gone. We tell how he has to give up all—he gave up his horses, his billiard tables, his club, his social place; he discharged his gardener, his coachman, his butler. He is now keeping books for \$25 a week, and his wife is doing her own work, and we relate how his children are now compelled



Charming new matinee and petticoat negligee.

Pie and Panic

A woman with so harmless and toothsome a thing as a lemon pie came near creating a panic on a crowded streetcar the other evening. It was just at the rush hour when everybody was hustling for home and passengers were standing on the platform and in the aisles packed like the proverbial sardines.

I observed that this woman seemed to be trying to protect a package in her hand, which she had half encircled in her arms. As the jostling through crowded closer, the look of apprehension on the woman's face deepened and finally she shrieked in desperation as a sudden lurch of the car sent the crowd swaying in her direction:

"Be careful—don't crowd me, I have a lemon pie here."

If she had said she had a package of dynamite the effect would not have been different. The way that crowd shrunk away from the woman with the pie gave her practically the whole aisle to herself.

The Ragtime Muse

Poiled at Last.

He prophesied ten thousand things, And matters too befall, As time flew by on tireless wings, That still he reckoned well. His prophesies came true—the most—So placed none could forego. Triumphantly that ancient boast, "I told you so!"

He prophesied ten thousand things, And when those things came true, The world to him was a tradition clings. Was emphasized anew. On all occasions, or on none, Though fate became a foe, That phrase he'd fling at every one— "I told you so!"

He prophesied ten thousand things—Then on a day fell ill: "In spite of all the doctor brings Of powder and of pill, I know I'm going to die," he groaned. He did. His strange to know That never has his ghost intoned: "I told you so!"

Elbert Hubbard on Exclusiveness

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to attend the public school. On questioning a good many men who have taken part in the Social Exodus, I find that the responsibility, Adamlike, of the change is thrown entirely on the woman: "My wife was dissatisfied and we had to go." Not once could I ever get a man to acknowledge that the question of pride, the desire to parade his success, or the hope of a better social position for his daughters ever weighed in the scale.

The woman of the Exodus tell me that the reason they moved to Commonwealth avenue was because the sewerage was imperfect in the old home, the water was bad, the air full of smoke, or the neighbors' children so very, very rude.

And in various instances these worthy mothers, following the example of the husbands, unload the responsibility on their children. "When Mayme came home from Wellesley she could not stand it here," or "When George got back from Harvard he found the society so awful dull."

And right here I use note this prevalent fact: The first effect of college life is often a desire to separate from the old companions—a drawing away from the mass and a making of cliques; an unwilling for life's commonplace duties, and the forming of a condition that makes riches a necessity and their loss a calamity.

Have your beautiful things, of course—why not? Encourage the workers in art, and use your money to decorate and beautify; but do not think that these things will benefit you if you join the Social Exodus and make haste to put distance between you and those who are less fortunate. Owners of art must build no spite fence! Show the marbles that fill your niches and the canvases that glorify your walls to those who seldom see such things—give your education to those who need it, your culture to those who have less, and you double your treasure by giving it away.

BERNHARDT'S OLD TRIUMPH REPEATS

Spontaneous Applause Marks Sustained Dramatic Effort as Queen Phedre.

As the tragic Queen Phedre in Racine's tragedy, "Phedre," Madame Sarah Bernhardt was given the most appreciative reception of her Portland Orpheum engagement. Madame Bernhardt presented "Phedre" yesterday afternoon and last night.

The role of Queen Phedre is more exacting of emotional expression and action than either the role of Lucrece, Borgia or Marius, the Vivandiere. The speaking parts are long, and Madame Bernhardt in meeting the demands of sustained dramatic effort was spontaneously applauded.

In the small part of the play put on in vaudeville, the action is confined largely to Phedre, wife of King Theaeus, and her stepson, Hippolytus, with whom she is deeply in love. On report that King Theaeus is dead, Phedre proclaims her love to her stepson, who in turn tells of his love for one of the women of her court. Then it is announced that King Theaeus still lives, and Queen Phedre in an intense scene with Hippolytus attempts to draw his sword and kill herself.

M. Lou Tellegen as Hippolytus was appealing in dramatic expression and figure.

Madame Bernhardt acknowledged several curtain calls at the conclusion of her act.

In Dr. Elliott's "five feet of books," Phedre is listed as the greatest tragedy ever written. It was first produced in 1667, and in 1873 Madame Bernhardt, who was just then entering upon her wonderful career, gained a foothold for her future success by learning the part of Queen Phedre in three hours.

This afternoon, tonight and tomorrow afternoon and tomorrow night Bernhardt will present "Camille," her masterpiece. Bernhardt will be seen as Marguerite Gautier, with M. Tellegen as Armand Duval. Her Portland engagement will be concluded tomorrow night.

Personal Mention

Emil Melzer, a mining man of Baker, is registered at the Portland.

C. L. Gleeson, a candy manufacturer of New York, is stopping at the Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Livesley of Salem are among recent arrivals at the Portland.

Mrs. P. S. Davidson, wife of a well known Hood River orchardist, is registered at the Portland.

John Rogers, an extensive owner of timber lands in Fernie, B. C., is registered at the Portland.

Edward H. Todd, editor of the Christian Advocate, is a guest at the Seward from Salem.

R. H. Dobell of the O. A. C. is stopping at the Seward.

J. C. Johnson, a cattle man of Dufur, is registered at the Seward.

W. C. Knighton, state architect of Salem, is at the Seward.

R. L. Baker, a lumberman of Raven, Pa., is a guest at the Multnomah.

N. Poston of the Pacific Coast Steamship company, is registered from Seattle at the Oregon.

Leo S. Schwabacher, a prominent hardware man of Seattle, is a guest at the Oregon.

Dr. H. W. D. Pineo, a dentist of Hood River, is stopping at the Oregon.

Judge A. W. Frater of the superior court of Oregon is registered at the Oregon from Seattle.

H. M. Crooks, professor of Albany college, is a guest at the Cornellius.

H. E. Gordon, a merchant of Newburg, and wife, are guests at the Cornellius.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Clark and family of Rainier, are stopping at the Cornellius.

W. E. Stinson, a merchant of Walla Walla, is stopping at the Perkins.

J. A. Rust and Dave Maxwell, stock men of Pendleton, are guests at the Perkins.

J. H. Cooper, a mining man of Fairbanks, Alaska, is stopping at the Perkins.

A. C. Mathews, a merchant of Eugene, is at the Perkins.

E. W. Frater, a real estate man of Eugene, is a guest at the Imperial.

Senator J. N. Burgess of Pendleton, is a guest at the Imperial.

W. H. Jensen and C. A. Dobell of the O. A. C. are registered at the Imperial.

Miss E. Crawford of the Lincoln Garfield post of the Grand Army of the Republic has had his pension raised from \$20 to \$30 per month, commencing from May 27, 1912. Mr. Crawford served in the Civil War in the First Iowa volunteer Cavalry regiment. He resides at 414 College street.

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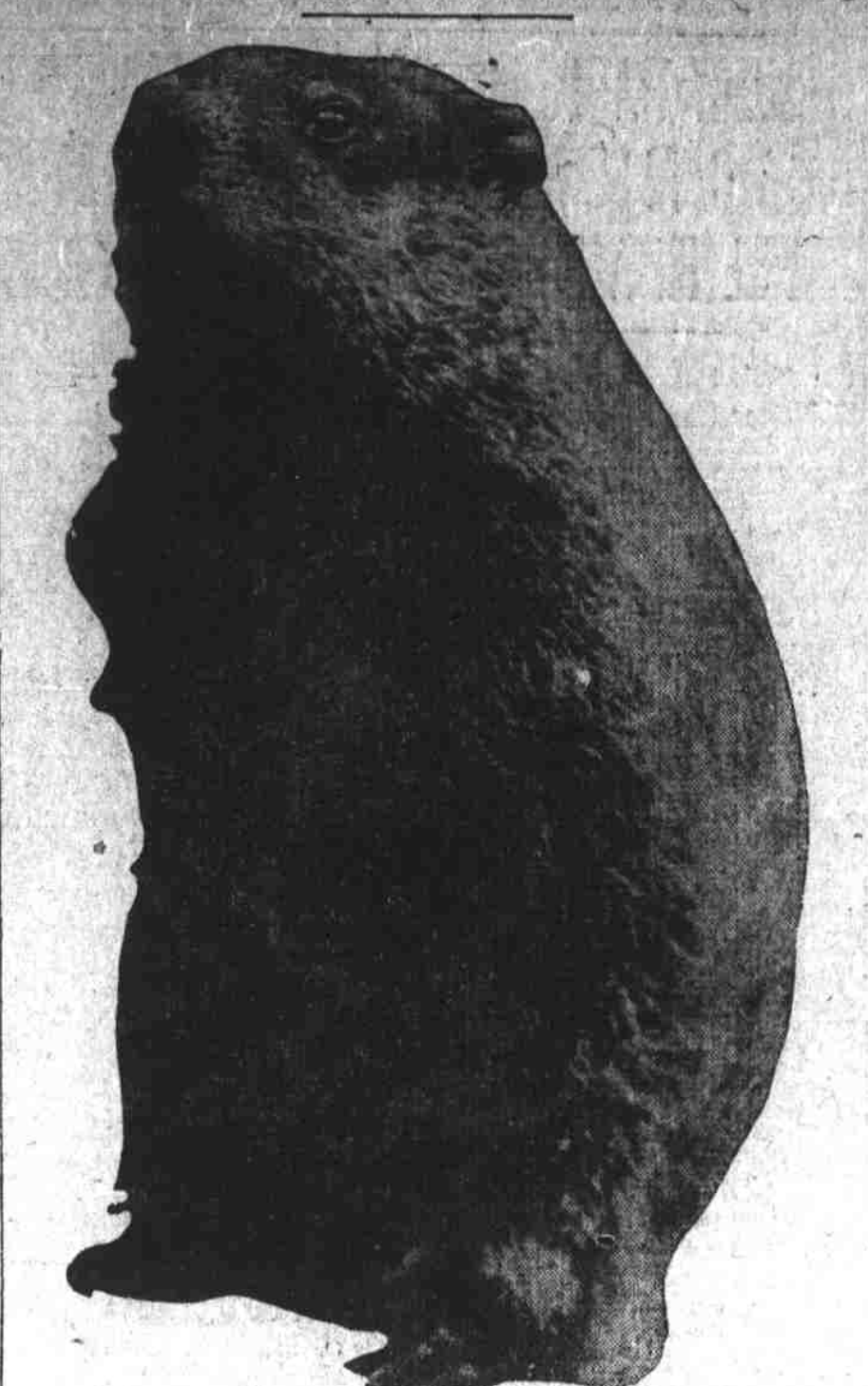
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It's Up to You, Mr. Ground Hog



Tomorrow is Ground Hog Day. Tomorrow at noon the official ground hog will claw his way out of the official burrow, and after flicking the gravel from his eyes and smoothing back his mustaches, will decide on the variety of weather that will be served to us during the next few weeks. According to the tradition, if the day is bright and sunny, and Mr. G.-H. sees his shadow, he will burn the dust in his hurry to get back into his domicile, because ground hogs like gentlemen, are afraid of shadows. And if he does huddle into his cloister, order up several more cords of wood, have the furnace grate fixed, and get the heavy shoes polished, for there's going to be some real winter. But if on that auspicious occasion we are being favored with the cloudy weather that has been our lot for the last few months, Mr. G.-H. will

take a short stroll and will lay his plans for the summer campaign before he retires. Then the near emptiness of the woodbox will cause us no worry, because there'll be an early spring, and fresh strawberries will be on the market before we realize it.

In spring, summer and autumn this little animal is known as the woodchuck, and his pit is highly esteemed by rural gentlemen, who value the skin not so much for its intrinsic worth as for the fact that, when nailed on the washboard, it is emblematic of one "chuck" that will never do more damage in the garden. In late fall the "chuck" retires to his cozy sanctuary, where he feasts on his claws and slumbers peacefully, until it is time for him to come out, dignified by the little of ground hog, to size up the weather situation for an anxious public.

FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY

Elizabeth Patterson, 1785-1879

By Willis J. Abbot.

(Copyrighted, 1912.)

For rather more than half a century the futile marriage of the Baltimore belle, Elizabeth Patterson, to Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the great emperor, has been cited as a warning against international romances, and the lovely lady involved has been painted in the melancholy colors of a martyr. That the marriage was futile is clear enough. It was ended as precipitately as though one of the parties had been struck down by a thunderbolt. The bride had hoped to be a recognized member of the most powerful ruling family in Europe. She awoke, less than 18 months after her marriage, to find herself still "Miss Patterson," unrecognized by the emperor, abandoned by her husband, barred from France, and doomed to wander from court to court in Europe, now brilliant and then gloomy, but always in the anomalous position of one that was neither maid, wife, nor widow.

But Miss Patterson was hardly a martyr. Ambition had run away with her prudence, that was all. For she was warned. Her father knew that the younger Bonaparte, a naval officer without training or duties, was a practiced ruse and lady-killer. He suspected that Napoleon, then first consul and within reach of the imperial purple, would hardly approve his brother's marriage with an untitled American. The girl was warned by her far-seeing father, but responded defiantly that she "would rather be the wife of Jerome for one hour than of any other man for a lifetime." The retort has commonly been taken as the expression of her passionate love, but her later career indicates that she may have seen in one hour of wedded life with the princeling, titles, the entree to courts, the adulation of courtiers, and all the frivolous aristocratic existence which a lifetime with a mere devoted American husband could not win for her. So she played her stake and lost.

Elizabeth was 18 years old when the dazzling star of royalty burst upon her vision. Her father was one of the richest merchants of Baltimore. She is described as possessing "the pure Grecian contour; her head was exquisitely

formed, her forehead fair and shapely, her eyes large and dark with an expression of tenderness that did not belong to her character; and the delicate loveliness of her mouth and chin, the soft bloom of her complexion together with her beautifully rounded shoulders and tapering arms, combined to form one of the loveliest of women.

The eager pair wasted little time. Eight weeks after the first meeting they were married by the bishop of Baltimore. There was a civil marriage as well, but the shrewd Patterson foresaw that Napoleon would repudiate that, and therefore confidently based his hopes on the canon tenacity of the Roman Catholic church to the sanctity of the marriage bond. In this he was not disappointed. Later the pope refused even at the behest of the Emperor Napoleon to set aside the marriage his bishop had solemnized. It was well that the wedding took place in the city of the emperor, for the bride seems to have been less sufficiently clad. Elizabeth remarked of her raiment that "there was as little as possible of any gown at all, dress being simply an aid in setting off beauty."

A matter-of-fact man remarked that he could have put the clothes worn by the bride into his pocket. Less sufficiently clad, Elizabeth remarked of her raiment that "there was as little as possible of any gown at all, dress being simply an aid in setting off beauty."

Amid the gayeties of the honeymoon echoes of the emperor's displeasure reached the married pair. American simplicity was palling on Jerome. He yearned for Paris. The emperor would be charmed to see him—but alone! In New York they found copies of the imperial decree prohibiting the registration in the empire of the "the act of celebration of a pretended marriage that Jerome Bonaparte had contracted in a foreign country, during the age of minority, without the consent of his mother and without publication in the place of his nativity."

Mr. Patterson sent his son Robert to Paris to try to reach the ear of the emperor. The wires of diplomacy were pulled. The United States minister, Robert Livingston, interested himself. All to no avail. Jerome would be welcome; his wife must not set foot on French soil. That was Napoleon's ultimatum, and to it he adhered to the end. The most promising plan was the suggestion of Minister Livingston, then in this country, that he would take Mrs. Bonaparte to France with him as part of his official family. The emperor could hardly reject her then, and Jerome might come to France on a French warship. But the plan fell through because, it was said, Elizabeth reached New York after the minister's ship had sailed. Probably the diplomat, on second thought, saw the unwisdom of exposing the United States to a snub merely to do a doubtful service to the heroine of a foolish marriage.

Finally in March, 1805, the couple sailed. At the first French port an ambassador from Napoleon visited the ship, and addressing her as Miss Patterson asked Elizabeth what he could do for her. "Tell your master," she replied with spirit, "that Mrs. Bonaparte is ambitious, and demands her rights as a member of the imperial family." She was, however, refused permission to land, and proceeded to Amsterdam.

Jerome went ashore and proceeded to Paris, where he and his brother were warmly received. He was, however, well waded out of this story here, for his wife saw him only once again after the lapse of years, when she passed him with his new wife in the Pitti palace at Florence. There was no recognition, but as the parties passed she heard him say with nonchalance: "There goes my American wife."

Napoleon was unwavering in his refusal to recognize the marriage. An allowance of \$15,000 a year if she would remain in America and not use the Bonaparte name was his one concession. This she accepted, though evading both conditions. In the end he himself declared the marriage null, creating Jer-

one king of Westphalia, and married him to the Princess of Wurtemberg. The new king benevolently—or insolently—offered Elizabeth a home, the title of Princess of Sigmaringen, and a pension of \$50,000 a year. She replied that Westphalia was too small for two queens and, referring to the pension she was already getting from Napoleon, remarked that she preferred "being sheltered under the wing of an eagle to being suspended from the bill of a goose."

The retort delighted Napoleon, who sent to ask her what he could do for her. She replied that she would like to be a duchess. The fall of Napoleon shattered this ambition.

With her son Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, from whom descends a famous American family, Elizabeth lived abroad in varying degrees of splendor until an advanced age. Her own country she hated, and bitterly reproached her son for having married an American. With age she grew penurious and, although she left a fortune of a million and a half, died in a boarding house. Her aloofness from all human intimacies was queerly shown by her selection of a small triangular cemetery lot which precluded the possibility that any one might rest beside her.

Reception to Speakers

A reception to the speakers of American Board Institute which is to open Monday in the First Congregational church, Park and Madison, will be held in the church at 8 o'clock tonight, when the heads of the various departments of the Congregational churches of the city are expected to be present to become acquainted with the visiting team of workers.

The members of this team are Rev. Brewer Eddy, secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, of Boston; Rev. Charles L. Storrs Jr. Fochow mission, China; Rev. Robert Chambers, western Turkey mission; Mrs. George B. Cowles, American Zulu mission, South Africa; Rev. H. Melville Tenney, Pacific coast secretary of the board, and Mrs. Belle I. Hoge, representing the Women's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

The institute is to be under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Mission and the Women's Board of Missions for the Pacific, and is for the purpose of arousing more interest in mission work.

Tomorrow Rev. E. M. Chambers will speak in the First Congregational church at 11 o'clock and at the Highland Congregational at 6:30 and 7:30 o'clock; Rev. Brewer Eddy will speak in the Sunnyside church at 11 o'clock in the morning and at the Waverly Heights at night; Rev. C. L. Storrs will speak in the Pilgrim Congregational at 11 o'clock and at the Sunnyside church at night; and Rev. H. M. Tenney will speak at the Haasala church at 11 o'clock in the morning and at the Laurelwood church at night.

The regular sessions of the church will open Monday in the First church at 10:30 o'clock in the morning, when a number of subjects will be discussed. Meetings are to be held in the afternoon in the church and the institute will close with brief addresses in the evening.

Tuesday Evening Service

Six Tuesday evening services are to be given in the Church of Our Father, Seventh and Yamhill streets, by Rev. W. G. Elliot Jr., the pastor, beginning at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening. The dates and subjects follow:

February 4, "Christ: Facts and Meanings;" February 11, "Christ and God;" February 18, "Christ and Immortality;" February 25, "Christ and Duty;" March 4, "Christ and the Christian Church;" March 11, "The Church of Christ in This Place." Opportunity for questions and replies will follow each lecture.

NAMES TWO ADDITIONAL SANITARY INSPECTORS

Two additional sanitary inspectors were appointed by Mayor Ruehligh executive board yesterday afternoon. The appointees were Joe Riley and John Anderson. Both have had police experience.

Charles W. Hodson was appointed to succeed John B. Coffey on the executive board. Mr. Hodson was sworn in yesterday. W. H. Fitzgerald will hereafter act as chairman of the police committee of the board.

Members of the city health board and deputies in the health office were made special policemen by order of the executive board.

BERNHARDT HUGS PORTLAND MISS



Nova Norwood. To be hugged and kissed by Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the world's greatest actress, is the happy lot of Nova Norwood, a Portland miss, who joined the Bernhardt company at the Orpheum yesterday to take part in "One Christmas Night." Nova is 12 years old and attends the Ladd school. She is the daughter of Mrs. E. Norwood of 211 Fourteenth street.

Ideals in Business

The Men's Brotherhood of the Atlantic Memorial Congregational church held its regular meeting last Monday night in the church parlors. Dr. Meszies presided at the meeting. After the regular routine business was finished J. E. Werlein spoke on the subject, "Ideal Manhood as Compared With Present Day Conditions." He based his remarks upon the life of Abraham Lincoln, and cited the changed conditions, concerning the attitude of the southern people towards the character of Lincoln.

Mr. Werlein stated that Lincoln was loved as much in the south as he was in the north.

"The time has come when business men need ideals as high as those of ministers," said Mr. Werlein. "And each man should pray each day before starting in his daily work. Business men can do as much good by giving a word of cheer and hope to the despondent, as can any other servant of humanity."

Mrs. Theodore Grams and Rev. F. W. Gorman, pastor of the church, sang two duets. Orin Hollowell gave several piano selections. Refreshments were served following the meeting.

Church Notes

Ash Wednesday services will be held in the Trinity church at 11 o'clock in the morning and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Daily Lenten services will be held every afternoon at 4 o'clock except Saturday.

The order of music for the Vesper services at 4:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in the Church of Our Father, Seventh and Yamhill streets, will include a violin solo by Harold Bayle. The choir parts will be under the direction of John Claire Montfith.

Rev. C. A. Nussbaum will lecture tomorrow evening on the subject, "The Bible Which Was Lost and Is Found," with some references to the book bearing same title by the Honorable John Maylow, author and diplomat, just landed. Mr. Nussbaum will elucidate Swedenborg's teaching on the subject. Pythian hall, Ele