

### Latest Fashions

VERY often indeed are the new hats that seem especially designed to accompany the newest examples of the tailor's art. There seems to be positively no rule for regulating headgear this season beyond the fact that it must absolutely suit its wearer, and there are so many models that there is not the slightest excuse for any one to be unbecomingly hatted providing she will take the trouble to make the right selection.

Crowns are mostly low and of the "brim" variety, brims are not very wide except in some of the one sided effects, turned up, turned down or perfectly straight, according to fancy. Quaint little bonnet shapes are still in the lead. All the hats are close fitting and set well down over the head, though there is a movement in progress to display more of the hair, and this is best brought about through the one sided models.

They are very much in vogue and quite generally becoming. The outline is pleasing and youthful with a decidedly rakish angle.

The sketch will give an adequate idea of the general run of them. Usually a head band rises the lifted side, and though the brim may be very narrow on the other side, it runs out considerably beyond the headband and is even accentuated by outstanding trimmings.

The particular model under discussion is covered with black silk velvet and has a soft "flam" crown of the same. The edge of the brim is bordered with shank in a fringe set between the upper and under facings, and the bow knot trimming of old gold velvet ribbon is arranged on the extreme edge of the widest part of the brim.

Fur fringes and bandings to soften the outlines of brims are the latest idea in winter millinery, and one of the prettiest advanced so far.

A lovely dress hat recently seen followed the lines of the model just described, and was of black velvet with an under facing of old blue satin laid in plaits. Skunk made the border, and a single rose crest on the brim edge topped a chin strap of black velvet, while another rose was caught to the upper part of the brim on the opposite side of the hat toward the back.



One of the popular few bordered hats.

### IN FAIRYLAND

**A Sprig of Rosemary**  
Retold by Anne Bunker.

Once upon a time there lived a man with one daughter, and he made her work hard all the day. One morning he told her to go out into the woods and get some dry leaves and sticks to kindle a fire.

The girl went out and soon collected a sprig of sweet-smelling rosemary for herself. After the harvest she pulled the firmer seemed to be plant, and at last she gave one great tug and the rosemary remained in her hands.

Then she heard a voice close to her saying, "Well!" and turning she saw before her a handsome young man, who asked why she had come to steal his firewood.

The girl managed to stammer out as an excuse that her father had sent her.

"Very well," replied the young man; "I can come with me."

So the girl went through the opening made by the turn-up root, and they traveled till they reached a beautiful palace, splendidly furnished, but only lighted from the top. And when they had entered the hall the girl was a great lord, and that never had he seen a maiden so beautiful as she, and that if she would give him her heart they would be married and live happily forever after.

The maiden said yes, she would, and so they were married.

The next day the old dame who looked after the house handed her all the keys to the castle, and she said she would do well never to use, for if she did the whole palace would fall to the ground.

The girl promised to be careful, but in a little while, when there was nothing left for her to do, she began to wonder what could be in the chest which was opened by the key.

But the love was still in her heart, and she hid the key under a stone, and she hid her own ill-doing, and the sun listened, and was sorry for her; and though he could not tell her where to go, he gave her a walnut and hid it in a time of great distress.

The maiden thanked him with all her heart and departed, and walked and walked and walked, till she came to another castle, where she lived the night, and knocked at the door. "All hail," said the girl. "I have come, of your charity, to ask your help."

Then the girl told the whole story, and the Moor listened and was sorry for her; and though she could not tell her where to find her husband, she gave her an almond, and told her that when she was in great need, so the almond would be ready to eat, and she came to another castle, where she lived the night, and knocked at the door. "All hail," said the girl. "I have come, of your charity, to ask your help."

And she told him the whole story, and the Wind listened and was sorry for her, and he gave her a walnut that she was to eat in time of need.

"Don't be frightened," he said; "I will go and see if I can find out something." And the Wind departed with a great noise and fuss, and in the twinkling of an eye he was back again, beaming with delight.

"I have contrived to learn that he is in the palace of the King, who keeps him hidden, and that tomorrow he is to marry the princess, who, ugly creature that she is, has not been able to find any man to wed her." The poor maiden implored the Wind to do all he could to get the wedding party off two or three days, for it would take her all that time to reach the palace of the King.

The Wind gladly promised to do what she could, and as he traveled much faster than the maiden he soon arrived at the palace, where he found five tallors working night and day at the wedding clothes of the princess.

Down came the Wind right in the middle of their lace and satin and trimmings of pearl! Away they all went whizz through the open windows. It was plainly impossible that the wedding clothes could be ready next day.

So the king ordered the ceremony and the banquet to be postponed.

When the maiden arrived at the castle and weary at the castle, she cracked her nut and drew out of it the most beautiful mantle in the world. Then she rang the bell, and asked: "Is not the princess to be married today?"

"Yes, she is."

"Ask her if she would like to buy this mantle."

And when the princess saw the mantle she was delighted.

So she told the maiden to ask what price she would, and it should be given her.

The maiden fixed a large sum, many pieces of gold.

Now the maiden turned away from the castle. The moment she was out of sight she broke her almond and drew from it the most magnificent petticoats that ever were seen. Then she went back to the castle. No sooner did the princess cast her eyes on the petticoats than she declared that she would give the maiden whatever price she wanted for them. And the maiden named many pieces of gold which the princess paid her gladly.

Then the girl went down the steps where none could see her and cracked her nut, and out came the most splendid court dress that any dressmaker had ever invented; and she knocked at the door and asked the princess to buy a court dress.

When the message was delivered the princess sent at once to say she would buy the dress, and what sum she would name for it.

This time the maiden answered that the price of the dress was the permission to see the bridegroom.

The princess was not at all pleased when she heard the maiden's reply, but as she could not do without the dress, she was forced to give in.

So the maiden was led to the rooms which had been given to her husband, and when she came near she touched him with the sprig of rosemary that she carried; and his memory came back, and he drew her and kissed her, and declared that she was his true wife, and that he loved her and no other.

### Little Stories for Bedtime

**Grandfather Frog Keeps On.**  
By Thornton W. Burgess.  
(Copyright, 1915, by J. G. Lloyd.)

Grandfather Frog is old and wise. But even age is foolish.

"I'm sure you'll agree with me. His stubbornness was mullah."

That his very last day had come Grandfather Frog was sure. He didn't know it, but he was feeling him jump and kick his long legs that tickled Bowser so. Bowser tossed him up in the air two or three times, but Grandfather Frog simply lay where he fell without moving. "Bow, wow, wow!" cried Bowser in his great deep voice. Grandfather Frog didn't so much as blink his great goggle eyes. Bowser sniffed him all over.

"I guess I've frightened him to death," said Bowser, talking to himself. "I didn't mean to do that, I just wanted to have some fun with him." With that Bowser took one more sniff and then trotted off to try to find something more exciting. You see he hadn't had the least intention in the world of really hurting Grandfather Frog.

Grandfather Frog kept perfectly still until he was sure that Bowser was no where near. Then he gave a great sigh of relief and crawled under a big mullen leaf to rest and think things over.

"Chugurum, that was a terrible experience; it was indeed!" said he to himself shivering at the very thought of what he had been through. "Nothing like that ever happened to me in the Smiling Pool. I've always said that the Smiling Pool is a better place in which to live than out in the Great World, and now I know it. The question is, what has been done?"

Now, right down in his heart, Grandfather Frog knew the answer. Of course the best thing to do was to go straight back to the Smiling Pool as fast as he could. But Grandfather Frog is stubborn. Yes, sir, he certainly is stubborn. And stubbornness is just another name for foolishness. He had told Jerry Muskrat that he was going out to see the Great World. Now, if he went back Jerry would laugh at him.



"I won't do it!" said Grandfather Frog. "What won't you do?" asked a voice so close to him that Grandfather Frog made a long jump before he thought of the Smiling Pool he always jumped at the least hint of danger, and because one jump always took him into the water he was always safe. But there was no water here and that jump took him right out where anybody passing could see him. Then he turned around to see who had startled him so. It was Danny Meadow Mouse.

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### Health and Beauty Helps

#### Prescriptions for Preservation of Your Teeth.

By Abigail Moore.

There is less excuse for ugly looking teeth than for almost any other unfortunate feature. Much can be done nowadays to improve them. Whatever other allowances may be made in the matter of physical unattractiveness sympathy halts at the teeth.



There's no excuse for ugly teeth, says Rita Boland.

Vigilance should begin as soon as the first decay appears, and should never be relaxed. Nothing short of perfect cleanliness will prevent decay and no amount of trouble should be considered too high a price to pay.

The most malicious destroyers of teeth are the wash and dentures. It is perilous to select them at random, for many of them contain acids that ruin the enamel when they are not so gritty as to wear it off in a short period of time.

The teeth should be thoroughly, though never roughly, brushed morning and night, and the mouth rinsed after meals with an antiseptic lotion, the particles of food being removed from between the teeth by means of dental floss.

If the brushing is not persisted in, the heat of the mouth soon sets up fermentation in the food carried around the gums, the acid eating into the enamel, and then is likely to cause a long line of troubles, for decayed teeth are not responsible for toothache alone, but are a menace to general health.

In brushing the teeth the movement should be up and down instead of across, as is the common way, and the inside surfaces should not be neglected. The brush employed should have bristles firm but not too stiff, and needless to say, it should be kept clean.

If the gums are soft and there is a tendency for the teeth to loosen, a lotion composed of two drachms of powdered gum mastic, two and one half drachms of powdered gum Arabic, one half drachm of balsam of Peru, and five ounces of orange flower water made into an emulsion, and then, while being stirred vigorously, three drachms of tincture of myrrh added will rectify the trouble.

Most powders are to be avoided for the reason already mentioned, but if the teeth are in good condition and only a good cleansing agent is required, cam-

phorated chalk serves the purpose very well. Dissolve an ounce of camphor gum as much as possible by crushing into it eight drops of alcohol, and add five ounces of pulverized orris root, mixing thoroughly and afterward straining through the finest of sieves.

If it were possible to obtain at a reasonable price areas nut charcoal its free use, it is said, would preserve the teeth sound and beautifully white to the end of one's days, but the areas nut, which is found in the Philippines and throughout the east, is not generally imported and is therefore prohibitively expensive when it can be obtained at all.

Charcoal is one of the best known preservatives, and after the areas nut, the following is probably the best tonic powder obtainable. Mix thoroughly two ounces of French magnesia, one half ounce bicarbonate of soda, one ounce powdered orris root, and five drachms of green sand seed powder, straining as in the previous formula.

**Tide Catches Swimmer.**  
San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 29.—After swimming from the Vallejo street pier to Calistoga mole and three quarters of a mile back again, Frank Rogers was caught by the tide and had to be lifted out.

### IN OUR SCHOOL—By Paul West

The days may come, the days may go, but school runs on forever! Miss Palmer gave Fatty Bellows this example: If a boy had four dollars and somebody give him two, and he lost one



Figuring in Doughnuts.

and found another, how many would he have? After searching his mind several minutes, Fatty said it couldn't be done. Then Miss Palmer made it doughnuts instead of dollars and Fatty done it in seven seconds. It's the same in everything with Fatty. He couldn't understand about the world being round till Miss Palmer told him it was like an orange.

#### Found Friends!

Mitch complaint is heard by them which give up a cent to hold Torp Stebbins' baby thinking it had whooping cough, it not being the same. Some say Torp knew it was whooping cough all the time and simply let his friends, but Torp says he'll leave it to everyone if the baby didn't whoop all right. Exodus Brigham says if Torp will treat with the fourteen cents he collected all the time for whooping cough, he'll treat him. Torp is wavering.

#### Royal News.

Queen Genevieve Hicks entertained her loyal subjects in the royal palace yesterday afternoon, giving many titles. Lilac Grimes is countess, Maude Muldrey got to be a duchess, and Philip Wingleworth is Lord Phillip. Fatty Bellows wanted to be something, but the queen wouldn't let him, she saying he was common clay like Steve Hardy and the rest. If Fatty is clay, they're material for a whole slew of marbles in him, all right!

#### Don't Miss It.

Walt White's savage fox-hound-bulldog, Destruction, is all ready for the great fight Saturday. Walt worried Soulyer Brown's beagle hound for Destruction to practice on, and it was very

#### Woman Sense vs. Horse Sense.

By Jessie Roberts.

We all know, or we think we do, what horse sense is. He's got horse sense, you won't fool him in a hurry. If he's got some one, and admiring eyes follow him as he goes his way.

Horse sense, I take it, is a practical, hardworking, shrewd quality, a good thing, too. But we're wondering if there isn't a thing we might call woman sense, which is at least quite as well worth having.

It is rather more sensitive and imaginative than horse sense. Woman sense, for instance, is what the perfect stenographer uses when she somehow gets the clear, distinct meaning disentangled from her employer's confused mingling of dictation, gesture, interpolations to office boy and phone, and ejaculations of impatience or rage.

It is woman sense that draws an important order from an irritable and overtaxed buyer, and leaves him soothed and content with life.

It is woman sense even more than

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successful, only the hegets complained some, but he's all right except his ears, which were too long anyhow. Farmer Griggs' regular bulldog, Steel Trap, will probably be chosen to oppose Destruction Saturday if he can be caught.

**Mary Happy Returns.**  
Today was Miss Palmer's birthday and she said she hoped to be able to celebrate it by not giving anybody no feelings all day, so wouldn't we help her by being extra good? So far everything has been quite peaceful, nobody having been caught doing anything except Lanos Bogert, who shoved Gen. Hicks' elbow when she was writing and made her spill the ink. Miss Palmer was reaching for her rattan when Lanos explained that he done it because Gen. was writing a poem about Miss Palmer, so Miss Palmer forgave him.

#### How About It, Fatty?

Our esteemed janitor, Blinky Hammond, has just paid a pleasant visit to announce that if Miss Palmer wishes the schoolhouse rid of rats she must see that somebody stops eating the cheese out of the trap under the hall stairs. Everybody has denied it so far, but Fatty Bellows looks guilty, think many of us. How about it, Fatty?

Torp Stebbins has been persuaded he'd better treat with that 14 cents.



Torp is going to treat.

Them who gave up to him will please meet up by the fence after school. Anybody kept after can send me a substitute. A pleasant time is expected by one and all, except Torp, our genial host!

#### Epidemic Threatened!

A serious epidemic of sickness is expected in our little school, tomorrow being speaking. Walt White is going to have colic, Exodus Brigham is undecided between tooth-ache and soar throat. Forewarned is four armed, say we!

#### The Ragtime Muse

**Ballade of the Beginner.**  
Old Jasper Stout upon the street,  
Where motor horns most hoot and  
bray,  
Surprised me as on gouty feet  
He hopped as nimble as a fly.  
I smiled to hear his angry "Hey!"  
I did not miss him very far,  
So I called back with manner gay,  
"Who says I cannot drive a car?"

Our lawn was lately smooth and neat—  
The drive's its straight and narrow way—  
Now furrowed turf your eye will meet,  
For over it my wheels will stray.  
Our pup is dead; the children play  
Inside the house, no naught shall mar  
The hour when I smile and say,  
"Who says I cannot drive a car?"

Ill-natured prophets I shall cheat—  
What! Break my neck? Not I! Nay,  
I hardly like to stop to eat,  
I get so out of practice, say;  
But though I'm lately growing gray,  
Sometimes, as skilled as chauffeurs  
I shall not miss a single Jay,  
Who says I cannot drive a car."

**L'ENVOI.**  
Good neighbors, though you show dis-  
taste,  
I was born 'neath a lucky star,  
I'm fit and eager for the fray—  
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London, Oct. 29.—Attorney General Sir Rufus Isaacs has been promoted to the lord chief justiceship, succeeding Lord Alverstone.

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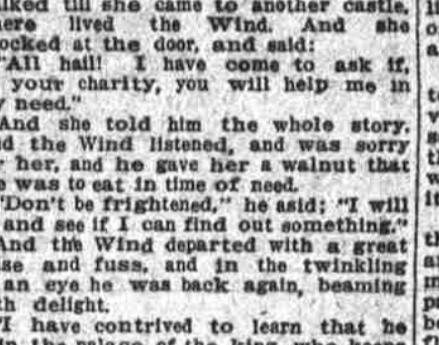
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**CHARMS OF RIVER RHINE ARE TOLD BY LECTURER**

The charms of the Rhine, its fascinating scenery, its ruined castles and the spell cast by the legends associated with the river, were vividly brought out in the fourth address of R. H. Hammond, who is giving a course of lectures in the Lincoln High school auditorium, under the auspices of the Portland Educational association.

Thursday night at 8 p. m. on Oct. 29, the lecturer will speak on "The Fairyland of the Rhine." Thursday he will speak on "Shakespeare and the Rhine." Before leaving he will give his illustrated lecture and Wagner, the great German poet, for the purpose of the Portland Educational association.

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Sacramento to San Francisco including SWIMMING SAN FRANCISCO BAY  
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Final Return Limit November 10

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**John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent PORTLAND, OREGON**

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THE City Ticket Office OF THE "See America First" GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY National Park Route

Will Move to 348 WASHINGTON ST. MORGAN BUILDING BETWEEN BROADWAY AND PARK STS.

H. Dickson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent  
Telephones—Marshall 3071, A-2286

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MAIL ORDERS. ADDRESS THE JOURNAL, PORTLAND, OR. The sets are too bulky to be sent by mail, but out-of-town readers can have them for \$1.98, the set to be sent by express, shipping charges to be paid by the receiver.

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