

# Latest Fashions

# Principally about People

# Health and Beauty Helps

**T**HERE is always something extremely substantial in corduroy. They have a certain rough style of their own, and for winter costumes possess two appropriate qualities—warmth and durability. In this material one can generally find good plain designs, and these are ornate enough to dispense with much trimming. There are lovely moiré shades, lustrous bright or dull blues, soft greens and browns, and numerous wine tones.

Quite the latest idea is introduced in suits that show a combination of plain and corduroy velvet. Usually the coat is made of the latter, while the pair velvet in a shade that matches exactly is used for the skirt.

Such a design is sketched herewith, carried out in Burgundy red. The coat is of Russian blouse persuasion and is swathed about the waist with a broad satin sash tied at the left side. Wide sleeves are cut in one with the coat. They are three-quarter length and have deep cuffs of matching material.

The sloping line of closing in front laps well over the left side below the bust and in the lower part of the coat continues in rounded cutaway effect with an eight-inch shaped facing of self material. The waist portion is arranged to blouse slightly all around over the skirt and there is an even line of gathers across the back of the coat tail.

Seal is used for the broad, rolling collar and the band across the end of the sash.

The skirt of plain Burgundy velvet opens down the center front with a little curved slash over the feet. The back is gathered a little across the high waistline and may be draped along the center seam, which is covered by a full-length swinging panel, bordered with a band of seal.

Hunter's green would be another excellent color for the same model, and with the dark note found in the seal trimmings a more pleasing combination would be hard to find. Greens and reds always look better with dark furs than with light, while blues and browns are the most apt to combine best with the light ones.



Suit of plain and corduroy velvet in Burgundy red.

**E. J. Hargreaves**, president of the Continental Insurance & Investment company of Salt Lake City, C. W. Heller, secretary of the company, and N. G. Strickland, superintendent of agencies, are guests at the Oregon, having come here to meet with the northwest agents of the company.

**C. M. Jenkins** of the Great Northern Steamship company, who is to be in charge of the oriental and Philippine tour to be made by the great ship *Minnesota*, leaving Seattle December 30, is a guest at the Multnomah.

"We expect to put in an electric power plant to run our mines," said John M. Fenn of Galice, Or., a young mining man who is at the Imperial.

"We have just organized the Texas Oregon Power & Placer Mining company, a close corporation and expect to be ready to operate in the spring. We have made a success so far."

**Oscar Nuhn**, a manufacturer of New York, who has just completed a tour of Europe, is a guest at the Perkins.

"I find that plans are being made for a very great amount of immigration as soon as the Panama canal opens. Oregon and Washington will profit more than California by 1916, for it will be natural for people coming from Europe to seek the same climate as they leave Oregon will draw from an industrial section, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and central European countries, while California will draw from southern Europe," declared Mr. Nuhn.

**Chief Deputy Game Warden T. J. Craig**, with several men, left in the state fish patrol yesterday afternoon for the Oak Ridge branch of the Southern Pacific about Eugene. They are to seine for brook trout in the Willamette river. The fish are to be taken for the purpose of being brought to the place where Craig is now and liberated in one of the ponds. Next summer they will spawn and the progeny will be kept for future propagation purposes. The fish are very abundant at the place where Craig is to conduct the seining operations and it is expected that the crew will be in there for a week or 10 days. Immature fish are being taken on the fish car in which the trout will be kept alive.

**C. C. Redman**, a former Portland man, whose father was an alderman in the old days of East Portland, is back in the city visiting his mother, Mrs. E. J. Redman at 657 Thurman street. Mr. Redman is now agent in charge for Wells Fargo & Co. at Marysville, Cal. He left Portland five years ago.

**Walter B. Gilbert** of New York, is registered at the Nortonia.

**Mrs. J. F. Jones**, of Kalama, is stopping at the Nortonia.

**Charles Kohler** and wife, of Pasco, are guests at the Nortonia.

**Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Whitmore** of Grants Pass, are stopping at the Corneliuss.

**Mrs. J. J. Conner**, of White Salmon, is registered at the Corneliuss.

**Joseph Kelly**, a merchant of Aurora, is a guest at the Corneliuss.

**Professor F. G. G. Schmidt**, of Eugene, is stopping at the Corneliuss.

**W. C. Bacon**, an orchardist of White Salmon, is stopping at the Perkins.

**F. W. Lee**, an orchardist of White Salmon, is a guest at the Perkins.

**George Blochford**, a merchant of Shelburne, is at the Perkins.

**George H. Despain**, a realty man of Silverton, is a guest at the Perkins.

**P. J. McMurray**, an insurance man of San Francisco, is at the Imperial.

**C. L. Byron**, a timber man of Seattle, is a guest at the Imperial.

**Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Barringer**, of Toledo, Ohio, are at the Portland. Mr. Barringer is at the head of the De Vries Manufacturing company of that city.

**Dr. W. C. Bell** and wife, of Gresham, are registered at the Imperial.

**P. J. McMurray**, a railroad man of Tacoma, is a guest at the Imperial.

**Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Conner**, of Shelburne, are stopping at the Perkins.

**Allyn Drumheller**, of Walla Walla, is stopping at the Oregon.

**L. P. Hornberger**, a merchant of Seattle, is registered at the Oregon.

**J. R. Shelton**, an insurance man of Hood River, is stopping at the Oregon.

**William Ogden**, a business man of Los Angeles, is a guest at the Multnomah.

**William F. Miller**, a music score writer of San Francisco, is at the Multnomah.

**Miles C. Moore**, a prominent banker of Walla Walla, and ex-governor of Washington, is a guest at the Multnomah.

**G. Elliott** and **Anna Louise Elliott**, of Walla Walla, are at the Portland.

**Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Portlee**, of San Francisco, are at the Portland.

**Dr. C. S. Smith** and **J. W. Neff**, of Spokane, are at the Portland.

### NOVEMBER DAYS

By A. G. Metzler.

Gone is many-hued October  
With its tints of gold and flame,  
Radiant days have turned to sober,  
For the season's on the wane.

Gray November, dismal, cheerless,  
Holds the earth within its grasp,  
While the haughty, vengeful boreas  
Blows a piercing, chilling blast.

Threatening skies and landscape barren,  
Fleeting snow and gloomy rain,  
Withered flowers in the garden,  
Fill the hearts of men with pain.

Let us, then, make home more gladsome  
As the days without are sad;  
Kindly word and deed more handsome  
Lift the pain and make men glad.

### CHURCH NOTES

Special reformation festival services will be observed tomorrow by Grace Evangelical Lutheran church, Missouri synod, by services at 10:30 and 7:30 o'clock. Services will be held for the first time in the new home of the church at Albion avenue and Mason street. The morning theme will be "The Real Cause of the Reformation," and the evening theme "The Church of the Reform."

Pictures on the "Land of the Reformation" are to be given at St. James' Lutheran church tomorrow evening. Professor Frederick has visited the points of interest shown and will be able to talk from personal knowledge.

A new Methodist Episcopal parsonage, conveniently located to accommodate the pastor of the Felida, Lake Shore and Sara charge, has just been completed at Felida, Wash., which when furnished will cost about \$1500.

**Earl A. Rowell**, a well-known lecturer, will start a series of lectures on the book of Revelations at the Portland Commons mission Monday evening. The lectures will be continued each Monday night.

On Friday evening the young people's class of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Sunday school gave a Halloween party at the home of Mrs. E. A. Herahner. The rooms were tastefully decorated with yellow crepe paper, ferns, jack-o'-lanterns and black cats. The young people did a march of the witches, in which all were masked and costumed appropriately for the occasion. Games, contests, music and ghost stories were the order of the evening. A very amusing contest was a hurdle race run by young men astride broom handles, over various obstacles. The winner was presented with a large onion. Apples, nuts, popcorn and fruit punch were served.

Those present were: Misses Azalia Wood, Ruby Pound, Marie Wood, Nettie Traxler, Stella Newell, Wanda Leonard, Reba Leonard, Marvel Landers, Florence Brock, Jennette Pound, Sara Wood, Clara McIntosh, Bessie Pound, Jessie Higgins, Frances Herahner, Bernice Falaley, Cornelia Heese, Lucille Higgins, Lois Burch, Blanche Rogers, Norma Monnich.

### Out of Mouths of Babes

Mamma (at breakfast)—"Why, Nettie, you are spilling your coffee!"  
Little Nettie—"Can't help it, mamma. My mouth leaks."

Teacher—"Now, Thomas, can you tell me what 'Dr.' stands for?"  
Thomas (aged 7)—"It depends on whether it is before or after a man's name."

The teacher was examining little Lola's copybook and discovered a big blot. "What is this, Lola?" she asked.  
"I guess it's a tear," was the reply.  
"But a tear isn't black, is it?"  
"Well, a little colored girl was looking at my book," rejoined Lola. "Perhaps she dropped it."

### COUNTY FAIR IN NEED OF LARGER BUILDINGS

Gresham, Or., Nov. 1.—One of the principal ambitions of the Multnomah county fair association is to obtain next year enlarged buildings for the stock and a building for poultry. This year, despite the expenditure of \$1000 for extra stalls, there was insufficient stall space for all the stock which was to have been exhibited.

### Carrie De Mar's Eyes Have Power of Expression

Train Your Eyes to Behave With Circumspection.

By Abigail Moore.

Even weak almost as plainly as lips and are far less easily controlled, so they very frequently express what their owner would prefer to leave unsaid.

Do you know you, then, that you are going to be just as beautiful as you can be you will have to train your eyes to behave.

"In the sixth," says an authority on beauty, "with which she uses her eyes lies woman's strongest and most subtle weapon of fascination. Eyes are the alphabet of the art of charming. The glance always speaks, and what it says depends upon the woman."

If the eyes have been trained to catch every passing glance that meets them, as is illustrated in Miss Carrie De Mar's photograph, they show no reserve, no respect for emotions that ought to be concealed, then their owner only in at fault if she sometimes meets with unpleasant experiences or even insults. Remember, the eyes' power is over the mind; the heart, the senses, not merely over externalities. It can, as Emerson says, "threaten like a loaded and level gun, it can insult, or it can make a heart dance with pure joy."

You train your hands, your feet, all the members of your body, to do the bidding of your mind, but your eyes, which have more power than any of them, are practically untrained. First of all, keep all the muscles of the eyes exercised so they are not hampered. Winking, blinking and squinting are spasmodic because certain muscles that surround the eyes are weaker than certain others, so strengthen the muscles. Then the rest of the training is a matter of teaching the eyes to be "still" until you desire them to act.

Set about this training just as you did curing yourself of senseless mannerisms, such as biting the lips, fumbling the dress, etc. Keep the eyes directed, under control, just as you keep your mind from roving from subject to subject.

## For Shopper and Housekeeper

### By Vella Winner, Beauty Expert.

A famous expert in the science of cookery said, in a recent lecture, that she would turn beauty doctor for the moment and recommend every thin, scrawny woman to use raw salad dressing, and in large quantities, too. "The yolk of an egg is much more healthful mixed in oil than any other way, and oil is fattening, so let a good oil dressing be found regularly on your menu," declared the expert.

**A Season of Sweetness.**  
Judging from the great quantity of sachet powder and the countless sachets, spice bags and kindred sweet things to be found in the big shops, this is to be a veritable holiday season of sweetness. A whole table is devoted to a fragrant and very attractive display of this sort of thing in a big up-town shop. The sachets made of fancy ribbons and silks varying in size from one to four inches square are to be found done up in packages of half a dozen, and may be used to slip in among one's lingerie, and handkerchiefs, to perfume the closet or simply to top off a Christmas box to a friend, so that when the lid is taken off a breath of violets, carnations or roses will greet the recipient. Then there are any number of sachets of varying sizes and shapes. These, also, the name implies, are filled with rose leaves, lavender, rosemary and other sweet things, and are especially well suited to use in one's bureau drawers or shirt-waist boxes, as the bags are made of silk muslin and send forth a very refreshing odor.

**Rabbits Are Scarce.**  
The housewife who wishes to provide her family with seasonal things but finds them scarce, will be interested to know that I found a goodly number of rabbits on sale at a popular Fourth street market yesterday. Rabbits are not being killed very much just now, because the weather is not cold, but a few are received almost daily from eastern Oregon and Idaho.

**Chic Bracelet of Maline.**  
A dainty novelty, which is worn by Parisian fashion leaders and has been brought to Boston by a buyer who has recently returned from France, is a bracelet made of maline, and it is so simple that one may be easily made by a young girl, and will prove a pretty

necessary for a dress for evening wear. All that is required to make the bracelet is a piece of maline four inches wide which is shirred at both ends and in the middle so that it will be only one inch in width when it is on the wrist. It should be just long enough to circle the wrist and hook together, and the fastening covered by tiny rosettes or flowers made of the maline or of narrow ribbon. In Paris they are very popular when made of black, and in that case the flowers are more effective when made in natural colors, but the bracelets are very pretty when made of the color of the dress and the flowers either in the same color or contrasting. **Strawberries Black and Ruby.**  
If you want to surprise eastern friends who may be visiting you, serve them with fresh strawberries some day. You may get them in some of the bigger markets, and they are especially bright, rich and juicy.

**A Rainbow Gown.**  
One of the very striking, yet very chaste reception gowns which was shown me at an uptown shop this week, was displaying a rare rainbow effect. The foundation of the gown was a dull gray charmeuse with an overlay of effect of chiffon, ranging from deep carmine at one side through shades of gray, smoke, lavender and into black, the whole being outlined with rhinestones. The very short waist and very short sleeves were of solidly beaded chiffon over pink.

**Mary Garden Soent.**  
If you would be quite correctly perfumed, puffed and powdered, use the new odor, cream and face powder which has been christened for that daring prima donna, Mary Garden. The odor is both pleasing and lasting, and the powders are also good. Like the usual offerings of grand opera prima donnas, they are somewhat high priced.

**The Useful White Coat.**  
The heavy white coat of three quarter length cannot be over estimated as a utility garment for girls and women. They are so comfortable, both in appearance and in reality. The smartest ones come in heavy, rough weaves, and are made with broad, loose belts, and truly they seem to look equally well on the golf course in the morning or furnished up with a fancy ruff and a corsage bouquet for the matinee. Some especially good looking coats were noted in a Sixth street shop this week.

**Seasonable Hints.**  
The magnificence of materials seems to have inspired unprecedented beauties in this line. A brocade in bold design in Burgundy red on white forms, for instance, the upper part of a pointed mantle, while the lower portion is a band of the solid red. This is perfectly simple, falling like a shawl, finished by one of the huge collars of sable. New fur collars, by the way, have a curious tendency to find their place far from the neck as possible in the back.

Many short wraps of velvet, brocade or plain, finished with fur, and also made entirely of fur, and short fur jackets accompany this afternoon gowns of satin or velvet. The favorite furs for jackets are caracul, broadtail, dyed squirrel, called "shellings," mink and fox. These have collars of putois, civet, fox in every conceivable shade and type. Many jackets of cloth are also trimmed with a collar and cuffs of these latter furs, also of leopard, pony and seal.

Tailored jackets have lost their stiffness entirely. They are made of the softest and plushlike materials, also of the new cotton velvets, striped like corduroy, in spite of all this, of the ever favorite dark blue serge. Any number of jackets are in contrast with the material of the skirt, such as jackets of Scotch plaid, with skirts in plain dark blue or green serge or broadcloth. One piece makes a specialty of a two-founce plaid skirt of black and white shepherd's plaid, worn with a jacket of black ratine.

As to jacket length, it varies from the waistline to the latest depth which is about at the ankles. In this latter case the portion of the skirt showing below the jacket is often entirely of fur. It would seem reasonable that either the very long, rather ample jacket, or sort of Russian blouse, or one which reaches the short, loose hip line, will become popular; the former with tall women, the latter with small women, provided they are not too flashy. One piece dresses for afternoon wear are the excuse for a new line, very long waisted in the back, which buttons to reach them in a straight line without a curve from the neck down.

**Sale of Needlework.**  
The sale of needlework by the girls of the Christie home at Oswego will be held November 20, 21 and 22. The place of the sale will be announced later.

**Japanese Celebrate Anniversary.**  
Los Angeles, Nov. 1.—Japanese residents closed their stores and paraded the streets to celebrate the 37th birthday anniversary of their emperor.

## Little Stories for Bed time

Dear Old Smiling Pool Once More.  
By Thornton W. Burgess.  
(Copyright, 1913, by J. G. Lloyd.)

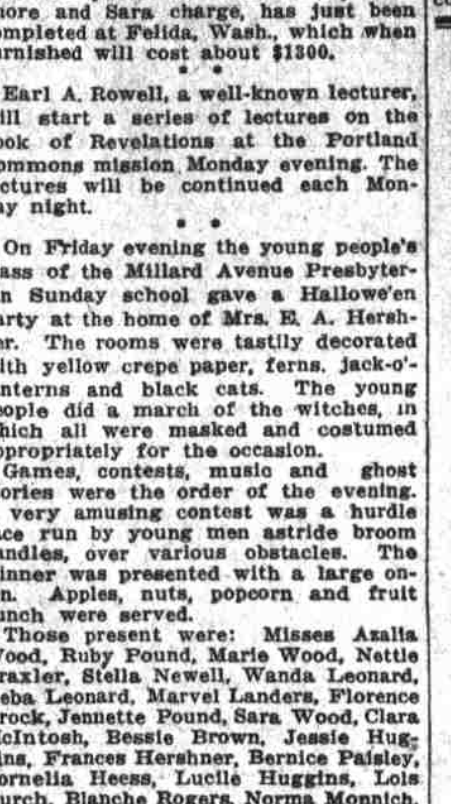
Black Pussy was having a good time. Grandfather Frog wasn't. It was great fun for Black Pussy to slip a paw under Grandfather Frog and toss him up in the air. It was still more fun to pretend to go away, but instead to hide and the instant Grandfather Frog started off to pounce upon him and cuff him and roll him about. But there wasn't any fun in it for Grandfather Frog. In the first place he didn't know where Black Pussy liked frogs to eat, and so he was terribly frightened. In the second place Black Pussy didn't always cover up her claws, and they picked right through Grandfather Frog's white and yellow waistcoat and hurt for he is very tender there.

At last Black Pussy grew tired of playing, and catching up Grandfather Frog in her mouth she started along the little path from the spring to the Long Lane. Grandfather Frog didn't even kick when he was as well, because if he had Black Pussy would have held him tighter, and that would have been very uncomfortable indeed.

"It's all over and this is the end," moaned Grandfather Frog. "I'm going to be eaten now. Oh, why, why did I ever leave the Smiling Pool?"

Just as Black Pussy slipped into the Long Lane Grandfather Frog heard a familiar sound. It was a whistle, a merry whistle. It was the whistle of Farmer Brown's boy. It was coming nearer and nearer. A little bit of hope began to stir in the heart of Grandfather Frog. He didn't know just why, but it did. Always he had been in the greatest fear of Farmer Brown's boy, but now—well; if Farmer Brown's boy should take him he might get away from him as he had before, but he was very sure that he never, never could get away from Black Pussy.

The whistle drew nearer. Black



Pussy stopped. Then she began to make a queer whirring sound deep down in her throat.

"Hello, Black Pussy! Have you been hunting? Come here and show me what you've got," cried a voice.

Black Pussy arched up her back and began to rub against the legs of Farmer Brown's boy, and all the time the whirring sound in her throat grew louder and louder: Farmer Brown's boy hopped down to see what she had in her mouth.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I do believe this is the very same old frog that got away from me yesterday. You don't want him, Fuss, I'll just put him in my pocket and take him up to the house by and by."

With that he took Grandfather Frog from Black Pussy and dropped him in his pocket. He patted Black Pussy, called her a smart cat, and then started on his way whistling merrily. It was dark and rather close in that pocket, but Grandfather Frog didn't mind this. It was a lot better than feeling sharp teeth and claws all the time. He wondered how soon they would reach the house and what would happen to him then. After what seemed like a long time he felt himself awing through the air. Then he landed on the ground with a thump that made him grunt. Farmer Brown's boy had taken off his coat and thrown it down.

The whistling stopped. Everything was quiet. Grandfather Frog waited and listened, but not a sound could be heard. Then he saw a little ray of light creeping into his prison. He squirmed and pushed and all of a sudden he was out of the pocket. The bright light made him blink. As soon as he could see he looked to see where he was. Then he rubbed his eyes with both hands and looked again. He wasn't at Farmer Brown's house at all. Where do you think he was? Why right on the bank of the Smiling Pool, and a little way off was Farmer Brown's boy fishing.

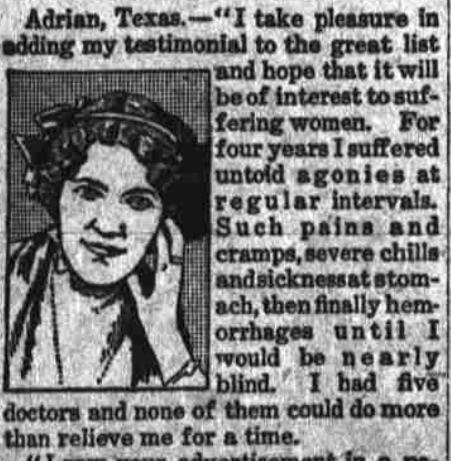
"Chugaram!" cried Grandfather Frog, and it was the loudest, gladdest Chugaram that the Smiling Pool ever had heard. "Chugaram!" he cried again, and with a great leap he dived with a splash into the dear old Smiling Pool, which smiled more than ever.

And never again did Grandfather Frog try to see the Great World.

Next story: "Paddy the Beaver Gives Warning."

## GIRL SUFFERED TERRIBLY

At Regular Intervals—Says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured her.



Adrian, Texas.—"I take pleasure in adding my testimonial to the great list and hope that it will be of interest to suffering women. For four years I suffered untold agonies at regular intervals. Such pains and cramps, severe chills and sickness at stomach, then finally hemorrhages until I would be nearly blind. I had five doctors and none of them could do more than relieve me for a time.

"I saw your advertisement in a paper and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took seven boxes of it and used two bottles of the Sanative Wash, and I am completely cured of my trouble. When I began taking the Compound I only weighed ninety-six pounds and now I weigh one hundred and twenty-six pounds. If anyone wishes to address me in person I will cheerfully answer all letters, as I cannot speak too highly of the Pinkham remedies."—Miss JENNIE MARSH, Adrian, Texas.

Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

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

## \$100 Diamond Ring

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