

Social and Personal

Monday, with no apparent hope extended for better days. Yet things may brighten; the past few weeks have been full of overflowing social activities. Two days each week are consumed in getting in step with the social whirl. One prominent society matron after another will report on Monday morning. "There will not be much entertaining this week" is the end of the Lenten season, still delightful affairs full each week. As previously announced, the Monday Night Dancing club will open this year's series of dances this evening at Murdock hall. This is an exclusive and yet inclusive dancing club, made up of the married folk of the smart set who are interested in dancing. There are some 75 couples, all good friends and old friends, for the most part, and have met each year at these parties for about six or seven years.

Dr. Penton and Miss Muckle to Wed.
Announcements have been received for the wedding of Miss Agnes Margaret Muckle to Dr. Matthew F. Penton, which will take place Wednesday evening, November 25, at 8 o'clock, St. David's church. Miss Muckle is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Muckle. Both bride and groom to be are old and prominent Portland families, and their wedding will be of widespread interest. A reception will follow at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Muckle, 543 Ladd avenue, from 3:30 until 10:30 o'clock.

Alsworth Hall.
Society is on the qui vive in anticipation of the ball Thursday evening, which will be given by Mr. and Mrs. John C. Alsworth at the Varsity Country club. This is to be a large and elaborate affair. Among the dinner parties planned for that evening prior to the dance will be Miss Maile MacMasters', which she will give at the Country club for a bevy of the younger set.

Shevlin's Plan Trip.
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Shevlin have planned to make an extended eastern trip this fall, for which they will probably leave Friday evening. They will visit in New York and in the middle west in Minneapolis, their former home. One special point of interest will be Cambridge, Mass., where they will see the Harvard-Yale football game.

Portland Man Marries in Seattle.
Seattle, Wash., Nov. 8.—Miss Agnes Jean Kelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Kelly, for many years residents of this city, was married today to Lynn Morris Morrill of Portland, in the red room of the New Washington hotel, by Rev. W. A. Major. Mrs. Kelly and two other daughters came over from Victoria for the ceremony. The bride was dressed in old rose traveling gown with hat to match. Miss Helen Kelly was bridesmaid and James T. Parkinson was best man. In the absence of the father in England, James C. Marmaduke, manager of the hotel, gave the bride away. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast

Principally about People

Ralph A. Hoer, graduate manager of the University of Washington, is registered at the Multnomah from Seattle, and Dean Walker, graduate manager of the University of Oregon, is registered at the Oregon, both having come here to arrange details for the football game here next Saturday, between the two universities.

"This is my first time in the west and I am surely much impressed with what I have seen," said C. L. Oliver, a business man of Columbia, Tenn., who arrived this evening from Seattle, and is a guest at the Cornellus. "I expect to go south from here, but I shall carry with me a wonderful idea of the northwest."

A party of six local physicians, including Doctors Andrew C. Smith, E. F. Tucker, J. A. Pettit, W. B. Holden, A. W. Baird and L. H. Hamilton, left for Chicago, on Thursday night, to attend the surgical congress that is to be held there November 10 to 15.

Max Oecher, a banker of New York, is a guest at the Multnomah.

Dr. C. R. Ray, an irrigation man of Medford, accompanied by his wife and daughter, is at the Multnomah.

J. L. Cargan, a manufacturer of Tacoma, is registered at the Multnomah.

N. F. Blagen, a timberman of Hoguean, is stopping at the Multnomah.

Don G. Fisher, an oil man of Seattle, is a guest at the Oregon.

Walter P. Forop, an insurance man of Seattle, is registered at the Oregon.

H. E. Jones and George Johnston, business men of Vancouver, B. C., are at the Oregon.

J. E. Bell, a business man of Everett, is stopping at the Imperial.

C. E. Judson, a telephone man of Tacoma, is at the Imperial.

Ralph Burnside, a lumberman of Raymond, Wash., and wife are at the Imperial.

F. E. Luce, a banker of Sutherlin, is a guest at the Imperial.

Walter M. Pierce, an attorney of La Grande, is registered at the Imperial.

John Hoffman and son, brewers of Walla Walla, are at the Perkins.

J. D. Lyman, a merchant of Dayton, and wife, are guests at the Perkins.

J. C. Nichol, a merchant of Duror, is a guest at the Perkins.

J. D. Simmonds, who for the past 3 1/2

Latest Fashions

There is only one thing to be said about those wondrous new fabrics for evening gowns—their beauty and the unusual width of these materials, and the fact that most of the evening gown designs only require the actual dress material in the skirt, perhaps you'll be able to figure out that doesn't amount to such reckless extravagance as at first supposed. Almost without exception the evening gowns of the present season have corages of lace, chiffon or other transparent, and if there is any of the skirt material in the bodice, it is invariably only in a pointed bib or a deep girde above the waist.

A FEW SMILES

The chief forest ranger of the big government reserve along the Grand Canyon in Arizona had occasion lately to extend a trip to Kansas City. When he returned to his home in Phoenix he brought a long and interesting Irishman who had expressed a desire to go west and grow up with the country.

When they struck the desert the Irishman looked for a spell at the dry and arid prospect. Then he said: "Mistake about this country, but it looks to me like it would take about nine acres of it to rust water."

Years ago it used to be the custom of the country folk to work out their taxes by boarding the teacher, which meant that from time to time they were supplied from various quarters with food.

One day a boy named Elisha Anderson was a pupil in the teacher's class. "Say, teacher, my pa wants to know if you like pork?" "Indeed, I do," was the reply. "Say to your father that there is nothing in the way of meat I like better than pork." "Some time elapsed and there was no pork from Elisha's father, a fact that was not surprising to the teacher, for the old man was known throughout the country as a tight proposition. Nevertheless, one afternoon the teacher asked the boy: "How about that pork, Elisha, that your father promised me?" "Oh," answered the boy, "the pig got well."

One morning when Mrs. Cobb was at her summer home in the country she decided to go uptown and spend the day with a friend. Her grocer had not been called for the time she was ready to leave, so she wrote on a card: "All right. Don't leave anything." And tacked it on the door.

When little Margaret passed her plate the third time for chicken her mother said: "My dear, you must not eat so much chicken. I am afraid you'll be ill." "No, no, no," said Margaret, "I'm not eating this because I want it. I'm collecting the bones for Fido."—Harper's Monthly.

"By Jove, I am glad to see you looking so gay and festive!" said Mr. Olde Friend. "You were all in black the last time I saw you." "Yes," demurely replied Mrs. Brown, who had just taken a second husband, "but it wasn't a fast black."—Magazine of Fun.

Little Stories for Bedtime

Sammy Jay Protest.
By Thornton W. Burgess.
(Copyright, 1913, by J. G. Lloyd.)
When Sammy Jay reached the place deep in the Green Forest where Paddy the Beaver was hard at work building a dam so as to make a pond, just for his own use, he didn't hide as had the little four footed people. You see, of course, he had no reason to hide because he felt perfectly safe. Paddy had just cut a big tree and it fell with a crash as Sammy came hurrying up. Sammy was so surprised that for a minute he couldn't find his tongue. He had not supposed that anybody but Farmer Brown's boy could cut down so large a tree as that, and it quite took his breath away. But he got it again in a minute. He was boiling with anger anyway to think that he should have been the last to learn that Paddy had come down from the north to make his home in the Green Forest and here was a chance to speak his mind. "Thief! Thief! thief!" he screamed in his harshest voice. Paddy the Beaver looked up with a twinkle in his eye. "Hello, Mr. Jay! I see you haven't any better manner than your cousin who lives up where I came from," said he. "Thief! thief! thief!" screamed Sammy, hopping up and down, he was so angry. "Wanning yourself, I suppose," said Paddy. "I never did see an honest Jay, and I don't suppose I ever will." "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Paddy, who had quite forgotten that he was hiding. "Oh, how do you do, Mr. Rabbit? I'm very glad you have called on me this morning," said Paddy, just as if he hadn't known all the time just where Peter was. "Mr. Jay seems to have gotten up on the wrong side of his bed this morning." Peter laughed again. "He always does," said he. "If he didn't he wouldn't be happy. You wouldn't think it to look at him, but he is a right happy one. He doesn't know it, but he is." Sammy Jay glared down at Peter Rabbit. Then he glared at Paddy the Beaver. And all the time he still shrieked "Thief! thief!" as hard as ever he could. Paddy kept right on working, paying no more attention to Sammy. This made Peter more angry than ever. He kept coming nearer and nearer until at last he was in the very tree that Paddy happened to be cutting. Paddy's eyes twinkled. "I'm no thief!" he exclaimed suddenly. "You are! You are! Thief! Thief!" shrieked Sammy. "You're stealing our trees!" "They're not your trees," retorted Paddy. "They belong to the Green Forest and the Green Forest belongs to all who love it, and we all have a perfect right to take what we need from it. I need these trees and I've just as much right to take them as you have to take the fat acorns that drop in the fall." "No such thing!" screamed Sammy. "You know he can't talk without screaming, and the more excited he gets the louder he screams. No such thing! Acorns are food. There are many other things I have to have them to live. But you are cutting down whole trees. You are spoiling the green forest. You don't belong here. Nobody invited you and nobody wants you. You're a thief!" Then up spoke Jerry Muskrat, who, you know, is cousin to Paddy the Beaver. "Don't you mind him," said he, pointing to Sammy Jay. "Nobody does. He's the greatest trouble maker and thief in the green forest or on the green meadows. He would steal from his own relatives. Don't mind what he says, Paddy."

"STOP THIEF" THRILLING AND MIRTHFUL; "LION AND MOUSE" PLEASURES BAKER CROWD

Cohan and Harris' latest farce, "Stop Thief," one of New York's latest successes, opened a week's engagement at the Heilig on Monday night. "Stop Thief" is a swift farce, employing for its subject the thief motive. Carlyle Moore, the author, takes the humorous side of the proposition and makes not only his thieves and his provokers of fun. Elmer Booth and Miss June Keith are the thieves who are at the bottom of the complications, which arise from the mixing of their operations with kleptomaniac tendencies on the part of the characters. Its unusual situations and scintillating dialogue fairly bristle with thrills and mirth. Written in three acts, it moves along at a pace of whirlwind velocity, wherein two kleptomaniacs and a corresponding number of real crooks tell the story. One of the kleptomaniacs is a millionaire, the other is his prospective son-in-law. The wedding day has arrived and the house is filled with expensive presents, the display of which excites the desire of possession in the minds of the millionaires and his son-in-law-to-be. This obsession takes so firm a hold on the bridegroom that he phones for a private detective to come and keep him from exercising it. The detective fails to make his appearance at the appointed time, and the burglar does and is immediately accepted as the expected sleuth. Joan Carr, Glad Wilcox; Mrs. Carr, Emma Campbell; Caroline Carr, Marie Vaughan; Madge Carr, Laura Walker; Miss Huns, Kay Albert; Charles Carter; Tavernier; James Cluney; Sydney Stone; Mr. Jamison, Henry Hubbard; Doctor Willoughby, Sydney Mason; Rev. Mr. Spelman, Chas. Burnham; Jack Doogan, Elmer Booth; Joe Thompson, John McCabe; Sergeant of Police, Henry Horne; Police Officer O'Malley, Jack McNamee; Police Officer Clancy, Albert Carter; Police Officer Casey, A. C. Doyle; Police Officer O'Brien, Larry McCarthy; a chauffeur, George Graham.

Although it has been 10 years since Charles Klein's play, "The Lion and the Mouse," first startled the lion theatre goers on Broadway, it still maintains its wonderful sway over its audience as was evidenced at the Baker, where it opened to capacity houses both performances yesterday. It holds a place high in the ranks of American dramas as do "The Third Degree" and "The Music Master," all written by the same author. "The Lion and the Mouse" is a play written essentially for only artists of the highest type and in the hands of a mediocre organization would be hopeless. The principal work falls upon the shoulders of Dorothy Shoemaker, who as Shirley Rossmore (the mouse) appeared to advantage with her dramatic power in the building of the light and shade she put into the extremely difficult role. Louis Leon Hall, in the role of John Burckett Ryder (the lion) gave the impression that he was the powerful money king, the man of iron whose unfinching will ruled everyone with whom he came in contact. Edward Woodruff gave a most likeable portrayal of Ryder's son, Raymond Wells, as the eccentric private secretary, Mary Edgett Baker as the light headed Kate Roberts and Loretta Wells as Mrs. Ryder were all excellent. The return of the lion to the cage was the signal for a demonstration of welcome. "The Lion and the Mouse" will continue to week with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Louis Leon Hall of the Baker players, like Manager Baker, began his career in the very bottom of the ladder and has done everything around the theatre except play in the orchestra. Mr. Hall is one of the most capable actors who has ever played in stock in this city and has the rare knack of changing his role in the twinkling of an eye. He is cast for avoiding that dangerous sameness so characteristic to the average stock actor.

The days of ill-fated Fompell were lived over again at the People's theatre yesterday. The film production was a vivid reproduction of the scenes as they must have been when the city was destroyed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The production carried a love plot in which intrigue played a prominent part. The amphitheatre scene, depicting the mortal combat, was spectacular, and the pictures of real live lions added a touch of realism to the piece. The representation of the eruption of the volcano was strikingly vivid, and the panic scene, where the frightened populace was seen to run wild and helplessly about the stricken city amid a shower of hot lava, was extremely funny, was a revelation in the art of the photoplay. The production will continue all week.

Broderick O'Fallin, a Portland boy, who gained his first experience on stage at the Baker, is now leading man with a stock company in Stockton, Cal., after playing a number of seasons with the Bishop players in Oakland as heavy man. Mr. O'Fallin is very popular and received a great deal of praise from the critics for his portrayal of Jimmy Valentine in Paul Armstrong's play, which was the opening bill of the new company. His mother resides in this city.

LOCAL DRUGGIST SAYS: "TAKE ONLY ONE DOSE"

We want to tell those in Portland suffering from stomach or bowel trouble that we are agents for the simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-Lek, the remedy which became famous by curing appendicitis. This is the most thorough bowel cleanser known and JUST ONE DOSE relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation almost IMMEDIATELY. You will be surprised at the QUICK action of Adler-Lek. The Hunterly Drug Co., 1134 Washington.

TELLS HOW ECONOMY WAS ONCE PRACTICED

Woman Attributes High Cost of Living to Extravagance.
"We hear so much nowadays of the high cost of living," said Mrs. R. W. Dunning, who lives at 712 Washington street, "that I sometimes wonder if the women today realize that a good part of the high cost of living they themselves are responsible for. The old-fashioned virtues of thrift and economy are almost forgotten. There was a day when the housewives bought soap bones and made stews. Now they buy the most expensive soap and they can use it as a sifflon or tea-bone steak."

"I know how to economize because I have had it to do. In the old days, we never thought of throwing away four socks but today most women roll them up and throw them in the garbage can. We used to make dish towels of them."

"Let me show you how I use them. After I have read the Daily Journal, I lay it aside and some day when I have an hour or two to spare, I make quilts of the flour sacks I have saved, putting the papers inside and basting them across to hold them in place. I use the flour sacks between the springs and the mattress to keep the mattress from wearing. It is light and keeps the air out and is inexpensive. I also use one between the comforters or blankets on my bed in the winter. That may seem to you like a very small economy, yet many a family which is too poor to buy enough bed clothes could utilize a few flour sacks and old papers in this way and add greatly to its comfort. There are a score of small economies that used to be practiced in this day and age are entirely overlooked."

"For six years my husband and myself kept a tourist house on the Isle of Pines, near Cuba. About 6000 Americans own the island and they are hoping that it will soon be annexed to the United States. W. J. Bryan, secretary of state, was there recently, looking the matter up. The island is 34 miles long and 4 miles wide. It has some 1000 people. The principal crops raised are pineapples, oranges, alligator pears, grapefruit and limes. It is an ideal climate and the surroundings there are beautiful."

MRS. CHARLES E. BRANIN LAID TO REST TODAY

The funeral of Mrs. Lola Edwards Branin, wife of Charles Branin, local Associated Press operator, who died yesterday, following a lingering illness, was held this afternoon from the Presbyterian chapel. Her husband and two sons, 10 and 6 years old, survive her.

Mrs. Branin was well known as a singer of considerable ability. She was a member of the Taylor Street M. E. church choir for a number of years. She was also a member of the Hawthorne Presbyterian church, where she was very active in charitable work.

In addition to the husband and sons, she is survived by three sisters, Mrs. E. Durkee of Portland, Mrs. C. L. Combs of Tacoma and Mrs. F. C. Butler of Hubbard, Ore.; two brothers, George and R. G. Edwards, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Edwards of Portland.

Mrs. Branin was the granddaughter of Oregon pioneers, James Edwards of Polk county and James Ridgeway of Linn county.

MILLIONAIRE LOSES IN SUIT AGAINST COMPANY

(Special to The Journal.)
Aberdeen, Wash., Nov. 10.—William Boeing, millionaire lumberman of Seattle, lost out in a suit filed against the Winlock Book company to recover damages in the sum of \$12,000 for logs burned in a forest fire. It was alleged that the boom company had failed to get the logs to tidewater on time. Boeing, previous to the action, had been a member of the boom company but had withdrawn his interests. The boom company maintained that there had never been an agreement with Boeing with respect to the logs. The jury decided in favor of the company.

PROFESSOR BOVARD TO SPEAK ON BIRD LIFE

Professor Bovard of the state university will deliver an illustrated lecture on "Birds and their Haunts," at the Arletta school Tuesday evening, November 11, at 8 o'clock. Everyone is invited. This is under the auspices of the Social Center organization. Following the lecture the officers and directors are requested to meet to consider plans for the future.

We take the risk of its being abused: we ask the grocer to return a dissatisfied customer's money if she doesn't like Schilling's Best; let her keep the goods; and sell her again. So long as he thinks she is honest, he is to hand-over the money. We trust him to do for us as he'd do for himself if he were we and himself too.

Schilling's Best was your first definition of money-back.

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Women's Clubs

Woman's Political Science Club.
The Women's Political Science club will meet Tuesday afternoon in lecture room of the public library. The subject of "Sex Segregation in the Schools" will be taken up at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Anna M. Poyntz is to lead the discussion.

Associations in Other Countries.
Miss Margaret L. Matthew, general secretary of the Young Women's Christian association in Tokyo, Japan, in her final address at the Y. W. C. A. yesterday afternoon, laid stress upon the association in their countries as well as in Japan. This was especially in view of the fact that the week, Nov. 9-15, is set aside by all the associations of the world as a time for united consideration of each other's conditions and needs. The keynote of the week's thought is Christian liberty in social, moral, and industrial life. Miss Matthew spoke of the lack of standards in the changing conditions of Japanese life and the same is true in other countries, she said. The foreign associations will be considered this week in short services held at noon, 12:25-12:50, in the association auditorium. The different countries with the days assigned for them are as follows:
Monday—Africa.
Tuesday—America: Canada, United States, South America and West Indies.
Wednesday—Asia: China, Japan, India, Turkey.
Thursday—Australia.
Friday—Europe.
Saturday—Europe—continued.
Leaders for different days will be Miss Rockwell, Mrs. Cory, Miss Segner, Mrs. Jas. Falling, Mrs. Bandinot, besides assisted by different association young women.

Hawthorne Parent-Teachers.
The Hawthorne Parent-Teacher circle will meet in the auditorium of the Washington high school on Tuesday afternoon, at 2:30. The meeting will be of much interest to all patrons of the Hawthorne school, as the plans for the new school building will be explained by some representative of the board of education. Miss Bailey of the east side library will speak upon the use of the library by children. Miss Pett will tell the mothers of library books for the little