

# Latest Fashions By Lillian Young

It seems suddenly to have occurred to designers of furs that there are possibilities in peltry beyond the stereotyped effects that have been turned out year after year. Neither coats nor "sets" have heretofore shown sufficient variation to render them particularly interesting, beyond the fact that furs in themselves have a universal interest.

This winter, however, no complaints can legitimately be made, for extremes seem to have met, and there are hardly two models that are alike or even similar. The chief factor in the present situation is the great leeway allowed in the matter of combining furs of totally differing characteristics and in using furs with velvet and satin fabrics in the same design.

As in the model sketched, some of the most important successes are brought about by placing a flat fur in juxtaposition with a long haired pelt. Here gray fox is used with moleskin. An entire skin of the former is thrown across the shoulders and fastens over the neck when desired. There are cuffs of the same, while the coat itself is of the mole laid in reversed stripes, as most of them are in all the better designs, to show off the beauty of the fur to advantage.

It is made large and roomy, with the fronts, back and sleeves set on to a square yolk. The sleeves are wide and attached at the armholes below the normal shoulder. The fronts cross well over one shoulder and fasten low at one side, with a knotted cord run through eyelets. From the point of fastening the lower edges round away toward the back, with slightly cutaway lines.

The coat is three-quarter length, the popular cut of the season, not only for fur coats, but any others that are used for wraps. For those who do not care for the long, enveloping wraps of fur, which are more too light of weight on delicate shoulders, the new "small" garments, scarves, throws and various adaptations of the dolman will appeal with particular force. A scarf of generous proportions may be counted a remarkably good investment, for they drape so elegant an advantage, if such a drape is preferred to the straight, plainer effects, and they



Handsome wrap of moleskin and gray fox.

can be arranged to afford almost any degree of protection, where the long coats are, all enveloping, at times rather heavy and warm.

All furs are so soft and supple that their adaptations in the hands of artistic designers are practically endless.

## SCHOOL HOUSES AS SOCIAL CENTERS URGED BY PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER

### Plan Has Proved Success Where It Has Been Tried; Cuts Campaigning.

(United Press Leased Wire.)  
Washington, Nov. 21.—Private interests are organized; therefore, they are powerful. Only when the public interest is organized will the supremacy of the common interest be universally recognized.

Thus Margaret Wilson, the president's daughter, summed up today the pivotal point in the movement for use of the nation's school houses as social centers, in an exclusive interview accorded to the United Press.

Miss Wilson had an opportunity to study the operation of the plan during a visit to Madison, Wis., and sees in it closer study by the people of governmental economics and political problems.

**School House as Polling Place.**  
"The machinery for this organization of public interest is the common school system, with every school house used as a social center," she said. "Every school building should be made the polling place of its district. And then the voting body in each district should be organized into a deliberative body for free discussion of public questions. It seems to be axiomatic that there should be the same provision for all-sided discussion on the part of the citizens before they vote that there is for aldermen, state legislators or any other agents of the citizens."

"Where, as in Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Grand Rapids, and other cities, the school houses are used as polling places, the plan is economical, convenient and helpful to the educational service of the schools. And where, as in Wisconsin, the state law directs the school boards to provide free use of the school buildings as voters' common council chambers—parliaments of the people—the feasibility of the plan has been established by two years' successful demonstration."

**Necessity of Civic Secretary.**  
"Not only should the school houses be provided free of charge, but the paid service of a clerk or civic secretary should also be furnished, just as this service is furnished for meetings of aldermen, legislators and other sub-committees of citizens."

"This program of citizenship organization through the use of the school houses as social centers is the consecutive, common sense answer to very many of our problems. And what is it? It is the first logical step toward the



Miss Margaret Wilson.

use of these buildings as recreation centers—that is a great part of the answer to the vice problems of cities and rural communities.

"It is a means of holding the ground gained in the fight against Tammany and other such organizations, for without this sort of city-wide organization there is always the danger of the selfish interests coming back.

**No Need to Hire Halls.**  
"Where the citizens are so organized it will be unnecessary for candidates and parties to hire halls for political meetings; four-fifths of the need for private campaign contributions will be obviated, and four-fifths of the occasion for political corruption will be removed.

"The school houses should be used not only for intelligent consideration of local questions, after the fashion of the New England town meetings, but also for the discussion of state and national affairs and for the calm consideration of questions of international relationship. By this means we shall, as a people, meet these great problems as soon as they arise."

as well as he got his insurance he gave up his apartment and hired a cot in a hospital."—The Popular Magazine.

A small office boy, who had worked in the same position for two years on a salary of \$3 a week, finally plucked up courage to ask for an increase in wages.

"How much more would you like to have?" inquired the employer.

"Well," answered the lad, "I think \$2 a week more would not be too much."

"You seem to me a rather small boy to be earning \$5 a week," remarked his employer.

"I suppose I do. I know I'm small for my age," the boy explained, "but to tell the truth, since I've been here I haven't had time to grow."

He received the raise.—St. Nicholas.

The mother of a pupil in one of the Philadelphia schools had been helping her small daughter with the arithmetic lesson for the next day, and after struggling through the problems, secured what appeared to be satisfactory results.

Next day when the little girl returned from school, the mother asked with some curiosity:

"Were your problems all correct, dear?"

"No, mamma, they were every one wrong," replied the child.

"All wrong?" repeated the amazed mother. "Oh, I'm so sorry."

"Well, mamma," said the little one, consolingly, "you needn't worry. All the other little girls' mummies had them wrong, too."

Sunday passed, Tuesday rolled around, and still his tall form did not loom in the vestibule when the cuckoo clock was sounding 8.

Thursday he came, and the beautiful girl was burning with wrath.

"So this is the way you neglect me," she hissed. "What have you to say for yourself? Why didn't you come?"

"I couldn't," faltered the young man. "I had dyspepsia and the doctor advised me not to come."

"What? The doctor told you not to come to see me because you had dyspepsia?"

"Well, he told me to keep away from all sweets."

And the parlor sofa was tenanted.

Miriam—"Now you are out here at Lonesomehurst, you must fairly revel in fresh vegetables!"

Millicent (rapturously)—"We do? (Impressively.) We can buy them almost as cheaply here as we could in the hot city."—Puck.

Andy tried to bound Texas.

to reside in geography. So when Miss Palmer said to Andy, bound Texas, Andy looked at her and said, Hist, hist! Presto! to make her think he had answered it. Later when he came out of the dressing room he said he guessed he hadn't practiced enough, but it will be fine if he does. All are hoping that they would be near chance of Andy winning out if he had somebody besides Miss Palmer to do it at.

No school tomorrow, but don't forget the great Rassing Match in Walt White's barn.

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I hear the clock's cathedral chime  
Toll out the mystic midnight hour—  
We bought the foolish thing on time  
And its reminder makes me cower.

I hear the wind's relentless roar  
As round the world it madly tears;  
I hear the deep, sepulchral snore  
Of Uncle Jim asleep upstairs.

A roysterer staggering home I hear:  
His hand is fumbling at the latch—  
And now 'tis I! Be more noise, I fear!  
A loud, nocturnal scuffling match!

I hear the pad of cushioned feet  
Within my room! For help I'll greet  
Nay, 'tis the cat: with joy I greet  
Grimalkin's plaintive, friendly yow!

The whistler's diabolic art,  
The noises that the sleepers make,  
The clatter of the milkman's cart,  
Conspire to keep a man awake.

So till the dawn its splendor flings  
Across the sky I'll vigil keep,  
But just at breakfast time, by Jove!  
It's certain that I'll go to sleep.

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## Little Stories for Bedtime

### The Queer Storehouse of Paddy the Beaver.

By Thornton Burgess.  
(Copyright 1912, by J. G. Lloyd.)

Everybody knew that Paddy the Beaver was laying up a supply of food for the winter, and everybody thought it was queer food. That is, everybody but Prickly Porky the Porcupine thought so. Prickly Porky likes the same kind of food, but he never lays up a supply. He just goes out and gets it when he wants it, winter or summer. What kind of food is it? Why bark, to be sure. Yes, sir, it was just bark—the bark of certain kinds of trees.

Now Prickly Porky can climb the trees and eat the bark right there, but Paddy the Beaver cannot climb, and if he should just eat the bark that he can reach from the ground it would take such a lot of trees to keep him filled up that he would soon spoil the Green Forest. You know when the bark is taken off a tree all the way around the tree dies. That is because all the things that a tree draws out of the ground to make it grow and keep it alive are carried up from the roots in the sap, and the sap cannot go up the tree trunk and into the branches when the bark is taken off because it is up inside of the bark that it travels. So when the bark is taken from a tree all the way around the trunk the tree just starves to death.

Now, Paddy the Beaver loves the Green Forest as dearly as you and I do, and perhaps even a little more dearly. You see it is his home. Besides, Paddy never is wasteful. So he cuts down a tree so that he can get all the bark instead of killing a whole lot of trees for a very little bark, so he can make it last a long time. There isn't a lazy bone in him—not one. The bark he likes best is from the aspen. When he cannot get that he will eat the bark from the poplar, the alder, the willow, and even the birch. But he likes the aspen so much better that he will work very hard to get it. Perhaps it tastes better because he does have to work so hard for it.

There were some aspen trees growing right on the edge of the pond Paddy had made in the Green Forest. These he cut just as he had cut the trees for his dam. As soon as a tree was down he would cut it into short lengths and with these swim out to where the water was deep, close to his new house. He took them one by one and carried the first ones to the bottom, where he pushed them into the mud just enough to hold them. Then as fast as he brought more he piled them on the first ones. And so the pile grew and grew.

Jerry Muskrat, Peter Rabbit, Bobby Coon, and other little people of the Green Forest watched him with the greatest interest and curiosity. They couldn't quite make out what he was doing. It was almost as if he was building a foundation for another house.

"What's he doing, Jerry?" demanded Peter when he could keep still no longer.

"I don't exactly know," replied Jerry. "He said that he was going to lay in a supply of food for the winter, just as I told you, and I suppose that is what he is doing, but I don't quite understand what he is taking it all out into the pond for. I believe I'll go ask him."

"Do, and then come tell us," begged Peter, who was growing so curious that he couldn't sit still.

So Jerry swam out to where Paddy was so busy. "Is this your food supply, Cousin Paddy?" he asked.



"Yes," replied Paddy, crawling up on the side of his house to rest. "Yes, this is my food supply. Isn't it splendid?"

"I guess it is," replied Jerry, trying to be polite, "though I like lily roots and clams better. But what are you going to do with it? Where is your storehouse?"

"This pond is my storehouse," replied Paddy. "I will make a great pile right here close to my house and the water will keep it nice and fresh all winter. When the pond is frozen over all I have to do is slip out of one of my swimways down there on the bottom, swim over here and get a stick and fill my stomach. Isn't it handy?"

Next story: "A Footprint in the Mud."

## IN OUR SCHOOL—By Paul West

Priddy neer through four the week, anyhow.

Torp Stebbins was late as usual, and the dressing room being ockewpawed by Sol, Haines and Steve Hardy, who was sent in four pushing in the line, Miss Palmer sent Torp into the closet. When she left him come out Torp's face was all red, and Lillac Grimes bawled, "Oh, lookit Torp—he's stabbed or something." Miss Palmer said What's the



A note from Fatty.

matter, Torp? How did you hurt yourself? And Torp said he didn't, it was something he fowner in the pokket of Miss Palmer's cote in the closet and he'd

### TOO MANY CHILDREN

are pale and frail—backward in studies—with pinched faces and poor blood—their minds and bodies are actually starved because their regular food does not nourish.

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## A FEW SMILES

The president of the health insurance company was displeased, not to say ruffled. He considered himself a downy bird, a sharp-eyed spectator and a knowing card. The principal business of his company was to insure people against illness. That is, for the payment of a certain amount annually they could collect an indemnity for all the time they were ill.

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"What did you mean by insuring this fellow Brown?" shouted the president.

"Sir," said the prize writer, "he had never been sick for a day up to the time we insured him."

"But that can't be reasonable!" burst forth the president.

"Well, I admit he has been sick a good deal since he took out his policy," admitted the man who was being bawled out.

"Sick a good deal?" thundered the president. "As well as I can make out,

Just rubbed it on like he had seen her do one day at recess. Everybody thought Torp was going to get it good for that, but Miss Palmer didn't say nothing, only when L. X. Brigham went to the closet by him to get the box of stuff in her pokket, it had went.

Grand Rassing Match in Walt White's barn tomorrow, between Bull Hickey and the Johnson Twins, the two of them aginst Bull.

Phil Wigglesworth is offering a reward for the answers to 2 hard examples to any writer what will get him back his glasses, they being pinched off his desk, he thinks. Nobody seems to know where they are, but Steve Hardy was using a barning glass this morning and it looked suspiciously like Phil's left eye.

MESSAGE FROM THE SICK ROOM

The following note was received from our alling brother, Mister Fatty Belowes today:

"WILL BE WITH YOU AWL NEXT WEAK. DOANT FORGET TO SAIVE AL YORE OLD LUNCHEAS AS I AM VERRY HUNGARY."

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## NATIONAL CONVENTION OF W. C. T. U. WAS GREATEST IN HISTORY

### Seven Hundred Voting Mem- bers Represented 35 Coun- tries; Oregon Represented.

The national convention of the Women's Christian Temperance union, just closed at Asbury Park, N. J., was the largest in the history of the 40 years of the organization, having in attendance over 700 voting members and 1000 visitors. In this society each voting member at a national convention represents 500 paid members.

The meeting in the great Casino on the Atlantic shore will ever be memorable; firstly, because of the presence of the foreign visitors from 35 different countries, coming from the world's convention previously held in Brooklyn; and secondly, for the daring plans of its members to shape the destiny of the country according to the pattern of their own ideals.

A fund of \$1100 was raised and sent to Captain Richard Pearson Hobson of Alabama to aid in his senatorial fight there, because of the fact that his opponents are representing the power of the liquor traffic to crush the history of the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the federal constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. A telegram of cheer was sent with the money, expressing the confidence that Mr. Hobson would be spared politically to lead the fight in the senate for the passage of this resolution.

A telegram of protest was sent to congress against placing in the congressional record the oration delivered at the funeral of the late Adolphus Busch, a brewer and a private citizen.

A telegram of appreciation went to the governor of Oregon for his heroic law enforcement administration. The address of President Stevens occupied most of the forenoon of the first day, and was followed by such bursts of enthusiasm that the interruptions to its reading were frequent. This free and easy way of hearing the annual address of the chief officer was a revelation to the foreign visitors, who sat above the platform and faced the great audience and though they had never seen the like before, their smiles and cheers testified that they approved of American liberty and enthusiasm.

Among the prizes distributed in the work of the 40 departments, Oregon carried off trophies in the grade essay, Bible question and Union Signal contests and for Christian citizenship report.

A great suffrage demonstration was a spectacular feature of the convention, in which the eight enfranchised states signed their names to a suffrage campaign of a hearty welcome to the sisterhood of free states.

The president of Oregon, Mrs. Edith Hill-Booker, was sent by the state to the world's and national conventions, and she has returned with glowing hopes and plans for the further conquest of Oregon by her fair constituency. Mrs. Linnie Carl, state secretary of the young people's branch; Mrs. N. J. Baxter, and the past president, Mrs. Ada Wallace Unruh, made up the Oregon delegation.

**Larkin Girl Will Stay.**  
(Salem Bureau of the Journal.)  
Salem, Or., Nov. 21.—Lillian Larkin, committed to the state industrial school for girls from Portland, will remain in the institution so far as the members of the state board are concerned, because the board on Wednesday denied the petition of Mrs. Jean Bennett and Attorney Isaac Swett for a parole or a pardon for the girl. She was committed for three years.

**Woman Speaks at Harvard.**  
Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 21.—Yesterday for the first time in history, a woman, Miss Helen Tooker, was allowed to make a speech within Harvard's precincts, her subject being "Woman Suffrage."

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### Armour's Bouillon Cubes

**The Ragtime Muse**

Night Voices,  
I hear the clock's cathedral chime  
Toll out the mystic midnight hour—  
We bought the foolish thing on time  
And its reminder makes me cower.

I hear the wind's relentless roar  
As round the world it madly tears;  
I hear the deep, sepulchral snore  
Of Uncle Jim asleep upstairs.

A roysterer staggering home I hear:  
His hand is fumbling at the latch—  
And now 'tis I! Be more noise, I fear!  
A loud, nocturnal scuffling match!

I hear the pad of cushioned feet  
Within my room! For help I'll greet  
Nay, 'tis the cat: with joy I greet  
Grimalkin's plaintive, friendly yow!

The whistler's diabolic art,  
The noises that the sleepers make,  
The clatter of the milkman's cart,  
Conspire to keep a man awake.

So till the dawn its splendor flings  
Across the sky I'll vigil keep,  
But just at breakfast time, by Jove!  
It's certain that I'll go to sleep.

## Dubarry Boudoir Jacket

You will have to make this jacket—lining and all—before you can appreciate its real beauty. But doesn't the jacket appeal to you? A soft, open net of fine white yarn with a delicate pink silk lining showing through; border in a close stitch on which are little rosebuds in silk embroidery. It is one of the prettiest French novelties. In spite of its many unusual features, it is very easy to make. Send the coupon below for complete directions. It is made of **Fleisher's Dresden Saxony**—one of the sixteen

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The Owl ..... 11:00 p. m.

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