

JAYWALKERS NEVER LEARN traffic regulations, or if they do they never pay an attention to them. Don't be a jaywalker. It's dangerous. Watch your step.

Cherry-Kellogg Wedding Held Thursday

A PRETTY summer wedding was solemnized Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cherry, when their daughter was united in marriage to Gladstone Kellogg, son of Mrs. Lavina Kellogg of Kansas City, Rev. Sullivan officiating in the presence of about 50 relatives and friends. Miss Ruth Senneker and Gretchen Brandt were the flower girls and Paula Brandt was the ring bearer. The bridegroom was attended by Joseph Singleton.

The bride was attired in the gown which her mother wore on her wedding day, and she also wore her mother's wedding veil. Her bouquet was lovely and consisted of white sweet peas, roses and orchids. The maid of honor and other attendants were in pastel tinted organdies. At the bride's party took place the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin" was played by Miss Edith Woodcock. During the ceremony Miss Cherry sang "O, Perfect Love."

The festive house was beautifully decorated in a wealth of cool greenery and baskets and vases filled with var-colored gladioli. Following the ceremony an informal reception was held during which refreshments were served. Mrs. F. H. Brandt of Boise cut the ice and a number of young girls served. Out of 500 guests included Mrs. Brandt and her two daughters, Gretchen and Paula, of Boise; Mrs. Leslie Hansen of Kalamazoo, and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Brady of Heppner.

Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg left at once for their future home in Glendale, Or., where Mr. Kellogg is connected with the bank. Mrs. Kellogg is a gifted violinist, a graduate of the New England conservatory and a member of the Portland New England Conservatory club. Latterly she coached with Mrs. Susie Fennell Pipes. Mr. Kellogg is a Dartmouth man and a member of Sigma Chi.

Mr. and Mrs. O. P. M. Jamison left today for a 10 days' trip to Seattle, Tacoma and other western points.

An interesting visitor in the city is Thomas Arde Clark, dean of men of the University of Illinois, a member of the master of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity. Mr. Clark has been extensively entertained during his stay in Portland. Saturday he was a guest of honor at a luncheon at which covers were placed for 25 of his fraternity brothers. Sunday he was entertained with a motor trip over the Columbia River and on Tuesday evening he will be a guest of honor at an informal dance at Chanticleer inn, and a banquet will be given for him Wednesday evening at the United club. Mr. Clark is on a tour of inspection of the chapters of his fraternity through the West.

The following paragraph from the Paris edition of the New York Herald of July 24 is of local interest: Dr. and Mrs. Henry Waldo Coe are in Paris for a few weeks. Dr. Coe, who had three sons in the war, was a life-long friend of the late Theodore Roosevelt and is presenting his home city with a bronze statue of the colonel. He has been reporting the International Surgical congress for his paper, the Medical Sentinel of Portland, Or.

Mrs. Martin Dunlevy has returned from Eastern Oregon, where she has been visiting for the past two weeks.

Howard Barlow of New York city, who is spending the summer with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Barlow, 670 East Broadway, has gone to the coast for a few days. He will return to New York about September 1.

Mrs. Herbert Lockhart and Miss Louise Lockhart of Marshfield are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Adam R. Hunter at their suburban home at Ardenwald.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Runyon and Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Roney are enjoying a fishing trip to Lost Lake, where they expect to spend the remainder of the month.

Mrs. H. Biles, who left early in the summer for the East, is having a delightful visit with her sister in Denver. She contemplates returning to Portland about September 1.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Shea and son Walter and Mrs. Shea's sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Coggriff and son Jack will leave Friday for a three weeks' fishing and camping trip on the Molalla river.

The marriage of Miss Ann Marie McMahon and James Thomas Rooney will take place at St. Ignace church at 10 o'clock on September 1. Miss Catherine McMahon will attend her sister as maid of honor, and Robert Martin Fenwick will be best man. Miss McMahon, who is an unusually charming girl, has been entertained at several informal dinners and luncheons. Mr. Rooney is a well-known Portland man and knight of Columbus.

Mrs. Richard Everding entertained with a delightful dinner party Tuesday evening at the Portland hotel, followed by refreshments at the Hazelwood. Those enjoying the party were: Caroline Everding, Leona Prang, Jane Honeyman, Evelyn Prang, Barbara Stansfield, Elizabeth Goddard, Honor Youngston, Marion Peacock, Dorothy Corbett, Betty Harper, Ralph Prang, Edmund Douglas, Otto Mathy, Francis McCarthy, Irving Huntington, George Edwards, Roy Tankin, Leland Loewenson, Ben Reed, Robert Coffey and Arthur Prang.

One of the delightful events of the past week was a supper dance at the home of Mrs. Elsie A. Anderson in Beaumont, honoring Mr. and Mrs. Sam C. Bratton of New York.

Hot Lake Arrivals
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THE Stroller notices

THAT there's an unmistakable tang of approaching fall in the early morning air.

That the leaves are falling.

That the trees will soon be exposing their bare limbs.

That there's a new moon in the sky.

That it will be well for officials to see to it that all theatres in the city are complying with fire prevention and exit regulations before the opening of the fall season.

That unless there are some changes all the houses won't be able to pass inspection.

That watermelon is more filling than nourishing.

That about the best a man can say for it is that he's lucky if it doesn't make his stomach ache.

That in these modern days the full dinner pail usually means a full thermos bottle, too.

That we remember the happy days when it would give us a lot of joy to find a piece of cake in a dinner bucket when he came home from work.

Portland, Aug. 16.

Dear Stroller:

That a torn, unsightly, unlawful sign hangs over Main street at Park.

That the incinerator smokestack pours out a volume of smoke over the city?

That one would think a four-funneled steamship under forced draft was coming up the river?

That the Pittcock block stack does the same thing?

That this smoke settles on the city's ornate buildings and is unhealthy?

That such conditions ought to be and can be remedied?

That the police auto makes as much noise and goes as fast when going "home" as it does on out calls?

That the motorcycle cops are a noisy bunch, too?

That they should set a good example?

H. P., 100 FIFTH STREET.

You're right at that, H. P., you're right.

Believe me, folks, you can josh all you're a mind to about going to the circus "for the sake of the children," but at that, you can't fairly appreciate how much real enjoyment there is in a circus, you can't understand the real appeal of the "big top," unless you've perched midway between the two rings, in front of the elevated stage, as we did at the old John Robinson show Monday afternoon, with a youngster of your own on each side and with the Little Wifs along, too, to lend a hand and an eye in keeping track of your offspring and in wiping their cracker-jacked and soda-popped sticky fingers and mouths.

We'll say that there are two big thrills in the circus life of every good citizen who is interested in the circus game from the spectators' viewpoint. One comes when, as a small boy, he carries water for the elephant or snakes in under the tent; the other, when he chaperones his own young hopefuls at the performance.

And here's a confession: Though we've been playing circuses on and off for a goodly number of years, never, until yesterday, had we permitted an elephant to feed out of our hand. We've thrown them peanuts, to be sure, but it remained for Billy Exton, the dynamic young advance man of the Robinson aggregation, to utter us in the gentle art of permitting a fan-eared pachyderm to tinkle our wrist with his proboscis and to sniff the delectable goober from our outstretched palm. Now we know where the inventor of the vacuum sweeper got his original idea.

Exton, by the way, added not a little to our enjoyment of the performance. He explained some of the inner workings of the business, gave us some interesting sidelights on the lives and show careers of some of the performers and proved generally entertaining and courteous. One clown he pointed out, for instance, was, until a few years ago, a prosperous and progressive architect in Indiana. Then the circus went into winter quarters near his home town. He yielded to the lure of the sawdust ring and he is now "clowning" with all the enthusiasm and interest he formerly put into the vocation for which he was trained.

John Robinson's circus is not the largest on the road, but it is large enough. One is impressed with the general cleanliness of the show. The troupers, for whatever reason, are clean-cut, refined looking men and women, and the show goes with vim and snap. The band is especially good, the clowns show originality, the menagerie is well selected, one baby elephant, "Johnny," being a specially interesting feature, while two of the elders prove themselves right up to the minute by executing the "shimmy dance."

Among the performers the members of the Nelson family, acrobats, are especially remarkable. The equestrian numbers are good, too, the display of a class of "high school" horses being out of the ordinary. The aerialists are daring and agile and, when they yield to no protecting net beneath them.

So all in all Robinson's is a good circus and a good show and will be welcomed back any time it cares to come.

The local engagement closes with the performance this afternoon and the night show tonight.

Pat. Aug. 31, 1915

WIDEMOUTH MASON

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P.-T.A. Picnics In Honor of President

By Yella Winser

MEMBERS of the Parent-Teacher associations of Portland held a picnic luncheon at the Oaks Friday, August 13, honoring Mrs. J. F. Hill, the incoming president of the Portland council, and Mrs. E. H. Palmer, the retiring president. The gathering, which was arranged and presided over by Mrs. W. H. Bathgate of Glencoe circle, was most delightfully informal and all present appreciated the opportunity of greeting the incoming presidents of the several circles. Long tables were effectively decorated with flowers brought by Mrs. J. E. Rand and Mrs. George G. Root, and were laden down with salads, sandwiches, cakes, pies, chicken and all the good things for which Parent-Teacher women are noted.

Words of greeting and appreciation were expressed by Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Palmer. Mrs. W. H. Bathgate, president of the Oregon Parent-Teacher association, gave an outline of plans being formulated for the state convention to be held in Portland this fall. Large delegations from circles throughout the state are planning to attend. Mrs. I. M. Walker spoke briefly of her trip to the national convention.

Mrs. A. F. Fiegel told of the extension of the work of the bureau throughout the state, and T. D. Kirkpatrick of the boys' and girls' clubs, in Switzerland and the name appears as Zosa and Zosel; German claims Susanne, Suchen and Suse. Perhaps the quaintest derivative is the Bavarian popular name, Saml.

The American War Mothers will meet Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock in room 525 Courthouse.

The Answer Column

(Conducted in co-operation with Associated First National Pictures)

Corra M.—Pell Tranton is unmarried. Mildred Davis has taken Bebe Daniels' place opposite Harold Lloyd. Harold was born in Nebraska in 1882. Charles Ray has been in pictures for six years. When Charles started he was paid \$35 a week, and he now has his own producing company and releases his pictures through First National.

Mickey—Ashton Dearholt is the husband of Helen Rosson, who used to star in productions for the American Film company. He was born in Milwaukee, Wis., is six feet tall and weighs 178 pounds. He has dark hair and eyes.

An Easy Mark
From the Birmingham Age-Herald.
"There's a lady up in front who wants to buy an oriental vase," said the curio-dealer's assistant.

"Does she look as if she had money?"
"Yes, but she doesn't look as if she'd had long."

"Good. I'll wait on her myself."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
BY MILDRED MARSHALL
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Susan first comes to light as a feminine name in the guise of Schuschnah, meaning a lily. It belonged to one of the holy women of the sepulcher, and likewise in the calendar for two virgin martyrs by the name of Susanna, who suffered in the times of persecution, though they were never commemorated in the Western church.

Queen Susanna, "the Lily of Tiflis," also died a martyr in the hands of the Mahometans; so Susan and its derivatives may well be said to be a holy name.

Susanna was the beautiful and virtuous wife of Joachim in the Apocryphal "History of Susanna." Her chastity questioned by certain Jewish elders, she was condemned by law, but her innocence was proved by Daniel and her accusers put to death.

The name and its derivatives are popular throughout England, France and Switzerland. It becomes Susie in Scotland, where Jameson's popular songs give a Scottish version of the story of Becket's parents, where the Eastern maiden is introduced:

This Moor he had but ae daughter,
Her name was called Susie Pyle,
And every day, as she took the air,
Near Belcham's prison gaid she by.

The English diminutive for Susan is Sue and Sucky; France has called her Susette and Suzanne; in Switzerland the name appears as Zosa and Zosel; German claims Susanne, Suchen and Suse. Perhaps the quaintest derivative is the Bavarian popular name, Saml.

The sapphire, with its mysterious depths, is the jewel which superstition links with the destiny of Susan. It has the power to preserve the wearer from harm, protect her from storms and attract divine favor for its owner. To dream of sapphires is a sign of a journey. Thursday should be a fortunate day for the wearer of a sapphire and her lucky number.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE lost little son of Peter Rabbit sat just inside the doorway of the strange house which he had found shelter and wished all sorts of foolish wishes. He wished he hadn't waked. He wished that he could have kept on sleeping forever. He wished he were a giant so that he needn't fear anything. But most of all he wished he hadn't disobeyed his mother and left the dear old Briar-patch. That wish wasn't foolish.

Now all this time that little Bunny didn't know whether or not anyone lived in that house where he had found shelter. He rather thought that no one had been used for a long time. The hall leading down from it didn't look as if it had been used for a long time. In fact, the looks of the place reminded him very much of the old house in the middle of the dear Old Briar-patch, the one dug long ago by the grandfather of Johnny Chuck.

"I don't believe anyone lives here," said the little Rabbit, talking to himself because there was no one else to talk to and because, somehow, it helped a little to make him feel less lonesome. "If nobody does, I will keep it for my home if I can't get back to the dear Old Briar-patch. Perhaps some day my father will come along, and if he finds me living in a fine house he will be proud of me for getting along so well in the Great World."

The more he thought of this idea, the more he liked it, and for a little while he forgot that he was lost, lonesome and afraid. He began to feel quite important, as becomes one who has a house of his own. This led him to think that he would like to know all about that house. So he turned and started down the long, dark hall. The farther he went the darker it became. It became rather scary. He stopped and listened. He didn't know what he was listening for, but he just had to listen.

Farther and farther down the long hall he crept. Nothing happened, and he began to feel bolder. "Poooh, there is nothing to be afraid of in here," he muttered.

breath and listened. For a few minutes he heard nothing more. It was as still in there as, well, as a deserted house should be.

"I must have imagined it," thought he. "Yes, sir, that is just what I did."

Right that very instant he heard it again. This time there could be no doubt about it. It certainly was a voice down there in the darkness. And then he heard another voice. He sat still, absolutely still. He was too frightened to do anything else. He even wished he could stop breathing. You see, those were strange voices. He never had heard any at all like them in or around the dear Old Briar-patch. So,

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He stopped right there. He stopped talking to himself and he stopped creeping down that long hall. You see, he had heard a voice somewhat like that darkness ahead—at least he thought he had. So, with his heart going thump-thump, thump-thump, he held his

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Who has a home will stay there, never, never, never.

Strange Voices Are Heard

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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

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