



PANORAMA OF COTTAGE GROVE, LANE COUNTY, OREGON. (NOBODY'S MAGAZINE.)



SOCIETY

Avrill-Jennings
Very quietly on Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock Miss Fay Jennings was wedded to J. H. Avrill at the home of the bride's father, 109 West Fifth street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. S. McCallum, of the Christian church, and none were bidden to witness it but the relatives and a few intimate friends. The bride is the daughter of A. C. Jennings, and the groom is a prominent business man of Entiat, Wash. Mr. and Mrs. Avrill will make their home in Entiat.

A class in the principles of design will begin Tuesday morning in the northeast basement room of the high school, under the auspices of the Arts and Crafts Society. The society is fortunate in securing Miss Maudie Kerns to conduct the class. Miss Kerns studied design in New York under Professor Dow, of the Teachers' College of Columbia University, one of the greatest authorities of the present day on the teaching of drawing and design. Miss Kerns is now a member of the faculty of art of the Seattle high school. The Oregon Arts and Crafts Society, the first society of the kind in the state, was organized last fall with Mr. Allen Eaton as president. Those interested in any phase of the arts and crafts movement, whether active worker or not, may become members of the society. Others besides members of the society, however, will be welcomed as members of the class in design. There may be a misapprehension as to what is required for beginning the study of design. No previous knowledge of drawing is necessary. As to its practical application the knowledge of artistic principles to be gained is useful in almost every department of life, from hemming curtains to buying (or making) furniture. Miss Kerns will

begin with the principles of pure design, and after several lessons the class will apply them to some craft, probably to stenciling, wood-block printing or leather work. The class will meet twice a week, from 9 until 12 o'clock, on Tuesday and Friday mornings.

McCully-Campbell
One of the prettiest home weddings of the season was solemnized at 1 o'clock Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bonnett when their daughter, Miss Blanche Campbell, was united in marriage to Roma A. McCully, of Halsey. To the strains of Lohengrin's "Bridal Chorus," played by Eunice McCrady, the bride entered the parlor on the arm of her father. Little Ethelya Forrest was flower girl. Mrs. Bonnett was matron of honor and Daisy Goodell, of Walla Walla, was bridesmaid. The groom was attended by his brother, Claude McCully, of Portland, as best man. The bride wore a gown of white messaline and carried a bouquet of white carnations tied with white satin ribbon. The rooms were beautifully decorated with masses of sweet peas and ferns. After the ceremony a dainty buffet luncheon was served. The presents were many and beautiful. About seventy-five guests were present. The out-of-town guests were: Mrs. Henry Mier (California), Mr. Sturtevant and family (Halsey), Daisy Goodell (Walla Walla), J. B. Wallis and family (Halsey), Mrs. C. C. Basche (Sumpter), Mrs. William Chesley (Springfield), Miss Cora McCully (Milton), Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Anderson (Springfield), Mr. and Mrs. Robert Campbell (Springfield), and Ernest Campbell (Salem). Huldah and Ida Staffeur (Sacramento), Mr. and Mrs. McCully left on the flyer for a trip to Washington. They will be at home to their friends at Halsey September 1.

A pleasant affair was a comfort-tying Thursday afternoon given by the nurses of the Eugene hospital. Helene Holmstrom, Constance Hancock and Margaret Bealer. Dainty refreshments were served on the front balcony of the hospital. The guests of the afternoon were friends and former patients.

Tuesday afternoon the Aloah Club met with Mrs. C. E. Loomis at her home on East Eleventh street. During the afternoon light refreshments

were served. The guests of the club were: Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Straight, Mrs. Linn, Mrs. Boynton and Miss Howard.

A pleasant surprise was given Mrs. S. J. Wilson Monday afternoon by the Birthday Club. The ladies arrived early in the afternoon with lunch baskets and the time was spent in needlework. At 6:30 the husbands came for lunch. Later in the evening the company went for a trolley ride.

Mrs. G. W. DeSucca will leave for Portland this evening to meet her daughter, Mrs. N. A. Fuller, of Dawson, who is coming out from the Yukon on a visit to her mother.

The regular meeting of the Methodist Aid Society was held Tuesday afternoon on the parsonage lawn. The husbands arrived at 6 o'clock and a bountiful lunch was served by the ladies.

Thursday afternoon about seven members of the Patriotic League enjoyed a picnic on the banks of the Mohawk river.

The Lighter Side

When Emma Doyle, the author of "Sheeplock Holmes," who is also a physician, was last in this country he happened one afternoon to be at a woman's club reception in Indianapolis. The author was explaining to a group of women one of his theories; that an idiot, or any person mentally unbalanced, invariably exhaled from the body an odor unlike that of other beings. "Why," said Doyle, "if you stood two men up in line here, and one of them was a lunatic, you could blindfold me and by simply smelling of the ten I would pick out the one of sound mind."

This impressed the women present very much and apparently impressed James Whitcomb Riley, who was present, particularly.

With that drawl for which he is noted Riley broke the silence that followed Doyle's declaration, and said: "Say Doyle, got anything on hand for eleven o'clock tomorrow?"

"No," replied the physician-author, "why?" "Well," said Riley, "there's a chap I know who thinks I owe him some money; I never thought he was right in his mind. He's coming tomorrow to my house to collect his bill. Wish you'd come along and smell of him."

James H. Keene, the famous New York financier, said at a dinner of the recent panic:

"The way men hangored after money reminded me of Tom Farago, a friend of my Friday days. 'Toby, one morning, expected a man to call and pay a bill. While he was waiting for the man, a summons came for him to go out. Before going he put this notice on his door: 'Have gone out for half an hour. Will be back soon. Been gone twenty minutes already.'"

"Lads," said Meandering Maki, "have you any more of dat hot polnce pie?" "Hot mince pie?"

"Yes, lady, I've joined a suicide club and we want to use it in giving da first degree."

Lawyer—So you want to divorce from your wife, because she throws things at you, eh? Client—Nothing of the kind. She's so smart to throw things at me. Lawyer—But I thought— Client (interrupting)—She invariably throws things at the dog, but she always manages to hit me.

He reminded the guest—Here's the furniture that been dissolved. She's looking at a sign—Yes, the glass they use will do that.

"Of course, you don't want any more of us are not entitled to," said the consultation man.

"Of course," answered Senator

mark that I always have the best legal talent available to ascertain what I am entitled to."

Senator Spooner propounded a conundrum to his colleagues: "What has more feet, one cat or no cat?"

"I pass it over to you," was the reply. "Why, no cat, of course," Mr. Spooner replied. "One cat has four feet. No cat has five feet."

Yeast—Are you doing your share to make the world brighter? Crimzonbeak—Sure thing, I'm paying for about 8,000 feet of gas a month."

LOVE STORY FROM LIMERICKS

There was a young lady of Kew, whose eyes were a beautiful blue, in every good book you will find, if you look, that the heroine's eyes were this hue. One day, by a fortunate chance, she happened to meet at a dance a pleasant young man (that's the usual phin in beginning a thrilling romance). They were both of them excellent dancers, and so, in the course of a Lancers he remarked, "I opine that the weather is fine." She replied with the shyest of answers. And thus, having broken the ice, and thinking the girl rather nice, in the usual way of a fellow who's say he squeezed her soft hand once or twice. Later on they sat out in the hall; the ferns were delightfully tall, and the chairs were so placed there was no room to waste, but that didn't matter at all. An acquaintance beginning like this is a chance that one ought not to miss. It is rather absurd, but I can't find a word to rhyme with those H's—except kiss. The youth was a pushing young man, and pursuing the usual plan he called on her father (who really was rather a brute), and in this way began: "I have called, sir, to ask for the hand of your daughter Elizabeth, and I hope you will see your way to agree to my suit and will grant my demand." The business man, keen as a knife, said: "You wish for my girl as a wife; if you answer one question you may purchase the ring; now what are your prospects in life?" Said the youth, "I am one of those men whose fortune consists in a pen; my intellect

shines in Limerick lines. I win prizes again and again. I'm really a marvel at rhyme, my metre is simply sublime. Just think of the sizes of some of the prizes, to enormous dimensions they climb." Said the father with scarcely a pause, "Such merit must win my applause. As a son-in-law you will undoubtedly do, so take her, young fellow, she's yours."

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