

COCHET

IMPORTED FRENCH GOWN CHARMING.



Gown of Cerise By Beechoff-Davis.

This reception gown of cerise was designed by Beechoff-Davis, of Paris. It is one of the striking gowns imported to America from France this season and has been much admired.

Each of these tricks to improve the grace of the body has been adopted within the Summer. They do not go well on every woman. The individual must be the judge of that. And few of us would tolerate being awfully about the neck in such fashion in Summer.

There is no sign in the horizon that short sleeves will return, so the woman who is making new things would probably be safe in following the present rule. If she is fashioning an evening gown, then she reverses the verdict to extreme, for she omits sleeves altogether, or if she is too modest to do that she contents herself with flowing draperies of silk net or lace, or perhaps several strands of pearls or crystals.

It is a sign of the times that sleeves jump from one extreme to the other. It is the knuckle, or the top of the shoulder. There is an effort made to bring back the 1870 decollete, minus the straps over the shoulders, that royalty has made its own, but so far there are few followers.

Macaroni Au Gratin En Casserole—Boil big Italian macaroni in plain salted water until tender, but not too soft; put in oil in boiling water. Drain it in a colander and put it in a casserole without cover, seasoning further to taste and putting lumps of butter and grated cheese all through. The rings of edam or pineapple cheese are delicious for this, although fresh American cheese, broken in small bits, will do. Have a cheese layer on top and bake until a light brown.

Eggs and Tomatoes En Casserole—Sauté and peel the tomatoes, cut them up and put them in a casserole with a cover, seasoning with salt, paprika and a tablespoonful of onion juice or a silver of garlic. Stew the tomatoes in the usual way, also add the common pinch of sugar if they are bitter. When they are cooked, break eggs on top—enough to cover the surface—sprinkle them with a dust of salt and paprika and set the casserole uncovered in the oven for the eggs to set, as with poaching. A green pepper, denuded of seeds and cut in half, will be an addition to this dish, this cooked first with the tomatoes. The helpings must be put on thin crisps of toast.

Cold Meats Warmen En Casserole—

Women—The Burden Bearers. MARIAN'S secret, intimated by the

MARIAN thrust the letter into the other's hands, and began at once, in low, rapid sentences, to recount all the particulars of the night's misadventure. Mrs. McCarrren listened in eager attention.

"Well, isn't that just like a man!" she exploded when Marian had finished. "It's the most absurd and disgusting thing I ever heard of. It's such a pity that you should be subjected to anything like this."

"Did you ever hear of such nerve?" demanded Marian, feeling better already, now that she felt free to discuss the matter with the other. "I have reached the conclusion," said Mrs. McCarrren hopelessly, "that men are just about alike. It's their old trick to blame everything that happens to them on some woman."

"But I hardly knew Mr. Calhoun," exclaimed Marian. "Oh, that doesn't make the slightest difference to a man," said the other. "Not a particle! It never takes a man long to look around and pick out some woman to saddle the blame upon. It's the nature of the beast."

"You don't think I'd commit suicide, do you?" "Heavens, no! It wouldn't occur to him. He loves himself too much. I know the type. I've had a few experiences myself—before I turned fat and forty," sighed the other. "And if Mr. Calhoun should do anything like that, do you know, it would at least set him a notch above other men as being far braver than they."

"But the thought of it would be horrible, hideous!" shuddered Marian. "I'd blame myself as long as I lived." "You'd be very wrong in doing so. It wouldn't be your fault, but his. Certainly you are not responsible if a spoiled child runs across your path, and calmly proceeds to blame all the flabby weakness of his character upon you!"

Notice to Pacific Telephone Subscribers

FAIRE ON THE RIGHT OF WAY OF THE O. W. R. & N. Co. in Sullivan's Gulch early yesterday morning burned out several of our cables serving subscribers in the East Office District, particularly Irvington, putting about 1000 telephones out of order. A large force of linemen, cable splicers and repair men worked up to a late hour last night clearing the trouble, and all of the telephones are O. K. this morning. We wish to thank our subscribers in the East Office District for the patience shown yesterday, when the cause of the trouble was explained to them.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CO.

Long-Sleeved Frock of Black Satin and Chiffon.

THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TO-NIGHT BY MRS. F. A. WALKER.

MR. POSSUM VISITS MR. BEAR. Part 3.

"LOOK, look!" cried Mr. Possum. "When he found he was getting the leaves and molasses off his coat. 'It is coming off.' You will not need to help me after all," he said, for he did not want to pay Mr. Fox anything if he could help it.

"Well, of all the ungrateful creatures you are the most so," said Mr. Fox, getting angry as he thought of what he intended to charge Mr. Possum for his advice whether it had helped or not.

"Before Mr. Possum could think or reply, there came a loud knocking at the door and a gruff voice said, 'Mr. Fox, Mr. Fox, let me in; I want your advice; I am being robbed.'"

"Mr. Possum began to tremble, for he knew it was Mr. Bear at the door. 'I don't want to see him, looking like this,' he said to Mr. Fox. 'Let me go into your bedroom until he goes. I am willing to pay you for all you do for me, and I am sure your fire helped me, but don't let him to help me after all.'"

"Mr. Fox felt sure this time he had Mr. Possum, and so he opened the bedroom door and told him to go in there until he got rid of Mr. Bear. 'Oh! Mr. Fox, I have been robbed of all my cakes and pies and some molasses while I was sleeping. I want you to tell me how I can find the thief and have him punished. I can think of nothing but to go to the police, but it is so late now, and it is so dark, I cannot find my way.'"

"This is certainly a terrible thing," said Mr. Fox, standing in front of the spots of molasses that had dripped from Possum's coat and looked very knowingly.

"I think I can help you to find the thief, Mr. Bear. You have only to show me the tracks made by this fellow in escaping, for he must have left his tracks wherever he went, and when we have caught him I should advise you to let him go on dry leaves and sticks, for, of course, his coat will be covered with molasses."

"Then, after he is well covered, I think a good punishment would be to turn him loose, for he can never get it off; it will have to wear off, and everybody will know he is a thief." "I'll be glad to do that," said Mr. Possum. "I'll allow the tracks and bring the thief here."

"Mr. Possum had thought of jumping out of the bedroom window and running when he heard what Mr. Bear said when he first came in, but when Mr. Fox began to talk, he knew the best thing for him to do was to stay and get rid of the rest of the leaves even if he had to pay Mr. Fox his price. So when Mr. Fox opened the bedroom door, Mr. Possum was ready for what he had to say.

"Mr. Bear has been robbed," said Mr. Fox. "The thief took all his cakes and pies and even some of his molasses." "Mr. Possum had not heard a word that he had said, but, of course, he knew right well he had. 'I have just thought what Doctor Owl used for the medicine he gave you,' Mr. Possum went on to say. 'I am afraid he stole it from Mr. Bear, and you will have no way of proving you did not steal it as it is still on you, and you must have tracked it about some.'"

FARMER'S WIFE TOO ILL TO WORK

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August 1. Write it on your memory—and postpone your Autumn outfitting till you see the handsome Suits CHERYR'S will have ready for your selection.

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Getting a Start

GETTING A START BY NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, JR.

Petty Jealousy. THE truly great are never jealous of their fellows. In their composition there is no room for jealousy.

They realize that the more others succeed the easier it is for them to accomplish. Nobody ever made a legitimate success of anything by pushing others down, by envying the accomplishments of others, by being willing to live by the work of others, or by borrowing or stealing that which rightfully belongs to their neighbors.

There is no sin in business, or in social life, more virulently poisonous, more degrading, more disastrous, than is jealousy. It destroys the very fabric of times, not to say failures.

The disease of Jealousy is ever spreading; like a weed it grows in every community. It is in the home, in the office, in the store, and in the factory.

Most practitioners of jealousy, however, are confined to those who seldom amount to anything and who are little better than doretlets, floating aimlessly upon the sea of life.

Nothing interferes so much with business efficiency as jealousy, and particularly that petty jealousy which usually is without foundation and seldom has any adequate excuse.

Jealousy in the office, as well as elsewhere, is a product of the lower instincts, springs from the worst side of human nature. It interferes with the productivity of those who are responsible for it, and injures those at whom it is directed.

As long as we remain uncivilized, and as long as business is hard and cruel at times, not to say heartless, but often from inexplicable necessity, justice will not be permitted to have uninterrupted sway. None of us is absolutely fair, nor can any of us judge with complete accuracy. For this, and for other reasons, many a man is promoted when a more deserving one is held back.

Opportunity is not always distributed with equity; but you, even if your deserts are not recognized, are in the same boat in which others are sailing, and others, as well as you, are subject to the reign of accidents.

To be jealous of others because they have rightly or wrongly advanced beyond you, does not help you, but rather hinders your progress. It does not add one inch to your stature, but dwarfs you and prevents you from doing your utmost.

The jealous man is usually so busy practicing this evil that he has little time to attend to his duties. He is administering self-poisoning, is saturating his mind with the thoughts that encourage failure.

Jealousy uncontrolled, rides roughshod through our better selves, leaving a trail of disaster, which is likely to allow little opportunity for the good in us to have estranged way.

Do not play with jealousy. It is a sword without a handle, and is more likely to wound you than he at whom it is pointed.

If you would have others help you, help others. There is no law in reciprocity stronger than that of respectiveness.

Man Jailed for Non-Support. ASTORIA, Or., July 24.—(Special.)—The preliminary examination of Henry Jokipera, an information charging him with falling to support his wife, Alfa Jokipera, was held in the Justice Court today. He was committed to the County Jail, in default of \$500 bonds, to

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will give the required aid. Tones the entire system. The weak stomach is made strong. The liver vibrates with new life. The blood is cleaned of all impurities and carries renewed health to every vein and nerve and muscle and organ of the body. No more attacks of the "blues." Life becomes worth while again, and hope takes place of despair.

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