

SHEATH GOWN IN MANY STYLES IS NOW ON DISPLAY IN SHOPS OF PORTLAND MODISTES

Directoire Styles Bid Fair to Become Popular Here, but Distinctive Feature Has Been Modified.



trail of any length one may desire. The "shell," which is usually of some such thin, transparent material as voile, is cut on the same pattern and fits over this single underskirt very snugly. The effect is to emphasize and sharply outline the figure from hip level to knee.

But the style of directoire gown that will probably be worn most in Portland has no slash at all, and is a very much modified version of the "sheath and shell"; this modification, in most instances, runs to a revival of the old overskirt effects, the overskirt lines being emphasized by velvet bands and bindings.

The accompanying pictures show some of the directoire garments on display at a well-known local outfitter, and a very much modified directoire tea gown.

The slashed "sheath and shell" skirt is shown in No. 4, the open slash in the "shell" revealing the full accordeon-plaited ruffle of the "sheath" worn underneath. The outer material is fine voile, with satin bands about the bottom, and the "sheath" is of tulle. The coat shown in this picture is one of the new directoire models. The lines are much like the "out-away" of last Spring, save that the coat is much longer, is slashed at the sides, and fitted tight in to the figure almost the entire length at the back. The trimming is of military braid, and the corsetless effect is noticeable both in the back and in the front. No. 2 shows one of the exclusive directoire patterns, as modified. This gown is of Copenhagen blue broadcloth, with bands, and other trimmings of velvet in a shade darker. The long points and curved finish of the coat at the

bottom are features of the directoire styles, and bits of lead are sewn in each point to preserve the clinging effect. In this gown there is only an overskirt effect instead of two separate skirts, the mock-overskirt being edged with a band of the velvet running entirely around.

Another style of directoire suit is shown in No. 5. This coat is of black satin, and has square points at the front. Instead of the "out-away" lines, immense buttons, which are a feature of all the directoire coats, are used.

Front and back views of a modified directoire tea gown are shown in No. 1 and No. 3, this dainty little creation of lavender wool challis and silk differing little from the empire style. The high giraffe given the corsetless effect, and the broad band of silk, edged with frilled ribbon, which encircles the neck, is swung round at the giraffe level and brought down the side to the street in the tight-fitting skirt. The breadth is so scant at the knee and the materials used of such delicate texture, that one vigorous swing, such as the healthy woman employs in ordinary walking, would rend the gown apart and probably trip the wearer and

leave her in humiliation, among its ruins. Short, rapid steps, which take the form of a serpentine glide, are heralded as the proper method of locomotion in the "sheath and shell," and the "Dolly Varden" walk is being cultivated by those who are contemplating the adoption of these garments.

AMERICAN WOMAN'S ENCOUNTER WITH FRENCH OCTROI GUARDS AND PARIS HAIRDRESSER

Emilie Frances Bauer Writes Entertainingly from Gay French Capital—Paris Shopkeepers All Try to Speak English.

PARIS, July 11.—(Special correspondence.)—For the benefit of travelers who take to Paris in Summer, let me say it is as hot as the hottest days in New York, which to the vivid imagination of the Westerner is but a few degrees short of the hottest regions recorded in history or in the Bible. There is no difference apparent on the streets, however, as they are crowded. Yet, let us examine this motley crowd; indeed it is not even necessary to examine closely, as far and near it looks like Broadway, and it feels like—well, it is hot. The Americans own Paris at this season, and woe to anyone who thinks he will get an idea of France and its people. It is unfair to judge at this time the people who have built this wonderful city—but have these people built it? And could these people build it? Are they not, like this superb masterpiece of a city, the evolution of a wonderful past with a future which is even to themselves a question-mark? However, it is too hot to philosophize, and a sketchy outline of people and things is no doubt of keener interest.

At this season, the Frenchman likes to show how much English he knows, and he almost resents the fact that an American speaks French well. Address him in French, never mind how fluently, and he will stammer and struggle and stutter an English answer. I stood it as long as I could and then, in good, solid French, I said: "See here; never mind how little I know of the French, I speak a hundred thousand times better French than you speak English; and you just forget that sign on the

door and get down to business in French or I get out. Vous voyez?" He got down, and seemed satisfied that at least he had tried to do his duty by the employer who put me into the window of the sign "English Spoken Here," which more often than not means by the customers.

There are a few things that people never learn except by their own experience. Among these is the fact that sometimes you can't pass the guards at the Custom-House without trouble. A recognized testotaller, it was rather trying to be held up for a bottle of whisky sent to the steamer for medicinal purposes. I was marched between two guards, both of whom looked and felt as important as if they had discovered a nihilist with enough dynamite to blow up the city. It doesn't feel good to walk between two guards, even for a minute, and while I felt like a fool on the one hand, it was a sort of gullotine sensation that I experienced, and it took me two days to get over the "mad."

I afterward discovered that this was not the Custom-House officer, but the guard of the octroi, and he is legion around Paris, and makes himself officious even when passengers on the cars and omnibuses carry packages. An explanation of this is that no liquors or foods are allowed through the gates from any of the outlying districts, where things are cheaper than in Paris. It was most astonishing to learn that perfumes of the French manufacturers are sold at a substantially lower figure in America than in France, since they have to pay duty on the alcohol, which comes from America.

There is also a mistaken idea about

the wine-drinking of Paris, and it is generally supposed that the water is so bad that wine is used in self-defense. This is altogether wrong, as the water is pure and delicious, and is to be found on every table, while wine stands on the sideboard, as frequently as not untouched.

If, however, anyone exists who believes that he, she or it can go to the hairdresser's and come away without spending about three times what is first asked, let him get over the impression, as it cannot be done. I will just quote my own experience:

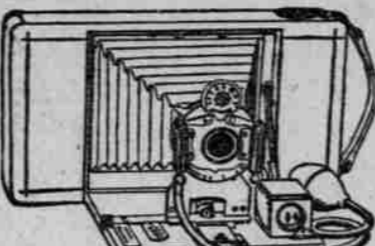
(Translated from the real thing)—
"How much for a shampoo, no waving, and put up the hair again?"
"Three francs, madame; Henry, take this lady—"
"Not fast, please. I want to know whether that is all or whether there are extras; if so, I want to know what they are."
"No, no, madame—upstairs all vous plait—"
I was handed over to an unctious-looking French hairdresser with a bushy head—they all have bushy heads—now I know why. The beard serves as a resting place for the comb when it is not working.

For a little while—a very little while, all went well; then Mr. Oily discovered the very sharp tendency on the part of his customer to turn gray, and suggested:

"The gray hairs give Madame a great deal of age. Will she not have them touched up?"
"Non, merci."
"Madame would look very much younger."
"Thanks; Madame is not in the kindergarten, and wants everybody to know it."
The gentleman looked as though he had suddenly found himself in an insane asylum, and for three minutes the silence

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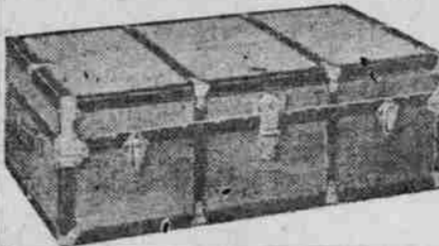
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BULLETIN NO. 9
Suburban Train Service

The development of the suburban and interurban territory near a large city is largely dependent upon transportation. The highest development of the transportation problem is found in the modern high-speed electric train. Even the steam railroads admit this—as witness the electrification of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, New York Central, Southern Pacific, Oakland, California, and many other suburban steam lines.

The same has been true of the lines running out of Portland to Oregon City, Cazadero, Gresham, St. John, Vancouver, Mount Scott, Montavilla, Fulton and other nearby points.

Running time of trains between Portland and Oregon City has been reduced from 80 to 60 minutes. This and similar service can easily be maintained with the co-operation of passengers; for instance, the time lost in stops can be greatly reduced if passengers are ready to leave or board the train promptly. In many cases railroads are adopting the plan of limiting the time of stops, and passengers not ready are carried to the next stop; or the number of stops is cut down, making the train an express or limited. This last method is objectionable where most stops are of equal importance, and is only used as a last resort.

That safe and reliable service may be maintained, a block signal system has been installed on the Oregon City line. This insures safety to passengers, and is in accordance with modern railway practice. New and heavier rails and a steel bridge over the Clackamas River have also been put in; other improvements are contemplated soon. A new boat for the Vancouver ferry service will be in operation in a few months.

These matters indicate the consideration given to this suburban service and the efforts constantly made to improve it.

The value of suburban property and residence is greatly increased by frequent, regular and rapid train service. The market-gardener, dairyman, poultry and stock-raiser are also well served by the new "Package Freight" service recently inaugurated, by which such products are brought in on passenger schedule and placed in the hands of dealers in a few hours after preparation for the market, instead of from one to three days, as by ordinary freight.

The absence of dust, smoke, cinders, ability to quickly add cars to trains for rush or special travel, are all a part and feature of the Suburban Electric Service.

could have been cut with a knife, but the gray hairs did not set easily upon his conscience—finally he broke out:

"Gray hair would be very becoming to Madame; would she not have a front-piece to match the hair at the sides?"
"Thanks; I prefer my own."
"But it would be very beautiful."
"I prefer my own, thank you."
By this time he discovered the need of the tonic; now I had been waiting for this tonic business ever since I made up my mind that I needed the shampoo, so I was good and ready and just warded the first sally with:

"Non, merci."
"It would make Madame's hair very beautiful."
"Well, this Madame is going away so soon that one time could not make her a reigning Parisian belle."
"No, but it could make her a very beautiful American woman, and besides Madame could take a bottle with her—it is only six francs and it is just what her hair needs."
"No, thanks, I had all I wanted with your ointment guard, and do not care to carry liquids into Germany, Austria, Italy and Switzerland." I threw in an English flying soft and fluffy until one looks like the wild man of Borneo, so Madame began to temporize.

"Madame ought to have the tonic, because it would keep the hair from flying off."
And Madame weakened. What woman would not weaken in the memory of hair flying soft and fluffy until one looks like the wild man of Borneo, so Madame began to temporize.

"Will it really keep the hair from flying off?"
"And Madame weakened. What woman would not weaken in the memory of hair flying soft and fluffy until one looks like the wild man of Borneo, so Madame began to temporize."

"Silly question—imagine his saying "no," but I was determined to get at the extra. So, after learning that it would be another franc, and having visions of a neat-looking coffee, I gave the fatal order. Oh, if anything that lives and has being could have the qualities of that wonderful tonic—according to Henri."

But finally that got stale and he began suggesting again—this time:

"How do you pronounce in English the word 'waving'?" I threw in an English lesson after which in the language itself he turned on me with:

"Madame would look vavry beautiful with ze waving hair. Is zat correct?" The language is correct—not the application.

But he did not weaken a bit, and we argued that for at least ten minutes. Score another one for me. Then came the headress and—

"Where are Madame's side combs?"
Now, if there is one thing of which "Madame" is not guilty, it is the side comb habit, and it was somewhat of a joy to Henri to hear the remark. "I never wear them"—it was a new point of departure.

"But Madame must follow the style!"
"Madame was now rather desperate, and said with all the confidence of a Cleo de Merode, "I never follow styles, I lead them." By this time both he and I were possessed with the same idea, i. e., how to get out of the door with the least possible show of fear—I felt the game was up, and I had no more strength to fight, and he—well, to him I did not look like a female Ward McAllister, and he was closed in the room with an idea fixe. It was not pleasant. There was a silence. This was timidly broken by the remark:

"The side combs would keep Madame's hair so strictly and securely. Wait a minute, I will go into the next room and get some, just to show Madame." Also to open the door should there be any show of violence.

"Now, if there is one disease on earth from which I suffer and have suffered, it is a wobbly hat. I had tried everything for it except vaccination and side combs. Here I was, with relief in sight—he got the combs. I got the hat. He adjusted the combs—wonderful to tell, the hat was sold—a new sensation for me, also for him when I asked, "Combs?"
"Three francs and a half."
Well, it was robbery, but I wanted to

"Three francs, please"—and almost ex-
plained when I exclaimed:
"Pique—give me the bill."
"Ten francs—fifty"—
And I started out to spend three.
EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.