REVIVING THE DOLMAN

# PEEK-A-BOO WAISTS ETHICS

The peek-a-boo waist, that little frivol which brings women such keen pleasure, has been assailed and this time from the pulpit of a church. Is it that congress will eventually be called upon to regulate the size of the peek-a-booness, the shape of the stitch in open work stockings, just the same as it is going to do with the beet trust? Has our national modesty received some severe joits in women's wear?

These observations are called forth by the attack made on a recent Sunday by Rev. Father George M. A. Schoerner of Rochester, Pennsylvania, who from his pulpit epied two women in peek-a-boo waists in his congregation. He ordered the two women from the church telling them to go home and take off those "bathing suits," adding, "This is a church, not a bathing house."

The action of the clergyman has established a precedent. Evidently his remarks are to attract the attention of purity organisations to what he considers a threatening and growing evil. Next I expect we will hear of legislation prescribing the number and size of the holes in the "lingerie" waists, and no doubt we will find in stores these regulations:

"Girls under 10 years, no lace baving" "Girls under 10 years, no lace baving "Girls under 10 years, no lace baving by the sent adopted graphic openwork border to the yoke, which left in a part of the yoke.

doubt we will find in stores these regulations:

"Girls under 10 years, no lace havins a mesh greater than one half inch.
"Ten to 18 years of age, no mesh greater than three eighths of an inch, and each mesh shall be separated by at least three inches of solid material.

"Eighteen to 25 years, all material must be solid. No open work allowed.

"Twenty-five to 50 years, no mesh greater than one quarter inch.

"Fifty and upwards, po regulations.
"Old maids over 35 years are not affected by the law regulating style and snure of open-work shirt waists."

These rules, no doubt according to the does of the clergymen and his followers who decry the peek-a-boo waints, will be satisfactory. They will surely that the situation. The sleeves have risen from clbow length half way to the shoulder.

But this is not all! Some genius, doubtless to keep pace with the times, has introduced the openwork corset.

We now only want shredded lingerle before the fashions of the South Sea island belle are accurately followed. And that comes, the reformers will surely be kept busy.

### THE BOOKSHELF

to assert that the English language as at present spoit was full of the most absurd contradictions, warranted neither by history or by common sense.

Then he proceeded to give a number of examples of useless letters in spelling, and declared that the final e in have, live, solve, adze, awe and axewords that he would spell hav, liv, solv, adz, aw, and ax-was the chief delinquent. It had, Professor Skeat said, no right to its place. It had been introduced at the end of have at the time when that word was spell haue, and its when that word was spelt haue, and its purpose taen was to distinguish the otherwise undistinguishable u and v. Again the letter o in comfort, which historically should be cumfort—in donkey, which should be dunkey and in money, which should be muney, was another unjustifiable innovation, called the heart heavier heavier the North Parkey.

A NDREW CARNEGIE, Mark
Twain and the other leaders of the recent agitation in favor of phonetic spelling will be glad to hear that they have an ally in England in the person of Professor W. W. Sheat of Cambridge university, who is undoubtedly one of the greatest living authorities on the English language. Up to now, the American suggestions regarding the reform of spelling and the professor showed in great British, but possibly some of the writers who made merry over them will conclude to change their tune after reading the vigorous address in support of the American arguments which was delivered by Professor Skeat before a gathering of the British Academy held at Burlington house.

Besides being professor of Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge, Dr. Skeat is the founder and precident of the English dialect society, and the titles of his work on English literature occupy semething like 10 pages in the catalog of the British Museum library. So it was rather striking to find him beginning his address to the British academy by declaring that all of what he called the "acientific arguments" were on the side of those who want to reform the spelling of English, and that the best spelling for a given word dense ignorance was the chief characteristic of those who opposed it. Etymology and phonetics, Professor Skeat said were the two sciences which the British press, in particular, could and understand to be such, and he went on to assert that the English language as at present spell was full of the most and present spell was full of the most at present spell was full of the most at present spell was full of the most at the recent spell was full of the most at the reads less than formerly.

Tolstol is reported to be in excellent health. He reads less than formerly, but his reading now consists of English and American works on labor questions.

Henrik Ibsen, the great Norwegian dramatist, who died recently, is said to have found it impossible to write un-less he had on the table in front of him a tray containing a number of gro-tesque figures—a wooden bear, a tiny image of Mephistopheles, two or three cats (one playing the fiddle) and some rabbits.

Thomas Hardy, the novelist and poet, used to live, when he was a boy, with an aunt, and he was sometimes called upon to write love letters for her dairymaids to send to their sweethearts. In his novels he has made good use of his experience in the dairy, and his aunt was the original of one of his because of the want of legibility. his aunt w Professor Skeat also provided a sur-characters.

### THE CROWDING OF CHILDREN

THE crowding of children with studies is one that affects every mother who has children in the schools. I have just releived a letter from a mother who no doubt is in the quandary of many ther parents, who are confronted with other parents, who are confronted with the problem of how to keep their chilforce them with crowding, so they can maintain their places in school. If any mother has an idea of how this trouble can be regulated I will be glad to hear from her, for as I previously said, it is a matter of vital interest to every mother who considers the welfare of

Portland, June 15.—Helen Hawthorne:

I am gind that at last some one has spoken a word in defense of the children. We have gone mad on education of the school book sort and so are crowding and pushing our children until they are nervous wrecks by the time they have finished the high school incupable of using that education which has cost the greatest price they could pay—their serenity and their ability to be calm. HELEN HAWTHORNE.

The time has come when the parents ust choose between health and an ed-

ourse I know there are many chil-who simply do not tackle the tre-nus task set before them and that

nendous tank set before them and that here are others who after two terms of high school work find that perfection s out of the question and so drop beind in both conduct and studies.

We are told that if we are to live soble lives we must love our work. Sow let us play we are a pupil for one vening and see about it. Suppose there is three studies to be learned this evening and there is just time to learn one heroughly since papa is old-fashioned mough to believe that growing children

If these pupils were grown and they wished to study all night the matter would be their own lookout. But so long as we are responsible for their welfare let us see to it that we give nature some small chance to do her work. Let us see to it that we do not make it impossible for them to be strong, healthy men and women. We are told that American mothers should teach their children caimness, but just how we are to teach them caimness and at the same time keep them on the rush both day and night is a problem that some of us are unable to solve.

M RS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER was Laura Celestia Spalmer of M was Laura Celestia Spelman, daughter of a Cleveland mer-chant, H. B. Spelman, whose deeply religious habits of life are peretuated in the life of his daughter and

her children.

Fifty years ago John D. Rockefeller, long before he had conceived the possibility of a Standard Oil company or dreamed of the immense riches that were to be his, and Miss Spelman were classmates and sweethearts. Their marriage was a romance, a love affair, and has remained the same ever since.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Rockefel-ler belonged to the Plymouth Congre-gational church, but in order to be of the same denomination as her husband ahe joined the Euclid Avenue Baptist and president without according. The seal Estate Columns of The cleveland her home, and is never so seller alike.

Should be her manfle, even the her dress moths out of a carpet?

EUGENE HOUSEKEEPER.

If the moths are in the carpet it must be taken up, thoroughly shaken and presided with a flation as het as it will bear without scoreting. Then cleveland her home, and is never so seller alike.

Should be her manfle, even the dress moths out of a carpet?

EUGENE HOUSEKEEPER.

If the moths are in the carpet it must be taken up, thoroughly shaken and presided with a flation as het as it will bear without scoreting. Then liberally apprinkle, the floor where the carpet is to be with spirits of turbold.



# A SHORT STORY FOR A SPARE MINUTE

#### MANY HAPPY RETURNS

By Arthur E. Suddar. by Arthur E. Suddar.

Twas the evening of November 5,

1902. Frank Lorimer stood in
front of his study fire, watching
his private bonfire burn. It was birthday, so the bonfire celebrated than on

more than one event.

In his right hand he held a bundle of letters. There were nine, and each letter bore the same signature—"Beatrice."

Taking one letter in his left hand, he dropped it into the fire. The flames dropped it into the fire. The flames closed round it greedlily; the paper flared and was instantly reduced to ashes. The man watched it burn, unmoved. "One," he counted.

He threw in another. "Two," he said.

Again he repeated it, and again. "Three-lour-five-six-seven-eight"

Each letter represented a year of his

Each letter represented a year of his life. More, it was the symbol of a year's pain and suffering.

He paused, lost in retrospect. Unconsciously he still held the ninth letter, while hand in hand with memory he trod the paths of the past. Ten years age he had met "Beatrice." For 10 years her beauty had held him spellbound. She had married for money; still he worshiped her. Men called her cold and heartless; still to her lover she was the incomparable "Belle Dame."

cold and heartless; still to her lover she was the incomparable "Belle Dame."

He read of her husband's death; fie had read also of the widow's gayettes, of her doings and sayings and of her lovers. All this came to him indirectly. Once a year on his birthday she had sent a letter to wish him "Many happy returns." A mere note, but it showed she had not forgotten.

Wednesday morning. November 5.

sappy as when there. The climate of Tarrytown, where is located the manion "Pocantico Hills," does not agree with her, and she has been there so seldom that no one in the vicinity knows even what she looks like.

Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller have had

four children. One of these, the son, John D. Jr., is almost as well known as his father, and apparently inherits many of his characteristics. The other three are girls, Bessie, Alts and Edith.

three are girls, Bessie, Alta and Edith.

The oldest of the three daughters of the oil magnate is now Mrs. Charles Strong. She has been an invalid for many years, and is at present abroad in Europe seeking health at the hands of the foremost specialists of the oil country. John D. has been quoted as saying that he would gladly give \$10,000,000 to the man who could bring the bloom back to the cheeks of Mrs. Strong. It is said, however, that her case is almost hopeless.

Mrs. Alta Parmilee Prentice, second

case is almost hopeless.

Mrs. Alta Parmiee Prentice, second daughter of the Rockefellers, married a few months before her brother. Her husband is a Chicagoan, and at the time of their marriage in New York, 1991, it was said that she was the richest bride in the United States, her share of her father's fortune being half as much as the United States gold reserve—\$50,000,000.

The third daughter is Mrs. Edith Mc-Cormick, who is much like her mother and sisters in their habits of life. Among all who know her, either as a friend, or through her many unprinted acts of great generosity, Mrs. Rocke-feller is conceded to be the ideal, type

1902, had dawned clear and bright.
Lorimer looked for the expected letter. It did not come. He was surprised—puzzled. "Ah," he told himself, "it will come by a later post.". It suddenly flashed across his brain—and he laughed sloud—that he foll no disappoint. pointment at its non-arrival. He realized that the letter had become a matter of indifference. Its arrival would touch him no more, probably less, than the arrival of a bill.

He knew that he no longer worshiped her. The veil at last was lifted from his eyes and he saw her whom he had idealized as she really was cold, self-centered, heartless. It is on these seeming trifles that greater issues de-

The door of his room was opened so quietly that he did not see a woman enter, nor was he aware of her presence till she touched him on the shoulder. He wheeled round. The ninth letter dropped from his hand and fluttered to the hearth. He looked her full in the face, unmoved and, for the first time, critically, "Frank." Then one understood. Few could resist the seduction of that fluelike voice.

you? Forgive my slowness. Your com-ing took me completely by surprise." He spoke courteously and moved for-

burn.
"Good-by," she said.
He tried to explain.
"Don't"—she put out her hand—
"some promises are sweeter in the making than in the keeping"—and she had gone. ward an easy chair, She ignored the chair and his out-stretched hand.

**REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS** 

[This column is open to the readers of The Journal and an effort will be made to answer all readonable questions. Letters must be signed by the writer's true name, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. No inquiry regarding health or heauty will be answered in this column, as all such inquiries should be addressed to Mrs. Symes, care of The Sunday Journal.]

The Sunday Journal. Helen Hawthorne: What kind of a needle is best to use in mending gloves?

RUTH YAMHILL.

Unless you are supplied with the short little needles which come especially for the sewing of gloves, use the long-eyed embroidery needles.

Helen Hawthorns: Please tell me where I can find a book entitled "The AN AMITY READER.
This book is not in the public library

in Portland. Possibly some reader of this column from Missouri will be kind enough to give me the information the name of the author and the pub-

Helen Hawthorne: I am in a predica-ment. I am about to be married and as the bridegroom is it my place to buy the flowers for the bride and her at-tendants? I think it is but want to be sure. JOE.

The bridegroom buys the flowers for the bride and bridesmaids, and also the buttonhole bouquets for the best man

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. SHE must be generous both in thought and deed, or generous impulse, and above greed;

Not seeking praise, or place, or power, or pair.

She raised her love-lit eyes confidently to the man standing so quietly at her side. He was silent.

"Frank"—and a note of doubt had crept into her voice.

He faced her desperately and she knew. Love had come too late.

Was latter lying white upon the

Her letter, lying white upon the hearth, caught her eye. Lorimer made a movement to hide it, but she threw it into the fire. Together they watched it hurn.

or pelf. But life's best blessings for her-

welf.

Which means the best of all.

She must have faith

To make good friends of Trouble, Pain and Death,

And understand their message.

She should be

As redolent of tender sympathy

As is a rose with fragrance,

Cheerfulness

Should be her mantle, even the dress

### A COMMON-SENSE VACATION

Ry Capoline Prescott.

The West of a spend a summer season in the most profitable and satisfactory manner. And in doing it she does not seen that the season in the most profitable and satisfactory manner. And in doing it she does get stir an inch from her doorstep, elected with a laked her where she was going to spend the summer this year, she answered, "Hight here at home." Then she went on: "Why should I pack all my pretty diothes in a trunk, bid good byte to all my friends, and take a long, hot railroad trip to some resort, filled with people whom I do not know, and whom, perhaps, it is best not to know; sleep in a stuffy room on a hard bed, when I have my own comfortable room right here?" No. I am going to take my vacation in my home, where I can do as I please."

I'll wager, too, that this woman will enjoy her vacation. And now that summer is here, why shouldn't ail of us stop being "tussy" and settle down and anyor he season? All of us have it in our power to make the coming summer is here, why shouldn't ail of us stop being "tussy" and settle down and my ownering francy ledges. This could be season? All of us have it in our power to make the coming summer is here, why shouldn't ail of us stop being "tussy" aches. This could be season? All of us have it in our power to make the coming summer is here, why shouldn't ail of us stop being "tussy" aches. This could be season? All of us have it in our power to make the coming summer is here, why shouldn't ail of us stop being "tussy" clocks. This could be season? All of us have it in our power to make the coming summer is here, why shouldn't ail of us stop being "tussy" clocks and it is not pression to the could be season? All of us have it in our power to make the coming summer is here, when the summer and it is not pression to the could be season? All of us have it in our power to make the coming summer is here, when the summer and it is not pression to the could be a season when the summer and the please and the please and the please and the please and the p

## OUTDOOR FASHIONS

HE time of year has arrived when outdoor social functions are much in evidence. America has been slow to take up open-air amusements, but with the extravagance that marks the nation there is no half-way work about it. From now on until the end of the season garden parties and summer fetes will follow one another

in swift auccession.

What to wear is quite as important a question at this time as it was when the festival season had to be observed under artificial light, green-house flowers and manufactured heat. It was more important, for the giare of day admits of no pretense or false colorings. Given clear, sunny skies, balmy air, full-blown leaf and flower and a smooth greensward there can be no better background for lovely woman and beautiful array.

"Frank," she said, "I came to sur-prise you. I came to wish you many happy returns"—her voice vibrated with feeling—"many happy returns,' instead of writing." "Thank you for the kindly thought; you certainly surprised me."
"And I have come at last to keep a promise—one," she said in a passionate whisper, "I made 10 years ago this night. You remember?" the same brown was carried over the crushed in brim at the left side, across the low crown and tied in an ample sow at the back. The crown of the hat was hidden with exquisitely natural blue forget-me-nots, shading into palest shades. "Beatrice," he replied, anxious to spare her further pain, "Beatrice." He remembered well how he had extracted a promise that if ever she grew to love him she must come and tell him.

shades.

A deep dark red leghorn had trimmings of old rose with the top of the crown covered with shaded leaves, deep greens, pale greens, reddish brown and dull pale yellow.

As I have said, the natural leghorn is not neglected. Many of the handsomest hats are of this reliable old-time "No, Frank, let me make full confession before I receive absolution." A glorious wave of color dyed her pale face. "Frank, Frank; I love you—I love you." And every word was a

material. The shepherdess shape seems to belong especially to the natural leghorn. This is always short-brimined in front and often so long in the back that it sweeps down almost to the shoulders. Wreaths and vines are the most appropriate trimming for this pattern, though soft, wide ribbons in bows and long ends are also in keeping with the general outline.

The sailor models are by no means

material. The shepherdess shape seems

general outline.

The sailor models are by no means discarded. One of these was in black, rather wide of brim and russed, of course, in the back. This bandeau was covered with small black ostrich tips, one longer than the rest drooping on the hair. The crown was hidden with small pink and white roses with a small cluster under the brim toward the back.

A simple but effective garden party-costume was worn recently by an unusually pretty girl of the Juno type of beauty. Her brown hair broke into matural waves and curls under a broad-brimmed hat, with a cluster of very

Perhaps the most important part of a garden earty costume is the hat, and none lends itself so readily to the necessary demands as the leghorn. While this fine straw in its natural color is much used the dyed leghorn is this summer the most popular. The small hats of the spring are largely set aside, except for traveling. The broad brims and particularly the "bendable" kind are much in demand.

One of these charming models was a large leghorn dyed pastel blue. It was raised on a moderately high bandeau and filled at the back with a cloud of brown maline. Liberty satin ribbon of popular as the whole-piece dress, in this case the effect was exceedingly good, being just odd enough to be distingue.

At this same party there was a charming bruncite in a dashing picture hat of fine green bronze straw. The brim alone was of straw, the low crown being made entirely of green tuite. Three large, grennish-yellow roses were laid on the crown almost concealed by

laid on the crown, almost concealed by bunches of light red cherries which ex-tended backward and drooped low over the halr. The hat was raised at the side and back by a bandeau covered with brown table.

## TRY THESE RECIPES

For a delicious salad, stone two dozen olives and cut them into pieces, minee a cupful and a half each of blanched almonds and white celery, mix, moisten with French dressing and serve on a bed of lettuce with mayonnaise.

Wash, peel and cut the rhubarb into pieces, then weigh. Place in a preserving kettle without water, and cook 30 minutes. Meantime put an equal weight of sugar in a saucepan, allowing a pint of water to each four pounds of sugar. Boil without stirring until a little poured in a cup of ice water breaks like glass. When the rhubarb has been cooked enough, pour the syrup over it, cook five minutes stirring gently so that it will not stick, then pour into jars and close tightly. Keep in a cold place.

Till once attained; then barren, love-And lights the pathway to a peaceful

goal.
A sense of humor, and a touch of mirth,
To brighten up the shadowy spots of
earth;
And pride that passes evil, choosing

All these unite in perfect womanho

Ten Good I Wills.

From Suggestion Magazine.

1. I will be square—I will not do any man; nor shall any man do me.

2. I will be thorough—I will do my work so carefully today that tomorrow

Cavassa pakes are becoming great favorites for the tea table. These little biscuits come in boxes of two dozen and cost 25 cents. They are spread lightly with butter and delicately toasted. For the salad course spread the biscuit with butter and grated cheese and set in a hot oven for a few minutes.

Beat 1 egg, 1 cup sugar, a little salt and 2 teaspoons of ginger together. Add 1 cup of hot molasses, in which 1 dessert spoon of soda is mixed, 1 cup of melted butter or lard. % of a cup hot water and I tablespoon of vinegar. Use just enough flour to handle. Roll thin and bake in hot oven.

Novelty Sandwich.

If a novel sandwich is wanted, butter alternate slices of brown and white bread and pile them one above the other into a loaf. Cut the new loaf across the slices, butter them and pile them so that when this second loaf is cut the slices will be in white and brown blocks. Press the slices very closely together before cutting at all.

Standard Cheap Cake.

Two coffee cups pastry flour, dipped up even full, then sift twice with two up even full, then sift twice with two
even teaspoons baking powder and a
pinch of salt; 1 coffee cup sugar and 3/4
pound of butter creamed together, 4
eggs well beaten, 2 tablespoons creamcondensed will do; 1 5-cent bottle ginger
ale, 4 teaspoon vanilla extract. Add
cream to sugar and butter, then ginger
ale, then eggs, flour and vanilla. Bake
in chimney pan and drop into cookie
tins, or in pie pans for layer cake.

my task till it's done and forget the

clock.

5. I will be energetic — when the alarm clock rings I will get up at once.

6. I will be more saving—I will put by something from my salary each week.

7. I will work harder—I will remember that a man who does no more than he spaid for never gets paid for more than he does.

8. I will be prompt—I will do it now, and do it right.

8. I will be optimistic—I wil remember that "if you boost the world boosts with you; if you knock agus knock alone."

10. I will believe in myself—there is no devil but fear and no bin but igno-

rance.
Some of the above were concected in this office and some were stolen bodily. so carefully today that tomorrow
ill bring no regrets.

Some of the above were concected in
this office and some were stolen bodily.

You pleasant things.

For quick results use the Want Columns of The Journal.