

American Fashions



A simple afternoon frock.

By Lillian Young.

Probably one of the most pleasing features among the many new fashion details introduced this season is the dropped armhole, which has taken precedence over the kimono sleeve on account of the smooth, graceful shoulder line that results. Short or long, straight sleeves are set into them with a corded seam or jointed with hem-stitched piping, making the erstwhile difficult task of setting in sleeves a most simple matter. These sleeves have become popular for lingerie or dressy blouses, afternoon and street dresses, and tailored suits.

The dropped armhole is a noticeable feature in the afternoon costume of the sketch. It is a smart and striking dress, developed in dull chamoise and rose and blue figured chiffon on a white ground color. The figured chiffon is used for the blouse and is made over a white net foundation blouse. There are three quarter length sleeves and a rounded neck, finished with a collar and cuff set of scalloped white batiste turned back against the chiffon. The skirt and girde are cut from the blue chamoise. The arrangement of the girde is both novel and attractive, cut as it is with a point in front and with two little bib sections thrust in above it on either side of the point.

A close row of crystal buttons outlines the fastening of the dress in blouse and skirt. The right front of the skirt laps over the left and each side is mounted at the waist line, across the front, in folds, which drape down and around the back, giving long, graceful lines. The opening is rounded away at the feet, leaving a triangular slash in the center.

Bulgarian coloring can be had in figured chiffons, and another pleasing development of this design will work out very well by having the blouse made up in such colorings, with the skirt cut-

WOULD MAKE PORT TERMINUS ON COAST

The bureau of trade statistics of the Portland chamber of commerce has begun an active campaign in the interest of the Hamburg-American and Royal Mail Steamship companies, which have begun the establishment of steamship lines between this port and the orient and Europe, with the intention of making Portland the Pacific coast terminus.

James S. Paterson, manager of the bureau which was recently established, has during the past several weeks gathered a great deal of statistics bearing on oriental trade, and has also placed himself in touch with shippers here with a view of arousing interest in the patronage of the lines out of this port.

What success the companies have met with so far is indicated in a letter just sent out by Mr. Paterson to the shippers in the Columbia river district and Portland, stating that nearly all available space for the orient for the next three months has been engaged, largely for flour, wheat and lumber. He calls attention to the fact, however, that shipments from Europe and the orient to this coast are also very important in sustaining steamship lines, and therefore urges that Portland importers become interested.

IN STAGELAND

Frederic Thompson, theatrical manager, former husband of Mabel Taliaferro, actress, was married yesterday, the woman in his new venture being Selma Wheat Pilcher, a New York modiste. Miss Taliaferro divorced Thompson in Chicago last year on a charge of cruelty. Thompson and his new wife were school day friends.

Because they wanted more pay for exposing their bare knees to people in their home town, 75 members of the "mob" in William Faversham's production of Julius Caesar went on strike in Cincinnati. Ed Kelly, stage manager, adjusted things to the satisfaction of the "supers."

Charles Klein, playwright, author of "The Lion and the Mouse," and other successes, has bought a home in London and will live there. Klein was born in London.

After being given semi-public production in New York it is declared there is nothing about "Damaged Goods" to prevent its public presentation. The play, by Eugene Brieux, purports to plead for the correction of the social evil. The playwright is working out his theme demands more medical legislation as a means to the end of such evil.

Historians of the theatre say that the stage in America reached the crest of its greatness in the decade from 1865 to 1875. In those days the American theatre boasted of such tragedians as Booth and Barrett, Davenport, Forest Cushman and Janaschek. Among the comedians were Joseph Jefferson, E. A. Sothern, William Warren, Lester Wallack and William J. Florence. The plays of Shakespeare, Sheridan, Bulwer-Lytton, Goldsmith and Taylor were produced. Domestic and contemporary drama was taken care of mainly by the stock companies. Of these companies those of A. M. Palmer, Augustin Daly and Lester Wallack are fondly spoken of by present day actors. The business side of the drama in those days was subservient to the artistic side.

One of the important differences between the salaries paid in vaudeville and in the legitimate is that the vaudeville usually can not figure his earnings as the wages of such tragedians as a skit company come out of the sum paid the principal. There are traveling expenses, agents' fees and assistants' wages. Formerly the vaudeville lost considerable time on account of long jumps, but managerial combinations have largely done away with this "evil."

WOMAN'S CLUB WILL MEET NEXT FRIDAY

The regular meeting of the Portland Woman's club will be held Friday afternoon in Women of Woodcraft hall. The business meeting will begin at 2 and at 3 this being the annual art day of the club. Mrs. Alice Webster will give an address illustrated by a large number of slides on "American Art and Artists."

Chapter F of P. E. O. Chapter F of P. E. O. will meet tomorrow with Mrs. M. O. Godding, 663 Nehalem avenue.

DRESS DETAILS THAT ARE GREAT HELP



No one understands better than Gaby Deslys the little artifices of dress.

Dress may not "make" a woman, but it can do a great deal toward making her over, and it is because the Parisienne recognizes this and she is reckoned most of her knowledge that she is reckoned an authority in the matter of clothing herself, rather than because her clothes themselves are more attractive. Too many women dress to be in fashion rather than to suit their own particular requirements, which is a mistake, for the really modish woman, while she keeps within the prescribed realms of style, expresses individuality in every line of her dress, and knows just how to make a fashion feature emphasize every charm and conceal every lack.

If she is tall and angular, she does not try to make herself appear stout by affecting bouffant hips of befrilled blouses. Rather, by a deft arrangement of folds and lines she contrives to turn the angles into curves, and her height into a desirable characteristic by adopting long, graceful trains. Nothing is more ludicrous than a tall person in an abbreviated skirt. Even a half-inch in quite sufficient to make a great difference in the effect.

If hips and bust are unduly prominent, drawing in the waist only accentuates their prominence, as also does a too ornate belt or girde. In the place of these a cordelle is a boon. Low-waisted draperies and foot-trimmings, properly treated, lend height, but panels, which commonly are supposed so to do, are not always to be depended upon. They most effectively serve this purpose when supplemented by a second feature continuing the line.

The bracelet sleeves, designed by the actress Gaby Deslys, might be adopted with impunity by those whose arms are not as shapely as they might be—too thin or over plump—for while the net barely screens the flesh, it is sufficient to conceal defective contour, and the long line of insertion on the underside shortens or lengthens the apparent length of the arm, according to its width. Lastly the "bracelet," made of the same insertion, has really the effect of a bracelet, which is to invest the wrist and hand with slenderness.

The woman whose neck is thin, and perhaps stringy, had best forego necklaces of any sort, for they conceal none of the defects but rather call attention to them. The dog collar, similarly, is a trying ornament, and very few there are who should attempt to wear it. The chief claim to beauty in the décolletage is the curves of the

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Mrs. Louise Beyer Dies.

Mrs. Louise Beyer, 57 years old, died Monday night at her home on Base Line road, one mile east of Montavilla. Mrs. Beyer is survived by her husband, Herman Beyer, four brothers and one sister, near Milwaukee, Wis., and one sister in Colorado.

GREAT VIOLINIST TO PRESENT HIS SON

The Hellig box office will open tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock for the sale of seats for the Ysaie violin recital which takes place under the direction of Lois Steers-Wynn Coman Saturday night.

Eugene Ysaie, greatest living violinist, will on this occasion present his son Gabriel, who has inherited many rich gifts of genius from his father and is now at the very beginning of a public career. Whether this is destined to prove as noteworthy as the career of his father will be left to Portlanders to determine this coming Saturday night. The two will play together the grand concerto for two violins, a Bach masterpiece. Many other great creations of the world's master composers will be given by Eugene Ysaie. On occasion of his recent triumph at Carnegie hall, New York, April 12, when a remarkable ovation was tendered him, the New York Times said:

"The program revealed many of the highest qualities of his playing—its breadth, repose and purity of style, its incisiveness of rhythm, for all the capriciousness that he sometimes puts into it, and above all, the flooding beauty, the ringing tone, and the emotional poignancy of his cantabile. There are few who can so tug at the heart strings in the sustaining of such a melody as the adagio of Mozart's Concerto G major. It glowed with a kindling warmth and tenderness that transfused it, music of imperishable beauty, which he voiced with supreme repose and eloquence."

MARGARET BEEKSTEIN HAYS WEDS AT NEWPORT

New York, April 23.—Miss Margaret Beekstein Hays, who adopted the "Titanic boys," Louis and Lolo, after she had discovered them on board the Carpathia, whether she had been taken from one of the Titanic's lifeboats, was married today at the St. Thomas's church to

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Dr. Charles D. Easton, of Newport, R. I. Miss Hays is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Hays, of 231 West Eighty-third street, at which address Louis and Lolo were kept until identified as Michael and Edmund Navratil, of Nice, France, by their mother, Mrs. Marcelle Navratil, who came to this country last May to find them.

Dr. Easton is the son of the late Daniel C. Easton, of Boston. He is a graduate of Brown University and the Harvard Medical school and is a member of the Aesculapian and Boylston clubs of Boston.



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CAN YOU DO THE TZECHKY? IT'S THE LAST KIND OF TERPSICHOREAN REVEL TO ARRIVE

New York, April 23.—Can you do the Tzechky? No, it's nothing to eat; it's a dance, the very latest terpsichorean trip, and it was invented in Vienna, noted for waltzes, pretty women and rolls. It is pronounced "tzechky." No, not "chicky"—"tzechky." Its admirers, who number hundreds of American turkey trot fans, also pronounce it "the greatest little old dance ever." The "tzechky" or "check" as it has been abbreviated on Broadway, the street which will stand for no such abbreviation of itself, was brought over recently by a party of American dancers and singers who had been visiting the city whose reputation is continually usurped by Paris—Vienna. The dance is described as a blend of the Argentine tango, the one-step turkey trot and the Viennese

waltz-dip. Those who have seen it properly danced, with all its improprieties of sinuosity, say it is an orgy of rhythm and an epic of grace. It is as full of ginger as a Zulu—but it is no snap. The steps are as intricate as those Jason had to take to get out of the Labyrinth with the Golden Fleece, and only the most expert in the ordinary tango can hope to master them. Also, it simply cannot be danced if the hobble binds ankles and knees—and the girls will try it in hobble skirts. All of which adds to the spice of the dance.

The "check" is fast becoming the rage in Broadway "cafes dansant" and private ball rooms, despite Mayor Gaynor's crusade against "guzzling and lascivious dances." It will probably be the star dance at the summer resorts and in next season's musical shows.

HAZEL-NUT CHILD Fairy Story Retold. By Anne Bunker.

There was once upon a time a couple who had no children, and they prayed heaven every day to send them a child, though it were no larger than a hazel nut. At last heaven heard their prayer and sent them a child exactly the size of a hazel nut, and it never grew an inch. The parents were very devoted to the little creature, and nursed and tended it carefully. Their tiny son, too, was as clever as he could be, and so sharp and sensible that all the neighbors marveled over the wise things he said and did.

When the hazel nut child was 15 years old, and was sitting one day in an eggshell on the table beside his mother, she turned to him and said: "You are now 15 years old, and nothing can be done with you. What do you intend to be?"

"A messenger," answered the hazel nut child.

Then his mother burst out laughing and said: "What an idea! You a messenger! Why, your little feet would take an hour to go the distance an ordinary person could do in a minute."

But the hazel nut child replied: "Nevertheless, I mean to be a messenger. Just send me a message, and you'll see that I shall be back in next to no time."

So his mother said: "Very well, go to your aunt in the neighboring village, and fetch me a comb." The hazel nut child jumped quickly out of the eggshell and ran out into the street. Here he found a man on horseback who was just setting out for the neighboring village. He crept up to the horse's leg, sat down under the saddle and then began to pinch the horse and to prick it with a pin. The horse set off in spite of its rider's efforts to stop it. When they reached the village the hazel nut child crept down the horse's leg; then he ran to his aunt and asked her for a comb. On the way home he met another rider, and did the return journey in exactly the same way. When he handed his mother the comb that his aunt had given him, she was much amazed and asked him: "But how did you manage to get back so quickly?"

"Ah, mother," he replied, "you see I was quite right when said I knew a messenger was the profession for me. His father, too, possessed a horse which he often used to take out into the fields to graze. One day he took the hazel nut child with him. At midday the father turned to his small son and said: 'Stay here and look after the horse. I must go home and give your mother a message, but I shall be back soon.'"

When his father had gone a robber passed by and saw the horse grazing without any one watching it, for, of course, he could not see the hazel nut child hidden in the grass. So he mounted the horse and rode away. But the hazel nut child, who was the most active little creature, climbed up the horse's tail and began to bite it on the back, enraging the creature to such an extent that it paid no attention to the direction the robber tried to make it go in, but galloped straight home. The father was much astonished when he saw a stranger riding his horse, but the hazel nut child climbed down quickly, and told him all that had happened, and his father had the robber arrested at once and put into prison.

One autumn when the hazel nut child was twenty years old, he said to his parents: "Farewell, my dear father and mother, I am going to set out into the world, and as soon as I have become rich I will return home to you."

The parents laughed at the little

HOMAGE IS PAID TO SHAKESPEARE'S MEMORY

London, April 23.—In accordance with time honored custom the 349th anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare was observed today at Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of the immortal bard. The world town was the mecca for hundreds of representatives of Shakespearean societies throughout the United Kingdom, among the number being many celebrated literary and dramatic lights.

H. E. Morton, a paving contractor of Albany, is in the city on business and is a guest at the Portland.

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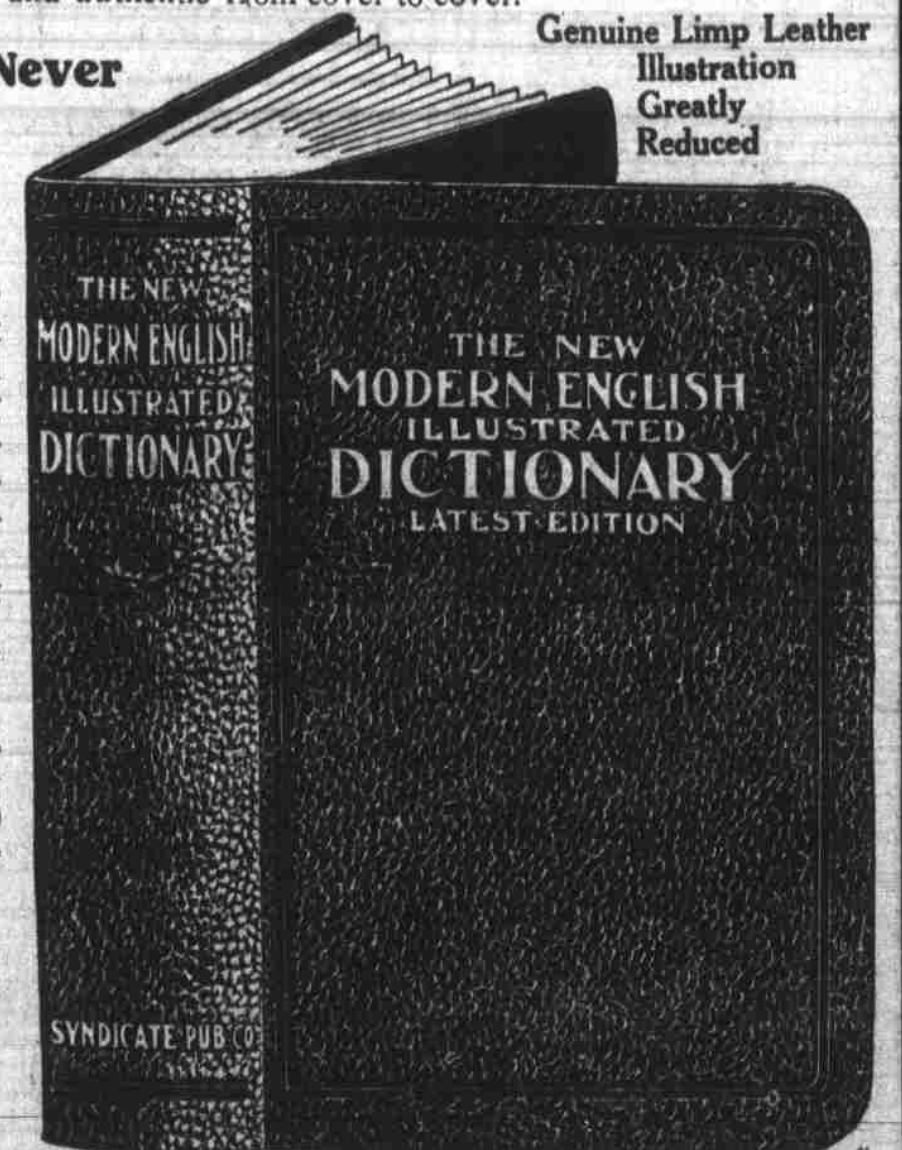
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