

Ladies Fashions

By Lillian Young

The transparent materials, such as inexpensive tissues, lawns, cotton muslins, and voiles, are very effective this year when fashion permits them to be cleverly combined with pretty touches of colored silk or velvet. Neither is it necessary to go to the trouble of having them made, for there are most amazing values among them to be found in the ready-made departments.

Hairline stripes are unreservedly popular and figured and flowered patterns are usually made up with a plain material, either in the form of trimmings or in the entire skirt or tunic, while it is not infrequently that one sees two plain weaves highly contrasting, both in color and texture, employed together. White, cream color, ecru and black are a great deal used in trimming schemes.

Occasionally these little semi-transparent frocks assume something of a military air with Directoire or Robespierre collars, gauntlet cuffs, and buttons arranged in many series, and again they are of altogether feminine persuasion with soft frills, ruchings, ribbons and flowers.

The sketch today shows an attractive frock of ideal simplicity and economy. Its material, a fine white cotton marquisette, cost not more than 25 cents a yard, and it could easily enough be turned out at home.

To a very straight, slightly gathered foundation skirt of this material, the lower flounce is attached in a straight line at the knees and over that, evenly distanced, the two other flounces. All are hemstitched with four inch hems and mounted to the lining with scant gathers. The two upper flounces are nicked out in a small curved slash at the lower edge, directly in front, while the lower one is slashed for ten or twelve inches, with the left side cut longer and draped up in place against the opposite straight edge.

The blouse is cut with kimono sleeves and worn over a net gumps which shows between the open front edges and forms puffed undersleeves below the elbows.

The front edges are trimmed with a facing of Dresden flowered taffeta and there is a sash of black satin tied high up in front with one long sash end extending below the knees.



White marquisette is used for this simple frock.

Famous Women of History

Mme. Ristori, 1821-1906.

By Willis J. Abbot.

Adeline Ristori was born to the stage. At three months of age she appeared in her first play and to be a thinking part of which she made a special one—the baby, extracted from a basket of eggs, fowls, and vegetables, set up a bitter wall that sent the audience into raptures of laughter. Yvette was her birthplace. Her parents actors of the strolling class. The footlights furnished most of her daylight and the musty odor of the stage her favorite atmosphere. At 16 she had mastered the technique of dramatic art that she was offered the place of leading lady in a creditable stock company. Her father, evidently did not believe in the doctrine of infant prodigies, but he declined to offer for his daughter. Shortly thereafter he placed her in a company of higher class, which played before the King of Sardinia.

Here she played the parts for which her age fitted her and studied the minutiae of her profession. Though naturally a gay girl, fond of playing tricks on her fellow players, she was early attracted to tragic roles of which few were given her to act. Among her pleasures were visits to insane asylums to study the manifestations of madness in the inmates, or to cemeteries, where she read the eulogies and epitaphs. These rather abnormal and unhealthy diversions she put aside as she grew older.

The hold that Ristori had upon the Italian theatre does not seem to have been attained by any single spectacular triumph. Her art and her popular favor grew with her years, until she had won first place among Italian tragediennes. She, herself, hardly appreciated the importance of the position to which she had risen. In the midst of her triumphs she married the Marquis de Grillo, and calmly contemplated leaving the stage for a quiet matrimonial life.

One victory, however, she sought to win before retiring. She wanted to defend on the Paris stage the laurels won by Italian actors. Until her day no Italian actor had ever carried his art north of the Alps. She was the first of that procession, which later included Duse and Salvini, to visit the United States. But in 1869, when she first broached the proposition of taking the Royal Sardinian company to Paris, the proposition was looked upon as chimerical.

However, she carried her point and won. She had played but a brief time in Paris before the critics and dramatists were at her feet. Her audiences were without decaying applause.

Without decaying applause, the genius of Ristori, it may be pointed out that her moment was most propitious for her to invade Paris. Rachel, the pet of the boulevardiers, and the acknowledged tragedy queen, had just announced her purpose of making a tour of the United States, and the sensitive Parisians construed this as disloyalty to their city. Moreover the journals professed to see in her appearance a bold defiance of Rachel. Middle-aged first nighters rushed from seeing Ristori to stir Rachel's jealousy with accounts of the Italian's genius, or vice versa.

The enemies of Rachel used Ristori to annoy and crush her, as in later days Duse was employed against Bernhardt. The two principals bore themselves with the hauteur of contending generals. Each wanted to see, but neither wished to make the overture. A dressmaker finally bridged the bloody chasm by conveying messages from one to the other. Each saw the other act and sent, in writing, polite compliments. The Parisian journalists breathed again and Rachel sailed for the United States. But the two actresses never met. A modern press agent would give a fortune for such a farcical war.

With Paris conquered, Ristori played Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, returned for a time to Italy, and then again visited Paris. Wholly, and then again visited Paris. Wholly, and then again visited Paris. Wholly, and then again visited Paris.

Out of Mouths of Babes

"Did you see the fireworks when the Fourth of July was here?" asked one small boy of another.

"No," replied the other. "Papa believes in a sane Fourth, so he took me to see the water works instead."

Mamma—When that naughty little boy threw stones at you, why didn't you come to me instead of throwing them back?

Johnny (aged 6)—Eh! What was the use. You couldn't hit the side of a barn.

Seeing the Stars and Stripes for the first time, little Fred, the son of a barber, asked what it was.

"That is the American flag, dear," replied the mother.

"Say," he queried, "did they make it out of papa's barber pole?"

WOMAN'S CLUB URGES HOME SHRUBS AT CAPITOL

(Salem Bureau of The Journal.)

Salem, Or., July 21.—The Salem Woman's club has presented to Secretary of State Olcott, as custodian of the capitol building and grounds, resolutions requesting him to use only native trees and shrubs in beautifying the grounds around the new supreme court building. The state house grounds have beautiful and odd trees and shrubs gathered from all parts of the country. Mrs. Mattie F. Beatty is president of the club, and Edna D. Raymond secretary. Nothing will be planted on the grounds until next year.

COFFEE PARLORS ARE CALLED VICE CENTERS

(United Press Special Wire.)

San Francisco, July 21.—War on 37 Greek coffee parlors which she alleges are aiding the white slave traffic was inaugurated today by Mrs. Hannah S. Nolan. Though the places are conducted by individuals, Mrs. Nolan expects to show that they are controlled by the same group of men. Mrs. Nolan is vested with authority from the board of health and will place her data before District Attorney Pickett.

For rising dishes a Michigan man has patented a dishpan with a number of projections on the bottom to hold dishes with their edges upward while in the center of a perforated vase for cutlery.

The Human Side Little Stories for Bedtime

By Wals Mason.

"The woman who has rented the house next door is an author, according to Mrs. Triangle," said Mrs. Jamesworth. "She has published several books and is now at work on a new one and there is quite a bit of excitement in the neighborhood over having a real author among us."

"Yes, I suppose there is," remarked Jamesworth. "All the old hens will be clucking around comparing notes, and in a few days every one of them will discover that she always had a passion for literature and that'll be a procession to the bookstore, and the hard-earned plasters of suffering husbands will be blown in for manuscript paper and long cold bottles of violet ink. I suppose you had better get a calamus than to have a she author camp down among us. She'll cause general unrest and discontent. Women who have been satisfied to stay at home and wash the dishes and cook grub for their families will begin to feel that they are hiding their lights under bushels, that it is their religious duty to write books, and they'll begin talking about local color when they ought to be sewing buttons on their husband's shirts."

"I have seen several female authors in my time, Mrs. Jamesworth, and they were the limits. As soon as a woman takes up literature as a profession and announces that she's wedded to her art she ceases to care whether she looks like a Christian or a South Sea heathen. She'll be as good as dead and her left hand will be stuck full of pencils and fountain pens, and she usually has ink on her fingers and on her nose, and she neglects to button her shoes, and her dress hangs like a horse blank on a puny old man's back. One of the first duties of a woman, especially a married woman, is to look as attractive as possible. A tolliver husband will forgive a lot if the woman turns home from the changing mart and finds his wife as neat as an oil painting. This is especially true if he happens to bring home a friend or two with him. I have always appreciated the appearance, Mrs. Jamesworth. I have never seen you look so like a total loss. But now that a literary female has moved into the neighborhood, I fear the worst. I must get you a handkerchief and a pitcher if she comes over here after local color. Shoo her off our premises entirely and refuse to hold communion with her in any way, shape, or form. If you can't do that, then in this matter there will be trouble. The influence of one of these literary females is insidious and far-reaching. The first time you see her you may feel thankful you're not a woman, but as the days go by and you hear this old hen and that old hen speaking in terms of admiration of the neighboring author you'll begin to feel that you ought to get up a book and harvest some laurels of your own. You'll recall that when you were a schoolgirl you wrote a poem about a bunch of Johnny-jumpers or a stuffed tomcat or something, and your teacher said you outclassed Mrs. Hemans, and the first thing you know you'll be making a sneak to the bookstore for writing materials."

"If this ever happens, Mrs. Jamesworth, if I ever come home and find you with your top knot askew and your face smeared with green copying ink, it will be the parting of the ways. I'll take my carpet bag and disappear in the gathering darkness, and the place that knew me once shall know me no more. I am patient and long-suffering, and have endured more than most men, but the line must be drawn somewhere, and I draw it at literary work in the county and state aforesaid."

"I have no ambition to be an author," said Mrs. Jamesworth. "One long-distance lecturer in the family is distinction enough."

Peter finds tracks.

By Thornton W. Burgess.

(Copyright, 1916, by J. G. Lloyd.)

Peter Rabbit had set still just as long as he could. He was stiff and lame and sore from the wounds made by Hooty the Owl, but his curiosity wouldn't let him sit still a minute longer. He just had to explore the Old Pasture. So with many a wry face and many an "Ouch," he limped out from the shelter of his friendly old bramble bush and started out to see what the Old Pasture was like.

Now, Hooty the Owl had taught Peter wisdom. With his torn clothes and his aches and aches he couldn't very well forget to be careful. First he made sure that there was no danger near, and this time, you may be sure, he took pains to look all around in the sky as well as on the ground. Then he limped over the very plain of sweet clover where Hooty had so nearly caught him the night before.

"A good breakfast," said Peter, "will make a new Rabbit of me." You know Peter thinks a great deal of his stomach. So he began to eat as fast as he could, stopping every other mouthful to look and listen. "I know it's a bad habit to eat fast," said he, "but it's a whole lot worse to have an empty stomach." So he ate and ate and ate as fast as he could make his little jaws go, which is very fast, indeed.

When Peter's stomach was stuffed full he gave a great sigh of relief and limped back to the friendly old bramble bush to rest. But he couldn't sit still long, for he just had to find out all about the Old Pasture. So pretty soon he started out to explore. Such a wonderful place as it seemed to Peter. There were clumps of bushes and open spaces between, just the nicest kind of playgrounds. Then there were funny spreading, prickly juniper trees, the very best kind of places to crawl out of harm's way and to hide. Everywhere were paths made by birds. Very wonderful they seemed to Peter, who had never seen any like them before. He liked to follow them, for they led to all kinds of queer places.

Sometimes he would come to places where tall trees made him think of the Green Forest, only there were never more than a few trees together. Once he found an old tumble-down stone wall all covered with moss, and he shouted right out with delight.

"It's a regular castle!" cried Peter, and he knew that there he would be safe from every one but Shadow the Weasel. But he never was wholly safe from Shadow the Weasel. Everywhere he didn't let that thought worry him. By and by he came to a wet place called a swamp. The ground was soft and there were little pools of water. Great ferns grew there, just as they did along the banks of the brook. Everywhere more of them. There were pretty birch trees and wild cherry trees. It was still and dark and, oh, so peaceful! Peter

liked that place and sat down under a big fern to rest. He didn't hear a sound except the beautiful silvery voice of Tooty the Thrush. Listening to it Peter felt asleep, for he was very tired.

By and by Peter awoke. For a minute he couldn't think where he was. Then he remembered. But for a long time he sat perfectly still thinking of his adventures and wondering if there would miss him down in the Green Meadows. Then all of a sudden Peter saw something that made him sit up so suddenly that he cried, "Ouch!" for he had forgotten all about how stiff and sore he was. What do you think Peter saw? They were tracks! Yes, sir, they were tracks, Rabbit tracks, in the soft mud, and Peter knew that he hadn't made them!

Next story, "The Strange Tracks in the Old Pasture."

IN STAGELAND

Among the first of the stars to appear in the west during the new season will be Henry Miller in "The Rainbow."

Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger have taken over the Coban theatre, Gaiety theatre and the Grand opera house, New York, from Cohen & Harris. Klaw & Erlanger exclusively will operate these houses in the future.

Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger will present Miss Elsie Ferguson this season in an American play in three acts by William J. Hurlbut. The scenes are laid in Delhi, Iowa. The title of the play is "A Strange Woman."

Otis Skinner has completely recovered from the effects of the surgical operation for mastoids of the ear which he underwent at Indianapolis in April, im-

Health and Beauty Helps

The Trick of Smiling Attractively.

By Abigail Moore.

Whether you are pretty or plain there are little tricks that you must teach yourself or break yourself of just according as they add or subtract from your personality. Personality is the only thing that really counts, for no one in these days cares a straw for features in Greek precision unless there is something behind them to make a beautiful ensemble.

Now one of the most important of the little tricks is to teach your lips to smile. Your eyes, your whole face must reflect it if the smile is to be successful. Of course, you will understand when you analyze it that the smile starts somewhere within you—in your soul, it may be—and it wells up and lights your whole countenance just as a candle placed behind the window in a tower does. But just as the owner or the architect of a house can make the light shine through windows of any shape, so with the smile that comes from within you.

You want to make the light, meaning the smile, appear an attractive form the outside as possible. Hence, you must consult your mirror and smile at yourself. Learn whether you do not show your teeth too much when you smile, or open your mouth too laterally, or perhaps wrinkle your face into grimaces, for that will leave a trail of tiny lines that will grow until you will have a fine crop of crow's feet.

In some cases the merest hint of a smile creates a series of heavy curved lines at the corners of the mouth, and then the mirror must be brought into requisition and much practicing done before it to substitute a smile that is mainly done with the eyes.

There again is a school. Ten chances to one the woman who smiles chiefly with her eyes has perpendicular lines between her eyes and real furrows across her forehead. If the lines are already deep when the face is in repose, best watch upon yourself that nothing of irritability or ill humor or anger crops out in your smile. Whatever hold these may have upon you, you had better keep your smile clear of them if you would attract people to you, for nothing so bespiciously insincere as the smile that is not entirely of good will.

whether you should purse the lips or turn them up at the corners, whether you should thrust out the lips the least bit or draw them in a trifle.

At the same time do not neglect to note the effect upon the eyes, and then the whole countenance. Of course, you will understand all this is merely to give you a cue. Only the smile that is spontaneous and natural is beautiful, but why not make the pretty curve of the lips and the lighting up of the eyes the natural way of smiling.

Get a watch upon yourself that nothing of irritability or ill humor or anger crops out in your smile. Whatever hold these may have upon you, you had better keep your smile clear of them if you would attract people to you, for nothing so bespiciously insincere as the smile that is not entirely of good will.



Jane Grey's is a smile to emulate.

mediately after the close of his second season in "Kismet," and is now recuperating in the mountains of Virginia.

The fifteenth season of "Ben Hur" will open early in the fall. Many of the southern and middle western cities will be visited this year.

Robert Hilliard will shortly commence rehearsals of "The Argyll Case," the play in which he is to make a trans-continental tour this year.

Eugene Debs Has the Lumbago. (United Press Special Wire.)

Terre Haute, Ind., July 21.—Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist leader, is confined to his bed here today suffering from acute lumbago.

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