

LATEST FASHIONS

NETS of all kinds have been rather in disfavor for the past two seasons, but such wonderfully artistic things are being done with them now that it would be a most unfeminine person indeed who would not fall a victim to their charms and possibilities. One of the most attractive novelties in nets is found in the lovely corset cover and petticoat slips joined at the waist with beadings and trimmed with shadow lace insertions, ribbon and tiny flowers. These make quite the daintiest background or foundation for simple unadorned dresses of chiffon, lace, net, and other transparent, for, if prettily trimmed, when veiled by the dress itself, the result is charming.

The model that I am showing today is delightfully soft and graceful, of finely plaited white chiffon, which comes by the yard, and it is worn over one of the net dress slips. You will be glad to hear that there is very little making in this quaint and pretty design, for it is made only of the already plaited chiffon, with no trimmings other than the small flat bows of orchid satin, which hold together the crossed fronts of blouse and skirt.

The skirt is slashed down the center front, crossed below the hip line—parted at the waist, the two sections thereby made draw up under the orchid satin girdle, and nicely arranged to fall over the top all round in a valance. Just below the top of the net dress slip, away in a diagonal line that runs into the lower edge of the skirt, leaving an opening above the feet.

The front and back of the blouse and the sleeves are mounted to a square shoulder yoke of plain chiffon with corded accents. Both neck and sleeves are trimmed with ruffles of self material.

In this season of beautiful embroideries and elaborate laces and of more or less intricate draperies a dressy frock of the description of the illustrated one appeals by its very contrast, vogue for youthful evening frocks and garden party gowns. Some of them have ravishing border designs in pastel flower wreaths and cluster patterns which are quite irresistible.



Quaintness is personified in this plaited chiffon frock.

will be attempted and the return will be made Friday.

Rev. J. G. Fraser, aged 70 years, an active minister of Cleveland, Ohio, is a guest at the Cornelia, with Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Waugh of Hood River. Rev. Mr. Fraser is the father of Mrs. Waugh. They are on their way to Seaside to spend several days.

"Range conditions are very good and the prospects for good prices at wool sales are very encouraging and favorable," declared James Rice, president of the Baldwin Land & Sheep company of Clatsop county, Oregon, who arrives at the Perkins this morning. Mr. Rice reports that the ranges are exceptionally well stocked with sheep.

C. E. Dodd, a San Francisco business man, and wife, are the Multnomah. George R. Merrifield, a manufacturer of Seattle, is a guest at the Multnomah. John S. Baker, a banker of Tacoma, is stopping at the Multnomah.

Dr. A. S. Bower, wife and son, of Salt Lake City, are at the Multnomah.

C. S. Mantell, an automobile man of Wenatchee, is a guest at the Oregon.

A. C. Ford and family of Houston, Texas, are registered at the Oregon.

Frank Rajotte, a railroad contractor of Australia, is at the Oregon.

L. E. Price, a merchant of San Francisco, is a guest at the Oregon.

W. H. Dean and family and H. A. Day, really men of White Salmon, are stopping at the Imperial.

Frank E. Alley, a horseman of Roseburg, is registered at the Imperial.

C. H. Clemons, a banker of Montesano, is a guest at the Imperial.

W. D. Moreland, a lumberman of Tacoma, is registered at the Imperial.

G. E. Reed, a timberman of Carlton, is stopping at the Perkins.

W. E. and T. E. Huston, merchants of Burns, are guests at the Perkins.

J. Budd, a stockman of Huntington, is registered at the Perkins.

Dr. W. R. Read of San Francisco is stopping at the Perkins.

John A. Taylor and family of Riverside, Cal., are guests at the Cornelia. James Campbell and wife and Dan McFarlan and wife are stopping at the Cornelia. The two men are ranchers. B. Pumbt, a merchant of The Dalles, and wife, are guests at the Cornelia. Mrs. David Neuman of Boise is registered at the Nortonia.

Miss Alice Dines of Astoria is stopping at the Nortonia.

Nels Jensen of Brigham City, Utah, is a guest at the Nortonia.

W. A. Baller and wife of Camas are stopping at the Nortonia.

G. C. Howard, a civil engineer of Everett, is a guest at the Portland.

S. A. D. Pater, a business man of Berkeley, is stopping at the Portland.

W. C. O'Connell, a Seattle business man, is a guest at the Portland.

Dr. J. J. Landis and wife of Chico, Cal., are registered at the Portland.

TACT VERSUS AVERDUPOIS

By Edna K. Wooley.

DECLARE, when a woman is any size at all she doesn't get treated right," exclaimed the fair, fat, and not quite 40 wife of the tall, thin man.

"Don't I treat you right?" he queried. "I'm sure I—"

"Oh, you're a dear, Billy," declared the wife. "What I'm talking about is the stores. I tried to buy a corset today, and, as usual, the clerks looked me over and superciliously told me, 'We haven't your size, madam.' My, but that makes me mad! I know I'm not such a mountain as lots of other women, and—"

"Why, you're not fat," announced the tall, thin man. (He learned to say that when the first pounds of superfluous flesh began to show.)

"Well, Billy, I'm plump, and you know I don't squeeze in my waist like some do. Of course, there are corsets made for stout people, but they're as heavy as lead, and it would just about kill me to wear one, especially in hot weather. They're like armor plate, coming down almost to the knees, and they're built of material that's as thick and unyielding as—as—you when you get a notion, Billy," she laughingly added.

"Good thing it was unyielding when I had a notion to marry you," commented Billy, with a grin. "As I remember, your whole family wet at the prospect of your hitching up with a poor divil like me."

"And we're happy even if I am getting fat, aren't we?" she confidently questioned. "Though I do wish you'd take on a little flesh to match me. Goodness knows you eat enough!"

"But about the corset. Finally I came across one salesman who was really sensible and sympathetic.

"I'm sorry," she said, "that I have only the one style in your size, but I know it wouldn't be comfortable for you. You want a shorter and lighter corset, and, to tell the truth, we have on the average of 40 inquiries every day from stout women—many of them much larger than you, madam—for lightweight corsets. But nobody seems to make them—at least we don't carry them. We stock up in the small sizes and they don't sell, and there are always a lot left over that we have to mark down to cost and get rid of at bargain sales." So I don't know what I'm going to do, Billy."

"Go without," suggested Billy.

"Would you go down street with me not wearing a corset, Billy Smithers?" she demanded.

"Why don't you have 'em made to order, like your dresses?" he asked, sidestepping the question.

Heloise, 1101-1164.

By Willis J. Abbot.

Only in France perhaps could the story of the loves and sorrows of Abelard and Heloise survive for almost a thousand years, and the pathos of it seem as real and as fresh as the wreaths and flowers with which every day stray visitors bedeck the stately tomb in Pere la Chaise, in which reposes the dust of the mediaeval lovers. To the cooler mind of the Anglo-Saxon the romance seems mawkish at some points, brutal at some and futile in its end.

Heloise, when tradition first recalls her, was a beautiful girl in her early teens, living with her uncle near Notre Dame de Paris, of which cathedral he was a major canon. Nothing is known of her parentage, and even her relationship to Canon Fulbert is doubtful, though he called her his niece. Her beauty was extraordinary, her mind precocious and brilliant, her character amiable, affectionate and sympathetic. At 18, after a convent education, she became chaperone of her uncle's house, and mingled in highly intellectual society, for L'ile de la Cite, that little island in the Seine where Notre Dame stands, was chiefly populated by priests, professors and the literary workers of the day. At this time Heloise is described as of medium stature, shouldered sloping and gracefully formed, with deep blue eyes, sweet yet penetrating, and heavy golden hair.

Among the scholars and the disputants who thronged to Fulbert's house was one Abelard, a man of about 35, for whose calling we have no parallel today, unless we could imagine a lecturer describing as of medium stature, shouldered sloping and gracefully formed, with deep blue eyes, sweet yet penetrating, and heavy golden hair.

"Madame President," a "Frenchy" play, booked for opening in Chicago, is evidently considered too good a thing for the Windy City. It has been decided that New York, which saw it first, at the Garrick, September 15, Fannie Ward will play the leading part.

M. Lou Tellegen, who was leading man with Madame Sarah Bernhardt during her recent vaudeville tour, will return to the United States soon and will again present the Bernhardt repertoire with a complete company.

Little Stories for Bedtime

Mistah Mocker and Sammy Jay as Conspirators.

When one is feeling very bad. It somehow seems to help a lot to find that someone else you know has into trouble too. Mistah Mocker the Mockingbird says, and he ought to know. Never in all his life had he felt more miserable than when he sat all alone hidden in the Green Forest trying to smooth out his torn and rumpled coat. He had been pulled to pieces by the little feathered people of the old orchard, when they found that Mistah Mocker had played a joke on them with his wonderful voice and had made them think that he was Sammy Jay. They didn't see any joke in it. No, sir, they didn't see the joke at all. Instead they were very, very angry.

So poor Mistah Mocker sat moaning and mumbling to himself and wondering if it wouldn't be best for him to leave the Green Forest and the Green Meadow and fly back to his old home way down south. Right when he was feeling the worst he heard a voice over in a nearby hemlock tree. It was a harsh scolding voice. It was the voice of Sammy Jay and he was talking to himself. Mistah Mocker listened. It wasn't a polite thing to do, but he did it and for awhile he forgot all about his own troubles.

"It's had enough to get in trouble for things I do, but to be blamed for things I don't do is more than an honest Jay can stand!" scolded Sammy.

Mistah Mocker almost laughed aloud when he heard Sammy say that, for he knew everything he said that there is no such thing as an honest Jay. But Sammy spoke as if he really meant what he said, and his feelings seemed to be so exactly like Mistah Mocker's own feelings that he just aaway Mistah Mocker began to have a friendly feeling for Sammy Jay. He was just going to speak when Sammy began to talk to himself again.

"Drummer the Woodpecker has no right to say that I've stolen his eggs," said Sammy. "Why I don't even know which tree he has his home in! Someone else has been stealing them and I get all the blame without the eggs. It wouldn't be so bad if I had had the eggs! Sammy unconsciously smacked his lips as he thought, and Mistah Mocker had to smile in spite of his troubles.

"Then Mistah Mocker grew very serious and scratched his head thoughtfully. "It seems to me," he mused, "that Brey Jay is in the same kind of trouble that Ah an mahself, and Ah reckons we alls beier get our haids together and find out what it all means. Yes, sah, that's the way that is just what we alls better do!"

With that Mistah Mocker came out of his hiding place and flew over to the hemlock tree, where Sammy Jay was still scolding to himself.

"Good morning, Brey Jay," said Mistah Mocker, politely.

"'Tis a good morning!" snapped Sammy Jay. "It's the worst morning I ever knew!"

"Yo seem to have something powerful disturbing on your mind, Brey Jay," said Mr. Mocker, just as if he hadn't noticed Sammy's bad temper.

Sammy opened his mouth to make a sharp reply, but instead stared so hard at Mistah Mocker that he forgot to close it. You see, he had just noticed how rumply and torn Mistah Mocker's coat was. At last he found his voice.

"It seems to me that you look very much as I feel, Mistah Mocker," said he.

"Have you been driven out of the old orchard?"

"Yes, sah, Ah sho' hawke," replied Mistah Mocker with a twinkle in his eyes.

"What!" cried Sammy, and in his surprise he nearly lost his balance. You see, he hadn't for a minute supposed that this was really the case.

In Stageland

Cyril Maude plans to use Gaston May's "French as She Is Spoke" as a certain raiser for one of his bills during his American tour.

Walton Bradford of the general staff of the Liebler company has returned from Europe with a gripful of plays, but they happen to be motion picture plays for the Vitaphone Feature Film company. The most important of them are the work of Hall Caine, who has been putting "The Eternal City," "The Christian" and others in shape for motion picture production.

Returning from Europe, the first thing that "Billie" Burke did was to undergo an operation for appendicitis. Sir Alfred Fripp, London physician to the king, urged that the operation be performed at the other side, but Miss Burke couldn't see it that way.

"The Silver Wedding," comedy in three acts by Edward Locke, which is one of the first of the season's new plays to be offered, is said to be not nearly so good as the London "Silver Wedding" of Becky, in which Francis Starr was in Portland not long since. "The Silver Wedding" is rendered as not original, but burlesome.

Law Fields' "Hanky Panky" company, seen in Portland at the end of the season, will open a week's engagement Saturday night at the Grand Opera House, New York.

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Hints for Girls

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Today Is Yours; Make It Splendid.

By Jessie Roberts.

There is an eastern proverb that runs about like this:

"Today is yours. You have nothing else. Enjoy it."

I saw it hanging in front of a friend's desk the other day, and I asked whether she lived up to it.

"I don't know as to that," was her answer. "But I like to imagine a future done me some good. I used to be an inveterate worrier, forever fretting over this that might come, wondering whether I should be able to meet my responsibilities. I was always trying to figure out just what would happen to the two kids if I were to be suddenly snatched away, and generally trying to live the whole future as well as the present."

"One New Year's a cousin sent me this card. She had been staying with us and I darsay it was a little different. I hung it up where you see it, and all of a sudden it struck home. Since then, when I start borrowing trouble, I remind myself that my only concern is with today. I always feel I can manage today, as it darsay I was a woman of the least gumption does. Honestly, I think that little card has made a sensible woman out of me."

It struck me as a good argument. How many days do you sleep because you are busy regretting one that has passed, or dreading one that has not yet come?

Today is yours—its fun, its work, its interests, its troubles, or its sorrows. You will have the strength to bear the latter and should meet the former with delight and enthusiasm.

Put your energy into today. Don't wait for what some other day may bring to begin to be interested and happy. If you do that, your life slips away, bringing you nothing, and in the end you are left holding the bag.

At the Hair Store

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Famous Women of History

Though a priest, he was in ill favor with the church. Essentially he was a rationalist masquerading as a Roman Catholic.

More than that, he was a cad and a blackguard. We have his own written word to that effect. Made a guest in Canon Fulbert's home and entrusted with the education of Heloise, he employed the intimacy of the study hours to instruct her in the art of love and finally won her to his will. With smug complacency he tells how he accomplished his purpose. "Fulbert," he wrote, "delivered her unreservedly to my care in order to assure her instruction by me on my return from the schools, and with license to chastise her severely should she be idle. Was not this to give full scope to my desires? So if I did not succeed by caresses, I might bend her to my will by threats and blows."

That the man capable of writing that paragraph should have been esteemed a great teacher of morals, and when punishment fell upon him, a sainted martyr, is a queer evidence of the hysteria which sometimes affects the human mind.

"I cannot," continued this precocious theologian, "cease to be astonished at the simplicity of Fulbert. I was as much surprised as if he had placed a lamb in the power of a hungry wolf. Heloise and I under pretext of study gave ourselves up wholly to love; and the attitude that love seeks our studies procured for us. Books were open before us, but we spoke oftener of love than philosophy, and kisses came more readily from our lips than words."

Belatedly the canon discovered what was going on, and in high dudgeon expelled Abelard from the house, but Heloise soon joined him and the couple fled into Brittany, Abelard's home country. Here a son was born who was conveniently consigned as early as

possessed to a monastery, where he passed his life unknown to, and not knowing, the world. Abelard by this time had made up his mind to marry Heloise, provided the marriage could be kept secret. There was no reason why it should not have been hatched from the mountain tops, for nothing he could do could have put him more outside the pale of his church than his preachings. But in his desire for secrecy he was abetted by Heloise, who indeed opposed any marriage at all.

"Would it not have been an unseemly and grievous thing," she writes in self-justification, "that a wife should talk and appropriate unto herself him whom nature had created for all?"

What mind devoted to the meditations of philosophy or the contemplation of heavenly things could endure the cries of children, the gossip of nurses, the trouble and noise of serving men and women?"

However, they were married quietly at Paris, Canon Fulbert promising to keep the secret. This promise he broke, proclaiming the news far and wide, to the indignation of Heloise, who, to protect her husband, lied loyally, protesting that no marriage had ever been solemnized. The canon raved, and Abelard, fearing violence to his wife, took her to a convent. Fulbert, in growing wrath, believing that Abelard planned to rid himself of her, broke into Abelard's room at night, and inflicted upon her a mutilation which convention describes as nameless.

Presently thereafter the philosopher retired to a monastery, where we may, perhaps thankfully, leave him. But before going he saw to it that Heloise, when she had so cruelly misled, should take the veil and retire forever from the world, though she had barely passed her twentieth birthday. But just as in the days when he was plotting her downfall he was lecturing to eager students on the higher life and the consolations of philosophy, so from his cell he wrote occasional letters of amorous counsel to her who was immeasurably above him in mind and soul.

While Abelard, in his retreat, seemed to lose the intellectual power that had been his in youth, Heloise grew continually in sweetness and strength. She became prioress of the convent of Argenteuil, but apparently her discipline being lax, the church authorities removed her and her followers. Rousing himself for the moment, Abelard secured the placing of the group in the little oratory of Paraclete. Here by dint of work and piety Heloise built up a prosperous convent, of which she became the lady abbess.

In April, 1142, Abelard died at the monastery of Clugny. The abbot, Peter the Venerable, knew his whole wretched story, and determined that Heloise should have the mortal remains of her idol. So at dead of night, with no eye to see nor hand to help, the gray haired priest disinterred the body and conveyed it to Paraclete. There in a vault he lay for 20 years, watered plentifully by the tears of Heloise. When her time came to die she was laid in the same casket, and for 500 years the two slumbered there beneath the aisles of the little Breton church until Lucien Bonaparte caused them to be placed in the Museum of French Monuments in Paris. Later they were removed to Pere la Chaise, where the monument that marks their resting place is ever covered with a pall of flowers.

Wonderful is the vitality of a love story. This one has endured nearly eight centuries. It has survived those who lived it as the song outlives the singer or the coin the monarch whose head is stamped upon it.

South Bend Votes Bonds

FOR \$75,000 HIGH SCHOOL

South Bend, Wash., Aug. 20.—South Bend is to have a fine new high school, the equal of anything in this part of the state. By a vote of 342 to 9 it was decided to issue \$75,000 worth of bonds to pay for the first unit of a fireproof, brick, face, concrete structure. The building is to be put up on the unit plan so it may be enlarged as the population increases, and this first wing is to cost the \$75,000. It will be three stories high and will have 21 light, sunny rooms. The wing will have a class gymnasium, 68 by 47, and an assembly hall big enough to hold between 500 and 700 persons. The contract will be let by the

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