

Latest Fashions

The quaint new "sunshine" poke for midsummer.

Oh, late there has been a new fall to wear small, picturesque hats at the summer evening dances, but only with girlish lineretic frocks, of course. It is a pretty idea, and among the most attractive one finds it close fitting. These diminutive shapes are very serviceable in midsummer, and have quite ousted the heretofore popular "floppy" variety for garden parties.



The quaint new "Sunshine" poke for midsummer.

The quaint little model here sketched is known as the "sunshine" poke, and, naturally, is only intended to grace a round and youthful countenance.

It is made up in leghorn and fits down close to the head, with a tiny brim arched in front that grows wider at the sides and back, where it is turned straight up against the crown, with the space filled in with a large bow of dull blue pleated edged ribbon. Another length of ribbon is run over the crown of the hat from ear to ear, caught in against one side by a bunch of French rosebuds and continued under the chin up to the opposite side, where it hooks over the brim with a flat bow.

If desired the under side of the brim may be faced with satin or shirred chiffon.

The same shape is promised prestige for the early fall. It would look well in satin or velour, without the chiffon trim and trimmed with tiny flowers and fur.

Famous Women of History

By Willis J. Abbot.

Harriet Martineau, 1802-1876.

In the United States today there is probably not an editor, not a publisher who would consider for a moment the publication of a story of the sort that made Harriet Martineau famous, lifted her from abject poverty to wealth, and made her the most sought after English woman of her century. And if editor or publisher were found with a sufficient devotion to the public weal to publish a little book of profitable tales about political economy it may well be doubted whether an eager public would clamor for it to the extent of editions of 30,000. Just imagine as a parallel Booth Parkingson's "The Great War" or "The Story of the Horrors of Schedule K," or George Randolph Chester turning aside from "Wallingford" and "Blackie" to weave romance about the confidence game perpetrated when the "Dutch standard" was interpolated in the sugar schedule.

that famous "mob of gentlemen" drag William Lloyd Garrison through the streets of Boston with a halter about his neck. That spectacle, however, had much to do with her hatred of slavery, against which she delivered effective blows.

Miss Martineau was a true crusader, a valiant fighter for freedom of trade, freedom of the slave, for the freedom of women. Some of her writings on the last subject would well repay study in the present earnest discussion of the right of women to share in the government. It seemed that no revolt against tyranny could be so obscure as to escape her notice. From London she looked over at Oberlin college trying to break down race and sex privilege, and wrote of it in an English review. Throughout the dark days of our civil war her pen was with us, and her work in the London Daily News almost offset the malignant hostility of the Times.

Harriet Martineau was born to poverty and ill health, and achieved fame despite her handicaps. She was plain, under-sized, shortsighted and so deaf that an ear trumpet was necessary. She early began to write for the London press, and first won the joy of being "in type" in an article for the Monthly Repository. Neither article nor paper was of much importance, but it happened to delight her brother Thomas, who, all ignorant of the authorship read it aloud with the remark, "They have had nothing so good as this for a long time." When she confessed its origin, he said gravely, hand on his shoulder: "Now, dear, leave it to other women to make skirts and darn stockings, and do you devote yourself to this." "That evening," she said later, "made me an authoress." It made her rather a journalist, for she was best at the timely article, the story with a purpose, the leader (or what in the United States we call the editorial). Of the latter she boasts 1600 for the London Daily News at the rate of six a week—a very moderate schedule it would be thought in an American newspaper office.

Rorn a Unitarian, her philosophy of life and death was purely material, not to say dismal. "I see everything in the universe go out and disappear," she wrote less than a month before her death in 1876, "and I see no reason for supposing that it is not an actual and entire death, and for my part I have no objection to such an extinction. I well remember the passion with which W. E. Foster said to me, 'I had rather be damned than annihilated.' If he once felt five minutes of damnation he would be thankful for extinction in preference."

Her first slight measure of success came when a Unitarian association offered three prizes for three essays intended to convert Catholics, Jews and Mohammedans. Harriet tried for and won all three prizes—a total of 45 guineas (about \$225). How many of the faithful were converted is not recorded, but success did hearten her into the author, who redoubled her efforts.

It was a day of economic and political storm and stress in England. The agitation of the reform bill was on and the repeal of the corn laws was looming on the horizon. Miss Martineau diverted her talents from theology to political economy. Her project was to teach the truth of property, taxes, wealth, finance and all that pertains to good government under cover of entertaining tales. She planned the Rollo Books of political economy.

With two stories completed she went to London to seek a publisher. With one accord all bowed her out. In the end she found a young and unknown bookseller ready to undertake the enterprise if she would supply the manuscript and save him from all danger of loss—not an unusual method among publishers of encouraging budding genius. The book became instantaneously successful. Her first letter from her publisher began coolly, "A postscript, however, gave the glad tidings that an edition of 3000 copies would be needed; a second postscript raised this to 4000 and a third to 5000. The penalties of fame came to her. Members of parliament were bombarded her with blue books and suggestions for other stories that her postmaster sent word that he would not deliver her mail any longer, for it "could not be carried without a barrow."

Shortly thereafter a society instituted for the publication of what we would now call progressive literature contracted with her for a number of books of from 120 to 150 pages each, to be subjects of a month. Some of the most baffle any novelist. One wrote fiction around bills of exchange with the scene laid in Holland. Another called a Guide to Service, impressed its readers with the conviction that Miss Martineau had indeed been a London "slavey." One dealt with over population, and might be reprinted now as an antidote to Colonel Roosevelt's attacks on race suicide. But her triumphs were not without reverses. Her three volumes of "Forest and Game Laws" did not sell well, for the British public being chiefly interested in first preserving and then killing animals did not relish her sharp criticism of the laws that sent a boy into penal servitude for snaring a hare. Some of her most ardent friends became her bitter enemies. The czar ordered copies of her books for all the Russian schools, but had them gathered up and burned when in "The Charmed Sea," she wrote of Polish exiles in Siberia. He ordered that she be never permitted to set foot on Russian territory, in which he was incited by Austria. These nations having associated the Polish nation, were a trifle sensitive on the subject.

In 1834 she visited the United States. Few foreign visitors have ever looked about them to more purpose. She remained here two years, meeting the most distinguished men of the age and writing books which were pronounced the best of the time except de Tocqueville's. Her view of American manners did not coincide with that expressed later by Mrs. Trollope. "The manners of the Americans," she wrote, "are the best I ever saw." She has been called the most good tempered people in the world, and I think they must be so. This kindly judgment was probably formulated before she saw

In Stageland

When the Colorado Daughters of the Confederacy gave a banquet in Denver in honor of Mrs. Josephine Daniels, wife of the secretary of the navy, Catharine Countess was one of the welcoming speakers. Miss Countess, who is a Texan, aroused enthusiasm when she said: "Our love of country has become crystallized. It is splendid that the old sectional barriers have been torn down and burned away. The Daughters of the Confederacy have aided in a great work that has been educational, benevolent and memorial. They have helped bury the passions and prejudices of half a century ago, while keeping alive its most precious memories."

Eight new theatrical and motion picture enterprises were incorporated in New York state last week.

Chicago is trying free motion picture shows in the city parks. The youngsters especially believe that the idea should be encouraged.

To exploit a mechanical representation of the Dayton, Ohio, flood, the Ellsworth Dayton Flood company has been incorporated at Dayton with a capital of \$50,000. The plan is to exhibit the "flood" at the Panama-Pacific exposition, as well as in the larger cities of the United States.

"The Dream Maiden," a musical comedy written by Allen Lowe, and to have been presented early in the new season, has some "breaks" and rehearsals are other day. Mr. Lowe, who was preparing his piece for the stage, announced that the "stuff was off," and that the performers had better look for new jobs. Financial difficulty is the reason.

The Submarine Film company is one of New Jersey's new incorporations. Submarine motion photography is the purpose of the company, with Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," one of the first subjects to be handled.

Eva Tanguay's 1913-14 tour will bring her to the Pacific coast. Her offering is "Volcanic Vaudeville."

The Oregon Moving Picture company has been awarded the rights to take motion pictures at the Pendleton Round-Up next month.

"The Ride to Hell" will be offered this year by Winthrop Ames and the Messrs. Shubert. It is a dream play, giving the visions of a young man who is preparing to marry a rich girl for her money.

Nat Goodwin has finally completed the 500,000 word story of his life. Of the "romance" Mr. Goodwin says: "I have told the entire story of my life and have omitted none of the details of my career. All of my marriages and divorces are truthfully depicted. They are treated in full and neither embellished nor curtailed. I let every one down lightly and do not hand it to any one."

LET US BE FREE



By Edna K. Wooley.

HAVE just been reading about a place where the people do not feel it their burden duty to interfere in each other's affairs.

The people are the Burmese. A stranger may settle among them, live his own life according to the customs of his nativity, practice his own religion, and educate his children as he sees fit, without interference so long as he does not transgress the laws.

The Burmese are Buddhists, but they do not insist that all the world adopt Buddhism as its religion. We may take it for granted that the Burmese gather together and discuss each other—that is merely his and they do not attempt to regulate each other's lives, and that they do not snub a neighbor who chooses to dress differently or eat differently or chew his food differently than the accepted custom in that neighborhood.

If a Burman should buy an automobile, for instance, his neighbors would take it for granted that he was able to buy it without mortgaging his house and that he could keep up the expense without starving his family.

If a Burmese woman chose to dress in calico the community would not at once decide that her husband was up against it in a business way, or that he declared that she was ruining her husband and straightway demand of their own husbands that they be permitted to look as well as that Mrs. Bunwaddi, whose husband is so good to her.

Oh, to live in a neighborhood where everybody minds his own business and lets the neighbors mind theirs! Oh, to be able to dress according to your purse and to live according to your own good judgment! Oh, to be able to come and go as you choose without the knowledge that there are prying eyes behind curtains—no matter what the time of night—and eery tuned to catch the slightest noise! Oh, to be able to visit and be visited by those who are congenial and to know those that are merely fashionable! Oh, to be able to have the kind of life you like and to know that others are not commenting disparagingly! Oh, to live in a shack if one likes and not be counted an outcast! Oh, to go to church in an old bonnet and comfortable clothes and not be looked down on! Oh, to be happy without being frowned upon and to weep without being asked questions, and to live without being required to put one's own life after somebody else's ideas!

Let's move to Burma.

by saying that I stole the eggs would it?

"No-o. Ah reckon it wouldn't" replied Mistah Mocker, "and Ah certinly would like to see him steal his eggs. Drummer's bill is Ah certinly would." The places Mocker looked sadly at the Mistah in his coat where Drummer had pulled the feathers out because he thought Mistah Mocker had been helping Sammy Jay to steal his eggs.

"I've got a plan. We'll set a trap for Chatterer!" said Sammy Jay, and his eyes sparkled wickedly.

"Sew a trap!" exclaimed Mistah Mocker, looking puzzled. "What kind of a trap, Brer Jay?"

"Yes, sir, we'll set a trap, and Reddy Fox will help us, although he doesn't know it," replied Sammy. "This is the way we'll do it: Chatterer will be sure to visit the old orchard tomorrow mornin'. All of you that Drummer and Mrs. Drummer will leave their home unguarded for a few minutes."

"I'll get Reddy Fox to hide behind the old tuabed-down stonewall and as soon as Chatterer runs across to the old apple tree where Drummer's home is Reddy will sneak after him and wait for him at the foot of the tree. Tuen smart Mr. Chatterer will be caught!"

"Oh! but something dreadful would happen to him if Brer Fox should catch him!" exclaimed Mistah Mocker. "Ah wouldn't want anything so dreadful as that to happen to Brer Chatterer, bad as he is."

"Serve him right!" snapped Sammy Jay, who has no love for Chatterer. "But you needn't worry about the Mistah Mocker, Chatterer is no fool and he isn't going to come down from that tree with Reddy Fox sitting below."

"That's so," said Mistah Mocker, looking very much relieved. "But how do you know that Drummer and Mrs. Drummer will leave their home?"

Sammy Jay grinned. "We'll hide until we see Chatterer hanging around," he replied. "Then I'll show myself near Drummer's home and he and Mrs. Drummer and all their friends will chase me just as they did before. Of course Chatterer will think this is just the chance he has been waiting for to steal those eggs and he won't lose any time about it. As soon as he reaches the tree where Drummer's home is you fly over there screaming 'thief' at the top of your lungs. Then I'll lead the others back there, and we'll see some fun."

Mistah Mocker thought the plan over for a few minutes. Then he chuckled. "Ah believe it will work," said he. "I know it will," replied Sammy.

Next story: Sammy Jay calls on Reddy Fox with an idea.

Hints for Girls

Keep Tally With Yourself.

By Jessie Roberts.

The girl who didn't cast up her accounts at least once a month and see how her finances were, whom she owes, what is owing to her, and where she stands square, would be running a risk of getting into a snarl—and if she kept it up long enough of attaining the poorhouse.

But there are other accounts besides the monthly bills or daily expenses that require reckoning. And you are too apt to let these run along any old way, girls, and consequently of never knowing just how you stand in regard to them.

Business life is a hurried sort of thing, and unless you force yourself to do it you will go along for years without really knowing where you are. One day follow another, you seem to have all you can do to get through what has to be done, and by and by too much time has gone past that can never be retrieved, and you must take life as it is.

But you should have a clear idea of what you mean to do, and every now and then, two or three times a year at least, you should cast up your accounts and see what you have accomplished, where you have failed, and where you may have to make alterations in your plans.

Suppose you are working as an office assistant. Set yourself some ideal toward which you want to move. At the end of a specified time make your account, find out whether you are approaching this ideal, how fast, how sound the ideal itself has proved, and what modifications in method or ambition are necessary. Decide whether or not you are becoming of more value to your employer, or of more value to yourself.

Another casting up of accounts should be as to your health. Don't let

AT THE HAIR STORE

- 36-inch, 3 Separate Wavy Switches \$9.45
 - 32-inch, 3 Separate Wavy Switches \$7.25
 - 28-inch, 3 Separate Wavy Switches \$5.25
 - 24-inch, 3 Separate Wavy Switches \$3.25
 - 20-inch, 3 Separate Wavy Switches \$1.45
 - 16-inch, 3 Separate Wavy Switches \$1.45
- 150 6TH ST. NEAR WALKER
Mail orders carefully attended to.

with the rank of Lieutenant colonel, and with General Miles at Santiago during the conference resulting at the surrender of the Spanish forces. Later he accompanied the expedition to Porto Rico. He has visited Europe several times to observe the military maneuvers of the leading nations. In 1897 he was one of the representatives of this government at the celebration of Queen Victoria's jubilee.

Arph Divorce Case Must Wait.
Edward L. Arpin and Agnes Arpin must wait until their case is assigned to some other judge than Circuit Judge McGinn before they can settle their marital differences, for yesterday Judge McGinn refused to hear the case because he had known Arpin's parents and grandparents for many years. Circuit Judge Gatens will dispose of the case probably when he returns.

Innovation in U-O. Year Book.
University of Oregon, Eugene, Or., Aug. 22.—The year book, to be published by the class of 1915 next year will be of a new type of college year book, in that it will display more than mere college social life. The year book is a self-supporting institution, which involves the expenditure of perhaps \$2500 on a 500-page book illustrative of college life. The 1915 book, it is announced, will describe the scholastic advantages at Oregon, as well as depict the social and athletic activities.

Auto Opportunities Galore.
The "For Sale—Automobiles" column of this paper, gives you a pick of nearly any kind of a car you want. Nearly every used car that has been offered for sale this season has been advertised in this column. Be sure and use this up-to-date method of hunting a car.

Will please any feminine heart
IT'S SIMPLY DELICIOUS

August Is the Month to spend at

NEWPORT YAQUINA BAY

via the

"The Exposition Line—1915"

Take Your Outing Now

Season Tickets, Round Trip.....\$6.25
Week End Tickets.....\$3.75

Double Daily Trains

Call at City Ticket Office, 80 Sixth Street, Corner of Oak Fourth and Yamhill, East Morrison or Union Depot
John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent, Portland

Health and Beauty Helps

Calibre and Curve of Lips, Not Mouth, Show the Character.

By Abigail Moore.

It is the curve of the lips and the calibre of them rather than the mouth itself that indicates character and habits, and they are such important features in beauty-making and so susceptible to being moulded that they should be carefully studied with a view to eliminating or minimizing any defects.

Perhaps an otherwise beautiful mouth takes on a scornful twist at one corner, or it is thicker at one side than at the other, and then only by diligently practising before a mirror can the defect be remedied. Press the offending side down into place, and form the habit of keeping it there. At first it will be difficult, but persist. It might even be advisable to bite the lip at that side, or at least to train into the bad habit of compressing the lips, in order to accomplish what is desired, but then must speedily begin the correction of this habit. Lips that are too thick betoken coarseness and are not generally attractive. In some cases they may be made to appear thinner by elongating the line from the nose down. This is done by drawing the outside together—that is by drawing the lower one up and the upper down, and sort of folding them in—literally, drawing the outside edges of them together, as already suggested.



An ugly twist of the mouth may disfigure an otherwise perfect face.

at least one or two of the lines at the corners of the mouth are gradually growing fainter. The progress might be helped on by gentle rotary massage with a skin foot. Drawing the lips to one side will, in less time than would be imagined, result in an unbalanced effect to the mouth that gives a sinister expression to the face.

If the lips should not be compressed, but as certainly they should not be permitted ever to remain open with the under jaw dropped. Nothing so hint of inanity, vacuity. The lips, like the eyes, should look "alive," and there, too, is the danger that in attempting to arrive at the ideal, the action will be overdone and a hard, harsh effect result. The mirror may be relied upon as a guide in the matter.

Next story: Sammy Jay calls on Reddy Fox with an idea.

Little Stories for Bedtime

Planning a Trap for Chatterer the Red Squirrel.

By Thornton W. Burgess.

(Copyright, 1913, by J. G. Lloyd.)

When Mistah Mocker the Mockingbird reached the Green Forest he found Sammy Jay waiting for him.

"Well, what did you find out?" asked Sammy eagerly as soon as Mistah Mocker was within hearing distance.

Mistah Mocker didn't say a word until he was near enough to whisper. "I found out all we want to know," said he, speaking very low and looking this way and that, "but I'm sure that no one but Sammy Jay could hear him. Ah found out just which tree the home of Drummer the Woodpecker is in, and Johnny Chuck says visited him in the old orchard every mornin' lately. Ah guess there isn't any doubt that he is the thief who has stolen Drummer's eggs."



him, and probably he and his friends won't give us a chance to even tell them. I have an idea. Why not get Johnny Chuck to tell them? They'll love Johnny Chuck."

"What good will that do?" asked Sammy Jay scornfully. "It might stop Chatterer from stealing any more of Drummer's eggs, but it wouldn't punish him for the trouble he has gotten us into

PRESENTED TO READERS OF "THE JOURNAL"

FOR Limp Leather AND 6 Coupons

98c

Money Back If Not Satisfied

THE NEW MODERN ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED DICTIONARY LATEST EDITION

for the volume, bound in elegant limp leather, worth \$4.00 to any dictionary user; 81c for the half leather and 48c for the cloth bound volume (which covers the items of cost of packing, express from factory, checking, clerk hire and other necessary expense items).

Leading Newspapers

throughout the country are carrying out this great distribution for the benefit of their readers, and will not permit the sale of this book at the stores until this offer is withdrawn.

Mail Orders

Filled on the same terms by including 22c additional for postage. Address all communications to The Journal, Portland, Oregon.

REDUCED ILLUSTRATION OF THE VOLUME WORTH \$4.00. THIS DICTIONARY HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN OFFERED IN THIS CITY.

SEE COUPON ON ANOTHER PAGE OF THIS ISSUE