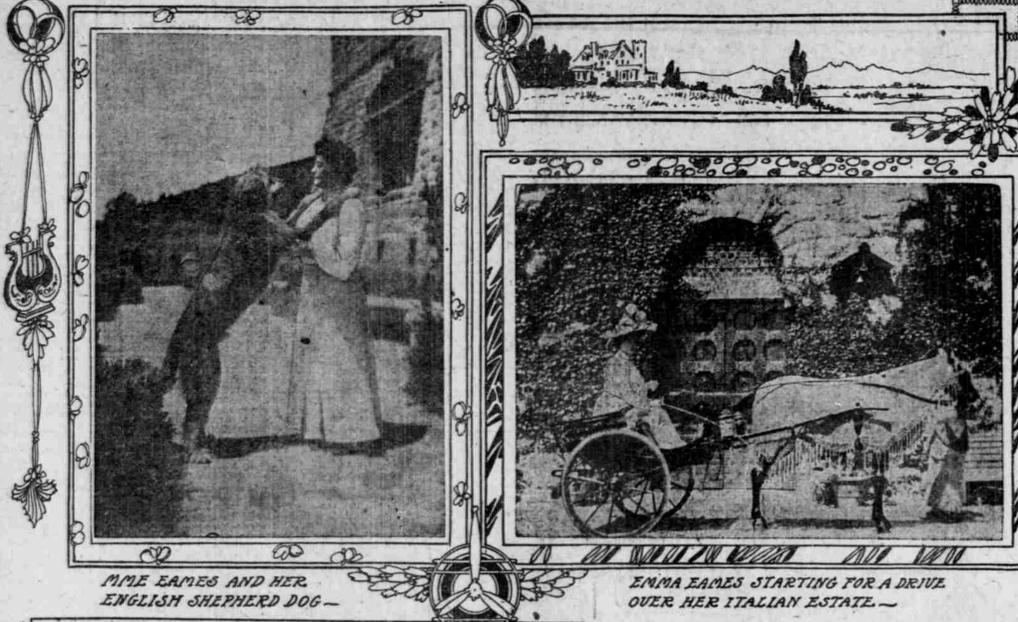
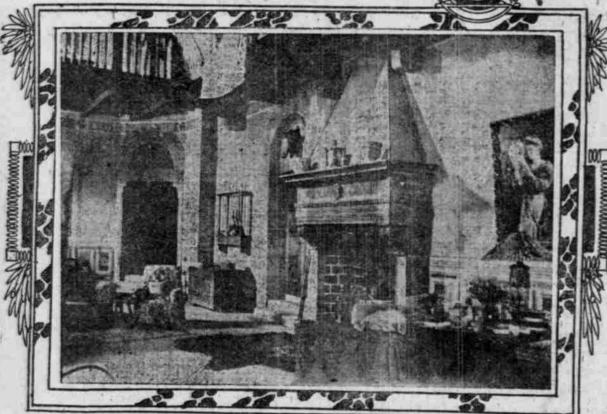
Emma Eames in Her Italian Home

SIDELIGHTS ON THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF AMERICA'S GREAT PRIMA DONNA





GREAT HALL IN "TORRE DI CAMPIGLIO"- THE SUMMER HOME OF EMMA EAMES IN ITALY_

the farm, and from the calcium to the Campiglio." but Emma Fames artist American, and the greatest Aida of the age, welcomes the Spring as do the birds and gladly turns her back upon the great Metropolitan and flies to her Italian estate for a Summer of domesticity.

The following account of the great singer's home life in Vallombrosa is from a personal visit there by Louise Clouser

There are thousands of Madame Emma Plames' friends who, hearing her sing. will say that her home is the great open space, the boundaries of which are the arch of the proscenium. Her neighbors just across the footlights, and those more remote admirers in the balconies, think they know her well. They have seen her in the trailing robes of Juliet, or the simple gown of Marguerite; dark skinned as Aida, or fair and white as the young bride. Elsa. They find her a neighborly neighbor, for she gives plenty of her art and strength and personality to those who weep or thrill as they listen to her. Sympathy is meat and drink to the sing-er, but, unfortunately, we cannot give as much as we take, so in the Spring, the nig home with its canvas castles, electric rivers, and calcium moons is to be closed and Madame Emma Eames files to Vallombrosa. As soon as she reaches her Italian estate she becomes Mrs. Julian Story. It is the beginning of the simple life, or of household duties and dairy superintendence; of the friendship of little chickens, new regulate and described and carried and carri chickens, new pupples and old ponies; of one's favorite flower in one's own garden and the companionship of one's

Mrs. Story was reared in New England Mr. Story, in Rome. They have a lux-turious house in Paris, but it is this aunmy mountain slope that rises before them and awakens a responsive throb, when the home longing is keen and vacation time has come. of us who dwell across the foot-

lights from Mrs. Story must bear in mind that Mr. Story paints plotures, and exthat Mr. Story paints pictures, and expends his energy wherever his portrait commissions may take him while his wife is singing. Since we are romantic, this adds to our delight when we think of the long Italian holiday they enjoy yearly. "Campiglion" is the farm, stretching over yellow fields and vineyards, and "Torre di Campiglio" is the home, and aptly named, too, when the interpretation signifies the happy abode of art and good

signifies the happy abode of art and good

Mrs. Story, in simple white duck, was the personification of hospitality, and wel-comed me with "It's simply fine of you A hearty laugh from the group on the terrace broke in upon her greeting and made her call hastly. "Don't tell any stories without me. Let us go over there," she said, rising, "one can never afford to miss a good laugh, and German dialect is too rare on these premises to be slighted. I often wish that I had one of my own, or that Joe Weber. Lew Fields or Sam Bernard could hear some of the attempts at English that each my ears during an opera season. Later she spoke of the great nervousness that she felt during a performance, and of the

comfiture one rainy evening when she case, but, on the contrary, possesses the found "Lehengrin" in full array, protecting himself from a leaking roof with a that is in them. large umbrella, and refusing to go on the stage without it. She has a keen sense of humor, and quite loses herself as she

The scene suggested a little court to the American girl a pleasant court, with modern manners in a mediacval setting

form the thick walls was taken from the estate, every bit of timber in the heavy panelling and rafters from the trees that grew in the fields, now cleared and cultivated. It was the original intention to drive through the wide doors that opened on the roadway directly into the great hall, after the manner of mediaeval days, but by degrees luxurious divans were intwoduced, book shelves were put up, read-ing tables with big lamps were found a comfort, a raised platform for the grand plano was built at one end, and the ball became the favorite lounging place in the house. The broad staricase leads to the gallery which runs around two sides of the second floor, from which hang ancient sliken banners and rare pieces of tapestry. The bedrooms open on this gallery, and are fitted up with that agreeable combination of New World comfort and Old World effect, which is found throughout the house. The dining-room and a delightful reception-room occupy the first floor of the tower, both of them with

icked up upon the demolishment of old palaces in Florence. Several fine pictures hang upon the walls, and the music library is stocked with operatic scores, but there is no evidence of the studio or the stage in adornment or equipment. The photo-graphs of celebrities are absent, though the pletures of friends are displayed with a pride that is not always granted to per-

quattro cento mantelpieces that Mr. Story

sons of unknown quantity. The breakfast, or luncheon, was served on the delicate green and white ware of the Cantegalli establishment in Florence. The vegetables and fruit were raised on the farms; the wine, of course, was of the landlord's own making; the whole wheat fleur, through all its various processes, had not left "Bandita Story," and there was a delicious concection of home-made goat's cheese that caused the visiting neighbor, who once lived in close proximity to the Harlem species of goat, to seldom falle me. Is it not the most exwonder if she had always made the most of her opportunities. Coffee was served in the hall, for there the men can smoke. Ilstens to a group of story-tellers. Unlike though the house, for all its 15th century of her opportunities. Coffee was served it every came most strong personalities, she does not air, is as new as the frame dwellings in the hall, for there the men can smoke, am glad to those ground her of their poise and that line the streets of our Western cit-

lumpy canned tomatoes, with a dah of

plg attempt no other cream soup and very few purees, and they hardly real-ize the immense and wholesome variety

that they might enjoy by the learning of a few principles and the exercise of a little ingenuity.

It is convenient to consider purees and

cream soups together, since often the

tween them. On looking over a large number of recipes with a host of in-gredients it will be found that all con-

L. The foundation-Pens, beans, vegeta-

Playoring materials — Onion, celery, herbs, spices, etc.
 Liquid—Stock, water, milk or a mix-

Fat-Butter, oil or dripping.
 Binding material-Flour, cornstarch.

6. Coloring-Spinach Julce, caramel, lob-

Suppose you have a recipe for polato soup with the following ingredients and quantities:

Fat-2 tablespoons dripping or butter. Liquid-1 quart water, is pint milk

Foundation-1 pound potatoes.

bles, fish, flesh or fowl, as the case may cooked soft and passed through a sieve.

ture of them

sage or egg rolk.

And occasionally,

mer spawn or cochincal.

Every one of the rough stones that | household went to their rooms for the usual steets. Mrs. Story led the guest to a big cool room with the hot sunshine slanting through the wooden shutters, saw that the bed was ready for complete repose, and tapped on the door a minute later with the offer of a negligee, "which won't fit, but do take it." The hostess herself rested for a few minutes only, then drove over the farms in a little dog cart with a pony in the shafts, and a big hound leaping frantically alongside. Dogs are the particular delight of the

owners of XII Torre. They are all sizes, ranging from one remarkable specimen (built like a colt, feathered like an os trich, with the antics of a chimpanzee, whose pedigree runs back to a Scotch sheep dog belonging to Sir Walter Scott, and is of the same breed as "Bob, Son of Battle"), to the little brown dachshund (a gift of the Emperor of Germany), who was under the surgeon's care and wore a headdress "like Tannbauser's Eliza-

beth," as his mistress said.

In the farm buildings at the foot of the hills are the horses. The oxen live across the courtyard, and vehicles for elegant ox-driving are drawn up under an arch-They are used when crossing the hills over the rough ground not yet made into roads, and resemble wicker clothesbaskets on two little wheels, with cushloned seats facing one another, for the oxen are led, not driven.

"We do not always dress for dinner," this half hour is set apart for watching the sun set. Come to my window, look out! Do you wonder that I love it?" The tops of the hills were still glowing.

though the valleys were filled with mist, and the patch of fire which hid the old monastery was like a great splash of ink against the trees of lighter verdure. The air was still, save for the sudden sweet trill of a bird.

"Listen!" whispered the other singer "That is the nightingale. I come here every evening at dusk to drink in the glory of this scene, and that little bird seldom falle me. Is it not the most ex-quisite thing in the world? When I hear

Stolen Waters Are Not Sweet

Sermon Written for The Sunday Oregonian by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Brooklyn.

Text-"Stolen waters are sweet." OR centuries men have excused their soms. In its essential reality, war is that stolen waters are sweet. No land, proverb has been more popular among red-hot iron drawn across the page of those who love to look over the hedge and an illuminated missal, or an ugly scar fruits. Literature, also, holds this proverb, embalming it in many a book, even as a wasp is caught in the honey in twenty years to tone up its manhood. which it is drowned. And yet the proverb flies in the face of experience, observation and ethics. It is as superficial as it is beautiful and alluring in the beginning. false. It is the old, old story of the but that turns to agony and heart-break transformation of sin into an angel of light. The proverb was first spoken by a beautiful woman, who used this will-o'- He just in front of a score of thorns that the-wisp light to lure a noble man into are sharp as needles. The eye sees noththe paths of folly that led to the City of Destruction. Just as Delilah spoiled Samson of his supremney and manhood, just as Cleopatra spoiled Julius Caesar, so this daughter of beauty ruined the young King. But the stolen apples were apples of Sodom, the stolen waters that promised sweetness turned to gall, the palace that looked stable and seemed to be lined with silken pleasures became a heap and a ruin. If at last the bitterness of the great King's exclamation "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," moves us like the strain of noble eloquence, the elo-

quence is born of pussionate regret, keen Sin as an Angel of Light.

remorse and blackened vesterdays

Plainly, poisoned pleasures cast the charm of magic upon the imagination. Seen from afar, the stolen apples look large and rosy, the stolen waters leaf. The flowers and fruits of love are and the stolen pleasures promise unwonted piquancy and crispness. Sin, wearing her disguise of beauty, points to the morrow, but the pleasure promised is always a mirage that flees on before the eager pursuer. Never once have the stolen. waters been sweet. In that beautiful story of the first fall, the forbidden fruit held an unwonted bloom. But the apple turned to ashes, and the siglen waters left a bad taste in the mouth, and when the incident was over the garden of Adam and Eve had become a desert full of thorns and thickets. Achan also coveted the wedges of silver. In imagination the white metal shone like the sunlight. Soon the theft ended with two broken hearts. It is the old, old story. Queen Jezebel is discontented in her palace and her gardens, because, looking out of her window, she perceives another vineyard whose waters and fountains look sweet. But when the friend's villa has been stolen, and the coveted possession was here, the multitudes who once cheered the beautiful Queen began to frown upon her, and the drama ended with ermine robes dragged through the mire, and a woman's corpse lying in the street. Judas' story is typical. From the beginning of history to the present hour, every betrayal of office or trust fund, or solemn pledge of friendship and honor, has ended with the soul revolting against its sin and itself. "For he that sinneth wrongeth his own soul.

The Glamour of Sin.

For many reasons, through their poems. their drinking songs, their jests and stories, their suggestive pictures, brilliant and evil men have cast a glamour over many sinful pleasures. In its and a hot iron, bleared eyes, pendulous lips, Bacchus done up in terms of physical is death. For this is the voice of Ex-Blaughter pen is hidden behind vines, soul."

pleasures and sins by the statement hell, ruin lying across the face of the "from Atlanta to the sea," like a covet forbidden fountains and poisoned on a child's cheek. But ambitious men clothe war in terms of rhetoric, tell us that a nation needs a war once in every and soon Napoleon becomes a hero. Nor is there one single pleasure that seems in the end. Sin is like the briar vine in Australia. The petals of the blosson ing but the veil of beauty, while the hand stretched forth to plack the bloom feels nothing but the poisoned prickles. that leave their virus and pain in the swollen hand and arm-nature's pathetic and striking warning against the filusions

The Illusions of Sinful Desires.

All the fruitage of sinful desires is an illusion, fictitious, unreal and destructive. Forsaking his books, forgetting that he had a score of great poems half complete. Burns goes to the Ale house, wastes his glotions wit and humor in ribalder drinks the long night through, and then wakes up to find that "pleasures are like popples spread, you selze the flower, its om is shed, or like a snow-flake in the river, a moment white, then gone So faded Byron's Illusions of pleasure. "My days are in the yellow sparkle as they flash above the fountain, | gone: the worm and canker at the roots are left alone."

Sipful power alone is a figment, a de-To follow its light is to follow the light of putrescence and decay. That monarch of Spain scorned justice, loved power, spelled the people by unjust taxation, betrayed them into the hunds of wicked governors, and called his country one of the first-class nations. the power was a sham and illusion. One day Providence lifted the scourge of war, and Spain's power was shattered like a potter's vessel, under a single stroke. Where now are the provinces of Spain? Gone all the northern states of Africa! Gone Holland! Gone Porto Rico und Cuba! Gone the Phitippines; gone all the golden days of Emperor Charles the Fifth! Sinful gold also is a phantom Evil lends a yellow lustre to gold, but when the day of retribution comes, the gold turns to rust and the purple to rags, and King Mida's crown become band of red-hot iron, burning into the brain itself. Last week the whole country was shocked by the discovery that a great man in a western city had for ten years been forging checks, padding the pay-rolls, and robbing the people of their school funds, Strangely enough his peculations were successful, and the city will recover some of its stolen money. But the man will never recover his good name. In retrospect doubtless the years of abundance now seem like a sickening dream. Today once more the page of events has become like the Scriptures of God, full of instruction and warnings. Verily, sin is a boomerang, that returning destroys itself. Today the youth in the hour of illusion pursues an angel of light. Tomorrow when the pursuit is over, the sun will fall from the sky, the drunkenness means a face seared as with day will turn to pitchy darkness, and the clasped angel becomes an encircling flend, the reddened nose, in short the spirit of whose touch is pollution, whose embrace semi-idiocy. But perience, the voice of History, the voice when one reads the drinking songs of of Nature and of God. "Stolen waters men like Robert Burns, the ugly has are not sweet," and "he that sinneth is transformed into an angel of beauty, against God doeth wrong unto his own

TALK-O-PHONE CONGERTS

MANY LISTEN ATTENTIVELY TO THE SELECTIONS GIVEN.

Ability of Machines to Reproduce Vocal and Instrumental Compositions Is Remarkable.

The continuous concerts given on the

Talk-O-Phone in the premium department of The Oregonian at the Ellers Piano House, Park and Washington strebts, are greatly appreciated by men, women and children, who listen attentively to the selections rendered. The ability of the talking machine to reproduce the greatest variety of compositions, both vocal and instrumental, is demonstrated daily to many music-lovers who appreciate the remarkable offer which enables The Ore gonian to place these machines in the bome of its subscribers at such low cost and on such easy terms. Orchestral se-lections are rendered in sufficient variety to fully show the wonderful reproducing abilities of the machine. The tones of the different instruments of the orchestra are given clearly and distinctly. You can hear the wall of the violin, the treble of the flutes and the soft tones of the harp blended together with sympathy and ex-pression. Serious music and ragtime, classic and popular music, are rendered with fullness of tone and distinctness of enun-ciation which makes the machine such an entertainer and educator for clesses. Listeners at these concerts are frequently heard to say that the size of the machine makes it just right to give good service without being too bulky, and without being so small that the volume of tone is insufficient for the needs of a

of tone is insufficient for the needs of a good-sized drawing-room.

The number of persons who are acquiring these machines is steadily increasing. Many homes in which it is not practicable for one reason or another to install a piano, or other large musical instrument, now have the talking machine. The number of expectations that can be alread insert. her of selections that can be played upon it are limitiess, the records are indestruc-tible, so that it is possible to bear over and over again one's favorite selections. The machine is simple in construction and costly repairs are unnecessary. Peo ple of all classes and conditions of life are entertained by it, and for that reason the offer made by The Oregonian has met with such a hearty, popular response. These machines may be obtained by all old and new subscribers for The Dail and Sunday Oregonian, on surprisingly attractive terms. Call at the premium department of The Oregonian, at the Elicra Piano House, Park and Washington streets, and obliging cierks will explain to you how to obtain the \$55 talking machines free Continuous concert. Hearthly of the Continuous concert. chines free. Continuous concert. Hear

Fashion of His Hat.

New York Herald. The time for buying Fall hats has come around again, and as this period recurs with, great regularity every

buy the hats. Where do the hats left over from last year go? Of all the thousands and thousands of hats made and sold in New York, never a one seems to be left over at the end of the season. It is as nearly impossible to find an out-of-date hat in a Broadway store as to get a fresh-laid egg in a Howery restaurant. Yet, surely, some hats are left over at the end of the season. At a casual glance it seems a reasonable explanation that the old hats are gathered up and shipped to the Fur West or the tributary country districts. But this is denied by the hat dealers. They say that it would not pay. Neither are the hats thrown away or given to charity. The persistent inquirer then finds the trap set for the unwary. The old hats are mixed with the new stock, and when a man comes along who looks easy of decep-tion or who cannot afford to pay the price asked for the new styles, one of the old hats is sold to him at a reduced price, and both dealer and cus-tomer are pleased. Hundreds of hats are put off this way every year on the unsuspecting public, but they are the occasional ones in the vast crowd and pass unnoticed.

What the Real London Is.

London is a shop and a bank, a gambling hall and a cathedral. Its streets are paved with gold and set with thorns. It is the place for a rich man and the place for a poor man. It is all wealth and happiness; it is all poverty and distress. It is a huge paradox. Many things are possible in London that are also impossible. If it so pleases you, and you ossess the ability to do so, you may live of merely a double life, but half a dozen different lives, which will never clash with one another. You may be in Londor at the same time a priest and a pirate to be enough for both of you.

Bars Men from Employment

Every line of business is beginning to shut its doors absolutely to drinking mea. Business competition has become so keen that only men of steadfast habits can find

Employers do not want men that are addicted to drink. A drinking man is not in fit condition to handle responsible work. Continual drinking diseases the nerve system. No "will power" can cure; treat-

Cures Whiskey and Beer Habit Take ORRINE Quietly at Home! To cure without patient's knowledge, bny ORRINE No. 1; for voluntary treat-ment, buy ORRINE No. 2. Price, \$1.00 per box.

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REQUISITES FOR MAKING OF AN ORDINARY COOK

"What Is an Ordinary Cook?" Asks Miss Tingle, and Then Proceeds With Her First Lesson.

This is the first of a series of articles on cooking, specially written for The Sunday Oregonian by Miss Lilian E. Tingle, director of the Portland School of Domestie Science, Miss Tingle is a graduate of the Aberdeen, Scotland, School of Domestic Econ omy, and for six years was in charge of the domestic science department, North Dakota Massal Training School. She will furnish a lesson each week for The Sunday Oregonian until after the holldays. Their practical worth will be appreciated by every housewife and by domestics as well.

D ERHAPS no expression is more often used by students Domestic Science school than the phrase "ordinary cooking," and while presumably it means something definite to the user, I must confess that the more I hear it, the more puzzling it becomes. 'Ordinary cooking,"-I don't believe any two people will agree exactly in their interpretation of it. One lady says. "You know, I know all about ordinary cooking, but I want to know how to make soup." Another, "Of course I am used to ordinary cooking, but I don't know anything much about meats." A third, 'Have you a course in salads and simple descria? I am no good at those, though I can do ordinary cooking all right." Others want cake, bread, sauces, frozen things, etc., but the majority add that they know all about ordinary cooking, and on putting all these statements together one finds that almost every kind of dish has been excluded from nary cooking" except, perhaps, cornmeal mush and coffee. And alas! how rare are really good cornmeal mush and goffee

A Few Essentials. It seems to me that the ordinary cook should know how to prepare the simpler purees, cream and thick soups (to begin in order of courses for an ordinary din ner) together with plain broths, vege table and fish scups. She should know how to manage that foundation of tasty and economical cookery-the stock-pot what should go into it and what should go elsewhere. In connection with fish and meat she should know the difference between broll and fry, roast and bake, boll and stew. She should know simple

ways of treating cheap though nutritious least one kind of cream soup. It is althrough both a wire and a hair sieve cuts of meat, so as to make them easily most invariably cream of tomato. I find, or wrung through a tammy cloth.) Use and cream of tomato ranges all the way from a curdled mixture of thin milk and through the sieve and a clean meta sauce and a well flavored brown gravy free from grease and lumps. She should use left-overs in a masterly manner good household bread, a few plain rolls, three or four standard cakes and cookies, steamed puddings of a straightforward kind, cereals, simple salads, desserts such as jellies and custards, good plain pastry and some useful batter mixtures should all be easy for her. She should be able to cook potatoes properly (a far too rare accomplishment) and to produce an attractive though not necessarily elabor-



She should know how to serve fruits both raw and cooked and good ways of using eggs and cheese. And her tea, coffee and

2 Flavoring—1 pound onlone, 4 pound white celery, 6 pepper corns, 2 cloves, a sprig of parsley, 4 bay leaf. Begin by cleaning and cutting up the MISS LILIAN E. TINGLE. vegetables in thin slices; then melt the fat in a saucepan of suitable size and cook the foundation and flavoring to-

gether for 15 or 20 minutes, without browning. The cover may be put on, and browning. The cover may be put on, and the vegetables shaken and stirred from time to time. The process is known as ing all these things she is a cook (although only yet of the first degree) and is ready to begin on frills and refinements in the way of flavor, finish and variety on her way to become what is sometimes called "a lovely cook." Not knowing these things, she does not describe the honorable title of cook—she is merely a dabbler.

The ordinary cook can usually make at the cover may be put on, and the vegetables shaken and stirred from time to time. The process is known as "sweating," and both heightens and extracts the flavor. If the soup were a brown one the materials might be browned slightly with the lid off. Now add the water and simmer until the vegetables are tender (the exact time will of course depend upon the alze of the plecas.) Pass all through a wire sieve (the finer the better—a superior soup of this kind is usually passed.

or wrung through a tammy cloth.) Use a wooden spoon to rub the material a wooden spoon to rub the matter through the sieve and a clean metal spoon to scrape the pulp from the under side of it. Return this pulp to the pan-side of it. action that the thick part is butter and a mournful sprinkling of black pepper, up to a bland and delicate resy cream with a harmony of blended ac-cessory flavors leading up to and em-belliabling without overpowering the one from which it takes its name. Many peosightly granular and tends to sink to the bottom. We use the binding material to give smoothness and prevent this separation. While the soup is re-beating mix the flour gradually with a little milk to the consistency of thin cream. Bull the rest of the milk and pour the flour paste into it. Stirring until it boils and thickens. Purces.

For a richer soup or for purees without milk, a mixture of equal parts of flour and butter, either worked together raw or cooked and known as "roux," may be used instead of the flour pasts. Now combine the thickened milk and the hot pulp, and give a final careful seasoning of salt. Taste your soup using a clean spoon. If more pepper is liked, use white pepper or the smallest possible quantity of cayenne. You should now have a smooth, white creamy soup with a fine though delicate flavor. Do not boil it after adding the thickened milk or you will cause it to darken a little. Follow the same method with other materials. Dried peas and beans are soaked or cooked and known as "roux." terials. Dried peas and beans are soaked over-night in cold water and do not share in the "sweating" given to the other ingredients; but otherwise the method is the same. Some binding material is always necessary to secure smoothness and prevent separation. Remember to boll the flour, cornstarch or sago, but never boil a mixture with beaten egg yolks or it will curdle. In making Cream of Tomato soup, curdling is prevented by adding a pinch of baking soda to the tomatoes and having the milk thickened before the strained, smooth pulp is added. Finally remember that a puree or cream soup is a soup, not a porridge. Do not serve it too thick and "stodgy," but have it of a true creams but have it of a true creamy

Trees 500 Feet High.

Exchange.

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