WOMEN OF BEAUTY PUT DENT ON WORLD'S WEEKLY CURRENT EVENTS

Mrs. A. Lanfear Norrie, of New York, Granddaughter of Pierre Lorillard, to Wed Count Odet Marie de Jumilhac—Another American Actress Announces Royal Husband, Whose Name Doesn't Figure in Almanac.

Countess Forgach, Famous Beauty. Bain News.

Snapshot of Mrs. W. J. Bryan. Bain News.

Mrs. A. L. Norrie, Wealthy American to Wed Count. Bain News.

Princess Alice of Teck and Children. Bain News.

Ruth Maycliffe, American Actress Who Claims Title. Bain News.

NEW YORK, May 30.—(Special.)—An engagement which is interesting society in many cities is that of Mrs. A. Lanfear Norrie, of New York, to Count Odet Marie de Jumilhac. She is a granddaughter of Pierre Lorillard, and inherited a large fortune from her husband, who died in 1912. Possibly the Count did not look with indifference on the fortune accumulated by the late Mr. Norrie. He is a relative of the Duc de Richelieu, who married Miss Wise, of Baltimore. His home is in Paris.

* * *

Another American actress claims a title. She was Ruth Maycliffe, and appeared in several plays in this country some years ago. She has returned from Europe with the announcement that she has married the Prince Jose Braganca d'Avellar, a member of the royal family of Portugal. The Prince's name is not in the Almanach de Gotha.

* * *

Prince Alexander of Teck is to be Governor-General of Canada, beginning next October. He is a brother of Queen Mary of England. He is a Major in the Second Life Guards, and was an aide de camp in South Africa. He has held no administrative post before. He was born in April, 1874, and at 30 married Princess Alice of Albany. They have two children, Princess May, aged 8, and Prince Rupert, aged 6½.

* * *

Austria-Hungary has been famous for many generations for the beauty of its women. One of the most beautiful of the titled society women of that country is the Countess Johan Forgach. As Fraulein Ella von Lovassy she played a prominent part in the society of the Hungarian capital before her marriage to the Count. Her husband is now the Austrian-Hungarian minister at Dresden, and at the Saxon capital, as well as in Vienna, Countess Forgach is reckoned one of the greatest of court beauties.

* * *

A snapshot of the wife of the Secretary of State was made recently when she was calling for her husband to take him home in one of their automobiles.

Here Are Recipes for Some Appetizing Sauces.

Dressings for Summer Dishes Are Easily Made and Desirable for Cold Dinners and Lunches.

A GOOD sauce adds zest to what otherwise might be insipid and unattractive in the way of food. The season is at hand when cold dishes are often the most appetising and the most convenient to serve. Very often a cunningly prepared sauce will lift such a dish from the uninteresting monotony of a "left-over" to a tempting morsel with the stamp of a French chef. In the large hotels where the secrets of sauce-concocting are known, large profits accrue from the serving of dinner left-overs in a new incarnation of luncheon entrees. These recipes for appetising sauces, from the notebook of a French chef may prove helpful to the Summer housewife.

Verve Sauce for Cold Fish—Mix by beating thoroughly four tablespoons of grated horseradish, a tablespoon of finely ground bread crumbs, a pinch of salt, pepper to taste and half a cup of sour cream or milk. Add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and pour over two-inch cubes of the cold boiled halibut or cod.

Sauce for Cold Boiled Salmon—Make a rich drawn butter. Season with salt and paprika. Just before serving add a tablespoon of Madeira wine in which a clove and a bit of ginger have been marinating for an hour or two. Garnish the cold fish with lemon and parsley and serve the sauce separately.

Sauce for Cold Lamb—Melt a glass of currant jelly. Add a glass of port wine. Bring to scalding, but not boiling point. Serve in a small tureen with cold lamb or fowl.

Tartar Sauce for Broiled Sardines—Mix one tablespoonful of tarragon, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, a pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of Worcestershire and heat over hot water. Brown half a cup of butter and strain over the mixture.

Mint Sauce—Break up the leaves of fresh mint until you have a cupful. Mix a third of a cup of vinegar and a fourth of a cup of sugar. Heat and pour over the mint. Let stand at least an hour before serving.

Tango Sets Are Summer's Daintiest Gifts.

As All Women Under 50 Dance the Tango, Fans, Vanity Pockets and Corsage Bouquets Are Needed.

EVERY girl under 50 tangoes now. If you know one whose birthday occurs this month, present her with a tango set, which includes several articles she will take delight in using this Summer.

First and foremost in the tango set, is a fan, for Summer nights are warm and the new dances are strenuous. One of the inexpensive paper fans, with a flower design and sticks of carved wood, will answer; or a gauze fan, spangled or plain. In either case the fan should depend from a long chain of white beads, tiny ones, like seed pearls.

A vanity pocket of flowered silk, containing diminutive powder puff, a bit of chamois to mop a perspiring brow and one of the small, flat boxes of cake-rouge, will be another item of the Summer tango set. Such a pocket should be rather flat, with an envelope flap and snap-button fastening. Some girls sew a snap-button to the outer side of the vanity pocket and also to the brassier, inside the loose bodice near the belt, so that the vanity case is always close at hand, yet quite invisible.

A corsage bouquet is another acceptable feature of the tango set. It is difficult to obtain cultivated flowers in the country or by the sea, unless one sends to town for them. Even then, violets, gardenias, roses and orchids are difficult to obtain in mid-Summer, when there it little market for these exotic blooms. So a corsage bouquet, fresh and dainty in condition for raveled out violets, smudged gardenias and flattened silk roses do not add to the effect of an evening gown—will be most acceptable to any woman.

A pair of adjustable shoe-trees, covered with shirred ribbon, will complete the tango set. Satin slippers, even kid slippers, will keep their shape and last longer, especially in Summer, if shoe trees are slipped into them the moment they are removed from the warm, damp feet.

Menus of the Week

BY LILIAN TINGLE.

Tuesday.
Strawberry cocktail.
Beef rib-ends en casserole.
New potatoes. Spring vegetables.
Lettuce salad.
Caramel junket, chilled.
Coffee.

Wednesday.
Vegetable broth.
Fish loaf with grated cheese.
Savory rice.
String bean salad.
Gooseberry pie.
Coffee.

Thursday.
Jellied bouillon.
Lamb chops. Mint sauce.
Potatoes. Diced carots with peas.
Lettuce salad.
Ruhbarb mould, with cream.
Coffee.

Friday.
Tomato cream soup.
Curried lentils with rice.
Chutney.
Lettuce salad.
Strawberry shortcake.
Coffee.

Saturday.
Fruit soup.
Minced ham with spaghetti.
Jellied tomato salad.
Caramel rice, cream pudding.
Coffee.

Sunday.
Shrimp cocktail.
English veal and ham pie.
Potatoes. Asparagus.
Lettuce salad.
Strawberries and cream.
Coffee.

Monday.
Asparagus soup.
Hamburger pot pie with vegetables.
Lettuce salad.
Rhubarb trifle.
Coffee.

The woman most deserving of a good husband is the one willing to go out and work to support him—and she never gets one.

FOUR SAILORS TELL OF TORTURES SUFFERED 14 DAYS BEFORE RESCUED

Survivors From Burning Vessel See 11 Shipmates Drown—Two Railroad Presidents, Lecturer, Playwright and Bank President Prominent in World Events.

Robert Tiere and Peter Ballinger, Who Abandoned Burning 'Columbia' ©Underwood & Underwood.

George Bernard Shaw. Bain News.

W. B. Besler. Bain News.

W. P. G. Harding. Bain News.

J. H. Hustis. Bain News.

NEW YORK, May 30.—(Special.)—No tale of the sea has ever been written which excels the one brought in by the four survivors of the 15 sailors who abandoned the steamship Columbia when that vessel was burning, May 3. The four were picked up May 17 by the revenue cutter Seneca, half dead and almost delirious, 37 miles southeast of Sable Island. For 14 days they had been given up as dead. For 14 days they had suffered tortures, agonies, hopes and despair beyond description.

One by one they say they saw 11 of their shipmates become stark, raving mad after drinking salt water; then death mercifully removed them. For 14 days their only food was hardtack and bootleather.

Ocean steamers, all ablaze with lights and from which gay music came to the ears of the despairing, half-dead men, were sighted. Then their hopes rose high in the belief that they would be seen and picked up.

Mere shadows of themselves, wasted to skin and bone, these men of the sea were snatched up by the rescue crew from the cutter which had been patrolling the waters in which the Columbia was lost.

* * *

Dr. George Brandes, who is 75 years old and has long held a commanding position in the world of letters, arrived in this country on the steamship Vaterland last week on a lecture tour of the country, including the Eastern and Western sections. While here Dr. Brandes will lecture in English, German and Danish. His first appearance will be at Yale University.

* * *

G. Bernard Shaw's play, "Pygmalion," was put on recently in London by Sir Herbert Tree. It proved as entertaining as most of his work. Mr. Shaw left the theater in the middle of the performance, saying that the laughter of the audience was disgusting and had driven him away.

* * *

W. G. Besler, who was elected president of the Central Railroad of New Jersey recently to succeed the late George F. Baer, is an old railroad man. In fact, he has been connected with railroads practically all his life. He was vice-president and general manager of the Central Railroad before he became president of the road. Before this he was connected with the Reading Railroad.

* * *

W. P. G. Harding, president of the First National Bank, of Birmingham, is one of the members of the Federal Reserve Board.

* * *

James H. Hustis, president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway, was elected to succeed Charles M. Mellen. His name has figured in the investigation of the company's affairs now being held in Washington.

CHICKENS' RIGHTS UPHELD

Negro Population of Cadiz, Ky., Vote Solidly on Referendum.

LEXINGTON, Ky., May 26.—The question of chickens' rights has been settled at Cadiz, Trigg County, by a vote of whites and negroes. The negroes, as the chickens' champions, won. For years chickens had been allowed to run in the village streets. Many objections were raised and members of the Town Council tried to pass an ordinance prohibiting fowls to roam at large.

A village referendum brought out every negro in town and they voted solidly for the chickens' liberty. The result was 208 to 73.

DOCTORS SNUB DISCOVERER

Medical Red Tape Would Keep Typhus Germ Story Secret.

ATLANTIC CITY, May 26.—Because he allowed news of his work to become public before he consulted his colleagues, Dr. Henry Plotz, of Mount Sinai Hospital, New York, was not permitted to tell the Association of American Physicians of his isolation of the germ which causes typhus fever.

The same antagonism to "violations" of the code of professional ethics has been apparent for some time. Dr. Plotz' name was on the programme for a paper on his work, but without official explanation this part of the association's annual convention was canceled.

Importance of the discovery lies in the fact that it is now possible to distinguish between typhus fever and Brill's disease, which is similar in symptoms.

Dr. Plotz is only 24 years old. He was graduated from Columbia University last year. Dr. Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research and president of the association, invited the young physician to Atlantic City.

412,229 BIBLES PUT OUT

American Society Shows Big Annual Gain at Managers' Meeting.

NEW YORK, May 26.—More Bibles and New Testaments were distributed by the American Bible Society the last 12 months than ever before. This announcement was made at the ninety-eighth annual meeting of the board of managers of the society at the Bible house. The total was 3,251,176 volumes, an increase of 1,201,566 over the preceding year. The total for the 98 years is 103,519,891.

The output comprised 412,229 Bibles, 765,158 New Testaments and 4,075,789 portions. Nearly one-half were sent out from the New York Bible house, which shows an increase of 219,531 volumes over the preceding year. The society's agents abroad circulated 2,923,786 volumes.

In China 1,653,965 volumes were distributed, an increase over last year of 286,561 volumes. Mexico, in spite of the revolution, has a better showing along with other countries.

The same old things have been said over and over again until one sometimes feels that true wisdom is found only in the philosophy of a serene silence.

VACANT CHAIR IS INSPIRATION TO BE POWER FOR GOOD

Memory of Service and Love of Honored Dead Is Reminder That All Must Prepare for Coming of Death by Accepting Christ, Says Dr. Walter B. Hinson.

Thy seat shall be empty, and thou shalt be missed.—1 Sam. 20:18.

BY WALTER B. HINSON, D.D.

THY seat shall be empty; there shall be "the Vacant Chair!" She belonged to another age than ours, did Eliza Cook, the poetess, and very much of that she wrote has long since been forgotten. But there come times, once and again, in the lives of mortals, when they remember one simple thing that woman wrote:

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
Chide me for loving that old arm chair?
It was there she nursed me; 'twas there she
died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Call it folly, and deem me weak,
As the scalding tears run down my cheek,
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm chair.

Our own Lowell talks on the same theme when he says of his little girl who vanished from the fireside and lay out in Sweet Auburn Cemetery:

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard;
'Twould scarce stay a child in its race,
But to me and my thoughts it is wider
Than the star-strewn vault of space.
Immortal! I feel it, I know it,
It must be for such as she;
But that is the pang's very secret,
She's immortal—away from me.

And when on another occasion he spoke of the woman who had left his side, he still alluded to the vacant chair:

'Twas only a womanly presence,
An influence unexpressed;
But a rose she had worn on my grave sod
Were more than long life with the rest.
'Twas a smile, a garment's rustle;
'Twas nothing that I could phrase,
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious
And took on her looks and ways.

Hymn Sung by Father in Chair.

Sometimes I turn to the hymn book and read a hymn that commences thus:

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

My father and I sang that together, the last time we were beneath the old roof. And I can see him, the old man with his pitifully small supply of breath, as he sat in his chair and sang the hymn. And I have never sat in that chair since, and I never want to see anyone else there.

In my former church a minister ridiculed Newman's great hymn, "Lead Kindly Light." And he said it was only a poor picture of a foolish man who was groping about in the dark, looking for the light. I had to chide him as publicly as he made his criticism. For O, what thousands of eyes have grown misty with tears as they have looked at the last verse of that hymn:

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it
still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent
till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost
awhile.

Vacant Chair Hallowed Memento.

I could take you, in the city where I first preached, to a very beautiful home, richly furnished, with all that eye or heart could desire, and I could show you in one corner of the best room of that home a little chair. The occupant of that chair I buried nearly 20 years ago, a fair little child. The vacant chair stays, a hallowed and probably a holy memento.

And the vacant chair comes into the experience of most of us. And if it has not already come, it is on its way. And soon, when the hours of the day are numbered and the night calls us to serious reflection, there will enter the door those who have long since passed away. In fancy we shall shake hands and commune again with them. And it should furnish us thought for reflection that the vacant chair is drawing ever nearer.

Therefore, we cannot afford to be unkind in the morning. For the man who goes down to his office may never come back. And the boy who goes out to his class may never return. The girl who trips away and to whom, in your thoughtlessness, you said goodby, may be carried home.

For many go forth in the morning
Who never return at night;
And hearts have broken
Through harsh words spoken,
That sorrow will never put right.

Unkindness Leads to Sorrow.

Because of this we cannot afford to be unkind in the night. I remember the story of a woman who said foolishly to her petulant child, "Because you have been bad this evening I will not give you your 'goodnight' kiss." And in the morning she saw the face of that little child still and cold and white. There was an undried tear on the child's cheek! I think I would as soon go to perdition as have that mother's memory.

They tell a story of how, out in the wild Crimea, when it was well known among the men that they would soon charge the Russian posts, a quarrel arose between two comrades around the fire. Suddenly a grave-looking man said, "No quarreling, comrades; we shall all be dead tomorrow."

Once as I walked through an English wood I noticed a peculiar mark on the bark of some of the trees, and I said to the man who was with me: "What is the meaning of that mark?" He said: "Every tree marked like that has to be felled," and I thought then, and I am thinking again now, that we all bear the mark, for it is appointed unto men to die. The vacant chair!

Being Missed Is Privilege.

"Thy seat shall be empty and thou shalt be missed." Herein lies the great privilege of life, that a man may so live as to be missed when the chair goes empty. Think not this privilege belongs alone to the gifted and the great, who move upon the hilltops, in full gaze of the nations. No, no! This is a privilege possessed by the lowly as well as the high; by the small as well as the great.

The most pathetic epitaph I ever heard of was a sentence cut in a stone over a mother. It ran thus: "She always made home happy." Thou shalt be missed. Oh, it is the privilege of life to so live as to be missed when we depart.

A silent, unsocial, self-contained, somber-faced man worked for years, making no companions with his fellows, visiting no neighbor's house. Respected he was, for his character was good, but he was unloved and unappreciated. And one morning he was discovered dead in his lonely home. And they found a locket round his neck. When they opened that locket they found two little locks of hair — one light, one dark. At the back of them a scrap of paper on which, in letters so fine as to be hardly decipherable, they read this:

"When I sea this lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening red;
And when the dark lock I behold
I wish that I were dead."

There had dropped out of his life two loved ones, and he missed them until he died.

"What are you doing?" asked a young man of his aged father, six weeks after the burial of the mother and wife, as the father wandered aimlessly from room to room through the house. "What are you looking for?" As though to himself, the aged man said: "Why, son, I am looking for your mother."

Love and Service Missed.

There are two great words that come to us as illustrations here. The one is "love" and the other is "service." I pity those unacquainted with love. And I pity those unacquainted with serviceableness, for their loss is almost as great. Happy is it with those who are missed!

I would probe my own soul, and fearlessly probe your soul at this moment, as, I say, if suddenly your seat should become empty, who would miss you? What reform in Portland City would weaken because of your departure?

You know Isaiah gives us a description of a man who stands out chalklike the sky. He says: "A man shall be lengingly as a great mountain against as a hiding place from the wind, as a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Are you a man like that?

It was said to me of the fallen leader of the Oregon W. C. T. U. hosts, Mrs. Booker: "Many are mourning over her as they recall the good deeds she has wrought."

And over the telephone, in accents so broken by grief that I could scarcely distinguish the message, one of the prominent reform workers of this city said: "Oh, how illy we could spare her." Worthy tribute. Worthy tribute that evil should say, "We have lost an opponent," and that evil should say, "The forces arrayed against us have been weakened by this removal." And worthy is it that influences which make for righteousness should say: "We can illy spare her." Thou shalt be missed.

Heart Feels Grief Deeply.

Oh, it is not the tear at the moment shed that stands for the broken heart; it is not the crepe on the arm or around the hat that manifests the grief of the soul, for these are but the trappings and the suits of woe. It is the heart entertaining its continual grief so deeply that the lip may never make any mention of it. It is the eye feeling that tears too poorly express the awful loss occasioned by the removal—the dry eye that tells of the hidden grief.

Do not you know there are men and women in this house at this moment who are living in the grip of a death scene, and of wishes there imparted, of requests made, of resolutions then formed under the shaping influence of those who have gone into God's heaven? These are among the most profitable influences that govern men's lives.

But are you so living that things which stand for God will miss you? When you pass away will you go to join the choir invisible, composed of those immortal souls who have gone before? Surely, so to live is heaven and to make undying music in the world.

Preparation Is Lesson Drawn.

Now for the lesson that we are to learn from this, and our task is complete. Already have we hinted at it. We are passing away. We went to school with them, and they are gone. We companioned with them, and they are gone. We did business with them, and they are gone. And some of us there are who sometimes:

"Feel like one who treads alone
The banquet hall deserted,
Whose guests are fled, whose garlands
dead,
And all but he, departed."

They are passing away. You had better write your letter to the old mother tonight, young man, for it may be forever too late unless you do it. You had better utter the apologetic word, that you know you ought to speak, tonight or you may never utter it. You had better lift that weight off your conscience by making restitution tonight, or it may be there forever.

"That thou doest, do quickly," for we are passing away. You had better leave everything right, down here. Yes, make your will, but remember what you mention in your will is the least of things you will leave behind you. What about your influence, if you go up into the great silence tonight? Will men you have benefited by your life wipe away the tear, with a strong resolution for righteousness, because you are gone?

Influence Exerted Is Vital.

What about your influence? Will your boy say, "I have got to be a Christian, because my father was the highest type of a Christian man I ever knew, a man who walked straight, and was unafraid?" Will your daughter, in the hour when the hot winds of hell are blowing about her, stand steady, because of her consciousness that her mother was a saint? See that you leave things all right behind you.

What about the path that you have trodden? Which way does it go? Is it straight, or, is it winding? Does it move upward, or does it dip down; have you made it easier for people to live right, or have you made it easier for people to live wrong? Have you perpetuated yourself in the lives of other people for good, or for evil? I think sometimes it must be a great satisfaction to those beyond to see some of the results of their work on earth, as those they have helped come and join them.

Up in heaven tonight, some of those who have been gathered there a score of years receive an intense satisfaction, as the results of their work upon the earth appear in full view. In hell, some wail and moan tonight, because of the results of their wrong-doing that drop like hot lava on their spirits.

Oh, see that you leave things right behind you when you go. But see that you have things right ahead of you when you go. For you are passing into the harvesting of all your sowing; into the great results of all your living. How think you does the Apostle Paul, or Martin Luther, or Spurgeon, or Moody, feel in heaven tonight, as the continual results of their labors for Christ mount the skies to increase the happiness of these heroic souls? So see that you have everything arranged before you as well as behind you.

Adjustment to God Essential.

Here is the last word. You can never have things rightly arranged here, or there, or anywhere, until Jesus Christ adjusts you to God and to man. Has Christ related you to God and to man? For just a little bit beyond where you sit, sits a shadow; waiting for you. And when that shadow falls athwart your pathway, the ear goes dull, the eye grows dim, the utterance becomes indistinct, the imagination thickens,

(Concluded on Page 12.)