

CLEVER LITTLE, FULL SUIT MAY BE WORN BY LASS OR GIRLISH WOMAN

Partaking a Little of Early Victorian Influence Is Gay Little Coat With Full Flare and Deep Yoke—Trig Double-Breasted Coat Is Fancied by Debutante and College Girl.



Youthful Suit for Slender Figure.

Double Breasted Military Style for Girlhood Popular.

OBVIOUSLY, from the misses' department, is this clever little suit, which could only be worn by a girl in her teens or by a slender woman with girlish figure lines. The coat-front seems divided in half above the waistline, the lower portion being slightly gathered under a deep hem, or tucked in the upper portion.

A belt controls this slight fullness, but there is yet more fullness, added by wide box-pleats set at either side of the garment, near the armholes. Fullness is added to the skirt alone by a group of pleats at the front. This attractive little suit is of mohair in dark green color, with buttons and belt buckle of steel.

Partaking a little of the early Victorian influence is this gay little coat, with its full flare from a deep yoke and the flare demurely subdued by buttons which hold down the pleated folds of fabric. Coat and skirt are of dark green broadcloth, and the coat is trimmed with skunk fur, which borders the full lower edge and bands sleeve and collar.

The curving yoke extends outward to form the sleeve apparently, though there is really an armhole, small and set rather high to give the narrow shouldered effect characteristic in Victorian modes. Smart buttoned boots and a new velvet turban with rolling brim complete the costume.

The debutante college girl, who adores severely tailored effects, will fancy this model, which is a trig affair indeed, with its double-breasted coat having decided military in Victorian modes. Smart buttoned boots and a new velvet turban with rolling brim complete the costume.

The coat is in the new fingertip length and both coat and skirt show a feature that has been revived after several years' oblivion: that feature is the slit-seam. Slit-seams are back in high favor now and one cannot but be glad of this, for they tend to increase the suggestion of length and therefore of height. A new summer sailor in colored felt adds the final touch of girlishness to the costume.

Answers to Correspondents

PORTLAND, Or., Aug. 27.—Would you kindly give a recipe for nasturtium seed pickles, also for a general relish? I would appreciate also a recipe for peach butter. MRS. J. A.

THE easiest way of preparing nasturtium seed pickles is to keep a fruit can half full of pickling vinegar, spiced or not as preferred, and drop into it day by day the nasturtium seeds as they reach a proper degree of ripeness and size and before they become woody. A few gathered each morning soon fill a small jar and are useful to take the place of capers in sauces, salads, sandwiches and chafing-dish connections.

Another way is to have the jar filled with "brine to float an egg" instead of vinegar. Then when a good collection of nasturtium seeds has been

made they can be drained, soaked in cold water for several hours to freshen them, and finally packed into small jars. The small jars are best because of the small quantity used at a time. Boil enough vinegar to cover, adding to each pint one blade more, six white pepper corns, one or two tablespoons sugar and, if a hotter pickle is liked, add a little cayenne to taste. Pour the vinegar over the seeds while hot and seal when cold.

I am sorry you have had to wait so long for your reply, but the waiting has for compensation the fact that I am able to give you several relish bread recipes recommended by the California Club of Los Angeles. If you do not find the kind you had in mind,

write again, as I have still other recipes. A similar bread may be made with cut up prunes or figs or nuts in place of raisins. They are excellent for school and office "sandwich lunches" with butter or with a sweet or half-sweet sandwich filling.

Whole wheat raisin bread—Sift three and a half cups of whole wheat flour or two cups graham and one and a half white flour with one teaspoon salt and three and a half teaspoons baking powder. Work in two tablespoons Crisco, add one-fourth cup sugar, one well-beaten egg mixed with one cup milk, one cup seeded raisins cut in halves and dredged with flour. Cut and fold mixture, adding more milk, if needed,

to make soft dough that may be easily molded into a loaf. Put in oblong bread pan, cover with oiled paper, let rise 20 minutes and bake in moderate oven about one hour.

Corn meal raisin bread, No. 1—Sift together one and one-fourth cups flour, three-fourths cup corn meal, scant 1/2 teaspoon sugar, one-half teaspoon salt and two tablespoons baking powder. Add two tablespoons melted butter, one and one-fourth cups milk, one egg well beaten and one-half cup seeded raisins cut in small pieces. Bake in thin layers in hot oven.

Steamed raisin bread—Sift together one cup each of corn meal, rye meal and graham flour, one teaspoon salt and one and one-half teaspoons soda. Add three-fourths cup molasses, two-thirds cup seeded raisins, one small and two cups thick sour milk. Beat well and turn into one pound or half pound baking powder cans. Steam one to two hours, according to size of cans used.

Oatmeal raisin bread—Soak two-thirds cup chopped raisins in two cups cold water for one hour. Then let come to boiling point and pour over one cup rolled oats, cover and let stand one hour. Add one tablespoon butter, one and one-half teaspoons salt, one-fourth cup brown sugar, one-half cup compressed yeast dissolved in one-half cup water. Beat and add four and one-half cups flour, set rise in the bowl until very light, then beat again and turn into greased bread pan. When light bake about one hour.

A simple, easy way to make a white raisin bread is to reserve some dough from ordinary bread-making, knead into it as many raisins as your taste and purse may determine, with or without a little sugar, shape and let it rise in the usual way before baking.

Raisin roll loaf may be similarly made from ordinary bread dough, ready for shaping. Pat or roll out the dough about three-fourths of an inch thick and sprinkle with raisins and sugar, adding a little cinnamon or grated lemon rind if liked. Roll it up like a jelly roll and place in a ring in a tube cake tin, or an ordinary brick loaf pan, as preferred. Brush with milk and sprinkle with sugar. Let rise to double bulk before baking. If you want it richer work a little extra shortening into the dough and let rise before adding the raisins, or add a few "dots" of butter with the raisins.

Peach butter—Halve the peaches, remove the stones and slice them, place in a kettle and cook slowly three or four hours until reduced to a smooth, thick consistency, then put up hot in jars. This is a good way of using peaches that are not perfect enough for canning, as any blemishes or unsound parts may be cut away.

Plain peach butter is unsipped and unsugared, but both spice and sugar may be added, to taste, and each tends to improve the keeping qualities of the "butter." The plain peach butter, however, can be later converted into more different things than can the spiced butter.

During the winter, at any convenient time, small quantities of plain peach butter may be converted into marmalade by the addition of sugar (equal parts); or "fruit paste" for hot buns and cake or dessert decorations; or peach chutney, by adding raisins, mustard seed, spices, vinegar and chopped onions; or catsup, with the addition of spices and vinegar; or preserves with raisins, nuts and sugar with or without other fruits.

It is also a good addition to mincemeat and can be used in connection with steamed puddings—either in the pudding itself or in the sauce and in cakes of the apple sauce or prune cake type.

Constant stirring is necessary if the cooking is done directly over the stove; but time and energy may be saved by doing the first part of the cooking in the fireless cooker or in a stone jar in the oven.

Portland, Or., Aug. 21.—I see in your column someone asks for a prune cake, and I send you my recipe, which I used many years, made with nothing but eggs. I get fine recipes from you and wish to thank you. Kindly give, if convenient, your recipe for chili sauce. MRS. A. C. W.

Prune cake without eggs—Two cups sugar, one cup shortening, one-half cup molasses, two cups sour milk, two teaspoons soda dissolved in water, a little salt, one teaspoon cloves, one and one-half teaspoons cinnamon, five cups sifted flour, one cup chopped nuts, one cup raisins, one cup currants, one and one-half pints chopped prunes. Steam the prunes until soft, take out the stones and put the prunes through the meat grinder. Mix the cake like any fruit cake. This makes three loaves. Bake slowly, like any fruit cake.

Prune Cake with Eggs—Three eggs, one cup sugar, butter the size of a walnut, four tablespoons sweet milk, two cups chopped prunes, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon nutmeg, one teaspoon cinnamon, flour to make a good cake batter. Mix like any cake and bake in a loaf. Frost with white frosting or milk frosting.

Many thanks for your recipes. I hope the following may be what you want: Chili Sauce No. 1.—At ripe tomatoes, 15 green tomatoes, four large onions, three green peppers, four tablespoons salt, two tablespoons sugar, one quart vinegar, one-half teaspoon each of allspice, ginger and cinnamon. Scald and skin the tomatoes. Chop all the larger ingredients and mix with the vinegar and spices; boil slowly one and one-half hours. A little more sugar may be added if liked.

Chili Sauce No. 2.—15 large ripe tomatoes, two large onions, two green peppers, three cups vinegar, one tablespoon salt, four tablespoons brown sugar, one teaspoon each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Prepare as above and boil three to four hours.

Chili Sauce No. 3.—Half peck ripe tomatoes, two green peppers finely chopped; half cup salt, half cup sugar, one quart vinegar, scald, skin, cut up and drain the tomatoes. Add to the other ingredients, mix and seal in small jars. This is sometimes called "Cold Catsup."

Chili Sauce No. 4.—One-half peck ripe tomatoes, one-half cup grated horse radish, two onions, two green peppers, one-half cup salt, one-half cup mustard seed, two tablespoons celery seed, one cup brown sugar, one quart vinegar, one teaspoon each of allspice and nutmeg. Prepare as above and chop the tomatoes. Chop also the onions and peppers. Mix all the ingredients and boil one hour. Pack into sterilized jars while hot.

Portland, Or., Aug. 16.—Kindly give recipe for rolled oats cookies. Three-fourths cup butter, two eggs, one cup sugar, one-half cup chopped nuts, three-fourths cup rolled oats, two cups rolled oats, one cup chopped raisins, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon salt, two cups flour. Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs, well beaten, then the spices and soda, then the nuts and raisins. When well mixed, add the flour and the rolled oats. Drop from a spoon upon a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven.

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NINA CHURCHMAN LAROWE RELATES HOW SUCCESS FINALLY ACHIEVED

Failure in Elocutionary Work by Obstacles That Were Placed in Her Path and Victory After Hard Efforts in Dancing School Are Recalled—Encouragement Given to Jobless by Example.



As I Looked When I First Arrived in Portland

Dr. Churchman, When He First Came to Portland

BY NINA CHURCHMAN LAROWE.

Fourteenth Article.

THE next commodity I had to offer on the market was the art of elocution. That was not much in demand, because people thought, and often think, it is only for those who wish to recite or go on the platform. They did not and do not generally realize that it makes one graceful, one's speech clear and distinct, one's voice mellow and pleasing, one's walk and pose elegant, one's conversation refined, in fact it covers a much larger field in the way of general culture than is dreamed of.

When I began to look for rooms in which to teach I met with many obstacles. I would be just about to take some place that pleased me, then I would say I expected to teach and wanted rooms suited to the purpose.

Elocution Work Not Wanted.

Then they would say: "Oh, no, I can't have elocutionary work. It would make too much noise." Yet the rooms would be readily rented to a singer and he and his pupils could sing all day long based on top notes, then still higher and then in shrieks, and nobody remonstrated. But let an elocutionist practice a few exercises with the speaking voice and people wonder if insanity is prevailing round about.

Should a teacher or his pupils or anyone else sit down in a hotel parlor or in a private house and recite piece after piece, apparently to amuse himself, he would be asked what he meant and politely but firmly be asked to desist. But a piano can be played all day long in hall, public and private rooms, office buildings, anywhere under the sun and it seems to receive no inquiry or protest.

Work on Early Paper Recalled.

I had pupils in elocution and gymnastics, but that was not enough to support myself so I had to be on the lookout for something else to piece out. There was a morning paper called the Daily News then published. It was owned by a Mr. Hamilton and the newspaper was in its early youth and struggling hard for existence. I did the dramatic and society work but the paper was poor and in a small way.

Finally I was about to collapse, when John D. Wilcox bought it. John Egan was the city editor. Mr. Wilcox made me do the same work as before. This work helped by making me acquainted more and more.

At last that morning paper died. Then I started a purchasing agency. These agencies flourished in large cities. Their method was to buy goods and send to customers who could not get things in their own town.

Merchants Gave Commissions.

You asked nothing, but the merchant allowed you a small commission. Well, that did not thrive for two reasons. People in smaller towns were always moving away and the patrons who did procure would send to you to match a piece of unmatchable silk or ribbon to a refurbish an old-fashioned faded silk. You might run hours and then not get anything. Loss of time was too great and profit too little. That would not do. Their more valuable things they would get at home or come to town to buy.

I heard so much about Spokane and its college. I concluded to go there and see if I could not get a position as instructor in elocution and gymnastics. What at a distance, with the aid of imagination and newspaper description, seemed to be an important affair, dwindled very much on sight.

Prices Found Too High.

It looked as though it could not support much of a faculty. There were prices for rooms and board were soaring very much higher than in Portland, so I turned my back on the town and came home to Portland.

There was a gentleman filling the place of dramatic critic on the Oregonian. I asked the city editor, Mr. Baltimore, to let me know if there was ever a vacancy. At last the man resigned and I was sent for, was given a week's trial on dramatic work, was approved of by the managing editor, Mr. Carle, and worked on that and the society work awhile. Then Mr. Carle left, as did Mr. Baltimore, and the new chief and city editor did not want me any more. I received a very nice white envelope with very polite contents and that chance went by the board.

Encouragement to Jobless Given.

I speak in detail of these matters for I desire to show how difficult it is to procure sufficient bread and butter by your own efforts and how necessary it is not to become discouraged. But just "screw your courage to the sticking point" and just tramp heavily and persistently on all obstacles. Oh, I assure you, you will be very blue all along the road and many a time like the sick or wounded animal, you will creep into your den all alone when the snow will come thick and fast and the tears flow freely. But brace up again and push onward and upward.

There was in Portland a great love of dancing. A friend said: "Why do you not teach dancing? There is a great opportunity in that line of work since there is but one good teacher of dancing and there is demand for another. Besides Portland has as yet favored women more than men in that kind of work."

I had been sent to a dancing school every season from childhood up to I said to myself: "Well, I will try that."

I could dance but it is another thing to teach, so I perfected myself in what I did not remember of foundation work in the week and private lessons in elocution and dancing in the daytime.

If my mother had been alive I would have met with opposition. To be a dancing teacher would not have measured up to her social ideas. And why not, pray? Is not dancing one of the fine arts? Music, sculpture, drawing, painting, architecture, acting, dancing, there they are; and is not one as good as the other? Can you not drag music at times from its pedestal and soil its garments with ragtime and vulgar songs?

Proper Teaching Raises.

Is it any less a fine art? May not the art of dancing also find those who will now and then coarsen and degrade it? Is it any the less a fine art for that? Will it not, like music, also find those who will set it back again to its high standard? If you teach the arts properly you ennoble yourself by doing so.

I met with opposition from all who knew me. They said: "You are too stout to teach, you are not light enough and it will be all new and hard work to you." How mistaken. In the first place they did not know that I could dance, and in the second place they were not aware of a well-known fact that persons who are stout, knowing how, make the lightest dancers. Some others who seemed to like or value me somewhat said, with that terrible spirit of tenderness:

"Oh, now why does she teach dancing? Intimating that they might tolerate me as a teacher of physical culture (perhaps not of gymnastics, the same thing) and elocution, but of dancing."

Small Hall Is Taken.

One intimated something about brains in the heels. Well, I thought I was twice blessed. I congratulated myself that I had some also in the very topmost part of my being.

So I hired a small hall and with great show of confidence but the usual doubts and fears, commenced my new line of work. I put several success-bringing ingredients into it, punctuality first and best, earnestness, conscientiousness, giving full value and a wee bit over, patience and extra attention with the slow, high standard as to those who came to classes and good behavior when there, giving their gradually taught my way up to success and went from very small halls to larger and more commodious ones in succession.

"Bunny Hug" Is Combated.

I was gradually making my way up when a huge obstruction appeared in my path. It was a new and pernicious style of dance. The girls who were in the closest of the position and the movements now frequently seen, called the "bunny hug." Too bad, just as I began to establish myself. As I have always had the courage of my convictions, I answered myself yes. It may be a new name, but it is a new name, and I stood the loss that season and indirectly conquered it in the end. And thanked me for it. The girls years till quite recently when it came up under a new name.

Some mothers took their young daughters elsewhere, saying: "Mrs. Larowe is behind the times. I was not disturbed. I keep up with fashion or custom when either are right but I suffice no conscientiousness on their attire."

Pupils Come From Distance.

I stepped over the stumbling block of that season and marched on to success through the others till, when I retired, I had a very large and growing business and could have kept on making money. The German Savings and Loan Society owned the hall on the corner of Twenty-third and Kearney streets. It had been vacant for some time and they wanted me to go there.

But I did not think I would stay since I thought it too far out. Trees almost surrounded it then and there were no pavements, just mud in the winter. I found, however, that I had arrived at the happy stage of progress where people, if they wanted me, would come to me through all inconveniences. Louis J. Goldsmith, agent of the German Savings and Loan Society, was my landlord and to him I owe a debt of gratitude which I wish to acknowledge publicly. Whenever I went to pay my rent Mr. Goldsmith would always say: "Why do you not buy this place?"

Proposition to Buy Made.

I became tired of hearing it, thinking as I did that it was an impossibility. I actually knew so little of business as to think that if you wanted to buy anything you had to put the money down first. Our family had been taught to pay cash, if possible. I knew nothing of interest of buying on time, so one day said: "Mr. Goldsmith, what do you mean by asking me to buy something when I have no money? Now sit down and tell me."

"Well," he said, "how much have you? I will take that, give you five years in which to pay, make interest 5 1/2 per cent and give you the place for \$6000. He took my breath as much as if he had said a million. It was a very reasonable price but to me it was "as high as high Olympus." I consulted my friends. They all said: "Why, you can never make that money." And discouraged me in every possible way and when I closed the deal went into mourning over the transaction.

I bought the place and went to work in earnest. Oh, how I worked! When ever I was disposed to lag that great, big \$6000 would loom up and spur me on again. I had classes every evening in the week and private lessons in elocution and dancing in the daytime.

Everybody said I was getting pale and that I would certainly drop in my tracks. In the meantime Portland was growing and the property was coming up in value. I worked and worked and whenever my energy would flag that \$6000 would rise like a giant above me and I would straighten up, draw a long breath and go on.

Property Paid for, Sold.

At last the day came when every cent was paid, even to a temporary loan from my brother. Then I disposed of the place and retired from business, retired a very happy woman, congratulating myself that I was not a drone in the hive, that I had come to Oregon with \$200 only, that I had made \$6000 and disposed of this property at a good figure and all through the good advice of a kind business man. I am proud that I made that money, yes, very proud.

I do not wish to conceal the fact that there was a period in my life when I was compelled to make a change from prosperity to adversity. Sometimes we find a woman who has had to support herself, and did it honorably and well, who has by marriage come into great prosperity, largely concerned in concealing the fact that she had worked for a living.

She need not shut it from the house-keepers, but why conceal it? As I said before, I began at the big end of the horn, drifted down to and past the middle and came dangerously near the little end, but gradually worked my way back to the middle, where, having all I need, I am content to remain. I have a mighty pleasant roof over me, I certainly have enough to eat, I have good friends and a very great item, I have good books to read.

I never have time to say I am long-souled. I can obey fashion's dictates moderately, rebel when she commands, as she does now, the wearing of furs on the hottest day to keep her slaves warm and a nice wrap in winter to keep them cold.

After all, what can one have in life at most? A place to sleep in, clothes to wear, food to eat, jewels, 299ks, friends and some travel.

The only difference is in degree. The house more or less large and elegant, the food more dainty, jewels real (imitations now are very beautiful), friends more true, books from the libraries and travel, which is almost as good when read about intelligently as when made.

Rigid Rules Appreciated.

I was very strict with all my pupils and especially boys and young men, and, as they have grown older, they have not resented it but have, whenever I have met them, as I frequently do about town, said, "You were right," and thanked me for it. The girls also, when I meet them likewise are grateful to me and say, "I shall be as particular about my children."

About three or four years ago I went East and when I came back I went first to dancing school. A lady, who had married of me, and to whom I owe my business, was teaching, and, as I had left many unfinished pupils in the hazy closing of my season on account of my mother's death, her first classes were largely of my pupils.

Enthusiastic Welcome Given.

When I appeared in the doorway of the hall all the young men rushed to me and surrounded me until I could hardly breathe, all shouting their welcome, all eagerly trying to grasp my hand. I felt it was a great tribute. It almost overcame me, especially when this great and overwhelming spirit of cordiality came from those with whom I had been the most strict. The girls were no less cordial, and, while respecting their new teacher, all said: "I wish you were back with us again."

I was born in Dubuque, Ia., was taken to Galena, Ill., thence to New Orleans, from there went to California, then to South America (Peru and Chile), then to California again, then to Nevada, then to New York City, to Europe, back to California and Nevada, to Arizona and New Mexico and then to Portland, Or.

Oregon to Be Home.

Now, where do I belong? Can you tell? You cannot? Then I can. I am entirely Oregon's. I did not like her when I first arrived. She was then wrapped in a great unwelcome mantle, as she has never worn since. Sleights were running for two weeks, skates were on the lake (Gold's) and river, discouragement abounded everywhere, and, as I do not like snow and ice, even in a picture on the wall, I wanted to leave.

But such a Winter has never come again and I love the city and the state. I love my dear friends here and I hope when my summons comes to take my last great and mysterious journey into the vast and problematical unknown, that it may be from the Oregon shore.

Neither is anyone as wise as the gent in the information bureau might lead you to believe.