

PORTRAITS SHOWN OF WOMEN WHO FIGURE NOTABLY IN NEWS OF DAY

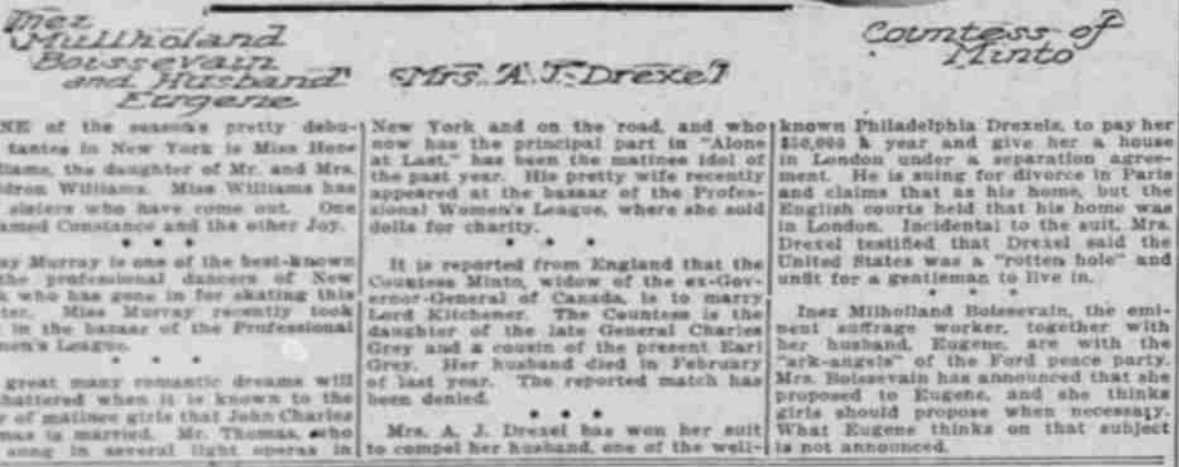
Miss Hope Williams One of Season's Prettiest Debutantes—John Charles Thomas, Matinee Idol, Is Married Man. Mrs. Drexel Says Husband Declared United States "Rotten Hole"—May Murray Takes to Skating.



John Charles Thomas



Hope Williams



Mrs. A. J. Drexel

Answers to Correspondents

BY LILLIAN TINGLE

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 28.—Will you please tell me in the columns of The Sunday Oregonian whether this recipe is correct or not? It is so simple and the recipe is for "cookies" and is as follows: One-third cup of butter, one-third cup of sugar, one-half cup of flour, one egg, one-half teaspoon of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of soda, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of raisins, one-half cup of nuts.

Thanking you very kindly in advance,
MRS. B. N.

The recipe you quote is one widely advertised as "a cross between cake and candy." The addition of soda is intended to give a somewhat different texture, more like cake and less like candy. No soda is used in the original advertised recipe. I have no personal experience with it, but know similar "cookie" mixtures where with a fairly high proportion of shortening and sugar no soda or baking powder is added. If you wished to change the soda for molasses by adding one-quarter teaspoon soda, as a general rule, one level teaspoon soda is used with one cup dark molasses. With mild light molasses, however, as much as two cups molasses may need only one level teaspoon of soda. One level teaspoon of soda, completely neutralized by cream of tartar, molasses, sour milk or other acid, is usually equal in leavening power to one level teaspoon baking powder. The recipe is "free-baked" cookies.

For a rather more substantial drop cookie, you might use the recipe with one cup of flour, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of raisins, one-half cup of nuts, one-half cup of flour, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of raisins, one-half cup of nuts, one-half cup of flour, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of raisins, one-half cup of nuts.

Thanking you to advance, I remain yours,
E. M. A.

I put your question to a duck-buster, and he said: "Tell her to split lead and fry or broil them as if they were chickens. Have you done that, I wonder? He also said, 'Tell her to stew them if they are not so tender.'"

If you have a casserole or bean pot you can produce a number of varieties of duck "regatta" or "fricasse" or "beaked game"—all "stews," variety being given by the use of different seasonings with salt, pepper, a piece of onion, a slice of carrot, a piece of celery, a piece of mushroom, a piece of turnip, a piece of potato, a piece of cauliflower, a piece of cabbage, a piece of lettuce, a piece of spinach, a piece of parsley, a piece of dill, a piece of basil, a piece of thyme, a piece of oregano, a piece of marjoram, a piece of sage, a piece of rosemary, a piece of bay leaf, a piece of onion, a piece of carrot, a piece of celery, a piece of mushroom, a piece of turnip, a piece of potato, a piece of cauliflower, a piece of cabbage, a piece of lettuce, a piece of spinach, a piece of parsley, a piece of dill, a piece of basil, a piece of thyme, a piece of oregano, a piece of marjoram, a piece of sage, a piece of rosemary, a piece of bay leaf.

Thanking you for your kind thought in regard to the mallard.
MRS. A. C.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 7.—Kindly give a recipe for rice bread with caraway seeds. I have tried several recipes, but they are not so good as the one I saw in your issue. Thanking you,
MRS. A. C.

Rice bread with caraway seeds (one loaf): Soften one cake French compressed yeast in one-fourth cup lukewarm water, add this to one cup lukewarm water, add with one-half teaspoon salt, one level tablespoon caraway seed one and a half cup white flour and rye flour to make a soft kneading dough. Knead well, using white flour to prevent sticking. Put back into the washed and buttered mixing bowl, cover and let rise to double bulk. Then turn upside down on the mould-board and roll with the hands to a narrow roll to fit a long French bread-pan, well greased. Cover; let rise again, slash three times, diagonally, across the top and bake about 50 minutes.

Old-fashioned apple butter—Boil 10 gallons sweet cider until reduced one-half, then add gradually, three pecks, pared, cored, and quartered cooking apples. Stir constantly with a wooden apple butter stirrer to break up the apples, and boil 4 or 5 hours. Add 10 pounds sugar, and 5 ounces cinnamon, or other spices to taste. Let cook until thick, like marmalade, being very careful to avoid burning. Wash 2 cups lentils in several waters, soak overnight, then drain and set to boil, with one onion, until tender. This takes about 40 minutes. They should be tender, but not broken, so do not boil too

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AUTHOR TELLS NEW YORK OF HOOD RIVER VALLEY

Anthony H. Euwer Draws Word Picture in Poem of Men Who Grow Wonderful Apples for Benefit of Lower Fifth Avenue.

HOOD RIVER, Ore., Dec. 31.—(Special.)—Through Anthony H. Euwer, who spent last Summer in the Upper Hood River Valley on the farm of his brother, Eugene C. Euwer, painting pictures of Mount Hood landscapes, the Bohemians of Greenwich Village, New York City, have heard of the Hood River apple.

A clipping from the New York Evening Mail, sent by Mr. Euwer, the artist and author, to his brother, the orchardist, tells the story.

The Mail story was written by Zoe Beckley, who prefaces her article with the following:

"Lower Fifth Avenue, when it goes a-walking, has fallen into the habit of stopping before a certain black bulletin board at No. 16. This, h. b. belongs to the Little Thimble Theater—a theater without money and without shame, and without the usual shudder, as Anthony Euwer would say, which is most convenient, and charge the expense to Charlie Edison, son of Tom."

Apples Form Topic.

The writer declares that on the evening when she went to the Little Thimble for a visit she found Mr. Euwer dispensing "art with apple sauce on a Greenwich soul menu."

"I have seen the name of Anthony H. Euwer on the covers of books and at the bottom of poems and at the top of children's stories about fishes and cats and ethio-ones—photograph-clipping. I knew he was all kinds of draughtsman, painter and humorist. But it seems apples, or, are, a different side of his nature."

"Do you city folks have any idea what it costs those boys out in the valley to fill the fruiterer's shop with luscious Spitzenburgs, Winters Bannans and Gravensteins?" Anthony was saying as I rifled into a rear seat at the Thimble.

"As soon I found he was talking about the Hood River Valley out in Oregon, where the apples come from, and that he had written some rather wonderfully stirring verses describing 'the cost' in human strength and sweat and patience and hope and tears to produce juicy, nectarine, fat, round apples of criminally good quality, I set your teeth in so carelessly."

Word Picture Is Drawn.

"Here is one of the pictures Mr. Euwer draws in words—a picture you will not find in any of the real estate catalogues setting forth choice apple ranches:

Eight-inch dust and five-foot snow. You get them both where the apples grow. To boot you along for seven years; Blight and plague and withering frost—That reckon when you cover the cost Of that wonderful fruit you saw today As you stopped at the window along Broadway."

"Someone in the audience wanted to know whether Anthony was knocking or boosting the Northwestern apple country. They call right out the speaker if they want any point cleared up; it's one of the beauties of the Thimble, this Greenwich Village informality."

"Neither," answered Mr. Euwer good-naturedly. "I'm simply trying by oral presentation of 'Rhymes of Our Valley' to interest an uninitiated public in a new spot of this earth that deserves their attention."

"As for inducing anyone to go there, far be it from me to assume any such responsibility. But if I can transplant a bit of Hood River Valley atmosphere and project a few things into that atmosphere that will give people something to think about and amuse and instruct, I will have done what I wanted to."

Men Are Indomitable.

"You can't live on enthusiasm and scenery altogether, but if you could I think you could do it better in our valley than anywhere else in the world. Men are there who have been through the worst and their indomitable, insatiable pluck and enthusiasm are things to marvel at."

"Were I to work out my salvation on the soil I'd take our valley before any other place in the world. I'm partial. I love the wonderful color, the very moisture in the air, wrapping and wreathing the mountain peaks from dawn till dark, that gives cloud settings to the rugged world that are a joy forever."

"When he said some more things about apples that actuated the salivary glands of the audience. And some more things about the ranchmen who raise those trees that bear those apples. And

DECORATING HOMES IN ORIENT TO BE STUDIED

Laura Baldwin Doolittle Will Write Special Articles for The Oregonian While Investigating Interior Beautifying Methods.



Laura Baldwin Doolittle, who has been a contributor to The Oregonian for several years, with articles on interior decorating, will sail from San Francisco on January 5 for the Orient to collect material which she will incorporate in a series of articles on "Homes of All Nations: How Furnished and Decorated."

Mrs. Doolittle will not limit herself in the time that she will spend in any one place, but will stay as long as is necessary to gain the information she most desires.

She will go first to Honolulu, then to China, Japan, Korea and the Philippines. In each of the countries visited Mrs. Doolittle will seek out those persons who have accomplished something worth while and study the style of their home life as well as their surroundings. She wishes not only to write of the decorations and furnishings of these homes interesting persons, but also will complete her stories with biographical sketches of the owners of the homes.

She will go to those people who have actually accomplished things, no matter how humble their station in life," said Mrs. Doolittle recently. "I wish to visit those homes that contain original ideas and no matter if these particular homes have never been before brought to public attention, I wish to study them with a view to making as comprehensive study as possible of the most interesting side of these people."

Mrs. Doolittle will furnish The Oregonian with stories during her trip and as she takes all her own pictures, her articles will be well illustrated. She will syndicate her work and papers in other parts of the United States will be furnished with her stories.

Mrs. Doolittle has been in Portland for five years, having been engaged in interior decorating work for almost that length of time.

Upon her return to the United States from her extended Oriental tour she again will probably locate in Portland, making interior decorating her occupation.

Mrs. Doolittle does not know how long she will be absent.

NANNY HAD BAD TEMPER

Long Island Police Learn All About Fruit-Dealer's Goat.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—When Gerardo Franzino, of No. 100 State street, Jamaica, L. I., lost his goat he thought practically nothing of it. He keeps a fruit stand and shoe polishing emporium and therefore knows and tolerates the police, and he was certain that if he failed in his dignified effort to locate the goat the police surely would find and recognize it.

When the police of the Jamaica precinct found the goat, which he had lost, they, too, thought but little of it, but since they got to know it and returned it to its happy owner they have thought of nothing else. Franzino's fruit and boot emporium so that the swell dressers of Jamaica could hardly remain seated during the glistening process within. The goat ran away from the shine parlor yesterday at top speed, and upon reaching the end of the street, he snapped the chain and continued to run.

The first person to encounter Nan after she became a free agent was Alexander Monize, a fireman attached to Hook and Ladder Company No. 7. For a moment their eyes met, and then Mr. Monize received a communication just under the rear of his waistcoat, which sent him half way to work. He called a policeman, waved one in the direction from which he came, and continued on his way of resistance.

The policeman summoned, whose name is George Mahoney, went right up to Nan and told her it was all right. His past history and used all the wiles of the outdoor genius to reassure the uniform wrecker. Then he led her with pleadings and promises to the station-house.

Policeman Mahoney was in the middle of his recital of how he had found the goat and how tame she was when he disappeared through a rear window. Six policemen, who were playing a checkers game, followed the player through a rear door, and then Nan, making 30 miles an hour on a straight course, hit the front door and went out into the open, accompanied by a large panel.

It must have been 20 minutes before Mr. Franzino appeared and the police had seen his goat. He said later that he never heard such language in his life. In the old country, or the new, he would have been gorging an anchor.

TOKIO "COPS" ARE SMART

Capital Has 5099 Policemen, 159 Sub-Inspectors, 108 Others.

TOKIO, Dec. 30.—On the police force of Tokio are 5099 policemen, 159 sub-inspectors and 108 inspectors. Since they serve more than 2,000,000 citizens, each policeman then has to provide protection for 600 persons. Despite the fact that their pay is considered very small, the number of applications for joining the force is increasing each year.

At police headquarters qualifying examinations are given twice a week and there are more than 20 applicants at each examination. Among those who took the last examination were two graduates of the Imperial University. Only 20 per cent pass the examinations. Then it requires three months' military training before they are eligible for a position.

Surprise of an Editor.

Illustrated Gossip.

The editor handed the manuscript back after hastily scrutinizing the sheets, and said in a lofty manner: "We don't print any such stuff as that."

"Well, you needn't be so haughty about it," retorted the spasmodical Contributor. "You're not the only one who won't print it."