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The Sunday Oregonian.

Women's Features, Schools Churches and Books

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Powers—53 years in Portland 3rd and Yamhill

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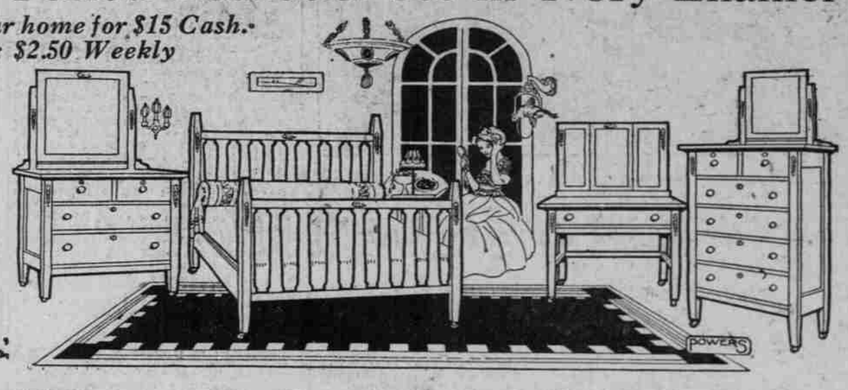

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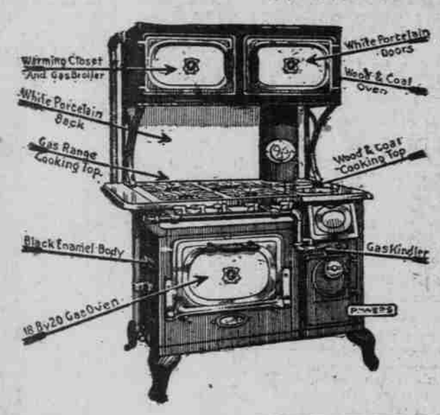

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A-B Combination Range

Burns Wood, Coal or Gas

HUNDREDS of the most up-to-date homes in Portland are equipped with the A-B Combination—because it is the most economical and convenient range that is to be had.

One oven for gas, another for wood and coal—can be used at the same time or separately. One heats practically as quickly as the other, due to feature construction.

Special gas kindler starts the fire for you. Five pieces of wood and eight minutes will heat the water, cooking surface and bake oven.

The A-B range can be kept as bright and shining as any of your kitchen equipment—it has marvelous enamel finish and porcelain splashers that respond to very little effort.

Come in and let us demonstrate the A-B
Have one in your home on our Easy Pay Plan

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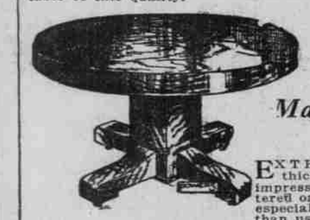
Dining Tables Very Attractively Priced

45-inch Table, Special $33.75

PLANK top table with Colonial Scroll base. Selected stock and construction. These fine appearing tables seat ten persons when fully extended. The price quoted is a real bargain price for a table of this quality.



Massive Dining Table $45.25

EXTRA heavy pilaster and broad, thick, shapely legs distinguish this impressive dining table. Selected quartered oak stock, substantially built and especially finely finished. Price less than usual.

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This Bed Davenport an Extreme Value at $67.75

HANDSOME quartered oak frame, covered with fine grade Spanish leatherette. A dignified piece of furniture that is useful day and night. Heavy black rail and shaped arms. By day comfortable Davenport for sitting and lounging—and by night a bed. A touch completes the transformation—there's no heavy lifting required.

Others as low as $59.75

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Small Rugs at Very Small Prices

Small Rugs start at $1.25

27x54-inch Mottled Axminster Rugs at $3.75

2x4-ft. oval Rag Rugs $5.50

30x60-inch Smyrna Chenille Rugs at $6.00

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27x54-inch Wilton Rugs .. $12.50

ROOM SIZE RUGS

9x12 room size Tapestry Rugs, $35, $39.50, $42.50

9x12 room size Velvet Rugs, ranging from $39.50 to $60

Axminster Rugs at very low prices, now $45, $55, $65, $69.50, $75

9x12 Wilton Rugs, $100, $115

CARPET SWEEPERS

Majestic Oak frame, nickel trimmed Carpet Sweepers, $3.50

Bissell's famous Carpet Sweepers, an assortment, $4.75, $5, $5.75

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The store that Saves You Money

Electric Three-Way Washing Machine

"It does so much more than just wash."

MECHANICALLY simple—nothing to get out of order—nothing that requires attention. Washes without wear—thoroughly. Handles all fabrics, very fine and very heavy. Equipped with adjustable wringer that may be used in four different positions, if desired, and can be operated forward or backward.

An Efficient Reliable Laundress, Always Economical

Have the Electric 3-Way demonstrated—have it in your home.

Powers' terms are very easy to meet.

Dignified Credit at Powers'

Sew at Home

What you save will soon pay for a high-grade reliable

Sewing Machine

Terms are so easy—Just $1 Cash; $1 Weekly

New Sterling Rotary Sewing Machine

FAMOUSLY light and easy running, embracing all the new features of equipment.

Western Electric Sewing Machine

With electric motor so no foot treadling is required. This in addition to all the up-to-date features of a sewing machine that will serve for years.

Powers' Makes Especially Attractive Terms on the

STRADIVARA

NO. 95 STRADIVARA $115
$10 Cash: $2 Weekly

NO. 120 STRADIVARA $140
$15 Cash, $2 Weekly

NO. 145 STRADIVARA $165
$25 Cash: $2.50 Weekly

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THE Stradivara has a soundboard like a piano. It is of edge-grained wood, and transforms the recorded vibrations into true musical tones — makes this wonder instrument "akin to the violin" for tone because it is patterned on the same principle that gives beauty and richness to piano tones.

THE BEST OF THE WORLD'S MUSIC IS YOURS

to hear at any time, rendered with the same entrancing beauty of tone as characterized the original production of voice or instrument, for the Stradivara plays all records—it is not limited to any one kind.

THIS SOUNDBOARD IS EXCLUSIVE WITH THE STRADIVARA

Be sure to have the salesman point out the name Stradivara on the soundboard of the instrument you buy.

Model Dress Forms $14.50

Automatic, collapsible, adjustable. Conforms to any size and height for fitting purposes — collapses into a small space when not in use. An invaluable aid to the home dressmaker. Placed in your home for

$1 Cash: $1 Weekly

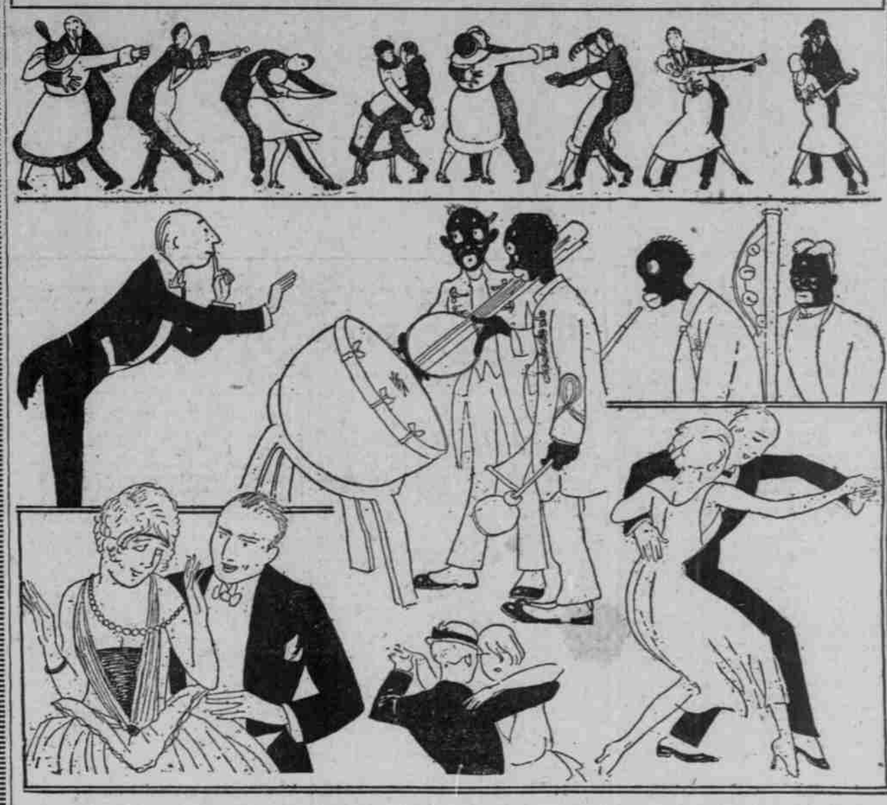
POWERS QUALITY FIRST USE YOUR CREDIT THIRD & YAMHILL

Glass Lined Serving Trays $2.75

A popular style, with handles. Handsome mahogany or walnut frames, glass lined. Full 11½x17 inch size. Those who hoped to receive one of these trays now have an opportunity to secure one at a before-holiday price.

THOUSANDS IN FRANCE, YOUNG AND OLD, SHOW AFTER-WAR JOY; ALL PARIS IS DANCE MAD

"Turn the Lights Lower," Laughs Public When Government Issues Order Closing Halls to Save Coal—Writer Asserts "Tango Will Last Grandly Until 1924."



"They say we're wasting coal, with all these electric lights. What? Where's your patriotism?" Sweetly, sadly, monotonously soul swallowing.

BY STERLING HEILIG.

PARIS, Dec. 5.—A month ago, in London, the newspapers estimated that up to as many as 250,000 persons per evening could be found in the public dancing establishments of the gay British capital.

At present, the high figure is put at 350,000 of both sexes between the ages of 15 and 65, and going strong.

In Paris, the dancing craze has reached such height that on a certain day, last week, by governmental decree and with less than 24 hours' notice, all "dancings, balls and cours de danse" were ordered closed until further information ostensibly to economize the coal consumed by their electric lighting. Acceptance of this explanation throws the unexpected dazzling light on the importance of the dancing craze in Paris. Theaters, music halls, cafes, department stores, hotels and shop windows were permitted to continue, as negligible in comparison with the dancing lights.

"Turn the lights lower!" laughed the dancing public, as if no coal shortage could stop them. Thus, homogeneous masses have their hunches. What government shall stop the stars in their courses?

Exactly. To stop the rhythmic malebolge of Tango comes to the same thing. Here is wisdom revealed to the youthful while hidden from the prudent. Where the kaiser in his day of power was powerless and the archbishop of New York and the duchess of Norfolk spoke in their haste, your Paris correspondent will explain.

"Sun Spots Regulate Dancing."

The Tango will last grandly until 1924. But, note it is the tango of astronomers, our tango, the tango type. These dances of dignity and rhythm, of attitude and gesture, the negation of romp and whirling, are under the protection of the sun in one of its great periods.

It is the sun's fault. Everybody knows that sun spots regulate dancing. You imagine that it is fox trot because you dance, when in reality you dance because it is the fox trot. Which comes to this—there is a time to dance and a time to tire of dancing and a time to dance something else.

The sun's period of 11 years (as all can count on their fingers), its maximums of 33 years and grand maximum of once a century correspond very perfectly to the waltz (1812), the gallop (1824)—schottische, the mazourka (1836), the polka (1845), the quadrille (1852), the lancers (1861), the concan (1869), the pas de quatre (1882), the Boston (1893), the cake walk (1902) and the tango (1913). An astronomer could even point out the grand minimum of nothing-doing after 1870, and the 33-year maximums which gave the type dances of mazourka, quadrille and Boston.

But do not go, now, and think you know it all; because while anyone can calculate that the present dancing craze must last until 1924 (1913 plus 11 years), the grand jeggie of once-a-century leaves the same probability of tango type to persist, revive and dominate through the next hundred years as the minuet enjoyed throughout the 18th century and the waltz throughout the 19th.

Dances Are Reviewed.

You'll say we pulsate with the sun. You're right. Minuet—waltz—tango. Regina Badet called the Boston "a waltz for pale persons." When she first saw the tango she called it "a Boston for paler persons." Even the judicious get this epoch stuff in detached parts; and it was months (in 1913) before Marthe d'Urbain called the tango type "the minuet of the 20th century."

Exactly 100 years ago, you see there was this same grand recrudescence of the dance, along with the sun's centennial swell-up.

The waltz came floating on the grand magnetic wave.

The armies of Napoleon found the peasants of Thuringia dancing a new dance. It was so gay and audacious, so heart-melting and fascinating in air, step and tempo, that the victorious and seasoned grande armee (1810-1813), not perceiving the disaster ahead of them, all but stopped fighting to dance it!

(Exactly like the tango, you perceive, which rose on the edge of our world war, which the world war could not down, but only interrupt; which must continue.)

But let us return to the waltz, 100 years ago. Nothing had been seen like it. It was danced by couples. The man took his partner by the waist, while she clung to his shoulder. The other arms were held outstretched, hand clasping hand. And round and round the couples whirled—round and round—to music of a new lilt which brought tears to the eyes, a measure at once languorous and agitated, soothing and exciting, sentimental—diabolical.

Around 1812 they brought the waltz to Paris. Debucourt called it "the folly of the day." Simultaneously in Paris they waltzed in 1800 public balls. You might think it the tango! Young folks eating ices at Bagatelle would jump up every ten minutes to waltz on the lawn. They waltzed everywhere, in public, in private, in classes, in "dancings," with coaches at $5 per hour, before breakfast, after lunch—"from countesses to queens," as Byron wrote, who saw it—"and maids and valets waltzed behind the scenes!"

In the midst of it arose a great protest—similar to that of the good and thoughtful kaiser, in 1913, against the tango. I beg Napoleon's pardon; but these parallels are world stuff, and we've got to use them. At that moment two famous society leaders—Mme. de Genlis and Mme. de Stael—proclaimed themselves respectively against and for. The Countess de Genlis had immense vogue by her genius as a writer and her earlier position as governess in the royal family. At the moment Napoleon was paying her $6000 per year to write him weekly letters on literature and morals. Napoleon requested Genlis to give earnest meditation to the tango—pardon, waltz—and write something strong against it.

Mme. de Stael was for. Today she would be in favor of infighting jazz one-step. And all three were right and would be right today, like the tender kaiser. As Washington Lopp said to the duke of Alva: "It's a touchstone of refinement." Lord Byron said of the waltz: "Well, I suppose it doesn't matter, if they really love one another." And Mr. Pussyfoot Johnston revived the stab for the maxixe. When, in 1913, I saw Alexander Kahn, at present of the Chicago opera administration, dance the tango with Marthe Urbain of the Paris opera, in Kahn's offices of the Rue Tronchet, to the music of a piano, I received impression of gracious movements, noble attitudes, a subtler, suppler minuet. But when I saw paid attractions at the first maxixe cabaret, it seemed like wrestling at the Neuilly fair, with "every grip permitted."

The world war came. It intervened and passed.

The dance craze continues exactly as after the Napoleonic smash-up. And there is this to say in favor of the dances—the way in which elderly city men in London and us poor old Vieux Marcheurs in Paris are welcomed to the latest trot or tango by all these trim and joyous girls whom the censorious might imagine the exclusive partners of slim lieutenants and sarges who can get as close to them as their shadows, or even a little closer.

They give the old boys a chance. It's an enormous testimonial to their honesty.

Another thing. These dancing palaces are a school of manners. Even more in London than in Paris they give a vista o fsocial "Paradise Regained" for men and women but lately released from a sense of servitude.

In London it is very notable.

Enter one of the greatest halls, where hundreds of couples dance as one pair with a single heart. Over a shimmering floor they skim to the ebb and flow of the very laughter of music.

Thoughtless thinkers call it jazz.

All sorts and conditions are present, but you will not be able to "place" them socially. You will scarcely be able to distinguish a really middle-class pair from a couple recruited in the class of mechanical brain workers—or even from partners who toil and moil with their hands, doing day by day (so d—— honestly that many others blush and want to get busy beside them) the spade work of civilization, just that!

Two of the best dancers we saw (it was an old dancehall in a suburb) turned out to be a farm laborer and a servant girl, manifestly very much in love with one another; and I can see them now, walking back to the seats, still a little uplifted by the magic of the music that had ceased. The Hon. Richard made a poem about them for the Sunday Chronicle:

"He who was slave to a plow walked
like a king in his land;
She that drudged in the house leaned
on his arm—a queen.
Joy brought them to their own; the
joyless years have been.
Many and sweet were their hopes, as
the buds she held in her hand."

School of manners, all right. Everybody has manners for the occasion. A great many have actually found a manner. Just as military genius came to light in humble clerks and mechanical men of the bitter trenches, so in these halls of many lights, social genius blossoms among those who were formerly trodden under.

Decorum touched with joyousness is the keynote.

Except, except—I notice this particularly in central Paris—the sweet, sad rhythmic spell, the continuous non-stop charm, the sentimental self-forgetfulness, the dog star orbit malebolge of tango proper.

Come to the most famous concern of the rue Caumartim, the Cadet Rousselle Dancing (new word), where they have gala nights with distribution of cotillon accessories, and every evening ball, and every afternoon the tango tea.

There are literally hundreds such in every quarter of Paris. Tango teas proper, smug, comparatively small, pink-lit and crowded of afternoons, with scarcely room for three couples at a time. Not these.

Nor pompous restaurants of snobs. My gosh! had Dante put this crowd in his sweet-sorrow, fixed-eye merry-go-round, each would have called out as they passed: "Look, see, it's me!" Nor these.

The tango malebolge is unmistakable in larger purely dancing halls, whose emptier afternoons, part classes, are called tango teas for all the mass of true addicts who can't wait till evening and whom the new "weekly rest day" of France recruits every afternoon of the week, with a new leaven.

Tap-tap, tap-tap-tap, tap, tap-tap-tap.

They are doing "Don Padilla," or the "Parra" or the "Criollo." Eyes fixed, stepping delicately, as in a mud of sentiment, slow, dignified, continuous, untiring in an effortless promenade, back, forth, in, out, self-hypnotized, enraptured by monotonous charm, tap-tap, tap-tap-tap, tap, tap-tap-tap, step the couples, as if stepping consciously ten billion steps across the hallway of Nirvana.

I know this couple. She is a flower-faced widow of the war, and he a salesman at Printemps. She has $90,000 including the insurance. They met at the perfumery counter.

Rumors of new arrivals—tinkle of mixed drinks.

The bar (flowers, white enamel and gilding) is now crowded in the shadow—not by rude men, for the dainty girls monopolize its high chairs. More lights. A crush. Rattle of teacups, chocolate, cake, fizz drinks. Fox trot, "Where the Black-Eyed Susans Grow." It's 6 P. M. The razzle is on, the malebolge speeds up. I ask Zelli, the manager. "Oh, fox trots for this tea crowd," he says. "They're for the nifty tunes. That's 'Peaches Down in Georgia.' Now we'll give them 'Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight.'"

Between 5 P. M. and 8 P. M., up and down that astonishing side street of the boulevard, the street which was dead and now stretches—I refer to the rue Caumartin—it is a scandal of private limousines. Get caught in that crush, and your taxi may not get untangled for an hour. Waiting autos and equipages with sassy horses line both sides of the narrow way, won't budge, and pressure from both ends gets tied into a knot, about the middle. Three tango palaces, six dancing teas and restaurants, three fox trot hotels.

At 10 P. M., they forget to go to the theater. On messy dining tables, while paid couples wiggle. "Musn't Disappoint the Movies!" innocent ivory cubes dotted with black roll silently and fair lips murmur (with an accent): "Shoots a hundred. Whuf! Nines! Slow death!"

Those who want to dance a little seek the big halls.

GOTHAM OPERA BESIEGED BY MAD SCRAMBLE FOR SEATS

Heavy Patronage at Metropolitan Forces Many to Attend Concerts in Order to Satisfy Craving for High-Class Music.

BY EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—Never within the history of Metropolitan opera in New York has there been such a mad rush for seats. The complaints from those who want only admission are as severe as those of the would-be patrons of the best seats in the house.

For years the direction of the great Broadway house has been working to create the sort of following for grand opera which exists in the Latin cities and with a swoop the results are far beyond realization.

Who are these patrons is a question which would open up long discussions upon the conditions of the country. They belong to the same class of people with more money to spend than they know what to do with, and that Metropolitan opera is the most extravagant luxury of the present day is the reason that it is so eagerly sought for among those who, having long been deprived of the buying power for such things, let loose the purse strings and their desires.

* * *

The Metropolitan is not filled to its utmost capacity at the expense of the orchestral or chamber music concerts, or even recitals, in the event the attraction is sufficientiy strong to have a following. On the contrary, many people who have been unable to secure seats for the opera have tried to appease their musical appetites by going to the concerts instead, consequently there is every reason for those who fear for what the future holds for musical conditions to settle down to the enjoyment of things as they are and not concern themselves about what the future will bring.

In a like degree the teachers are so busy that they are in an overworked, over-tired condition. From all parts of this country and from many countries in Europe students are flocking to New York, and many of those who planned immediate return to their European posts have thought better of themselves and have decided finally to locate here permanently. There is still the old glamour in the minds of many, still the idea that art life will be resumed there like it was before the war, but what an unnatural point of view for people who read the historic events of the day.

* * *

The art world, like the financial, has shifted to America, and those who will seek it far afield will lose out in every detail that will build for future success.

The American public asks nothing but to know something about the people in the public eye, for which reason the crowds flock to hear those whose names have come to mean something to them.

There never was a public of the present magnitude in this country, and there has never been such support offered the best attractions as today. Caruso is still the great magnet at the Metropolitan, but he is not the only one, and he does not monopolize things as he did in an older day. The drawing power is beginning to fall upon the ensemble, the opera, the thing itself for itself, upon opera as an outlet for those who want to spend their money that way, and in many other directions, and this is a much healthier condition than it was when the public had nothing to find at the opera house except the idolatry of a matinee hero.

So slowly that it is almost imperceptible, the American is gaining ground, not only in opera, but with the public, and perhaps the success of our artists at the Metropolitan may be due to the fact that primarily the public has awakened from its lethargy toward its own people.

The case of Mabel Garrison is one of the most significant examples that can be offered because she gained the right to demonstrate her powers, and that is everything for one who can make good. "I want to go because Mabel Garrison is going to sing," was the remark of a young girl who had just come to New York to study, and already it meant something to her to hear this brilliantly gifted young American singer whose name had reached the four corners of this country.

* * *

To a public which includes throngs of students eager to see and hear and benefit from the pure, beautiful singing of a sweet-minded, high-principled American girl, the success of Mabel Garrison is one of the greatest and most important happenings in the musical events of a long number of years. That the concert stage offers so very much more money than the opera is the cause of many young artists accepting the wider offer, as in the case of Sophie Braslau, who has gained a tremendous following in concert. No newcomer will usurp her place vocally at the Metropolitan, because even her concert appearances of the week past proved her a vocalist of the rarest equipment. Such singing, indeed, in a contralto being almost unknown.

Not until an artist of Miss Braslau's power is presented in such parts as Ameris, Delilah, Carmen and others of that caliber could she arrive at a position in opera that she holds in concert, and by the time she has traveled from coast to coast a few seasons in concert making the sensations which she has already created this season, she will have a far finer following than if she had remained at the opera to do "try-out" roles.

Vacation Wholly Unknown.

Birmingham Age-Herald

"So you enjoyed your vacation?"

"I certainly did. In fact I had the time of my young life."

"Good! Here comes a man I don't want you to meet. He would spoil your disposition."

"Why?"

"He has worked for the same firm for 25 years and it is his proud boast that he has never missed a day."