



American Fashions

BY CORA MOORE AND LILLIAN YOUNG



Double pouched skirts, like that of the sketch, are designed especially to cut the height and give some fullness to the tall, slender woman. One can readily see how wholly incongruous and unsuitable such a design would appear on a short, heavy figure. How much better results one would see if all women chose more carefully designs that would set off their good points and not accentuate their bad. Women should take their height and weight into consideration, and not decide on a design at random, regardless of lines, merely because it's a pretty dress and looks well on some one else. And so today's sketch is designed purposely for the tall, slight figure.

It is of Nile green charmeuse and cream-colored Chantilly lace. The corsage is entirely of lace, supplied in front and back, and mounted on a foundation of white chiffon, with a fold of fresh colored tulle outlining the décolletage. The high girde is of Nile green satin, and the lace tunic is hung from over its upper edge in even gathers. In back there is a panel train of the lace, over chiffon, also hung from over the girde. The tunic is gathered in with the first pouching of the pannier and finished with a cording self material. The lower line of the pannier arches up in front, but continues evenly from side to side around the back of the skirt. The second pouching follows the same line at an even distance. The skirt length is completed in satin, narrowing at the feet. Tiny bows of silver gauze trim the sleeves and center front of the girde.

The effect of this design must not be spoiled by allowing too much bouffancy in the pouched panniers. They must merely stand out a bit from the foundation to give the desired effect.

New Fashion Notes.
Tailored skirts continue to be cut an inch above the normal waist line. Corsage bouffants are very pretty when worn at the fastening of an evening wrap. A handsome black velvet wrap seen at the opera had a dull gold corded ornament at the fastening, which

held in place a bunch of purple velvet pansies.
Wool corduroy is a material very much in favor for tailored suits and coats.

FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY

Anne Boleyn, 1507-1536

By Willis J. Abbot.
(Copyrighted 1913.)
Of the hapless women whom ambition or considerations of state led to link their lives with that of the most uxorious of monarchs, Henry VIII, the story of Anne Boleyn is the most pathetic. It is pitiful, because she, for so brief a time enjoyed the confidence and love of the king, her husband; because of the cruelty of the aspersions that were cast upon her character; because of the fact that, although she desired to gratify her liege lord in the ambition which had led him to marry her, nature thwarted her, and, finally, because of the fact that the man who had promised to love and cherish her, not merely sent her to the block, but a few hours before the axe fell, persuaded a pious archbishop to grant him a divorce and declare the marriage invalid from the very beginning.

Anna Boleyn was the daughter of a prosperous English country gentleman, whose alliance with nobility proceeded from the fact that his wife was the daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. His father leaves us in doubt as to the date of the girl's birth, fixing it diversely at 1501 and 1507. Though there is no evidence that Anne's parents foresaw or even imagined the brilliant—and disastrous—career and fate the future held for her, she was educated in a way to fit her to adorn any court, receiving her final schooling at the gay and witty court of France.

In 1523 Anne returned to England with all the French airs and graces. She is described as having been at this time a tall, slender girl, well shaped, with black eyes and a brunette complexion. More than one writer of the time refers to her beauty as of the superlative type. Her voice was marvelously sweet, both in speech and song, and her wit and ready repartee sparkled even to the ears of the king.

Her return to England, though a most trustworthy account declares that when Henry VIII first met her at a fancy dress ball immediately upon her return she was but fifteen years old. The king was instantly infatuated and his purchase of the girl never relaxed until she became his wife. Anne, while not a prude was at least prudent, and though residing at the court as a maid of honor, she bore herself so that the breath of scandal was not raised against her. She stood out for the full measure of a wifehood and the status of a queen. Both were ultimately granted, both in away and her young life as well.

Henry was at the time one of the most splendid and powerful monarchs of Christendom. He had to wife Katherine, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and with her he gained the favor of the pope and close alliance with Spain. But Katherine bore him no sons who survived infancy, and like all men—even our own captains of industry—as his power and fame increased he yearned passionately for a male heir to transmit his crown. Long before he had begun plotting to divorce Katherine, but the obstacles in his way seemed insuperable. Spain, of course, bitterly opposed the divorce and the pope set his face relentlessly against it. But the sudden discovery of the sprightly and vivacious Anne, who responded to all his overtures only with arch remarks about a necessary marriage spurred the king to desperate measures.

In the end he defied the pope, secured a decree of divorce from an archbishop—who held his place at the king's will—and married Anne, or rather announced that the marriage had taken

place two months earlier. Very soon came the news that the new queen was about to present the king with the long-desired heir. The court was in a ecstasy of joy and rapture—though most of the courtiers hated Anne because of her sudden elevation to power. Soothsayers, diviners, wise women, all the claque of prophesying humbugs foresaw the birth of a boy, knowing what they were expected to prophesy. All the omens forecast it. And then fate, which often rough-hews the lives of royalty as well as of lesser folk, casts the die.

On the 7th of September, 1533, the child was born. It was a girl.

With that disappointment the wreck of Anne's fortunes began. With the unreasonableness of a spoiled child the king laid all the blame on her. He at once began to neglect his wife, though not abridging in any degree her royal state nor limiting her freedom. His infidelities were as numerous as no-toriety and at them for one brief space there seemed a possibility of a return to the happy days of their early wedded life. Once more there seemed prospect of a child and once again the king was devoted to itself. The court turned from consoling for her undoing to fawning for her favor.

The child came. It was the much-desired boy, but it was born dead.

Thereupon the king lost all interest in her. Within the court the conspiracies for her downfall doubled with no effort on his part to check them. Anne was in a most direful position. All the Catholic forces of Europe were against her. From every convent, monastery, and church were spread rumors attacking her chastity before and after marriage. Spain had even refused to recognize her as queen, and gliding, of course, was hostile. Eager eyes were ever on the watch to detect her in some act on which to hang a scandalous tale, and lively imaginations were ready to invent scandals that had no foundation.

Anne met the impending crisis in a way that could only enhance its gravity. She was still queen and relaxed nothing of her queenly haughtiness. In the days of her power, when Henry would refuse her nothing, she snubbed the greatest figures in the kingdom, and now, out of favor, and gliding swiftly to a fall, she did the same. Was her husband cold and sombre with her? Then she would disguise her outraged feelings by being the merriest coquette about the court. That she flirted outrageously, there seems to be no doubt, but that her flirtations passed beyond the danger point not even the inquisitors at her trial were able to show. Four young men of the court particularly paid lively court to her, loaded her with compliments, and ogled her before the sinister eyes of the court. One, in his cups, boasted that he recorded his most intimate favors, and the other three being complimented upon like good fortune smiled and did not deny the soft impeachment. They won the reputation which some men envy of being gay Lotharios, and a few weeks later for it they paid their heads after preliminary experiences in the torture chamber.

Henry's mind was fertile for the seed sown by those who told him the worst features of Anne's conduct. He had already determined that, like Katherine, she was "an English woman" and that in denying him a son God was punishing him for some technical flaw in his marriage. He was the more willing to take a harsh view of Anne's peccadilloes for that he was now desperately in love with Jane Seymour, maid of honor to Anne, the latter had been maid to Katherine. The four gay cavaliers were sent to the Tower, Rochester, the queen's brother, followed them, and a few days later Queen Anne herself entered that doorway to death.

It is idle to detail the trial that ensued. Under English law at that time persons accused of high treason were denied all counsel. Their sole method of defense was to interrupt crown witnesses with questions or make bold denials of guilt. Anne was pitted against three of the ablest lawyers in the land. Her jury was packed—six because the crown had two witnesses, her notorious enemies, and of the other four nothing is known. Of course, the queen was convicted. Of the host of trials for treason up to that time only one resulted in an acquittal, because the crown had two witnesses.

So on the 19th of May, 1536, Anne Boleyn went to the scaffold—a scant three years after she went to the throne. At her supplication Henry had graciously consented that she be decapitated with a sword instead of the axe, the common lot of traitors. The royal boon she acknowledged, saying: "The royal boon has been very good to me. He promoted me from a simple maid to be a marchioness. Then he raised me to be a queen. Now he will raise me to a martyr." And so, like a martyr, tearless and unflinching she died.

The Ragtime Muse

In the Dark.
The baby came back from her room to kneel by me and say—
Her yellow head against my knee—her little "Now I lay—"
And told me, "Good-night, daddy," and "Please don't dream," she said,
"An' I an dot my nightie on—why don't you go to bed?"
And there she stood and looked at me, and here I looked at her,
And a breeze came from somewhere and set all her curls astray;
And as she looked and waited I said something of a book,
And so she slowly went her way with one long, backward look.

And as I sat all by myself and tried to read my book,
Between me and the printed page came that long, backward look,
I read the hero's bold remarks, the heroine's replies,
But told the meaning; for a little lassie's eyes
Looked out at me from every page and coaxed me from every line,
And sent a loving message from her baby heart to mine:
And I knew what she wanted, lying snuggled in the gloom,
To know that daddy was in bed, there in the other room.

And so I tossed the book aside. For what are books at all?
There will be books when there are no books, and books when there are no books,
There will be books to sit and read when all the babes are grown,
And, oh, but should we think when we sit there all alone,
We sit there all alone, when we sit there all alone,
And so I tossed the book aside and went into the gloom,
And bent me over the bed that's in the little room,
And kissed the rounded baby cheek, and kissed the tousled curls,
Then softly stole away and left the best of little girls.

And I got into my own bed—the house grew still and cold,
The blankets felt so snug and warm I needed ever to be told,
And sleep came slow to my eyes; I held myself to blame
That "baby" failed to sleep before her daddy came,
But the warm bed felt, oh, so good! I curled up in a heap,
And knew the sweet deliciousness of drifting off to sleep;
And sleep was near, so very near I was upon its brink,
When a thin voice came through the gloom, "Daddy, me 'ants a drink!"

Portland Women's Exchange Brings Together Those People Who Do Things Well and Those Who Want Things Well Done



Top—Luncheon hour at the Women's Exchange. Bottom—Patrons purchasing consignor's articles.

By V. W.
Time, 11 A. M.
Place, Women's Exchange.
Enter customer, who a few days ago had purchased a great quantity of cakes, candies and sandwiches for a party.
Woman in charge: "Good morning. How were the dainties we sent out to you the other day?"
Customer: "Delicious."
Enter a consignor.
Woman in charge: "Did you bring us some of those goodies you make? You have been a regular consignor since before Christmas. Tell me, how do you regard the Women's Exchange as a means of making money?"
Consignor: "It's fine."
Telephone: "Jingle, jingle."
Voice (at the other end of the line): "That luncheon table of ours at the Exchange has become so popular I want to ask you to add an eleventh chair. We will be up shortly after 12."
This little dialogue embodies in a forceful and interesting way the secret of the success of the Portland Women's Exchange. A delighted customer, a satisfied consignor and a new luncheon guest—what more could be asked? Yet there are several things which the women in charge have to ask of customers and of consignors and it is the mission of this little story to put these things before the people.

The highest standard is maintained in each and every department of the exchange, and in order to maintain this a great deal of work is submitted for sale must be refused. The committee in charge of this work of deciding upon the merits of work say that in refusing work not up to the accepted standard they really confer a favor upon the consignor, because the people who patron-

ize the exchange would not buy it and the consignor would be left not only with the work and material, but the fee of \$1 which is charged all consignors. In speaking of this matter, Miss Thompson, the superintendent of the exchange, said:
"Is there not someone who can come to the rescue in this matter with a solution for a philanthropic school for the instruction of people who do not do things well?"
"I wonder why it is that women are so determined to make all sorts of Irish crochet things, pin cushions and sachets instead of hemming tea towels and dust cloths or making utility bags. I tell them that the useful things are what are wanted, yet they seem unwilling to do them. We have one consignor who makes aprons and she does them nicely, too, and there is always a good demand for them. Beautiful things for babies are always in demand. We haven't a single consignor this side of New York and New Jersey who makes baby things, and we are so anxious to make this a Portland enterprise or, at least, an Oregon one."
"We have a particularly good trade for fancy cakes, sandwiches, candies and glass fruits for parties. A prominent Portland hostess recently ordered 500 fancy cakes for an afternoon party and two of our consignors got out that entire order. Beautiful things for babies are always in demand. We haven't a single consignor this side of New York and New Jersey who makes baby things, and we are so anxious to make this a Portland enterprise or, at least, an Oregon one."
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what will recall the inward pleasures of a plate of cream-soup, delicious and piping hot; the appetizing fish salad, the tempting sandwiches, the palatable, tickling dessert and the aromatic coffee.

The exchange is immensely popular with business and professional men, many of whom gather in groups for their noon luncheon every day, on long table seating regularly 11 prominent men, occupying a place of honor in front of the big window on the first floor. Business women and shoppers also find the exchange a restful place to enjoy their noon meal, as well as their afternoon tea.

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Household Helps

By Elizabeth Lee.
Dear Mrs. Lee—Would you kindly answer the following for an inexperienced housekeeper, who always enjoys your articles very much? For four "grown-ups" (one man and a servant) what cuts of meat are cheapest and how many pounds of each are necessary? How many eggs a week? How much butter; also cheapest vegetables? If you will name all the cheap cuts of meats and how much to order, and plan one week I shall be very grateful for the information. Very truly,
M. H.
I shall be very glad to help you if I can, but I am afraid my answers must be brief on account of lack of space.
To begin with, the success of a dish depends so much upon the cooking. A good cook will make a savory dinner from the cheapest cuts. Then buying these is an economy, while the same meat in the hands of a careless cook would be dear at any price, because the dinner would not be relished. In fact it may turn out to be uneatable. So the first thing to be considered is the competence of the cook.
If she will take an interest in the family and is willing to learn, then the cheap cuts of meat will answer just as well as the more expensive, and in most cases, be more nutritious.
The casserole cooking is an economy, because inexpensive meats may be used, the long cooking bringing out the flavor and making the meat tender.
For instance, fowl cooked in a casserole will taste quite as nice as chicken and at very much less cost.
An oven stew is another suggestion. This is on the order of casserole cooking. From two and one-half to three pounds of beef (from the small end of the shin) should be ample for your family and still allow a little being left over for lunch the next day. Buy bones and all, cutting off the meat yourself. You might get the butcher to chop the meat through twice, making three pieces of bone. Cut the meat in small pieces and scoop out the marrow. Heat the marrow and in it brown two or three each (according to size) of onions and carrots.
Lay meat and vegetables in a deep pan, seasoning with pepper and salt and dredging with flour. Browned flour will give the stew a nice color. Add a clove, half a can of tomatoes, and water to cover. Be careful with the water. This cut of meat yields quite a good deal of gravy and too much water will make the stew poor. Put the bones in. By the way, whenever possible bones should be cooked with the meat, because they improve the flavor. Let any one doubting this try a standing roast and the same cut with the bones removed.
To go back to the stew, cover with another pan and cook for four hours. An hour before serving add sliced potatoes and leave the stew uncovered. This dish will taste entirely different to the usual stew cooked over the heat.
If you have meat for breakfast I think the average amount per day should be three and one-half to four pounds. For instance, a good sized roast; say eight or nine pounds (there is economy in buying a good sized joint), will probably last three days if the cook is clever enough to disguise facts.
Two dozen eggs weekly should be ample for eating and for cooking purposes.
Half a pound of butter should be allowed each person per week.
There are many good substitutes on the market for butter for use in cooking.
Among the list of cheaper vegetables are yellow turnips, carrots, onions, parsnips, haricot beans, beets (only they take so long to cook—so much gas is used), spinach in season, and cabbage.

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NEW FILMS SHOWN AT PICTURE THEATRES

The Balkan war pictures being shown at the People's theatre were taken by men sent to the scene of action by the Gaumont Weekly, and are guaranteed to be absolutely genuine. The glove industry is a very instructive picture, but the chief attraction is "The Strength of the Weak." A young doctor becomes a slave to drink and is rejected by his affianced bride. His sweetheart, who had rejected him "lay at the point of death and a dangerous operation is her only chance of life. He, by one supreme effort, breaks the chains that bind him and going into the operating room, performs the operation, saving the life of the girl. "Napoleon's Luck Stone" is an interesting Thalhouser comedy. "Harry's Lesson" shows the struggle of a young man bred in idleness to become strong and self-supporting. The music is furnished by Miss Phyllis Allen and the popular Ad club quartet. The Star theatre is showing a series

of Sherlock Holmes pictures.

The first, "The Reigate Squires," is a faithful production of the book. "Their Masterpiece" is an interesting domestic drama, finely acted. "The Quarrellers" is a comedy that is really funny. The Three Kings of Harmony, in a new song, complete the program. Next Wednesday "The Eryll Coronet," the second of the Sherlock Holmes films, will be the feature.

The main attraction at the Arcade theatre is a thrilling military spectacle, entitled, "The Little Turncoat," a story of the Civil war, in which a northern soldier saves the life of a southerner through his love for a southern girl. Several other fine films and the music furnished by Roy Dietrich, the popular singer, and Tom Kerr, the strutting violinist, complete a well blended bill. The Sunnyside theatre offers "A Blue Grass Romance," a two reel military spectacle. "The Little Enchantress," beautiful and harmonious, the Gaumont Weekly, the film newspaper, and J. C. Huber, the ragtime king. The Wednesday changes will be fully up to and in many cases beyond the standard.

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