

American Fashions

BY CORA MOORE AND LILLIAN YOUNG



An afternoon costume of Gentian Blue voile.

TOO MUCH OF DEAR DEPARTED HUSBAND

By Edna K. Wooley.

"If I was a man I wouldn't marry a widow for anything," announced a young friend of mine after a visit we had made to the home of a widow who had taken her "second" about a year before.

"My friend didn't need to explain. The atmosphere was so apparent that it couldn't be mistaken.

It was positively uncanny to be sitting there chatting with the present husband while the "dear departed" looked down from the wall, stared out of photograph frames and spoke constantly through the lips of the lady.

Moreover, there were various photographs of the departed, the funeral flowers, an enlarged photograph framed and hanging over the piano showing the flower-strewn grave, and a picture of the widow in her "weeds."

Also, prominently displayed about the room were various relics of the deceased. One thing I remember was a pair of well-worn slippers tied together with a pink ribbon and laid carefully on a table beside the fireplace, with a mournful looking photograph of said deceased along side.

Still, the first husband seemed to be there much more than the second. The latter sat silent, unless spoken to, and barely moved.

We wondered how he was able to endure it all, and we talked about this particular instance when we read of another second husband who recently appealed for a divorce simply because he could no longer abide seeing his wife's first husband's picture hanging on the parlor wall, and having his perfections constantly set before him by the relic he had married.

It's natural, of course, for a widow to think kindly of her first husband, if he was a good sort. But if he was the only perfect being, why did she marry again? And why, if she has any affection or consideration for the first one's successor, does she take pains to continually rasp the nerves of the second one by evidences of her high regard for the first?

It's comical to outsiders, but not at all funny for the man who must live with the "dear departed" as well as his wife.

One man, who became the fourth husband of a much-bereaved widow, found that he had married a row of enlarged crayon portraits on the parlor wall. There was just enough space left for a fourth picture, and he got nervous prostration wondering when his portrait would fill the space and be referred to as "my fourth."

Still, widows are not the only faulty ones in this regard. Almost every woman who has married a widower could tell tales of tactlessness on the part of her husband. In fact, a widower's complimentary references to his first wife, no matter how he treated her when she lived, make standard material for the jokesmiths.

They tell a story of Sam Small, the evangelist, who once took occasion to address a Carolina audience on "The Perfect Woman." He concluded by saying:

"But who ever saw a perfect woman? Tell me that, any of you, if you can!"

His attention was attracted by a meek little woman who rose from a rear seat.

"Well, sister," said the evangelist, "have you ever seen a perfect woman?"

"I dunno as I ever seen her, Rev'nd," quavered a mild voice, "but I heard told of her a heap. She was my husband's first wife."

Baby Loves ZEMO for Skin Trouble

Stops Itching at Once. Cures Irritated, Chapped Skin.

Buy a 25c Bottle Today and Prove It.

Try one application of ZEMO to the baby, and see the poor little fellow lubricate with his toes, and chuckle. If he could only talk, he'd thank you for the best relief ZEMO ever guaranteed to stop itching immediately or money is refunded.



ON PRACTICAL JOKES

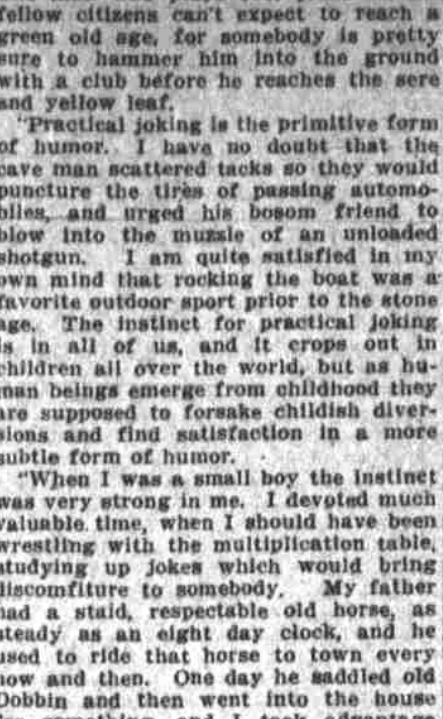
By Walt. Maso.

"Tom Average's head was punched again this morning," announced the horse doctor. "He played a little joke on Spiker the blacksmith, and Spiker didn't seem to appreciate it. He smote Tom with great potency and made his nose look like a pin cushion."

"I served him right," said the village patriarch. "That young man will wake up in a hospital with most of his

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"When I was a small boy the instinct was very strong in me. I devoted much valuable time, when I should have been wrestling with the multiplication table, studying up jokes which would bring discomfiture to somebody. My father had a staid, respectable old horse, as steady as an eight day clock, and he used to ride that horse to town every now and then. One day he saddled old Dobbin and then went into the house for something, and I took advantage of the opportunity to slip a few cockle-burs under the saddle. My father, who was a grave and reverend man, came from the house and then vaulted into the saddle. A moment later he was snoring around among the treetops, and when he finally landed he seemed greatly distressed. Old Dobbin was bucking and kicking all over the yard, and when he cooled down father went to him and investigated, and it took him less than a minute to discover what had caused the cataclysm."

"I didn't say much, but he led me into the barn and selected a good heavy strap from among the work harness, and then he adjusted me on his knee and gave me a whaling that made a record in that community. When I was so far recovered that I could move without groaning, a week or so later I had lost all desire for practical jokes and have never experienced a longing in that direction since."

"If parents would always do their duty, as my father did, practical joking would soon die out. Tom Average would be the only one who would be respected and admired, had his parents worn out a sufficient quantity of old harness on him. But they thought his tricks were amusing and encouraged him, instead of rebuking him with such weapons as were at hand."

"I remember how Tom nearly proved the ruin of old Clinkerhead when Tom was a boy. Clinkerhead had a favorite seat under the wooden awning of the corner grocery. He had a big rustic chair there and he'd tilt it back and doze by the hour. Young Tom got a big cannon firecracker somewhere and put it under the old man's chair and lit it. The explosion jarred the whole town. Clinkerhead went up in the air so far that his head punched a hole through the roof of the awning. He's never been the same man since. It got on his nerves. Ever since he sits down he begins to sweat like water, expecting to be hoisted against the firmament."

"That boy was seen doing that nefarious trick and when complaint was made to his father the old man laughed himself into a mistletoe. He thought it was the most amusing thing he ever heard of. As a result of such training Tom has become a pariah in his town and some fine day he'll find an untimely grave."

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"The new skirts have absolutely no fullness, and the smartest models cling closely to the form, sketching in a fascinating way the outline of the figure."

Here is the way one fashion writer verifies over woman's slavery to the decree of Mode Fashion:

"Dame Fashion, ruler of queens, of women aged and in their teens, the tall and short and fat and lean, those in and out of love, has relaxed our new decree from our throne in Gay Paris, and says that skirts of latest make must fit 'em like a glove."

"She says that to be dressed aright, the clothes must be so doggone tight that woman may with greater ease go through her husband's purse, the thin skirt and the fat girl, too, will find it a boon; that if they want to be the class they must wear out the looking glass, and don the clothes 'e'en though it takes a shoehorn or a spoon."

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An' eyes an' curls.

When we sit down to eat at night the chairs are all placed left an' right 's the nobbly 's back's in sight—

Like films, you know.

One time I got a lovin' tap from ma 's she was fixin' to sit down, an' I know ma learned that trick at a picture show!

Just last night I stood in the hall when Myrtle's sweetheart come to call— they didn't see me there at all.

Not me, by jing!

An' he give her a smile or two, like them there picture lovers do, and flashed on her, first thing she knew.

A diamond ring!

You should have been with me an' seen her roll her eyes around the scene like she'd seen ladies on the screen.

An' gasp an' stare.

At first she acted kind o' shocked, then at last she heeled the kind o' rocked, then flung herself at him an' knocked.

Him off his chair!

Yes, everyone playsacts these days; life's just a string of picture plays, an' girls have movin' picture ways—

All of 'em do.

An' mothers have the same complaint; they see a mouse an' do a faint in some o' her arms as slick as paint—

Now, kin' that true?

Say! I'm worn down to just a rag; some day my folks will strike a snag! I'll get my movin' picture jog—

Then for a fact.

I'll try the movin' picture way—smash things as in a picture play. If I forget to act!

ENGLISH WOMAN AS THEATRE MANAGER

By Vida Sutton.

Miss Edith Craig, the daughter of Ellen Terry, who for years managed her mother's productions in England and in America, is now the manageress of a new and interesting organization in London, the Society of Pioneer Players. Miss Terry herself is the president and nominal head, but Miss Craig and her secretary manage the organization, whose object is to present the so-called play of ideas; that is, plays dealing with current social, political and moral ideas. Last year was the beginning of the society's work, and six such performances were given in theatres borrowed for the purpose, chiefly the Little Theatre and the Haymarket, then managed by Miss Terry. The society, which yet has no permanent home, but is supported by subscriptions of the members. The plays are open only to subscribers and the press. There are no tickets sold, and thus the conflict with the censor of plays is avoided.

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"We have tons of plays on all possible subjects sent in to us, and it is no small task reading and selecting from them. This my secretary does for me. She and I manage the entire workings of the society. Our players are London actors and actresses who give their services. I rehearse and stage the plays. "Our enterprise paid for itself last season. That is something of an achievement, for few undertakings of the kind are able to establish themselves without outside help. In fact, we are so enthusiastic over our success that we are convinced that the theatre, business end and all, is an excellent business for women. And we have in mind the evolution of our Society of Pioneer Players into a feminist theatre which shall be entirely operated by women. All we need is a woman electrician, a woman scenery painter in place of the drinking Johnnies we have now. Much easier work, too, it would be for women than charring and scrubbing, and better paid. With these additions we would be equipped as a truly feminist theatre, and the actors the only indispensable masculine assistance."

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However, it is possible that we may not see our season accept an invitation from America to play in several of the new theatres there some of our particularly successful productions."

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Trim, lard, and season a small fillet, say about four pounds, of tenderloin and roast in a very hot oven for about 15 minutes. Set this aside to cool, then mark with a chicken forkem, sprinkle with fresh bread crumbs, baste with three tablespoons of fresh butter and roast 25 minutes. Four over it one half pint Madeira sauce and garnish with tiny patties filled with puree of spinach, highly seasoned with butter and meal glass.

Miso Pie—Carolina.

Take enough cooked meat to fill a quart measure when cut in small pieces. If beef or veal allow one fourth part, if mutton trim away all fat and allow two ounces of butter. Chop fine one large onion, a large Irish potato, an ounce of fat salt pork. Blanch, drain and fry gently to a light yellow. Put in the meat with salt and pepper and sweet herbs or spice to taste. Let the whole heat through, stirring constantly. If the meat was tough in the first case add a pint of stock and let it simmer until tender. Meanwhile cook one full cup of washed rice and season it with one cup of stewed and strained tomato and one ounce of butter, adding two sliced hard boiled eggs. Turn the hashed meat into a baking dish, well buttered, place the rice over it, handling carefully so as not to crush the rice or break up the egg. Cut up two more hard boiled eggs in four slices each and press them into the rice on top, put a bean of butter on each and set in a moderate oven for half an hour. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked, wrapped in a napkin, if a regular table dish is not available for the cooking. This is a thorough southern dish and a great favorite in the rice country.

Note.

Remember that in the opinion of epicures all things may be pardoned in a hostess or host save the unforgivable crime of serving entrees any way but very hot. Even the poets have found in this important rule a subject worthy of their lyres, thus one:

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And another:

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So, you see, when it comes time to serve this course, it is very important that there be quick connections between the stove and the table.

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It may be to live for him, to sacrifice for him, to uphold him in well doing, to urge him to great deeds. And it may be to get him free—from herself.

One of the most pathetic cases that ever came into a divorce court, according to the judge who heard it, was that of a loving wife who asked freedom for her husband because he didn't love her—he had faithfully tried and failed.

Yes—the wife was young and pretty. And she held in her arms a two-month-old baby—the little human soul that should have been a token of the love between husband and wife.

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"I've never loved her," said the man. "My feeling is just that of a friend. I've tried, judge, to love her as she loves me, but it just won't come. Can't her husband, but I'm willing to support her and the baby."

Tears flowed from the eyes of both husband and wife. The judge choked and blew his nose. He granted the divorce.

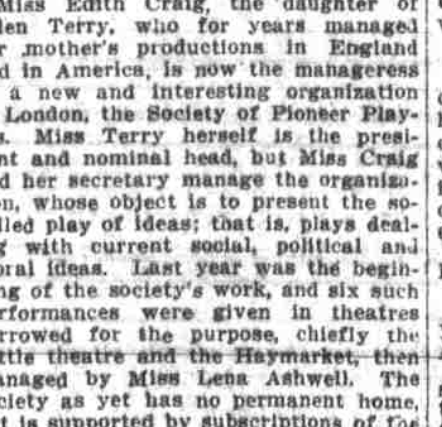
"Greater love hath no man—," Nay,

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Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Williams



Indoor Occupations of every kind prevent the freedom of sunlight exercise which nature intended, and vital body-forces are slowly reduced.

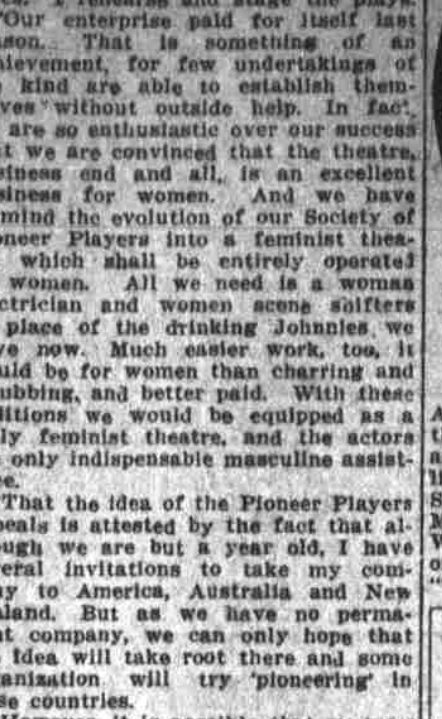
Scott's Emulsion is the concentrated pure food-medicine to check this decline. It refreshes the body by making healthy blood and is nature's greatest aid to fortify the lungs and prevent tuberculosis.

Scott's Emulsion makes energy, health and strength.

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"I've never loved her," said the man. "My feeling is just that of a friend. I've tried, judge, to love her as she loves me, but it just won't come. Can't her husband, but I'm willing to support her and the baby."

Tears flowed from the eyes of both husband and wife. The judge choked and blew his nose. He granted the divorce.

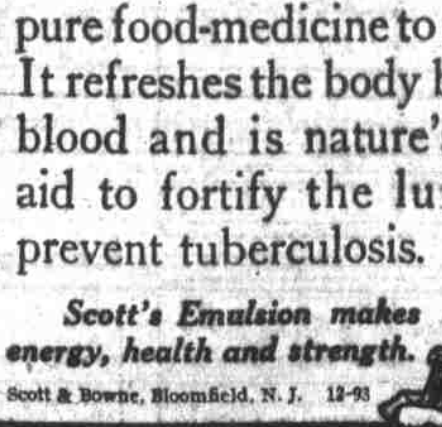
"Greater love hath no man—," Nay,

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Williams



Indoor Occupations of every kind prevent the freedom of sunlight exercise which nature intended, and vital body-forces are slowly reduced.

Scott's Emulsion is the concentrated pure food-medicine to check this decline. It refreshes the body by making healthy blood and is nature's greatest aid to fortify the lungs and prevent tuberculosis.

Scott's Emulsion makes energy, health and strength.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 12-23

HAS APPEARED IN MANY PRODUCTIONS

Lida McMillan.



Lida McMillan, star of "The Late Mr. Allen" at the Orpheum, appeared for the first time in Portland 18 years ago with Stuart Robson in "The Jacklings," "A Comedy of Errors" and "She Stoops to Conquer." Eight years ago Miss McMillan was here as "The College Widow," and two years later she was one of the support of Blanche Walsh in "The Straight Road."

Her present impartiality and her audience form their own judgments. I wanted to do the same with the suffrage question, but although I have advertised widely, I cannot get an anti-suffrage play. I suppose one cannot be written.

"We have tons of plays on all possible subjects sent in to us, and it is no small task reading and selecting from them. This my secretary does for me. She and I manage the entire workings of the society. Our players are London actors and actresses who give their services. I rehearse and stage the plays. "Our enterprise paid for itself last season. That is something of an achievement, for few undertakings of the kind are able to establish themselves without outside help. In fact, we are so enthusiastic over our success that we are convinced that the theatre, business end and all, is an excellent business for women. And we have in mind the evolution of our Society of Pioneer Players into a feminist theatre which shall be entirely operated by women. All we need is a woman electrician, a woman scenery painter in place of the drinking Johnnies we have now. Much easier work, too, it would be for women than charring and scrubbing, and better paid. With these additions we would be equipped as a truly feminist theatre, and the actors the only indispensable masculine assistance."

"That the idea of the Pioneer Players appeals is attested by the fact that although we are but a year old, I have several invitations to take my country to America, Australia and New Zealand. But as we have no permanent company, we can only hope that the idea will take root there and some organization will try pioneering in these countries."

However, it is possible that we may not see our season accept an invitation from America to play in several of the new theatres there some of our particularly successful productions."

SOME NEW ENTREES

By Oscar Tschirky, Manager of Waldorf-Astoria.

Olives Savarin.

Beat two eggs well and put them into a lined stew pan with two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, stir over the fire with a wooden spoon till the mixture is thick. Fry slices of bread in boiling butter till they are a rich golden brown, drain, spread them with a layer of anchovy paste, then with a layer of the cheese mixture, place a pimento stuffed olive on each slice and serve on a hot plate.

Tenderloin a la Meringue.

Trim, lard, and season a small fillet, say about four pounds, of tenderloin and roast in a very hot oven for about 15 minutes. Set this aside to cool, then mark with a chicken forkem, sprinkle with fresh bread crumbs, baste with three tablespoons of fresh butter and roast 25 minutes. Four over it one half pint Madeira sauce and garnish with tiny patties filled with puree of spinach, highly seasoned with butter and meal glass.

Miso Pie—Carolina.

Take enough cooked meat to fill a quart measure when cut in small pieces. If beef or veal allow one fourth part, if mutton trim away all fat and allow two ounces of butter. Chop fine one large onion, a large Irish potato, an ounce of fat salt pork. Blanch, drain and fry gently to a light yellow. Put in the meat with salt and pepper and sweet herbs or spice to taste. Let the whole heat through, stirring constantly. If the meat was tough in the first case add a pint of stock and let it simmer until tender. Meanwhile cook one full cup of washed rice and season it with one cup of stewed and strained tomato and one ounce of butter, adding two sliced hard boiled eggs. Turn the hashed meat into a baking dish, well buttered, place the rice over it, handling carefully so as not to crush the rice or break up the egg. Cut up two more hard boiled eggs in four slices each and press them into the rice on top, put a bean of butter on each and set in a moderate oven for half an hour. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked, wrapped in a napkin, if a regular table dish is not available for the cooking. This is a thorough southern dish and a great favorite in the rice country.

Note.

Remember that in the opinion of epicures all things may be pardoned in a hostess or host save the unforgivable crime of serving entrees any way but very hot. Even the poets have found in this important rule a subject worthy of their lyres, thus one:

One thing, I pray you, shall not be forgot—

If you give entrees, serve those entrees hot.

And another:

Your entrees fine, like epigrams, require a little salt—but not them fall of fire.

So, you see, when it comes time to serve this course, it is very important that there be quick connections between the stove and the table.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO WOMAN