

# THE TANGO AND KINDRED DANCES TAKE PORTLAND BY STORM

**SOCIETY FOLK QUITE ENTHUSIASTIC OVER NEW DANCE STEPS**

These Dansants an Interesting Feature of Winter Season's Social Activities.

By Nona Lawler.

These Dansants have occupied a conspicuous place in the general interest of Portland society for the last few weeks. Rags, tangos, one-steps and countless other comparatively new dances have been known and danced for some time by the young people of society, but the general acceptance of the dance as an ordinary feature of a ball room program has been slow in coming. Even in New York and the other large eastern cities, the high tide of the dance craze has just come in this season. Here this is only a few of the light footed and very young society folk who patiently worked out the tedious, though fascinating new steps, but now the most staid of matrons, maids, bachelors and benefactors may be caught when off their guard worrying out the intricate mazes of the hesitation or tango, to say nothing of the other more generally accepted one-step, Boston Dip and Castle Walk.

The publicity which foreran these dances has been alluringly suggestive of "the naughty," chronicling in an altogether irrelevant manner a hodge-podge of "bowery," "barbary coast" and "smart society," without troubling to point out differences or distinctions. To the uninitiated it seemed as though society had gone mad, notwithstanding the fact that the waltz and two step or "tango" has always enjoyed equal popularity and a variety of interpretations in the many different strata of society. This is a pity for those who will never be more enlightened on the subject and has served as a splendid stimulus to catch the interest and enthusiasm of the curious.

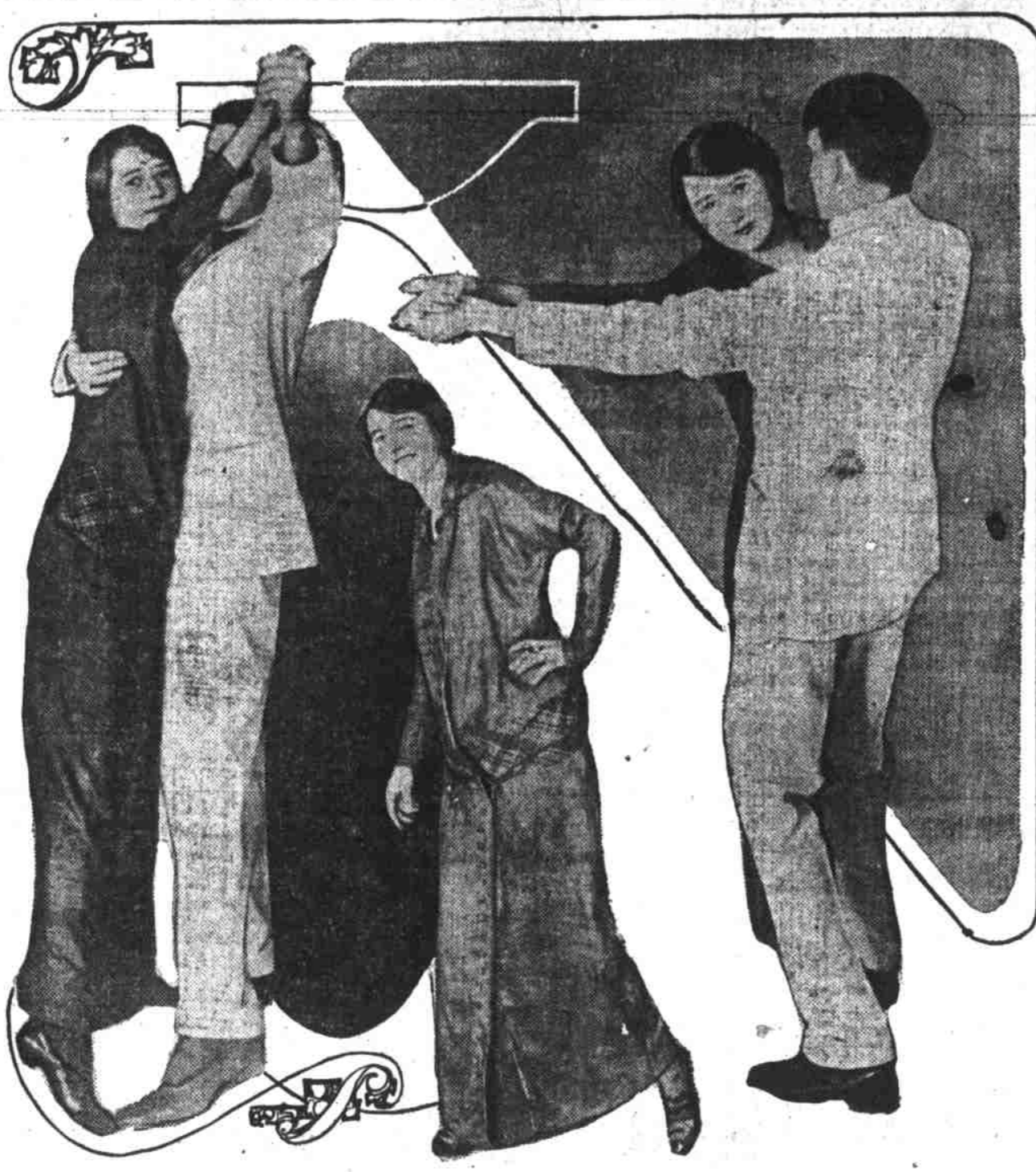
A laughable feature of the These Dansants in Portland has been the very evident surprise and even a twinge of disappointment in finding the dances graceful and proper to a degree of tameness. They are as far beyond reproach as the stately minuets of our great grand parents or the more boisterous lancers and quadrilles of the last generation. Who can not remember a sheepish recital of a lancers long ago when a perfectly nice grand parent "swung his lady" with more zeal than the dance demanded, yet we "not all bad" people are living to hear the tale.

Who started this? Is the natural inquiry on all sides. The origin of the dance has been explained in every imaginable way that the all too fertile imaginations of the press could offer up for the purpose. The old polar bear on his ice floe in the frigid northland is doubtless the innocent source of the rag step. The two are identical in rhythm and in many cases natural grace, it depends upon the avoirdupois of the bear. The Boston, a swift double time version of the waltz, must be a witticism at the proverbial slowness and primness attributed to that city. The Castle Walk had its inception from the fertile brains of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, who are leading the professional world in the presentation of the new steps.

"In far off Persia," says H. H. Topakyan, Persian consul-general in New York, speaking of the Tango, in an interview in the New Orleans States when he was visiting in that city last month, the Shah's court has been entertained all the way down from the Arabian Nights by dancers who tripped the light fantastic in a maze of steps that were, very probably, he points out, the forebears of the craze of today.

Thus we are relieved from any suggestion that we are presenting something original, as is the case with all the Yoga warming schools of philosophy without number that claim a new thought, some man from the orient digs back in the archives of ancient history and finds that such and such ate it every morning for breakfast.

Mr. Topakyan further proved his heart-



Miss Ciddie Wirt and Harry Gray, in poses of the Tango and Hesitation waltz.

lage while sojourning in the southern city by giving a skilled rendition of the American prototype of the dance of his fatherland, when a guest at a dance at the Italian gardens given by smart society folk of the city.

Another point of especial interest relative to tango dances, is dress. Women will take up nothing without due consideration of the all consuming subject of the dress, fitting the occasion. Informal, has been the keynote to These Dansants. That could not have been the women's doing. To look their prettiest on all and every occasion is the will of every womanly woman, and to dance for an hour or so at a merry clip in the heavy folds of a tailored suit, scant though these folds be in most cases, is not conducive to her prettiest. It must have been for the men. A bait to entice their interest by touching a weak point. The native shyness of the sex recoils at being "dolled up."

The women have found a way out of the dilemma. They never looked prettier than they do in some of the variations of tailored suits now to be seen. The jacket removed, the skirt is found to be somehow brought to be a part of the bodice, a kind of evolution of the old shirtwaist and skirt is the effect. Soft chiffons and laces in white or cream with bits of the material of the skirt introduced in buttons or pipings as trimming to the waist give a charming effect. Winter sees these modes realized in velvets or cloths and in spring and fall they are worked out in the softer new moires, failies or satin crepes.

Instead of the former muff or corsete miliary must carry a nosegay when out for tea. Quaint copies of the little old fashioned bouquets of long ago, arranged in stiff holders with chiffon trim. This fad carries with it the finer thought and appreciation of the flowers in not crushing the delicate blossoms in the folds of the girle, where they must so soon fade or mar.

These Dansants hats so far are "just hats," all kinds and descriptions of afternoon and evening wear. No style peculiar unto the tea dances has as yet been introduced. The snappers, however, are a very essential thought. Some have jewels and some have not, as best fits the necessities of the dancers. Dainty silver clasps have been made to catch ribbon to the slippers, not having straps with which to lace them on securely.

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## WOMAN CRUSOE HAS ISLAND OF HER OWN

With Her Houseboat, She Occupies Forgotten Island in Calumet River.

Chicago, Dec. 20.—Wind swept Forgotten island lay desolate today in the eddying current of the Calumet river. For the first time in years not a soul rested a foot on its alluvial banks. One would have thought that its soil had seldom felt the tread of human feet, had not a goat appeared on its bleak crest to peer haughtily down on a large houseboat that had churned and ground against the black shores and from this lone, hairy inhabitant there came a mournful bleat, akin to a wail.

Forgotten island, however, had a mistress. Four miles away, in the cell of the South Chicago police station, she sat, bitter, resentful, but humbled, no wise in spirit. Because she resented the intrusion of hunters she has been cast into a cell. Some assert that she is a "squatter," but this she denies.

Lillian Stevens Defies All.

Lillian Stevens, gray haired and ruddy faced, is the mistress of Forgotten island.

While waiting a hearing she bade defiance to those who she asserts are seeking to oust her from the five acres of soil that stick out of the water off East 114th street.

"Before I'll leave the island and the houseboat in which I have lived for 12 years," she said, with a glint in her blue eyes, "I'll fire the whole place. The island and I go together. The houseboat will go, too. I have lived too long there to break away from the ties that I call home. I have a lease on the land and they have no right to take me from it."

The goat and houseboat are all I have in the world besides the island—but we're all fast friends.

"They claim I shot at men who tried to get on the island," she continued. "What if I did? It is my island and they must keep away from there."

Miss Stevens assailed the police for the tactics they employed to arrest her. She characterized it an offense against the government.

"Not a policeman had the nerve to come out there and serve a warrant on me, as he should have done," she exclaimed. "They sent word by a roundabout source that they wanted me to come to the east side police station and identify some property that had been stolen from me in the spring. When I entered the station they read a warrant to arrest me and placed me in a cell."

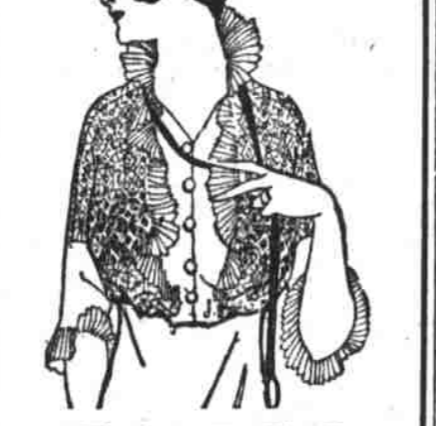
"My houseboat is the same as a ship, and they should have sent a government marshal after me, as I was on board the vessel when I was hailed."

Policeman William Kleinman is one who asserts that the feminine rules of the isle sent two loads of buckshot at him when he endeavored to land on the property.

Forgotten island was virtually unknown when a houseboat steered by Miss Stevens' aged father ground upon its marshy shore one dark night 12 years ago.

Father and daughter tied up the clumsy craft to a big willow until morning. Dawn disclosed the island. Miss Stevens and her father decided to

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remain there and raise garden truck. This gave them a living, which Miss Stevens enlarged by embroidering insignia for uniforms. Two years ago her father died and she became possessor of the property.

"After father died trouble really began," she said. "Certain rich men have been anxious to get the property and they knew they couldn't because I held a lease from the Chicago Title and Trust company, which still has five more years to run. Now it is this means they have adopted."

Several times since the settlement of Forgotten island Miss Stevens has rescued men from drowning. Only a year ago she dragged a drowning man from icy water and held him for an hour until assistance came. The man died from exposure.

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## GOUGH BORED, NOT BAD, IS DIAGNOSIS OF ACTOR B. M'INTOSH

After Three Years' Absence He Is Astonished at Changes for Worse in Metropolis.

New York, Dec. 20.—The trouble with New York is not that it's bad, but that it's bored. It makes large, convulsive efforts to show itself a good time, and it falls down hard on every trial. The men on Fifth avenue and Broadway are haggard, furtive and old before their time; the women are painted, artificial caricatures of what they used to be. In three years the happy, human bohemianism, the insouciant youth and gaiety of the Great White Way has been swallowed up in cabarets and tea terraces.

Now, if New York likes this sort of thing, it may "go to it" for all Burr McIntosh cares. That genial combination actor, editor, photographer and man of the world positively and definitely refuses to add the role of reformer to the others in his repertoire; but he has been away from here for three years, and now that he is back he can't help but note the changes. He said as much today.

"Geel!" he bursts forth, "you know, when I was here, a few years ago, I used to like to walk up Fifth avenue, because I could see crowds of the nicest, prettiest, sweetest American girls—the daintiest girls to be found anywhere in the world."

"And now, what do you see there? Girls wearing the most ridiculous clothes, the narrow, silk skirts, the outlandish, absurd fashions, girls with their hair brought down over their cheeks, little school girls painted and rouged and powdered up to look like old women. And all the women painted and powdered and dressed like young girls. There never was anything like it before!"

"New York has simply gone crazy; and if it wants to, all right! Lord knows, I don't want to interfere. But I can't help seeing the changes between now and three years ago. And, so far as I am concerned, you can leave me out."

"Take this turkey trotting. It can be done in a proper way, of course, but I don't believe the majority of persons who dance it day and night are inspired by any delight in the rhythm. It's just that they want the personal contact. And their absorption is a part of the general craziness, the interest in the unwholesome and unhappy sides of life."

"Understand, I'm not discussing the question from a moral point of view," Mr. McIntosh repeated. "What interests me is that the folks who chase from cabaret to cabaret don't seem to be getting any enjoyment out of their program. They must lead that sort of life because they want to; certainly nobody compels them. But if they are happy, they don't look the part."

"Everything they do has to be paid for, and the price is going up all the time."

"New York men are crazier after the

dollar than ever before," he continued. "They must have money to pay for all the extravagances of the women, and they will do anything, sacrifice anybody, to get money. That's what gives them their haunted, weary, furtive expressions. They are speeding up the pace to the last notch and beyond, and it's the pace that kills. I've seen more young men with gray hairs since my return to New York than I've ever seen in my life before."

"Everybody's talking hard times and the high cost of living; yet I notice they seem to find money for new clothes and restaurant suppers. Read in the papers about men who earn \$50 and \$75 and \$100 a month; but I'll be hanged if I see how they can live at all, as living is considered in New York."

"And the women? Are they as money crazy as the men?"

"Every woman in New York with a pretty ankle is crazy to know it," he said. "And she knows just how to go to work—just the way to hold her dress; just the proper curve of her legs."

"It's mighty hard on women who have been happily married, up till recently. For the husbands are just as busy looking as the ankles are busy showing. Men are continually chasing around with the wives of other men, and their own wives find consolation promptly. Everybody's doing it!"

"But it wasn't always like this. I can tell you. I'm no octogenarian, but I remember the time when honest friendliness and loyalty and simplicity covered a multitude of bohemian failings."

## Proper Attire for the Tango

Clipped from The Journal December 9, 1913.

**The Tango Gown.**

The tango gown in all its loveliness and dancing possibilities has arrived. I saw it at that exclusive little shop on Alder street at the corner of Park. The color combination is shell pink and cream white. The waist is a succession of falls of the most delicate silk shadow lace, with butterfly sleeves and low neck outlined with pearls. The skirt is of crepe de chine draped with trouser effect over a full skirt of accordion pleated chiffon. A minaret skirt effect and big flat bows of delicate pink ribbon, completes this very fetching costume especially designed for tango dancing.

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THAT EXCLUSIVE LITTLE SHOP REFERRED TO ON ALDER ST. IS AT THE CORNER OF PARK.

Clipped from The Journal December 11, 1913.

**A Mass Embossed Chiffon Gown.**

One of the most lovely dancing gowns I have seen was shown me at that little exclusive Alder street shop this week. The foundation was white chiffon with a fish tail train, while the overdrape was white Paul Poiret crepe embossed in softest maze colored velvet. A girle of French blue velvet and a broad flat bow of the same catching up the draped skirt were the only touches of decided color. The dainty little bodice was outlined in rhinestones.

FURTHER EVIDENCE OF THE ATTRACTIONS AT THE

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Clipped from The Journal December 16, 1913.

**Smart Frocks for Less.**

The wise woman who loves smart and exclusive things, but whose purse is somewhat lean, may now pick up some really splendid bargains at that exclusive little Alder street shop. There are some really beautiful dancing gowns in the new yellow—that lovely, elusive cross between a yellow and old gold, which has sprung into such recent popularity under the name of tango yellow. These gowns are draped in delicate shadow lace, they have the "correct" drape and are altogether adorable while the prices are surprisingly low.

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