

THE SOCIAL MIRROR OF THE WEST



Volume 3

APRIL, 1914

Number 2

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Cover Design

THE DE LUXE MAGAZINE

Published Monthly By
THE "DE-LUXE" PUBLISHING COMPANY,
522 CENTRAL BLDG., SEATTLE.

ARTHUR F. WAKEFIELD, Editor and Proprietor, 522 Central Bldg., Seattle
M. SHAPPEE, Secretary
Telephone Main 4384.

Victoria Representative, MRS. C. M. DEVLIN, 329 Michigan Street; Phone 3512-R

Twenty-five Cents a Copy.

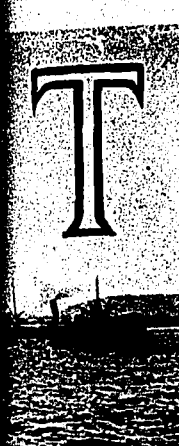
One Year, Two Dollars Fifty Cents.

Foreign Subscription, One Year, Three Dollars.

The "De Luxe" Magazine is for sale at all prominent news stands, trains, book-shops and hotels. In London at Hotel Carlton and Hotel Cecil; in Paris at Brentano's, No. 37, Avenue de l'Opera. The International News Company, 5 Breems Bldg., Chancery Lane, London, E. C. European Agents: The Puget Sound News Co., 802 Western Avenue, Seattle, Washington. American and Canadian Distributors.

Address all communications and make all checks payable to the
"DE-LUXE" PUBLISHING COMPANY, 522 CENTRAL BLDG., SEATTLE

SEATTLE



THOUGH unusually quiet all winter society folk have, nevertheless, welcomed the Lenten season, and except for the smaller, very informal affairs, are anticipating a real rest season. We seem, this winter, to have done everything by fits and starts.

Excepting dancing, however, to which we have been consistently loyal and for which we are still showing our enthusiasm, though in a quieter way as becomes the forty days of Lent and meditation.

Even the most pronounced devotees of the game have been erratic in their playing this winter. And though we have had a really fine Theatrical Season, we have scarcely had a full house anywhere, excepting at the Orpheum. This may, in a way, be accounted for by the lack of effort it requires to attend a vaudeville. Yet musically, Seattle may be proud of herself, for she certainly has turned out well to the many excellent concerts we have had, and her enthusiasm and appreciation have been most generously expressed.

We have had almost none of the large formal teas which were so popular a year

ago. Hostesses and guests alike are gladly embracing the smaller, more informal affairs, where we can really be with, and enjoy the company of those we like. And how much more pleasant and benefit we get out of this intimate form of social intercourse. It is also due to this independent informality that we so frequently hear, now, such remarks as: "How delightful or how talented Mrs. So and So is. I really never knew her until winter."

Even dinners and luncheons have taken on this intimacy and we rarely now have parties exceeding twelve or sixteen covers, where as we used, hardly to dignify such affairs as—dinners or luncheons—but

rather referred to them as "small companies."

Our mental attitude concerning our Social life was cleverly summed up the other day, when some Eastern guests were asked how social Seattle impressed them, and one of the ladies spoke quickly and enthusiastically: "It's perfectly beautiful; it is even better than the South the way you let people right into your hearts and are still so splendidly and Westernly independent."

Interspersing our small teas, tangos and bridges, we have three or four larger affairs which have been all the more striking by contrast, a couple of real matrimonial surprises and numerous letters describing the wanderings of our many travelers. The splendid musicale, which Mrs. Charles D. Stimson gave February the ninth, was probably the most elaborate event of the month. Mrs. Stimson's home, on Minor Avenue and Seneca Street, which is always so hospitably beautiful, was gorgeous with masses of brilliant flowers in every room, each, however, having its own individual color scheme. Delighted exclamations were heard on all sides as one entered the reception room with its masses of exquisite American Beauty roses arranged with such beautifully artistic effect. Here we were greeted by Mrs. Stimson and Mrs. Willard Stimson of Los Angeles, and one forgot the beauties of the decorations in the sweetness and graciousness of the charming hostess and her Guest of Honor.

Entering the library, all aglow with the most wonderful pink chrysanthemums, the guests were undecided as to whether they were not more beautiful than roses. Then came the dining room, a perfect expression as a splendid climax of decorative art. Graceful swaying branches of white lilacs, brilliant yellow daffodils and deliciously sweet hyacinths, and one realized that spring is here.

The program which Mrs. Stimson had arranged comprised about a dozen numbers and was most satisfyingly given by Mrs. Lenore Gordon Foy, soloist, and Mrs. Inez Z. Morrison, at the piano.

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