

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

Hotel Sorrento

(MADISON STREET AT TERRY)

SEATTLE

Recognized Throughout America as
the Most Comfortable Hotel
of the West.



THE
Incomparable Scenic Hotel of the
Pacific Coast.

European and American Plan

Single Rooms and Full Board

"The DeLuxe" Magazine



Price 25 Cents

FEBRUARY, 1914

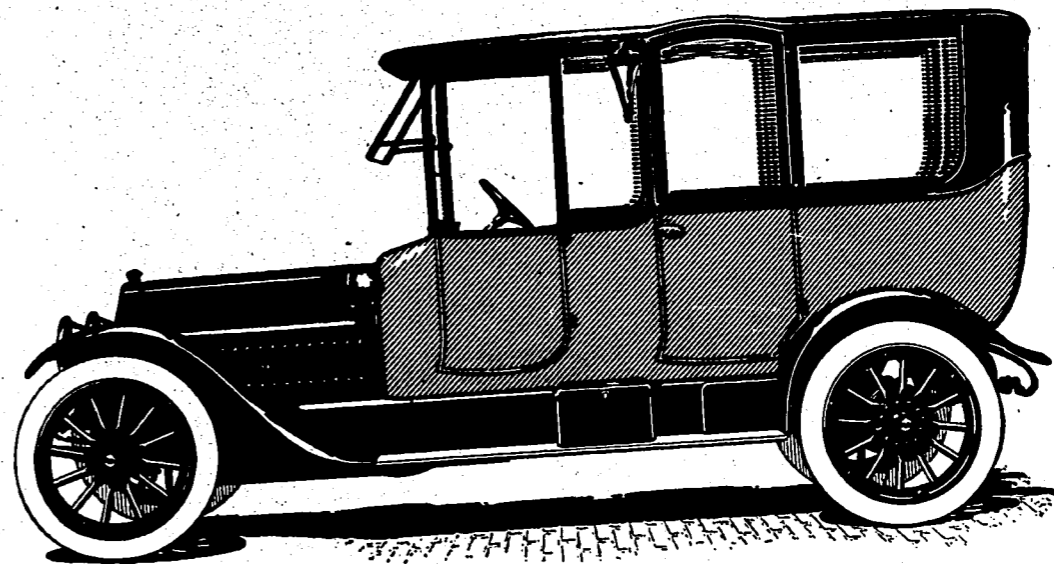
Vol. 3. No. 1

COPYRIGHT 1914 BY ARTHUR F. WAKEFIELD

PUBLISHED BY THE "DE-LUXE" PUBLISHING CO., SEATTLE, WASH.

SECOND CLASS MATTER APPLIED FOR

Moore & Pauline



Distributors for Cole and Studebaker. 1914 Studebaker cars show more real value than ever before. Two models—a six and a four. Both models electric lighted and started, with full floating rear axle and Timken bearings used on both models.

Studebaker cars class with the high-grade cars. but sell at a lower price.

Studebaker

A Six, seats seven, fully equipped, F. O. B. Victoria...\$2,150

A Four, seats five, fully equipped, F. O. B. Victoria...\$1,550

Write us for 1914 Catalogue. It will surprise you. It will pay you to investigate the Studebaker before you buy your 1914 car. Call on us at our new three-story fire-proof garage and show room.

Pembroke St. Just Above Douglas St.
VICTORIA, B. C.

De-Luxe
Monthly

What the Publishers Have to Say

As we have already explained in a former issue, this page is used—not for editorial matter, but for the publishers to talk with their readers and advertisers—there is no reason that it should be editorial matter for the editor to have this page would mean he would only tell you things you already know, or again, he may go off on a tangent and get himself into a controversy which may land him on the outside of everything. To tell you the truth, we are a little afraid of him; he may make a break which all the court-plaster would fail to mend. Therefore, we are taking precautions by using it ourselves.

Now, we have explained and apologized for our entry; we must call your attention to a contest which we have started in connection with the DE-LUXE. Our aim is to get the people who have heretofore been buying the magazine from the newsstands to become yearly subscribers. We need them, and, we are confident they will never regret the money paid to an enthusiastic contestant. When you consider that you will receive the DE-LUXE in a perfect condition, and delivered to your home free, each month, you will realize it's the best way. A magazine that has been handled by many people before you buy it is hardly fit to be called "an artistic production," for the cover is torn, and the pages are dirty.

Our intentions were to tell you about the changes which you will notice in this issue, the book is a trifle larger, in fact it is now an ideal size, the engravings show to better advantage, you have more reading material and the books are easier handled, while from the advertiser's standpoint it couldn't be improved upon. It is much more expensive to produce than formerly but our aim has been to produce the finest magazine on the Pacific Coast, and, with due respect to our natural modesty we feel that we have accomplished something near this.

The reader who purchases it for the

news and engravings and the advertising public can not fail to say, "Well, that is certainly different than the average periodical." It is different from the others, for where they publish an excellent Christmas number, the balance of the year you get a mediocre publication. Do you consider this good policy? Do you consider that when YOU sign advertising space in the Christmas edition that the drop back to the very ordinary sheet is good? From a display standpoint it's harmful, and advertising display is recognized to be the first principle applied to getting results. Would you be content to move into a first-class store for the Christmas month and then go back to a little two by twelve store for the balance of eleven months? Would you think that good business? Would it be more consistent to stay in the first-class store the year around? I don't know how you may look at the foregoing, but you must confess there is a grain of sense there—it's for you to decide—you spend the money, and you are supposed to know how to spend it conscientiously.

Good advertising space is not the easiest thing in the world to find—you can get advertising on most anything now-a-days, but, how much of that is wasted? Seventy-five per cent would be a conservative estimate. Why? Because very few mediums are ever retained from month to month. They are thrown away after having once been read. This is not the case with the DE-LUXE. It is safe to say every copy is retained and your advertisement is of proportionate value to the life of the medium in which it appears. Is that good publicity? Or, do you prefer your copy to be read once and then thrown away?

From the initial number of the DE-LUXE we have exercised strict censorship over the class of advertising signed up by this department and this will continue. We recommend our readers to deal with those advertising in the DE-LUXE, as we permit none but the most exclusive and reliable business houses to use our columns.

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE BABIES SHOP IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST

AMONG THE MANY NOVELTIES WHICH WE SUGGEST FOR THE LITTLE ONES

ARE

MUSICAL BALLS AND RATTLES
EXCLUSIVELY DRESSED DOLLS
LITTLE GIRLS' WORK BASKETS
BABIES' FOOT WARMERS
RECORD BOOKS

ALSO A FULL LINE OF

HAND EMBROIDERED BONNETS
HAND MADE DRESSES
EMBROIDERED WRAPPERS
CARRIAGE ROBES, PILLOW CASES

AND

COMPLETE TROUSSEAU FOR BABIES,
STAMPED GOODS FOR LADIES AND
BABIES. WE CARRY INFANTS' LONG
AND SHORT CLOTHES, LITTLE TOTS'
DRESSES, COATS, BONNETS AND UNDER
MUSLINS TO SIX YEARS.



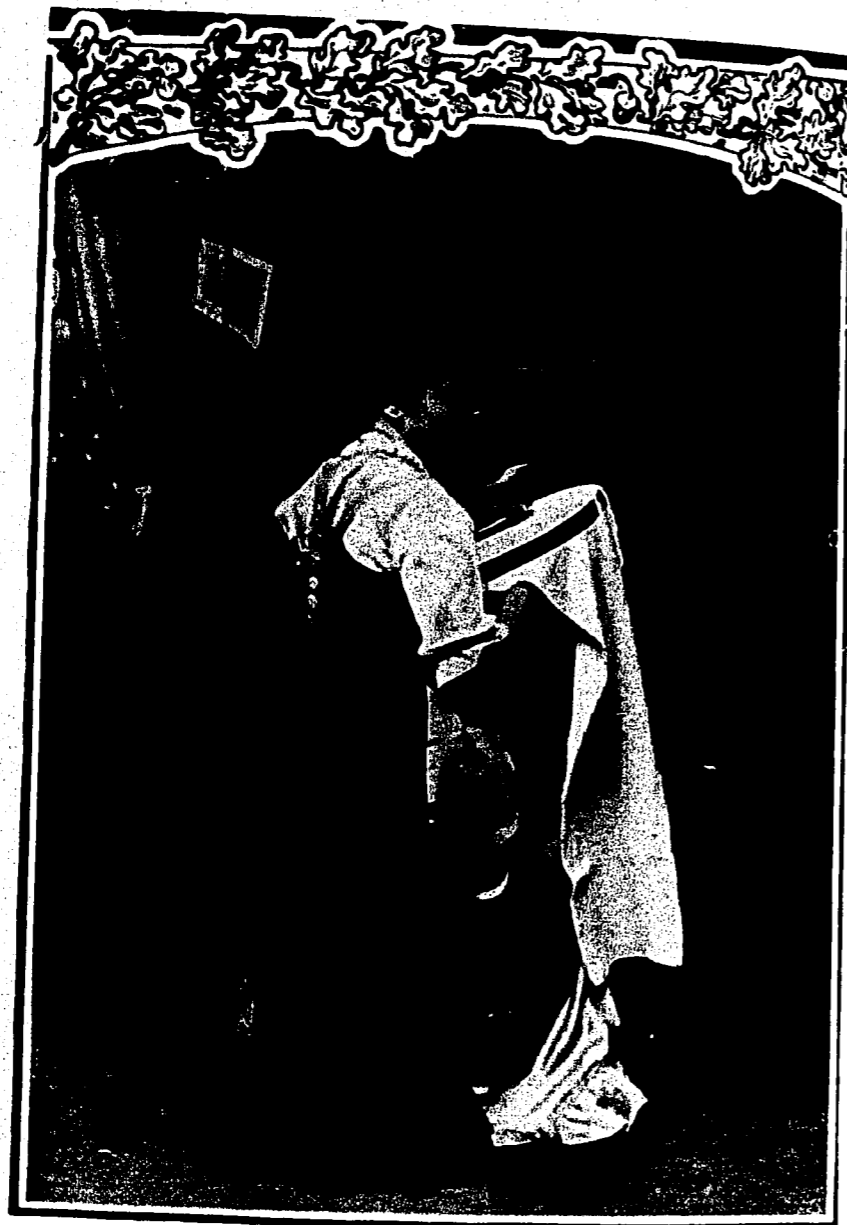
Miss Oliver's Baby Shop

1527 SECOND AVENUE
SEATTLE, WASH.

Phone Elliott 4751

De-Luxe
Monthly

"Swiss Embroidery Store"



These are imported direct from our own factory at St. Gall, Switzerland, and are the finest work of this description obtainable anywhere. The new arrivals include some of the most charming and dainty articles we have ever seen.

Some items which will interest you:

Waist Lengths, from \$35.00 to.....	\$ 3.00
Exclusive Evening Gown Lengths, from.....	17.50
Embroidery, in 4-yard Lengths, from.....	.50
Collars and Cuffs and Jabots, from.....	1.00
Dainty Handkerchiefs, from.....	.60
Cluny Lace Tablecloths, from.....	11.00
Hand-Embroidered Nightgowns and Combinations, from.....	9.00
Baby Jackets and Bonnets, from.....	5.00

BELMONT BUILDING

Victoria, B. C.

FACING EMPRESS HOTEL

De-Luxe Monthly

(4)

CROWN MILLINERY



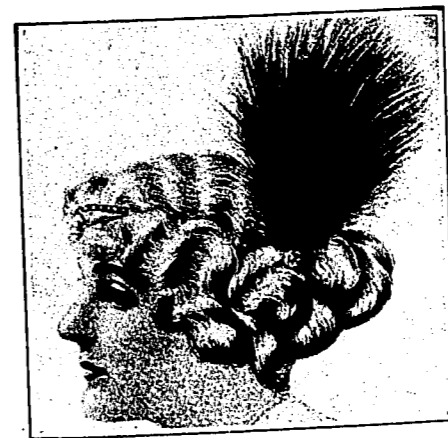
own Millinery features exclusive late winter models, original shapes and latest imported interpretations of current fashions at moderate prices.

MISS M. E. LIVINGSTONE

FORT STREET

VICTORIA, B. C.

Ladies' Hair Dressing SHAMPOOING



Hair Work done in all its Branches, and Workmanship Guaranteed. Theatrical Wigs for Hire and for Sale. Electrical Face and Scalp Treatment and Superfluous Hair Removed. Full Line of Bangs, Switches, Pompadours, Etc.

MRS. M. L. ROSS

Successor to MADAM KOSCHE
Phone 1175

1105 DOUGLAS STREET

VICTORIA, B. C.

De-Luxe Monthly

! - ?

Would you like
to speak French?
Or Spanish?
Or Italian?
Or German?

No other accomplishment can possibly give you the thrill of satisfaction that comes from being able to think and talk in a foreign tongue.

The Mademoiselle Denise Bringer School of Languages

Under the direction of

Mademoiselle Denise Bringer

offers thorough instruction, individual and class, in French, Spanish, Italian and German.

Special Classes for Children

The Mademoiselle Denise Bringer School of Languages has a children's department for the study of French. It is conceded that the best time to study a foreign language is when one is young. Children learn quickly and acquire a fine and natural pronunciation. Classes will be arranged so as not to interfere with regular school work.

English for Foreigners

All personal inquiries directed to 509-7 Lyon Building, will receive prompt attention from Mademoiselle Denise Bringer, principal, or Miss Majel Penney, secretary.

A booklet giving very interesting information of the school on request.

509-7 Lyon Bldg.

Seattle

Telephone Elliott 877

SOCIAL MIRROR OF THE WEST



Volume 3 FEBRUARY, 1914 Number 1
Published by Arthur F. Wakefield Second Class Postoffice Privilege Applied For

CONTENTS

	Page.
Photographs:	
Miss Lister	9
Ms. J. S. McKee and Mrs. Chas. M. Johnson	13
Mme. de Treville	15
Ms. J. W. Troup	17
Miss Neva Hay	19
"Won't You Buy My Flowers?"	21
Mme. de Treville as Mlle. de Maupin	25
Mrs. Gilbert M. Butterworth	27
Mlle. Barti	34
Mme. de Treville as Jenny Lind	35
Madge Titheridge	36
the Public Eye:	
The Hon. Dr. Young	30
Clifford Denham	40
the Publishers Have to Say	2
Human Spirit	8
the 400: The Social Mirror of the West	9-29
Theatre: Illustrated	31-36
and the Arts: The True Conception of Art	37-38
the Societe Americaine des Villes D'Amerique: Seattle	39-40
Story:	
"A Brigand in Love," by Louise Winter	41-59
Book Reviews	61-63
Lehr	Cover Design

THE DE LUXE MAGAZINE

Published Monthly By
THE "DE-LUXE" PUBLISHING COMPANY,
511 Lyon Bldg., Seattle.

ARTHUR F. WAKEFIELD, Editor and Proprietor.
Telephone Main 4384.

M. SHAPPEE, Secretary.

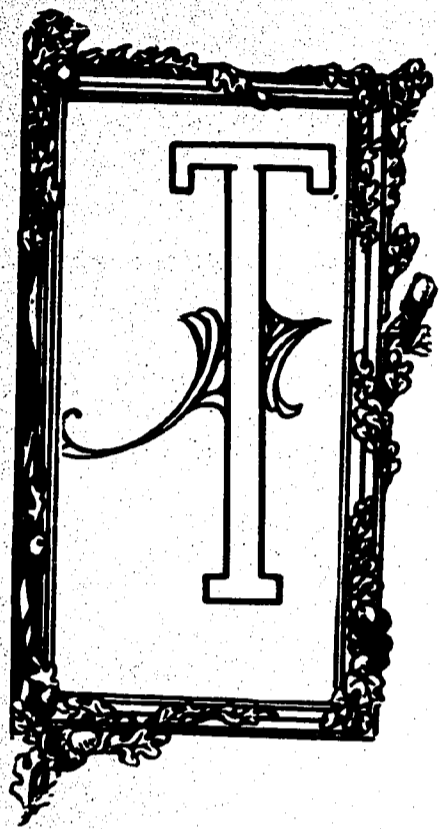
Twenty-five Cents a Copy.

Foreign Subscription, One Year, Four Dollars.
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.

THE HUMAN SPIRIT



HE potter's wheel is still made of ash and the thrower works upon it now in the same way as did the thrower thousands of years ago in Egypt. As it whirls and whirs he fashions the wet, soft clay upon it into what forms he will. The shapeless, dead mass grows into beautiful, spinning shapes under the deft touch and press of his hands. Now he makes the wheel go slowly; now he makes it go fast and faster. It spins and sings and sings in unison with his spirit. He must have a sure eye and a sense of weight and form and size to guide him; and he must have a still further sense in the love for the beautiful. As you watch him working you may feel that vast lapse of time make but little difference in essential things.

The hand of man of now is no more than was the hand of the man of ancient Egypt. The beginning and the end of making good ware from the earth is the simple potter's wheel of cheap ash. The texture of the ware and the beauty of its form depend on the spirit and senses of the potter.

Great pictures are painted today in the same way they were in the time of Michelangelo. Each pigment is separately put on with minutest care. The great design, seemingly so simple, is a combination of infinite detail. Every deft touch is the result of long years of earnest striving and deep feeling. He who conceives and paints a great picture has first felt and yearned deeply. The spirit of the picture can be no nobler than the spirit that conceives and paints it. The artist's own soul, awakened, broadened and mellowed by yearning and striving, is the soul that shines out from the canvas.

Great thoughts come today, just as they came in the day of Socrates, from minds developed in humble thinking and hearts inured to noble feeling. Inspiration is no chance thing. It comes only to minds prepared; there must first be the perfected soil of knowledge, suffering, sympathy.

Until the ear has been held close to the heart of humanity the lips can utter no word worth while. Genius can no more flash from a barren mind than a rose in full bloom can spring from desert sand. And the great thoughts, springing from the depths of the soul and fashioned into speech by feeling minds—how homely they ever are!

Advancing civilization has made great progress in many things. The man of today in the midst of his myriads of mechanical devices, is enabled to do in a day work for which his grandfather would have required weeks and months. But how much of this work is really worth while?

When we contemplate life in its larger and lasting issues, and look upon it as a matter of souls and sublimities, not of days and of fleeting joys, we must be irresistibly moved by the fact that the success of this existence is dependent not upon the splendid things and the magnificent events, for what it holds of joys worth having, and noble happenings, but upon the unseen, unheard quality, the human spirit.

The pictures that have any real meaning for mankind are the ones into which the true artist has toilsomely yet lovingly worked a part of himself. The thoughts that enlighten and inspire come from the deep wells of human understanding and sympathy. Dead senses are quickened only by human spirit, as the dead clay is given shape and temperament only by the senseful touch of the potter.

AMONG THE 400

Holidays have come and gone, with a gust of glowing Yuletide spontaneous gaiety, and blowing a trail of flattened pocket-books and wardrobes. Now we are all

forbidden to ramble into the realms of fashion. Seattle has been phenomenally festive for the past six weeks, and that in the face of a steady exodus to California.

Chronicled briefly, the important events



MISS LISTER,
OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON.

ntly longing for the Lenten season of ars—mental, moral and psychological. after all is said and done, psychology a woman means clothes—but we are have been few and far between—three or four dances, a wedding or two, and a host of gossipy tea-parties, impromptu tables of bridge and informal "tangos." Two large

ultra-smart card clubs meet with clock-like regularity, and even the children have their innings. In review a melee of hodgepodge entertaining crowds the calendar of "High Societ-ee."

The month opened with a dash, heralding many good times for the holidays, with a record-breaking audience gathered at the Moore the evening of the first to greet Melba and Kubelik. The boxes were crowded with the cream of a most representative brilliant audience. Mr. and Mrs. William Pitt Trimble had with them Mr. and Mrs. James D. Lowman and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dwight Merrill. Mrs. Eliza Ferry Leary brought Judge and Mrs. Richard A. Balinger, Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Edmund Bowden; while with Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Green Collins were Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Greer and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dickinson. Mrs. A. S. Kerry had with her Miss Olive Kerry, Miss Gertrude Boland of Montclair, N. J., and Mrs. D. V. Halverstadt, and Mr. and Mrs. Manson F. Backus and Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Grosscup of Tacoma were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Brownell. With Mr. Townsend E. Soper—who, by the way, is always in evidence at musical affairs—were Mrs. Elizabeth Langford, Miss E. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Suydam and Miss Noel Dressler. Mr. and Mrs. William D. Perkins had with them Mrs. George H. Walker and Mrs. E. F. Blaine. Others seen in the boxes were Mrs. Alden J. Blethen with Mrs. Duffy, Miss Blethen, Miss Hammons, Miss Bartlett and Dr. Mesdag; Mr. and Mrs. David Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Julius H. Bloedel, Mme. Skinner and Mr. George Noble Skinner. In Mr. and Mrs. Horace C. Henry's box were Mr. and Mrs. Langdon C. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mandel Henry and Mrs. William S. Peachy, and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Pelly, Mrs. Robert H. Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Peters, Mrs. Harry Sharpless, Mrs. Charles E. Patterson, Mrs. N. H. Latimer, Mrs. L. C. Gilman, Miss Elizabeth Sander, now Mrs. Farwell Lilly, Mr. Farwell Lilly, Miss Dorothy Lilly, Mr. John Perry, Prof. Milnor Roberts, Miss Milnora Roberts, Mrs. Worral Wilson, Mrs. Reginald H. Parsons and Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Lindley. Many smart little supper parties followed the performance, at the New Washington Hotel.

The next evening Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Karl Struve gave a most charming

dinner at their Minor avenue home. With the individual personal touch Struve imparts to all she does, the about which the sixteen guests seated, was a dream of violets, Brunner roses, lilies of the valley and a dull gleam of silver vases. Miss Flanders, of Portland, who was passing a week with Mrs. Struve at that time was the recipient of a pretty attention from Mrs. Joshua Green, in the form of a little Orphum party and tea at the Sunset Club. Mrs. Struve left a few days before Christmas with Mr. Struve for California. He has since returned, leaving her with Mrs. Richard Cox in Berkeley.

A couple of days later a small, but usually daintily appointed dinner, was given at the Rainier Club by Dr. W. A. Moore in compliment to Miss Helen Kimball of Spokane, who spent several weeks in December with Miss Edine Dudley at the Hotel Perry. A radiant color scheme of deep crimson rose waxen hyacinths and violets was carried out in the corsage bouquets, boutonnieres and stunning basket. After the dinner host and guests, of course, danced—some of them going on later to the large bridge party held at the Sunset Club by Mrs. Dorothy Fay. Here mirth and jollity reigned supreme, and the affair was pronounced one of the most delightful of the season for the younger set.

After nearly a week of comparative quiet came a dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Stimson, at their handsome home on Minor avenue, and the same evening the elaborate function at the Rainier Club was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Le Baron Duffy, recent newlyweds, by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Blethen. Mrs. Stimson centered her table with a graceful arrangement of violets, pale pink carnations, yellow roses and narcissi in a large silver basket surrounded with four smaller vases.

The Blethen reception and ball proved a most decided success. The clubhouse, thrown open in entirety for the occasion, was blooming with a thousand colors—afforded by a profusion of autumn flowers and a bevy of maids and matrons in rainbow cosumes, flitting hither and thither against the more sombre background of palms and conventional black and white formal dress of the masculine contingent. Receiving with the hosts and honorees were Mr. and Mrs. Kerry, Col. and Mrs. Blethen, Mr. and Mrs. McDermott and



MARJORIE BLANCHE,
DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. HENRY ROSE HARRIMAN, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.
HOME PORTRAIT BY JAMES & BUSHNELL, SEATTLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bradley Ballinger. Assisting Mr. and Mrs. Blethen were Judge and Mrs. Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bausman, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Karl Struve, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Blaine, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Guy Frink, Capt. and Mrs. Le Ballister, Judge and Mrs. Mackintosh, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Broussais Beck, Miss Marion Blethen, Miss Imogene Carraher, Miss Atkinson, Miss Mame Lucas, Dr. Frank I. Shaw, Mr. Marmaduke and Dr. Tom Mesdag. More than four hundred were entertained during the receiving hours and later a large percentage of that number tripped the light fantastic until a late hour.

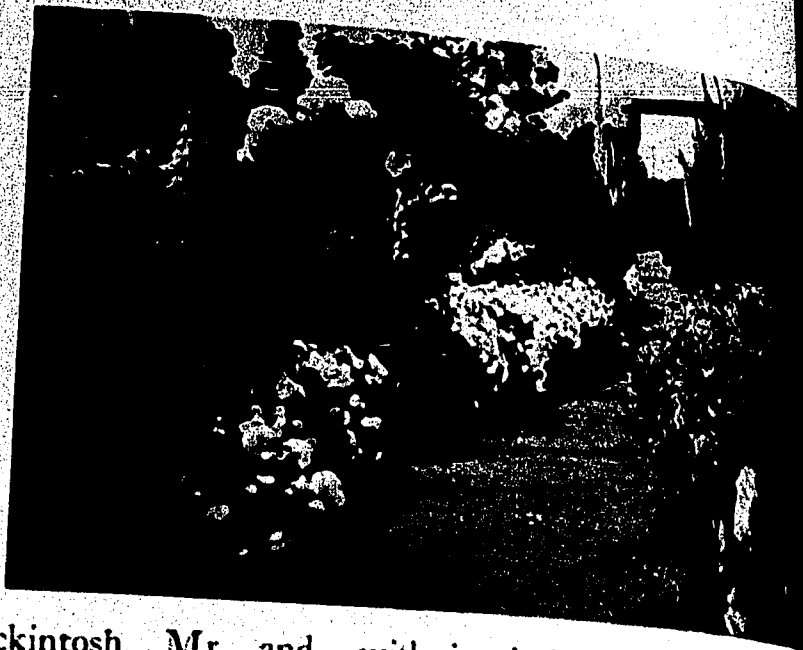
On the tenth and eleventh Mrs. Guy S. Peterkin presided at two pretty lunches in her home on Tenth avenue north, the table in each case glittering and scintillating with a miniature Christmas tree, supplemented with scarlet-shaded candles in silver holders. Wednesday Mrs. Peterkin's guests were Mrs. A. H. Daugherty, Mrs. Charles P. Converse, Mrs. Henry Landes, Mrs. S. B. Gibbs, Mrs. Holden A. Evans, who, by the way, leaves in the early Spring to make her home in the East; Mrs. Philip E. Fisher and Mrs. Albert Charles Phillips. On Thursday Mrs. Arthur Shores, who has gone with Mr. Shores to make her home in Vancouver, and Miss Juanita Day of Fairmont, Minn., were the honor guests, and other covers were laid for Mrs. Charles W. Lea, Mrs. Frank W. Taylor, Mrs. James E. Morgan, Mrs. Howard Thomas, Mrs. Everett F. Tawney and Mrs. Lewis E. Eyman.

The next day brought another compliment to Miss Day, who was the guest of Christmas of her sister, Mrs. Tawney, when Mrs. James Hamilton De Veuve gave one of her delightful bridge afternoons in her honor. Twenty-four guests were bidden to the affair, and the honors fell to Miss Lee, Mrs. Tawney and Mrs. Edward Bradley Ballinger, with a gift for the honor guest. Presiding over the tea and coffee urns, at the tea table,

with its daring scarlet and green centerpiece of gay poinsettias and lighted candles were Mrs. Richard Crisp and Mrs. James E. Morgan, and assisting the hostess were Mrs. Clare E. Farnsworth and Miss Beatrice Brainerd. That same afternoon Mrs. Henry Baetz gave one of her attractive formal musicale teas, as a farewell to Mrs. Victor Hugo Smith and Miss Horace Smith, who left shortly for California.

The Junior Wednesday Evening Card Club, composed of young married couples, held several December meetings. First with Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Ballinger on Federal avenue the evening of the second, when the prize-winners were Mrs. George Warren Boole and Mr. Henry Dickinson. A fortnight later it met with Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Greer, who have since left to spend the winter in San Francisco, and at that time Mrs. Charles Willard Stimson and Mr. John Henry Ballinger won the honors. Christmas night it gathered at the Boylston avenue home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Willard Stimson, and everyone, it seems, won a prize several times over, as their was a favor for every rubber! Two weeks later Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Chinn entertained the coterie at their residence on Queen Anne hill, and Mrs. R. E. Chinn and Mr. Paul Mandel Henry received the high scores. At the following meeting with Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Chinn, Mrs. E. B. Chinn and Mr. George Warren Boole were the fortunate players.

The Wednesday Evening Card Club, including not-so-youthful-married-couples, met on the tenth at the Sunset Club, with Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hughes as hosts. Mrs. Trimble and Judge Donworth carried off the honors at bridge, and Mrs. Ainsworth and Mr. Fred Stimson at dominoes. It passed to skip Christmas and New Year's and the attendant festivities, and met again at the Sunset Club



MRS. J. S. Mc-
KEE,
HOQUIAM,
WASHINGTON.
President Wash-
ington State Fed-
eration of Wom-
en's Clubs.



MRS. CHARLES M.
JOHNSON,
SEATTLE, WASH.
General Manager
Western Woman's
Outlook.

PORTRAITS BY JAMES & BUSHNELL, SEATTLE.



January fourteenth, with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander F. McEwan, and the honors fell to Mrs. E. C. Hughes and Mr. Manson F. Backus and to Mrs. Jacob Furth and Mr. H. C. Henry. The next meeting was held on January twenty-ninth with Mr. and Mrs. Henry.

On the eighteenth came the unusually attractive tea given by Mrs. Julius H. Bloedel at her home on Belmont Place. She used a profusion of gorgeous holly and crimson flowers to express the season's joyousness, and pouring at the urns were Mrs. John Harrington Edwards and Mrs. Harry S. Bolcom. And the next day brought the first dance of the month—that is not counting "the dansants" each Saturday afternoon at the New Washington, in the Winter Garden. There is always a voterie of maids, matrons and men to be found there, swaying through the intricate maze of the chic new steps—and several very smart little after-the-matinee parties have been given for visiting girls. "To dance" still remains the edict of the hour, and doubtless will for some time to come. We one-step with the waffles and before the noon repast. We tango before and after tea, between the courses at dinner and the acts at the theater—we shall presently be "maxixing" after supper and up to breakfast again, completing the cycle of the hours. No occasion is too formal—weddings and funerals—what a near-blunder! But so few functions are eliminated from the category nowadays! The whole world is dancing, from the toddling kiddies to the silver-haired grandmamas, and as December is the official month for merrymaking, it proved no exception to the eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt dance—much better than thy neighbor."

Miss Waterhouse's small party at the Boulevard was delightfully informal. Only a few were bidden, and they danced and

frolicked to the hearts' content. The events jumped week until it was "the day after Christmas" that we do hear so much about. (Christmas is, of course, essentially a family day, and all over the city the youngsters returned from boarding schools, and Kringle called down

the chimneys leaving much mystery in his wake and only a few hard-headed cynics refused to be happy and gay! Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Poe gave an egg nog at home, and everybody came and had a beautiful time—for egg nog and Christmas have walked hand in hand from time immemorial.

Friday brought the cotillion given at Broadway Hall under the auspices of the Young Ladies Guild of the Orthopedic Hospital. The large square room was elaborately gowned in its Christmas costume, and rarely has the effect been so charming. In the center of the floor stood a large evergreen tree, draped with ropes of tinsel and gleaming with red, white and blue lights, and loaded with scarlet and snow plumed canes under the stern espionage of Carl Ballard as Santa Claus! The favors were used for two unique cotillion figures, one of which gave the masculine portion of the dancers fluttering spasms under their waistcoats—for fear they might be wallflowers! Those acting as patronesses for the evening were Mrs. J. C. Haines, Mrs. W. A. Peters, Mrs. E. A. Strout, Mrs. James D. Lowman, Mrs. F. H. Brownell, Mrs. William Pitt Trimble, Mrs. William D. Perkins, Mrs. James W. Clise, Mrs. Charles D. Stinson, Mrs. George H. Walker, Mrs. C. R. Collins, Mrs. A. S. Kerry, Mrs. Wallace Green Collins, Mrs. Worrall Wilson, Mrs. J. W. Roberts, Mrs. Joshua Green, Mrs. Livingstone B. Stedman, Mrs. Richard A. Ballinger, Mrs. J. W. Eddy and Mrs. R. D. Merrill. The affair was in charge of Miss Katherine Gaffney, president of the guild, with the following girls assisting her: Miss Olive Kerry, Miss Mary Lee Gallagher, Miss Thomsen, Miss Jane Lambuth, Miss Hazel Archibald, Miss Hazel Archibald, Miss Gladys Waterhouse, Miss Dorothy Fay, Miss May Lee, Miss Margaret Macklem, Miss Guent-



YVONNE de TREVILLE

THE FAMOUS COLORATURA SOPRANO
MISS de TREVILLE WAS THE GUEST OF MRS. ALBERT CHARLES PHILLIPS, 654
OLYMPIA PLACE, WHILE IN SEATTLE.

PORTRAIT BY JAMES & BUSHNELL, SEATTLE.

dolen Carkeek, Mrs. Edward Bradley Balingier, Miss Nadine Dudley, Miss Gladys Landes, Miss Hazel Landes, Miss Margery Kittinger, Miss Katherine Kittinger, Miss Edwina Danner, Miss Jane T. Danner, Miss Ruth Gazzam, Miss Katherine Stewart, Miss Eugenia Peters, Miss Emma Baillargeon, Miss Auzias de Turenne, Miss Margaret Prosser, Miss Helen Brown, Miss Edith Dabney, Miss Clara Weston, Miss Lucy Bucklin, Miss Mollie Kittinger, Miss Elma Collins, Miss Carolyn Gillespy, Miss Mary Delafield, Miss Mary Oakes, Miss Olive Schram, Miss Imogene Carraher, Miss Dorothy Winslow. Prominent young bachelors who composed the floor committee were Mr. Percy Perry, Mr. Eugene West, Mr. William Burwell, Mr. Valentine May, Mr. William Best, Mr. Henry Colver, Mr. Mason Hawkins, Mr. Henry Weston, Mr. Carl Ballard, Mr. Keith Fisk, Mr. Andrew Price, Mr. Charles Black, jr., Mr. Robert Gillespy, Mr. Sidney Peter and Mr. Letcher Lambuth.

The next formal affair that Society flocked to attend was the Mid-Winter Bachelor ball, a distinct innovation for Seattle's Smart Set. Dame Rumor has it that it is to become an annual institution, and certainly no more acceptable and truly charming method of returning courtesies shown them could be devised for the bachelors! Broadway Hall was radiant for the occasion, with a most elaborate arrangement of cedar and evergreen twined in ropes and festoons about the pillars and from the chandeliers to the corners of the room. In the center a gigantic ornament of scarlet flowers and foliage swung from the lights, and the side fixtures were draped with heavy stars formed of the bright red flowers. Under the balcony and before the orchestra palms and bay trees were banked, and in the banquet hall, where supper was served at midnight, the same effective colors were evidenced in the large basket of roses and carnations on the center table and in the clusters of the same blossoms on each of the smaller tables. The dancing commenced at 9:30 o'clock, which is painfully late for Seattle, unless a dinner preceded the ball! But the idea worked like a charm, and the party lasted until way into the wee small hours. Receiving the guests were Mrs. George B. Kittinger, Mrs. Richard Dwight Merrill, Mrs. Alexander F. McEwan, Mrs. Charles D. Stimson, Mrs. Frederick

Karl Struve and Mrs. William Trimble.

The men who were the hosts of the evening included Mr. Stuart Agnew, James Archibald, Mr. W. E. Best, George R. Biddle, Mr. H. McG. Lingsley, Mr. Charles H. Black, jr., James L. Bridge, Mr. D. F. Buchanan, Mr. H. W. Burchard, Dr. E. Burwell, Mr. W. T. Burwell, Mr. Robert Capps, Capt. Carpenter, Mr. C. Carr, Mr. M. B. Carraher, Mr. B. Cavanaugh, Mr. De Witt A. Clark, Mr. John F. Collins, Mr. Henry Coulter, Mr. Chester Coulter, Capt. A. R. Ellsbeck, Mr. C. D. Ellsworth, Mr. Lawrence Endicott, Mr. H. A. Farr, Mr. H. Farrell, Mr. Basil Francis Fitch, Mr. H. C. Farrell, Mr. Basil E. Frederick, Mr. W. Shepard French, Mr. A. M. Gillespy, Mr. Robert Gillespy, Mr. Carl F. Gould, Mr. George Gurd, Mr. James A. Hall, jr.; Mr. T. N. Haller, Mr. Lauro Hanford, Mr. William Hanford, Mr. Frank Hansen, Mr. Mason I. Hawkins, Mr. G. H. Heilbron, Mr. A. S. J. Holt, Dr. V. R. Hooker, Mr. H. D. Hughes, Mr. M. W. Judd, Mr. B. L. Lambuth, Dr. Edgar G. Lee, Mr. W. O. McKay, Mr. George R. Martin, Mr. L. J. Maria, Mr. Stuart D. Maxwell, Mr. Valentine May, Mr. W. G. McLean, Mr. F. L. Meares, Dr. Walter A. Moore, Mr. Ellis Morrison, jr.; Mr. George Munn, Mr. Fred McKenzie, Mr. Prescott Oakes, Mr. Theodore Owens, Mr. O. Packard, Mr. H. K. D. Peachy, Mr. Percy J. Perry, Mr. Andrew Price, Mr. A. P. Sawyer, Mr. Gerald Shannon, Dr. Frank I. Shaw, Mr. Prescott K. Smith, Mr. O. C. Spencer, Mr. Thomas D. Stimson, Dr. E. J. Stubbs, Mr. F. C. Sundt, Mr. E. C. Wagner, Mr. Dwight West, Mr. Joseph Waterhouse, Mr. Eugene West, Lieut. G. C. Westervelt, Mr. William H. Wynn, Mr. Josiah Towne and Mr. C. B. Warren.

Among the many extremely charming gowns in evidence the following were noticed:

Mrs. Burke—Blue de nuit charmeuse, with overdress of chiffon embroidered with swallows in clair de lune, diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Charles D. Stimson—Amethyst velvet brocaded chiffon, with lace and chiffon bodice and diamonds.

Mrs. George B. Kittinger—Black over Nile green, with trimmings.

Mrs. Richard Dwight Merrill—Blue



MRS. J. W. TROUP,
WIFE OF CAPTAIN TROUP, HEAD OF THE C. P. R. COAST STEAMSHIP SERVICE.
PHOTOGRAPH BY ARISTO STUDIO, VICTORIA, B. C.

brocaded satin, with chiffon bodice and diamonds.

Mrs. Alexander McEwan—White charmeuse, with silver embroidered tunic.

Mrs. William Pitt Trimble—Gold colored brocaded satin over lace, and diamonds.

Mrs. Dudley W. Burchard—Blue velvet embroidered on chiffon.

Mrs. Morgan J. Carkeek—White chiffon brocaded in black velvet over white satin.

Mrs. Hugh Gallagher—Lavender satin, with bodice of old lace and crystal beads.

Mrs. M. A. Arnold—Blue velvet, with bodice of black lace over chiffon.

Mrs. Winlock Miller—White satin veiled with black and white lace.

Mrs. H. R. Williams—White satin overdress and silver lace bodice, partly veiled with black and jet.

Mrs. Frank H. Brownell—Blue charmeuse with lace and embroidered chiffon bodice.

Mrs. Charles Willard Stimson—Scarlet chiffon tunic embroidered in crystal over white charmeuse.

Mrs. L. E. Eyman—White chiffon and brocaded liberty satin.

Mrs. Edward Ballinger—Emerald green tunic over white, scarlet girdle.

Mrs. Guy Peterkin—White and crystal.

Miss Mary Lee Gallagher—Pink charmeuse and brocaded chiffon.

Mrs. J. W. Eddy—Silver brocade with Alice blue and crystal trimmings.

Mrs. E. A. Ainsworth—White lace with blue tunic.

Mrs. Nathaniel Paschall—Black tulle over blue, with coral girdle and touches of white.

Mrs. J. C. Haines—Lavender crepe meteor, with a chiffon tunic, beaded with crystal and banded with a crystal fringe.

Mrs. Alexander Bell—White charmeuse trimmed in lace and fur.

Miss Carolyn Gillespy—Pink charmeuse, with shadow lace bodice.

Miss Ruth Gazzam—Pale yellow, chiffon tunic.

Miss Helen Richmond—White chiffon and silver lace, with green sash and rhinestone trimmings.

Mrs. Wilson, of Spokane—Black velvet over green, with gold-embroidered collar.

Miss Guendolen Carkeek—Gold over green, with gold-embroidered collar.

Mrs. Monroe Miller, of Spokane—Coral velvet, with brocaded velvet and gold trimmings.

Miss Jessamine Garrett—Shell over white, with tulle minaret.

Miss Vivien Swalwell, of Everett—Lace, with touches of American Beige and blue.

Miss Gladys Waterhouse—Silver charmeuse with green girdle and rhinestone trimmings.

Miss Molly Kittinger—Old rose charmeuse, with lace bodice.

Miss Katherine Kittinger—Orange chiffon over white.

Miss Marianne Rae, of Pittsburg—White chiffon, embroidered with blue.

Miss Kathleen Gaffney—Old rose chiffon over charmeuse.

Mrs. Samuel L. Russell—Canary yellow satin, with lace bodice and tunic.

Miss Margery Macklem—Pink chiffon over satin.

Miss Eugenia Peters—Gold-colored chiffon and charmeuse, black girdle.

Miss Carolyn Pratt—Brick red satin and shadow lace.

Miss Margery Capps—Apple green chiffon cloth, with lace and chiffon.

Miss Theresa Thomsen—Emerald green tunic, draped with lace, and bodice banded with fur.

Miss Dorothy Fay—Silver lace and white charmeuse.

Miss Olive Schram—Pink crepe meteor and lace and chiffon.

Miss Hazel Landes—Delft blue chiffon and silver.

Miss Elizabeth Brainerd—Old blue, with crystal tunic and bands of fur.

Miss Hazel Archibald—Orange charmeuse, with lace overdress and bodice, trimmed with fur.

Clarke Murray—White and red chiffon, with satin girdle.

Collins—Red chiffon tunic, embroidery over white.

T. Keena—Flowered chiffon yellow.

Brown—Yellow and crystal.

Miss Imogene Carraher—White fur and emerald green tunic over satin.

Miss Morrison—White satin, trimmed with brilliants.

Miss Leah Lord—Old rose, with fur.

Mrs. Hendrick Suydham—Brick red chiffon embroidered in crystal and Oriental colors over white.



MISS NEVA HAY,
DAUGHTER OF EX-GOVERNOR HAY.
MISS HAY HAS BEEN THE GUEST OF MRS. JOHN EDWARD
CHILBERG DURING THE PAST MONTH.

Miss Olive Kerry—White lace over charmeuse, delft blue girdle.

Mrs. E. B. Bartells—Pink chiffon, embroidered with crystal, Alice blue girdle.

Miss Eleanor Mathews—Pink minaret over satin.

Miss E. P. Jamison—Cream brocade trimmed with black and rhinestones.

Mrs. John P. Murphy—Black lace and de chine.

Miss Catherine Esterly—White lace and rhinestones.

Mrs. Langdon C. Henry—Blue brocade and lace bodice.

Mrs. Harry S. Bolcom—Black crepe de chine with lace bodice.

Mrs. Burnes—Rose charmeuse with lace bodice.

Mrs. Cecil Bacon—White crepe de chine.



Mrs. James D. Hoge—Pink crepe de chine with lace bodice and drape, with blue girdle.

Mrs. Henry Hibbard—White charmeuse with lace and crystal ornaments.

Mrs. James Morgan—Black charmeuse with lace and cut steel trimming.

Mrs. Geoffrey Winslow, of Tacoma—White charmeuse with lace and crystal trimming and old blue sash.

Miss Clara Weston—White satin and lace.

Miss Mary Delafield—White charmeuse, veiled with old gold and banded with fur.

Miss Marguerite Auzias de Turenne—White charmeuse, with crystal embroidered tunic.

Miss Mildred Gibson—Blue chiffon over white.

Mrs. C. W. Lea—Black, with crimson corsage.

New Year's Eve, as always, offered a spasm of gaiety, condensed into a few short hours. The entire city frolicked, from the bedlam on the streets to the scarcely less subdued pandemonium in the hotels and clubs. The Arctic Club gave a supper-dance, which was largely attended by a number of smart people. The New Washington was the scene of almost unprecedented festivity, and the main dining room was crowded. Among those giving parties were Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Furth, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo S. Taylor, Mr. Townsend E. Soper, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Considine, Mr. W. Dwight Mead, and Mr. and Mrs. Hendrick Suydam. The largest function of the year was, however, the Rainier Club Annual Watch Party.

The five hundred guests of the club were received in the reception hall by the officers of the club and their wives. The officers are Mr. Hervey Lindley, president; Judge George Donworth, vice-president; Mr. John T. Campion, secretary; Mr. R. V. Ankeny, treasurer, and Mr. Clarence Blethen, Mr. J. D. Trenholme, Mr. Francis Guy Frink, Mr. Frank McDermott, Mr. Frank H. Brownell and Mr. Harry Whitney Treat, directors.

The committee in charge of the arrangements included Mr. Karl S. Harabaugh, chairman; Mr. W. E. Best, Mr. David H. Moss, Mr. Walter F. Foster, Mr. J. C. Marmaduke, Mr. George Boole, Mr. Henry Carstens, Mr. J. C. C. Eden, Mr. Julius Lang, Mr. Charles K. Poe and Mr. J. A. Paine.

The receiving line stood against a stun-

ning background of foliage and poinsettias. The reception hall, library and billiard room were thrown open to dancing and were delightfully decorated in holiday colors and flowers. Enormous palms and baytrees were grouped about the rooms everywhere, and the coolness of the green vines and ferns was relieved by great baskets of scarlet blossoms and berries. Punch was served in the nooks and in the sunroom. Shortly before midnight the main dining hall, the library and the ladies' dining room were thrown open and an elaborate collation was served. Baskets and standards of the loveliest flowers of the season were everywhere in evidence, and the myriad small tables were charmingly centered, each with an individual arrangement of blossoms and ferns. On the stroke of twelve the lights were lowered and in each room the words "Happy New Year, 1914," were flashed in electric lights on a scroll screen. Immediately there ensued a jolly interchange of greetings and toasts and the dancing continued until a very late hour, or, rather, very early hour.

The gold braid on the army and navy uniforms, combined with the wealth of floral decorations and many gorgeous creations all blended to form a scene of exquisite brilliancy and beauty. Among the many lovely costumes worn the following were noted:

Mrs. James D. Hoge—Pink charmeuse with overdrape of shadow lace.

Mrs. A. S. Taylor—Pink satin with shadow lace tunic and rhinestone ornaments.

Mrs. J. N. Jackson—White brocade satin trimmed with ermine.

Mrs. U. K. Loose—White satin.

Mrs. Clare E. Farnsworth—Blue charmeuse with a black tunic.

Mrs. John B. Agen—Pink satin with an overdrape of pink silk net, embroidered in crystals. Diamond ornaments.

Mrs. James M. Ryan—Old rose satin.

Mrs. Henry Landes—Gray and white satin trimmed with rhinestones.

Mrs. John P. Hausman—White satin trimmed with lace.

Mrs. John F. Murphy—Black crepe de chine, trimmed with black chantilly lace.

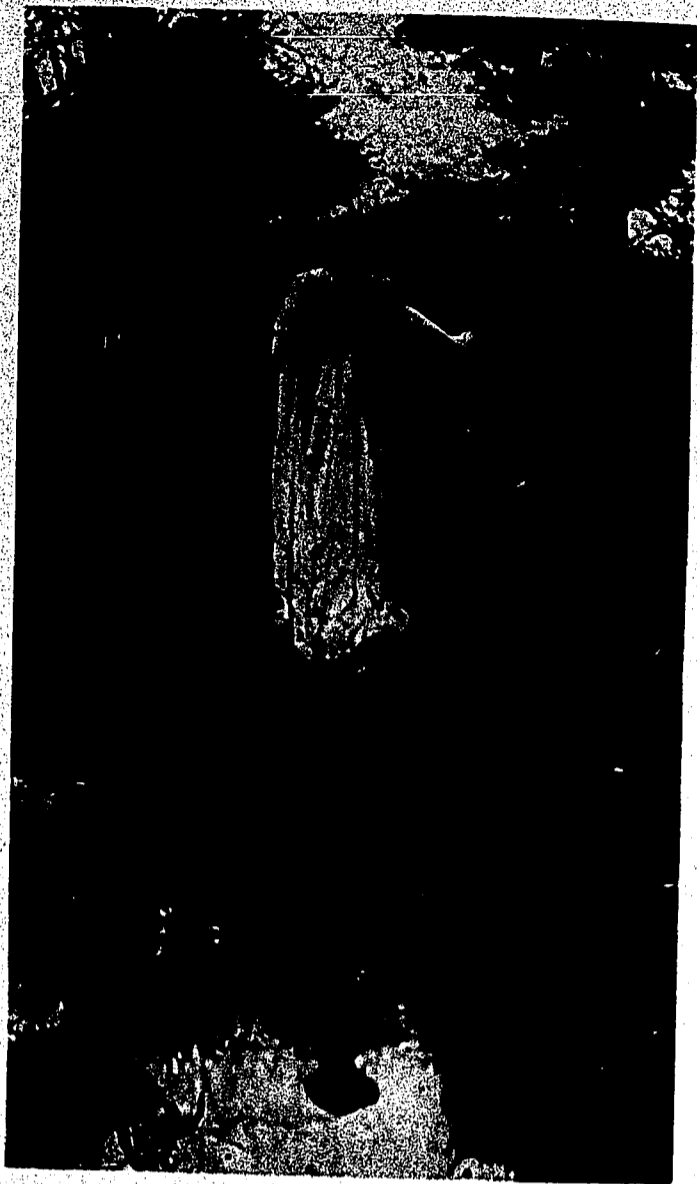
Mrs. H. K. Owens—Green satin with an overdrape of black lace.

Mrs. Joseph Blethen—Black lace over white satin trimmed with green.

Mrs. Henry C. Ewing—Embroidered white satin with tunic of green chiffon.



WON'T YOU BUY MY FLOWERS?



Mrs. Charles H. Lilly—Brocaded white and silver satin, trimmed with blue and lace overdrape.

Mrs. James E. Blackwell—Black panne velvet with a bodice of black brussels net, trimmed with princess lace.

Mrs. Agnes Whitlach—Black satin trimmed with silver lace.

Mrs. George W. Dilling—White satin.

Mrs. James C. Murray—A dancing gown of white chiffon, accordion pleated.

Mrs. N. H. Latimer—Blue satin with an overdrape of silver lace.

Mrs. J. E. Chilberg—Black lace over satin.

Mrs. Michael Earles—Blue brocaded velvet, trimmed with gold passementerie.

Mrs. Paul Mandel Henry—Alice blue brocaded satin.

Mrs. Walter S. Fulton—Yellow satin and chiffon with touches of gold.

Mrs. F. M. Dudley—White satin.

Mrs. Frank Waterhouse—Deep blue satin trimmed with blue net.

Mrs. Francis Guy Frink—Green and silver brocade with arm bouquet of pink roses.

Mrs. John T. Campion—Black chiffon embroidered in silver and jet over white with touches of blue.

Mrs. George B. Lamping—Black satin with overdrape of shadow lace.

A large number of the guests went from the club to the New Washington where they danced in the Roof Garden until early morning.

The Christmas season brought a wedding of much interest to the large circle of friends of the groom in the city. On December 27 Miss Armenouhie Tashjian of Cleveland, O., and Dr. Otis Elmer Lamson were united in marriage by Bishop Frederic W. Keaton in Trinity church at 4 o'clock. Only a few of the most intimate friends witnessed the ceremony and attended the informal reception held afterward at the Perry Hotel. The marriage was to have taken place at the same time in Cleveland, but as Dr. Lamson was unable to get away the invitations were recalled and Miss Tashjian came to Seattle. The altar in the church was simply decorated with white flowers and tall gleaming candles, and the bride was a picture of loveliness as she stood in her brick red cloth suit, trimmed with swift fur, and a close-fitting hat to match, with an exquisite bouquet of lilies of the valley and mauve orchids on her arm. Dr. Walter Kelton was the best man, and the bride was given away by Dr. George Horton. At the reception Mrs. Frederick Bentley received with Dr. and Mrs. Lamson, and Mrs. C. F. Whitney, Mrs. Rininger and Mrs. Horton assisted. Pink flowers were used about the rooms in profusion. Dr. and Mrs. Lamson are now in California but they will be at home after February 1 at the Hotel Perry.

The young people home from boarding school for the holidays had a merry time, as well as their elders. Mrs. Frank H. Brownell gave a delightful dance at her home on Harvard avenue north, Christmas Eve for her son, Frank Brownell, Jr. A large number of the younger set were entertained and a very jolly evening was spent. The preceding evening Cecil Willis, son of Dr. and Mrs. Park Weed Willis, was host at a stag dinner for Ford Trimble and Phillips Dickinson, of Portland. The table was quite elaborately adorned with scarlet-shaded candles, green and scarlet-berried holly and other seasonable appointments. Later the young host and his guests attended the Orpheum. The afternoon of the twenty-seventh Grace and Alden Fischer gave a tea-dance at the home of their parents. Mr. and Mrs. George M. Fischer on Harvard avenue north. By far the most elaborate affair of the season was the unusually charming dance given

on Christmas Eve at Broadway Hall by Mrs. William Pitt Trimble in honor of her son and daughter, Ford and Agnes. Bay trees, festoons of cedar boughs, and innumerable red stars were artistically arranged in the great room, with a tall Christmas tree brightly lighted, in the center. In the evening punch was served and in an elegant dining table of vari-colored fascinations, used later in several cotillion dances. Promptly at 7:30 the little guests began to arrive, and a little later a party of young people were not so "little" came in for a day to the Rainier Club ball and supper at the Washington Hotel. Supper was served during the evening in the banquet hall, where a large table was appointed in pink and blue blossoms, and smaller tables centered with similes, tied with pale blue ribbon. The guests for the evening were Cecil Willis, Vinthrop Fay, Churchill Peters, Mrs. Brown, Kenelm Winslow, Frank Brown, and De Wolf Emory. Several prizes were given by different members of the younger set, and altogether the season proved an occasion of as much merriment and jollity as could possibly be expected. Among those who spent their vacation in the city with their parents are the following: Miss Marion McEwan, Mrs. Farris Norton, Miss Florence Brown, Miss Dorothy Ewing, Miss Agnes Ford, Miss Mildred Miller, Ford Brown, Oakley Maxwell, Gilbert Spelman, Frank Brownell, Sydney Lewis, Arlene Lewis, H. Jerome Wharton, Robert Wharton, Kenny, Kendall Polson, Oscar Wittmann, John Stirrat and George Stirrat.

On Saturday before New Years a most interesting bridge-tea was given by Miss Carolyn Gillespy at her home on Seventh avenue. About forty guests were present and later a few more came in for a tea. Mrs. Alexander McClure Bell, sister of the hostess, and Mrs. George M. Mertens presided over the tea.

New Year's day was, of course, the occasion for many informal egg-nog parties "at homes," all over the city. The first of these was, perhaps, given by the Rainier Club, when it threw open its hospitable doors, for the first time, to its members and their friends. The receiving party was from 11 in the morning to 9 in the evening, and during this time the officers and members of the board acted as

hostesses. The rooms were in festive attire, with flowers everywhere. In the rose drawing room, pale pink begonias tied with blue satin bows were banked on the mantel, and arranged in baskets about the roof. The library was uniquely effective with a massive bouquet of poinsettias on each side, glowing with clear cut splendor against the dull brown of the walls and upholstery. The dining table, which resembled a Southern "creaking board," with its weight of "goodies," was centered with a great basket of poinsettias, and the mantel was banked with foliage and bright sprays of wild cherry. A number called during the day, and several tables of bridge were played in the evening. This New Year's "at home" will become an annual custom of the Sunset Club.

Miss Carolyn Gillespy gave an informal egg nog party, as did Mr. and Mr. Hugh Milton Caldwell. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Blackwell and the Misses Blackwell and the Olympic Club. Mrs. John M. Winslow and Miss Dorothy Winslow received from 5 to 7 o'clock at their home on Federal Avenue. Lieut. and Mrs. Scammel gave an egg nog party Sunday in their apartment at the Roycroft. The evening of the twenty-ninth Judge and Mrs. Burke gave a beautiful appointed dinner in honor of Brigadier-General W. W. Robinson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Robinson, and the same evening Mrs. James M. Ryan was hostess at a wonderfully attractive luncheon given for Mrs. H. R. Williams, of New York, who spent the holidays with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mandel Henry. Deep red roses and waxen lilies of the valley were used in charming combination on the table. The day before another pretty attention to Mrs. Williams took place when Mrs. Wallace Green Collins, always a gracious hostess, presided at a luncheon of twelve covers, at her home on Harvard Avenue North. An Italian garden, filled with begonias, lilies of the valley and Cecil Brunner roses, formed the centerpiece. Several informal affairs were planned for Mrs. Williams during her short stay in the city. The last informal affair of the year was the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Ainsworth preceding the Bachelors' Ball.

The largest informal affair of the first week in January was the Annual Twelfth Night reception and ball given by the College Club at the club house on Fourth and Seneca. The entire club house was thrown open for the occasion and was most

lavishly decorated with a profusion of red and green, the season's colors. The mediums used were ropes and garlands of evergreens and smilax, potted trees and palms and gay wreaths and festoons of everlasting red flowers. The receiving line, composed of the officers and trustees of the club, with their wives, stood in the library, against a background of palms and flowers. The officers of the club are: Mr. Donald Campbell, president; Mr. L. Howard Smith, vice-president; Mr. Alfred H. Lundin, secretary, and Mr. W. Philip Smith, treasurer. The trustees are: Mr. Raymond R. Frazier, Mr. Horton C. Force, Mr. H. M. Findley, Mr. Keith Fiske, Mr. H. C. Ostro and Mr. Fred G. Dorety. Those acting as ushers for the evening were: Mr. Ralph Bollard, Mr. D. B. Trefethen, Mr. William E. McMicken, Mr. Horton C. Force, Mr. James F. Douglas, Mr. Stuart Maxwell, Mr. Frederick H. White, Mr. Harry Heilbron, Mr. Theodore Owens, Mr. Charles H. Black, Jr., Mr. Carl Gould, Mr. Keith Fiske, Mr. Andrew Price, Mr. Eugene West, Mr. F. S. Dickinson, Mr. Samuel Slaughter and Mr. Samuel Barnes.

An attractive innovation for supper was the idea of serving it from small tables in different rooms on the second floor of the club. Pink-shaded candles cast a warm glow on the piquant frocks and faces of the guests, merrily dancing and feasting their way through the evening. Among the many exceedingly stunning gowns in evidence were the following:

Mrs. Donald Campbell; pink charmeuse, draped with blue chiffon, with crystal adornments and a corsage of American Beauties.

Mrs. Lundin; old satin, ecru lace and brown fur bands.

Mrs. Findley; white satin and embroidered net, trimmed with crystal and ermine bands.

Mrs. Frazier; tunic of rose point lace over old rose charmeuse and trimmed with handsome mink fur.

Mrs. Ostrom; pink satin and pink dotted net, with white marabou, corsage of violets.

Mrs. Winlock W. Miller; black and white chantilly lace over charmeuse, with a large pink rose at the girdle.

Mrs. Everett Tawney; old rose satin with cream lace bodice.

Mrs. Archibald J. Fiske, gray brocaded velvet.

Mrs. James E. Morgan; chiffon and charmeuse in shades of gray.

Mrs. Winfield R. Smith; emerald green chiffon tunic, embroidered with crystals over white, touches of silver.

Mrs. Leroy Backus; white lace with touches of pink and blue.

Mrs. John F. Murphy; black crepe meteor with lace and jet embellishments.

Mrs. D. V. Halverstadt; pink satin with pale blue chiffon tunic.

Mrs. Robert P. Oldham; blue crepe chine.

Mrs. Stanley Griffiths; pink flowered chiffon veiling, white charmeuse.

Mrs. Richard Huntoon; white satin with tunic of deep blue chiffon.

Mrs. John Ryan; old rose liberty satin.

Mrs. Henry W. Beecher; gold dotted net over ivory charmeuse, with trimmings of pink French rosebuds.

Mrs. George F. Cotterill; black satin and lace with touches of gold.

Mrs. Oliver C. McGilvra; pink brocaded satin veiled with black lace and girdle of emerald green fabric.

Mrs. Eugene Kelly; lace and black satin.

Miss Margery Kittinger; orange dotted net over cream charmeuse and lace, trimmed with brown marabou.

Miss Eugenia Peters; cream shadow lace made in flounces and a corsage of orchids.

Miss Hazel Archibald; Alice blue brocaded satin, trimmed with lace and girdle of black velvet.

Miss Mollie Kittinger; apple green satin trimmed with lace and a corsage of orchids.

Miss Kathleen Gaffney; pink messaline veiled with gold net and touches of marabou.

Miss Dorothy Fay; white satin and lace with embellishments of fur.

Miss Marjorie Capps; pale blue crepe meteor.

Miss Dorothy Winslow; shadow lace draping old rose satin.

Miss Katherine Esterly; old rose velvet over white chiffon, accordion pleated, with rhinestone trimmings.

Miss Carolyn Gillespy; pale blue charmeuse with touches of black.

Miss Imogene Carraher; old rose brocaded satin with bodice of heavy lace.

Miss Mildred Gibson; green chiffon bodice and short tunic over liberty satin.

Miss Ella Todd, of Tacoma; white satin trimmed with pink and blue, and lace.

The same day Mrs. Manson F. Backus gave a small bridge-tea at her home on University Street. Four tables were in play and the prize-winners were: Mrs.



YVONNE de TREVILLE

COSTUMED AS Mlle. de MAUPIN IN "THREE CENTURIES OF A PRIMA DONNA."
PORTRAIT BY JAMES & BUSHNELL, SEATTLE.

Alexander F. McEwan, Mrs. John F. Eaton of Kansas City, who is the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. J. Smith, Mrs. John C. Eden and Mrs. J. V. Paterson. Mrs. L. B. Stedman and Mrs. John B. Agen presided over the daintily appointed tea-table, gay with a basket of carnations in shade of pink.

The next day brought an informal bridge-luncheon, given by Mrs. E. C. Hughes at the Sunset Club, for Mrs. Howard Cranstons Potter of Tacoma, who spent several days with her daughter, Mrs. Nathaniel Paschall. The table, about which the eight covers were placed, was adorned with a basket of much beauty, tied with rose ribbon, containing mignonettes, pink and yellow roses and feathery ferns. During the afternoon bridge was played.

On the eighth, Mrs. Winfield R. Smith presided over an exceedingly dainty luncheon at the Sunset Club, given in honor of Mrs. Charles E. Burnside and Mrs. James M. Ryan, who left the last of the week for California. A charming arrangement of oblong shape, filled with snapdragons and carnations in delicate shades of pink, hyacinths and maidenhair fern, tied with apple-green satin bows, centered the table where covers were placed for twelve, and crystal candlesticks, with green candles, tied with the same blossoms and ribbon, were at either end. At the bridge game after luncheon, Mrs. John C. Eden won the prize, with favors for the guests of honor.

On the following day Mrs. Nathaniel Paschall gave a delightful bridge in compliment to her mother, Mrs. Potter. Eight tables were in play and later a few additional guests came in for tea. The tea-table was effective with pink begonias in a large basket, augmented with baby-blue ribbon.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dwight Merrill gave a dinner Saturday evening of that week at their home on Harvard Avenue North, and the next afternoon Mrs. Albert Charles Phillips was hostess at an informal musical-tea for her guest, Mlle Yvonne de Treville.

A program of unusual excellence and merit was given by Mrs. Edith Bowyer Whiffin, Mlle. de Treville's accompanist, and Mrs. Leonore Gordon Foy, dramatic soprano. After tea, when Mrs. De Witte Nellis, mother of the hostess, and Mrs. Burke, presided over the tea-table, several fine selections were given by Miss Mary Louise Rochester and Mr. Albert Rockwell Cody. Mrs. Phillips is a most gra-

acious hostess, and these Sunday afternoon musicales of hers are considered among the most delightful affairs given in the city.

On the eleventh, the engagement of a former Seattle girl was announced in the city, in Washington, D. C., and in New York City, when Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Hardin, of New York City, announced the engagement of their daughter, Catherine, to Mr. Warner D. Clevis, of New York City. The marriage will take place in the early spring.

The afternoon of the fourteenth, Mrs. Paschall was again hostess at a large bridge-
tea, this time in honor of her sister, Mrs. Stanley N. Foresman, who has recently come to make her home in this city. Twelve tables were grouped in the Paschall home on Harvard Avenue North, and the prize winners were Mrs. Milo Frederick Drummel, of the U. S. Navy Yard; Mrs. Richard W. Parry, Mrs. James Clark Murray, Mrs. Hendrick Suydam, Mrs. Charles Williams Stimson, Mrs. Clare E. Farnsworth, Mrs. John F. Murphy, Mrs. E. B. Chas. Mrs. James H. MacFarlane, Mrs. John W. Eddy and Mrs. Lewis B. Peeples. Mrs. John Henry Ballinger and Mrs. James Clarke Murray poured tea and coffee at the table in the dining room, effectively decorated with a basket of purple violets and pale pink carnations, the high handkerchief wound and tied with pink ribbon.

The next day was crowded with important events. Miss Elizabeth Sander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Sander, and Mr. Farwell Lilly were united in marriage at 8:30 o'clock at the Sander residence on East Prospect Street, in the presence of about seventy-five close friends and relatives.

The drawing room, where the ceremony was performed, was charmingly decorated with a profusion of smilax and pink blossoms, with a bower of smilax arranged at one end in pagoda style, from which hung a large wedding-bell of pale pink carnations. As a concealed stringed orchestra commenced the strains of the Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin, the ushers, Mr. Nelson Hartson and Mr. Gordon March of Tacoma, brought long white ribbons from the door to the library and marked out a passage for the bride party to the altar. The room glowed in the soft light of a cherry fire crackling in the library beyond, reflected through the glass doors. As the groom, his best man, Mr. Sam Lamping, and the officiating clergyman, Rev. Vincent H. Gowen, took their places under the



MRS. GILBERT M. BUTTERWORTH
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

HE IS A TYPICAL AMERICAN WOMAN AND A CHARMING, VIVACIOUS HOSTESS. HER LOVE FOR THE BIG OUTSIDE IS AS KEEN AS IS HER APTITUDE FOR THE DRAWING ROOM. MRS. BUTTERWORTH HAS A REPUTATION WITH THE ROD AND LINE WHICH IS ENVIABLE AMONG THE FAIR SEX.

canopy of feather green, the little flower girl, Miss Virginia Albin, a cousin of the bride, appeared at the top of the staircase and slowly walked through the hall and library and into the drawing room. She was daintily gowned in a white lingerie frock, with a broad pink sash and ribbon about her hair, and carried a large bouquet of Cecil Brunner roses and lilies of the valley. Immediately following this quaint little figure were the bridesmaids, Miss Carolyn Gillespy and Miss Dorothy Lilly, sister of the groom, walking alone. Miss Gillespy wore a canary charmeuse gown, draped modishly, with soft shadow lace bodice and tunic. She carried a stunning bouquet of Lady Illington roses. Miss Lilly, who is a slender girl with a wealth of red-gold hair, wore a dainty shell pink satin dress, draped with a lace bodice and over-drape and a flaring tulle Medici ruff. Her flowers were Killarney roses. Then came the bride on the arm of her father, who gave her away. She is a graceful, lovely blonde, and she made a radiant picture in her bridal robe of heavy ivory charmeuse, draped up in the back with a silver-tissue rose. The girdle was fastened with a silver spangled butterfly, and the bodice was entirely formed of rose-point lace. Her filmy tulle veil fell to the hem of her long court train, and was bound to her hair with an artistic garland of orange blossoms. Her bouquet of white Ascension lilies was unique and exquisite, tied together with soft floating streamers of misty tulle. Immediately after the ceremony an informal reception was held, and supper was served in the dining room. Here a color scheme of pink and white was carried out most effectively, with a large basket of pink roses on the table, and candies, ices and fancily frosted wedding cakes. After the young couple had left, dancing was the diversion until a late hour. Mrs. Lilly wore for her traveling suit, a stunning costume of seal-brown chiffon broadcloth and moleskin fur. Mr. and Mrs. Lilly are now sojourning in Honolulu, where they will remain for several weeks longer. Upon their return they will make their home in this city.

From the Lilly-Sander wedding a great many guests went on to the Colonial ball, an annual affair, given by Rainier Chapter, D. A. R., and always an event of much interest. The hall was elaborately decorated for the occasion with palms and other greens, and several large American flags, draped attractively above the balcony and

doors. Receiving the guests were the officers, the past regents and the present officers of the chapter. These included Mrs. Henry McCleary, Mrs. John W. Leary, Mrs. T. C. Askren, Mrs. Eliza Leary, Mrs. Julia Hardenberg, Mrs. George H. Heilbrun, Mrs. Edmund Bowden, Mrs. Elinor Ingersoll Thorne, Mrs. William T. Prosser, Mrs. Elizabeth Yancey, Mrs. E. C. K. Lewis, Mrs. George C. Ewing, Mrs. Robert Reid, Mrs. H. C. Ewing, Mrs. W. J. Blackwell, Mrs. Frank Parker, Mrs. Charles C. Prosser, Mrs. Amos Hager and Mrs. J. M. McIntosh. Presiding at the tea and coffee urns in the banquet room were: Mrs. Elmer Ferry Leary, Mrs. William Rankin Ballard, Mrs. Richard A. Ballinger, Mrs. Edmund Bowden, Mrs. W. W. Beck, Mrs. Homer F. Norton, and Mrs. E. B. Blackwell. Those acting as ushers for the evening were: Mr. Claude C. Ramsay, Mr. N. Haller, Mr. Cecil H. Bacon, Mr. Claude Meldrum, Mr. Walter Beals, Mr. William V. Rhinehart, Mr. Edmund Bowden, Mr. Horton C. Force, Mr. Edwin Bradley Balinger and Mr. Alexander Clure Bell. About five hundred attended the dance and it was pronounced by all most brilliant success.

The same day Mrs. Winfield R. Smith gave a luncheon at the Sunset Club, for Mrs. John B. Agen, who left shortly after for California and the East with Mr. Agen and their children. Covers were again placed for twelve and the table was a display of crystal and spring flowers in past shades. In the center a large glass vase filled with narcissi, violets, Cecil Brunner roses and hyacinths, was fastened to four smaller vases of the same blossoms, with crystal link-chains, and at either end of the board were soft, rosy shaded candles in crystal holders.

The Wellesley Club of Seattle gave a most delightful reception at the Rainier Club the evening of the sixteenth, in compliment to Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton, president of Wellesley College, who spent several days at that time with Mrs. Richard A. Bellinger, a former classmate. The reception was held in the Ladies' Annex of the club, which was daintily decorated for the occasion. Receiving with the honor guest and her hostess were Mrs. Edwin Twitmeyer and Mrs. Alvah Carr. Miss Pendleton was gowned in silver green chiffon-velvet embellished with silver lace. Mrs. Ballinger was in pink crepe de chine and Mrs. Carr wore royal blue trimmed

face. Mrs. Twitmeyer's dress was a blue-colored peau de chine with white lace for adornment. Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. White, Dean Isabella and Mrs. James D. Hoge, Mrs. J. W. Roberts and Mr. and Mrs. Field R. Smith assisted. Mrs. Twitmeyer was in white brocade and chiffon. Miss Austin wore a gown of white brocade and white lace and Mrs. Hoge was in cerise and silver chiffon and lace over silver cloth. Mrs. Roberts' gown was black crepe de chine with rose point lace, and Mrs. Smith wore silver cloth and satin with gold crystal embroidered over-alls. Supper was served in the parlor, which was converted into a dining room. The buffet table was gay with a basket of narcissi and carnations, the high table ornamented with bows of deep blue. About one hundred guests were entertained and Wagner's orchestra played throughout the evening.

Following day an informal bridge party was given by Mrs. Henry Winter at her home on Boylston Avenue for Mrs. Harry D. Hopkins of Portland, who spent a week with Mrs. John L. Snapp. High score was made by Mrs. Albert Charles Phillips, who gave a gift for the guest of honor, and Mrs. Henry Winter presided later over an informally appointed tea-table, centered with narcissi and rosy carnations.

On Friday evening the Seattle Fine Arts Club threw open the doors of its new gallery in the Baillargeon Building from 7 to 10 o'clock. The occasion for the evening was the exhibition of the Gardner collection of paintings, by American artists. The patronesses for the evening were: Mrs. J. C. Haines, Mrs. Soliday, Mrs. Frederick Bentley, Mrs. Charles D. Egan, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Alexander McEwan, Mrs. William Pitt Trimble, Mrs. A. M. H. Ellis and Mrs. Reginald Parsons. The punch bowl was in charge of Miss Dorothy Fay, with Miss Brown, Miss Edith Dabney, Miss Margaret Prosser and Miss Gwendolyn Week assisting her. The large room was decorated in its formal color scheme of brown and white, with palms and bay trees and the paintings on the walls and Oriental rugs.

At the Moore with the Russian ambassador called out a most representative audience Saturday evening. The boxes were

filled and among the many parties given the following were noted:

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Lowman had in their box Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dwight Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Green and Mr. Charles Strout of Wayne, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Manson F. Backus entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Paterson and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace G. Collins.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander F. McEwan had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Stedman and Mr. and Mrs. George B. Kittenger.

With Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Stimson were Mrs. Waldron and Mrs. Marvin of Michigan, and Mr. and Mrs. Dudley W. Burchard.

Mrs. Claude M. Seeley, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrick Suydam and Mr. Sidney Peters were together.

Miss Gladys Waterhouse, Miss Hazel Archibald, Miss Mary Waterhouse and Mr. Joseph Waterhouse were with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waterhouse.

Judge and Mrs. Burke entertained Mr. and Mrs. John C. Eden and Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Kerry.

Mr. Townsend E. Soper had as his guests Mrs. Langford, Miss Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Charles Phillips and Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Suydam.

With Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo S. Taylor were Mrs. Whitlatch, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Goldsmith and Mr. Frederick Karl Struve.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Stimson had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Bolcom and Mr. and Mrs. Archibald J. Fiske.

In anticipation the coming month seems to have little formally planned. So many have gone, or are going, to California,—the Florida of the West, that the depleted ranks are somewhat crippled for a vast amount of entertaining. Lent will soon be here, and while the strict observance of yesterday has gone out of fashion, still it can be expected that there will be little "doing" socially. Rumors of engagements and a possible wedding or two haunt the air, but as yet nothing has materialized. However, with the first appearance of lilies and narcissi, and delicate colored Spring blossoms in the florists' windows,—to say nothing of the glimpse of straw and budding flowers in the milliners' windows, we may scent the first subtle hint of Spring, and with it,—of course,—the Spring season of gaiety and festivity!

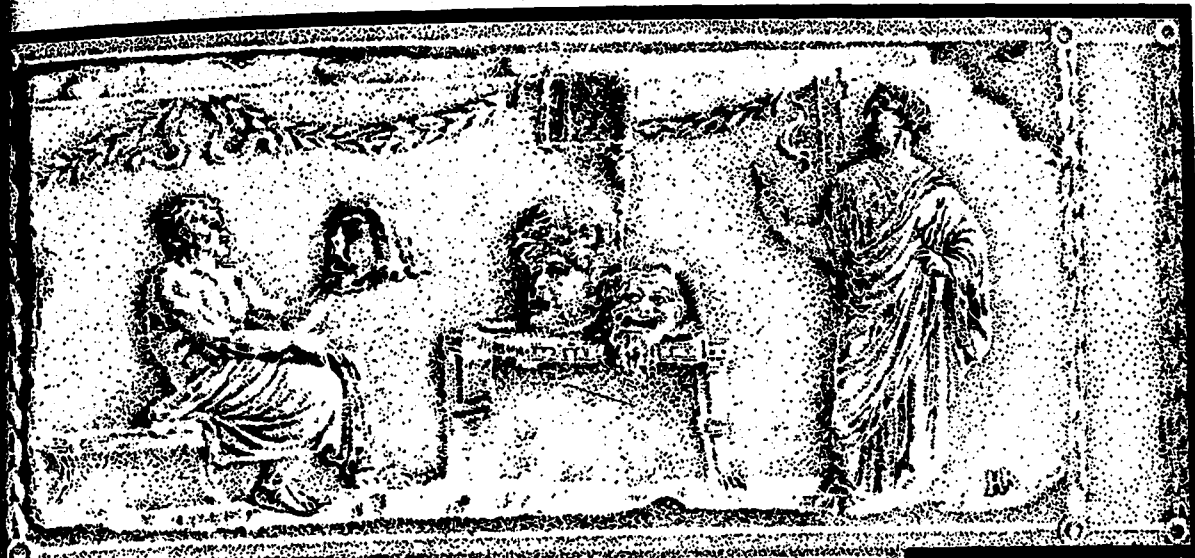
MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE



THE HONORABLE DR. YOUNG,
VICTORIA, B. C.

IT IS OWING TO THE INDEFATIGABLE ENERGY OF DR. YOUNG THAT BRITISH COLUMBIA WILL HAVE A UNIVERSITY WHICH WILL BE SECOND TO NONE ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

DRAWN BY OUR STAFF ARTIST FROM LIFE.



The Theatre

A PASSING SHOW AT THE MOORE THEATRE.

McIntyre & Heath in "The Ham Tree," March 1st 2nd, 3rd and 4th.
H. Sothorn in repertoire—The week of March 16th: "If I Were King," "Hamlet," "Taming of the Shrew," "Merchant of Venice."
McIntyre & Heath in "The Ham Tree," March 1st 2nd, 3rd and 4th.
H. Sothorn and Jeff, those irresistible makers of comedy, on March 6th, 7th and 8th.
Mrs. Trentini, in "The Firefly," starts on March 9th, for one week.
Scott's Antarctic Pictures—Week of March 15th.

"LITTLE WOMEN" AT THE MOORE THEATRE THIS WEEK.

The setting is quaint and very simple was the setting of the period in which "Little Women" was lived, and in which Louisa May Alcott wrote her immortal story, and it has been the effort of William A. Brady, who has staged the play, made by Marian de la Roche, to keep it true to the period. The costumes have been ransacked and old magazines and fashion papers have been consulted, but, more than all else, the costumes have been made from the original illustrations for "Little Women," showing the quaint, high-waisted dresses, with full sleeves, the sacks and shawls and bonnets, the brunella gaiters, the undersleeves and hundreds of accessories that spell fidelity to one of the most picturesque of plays.

When the curtain rises, the audience sees a stage set both in stage furnishings and in costuming the fashions of the early 19th century. The furniture is really old. The

pictures are hung with the red cord and tassels of the war period and they are the identical pictures used at that time. The heavy cornices over the windows, the looped-back curtains, the table covers, lamp, everything is just as it was at the time when Jo wrote her stories; when Meg dreamed of the lover who subsequently became her husband; when Little Beth trotted about the house, making everybody happy and earning the family name of "Little Tranquility"; when Amy potttered about with her clay and her sketch book, dreaming of an artist's career; when Laurie played pranks and teased the four girls, flirted with Amy and was Jo's confident and loyal friend, and when Mrs. March, the "Marmee" of the dear old story, trained her girls into the beautiful talented women they all became, keeping them in the shelter of the old home and teaching them lessons that lasted them through life in the art of being useful, happy and busy.

William A. Brady has provided "Little Women" with what is claimed to be the best all-around company of players that has visited the Pacific Coast in years. In the cast are Jane Marbury, Marta Oatman, Jean Brae, Ida St. Leon, Henrietta McDannel, Lillian Dixon, Helen Beaumont, Robert McEntee.

McINTYRE AND HEATH IN "THE HAM TREE."

John Cort's production of George V. Hobart and Jean Schwartz' novel musical comedy, "The Ham Tree," with McIntyre and Heath, most famous of negro impersonators heading the large company, will be the attraction at the Moore Theatre March 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th.

De - Luxe
Monthly

"The Ham Tree" is in three acts and four scenes, showing the Traveler's Rest, a country hotel at Marion, S. C.; a water tank on the P. D. Q. R. R. near Dover, Del.; a wood near the railroad track, and a drawing room in Mrs. Nicklebacker's Fifth Avenue Palace. These settings form the background for the humorous play. Mr. McIntyre plays the character of a livery stable attendant named Alexander Hambletonian, the "natural comejean," who is lured from his job to throw himself into the arms of fame as a footlight favorite. Mr. Heath's character is that of a Georgia minstrel, Henry Jones, who lures Alexander into the limelight.



THE COURTSHIP SCENE IN "LITTLE WOMEN."

"THE FIREFLY."

The book was written by Otto Hauerbach, who has never had a failure to his list of plays written. In looking for a composer, Arthur Hammerstein, who is responsible for "The Firefly," scoured both

this country and Europe for someone who had not written himself out, as he declares that no composer could write three or four comic operas for three or four different artists whose talents were widely different, and successfully complete them in a year. So when Rudolph Friml, a young composer of Prague, Bohemia, was brought to Mr. Hammerstein and several of his compositions heard, Mr. Hammerstein at once recognized in him just what he wanted, so he immediately engaged Mr. Friml to come with him to America and devote all his time to the composition of the new Trentini comic opera. This is the second attraction in which Emma Trentini has been seen in

this city. Vocally, in her new vehicle, Trentini has many more opportunities to display her clear, brilliant soprano than she had in "Naughty Marietta," in which she was last seen, as Rudolph Friml has scored the music particularly for Trentini's voice. Mr.

stein has engaged in the support of Melville Stewart, Roy Atwell, Campbell, William Wolff, Sammy Mink, Katherine Stewart, Norton and Vera De Rosa.

ORPHEUM.

present month at the Orpheum will be the appearance of many notable celebrities, with top-notch vaudeville and Uncle Sam's artistically painted against plasters as the incen-

regret is expressed by patrons of "perfect theatre" in the news of the death of "Smiling" Arthur Ives, who for years has radiated his genial personality from all corners at the box office. Mr. Ives leaves Seattle with evident regret. The illness of his only son makes it impossible for him to live in the East, where he must remain under the care of a specialist for at least a year and a half. Ives is a conscientious, deserving, absolutely honest and steady young man—and of a young gentleman it is a pleasure to meet. DE-LUXE joins the hundreds of others in wishing success and happiness to you and yours, Arthur.

An important announcement was made by the Orpheum management to the effect that beginning Sunday, February 8th, the Orpheum will inaugurate a Sunday opening instead of Monday as has been the custom since Orpheum shows first began to open in Seattle. This is brought about by the addition of Spokane as a member of the Orpheum circuit, and in its place placing Vancouver, B. C. The shows will be brought through Canada into Vancouver, leaving Vancouver on Saturday night, arriving in Seattle Sunday morning, in time for the Sunday matinee. This serves a double purpose. It will allow many persons who cannot make the Orpheum week days to see the new shows on Sunday. Sunday at the theatre is usually crowded, and it affords the performer more encouragement on his turn, which buoys them up for the next to follow.

The opening Sunday attraction will be no other than the famous English comedienne, Marie Lloyd, a sister of Alice, but who is so much more famous in England than her clever sister that they are not mentioned in the same breath. Miss Lloyd is the support of a clever vaudeville aggregation of facts, such as Eva Taylor and her company, and six other acts.

Of course Bessie Clayton, the American singer, who is better known in Paris than

America, together with her corps of dancers during the week of February 2, will pull society patronage away up by reason of the fact that she has a couple of wonderful Tango dancers with her, and the added fact that the Orpheum announces that free tango lessons will be given beginning Tuesday forenoon between the hours of 11 and noon by Ned Norton, a member of her company. On the same bill will be Hans Robert, who has been starred in such pieces as "Checkers," "The Man of the Hour" and "A Gentleman from Mississippi." In the latter he shared starring honors with Edmund Breeze.

J. Francis Dooley and Corinne Sales, inimitable, laughable and singable nonsense; Martinetti and Sylvester, two pantomime comedians and tumblers; Sylvia Loyal and her 60 doves; Cheratto Brothers, accordion experts, and Helen Gannon, a whistling prima donna.

Many steller acts and prominent stage folk are booked for appearance at the Orpheum during the coming season, such as Fritzie Scheff; Olga Nethersole and others away up in their profession who are forsaking the legitimate stage for the two-a-day. Very soon "The Sheriff of Shasta" will make another appearance at the local theatre with Theodore Roberts as the Sheriff. Certainly the Orpheum shows which began the New Year are all that could be desired from a patron's standpoint, carrying much comedy and several very excellent acts each week, such as Frank Keenan in "Vindication," an act the like of which is too infrequently seen in the variety houses.

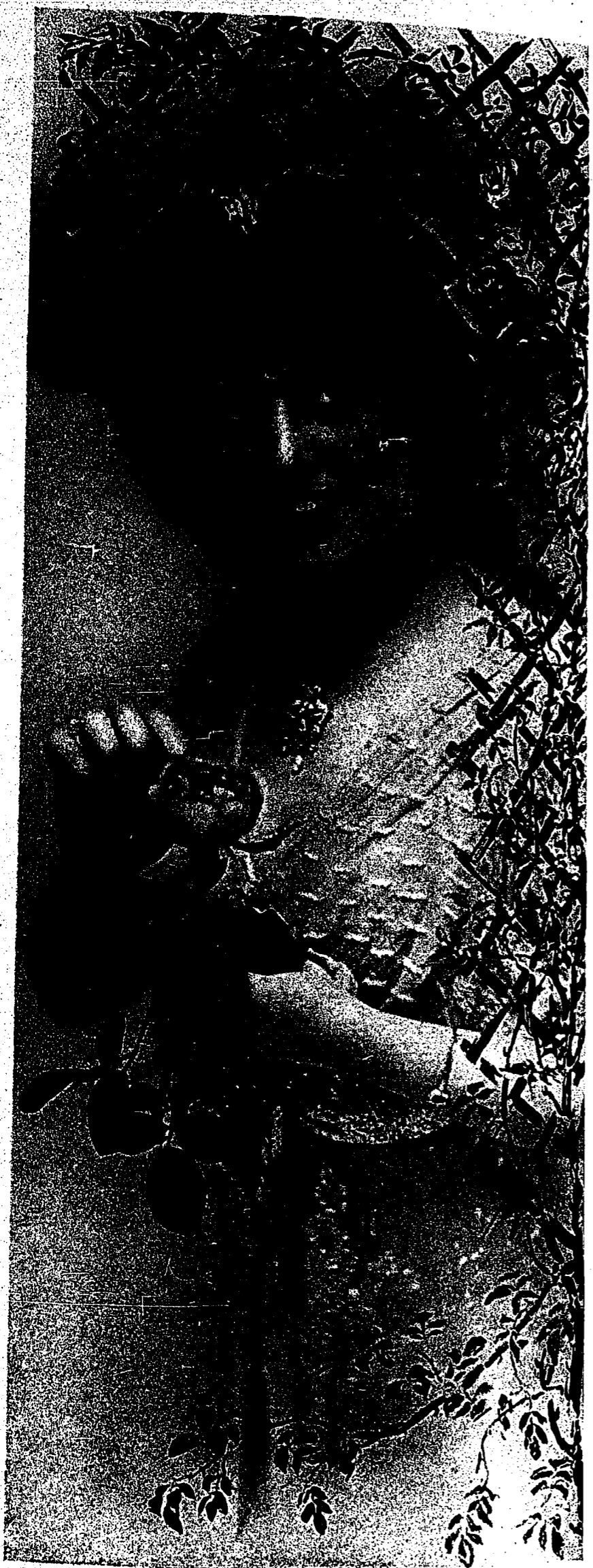
We have indeed been very fortunate in the number of premier artists who have visited us during the past month.

It seems as though they have come together with intent.

First we had Yvonne de Treville, a coloratura soprano of exquisite voice and expression and a wonderful woman in every sense of the word. One could not fail to love her, she is so different from the majority of singers. There is something indescribable in the way Miss de Treville meets you—you feel that every word and action is sincere.

In the costume recital—illustrating "Three Centuries of Prima Donna," Miss de Treville was in glorious voice and both by her singing and the pictorial effects of her costume, together with the able assistance rendered her by her most talented accompanist, Mrs. Edith Bowyer-Whiffen, created quite a sensation.

De-Luxe Monthly



PERLE BARTI,
ITALIAN PRIMA DONNA.

PORTRAIT BY ARISTO STUDIO, VICTORIA, B. C.

programme, in three parts, was Miss de Treville, appearing as Maupin, in a Louis the Fourteenth costume; the underdress was of silk, and the overdress of rich rose-colored tulle. The singer wore a becoming head-dress of gold-lace. The arias and songs in part first were of the eighteenth

century, and were a perfect reproduction of the light blue silk gown worn by Jenny Lind, when she toured America, over sixty years ago. Even to the large pink rose in the corsage and the small roses in the hair, arranged exactly in Jenny Lind fashion, no detail of the American prima donna's costume varied from that worn by the famous Swedish singer. In the



YVONNE de TREVILLE

AS JENNY LIND IN "THREE CENTURIES OF A PRIMA DONNA."

PORTRAIT BY JAMES & BUSHNELL, SEATTLE.

programme, and included 'Ritornel Fra Po-
by Hasse; 'Menuet Chante,' by Lulli;
amour est un Enfant Trompeur,' by
tini; 'Phyllis Has Such Charming
ces,' by Anthony Young, and a 'Pas-
le,' by Henry Carey.

Part second of the musicale morning
presented Miss de Treville, dressed in a

second group of songs, Miss de Treville
sang the Proch 'Air and Variations,' with
wonderful skill, vitalizing the music by the
warmth of her lovely voice. A group of
Scandinavian folk-songs, sung in the orig-
inal languages, followed, and then Miss de
Treville interpreted the 'Mad Scene' from
Meyerbeer's 'Star of the North,' which the

De - Luxe
Monthly

composer wrote especially for Jenny Lind.

"When Miss de Treville returned to the stage for the third and final group of her programme, she was gorgeous in a Worth gown of pink and gold, a turban of gold, adorned with a white ostrich plume. The musical feature of this section consisted of the Louise air, from Charpentier's opera of that name; then followed Dell 'Acqua's 'Chanson Provencale,' 'My Garden' by Mary Carr Moore; 'Thistle-down,' by Charles Wakefield Cadman (both of these songs composed for and dedicated to Miss de Treville); Carmen Sylva's arrangement for de Treville of Bungert's dramatic dialogue-song 'Auf der Bleiche;' and an aria from 'Ballo in Maschera' (in commemoration of the Verdi's centenary).

"Musically, historically, pictorially and from the standpoint of pure and beautiful vocalism, the recital has created a new chapter in the annals of American music."

When the curtain fell on the Premiere Danseuse "Pavlova" the audience at the Moore Theatre on January — had witnessed the most exquisite expression and rhythm possible to be portrayed by any mortal. Yet, to say Pavlova is mortal seems to the writer to be a desecration—nay, she is one of the fairies, the untamed spirit of nature. She herself says, "Dancing to me is ecstasy—a spiritual exercise as well as a bodily one. It develops the spirit in grace and beauty; it brings you to a realization of a great happiness. Happiness is essential to health; an unhappy person can not be truly healthful. But, a person who can dance and who loves dancing can never be truly unhappy. Sorrow may touch them at times, as it touches them all, but it is a sorrow that will lift. It will go floating away like the silken veil which a dancer discards," and who should know better than the "Premiere danseuse etoil."

Paderewski, whose influence has done more to elevate the standard of the musical world than any other living composer or pianist, is truly worthy of this title, "The Prince of Pianists."

His soul is in his music. The interpretation which he gives to the works of the masters is not the same as that of the younger virtuoso, but the man of experience, the man who has lived and felt, who has tasted pleasures and sorrows, and this really is the expression which the composers intended for many of them were men who had the bitterest struggles and trials to exist and the compositions they have left us tell the story fully.

De-Luxe
Monthly

To me he is on a parallel with the artist who paints, not only the picture, but the life in it, who makes it breathe, this is the which makes the master.

Technique is a wonderful thing, but it is the soul of the unseen, the unknown which Paderewski portrays.

It was a loss to the music lovers of Seattle that he was unable to play here, but we sincerely hope it may not be the last time that we shall have the opportunity of hearing him.

Gaby Deslys is in the same category as Carnegie and Lauder. It is an open question whether it is the American people's curiosity which make them flock to see Gaby, or whether there is something fascinating in the innocent look of her beautiful eyes. With the women it is gowns; with the man, lack of gowns. The woman's interest is permissible—the man's but natural.



MADGE TITHERIDGE,
WHO HAS BEEN STARRING DURING THE PAST
IN "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE"
DRAWN BY OUR STAFF ARTIST FROM LIFE



MUSIC AND THE ARTS

TRUE CONCEPTION OF ART

At the time the teachers of drawing and makers of handwork were hardly on the same terms. Their respective teachers' conventions met in annual conventions at different periods of the year in different parts of the country. Later the two met in the same convention city, in different halls. They did get together and quarrel. The art teacher spelled out with a capital. The teacher of handwork didn't propose to have anyone else what constituted a good curve on a chair or a table. I suspect that he had never seen Mission furniture so as to give any criticism of curves; not realizing the importance of shape, proportion, color, and spacing in art principles.

The writer was no better than the maker. How well he remembers how he saw a most wonderful wooden candlestick by Henry Turner Bailey, the prince of supervisors, with a "guess I know your air, and "now I have got you" look. It was a wonderful venture. Its maker brought out a face plate exercise on a chair; the standard required turning the centers; the handle was a chuck problem; the whole a dream of highly finished mahogany.

"But, my good friend," said Bailey, "it's not good art."

"Oh! you jealous man," thought I as I said, "But what's the matter?"

"Now see here, Dean," spoke Bailey, "don't you know that the material should be adapted to use, and think of a wooden candlestick. You are breaking a fundamental law of good design."

" Stevensonian like, I read in bed. One day at the summer camp I had the candlestick in use at the head of the bed-post. I

fell asleep and behold! I awoke with a great light—a light from without from burning wood—a light from within where I saw before me the words, "Think of a wooden candlestick!"

Yes, art and manual training have come together and now the two bodies of teachers meet in the same convention hall. The Eastern Art and Manual Training teachers met in New York, City this past spring. They are on more than speaking terms. They not only work together in the school-room, but they have gone out into the world of action—out of the school with its set exercises into the field of home decoration, costume designing, commercial advertising—out into a unity of purpose where the furniture made in the school shops harmonizes with a decorative scheme; where wallpaper and rugs are designed and made; where dresses are made in accordance with color schemes; where the school printing press furnishes the mechanical part of attractively printed matter; where the illustrative work serves the pageants, festivals, and games of the modern school curriculum.

This is the way things are moving, but not every school has yet arrived. The signs in the road are pointing hopefully to progress, but mere picture making is still held up in many places as the chief aim and purpose of drawing. Dinky bread-boards and towel rollers still reflect the Medieval days of early manual training. The school world moves slowly, and the crowd lags far behind those who would lead them toward the rising sun.

Drawing, especially in the high schools, should eventually become either purely cultural or purely vocational—both where the schools can accommodate the two lines of work. It should train for the average

De-Luxe
Monthly

pupil in appreciation, and for the few it should train in skill. All people are consumers. Not all are producers. Nevertheless, without production there can be no consumption, and it lies with us as a nation not only to train intelligent buyers, but also to educate skilled workers.

It would seem, from a rather close examination of the exhibition which was shown at the convention, that the schools were as a whole failing to train adequately in appreciation, and they are most certainly failing to produce artistic workers in those industries which require good design and good taste. Training consumers of artistic products will not result from giving instruction to those who are by nature gifted with ability to draw if the course of study in this subject is limited to rendering drawing from models or from memory, sketching from nature, and similar topics involving technical skill. Neither will dilettante work done by the great mass of our children without teaching them the principles of design and methods of good workmanship result in a body of industrial workers who are able to manufacture anything beyond cheap furniture, gaudy jewelry and other mediocre articles of consumption.

The shop or industrial side of drawing must be constantly kept in mind. While it is well for the many to reproduce various styles of lettering for covers, posters, announcements, and bookplates, it is necessary to industrial advancement that at least a few develop sufficient skill to earn a living through the designing of posters, and making up of advertising matter, the art of printing textile design and the hundred and one other occupations involving the use of art instruction. At the international congress for the promotion of art instruction held in Dresden during the summer of nineteen hundred and twelve, the major part of the exhibit of foreign schools showed that art instruction had a close connection with lace-making, with copper and brass work, with furniture construction and with stone and iron work.

The art courses in our public schools should develop appreciation of the real value of art itself on the part of all pupils of both sexes in order that they may be intelligent consumers; vocational art or industrial art courses in our larger schools which would have the educational, disciplinary and practical value of other vocational courses; stronger work in drawing in the vocational and trade schools with the shipwork related to courses in design in order that the products of the school may

not only be sound in workmanship, but a thorough accord with the principles of good design.

As a child I could draw. It was crude work but it expressed a thought and told a story. No one ever laughed at my picture-making. But as a youth in the high school and as an adult I would be a subject of ridicule, for I cannot draw pictures. Yet I ought to be capable of appreciating fine things in the way of pictures, of jewelry, of furniture, of textiles, or wallpapers. But at present few are the teachers that would think of giving me this training in appreciation except through picture-making—and I cannot draw.

On the other hand if I could draw, or design, or model, or carve, or arrange type, or weave, the school would only let me do one of these things for about one hour a week, and during the rest of the time I would try and whittle a round-pegged youth into a squared sort of a hole. I want to be trained for appreciation, or trained for skill. I want to be trained as a producer of beautiful things, or trained as a consumer of beautiful things. Drawing pictures alone would make me neither one nor the other.

Seattle boasts of the only exclusive engraving and stationery store in the Northwest, and one is surprised at the number of dainty novelties shown both in stationery, monograms and place cards. No pains are spared to satisfy the most exacting customers in the matter of engraving for all social affairs.



Madam S. J. Benson, the expert designer of coats and gowns, formerly of San Francisco, wishes to announce to her friends and former patrons that she has opened an exclusive coat and gown shop at 702 East Pine street.

Madam Benson is for the particular woman who wants the very latest in evening coats, gowns or tailored street suits. Her years of experience in catering to the elite of the South fully equips her to satisfy the most exacting woman of fashion.

La Plus Americaine des Villes d'Amerique: Seattle

Few Opinions of Seattle by One of Her Lovers, a French Writer,
FELIX KLEIN.

qui n'a que entre trente cinq ans d'existence atteint San Francisco, dans la domination américaine de l'Océan Pacifique sur le monde. Cette ville à peine née, et que tous les atlas ne mentionnent pas encore, est desservie par les grandes lignes de chemins de fer qui mènent toutes les richesses des Etats-Unis et du Canada et l'on ne compte plus les compagnies de navigation, de l'Australie et de l'Alaska, de l'Inde et de l'Europe même, envoient leurs navires de commerce dans sa rade pour aller d'abriter toutes les flottes du

Seattle, ville née d'hier et qu'on pourrait dire comme la plus affairée du monde, sans compter, des centaines de millions pour le progrès intellectuel de ses citoyens et pour leur bien être matériel.

Degré d'activité et de prospérité qui à Seattle est plus que surprenant. Travail? La dépense? Le temps? A Seattle, on ne tient pas compte de ces obstacles.

Il y a des choses à voir; c'est le tramway qui dessert une des avenues, Madam Benson escalade à pic une pente invraisemblable, qu'on oserait à peine proposer aux touristes uniculaires d'Europe.

Il y a une richesse vraie, on peut certes dire que celle qu'exploite Seattle, la richesse qui repose sur une situation géométriquement favorable et sur des ressources naturelles dont, si loin qu'on regarde dans l'avenir, rien ne donne à penser l'épuisement.

La mer offre au développement des villes un interminable rivage, le sol, jusqu'à présent inoccupé, ouvre aux faubourgs et aux parcs un espace sans limite. Mais les faveurs de la nature ne s'arrêtent pas là. En même temps que l'opulence commerciale, les eaux du fjord apportent à Seattle la douceur d'un climat

tempéré, attiédies qu'elles arrivent par le courant océanique du Kouro-Shivo. Et la terre, elle non plus, ne veut pas se borner aux productions utiles. Quand les habitants de Seattle rentrent fatigués, le soir, en leurs villas de la colline, leurs yeux charmés voient descendre le soleil sur des eaux miroitantes et des îles de verdure, tandis que, de tous les autres points de l'horizon, à l'est, au sud, au nord, des monts de plus de trois et quatre mille mètres dessinent leurs grands profils d'ombre ou font briller leurs coupes de neige. * * *

En vérité, il faut faire effort pour ne se laisser pas gagner à l'enthousiasme des heureux citoyens de Seattle, et volontiers on leur accordera que, le monde ayant presque toujours vu ses cités les plus magnifiques se développer au bord d'une mer intérieure, surtout lorsqu'elle communiquait avec de plus grandes et qu'elle était entourée de terres fertiles, il n'y a pas de raison pour limiter les perspectives futures de cette métropole du Nord-Ouest, la dernière née et la plus active des cités de toute l'Amérique, la jeune et brillante souveraine qui commence à étendre son sceptre sur toute une moitié de l'Océan le plus vaste et aux pieds de laquelle s'amoncellent déjà les tributs de la Nouvelle-Zélande et de l'Alaska, de l'Australie et du Japon, de l'Insulinde et de la Sibirie, de l'Afrique du Sud et de l'Empire dhinois. Christophe Colomb, ainsi que beaucoup d'autres avant et après, lui, risquait sa vie pour trouver l'entrée des trésors d'Orient. Plusieurs passages y donnent aujourd'hui accès, comme le chemin de fer transsibérien, le canal de Suez, bientôt celui de Panama. La côte occidentale des Etats-Unis en avait un déjà, la Porte-d'Or de San Francisco; elle en possède un nouveau maintenant, dont il faut que le monde tienne compte.

Une des remarques de l'auteur, sur

Seattle et qui paraît consolante et pleine d'espoir pour certaines de ses lectrices!! C'est que: "A Seattle on y rencontre infiniment plus d'hommes que de femmes, et les jeunes ou vieilles filles qui désirent un mari auraient plus de chance d'en trouver là que nulle part au monde. Elles y en trouveraient même plusieurs successivement; car les lois de l'Etat de Washington admettent le divorce avec une grande facilité."

Une des comparaisons du même auteur, qui me paraît très juste: "Seattle est comme une fiancée qui sait le prix de sa fortune et celui de ses charmes."

CA ET LA.

Les Statues de Paris.

Une des dernières statistiques nous indique que Paris possède 187 statues d'hommes et de femmes illustres ou simplement notoires; et cela va sans dire que toutes les statues logées dans des niches et qu'on ne saurait supprimer sans nuire à l'harmonie de l'édifice dont elles font partie ont été comme il est naturel éliminées.

PENSEES.

Les femmes emploient leur plus fine adresse à vous passer un bandeau sur les yeux, puis elles vous reprochent de trébucher.

PAUL BOURGET.

Le cœur est comme ces sortes d'arbres qui ne donnent leur baume pour les blessures des hommes que lorsque le fer les a blessés eux-mêmes.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Nous ne sommes point créés pour nous croiser les bras. Nous vivons (pour faire quelque chose) ou du mal ou du bien.

PIERRE DE COULEVAIN.

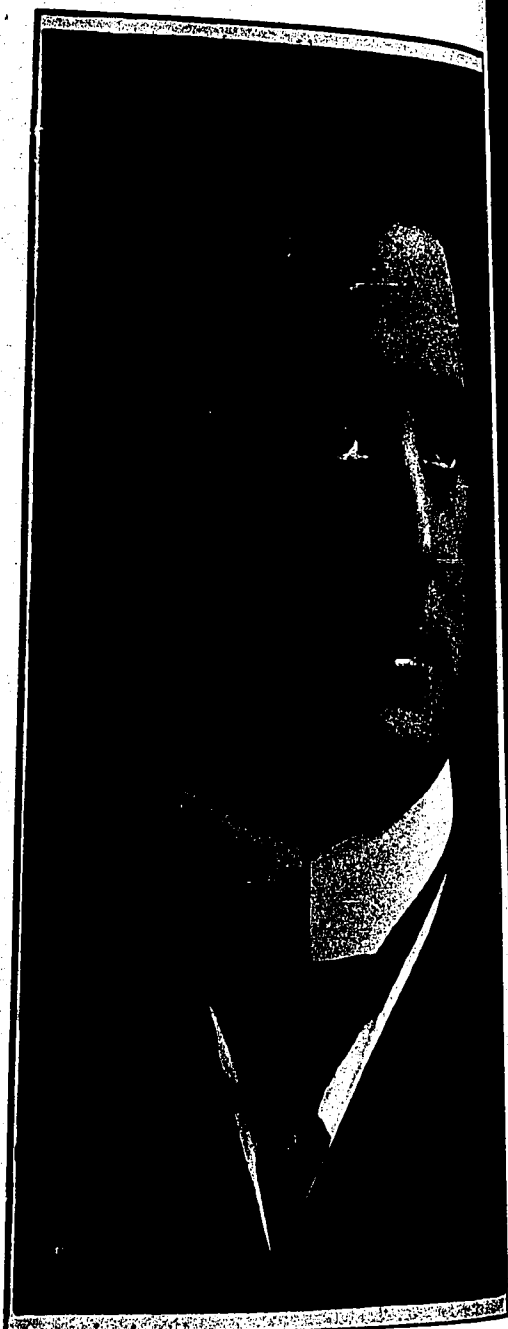
Napoléon III. demanda un jour à Eugénie, sa femme: "Madame quelle différence y a-t-il entre vous et un miroir?" "Je ne sais pas Monsieur," répondit-elle. "Un miroir réfléchit et vous Madame, vous ne réfléchissez pas toujours."

A mon tour maintenant: "Dites-moi quelle différence il y a entre vous et un miroir?" "Je ne sais pas," dit l'empereur.

"Un miroir est poli et vous, Monsieur, vous ne l'êtes pas toujours."

Deux jeunes gens, un américain et un français se séparaient à l'embarcadere de New York. Le français était sur le ba-

teau; l'américain agitant son mouchoir lui cria, "au réservoir (au revoir)" français lui répondit, "Tank."



CLIFFORD DENHAM.

IT WAS A PLEASANT SURPRISE TO THE THEATRE GOERS OF VICTORIA, B. C., WHEN THE ANNOUNCEMENT WAS MADE THAT MR. DENHAM HAD ACCEPTED THE POSITION AS MANAGER OF THE ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE.

WE COMBINE OUR CONGRATULATIONS WITH THOSE OF THE PEOPLE OF THE CAPITAL CITY AND TRUST CLIFF WILL CONTINUE TO DISPENSE THE GENIALITY AND COMFORT FOR WHICH HE IS SO FAMOUS. "GOOD LUCK TO YOU, CLIFFORD!"

A BRIGAND IN LOVE

By LOUISE WINTER.

(Continued from Last Month.)

VI.

"Tell me of Dr. Hoffman." Loring dined with the Grays, and after had elected to remain with Miriam's husband while Miriam herself had a party of Frances' young friends to the theatre.

Gray looked up. A flash of realization dawned in his light blue eyes. "Hoffman? It is a long story, for I go back to my school days."

"Was our hero, then? How seldom do I see your childish enthusiasms last! I remember you as a school idol at boarding school; I met her at college, and was disgusted with her artifice, which in earlier days I had so much admired."

"Dr. Hoffman was an unusual boy; he was an unusual man, a humanitarian, in the true sense of the word. At school we all looked up to him. He was the strongest boy in his class, a brilliant scholar and an athlete. When he left for college we felt a personal loss, and he was not the only one who followed his student career with interest. He studied medicine, and went in for surgery, going to finish. When he returned he opened a clinic in Chicago, and we heard of him from time to time performing some wonderful operation. I saw him there as a dominant figure, sure of himself, commanding respect by his own strength and disarming fear by his gentleness. With his enormous private practice he found time to devote several hours a day to the poor, whom he treated without giving them the same consideration he gave to his wealthy patients. But when he was at the zenith of his fame his health failed him suddenly. It was diagnosed at first as a common nervous breakdown, and he was advised to take a long rest. He disappeared and was gone for two months. He returned apparently cured, but a month ago after he resumed work he handed the knife to his assistant at

the operating table and walked out of the hospital. He never went back."

"His nerve failed him?"

"At a critical moment; and he realized that his weakness was deep seated. Since that time he has lived apart. He spent years searching for a climate that would build up the nervous tissues, and he has found it at last. Do you remember a couple of years ago, when I was run down, I went into the woods?"

"Yes."

"I was with David Hoffman. It is the most wonderful country, a breathing space in the hills. Here he has established himself; and his dream is to induce other nervous invalids to join him and regain health. He has a house—a cabin—rather—and there he lives. He reads, studies, works, dissects symptoms and evolves theories; and not long ago he wrote me that he had about completed his investigations and was ready to seek converts."

"What is his theory?"

"That open air, the pure air of the wooded mountains and outdoor labor, will accomplish results that no medicine can. I was with him six weeks. I walked, worked in the garden, planted seeds, pulled up weeds, hoed the potato patch; and the physical exercise tired me so that I slept throughout the night, something I had not done in years, and awoke each morning to feel the wine of life coursing through my veins. The atmosphere is magical, and every breath brings healing."

"Henry"—Loring had listened with the deepest attention—"do you suppose Dr. Hoffman would take me up there?"

"You! Why, what ails you?"

"Don't you see how ill I am? Can't you notice the change?"

"You do look bad, but I thought—," Gray was a diffident man and he was embarrassed. He knew of a reason for the

alteration in Loring's looks, but he could not speak of it.

She appreciated his reticence, but she shook her head. "It is partly that and partly something else. I must get away, and when I spoke to Miriam she suggested that perhaps Dr. Hoffman could help me. I am in great need, Henry, and if he is all you say he won't deny me. I should take a nurse so that I shouldn't be a great care, but I want the help I think he can give. Will you write to him?"

"I don't believe he's ever thought of taking women. It's a rough country." Gray could not see the reason for such a radical step.

"I don't believe he's ever thought of as you say, he won't deny comfort to any woman as wretched as I am." Her eyes filled with tears, and she seemed so utterly despondent that Gray was alarmed. A weeping woman frightened him. Miriam never wept, and he promised anything to avert the threatened storm. That night he wrote to Dr. Hoffman, making the letter, a personal appeal, though, as he told his wife afterward, Loring's case did not seem to require such desperate measures.

"You don't understand," Miriam said, but she would not explain.

"Well, it seems a pity that she is to have a child after all, but it will be a comfort to her in the end." He was a good man, but dull.

"Will it?" Miriam had no such faith. She tried to stifle the suspicion that would assert itself; she hoped that Loring would explain a matter that looked dubious; but when her friend still kept her own counsel she hid her disappointment, and made up in gentleness for her harsh thought. She gave sympathy, though she was sore troubled at this new turn affairs had taken.

Loring, when her condition was no longer a matter of conjecture, acted in the only way possible. And the world was led to believe that Percy Bryce would have a posthumous heir. At times her soul revolted against false position, but she saw that it was only by deception that she could preserve her secret. She divined Miriam's uneasiness, and she longed to tell her the truth, but in the end she decided to keep up the fiction with Miriam as well as with the outside world. She had not given the possibility that now existed a thought, but when she awoke to the consequences of her impulsive action she seemed to see in it a recompense. Gradually she realized she would be able

to bear Paul's loss when she cradled his child in her arms.

She had a desire to get away from the city, from the house filled with terrible memories. To her fevered imagination this David Hoffman, was nursing his own quivering nerves back again to a calm resumption of their duty, was the one person who could lay a quiet finger on her bruised spirit.

She arrived at Woodsmere at dusk, accompanied by Anne Worth. The little station was deserted except for an old man in a faded uniform, and Loring was about to question him when there was a sound of horses' hoofs, and a moment later an old hack came in view drawn by an ancient steed. As the driver drew up to the platform a man sprang out.

"Mrs. Bryce! This is the first day the train has been on time in a year. I apologize. Eben and I lingered on the way." His voice had a deep, resonant quality and Loring forgot that she had been chilled at her forlorn reception.

She looked up into his blue eyes, set far back in his head and overhung with shaggy gray brows, and she trusted him. He was a tall man, slightly stooped and white-haired, but he gave less the impression of age than one touched in his prime by advance frost.

"I am putting you up at my place," he said, as he led the way to the carriage. "We have no hotel accommodations, and everything is most primitive."

"I am not sure what that means, but the unknown cannot discourage me," Loring answered. "I camped out once in the Adirondacks."

"Over night?"

"For two days. We slept on pine boughs, and the guides cooked for us."

"Here you shall sleep in a house, and cook for yourselves—that is if you stay." Miss Worth looked alarmed. She glanced involuntarily at Loring's fragile form, but Loring had no fears. They had vanished at the first touch of David Hoffman's hand.

"If you will let me stay, I should like a house of my own," she said.

"Wait till you see what we have to offer. Now look about you; I'm sure you have never seen a finer view."

They were climbing steadily, and he called their attention to the winding road, the river in the valley below, and the mountains rising on behind the other as far as the eye could reach. Loring drew

his of content, and felt as if even brief space of time she was absorbing. The carriage stopped before the one-story house, and Hoffman beckoned them to descend. Miss Worth made a short exclamation of wonder, but said no words. She was awed into the grandeur of the scene. They stood steadily till now they were on a plateau almost at the top of a mountain, a vista of hills rolling away in distance. The autumn foliage was against a velvet sky, more brilliant than she had ever seen it.

A grass plot in front of the house was with a yellow stubble, for it was to the close of the year, and the that clambered up over the trellis the small arbour was leafless. A sturdy pines gave out their healthful. Loring sighed. Yes, here she found peace, if she were ever to know

David Hoffman watched his guest as he called in response to the welcome name, but when he saw her put her hand to her eyes, he drew near. "You will let me stay?" she said, and her voice was full of longing.

In answer he held out both hands. "Why should I deny you? I, too, am here sick at heart, and I have found no comfort. May you find it also, my friend." Then he led her across the threshold of his house.

The door opened into a living room, the width of the house. The walls were sealed with white pine; a huge fireplace of stones roughly put together with cement held logs which blazed brightly in welcome, and gave out a delicious perfume that savored of the north-woods. There were comfortable seats, a long pine table covered with books and magazines, and a couple of lamps burning acetylene gas lit up every nook and corner and banished shadows. Trophies of the chase adorned the walls, a moose head, antlers, mounted fish, a gunrack, and at one end, where a round table was prettily set for supper, there were a few oil etchings. Loring's eye took in one after another, but her host interrupted her long survey.

"Let me show you to your room; then you will have dinner."

The room which she was to share with Anne Worth was large and low-ceilinged. It was plainly furnished, but bright and airy. It was a white room; even the

rugs before the beds were woven of white wool.

She made a slight change in her toilet and then went back to the living room.

It was a simple meal, simply served, but Loring enjoyed every mouthful. It seemed more appetizing than anything she had tasted in months.

Hoffman addressed his remarks impartially to her and to Anne Worth, but Loring was too tired to do more than reply in monosyllables. She sat back in her chair and studied her host. Seen in a strong light, the ravages of disease were marked. The blue veins at his temples stood out plainly, and suffering had drawn a network of tiny lines about his eyes. His frame was spare, and his hands were long and slender, the hands of an idealist. They came to mean much to her in the days that followed; their touch seemed to pre-empt healing, and they fascinated her by their beauty, indicating the spirituality of the man's nature.

When she awoke next morning it was eight o'clock. Dr. Hoffman sent word to know if she preferred breakfasting in her room, but when she learned he had waited for her she dressed quickly to join him.

At breakfast Hoffman was the same solicitous host. At first he would not listen to her plan of going out at once to select her future dwelling, but in the end he gave in, and consented to show her the places nearby that were available. In the daylight the view from the doorstep was superb. It commanded a sweep of the broad valley, through which wound the silver stream of a little river; the mountain sides were red and yellow, for November had painted the trees with a lavish brush. A narrow footpath led from the Doctor's house to a cabin perched on a ledge several hundred feet higher up in the mountain. Loring espied it. It was built of logs with an overhanging roof and deep set windows.

"I want that house!" she cried excitedly, pointing it out.

"Look at it first. There may be another better suited to your needs. There was a colony of artists who came here once and started a cooperative settlement. That was in the days before the railroad came as far north as Woodsmere. To their minds the difficulties of getting supplies overbalanced the advantages of the place, so they abandoned it, and that is why you see several empty houses. The village lies below in the valley, and here

and there, scattered on the mountainside, are the lumbermen's huts. They are rough but kind-hearted; you will be perfectly safe. If you want the house after you go through it, I will arrange matters for you."

They were walking toward the cottage, but Loring was impatient. "I know I shall take it," she said decisively.

"Do you always choose on impulse?"

"I'm afraid I do." And though his question had been half banter, her reply was serious.

But this time a closer inspection of the thing desired only deepened her longing for possession. The interior was roughly sealed to keep out the winds; the rooms could be hung with chintz and made most attractive, and the fireplace, with its ingle neck, would be an ideal spot in which to dream away the evening hours. From the west window she got the same outlook over the valley and the distant mountains as from the Doctor's doorstep, and she stood for a time gazing out with eyes that drank in the beauty of the scene.

"I've decided. I'll write Mrs. Gray tonight to send up what I need. In the meanwhile, I'll be a pensioner on your bounty."

And so, while her nest in the hills, as she termed it, was being made ready for her, she lived in David Hoffman's house, and laid the foundation of the sincerest friendship of her life. The days passed rapidly, for she was busy, and Hoffman's companionship made her open the storehouse of her mind and dig up forgotten love. His keen mentality stimulated her, and made her realize that in her world one side of her nature had lain dormant. She had thought that Paul Redding's love had brought her to the fullness of her womanhood, but now she knew that even love had left her brain torpid. And it was this brain that David Hoffman was reaching. He was helping her in a way she had never dreamed of. She had come to Woodsmere thinking nature would bring peace to her heart and forgetfulness to her mind, but Hoffman taught her that only mental activity could drive away the specter of her sorrow. He gave her books to read; he talked to her of scientific discoveries; he interested her in his own projected work, and he appealed to her reason as if he could count upon it. He talked to her of the people around them—the men away on their perilous trips down the river for weeks at a time, the women pinched with poverty

and prematurely aged by toil and hardship, and the children, like young hawks, keen-eyed, bronzed and shy. At first when she saw her coming they would hide in the woods; afterward they lost their fear. And it was through the children that David Hoffman reached her soul.

VII.

He gathered the children at his house once a week to teach them the elements of knowledge. Loring happened in one day and stopped to listen. It seemed wonderful to her that a man of his attainments should consider this worth his while, but he was as patient with the stammering, awkward boy who could not remember seven times nine as he was with her who could not comprehend Nietzsche. She seated herself quietly near the window and studied the man and the childish forms gathered around him. There were twelve in all, poorly clad, with sharp, pinched features and rough, red hands. The boys had an eager, strained look; the girls were self-conscious at her presence, but to Hoffman these wisps of humanity were beings with souls, and his all-embracing charity went out to give them of his intellectual wealth. Loring pitied their human needs and wondered if she might offer to send for warm clothing. She thought their lack of the multiplication table less urgent than woollen underclothing and mittens. After the lesson there were cups of hot cocoa and thick slices of bread and butter, and Loring asked herself if the reward at the end were not back of the willingness to accept a weekly course of instruction. Then she was ashamed of her skepticism, for she knew it was the master's strong personality that held the attention of these children of the wilds, as it held her own. After the first visit she came again, and as Christmas was drawing near, she questioned if she might give them a tree, with substantial gifts. "For the sake of the child who is coming into my own life," she explained, while her features were softened with tenderness.

Hoffman gazed at her steadily. He knew that a deeper trouble lay back of the apparent one. She never spoke of Percy Bryce, yet he divined it was not sorrow at her husband's death that drove her to a refuge in the mountains. He never questioned her about her life. At first their relations were those of physician and patient; then the friendship that was to endure beyond all else sprang up between them, and made confidence, so far as he

ed, unnecessary. Her joy in her motherhood was very real. which till now had never handle a needle, were busy for fine bits of cambric and lace she was teaching her to fashion garments. As the weeks passed

less dependent and learned to self. She even occupied herself household tasks, so that she should e and take exercise, even when er was too severe for her to be The snow came in the night, and the earth with a blanket of fleece. Now river was frozen over, and held the countryside in a grasp could not loosen until spring.

n wrote: "Are you sure you can ur months of bitter cold weather? u think it would be wiser for you now?" And she answered: "The ns to be the tonic I needed. If bt, come and see for yourself. y it snowed all day, and I swept ed my room; then Anne taught me a delicious pudding. This morn- en Eben—the man who does our deliv- ers our milk and brings the ame to dig us out, I took a wooden and helped clear the path. Dr. n, coming up to see how we had caught me at my task, and said I so well that he'd like to engage clear away his snow. Frankly, n, I'm getting close to nature, and never craved people the way most do, I'm nearer to happiness than eted."

Hoffman came that morning to the plans for the Christmas party, together they made out a list of things as to send for. Coats, dresses, suits, ers and toys, sleds, skates and dolls, of candy and fruit.

ou will spoil them for simpler pleas- that will come after," he chided y, but made no effort to check her isiasm.

Don't you think one party is little gh to look back upon? Their gray hood is entitled to one day of sun- and I don't intend it shall be the I shall give them a party every year; ill be my thank offering."

ben cut the tree, a huge fir, that hed from the floor to the ceiling, a d king of the forest that extended a dred arms in a silent benediction. en it was placed in position Loring ped her hands delightedly.

"Anne—I am going to call you Anne from this day, and you shall call me Loring, otherwise I shall forget I have a front name—Anne, it is the most beautiful tree in the world!"

Anne Worth raised her head. She was on her knees, trimming the lowest branches. An expression of sympathy made her plain face almost lovely. "It surely is the most beautiful tree I've ever seen, because of what it represents," she said softly.

"Wall," Eben added his voice in critical judgment, "there ain't a finer one in the hull woods; and when the kids sees it, they'll whoop. The Doc had one last year, but, shucks, it couldn't hold a candle to this!"

Loring frowned anxiously. "I don't want to dim the Doctor's glory," she said. What if in her desire to serve she had been overzealous and had wounded his feelings?

Eben shook his head. "You couldn't do that, Mis' Bryce. You're new, but the Doc, he's one of us."

But after Eben had gone Loring sat in her favorite seat in the ingle nook, an open book in her lap, her eyes, however, fixed on the firelight, not on the printed page.

"Have I been selfish, Anne? Have I usurped one of the Doctor's prerogatives? Perhaps, in my desire to do something for these poor children I have hurt him. He is too kind to tell me so, but suppose, unconsciously, I have wounded his feelings!"

"I'm sure you haven't," said Anne. "I think his pleasure in seeing you do something for his people would outweigh any personal consideration he might have in the matter. Besides, you are a woman whose motives men never quarrel with."

"What do you mean by that?" Loring sat up, prepared to enjoy a discussion. "I mean there are certain women who do things so gracefully that a man is glad to have them to them."

"You flatter, instead of explain."

"I don't flatter you. I'm sure, all your life men have been glad for what you've done for them; they have never questioned your motives."

"I wonder if you are right?" Loring sighed. Her mind went back to those San Francisco days. She had acted on impulse then, her one desire being for a sight of Paul's face, for the sound of his voice, for the touch of his hand. What these things had led to had been a natural result of her imprudence; she admitted that now; but the end had not been in her mind when she planned a hurried trip across the

continent. The love between them, repressed, beaten back, held under restraint for years, had flamed into passion at that first meeting, and she had gone to his arms and found comfort in them. Had Paul ever questioned her motive in going to him? Had he ever thought she had deliberately planned to make him false to his word, to undermine Agnes's influence, to put him so wholly in her debt that his first duty would be to her? Or was Anne right; had he forgotten to look for a motive in the completeness of her self-surrender?

"Will you have tea now?" Anne's voice recalled her to the present.

Loring came out of her communion with the past, her eyes holding sacred memories. Then she smiled. "I had forgotten you, Anne, but not your words; they started a train of thought that took me so far away I was lost for a while. I hope you are right, and that I shall not be judged for a motive that must have existed, though I was too careless to perceive it. Impulse is a mantle of charity, invented I believe, for women like myself. Tea? Yes, but let me make it today. Poor Anne, you must be tired; you've worked so hard, and you will never confess to fatigue."

VIII.

The Christmas party led to other things. In the first place, it broke down the barrier of reserve between Loring and the children; in the second it showed that the girls needed something Hoffman could not teach, a certain feminine instruction which she, with Anne's aid, was prepared to give. Hoffman listened to her argument.

"Let me teach them domestic economy. Don't smile; you know the wastefulness of the poor. I have heard it discussed from the lecture platform, and now I have seen it demonstrated. They know nothing of cooking; they fry everything; their sewing is wretched. I want to teach them to make their homes attractive, really to understand personal cleanliness, so that they will grow up to healthier, broader lives than their mothers live."

"Can you teach?"

Loring was thoughtful for a moment.

"I think I can. There is a crying need in me which must be expressed. I am woefully ignorant, but Anne is patient; see what I have learned to do for myself in these few months! And surely what I have learned I can teach others. Self-respect, self-reliance, those are beautiful lessons."

"But do you feel strong enough to un-

dertake this work? You should not begin unless you are willing to carry it through."

Loring laughed. "Strong! I think I never knew what a healthy body meant until I came here. I have gained so much. Help me to do something for these poor children who have so little."

Hoffman understood this need of activity, which made her reach out and long to help. Had it not come to him when Nature's healing hand touched the sore spot in his spirit, and returning health made him eager to assist others? So he gave a willing ear to her plans, and personally persuaded the mothers, who were inclined to look askance at the manage-ment of the stranger for instruction. As Ebenezer said, they knew and loved the Doctor, but they looked with suspicion upon this strange woman, and up till now resisted all her efforts to reach a friendly basis. The Doctor had extended the invitations to the Christmas party and it was more to please him than anything else that the children had been allowed to attend. Loring's generous gifts had not elicited gratitude; they were accepted in sullen silence by the parents, who were almost distrustful in the face of unsolicited favor. Dr. Hoffman listened to their murmurings, but he smoothed them over, and in the end he won a reluctant consent to Loring's offer.

But before she could teach, she had to learn, and she applied herself to acquiring a knowledge of household tasks with her oldtime enthusiasm. She gained an elasticity of spirit in the weeks that followed, and learned to carry her mental burden with perfect poise. She went ahead rapidly, ignoring Anne's advice to be cautious. She forgot that the minds she was dealing with were virgin soil, fields which had never been ploughed, and were not ready to be sown with fine corn.

"Go easy, Mrs. Bryce, go easy," Anne warned.

"How can I! Don't you see that their starved little souls drink up my words as thirsty plants drink water? Why, they knew nothing, absolutely nothing!"

"For that reason don't overcrowd their heads, otherwise they'll jumble together what you teach and won't be able to make practical use of their lessons. What was the sense of asking Nora Torby if she'd like a sewing machine? She'd never heard of one; and do you suppose your explanation conveyed an exact impression to her mind?"

"You make me feel very small. I want to help these people; I have so little. Why, Anne, in ten months since I spoke of trying to do ten thousand a year, and wouldn't you could do it without feeling the pangs of poverty. I had been accustomed to spend so much more while I lived that this sum seemed abundant. It has been a less-absolute value. Nora is fifteen; she is more intelligent than the others; why shouldn't she have a sewing machine if I can well afford to buy one?" Loring paused a moment for Anne's approbation, but it was not forthcoming.

"Will she do with it?"

"I want to sew, and perhaps do dress-

ing for whom?"

"You are incorrigible. Do you think a girl like Nora is going to spend the rest of her life in these mountains? I know she will drift to the village. I know that many people think it a very wicked thing, but it is really very tame and very common."

"I don't try to interfere with these people's lives."

"Well, you may be right; give in; I will have my permission to hold me back every time I show signs of wanting to gallop." Loring submitted gracefully. Anne had sprung from mountain to mountain herself.

Even then the mischief had been done, and an angry father was on his way to see Hoffman with a distorted version of Loring's teachings.

"Ain't descent. It's a leadin' of my own, stray, tellin' her to let her hair curl, to pick out colors as 'll match her skin! I ain't the idees to put into the heads of these nest, God fearin' girls! Askin' Nora if she like a sewin' machine!" Torby's wrath exploded. He was a tall, gaunt man with fierce eyes and a bitter line about his mouth.

"Mrs. Bryce means well," Hoffman began, but Torby would not be appeased.

"Nora goes no more to her house. Ain't you got to guard against the temptations of the village?" He referred to the village in the valley, a mile away. "How can we guard if there's an enemy in our midst?" "She is trying to be your friend. You don't know what a sewing machine means for a woman; it cuts her labor in half."

"Givin' her time to get into mischief! No, Doc, keep 'em busy and you keep 'em safe. Idleness ain't for the poor."

Hoffman climbed the hill the next morning, sorely perplexed. He must warn Loring that she was taking the wrong course with these people; yet he knew she looked upon her work in the light of a crusade; and she was beginning to experience the zeal of a reformer. It would hurt her to be told, no matter how adroitly he handled the subject.

It was a mild February day, a forerunner of spring, when the winter landscape gave contradiction to the mellow atmosphere. He found her out of doors, brushing the snow from the roots of the clinging vines that in summer would cover one side of the house. A long fur coat reached to her boot tops; a fur hood tied under her chin framed her glowing face, and her hands were encased in fleecy-lined mittens. She turned as she heard his footsteps crunching on the path.

"What a day! It makes me glad to be alive. There is quicksilver in the air, and I am taking long breaths of it. Do you want to go indoors? Are you tired? Now that I look at you, I don't believe you slept last night. What was it, work or worry? Here am I bubbling over with more health than I need; if I could only give you some of it!" She went up to him swiftly, and laid her hand on his arm.

He looked down at her with friendly eyes. "I am stronger than I have been in years, but you are right; I am tired this morning."

"Come indoors, then. Anne shall make you one of her famous milk punches. We can have a long talk; and you shall tell me all your worries."

He smiled at her authoritative tone, but did not protest as she took possession of him and led him indoors, where a log fire burned in the grate, its cheerful blaze inviting confidences. When she had given him the most comfortable chair the room contained, Loring seated herself beside him on a low stool.

"First, I want to speak to you about something Anne has been lecturing me. She says the people here won't understand, and I may harm where I want to do good. Is that possible?"

Hoffman sipped from the glass in his hand. She was providing the opening he desired. "Quite. He spoke decisively. 'Motives are easy to misunderstand, when approached from opposite viewpoints.'"

"What do two people ever have exactly the same viewpoint? Don't we always have to make allowance for the difference in temperament?" She was suddenly anxious.

"You are begging the question, which is: Do these people misunderstand what you are doing for them?"

"Well, do they?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" she cried out. The truth hurt more than he imagined it would. "And I was innocent. In the beginning I wanted to please you, after—because I saw their terrible need." She was trying to defend her position, to set herself right in his eyes.

"Couldn't you do it without letting them know that you saw their ignorance?"

"What have I done?" Now she was more than anxious; she was afraid.

"How do you think it will help Nora Torby to let her hair curl and to wear becoming clothes?"

"Ah, I am beginning to see. It is my teaching that the body is a possession to be cared for, that our personal appearance affects our mode of thought, which is at fault."

"Do you know Jim Torby?"

"I have seen him, a grim, prematurely aged man, who looks as if the food of the world had given him indigestion."

"He is one of the few bigoted men in the neighborhood, but his zeal is so intense that his neighbors respect and look up to him. The others might let you do for their daughters unquestioningly, but Torby is of another way of thinking. He has a Puritanical strain that makes him despise physical attractiveness, and see in it only a snare set by the Evil One. Were it not for Nora's mother, he would have the child wear her hair cropped close like a boy's."

"And I have tried to awaken her vanity—she has such pretty hair! Of course he won't let her have the sewing machine. Will he take her out of my class?"

"So he says now, but if you drop these revolutionary teachings till the girls are fit to receive them, she may come back. I don't want you to offend Jim; in his rude way he is a power, and his stand may influence others."

"He is quite honest in his opinions?"

"I have found him so. His character is uncompromising, narrow but sincere. I don't believe he'd lie under any circumstances."

Loring moved restlessly. "Is a lie the

greatest sin in the world? Aren't there times when it is not only pardonable but justifiable? 'Polite' society fictions?"

"No, a plain lie, carefully thought out and nurtured to perfection."

"Such a lie is bound to corrupt the originator. Truth is nature's friend; a lie is her enemy."

"Beautifully said; I wonder if you really mean it? I beg pardon—I did not intend to be rude—but you have lived in the world, you know men and women of the world. Haven't you ever known of a circumstance when the truth would do more harm than the most flagrant lie?"

Her warmth betrayed a deeper interest in the question than idle argument. Hoffman knew she was asking because she had the knowledge of some such lie. Why had it been told—why nurtured? Was she trying to find some excuse for herself, or for another? It was not Jim Torby's attitude in the matter that made her check her hands nervously, that made her lips tremble; it was something nearer. Hoffman had always been a student of human nature, and from the beginning he knew that this woman had gone through some grave experience. She spoke freely of herself, but had told little, clothing her confidence in generalities. He was puzzled for an answer.

"That is sophistry. The truth is not always pretty, but is clean; and we must purge our souls of lies before we can hold up our heads and look God in the face."

But Loring did not hold up her head. She let in sink lower when he had gone, while her shoulders drooped in dejection. She wondered miserably what Hoffman would say if she opened her heart to him. She confessed that she was about to dedicate the rest of her life to a lie. Was he right—would it corrupt her little by little, till she could no longer distinguish things fairly? Would it be better to say: "My child has no father that he can claim" than to shroud his parentage in her first husband's memory?

She dared not put him to the test now—he looked too sad, too weary; but she suddenly became conscious that she could not keep him in ignorance as she had planned. It seemed as if it had become his right to know. Suppose, knowing, he should withdraw his friendship from her and send her back to the city she had come to loathe? If he did, she could not protest; she had concealed the truth from him, and though he might not judge her harshly, he would judge her firmly. The desire to confide

in a part of the burden that had weighed on her soul by confession, grew; two later, as she stood by the beaching the sun sink slowly behind the mountain tops, she made up her mind to him. She was lonely; she wanted a better intellectual companionship than Worth could give; she wanted a man's virile mentality to brace her; she must wipe the page between them so that in future they could

beginning down to Dr. Hoffman's she had seen the doctor's insight had warned him of the approaching crisis, and he was not surprised when Loring's knock sounded at the door. She came in, her cheeks flushed, her eyes dark with excitement. The wind had blown little wisps of hair under her fur cap, and she put her hands to smooth her disordered hair. She looked young, almost girlish, and stood in front of the small mirror looking between the windows, but she saw that it was nervousness, not that kept her fussing over her appearance.

"I look less like a wild woman," she said, turning to face him.

She pushed forward a chair, and she sat on it gratefully. She was suddenly physically as well as morally, for when she sat in his room she had not felt the strain of her long struggle. It was a relief to get the matter straight out between them. Her beginning was abrupt.

"You have taught me to strengthen my will; you have taught me to exercise my judgment. Now, what will you do for me? I have done wrong, according to your code; I have been a brigand in love, and I am not repentant—I am only sorry for bearing my false burden alone." "I think it will make things easier if you confide in me?"

"Yes; so I am going to tell you the whole story of a woman who led a colorless life up to a certain point. Then chance threw her husband's happiness into her path, and she opened her arms to it."

IX.

A long time after she had finished her story, Loring sat and stared into the fire, waiting for Hoffman's verdict.

When she told him her tale had been a great surprise. He had been sure that it was no ordinary trouble which drove her to him; he had grasped the fact that she had never

loved her husband, and that perhaps some other man's image filled her heart; but that, being legally married to the father of her child, she could plan such an elaborate scheme of deception for his sake was astounding. Here was an example of that rare love that gives all, even to renunciation. Having convinced herself that an establishment of her claim would lead to his disgrace, she had resolved upon a sacrifice that would keep his name stainless. Hoffman saw that she gloried in her ability to give this supreme test of her love. "Not what I want, but what is best for him," she said, and her face softened as she said it. She would devote the rest of her life to the little one whose coming was to be her recompense. Ah, yes, she suffered now, but surely in time her pain would be less, and Redding's memory would become a gentle sorrow, not an ache.

The question of Agnes—whether it was fair to her to let her occupy a position not legally hers, never occurred to Loring, though it did to Hoffman—not only then, but later, when the tangled lives of the three crossed again. But it was not counsel she asked for; it was sympathy. She had confessed, not because she felt in need of advice, but because her secret cast a shadow of restraint over the most perfect friendship of her life, and before the hour of her trial came she wished to clear up the mystery between them. Ethically, he might disapprove of her action, might say it was quixotic, but in his heart he would understand, for this was the sort of a thing he himself was capable of. As she revealed more and more of her inmost thought, as she let him peer into the dim recess where she had stored her romance, he saw the heart hunger of the woman, and realized that if she had adopted a predatory course in satisfying an underlying need of her nature, it was because that nature was an unusual one. The question in her eyes was not: "What do you think of my story?" but "Will you take your friendship from me because I am living that thing which you abhor, a lie?" And it was this appeal which he answered. When he spoke it was not to criticise, but to give her the sympathy she craved. Gravely he counseled her to let her grief add to her spiritual nature. His large charity made him pity her for the false situation she was creating for herself; he foresaw that trouble would come of it sooner or later, and he set himself to the task of preparing her to meet it.

"You won't let this make any differ-

ence?" she asked. "I had to tell you, but you are the only one who knows; I couldn't even confide in Miriam."

"When our friends are in trouble, they need us most."

"That means I am still your friend?"

He reassured her, and they talked on in low tones till Eben, who was to see her back to the cottage, began to shuffle about impatiently in the kitchen.

Loring heard him. "I was never taught to consider my inferiors, but you and Anne are teaching me that each individual has rights the rest of us should respect. Eben is hinting that I should be going." She rose as she spoke, and began to put on her wraps.

"You learn so rapidly that you will soon outstrip your instructors."

"There is little danger of that, my friend; and yet it is only lately that I have learned the power of my own personality."

"You have a strong soul, and a strong soul works out its own salvation."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Think it over; the solution will come to you. You see, I have no doubts."

"I wish I had none. Good night."

Anne met her on the doorsteps. "You were so late, I was beginning to fear something had happened."

"Something has happened to me, Anne. The physician is curing my soul, as well as my body: he has laid the hand of healing on my sick heart, and I shall soon be made whole." She spoke softly, still under the influence of Hoffman's tenderness.

Long after Anne had tucked her into bed like a sleepy child, she lay staring into the darkness, pondering over his words, and wondering if she had caught the meaning right. What salvation must she work out for herself to prove the strength of her soul?

The days passed quickly. A thaw set in and the roads were almost impassable. Loring kept closely to the house, and took her exercise on the half-acre belonging to her property. The little girls came to her once a week, and, after a time, Nora reappeared, shy and uncomfortable, as if she expected to be chided for her absence; but Loring had learned her lesson.

"I shall not interfere. She shall wear purples that kill her delicate coloring, and shapeless garments that hide her slim figure; but if her father thinks he can stave off the day when she will become conscious of her good looks, he is mistaken. Don't

frown, Anne; in spite of your Southern birth, you are a Puritan at heart, and you think Nora will be better off if she never learns how pretty she is."

Miriam wrote: "Are you quite comfortable? Hasn't it been a dreadful winter? Don't you want me to come to you for a few weeks? Frances is engaged. Her fiance is a nice boy, and they openly adore each other. She is content to stay at home once in a while and let her family see how charming she is, so, if you wish, I can get away with any easy conscience."

But Loring had no need of her now. She had Anne in the house and Hoffman near by, and her life was full of incident.

Spring came with a rush. The snow melted rapidly, and one morning Loring awoke to find Anne standing at the foot of her bed with a handful of crocuses.

"The Doctor's greeting, to tell you we have seen the last of the winter."

Loring sat up. "Give them to me." She held out her slender hands cup fashion, and Anne dropped the yellow and white blossoms into her palms. "Spring brings us a new lease of life. How glad I am my baby will be a springtime child!" she said softly.

The first wood violets almost made her wild with joy. She gathered them herself, and kept them until they lost their beauty as well as their fragrance. She spent hours in the woods, damp with earthy odors, yet full of new life, for the sap ran in the trees, tender green shoots sprang up, and vines wound themselves around the trunks and gnarled roots of fallen timber. There were quantities of green moss everywhere. Below in the valley the river, released from its icy bondage, rippled noisily over the stones, chattering of the glories it was to view on its way to the inland sea. Eben brought her delicious trout from mountain brooks. Nature, after lying quiescent for months, her head shrouded in a mantle of snow, now awoke, eager to perform her tasks. Birds built their nests, laid their eggs and brought forth their young; newborn calves bleated in the cowsheds; a long-legged colt trotted beside its proud mother in the pasture below. Nature was teaching the earth to reproduce, and the stir of newborn things was in the air.

Now that the seal was removed from Loring's slips, she sought Hoffman daily, and talked to him of any matter uppermost in her mind.

"Let us walk to the topmost clearing; I want to fill my eyes with a golden sunset. I think, as each day dies, tomorrow can

Our booklet "Sweet Pea Seed" mailed free

The Conservatories Rose and Sweet Pea Specialists

Royal Oak, Victoria, B. C.

be so beautiful; and yet each morning ushered in with the same pale rose to promise another day of perfection. Will it be too much of a climb for

She paused and surveyed her comsollicitiously, but he laughed at her

tonight I feel the vigor of a young coursing through my veins. Spring got into my blood and made me forget faced death."

ing shivered. "Don't speak of tonight. Let us talk of life, a life yours, full of good deeds. Some people can't be spared, and you are one of

no one is indispensable in the scheme creation. When one tree in the forest another springs up to take its place. In a man's time comes, there are always half a dozen fellows ready to step the vacancy."

He held the gate open and she passed through; then he fell into step at her side they sauntered slowly along the path which led through the clearing to a broad plateau, from which they could command a view of the whole surrounding country. Do you make light of the work you are to do?"

No; and I hope I shall live long enough to carry it through."

Why don't you begin now? You have to show yourself to induce others to follow you."

You have faith in me, but the world has doubts."

How long have you had this idea?"

That the worst forms of nervous disorders could be healed by a life in the open air, that a body wearied by toil is a better inducement to slumber than any sedative? It has come to me since I have seen the results in my own case. You know, I

practiced on Henry Gray and another man whom I inveigled up here on false pretenses, as he said—but he stayed with me four months, and went back cured."

Loring led him on to speak of his hobby, offering a suggestion now and then. She knew what the active life he prescribed had done for her. It was not only the quiet life of the place, the wonderfully bracing atmosphere, but the daily tasks he exacted, that had helped her to regain her mental balance, and had kept her mind contented as well as her body healthy. Hoffman dreamed of gathering the nervous-sick from the city, bringing them to the mountain solitude, teaching them a new interpretation of life and making them work their way back to health. The dream grew, and as it grew the possibility of fulfillment loomed upon the horizon.

"It is genius," said Loring; "and genius is a creative force."

"Yes, and like nature, I shall create new bodies out of old waste."

They came into the open suddenly and Loring drew a long breath, awed by the majesty and splendor of the view. In silence they watched the sun sinking to rest between a gap in the mountains. The whole atmosphere was bathed in a golden light. Then, as they watched, the sun dropped from sight, the afterglow faded slowly, the violet changed to palest lavender, the heavy clouds gathered darkly, and the air became heavy with night odors. Loring drew her light shawl closer about her shoulders.

"Shall we go now?" Hoffman said, marveling at the glory of her transfigured face. She reminded him of the portrait of an early saint. Flesh had given way to spirituality. She had communed for months with nature; the long white silences had taught her mystery; the woods

had whispered courage; the mountains abiding faith, and no matter where she would go when the time came for her to take her departure, she would never entirely shake off the influence of these days when her soul had been stripped naked, and she stood face to face with natural truths.

They walked back in silence. They had progressed in friendship far beyond the stage when words were necessary to mutual understanding.

And the next morning, when the sun climbed to the top of the hill and peeped over into their part of the world, Loring's son was born.

X.

A month later she received a long letter from Miriam. Frances's engagement was broken, and the child pined to get away from her fellow creatures. Would Loring take her? Loring sent back a cordial invitation, and Frances came to the "top of the world," as she afterward described Woodsmere. The girl was as colorless as a lily, her dark eyes were tragic with trouble; her exquisite mouth drooped piteously, and her abundant dark hair framed a face stamped with youth's first great sorrow.

Anne Worth met her at the station.

"And Cousin Loring and the baby? Oh, Miss Worth, isn't it wonderful that this joy should come into her life when she needs it most? I never knew Cousin Percy well, but she seems to have grieved so for his death." And Frances's eyes filled with tears. She was remembering her own sorrow.

"I guess Mrs. Bryce is finding the comfort she needs in her son."

"Is he pretty? Does he look like her? Cousin Percy was pasty-faced and he had light eyebrows."

"He is a handsome child; but babies change from day to day, and just now he looks like any other healthy youngster of his age." Anne was noncommittal. Royal Bryce certainly did not resemble the description of his father.

Dr. Hoffman came out to bid the young stranger welcome. He had gained noticeably that spring; a fine color tinted his thin cheeks, and he held his head erect. Frances gazed at him with awe. This was the great surgeon who had been forced out of the arena while still a man in his prime! But at his first words of simple friendliness she lost her fear, and he sent her on her way feeling that she had made a friend.

De-Luxe
Monthly

ENGRAVED

Wedding Announcements or Invitations

when executed by
us, assure you of
correctness of form,
skill in workmanship
and the best quality
of papers



Society Stationery
Shop

114 Columbia Street
Seattle



entonnriere (Chin Supporter)

Marvelous French invention. It is the only device that will positively prevent and overcome the double chin, lines about the mouth, and the throat.

It prevents abnormal tissue formation, rests and supports the tired neck muscles, holding them in place while they contract and regain their natural strength and firmness, thereby insuring a perfect contour.



ADIES: Have you seen the latest wonderful Sleeping Masks? Will they keep the flesh of the face fresh, firm and youthful; prevents and removes pimples, blemishes, lines and wrinkles.

It will be a pleasure to show you these and explain.

Write and get full particulars regarding this.



MADAME STANNER

Dermatologist

Hairdressing Parlors, Hair Goods
and Manicuring

29 Fort Street, Victoria, B. C.

Phone 2135

Loring stood on the threshold, holding out her arms. With a sob Frances hid her face on her cousin's shoulder.

"Cousin Loring, you are good to have me. I am so wretched, so unhappy!" she cried.

"Hush, darling; no one is unhappy here for long; there is something in the air that heals sorrow as well as sickness. Now come and see my boy!" She led the way indoors to the cradle where the child lay. Frances bent over him, and he started up at her with great, solemn eyes. She dropped on her knees beside the wooden cot.

"Oh, you blessed, blessed baby! Isn't he a darling!" she cried rapturously.

"We think he is; and he is such a good baby." Loring's pride rang in her voice.

"Now, I'll show you to your room, and you can make yourself comfortable. You won't find any luxuries, dear—perhaps you'll think you even lack necessaries; but we learn to do without when we must. I added these two rooms myself; one is the day nursery, the other the guest chamber."

She threw open a door leading from the living room and ushered Frances into a small, square chamber. The walls were covered with a gaily patterned chintz; fish-net curtains hung at the wide window; the dressing table and tall chest of drawers, of native manufacture were painted white; the chairs had chintz cushions and the bedspread matched the hangings. Everything was roughly made, but the place had a homelike air that brought a lump to the girl's throat.

"Do you like it? Anne and I did it all." Loring gave Frances a chance to regain her self-control.

"I'm afraid I've given you a lot of trouble."

"It has been such fun. No one is allowed to be idle here. You shall choose tomorrow just what you want to do, but you won't be allowed to sit in your room and think," Loring said; and she kept her word.

Frances, who had been brought up to play the indolent role of a beauty, learned to sweep and dust, to lay the table and to clean the silver; but her fondness for outdoors led Loring to put her in charge of the kitchen garden, and there she displayed real talent. Her delight in the growing greens was almost child-like, and she tended the young shoots with solicitous care. When they finally began to bear, she waxed enthusiastic.

"I shall never be able to eat a tomato;

De-Luxe
Monthly

I feel as if I knew each one personally," she said to Hoffman, with whom she was soon on terms of intimacy. "I've counted them so often, I know them now by their numbers. No. 12 is the fattest, juiciest rascal you ever saw. He is round and green, without a speck of any kind, and this morning, I'm sure he was ashamed of getting so far of the others, for I found he was blushing. And No. 24 is so tiny! I fear she'll never grow up to be a dignified lady tomato."

Hoffman laughed. "The romance of a tomato patch! Well, I have no scruples so when No. 12 reaches the right shade of red and is ready to pick, bring him to me and I'll prepare a well-seasoned dressing and eat him with a relish."

"Cannibal! Haven't even the green things life?"

"Yes, but we need their life to sustain our own."

Frances dropped her work in her lap; she was hemming dish towels, and gazed into space. "Just as some human beings exist through the vitality of others. I've seen that in my own family; we all lean on my mother. She has a wonderful force; she is not a large woman, yet she impresses you as such. Even father asks her advice and abides by her decisions. When I came away, they were talking over father's new position. The company wanted—to send him to Washington, but he would not accept unless mother approved of the change."

"How do you feel about it?"

"I am glad. Washington must be the nearest approach to an ideal city that we have."

Loring, entering at the moment, caught her cousin's phrase. "I should like to live in Washington," she said.

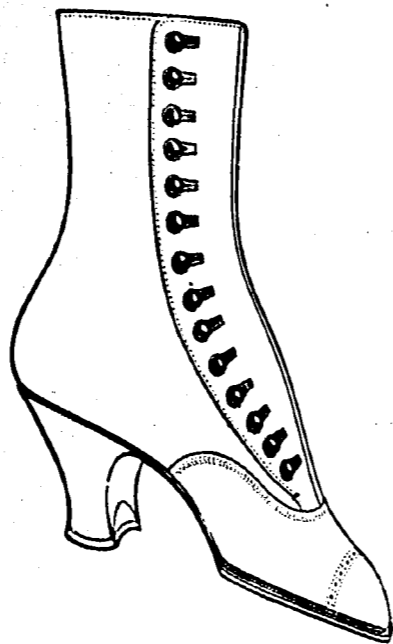
"Then why not come with us?"

"I'll think about it. I've been there only on flying visits, but I have a memory of cool, shaded streets, many parks and a well dressed, leisure class of people who stopped to admire as they journeyed on."

Hoffman glanced at her. "You are planning to leave Woodsmere?" There was deep regret in his voice. For years he had schooled himself to bear the loneliness of his lot, to seek mental companionship in books, forgetfulness of self in work and relief from tedium in interesting himself in the lives of the poor; but for nearly a year he had enjoyed the intellectual society of a well-bred woman who had a keen mind and a vivid mentality, and he would feel his isolation more than ever when she went away.

De - Luxe
Monthly

Street Boots



that set off your tailored suit or walking-coat to the minutest detail of perfection—dress boots that give the completing touch to your costume—outing boots that withstand the winter storm and slush and snow—all here and all true, authentic Fifth Avenue, New York style in

Cousins Shoes

Made in New York

for Women

A sixty years' reputation is behind the quality and workmanship—and our own reputation guarantees your perfect fit.

CATHCART'S
PEMBERTON BLDG.
621 FORT ST.
VICTORIA, B. C.

g's heart throbbed gratefully as he recognized what her departure would mean to him. "I shall not go until winter. I shall keep my little house and go back to it often. I have learned to be content, and I must return in spring to my intercourse with nature. Be content, I want Royall to love it as I love it, and I shall come back for his sake as well as my own." Her voice brimmed over with tenderness as she mentioned her son. She had given him her mother's maiden name. She cared for him herself, almost as if she were Anne's daughter. It was of all when he slept in her arms that she could feast her eyes for hours on his face.

In the service journals she learned that the wedding was still in the East. She had seen his name and that of Agnes among the guests at various functions in Melbourne. She knew he was well, and, at least, resigned to his fate. She tried to picture his emotion should he see Royall, but, though she dwelt many times on the joy of laying the child in his father's arms, she had no intention of parting from her original purpose. There was no need of turning the knife in his wound. It would never heal in her heart, but it might in his; and she told herself she had no need of Paul now when she was loved again, more her own than ever, by the person of his son.

Frances stayed throughout the summer, and it was not until the night before she went home that her lips were unsealed. She told the story of her lover's perfidy. He had liked him from the beginning of their acquaintance, and he was a young man with a good future, her parents put no obstacle in the way of his wooing. She was an ardent suitor, and it was not long before he had secured himself and she was very happy. After he had won her promise he grew lax in his attentions, and she heard rumors of his devotion to a stage favorite. She did not believe it 'till one evening, when she had gone to the theatre with her parents, she saw him coming out of a restaurant with the woman. He had turned and looked at her eye, but she stared at him as if she were seeing a stranger. He made an effort to explain later, but she asked him to assure her on one point. Did he consider what he offered was the love that would make for a happy marriage? And, on his credit, he could not brazen it out. She did right to send him away, Cousin Loring. I've seen too much misery follow

when girls insist upon marrying men who want only heads for their households, not wives. You see, father and mother are so companionable that I've grown up to believe that the true foundation for married happiness. I don't want to marry a man, and after a month or two seek my own interest while he seeks his. I want a husband's way to be my way; I want to care for the things he cares for. Spencer liked books and pictures and motor cars. I liked him also, and I thought we had many tastes in common; but I could not share him with other women, and I did not wish to marry a man who was willing to leave my entertainment to other men. You understand, don't you?" Frances asked the question abruptly. Loring was so silent that the girl feared she had gone too much in detail, but Loring promptly reassured her.

"You are quite right, Frances. Wait until the man you love wants a wife in every meaning of the word; then accept him—but not till then, for a woman who belies her nature will pay for it with tears and misery, with rebellion and perhaps sin." Frances shuddered and crept into Loring's arms.

When Frances had gone, Loring missed her more than she cared to admit. Her



BOSTON BAKERY

CONFECTIONERY

The most up-to-date store for Plain and Fancy Cakes, and Fancy Pastry.

We serve also Hot and Cold Drinks.

Our Motto is "Quality."

**640 Yates Street
VICTORIA, B. C.**

Phone 1637

De - Luxe
Monthly

affectionate ways, her quaint speech, her quiet humor after she had resolutely buried her sorrow out of sight, had brightened the long summer days, and given the shut-in woman a taste of the outer world that had once been breath to her nostrils. One day she awoke to the fact that she was ready to leave her nest in the mountains.

The Grays went to Washington in October. They found a cherry, old-fashioned brick house, fronting one of the numerous parks, and were deep in the fascinating labor of turning four walls into a home. The home adjoining was also to let, and though smaller, had the advantage of a garden with four trees. Miriam mentioned the fact, and Loring wrote by return mail to secure the refusal of it. She would look at it herself in a few days.

She planned to make a hurried trip to Washington, see the house, and if she liked it, arrange to have her furniture, now stored in New York, sent on and placed before she brought the baby down from Woodsmere.

"You will watch over him," she said to Hoffman, as he drove with her to the station. "I know Anne will be as faithful in her care as I would be, yet I shall feel better if you see him every day."

And Hoffman promised gladly. The child was dear to him, and he almost rivaled the women in their slavish devotion and absurd pride. He accepted Loring's statement that there never had been such another child and gravely subscribed to it. The little fingers twined about his, and it seemed as if they put forth tendrils that reached to his heart.

Loring passed through New York from one station to another, and was surprised to find she had so little interest in her native town. Her saddest memoirs gathered here, and she had no desire to revisit the scenes that could only call up old regrets.

The Washington house, of red brick with trimmings of white stone, was quaint and full of possibilities. The rooms were large and sunny, and a bow window looked out over fifty feet of lawn where the four trees, still green and leafy, stood in state.

Miriam watched her cousin's face, and had no doubts.

"I'll take a long lease, so that I can do it over to suit myself. The drawing room paper is hideous, and I'd like to throw the two small rooms on the third floor into one, and put in more bathrooms." Loring had barely touched her income during the past year, so that she had plenty of money to make the changes she deemed necessary.

De-Luxe
Monthly

Elliott 1002 W



The Corset Shop

MRS. BARRETT

See Our Special Line of

TANGO CORSETS

215 MADISON ST., SEATTLE

Orpheum Building



Mrs. Carlton, designer and builder of gowns, was formerly located in the Arcade Building where for nine years she conducted the most exclusive shop in Seattle. Mrs. Carlton takes pleasure in announcing to former friends and patrons the re-opening of her business, as The Carlton Gown Co., 902-4 Joshua Green Bldg., Ell. 4592.

Mrs. Alma Durant Bixby, secretary-treasurer of the company, assumes charge of the business end, thereby affording Mrs. Carlton opportunity to devote her entire time to the designing of exclusive and distinctive creations. The latest New York models are shown. Satisfaction is guaranteed.



libly short time workmen were and the place was made habitable. ed to Woodsmere within the he had planned, and began to arations for her ultimate de-

listened to her description of her "I always intended to retire and live in Washington," he said, with a whimsical little smile. "Now I'm not sure that I may not choose where I live. This much we know; we have to wait. Tomorrow lies in God's hands, and we are the best off when we do not draw upon the future."

She was on her knees playing with the baby who was laboriously making the money from one end of the hearthstone to the other.

"Are you ever rebel?" she asked. "There are these days when a cycle of Cathay may be your prospect—when it would be better to die in harness?"

His face paled and his long hands gripped the sides of his chair. "Do I have scars of battle? Ah, dear friend, you know how I long to take up my cross again. If I did not feel that even if I am doing something, I don't believe I could bear it."

"You are so much better. Is there any possibility of your ever coming back to the world again?"

"I am better than almost well; but I shall devote myself to teaching others what I have learned." His deep-set eyes flowed with almost fierce tears. He would feel that he had not lived these years of his life, and if he could demonstrate to his fellowmen the value of his theories and persuade them to try a like cure. He preached a gospel of health, and he demanded not only physical but moral sanity. He would purge the souls of nerve sick victims as well as their bodies.

Her new home Loring was happy. The people sought her out; new interests were added out the old; new purposes came to the place of the old emptiness; and she began to live in a world which she found was good and lovable. She never left Woodsmere. Each spring she journeyed up to the mountains with Royall and Anne, and watched the development of Hoffman's idea. With her help he purchased several hundred acres of mountain-land and began cultivating it. It was his purpose to make the colony self-supporting. In her house was occupied by patients, and he stayed at the main house with him.

STEVENSON'S

Homade Chocolates and Candies

Our Chocolates are without parallel in Victoria

They are always fresh and are guaranteed. Made of the finest and purest of materials. Mail orders carefully attended to.

Douglas Street
Opposite Victoria
Theatre

EUROPEAN PHONE 3895

Hotel Ritz

CAFE—Modified a la
Carte

Cor. Fort and Douglas
Victoria, B. C.

De-Luxe
Monthly

Mdme. Fayard's Skin Food

THE PERFECT TOILET CREAM

It cleans and clears the skin, giving that glowing pink and white complexion, the mark of daintiness and refinement.

Use it every day. Steam or bathe the face with hot water, apply the cream, afterwards using a face cloth, which will clean the pores and freshen the skin after the day's routine.

50c JAR

Ivel's Pharmacy

1415 Government St.
Westhome Hotel Bldg.

Phone 2963 VICTORIA, B. C.

and her practical common sense was of such great value that it was not long before she began to feel a personal responsibility in the success of the scheme. It progressed slowly, for even the magic of Hoffman's name did not attract, and in the beginning many who came refused to stay the necessary time to complete a cure; but they both persevered, and in the end the seed she helped Hoffman to plant blossomed and brought forth fruit.

It was a different place from the Woodsmere Loring had first seen. A broad road led from the station to the plateau, and a carryall, with easy springs, now made the daily trip to meet the incoming train. The doctor's house was practically unchanged, but within the radius of a few hundred feet a dozen cabins had been erected, some of three rooms, some of four. A long, one-story log house contained the common living room, dining room and kitchen, the latter presided over by a good cook, and a canvas awning could be spread from this building to the various cabins in very stormy weather. Outside of the cook and Eben, who still did the chores, there were no servants; and the colonists cared for their own houses and worked in the fields. Some tended the livestock; others helped indoors. In

De-Luxe
Monthly

winter there were rugs to be woven, embroidery and sewing for the women's skillful fingers, and basket weaving and clay modeling for the children. For there were children at Woodsmere as well—little, stunted, diseased bodies and backward minds. Loring found them amid squalid surroundings and sent them to Hoffman, who cared for them either at his own house or parcelled them out among the women patients who desired their special care. And all the children who were sent to Woodsmere grew in strength and in health, and their minds developed in harmony with their bodies.

In the valley a pulp factory had been established, and the village grew to be a thriving town. Most of the old lumbermen moved away, but a few of them, Jim Torby among the number, allied themselves to the new industry. The majority of the factory hands, however, were ignorant Slavs, and they viewed the colony in the hills with mingled awe and suspicion. Disease they could understand, and lunacy they feared, and they gradually came to harbor resentment against the health-seekers, who in their untutored minds, must have seen contagion to spread, else they would not seclude themselves from their fellows in this fashion.

Hoffman spoke once of the antagonism of the factory workers. "You will be surprised to hear that Jim Torby is at the head of the opposition. He has gone in for the 'survival of the fittest' doctrine, and he came here one day to tell me that I was endangering the health of the mill hands by my colony of sick people and he wanted me to move to the other side of the mountain. I told him I had established myself here before the factory was started and mine was the prior right; besides, one can't catch nerves. He argued that the sick were better off out of the world, but I bade him recall my appearance when I first came here, and asked him if he would call me an invalid today. He grudgingly admitted that I looked saved, but I was an exceptional case."

"And Nora? Still no news of her?" Hoffman sighed. "She has disappeared completely. We traced her as far as Boston, but lost track of her there. Because I gave the man a day's shelter when he came up here to fish, Jim was inclined to visit some of his wrath on me, but he's cooled down now, and though he curses the man, he refuses to talk about her."

"Poor little Nora! She was so pretty. Sometimes I blame myself, and wonder if

HERE'S A PHOTOGRAPHER IN YOUR TOWN

NO doubt your attention has been arrested by the above caption as it has appeared in the different magazines and periodicals, and you have located the photographer.

Why is it, when you want

Best Photos

you always think first of

James & Bushnell

Marine Bldg., Seattle

YES

HERE'S A PHOTOGRAPHER
IN SEATTLE TOWN

bons in her curls were at the bottom of her downfall."

That winter Hoffman opened his door but not his heart, and Nora, broken with, spent her days in tears.

(To Be Continued)

BUSINESS MAN OR WOMAN:

I have opened a new department in connection with the DELUXE MAGAZINE—it is a copy department and the person in charge is a magazine advertising

We write your copy free of cost, submit proofs of all advertisements. I will design the layout and will make an advertisement pull the business.

The above offer is for the benefit of the business man or woman who is too busy to get to the writing, but is not compelled to those using these columns.

Remember there is no extra cost, so if you desire your advertising written let us

A change will be made each month. A copy of same submitted before inser-

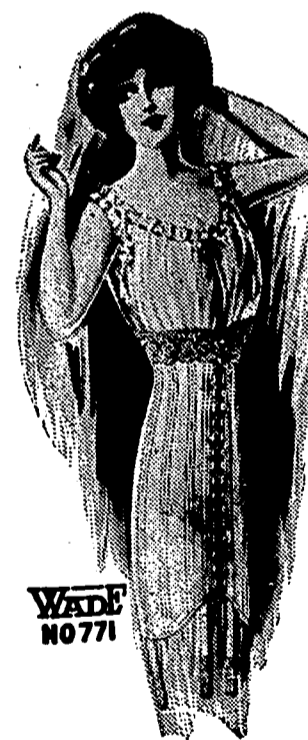
Mme. Ryan

Submits for your Inspection some

Beautiful
Materials for Costumes
and Gowns



HAIGHT BUILDING
SEATTLE, WASH.
PHONE ELLIOTT 4810



We take pleasure in announcing that we represent

The Famous Wade Corsets

Laced in front and laced in back styles. All the prevailing modish models. Made to your special measurements or fitted from stock. Prices ranging from \$2.00 to \$25.00 and up.

A cordial invitation is extended to all ladies who appreciate a good corset and a good figure.

Olympian Corset Shop

215 SPRING ST.

SEATTLE, WASH.

NINA K. WHITE

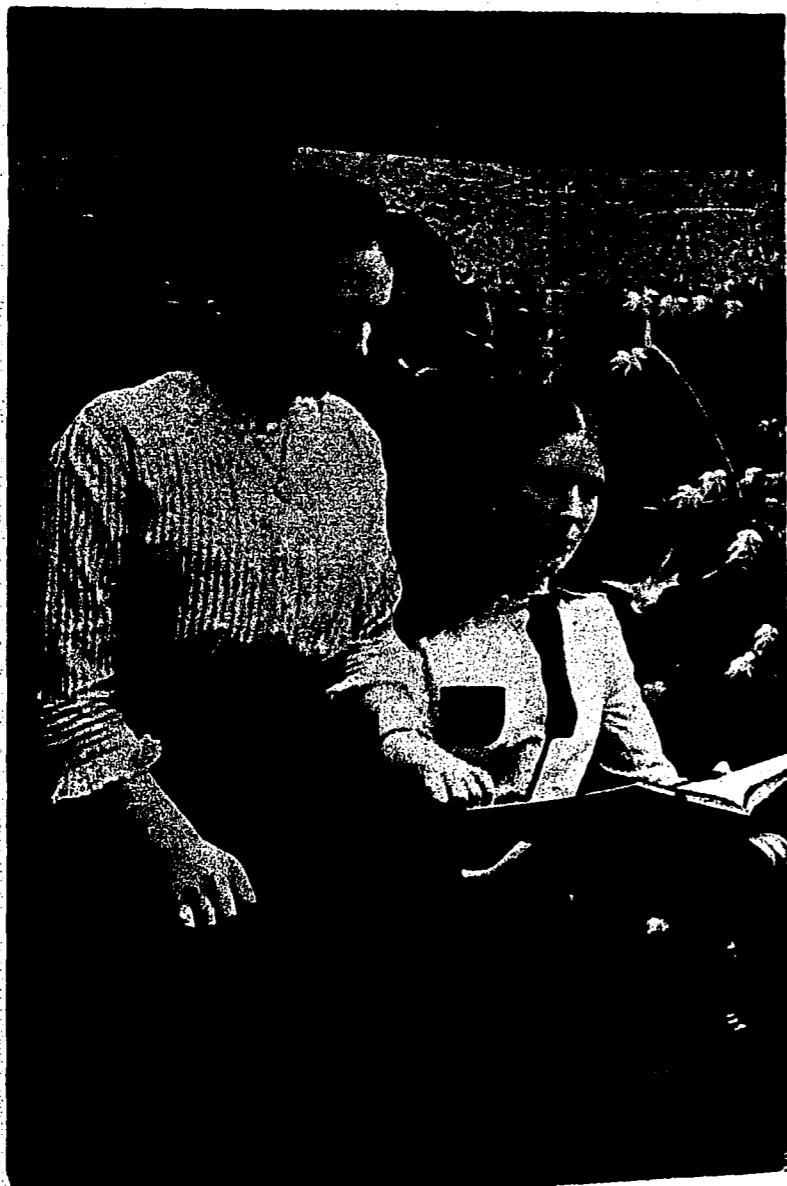
BELLE McGUIRE

De-Luxe
Monthly

The Aristo Studio

1326 Douglas St., Victoria, B. C.

IN addition to our usual studio work we have equipped ourselves to handle home portraiture, as we believe it is the only correct way to portray a subject. You feel natural when in your home, but to visit a studio, in many cases, forces an unnaturalness hard to explain, but which is seen in so many photographs. For your next photograph write us or phone 4422, and we will be pleased to make an appointment.



WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
**HOME PORTRAITURE
CHILD STUDIES AND
ENLARGEMENTS**

(8x10 inches to life size)
From Old Photographs, Sittings or Amateur
Negatives

De-Luxe
Monthly

BOOK REVIEWS. INTIMATIONS.

BY JOHN D. BARRY.

readable book is Mr. Barry's "Intimations"—the kind of book that one reads with pleasure in possessing because its author is so human and companionable, its style is so convincing, its quiet humor is so poetic and its comments upon life are so keen. To call it a collection of essays would be to give it too dry a name, while written in a terse yet graceful style its philosophy is in the form of stories and anecdotes rather than ser-

mon. In his own contact with humanity and in his everyday experiences, this kindly author makes his observations. In them he shows something of the new thought sentimentality and fine spiritual optimism. At the same time he looks the big facts of life in their true perspective and points out frankly some of the defects of our modern ways of thought and action and suggests possible remedies.

His pages are full of that spirit of fellowship which is common to all men, with both the "common people" and the "great," which always brings a man to his feet for his readers. Perhaps one of the things in the book is the comment upon Lincoln, the appreciation of his big, simple sincerity and the quaint suggestions which must feel gratified in contributing their mite to an overworked nation. "It is a pity," Mr. Barry declares, "that we are shut up from becoming a figurehead." The intimation entitled "The Reading of the Bible," the author remarks that many of us are "shut up in the little prison of our own minds and it is only the cultivation of the spirit that can set us free. And he quotes the criticism Charles A. Dana once made of his friend: "The trouble with you is that you don't read novels."

Probably the most original of the intimations is the one on "Truth," in which Mr. Barry whimsically deplors those well-meaning but tiresome enthusiasts who in their efforts to proclaim their own special "truths" make such unkind havoc among the quieter-souled neighbors. The essay "The Shadow" is both sane and illuminating, and "The Shadow" is as significant in its import as any that has lately been writ-

HOW TO JUDGE PICTURES.

BY MARGARET THOMAS.

To assist those who love pictures to commend their own liking for them and to help them within their grasp the fundamental principles which should be found in art

This Hostelry enjoys the distinctive reputation of giving particular attention to individual tastes.

HOTEL Washington Annex

J. H. DAVIS, Prop.

*"Where Comfort Eases and Service
Pleases"*

Seattle, Washington

Our two, three and four room suites are commodious and handsome; rates are very reasonable.

All modern conveniences. Absolutely fire-proof. European Plan. Spacious Appointments.

A NEW ERA IN Ladies' Tailoring

In Victoria and vicinity. The latest and Best of New York and Parisian styles in the new Spring Effects.

Expert Designing Perfect Tailoring

THE PRICES WILL
SURPRISE YOU
Come: See: Believe:

Your own people make up these garments under healthy conditions. We can fit you by mail. Call or write at once to

The Davidson Co.

Gallery in Rear
742 FORT ST., VICTORIA, B. C.

De-Luxe
Monthly

works of merit is the object of this book entitled "How to Judge Pictures." It is written well and simply.

TALES OF THE MERMAID TAVERN.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

That Alfred Noyes has attained to mastery in the field of literature wherein his special genius lies is not to be gainsaid, while in none of his productions does he show more inspiration, versatility and lyrical charm than in "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern."

The Mermaid Tavern is pleasantly used to link together a number of poems as well as to bind them to the Elizabethan age; since under its roof Shakespeare, Kit Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Raleigh and other prominent figures of the day, a group of men the like of which does not live in every age, met without affectation to discuss sincerely their virtues and vices.

So impressive are these poems, so full of idealism and thought that it is not alone their music that clings to the mind of the reader. They possess dramatic power and a certain timbre of tragedy such as in "The Sign of the Golden Shoe" and "Raleigh," sets the blood astirring. "Black Bill's Honeymoon," on the contrary, is replete with blustering, free humor and imagery. As examples of Mr. Noyes' work several of the poems of this book are among the best that have come from his pen.

In the make-up "The Mermaid Tavern" is plain and attractive; the full page reproductions of the men that frequented the inn adding to its value.

A GUIDE TO THE MONTESSORI METHOD.

BY ALLEN YALE STEVENS.

So universally recognized and discussed is the Montessori method as applies to child education that it seems fitting the general public should have provided some well-paved road leading directly toward its comprehension. Such is the book entitled "A Guide to the Montessori Method." The value of this book is that it enables every mother who reads it to grasp with ease and interest the full import of this manner of teaching, its conceptions and ideals, as well as the basic principles on which it has been upbuilt. It reviews the movement from its inception as it developed under the master hand of this remarkable woman, Dr. Montessori, laying the various steps by which she moved forward plainly before the reader. Hints, suggestions and a word of cau-

tion are besides given that the method may be guarded from a too hasty impression and too liberal an adoption without testing it judiciously in connection with modern child physiology.

For all those interested in the subject of child education, and who should not be the "Guide to the Montessori Method" offers undoubtedly a key to the most individual conception of its age.

GROWING PAINS: A NOVEL.

BY IVY LOW.

Everybody has them—growing pains—pains of the body and pains of the soul—and those of us who have got beyond our "teens" realize with philosophy that growth of any sort implies more or less pain. But then, who would want to stop growing? It is with these sympathetic feelings that one begins the reading of Gertrude's young and absorbing career.

It is unusual to find a novel so thoroughly naive and captivating. On the first page, which begins with Gertrude at the alluring age of six, you know you are going to like it, and you settle yourself down to several hours of solid delight. The author seems to have instinctively mixed into his pages most of the necessary ingredients for the literary success. The characters, especially the chief ones, are intensely and frankly human. The things that happen to them are just the sort of things that happen to real people in real life, and the style is so simple and fluent that you have no consciousness of it, leaving the writer free to tell the story with practically none of that friction which usually exists, in a greater or less degree, between the reader and the type.

Amused, surprised, always interested, you follow with genuine concern the ups and downs of this emotional nature in which you may find, incidentally, such reflections of your own. Perhaps it is these very reflections that make the book so readable and convincing. For Gertrude, while essentially a most individualistic person, is equally a type. Her faults and virtues—hopelessly confused and intermingled as they be almost interchangeable terms—are very much like the faults and virtues of other girls of her age, inheritance and education. Her generous actions, with their selfish motives, are just like those of other "Gertrudes" you know. Her rebellious spirit and desire for affection are characteristic of every normal growing girl, and her passion for morbid introspection is likewise familiar modern stuff. The morbidness

is not very serious, for her sense is too keen, and it is this sense that prevents her occasional spasms of religion from ending in the nun. At other times prevents her from her unconventional theories to ex-

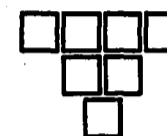
ternately sentimental and cynical toward the men she meets is amusing, and finally as her disillusionment still ardent being begins to find equal and physical bearings, she meets "the right man"—a quiet, strong, somewhat artist, who seems likely to stand the test of her analytical soul. And at last she finds him.

The end of the books is a little disappointing, both as to subject matter and treatment. You feel that it lacks the sincerity and frankness for which the first part is remarkable. However, this sense of incompleteness may perhaps merely prelude to a sequel for certainly marriage, with all its complications and adjustments, would hold out valuable experience for a woman of Gertrude's temperament. We shall look forward with pleasant anticipation for another novel from this author's pen.

F. PAVLOSKI & CO.

LADIES' TAILORS

Fashionable Tailoring



331 First Avenue North
West Queen Anne or Kinnear Park
Car to Harrison Street

PHONE QUEEN ANNE 1419

SEATTLE, WASH.

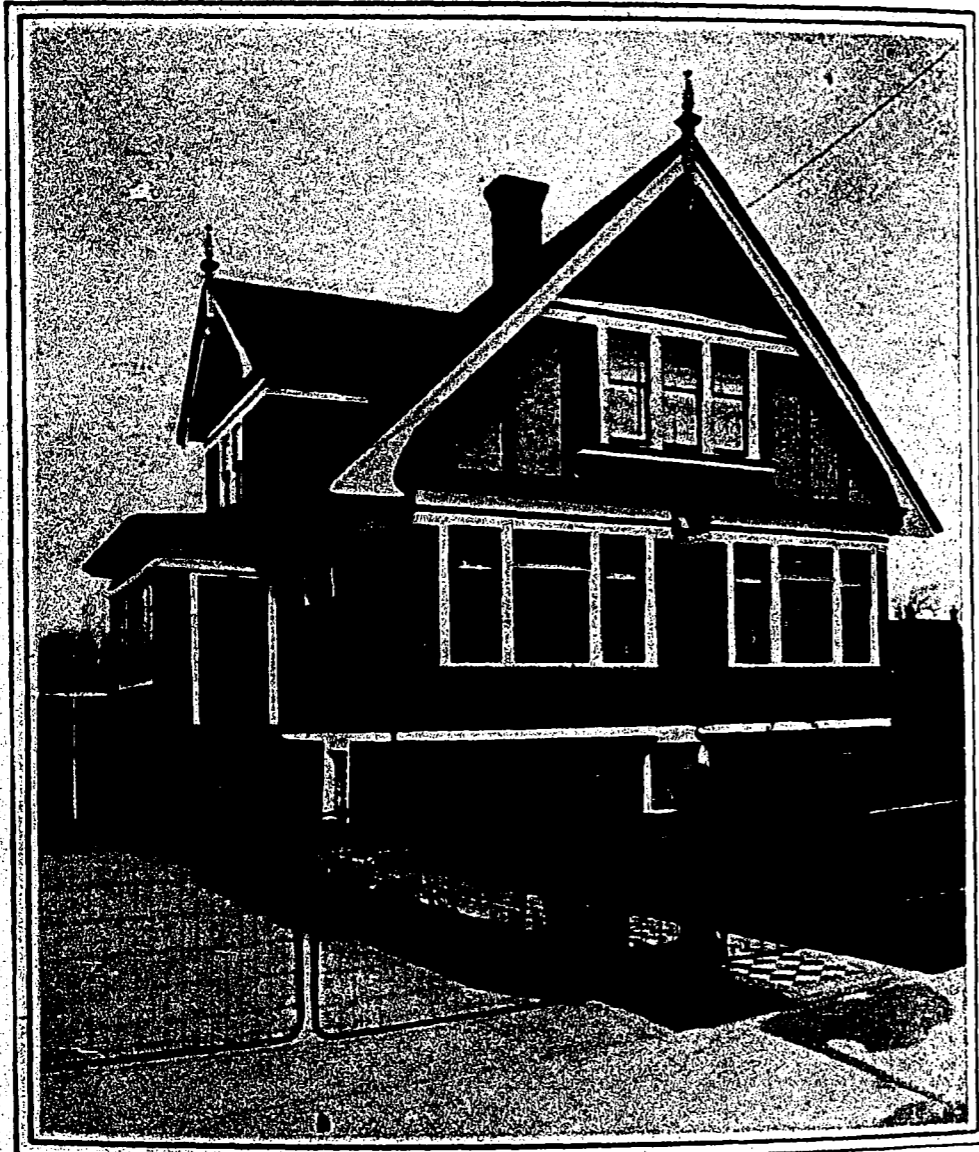


Canada Mosaic Tile Co.

(LIMITED)

MANUFACTURERS OF
"Argilla" Mosaic Flooring Tiles

Office Phone 1045
Factory Phone M2413



Garden Walk, tiled by Canada Mosaic Tile Co., Ltd.

DON'T ADVOCATE ENCOURAGING LOCAL ENTERPRISE

Unless you are consistent, and when building see that all the floor tiling is manufactured in Victoria.

Our tiles are adaptable for PUBLIC and PRIVATE buildings, in the Vestibule, Corridors, Halls, Verandahs, Bath Rooms, Conservatories, Kitchens, etc.

Tiling GARDEN WALKS is our specialty

Call us up and we will be pleased to take you out to the factory, and show the process of manufacture.

OFFICE, Metropolitan Block, opposite P. O.
P. O. Box 1171. VICTORIA, B. C.

FACTORY, E. & N. Ry., Lampson St., Victoria W.

SHORTT, HILL & DUNCAN

(LIMITED)

"The Sign of the Four Dials"



Since time immemorial precious gems of various kinds have always carried a certain fascination for the human race.

Some love the glittering, brilliant diamond.

Some the soft, rich, pure lustre of a perfect pearl.

Some the dusky, sombre, mysterious beauty of the sapphire.

While others worship at the shrine of the radiant beauty of the emerald.

All gems have their worshippers, and realizing this we have studied to adorn our temple with as fine a collection as we could afford from the world's mart, and our invitation is to one and all to come and view the result of our endeavors.

Our Motto:

RELIABILITY AND FAIR TREATMENT

Diamonds enter Canada Duty Free

Central Building

VICTORIA, B. C.