

MADAME JOHANNA GADSKI AN IDEAL HOSTESS

Guests at Her Berlin Home Always Have a "Good Time"—The Prima Donna Sings for Them, but the Orchestration and the Phonograph Help to Entertain.

Special Correspondence of The Journal.

BERLIN, June 8.—Mme. Johanna Gadski, in the past eight years, has become so closely connected with the musical life of America through her frequent appearances in concert and opera—that most people, in attempting to give her a "local habitation" are inclined to count her as distinctly an American singer as Nordica or Eames. This impression is perhaps strengthened by the fact that her husband, Hans Tauscher, is the American representative of a large German mercantile enterprise and is consequently closely identified with American business interests. But while both are ardent admirers of American and Americans, their German fatherland has still the stronger claim upon them, and the close of the musical and business season finds them established in their beautiful Berlin home, on the fashionable Kurfuersten Damm.

This Berlin mansion where Mme. Gadski has set up her lares and Penates is a fitting frame for the artistic personality of the great singer. Here, however, it is not so much the artist as the woman whom one comes to know best. In real life she is a woman whose chief characteristic is an irresistible charm of youthfulness, which is not so much a matter of years as of temperament.

Here in her Berlin home, surrounded by everything that art can devise, or money buy, her womanly instincts hold full sway. Every fad and fancy can be indulged in and she gives herself up to the beautiful task of home-making. She is an ideal hostess and her home breathes hospitality. It is a genuine welcome, which carries with it no suggestion of the grand-take principle upon which modern society rests its artificial structure. Particularly to Americans is this hospitality extended, so that a facetious German woman was led to suggest that a placard be put up stating "German also spoken here."

In spite of Gadski's Polish name, Germany is the land of her birth and she has all the instincts of the German hausfrau and is never happier than when ordering a dinner, or looking after the material wants of her family, be it even in the humble capacity of purveyor of the winter hosiery. She is extremely practical and one looks in vain for the traditional trademarks of the prima donna. She is adored alike by her family, friends and serving people, all of whom she shows the same lovable, gracious and sunny nature. She is generous to a fault and suffers the penalty of all big-hearted, open-handed people, in having her generosity often imposed upon. Many an American girl owes an opportunity for European study to her, and ingratitude, broken faith and disappointing denunciations have too often been the only harvest Gadski has reaped from her philanthropic impulses.

Everywhere in the home are felt traces of American influence, nowhere perhaps more strongly than in her husband's den, which is rich in Indian baskets, rugs and weapons, wonderful embroidered screens from the Chinese quarters in San Francisco, and a delightful cosy corner for the inevitable after-dinner cigar of the guests with whom this hospitable room is always filled. Here we were assembled one day when we were startled by a blood-curdling shriek suggesting only fire or murder, but which as it drew nearer developed into a cry of joy with which Mme. Gadski was heralding the recovery of a lost brooch of pearls and diamonds. The bantering allusion to her Brunnhilde lungs was passed unnoticed in her pleasure, which was as unaffectedly childish as would have been

that of her little daughter in the finding of a missing article of her doll's wardrobe. It is just these touches of nature which make the charm of the woman, and which grapple her friends to her with hooks of steel.

The music room! What memories it calls up! The rarefied atmosphere of art pervades it and one feels one is treading in the holy place, where the high priestess burns incense at the shrine of her divinity. Music is the goddess of the place and Wagner from his pedestal in the corner of the patron saint. And everywhere there are pictures—splendid pictures of Mme. Gadski in all of her roles. The walls are hung with all the great of the musical world, with whom Gadski by virtue of her unspooled and generous nature is a prime favorite. She is not a prima donna who reserves her talents for the inspiring glare of the footlights, but she unreservedly dispenses her gifts when there are to be no box-offices returns, no applauding multitude, but only the warm approval of a circle of intimate friends. No social affair, however small, is considered complete unless her glorious voice has been heard, and a mere bagatelle it is to her to give in one evening the ship scene and Liebestod from "Isolde," the opening scene and the Immolation from "Gottterdammerung," a half dozen Strauss songs and end with absolute purity of intonation on the high C of the Inflammatus from "Stabat Mater." And all



THE DINING ROOM IN MME. GADSKI'S BEAUTIFUL BERLIN HOME.

this with a genuine pleasure in the pleasure she has given. Never a trace of prima donna-like superiority or condescension, nor an intimation that you would do well to count it as an inestimable privilege, this hearing one of the world's ideal Wagner exponents in the spontaneity and intimacy of the family circle.

But there are times when this strict classicism gives place to American "rag-time," played on the orchestra in the hall, or when the phonograph is given an opportunity to reproduce Caruso in his inimitable singing of "La donna e mobile," and such interruptions not infrequently and with a spirited two-step or cakewalk in which Mme. Gadski takes as active a part as her American guests. —Caroline V. Kerr.

Mrs. West Triumphant.

LONDON, June 10.—Ever since Lady Randolph Churchill became Mrs. George Cornwallis West she and the king have scarcely been on speaking terms. His majesty has a positive horror of a woman marrying a man who is younger than herself. When Lady Randolph announced to the king her engagement to Mr. West (who is just a year younger than her son, Winston Churchill) he said to her something to this effect:

"Jenny, I always regarded you as a clever woman. It is a great regret to me to find that you are going to make a fool of yourself. Such marriages as the one you are about to make never turn out well."

As everyone knows, Mrs. West ignored the king's remarks, with the result that his majesty "dropped" her. She was never invited to country houses to meet him, never asked as hitherto to Sandringham or Windsor. But the other day the king relented and motored off to see his old friend, telephoning first that he intended to do so. I hear it was Consuelo, duchess of Manchester, who induced his majesty to "make it up" with Mrs. "George" and gave him no peace until he had promised to do so. On hearing from the king Mrs. Cornwallis West wired to Consuelo, duchess of Manchester, and to Lady Mar and Kellie, another of "Bertie's" friends, that she had arrived on the scene in good time to greet him. It was a great reunion. Champagne was broken—an unusual circumstance—for the king and the ladies never touch this wine at lunch. The occasion, however, had to be celebrated. "So you are glad you did not take my advice four years ago," said the king to his hostess.

"G. and I are still on our honeymoon," was Mrs. West's reply.

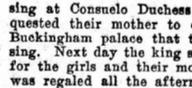
Ever since the king has been to see his old friend invitations have flown in upon her from people who

made these clever amateurs by a music-hall manager. The girls themselves, who are full of fun, have been very keen on accepting an "engagement," and told her majesty so. The queen remarked immediately that "even for fun," young girls who had homes of their own and rich parents should not go on the stage, as in so doing they might be shaming employment from others. This visit of Mrs. Shonts and her daughters to Buckingham palace has caused a great amount of jealousy, as the fact of the queen having received almost complete strangers in this informal way is a unique compliment—one which is not accorded by her once in years.

Sang Coon Songs for the King.

A GOOD many parties are being given for Miss Marguerite and Miss Theodora Shonts, the daughters of Theodore Perry Shonts, of Panama canal fame. Unless there is something out of the common about debutantes they get no attention whatever. These two girls are unique in their way, so they already command notice. They have a certain simplicity and frankness, which of late has not characterized the American debutante, who is too much given to assuming the "veni, vidi, vici" air. Perhaps it is because the Misses Shonts have passed the greater part of their lives in their parents' plantation home, Daphne, Ala., that they are so characteristically unaffected. They sing coon songs which have never before been heard in England and accompany them with the banjo. The king recently heard them sing at Consuelo Duchess of Manchester's and requested their mother to come with them to tea at Buckingham palace that the queen might hear them sing. Next day the king sent one of the royal motor-cars for the girls and their mother, and Queen Alexandra was regaled all the afternoon with plantation songs, accompanied by the banjo.

The Misses Shonts have been studying in Paris for the last two years and have devoted much of their time to music. Their mother has been made most indignant by offers of colossal sums which have been



Miss Marguerite Shonts. —Photo copyrighted.

Fashions in Perambulators.

The princess of Wales, who is not remarkable for ideas, has just set a new fashion in perambulators. The one in which Prince John takes his outings is painted in the royal colors—deep purple and red—and is in the shape of the royal barouche.

Hitherto all the children of the prince and princess of Wales had, like the rest of the smart world in the nursery, pure white perambulators. It is noticeable that all white cars have disappeared from the park and are replaced by the colors of the respective families of the youngest generation. When the duchess of Manchester was in London she ordered a dark blue and yellow perambulator, and Mrs. Lewis Harcourt's boy drives in a chocolate and gold carriage with a rug to match. Lady Ursula has also adopted the latest innovation for her small daughter, who looks very charming in her dark blue and red miniature barouche.

"Designs" on a Spanish Grandee.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough will soon entertain at Blenheim an exalted Spanish grandee, who rejoices in the English title of Duke of Berwick. He is the tenth holder of the title and the seventeenth Duke of Alba in Spain. All her friends credit her grace of Marlborough with being a matchmaker, which is no wonder if only for the important part she played in the fates of the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh. She gave her friend, Miss May Goulet, no peace until she said "yes" to Roxburgh. Now she is credited with a "design" on the Spanish grandee, who is a bachelor and 55. She wants him, so to speak, for one of her numerous girl friends. There are very few young married women who can be credited with generosity towards girls. As a rule, their burning anxiety is to get them out in the admiration and attentions of all men. A notable exception is furnished in the mistress of Blenheim palace.

BETTY BLAIR ANSWERS A VARIETY OF QUESTIONS

Daisy Chains.

WILL you please, as soon as possible, tell me, through your department, how to make the daisy and forget-me-not chains which are so much in vogue? Please give full particulars and complete directions about making the chains. Thanking you in advance for this favor, I am, —E. W.

The daisy and forget-me-not chains are made in the same way, the only difference being in the color of the beads. The daisy chains are of white and yellow beads and the forget-me-nots of blue and yellow. They may be made, either on the looms, such as were used

for the chains so popular a few years ago, or may be directly strung on threads. To make a forget-me-not chain, take a long thread, perhaps a yard and a quarter in length, and thread each end thru a needle. On the right-hand needle string two blue beads and pass the left-hand needle thru the beads, too, thus tying them firmly. On the right hand needle take a yellow bead, tying it in the same way and again take two more blue beads and fasten them in the same way. When this is done, the weaver has a series of two blue beads, one yellow and two blue beads.

It remains to complete the two sides of the flower. Either two or three blue beads may be used to finish up each side. These are strung on the right-hand needle and the thread passed thru the two beads, making the first group of the series. On the other side three or two beads are strung on the same thread and the thread is drawn thru the two blue beads. This completes the flower and places the threads in a position to begin the next flower. It takes from sixty-five to eighty-five of these flowers to complete the chain. It may be sent to a jeweler and fitted with a gold clasp or a hook and eye may be fastened underneath so that it scarcely shows.

an even coat, not too thick, and allowed to dry over night. Another coat is put on in the morning and allowed to dry and then the floor is polished with a weighted brush and woolen cloth, rubbing, always, with the grain.

A Guest's Tips.

Will you tell me please, Miss Blair, whether it is necessary to tip the servants at a house where you are visiting? I am going to spend a fortnight with a friend at the lake and I do not think that it is necessary to tip the servants in this free America, but my cousin says she never thinks of ending a visit without a tip to the servants. Which is right? —Belle.

There is really no reason why you should tip the servants unless you have caused extra work. If they give you special service it is only courteous to acknowledge it with a small gift. The question of tipping is always one that can be discussed and the best rule that can be followed is to use your common sense.

Painting Houses.

Will you tell me whether light or dark trimmings are being used this summer in painting houses? Are the white houses still in style or are dark houses coming in again? Please answer soon as I want to have my house painted this month! —Inquirer.

The question of style in painting a house is one of individual taste and you see quite as many light as dark trimmings. The light houses are still in favor and they certainly are more effective among the trees. Study the style of your own house and select a color that will harmonize with the neighboring houses.

A Girl of Thirteen.

Would you please tell me how a girl of 13 should comb her hair and how long she should wear her dresses? —E. R.

Wear your hair pompadour or parted, whichever is most becoming to the shape of your head, drawing the hair back loosely and braiding the braid up on the neck under a big bow. A girl of 13 should wear her skirts three inches above her shoe tops.

Vaseline Stains.

Not long ago a recipe for removing vaseline stains from linen appeared in your column. I cannot find it now that I want to use it. I should be very glad if you would repeat it. —Mrs. G.

I fancy you are mistaken in regard to reading a method of removing vaseline stains as I have recollection of having printed one. If the linen has been boiled there is nothing that will really remove the stain. If it is fresh wash it in turpentine and then in the usual way.

ought to stand by each other and just put our feet down and not have it." And again another member broke in: "Now, I don't care what you say, a good cigar isn't the worst thing that happened, is it? Our boys are used to smoking, but when they first got the notion father took them into his hands and they learned all about it from him, so you see they got the right idea. Somehow they don't seem to care about the health, and father claims it's just because his making them acquainted with the weed took all the temptation away."

"Shocking!" exclaimed the listener, "to think that a parent would show his boys how to smoke." "Well, what would you do?" snapped back the other mother. "You would have them steal cigarettes and go up into the hayloft and set the barn on fire in learning how to smoke, would you?"

The atmosphere was getting oppressive; the mothers were becoming more and more excited; some taking the side of the cigar and some denouncing it as the greatest mischief-breeder in home and family. So I made a hasty exit and left them to fight it out among themselves. —Archie Vicens.

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOMEKEEPER

ASPARAGUS prepared in the following manner is said to be very good: Use one bunch of asparagus in a frying pan with a little tablespoonful of butter, and one-half level teaspoonful of salt. After cutting off the tough ends, wash the rest of the asparagus, and cut it in pieces about two inches long. Place it in a saucepan, covering well with boiling water, and boil for half an hour, adding one teaspoonful of salt. When done, drain off all the water and place in a baking dish. Spread half the butter on it, and then set the dish where it will keep hot while the eggs are cooked. Beat them till rather light; then add one-half teaspoonful of salt and the remainder of butter broken into bits. Pour this mixture over the asparagus and bake for about five minutes.

A lawn should be mowed often, and the grass should be cut as short as the locality and season will allow, for the shorter it is the better it will look and grow. The appearance of English lawns is due to this as much as anything. There they generally cut as close as one-quarter to one-half an inch from the ground, and they never allow the grass to get more than two inches long before cutting it. In this country it is not advisable to cut as close as this, and as a rule three-quarters of an inch in dry and one-half an inch in wet weather is about right without running any risk of injuring the grass. To properly cut a lawn, one requires a fine, close-cutting lawn-mower. To cut fine, a mower with very quick motion or a large number of blades in the revolving cutter is necessary.

If parents would invest in a small amount of ordinary modeling clay they would feel well repaid in seeing what a source of amusement it is for the children. They rarely tire of the work, and very quickly learn to model useful household articles. Vases, jardiniere, and even flower-boxes can be made, and when covered with enamel paint prove useful for the summer piazza.

In addition to the useful shirtwaist box for the bedroom, there is the hatbox cabinet, a low wooden

frame containing four hatboxes—two in a row—with lids that raise and fronts that fall. Inside each is a hat rest. The boxes are covered with pretty flowered cretonnes or denims, and the frame of the cabinet is enameled in white. If one does not care about expense, the cabinet can be ordered in oak, mahogany or cherry, to match the furniture of the bedroom.

The following recipe makes delicious hickory-nut jumbles: Two cups brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, one egg, six tablespoonfuls of milk, two cups of flour, rounding; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of chopped nuts, one teaspoonful of vanilla, if desired. To bake, drop in very small pieces.

Before packing away your silver to be sent to the safety vaults, wrap each piece well in white tissue paper. Silver will keep bright for a long time if treated in this way. Of course, the articles should be cleaned first. When silver is kept in a china closet, a small piece of camphor is sometimes hidden behind some article on each shelf. It is said that this will prevent tarnishing. Dissolve three teaspoonfuls of baking soda in a quart of boiling water, make a good preparation for cleaning silver. Let the articles remain in the solution for five minutes or so, and then rinse in clean hot water and rub dry with a chamois or soft cloth.

The afternoon tea basket, Vogue tells us, is a well-known feature of every traveler's outfit, and now to add to this, a metal hamper may be found which keeps cake fresh for many days. The hamper itself is very attractive in appearance, being a basket work effect in colored lacquered metal, with brass rims. A deep rich cardinal is the usual shade in which these hamper cases, giving a cheery bit of color to any surroundings.

The fair traveler in these days is generally the recipient of a basket, or in fact several baskets of choice fruits. This is most grateful on any journey, and on a steamer is frequently the greatest blessing imaginable. The fad for the moment is to send a small cluster of flowers to harmonize with the fruit; with a fine

bunch of grapes, pansies, violets or heliotrope are in order. With a basket of oranges, and grape fruit, with limes and bananas intermingled, daffodils are fitting, or Maracal Neil roses; and the oranges should be varied as possible as to color. Grouping of these should be enhanced by tufts of leaves.

If candles in warm weather are kept in the refrigerator for two or three days they will not burn away so quickly when they come to be used.

Cold asparagus placed on crisp lettuce leaves and covered with mayonnaise or French dressing, is now a popular and refreshing salad.

When the collar of handsome linen or batiste blouses becomes slightly soiled, it may be cleaned with a little naphtha or benzine in the same manner as those of silk or satin. With this process the collar does not need pressing. Such waists never look as handsome after they are laundered.

To freshen stale rolls, wrap them in a wet napkin and place in the oven until the napkin is dry. Another way is to wrap them in a dry napkin and place in a steamer, over boiling water. Do not let the rolls get too damp. Cake may be freshened in either of these ways.

When large red cherries are in the market make a cherry salad. For this the Queen fruit is especially good. Stone the cherries and drop them into French dressing for half an hour. At serving time drain the cherries and lay them on crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with white mayonnaise, made with lemon juice instead of vinegar.

Conspicuous among the adornments of the bridal feast in Brittany is an artistic and elaborate butter structure, as fanciful and elegant as the most beautiful bride cake, and into this structure the guests stick split sticks bearing coins of gold or silver.

sometimes I really coax him to smoke, his cigars always smell so good." (I thought I noticed signs of a decided sniff on the faces of the anti-cigar members.)

Then another bright member of the Authors' club stood up. She evidently did not like the idea of the "smoking man" particularly well, for I heard her voice as she exclaimed, "Ladies, I have an opportunity now to tell something I have wanted to tell before—my husband does not smoke." The women took the information with a faint "oh." I couldn't tell just what that exclamation meant. Another good little housewife, who allows her husband to smoke, was really quite enthusiastic about it.

"Let him smoke, by all means; let him have his cigar! Why, when John comes home in the evening and wants to smoke, I fetch his cigar and his tray and he is a perfect dear, I can do anything with him. He told me if I'd let him smoke whenever he wanted to, he would foot all the bills of having the curtains cleaned every week, and get new carpets if the ashes spoil them. He really is the most generous man, for just the pleasure of a little

cigar once in a while. And then why should he not— isn't he the homemaker; isn't he the one who brings the money to have the pretty home? Shall I ask him to go down into the basement and smoke in the janitor's company, just because I don't want him to do it in his home? Not by a long way. It's his home, and if it makes him happy to smoke, he shall do so."

The little speech met with quite a lot of approval, and I came to the conclusion that the cigar has not seen its last days yet.

From the club meeting I went across town to have a little interview with some of the members of a Mothers' club which was in session. No sooner had the question been asked than there was trouble all around. The proverbial "red rag" was never a more successful means of provoking anger than the mere question: "Do you allow your husbands to smoke?"

"Smoke, smoke," panted a tall, spare woman, her face flushed, "well, I should say not—not while I can help it and have a word to say in the house. Have those nasty old cigars and pipes around the rooms, have the whole house smell smoky; no, ma'am, my husband isn't that kind; he never touches

SHOULD A MAN SMOKE IN HIS HOME?—THE QUESTION DISCUSSED BY MINNEAPOLIS WOMEN

GET at the bottom of this thing; find out just what's in it," came the order from above. So off I went ready to battle with the smoke nuisance problem and study it from all points of view—not the smoke problem that comes to us from the large stacks and chimneys, but the smoke so many a man loves and which so many a woman hates, the smoke to which Rudyard Kipling refers so suggestively:

"A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."

As it would happen, the Authors' Study club was booked for a meeting that afternoon, and from the club members I planned to get my first information as to the attitude our mothers and wives take toward the expensive weed. It is easy enough to interview a wife and mother in private, but when it comes to interviewing a body of seriously undertaking women, the aspect of the undertaking is changed completely.

As far as the front door of a Lake Harriet home, where the women met, everything went well. Once inside and in full view of twenty questioning faces, my heart sank, and stage fright clung to me like weights of lead. "How shall I ever dare to ask them if their

husbands are allowed to smoke," kept ringing in my ears. The president of the club, who is really charming, introduced me with a courteous, "Ladies, Miss X wishes your attention for a moment, as she has a word to say to you."

Forty eyes looking seriously at me, ready to read my innermost thoughts, the enormity of the question dawned on me as it had not done before. Then I took the leap and with a high pitched, perhaps tremulous, "Ladies, do you allow your husbands to smoke?" I went right to the bottom of it.

"Do we allow our husbands to smoke?" Their interest was aroused. One of the ladies looked amused; another had her forehead all puckered up as in serious thought; one looked utter disapproval and I could read quite plainly on her face: "The idea of this girl breaking into the sanctum of our meeting with so profane a question!"

Then they began to talk, as women sometimes will. They discussed the matter seriously, exhaustively. It was evident that the opinions of some were the results of prolonged interviews—or worse—with "hubby."

Now, the husbands of the members of the Authors' Study club are lucky fol-