

EVENTS OF INTEREST IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

WOMAN AND THE HOME

DOMESTIC HELPS AND AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

CORNER FOR COOKS

Shad Roe Croquettes
For croquettes, after they have been boiled and allowed to get thoroughly cold, take off the skins and break the tiny eggs apart with a fork.

Fruit Charlotte.
Serve 1-2 pound dates, 1-2 pound figs with water enough to cover and stew until tender. Drain and pour over 1 wine glassful of orange juice.

An Epistle's Dream.
Apple porcupine, it is called, and it tastes like an epistle's dream of heaven. Take eight or ten nice firm apples and bake them slowly.

Baked Ham Hash.
Materials—Chopped ham, 1 1/2 cups; cooked potatoes, 2 cups; celery, 1 cup; milk, 2 cups; chopped onion, 2 tablespoons; green peppers, 4 tablespoons; salt and pepper or paprika.

Here's a Fetching Model For Your New Gown



CONSCIOUS PERFECTION.

Salmon cotton gaberdine, cut with a skirt which is stitched down about the hips with white soutache, gives this rather chic effect.

ANOTHER PROPAGANDA BEGINS

Washington, July 25—Senator Huston, who led the movement for investigation of the telegraphic propaganda which several weeks ago deluged Congress with demands for action to warn Americans of armed ships, received evidence yesterday of another propaganda being organized to ask Congress to order American mails carried by warships to escape British detentions.

FUNERAL BOUQUETS AND DESIGNS JOHN RECK & SON.

Laura Jean Libby's Daily Talks on HEART TOPICS

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CAN A WOMAN TRAVEL ALONE?

"The man's pride, His highest, worthiest, noblest boast, The privilege of prizes most— To stand by helpless woman's side."

Many a woman would be glad of a vacation among new scenes and new faces, but she declares she fears to go alone. She could never manage the traveling, she would be sure to take the wrong train, check some other trunk than her own, lose her handbag, raincoat or umbrella and then would any of the hotels receive graciously a lone woman who had not made arrangements in advance to stop there for a stated time?

LIKELY YOUNG MAN CAN WIN SWEETHEART

C. B. T. writes: "I am a young man of 20 years. Possess good habits. I do not indulge in drinking nor smoking, nor the wrong kind of companionship.

Follow your desire by asking if she cares for you and each has friendship for another. Then there is no reason why you should not succeed.



The young lady across the way says she supposes things look brighter for President Wilson than they did last time when he had to fight both the publicans and Progressive candidates but still it's never safe to predict the result of an election.

TODAY'S POEM

LAW. Old Ebenezer Skeezicks Was as crooked as could be— He had a pile of money, too; For he practiced usury; And though they oft indicted him He always got away.

He took the widow's pennies, And he took the orphan's cash; Some folks might say he acted In a manner fairly rash; But Ebenezer Skeezicks Had wise lawyers, as you can see, For they found a misplaced comma, Or a misconstrued "i."

Old Ebenezer Skeezicks Up and died of a disease; He knocked upon the yearly gates Where Peter holds the keys; St. Peter read his records, And said, he "My friend, to hell!" (For "b" had been omitted, And the "b" was written "i"). —Harlowe R. Hoyt in Cleveland Leader.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK

(By Leo Page)

"Us fellas was talking about automobile racing and how far away the stars are and different things, and I sed, Lets get up sumthing. All rite, wat? sed Pud Simkins. I dont no, I sed, and Sam Crawss sed, Lets play Terks.

How, we all sed, and Sam sed, Obduct wimmin and children. And we all started to argue about who was going to be Terks and who was going to be wimmin and children, everybody wanting to be Terks, and Ed Hunt sed, Herry, here comes the wimmin and children. Meaning Puds Simkinses sleazy cousin Perry coming up the street, and we all started to yell like Terks and ran down and got around him, saying, Obduct them, obduct them, wimmin and children first.

Your wimmin and children, and we are Terks, heds up, you are going to be obducted, sed Ed Wernick. And the Terks all started to yell and push the wimmin and children up the street to lock him in the church ygd yelling, Obduct them all, spare no mercy. Show no quarter, yelled Ed Hunt. Whats that Meen? I sed. I dont know, I saw it in a book, sed Ed. And we kepp on pushing the wimmin and children and the wimmin and children started to bite and kick and scratch sumthing feras.

Hay, cut that out, that aint lady-like, sed Skinny Martin after the wimmin and children had kicked him in the shin. And the wimmin and children kicked him in the other shin; and Skinny jumped back and the wimmin and children escaped and ran down the street a humming and the Terks got up a game of primers' base being less dangerous.

The old training ship Severn left Panama for Norfolk, in tow of the collier Nereus.

FUNERAL BOUQUETS AND DESIGNS JOHN RECK & SON.



Then I'll Come Back to You By Larry Evans

Author of "Once to Every Man"

(Continued.) CHAPTER VII. Harrigan, That's Me!

NEVER before had the air of that long, paneled room been so surcharged with half-suppressed hilarity. At first her father merely scowled at Barbara's intermittent little giggles, which refused to stay entirely pent up.

"What is the joke?" he demanded in a voice that set them all to rocking in their chairs. "Let me in on it, let me laugh, too, if there is anything worth laughing at. Cal, you're growing old and feeble with it."

Barbara bobbed her head meekly. Her giggle, however, was shameless. Allison had had experience with his daughter's seeming meekness. Moreover, the working of Caleb's and Sarah's faces baffled him. He waited, fuming.

"Just before you and Uncle Cal came in we were talking about the weather," the girl gurgled. "Mr. O'Mara predicted it would rain soon, and I just wanted to ask him what made him think so."

It was very quiet for a moment. Steve sat, a little red of face himself, gazing across into the girl's starry eyes. "Go ahead," she prompted him, with a gasp.

Then his lips began to curl until a smile overspread his face and half closed his eyes. He leaned back and raised obediently a quaintly solemn, quaintly boyish treble.

"I wan't guessin'," he averred soberly, "ner I wan't thinkin' it will. It'll jest be rainin' come sun up, and it'll be good fer till Wednesday fer sure."

At the beginning of that quavering statement Dexter Allison's lips fell apart. They remained open long after Steve had finished. Once he started to rise, and then dropped back into his chair, dumfounded. There was no doubt concerning the success of his daughter's query. At last he got to his feet and padded around the table.

With a hand on either of the boy's shoulders he turned that browned face up to his own. "You," he murmured weakly. "You! And Elliott said that you could out-guess dear old Mother Nature herself! Well, I—I'm blanked!"

They talked no more business at table that morning, and Allison found scant opportunity to make himself heard at all. Even the reticence which seemed a part of Steve's grave face and big body was swept aside before the tumult of questions that tumbled from Barbara's lips, promptly to be supplanted by Caleb whenever her breath gave out.

It was minutes before Allison could wedge in a single remark, longer than that before he stopped frowning to himself in a fashion which made Caleb remember that moment of inexplicable vehemence outside on the veranda. They had progressed as far as the "injinie"—the "steam injin"—when Allison finally made himself heard.

"What I can't remember is just why you left us so suddenly. I know it was some sort of a rumpus, with Barbara in it—there's always a woman, of course—but I can't recall—"

He paused to ponder—paused and became aware immediately of Barbara's swift silence and Steve's hint of self-consciousness. Then it all returned to him with a rush. He had his turn.

"Oh, but I do remember," he drawled. "Why, of course—of course! It was a matter of knight errantry and ladies fair! But who was it whose choice conflicted with your own?"

He cocked his head on one side, mock thoughtful; then he fell to punning his knee and roared with laughter. "Archie Wickersham!" he shouted. "Archie Wickersham—oh, Lord! I never really appreciated that melée until this minute. And you promised that you'd be back, didn't you, and—well, b'gad, here you are! Shake hands again, Steve. And, if I may be pardoned the idiom, allow me to assure you that it was some battle!"

If it did nothing else, Allison's ponderous rallery served one end. It removed any sentimental awkwardness which might have attached to the episode, and yet the girl rather resented its being so completely reduced to terms of farce comedy. When the men rose, after breakfast, to go down into the town, she, too, declared her intention of accompanying them, as though it were the expected thing. She crossed the lawn at Steve's side, ahead of her father and Caleb, with Miss Sarah watching from the door. Both men walked for a short time in silence, their eyes upon the slender figure in short skirt and woolly sweater beside the taller one in blue fannel before

mind." "Or in any other," the girl persisted, and she glanced down at her hand, still lying upon the blue fannel sleeve. "Did you know that your arm grew as hard as iron for an instant? I never



The Girl Shrank Against Her Companion and Clutched His Arm.

knew that any one's arm could grow as hard as that. And it is that the way you always prepare to receive your—friends?"

Steve colored a little. "Perhaps I'm overcautions," he replied. "But it has to be hard. It constitutes what one of my men, Joe Morgan, calls 'accident insurance.'"

"Then her face lighted up again. The delighted bob of her head with which she greeted that name astonished the man.

"Do you—why, you must have heard of Joe!" he exclaimed. "Joe Morgan," she laughed. "Fat Joe, isn't it? And of course I have heard of him. You don't realize it, but I know more about this East Coast work and—the men who are doing it than I had any idea myself. Why, I'll wager that you never knew, yourself, that he once wrote in to the officials insisting that the entry of his name on the files be changed from 'Joe Morgan, cook,' to 'Joseph Morgan, assistant to Chief O'Mara!'"

Steve's chuckle of appreciation was answered enough. "I want to know Joe, please! Can't I meet him, Mr. O'Mara?"

But the question was unnecessary. Joe Morgan—Fat Joe to the river front and the construction squad—was already bustling in their direction, even before Steve, with that slow smile tugging at his lips, had finished assuring her that it was never necessary to summon Joe into the presence of an attractive member of the opposite sex. He came without being called.

"Morning, chief," Fat Joe saluted, in that thin and ready tone which none but fat men have.

Steve managed the presentation with extreme punctuality and left them. When he returned, almost an hour later, he heard them both laughing long before he came into view, and on the way back into the hill the girl detailed for him much of her conversation with Fat Joe.

"Why should there be any—any element of personal danger in this work you are doing, Mr. O'Mara?" she finally asked. "And did I do wrong in mentioning to Mr. Morgan how that man came out of that—place and glared so at you?"

His rejoinder should have been very reassuring. "So Joe has been hinting at that mystery stuff again, has he? After listening to him one is compelled to believe that I run daily a veritable gauntlet of nameless perils."

Barbara stood, small and buried in her sweater pockets, studying his smile of amusement.

"I shouldn't like to believe so," her voice was faintly diffident. "And you—you haven't accepted my invitation for Friday, May I expect you? I didn't tell you, but Archie—Archie! Wickersham—will be there, as well as Garry. So—so you won't be entirely unacquainted."

And then at those words his face changed. All in one fleet second, in spite of the whole morning's quick intimacy of mood and the spirit of companionship which to her had seemed a delightful, new yet tried thing, Barbara found that she could not read an inch behind those grave gray eyes. She found his quiet countenance as unreadable as that of the utmost stranger might have been. And while she waited, not entirely certain how displeased she was at his deliberation, a blackest of black horses soared splendidly over a fence to the north and came cantering down the road. The rider, a tall, bareheaded girl, lifted her crop in salute as she caught sight of them.

"My friend, Miriam Burrell," the girl murmured in explanation to Steve, and something had gone from her voice and left it conventionally impersonal. "She's riding Ragtime, and isn't he a beauty—almost as much a beauty as she is herself!"

The horse came on, to be reined up at last directly in front of the two at the roadside. Stephen O'Mara met for a moment the level, measuring glance of his rider before Miriam Burrell turned to Barbara.

"I've enjoyed exceedingly our morning canter, Bobs," her alto voice drawled.

(To Be Continued.)

Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Specially for This Newspaper By Pictorial Review



A Handsome Dance Frock.



is the design pictured here. Soft silk crepe daintily figured is employed in its development. The blouse gathered in soft fulgences on the shoulders crosses in surplice effect and is finished with a little frill of its own material.

The bouffant skirt is a two-piece model, shirred at the top and caught up at each side to form a gathered flounce with a deep heading. It is mounted on a three-piece foundation lengthened by a straight gathered flounce. In medium size the frock requires 4 1/2 yards 44-inch crepe, with 3 yards 36-inch material for the foundation. One and one-quarter yards of gauze will make the underblouse.

So graceful and dainty is the bodice that it is made the subject of today's home dressmaking lesson, the directions being limited to the cutting. Fold the material and place it on the cutting table, wrinkleless. The back is placed into position first, resting on a lengthwise thread. The front follows, placed on the lengthwise fold of material, while the sleeves is laid to the right of the front. The ruffle and piecing come last and the stay rests along the selvage edge, between the front and the sleeve.

Next, fold the lining in half, placing the front directly on the fold. The back is laid to the right of the front, on a lengthwise thread. If desired the frill that lengthens the foundation of the skirt may be of lace. Three yards 30 inches wide are required for the purpose.

The finest of linen lawn in delicate colors is the material chosen for some of the most charming dance frocks, and where French hand-made frocks are shown one is sure to find many models of this type. The pink, buff and pale, creamy yellows are especially attractive.



Pictorial Review Waist No. 15. Size, 34 to 42 inches bust. Price 15 cents. Skirt No. 22. Size, 32 to 35 inches waist. Price, 15 cents.

These Home Dressmaking articles are prepared especially for this newspaper from the very latest styles by The Pictorial Review.