

Hints For Hostess

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS
for Those Planning Seasonable Entertainments

Open Air Card Parties.

Like Tennyson's little brook, "bridge apparently goes on forever." With these warm days morning parties are quite the thing, with a luncheon served at one, the party beginning at eleven, or the luncheon is served at one, the game following on the porch or lawn. For these outdoor affairs camp chairs are used, rugs are spread and food drinks are served at intervals during the game.

It is a pretty fancy to use cards with outdoor scenes or "landscape" backs, I believe they are called, different styles at each table.

At one outdoor party the prizes were all rustic baskets filled with flowers and fruit; at another the hostess gave each guest a Japanese flower holder in metal, and the prizes were green pottery bowls; just the thing for the holders. It is now quite the thing to carry out one scheme in decoration, and prizes; a definite color scheme, or prizes and favors to correspond. At one party of four tables, the hostess gave each guest a dainty apron and the four prizes were elaborate hand-made aprons. Hanging baskets and wall receptacles add much to the beauty of the porch, when filled with seasonal flowers.

A Cup-and-Saucer Shower.

Cup-and-saucer showers are not new, but this one was conducted in an unusual manner. It was given by a card club of which both the bride and bridegroom elect were members. The saucers were passed to the men, the cups to the girls. When matched they were partners, the hostess placing them all on a tray, which was presented to the bride at the close of the game, as her prize.

Novel Bazar Feature.

The ice cream cone is here to stay, the children love it and in the quiet—so do the grownups. At an open air bazaar given for a "benefit" there were all sorts of attractions, but the North Pole grove was by all odds the favorite. Built of white materials, covered with "sparkles," with "Teddy" bears of huge proportions, and ones of smaller size clambering up the sides, while on the very tip top a big white bear leaned by an obliging fur house, held the American flag. Inside, clad in snowy apron and cap, a man made the cones while an assistant filled them. A per cent. was paid the owner of the cone outfit and still a large sum was realized for charity.

Luncheon for Nurses.

This may not appeal to very many of our readers, but it certainly was an unusual affair. A daughter of a prominent family in her home town, tired

of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, determined to take a course in nursing. Much to the surprise of herself, friends and family, she continued to the end and graduated with honor. This surprise luncheon was arranged by an elder sister. The table was covered with blue chamber, exactly like the hospital uniform, the centerpiece and plate doilies were of white linen, each having a red cross embroidered in the corner, the opposite corner had the guest's monogram. The centerpiece was a tall glass used for measuring in the diet kitchen and laboratories and was filled with marguerites. The candles were white, in glass holders, with red cross decorations on the shades. Tiny white mortar hold olives and nuts, and water was poured from large medicine bottles. Wee bonbons in shape of pellets, were in pill boxes labeled with directions for taking. These were very funny and the girls, all in uniforms, caps and aprons, entered heartily into the fun. On regular hospital report sheets each nurse found her name with laughable remarks as to her condition; a small skeleton (found) at the favor counter, stood on top, supposed to be the ghost of a "first case" come back to haunt its stern persecutor. A delicious menu was served with all the accessories that money, thought and love could produce. Needless to say, the memory of this happy day will while away many a trying hour in the days to come, when these splendid girls are on real duty with their "first" cases long in the past.

MADAME MERRI.

FANCIES OF FASHION

Old gold silk for afternoon and evening wear is being combined with charmingly lace. Moire waists of the Gibson style are in vogue. The only trimming is self-covered buttons.

Tucked yokes are not used as much now as are plain ones of either fancy striped or dotted net.

Upright bow loops of ribbon are used on the brimless hats, trimmed with tiny satin rosettes.

Belts and girldes feature all dresses, varying in design and materials to harmonize or to provide contrast.

Yards and yards of shaded or changeable ribbon are devoted to the hats in enormous loops, bows and scarfs.

Some of the summer hats in white of our readers, but it certainly was an unusual affair. A daughter of a prominent family in her home town, tired

DIAZ CLOSE CALLS

Mexico's President Has Had Many Thrilling Escapes.

Near Death on Battlefield Many Times—Swims Through Shark-Infested Water to Safety on American Steamer.

Mexico City.—The career of Sir Porfirio Diaz, who has just been re-elected president of Mexico, forms a veritable romance of adventure and thrilling escapes from death.

Perhaps his narrowest escape from his enemies, however, was in 1875, after he had led a futile insurrection against the government. At that time Diaz was running for the presidency against Juarez. The people wanted Diaz, the politicians Juarez, and Diaz finally took the field with his supporters, determined to fight it out. He was defeated, driven from Mexico, and took refuge in New Orleans. He then communicated with his friends, and decided to return and continue the fight.

With this end in view he took passage secretly on the City of Havana under the name of "Dr. de la Doza." Unfortunately, when the vessel reached Tampico a large body of troops were taken on board. As it happened, the very man who had recently defeated Diaz and his men was among them. It is assumed that Diaz thought he was about to be captured. At all events, he slipped off his clothes, rushed from his stateroom and plunged overboard, beginning a plucky swim, through bad, sharky water, for some American vessels lying in the distance. A boat was lowered, and the unfortunate general was rescued and brought back to the steamer.

He was a striking figure, and as he stepped on the gangway some of the



President Diaz.

men thought they recognized Diaz and shouted his name. But luckily a woman who was a friend of the general's saw the situation and, seizing a sheet from the stateroom, rushed down the gangway and threw the sheet over his head, so that he passed through the crowd and so reached his stateroom.

Capture seemed almost certain. The soldiers who had seen Diaz come aboard had reported to the colonel, who prompted looked into the matter and found that the supposed Diaz had come aboard as "Dr. de la Doza." He at once went to the captain and demanded the surrender of Diaz. The colonel could not speak English, and the captain could not speak Spanish, so Mr. Coney, the purser, was sent for.

Now, Mr. Coney, who, for the important part he played in this exciting episode, was afterward rewarded by the grateful Diaz with the post of consul general of Mexico at San Francisco, had seen Diaz in the stateroom, and, in response to a Masonic signal of distress which Diaz made, had decided to aid the fugitive to his utmost—Coney himself being a Mason. Therefore, when, having translated the colonel's demand to the captain, the latter said he could not deliver up the supposed Diaz, but if the colonel liked he could place sentries at the door so that Diaz could not escape.

Then as the sentry went reeling to seaward, Coney suddenly opened the door of the stateroom, and Diaz walked swiftly forward and safely reached Coney's stateroom. Here he was at once put in a clothes press.

Each night Coney took Diaz out of his wardrobe in order that he might exercise his cramped limbs, putting him in his own bed and locking him up in the wardrobe again early in the morning. Thus did Diaz elude the suspicious colonel and he was still in the clothes press when the vessel reached Vera Cruz. Here Coney communicated with General Enriquez, and Diaz, with his face besmeared with coal dust and disguised as a laborer, was smuggled ashore.

Diaz was obliged to skulk through the forests from Vera Cruz until he had rallied his forces, which he did with such success that the next day placed him in the Mexican "white house."

One Sort of Tourist.
"His recollections of Europe are not very edifying."
"No."
"No. Naples, for instance, is the place where he lost his umbrella, and Pisa is where he got his pocket picked."

Waifs of Fortune.
"How are things in Plunkville?"
"Not very good. It's a race between the weekly paper and the local hotel to see which can undergo the most changes of management."

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Fire Drill in the Big Printing Shop



Fire.—The word was passed around among amateur firefighters of the government printing office one afternoon recently. The fire brigade is said to consist of about a dozen laborers.

Really there was no fire about the big printing office, save in the engine room furnaces and under the smelting pots.

Some one high in authority at the printing had read a newspaper account of a disastrous conflagration in the west. The story of the blaze put the notion in his head to resurrect a "general order" of several years' standing which provides for a fire drill at intervals.

It was near to the hour for closing down "the works," 4:30 o'clock, when the edict went forth that the fire brigade was to assemble quickly and from the new building attack an imaginary conflagration in the old structure across the alley, which separates the new from the old.

Upon the receipt of the order from the front office the amateur firemen got busy without delay. There was a dragging forth of hose and other apparatus for fighting "the red demon." A tall man, who seemed to be in supreme command of the firemen, gave the orders in cool, confident tones.

"Con" Men Find Virginian Easy Mark



A STORY told at police headquarters by Clarence Davis of Glenallen, Va., recalled to older members of the force the day when confidence men had full sway here. The Virginian related that three men had inveigled him into matching twenty-five-cent pieces in a room at the Raleigh hotel, and that they had disappeared, one of them taking \$458 belonging to him.

When Davis reached the city and he registered at a hotel near John Marshall place and Pennsylvania avenue, he was seated on the coping at the northwest corner of Pennsylvania avenue and 7th street when a stranger spoke to him. He did not hesitate to tell the stranger he was from near Richmond, and the latter said he was acquainted with people in Richmond.

The Virginian informed the stranger that he was thinking of going to New York, and that he was a bricklayer by trade.

"So am I a bricklayer," the stranger said, "and I'm out of work."

Army of Bees Sting Horses to Death



A TEAM of horses, stung by a couple of bees, plunged madly into twenty hives, upsetting them, releasing an army of 80,000 angry bees, which stung the horses to death, a few days ago, over on the Virginia side of the Potomac river.

The negro driver, who ran at the first alarm, did not escape unscathed. Thousands of bees pursued his flight, and he was terribly stung, but lives.

A dozen or more irresponsible bees were flying about the grounds at the home of Dr. Reginald Munson, on the Columbia pike, near Arlington, where he has forty hives. The horses, attached to a coal wagon, worried by their humming, slapped at the bees with their tails. The bees retaliated, stinging the horses.

The horses, wild with alarm at the unusual attack, plunged madly about the yard, upsetting twenty hives and releasing some ten bushels of bees—

Fervid Vocabulary Cause of Arrest



The lone policeman who stands guard by the District building in Washington was making his rounds placidly when there dawned upon his horrified mind the fact that a horse was standing with his fore feet upon the District building's own sidewalk.

The horse was hitched to a two-seated surrey. Upon a seat of the surrey sat a gentleman with a broad black hat.

"Get that horse off the sidewalk," said the policeman.

"If you want this horse to get off that sidewalk you put him off yourself, you—" The remainder of the sentence was more in the way of explication than explanation.

"You better shut up and get that horse where it belongs," the policeman pursued.

And then there followed a controversy. It was heated, to use a well-worn but perfectly good phrase, and in the end the policeman hopped into the buggy and took the broad-headed gentleman around to police station No. 1, where it became evident that the prisoner was a southerner and

was being charged with profanity—and lots of it, varied, variegated, lurid, personal and original.

The southern gentleman kept it going to some extent even while he was being examined at No. 1, but he did quit in time to let them know that he was not the owner of the horse.

About this time a hatless, breathless real estate agent rushed out of the District building.

"Somebody's run off with my horse and buggy! Where did they go?" he shouted.

Meantime No. 1 had managed to cool the southern gentleman to a state where he would disgorge \$5 as collateral, the price of his profanity.

It was not until the frantic, hatless real estate agent had reached No. 1 on the telephone did it become known that the horse and buggy were his.

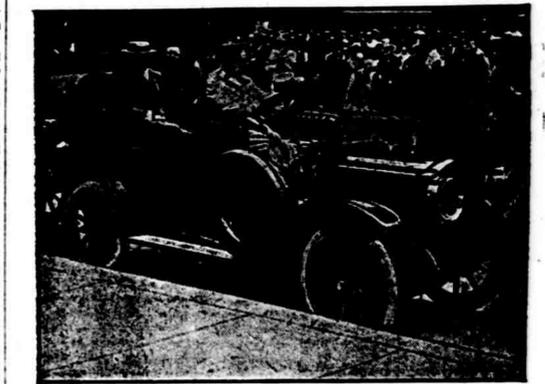
"Well, how did you come to get in it?" asked the policeman who had effected the capture.

"You see, it's this way, sah. In my town, sah, when we see a horse and buggy standin' like this was, sah, out side the co'house, why, we naturally suppose that the drivah is inside, and a tourist, sah, like myself, sah, gets into the vehicle and waits for the driver to appear, sah. I was about to offer the driver a dollar, sah, to drive me around, sah, when you interferred, sah, with my personal liberty, sah. Good-day, sah."

ROOSEVELT RETURNS AND IS GIVEN AN OVATION SELDOM EQUALED

The Mighty Traveler Goes Buoyantly Through Long and Trying Reception-Parade, Showing Lively Interest in Everything American

The White Company Receives Unique Compliment for the Sturdy Reliability of Its Steam Car From Mr. Roosevelt and Family



Theodore Roosevelt and Party in White Steamer.)

After fifteen months' absence, exactly as scheduled, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt disembarked from the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, Saturday morning, June 18, at 11 a. m. To the keen disappointment of a large group of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Roosevelt absolutely refused, as heretofore, to be interviewed or to talk on political subjects, but his rapid fire of questions showed the same virile interest in public affairs as before.

If the welcome tendered by the vast throng may be considered a criterion upon which to base a "return from Elba," surely there was no discordant note in the immense reception-parade, nor in the wildly clamorous crowd which cheered at every glimpse and hung on his very word.

The incidents of the day in New York were many, but perhaps none better illustrated the nervous energy and vitality of the man, the near-manic to be up-and-doing, which he has brought back to us, than the discarding of horses and carriages for the swifter and more reliable automobiles. The moment the Roosevelt family and

immediate party landed, they were whisked away in White Steamers to the home of Mrs. Douglas Robinson at 433 Fifth avenue. A little later, when the procession reached the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, Colonel Roosevelt again showed his preference for the motor car in general and the White cars in particular, when he, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Collector Loeb transferred from their carriage to White Steamers, which were in waiting for them.

After luncheon at Mr. Robinson's house, the entire party, including Colonel Roosevelt, again entered White cars and were driven to Long Island City, where they were to take a special train to the ex-President's home at Oyster Bay.

The supremacy of the White cars with the Roosevelt party was again demonstrated on Sunday, when the party was driven to church in the White Steamers, and a group of some forty prominent Rough Riders were taken in a White Gasoline Truck to a clamor at the Travers Island clubhouse of the New York Athletic Club.

Many Women who are Splendid Cooks



Cautionary Note: Beware you get this stove—the one that has the name—place the name—New Perfection.

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

Gives no outside heat, no smell, no smoke. It will cook the biggest dinner without heating the kitchen or the cook. It is immediately lighted and immediately extinguished. It can be changed from a slow to a quick fire by turning a handle. There's no draggery connected with it, no coal to carry, no wood to chop. You don't have to wait fifteen or twenty minutes till its fire gets going. Apply a light and it's ready. By simply turning the wick up or down you get a slow or an intense heat on the bottom of the pot, pan, kettle or oven, and nowhere else. It has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot, drop shelves for coffee, teapot or saucepan, and even a rack for towels. It saves time, worry, health and temper. It does all a woman needs and more than she expects. Made with 1, 2, and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner sizes can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at your, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

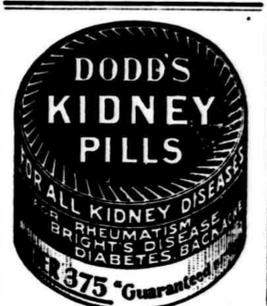
An Exception. Caller—Is Mrs. Brown at home? Artless Parlor Maid (smiling contentedly)—No, ma'am—she really is but this afternoon.

Mrs. Winslow's Scouring Syrup. For children's teething, softens the gums, restores circulation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See notice.

To greet misfortune with a smile is decidedly a one-sided flirtation.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Laxative. One a laxative, three for cathartic.

Many a man enjoys a pipe because his wife hates it.



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