

# BOOCHIE

SUMMER AFTERNOON GOWN IS FETCHING.



Model of Black Satin and Tulle Underwood Photo.

This model of black satin and tulle is extremely attractive for afternoon wear. The underskirt is exceedingly narrow and over it is placed a full apron tulle, made even more frilly by the suggestion of a waist line is lost sight of under the black and white striped satin girde.

skirt. It could really claim the blue ribbon for decency for it only shows a speck of the ankles at each side which is much less than the full skirt shown in a wind storm.

**Will We Wear Full Skirts?**  
No one can tell what women in mass will do. If they should take an idea to wear the harem skirts of Paul Poiret, they would make it the fashion tomorrow, say the world what it may. But, in the present state of affairs, their full skirts will be popular, but that women will decide upon the Grecian skirt which Poiret introduced in Aphrodite.

It is comfortable and more becoming than either of the other styles. One sees a great number of such skirts here with jersey waists and broad sashes around the hips. These skirts are not extra short. One notices a tendency for covering the ankles and cutting skirts off at the instep. After all, the extremely short skirt is merely an evolution made necessary by women not being able to walk in narrow skirts, and with the straight pleating hanging from waist to instep one has entire freedom at all times.

**White Taffeta Gowns Popular.**  
For the Deauville fashions there are frocks of white taffeta which show the flaring Paquin skirt and the Premet buttoned Paquin skirt and the Premet basque buttoned down the front.

Beneath these flaring skirts are worn white colonial pumps with silver buckles and on the hair immense sailor hats of black velvet with a single burnt ostrich feather in front or at one side. The feather is either black or white.

**THE CAKE THAT KEEPS.**  
It is a fortunate housewife who always has cake on hand when she wants it. For the unexpected cup of afternoon tea, for the cooling glass of lemonade, we often turn in vain to the cake box. If, however, you make a habit of keeping on hand some one of the many kinds of cake that improve rather than deteriorate, with a moderate lapse of time you will never be caught cakeless. Here is the rule for an inexpensive and not too rich fruit cake that is not difficult to make. Cream together one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar and add one cupful of black molasses, four eggs well beaten, and one cupful of sour milk in which have been dissolved two level teaspoonfuls of soda. Into four cupfuls of flour sift one heaping teaspoonful of candied lemon peel. Bake in a loaf and when cool wrap in oil paper and keep in a stone jar.

**White Fruit Cake.**  
To make an especially delicious cake of the lasting variety cream together one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar and add one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder three times and add to the mixture and stir well. Slice very thin one pound of citron, blanch one pound of almonds and chop fine and grate one medium sized fresh cocoonut and add to the mixture with one wineglassful of white wine, stirring enough to mix only. Last fold in the beaten whites of eight eggs. Bake in two loaves and cook in a moderate oven.

**Sour Milk Drop Cakes.**  
To make a delicious drop cake that will keep, if carefully covered, for two weeks proceed as follows. Cream one and one-half cupfuls of sugar with one cupful of butter. Add one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of currants, three cupfuls of sifted flour, two eggs, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, and one nutmeg grated. Mix these ingredients well together and drop on buttered tins, leaving a good space between drops. Bake in a hot oven and sprinkle with powdered sugar. When thoroughly cool lay away in a box with oil paper between each layer of cakes.

**Walnut Wafers.**  
This recipe calls for one cupful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, one and one-half heaping table-spoonfuls of flour and one cupful of chopped English walnuts. Mix the butter and the brown sugar, and the egg well beaten and mix in the flour. Add the chopped walnuts and drop with a teaspoon in well-buttered tins and bake in a hot oven. Cool slightly before removing the tins.

**Four o'clock Tea Cake.**  
A simple fruit cake is made with one-half pound of butter, one pound of powdered sugar, the whites of five eggs, one cupful of milk, one pound of flour, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, one-half pound each of currants, sliced citron and raisins. Cream the butter and sugar, add the milk and half of the flour with the baking powder stirred in. Then add the fruit with the other half of the flour sifted over it, and lastly add the whites of the eggs well beaten. Bake one hour in a slow oven.

**WHAT ANNE RITTENHOUSE SAYS.**  
PARIS, July 11.—(Special.)—Mme Paquin is persistent. She likes the full skirt and she has continued making it for two years. Again it is on the market, or rather at the fashionable places where well dressed foreigners. Will it really succeed? Aren't women now educated to think it is ugly? Do they want to forsake the narrow short skirt for the full longer one?

The theorists think that a return to the full skirts will be the most decent thing women could do in the way of clothes, but the women who must use the skirts are not so sure they could go back with happiness to those yards of full material dangling around the ankles.

Paul Poiret is also persistent. He likes full skirts, too, but he thinks it should be adopted from the Orient. He designed the most comfortable full skirt that woman could possibly wear, which is merely a bag of soft material made out of one long width sewed together at the sides and slashed at the ankle line. It is effectively combined in this blue taffeta frock.

box with a bound that nearly tipped it over.  
"I never before realized how much that nurse disliked me, but she found out that she could not carry little mother to go anywhere without me, and what do you suppose she did?" asked Drusilla.  
"Bobby shook his head.  
"She took my little mother to a place where they make dolls," announced Drusilla.  
"We went in a train a long way from where we had that first breakfast," said Drusilla, "and one day when the rest of the family went on a trip that nurse said, 'I will take you where they make dolls as big as my little mother and as small as—as you, yes, smaller.'"  
"Mercy!" exclaimed Bobby. "didn't you feel little beside the big one?"  
"Of course I didn't," said Drusilla. "I was in my little mother's arms and that made me look down on all of them. But some of them had just as beautiful hair and eyes that opened and shut with real eyelashes and some of them could walk, too."  
"And some of them said 'papa and mamma' and then one doll sang a song. She was very handsome, and she walked about while she was singing."  
"Really," said Bobby, "she must have thought your little mother would have wanted one of those wonderful creatures."  
"Well, that is just the part I was so fond of," said Drusilla. "That nurse said to her, 'Don't you want one of these dolls to take home with you?' and she put one of the big dolls close to her hair and eyes that took it in her arms. Then the nurse took me as though she was going to hold me while my little mother held the big doll, and just as soon as my little mother was interested in the big doll that nurse said to the man who owned the shop, 'Here, you fetch this doll and put it out of sight. We have been trying to get her to have a new doll for a long time, but she will not give up this old thing.'"  
"I was pretty well frightened, I can tell you, Bobby," Drusilla said when the man took me out of my mother's arms and a pile of legs and arms, and I wondered if he was going to cut off mine and put them kept talking to my little mother, and they made the new doll say 'papa and mamma,' and that nurse said, 'We will go to the shop and get her a hat and shoes and stockings.' She never once said a thing about a dress, and that doll only had on a thin white slip; but that is just like a nurse—she never once thought of that poor doll, crossing the ocean and being cold; all she thought of was something that would be pretty. Well, she got my little mother out of the store, and there I lay, trembling with fear. I had given up all hope, when the door was opened and in came that nurse, leading my little mother by the hand and screaming 'I want my doll; where is my poor Drusilla?' I want her. I don't want that great big doll; I can't hold her in my arms and love her."

"That nurse was trying to make her stop, but she cried all the louder, and at last the man had to take me out from behind the legs and arms.  
"You should have seen my little mother's face when she saw me; she stopped crying and ran toward me, smiling through her tears and saying, 'You darling Drusilla, you was most scared to death, wasn't you?' Then she hugged me so tight in her arms that I never once thought of anything but just as glad to see her as she was glad to see me, only I didn't say anything before that nurse. I wouldn't let her carry me out of my mother's arms."  
Bobby Jones waited a minute but Drusilla was nodding, and he knew the story was ended, and he said, "You certainly did have a narrow escape," he remarked, "but that you had an adventure and a little fright does not matter, does it?"  
"Of course not," answered Drusilla. "I just could not live without having an adventure once in a while. Good-night, Bobby Jones."  
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**Divorced Life**  
By Helen Hessing Plessie.  
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**Mr. Wiley and His Body.**  
THE Mr. Wiley who ate at Marian's table at Placid Inn was in love, deeply and supremely in love—with his body. He looked young for his 55 or 56 years, because of the infirmal precision with which he fed, cared for and pampered himself. This quiet-mannered, genteel, widely-traveled man laid strong hold on Marian's interest. He knew food values and quantitative. He was a mathematician of mastication. He struck the proper balance with the nicety of science. He ate neither too much nor too little. He took his meals clear with his dinner. One clear day he smoked, never more.

Once at dinner, observing that he ate no meat, Marian made a remark to the waiter.  
"Mr. Wiley smiled in a kindly, superior sort of way. 'I am eating no meat because I am unusually fond of spinach, asparagus and parsnips, all three of which are on the menu this evening. If I ate these, and meat besides, I would overload my stomach. That is a thing I never do.'"  
After dinner, on the veranda, when Mr. Wiley had finished his cigar, one of the men offered him another. He refused, explaining that he had already smoked more than one cigar a day. "That's all," he said. "I enjoy one. The second would not give me as much pleasure. Therefore, my consumption of cigars would be impaired."

"Mr. Wiley is a refined and perfect sensualist," said Mrs. McCarens to Marian a little later. "His ability to prefer care for himself amounts to genius. He never crosses the line of differentiation between enough and too much. He is an apostle of superlatively correct diet. He is a perennial wonder in an age of fatness, gout and acute indigestion," she laughed. "Really, he's an uncanny sort of creature. You must become better acquainted with him. He's interesting to study—like an odd, sleek bug of some sort."

"What is he—a widower?" inquired Marian.  
"Oh, my no! He's never been married," said the other. "If he got married he'd have someone to worry about. That's out of his line. His own scheme is nicely adjusted to his needs. He travels north and south with the pin. Get him to tell you about himself sometime. He has conquered all the pitfalls of callow youth. He is a superb materialist!"

The more Marian saw of Mr. Wiley the more she began feeling a mischievous obsession to upset his selfish schedule of life by making the curious old fellow fall head-over-heels in love with her. The supreme and ever-ardent selfishness of the man seemed to mock at all the world which was playing such havoc with his life. His own scheme, that savored of impulse or the impetuous made Marian eager to try her hand at upsetting his reckoning. She longed to tell him about himself sometime. He has conquered all the pitfalls of callow youth. He is a superb materialist!"

Yet commercially, real estate in this town counts for money, are not more than it is in other. If the townspeople would take hold of their little place and make it beautiful. They could use their money in a better way. But they are sound asleep, or else lazy, indifferent or ignorant.  
So you see that the right kind of civic spirit pays, does it not? It is a good commercial asset.  
And the best of it is, every one of us

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Calhoun, the Southerner, lay ahead of her should she venture on this particular experimental undertaking. She was sure that under the cold, almost fishy, exterior of Mr. Wiley no emotional embers burned. That was utterly beyond belief.

## SNAPSHOTS

BY BARBARA BOYD

Making Your Town More Valuable.

How the right sort of civic spirit increases the value of the property in a town? Or even if you do not own property, how it makes a town pleasanter to live in?

Probably you have thought of it, for most of us are interested in civic matters nowadays. But it was brought home to me very forcibly this Summer by my vacation trip.

I left a town where the civic spirit is of high order. It is a town with some delightful natural advantages, but they are but the background for the town itself and what the townsmen have done. Every person in that little town seems filled with the desire and ambition to make that town as clean, as beautiful, as healthful as it is possible for a town to be. The streets are kept as immaculate as a good housewife's kitchen. The lawns and gardens shine as if dusted. Flowers are everywhere. There is not a dilapidated spot or nook or corner in the place. No matter how tiny the house, how small the yard, all is attractive, neat and overrun with blossoms. Everybody who comes to the town, and walks or rides up and down its streets, exclaims over its beauty.

The streets are well-lighted, the drinking water good, a boulevard has been laid out to take in all the bits of pretty scenery. There are little parks with public croquet grounds and tennis courts. A municipal lighting plant has brought down the cost of electricity until the tiniest home can afford it. In a recent heavy storm, the Commissioner of Streets and Highways spent days and nights in rain and wind trying to avert all damage possible. Everybody in the place works with all his heart to make it the finest little city in the country.

What is the result?

It is not only a delightful place to live in, but people who go to visit remain to become residents. Real estate booms. New homes are going up all about. The town is growing rapidly, and the more it grows the more it has to offer its citizens.

The town I came to has far more natural beauty than the one I left. It has a great bay with water of sapphire sparkling in front of it. It has a coast-line over-arched with green pines and broken with gigantic rocks where snowy spray dashes high. It has hills climbing up behind it clothed with great forests of the murmuring pines. It has wild flowers growing in the country around about till the earth seems a magnificent Oriental rug of glorious hues—yellow poppies, Indian paint-brush, verbena, nasturtium, geranium and great masses of a lovely little purple flower like violets.

But the town has no civic spirit.

The houses straggle as they please up and down little narrow streets, the houses unpainted, the streets unpaved. Weeds are everywhere. Vacant lots are filled with rubbish. Most of the houses are hideous architecturally. Dingy curtains hang at their windows. Real estate agents refuse to show you many of the houses on their list, saying apologetically, "They're too dirty."

When you enter the one little street-car that yowls occasionally through the town, you feel as if you do not want your skirts to touch the floor and its windows still bear traces of subsidence of the flood. The electric light costs twice what it does in the other town. So you see that the right kind of civic spirit pays, does it not? It is a good commercial asset.

And the best of it is, every one of us

## After a Dip in the Surf A Glass of Good Old

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## THE CHARM OF MOTHERHOOD

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The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother's results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

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## THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TONIGHT

By Mrs. F. A. Walker.

**Drusilla's Trip (Continued.)**  
THAT night when the house was quiet Drusilla called very softly to Bobby Jones, and he did not need a second invitation to hear the rest of Drusilla's story. He popped out of his