

COOKING UP A SAVORY MESS FOR THE FIGHTERS



British and French "cooks" preparing a tempting repast for hungry comrades. The woods screen their fires from detection, but they can't bottle up the savory odors that make the hungry fellows' mouths water.

MME. PADEREWSKA AND HER POLISH NURSES



Group of Polish nurses, members of the Polish White Cross, who were recruited through the efforts of the president of the Polish White Cross, Mme. Helena Paderewska. These 37 women form the first unit of Polish nurses to go overseas.

KATHLEEN X. PHILLIPS

SHOOTING UP A GERMAN BATTERY

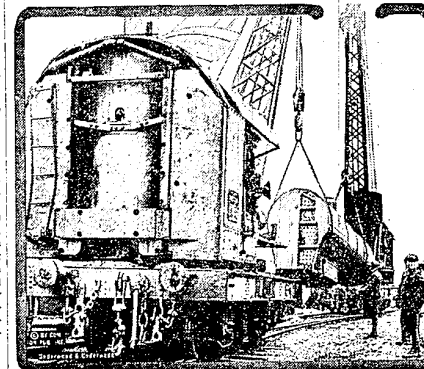


Miss Kathleen X. Phillips, British Red Cross nurse recently arrived in San Francisco on furlough after three years on the front in France. She relates stories of German atrocities she personally witnessed in Belgium and France. She wears the regulation brown serge off-duty uniform of the British Red Cross nurse.



A Canadian gun firing on a German trench mortar battery.

WITH OUR ENGINEERS IN FRANCE



This photograph shows a 25-ton lift with two American cranes. American engineers are unloading locomotive parts from freight cars in France.

HERE AND THERE

A detachable wire handle prevents a new square paper drinking cup collapsing.
Of English invention is a slot machine that prints the fact that postage has been paid on letters instead of affixing stamps.
The parsec is a unit of distance made use of by astronomers. It is equal to 20,000,000,000,000 miles and is the distance traveled by light in three and a third years.

Willing to Pay for His Fun.
"I'm going swimming," announced a small South side boy the other night.
"Oh, no, you're not," replied his mother.
"But why not?"
"Because I'll give you a good spanking when you get back," explained the mother confidently.
"That's fair enough," decided the boy, flying out of the door with his bathing suit under his arm.

Concerning Sleeping Garments



Many women prefer pajamas to nightdresses and others acknowledge their advantages over the nightdresses but are loath to part company with the dainty and frilly bolshings; that pajamas lack. For their benefit we have been furnished, by those who make undomestic their special study, with a variety of sleeping garments of a new sort. These include separate trousers and coats or jackets and one-piece garments in which trousers are fashioned into a bodice. Besides these there are full-trousered pajamas worn under short kimono coats and for all of them crepe de chine has proved as practical in every way as muslin. It is easily laundered and as dainty and dainty as batiste.

The figure at the left, in the picture above, is clad in plain pajamas made of satin. They are very like the garments worn by men and are developed in several cotton fabrics, percale and outing flannel among them, and in crepe de chine. Occasionally a print-floored silk or men's wear silk slirtings are made in this model—the latter recommended to wittier wear.

The garment at the right is also classed among pajamas. Just now, flesh-colored batists with narrow Val lace and insertions or fine-wool knits are used for decorations, is the favorite cotton fabric for these garments, but in the picture the choice seems to have fallen on striped dimity.

The full trousers have almost the effect of a narrow skirt and are drawn in about the ankles in fascinating tucked frills. A bending, set in at the waistline, carries a satin ribbon that gathers up the necessary width about the waist.

Trousers on pajamas of crepe de chine are often banded with silk in a contrasting color and made very full. The simplest of slip-over upper garments is bordered with the same crepe or as that used in the trousers. These new sleeping garments will please the woman who likes distinctive lingerie.

Painted Sport Hats.
Painted sport hats are affected by the younger girls at some of the seaside and country places. They are painted with all sorts of designs, but perhaps these showing daisies and poppies and the other unsophisticated flowers that have come in for much approbation this summer on the part of fashion are the smartest. Very effective too are those painted with green and blue designs—peacock feathers, for instance, wound around the crown (in paint, of course), of pine needles and cones. With some of these there are long, inverted, hats, they are with silk tops and draw strings, and with some there are those little straw cases, one of which slips into the other, decorated like the hats.

THE HOMELY MAN

By VINCENT G. PERRY.

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"The kind of girl he would marry would not marry him and the kind of girl that would marry him he wouldn't have, so there you are." Donald Macbeth could not help overhearing these words as he sat in a quiet corner of the clubroom, unnoticed. A feeling of resentment was in his heart for the men were discussing him. He took a more careful look at them. They were the type he had thought, Ian Vining and Lorne Miller, two clubmen with whom he was fairly intimate.

"But why?" questioned Vining. "He's clever and moderately well off. He's considered one of the palaters of the day."

"Yes; but did you ever see a homelier man? That scowl on his face makes him positively hideous," Miller declared.

"Beauty is only skin deep," argued Vining, who wasn't handsome himself.

"So it is, but disfigurements cannot be overlooked. There is generally something pleasant in a homely man's face to detract from bad features."

"I am sure his eyes are kind and sympathetic. Have you ever seen a picture of him before he had that scowl?"

"No; I thought he was born that way," Miller said with a show of interest.

Vining led him to a group picture on the wall. "There he is, there," he pointed out. "Can't you recognize the eyes? He was handsome then."

"Yes," Miller agreed, "was. I can hardly credit that it is the same man. But even that is no argument. He is as homely as sin now and is the only man I know of in the club who is doomed to bachelorhood. Imagine a pretty woman married to a man like that."

"He might find it hard to get a wife, at that," Vining said after a moment's thought. "Let's leave that to him, though. How about the theater tonight? Marguerite Morton is playing her farewell before going into the movies. She's a dream! Will you come?"

Miller needed no second invitation. After they had gone Donald Macbeth got up and went to the group on the wall. It was a long time since he had looked on the smiling, handsome face that had once been his; he wished he had not looked at it. What was the use? It only made it harder to bear. The light behind him reflected his features on the glass and he turned away with a shudder. No, he had no right to ask any woman to marry such a homely man as he was. He would give Marguerite a chance to break her engagement that very night—the night she was leaving the old life behind and was going into something new. In a few months she would be as popular, universally, as she was in the city.

He arrived at the theater just after the curtain had gone up. From the moment Marguerite flitted onto the stage he was entranced. How adorable she was.

In another part of the house Vining and Miller were watching the play and were almost as enthusiastic over it as Donald. Miller had not been a follower of Marguerite's, but this play appealed to him.

After the play was over he persuaded Vining to accompany him behind the scenes.

"I'm going to meet that little lady and take her to a little supper, if it costs me a million in tips," he said.

But even generous tipping couldn't get him any farther than behind the scenes.

"Miss Morton doesn't receive visitors," the man at the door told him, "but I will take your card to her."

Miller hoped she would connect his name with his father's millions. It had always proved, enough introduction to the other actresses that he had honored with a visit. What would his father say if he married an actress? He would not object to one like Marguerite Morton. Wouldn't they make a handsome couple? He twisted his mustache before a mirror on the wall. He was handsome, there was no denying it. He had reason to be contented, he felt. Vining watched him with just a trace of a smile playing about his lips. "Some day, Mr. Man, you'll get a shock to your vanity," he said to himself, "and I'd like to be around when you get it."

"The man returned with the card. 'Miss Morton can't see you, sir,' he said politely.

"Miss Morton, considers herself too important," Miller flashed. "She's only an actress after all."

"You'd better not say anything again Miss Morton here, sir," the man cautioned. "She's mighty popular with us all. There's a young man in there now who fought a lion to save her life, and he won out too. She's going to marry him tonight, sir. She just informed me." He's a fine young man and she's a fine girl—the finest in the land, and I wouldn't mind fighting a lion for a girl like her myself, though I ain't got much beauty to get spilt."

The men were still talking when Marguerite's door opened and she came out. Her arm in Donald Macbeth's. She was looking up into his face, smiling sweetly, noticing nothing but him. Macbeth caught a glimpse of the man standing there with incredibly written in every feature. There was a smile of victory on his face when he turned his eyes once more to Marguerite's and whispered to her softly.

Shoes That Have Proved Popular



There is nothing more elegant than summer shoes that have proved popular with women who give thoughtful attention to their footwear. Except for shoes for sport wear they include styles for any sort of demand. For the street the choice is between high and low shoes depends upon the weather and taste of the wearer and there is safety in providing oneself with both kinds. The high boot at the left of the picture in black kid and the Oxford at the top also in black kid, may be had with Cuban heels for those who prefer them to French heels. But French heels are not always high and some women like them on their shoes.

At the right of the group is a pair of white glass high boots being among the styles that are favored above all others for smart dressing. Like black shoes they go well with almost any dress. But they are to be classed among expensive luxuries for they must be made of fine quality of kid in order to clean successfully—and they are always being cleaned.

In the center of the group is a pair of dressy black colonial pumps with steel buckles. These are dressy enough for any sort of wear, but below them a more brilliant pair of pumps in patent leather has buckles in sparkling jet-

There is nothing more durable or satisfactory than white canvas shoes for street wear. They are more easily cleaned than other white shoes and across the top will outwear leather. For midsummer they are the coolest of shoes and probably the most economical in the long run.

Julia Bottomley

New Fancies.

Some simple jersey dresses are seen with collar and cuffs of knitted wool in bright colors. Crisp and summer-like and lovely are the new collar and cuff sets. They are of fine organdie, not only in white, but in delicate colorings as well. There is the fashionable yellow, Alice blue and rose pink. They are in new shapes and have the ruffled edge. As though the gubnet of color had been run in the separate vests to be used with the plain tailored suit, we are now shown vests of black satin. In the colored kind bright organdie is the trend.