

STRIKES SLOW UP CAPITOL SOCIETY

White House Ceases All Entertaining — Notes of Washington Folk.

By United News
WASHINGTON, July 22.—While Washington simmers in summer heat it shivers at strike news and talk of possible fuel rationing.

And society, which isn't simmering in Washington heat, shivers hardest. Meanwhile, the strike situation or something seems to have stopped all White House entertaining. The President and Mrs. Harding are expected to be in Washington all summer, with the exception of a three-day trip to Mooseheart, Ill., early in August, and a possible short visit to Bar Harbor. At Mooseheart the President will address the children at the Moose Home.

Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes will go to Brazil next month, Mr. Hughes having accepted an invitation to open the Brazilian Centennial Exposition Sept. 17. A naval vessel will be placed at their disposal.

Vice President Coolidge is scheduled to address the American Bar Association at its meeting, which begins Aug. 8 in San Francisco. He and Mrs. Coolidge will leave Washington the latter part of July for California, and their sons, John and Calvin, Jr., probably will accompany them.

Brig. Gen. Douglas A. MacArthur, former West Point commander, who has been transferred to the Hawaiian Islands, will sail early in August for Honolulu. Mrs. MacArthur, who was Mrs. Cromwell Brooks of Washington, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury of Philadelphia, before sailing with him.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew W. Mellon, and his daughter, Miss Alice Mellon, have been entertaining informally on the houseboat Vagabondia, which is anchored on the Potomac. The boat belongs to Mr. Mellon's cousin, William L. Mellon, and has been placed at his disposal for the summer.

Members of the French mission, which has arrived in Washington to discuss the funding of the French war debt, were guests at a dinner given by the French Ambassador, Jules Jusserand, and Mme. Jusserand, July 14 in commemoration of Bastille Day.

Senator Kellogg of Minnesota entertained at dinner for the Canadian Premier, Hon. W. L. MacKenzie King, while the latter was in Washington last week.

Senator and Mrs. S. P. Spencer have as guests their three sons, Selma, Jr., Brooks and Oliver Spencer.

Theodore Roosevelt, acting secretary of the Navy, has returned from a short trip to Long Island. Mr. Roosevelt also attended the Elks' convention at Atlantic City.

The Raggedies

"I wish we did not have to go to work in the forest today," one of the seven little Dwarfs said to Raggedy Ann, Raggedy Andy and the Fuzzywump. "We would have a picnic over by the river."

"That would be very nice," Raggedy Ann replied, "but it would not be right for you to neglect your work just to give us a lot of fun. We can play here with Snow White."

"We will be very glad if you do stay and play with her," said the little Gnome, "for Snow White must be lonesome here all day along."

"Hadn't we better do the dishes before we begin playing?" asked practical Raggedy Ann. "You know," she said to Snow White, "after we have played awhile it seems to much harder to quit and start in to work. It is a great deal easier to do the work first, then we have all the time left in which to play."

Snow White laughed as she caught Raggedy Ann and tossed her high in the air and caught her again. "How true that is, Raggedy Ann," laughed Snow White. "And if there were any dishes to wash and wipe, you bet I would do them before I started to play. But the dear, cunning little Gnomes have arranged things so that there is very little work to do. The dishes, after we have finished our dinners, roll out the door to the kitchen."

THREE KINDS OF PICNIC LUNCHES

By BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH.
Cooking Authority for NEA Service and Columbia University.

This is the season when a basket must be carried containing plates, spoons and linen napkins, all of which had to be carried a lunch.

Once was the time when a basket must be carried containing paper plates, cups, spoons, forks, tablecloths and napkins. Also paper containers, in which may be carried moist food, make it possible to have salads.

Patented bottles, now very cheap, will keep the coffee or tea hot and the ice water cold. With such equipment and a pasteboard box no one has to carry home anything.

The one preparing the lunch needs oiled paper, or waxed paper, in which sandwiches, hard-cooked eggs, cake, cookies or pickles may be wrapped, and straws to go with the grape juice or ginger ale.

It is wise to have three different types of sandwiches, one with meat or eggs, one plain and one sweet. Deviled eggs, each one wrapped in its own piece of paper, or plain boiled eggs with a little packet of salt and pepper mixed are always enjoyed.

When a fire is possible, the lunch may be varied in endless ways. Chops, small pieces of steak to be broiled on a stick, and bacon make one happy just to think about them. Potatoes are a good accompaniment. Marshmallows to be toasted on a stick should not be forgotten.

Following are three suggested menus—one a cold, simple lunch, one hot, where a fire is possible, and one automobile lunch.

Cold Menu

Ham and Egg Sandwiches.
(Slice of ham and chopped hard-cooked egg, mixed with salad dressing.)

Plain Brown Bread Sandwiches.

Hard boiled eggs, olives or pickles, small sponge cakes, tea or coffee (in patented bottle), fruit (whatever is available).

Automobile Menu

Chicken salad sandwiches, or chicken salad and buttered rolls, olives, cut-up fruit, cakes, candies, hot coffee or tea punch.

Hot Menu

Chops and bacon (allow two chops and three slices bacon to each person), rolls to split and toast, butter, tomato and chopped cabbage salad, chocolate layer cake, coffee, marshmallows (to toast).

Ethelind Terry Gives Hints on How to Have Beautiful Teeth



ETHELIND TERRY

This is the second of a series of beauty articles written for the Times by six stage beauties. In it Ethelind Terry tells how to care for your teeth.

BY ETHELIND TERRY
Star of "The Music Box Revue,"
Whose Perfect Teeth Are
Celebrated.

My teeth leave home is a question being thoroughly investigated these days.

More than ever before we are interested in keeping our teeth with us to the end, and in making them comfortable and happy in their surroundings.

This, because we know that aside from being unsightly and causing us pain, bad teeth are the cause of many diseases.

The entire beauty of the mouth depends on the teeth.

You may have a Cupid's bow or rosebud lips, but if you can't part them in the middle and reveal nice white teeth, you can't call your mouth your beautiful feature.

A reliable dentist is your first aid. He should examine your teeth twice a year and see that all the cavities are promptly filled, and that the gums are in a healthy condition.

But the daily care, what really counts, is up to you.

Remember to include in your diet a little coarse bread and some foods that require chewing. Then crew:

(Tomorrow Marjorie Rambeau, star of "The Gold Fish," will tell Times' readers about beauty of contour.)

hop up into the sink and wash themselves and wipe themselves dry with the dish towel and carefully place themselves in the cupboard."

"How nice that is," cried Raggedy Ann.

"Are they magic dishes?" Raggedy Andy wanted to know.

"I do not believe they are magic dishes," said Snow White. "The little Gnomes had them when I first came to live in this cunning little place and they told me they got the dishes when they were quite small—young dishes, and just trained them to wash and wipe themselves and put them in place in the cupboard."

"It must have taken a great amount of patience to teach them," laughed Raggedy Ann.

"Indeed, I guess it did," laughed Snow White. "You see, the dishes had a great habit at first of dropping themselves on the floor and breaking. Now let's go out on the Whirling Jinney and play that we are at a picnic.



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then turned around. Raggedy Ann, Raggedy Andy and the Fuzzywump enjoyed riding with Snow White on the lovely Whirling Jinney, but the Puppy Dog said it made him feel as if his eyes were really for surely crossed, so he only rode once, then ran to the Frankfurter Tree and barked until a Frankfurter fell off. While he was eating the Frankfurter the little Puppy Dog heard some one knock at the little Gnome's front door and he ran around to find an old woman with a basket standing there. "Bark! bark! bark!" the Puppy Dog cried.

The old woman raised her stick. "You go away from me," she cried. "I looked in my magic Looking Glass and found out that Snow White is still more beautiful than I am and I've come to put a comb in her hair so that she will fall down on the floor."

"Ha!" cried the Puppy Dog, making his eyes cross more than he ever did before. "You are the mean old stepmother queen in disguise." And he jumped and clicked his teeth so close to the disguised queen's ankles she dropped the basket and stick and went running for home as fast as she could go. The Puppy Dog ran after her far into the woods, then he came back and scratched a hole in the ground and buried the comb the queen had intended for Snow White. Then the Puppy Dog smiled to himself as if to say, "I've got a secret," and went around and barked at the Frankfurter tree until he got another Frankfurter. (Copyright, 1922, by Johnny Gruelle.)

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The SOOLED ARM

by Isabel Ostrander ©1922 NEA Service, Inc.

The strange and unexplained eccentricities of three wealthy, sedate and middle-aged brothers has caused

OWEN GATES, detective sergeant, and his colleague

FERGUS McCREADY, known as "Scottie," to investigate on the request of

PATRICIA KEMP, the youngest brother.

HOBART DRAKE, a Wall street broker, who stands by his neighbors by appearing in the town square, clothed in a sheet, and delivering a mock oration.

ROBERT DRAKE, a newspaperman, is employed at the home of Miles and on his first night there two brothers,

ROBERT and ANDREW, who recently came from Australia, talking in loud voices. Roger, the man who is engaged to a woman named Andrew, by playing with tops on the parlor floor, had equalized

"I'm not going to endure it," Miles heard Roger cry. "There is a way out, quick and sure."

"You're talking like an ass and a coward—a coward!" Andrew interrupted with sudden, subdued fury. "Jerry's all right, but you've forgotten Hobart's girl! Could she live down the fact that her uncle was a suicide?"

"You know what chance we have of averting what is coming!" Roger laughed in a strained falsetto which made the listening detective shudder in spite of himself and there was a quick movement within the room.

"Pat had better live with the knowledge that one or both of her uncles—and her father as well—had died by their own hands than that all three of them were."

"Here! None of that!" Andrew cried. He had evidently thrown caution to the winds for his tones had risen to a bellow and a door opened down the hall. Miles retreated hastily toward his sleeping corner of the wall near the back stairs, but not before the sound of a sharp struggle came from the room where the brothers were, followed by an oath and the tinkle and crash of shattered glass.

"Broken glass!" He had anticipated a pistol or perhaps even a knife of some sort, but not a bottle!

Seizing a handful of the gravel and tablets together Miles stuffed it into

"You're all right!" Kemp clapped him on the shoulder. "There won't be any immediate answer, but I'll be at the place she knows every evening at 6 sharp. Here you are!"

"Thank you, sir. I'll deliver the note myself—good-by, sir."

He drove speedily back to the Drake estate and around to the garage to put up the car. As Miles descended from the car he beheld a battle-scarred Andrew clawing to reach a plate of stale meat on a high shelf, and an inspiration came to him. Taking the envelope from his pocket containing the five tablets, he selected one of them and, rolling it in a small piece of meat he dropped it on the door. With a growl the cat pounced upon it. For a moment the animal crouched and then its eyes widened with look of almost human surprise. It rose, turned in a wavering half-circle, and then all at once relaxed rather than fell upon its side with all four feet outstretched and the lurid eyes flamed.

So Roger had not been bluffing, after all! As Miles replaced the envelope in his pocket, his fingers came in contact with another, the one which Hobart Drake had dropped on the dining room floor. What could it have contained to drive him into such a tempest of fury?

The detective was turning it over speculatively in his hands when suddenly he uttered a sharp exclamation. He needed no magnifying glass to

see that the envelope was sealed.

Under the kindly guidance of Pierre he finished arranging the table for breakfast and then remembered the mail. When he had cleaned the lower hall a short time before it had not arrived, but now a small heap of letters and rolled circulars and periodicals lay upon the table and he sorted them rapidly. There was nothing for Andrew Drake nor Miss Patricia, but for a formidable pile of correspondence awaited Roger and several letters were addressed to Miss Jerusha. There was only one envelope to place beside Hobart Drake's plate.

"Good morning, William, the elder Miss Drake said. "I see you have made a good beginning. Mehitabel, my maid, tells me that Carter is ill and that he has assumed his duties."

The three brothers entered almost together and took their places with a perfunctory greeting to their sister. Roger seemed drooping and shaken and his drawn, young-old face paled as his glance fell on the heap of correspondence beside his plate. He pushed it aside with a gesture of horror and Andrew remarked:

"More scientific criticism, I suppose? Throw it all in the fire, old man, and don't bother your head about it!"

Patricia's entrance created a break in the tenseness of the atmosphere, and she eyed the detective in startled, confused recognition, but his expression was bland until he reached the shelter of the pantry to which he had crossed, so he only rode once, then ran to the Frankfurter Tree and barked until a Frankfurter fell off. While he was eating the Frankfurter the little Puppy Dog heard some one knock at the little Gnome's front door and he ran around to find an old woman with a basket standing there. "Bark! bark! bark!" the Puppy Dog cried.

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