

GEOMETRY

By BETTIE H. McDONALD.

He applied the symbols of geometry to all things. He pronounced the cat and collie parallel, meaning, of course, they would never come together.

All on account of this his country sister, whose guest he was, bestowed upon him the nickname "Arc." Also, in spite of his neatness, he drew angles and figures on her white tablecloth at every meal. She concluded that the woman he picked for his wife couldn't know any too much about geometry as he would draw one along those lines.

"Come and get your parcels, sis, I'm not going to leave this old nag for a minute! No telling what he might do. The next time you send me to the village I walk! Do you hear me, I walk! I always hated walking. Wish I had my car."

Arc was standing in the one-seated buggy waiting for his sister. He wiped the perspiration from the edge of his curly, blond hair.

"Well," she came out laughing, "you needn't be so alarmed. You are in no immediate danger. Old Meteor never comes out, she said, knowing something unusual must have happened."

"Just the same your dependable old racer ran me into a flock of geese."

"Where did you see geese?"

"Just outside the village."

"Which way were they flying?"

"Flying!" he echoed disdainfully, handing over the parcels to her.

"Yes. Flying southward indicates an early winter," she replied eagerly.

"Suppose they are riding?" He posed.

"Arc, if I didn't know you are a total abstainer I'd suspect you of recent association with wood alcohol."

"Your horse did all the flying, I tell you."

He reeled, laughing hard and long until she made him explain.

"Geometrically speaking," he laughed, "the plain and solid goose had on a white silk shirtwaist and a black skirt."

"I suppose she is square," coughed Miss Brill.

"Coming back from the village, I met a big touring car. She was driving it. About six others were in it chattering and cackling like they were on their way to save home. I admit that I couldn't keep my eyes on Meteor. Belief doesn't always make a matter true and he shattered mine."

"The cackling ceased. She stopped the car, jumping down quickly. 'Twas then I viewed the symmetrical form of the prettiest proposition."

"She ran in front of Meteor, grabbed his bridle and held him, swaying and twisting. I was saved," he concluded, gaily. After a moment: "Now I've given you the synopsis." He looked at his sister as he gathered up the reins.

He dropped the reins again and Meteor stopped.

"Sis, for once our minds converge!" He paused then added, "which was to be proved."

"Then I gave Miss Rogers my card," he confessed.

"It was May Rogers!" exclaimed Miss Brill, who had thought as much all along.

"You said I might invite someone to dine with us tonight, and she thought it would be perfectly proper to come. It was staggering. She reached quod erat faciendum almost instantly," he rejoiced.

"I know we haven't been introduced," she said, "but Miss Brill is a very dear friend of mine. Call for me at six. You needn't drive over we can walk it in twenty minutes."

"And guess what she said about the runaway?" She said: "So you worked yourself out of the wreck tangle." "Rectangle," she said, just like that. The girl is perfect."

At the dinner table Miss Rogers did not admire his application of geometrical terms to the food and dishes.

She had just finished college, and told him he was slow. She said she didn't like geometry, that she preferred to study silk.

"Silk finds its own expression," she said, "and is vastly more popular than geometry. My conclusion is: Silk is similar to geometry in dealing with forms."

"And the designs can be illustrated," cooed Arc. "Some skirts hang at right angles, some at every angle, circle at the band, or plain, straight and short. You are right. Silk and geometry amount to the same."

"And the axiom states, 'things equal to the same thing are equal to each other,'" she offered, ever so sweetly.

"After all," he eagerly concluded, "silk is more interesting than geometry and certainly as useful."

"Geometry and silk seem to be in a sort of partnership," ventured Miss Brill. She smothered a titter. They got up from the table. Crushed, Arc straightened up abruptly.

"Miss Rogers, do you play?"

"I play baseball fairly well." He thought her the loveliest girl and the most charming. Miss Brill slid to third base and stole home.

Arc and Miss Rogers enjoyed a delightful evening and a duet at the piano. Then he took her home.

It was very late when he returned, but his sister met him at the door and acted sleepily.

"Arthur Wellington Brill, have you the proof of your analysis of May's theorem?" she asked.

"Well, she has no equal; the color of her hair is perfect."

IN NEW PARASOLS

Sunshades Made of Calico, Pongee, Cretonne, Glazed Paper.

Brown Color for Umbrellas, but Riot of Bright Hues for the Summer Convenience.

Gaily painted paper is used in summer parasols. Taffeta and cretonne, always prominent in these, are used probably more than any other materials, although for the country there are sunshades of calico, pongee, and even glazed paper painted in gay designs. Brown is still the fashionable color for umbrellas, but in sunshades we see a riot of bright hues.



Cretonne Parasol in Bright Rose, Blue, Yellow and Green.

A riot of bright hues. Seen in shops is a bell-shaped, coral-colored taffeta parasol that looks, when open, like a huge flower, as it is composed entirely of pleated scallops that give the appearance of petals. It has a slender ivory handle treated in such a way as to indicate age and carved with tiny Egyptian figures.

Another, in the shape of a bell, consists of rows of old blue taffeta—a real French blue. It is bordered with Dresden ribbon in an old tapestry design. The top of this sunshade is rather flat, but the sides curve like a real bell. In order to be in keeping with the new wraps a tiny box-plaited ruffle of moire ribbon goes about the edge. It has a plain wood handle with a pierced amethyst tip.

One has the top made of white satin brocaded in velvet in shades of brown, red and blue, with narrow ruffles of old blue taffeta around the edge. Half way up the parasol is a large plaited ruffle of the taffeta caught to each rib in the effect of a sunburst.

All the lovely, old-fashioned checked and flowered taffetas in light colored patterns seen in the dresses for mid-summer are duplicated in parasols. One of checked taffeta wistaria with white—has four narrow plaited ruffles at the edge and a rosette of the same silk on a light wooden handle.

It is not surprising to see striped awning cloth in country parasols. In fact, it is such a logical material for these that we wonder why nobody appears to have thought of it before. For, after all, an awning is a sunshade on a huge scale. These awning parasols are like the short, heavy, English umbrellas.

PEACOCK TINSEL RIBBON BAG

Decoration is Embroidered on Plain Background—No Trimming, but Handsome Frame Needed.

There is a peacock tinsel ribbon which is extremely effective for a bag. As the name indicates, the ribbon has a huge peacock, with the tail exaggeratedly spread, embroidered in tinsel on a plain background. A bag made of this needs no trimming, but should be attached to a handsome frame.

If you have any superstition regarding peacocks and wish to use one of these beautiful ribbons for a bag, the one embroidered in sprays of paradise may be substituted. As this design is not so definite, the sprays being placed in a somewhat conventional way, one may have more latitude in designing the bag. The plain silk part may be plaited, gathered, shirred or arranged in almost any form.

There are innumerable things for the boudoir. There are the new Turkish caps of ribbons and lace. A cap of lace wound into a shape reminiscent of Hussein's turban has little ornaments of twisted ribbon sticking up in the front.

Then there are ribbon lamp shades and powder boxes covered with ribbon, as well as big, puffy pillows, composed entirely of ribbon petals, that look like huge flowers.

An Elaborate Bag.

Quite an elaborate bag may be made by cutting a panel, either round or square, from one of the ribbons woven with Egyptian figures, and inserting it into the main section of a bag made of plain ribbon. Any of the new frames may be selected for the mounting.

Novelties Made of Ribbons.

Now that ribbons have become so prominent we see an almost endless number of novelties fashioned from them. For several years lingerie and negligees appeared to have almost the exclusive right to ribbons.

THE CARE OF SILK GARMENTS

Vigorous Brushing Will Mar Sheen of Fabrics—May be Dry Cleaned at Home.

In these days of the H. C. L. it behooves all to take the best care of clothes. Since one or two dresses must do the work of a half dozen in the present-day wardrobe, those dresses must be kept in the best possible condition.

It is easy enough to keep a wash dress looking crisp and fresh, but for silk it is a more difficult matter.

Never brush silks with a stiff brush, since too vigorous brushing will mar the sheen of the fabrics. Use a piece of velvet or a very soft brush.

You may dry-clean your silk garments at home if you are careful to use gasoline and other inflammable liquids out-of-doors where there will be no danger of an explosion. It is advisable, however, to send the better frocks to the professional cleaner, since he has special appliances for this work.

For cleansing washable silk garments, use suds of a pure white soap or soap chips and cold or lukewarm water. If your white silk waists are washed in such suds, rinsed in water of the same temperature and wrung out, they will not turn yellow for a long time.

Silks should be pressed only with a moderately hot iron. Never place the iron directly upon the fabric. A piece of cheesecloth should be placed between the silk and the iron. In fact, the iron should be used as little as possible either in the making or afterward.

The dressing in new silk socks or stockings tends to make the threads break, hence they should be washed before they are worn.

You may often remove wrinkles from a silk dress by hanging it over a bathtub filled with water hot enough to make steam. The frock should then be hung to dry where nothing will touch it.

GREEN IS STILL IN FASHION

Color is Effectively Employed in Many Models Turned Out by Exclusive Milliners.

Green is still a fashionable shade, if one may believe what the modiste tells you. This color is effectively employed in the pretty model made of a combination of two tones of green. The hat proper is a small mushroom shape, the brim of apple green horsehair edged with a narrow band of light green organdie—the crown of the same soft organdie. A large fold of the green hat brim is swathed about the crown and fastened on the left in a large loop.

Another summery-looking shape is made of sapphire-blue horsehair, exceedingly shiny, trimmed with a wide ribbon of self-toned velvet. A lovely novel touch is given by the large, pale-colored rose hand painted upon the ribbon and placed directly in front. The shape itself is what one might call a version of the Napoleon style, the brim turned up sharply in front and back, the sides curving downwards in sweeping, jaunty lines.

We also see many Breton shapes. These are, so to speak, practically untrimmed. One charming little model is very youthful and becoming. It is a sort of saucer-shaped type, the brim rolling up smartly and gradually from the face a little higher to the left. It is combined in straw and taffeta, the latter material forming the crown and a narrow band about the brim. The sole trimming is an adorable cascade of taffeta and sapphire blue pleat grosgrain ribbon to the left of the crown and placed saucily high, but close to the taffeta foundation. About the raised brim at the very edge runs an original little-work effect of the pleat ribbon, finishing in a wee bow at the back.

THE DAINTY CREPE CASSOCK



This dainty and winsome cassock is easy to slip on, yet it looks well.

Bridesmaids in Yellow Velvet.

A recent bride had her maids dressed in soft yellow chiffon velvet frocks; it gave a delightful background of sunniness to her wedding on a dull day, and took off the chilly look rainy day weddings usually have. Gold brocade toques completed the gowns which were as simple as possible, had long sleeves and only a band of brown fur round the shoulders for trimming.

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE FRONT SEAT.

When I was but a little lad I always liked to ride. No matter what the rig we had, right by the driver's side.

The front seat was the honor place in bob-sleigh, coach or hack. And I maneuvered to avoid the cushions in the back.

We children used to scramble then to share the driver's seat. And long the pout I wore when I was not allowed that treat.

Though times have changed and I am old I still confess I race With other grown-ups now and then to get my favorite place.

The auto with its cushions fine and big and easy springs Has altered in our daily lives innumerable things.

But hearts of men are still the same as what they used to be, When surreys were the stylish rigs, or so they seem to me.

For every grown-up girl today and every grown-up boy

Still hungers for the seat in front and scrambles for its joy.

And riding by the driver's side still holds the charm it did

In those glad, youthful days gone by when I was just a kid.

I hurry, as I used to, to claim that favorite place.

And when a tonneau seat is mine, I wear a solemn face.

I try to hide the pout I feel, and do my best to smile.

But envy of the man in front gnaws at me all the while.

I want to be where I can see the road that lies ahead.

To watch the trees go flying by and see the country spread

Before me, as I spin along, for there I miss the fear

That seems to grip the soul of me while riding in the rear.

And I am not alone in this. Today I drive a car.

And three glad youngsters, madly strive to share the "seat with Pa."

And older folks that ride with us, I very plainly see.

Maneuver in their artful ways to sit in front with me.

Though all the cushions in the world were piled up in the rear.

The child in all of us still longs to watch the engineer.

And happier hearts we seem to own when we're allowed to ride.

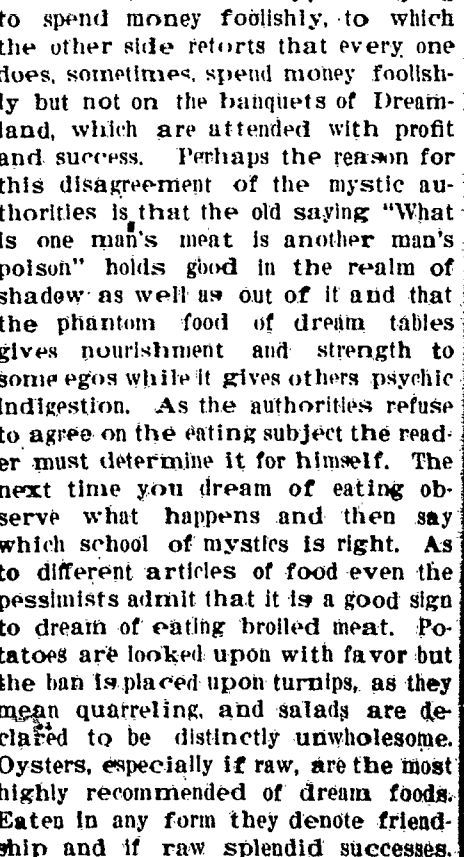
No matter what the car may be, close by the driver's side.

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Last Night's Dreams - What They Mean

EATING.

THE question of eating is a very serious and unsettled one in Dreamland and about it the authorities dispute as acrimoniously as do those given to the eating habit in the world of realities over who is responsible for the present high cost of living. According to some, to dream that you are eating in company with others, either at the family dinner-table or at a banquet, is a sign that you will be successful in profitable undertakings and that your surroundings will be pleasant and cheerful. The opposing school warns you to beware of attending a dream banquet as that signifies that secret enemies are plotting against you, recommending only a small family party at the table. To dream of eating at all, say some of the oracles, means that you are going to spend money foolishly, to which the other side retorts that every one does, sometimes, spend money foolishly but not on the banquets of Dreamland, which are attended with profit and success. Perhaps the reason for this disagreement of the mystic authorities is that the old saying "What is one man's meat is another man's poison" holds good in the realm of shadow as well as out of it and that the phantom food of dream tables gives nourishment and strength to some egos while it gives others psychic indigestion. As the authorities refuse to agree on the eating subject the reader must determine it for himself. The next time you dream of eating observe what happens and then say which school of mystics is right. As to different articles of food even the pessimists admit that it is a good sign to dream of eating broiled meat. Potatoes are looked upon with favor but the ban is placed upon turnips, as they mean quarreling and salads are declared to be distinctly unwholesome. Oysters, especially if raw, are the most highly recommended of dream foods. Eaten in any form they denote friendship and if raw splendid successes. All the pessimists can say against them is that they mean that you are going to become a gourmand. Many hold that to dream of being at a banquet means that you will soon go on a journey or will change your residence or place of business. These same people say that while it is unlucky to eat at a dream banquet yourself, to see others eating foretells great success in all your enterprises. If you are unmarried you shall wed the one you love and live happy ever after with riches and dutiful children.



The Hair Must Be Kept Antiseptically Clean—Use Soap Twice at Every Shampoo.

Catching the Sun at Home.

Jimmy was just recovering from a spell of sickness and sunty was to take him out of doors on the first bright day. It happened to be cloudy day after day for over a week. One morning upon looking anxiously out of the window he was overjoyed to see the sun shining. "Oh, sunty," he eagerly shouted, "come and take me out, quick, 'fore the sun gets ready to leave town again!"

LUCY M. FOX



This is Miss Lucy M. Fox, a charming "movie" star, who recently arrived in New York on the S. S. France. She has just completed her part in a startling screen serial which had its setting in many of Europe's foremost resorts, including Nice and Monte Carlo.

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

THE HOME SHAMPOO

MUCH of the effectiveness of a shampoo depends upon where and how the hair is dried. If it is possible to dry the hair in the sun and air outdoors, it will do the hair three or four times as much good as though the whole operation were completed inside the room.

For this reason, the home shampoo should be better than the professional sort which costs anywhere from a half dollar to two dollars. Professionals dry the head with a hot-air machine that blows the hair into snarls and dries out much of the new oils that the massage and the hot water have already sent into the tiny hair-shafts. The chief trouble with the home shampoo is that women do not realize that it takes an awful lot of soap to make the head thoroughly clean.

Tar soap or liquid castile is best, the hair should be wet all over with hot water and the soap rubbed in. The lather should be rubbed hard with the fingers till every bit of the hair has been gone over again and again with the cleansing suds. Then it should be rinsed off in water over a tub or basin. The whole head should be gone over a second time with soap and hot water, the new

GATHERED SMILES

Cruel Words. "Sleep is an aid to beauty, we are told; yet there are plenty of plain policemen.—Answers

A Warning. "Harry asked my hand for the next dance." "Then give it to him on condition he keeps off your feet."

Heredity. "Do you think the baby will take after Jim?" "Yes, if there is anything to take."

Different Kinds. He—Dancing is the poetry of motion, you know. She—Yours is the blank verse stuff.

Naturally. "How did you enjoy the exhibition at the zoo?" "I thought it was a beastly affair."

Hard to Find. Reader—Here's an item says Germany should be given credit. Cynic—For what?

Ain't It the Truth. "This whipping hurts me as much as it does you, my son." "But you are not so tender where it hurts you, pa."

Couldn't Escape Them. "Hello, George. I hear you can't meet your creditors." "You're all wrong! I meet one every five minutes."

The Lady Lawyer. "We challenge that juror." "On what grounds?" "She is a brunette. Our client is a blonde."

Still With One. "Have you got rid of that run-down feeling yet?" "Not while I'm dodging the automobiles."

Innuendo. "I can't do a thing with my hair." "Send it to a hair specialist," suggested the other dandy.

A Prime Requisite. "That portrait of Mrs. Gaddy is a speaking likeness." "It wouldn't be like her any other way."

Tenacity. Knicker—Jones lives in the past. Bocker—The only place where there are any vacancies.

Credit Not Tight. Knicker—Banks are reducing loans. Bocker—But there is no restriction on borrowing trouble.

Corresponding Action. "What did Smith do when the hold-up man on the road told him to fork over?" "He knifed him."

Great Saving. Adam became enthusiastic. "I'm perfectly willing to economize by wearing old fig leaves," he cried.

His Cost More. Samson was plainly peeved. "I don't see why they think a dollar haircut is expensive," he cried.

Small Potatoes. "What can I do for you, madam?" "Can you give me small change for this potato?"—Cartoons Magazine.

Curtain. "What do they mean by a curtain lecture?" "It usually follows smoking in the parlor."

The Main Thing. "That little waitress has fine taking ways." "I wish she had some fetching ones."

Forget It. Nilly—Who invented classical music? Willy (drammily)—What's the difference; it's here!—Musical Courier.

His Luck. "Noah would never have made a very successful poker player." "I suppose he wouldn't when he never held more than two of a kind."

The End. Young Bride—Mother, dear, how long does the honeymoon last? Mother—Until you ask your husband for money, my child.

The Distinction. "Have you a good cook, Mr. Japps?" "Oh, yes, the cook's very religious, but her cooking's diabolical."

Logical. "The second doctor the Smiths had was exactly like the first one." "Well, why shouldn't he be the facsimile for a sick family?"

Intruders. "Why don't you take children in this apartment house?" "Their crying," replied the janitor, "is liable to interfere with the phonographs and player pianos."

Safety First. The ex-buck found the menu card at the fashionable restaurant almost as baffling as some he'd perused in France. Finally he summoned a waiter. "Where are pork and beans on here?" he asked. The waiter indicated. "Well," said the relieved patron, "bring me everything above and below that line."—American Legion Weekly.