

CHIC DRESS FOR SPORT WEAR



This smart sport dress of beige color canton crepe with long straight lines is relieved from plainness by pleated side panels. The belt, neck and sleeves are finished with faggoting.

BEST WAY TO CLEAN RUGS

Mild Soap With Tepid Water Should Be Used When Floor Coverings Are Washed.

Rugs should be kept clean with a good carpet sweeper or electric vacuum cleaner, as the hard grits of sand will, if not removed, injure the nap. Do not sweep Wilton or Axminster rugs hard at first as the tufts are liable to loosen before they are pressed down by usage.

All Wilton and Axminster rugs are "sheared" when finished, consequently light fluff or loose wool will sweep out for some time. This is a feature of the fabric and not a defect.

Do not pull out any knots or tufts. Cut them off even with the surface of the rug. The tufts in any domestic rug can be deliberately pulled out. This is due to the nature of the weave.

Protect your rugs from bright or strong sunlight, as all domestic rugs will fade some.

When washing is necessary, use mild soap, with tepid, not hot water, else the alkali of stronger cleansers will eat into the surface and destroy the color. Never flood the surface with water. It is best to wash about a yard at a time, rinse with clear water and let dry thoroughly.

Given a coat of varnish, linoleum survives a much longer period of wear. Before varnishing, make sure that the surface is free from grit or grease. Let varnish dry over night before walking on the floor.

Waxed linoleum is easier to clean with a dust mop. Dust and grease will not stick to it.—Detroit News.

TAFFETA HAS CHARM FOR ALL

Fabric Lends Itself to Many Uses for the Wearing Apparel of Milady.

One favorite way of developing a frock fashioned of taffeta material is making a quaint basque bodice and a tiered or scalloped skirt.

Fringes and uncut edgings have disappeared from view, and in their places—even at the beginning of summer—came ruchings of taffeta and queer little wheels and ornaments of lace edging, the latter frequently tinted to match the gown, and the ornamentation has gained in favor.

Speaking of elaboration, it may be interesting to notice that blossoms and leaves are made of chiffon velvet, taffeta and even organdy.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Serge and foulard are much combined.

Taffeta frocks have snugly fitting bodices.

Entire lace dresses in brown, gray and henna are very good.

The surplice bodice worn with a fichu is quaint and very smart.

Hand-painted flowers bloom on some of the newest sport suits. Their delicate tints suggest nothing so much as Dresden.

Things that stand out in fashions for children are the straight line, the very short skirt and the sleeves which almost aren't.

For millinery, jet and steel ornamental novelties are being shown. Large medallions of solid sheets of jet are fringed with strings of jet or steel beads.

Among the Parisian concretis are round small pocketbooks which are not unlike a flower. The handles are clever imitations of stems and the purse itself is the flower. Blue corn flowers are used for the exteriors of some of them, with mauve silk as the lining. They are effective with summer frocks.

Braided.

Braided orange velvet baby ribbons woven or braided is forming the crowns of a number of velvet hats.

FOR HIM

By MOLLIE MATHER.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union)

She was a small creature with wide appealing eyes of blue. And what the men found to so admire in her was more than other women could see. Among themselves they discussed her as a vain person to be righteously avoided.

Certain it was that from the moment Meda Brown became a member of the Husted house party, swains old and young left their former adored to follow in her train. And, Meda Brown; what a plain name.

Nevertheless, the demure one triumphed easily everywhere. The strange thing was that she did not try for the triumph, or seem to care. Usually she had to be hunted out in some secluded corner, or forestalled on one of her customary walks down the road. Given Person's fancy was continually seen in the unbecome Meda's company, and late Marion Grover's heretofore loyal attendant was usually to be found there too.

The women's cool attitude toward the interloper showed their displeasure. What right had Julie Husted to bring this unknown relative of her husband's among them?

When Tom Lacy met her, Meda was plucking with her Husted cousins on the bank of a stream. She talked to Tom, as he happened along, while her cousins fished. And though Tom Lacy believed himself to be in love with Marion Grover, he lingered and thought the little Meda Brown person very entertaining indeed.

It was always that way. As days passed he planned and schemed for them eagerly.

Meda was so delightfully surprising. She could be gravely, wisely sympathetic or infectiously gay and merry.

"I suppose," Marion contemptuously remarked to Tom, "you believe that flattering interest in yourself and your engrossing business is genuine. She puts it on for everyone like a cap. And then laughs at you for your pains. Why you all humor her in her self esteem is more than I can see. She's just a little cat without a thought beyond her own amusement. And if you care for me—"

Tom knew the rest. He had heard it before. If he cared for Marion his friendliness with the pleasing Meda must cease. The trouble was that he did not know this could be done.

Meda was so different from flirtatious maids he had known. His friendship for her was a real and vital thing. Or was the deep feeling merely friendship? Then Tom Lacy knew—if it was love. He told her frankly, as they sat together, that he had intended to marry Marion, and that he had thought he cared for her until Meda came. And he recalled as he spoke, the many bitter things Marion had said of the girl, who now listened; the unkind tale of her unscrupulous conquests, her heartless triumphs, and he felt that the revelation of Marion's nature, with her unrestrained jealousies, had killed, at its beginning, any love that might have been. Tom, in his eloquence, was not aware of all that he said. He impressed upon Meda Brown his own belief in her, despite Marion and all others. And when he had finished, waiting breathlessly his fate, Meda, her soft eyes suddenly aglow, threw back her head and laughed. Tom stared, growing very white.

"You, too," laughed Meda, "so you had to love me. Though before we met you intended to marry Miss Grover."

Still smiling, Meda looked back at him. "Go and marry her, my dear friend," she said, "for I have finished."

Tom sat, after she had gone, trying to understand. He had not known that love could so make one suffer. Love, how little he had realized its meaning. So they were right, Marion and the rest of the women; it was unbelievable.

Tom Lacy stood undecidedly. He did not want to go back to the house. A little cottage stood at the end of the country lane. He and Meda had "popped" there sometimes to visit a stately old woman. Meda liked to play for the lonely one on her old piano. His steps led him there now, unconsciously. Absently, he dropped on the wooden bench outside the cottage window. The tinkling tones of the piano came to him. Meda's voice was singing a sweet little song, its each verse beginning with "Somebody." He listened, wondering vaguely at the tremulous catch in the still loved voice: "And somebody's dream, if dreams can come true, is only a dream of gladness for you; my dream is for you."

Then all at once Tom Lacy understood. The despised girl would willingly efface herself and her love, that she might give to him what she believed to be his own dream of gladness. To him, and to Marion, who so misjudged her. So she had acted for Marion's sake, the part Marion gave to her. And through all she cared. His heart sang at the thought. For a moment he stood thinking of the two women—Marion, whose selfish actions had marred their happiest hours, and this other girl, with her dream of gladness for him. Tom Lacy went boldly into the room. Meda's eyes welcomed him. He took her into his arms.

Enterprise.

"You print the latest happenings?" "Yes," said the New York publisher, "and we even try to anticipate a few."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WHEN HE LOST HIS LIBERTY

Pathetic Figure Presented by Lonely Man Standing Prominently Before Large Assembly.

He stood in the packing building, a small, lonely figure, pathetic in the isolation that shut him off from the warm humanity of the watching crowd.

He felt weak, ill, but he struggled to bear himself bravely. He could not move his eyes from the stern, white face that seemed to fill all the space in front of him. About that cold minatory figure, which was speaking to him in such passionless, even tones, hung an atmosphere of awe; the traditional robes of office lent it a majesty that crushed his will.

He knew he was being addressed and strove to listen, says London Punch. His brain was a torrent of thoughts. And so his life had come to this. It was indeed the final catastrophe. That was surely what the voice meant—that voice which went on and on in an even stream of sound without meaning. Why had he come to this—in the tower of his life to lose its chiefest gift, liberty?

Up and down the spaces of his brain thought sped like fire. The people behind—did they care? A few, perhaps, pitied him. The others were indifferent. To them it was merely a spectacle.

Suddenly into his mind crept the consciousness of a vast silence. The voice had stopped. The abrupt cessation of sound whipped his quivering nerves. It was like the holding of a great breath.

He gathered his forces. He knew that the huge concourse waited. A question had been put to him. It seemed as if the world stood still to listen.

He moistened his lips. He knew what he had meant to say, but his tongue was a traitor to his desire. What use now to plead? The soundlessness grew intolerable. He thought he should cry aloud.

And then— "I will," he said, and, looking sideways, caught the swift shy glance of his bride.

WOOD THAT WILL NOT ROT

Experiments Made in France Have Demonstrated the Great Value of the Mangrove.

The wood of the mangrove tree, which flourishes in French Guiana, is being exploited in France as a wood which will not rot. At least it has withstood all exposure and efforts to break down its fiber in years of experiment by the officials of the French railway service.

Every one of the many samples which were subjected to all the known processes of inducing decay, behaved faultlessly, and it would seem that the wood is rot-proof. The grain of the wood is so close as practically to exclude moisture. Its density, indeed, is placed at 10, as against 40 in fir and 70 in oak.

In addition to this closeness of fiber the mangrove has an unusually large amount of tannin in its composition. This protects it from invasion by insects. It also prevents the multiplication of various germs, and is a specific against such wood maladies as mold, damp and the like.

It has other desirable qualities. For instance, tests show that while it is not brittle, it presents twice the resistance to flexation that oak does. It has about the same potency against crushing or twisting.

Solomon's Temple.

The temple was the religious edifice of the Jews in Jerusalem. There were three buildings successively erected in the same spot, and named after their builders—the temple of Solomon, the temple of Zerubbabel, and the temple of Herod. The first was built by Solomon and was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar about 586 B. C. The second was built by the Jews on their return from the captivity (about 537 B. C.), and was pillaged or partly destroyed several times, especially by Antiochus Epiphanes, Pompey and Herod. The third, the largest and most magnificent of the three, was begun by Herod the Great, and was completely destroyed at the capture of Jerusalem by the Romans (A. D. 70). Various attempts have been made toward the restoration of the first and the third of these temples, but scholars are not agreed in respect to architectural details.

Crow a Feathered Outlaw.

The crow has but few human friends, and possibly none outside its own family. Even its feathered neighbors do not care about it. Crows seem, however, to esteem each other's companionship, judging from the fact that a crow is seldom seen alone. They do their day's work, be it good or bad, in groups; they spend considerable time holding meetings by thousands, and they travel in somewhat army fashion.

Crows are neither admired nor loved. Hundreds of birds have been given honorable places in literature, but if the crow is introduced, it is usually for the purpose of adding one more melancholy feature to a melancholy scene.

Some Try It.

"What's the use of cursing so continuously?" "The damned auto won't go." "Well, you can't run it by lung power."—Brooklyn Citizen.

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Men of Great Height.

Stories are common among the lower civilized peoples, as well as among savage tribes, to the effect that men have lived who have measured 15 feet in height. Og, king of Bashan, is said in Deuteronomy (3:11) to have been the last of the giants. His head and of iron was nine cubits, or between 11 and 13½ feet in length. Pliny mentions the name of an Arabian giant who measured 9½ feet, and also speaks of two others who were 10 feet in stature. The following list of men whose real height is well known shows that it is possible for individuals to go far beyond the average height of the human species, which is 65 inches.

Magrath, bishop Berkeley's gnat, ninety-two inches; Patrick Cotter (1781-1804), or O'Brien, 99 inches; Charles Byrne, Irish giant, 100 inches; Topinard's Kalmuck, 100 inches; Winkelmaier, Austrian (died 1887), 103 inches; Topinard's Finlander, 112 inches.

Riches in Old Stockings.

"To my sister-in-law, I bequeath four old stockings which are under my bed to the right." So runs an item in the will of the famous old miser, Tolan. "To my nephew, Tarles two more old stockings; to Lieut. John Stone, a blue stocking and my red sock; to my cousin, an old boot, and a red flannel pocket; to Hammek, my jug without a handle." According to this anybody can write a will, for the poorest of us have old stockings. In the story of Tolan, however, Hammek kicked over the jug and found it to be filled with gold pieces. The old stockings were crammed in a similar way. There is the famous clause in Shakespeare's will reading: "I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture, and nothing else."

Arboreal Fiction.

"What kind of a tree did Thomas Jefferson hitch his horse to when he rode up to the capitol to be inaugurated?" "I suspect," answered Senator Orghum, "that it was a cherry tree; one of the same kind George Washington chopped down when he was a little boy."

The Censored Public.

"What kind of a play did you see last night?" "One of those plays," replied Miss Cayenne, "which we have learned to see without a blush and which it would be considered highly improper to describe minutely in print or conversation."

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LYRICS OF LIFE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

GIVING.

HE PUT his name on every list. He was a true philanthropist— And yet a mighty lot he missed In giving of his self: He gave his gold, but let a few Good friends disburse the check he drew, And so one joy he never knew— He never gave himself.

His money did a lot of good: It found the needy neighborhood— And yet he never understood The thing we have to give, The thing we need to give to men, Besides our money now and then, The thing we have for giving when Men's lives are hard to live.

Oh, wealth is much, but much the hand That finds the fallen brother and Restores him to the solid land When tossed upon the seas; Oh, wealth is much, but much the smile That lifts the other man the while You give a little of your pile For his necessities.

So go yourself and do not send: Be both the giver and the friend; Be not too rich, too high, to bend To lift the man you aid— Seek out the soul that is adrift, Bring gold to help but love to lift, And you shall feel, for every gift, A thousand times repaid. (Copyright.)

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