Saving Money in the Home Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

By ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

EVERYONE values reliable information on how to remove stains. Here are rules in general and formulas in particular:

Some stains may be removed by brushing or rubbing while others must be treated with special stain removers. Absorbents are the simplest and safest cleaning agents. Common ones are blotting paper, talcum, French chalk, fuller's earth, starch, meals and sawdust. These are used chiefly for grease stains, blood and ink stains and freshly spilled liquids. Cover grease spots with a powdered absorber, let stand several hours, then brush. Or lay the material on white blotting or unglazed paper and cover with powder or more paper and apply a warm iron. Repeat, using fresh powder or paper until the stain is removed. Cover dry blood or ink stains with starch paste. When the paste dries and discolors brush off and repeat until the stain disappears. Cover freshly spilled liquors with powder, meal or bits of blotting paper. This prevents the liquid from spreading and sinking into the material.

Use of Solvents.

Solvents dissolve grease, sugar and some other substances that hold stains in fabrics. The most common solvent is water. Others are alcohol, benzine, carbon, tetrachloride, chloroform, ether, gasoline, kerosene and turpentine. Soak washable goods in cold water and wash with cold or tepid water and white soap. Use hot water in the same way or by spreading the stained goods over a bowl and pouring boiling water from a height. Be cautious in using hot water. It sets some stains such as blood, meat juice, milk and egg. In using other solvents place the stained goods over a pad of cloth, using a glass rod or a stick with a rounded end. Work from the edge of the stain toward the center. Surrounding the spot with powder keeps the liquid from spreading and helps to prevent a ring forming. Change the pad as it becomes soiled or wet.

Bleaching agents are to be used only when simpler methods fail, and chiefly for white goods. When boiling water or sunshine with water or frost will not remove stains made by fruit, clear tea and coffee, or ink, bleach with oxalic acid, hydrogen peroxide, potassium permanganate or javelle water. Place the stain over a bowl of hot water and apply the bleaching agent a drop at a time. When the stain changes color dip into the water. Repeat until the stain is removed. Neutralize with ammonia and rinse well. If the stain is obstinate, immerse it in oxalic acid or javelle water, diluted with an equal quantity of hot water. Neutralize with ammonia and rinse. Use javelle water only on white cotton and linen.

Iron rust, bluing and ink stains can be remodved by diluted oxalic or hydrochloric acid applied as for bleaching. Lemon juice and salt may also be used.

How To Make Stain Removers.

Javelle water—One-half pound chloride of lime dissolved in two quarts cold water. One pound washing soda dissolved in one quart boiling water. Pour the clear liquid from the chloride of lime into the soda solution. Let the mixture settle and then strain through a cloth into bottles. Cork and keep in a dark place.

Potassium permanganate—Dissolve one teaspoon crystals in one pint water.

Oxalic acid (mark poison)—Dissolve one ounce crystals in three-quarter cup of hot water.

Hydrogen peroxide.—Add a few drops of ammonia to the hydrogen peroxide just before using. This makes it work more quickly.

How to Remove Common Stains.

Blood and meat juice.—Use cold water and soap or starch paste.

Bluing.—Use boiling water.

Chocolate and cocoa.—Use borax and cold water. Bleach if necessary.

Coffee and tea.—Use boiling water. Bleach if necessary. If the coffee and tea contained cream use cold water, then boiling water.

Cream and milk.—Use cold water then soap and cold water.

Egg.—Use cold water.

Fruit and fruit juices.—Use boiling water. Bleach if necessary.

Grass stains.—Use cold water, then soap and cold water. Alcohol or bleach.

Grease and oils.—Use French chalk, blotting paper or other absorbent, or warm water with soap, or gasoline, benzine, or carbon tetrachloride.

Iodine.—Use warm water and soap, alcohol, or ammonia.

Ink.—Try cold water, then use an acid, or bleach if necessary.

Iron.—Use oxalic acid, hydrochloric acid, or lemon juice and salt.

Kerosene.—Use warm water and soap.

Lampblack and soot—Use kerosene, benzine, chloroform, ether, gasolene or carbon tetrachloride.

Medicine stains—Use alcohol.

Mildew—If fresh, use cold water; otherwise, bleach with javelle water or potassium permanganate.

Paint and varnish—Use alcohol, carbon tetrachloride, chloroform or turpentine.

Perspiration—Use soap and warm water. Bleach in the sun or with javelle water or potassium permanganate.

Pitch, tar and wheel grease—Rub with fat, then use soap and warm water or benzine, gasolene or carbon tetrachloride.

Scorch—Bleach in the sun or with javelle water.

Shoe polish (black)—Use soap and water or turpentine; (tan) use alcohol.

Syrup—Use tepid water.

Stove polish—Use cold water and soap or kerosene, benzine or gasolene.

Vaseline—Use kerosene or turpentine.

Water stains or spots—Steam or sponge the entire surface of spotted materials.

Wax—Scrape off as much as possible. Use French chalk, blotting paper or other absborbent with a warm iron or use benzine or gasolene. If stain remains use alcohol or bleach.

$1 PAID FOR EACH DOLLAR SAVED

How I Saved a Dollar.

Here is a chance for every one to earn a dollar by telling how she has saved a dollar. It may be a dollar or more. It may have been saved in a day or a week. However, all that matters is HOW it was saved.

$1 saved and $1 earned by the telling of the saving makes $2. How about it? Be brief and write only on one side of paper.

I will award a prize of $1 each day for one of the suggestions which I print.

ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

P. S.—If you want a prize, you must be willing to have your name and address used, because that is only fair to other contestants, who have a right to know that each day's prize winner is an actual person. However, I am delighted to have all sorts of ideas sent in, which, if not given a prize, will be printed with initials only and help the other readers.

If your first letter doesn't get a prize, try again. Even if it does, that is no bar to your getting another if your idea is worth it.

E. L.

Kitchen Window Shade At Small Outlay.

Today's Economy prize goes to the following letter:

DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:

I needed a large shade to the kitchen window and found, like everything else, they had increased in price. I determined to experiment before buying. Taking the measurement, I bought for 25 cents the thickest wrapping paper obtainable, at "Morrison's," hemmed my curtain, inserted rod from old curtain, then tacked it on the old roller, hung it up, and found it perfectly satisfactory, saving at least one dollar.

A. C. BOWDLE,
The Clinton Apt.

Start Boys at Work

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever,

DURING the holiday rush, a year ago, a fifteen-year-old boy tried to apply at a big establishment for work as a bundle wrapper, but was afraid to face the foreman and returned home with an excuse. The father took him back, helped him present himself and stayed to watch him begin.

During the season just past that boy was foreman in the wrapping department, starting other timid boys, earning an extra good wage and showing an air of confidence. He has worked faithfully at the place evenings, Saturdays and during one summer vacation, is still at it for a two-hour period at the close of each school day, and now contends that he expects to become a merchant.

Now, all the foregoing account of a high school sophomore may seem very commonplace, but it is not. As a matter of fact, the father carefully saw the youth through with a very critical moment on his career and saved him from the failure of which so many young men are victims.

In the majority of cases, self-confidence does not come easy for a boy. Lack of experience in work, in business and in dealing with business men is often the cause of sufficient timidity to send him back home with a lame excuse, as this boy Arch at first gave evidence.

Then, the fear of being teased or laughed at by those already familiar with the work—the embarrassment of being awkward, or not knowing how to take the next step—this drives many a promising youth shivering back to his parents. Years ago, I waded painfully through this ordeal myself, and have since watched its effects upon many other boys.

So, fear of failure and of awkward blunder is probably a very positive deterrent of a successful beginning in case of your own youthful son, my dear parent-reader.

Wherefore, I want to urge you to stay by him faithfully till he gets started in some kind of creditable work or business. You positively cannot judge as to his future success by observing his slowness to begin. The sensitive, conscientious youth is more likely than not to be scared out of his wits and to threaten to quit the job before he gets started. We may reasonably assume that every youthful ordeal of the class which we help the boy to overcome will add positively to his self-confidence and strength of will for the future.

Get your high-school boy into the employment game. It is not fair to him to permit him to fail to secure and hold some kind of part-time industrial position while attending school. Today the country is desperately short of producers. We need more food, clothing, shelter and other things necessary to sustain normal life. It should be an admission of guilt of both ignorance and selfishness if we permit our big, strong boys to grow up in idleness or in the knowledge of nothing but books.

So I reiterate, help your boy to obtain work. Stay by him through a dozen failures, if need be, till he wins. An old motto says that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Forget it for the present, and substitute this: Some honest dirt on the hands of a youth, as evidence that he is "digging in" as a producer, is a sure step toward higher salvation.

Sold.

"You're looking pretty glum, Brown," remarked Smith, as they met at the station.

"Yes, I'm not feeling too bright," replied Brown. "I said one word to my wife four days ago, and she hasn't spoken to me since."

"Now, Mrs. Smith was a tarter, so Smith got quite excited at this.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "Do you think it would act with my missus?"

"I'm sure it would," replied Brown.

Smith fumbled in his pocket and produced a pounde not which he thrust into Smith's hand with a look of pleading.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Good-by!" Brown told him gently. "You see, my wife has gone to stay with her mother for a week or two."

"Swanee Shore," a Dreaming Southern Waltz Song

By NELL BRINKLEY

Copyright, 1919, International Feature Service, Inc.

"WHY should I be worry-ing when anything goes wrong?
Soon I will be hurrying down where I belong;
Swanee, you're a part of me,
An' I'm a part of you,
So I know there's only one thing left for me to do.
Swanee shore, you are calling me;
Swanee shore, how I long to be down among the cotton and sugar cane,
Where the mocking birds are sweetly singing,
How I long to come back to you,
I'll return when my dreams come true,
And beneath the willow,
I'll make my pillow,
The banks of the Swanee shore."

Here's a song for a Southerner—for the man who holds his knees on the white sand of the Pacific; hears the rustle of palms down the shore, and the voices of tourist children from the ends of the earth. For the Southerner who holds the satin sides of a horse between his knees on the roads of the desert and lifts his eyes to hard, bright blue skies and tenderly, coldly trembling air—that is healthy for a chap's lungs when he's far away from home! For the Southerner who reaps gold in the Far North, and sees his breath stand before him a glittering, frosty cloud, lives in his mackinaw, and hears the pine trees sing profundo under their white loads of snow—and the mountain-maple burst with the cold. For the Southerner in the Yankee city—where he must hurry—and if you've ever lived South you'll know how hard it is for him to do that.

For the Southerner from home. A song that dreams about the things he loves and remembers—and longs to see again. A song that drifts slowly and gently like the black, glancing Southern rivers with their islands of pale-blue flowers a-floating down—down. A song with the sunny, quiet opens—a song with the scented, flowery shadows. A song with the languid swing of the gentle grey moss-banners over idle water. A song with the sweetness of jasmine and honeysuckle. A song that will crush the flavors of the Southland's fruit on his palate and the juice of her dream flowers on his eyelids—and make him dream—and long.

And a song for the Northerner, too—for how *many* of us does a song of Dixie or Swanee spell Romance—and expectation—and memory, sometimes; of wonderful days and lovable people, of songs and flowers and velvet nights—and time to live!

"Why should I be worrying—when anything goes wrong,
Soon I will be hurrying—down where I belong."

You're always carrying up sheets of music and spreading them out on her piano, to play for you. Better remember this one, too.

—*NELL BRINKLEY.*

The Two Voices

A NEW AND ABSORBING AMERICAN ROMANCE

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

CHAPTER XXVI.

(Copyright, 1920, Star Company.)

MRS. COURTNEY urged her older daughter to sleep with her that night instead of going into her own room.

When the light was out and parent and child were lying side by side in the darkness, Mrs. Courtney asked gently:

"Did you have a pleasant call from Ralph Norton?"

Then Doris told her the truth—that Ralph had declared again his love for her and that she doubted if she really loved Hugh.

"The Hugh I used to know is gone—as if he were dead," she mourned. "I am sure that already Ralph is as much to me as Hugh was when he went away."

"But Doris," the mother ventured, "you have not told young Norton this, have you?"

"No—not yet. But he must suspect that I like him very much."

She did not think it worth while to mention the kiss that Ralph had given her. In spite of her sentimental nature, Mrs. Courtney had some old-fashioned ideas of propriety. One of these was that a girl should never accept a kiss from any man unless she were engaged to be married to him.

Mother and daughter talked late. The conclusion they reached was the one for which Doris had hoped. Her mother was not to allow her favorite child to go to see Hugh just yet. It would be too great a strain upon the girl's nerves.

"Ruth must make Mr. Rodney comprehend this," Mrs. Courtney said. "She is so intimate with Laura that it would be better for her to explain rather than for you or me to undertake to do so. Mr. Rodney has shown a disregard for me—so I do not consider that the interview about you need be with me. But he must understand that your health and nerves—as well as Hugh's—are to be considered. Yet, darling, I would not advise you to break your engagement precipitately. I often find that if one refrains from a hasty step, and watches developments, the way is made plain for her."

"Perhaps so," Doris acquiesced. "Oh, mother, you are such a comfort!"

Five minutes later the girl was asleep. Her mother lay motionless for an hour, pondering the question from all angles.

Ralph Norton was a good "catch," but the social position of his family was not as assured as was that of the Rodneys. Mrs. Courtney was a social climber and longed for the prestige to be secured by the marriage of her child with Daniel Rodney's son.

Yet Hugh was blind. That means that he would be a semi-invalid—unless his sight was restored. If it were, and he were to regain his health, Doris would do better to marry him than Ralph.

She sighed. It was a puzzling problem. If Doris discarded Hugh the effect upon him might be as bad as Ruth had stated, although the mother had doubts of this.

"Well, my duty is plain," she told herself at last. "I must look after my child's welfare. For a while at least we need make no move toward breaking her engagement.

"Yet, if we do not, and Doris goes to see Hugh regularly, Ralph may lose patience. He will be sure to call up tomorrow to see how she is. She must tell him that she has no intention of going to the Rodney house yet.

Then the devoted parent fell asleep and dreamed that Doris was married to Ralph Norton and driving with him in an automobile, while Hugh, a blind man in rags, sat at the roadside begging alms.

"Such a strange dream as I had," she told Ruth the next morning at breakfast. "The more I thing about it, the more I am moved to believe that it came to me as a sort of intimation as to what course I ought to take in a matter I have in mind."

"Yes?" Ruth rejoined absent-mindedly. "By the way, please do not let Doris forget to telephone to Mr. Rodney as soon as she comes down."

"She is not getting up for breakfast," Mrs. Rodney said with an air of determination that her daughter knew only too well.

She remembered it from childhood. It always warned the observer that Mrs. Courtney had come to some conclusion from which she was not to be swerved.

"Isn't she well?" Ruth questioned, her heart sinking as she foresaw complications that would involve Hugh's welfare.

"She is tired and nervous. I had her sleep in my room last night, and urged her to lie still this morning. I will have to get you to tell Mr. Rodney this. She cannot go there this morning."

"When will she go?" Ruth's question was asked with a gentleness that gave no suggestion of the fires of indignation smoldering beneath the surface.

Mrs. Courtney was good at avoiding an issue. She would temporize. "That is for Doris to decide," she replied. "Certainly she cannot go today."

"Then I must ask her when she will go," Ruth said, as, having finished her reakfast, she folded her napkin and pushed her chair back from the table.

"You can ask her this evening," the parent remarked.

"Since I am to telephone for her this morning I must find out now," Ruth rejoined. "Unless"—pausing on her way to the door—"you will explain to Mr. Rodney?"

"I certainly will not!" Mrs. Courtney snapped. "You are the one to do it."

"Then," was the quiet comment, "I am the one to get Doris' decision. I will go to her at once for it."

(To Be Continued.)

The Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

HE was an independent soul; you read it in his stride, and from the way his eyes would roll you saw that freedom was his goal; he preached it far and wide. When others did the Turkey Trot, that dance he never tried. He said he thought it tommyrot, and so he chucked it on the spot and did the Gander Glide. He wore a hat of purple hue to prove himself exempt from choosing things that others do, and full dress suits, he held taboo. While forks were his contempt. He was an independent wight who never could agree with things all other folks thought right; in fact, he found his chief delight in argument, you see. He spent long years in Timbuctoo, but home at last came he, and friends who saw him fled from view to seek tall timbers, pastures new, where'er he might not be. For, lo! he brought a pet giraffe to keep him company. He said the fellow made him laugh, but friends could never stand the gaff, and so they had to flee. For everywhere that chappie went, his pet must tag along and folks who pay apartment rent say that their homes were never meant to house a neck so long. But did this independent guy pay heed to what they said? Quoth he: "The apple of my eye, I'll keep this dear giraffe close by," and home his pet he led. This dauntless chap was wed one day (now dismal grows my chant). She caught him napping, so they say, and nabbed him in a heartless way, this pretty debutante. And so, what of his freedom now, what of his fair giraffe? He spends his mornings with the cow and helps the cook prepare the chow, while all his comrades laugh.

Late Book Reviews

THE TRUE LAFAYETTE. By George Morgan, with twenty-six illustrations. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott & Company.

"La Fayette is made alive for us at the start by his own story of the wolf he yearned to meet and do to death in the woods at Chavaniac, in the Haute-Loire, where he was born on the 6th of September, 1757, and where, next day, in the church by the chateau, he was christened Marie Paul Roche Yves Gilbert du Motier. This posthumous child, this lordling with names stroung upon him like beads upon a rosary, this lad who, at eight, as champion of his mother's flocks, bristled against a depredating wolf, was destined, we now know, to meet many terrible wolves; and such wolves!—wolves of thousand-year-old privileges, of despotism, of anarchy."

It is with such a beginning that the author starts upon his thrilling tale of the man whose name is linked with that of the Father of His Country whenever American patriots gather. And with an intimate touch and camera-like accuracy, the real humanness of Marquis de La Fayette is maintained to the end. The long, gangling, awkward, red-haired youth, "with receding forehead," who followed the beacon of liberty ever shining before his eyes across the mighty ocean, is brought to the reader as upon a screen. The picture, once seen, cannot be forgotten. It makes of the hero of the revolution more than a mere name.

La Fayette, whose name is borne proudly by counties, towns and colleges in the land he helped to make free, has in the years passing since the triumph at Yorktown become a truly American hero. Furthermore, Mr. Morgan's book is distinctly of a timely nature, since Gen. John J. Pershing, on his arrival in France at the head of the first American troops ever to be seen on the European continent, descended to the tomb of the Marquis in Picqus Cemetery and spoke those historic words "La Fayette, we are here," thus calling striking attention to the lofty position held by the memory of George Washington's friend and fellow soldier.

It is with friendly interest we are told of La Fayette's birth amid the dark forests of Chavaniac, haunted by the shadows of Vercingetorix, who battled so bravely against the trained hosts of Julius Caesar. The magnificent scenic beauties of the Auvergne, "the backbone of France," are told so as to offer a necessary background for the ancient Motier family and its illustrious characters, of which Gilber du Motier was neither the last nor the least.

"Sieur Motier," as Carlyle called him, sprang from a family old in the feudal days, holding the fief known as Fayette. The Motiers were soldiers, many falling in the Crusades. Colonel La Fayette, father of Washington's companion, fell at Minden July 12-13, 1757, leading his French troops against the enemy. Thus his son was left to the training of his estimable mother and his two aunts, one of whom, Mme. La Comtesse de Chavaniac, was especially well fitted for the task.

"That he was the last of his family, we are old—a marquis in his cradle, sole hope of his line—could not be forgotten by his mother, his grandmother—a woman of strong character and excellent principles, descended from one of the sturdy mountain races of Auvergne, the Suat de Chavaniac—nor by his two aunts, who made their homes in the chateau."

He was in college at Paris at the age of twelve when his mother died. Shortly after his grandfather passed away, leaving him extremely wealthy. In April, 1774, he married Marie Adrieane Francoise de Noailles, second daughter of the Duc d'Ayen, later Duc de Noailles, rich and of a powerful family dating back to the Crusades.

Attending a dinner at Metz, La Fayette heard dispatches from America read to William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III. He was greatly interested, interrogating the Duke concerning America at some length. It was then, in 1776, that the young French nobleman formed the idea of offering his services to the struggling colonists. The idea of fighting for liberty, a new thought in Europe then, exerted a great influence upon his imagination and he finally sailed from Los Pasajes, a port of Spain, on Sunday, April 20, 1777, in Le Victoire, which he had bought and fitted up himself. After fifty-four days La Fayette and his companions landed at Winyah, or Georgetown Bay, a degree north of Charleston, S. C.

Riding to Philadelphia, where he offered his services to the Continental Congress, he was rebuffed and given an opportunity only after convincing General Washington of his sincerity. La Fayette became a member of Washington's staff. His career with the colonial army is well known. He was wounded slightly in the leg at Brandywine and, later, given high command of the forces in Virginia, finally closing with the victory over Cornwallis at Yorktown.

Returning to his own land, La Fayette was in time to bear his part in the tumultuous scenes attending the downfall of autocracy. He organized the Garde Republicaine and strove with might and main to protect the lives of the royal family. Forced to flee, he was captured by the Austrians and imprisoned at Olmutz, a fortress dungeon, for five years and one month, during which his health greatly failed. His wife and two daughters, finding him there, joined him for the latter half of his imprisonment.

Released, La Fayette struggled with the remnants of his property, living as a gentleman farmer. In 1824 he visited the United States, where he was made a hero. He assisted in the foundation of Bunker Hill monument, at Boston, and visited every State in the Union, twenty-four in number then.

Trudging through the rain in the funeral procession of a life-long friend, La Fayette was taken ill and, after much suffering, died on May 20, 1834, the beloved hero of two countries, his own and his adopted United States.

This book is suitably illustrated and, with its wealth of notes, deserves to be read by all who have an interest in liberty and those who have offered their lives to obtain and defend it.