



Economy Corner

A Few Hints for Laundering.

Using an old sheet double it as many times as it will cover the board. This will make four or five thicknesses, which are laid smoothly and tacked on the board all at once. When the top layer becomes soiled, it is cut off and there is the board with a clean cover.

When covering the ironing-board with a blanket or padding, tack it along the edges only, so that both sides and the ends are smoothly covered. Then make an unbleached ironing sheet the size of board, with large end left open to slip on like a pillowcase. If well fitted, both sides of the board can be used; it will look neat and there will be no pins or nails to tear hands or clothing.

A Handy Iron Cleaner.

A very practical little contrivance for use when ironing consists of a block of wood about five inches square. Five holes are bored in this block and filled with beeswax. These are covered with a piece of muslin. The other side of the block is covered with emery-cloth. The emery side of the block is used to rub the iron on if the starch sticks and the wax side gives the iron smoothness.

Old flat-irons become rusty, but a

coat of aluminum enamel paint makes them neat and clean. No more flakes of rust or smudge to drop off on white garments when ironing. They can be washed and the heat does not affect the enamel, as it is the kind used on radiators. One coat is sufficient, and a small can will do for coating a number of irons.

Useful Ironing Blanket.

Make an ironing blanket for embroidered articles and laces from a square of white outing flannel, and one of Turkish toweling, neatly bound together. The Turkish side is used for faces and insertions, as the loose threads in ironing are forced up through the lace, while the other side is used for embroideries.

For Cleaning and Polishing Irons.

Saturate a cloth with water, wring partially dry, rubbing soap thoroughly on it. Place on several thicknesses of paper. Rub iron over it several times, pressing hard, to remove starch and roughness. The result is surprising, as it makes the surface of iron perfectly clean and smooth.

This is the best and most economical way of cleaning irons, doing away with the use of ironing wax or any cleanser for irons.

My Lady in Silk Attire



It looks as if the time were not far away when women will discuss "undersilks" instead of "undersuits," for silk has invaded the realm of cotton and is flourishing there astonishingly. Just as the silk stocking is not looked upon now as a luxury but as a necessity of good dressing, and its use enormously increased, so silk undergarments are making place for themselves. Women find them desirable because they are fine and they prove to be as dainty and as durable as fine batiste or other delicately woven cottons. And the sheen and "feel" of silk are insidious—it is the easiest thing in the world to cultivate the silk habit and next to impossible to break it.

The shops are showing silk underclothes that are moderately priced along with more silk undergarments that are high priced. But price means nothing to the girl of today—if she has it—to buy the thing she wants when she wants it. There is a popular and a growing demand for silk undergarments which means that the wanted garments will be supplied in increasing numbers and that the prices will not be likely to go higher.

The silk most used for undergarments is crepe de chine in white and flesh pink. For ornament, hemstitching, French knots, simple embroidery and val or flet lace, especially in insertions, are all equally popular. Other wash silks, including taffeta, and wash satins find advocates who like them as well as crepe de chine. They all wash easily, the crepe looking especially well after it is tubbed. They should be wrung with wringer, not twisted in the hand, folded in a sheet and ironed while still a little damp with an iron that is only moderately hot.

An underslip of plain white taffeta appears in the picture, this particular

model having a baby bodice and gathered skirt set on to a waist band. Many underslips are cut like a chemise, without a waistband. The most popular silk garment is the envelope chemise of crepe de chine. It is worn over the corset and without bloomers or drawers in warm weather. But there is a final chapter to the story of silk underwear, short and sweet and not ever destined to be so important as that which is told in the foregoing paragraphs. It is written in georgette crepe. This very diaphanous and exquisite material makes corset covers and chemise that are the last word in daintiness—and extravagance, for it is sometimes used double, being otherwise too transparent.

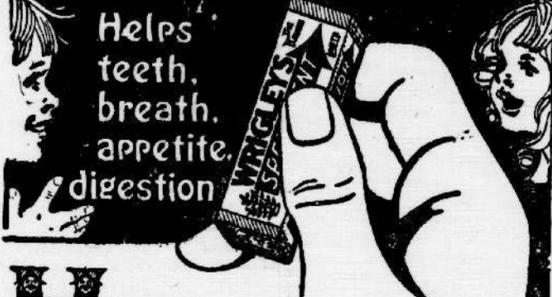
Julie Bottonaly

Jade in Millinery.
Jade green is one of the new shades that is catching on well in the local millinery trade. Not only is it seen in various types of hats, including models in taffeta and split straw, but it is also taking well in the trimmings. Jade ostrich plumes are shown in steadily increasing numbers, and are used to trim models both of a similar shade and of black. A popular use is plumes laid flat on the upper brim.

Inexpensive Dye.

Take the skins of dried onions and boil them; strain the juice, then put in material you wish to dye and boil the desired color, either a light or darker tan. Just fine to color white stockings a pretty shade of tan or cream, and also fine for coloring curtains that have been washed quite often, and also silk waists. This is very satisfactory for silk, but not so good for cotton.

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Pardonable Curiosity.

"Gabe Sogback got hold of a drink or two of bone-dry licker tuther evening and went home and threwed himself on the bed, face down," related a citizen of Sandy Mush, Ark. "As soon as he was asleep his wife took and tied him fast by the four corners, spread out like a capital letter 'X,' and beat and mauled him with a wagon spoke till she mighty nigh smashed him flat. A passel of us fellers going by heard the hooraw, and, 'lowing a varmint was killing somebody, went in, and sorter persuaded Mizzus Sogback to turn Gabe loose. She said she had whipped him b'cuz she loved him. I reckon that was all right, but I'm sorter curious to know what she'd a-did to him if she'd—p'tul—hated him."—Kansas City Star.

Peace Epigrams.

At a dinner the other night to Edward Price Bell, the well-known American journalist, several epigrams were related about the peace terms. The Americans described it as "a peace with a punch." An English speaker said he had heard it described as "a peace with a vengeance."

I may add as the expression of the feelings of the ordinary man who has had to work through the 10,000 words, that it is a peace that passeth understanding.—Manchester Guardian.

Which Had Which?

Mother had taken Joe and John to the doctor's for an examination as the teacher had suggested. At the supper table that night she reported the verdict to father. "The doctor says they have adenoids and bad tonsils," she told him.

Father looked surprised but before he could speak, up piped six-year-old John: "Which one of 'em is mine, mom, and which one is Joe's?"

A Precision.

"You object to the term, 'Demon Rum?'"
"I do. Demons are not supposed to have any real natural existence. But there is nothing mythological about hard liquor."

First Land Sale.

We should say the first land sale on record was the purchase of the field of Machpelah by Abraham, who paid 400 shekels of silver for the field in which he buried his wife.

Speed.

Morebanks—"Does your stenographer work very fast?" Bankmore—"Oh, about two packages of gum a day."

It is never safe to judge a woman's courage by the way she manages to avoid an interview with a mouse.

It is in the narrowest part of the defile that the valleys begin to open.—Persian Proverb.

Don't force Nature by using violent cathartics. Wright's Indian Vegetables Pills help Nature gently but surely by tonic and laxative action.—adv.

It is awfully hard for a genius to keep his name on the pay roll.

Good Recommendation.
"Who was that man who taught you not to forget anything?" "Why, it was—ah—er—it—was"—Farm Life.

THE SPOILERS

Spill if you will but don't waste. This advice as curious as it may appear is daily given to classes of smart women who are interesting themselves in domestic science as applied to every-day kitchen problems.

Today, housewives whether rich or poor are equally concerned in the world-wide service of eliminating waste. Not only at their clubs but in their daily practices at home, each woman is busy reducing the little losses here and there in order to increase the purchasing power of her dollar or dime as the case may be.

Every housewife will quickly detect any inferiority of her matches. The warning "war-time quality" is not necessary in order for her detection, but it is not so easy with baking powder. Too often she judges its quality by the price or the size of the package. Perhaps it would be better to say that she misjudges by these methods.

Take a concrete example—a 10-cent cup of highest quality baking powder such as Calumet, of which it is only necessary to use one level spoonful to the cup of flour, represents a real economy as compared with the Big Can, fully double the size containing mostly some cheap filler which is used chiefly for the purpose of satisfying those who want a lot for their money and who practice the false economy of overlooking the real service that quality goods give. Just as a bottle of cream is worth more than a bottle of milk, twice its size, so is a box of quality matches or a bar of good soap worth two of poor grade.—Adv.

Well, Wasn't It.

A London train was waiting in a dim station at the end of a dull afternoon. A nearsighted woman hurried down the aisle, peering at the passengers, and at last, as she dropped into a seat besides another woman, exclaimed with a sigh of relief:

"Oh, it's you!"
"Certainly not!" snapped a startled stranger, turning.

Whereupon the mistaken traveler hastily apologized. "I beg your pardon—but it's so dark in here I was quite sure you were."—London Tit-Bits.

High Finance.

Virginia's mother had given her a dime to spend, while Marjorie's mother had only given her a nickel. The children decided to spend this money. On the way to the store Marjorie said: "Virginia, I'll trade you my big nickel for your little one," and Virginia, tempted by the size, traded.

When the pantry is left unlocked the small boy gets his desserts.

Don't offer odds to the elevator boy or he'll take you up.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney or bladder disease. If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble. Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions. Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Mean Man, This!

She was a charming little thing, but she was not familiar with the country and its ways. Still, although she was from London, that great brute of a cousin of hers had no right to attempt to deceive her. He had volunteered to show her round the farm, and by and by they strolled into the cow-shed.

"Dear me, how closely the poor cows are crowded together!" she remarked.

"Yes," he said, "but you see, we're obliged to pack them close."

"Why?"
"So that they'll give condensed milk," he said, without a blush.

And the dear girl smiled, and said she hadn't thought of that.—London Tit-Bits.

A Real Difficulty.

Ben Turpin, the famous cross-eyed comedian, tells that on one occasion he approached two small Liverpool boys and asked one of them to carry his bag to the station.

"Which one, mister?" piped both urchins in chorus.

"You," said Ben.
"But which one?"
"You," patiently explained the funny man. There was a pause. Then one of the small boys mustered up courage and said:

"Please, mister, if you'll close one eye then maybe we can tell which of us you are talking to."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Pussy in Danger.

The cat settled herself comfortably in front of the kitchen range and began to purr. Little Dolly, who was strange to the ways of cats, regarded her with horror.

"Oh, gran'ma, gran'ma," she cried. "Come here quick. The cat's beginning to boil."

Preachers ought to get a good salary; it is church money, you know.

Care and Responsibility.

THE responsibility attached to the preparing of a remedy for infants and children is undoubtedly greater than that imposed upon the manufacturer of remedies for adults whose system is sufficiently strong to counteract, for a time at least, any injurious drug. It is well to observe that Castoria is prepared today, as it has been for the past 40 years, under the personal supervision of Mr. Chas. H. Fletcher.

What have makers of imitations and substitutes at stake? What are their responsibilities? To whom are they answerable? They spring up today, scatter their nefarious wares broadcast, and disappear tomorrow.

Could each mother see the painstaking care with which the prescription for Fletcher's Castoria is prepared: could they read the innumerable testimonials from grateful mothers, they would never listen to the subtle pleadings and false arguments of those who would offer an imitation of, or substitute for, the tried and true Fletcher's Castoria.

Children Cry For



A Word About Truth.

"Great is Truth, and mighty above all things." So says the Old Testament, yet it is equally true to-day. Truth shows no favors, fears no enemies.

From the inception of Fletcher's Castoria, Truth has been the watchword, and to the conscientious adherence to this motto in the preparation of Fletcher's Castoria as well as in its advertising is due the secret of its popular demand.

All imitations, all substitutes, all just-as-good preparations lack the element of Truth, lack the righteousness of being, lack all semblance even in the words of those who would deceive.

And you! Mothers, mothers with the fate of the World in your hands, can you be deceived? Certainly not.

Fletcher's Castoria is prepared for Infants and Children. It is distinctly a remedy for the little-ones. The BABY'S need for a medicine to take the place of Castor Oil, Paregoric and Soothing Syrup was the sole thought that led to its discovery. Never try to correct BABY'S troubles with a medicine that you would use for yourself.

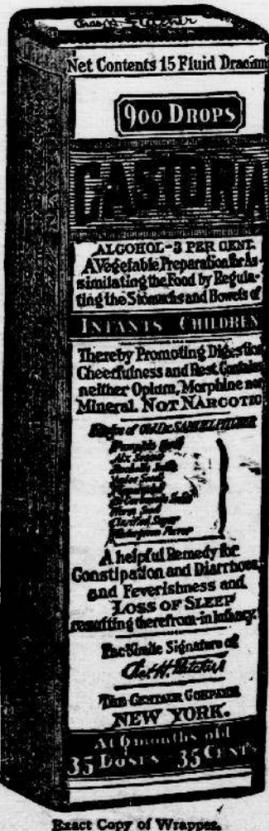
MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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