

HELPING A FRIEND

By CHARLES TURNER ROSS.

"What a charming man," said Miss Ada Rankin.

Her practical father noticed her flushed cheeks and shining eyes critically. Then he propounded:

"How long will he last?"

Ada shivered. She had not thought of that. She and her father had been interested for years in mission work over in the poor section of Ironton. Philanthropically inclined, Mr. Rankin and some other charitable minded men of wealth in the rich section of the town had financed the movement, and Ada and her girl friends had done a good deal of missionary work to help along.

Three ministers in turn had essayed to "reform the humble and erring." They had failed signally. One remained only a month, his fastidiousness taking alarm at the constant proximity of rags and dirt. A second essayed to quiet a riot on the rear benches and was unmercifully belabored. The latest incumbent had antagonized "the scoffers," who were denominated as "lost souls," and they had forthwith forbidden their wives and children from "going nigh to that gospel shop."

Rev. Abbott Winslow had met with considerable success in conducting a large mission in the heart of the slums of a big city. He had overworked himself and his physicians had ordered less arduous labor. Mr. Rankin had heard of him. Mr. Winslow had been invited to meet a group of representative local business men of Ironton interested in missionary progress. He

advised contributed liberally to the collection box at the mission.

It was the day after the visit of Mr. Winslow to Ironton that Jim entertained a friend in his room, just arrived, as if from a journey.

"Well, Darcy," he submitted, "what's the layout?"

"Bad, Jim. If your friend goes to Ironton there's a gang there ready to smash him."

"Our kind?"

"No. Just the rough, prejudiced factory crowd. They've been nagged and tagged by the wrong kind of soul-savers till they think it's hades anyway for them, so they take a delight in raising it on home territory."

"Won't be tamed, eh?"

"I should say, no. You see, it's a big fight there where they dispense the hotstuff. Only one license is allowed by the town and another will never be issued when that one expires. It's when the bad ones get fired up that the trouble commences. Cut out the booze and the leading place and the mission might draw."

"Who runs it?" asked Jim thoughtfully.

"A man named Ward. He is a consumptive and wants to sell out to go South. Why, where are you going?"

As Jim in his impetuous way put on his hat and started for the door:

"Back to where you came from, Ironton. I've got my tip. There's ten dollars for your work. Thanks."

The Golden Horn, for such was the name of the one tavern in Ironton, changed hands one week later, James Frawley, sole proprietor. If Jim's method of reaching a final goal of good at the cost of incidental wickedness of no ordinary character along his line of progress was crude, it had sensational embellishments.

Mr. Winslow, arriving at Ironton and beginning his duties, was amazed to find this "brand from the burning" dispensing fluid to the west and thirsty of Ironton. He met Jim on the street and hinted gently at his backward step. Jim was iron. He knew his business—good day!

None of the brawlers invaded the mission. Jim kept them too busy for that. He ran the Golden Horn at a mad-race pace. He dispensed free cigars and liquor lavishly. He encouraged brawls, he sold to minors and at the end of two weeks his various misdemeanors justified the authorities in canceling his license and closing up the place.

"I'm through," announced Jim blandly, appearing unexpectedly before Rev. Abbott Winslow one day. "The only liquor license in Ironton is canceled and there'll never be another one. I bought out the Golden Horn, so I own the lease. I'm thinking of fitting it up as a gymnasium and club for the crowd and gently drift 'em up against you, see?"

There were no half way measures about Mr. James Frawley. He had money, he was loyal to his friend, he decided to become rascal and reformer combined. Some of his old customers drifted across country to a distant grocery when they needed refreshment. Most of them fell unsuspectingly under the wiles of Jim's plan.

"I hardly know what to say in the way of gratitude for your great aid to Mr. Winslow," said Miss Rankin, meeting Jim on the street one day.

"Don't try to," "Baggie" in Cheshire means dinner. "What's use? Ah can't find my old weakut." "Well, it's warm enough. The can't get out of the old weakut." "Nay; that Ah canna. Ah've left my false teeth in 't pockets."

"Then that'll ha' to starve. Ah gave that weakut to 't raganan this morning."—London Mail.

Likely to Go Hungry.

An old Cheshire woman called to her lord and master: "Jabez! Will 't come 't 't baggin'?"

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Ferns as Weeds.

Of the 200 species of ferns native to this country a few have become more or less serious weed pests. The most troublesome are the hay-scented fern and the brake. According to a recent bulletin of the department of Agriculture, cutting off the tops close to the soil surface twice a year for two years will kill out nearly all ferns.

—Scientific American.

Some Amusement.

"I'm surprised to hear that lecturers do so well in Boston."

"Why so?"

"I thought Boston people were well posted on every subject. What have they to learn from a lecturer?"

"Maybe they go to see how well the lecturer is posted."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Well, I should clearly enunciate! Tomorrow's her birthday. See these bundles? All presents for her. There's a pair of trousers made to my measurement, three neckties, half a dozen big linen handkerchiefs, a pair of shoes that she could slip down and sit in, a seven and one-eighth derby hat, a briarwood pipe, and four pounds of tobacco. They're all for her," and the little man laughed till he dropped most of his packages.

Next forenoon the same two happened to ride downtown together, and the little man had his packages.

"How did your wife enjoy the presents?" asked the sympathetic man.

"I don't see what business you have inquiring into my private affairs, str. If I choose to get these things exchanged, I don't have to advertise the fact!"

'Tis Ever Thus.

After a man has been defeated by a few votes his friends know just where they could have obtained the required number to elect him, had they suspected the race was going to be so close.

MATTER HAD BEEN SETTLED

Sympathetic Man Had Little Doubt as to Who Was Head of One Particular House.

"I reckon I'm getting into the game now," chuckled the little man on the tram car as he hugged his packages and smiled at the sympathetic man with glasses who sat next.

"I don't quite understand, my friend."

"Of course not, but it's this way. You see, it's kind of an open question up at our house, whether she or I is the head of the family, and we're both doing the cunning act just to feel our way. On my birthday she had saved up enough of my own money to buy me some presents. What I got was a diamond ring that's so small that she has to wear it, a lot of toilet skin for our common sleeping room, and a pair of kid gloves that happened to be her number. I took it all so meekly that she thinks she's the boss, and that I aren't enter a protest."

"Wouldn't it be well to assert yourself—just enough, you know?"

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Bagdad the Magnificent

BAGDAD has been the rendezvous of generations of the most skillful of European diplomats and secret agents, and is one of the most important strategic centers in the near East. It is the dominant city of the eastern part of the Ottoman empire, yielding little in importance to its great sister metropolis on the Bosphorus. As Constantinople is the guarding heart and brain of Turkey in the west, so Bagdad is the strength of the empire's eastern defense. Within its boundaries are the administrators, the officers, the supply depots and the bureaus for organization, operation and supply, which constitute the backbone of defense in the whole Mesopotamia division of the Ottoman empire. The National Geographic Society.

The ancient city, moreover, lies upon the natural line of communication between Persia and the West, and between the West and the Persian Gulf. Three ancient caravan routes, one from Khorassan, another up the Euphrates into Syria and the last up the Tigris to the Armenian plateau and to the Black sea behind it, were the elements of Bagdad's trading strength in ancient times. Today its importance is almost wholly bound up in the potential wealth of its surrounding plains, watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates, where some of the earth's earliest civilizations dawned, flourished, decayed and sank into oblivion; and in its dominating position upon the limbs of communication between India, Persia and the West.

Now a Decaying City.

Bagdad the Magnificent is now a decaying city, and the years that have rolled by since Turkish overlordship

modern Bagdad contemplated industries for the manufacture of native materials supplied with this fuel. Before the discovery of oil, Bagdad's industry was hampered by the exorbitant prices which coal brought in this region, so distant from its source of production—\$15 and \$20 a ton. Bitumen and asphalt lakes and springs abound on the northern reaches of the Tigris, and promise riches to a future Bagdad.

Its People Are Shiite Arabs.

The city has a population of about two hundred thousand, and is governed by a pasha, who is assisted by a council. The pasha comes from Constantinople. There is some difference between the ruling Turks from Constantinople and the native Arab population of Bagdad, as the Turks are Sunnites and the Arabs are Shiites. This religious difference has many times prevented harmonious co-operation between the Turk and Arab.

The city does an annual trade in normal times in imports and exports of about fifteen million dollars, buying oil, cheap cotton, shoes and other western manufactures, and selling hides, wool and dates. Germany, England and Russia have been the strongest dealers in diplomacy and commerce at Bagdad.

The city lies about five hundred miles from the Persian Gulf, following the course of the river. The Tigris, like the Danube, is the great water highway of an agricultural country, and it is the main artery of Bagdad's external traffic. It maintains, in times of peace, steam communication with its port toward the Persian Gulf by means of one British and one Turkish line of steamers. Steamer service on

the Tigris ends at Bagdad, though sailing vessels ascend much higher up the river. Two lines of telegraph, one British and one Turkish, formerly connected the city with Europe, while the Euphrates furnishes a water highway through many hundreds of miles to the northwest.

Bagdad and Teheran, for years diplomats' chief near eastern theaters of strategic endeavor, have been places of keenest interest to the foreign offices of England, Russia and Germany. In these two cities, the one the second city of the Turkish empire and the other the capital of the decaying Persia, the great game of eastern politics was fought at close range with all the dexterity which the great empires could bring to bear.

He Just Plied Her.

Here's the latest in the way of kisses: Exit the lingering kiss, the soft kiss, and the bird peck. Enter the sympathetic kiss. "I did not assault this lady. I kissed her because I felt sorry for her when she told me that her husband did not love her as she wanted him to." This is what a man told a New York magistrate when he was arraigned to answer a charge of assault preferred by the kissable woman. "What kind of a kiss would you call it?" asked the magistrate. "I would call it purely a sympathetic kiss," said the sympathetic one. But the magistrate had never heard of a sympathetic smack. So it was the cooler for the sorrowful man.



STREET SCENE IN BAGDAD

first began for Mohammedan lands of the near East has seen it sink slowly in importance as a mart for international trade, as a station on the path of the rich merchandise caravans from the East and West, and as the center of a land of abundant harvest. It is still, however, the second city in the empire, and its loss to the Turk would be relatively almost as great as the loss of Chicago would be to the United States. But more than this, the nation of the West controlling Bagdad would control the whole fruitful area between the Tigris and the Euphrates; would dominate the Persian Gulf, and would exercise a powerful influence in the affairs of southern Persia.

Bagdad has awakened during recent years, and has given its strength to schemes for reclaiming the vast waste areas about it by irrigation. It planned the expenditure of \$150,000,000 for the reclamation of 12,500,000 acres, and as an immediate project it decided upon the reclaiming of a tract of more than three million acres. A new order of things began for the time-burdened city in the few years before the outbreak of the war, and hints of the nervous, keen, hasty, modern life of the West were multiplying. The restless beat of the American oil engine was replacing more deliberate ways of the donkeys and heat-oppressed human. Oil wells were sunk in the Karun river region, south of Bagdad, and American well drills were employed. Oil refineries were built here, and

car, broke into ejaculations of joy and wonder. The harder the G.A. swept the brisaker, burned the broom, and the louder the Italians ejaculated. There was no putting out the blaze—the straw was dry and it went like paper. In an incredibly short time there was nothing left but a broomstick. Then the G.A. got mad. He turned on the howling Italians and chased them, chased them half a block, and made them lose their car. Coming back, he met a dog that dared snarl at him, and he broke the stick over the animal's head. Then he went in and finished his smoke.

Passing of the Scepter.

"Of course," said the bachelor thoughtfully, "there can be no such thing as joint rule in a family. Some one must be the head." "True; but the scepter passes from one to another." "How?" "Well, at the beginning of married life the husband holds it; then it gently and unobtrusively passes to the wife, and he never gets it back again." "She keeps it forever?" "Oh, no; the baby gets it next."

LOST BROOM AND TEMPER

Groceryman the Center of Little Tragedy Which Newspaper Man Was Privileged to Witness.

If a contriv had sent this tale in we should have filed it quick, believing it to be a yarn, remarks the Cleveland Leader. But since we were so fortunate as to witness the little tragedy, it must be a true story.

He was a fat German-American groceryman. His shop is well out on the edge of town. The other morning after he had filled all his orders and started his boy out to make the delivery rounds, he sat down for a little rest and a quiet puff at his pipe. He snapped his blasting match through his thumb and finger, as was always his habit, once his pipe was going, to hear it sing. This time he didn't notice where it fell. A crackling noise made him look around, and he saw a broom blazing up. Grabbing the broom he ran to the street, where he began to sweep the sidewalk so vigorously that a half dozen sons of Italy, who were there waiting for a

IN THE SCHOOL LUNCH

SANDWICHES NECESSARILY PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART.

So Great a Variety Is Possible That the Children Will Not Soon Tire of Them—Some Substitutes for Meat.

Well-prepared sandwiches should form an important part of every school lunch. They are easily made and should be very wholesome and palatable. Variety is the spice of life here as elsewhere, and there should be at least two kinds of sandwiches in each lunch. The number and kind may be varied from day to day.

Cut the bread for sandwiches into thin slices of uniform thickness with a sharp knife, and spread the butter evenly over both slices of bread in order to keep that may be used from making the sandwiches soggy or indigestible. Sandwiches made several hours before they are to be eaten should be wrapped in a moist cloth and kept in a cool place, or wrapped in wax paper, to prevent them from drying or absorbing odors.

In giving these directions for making sandwiches, Miss Sab Bell of the University of Missouri, college of agriculture, says little about meat sandwiches because most people are familiar with the ordinary ham sandwich, and in many cases such meat substitutes as peanut butter, eggs or cheese should be used instead of the more expensive meats.

Here are some good sandwich materials:

Bread and Butter.—Cut the bread in thin slices. Spread the butter evenly on both slices and press together.

Lettuce.—Make a bread-and-butter sandwich and place a leaf of crisp lettuce, washed and thoroughly dried, between the two slices. Put a teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing on the lettuce leaf.

Nuts.—Make a lettuce sandwich, spread one side with nuts, chopped fine, and mixed with good dressing.

Chicken.—Chop cold boiled chicken and moisten with mayonnaise dressing. Spread between bread. Add a lettuce leaf.

Eggs.—Chop the whites of hard boiled eggs very fine. Mix the yolks with mayonnaise dressing and season with pepper and salt. Add the whites and spread between bread. Lettuce may be used also.

Dates.—Make a filling of one-half cupful of stoned dates, one-half cupful of sweet cream, spread between slices of buttered bread.

Pimento and Cheese.—Make a filling of one-half cupful of cream cheese and one-fourth cupful of chopped pimento, two tablespoonfuls salad dressing, salt and pepper. Spread on butter evenly. Cottage cheese may be used or the pimento may be left out.

Peanut Butter.—Peanuts ground and mixed with a salad dressing make an excellent filling. The commercial peanut butter may also be used. Spread evenly between buttered bread. A crisp lettuce leaf adds to the attractiveness of this sandwich.

Beef Patties.

Take thick slices of bread—a week old if it can be obtained—make them the desired form and size with a tin cutter; scoop out the middle to receive the mince; dip each piece of bread into cream and when drained brush them with the white of egg; dredge bread crumbs or bread raspings over them; fry in good fresh butter, then fill them with the following mince, made hot: Shred one pound undercooked beef, a little fat and lean together; season with pepper or cayenne, salt and little onion or shallot.

Delicious Roast Lamb.

To give an entirely new and delicious flavor to a leg of lamb prepare it in this way: Squeeze over it the juice of half a lemon, then sprinkle with a teaspoonful of onion juice, and finally spread with a thin coat of any acid jelly, preferably currant. Baste with the drippings in the pan, which are flavored with the melted jelly and other ingredients with which the lamb is spread.

New Way to Clean Silver.

I have discovered a way to clean silverware and I think work done by this method is superior to that done by bought polish. Beat to a stiff froth the white of an egg, and to this add enough soda to make a stiff paste. First wash and thoroughly dry silver, then scour with the paste until all dark places are removed. Now rinse in cold water and it will be perfectly clean.—Exchange.

Cocunut Custard Pudding.

One-half cupful prepared cocconut, two cupfuls milk, one-quarter cupful sugar, one cupful breadcrumbs, yolk one egg, a little nutmeg, one teaspoonful butter. Soak cocconut and breadcrumbs in milk an hour. Bake about an hour. Frost with white of one egg beaten, two tablespoonfuls powdered sugar and one tablespoonful cocconut. Brown slightly in oven.

Orange Trifle.

One teaspoonful gelatin, one-fourth cupful boiling water, one-fourth cupful cold water and three-fourths cupful of cream whipped, one-half teaspoonful lemon juice, grated rind of one-half orange. Soak gelatin in cold water, add sugar and fruit juices, strain in chilled bowl, cool, beat until it begins to thicken, fold in beaten cream and mold.

Keeping Yeast.

Where convenient purchase yeast cakes just before using. However, the yeast will remain fresh and sweet for a week or ten days if kept in a cool, dry place, preferably a refrigerator. A slight discoloration has no effect on the quality of yeast. If it is firm, it is suitable for use—if too soft to handle, it must be used.

When Baking Potatoes.

Butter potatoes when putting them into the oven to bake, as the fat softens the skin and makes a more attractive vegetable to serve.

SIMPLE DANCE FROCK

ESPECIALLY DAINTY IN DESIGN, AND EASILY MADE.

Net Flounces, So Popular This Year, Constitute the Principal Trimming—Wide Silk Girdle Should Be Worn With It.

It would not be possible to find a simpler or more easily made little frock for misses and small women than is shown in this design. The lines are good and are easily put together by the home dressmaker, and the Spanish flounces can be made of bordered or plain or any kind of material of which the frock is built. So many embroidered and fancy net flouncings are on the market that one is saved much stitching and planning when these can be purchased and merely sewed together and adjusted to the waistband. Here is the secret of a well-fitting skirt. Make your skirt top well set and the whole skirt will hang prettily.

One of the most popular of the net flouncings for dresses this year is all embroidered with narrow braids, such as soutache, satin braid, rat-tail and the like. These braids are so stitched upon the net as to give the effect of novel hand-embroidery, and they weight the net sufficiently to make it serviceable as a flounce. The lining of these frocks may be of any color of silk, or a substitute for silk, and so the color effect is obtained. Of course, such ribbons and flowers as are used should be of a color to match the lining or to harmonize with the complexion, eyes or hair of the girl. Either long or short sleeves may be worn, and the collar at the back may be omitted, at will, since collars vary so that a dress for a whole season will want more than one sort of collar before the season is concluded.

For young girls sashes are prettier and more fashionable than belts, and wide silk girdles, many of them

NEW CAPE FROM PARIS



A striking innovation in capes is this monk's cowl of brown broadcloth. The cape is very simply made, without trimmings, and reaches to the knees. One side is thrown over the shoulder. To the cape there is attached a hood edged with braid and trimmed with a fancy rosette in front and back.

well as empress of the French.—Washington Star.

MATERIALS FOR THE JUNIORS

List is a Long One, and Provision Has Been Made for Every Style of Garment.

Tweed, chevot, vicuna, corduroy and broadcloth form the coat fabric list. Sometimes there is a border of plush simulating fur, but mostly it is fur itself that constitutes the trimming. Dressy coats of velveteen incline to such shades of Burgundy, Russian green, sapphire, blue and gold.

For the dressy frock Georgette crepe combined with velveteen, with taffeta or crepe de chine is favored. The semiprecious style is the one which young girls seem to like, but no matter what the special lines, always the ensemble remains exceedingly simple and appropriate for the youthful wearer.

Evening gowns are liked in tulle in several pastel tones mounted over satin. Two-tone taffeta is another favored material, and there are beautiful frocks of velvet with just a suspicion of gold tracery on bodice and skirt. Many of the party frocks are provided with sheer yokes and sleeves of tulle or mulline.

For sport wear there are sweaters of angora or llama wool, with borders and collars in contrasting color. For those who like the silk sweater there are new models in checked or striped designs. High colors lead in sport garments, but the girl who is going to normal school or entering her freshman year at college will be able to select a sweater with a matching cap and scarf in the school or college colors.

The schoolgirl who is the daughter of a practical mother has her dress of plaid washable flannel or of serge completed by bloomers of matching material, which add to the warmth of the garment without additional weight. Moreover, there is economy in the bloomer dress, since the nether garment does not show the soil as quickly as the muslin one. The wise parent usually provides two or more bloomers to a single dress.



Dainty Dance Frock.

fringed, are preferred to the simpler forms of girdles. The general tendency in dress accessories is to quaintness and to the styles worn during the Civil war and on the continent when Eugenie reigned empress of beauty as

TO RENEW FADED CLOTHES

Simple Method by Which Color May Be Restored to Garments That Have Lost Freshness.

Have you a little pile of discarded underwear and blouses in one end of a bureau drawer—clothes discarded because they have lost their once pink complexion and are now a disconsolate grayish-yellow heap?

If you have such things, take heart. The blouse that through careless washing or sun or perspiration has turned yellow can be made a pink again. The night gown or petticoat, camisole or other piece of underlinen can be restored to its original pinkness.

More than that, a white garment that has grown yellow because of the water, perhaps, with which it is necessarily washed—a surprisingly large amount of water has a yellow tinge—can be dipped and made pink to cover the yellowness.

Now, there are several ways of coloring white things pink. One way is to buy a package of red

dye and use a very little of it, well diluted with water. Dip the thing to be pinked into this, and if it is not dark enough, add more dye. Let it dry and iron it and it will be ready to wear. Of course this color, easily applied, easily comes out, so after a few washings the dipping must be repeated—perhaps the very next washing will take it all out. But it is no more trouble to use than bluing water.

Then there are special colored powders for the purpose that are dissolved in water to be used like bluing. These powders come in most of