

For Our Women Readers



Two Simple, Yet Chic, Spring Hats

Two charming hats are illustrated. The one to the left is a model in fine brown straw, with crown of satin and the question mark trimming in the shape of an upright ostrich tip. The other hat, which is of a lighter shade of brown, is what is known as the aeroplane model. It has a band of trimming of pheasant feathers which projects over the brim in the back.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

An apron made with a bit of table cloth—a great saver to wear when washing dishes.

Sifted wood ashes put on a damp cloth will remove stains from towels, agate or crockery.

Glasses or pitchers which have been used for milk should be rinsed in cold water before washed in hot.

If a youngster gets his rubber boots wet inside a good way to dry them is to fill them with hot yellow corn.

If silver is rubbed up every day with a dry flannel rag it will not have to be cleaned with silver polish oftener than once a month.

To wash varnish steep some ten cents in water for an hour, then strain them out and use the liquid for washing the varnished wood.

The odor of kerosene lamps can be stopped by putting one teaspoonful of fine table salt into each lamp. The salt should be changed once a month.

Malines Hats For Summer.

Soft, rainproof malines are in style for summer. They are in some marvelous shades. Some of the finest Turkish turbans are covered with malines; others are of silk. These Turkish turbans are trimmed with Turkish ornaments made of cut or beads. The majority of these turbans are draped in broadened silk or malines over a Turkish silk. A mixed blend of a fine texture is also used as a covering.

The Advantages of an Orderly Kitchen.

"Don't be a clutterer," is the advice a cooking teacher repeats to her classes day in and day out. "A clutterer cannot even make a simple cake without having the kitchen full of soiled utensils. A good cook will have probably two, not more than three." The woman who "clutters" never finishes her work. Her household is always "in a mess."

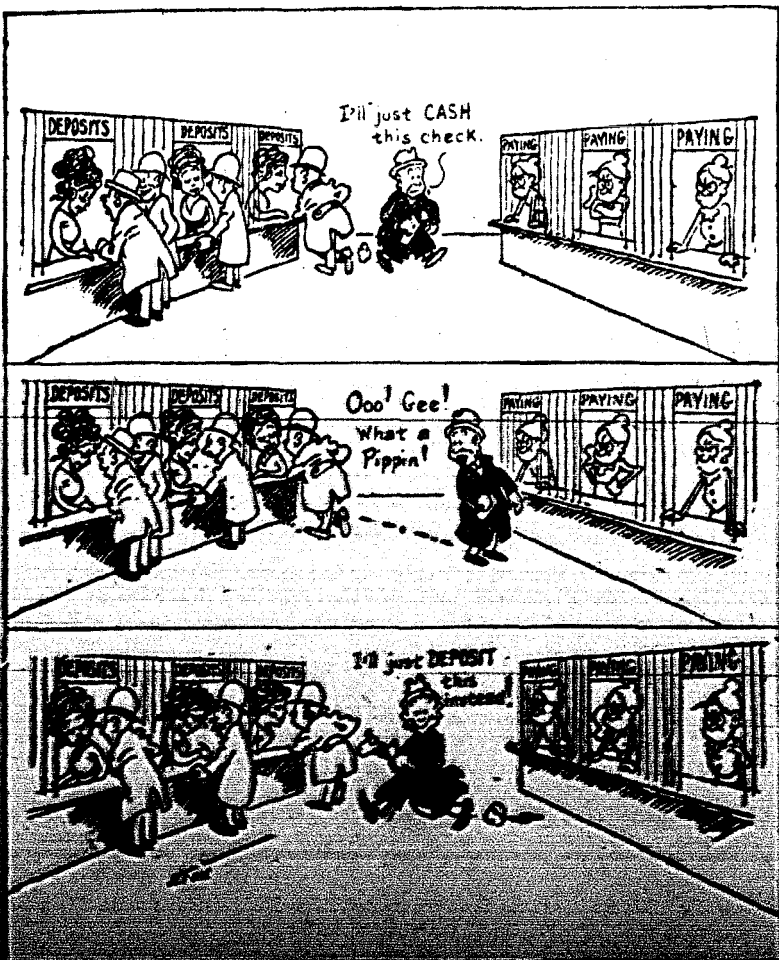
Lemon Removes Fruit Stains.

If the hands are discolored by fruit juices, paint or anything which refuses to yield to soap, clear lemon juice will generally prove sufficient to remove the stain, especially if the fresh lemon is simply cut in two and the half rubbed directly on the stain.

Cleaning Vinegar Cruet.

To clean a vinegar cruet put a teaspoonful of lye in it and then fill it with water. Let this remain in it a few days, then rinse the cruet out thoroughly, when it will be perfectly clean.

An Incentive to Thrift



WASHING AND IRONING.

A teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will greatly aid the whitening process.

A handy pocket for ironing holder, wax and sponge can be made on the ironing board where the sheet turns back.

Articles that have been cold starched require a hotter iron than those that have been stiffened in cooked starch.

If the clothes boiler leaks while in use the hole may be temporarily stopped up by putting a handful of cornmeal into the water. It will fill the hole.

Towels that have become dingy can sometimes be restored to whiteness by placing them in a boiler of cold water with white soap shavings and some lemon juice and allowing them to come slowly to a boil. Rinse thoroughly, blue and hang them in the sun.

CLEVER IDEA IN BLOUSES.

Delicate Net Waist and Corset Cover Are Fastened to the Same Belt.

A clever designer has made use of a French idea in devising blouses of French net known as tulle or blond and other extremely sheer fabrics. By themselves, as every woman knows, net waists are so delicate that the wearing of them is a somewhat trying and uncertain proceeding. It is practically impossible for them to be securely in any one position. And there can be no such quantity as "fit" because of the necessity of having them large in order to keep them from breaking out.

This designer has got around these objections by putting a corset cover of lace, tulle and ribbon inside the net waist and fastening both corset cover and waist to the same belt. The ribbons can be run in and taken out at will and the combination corset cover and blouse easily laundered in one piece. These blouses are a distinct novelty and quite an inexpensive one. Another model by the same designer is in white cotton crepe with a regular Montenegro jacket, also of the crepe, but with a Persian border. The coloring is repeated in the buttons and the bow at the neck.

To Turn Out Jellies.

The following method of turning out jellies quite whole from a mold will be found an excellent one. Grease the jelly molds with butter, and when the jelly is to be turned out plunge the mold into hot water and remove at once.

Snug Pillowcases.

The pillows of a bed will stand up plump and smooth, thus giving the bed a "trim" appearance, if the pillow cases are between a quarter of an inch to half an inch narrower than the pillows.

MEALTIME CONVERSATION.

An Excellent Practice That Was Followed in One Family.

Says a contributor to an exchange: "In a certain family I know of each member, from the youngest tot to the son-in-college, is required to contribute something to the general conversation at mealtime. They have never been allowed to be bored and this is a mere chance to supply the physical hunger. Each treasures up some incident of the day. No one forgets as he has seen an old friend, not some curiosity or watched some amusing happening on the street. They are all observant, their sense of humor is sharpened, their sympathies are quickened and all because of the general interest of the family circle at table. Mealtime is not dull in that family and at the same time turn interesting guests are being trained to be welcome in other people's houses."

Some persons are not favored by nature to be good talkers or story tellers, but they should make an effort to overcome their handicap. It is worth while, for it is a wise thing not to be selfish or stupid in other people's houses.

Caring For Clothes.

It is well to spend a considerable portion of one's time caring for one's complexion and hair and eyes and figure, but it is just as necessary to devote a little thought to the preserving of one's garments from creases and rents, as, no matter how radiantly beautiful one may be, ill fitting, poorly cared for clothes will inevitably cast a shadow over one's physical loveliness.

Springtime Wall Paper.

Pale green for a background with a lattice effect in white and a generous sprinkling of soft yellow roses suggests a delightful and refreshing color scheme for a bedroom. Hangings in keeping are to be found in white chintz, bordered with yellow roses and green leaves toning with the paper. Serim stenciled in these colors would also be attractive.

After Washing Clothes.

Clothes should be hung up on the line after laundering wrong side out. If colored there is less danger of their being faded out, and, too, whether white or colored, if dirt falls on the garment it is better to have it on the wrong side than the right. Rubies which fall inside the garment do not sag as they are apt to do if they fall outside.

Removing Fat From Hot Soup.

Pour the soup through a cloth that has been rinsed in cold water, and the fat will remain in the cloth.

HUMAN ELECTRICAL ENERGY.

What Could Be Done With That Expended by the Average Man.

If your body were an electrical machine these are some of the things it could do. That is, if all the heat and the muscular energy expended by an average man were converted into electrical units it would show that he used up about two and one-half kilowatt hours of electrical energy in the course of a working day.

This amount of electricity may not seem great, but when one considers the things that can be done with it the result is a trifle startling, says the Chicago Tribune.

With two and one-half hours of kilowatt electrical energy you could heat an electric flatiron for six hours or run a sewing machine motor for 100 hours, heat an electric toaster for four hours, run a large fan for thirty-two hours or warm a chafing dish for six hours and an electric curling iron for 100 hours.

All this is accomplished without voluntary effort and merely comes in the course of the day's work and does not represent the energy and endurance of a laboring man.

Now, when one sees a fat man or an unusually large woman struggling along on a hot day and panting pathetically he can realize a little all the electrical energy that is being generated and think of the many things to which it might be applied, though probably if the fat man and the large woman were aware of their ability as electric dynamo they would only wish they could use them to run a huge fan to keep them cool.

Bottle's Quick Ocean Voyage.

Students of ocean currents may be interested in the quick trip of a bottle thrown into mid-ocean by a Baltimore cyclist last summer. In the bottle he put an offer to pay \$10 for return of the inclosure, and he has just heard from it. The bottle seems to have drifted some 1,000 miles to Wexford, on the north Devon coast of England in just three months, making an average of about sixteen miles a day, or nearly seven tenths of a mile per hour. It is more plausible than the recent story of a bottle set adrift in the Ohio river and picked up on the California coast after a voyage almost as rapid. There are few thoroughfares comparable to the gulf stream. Springfield Republic.

How to Work All the Time.

Mr. rules for being able to work all the time are:

When one interest flags find a new one.

Always keep on hand a supply of motives or desires.

Never learn by a roundabout method what can be learned directly.

Never allow the mind to dwell on a subject that may not be useful.

Waste no effort. Never worry. Never become excited unnecessarily.

Think out what should be done and then do it without talking about it.

In a word, the whole doctrine is in forest and motive for efficiency and for protection, sleep. Dr. Edward I. Thorndike of Columbia University in Leslie's.

The Week's Illustrated Story

Protecting the Family Skeleton

By J. HARDEN ROBERTSON

BEVERLY WESTLAKE drifted into Lakewood an obscure, poverty stricken man and by dint of hard work and shrewd business investments prospered until he was by common consent counted the leading citizen and merchant of that enterprising metropolis.

Jack Lecon entered Lakewood under a Pullman car. Jack was walking on Grand street when Beverly Westlake swung around the corner and walked toward him.

Jack's first impulse was to vanish, but on second thought he remained.

"Hello, Peachy!" was the irreverent salute of Jack. "Why, you're some elegant! How'd ye get the old?"

The leading merchant, philanthropist, financier and exponent of the higher success whooped abruptly, started at the questioner, turned red, then white and moved forward as if to pass without a word, though better of it stopped and frowned and finally mopped his forehead with nervous agitation. Jack Lecon was all smiles.

"Quite a bit of time since we met, Peachy," he continued, extending a hand, which Beverly ignored. "Some difference in us now and then? I'm just sick and down in luck."

The words trailed off into a whine. Then with a sudden change of base, Jack added with a little triumph in his voice:

"But I got my discharge all right and you didn't."

There was a remarkable and painful transformation in Mr. Westlake. The skin whitened and the complexion turned a sickly red.

"I say, Jack, Mr. Lecon, he's turned purple when he could control his voice. What does he want, money?"

"I want to head off just what I refuse to," he roared back, with an exasperating grin.

"I like this," said the merchant, extending a generous wad of five hundred green, "and don't bother me again, Jack. Lecon, I know that as of now. Don't you want a trucker to the Pacific coast, where the climate is very agreeable at this season of the year? I'll furnish you with one."

But Jack Lecon was not to be won on the easy trail of a Alton. He was garrisoned by turns and much addicted to the use of strong tonics. At such moments he tried to make love to Alice Westlake's brave and devoted wife, and openly flouted his benefactor. The money had which was the crown of riches was bowed under the burden, thus placed so suddenly upon his shoulders. But for Alice he would have quit and confessed all.

"I'll go away, my dear," he groined in agony of spirit, "or I'll kill myself, no kill him! He's the devil incarnate."

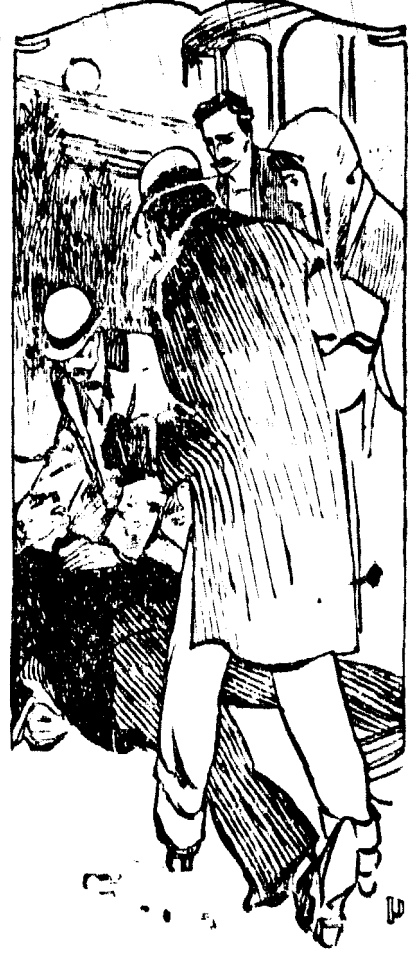
"No, we cannot go away," Alice said in a soft voice. "We must stay and bear our burden for the present. You have lived down your early danger and proved yourself a repentant man."

"But the law doesn't recognize that."

bitterly complained the broken down capitalist. "If I escaped from prison before my time expired I'm still a criminal in the eyes of the law. Oh, if I had been patient a little longer! To think this drunken brute should have his freedom without fear of capture or exposure! I'll kill the wretch if..."

"No, dear, you won't do any such thing for my sake."

Jack's excesses became so disgusting in time that even sweet Alice's patience and endurance were sorely tried. Her



"Neck broken, I guess," he said coolly.

When in her sense of duty was showing signs of wavering when suddenly without warning Jack's skeleton kicked upon the chess and fell sprawling on the floor.

The box was held by a quiet thick set man of dark complexion, who called one evening to interview Mr. Westlake in the quiet of his study. Alice was there and hung over her husband as if to protect him.

Mr. Westlake announced the quiet stranger: "You have in your employ a man of the name of Jack Lecon. I believe. This man is a convict escaped from the federal prison some months ago."

Beverly Westlake saw all kinds of pink and white spots. He realized that he was pale and that his head had all most ceased to beat.

There is nothing to fear, Mr. Westlake. The house is surrounded, and you will continue to live without any other fear. He is a desperate character. I'll be glad when he escapes. I already can't let you to prepare your wife for any trouble that may follow. You understand? Yes, Beverly understood and Alice too.

"Alice," he said slowly, "you had better retire to your room. I will go with this man to find Jack."

They passed through the great hall in solemn procession, and then turned to mount the broad stairs to Jack's room. He lived in comfort and luxury away from the servants as a man set apart for special favors.

But they did not ascend the stairs. A swift figure glided down the polished marble and intercepted them, a figure that looked but an instant and then would have passed on with insistent purpose. The other, startled by the movement, turned hurriedly and asked: "What is it, Sheldon? Anything wrong?"

The gliding figure came to a reluctant halt and replied respectfully:

"Yes, sir, he escaped and jumped out of the window. But Jensen and Holden must have him. They were below."

There was a hurried exit from the house, and Alice forgot her dignity and seized footgear. The moon was at its zenith outside, and the crisp wintery air made the blood tingle.

A voice from out of the muffled silence of the night smote their ears as they turned a corner of the house.

"We have him, sir!" it said calmly. "He jumped and fell on his head—hurt a little, I guess."

It was Jensen who pronounced the verdict. "Neck broken, I guess," he said coolly. "Yes, sir, and dead as a doornail."

The leader of the men knelt over the prostrate form of Jack Lecon, and after a close examination he said, with finality in his voice:

"Yes, he's dead."

Turning toward the Westlakes, he said in way of explanation and apology: "I'm sorry we couldn't take him away without creating a scene. But I suppose now it must come out in the papers. The coroner must be summoned."

Alice drew a deep breath, and Beverly wiped the frost gathered on his mustache with a hand that trembled. His lips only mechanically muttered the commonplace words:

"You have only done your duty, officer—only your duty—no I thank you." They turned slowly and walked up the steps of the mansion, leaving the

Of Interest to the Young Folks

THE MOTHER LOVE IN BIRDS.

The Stork and the Lark Are Unselfish Protectors of Young.

Mother love is strongly developed in the lark. The stork, which spends the winter in Egypt and the summer in northern and western Europe, likes to build its nest on the top of some steep gable roof. The nest is from three to five yards in diameter. It swarms with lizards, frogs, toads and other disagreeable creatures. It becomes in course of time so heavy that it will break the roof if not artificially propped up from below.

If the house takes fire and the young storks happen to be of an age at which they cannot be saved by being taken away from the nest the stork mother does not abandon them.

The skylark, which builds its nest in the meadows, runs away from it when frightened. She proceeds from four to five yards under the clover and rises perpendicularly in the air, pouring forth her song in its wildest strains in order to divert the intruder's attention. But the peasant boy knows that so long as she remains hanging at the same point in the air he is still four or five yards from the nest, and he uses the direction of her movements and the ring of her song to ascertain the exact spot.

Who Am I?

I am a word of four letters. Take off my hat and you have something which you do every day. Take off my head and you have a preposition. Leave off my head and put on my hat and you have something used before a door. Entire and taken backward, with two middle letters transposed, I am a very convenient thing. I myself am often eaten.

Answer.—Meat, eat, at, mat, team.

Johnny's Happy Departure.

"It was the duty of every one of you to make at least one person happy during the week," said the Sunday school teacher. "Have you?" "I did," said Johnny promptly. "What a nice. What did you do?" "I went to see my doll, and she's always glad when I go home again."

"Beating the Bounds"

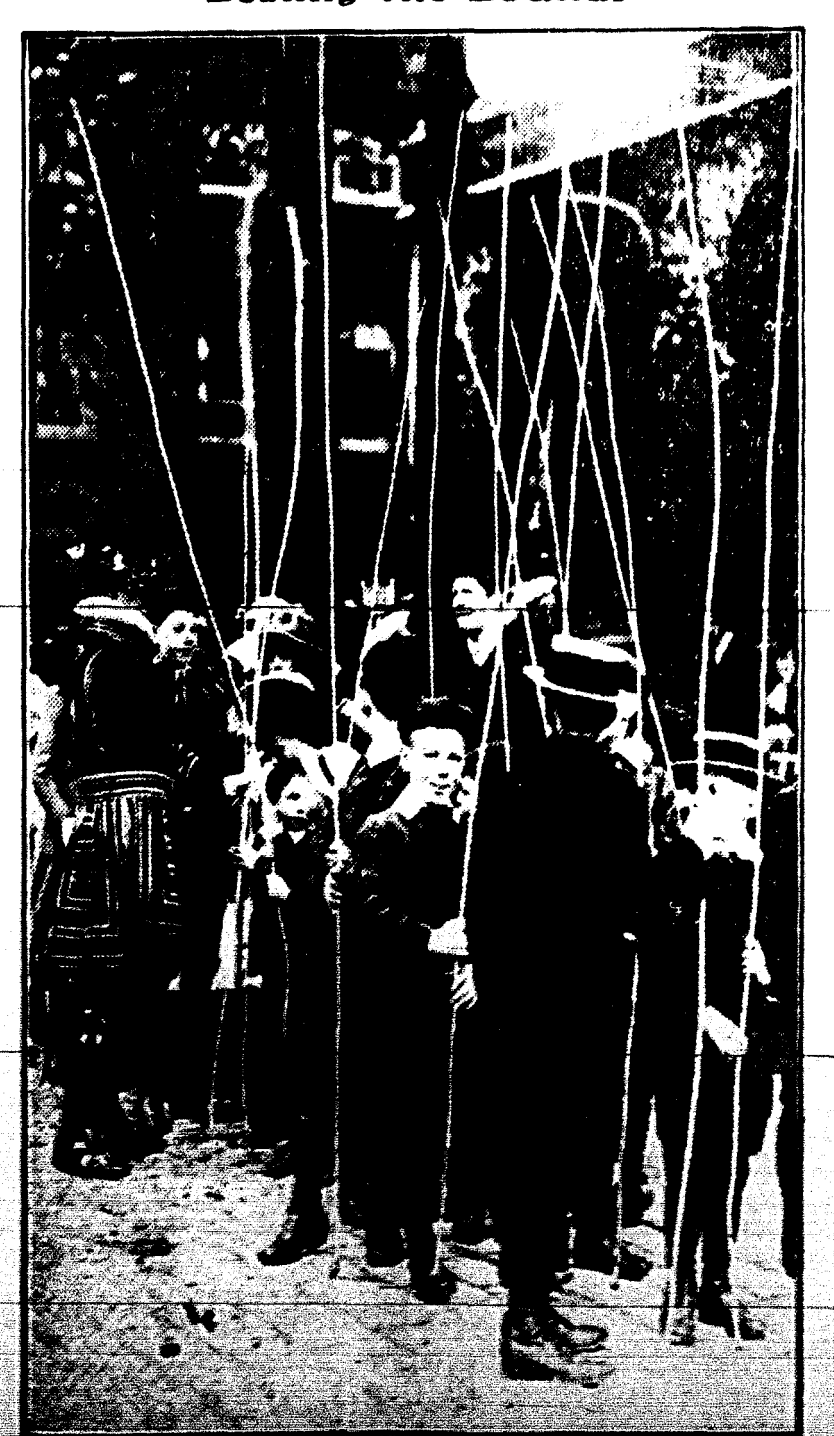


Photo by American Film Association. A peculiar but unaccounted custom still is observed in England every three years on Ascension Day. It is known as "beating the bounds." Children are