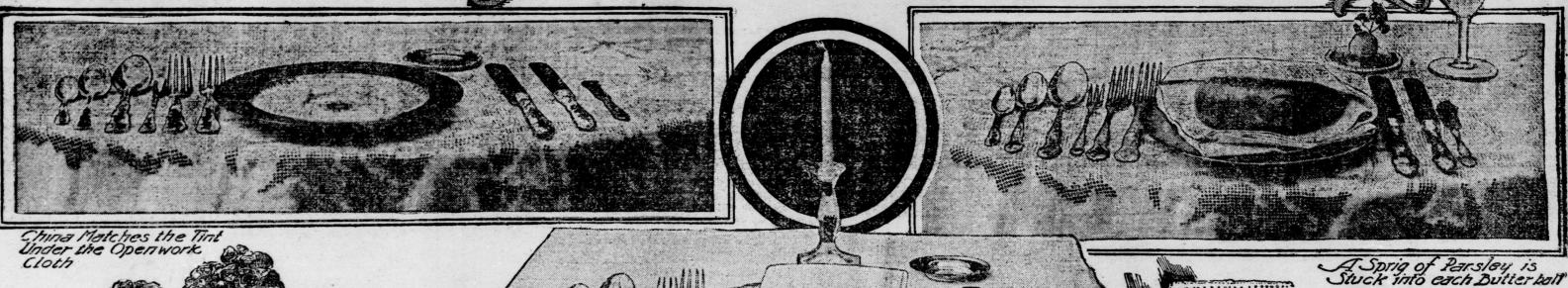
Marion Harland's Page

Little Things That Make Tables Prett



A Vase that Distributes the Bloom.

ALL the testimony to the truth of that venerable statement that "it is the little things that tell," certainly the greatest lies in the setting of tables, and especially when those tables are being set for high day and holiday feasts. Then the little points count for almost more than the general effect, and certainly are better remembered by your guests.

One luncheon, which was recently given to a new little bride, had for its color scheme the green and white combination of her wedding. Under the openwork cloth (by the way, some of the most beautiful of the new luncheon cloths are openwork) was laid a cover of pale green, the colornote represented in the bands which decorated the china. "It was a lucky thing that she chose just these colors," confessed the hostess, "for the only ones I can match! Yet how many hostesses would have thought out just that pretty compli-

At another luncheon, where daylight was excluded, the dining room lights, was excluded, the diffing room lights, all at the sides, made the prettiest effect of softly diffused light possible. To supplement it, in front of each plate was set a tiny glass candlestick, of Colonial cut, complete to its shade, that was a copy in miniature of those that was a copy in miniature of the copy in the copy in the copy

upon the larger candlesticks.
The candlesticks at another luncheon seemed set in a bank of roses, so carefully was the bloom massed about of each.

the base of each.

Butter plates are once more in fashlon, and bread-and-butter plates are beling set aside again.

How the butter shall be served is one
off the little points over which many a
lostess lavishes time and thought. Often

the unsalted butter is served-then, to insure its being "strictly fresh," it should be made at home, in one of the toy churns, which, like many another toy of the present, are made "to work." A new trick is to stick a sprig of parsley into each firm little ball.

For a salad course, crackers served as they were by one hostess prove a delightful innovation. The crackers were spread with a thin layer of cheese (previously worked to a paste with a little sweet cream); stuffed olives wert sliced and laid upon the cracker, their scarlet centres making a pretty bit of color. It was a pleasant change from the more usual way of serving crackers and cheese and olives, all separately. Rose and violet petals sprinkled upon ices have passed out of the novelty stage, but ices moulded in the shapes of roses, to which real stems and leaves are cunningly attached, are enough "different" to be classed as new. In the first case, if the petals are candied, they tempt the palate as well as delight the

Where the salad is served from one dish, instead of being "dished" in the pantry, certain sorts are served upon a fairly low dish, rather than the more usual deep bowl, so that their ingredients—usually pretty and full of contrasting colors—show off well. Fruit trasting colors—show off well. Fruit salads served in fruit cups are appetizingly attractive, whether the smaller fruits are used in individual fashion or the salad itself is piled into a scooped-out pineapple. Only, to be their most delicious selves, they must be thoroughly childed just before serving.

Just now, the woods offer so much in the way of decoration for the asking, that many of the prettiest tables are given no more costly setting than weel branches, aflame with gorgeous leaves,

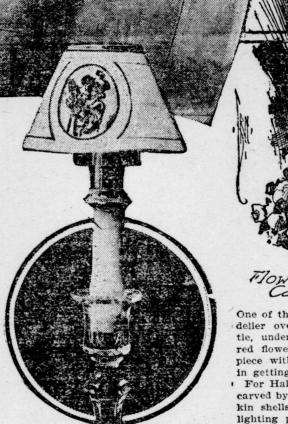


which fill the centre and are perhaps laid upon the white cloth-rayed out from the centre in most effective fash-

If you use autumn leaves, there's only one point to consider-use enough of them. For their beauty lies in being massed, not in sparse arrangements. Put them around the room, standing good-sized branches up in great jars, until the room seems momentarily turned into a bit of outdoors.

And chrysanthemums, the easiest and most effective of table flowers, are at their height. There's no possibility of making a table anything but beautiful with them to bank upon. One particularly simple arrangement upon a round table was as stunning as anything could be, yet all it consisted of was a vase in the centre (tall enough to lift the blossoms above eye range, so that there was no one shut out from the vision of any one else) from which other chrysanthemums raved out, each great round head coming all but to the stay-plate of a guest, the ring of flowers following the outline of the table prettily.

A new flower holder is composed of a central vase, from which spring several smaller vases, joined to the central one by vines of metal. When all the vases are filled, the effect is as if a plant were lossoming there. Witch things for Halloween parties -for any masquerade affairs, for that matter-are fascinating. A most effect-ive witch may be made of a white clay pipe, mounted by the aid of string and paste upon a doll's broom, her dress and hat, the traditional red and black costume of witches, made of crepe paper.



Flowers Bank the

One of these suspended from the chandelier over a shining copper gypsy kettle, under which has been laid flamered flowers, is an appropriate centrepiece with scarcely any work entailed

For Halloweens, too, jack-o'-lanterns, carved by the handy man out of pumpkin shells, may be used, not only for lighting purposes, but to serve salads in, and to fill with flowers, water to keep them fresh being contained in a bowl deftly concealed in the shell. And for children's parties, the quaintest silhouette conceits in the shape of chocolate Jacks and witches and cats are greeted with "Ohs" and "Ahs" and delighted admiration and a grim resolve not to bite into so cunning a thing that
—almost!—lasts out supper time.
As to the possibilities in the way of
candle shades, they are legion, from the candle shades, they are region, from the tiny paper lanterns which were metamorphosed into them for a "Japanese" table to quaint Empire things designed to go with the Beidermaier embroidery which has made such a stir among embroidery lovers this fall.

Recipes—Edited by Marion Harland

Apple Cabinet Pudding.

Apple Cabinet Pudding.

PARE and chop six tart apples. Have ready at hand a large cup of fine crumbs; half a pound of raisins, seeded and chopped fine; three tablespoonfuls of cleaned currants; six eggs—whites and yolks beaten separately, and the yolks whipped light with a cupful of sugar; half a pound of suet, freed from strings and rubbed to a powder; a teaspoonful each of mace and allspice; one teaspoonful of salt and a glass of brandy.

Stir the crumbs and suet up with the beaten yolks and sugar; next, the chopped apples; the brandy and spice; the fruit, thoroughly dredged with flour; lastly, the whites, whipped to a standing froth. All the ingredients should be ready to mix before the apples are pared or they will darken by standing.

Boil in a greased mould for three hours, or bake in a buttered pudding-dish for half that time—for the first hour, covered. Eat hot with hard sauce. It is a delicious and not an expensive pudding.

It is a delicious and not an expensive "Rule-of-Three" Puffs.

"Rule-of-Three" Puifs.

Whip three eggs light—whites to a standing froth, yolks to a smooth cream. Melt three teaspoonfuls of butter until soft, but not hot, and beat into the yolks. Add three cupfuls of sweet milk and a tiny pinch of soda, not large, than a pea. More would spoil the mixture. Now, stir in lightly with quick, long strokes three cups of sifted flour, alternately with the frothed whites.

Bake in heated gem pans in a quick oven. Eat at once with liquid sauce.

A Peach Betty.

Butter a pudding dish and cover the bottom with fine bread crumbs. Stick bits of butter over these. Now, pare quickly eight large peaches, or twelve small, and cut into small pieces. Do not bruise them by chopping. Put a layer of these on the crumbs, sugar, plentifully and sprinkle with butterbits and a little mace. More bread crumbs, and proceed in the order given until the peaches and a cupful of until the peaches and a cupful of crumbs are used. The top layer should be of crumbs. Cover closely, and bake forty-five minutes in a steady oven. Lift the cover and brown quickly. Send to table in the dish. Eat with sugar and cream.

Tomatoes a la Creole.

Scald six large, ripe tomatoes and strip off the skins. Set on ice until wanted, when cut into thick slices and put a layer in a buttered bake dish. Have ready four large or six mediumsized green sweet peppers from which the seeds were extracted early in the day, the peppers then being scalded and day, the peppers then being scalded and set on ice. Chop the peppers into bits and strew the tomatoes thickly with them. (The tomatoes are seasoned with salt and sugar.) Stick bits of butter on the peppers; more tomatoes, slightly salted and sugared, and a top-dressing of minced peppers. Bake, covered, for twenty minutes and serve.

Titania's Toast.

Cut bread into very thin slices and remove all the crusts. Butter lightly, and between every two slices lay an extremely thin shaving of chicken breast. Press the slices of bread firmly together, lay on a toaster and toast each to a delicate brown. Serve at once.

> Poor Man's Fruit Cake. (An eggless cake.)

One-third cup of butter, one cup of yellow sugar, two cups of flour (whole wheat flour is best), one cup of seeded raisins or other fruit, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful each of nowdered cinnamon, cloves, allspice, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Cream the butter, add sugar, beat

Cream the butter, add sugar, beat until creamy. Add one-half of the flour (in which all the spices have been put) and the raisins washed and dried. Mix well; then add your milk (in which the soda has been beaten); lastly, the remaining flour. Bake in a moderate oven until a broomstraw put in the cake will come out dry.

If sweet milk is used, take a little less, and substitute one tablespoonful and substitute one tablesn

less, and substitute one tablespoonful of baking powder for the soda, sifted in the flour.

Of course, this makes a very small cake, but as much as is wanted can be made. L. M. FORSYTH (Georgia).

Perpetual Yeast. A quart preserving can is the most onvenient thing to keep this yeast in. convenient thing to keep this yeast in. To start the yeast take two cups of the water in which potatoes have been boiled; cook funtil lukewarm; add half a scant boiled; cook until lukewarm; add half a cake of compressed yeast and a scant half cupful of sugar. Stir well and set the dish (earthen or glass) containing the yeast in a moderately warm place, but not where it will heat perceptibly, and let it stand until it is covered with white foam. Stir well, pour into the jar and screw the cover on tight. Set away in the cellar, or in any other cool place in the cellar, or in any other cool place until needed. It must be kept cool. When needed to make bread, add two cupfuls of potato water, lukewarm, and a scant half cupful of sugar (granulated, of course). Stir well and let it stand until foaming. Then it is ready to use. Use two cups of this yeast and two cups of water for four large loaves. Put the rest of the yeast into a care. Two cups of water for four large loaves. Put the rest of the yeast into a can as before, and save for the next time. It should be renewed twice a week. I have used perpetual yeast for four years, and have not had to start anew.

I mix the bread at night, kneading thoroughly, stiff enough so that it can be kneaded two or three minutes without sticking to the paper. out sticking to the pan. Add one teaspoonful of salt to the bread before kneading. Knead quite stiff so that it will stand without falling when light. In the morning put directly on tins, let it rise again and bake one hour. It should rise to more than double the original bulk in pan and loaves. bulk in pan and loaves. sider this the easiest and surest

THE HOUSEMOTHERS IN WEEKLY CONFERENCE

AM A young housekeeper, and motherless. That means much. Nor have I elder sister, aunt, cousin, or elderly friend, to whom I could take the

problems that confront me hourly in my w sphere of duty.
I am a stranger in the city to which I was brought as a bride one.

I have acquaintances, it is true, but not one confidential friend—if I except my one confidential friend—if ignorant old was brought as a bride one year ago. I have acquaintances, it is true, but not one confidential friend—if I except my husband—dear, well-meaning, ignorant old John! I say "ignorant" because he has no knowledge of domestic matters. No more had I when we came to this place, like the babes in the wood, as carcless of danger—and well-nigh as helpless.

We were sick to death of boarding—both of us. I was a stenographer in my former state of existence, and, as I have said, an orphan. When I found myself the mistress of a cozy home, with a liberal allowance for household expenses, and a maid-of-all-work to do the heavier part of the labor I was sure I should delight in. I recognized the necessity of learning my lifelong profession, and set about doing it. With my own money (savings with which John intermeddles not) I have paid for a series of lectures on household economics, also for cooking lessons, from another professoress. (Is there such a word? If there isn't, there ought to be.) I have studied hard. I am used to steady industry, and to the concentration of thought, without which a stenographer is not fit to hold a place.

Yet here am I, at the end of six months' application, more befogged as to the right way of running my house than when I took notes of my first lecture and of my earliest lesson.

Today I am in the depths of the slough application, more befogged as to the right way of running my house than when I took notes of my first lecture and of my earliest lesson.

Today I am in the depths of the slough of despond—prostrate in the valley of humiliation—and all on account of this morning's talk on hygienic housewifery. The professoress laid down the law in unequivocal terms—and we all took notes dutifully, as became women who paid \$1 an hour to learn how to keep houses clean and families healthy.

Let me descend to particulars: Every cottage, brownstone mansion and fiveroom flat should be swept from top to bottom twice a week, the dust wiped off every square inch of walls, floors and furniture with a cloth, dampened with a disinfectant. Sweepings and dusters are to be burned out of hand. Every picture is to be taken down from its bail, wiped, front and back, with the aforesaid disinfected cloth, and the wires suspending it afterward wiped dry, to prevent rist. The same precaution must be practiced with the springs of bedsteads. "Bust." said the professoress, "Is a disease, and disease is SIN!"

I can't make the word look as tremendous as she made it sound.

"If your houses were kept clean, disease would cease to exist within the next ten years. As it is, your rooms are hotbeds of bacteria, the favorite breeding grounds of infusoria. You are satisfied to admit air in homoeopathic quantary acool, externally, you shut blinds draw down curtains, to shut out the at disease-killer, the sun, and help the evit work of breeding disease by vallowing dead air, charsed with the elements of corruption. I dare assert that there are not four women who have really cleaned house since they went through the pitiful pretense of doing their duty in this regard last spring."

This was frightful enough, but it was bothing by comparisor, with what she said of personal cleanliness.

"The human being who wears any undergarment two days: who sleeps for siring them daily—who thrusts her feet today into shoes reeking with excretions of preservals.

off by the skin, and already decomposing -is UNCLEAN!!!" Let the printer put that in big capitals, oo. Not that he can do justice to her too. Not that he can do justice to her emphasis!

Now, dear lady, to whom we motherless and unelderly, friendless tyros come, as to a confessor—what am I to do? In the name of the common sense you represent, what course am I to take, in view of what is, I suppose, as true as Gospel? Dust is disease, and cold is death, as truly as heat is life. The human body does throw off unwholesome exhalations by day and by night, and body clothing and sheets do absorb these.

I cannot deny one of her terrible state by day and by might, and body choices and sheets do absorb these.

I cannot deny one of her terrible statements. Being an ex-stenographer, I bave taken down her lecture—word for

have taken down her lecture—word for word.

On the other hand, if each of the two single beds occupied by my husband and myself had a daily change of sheets, there would be twenty-eight sheets and fifty-six pillow slips in the wash. Add to this mountain of linen a daily change of undergarments for each of us-and the tale of table napkins (the professoress says it is "filtry" to use the same napkin at two meals)—and what young man. on a salary, or a moderate income of any kind, can afford to pay the weekly washing bills? Mrs. MUCH-AFRAID.

Our "penitent" would seem to have the incomparable old classic. "Pijgrim's the incomparable old classic, "Pilgrim's Progress," at her tongue's end. Other sections of her leiter, too long for insections of her letter, too long for in-sertion entire, have to do with the cooking school teachings. All are amus-ing—if one can retain a sense of humor in view of the truth that certain lec-turers upon Domestic Economics (heavin view of the truth that certain lecturers upon Domestic Economics (heaven save the mark!) do make assertions as radical as those she reports, and that some pupils try to obey their injunctions. The worst of it is that each of the dogmas set forth so fiercely as to dismay the timid has a substratum of truth. We all know the insidious peril

truth. We all know the insidious perm of a half-truth.

In transcribing our tyro's letter I gave the name of the city to which she was transplanted last year, and on second thoughts I have struck it out. I would not get my young disciple into trouble.

I believe that she is telling the truth, and that her trouble is genuine. What course is she to take? If I may speak out that which arises to my lips in the out that which arises to my lips in the out that which arises to my lips in the perusal of her plaint: Let her set down, at the very least, one-half of the tirade she reports to talk for talk's sake. No she reports to talk for talk's sake. No woman in her senses—be she plain Mrs. Smith or Professor Erudita, of international reputation as an expounder of domestic science—would seriously recommend a class of housewives of moderate means to swell the weekly washto be toiled through with by a maid-of-all-work—to such dimensions as are here indicated. Any woman of ordinary intelligence knows that health is not endangered by sleeping in sheets that have intelligence knows that health is not endangered by sleeping in sheets that have been on the same bed for three, four or five nights, provided they are thoroughly aired each morning as soon as the sleepers leave the bed. It is wise, cleanly and healthful to change one's bodylinen often in hot weather. A good way to manage this is to keep two or three sets in use at a time, wearing them on alternate days, and airing the garments laid aside today so well that they will be sweet and wholesome for tomorrow. It is not needful to remark that nothing worn in the daytime should be retained as a part of one's night attire. as a part of one's night attire.
With regard to table napkins—the

guest should have a fresh one at each meal, and the members of the family change theirs three times a week-oft-ener, if the napkin be visibly soiled. Strict attention to proprietary rights in the matter of napkin rings cannot be too jealously observed. I wish our correspondent would make bold some day to ask the dictator whose deliverances have made her "much-afraid" if she ever knew of one woman in any walk of life who obeyed her rules to the letter.

I would not convict her of imperting the best of the letter. nence if she were to push inquiry even closer and find out how far the teacher conforms to her own laws. An old admonition directed to those who laid burdens grievous to be borne upon the shoulders of others, while they them-selves would not lift the weight of a finger, comes in patly here. Is not the daily duty of the conscientious housemother arduous enough at the best without increasing it by preposterous yet plausible demands? Lecturers and writers on domestic lore would do well to ponder the query.

Shade Patterned up

on Empire Designs.

Our Monthly Menu.

Our monthly menu, herewith laid before the inquiring housekeeper, is from
one who asserts to be able to feed three
people upon less than the \$4 "per" named by other correspondents as the limit
of their weekly expenditures, an assertion condemned by certain of our number as untrue, and harmful in the tell-

ber as untrue, and harmful in the tening.

It is a long time since I've had my "say so" in our Exchange. But I am particularly interested in the woman who keeps a table for two on \$4 a week.

I do the same, and have, besides, a little girl of 9. If the child had the appetite I recollect having at her age, \$4 wouldn't cover it. My little one lives mostly on rice in fact, she has that every noon—that, or bread and milk.

I inclose last week's bill of fare. Our breadstast is a cereal and toast, and my husband has fried potatoes, and, every other morning, an egg. My luncheon and the little girl's is rice or bread and milk. I buy a bottle of fresh condensed milk every third day, which we use for our cereal. On other mornings I take either a quart of milk or a bottle of cream. My flour, rice, apples, potatoes and, indeed, all our staple groceries, are bought on "occasions." I watch for sales, and although I save but a few cents, It all counts in the week's work. I get butter from the North. It is packed in October and keeps all winter. Including freight, it costs me 19 cents a pound. My husband is the only one who eats it on bread.

I "render" the lard myself. We drink tea husband is the only one who eats it on bread.

I "render" the lard myself. We drink tea but once a day, and that is very weak. A half pound lasts us three and sometimes four weeks. Of course, I do my own bread and cake making.

I do wish the person who started this discussion (I don't recall her name) would send in her menu! I dare say it is a great deal better than mine, and I'd like to have something new.

I must confess that every month I take 50 cents and stock up on salt, pepper, oil, vinegar, paprika and things like that.

Here is my menu for a week, and the cost thereof:

Sunday—Pot-reast of beef, three pounds, at 8 cents per pound, 24 cents; onions (boiled), 5 cents; potatoes and rice pudding. Total, 29 cents. Monday—Pot-roast; potatoes; creamed cab-bage at 6 cents; apple pie. Total, 6 cents. Tuesday—Baked spareribs, 12 cents: sweet

potatoes, 8 cents; Irish potatoes and lettuce, 5 cents; bananas and cream, 10 cents. Total, Wednesday—Breaded veal steak, 20 cents; String beans, 10 cents; potatoes; one egg-cake, whipped cream. Total, 30 cents. Thursday—Hungarian stew, 15 cents; maccaroni, with cheese, 15 cents; potatoes; one orange and three bananas sliced, with sugar, 16 cents. Total, 40 cents.

Friday—Stew; two fried herrings, 8 cents; potatoes and turnips, 5 cents; baked apples. Total, 13 cents.

Saturday—Mutton chops, 20 cents; carrots, 5 cents; potatoes and apple pie. Total, 25 cents; potatoes and apple pie.

5 cents; potatoes and apple pie. Total, 25 cents.

Total outlay for week's meals, \$4.

Here is a list of articles which I buy in lots. I have enough of these to last the week through.

Milk, 49 cents; peck of apples, 20 cents; three pounds of rice, 15 cents; peck of potatoes, 18 cents; half sack of flour, 32 cents; butter, 19 cents; eggs, 27 cents; half pound of lard, 12 cents; cereal, 13 cents; sugar, 12 cents; tea, 5 cents.

Total of staples, \$2.21.

All of which is respectfully submitted to the Exchange by

Without forestalling the shower of

Without forestalling the shower of protests which I anticipate for our 'busy woman' and phenomenal manager, let me record one plea for the 9-year-old lassie with the slender appe-9-year-old lassie with the slender appetite. As a mother, who has brought up bouncing girls and stalwart boys, I affirm that that child is not well-nourished. Chinese children may "live mostly on rice," although I remark, in passing, that the race are, as a rule, diminuitive in stature and not robust. In this climate and with our antecedents, American children will be puny and anaemic upon an exclusive diet of and anaemic upon an exclusive diet of rice, or any other starchy food. If that girl were mine, she should drink plenty of milk; eat fruit in season in abunof milk; eat fruit in season in abundance; be nourished upon good broths, and have an egg daily. I would not beg that a share of her father's fried potatoes should be transferred to her plate, but she should have a glass of unskimmed milk beside it and a soft-boiled egg every morning, if he had to forego his for six days in the week instead of three, as now. For she is growing, and he needs no sustenance to provide against growth as well as is growing, and he needs no sustenance to provide against growth as well as against waste. This mother has not forgotten her childish appetite. Nor have I forgotten the fierce, yet natural, craving of mine when, as a slim girl who grew absurdly fast, I strove to curb my desires to suit the fancy of sickly children who were "never hungry," and to the notions of fine young ladies with wasplike waists and chalky complexions, who were fabled to live upon air and poetry.

Dear sister—mothers! Bear with the appetites of healthy boys and girls, and thank the bountiful Father from glad hearts fervently that the blessed darlings are hungry for every meal and much of the time between meals!

Now—will members at large sit in Now-will members at large sit in judgment upon our monthly economical menu and "say their say-so" in turn?

That Boiler Again! I've written to you but once before, and then to offer a baby-buggy, which went to a poor widow in Woodstock, Ills. a poor widow in Woodstoon.

a poor widow in Woodstoon.

Now I wish to give my experience with a consideration of the consideration of t

ner" that it would be useless forevermore. We have lived in the far West, where one is obliged to use all kinds of water, and generally very hard water, that eats through tin in no time. I got a galvanized boiler and had the same trouble that assailed "Mrs. P." and "Mrs. B." After my second attempt with it I discovered that a little kerosene and baking-soda, stirred into warm soap-suds, and poured into the boiler warm, washed the scum off easily, and after a few treatments of this kind, no more sticky substance gathered on the inside of the boiler. boiler.

I always washed it as soon as I finished my wash, and before it got cold, so as to spare myself the trouble of reheating it. The kerosene will also remove the sticky spots on the clothes, without much rubbing. I never scraped the boiler, as that would roughen it, and the other treatment left it nice and smooth. nice and smooth.

I hope this is not too long for you. I wanted to help those poor perplexed housemothers out of their trouble. Few things in this world are so far wrong that they may not be made a little better.

Mrs. J. C. W. (Illinois).

A scrap of proverbial philosophy. d. a.

A Pretty Empire

Shade Design

Mrs. J. C. W. (Illinois).

A scrap of proverbial philosophy that should be inscribed upon every housewife's memory, if not hung up in her kitchen. How sorely we need it nobody but the mistress of the home knows.

I heard a daughter say something the other day that seemed to me so pretty and so well worth the learning that I laid it by for the benefit of our Exchange. She was speaking of her mother's brave cheer in circumstances that would have broken a weaker that would have broken a weaker spirit:

"If my mother were set down in the middle of the Desert of Sahara and made to understand that she must live there for the remainder of her mortal existence, she would, in ten minutes, begin to descant upon the advantages of a dry climate, and to constant late hera dry climate, and to congratulate her-self that her belongings would never again be moulded or mildewed. When she can't find a bright side, she gets out plate powder and chamois and pol-ishes the dark side."

ishes the dark side."

I felt then, and I think now, that no higher compliment could be paid to the valiant toiler. A dozen times since I have said to myself: "Now for the advantages of Sahara!" I pass the word along the line. There are advantages in a dry climate, and as sure as there are two sides to every question, one of them is brighter than the other. Look for it! And—when you find it, tell us of the discovery. Such stories of personal experience are some of the—

"Footprints on the sands of time" "Footprints on the sands of time" that may save a fainting soul alive.

Cleaning Carpets on the Floor. Our next letter is seasonable. The carpets we are to tread all winter long should be at their best to begin with.

Here is a reply to "C. B.'s" inquiry as to the practicability of cleaning carpets on the floor: to the practicability of cleaning carpets on the floor:

It has been done successfully by me again and again. Have ready two pails of hot water—clean and soft. In one dissolve a bar of good laundry soap—one that makes a fine lather. Shave the soap fine to make it melt the more easily. The second pail must be full of clean, warm water for rinsing. If your carpets have many light shades, add a cupful of gasoline to each gallon of suds in the first pail. If they are all-wool, add a few spoonfuls of ammonia, also.

With m clean new, stiff scrubbing brush a few spoonfuls of ammonia, also.

With a clean, new, stiff scrubbing brush
scour the carpet as you would a floor, bush

do not soak the fabric by using too much water. Wring out the cloth in the clear water, and rinse off the suds, then wipe as dry as possible with a clean dry cloth.

I have sometimes used, instead of gasoline and ammonia, a scouring soap, in the manner I have described above. It brought out the colors like new.

This process will well reward the time and labor required.

If the carpet has not been made too wet, it will soon dry if you will leave the windows open for the rest of the day. Of course, it must not be trodden upon while wet. wet.
May I come again?
Mrs. J. T. P. (Harvey, Ills.).
Mrs. J. T. P. our needs, ou

Mrs. J. T. P. (Harvey, Ills.).
You should know us, our needs, our
wishes and our ways well enough by
now not to ask the question. We need
just such as you to make the Exchange even more a power in the home than it is now. We wish for free communicais now. We wish for free communica-tion with practical housewives who can write plainly and briefly what they would say, and we have a way of singling out your kind and setting them to work.

Colors Run. I have a black-and-white gingham shirt-walst trimmed with dark red percale. When it was washed the red ran into the white, coloring it pink. Please tell me what will take out the pink. I have tried to do it, but could not.

GLADIOLAS ERIE (North Dakota). GLADIOLAS ERIE (North Dakota). Wash it quickly, not letting it lie for a moment in the water, in warm suds made of white soap. Rinse as rapidly in clear, tepid water, twice, and dry in the brisk wind, but in the shade. This process will send the vagrant red back into bounds if anything will. It is but fair to add that it is possible nothing will undo the mischief.

Marin Harland

Bathroom Wall Paper I has been said that a well-equipped

bathroom is the hallmark of respec-

tability, and the color and condition of a bathroom's walls go a long way toward making or marring that equipment.

Blessed is the housekeeper who can afford to have her walls tiled from floor to ceiling! For less favored mortals, who put up with tiling and paper, wainscoting and paper, or even paper all the way, that paper is of paramount importance!

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Some persons like tiled paper. Others say that its place is the kitchen, not the bathroom; but whatever your preferences along this line, make the color light. Get a glazed paper, and if from lack of wainscot or tile it must stand the splash of water, give it a coat of white varnish.

Avoid elaborate patterns. A white background is always good. Designs of long-stemmed, long-leaved flowers, running lengthwise, are effective, especially when carried over the ceiling. Confine yourself to blues, greens or purples in the coloring of your designs, and you will find the effect cooler, cleaner, and more suggestive of the water.