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This department is a General Exchange of Ideas for our readers. Nearly everyone has worked out or happened upon a better way of doing something than the usual way—some new wrinkle. If you know any new wrinkle, give others the advantage of it, and at the same time benefit yourself. One dollar will be paid for each new wrinkle accepted. Unused manuscripts will be destroyed unless postage is enclosed for return. Address NEW WRINKLE BUREAU, Room 1262 Fifth Avenue Building, New York, N. Y.

Many plants, like the cypress vine, will not stand ordinary transplanting. A novel and successful way to start such plants is to dig out the center of a turnip and fill with good rich soil. Put in the plant and set in a sunny window to grow, watering as if in a regular flower box. Plants can be started as early as February in this way, and when the outside air and soil are warm enough bury the turnip where you wish the plant to grow. The turnip will decay and furnish food for the plant.—M. F. H., Fall River, Mass.

Instead of rolling twine to be saved for future use into a ball, nail the little wooden handle that comes on packages to the back of the pantry door and roll the twine on it. Each additional piece of twine is tied to the end of the last piece.—M. N. W., Chicago, Ill.

Strings of tennis rackets should be covered with vaseline before the rackets are put away for the winter. This will prevent the strings from snapping during the time the rackets are not in use.—E. R. A., Washington, D. C.

If cake is to be preserved for any length of time, put it into a tin box, but if one is not conveniently at hand an ordinary pasteboard box or any closed receptacle will do. Place with it a large slice of fresh bread, laying it on top or close beside the cake, and in twenty-four hours the bread will be found quite hard, while the cake will be perfectly fresh. If the cake is to be kept still longer, renew the bread each day.—E. H., N. Y. City.

An effective method of ridding a lawn of dandelions is to put a drop of sulphuric acid from a medicine dropper into the heart of each dandelion plant, being careful not to touch the surrounding grass with it. One drop will be sufficient to cause the death of the roots of a small plant, but large plants of old growth may need a second application.—A. C. J., Pacific Grove, Cal.

In case of illness, or when a dull light is required, put finely powdered salt on a candle till it reaches the black part of the wick, which will give a mild and steady light all through the night.—M. C., Providence, R. I.

Big Gun Flashes

By Rothvin Wallace

What's in a Name?

WHEN Representative John M. C. Smith, of Charlotte, Michigan, received his name, it may have been that his parents were gifted with the preternatural prescience that, in later years, he was destined to wear his second and third initials either before or after his eponym, or both, as he should prefer. Now he's John M. C. Smith, John Smith, M. C. (Member of Congress), or John M. C. Smith, M. C. And Mr. Smith carries it all with a majestic dignity that stamps him as a capable legislator and a successful man of affairs.

One day an old colored woman approached an attendant at the Capitol and asked to see Mr. Smith.

"Which Mr. Smith?" inquired the attendant kindly. "Senator E. D. Smith, Senator J. W. Smith, Senator W. A. Smith, Representative C. B. Smith, Representative S. W. Smith, Representative S. C. Smith, Representative W. R. Smith or Representative J. M. C. Smith? We have eight Smiths in Congress, you know."

"Lordee!" gasped the old woman. "Speets Ah's gwine ter hab trouble." Then her face lighted up. "Ah tol' yo'," she added; "Ah wants de laborin' Mr. Smif."

"The laboring Mr.—oh! You want to see the Mr. Smith of the Committee on Labor?"

"Yas, dat's de gemman. He gits people jobs, don' he—jobs lak scrubbin' flohs an' washin' windows?"

"I—I don't know about that," said the attendant dubiously, "but the man you mean is Mr. John M. C. Smith."

"Mr. John M. C. Smith?" repeated the ebon-hued visitor. "White man, dat am fine. He done got de mostest name, an' mebbey he do mo' fo' a 'spectable cullud lady. Ah's superstitious, Ah is."

It is not on record, however, whether her "hunch" proved a good one.

Shampoo a la Convenience

A widely-known member of Congress who, on occasions, is more bibulous than he would care to have his constituents know about, wandered unsteadily into a popular Washington manieuring parlor one morning, uncovered his fevered head, and demanded a shampoo. The presiding Venus of the place looked nonplussed for a moment; then, with her best company smile, bade him be seated in a spindle-legged chair that groaned a protest against the legislator's two hundred pounds. A girl friend of the manieurist's, seated in a corner of the room, watched the proceedings with interest.

The fair operative next wound a towel around the neck of her patron, and allowed the contents of a brown bottle to trickle from the bald spot on the top of his head to the sparse growth of hair that bounded it on three sides.

"Smells like—like tar," observed the patron, as she began rubbing the liquid into his scalp.

"I guess there is some tar in it," she confessed. "It's the very latest preparation from Paris; good for a cold in the head, too, which you seem to have."

The girl continued to rub for ten minutes, after which she lathered the congressman's pate with soap and soused his head under the spigot at the washstand.

"Best shampoo ever had," he remarked, passing her two dollars.

When he had gone, the manieurist calmly poured out a spoonful of the shampoo lotion and drank it.

"What in the world are you doing?" cried her friend.

"Taking cough syrup. Why?"

"But you used it on that man's head!"

"Sure. It's the only thing I had; and that's the first shampoo I ever gave in my life. But I never let any money get away, and I'm willing to try anything once."

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