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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the angest counsellings depart."

HOW TO HANG YOUR CURTAINS

Do you want color and brightness in your rooms in the easiest possible way? Then don't bother with over-draperies to any great extent. The pretty colored sunfasts, ginghams, voiles, and chambrays do not need two layers of curtains. And, as for their hanging, the rules are simple.

If the window is small, keep the drapery well back at the sides. With these little colored curtains it is usually best to hang them with a slight heading of about an inch to an inch and a half. *Stop them at the sill.* If there is width enough to the window, they are pretty when made with a little ruffle all the way around the inside edge and bottom, and caught back loosely with a wide tie-back of the same material.

Made into Dutch curtains, which are nothing more or less than double sash curtains with an opening all the way down the centre, both top and bottom, they are very attractive. These are especially nice for the kitchen, in the bedroom, or even in the dining-room, when you want something entirely different. Pulled back at the sides they look almost like one curtain, but either top or bottom may be drawn across the window for protection or to regulate the light. They are new, very popular, and very pretty.

There's another very simple way of hanging curtains that works out well for small windows. It is mighty good to use upstairs where that troublesome dormer stares us in the face. This is the very simple fashion now prevalent of using a colored valance all the way across the top, and net, voile, or marquisette underneath. Both the edge of the valance and the inside and bottom edge of the net or voile have tatting or a similar edge for finish. It is tied back with the same material as the valance.

In this treatment you get color and something kicky and interesting; yet you are not troubled by too much drapery crowding the already limited space. I have seen this simple expedient make a little up-stairs bedroom all over—with, of course, the addition of proper wall color and brightly painted woodwork.

A valance plays little tricks with our eyes, and some windows should never be introduced to it. Others need a valance badly in order to correct their proportions and make the window look either shorter or taller. The height of the window, in relation to its width and the height of the wall, determines the depth of the valance. Ordinarily an eight-inch depth is quite safe. If the window is short, then shorten the valance or else eliminate it entirely. If the window is very high, deepen the valance. Pin up a piece of paper if you are in doubt, it will help you get proportion.

Curtains and valances may be made in dozens of different ways. But, unless there is some particular reason for it, it is best to use the ordinary "shirred on" method. This means the simple flat heading with a place run below for the insertion of the rod. Fancy pleatings are not necessary, though they are often very pretty.

Skimping on material is a cardinal sin. Allow plenty of fullness, usually half as much again as the measure of the space that the curtain is to stretch across. This statement applies to both side curtains and valances. Then the folds will be full and the window will look well dressed.

Floor-length curtains are sometimes used, but only in heavy materials. Some big rooms need them. They give weight and dignity. But most rooms take rather more kindly to the shorter lengths. Between the sill or wood-trim length and the floor, there is the happy medium. Stop at either one place or the other, if you would have your curtains follow the standards of good curtain taste.

MY WHERE-IS-IT BOOK

My household memorandum book is one of my greatest time savers. I used to waste hours looking for things that I had carefully put away—I or someone else—months before. These last days before.

It is just an indexed notebook, and under the different letters of the alphabet I write where things have been put, in closets, boxes, and so on.

For example, under B: "Buddy's winter underwear—in left-hand corner of box couch." Under D: "Daddy's overcoat—in chest in guest room." C: "Christmas tree decorations—bottom of box couch, right-hand side."

In my book I also keep a memorandum of best silver, where it is and how many pieces: sheets, pillowcases, extra blankets, and the like. If I should be called away from home to be gone several days or become suddenly ill, any member of the family could find anything wanted.

The book is always kept in the same place.—L. M.

STARCHING STUNTS.

If a small lump of alum is dissolved in the starch which is to be used for calicos and ginghams, the colors will keep fresh and bright for a much greater length of time.

Put a small handful of salt into the starch and boil well. This will keep the starch from freezing out in cold weather and will insure proper stiffness for shirts, and the like.

When the supply of laundry starch is exhausted, flour may be substituted. The flour should be mixed smoothly with a little water and then stirred rapidly into a pan of boiling water which has been temporarily taken from the fire. Made in this way flour starch will be free from lumps and will be a good substitute for laundry starch.

A SMART LITTLE DRESS.

4677. Serge, crepe or linen could be used for this design, with velvet, satin or organdie for collar and cuffs.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 3⅞ yards of 40-inch material.

For collar and cuffs of contrasting material as illustrated ½ yard is required. The width at the foot with plaits extended is 1¾ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St. Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

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CHAPTER XIV. (Cont'd.)

"Now we will talk," said Gaunt. "No—sit still. I'll pull you up to the table."

He dragged her, chair and all, across the roughly paved floor, and Maria, being assured that nothing more was required, went back to her work on the terraces.

Then Jean unburdened her unhappy soul. It was mainly on the subject of yesterday's most unexpected meeting with Carrie Egan, the widow of the man that Hugo—"Well, you know who I mean. She's staying in Bordighera, Hector—at the Mimosa Palace. And what am I to do? She's a friend of Dr. Ardeyne's. Oh, Hector, I'm almost out of my mind."

"Did she recognize you?" Gaunt asked.

"I don't know. I can't be sure. Yet it seems as though she must have."

"What are you afraid of?"

Jean crimsoned, and her eyes overflowed again, the lids all inflammed by this time, as well as the tip of her nose. She was thoroughly miserable, and had completely forgotten her looks. Gaunt handed her a clean handkerchief, and she mopped at her eyes in a futile, helpless fashion.

"I'm—I'm afraid that Egan woman will tell Dr. Ardeyne," she whimpered.

"You mean tell him that Hugo is Alice's father?"

"Y-yes."

"But you're not sure that she recognized you. How well did you know her—in the past?"

"I didn't know her at all, although she and poor Tony Egan had been married about a year when—when 'It' happened. But we saw each other at Hugo's trial, of course."

"Perhaps she doesn't remember you. What about Hugo? I met Ardeyne yesterday—did he tell you? He said Hugo had been ill."

"Only a bad cold—a touch of 'flu,' perhaps, but I've made it an excuse to keep him in his own room. Even Alice has scarcely seen him. Hector, tell me what to do. I'd like to leave Bordighera at once, but wherever we go Dr. Ardeyne must be considered. I won't have Alice's heart broken—I won't. Hector, there's quite a small place to let just at the bottom of the Old Town. You know, where the road dips down so sharply. It's called the Villa Charmil——"

"Oh, yes, I know."

"I was wondering—we have so little money left—if it would cost too much to take it for a month or two. We could manage with one servant. Could you find me a servant, Hector? There's no doubt about it, Hugo is still a little queer, and it's awfully difficult keeping him tied up in an hotel bedroom. And it's going to be more and more difficult with Dr. Ardeyne constantly around. Still, at a place like that little villa—there's a strip of garden and what look to be a sun-porch on the roof—I think I could manage. Don't imagine that poor Hugo himself is troublesome. He's perfectly willing to do anything I ask—and he's used to being kept in bondage——"

"Would you like to bring him up here?" Gaunt suggested dubiously.

"No, I shouldn't care to do that, although it's awfully kind of you to offer. It's too far for Alice and Philip to see each other. It would only be for another month or so. But Mrs. Egan's being here has frightened me stiff. Suppose she does tell Dr. Ardeyne?"

"You could deny it," Gaunt said, but without any deep sense of conviction.

"If it weren't for Hugo, I might," returned Jean. "What am I to do with him? I don't mean only now, but afterwards. He's got such a big appetite, you'd scarcely believe. They must feed them very well at Broadmoor. Of course, after Alice is married there'll be a little more money to spare, but you've no idea how little we've lived on. Christopher promised an extra hundred and fifty, but I've heard nothing more of it."

"You must let me help you," Gaunt said.

"Oh, no—that's impossible! I couldn't do that, Hector."

"Well, if you take the Villa Charmil, at least you can let me send you butter and eggs and vegetables."

"Well—I don't know that I should mind that," she said in her hesitating, nervous way. "Hugo wouldn't mind, I know. He's just like a child, but—well, there's one thing that worries me—or, rather, one more thing. He remembers you, Hector, and between us—between Hugo and me—there was never any pretence about his being Alice's father. But now—well, you'll scarcely believe it—and I don't know what to do, but he seems to think that she is his daughter—his real daughter."

"Eh?" Gaunt observed, with a perplexed frown. "Have you—er—tried to—that is, said anything?"

"No, I was afraid to. He's just a little queer, you know. It might upset him."

"Just a little queer!" Gaunt exclaimed bitterly. "They ought never to have let him out. The Sharles are all mad—even Christopher. I could have told you that if you had troubled to ask me——"

"Oh, don't reproach me, Hector!"

"I reproach you! Hector—is your wife dead?"

"Who do you mean? Oh! Yes, she's dead. Years ago."

"Then we could have been—been properly married, if I hadn't been so frightened, if only I had——"

"Yes, my poor little——. I don't blame you, and I'm only too thankful that you don't blame me. I loved you so dearly, Jean. It seemed to me that it was all righteous being married that way——"

She began to cry again, overcome by her forlorn and forsaken position.

"I'm thinking of Alice," she whimpered. "If she ever finds out what Hugo has done, and that he's her—her father——"

"But he isn't her father," Gaunt interrupted jealously.

"That as far as she knows he is—it would simply kill her."

"She musn't know," Gaunt said. "But if you're driven into a corner you can tell her the truth."

CHAPTER XV.

Jean's note was brought in to Hugo with his coffee and rolls, and as he read it a pleasant, excited feeling fluttered in his breast—like the emotion a little bird must experience when some kind hand opens the door of its cage. Jean had gone for an early morning walk; she might not be back until nearly lunch time; she hoped Hugo would amuse himself prettily with his books and papers until her return, and if he wanted anything ring for the floor waiter.

He rang for him now almost as soon as the man's back was turned, and inquired as to the best means of getting shaved should one happen to possess not so much as a safety razor of one's own. The waiter informed him that a local hairdresser could be summoned. In fact, he would be calling at the hotel this morning to attend several regular customers among the invalids.

Hugo nodded and smiled in a surreptitious fashion and presented the waiter with a ten-lire note. The hairdresser was to come to him as soon as possible. He made the bargain as though it were a great secret; something perhaps, which he had no business to do.

His knees were weak from his recent bout with the "flu," but he resolutely ignored their trembling, and hurried about, taking his bath and searching out clean linen in which to make himself presentable for his first public appearance.

There came a tap on the door and he started guiltily, throwing an instinctive glance around to see what there might be to conceal. But there was nothing, of course. In That Place nobody knocked at doors; they simply walked in on you. One of these days he would write a letter to the Home Secretary about the lack of privacy at Broadmoor.

"Come in!"

It was the hairdresser, a dapper little Italian, with oiled and perfumed locks. Hugo liked him immensely and suffered himself to be shorn as well as shaved according to the foreign close-cut fashion, which left him with about as much hair as a coconut.

After awhile there came another tap at the door, but by this time Hugo had grown more confident. He scarcely troubled to turn his head—being busy with the adjustment of a necktie—as he gave permission for whoever it was to enter.

"Oh, Uncle John—are you up?"

It was Alice, peering anxiously from the crack of the door.

"Up and soon going out, my dear," Hugo replied. "Is the room too untidy for me to invite you in? Just let me throw back the bed-clothes. I'm getting slack lately. In That Place—where I've been in hospital—they were most particular about airing the beds. No chambermaids, you understand. Ha, ha! Each man for himself. . . . Well, do come in, my dear, and let your old fa—your old Uncle John have a good look at you. What a pretty girl you are, Alice! Well, well, to be sure! Going to be married, I hear. Will you take me for a little walk this morning? Or—will it be inconvenient? I'm nearly ready."

"I'd love to—but do you think it's wise? Are you well enough?"

"Fiddle! Fiddle! Fiddle! I'm the healthiest! I've had—I've had—flu in my time. What do you really want your mother back? Did she send a note in with your coffee, too?"

"Yes. I—I'm a little worried. Mummy didn't mention where she was going. It's not like her to go out by herself, and she absolutely hates walking."

Hugo laid a finger to the side of his nose and looked very knowing.

"Ah, ah! Now you're saying something," he observed darkly. "We'll look for her, you and I. No doubt we shall catch her out in some mischief."

It was all playfulness on the part of poor Hugo, but Alice's distaste for her "Uncle John" was increased by this jocularity; and besides, his appearance was against him. The close hair-cut gave a prominence to his ears and a sharpness to his nose; his fussy little gesture with the eyeglasses was irritating—why couldn't he leave them alone?—and the Foxy Grandpa expression in his eyes seemed to convey a sly, double meaning to every word he uttered. If all the relations whom her mother had so carefully left alone were like Uncle John, Alice saw the common sense of avoiding them.

(To be continued.)

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A Change of Address.

Johnnie was begging his father to let him have a second piece of cake.

"When I was a boy," said Father, "I was allowed to have only one helping."

Johnnie thought this over for a minute, and then said:

"Daddie, aren't you glad you live with us now?"

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