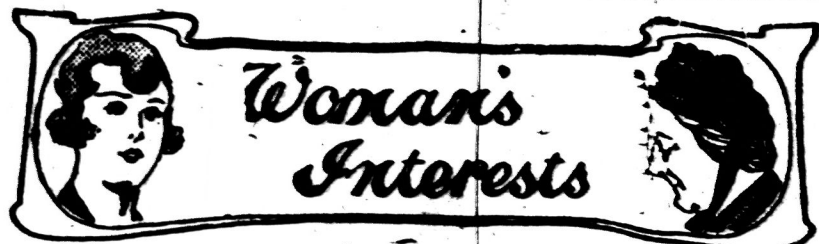


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HOW I MADE IRONING EASIER.

When my iron was dragging one day, a good friend, trying to cheer me, explained that there was no way to make this work easy. I meditated over her words a long time. Finally, I drew a conclusion of my own, one which is a little more cheerful. It is: Ironing can be made easier in most households.

I have found five ways to reduce the toil connected with this weekly task. The work is simplified:

1. By purchasing clothing for the family and house which may be ironed quickly.
 2. By avoiding unnecessary wrinkles.
 3. By considering it proper to use sheets, tea towels, and crepe garments folded from the line without being ironed, or with a light pressing.
 4. By using the best up-to-date methods and equipment.
 5. By planning the housework so the ironing will not fall on the day when baking and many other duties must receive attention.
- I'll have to admit that I sit on a stool when ironing. It was rather awkward for me at first, for I learned to iron while standing. Now I am exhausted if I spend Wednesday, my ironing day, without my high chair.
- The height of the ironing board also is of importance. There is no definite rule to be given about it. If the surface is too high, the worker will feel pains between her shoulders; if it is too low, the small of the back receives the strain. I like an ironing board that is firm, and one which is covered either with several layers of a soft old blanket or one thickness of quilted table padding. I use mummy for the outside covering. This is fastened on with thumb tacks. These may be removed with less effort than pins, and they are efficient in holding the cover in place.
- As to the iron, the self-heating kinds are step-savers. In homes where electricity is available, of course, the electrically heated ones are fine. However, I have tried many other types of these irons and have found them quite satisfactory.
- Ironing machines also are helpful, especially for use in large families.

I know of one farm woman who has one of these appliances; she rents it by the hour to her neighbors after her own ironing is done. I have used two kinds of ironers—those operated by hand in which the cold rolls remove the wrinkles by pressure, and the electric ones with heated rollers.

There are several rules or practices that I follow carefully in ironing, all of which make for good results and the comfort of the worker. They have helped me so much that I have decided to tell you about them.

Every surface is ironed dry before another one is given attention. Wrinkles form in materials that are not ironed dry. I iron as large a surface as possible at a time. This makes for speed.

The sleeves and other parts of a garment that hang off the board are given first consideration.

Aprons hang the best when they are ironed lengthwise, instead of crosswise, from the hem upward to the gathers. I iron the bibs and strings first.

Hems, bands, tucks, folds, and every double thickness of material require extra pressing to remove the moisture and to prevent a rough-dry appearance. When ironing tucks, I pull them taut and iron them lengthwise and downward from the upper part of the tuck to the bottom.

Colored clothes are ironed on the wrong side. I find that this prevents the shine which otherwise makes its appearance on the seams and hems. It is well to remember that too hot an iron has a tendency to fade dyes.

Woolens are covered with cheesecloth when being ironed. I prefer to have the wool fabric half-dry, so the cheesecloth need not be moistened. An iron hot enough to scorch the delicate fibres is not to be used.

To present a shine on silks I iron them on the wrong side with a warm but not hot iron. I work with taffetas and crepes when they are quite damp; to the first type of silk this treatment gives the desired finish and it keeps the latter from shrinkage. If a silk is too wet when ironed, it will be papery.

Table linens are ironed partly dry on the wrong side, then the ironing is completed on the right side.

Ruffles are ironed straight on the hem edge, and then the iron is worked up into the gathers. I like to use a small pointed iron for this purpose.

Embroideries and laces are ironed on the wrong side over a soft padding of Turkish toweling. I pin a Turkish towel over one end of the board when I start ironing, so it will be ready for use when needed.

The garments which need mending are arranged in a pile as ironed. I do this to avoid sorting them out afterward.

Folding is given careful attention; in fact, I consider it of great importance. No matter how beautifully ironed a garment is, it may be wrinkled by improper folding.

I fold rectangular and square table covers with three or four lengthwise folds, pressing them in; if crosswise folds are necessary for storage, they are made without the use of the iron. Sheets are folded in the same way. Round table covers are a little more difficult to handle. I fold them in half lengthwise, and in half crosswise, and then roll them. Pillow cases are folded in thirds lengthwise.

A way to avoid wrinkles is to hang the clothing carefully on the line, and to fold it neatly in the basket when taking it down. Of course, I allow the clothes to dry thoroughly before putting them away.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

"And how could Hugo have blackmailed Mrs. Egan?" Gaunt demanded. "Perhaps she's afraid that he's still mad and might do her an injury if she refused," Jean said. "You see, he—he killed her husband. Probably Mrs. Egan, more than anybody else in the world realizes what Hugo is capable of."

Gaunt pursed his lips.

"That's not altogether likely. No doubt the money was owing to him, as he said. It's the simplest explanation, and in my experience one need not search for the obscure."

"You think you can use it—honestly?"

"Of course you can, my dear. But there's one thing—Gaunt bent over and knocked the bowl of his pipe against his boot. "This matter of a dowry for Alice. I—hang it all!—am I to do nothing, give nothing? Am I to stare and—"

"Oh, Hector! Please don't make it difficult."

"It's you who made it difficult in the first place. You—my wife—"

"Hector, you mustn't say such things."

"Did we not stand in church together and pledge ourselves to be man and wife?"

"Hector, you know how things went; that I wasn't really your wife."

He went on as though he had not heard. "And I loved you then; I love you now. Perhaps you think it's easy for me to stand aside always. I've a good mind to reach out my hand and take you. You belong to me. Why shouldn't I?"

"Oh, please—please don't say any more."

Hugo's head popped out of the dining room door. He might have heard every word they said.

"I'm ready," he piped.



A PLEASING FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

4753. In white or colored linen this will make a very satisfactory "wash dress" for warm days. It is also pretty in crepe or voile. Drawn work, bead or floss embroidery or braiding would be attractive for decoration. The skirt of this model is joined to an under-body and is finished separately.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 32-inch material.

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LILY WHITE CAKE.

One cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of flour, 1 cupful of sweet milk, 3 level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt, whites of 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla. Sift all the ingredients together four or five times. Boil the milk and pour over dry ingredients and stir. Do not beat it. Then add the whites of two eggs beaten stiffly and a teaspoonful of vanilla. A small pinch of cream of tartar is good but not necessary.

Put in an ungreased pan. Place in cool oven and increase heat for about thirty minutes till done.

For the icing use one cupful of sugar, seven tablespoonfuls of water and one egg white beaten stiff.

Boil sugar and water till it hairs from the spoon. Then pour while boiling hot into the egg white beaten stiff. Continue beating until ready to spread the icing on the cake.

Red-hot cinnamon candies placed on top make this cake pretty and tasty.

SAVING WITH TRAYS.

Trays are a great help to me in saving handling of dishes and silver. As I dry the dishes I put the silver that will be needed for the next meal on a small tray and set it in the cupboard between the kitchen and dining room. I do the same with the plates, water glasses and other dishes. Then when I'm ready to set the table I lift the trays to the serving table in the dining room and quickly set the articles in place.

In the evening I put the cereal dishes and a pitcher for the cream on their tray and the coffee cups and saucers likewise. Small things to think of, but they make the difference between a hurried breakfast and a pleasant, unhurried meal.

With desserts the serving dishes, with spoons or forks and sugar and cream, may be assembled on a tray on the kitchen table while one is preparing dinner. Then it takes but a moment to serve the pudding, fruit, or ice cream, after the other dishes have been taken from the table.

—M. J. M.

Ice can be made by wrapping a bottle of water in cotton and then wetting it frequently with ether.

Minard's Liniment for Headache.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From which the wisest councilings depart."

silence. She knew how stubborn he could be if he wanted to.

She began to wish that he had not been successful with his claim upon Mrs. Egan. But, oh, how they needed that money, or even a small fraction of it.

Carlo drove them straight to the Italian bank and Hugo made his arrangements and sent his telegram. On the strength of it, they allowed him to draw 10,000 lire.

Here, again, Jean was faced with worry. Suppose something happened and the money didn't come through? Shouldn't he have waited? Suppose Mrs. Egan changed her mind or—?

Hugo stared at her haughtily. She had shown her apprehension before the bank officials a little too plainly for his taste. He reproved her coldly, begged her to remember that he was not a fool and disliked being made to look like one.

Having said good-bye to Carlo with a generous present, their progress back through the village was marked by the wildest extravagance. A jeweler's window first arrested Hugo's attention and he remembered that he had to buy a wedding gift for Alice. Also a present for Jean.

Jean tried very hard not to be dragged on this freely-oiled wheel, but it was difficult. If only he actually had the money safe in his possession she would not have said a word. Of course the lawyer's letter seemed genuine enough; the bank officials—none too scrupulous as a rule—had accepted it as such, and so did the jeweler to whom Hugo gave a cheque for his expensive purchase. That \$5,000 cash would not last long if he went on at this rate, even assuming that everything was all right. A pearl necklace for Alice, nothing wonderful, but real pearls are never cheap, and an immense solitaire diamond ring for Jean.

Shop after shop they visited all along the Rue Vittorio Emanuele, and they returned with silk shawls and stockings, embroideries, laces, fine lingerie, and half a pound of navy cut—the latter being Hugo's present to himself.

During the climb up to the foot of the Old Town he told his wife what he thought of her. It had been so difficult, on occasions impossible, to get her to enter into his game, the only purchases for which she had shown the slightest enthusiasm being half a dozen yards of glass towelling and some kitchen cloths.

But when they reached the Villa Charnil Alice made up amply for her mother's shortcomings.

"Oh, mummy, how wonderful of him to buy us all these lovely things! It's just like a fairy tale. Think, mummy dear—look back. Why, two months ago we were still in Florence wondering if we'd got enough saved for our poor little spurge, feeling like a pair of conspirators—no, adventurers, we called ourselves. And now I'm going to be married to the best man in all the world—don't laugh, mummy, because he is—and Uncle John has come into a fortune and is being so kind to us! Pearls, mummy—real pearls! Oh, aren't they just too sweet! And your ring's a perfect treasure. You ought to have heaps of rings, mummy. Your hands are just made for them."

A great light gleamed in Hugo's eyes—Rings for Jean; heaps of them! That was true. Jean's hands were just made for rings.

Jean hastily choked off the flow of mad suggestion.

"We mustn't let Uncle John spend another penny," she said crossly. "He won't have anything left if he goes on like this."

Hugo glared and thrust his hands into his pockets. "Your mother!" he spat out, in sheer, awful disgust.

But Alice finally restored him to good humor. They went off together to her room and spread everything out on the bed, deciding which was for Jean and which was for the little bride. Most of it turned out to be for

CHAPTER XXII.

Mrs. Carnay was decidedly upset by Gaunt's outburst. She had not expected such a thing and was caught unawares. It was as though she had been strolling quite placidly down a country lane towards the sunset, a little saddened because the day drew to its close, a little pensive for things that might have happened differently, when suddenly from behind a familiar tree there dashed a highwayman demanding the treasure in her purse.

She had not been thinking of the highwayman—she had been thinking of home and the sunset. And, oh, there was so very little in her purse, and she needed it all, every bit. This small gold piece for Contentment—if the fates were kind and would sell so cheaply; that big silver dollar, he represented the price of Fortitude, the possession of which was so necessary for a lonely woman; and the little coins, the sixpences, and threepenny bits they represented the cigarettes and chocolate of life, Patience, Good Humor, Smiles. Well, the highwayman had snatched her purse and all that was in it.

In effect he had said: "Having used up these things myself, I will refresh my empty heart at your expense."

As Hugo and she drove away crowded into the cart with Carlo, she looked back and saw Gaunt standing on his mountain-top, a tall, strange figure, silhouetted black against the sunset, every line distinct—the point of his beard, the bulge of his shirt where the wind caught and blew out its loosely tucked folds, his arms raised waving the old panama, his negligently graceful body—all etched against the hot sun.

The dear familiarity of him brought a lump to her throat and tears to her eyes. She waved back, and Hugo—trusting about so that he nearly dislodged her from the crowded seat—must needs wave too.

"I don't know when I've had such a good time," Hugo said, with a happy sigh. "Not for years. Old Hector hasn't changed as much as you'd think. Only he doesn't seem to care for adventure any more. I tried to talk him into a voyage somewhere, but he didn't enthuse a bit. With my money we could easily fit out a small boat. Of course, there isn't much left in the world to discover, but it would be fun. You could have come, too, Jean. You'd have loved roughing it."

Jean smiled regretfully. At the moment she imagined that she would have loved roughing it.

"Just the three of us, with quite a small crew," Hugo went on. "But, no—old Hector won't do it. He says he's anchored on Monte Nero and there he means to stay. He might almost be in That Place for all the change he gets. I'm afraid such a life wouldn't suit me. All very well for awhile, but a fellow must do something or stagnate. I shall be doing something, soon."

Jean's heart sank with a sickening sense of helplessness.

"Hugo, surely surely you won't mind living quietly just—just at first," she said anxiously.

"Oh, well, just at first," he conceded. "That's what I am doing. Been doing it for—"

"Not quite a month," Jean reminded him.

He looked peevish. "A month's a long time, and I've lost so much time already. Fifteen years, Jean. I'm not growing any younger, you know."

"But what do you want to do?"

"Perhaps I'll go into business. Twenty thousand won't last for ever."

"Hugo, you know you're not a bit of good in business. Do, please, for my sake, leave it alone. We shall be rich on what you already have. Really quite rich."

Hugo relapsed into one of his sulk-

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the bride, since Jean had behaved so badly and Hugo thought it just as well to teach her a lesson.

They got to talking about Jean in the privileged way assumed by close relatives. Alice stood up for her mother, but at the same time there were little holes here and there which one admitted could be picked in even so fine a fabric. For instance, mummy did worry a lot and was apt to cross bridges before they were actually in sight; and of late this tendency seemed to have grown worse instead of better.

"She's getting old," grumbled Hugo. "That's what it is. Old and set." He was determined to insult Jean in every way he could think of.

Alice laughed.

"Mummy old! Why, Uncle John, she's only thirty-eight or nine. But I'll admit I never noticed how young she was until we came to Bordighera. Uncle John, do you think mummy will ever marry again?"

Hugo started so violently that his eyeglasses tumbled off. "I never thought about it at all," he replied as he stooped to retrieve them.

(To be continued.)

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