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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-drapes to any great extent. The pretty colored curtains, gingham, 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 tacking 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 kooky 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 platings 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 no 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 weeks or months before—sometimes just days before.

It is just an indexed notebook, and

with help on the back of the book, you can find anything you want in five minutes. It is a real time saver. Write your notes in the morning and evening. One is by observing the eyes of a cat. Early in the morning and evening the pupils are round. At certain hours they are oval. At noon they are but a narrow slit.

WOMEN

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)

"Now we will eat," 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 terrace.

Then Jean unbentured 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 Minerva Palace. And that am I to do? She's a friend of Dr. Ardenne'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 inflamed 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. Ardenne, she whimpered. "You mean tell him that Hugo is Alice's father?"

"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 Ardenne yesterday—did he tell you? He said Hugo had been ill."

"Only a bad cold—a touch of flu," perhaps, but I've made 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. Ardenne 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—have we so little money left—if it would cost too much to take it for 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. Ardenne 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. Ardenne?"

"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 know only now, but afterwards. He's got such a big appetite, you'd scarcely believe. They must feed them very well at Bordighera. 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'd scarcely believe and I don't know what to do, but he seems to think that she is his daughter—his real daughter."

"H'm," Gaunt observed with a perplexed frown. "Have you—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 Smarties 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 myself."

"Hector—is your wife dead?" "Who do you mean? Oh! Yes, she's dead. Years ago."

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

"Yes, my poor little dear. But 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 right our being married that way—

She began to cry again, overcome by her forlorn and forsaken position. "If she ever finds out what Hugo has done, and that he's her father—"

"But he isn't her father," Gaunt interrupted jealously. "That as far as she knows he is—she mustn'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 cote 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.

"It was the hairdresser, a dapper little Italian, with silver and perfumed locks. Hugo liked him immensely and suffered himself to be shorn as well as shaved according to the fashion of the day, 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 father—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

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walk this morning? Or would it be inconvenient? I'm nearly ready."

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

"Now, then—don't you join the goalers! I've had enough of them in my time. When do you really expect your mother back? Did she send a note in with your coffee, too?"

"Yes, I—I'm a little worried. Mumsey didn't mention where she was going. It's not like her to go off 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 eye-glasses was irritating—why couldn't he leave them alone?—and the Fogy 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.)

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

The man who is in the swim is the man who does not get out of his depth.

The most lovable quality that any human being can possess is tolerance. Tolerance is the vision that enables us to see things from another person's point of view. It is the generosity that concedes to others the right to their own opinions and their own peculiarities. It is the bigness that enables us to want those we love to be happy in their own way instead of our way.

CREAM

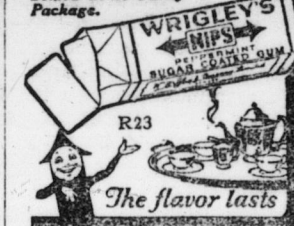
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A Change of Address.

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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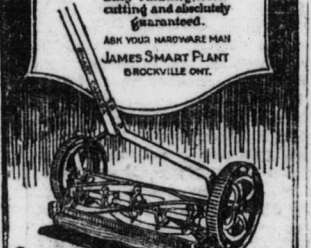
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ISSUE No. 15—24.

Why Busy Women Want SMP Enameled WARE

Busy women want SMP Enameled Ware because it will bring food to the boil almost twice as fast as all-metal utensils, and completes the cooking sooner. A woman can wash SMP Enameled Ware utensils faster than utensils that have to be scrubbed and scoured.

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly-grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.

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CANADA TO AID AIRMEN IN FLIGHT

COURSE IN LINE OF TRAF-FIC AND OF DIRECT WIRELESS.

New Collapsible Boat Will Facilitate Seaplane Trip When Party Reaches Vancouver.

Canada will be the centre of the world's interest early in May, when the British round the world flyers circle over the city and descend to the waters of English Bay, to "taxi" to the slipway of the Jericho Beach station of the Royal Canadian Air Force, says a Vancouver despatch. Here they will finish the long seaplane flight from the Aleutian Islands and transfer to a large machine for the flight across Canada.

Local officers of the R. C. A. F. will have a great deal to do with the epoch making flight. They have already been asked to have a collapsible boat ready for Colonel E. L. Broome, advance officer of the round the world flyers. He will take this unique invention to Japan next month and it will be part of the equipment of the seaplane which undertakes the Pacific portion of the flight.

This collapsible boat was designed by the late Major MacLaurin after much experience on the Pacific coast. By it flyers in seaplanes could land anywhere and make shore, dependent previously on chance met boats or skiffs or settlers. It was also a last resort in case of accident to the seaplane.

Tribute to Canadian Aviator.

It is six feet long, will carry four men in an emergency, though best suited to two. With two paddles, floor board and snubbing line it weighs 18 pounds 8 ounces. It folds up and fits into a few square inches of space in the tail of a seaplane. Major MacLaurin gave the patent to the Canadian Air Force. Its recognition by the round the world flyers is a striking tribute to one of Canada's most intrepid aviators.

The flyers will establish a station on the Aleutian Islands from which they will hop off to another point in Alaska. From the point in Alaska, probably near Skagway, they will continue to Prince Rupert, and from there fly the 500 miles to Vancouver in a single flight.

Gasoline, oil and supply depots are being established along the coast of Alaska, among the Aleutian Islands and in Japan by the H. M. C. S. Ival, which left the British Columbia port of Esquimalt on February 28.

From Prince Rupert south the course is well laid out, having been used last summer by the flyers from the Vancouver station. Caches of gasoline and oil are planted at various points along the coast and a hand of these will be placed in the hands of the round the world navigators. The same courtesy has been offered to the American army flyers who are slated at this writing to start from Seattle on April 1 to the Arctic. They already have been provided with chart and transmission to use any supplies necessary.

The machine which the British flyers use will be capable of doing 800 miles in one flight, in which case the various caches south of Prince Rupert will not be needed, but they are placed there to meet any emergency. The Royal Canadian Air Force is in charge of all details of the flight across Canada, and it is expected that from Vancouver the flyers overland will go direct to High River, Alberta, the other side of the Rockies and the next station of the force.

Rockies Via Kicking Horse Pass.

The Rockies have been crossed twice by airplane, and it is expected the Canadian flyers will be followed, via the Kicking Horse Pass. Landings can be made if necessary at the mountain towns of Revelstoke, Golden and Canmore. The new powerful wireless station of the R. C. A. F. at Jericho Beach station, Vancouver, will be in operation when the aviators start from Japan and will keep in touch with them all the way across the Pacific.

The "inside passage" will be followed along the British Columbia coast, placing the flyers in sight of traffic or inhabited islands on this 500 miles of way. The course is extremely well protected from gales. A De Havilland 240 horse power airplane will likely be placed in storage in Vancouver in the next few days. So, with caches, route maps, the unique collapsible boat and wireless the R. C. A. F. on the Pacific coast have done everything possible to facilitate the trip, and that of the American army aviators in their flight from Seattle to the Arctic. With the completion of the great wireless station at Jericho Beach, Vancouver, should any mishap befall the airmen it will be known almost immediately and aid by seaplane can be sent within a radius of at least 600 miles along the coast.

Tells Time by Cat's Eyes. The natives of Turkey have some ingenious methods of telling the time. One is by observing the eyes of a cat. Early in the morning and evening the pupils are round. At certain hours they are oval. At noon they are but a narrow slit.