

known from her birth, burst into the room of the bereaved that evening with the paper in her hands, crying, "Why didn't you let me help you?" The blow had fallen. The one thing the dead and the living had tried to avoid, publicity, had come to cover them with shame.

The girls would not go back to the "shop," which was a second home to them; they had never worked anywhere else. They moved to a strange city. It was hard to get work; the funeral had used up all their savings, and the mother had to go back to the wash-tub to help earn a living, so difficult was it for the daughters to earn living wages at the new work, the first that offered. All the old social life which had grown up so naturally under the cheerful mother's care was gone. It was as though they had passed into a new world, with only memories of the years that had preceded the change. Every tie was broken. Why? Because a paper that prided itself on its enterprise paid men to hunt for bleeding human hearts and tell the public how they looked when sorrow had done its worst, had dealt them its heaviest blows. It is this license that should rouse men and women to cry down these tremendous engines of torture. There is a legitimate freedom of the press that is the Nation's safeguard, but it is not the liberty that peers into graves, or hounds feeble, sorrowing women from their homes.



How to Launder and Press Linen Embroideries

By L. G. A.

The question is often asked, Should embroidery be thoroughly wet before pressing, or should it be dampened only sufficiently to leave a smooth surface? This depends upon the materials. All embroidery should be moist when pressed, if the material will not be injured by water; and experience will prove that water is harmless in many cases where the majority of people would hesitate to use it. Where stuff is used which cannot be wet, a damp cloth should be laid over the work, on the wrong side. This applies to embroidery in general, but with linen work the rule admits of no exceptions that everything should be wet before pressed.

The preparation for this begins early in the work of embroidering. First, have no unfastened nor long ends, no knots, and no long stitches crossing the plain surface from one part of the design to another on the wrong side, as these stitches show when the work is pressed, unless the linen is very heavy. Form the habit of avoiding them altogether, then they will never intrude.

Knots ruin the appearance of work after it is pressed, and should be avoided by running several stitches on the outline of the design, then working over them; this will hold the end securely. Use only the best quality of imported wash silks; they are more expensive, but, although of more delicate shades, wash better than cheaper ones.

After following these preliminaries, dip your work, when finished, into cold water, if not soiled in embroidering; if soiled, use only tepid water, as very hot water will cause the colors of even the best silks to run a little. Use a pure castile soap, which should be applied to the wrong side of the embroidery, and where the stamping is strongly marked rub the work gently between the fingers. Much stamping on linen is done with blue powder, which, if not washed out, shows in the silk. After rinsing in cold water, while still wet, lay the work right side down on thick flannel, cover the wrong side with a clean cloth, and iron immediately. This preserves the dressing in the linen.

When the piece is partly dried, remove the cloth, finishing the ironing on the goods itself.

Press from the center of the design out, smoothing every wrinkle. This is not difficult if care has been taken to avoid drawing the material in working. If hoops, fitting tightly over the linen, are used while embroidering, this difficulty is obviated.

When thoroughly dry, turn the piece and run the iron

gently over the surface of the linen, not touching the embroidery.

If the work is properly done, the result will be very satisfactory, particularly in flower embroidery, as the design will be raised by pressing on flannel, and the stitches will have blended in such manner as, apparently, to give each leaf and petal its natural texture.

These same rules, with a few additions, apply to laundry-drying pieces in daily use. These, when soiled with grease or any special stains, should have each spot carefully washed before the whole piece, which, after rinsing, can be dipped into cold-water starch, with a little bluing. Only enough starch should be used to give body to the linen.

Fringed articles should be well shaken, and the fringe slightly ironed, then brushed with a stiff brush.

Hemstitched hems should be smoothly ironed on the wrong side, turned, and pressed lightly on the right side, to give the customary glossy finish.

Embroideries should be washed separately, and this should be done by a competent hand, as much fine work is ruined by careless handling.

Many ladies do this work themselves rather than intrust their embroideries to a laundress.



From the Day's Mail

A correspondent inquired not long since in these columns for suggestions for games that would interest an invalid. Several readers have responded. "S. C." suggests "La Grippe," and "A B C" the game of "1, 2, 3." "A. G. D." suggests a "Game of American Characters." "Mrs. E. M. C." has found "Games of Patience" interesting. "B. S. B." thinks the "Archer Puzzle" and "Nellie Bly's Trip Round the World" would prove interesting.

This summer some children who had seen a library game made up a set for their own amusement. Cards were used on which were painted or drawn symbols that represented the names of books with which they were familiar. The making of this set of cards furnished amusement for many hours that would otherwise have been wearisome. The game could be sent away as a gift, with the key, to some friend. Each card was numbered; the key contained the answer numbered.

Some of our correspondents make suggestions that may be of interest to others than our inquiring subscriber:

Dear Outlook:

Your inquiry as to a fascinating and entertaining game for invalids is answered and the want supplied by the introduction of "Pyramids," played on a checkerboard with 4-3-2-1 vs. 1-2-3-4=20 pieces arranged crosswise as the above figures are.

The aim and object is to transfer black to white places. This is done by jumping as in checkers, but not taking off. The double corners afford the opportunity—with skill employed—to block the game by throwing the pyramid "off its center."

SUBSCRIBER.

Dear Outlook:

Your correspondent "B. W. L." does not mention solitaire games among those which have amused the invalid. Miss Lucretia Hale's book, "Fagots for the Fireside," of which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are about issuing a new edition, has many suggestions which would be of value.

A. M. T.

"A. L. C." suggests the game of "Redoubt."

Will some one kindly favor me through your inquiry column with a receipt for making sticky fly-paper, and also poison fly-paper? I think one was given for the former last year, but, as my papers do double duty, I cannot refer to it. H. S. L.



Working-Girls' Vacation Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,091 93
Mrs. A. A. C., Westfield, N. Y.	5 00
L. K., Plainfield, N. J.	5 00
A., Wooster, O.	10 00
Total.....	\$1,111 93

"True to His Trust"

By William Murray Graydon

In Two Parts—II.

For a moment Tony stood silent and motionless. Then he called out, in a husky voice: "I can't open the door now. The house is shut up for the night. You must come some other time."

A sullen exclamation was heard, and the door rattled savagely. Concluding that persuasion would be of no avail, Tony's father now threw off the mask and openly avowed his object. "If you boys don't let me in you'll be sorry for it," he growled. "I want that money, and if you hand it over peaceably I won't do you no harm. You needn't try to fool me, either. I know the money's there, an' I know Bender an' his wife ain't at home."

Getting no reply, Bill Marsh changed his tactics. "Help me to get that money, Tony," he pleaded, "an' you an' me will cut this part of the country. I'll show you what life is."

Tony turned away from the door, and glanced at Luke with a startled but resolute face. "Don't be afraid," he said, bitterly. "I'm not the kind of chap you take me for."

"But he may break in and murder us both," gasped Luke, who was trembling all over.

For a moment there was silence outside. Then a queer rasping noise was followed by two startling sounds directly overhead—the smash of broken glass and heavy footsteps. The lads understood instantly what this meant. The ruffian had gained the top of the porch by means of an overhanging tree, and thence entered the room over the kitchen. In a moment he would be downstairs.

Luke was frantic with terror, and, thinking only of escape, he made a dash for the outer door. But Tony caught him and swung him back. "The money!" he cried. "We promised to guard it. Help me with this table, quick!"

Luke was shamed into obedience, and by their joint strength the boys soon pushed the heavy piece of furniture against the staircase door. Then Tony grabbed the lantern and ran into the next room, with Luke at his heels. It was the work of an instant to unlock the desk and seize the money. Then, bag in hand, Tony rushed through the hall to the front door, and drew the bolts. As the frightened boys scrambled out into the dark road they heard their enemy smashing his way noisily into the kitchen. For a few seconds they did not know which way to turn. The nearest house was three-quarters of a mile distant.

"Father was always a fast runner," cried Tony. "We had better hide in the mill. Come on, Luke."

He extinguished the lamp, dropped it in a clump of grass, and led his companion rapidly down the hill. Turning sharply, they ran along the race until the open front of the sawmill yawned before them. They groped their way over logs and machinery to a ladder that rose at a sharp angle close to one end of the building. They ascended hand over hand, and safely gained the upper floor, which was used as a sort of carpenter-shop. They quickly drew the ladder after them, and had hardly placed it against the wall when heavy footsteps creaked on the floor below. Unerring instinct had guided the ruffian to the spot.

Luke uttered a gasp of terror.

"Be quiet," whispered Tony. "He may think we are not here."

But this was a vain hope. A rasping sound was followed by a blaze of yellow light, and there stood Bill Marsh at the foot of the ladder-hole, with a burning match in his hand.

"Come down here, you young rascals," he cried, harshly. "I won't stand no more foolin'. I'll wring your necks when I git holt of you."

There was no reply. Tony pressed his hand against Luke's mouth to denote silence.

The match that the ruffian was holding burnt his fingers, and, tossing it aside, he scraped another. He need not have done so, for the burning fragment had fallen upon a heap of shavings and other inflammable refuse, and instantly a little blaze leapt up. Bill Marsh made a motion to stamp out the flames, but suddenly changed his mind.

"I've got the drop on you fellers now," he snarled. "If you chuck the money down right away I'll tramp out the fire; if you don't, I'll let you burn up. I mean what I say."

Still no reply. With fast-beating hearts the lads watched the spread of the flames. "Better throw the bag down," whispered Luke.

"Never!" replied Tony. "I promised to guard the money. He won't dare burn the mill down."

Whether the ruffian's threat was sincere or not the boys never knew. That instant a puff of wind fanned the fire into a hissing, roaring blaze, and Bill Marsh vainly tried to stamp it out. Then, alarmed by what he had done, he uttered a volley of profanity, and fled as fast as his legs would carry him. His footsteps echoed along the race and faded in the distance.

The boys had no time to feel elated at the retreat of their enemy. A terrible death stared them in the face, for already their escape was cut off. The mill was a veritable tinder-box, and the corner where the fire had started was one red blaze. The flames crackled furiously as they shot up the planking to the second floor. Dense volumes of smoke, ruddy with sparks, poured through the ladder-hole, and drove the boys away.

Luke was helpless with fear, and could only groan and wring his hands. "We must jump out the window," cried Tony. "It's our only chance." He buttoned his jacket over the bag of money, and, grasping Luke by the arm, tried to drag him forward.

There was but one window on the upper floor, and this was in the end of the building, close beside the ladder-hole. Before the boys could reach it the smoke gave way to angry tongues of flame. In almost less time than it takes to tell, the four sides of the window were ablaze.

Luke uttered a howl of terror, and clung frantically to his companion. Even Tony was staggered for an instant, and fairly lost hope. Then an idea flashed into his mind.

"We must cut a hole in the other end of the building and escape by the ladder," he cried. "Get the hatchet out of that tool-chest, quick!"

The sharp command spurred Luke to obedience, and meanwhile Tony cast his eyes about the flame-lit room. There was no time to cut through the side or end walls. The roof was old and rotten, and offered the best chance. Single-handed he dragged the ladder to the corner most remote from the flames, and reared it in position.

"Here is the hatchet," cried Luke, pressing it into his hands. "Save me, Tony! Don't let me be burnt up!"

"I'll do my best," muttered Tony. "You must look out for yourself till I get through here. Keep your hands off me."

He nimbly ascended the ladder, and Luke followed at his heels, pale and trembling. The next two or three minutes were full of torment and suspense. Tony hacked fiercely at the shingles, and the hole rapidly grew larger. Smoke and sparks surged around him, and the heat of the flames was almost unendurable. Finally he dropped the hatchet with a glad cry and scrambled through the orifice. He stooped down and pulled Luke out beside him. The latter was in a pitiable condition—his eyes blinded with smoke and his face and hands singed by sparks.

The situation of the lads was now but little improved. They stood on the lower edge of the slanting roof, staring helplessly about them. The ground was thirty feet below—too far to jump. The ladder would reach barely half the distance. Flames were already darting through the shingles at the other end of the roof. In front of the boys the red glow quivered on the placid waters of the dam. To their left it shone on a dead and whitened hickory-tree which rose from the edge of the mill-race.

Luke shouted for help at the top of his voice, and clung to his companion with both arms.

"Let go!" cried Tony. "We have one more chance." He disengaged himself by force, and, kneeling beside the hole in the roof, he caught hold of the ladder. Luke shook off his terror sufficiently to lend a hand, and between them the lads drew the ladder out on the roof.

"Up with it!" cried Tony, and, raising it in air, they