

Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE

By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XIII

DINNER was over at last. The men lingered with their cigars for a little while in the dining room, while the ladies repaired to the drawing room.

Dora at once became the centre of a laughing, chatting group of family. She was looking very brilliant and gay this evening. Her cheeks matched the pink of her dainty gown, and her eyes flashed and sparkled with pleasant excitement.

In a long mirror Cynthia could see the reflection of the group of women standing just under the chandelier.

She noticed her own reflection—a solitary and sombre-looking figure withdrawn slightly apart from the rest.

But she must not be selfish, so she forced herself to join in the laughter, and succeeded so well that several of the women looked at her with a new interest. This girl from Chicago was more attractive than they had thought at first. Until now she had seemed too quiet.

But, chat as she might, Cynthia was watching for an opportunity to absent herself for a few minutes. It came when the gentlemen were returning to the drawing room.

As she reached the hall, she paused, the unintentional witness of a scene between her uncle and his child. She saw the elderly man put his arms about his daughter, saw him bend to kiss the face upturned to his, and heard his low murmur of tenderness.

It was all over in a second, but the sight struck a stab of pain through the heart of the lonely spectator.

Cynthia Goes Out

Softly, that she might not be heard, she ran toward the rear of the hall and up the back staircase. She would not go to her own room, for, to do this, she must cross the broad hall and attract attention.

Instead, she turned sharply to the right, and sought refuge in a room that her uncle was in the habit of using as his "den" and smoking room. Here she would be safe here, where only the family were in the habit of penetrating.

The "den" was dimly lighted by the glowing coals in the open grate. There was a wide divan on one side of the fireplace, and Cynthia went straight to this, for a woman's instinct leads her to throw herself down when she is overcome by grief.

Burying her face in the couch cushions, she burst into sobs, muffled but violent. It was the recollection from an evening of forced and unnatural gaiety.

"May we not smoke in the drawing room to-night, my dear?" Mr. Livingstone asked his wife as he rejoined his guests. "This is not an ordinary occasion, you know."

"Certainly you may," Mrs. Livingstone consented graciously. "Have the cigars brought in."

"I got a new brand of cigars to-day that I want you fellows to try," the host said. "They are not like those we had in the dining room. I left them upstairs. Milton went to get them for me. Milton," turning to Van Saun—"would you mind going up to my den for them?"

"Certainly not," the young man replied. "I'll be glad to get them."

"I don't care to have the servants know just where I keep my best smokes," Stephen Livingstone explained smilingly. "And if Milton is to be the son of the house, he may as well learn his ways."

"He knows them pretty well already," Mrs. Livingstone remarked.

Milton Runs In

Meanwhile Dora's betrothed ran upstairs and reached the door of the den. Here he stopped abruptly, halted by a sound from within. Was that a woman's sob?

Only a second did he pause, then he walked into the room. The fire-glow showed him the divan and the black-robed figure upon it. But the figure was motionless now, nor did any sound come from it.

Milton Van Saun seldom hesitated when his emotions were stirred. Walking straight to the divan, he bent over the prostrate form.

"You poor little girl!" he exclaimed softly. "Cynthia, dear, I am so sorry for you! I know how cruelly hard this evening has been in the dark eyes lifted to his. The girl struggled to a sitting posture. Even in the uncertain fire-glow he could see the rich glow of her auburn hair, the wide look in the dark eyes lifted to his.

"You have thought of my sorrow?" she breathed incredulously. "Why—I did not even know that you knew of it."

"Knew of it? Why, are we not to be friends? And as your friend could I for a moment forget?"

"Milton!" Mr. Livingstone called. "Can't you find them? They're on top of the book shelves on the left hand side of the room."

"Yes, sir," Van Saun called back.

"I've found them."

Then, with a swift movement, he lifted one of Cynthia's hands to his lips.

"Have your cry out," he whispered. "Only remember that a friend is thinking of you and sympathizing with you."

Before the girl could catch her breath, he was gone.

(To Be Continued)

LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

I was sitting, in a restaurant taking a solitary luncheon the other day, having beautiful time pouring over an enthralling book which I had only been able to read in snatches during the week-end. My acquaintance came up, greeted me and sat down opposite me.

"Isn't it too bad about poor Mary?" she began. "You know she has just had an operation. Here she elaborated all the details. "And Bertha," she sighed. "Don't you feel dreadfully about her? Isn't it one of the saddest things you ever knew? And wasn't that tragic about young Jones? But, my dear, just let me tell you about all of the things that have happened to me lately."

She told them, emphasizing the woe wherever it was possible. After she had gone I looked at my beguiling book and my untouched coffee and groaned. Then I summoned the waiter.

"Please bring me another pot of coffee and a fresh cup," I wanted to add: "That woman has poisoned this one." But I feared that he might misunderstand me and send for the police.

Yet it was quite true in one sense. I simply could not drink the coffee into which my erstwhile companion had poured all that mental wormwood.

This woman was prosperous, she was healthy, it was in her power to add much to the general good of the world. And yet she would probably move about all day adding her private—mountain seems more appropriate—to the general gloom.

To have discoursed as she had was not mere thoughtlessness or an exhibition of inherent morbidity; it was a wretched taste. She did not know what might have happened in my life that very morning. I might have been sitting there outwardly calm, but inwardly consumed with anxiety about some dear to me. I might have just received some distressing news, or I might have been trying to pull myself together after some knockout blow of fate.

These possibilities did not enter her head. She was too much absorbed in the unhealthy, the unhappy side of life to dream that other people were not or that she might be quickening in them a host of secret apprehensions.

To do her justice, I do not believe that willingly she would have added to any one's burdens. Yet she went about imagining that she was being interesting and entertaining when she was merely profoundly depressing. Still, great as was her sin against others, her sin against herself was greater. She was steadily subtracting from her own buoyancy of nature, her own power to react to difficulty and disaster and react quickly to the more cheerful view; the happier outlook. She was battering down her own power instead of safeguarding it. She was making herself a minus instead of a plus quantity.

I heard a man interested in motion pictures discussing various phases of them the other day.

"A baby," he said, "is the unsurpassed comedian of the screen. The moment he makes his appearance every one in the audience is inter-

acting at all, but just being your own attractive self, and admiring respect and admiration than your friend does. Sensible people cannot help criticizing the business woman who indulges in foolish and elaborate costumes all the time and shows plainly that she is selfishly and idly spending all her time and thought on herself and her clothes.

I think you are a splendid, sensible girl who isn't so foolishly intent on a good time that she will go dashing about with every man she meets. If more 17-year-olds had your common sense and dignity a great many of our city tragedies would be avoided.

You will do your work better for not going out night after night and spending your youth and health for a moment's excitement without any real return. Perhaps you can help your little friend a bit just by example. If you can't, don't let her change you. Your way of leading

business woman and win far more respect and admiration than your friend does. Sensible people cannot help criticizing the business woman who indulges in foolish and elaborate costumes all the time and shows plainly that she is selfishly and idly spending all her time and thought on herself and her clothes.

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your life will bring you to your goal—business success, worthwhile friends, a happy marriage. Don't doubt your views, they are sound, sane and admirable.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Splendid Ideas

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been close friends with a girl from childhood, yet we are drifting apart. In my opinion the cause is dress and different views of the male sex.

We are both seventeen. Although I make as much as she does, if not more, still I cannot afford to dress stylishly, as I have to contribute all of my salary to the family budget. She, on the other hand, uses almost all of her money for dress. I cannot adapt myself to her views of choosing friends among boys. She considers it proper to go out with a boy to whom she has been introduced at a dance, party or a concert. I wouldn't think of going out with a boy or a man whom I didn't know personally. This also causes us to drift apart, as she goes out several times during the week and I perhaps once in a few months for the above mentioned reason. This has made me very lonely sometimes and then I begin to doubt my views.

I think you are drifting apart because you have ideals and visions and ambition for the future while your girl friend is a "grasshopper" living only for to-day. I am sure that in your best little serge dress and simple hat you look the refined little

Cured His RUPTURE

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. I refused to have one. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 3519 Marcellus Avenue, Manhattan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

No Trouble to Keep Skin Free From Hairs

(The Modern Beauty)

There is no need for any woman to countenance superfluous hairs, because with a paste made by mixing some powdered delatone with water it is easy to get rid of them. The paste is applied for 2 to 3 minutes, then rubbed off and the skin washed. This treatment will rid the skin of hair without leaving a blemish, but care should be taken to see that you get real delatone.

SCHOOL OF COMMERCE BUSINESS COLLEGE

Trout Building, 15 S. Market St. Bell phone 485; Dial 4393

HARRISBURG

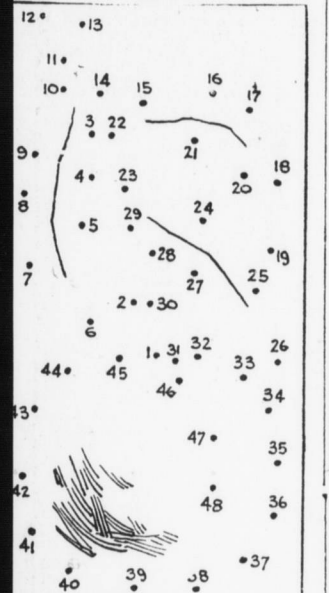
Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Stenotype, Typewriting, Civil Service, OUR OFFER—Right Training by Specialists and High Grade Positions. You take a Business Course but once. The Best is what you want. Day and Night School. Enter any Monday.

A Fully Accredited College

Patriotic Dishes

ICE CAKES WITH CORN MEAL.
Two large tablespoons cooked rice, one-half cup corn meal, one and one-half cups flour, two teaspoons (level) baking powder, one cup sweet milk, a little salt. Fry in skillet, thoroughly. Enough for three people.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

MRS. CHARLES HEIM DEAD
Williamstown, Pa., Feb. 13.—Mrs. Charles Heim, aged 30 years, died on Sunday night at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Fern. She is survived by her husband, her parents, three brothers and four sisters. The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon with burial in the Fairview Cemetery.

To Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head noises go to your drugist and get 1 ounce of Farinon (double strength), and add to it hot water and just a little sugar as directed in each of four times a day. This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dripping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Any one who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Steckley's

Special 15 Day Sale

Distinctive Footwear

It is not often that we have a special sale. That is why we say this is an unusual opportunity. When we tell you we are offering remarkable values in Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes, you may be assured the goods are here at prices that bear out just what we advertise.

You can not only supply your present needs in footwear at generous reductions from former prices—you can buy your

Spring Shoes

during this sale for much less than you will have to pay for the same quality of goods later on.

Only the regular Steckley stock on sale—all widths, AAA to EEE—all sizes, 1 1/2 to 9.

STECKLEY'S

1220 N. Third Street
Open Evenings Until 8 P. M. During the Sale.

Junior Red Cross Drive Meets With Success

Lincoln's Birthday marked the launching yesterday of a drive for Junior Red Cross membership in every school in the state. The campaign was opened in Harrisburg for the enrollment of every pupil in every school of the state and will continue until Washington's Birthday.

The membership fee is 25 cents. In many schools, however, entertainments will be held and with the proceeds every student and pupil of the school will be enrolled as a member.

State Superintendent N. C. Sheaffer, Governor Martin G. Brumbaugh, President Woodrow Wilson, P. E. Shambaugh, county superintendent, and F. E. Downes, local superintendent of schools, have endorsed the move.

NO HEADACHE OR NEURALGIA PAIN

Get a 10 cent package of Dr. James' Headache Powders and don't suffer.

When your head aches you simply must have relief or you will go wild. It's needless to suffer when you can take a remedy like Dr. James' Headache Powders and relieve the pain and neuralgia at once. Send someone to the drug store now for a dime package of Dr. James' Headache Powders. Don't suffer. In a few moments you will feel fine—headache gone—no more neuralgia pain.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



ASTRICH'S

308 MARKET STREET

These pleasant days bring to mind the thought of Spring that surely cannot be far off — With this thought comes the desire to know and to see what fashion has decreed for the coming spring season. With this in mind we call your attention to our beautiful collections of new dresses, stylish models — All desirable materials — Very moderately priced.

NEW and STYLISH DRESSES

in Crepe de Chine, Taffeta and Crepe Meteor, in misses' and ladies' sizes and styles — every desired and wanted color — in Quaker Gray, Drab, Sammy, Belgian, Foulard, Peacock Blue, Beige, Navy and Black. Every dress finely made — All marked at prices that will surprise you.

\$15.00, \$19.50, \$22.50
\$25.00 and \$29.50

SERGE AND JERSEY DRESSES FOR SERVICE WEAR

Dresses that certainly just fill in the between season gap, tailored and semi-fancy models are shown in Navy, Black, Tan. All fine quality serges — all new styles — every dress moderately priced.

NEW SKIRTS JUST ARRIVED

These beautiful skirts just arrived and are unpacked and will be shown for the first time today in Velour Plaid, Checks, Fancy Silks, etc., in all exclusive models. We invite your critical inspection of these models.