

Reading for Women and All the Family



The Four of Hearts

A Serial of Youth and Romance by Virginia Van De Water

CHAPTER I
 (Copyright, 1918, Star Company)
 The illness that called Milton Van Saun so abruptly from his betrothed's side did not prove as serious as was at first feared. Edward Van Saun had had a slight paralytic shock, but after the first few days it was evident that he was on the way to partial convalescence.

"I have been afraid of Dad's having an attack like this," Milton telephoned to Dora on the morning after the seizure, "but the doctor thinks that in a little while he will be almost as well as he has been for the last six months. Of course, he will never be a well man again—but we have known that for some time."

"Poor dear—and he is so patient!" sympathized Cynthia when she heard this report.

"It is hard on Dora and Milton," Mrs. Livingstone commented. "I am glad Dora persuaded Milton that they were not to live at the Van Saun's after their marriage. It would not be fair to either of them."

"I did not persuade Milton," Dora corrected. "It was Mr. Van Saun himself who made the decision. He said we would be happier by ourselves. That was why we decided to take a suite at a hotel for a few months, while we look about to see where we want to live."

"It will be lonely for Mr. Van Saun, won't it?" Cynthia suggested.

Mrs. Livingstone raised her eyebrows. "What else must parents expect? I am not complaining that Dora must leave us. If her father and I can spare her, Mr. Van Saun can spare his son."

She waited in vain for further comment from her niece. But the girl did not remind her aunt that husband and wife had each other, while Edward Van Saun would have nobody to share his loneliness.

"Well," Mrs. Livingstone continued when Cynthia did not speak, "we must get ahead immediately with the wedding preparations. You, Cynthia, my dear, have not an hour to lose."

Again Cynthia made no demur. Nor did she voice any protest during the days following when she was taken from shop to shop, and from one dressmaker to another. She had given her promise. She would see this thing through.

In a Quandary
 Yet one day she expressed her determination to stop on her way

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Bringing Up Father



O—U!!
 WHAT A NIGHT— I WONDER IF I HAD A GOOD TIME?

"Don't you want to stop, too, Dora?" she queried as the two girls rode up the avenue together.

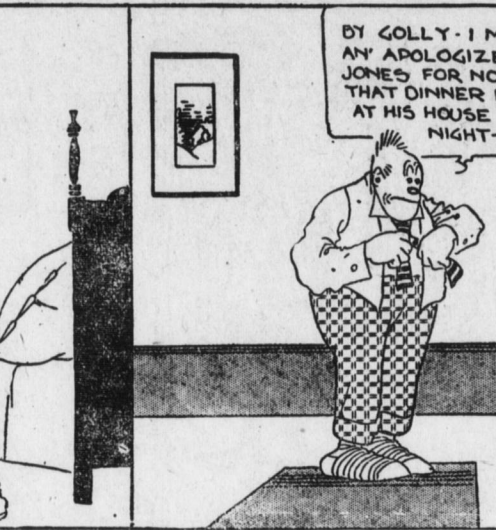
"No," Dora said, "I don't care about it. You are more in the habit of going to see Mr. Van Saun than I am. I guess he likes you better than he does me."

"Oh no," Cynthia protested. "I don't blame him if he does. You are lots nicer than I am, Cyn. So is Milton. I will say for him that he is a good son. I have only seen him for a few minutes at a time since his father's attack. He goes to the office, stops at our house for a flying visit on the way home, then goes back to his father. But," with a shrug of the shoulders, "I don't care. I have not had a real talk with him since that night that he telephoned to him about Mr. Van Saun. By the way, did you know what Milton wanted to talk to me about that night?" Cynthia shook her head. "No, I had no idea."

"Well, I'll tell you so you can be on your guard if he asks you about the same matter. Well," she stopped as if finding it hard to continue "to tell the truth, Cyn—he wanted to ask me about that afternoon that I sent you into the library to see Gerald."

"What about it? I don't understand," Cynthia said.

"Oh, I can't explain, Cyn!" Dora replied desperately. "It's all a mix-up! You'll just have to take my word that it's all right. Only—Milton should ever say anything to



BY GOLLY—I MUST GO AN' APOLOGIZE TO MR. JONES FOR NOT KEEPIN' THAT DINNER ENGAGEMENT AT HIS HOUSE LAST NIGHT—

"There, dear," as the car slowed up in front of the Van Saun house, "forgive my foolishness and love me in spite of it, please! And forget all the crazy things I have said!"
 To be Continued

life! I am supposed to be perfectly care free and happy, so I must be, even though I am marrying a man I don't really love, just because it's expected of me!"

"I told him the truth. I told him that it was after six o'clock, what Dora? What is it all about? What difference does it make when I got home that day?"

"Oh nothing," Never mind," Dora exclaimed impetuously. "Please try to forget it all, Cyn. I've gotten myself in a mess—but it will blow over. You need not worry."

"But," Cynthia demurred, "if it concerns me, dear, I have a right to know about it."

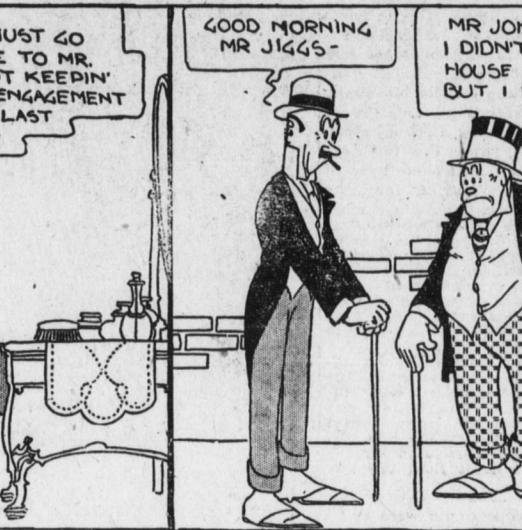
"It concerns me!" her companion insisted. "Don't bother your head about it." Then, as her cousin continued to look anxious she burst for impulsively, "For pity's sake, Cyn, why need you fuss over the thing? You are quite safe. You are going to be married to the man you love—everything has come your way. You are one of the fortunate women—but my dear, please believe that I am glad you are happy. I wish I were, too!"

"Dora!" Cynthia caught the trembling hands in hers. "Dear child, what is the matter? Are you unhappy?"

"No, of course not!" with an hysterical giggle. "That's just it! I, silly little Dora Livingstone, who never had a serious thought in her

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By McManus



GOOD MORNING MR JIGGS—

MR JONES—I'M SORRY I DIDN'T GET TO YOUR HOUSE LAST NIGHT BUT I WAS DETAINED AT MY OFFICE!

WHY YOU WERE AT MY HOUSE LAST NIGHT AND MADE A GREAT SPEECH—

done to show my elation or gratitude at that conspicuous way.

It was then well after 11 o'clock and I knew it would be unsafe for me to attempt to find a lodging place in the city, and the only thing for me to do was to locate the man whose name the Belgian had given me. He had given me a good description of the street and had directed me how to get there, and I followed his instructions closely.

After walking the streets for about half an hour, I came upon one of the landmarks my friend had described to me and ten minutes afterwards I was knocking at the door of the man who was to make it possible for me to reach Holland—and liberty. At least, that was what I hoped.

(To Be Continued.)

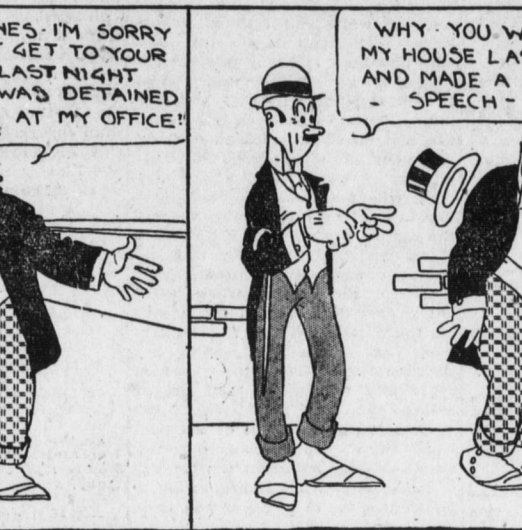
NO HEADACHE OR NEURALGIA PAIN

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.

"Outwitting the Hun"
 By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien
 (Copyright, 1918, by Pat Alva O'Brien.)

Happy and Confident
 As I marched along I felt so happy I couldn't help humming the air of one of the new patriotic songs that we used to sing at the air-drome back of Ypres.



After I walked a few steps I took a furtive glance backward and noticed the soldier who had searched me rejoin his comrades at the curb and then stop another fellow who had come along, and then I disappeared in the darkness.

I cannot say that the outcome of this adventure left me in the same confident frame of mind that followed the earlier one. I was sure I had come out of it all right, but I could not help thinking what a terribly close shave I had.

Suppose the soldier had questioned me! The ruse I had been following in my dealings with the Belgian peasants—pretending I was deaf and dumb—might possibly have worked here, too, but a soldier—a German soldier—might not so easily have been fooled. It was more than an even chance that it would at least have aroused his suspicions and resulted in further investigation. A search of my clothing would have revealed a dozen things which would have established my identity, and all my shamming of deafness would have availed me nothing.

Nearing a Big City
 As I wandered along I knew that I was now approaching the big city which my Belgian friend had spoken of and which I would have to enter if I was to get the passport, and I realized now how essential it was to have something to enable me to get through the frequent examinations to which I expected to be subjected.

While I was still debating in my mind whether it was going to be possible for me to enter the city that

My heart stopped beating fast—for a moment I believed it stopped beating altogether. I can't attempt to describe my feelings. The thought that the jig was up—that all I had gone through and all I had escaped would now avail me nothing, blighted with a feeling of disgust with myself because of the foolish risk I had taken in going through the village, combined to take all the starch out of me, and I could feel myself willing as the soldier advanced to the spot where I stood rooted in my tracks.

I had a bottle of water in one pocket and a piece of bread in the other, and as the Hun advanced to search me I held the bottle up in one hand and the piece of bread in the other so that he could see that was all I had.

It occurred to me that he would "frisk" me—that is, feel me over for arms or other weapons—then place me under arrest and march me off to the guardhouse. I had not the slightest idea but that I was captured, and there didn't seem to be much use in resisting, unarmed as I was and with two other German soldiers within a few feet of us.

Like a flash it suddenly dawned on me, however, that for all this soldier could have known I was only a Belgian peasant and that his object in marching me, which he proceeded to do, was to ascertain whether I had committed the common "crime" of smuggling potatoes.

Were After Potato Smugglers
 The Belgians were allowed only a certain amount of potatoes, and it is against the laws laid down by the Huns to deal in vegetables of any kind except in the rigid supervision of the authorities. Nevertheless, it was one of the principal vocations of the average poor Belgian to buy potatoes out in the country from the peasants and then smuggle them into the large cities and sell them clandestinely at a high price.

To stop this traffic in potatoes, the German soldiers were in the habit of subjecting the Belgians to frequent search, and I was being held up by this soldier for no other reason than that he thought I might be a potato smuggler!

He felt of my outside clothes and pockets, and finding no potatoes seemed to be quite satisfied. Had he but known who I was he could have earned an iron cross! Or, perhaps, in view of the fact that I had a heavy water bottle in my uplifted hand it might have turned out to be a wooden cross!

He said something in German, which, of course, I did not understand, and then some Belgian peasants came along and seemed to distract his attention. Perhaps he had said: "It's all right; you may go on," or he may have been talking to the others in Flemish, but, at any rate, observing that he was more interested in the others than he was in me at the moment I put the bottle in my pocket and walked on.

Daily Fashion Hint
 Prepared Especially For This Newspaper

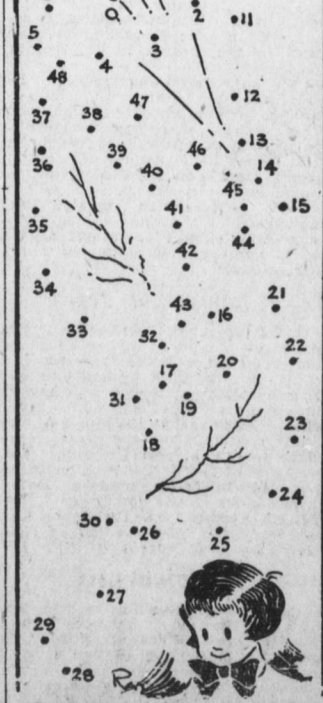


AN EMPIRE NEGLIGEE

Negligees of the most delightful kind are displaying themselves in the smart shops and many are in extremely simple effects. The excursions of war times have taken toll of frills and all unnecessary fulness and draperies are resorted to in order to avoid straight, skimpy lines. This negligee in Empire effect is made of soft blue crepe trimmed with bands of cluny insertion and ball fringe. Medium size requires 5 1/2 yards 36-inch material, with 3 1/2 yards each of lace and fringe.

Pictorial Review Negligee No. 7741. Sizes, 36 to 44 inches bust. Price, 29 cents.

Daily Dot Puzzle



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

ONE PINT
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War Cooking Often Better in Flavor

Mazola—the oil from Corn—showing housewives new and better ways of preparing food

THE necessity for saving animal fats—butter, lard, suet—and the scarcity of olive oil, have opened up an entirely new field for American cooking.

Today thousands of housewives are using Mazola for their frying, sautéing, shortening and salad dressings—not only because it comes from an edible vegetable source (Indian Corn) and is so wonderfully economical—but because it is showing the way to more delicate, more wholesome food.

A valuable Cook Book has been prepared for Mazola users. It shows how to get the most from this perfect oil, which makes such delicious fried dishes, sauces, dressings, pastries—and which has cut the waste from cooking. Mazola can be used over and over again, as it never carries taste or odor from one food to another.



Waffles
 1 1/2 cups flour
 2 teaspoons baking powder
 1 tablespoon Karo
 1 teaspoon salt
 1 1/2 cups milk
 2 eggs
 1 tablespoon Mazola

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Beat the yolks of the eggs and add to the milk, and stir into the dry ingredients slowly to insure a perfectly smooth batter. Add the Mazola and beat well. Fold in the beaten whites last. Have waffle iron hot and grease well with Mazola.

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