



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Four of Hearts

A Serial of Youth and Romance
By Virginia Van De Water

CHAPTER LVIII
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She could not marry Gerald Stewart. That was the conviction that impressed itself upon Cynthia Long's mind after she parted from Milton Van Saun. In stead of going directly to her uncle's house, she crossed Fifth avenue into Central Park, walking rapidly, as if the exercise would help calm her mental turmoil. She had always known that a loveless marriage was a sin. Yet she had promised to enter into such a union. She had done this because she was sorry for a man whom she liked and respected and who, she believed, loved her. But this afternoon Edward Van Saun, with a manner that made her feel as if her own father were speaking, through him had said things that recalled that father's teachings. Then Milton Van Saun had voiced exactly the same sentiments, and her heart had echoed them. She remembered now the look in his eyes.

But she must forget that look. That had nothing to do with what her conscience was saying to her. She must not marry a man she did not love. What about Gerald himself? Would he not suffer in the breaking of his engagement? It was the weaker part of her nature that asked this question of her sterner self. She answered it promptly. Even if he did suffer, it would be kinder to allow him to endure that pain than to deceive him with the prospect of an impossible happiness. A fine rain like a Scotch mist had begun to fall, but she did not notice it, until, looking up the Mall, she saw the electric lights reflected in the shining pavement. Then, with a sudden appreciation that her coat was damp, and that it was late, she turned about and retraced her steps quickly.

It was seven o'clock when she reached home. The butler who admitted her told her that dinner had just been announced. At the head of the stairs she met her aunt. "Dora out of hearing," Mrs. Livingstone remarked. "Why are you here? Had you no umbrella?" "No," Cynthia admitted. "I did not notice that it was raining." "Dora has gone to bed with a headache," Mrs. Livingstone informed her. "Please make no noise in your room. I have shut Dora's doors so that your light will not waken her. I hope she is asleep. Hurry and change your wet things." "Don't wait dinner for me, please, Aunt Amanda," Cynthia urged. "I do not want any soup, and will just begin where the rest of you are when I get downstairs." "I will have your soup kept hot until you come down," the matron rejoined gravely. "You must not neglect your health, Cynthia. You will be as tired and worn as poor Dora is if you do not take better

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Bringing Up Father



MAY I HAVE THE HONOR OF TAKING YOU TO THE OPERA?

PLEASE DON'T BOTHER ME—GO TALK TO FATHER!



NOW THAT I HAVE HER CONSENT—I'LL JOLLY THE OLD MAN—



WELL—WHAT DO YOU WANT?

HOW DO YOU DO—MR. JIGGS! DOES YOUR RHEUMATISM BOTHER YOU MUCH TODAY?



I SHOULD SAY IT DID— EVERY IDIOT I MEET TODAY ASKS QUESTIONS ABOUT IT!

"Outwitting the Hun"

By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien
(Copyright, 1918, by Pat Alva O'Brien.)

A Night of Dissipation The place began to fill up rapidly. Every second person who came in the door seemed to me to be a German soldier, but when they were seated at the tables and I got a chance later on to make a rough count, I found that in all there were not more than a hundred soldiers in the place and there must have been several hundred civilians. The first people to sit at my table were a Belgian and his wife. The Belgian sat next to me and his wife next to him. I was hoping that other civilians would occupy the remaining two seats at my table, because I did not relish the idea of having to sit through the show with German soldiers within a few feet of me. That would certainly have spoiled my pleasure for the evening.

Every uniform that came in the door gave me cause to worry until I was sure it was not coming in my direction. I don't suppose there was a single soldier who came in the door whom I didn't follow to his seat—with my eyes. Just before they lowered the lights, two German officers entered. They stood at the door for a moment looking the place over. Then they made a bee-line in my direction and I must confess my heart started to beat a little faster. I hoped that they would find another seat before they came to my vicinity, but they were getting nearer and nearer and I realized with a sickening sensation that they were headed directly for the two seats at my table, and that was indeed the case.

Germs at Same Table These two seats were in front of the table facing the stage and except when the officers would be eating or drinking their backs were toward me, and there was considerable consolation in that. From my seat I could have reached right over toward me, and touched one of them on his bald head. It would have been more than a touch, I am afraid, if I could have gotten away with it safely. As the officers seated themselves a waiter came to us with a printed bill of fare and program. Fortunately, he waited on the others first and I listened intently to their orders. The officers ordered some light wine, but my Belgian neighbor ordered "bock" for himself and his wife, which was what I had decided to order anyway, as that was the only thing I could say. Heaven knows I would far rather have ordered something to eat, but the bill of fare meant nothing to me, and I was afraid to take a chance at the pronunciation of the dishes it set forth. There were a number of drinks listed which I might safely enough have ordered. For instance, I noticed "Lemon squash, 1.50," "ginger beer, 1.00," "Sparkling Dry Ginger Ale, 1.00," "Apolinaris, 1.00," and "Schweppes soda, 0.80," but it occurred to me that the mere fact that I selected something that was listed in English might attract attention to me and something in my pronunciation might give further cause for suspicion. It seemed better to parrot the Belgian and order "Bock," and that was what I decided to do.

Whetted His Appetite One item on the bill of fare tantalized me considerably. Although beer was listed among the "Prizant der drunken," which I took to mean "Prices of drinks," it sounded very much to me like something to eat, and Heaven knows I would rather have had one honest mouthful of food than all the drinks in the world. The item I refer to was "Dubbel Gersten de Fiesch (Michaux)." A double portion of anything would have been mighty welcome to me, but I would have been contented with a single "Gersten" if I had only had the courage to ask for it. To keep myself as composed as possible I devoted a lot of attention to that bill of fare, and I think by the time the waiter came around I almost knew it by heart. One drink that almost made me laugh aloud was listed as "Lemonades gazeuses," but I might just as well have introduced by my right name and rank as attempt to pronounce it. When the waiter came to me, therefore, I said "Bock" as casually as I could, and I felt somewhat relieved that I had gotten through this part of the ordeal so easily. While the waiter was away I had a chance to examine the bill of fare and I observed that glass of beer cost 80 centimes. The smallest change I had was a two-mark paper bill.

Apparently the German officers were similarly fixed and when they offered their bill to the waiter, he handed it back to them with a remark which I took to mean that he couldn't make change. Can Tip in Any Language Right before my eyes I was in a quandary. To offer him my bill after he had just told the officers he didn't have change would have seemed strange, and yet I couldn't explain to him that I was in the same boat and he would have to come to me again later. The only thing to do, therefore, was to offer him the bill as though I hadn't heard of anything that had happened with the Germans, and I did so. He said the same thing to me as he had said to the officers, perhaps a little more sharply, and when he handed back the bill, later on he returned to the table with a handful of change and we closed the transaction. I gave him 25 centimes as a tip—I had never yet been to a place where it was necessary to talk to do that. During my first half hour in that theater to say I was on pins and needles is to express my feelings mildly. The truth of the matter is I was never so uneasy in my life. Every minute seemed like an hour, and a dozen times I was on the point of getting up and leaving. There were altogether too many soldiers in the place to suit me, and when the German officers seated themselves right at my table I thought that was about all I could stand. As it was, however, the lights were cut shortly afterward and in the dark I felt considerably easier. After the first picture, when the lights went up again, I had regained my composure considerably and I took advantage of the opportunity to study the various types of people in the place. From my seat I had a splendid chance to see them all. At one table there was a German Medical Corps officer with three Red Cross nurses. That was the only time I had ever seen a German nurse, for when I was in the hospital I had seen only men orderlies. Nurses don't work so near the first line trenches. Enjoys the Situation The German soldiers at the different tables were very quiet and orderly. They drank bock beer and

The United States Food Administration Says

Every spud is a bullet. A German eats 16 quarts of potatoes a week. An American less than 3 quarts. Speed up on the spuds—and save the wheat to win the war! Try this receipt on the family: Shepherd's Pie—Two cups leftover meat or fish cut in small pieces; one cup gravy or soup thickened with 1 tablespoon barley flour or 1-2 tablespoon rice flour; 1-2 teaspoon salt; 1-4 teaspoon pepper. Put the diced meat or fish in baking dish, add sauce, cover top with mashed potato, brush with milk or fat and bake 20 to 30 minutes. Potato Souffle—Four cups mashed potato; 1 tablespoon melted butter or fat; 2 tablespoons milk; 1 teaspoon

Wanamaker Mails First Letter in Air to Capitol

Philadelphia, Pa., May 15.—The new air mail postage stamps were placed on sale yesterday at the Philadelphia post office. The first ten were purchased by Postmaster Thornton who was followed by Ex-Postmaster General John Wanamaker, who bought two. Mr. Wanamaker mailed the first letter in Philadelphia bearing one of the stamps. It was addressed to Postmaster General Burleson in Washington. The sale was in preparation for the inauguration of the first air mail service to-day between Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

NATURALIZATION COURT JUNE 6

Notices have been sent to aliens applying for citizenship papers to appear in court June 6 it was announced at the prothonotary's office to-day. No notices have been sent to any subjects of the Central Powers as ordered by the Attorney General's Department of the United States. A number of aliens from the countries with which the United States is at war have made declarations of intention to apply for naturalization.

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