

Reading for Women and all the Family



Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

Not long ago an elderly woman died in a certain Southern city, and the mourning for her was so general that her funeral suggested a public official's rather than an old gentleman's.

There was hardly a family in town who at some time or another had not been helped by the sweet-faced old lady, who always wore black. To the rich she gave her sympathy in time of trouble; to the poor she gave food, clothing and money.

Her entire life was spent doing works of mercy. Yet, for all that, she was a most comfortable type of saint, with no "holier than thou" reservations about her. She loved a joke, she was absolutely tolerant of human frailty, and she wanted every one to be happy—particularly the young people.

She had been the inspiration of half a dozen young men that had turned out more than well in their various professions, and as for the lovers whose disagreements she adjusted, their name was legion.

Of course, the old lady had had a romance in her own life, but of that she never spoke to any one. Every word and deed, however, was eloquent of its ennobling effect. It seems there had been a fiance who had enlisted with the boys in gray, and who had been among the missing, in one of the great battles of the Civil War.

Widow's Weeds

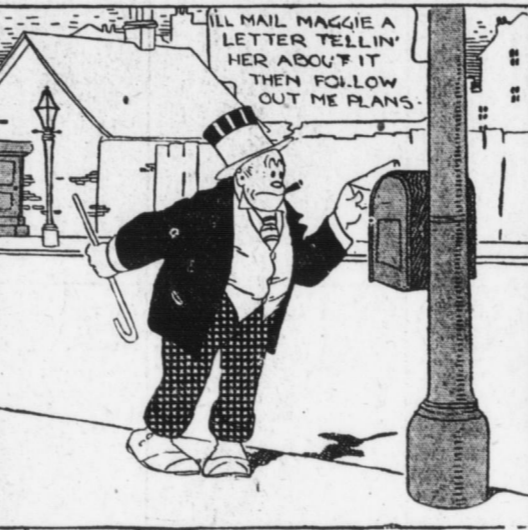
She had been a young woman—twenty-five or six, perhaps—when she had put on widow's weeds for the man who was never to be her husband, and from that time to the day of her death, she never lightened her mourning.

Before grief came to her, people remembered her as a high-spirited girl, fond of dancing and amusement, but inclined to be a little high-handed and overbearing. The young men with whom she had grown up had been glad enough to take her to dances and places of amusement, but she had been a little too masterful for any of them to care for her deeply.

The fiance was from New Orleans, where she had spent a good deal of time visiting relatives, and the news of his death almost immediately followed the announcement of her engagement.

Curiously enough, after sorrow had transformed her, men estimated

Bringing Up Father



her differently, and there was not an eligible in that town who at some time or another, had not proposed marriage to the ministering angel in black.

Looking down reproachfully on the intruders, was the portrait of the young Confederate soldier in gray. The rest of this story is difficult to tell; it was related, however, with gales of laughter by the relatives who had come to take possession. It seemed there had never been any soldier lover. He was a pure invention of Miss Agatha's to "save her face."

She had set down in her diary the story of her shame and mortification that she had never been loved. Her struggles against the high-handed temper that she imagined, had kept away what she quaintly termed "suitors."

She could not stand what she regarded as the "abnormality" of her position, the one girl of all her set who had no lover. With the Civil War came a possible solution of a situation that had grown to be unbearable. Poor Miss Agatha had talked it all out in the little diary that furnished such amusement to her relatives.

She had jested over the ghastly humor of it. She had cried bitter tears, and again she described herself as "caught in a trap" when one of the "suitors" to whom she seemed to have grown genuinely attached asked her to marry him, and she declined rather than confess her deception.

And so the one genuine romance of her life slipped by while she kept tryst with a falsehood.

Once, however, the make-believe romance had set her "straight" in the eyes of her restricted world a

rare unselfishness developed. During her girlhood she had labored under the spell of what she conceived to be failure, but the mythical love affair made her the equal of any woman. The world thought her beloved, affianced; her cup of happiness running over—even though death had dashed it from her lips.

No Opportunity For Expression

A perverted point of view, you will say. Yes, perhaps, a left-over from the days when women were debarred from expressing themselves in work, in art, or the professions.

Now, Miss Agatha would have driven an ambulance, rolled bandages or kept a typewriter busy with clerical work. But I, for one, have always felt that her deception will be forgiven her. As for her old neighbors, they made it so disagreeable for her heirs-at-law that they left very shortly. And the old friends still say, loyally, "There must be some explanation; we don't understand."

SEEKS COLORED RECRUITS

Colored motorcycle riders and chauffeurs are desired by Lieutenant Harry King Tootle for enlistment in the Army, he stated yesterday. Lieutenant Tootle is here in the city endeavoring to secure a representative number of colored men for service.

He has secured a large number of enlistments, and, to-night, will be at Marshall's Pharmacy, 629 Boas street, to receive further enlistments.

CONTRIBUTE SLUMBER ROBE

Employees of Souter's Twenty-five Cent Store have made and contributed a slumber robe to the Red Cross. The robe, which is 6x12 inches, was made by each member of the salesforce contributing two squares.

The robe is being displayed in the window.

THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE
By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER LXVIX

When Milton and Cynthia had disappeared into the library across the hall, Gerald turned to where Dora stood as if uncertain what to do. He held his arms out to her.

"Dora!" he whispered.

That was all, but she went straight to him and looked up into his face.

"It has all come out right, after all—hasn't it?" she murmured. "And I thought it never would!"

"You do not know," she confessed later, "what I suffered that afternoon when I sent Cynthia into the library to see you."

"I suffered more than you did," Gerald told her, "for I felt that I had given pain to you as well as to myself. I never meant to tell you that I loved you. You were engaged to your best friend, and I would have considered that any man who so far forgot his honor as to make love to his friend's fiancee was an utter cad. But when I said something about hoping you were happy, and I saw the tears come to your eyes, it was all over with me. I just had to blurt out the truth. I was horrified when I heard myself do this, until I saw the look on your face. Then—with an unsteady laugh—"I lost my head still further and took you in my arms. But it was only for a few seconds."

"And in those few seconds mother saw us through the window!" Dora exclaimed. "Oh!"—with a shiver—"how frightened I was! Do you remember how I pulled myself away and tried to be angry with you? And then when a minute later, Cyn came up the front steps, I ran out into the hall and made her take my place in the library. Poor Cyn! It was not quite a fair thing to do to her; but I thought you were in love with her, and she with you—in spite of what you had just done."

"You thought, even then, that I loved her?" the man asked reproachfully.

Dora nodded. "I persuaded myself that you did, and Mother had said you did. I thought perhaps you had guessed that I cared for you and had been sorry for me—that was all. Yet, more softly, "in the bottom of my heart I must have known differently. But I did not dare let myself examine my heart."

"Did you tell Cynthia about that afternoon?" Gerald questioned.

"No," Dora replied. "I did not dare. Now, however, I don't care if she does know it."

"Your father told Van and me of what he called your mother's 'mistake' that day," Gerald informed her. "I suspected that he had, from what he said the other night. Then Milton asked me about the time that Cyn got home that afternoon. I tell you I was in an awful state of nervousness. Perhaps that was what made me suddenly rebellious. I was tired of cheating, tired of pretending to be happy when I was miserable. I could not stand it any longer. I tried to talk to Cyn about it when we were out in the car together, and I went all to pieces. I came home and tried to make Mother see things

ward, then started in surprise as she saw that the doors of both drawing-room and library were closed.

Gliding swiftly to the drawing-room door, she stood, leaning forward, straining every nerve to listen for sounds from within. A man was speaking. In a second, she recognized Gerald Stewart's low, deep tones.

A smile of satisfaction came to her face. Gerald was evidently talking seriously to Cynthia, and Cynthia was attending without protest. That was as it should be.

Crossing the hall to the library, she listened here also. As it had been in the drawing-room, so it was here. The man was speaking. Mrs. Livingstone had been long familiar with Milton Van Saun's intonations, and she knew from his tone that he was talking happily, contentedly. Her smile of satisfaction now was even more pronounced than it had been a moment before.

It was plain that Dora had conquered her silly attack of nerves, and was her sane, sensible self once more. Had she not been, she never would have allowed Milton to talk

as he was doing without contradiction or opposition.

Mrs. Livingstone returned to her room, still noiselessly, but more rapidly than she had left it. She felt now that she could retire, secure that all was well with her young people.

(To Be Continued)

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and
Hays' Health
Hair

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Then quite suddenly, one day, she died without a bit of warning. She had been about as usual—they found her sitting in her chair with some dainty baby garment on which she had been sewing when the end came.

They gave her a funeral the like of which that Southern city had never before seen; her passing was a genuine grief in every household. What was left of her fortune—she had been recklessly generous with her capital—went to the New Orleans relatives, who arrived presently and took possession of the old Colonial house with the pillared front and the lovely box-bordered garden.

Her friends did not care for Miss Agatha's heirs-at-law, they were loud looking people and it offended

THE ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the Cocklin's Church and Graveyard Association will be held at Cocklin's Church, June 8.

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Economical because it can be used again and again until every drop is gone—does not transmit the flavor or odor of one food to another.

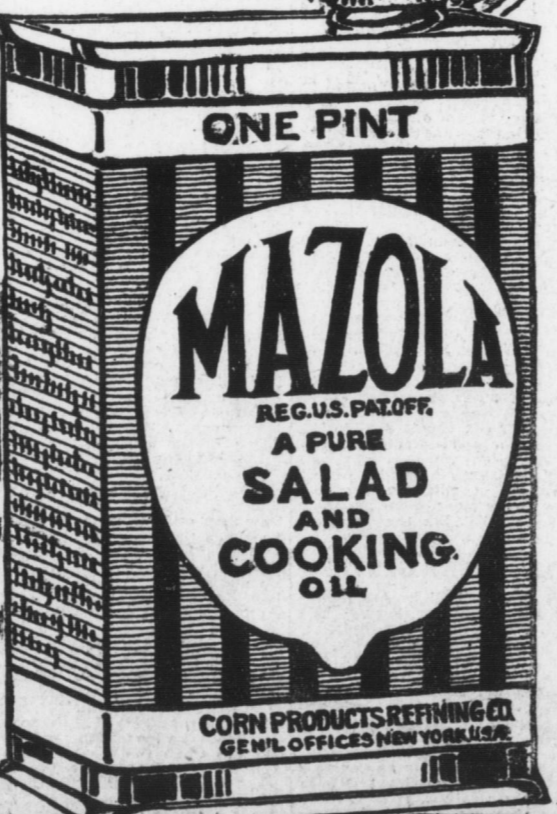
Mazola is the perfect salad oil, too—gives a delicious tang and is much easier to mix than olive oil.

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Fried Chicken

1 young chicken
1/2 cup Mazola
1/2 cup flour
2 cups milk

1 teaspoonful of salt
1/2 teaspoonful of pepper
1 tablespoonful finely chopped parsley

Wash, clean and joint chicken—dust with salt and pepper and roll in flour. Put half of Mazola into large iron pan which must be very hot; add chicken and sear on both sides very quickly. Add a little more Mazola if needed; cover pan and push on back of stove where it will cook slowly for 30 minutes. Turn once or twice. A little water can be added to keep it from sticking or getting hard. When tender, add milk; remove cover and let it simmer 10 minutes. There will be two cups of good rich gravy.

Or chicken can be breaded, and fried in deep hot Mazola.

Daily Dot Puzzle

17	18	22	21	24
15	13	20	25	26
15	4	5	28	
14	31	2	10	6
15	48	50	7	8
47	12	11	10	31
36	35	34	33	32
37	38	39	40	41
46				42
45				43

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

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