

### Full Moon To-morrow Night.

ABOUT a quarter after 10 to-morrow night, Eastern standard time, the moon fulls. The Winter full moons are particularly brilliant because, being exactly opposite to the sun, they run so high in the sky. For the same reason the Summer full moons run low.

## The Four of Hearts

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND LOVE

### Cynthia Meets Face to Face the Man Who Picked Up Her Letter in Chicago.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE question that Cynthia had asked mentally recurred to her mind many times during her first week in the Livingstone home. She and Dora were constantly together and talked frankly and freely to each other of their affairs. Yet Dora betrayed no sign of the self-consciousness common to an engaged girl when her betrothed is mentioned. She referred to Milton as she would have referred to a girl-friend.

A day or two before Van Saun's return to the city, Cynthia asked Dora if she had a picture of him. "I'm curious to know what your fiance looks like," she confessed. "I haven't seen a photograph of him in your room, have I?" Dora shook her head. "No, I haven't a thing that really looks like him. I have a few snapshots taken with some of the rest of us—groups, you know. But they do not do him justice. Come along, and I'll show them to you."

The pictures which she drew from her desk were like many other amateur efforts—poorly taken and badly printed. The man whom Dora designated as "Milton" was evidently tall and broad-shouldered. But one could scarcely tell whether the features were good or bad. "If you know 'em well already, you'd recognize 'em," Dora remarked. "Otherwise, you'd never guess who he is. I suppose I really ought to have asked him to have his picture taken for me. That's the correct thing for an engaged girl to do, isn't it?"

"I should think you would want to have his photograph where you could look at it often," Cynthia observed. Dora shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, I don't need that to remember how he looks. I've known him for so long that I can recall every feature. So I never thought of asking him for his photograph."

"But he has your, hasn't he?" Cynthia inquired, interested in what was to her a novel state of affairs. "Yes—at least he has one taken several years ago—when I was at school. I gave it to him one Christmas. But I don't believe he has it with him. He never thought it a good likeness anyway."

"He is handsome, isn't he?" Cynthia queried. Dora laughed and pinched her cousin's cheek. "I declare, I believe you are actually so much interested in my engagement that you want to know just how the victim looks! Well, he's six feet tall, broad-shouldered, with light, curly hair—that is, with hair that waves a lit-

tle, and with very blue eyes. I don't think men often have very blue eyes—do you?"

"Cynthia reflected for a moment. "No, I don't think most grown men have very blue eyes," she admitted. "I was just trying to think if I know any who have. I saw a man somewhere recently whose eyes were as blue as a child's. Now I remember! It was in the hotel just before I came away. I dropped a letter—your letter, by the way—when I was coming from the office, and a good-looking chap suddenly picked it up for me. He had very blue eyes. I remember noticing them at the time."

"How romantic!" Dora exclaimed. "And then what happened?"

"Nothing," Cynthia said carelessly. "He just walked off in one direction, and I in another."

"Tishaw!" Dora frowned in disappointment. "I hoped you were going to tell me that he had said 'Tray, fair maid, what may your name be?'"

"Gooose!" Cynthia ejaculated. "You have a vivid imagination. Tell me some more about the way your best-beloved looks."

"There's nothing more to tell," Dora said. "You'll see him soon anyway and can judge for yourself. You'll like him. Most people do."

Cynthia recalled these words the next evening when, as she was sitting in her room writing, a maid announced to her that "Miss Dora wanted her please to come down to the library."

"Mr. Van Saun's calling," the girl explained. "And Miss Dora's asking for you."

Cynthia hesitated. Milton Van Saun had telephoned to Dora late this afternoon, saying that he was back in town and would call this evening. Therefore, right after Cynthia had slipped away during the day, she had slipped away to her room that the lovers might meet unobserved by an outsider, Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone were dining out to-night.

"Dora calls."

"Tell Miss Dora that I have a letter to write, but will be down in a little while," she said now.

She took as long as she could to finish her letter to Mr. Blake. She hated the idea of intruding upon the reunion of long-separated lovers. She had not finished writing when she heard Dora's voice.

"Come downstairs! I want you to know Milton, and he wants to know you."

## The Magazine Page Will Be a Feature of Tomorrow's Sunday Times



## More of the Famous Tickle Toe Dance

Edith Day Here Shows How the "Aeroplane Sway" Is Managed in This Delightful New Variation.



Miss Day dancing the Tickle Toe with her partner.

### Aeroplane sway to the left, count one, two. Aeroplane sway to the right, count one, two.

By Jane McLean.

THE second movement of the Tickle Toe has a famous and famous name. Everyone who has seen "Going Up," knows that its plot has to do mainly with aeroplanes and aviators and therefore the effect has been carried over into the dance measures with great success.

Incline the body as in Illustration 1, and step with left foot, swaying body in the same direction, right heel raised at side. Draw right foot to left striking the heel. The first movement is done while counting two beats, the second to the third and fourth. Then step with right foot to side, swaying body to right, with left heel raised at side, counting two beats, and draw left to right, striking the heel on

three and four, as in Illustration 2. Four short steps are then taken forward in time to the music, left, right, left, right, well up on toes turned outward, with each step brought well across on the fourth count.

## The Hidden Hand

By Arthur B. Reeve.

Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appear exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

EPISODE 10. Cogs of Death.

RAMSAY bowed and hurried down the alley, while Doris and Verda walked along on the street back toward the house-keeper's.

At a street bridge over the road, which must be crossed by Doris and Verda on their way back to the house-keeper's apartment, the Hidden Hand was hiding in the bushes back of a buttrass, waiting.

## Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

WELL, we had to leave off in the last story at the most exciting point. Just where the Dreadful Dragon with his fiery breath was trying to scorch little Puss Junior. And wasn't it lucky that Puss waved his magic gold feather in front of him, for that feather was a wonderful thing, you know, and as soon as the Dreadful Dragon saw the wall of flame which the golden feather made between him and Puss he crawled back into his dark and dismal cave. And then Puss Junior hurried away to meet somebody more pleasant, and by and by he came to a beautiful waterfall, where little water sprites were cooing down on the banks of silver faves. And the song they sang went something like this, only maybe it was prettier.

Tinkle, tinkle, waltz bright, Like the starburst in the night, Hear the music rise and swell Like the tinkling of a bell. And then all the little fishes raced up and down in the quiet pool, just out of reach of the splashing waterfall, and the little water sprites laughed and threw bubbles at each other. So Puss stopped and watched them from the bank, and as he sat there a little Bluebell flower whispered in his ear.

## This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the signing of the treaty of Karlowitz in 1699. By it Turkey entered for the first time in her history into diplomatic relations with the European Powers. Her power, however, has steadily diminished, and she has lost much of her territory.

## Our Ally, the Potato

HOUSEWIVES SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IT Loretto Lynch Gives Some Practical Suggestions on the Best Way to Cook the Tuber.

By Loretto C. Lynch.

(Instructor War Cookery New York Evening High School for Women)

"I DIDN'T come to learn to cook any of the ordinary things like potatoes," 50 per cent of the applicants for admission to my classes in War Cookery will tell me. "It's ordinary cooking at home, but I want to learn some of the fancier war cookery," the applicant usually adds.

Of course, I take all this with a "grain of salt," for it is my experience that it is the exceptional woman who knows all she should know about potatoes.

Potatoes are among the foods that our Food Administrator will encourage the farmer to raise and the general public to eat. And every good housewife should have some definite knowledge of potatoes and their use as food.

Although almost three-fourths of a potato is water, at 2 cents a pound or less they are cheap nourishing food. When they rise in price considerably above 2 cents a pound, it is advisable to substitute some similar food for a while. A potato contains a starch. Practically the same kind of starch you use in starching your white shirt-waists. This starch exists in very, very tiny grains, too small to be viewed individually by the naked eye.

But cooking improves the palatability and causes each one of these tiny starch grains to explode somewhat as corn grains explode in popping. The exploded starch grains are rendered easy to digest.

In the process of cooking the cellulose or woody structure responsible for the size and shape of the potato becomes softened and made ready for consumption.

The higher the temperature at which a potato is cooked the more thoroughly it is made ready to eat. The ordinary cook stands a housekeeper cannot get a temperature greater than 212 degrees Fahrenheit. At this temperature water boils. But a temperature of 250 degrees Fahrenheit should be reached in the oven of an ordinary cook stove. That is the reason baked potatoes are given convalescents, children, the aged and others with weak or weakened digestion.

## To My Sweetheart Soldier

Every Girl Should Read These Wonderful Letters

FIFTH LETTER. Two weeks, beloved, I have been your wife! Whatever the future holds for me, of grief or suffering, these two weeks are forever mine—safe in my heart with their precious memories—forever locked in the sacred recess of my soul. Through all our joy you—the thread of sadness—the thought of the parting so soon to come. But we little thought so soon. Only two weeks! Two weeks of being your own in this new, sweet, wonderful way—two weeks of having you for my own, apart and sealed from all the world. The words of the marriage service ring in my heart with their solemn comfort. "To have and to hold from this time forth till death do us part." Now, since the agony of our physical parting has come, my spirit holds to yours, invincible, comprehending, and I realize, in the midst of my grief, that nothing can separate us. Your brave spirit will rise from the trenches to be with mine, and the call of my heart will reach you above the din of battle. "Till death do us part!" I can hardly remember our goodbye of yesterday. It is all one blur of pain. I only know that your eyes smiled bravely and sadly under your curling hair. I can hear again your swinging step, and not one backward glance, and the sun shone on you in a golden haze.