

Keep the Child Well Fed

"DO NOT limit the plain food of growing children. In every home the proper regulation of their nourishment should be encouraged," is the advice Herbert Hoover, Food Administrator, has given on an important phase of the food problem during the war.

Learn to Sing the Song with a Soul Illustrated on This Page To-day

Magazine Page

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY
"The Slugger" Is Committed To Jail For Trial For His Attack On Esther and Borradaile

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Esther Vassell is induced to marry a man who is really married for a large sum of money. All she knows of her husband in name only is that he is a convict and his name is Basil. The ceremony takes place in a ruined church. On her return she finds her sister and uncle both dead, the latter leaving her sole heir to a large fortune. He disinherited his nephew, Guy Hooking. One morning early Guy meets his friend in an automobile and Tweeddee, the driver, offers Guy money to drive him where he is going. Guy accepts, and through an accident finds that his cousin Esther is the other occupant of the carriage. He forces the man to take her back to where she lives and makes him give back all he had to him. They next meet at a masquerade ball. Tweeddee is murdered in his box at the masquerade ball. Guy Hooking confided to Esther the story of his life—that he is a married man, and Esther discovers that the woman who was present at her mysterious marriage is Guy's wife. Hooking admits to Esther his secret mysterious marriage with Lillian, that he does not love her. The following day Esther goes to Helen Court, her new country home. She accepts an invitation to lunch at The Towers, the estate of Mrs. Borradaile. She meets young Lord Borradaile, and they immediately fall in love. Guy returns to his old life. His friends frame a newspaper syndicate whereby Guy is to make \$250,000 "easy money." Guy, who is to inherit Esther's estate, unknowingly mortgages it, agreeing to pay 25 per cent. Esther is shocked for death and "The Slugger" is told to shadow her. As young Borradaile and Esther sit on the veranda they hear stealthy foot steps and Harold pursues the fleeing figure. He overhauls the man, a fight follows in which Harold knocks the thing out, but is badly stabbed himself. He is hurried back to the hospital by Esther. She determines to find out whether or not her marriage is binding and resolves to go to see the doctor immediately. Guy hears of Esther's trouble and calls at Helen Court to see her, not getting that his cousin will be glad to see him.

Read Right On in Today's Installment.

Part One—(Continued)

"Do you want any money?" Esther put the question as kindly as she could. "You know what I promised you, Guy, and I don't want to go back on my word." "No—no," he answered, huskily. "Don't you remember I said I would not take another penny from you? And I mean it. I can get along somehow, and when I've got no other means of getting money"—he laughed shortly—"why, perhaps then I shall try to work."

"That's good," said Esther, cheerfully. "It looks as if you were really trying to do something, Guy. But you must not say that you will not let me help you in case of need. Remember all this property should be yours, and if I died now it would be."

"Will you believe me, Esther," he said hurriedly. "I never saw that clause of my father's will a thought until—until he had been about to blunder into a confession of the transaction at the money-lender's, but he drew himself up shortly and said it was casually pointed out to me." He substituted lamely. "But, anyway, there's no fear of that, Esther," he went on. "For I hear it whispered that little cousin that you and the pet enemy of my childhood, Harold Borradaile—"

"Harold is a good chap," Guy laughed good naturedly. "Dear," he said. "I hope it may be true. Harold is a good fellow, just the sort of man to whom I should like to see you married. He's the very reverse to me—I couldn't say much more than that in his favor, could I? There's only one objection that I can see—have you heard of the Borradaile curse?" He looked at her curiously.

"What do you know of it?" asked the girl, with a touch of defiance. "No more, I suppose, than the world at large," he answered, shrugging his shoulders. "There's a family mystery, and it seems to have a bad effect on every one who knows it. Harold's father, poor old chap, they say had a dozen years or more. She's staying here now, I suppose? And Harold—you've got him ill in the house? I read all about it in the papers, and I wondered—"

"I don't know, Guy," she answered nervously. "I really don't know. The man may have been just a burglar, as the police make out, or—"

Esther refused to confide in Guy. "Or he may have been spying on you, Esther, why won't you tell me the whole truth? You've not spoken to Harold?"

She shook her head. "I couldn't, I couldn't." He took his departure soon after, promising to see her in court the next day. The proceedings were brief; it was inevitable that the "Slugger" should be committed for trial. He seemed, indeed, strangely eager that nothing should be said in his defense, being apparently only anxious that the whole matter should be settled off-hand. Practically, he admitted that robbery had been his intention, and as he spoke he kept his eyes fixed on a small man, who had sauntered in as if for no particular purpose.

Morris at Slugger's Trial

"Morris, by Jove!" muttered Guy, following the direction of the prisoner's eyes. "What on earth is he doing here?"

convinced that she had never seen him before, and she began to believe that his story was true, and that burglary had indeed been his object. She whispered her conviction of this to Guy.

"This man is not connected with my enemies," she said, "the unscrupulous people of whom I spoke to you. I am sure of it. I shall not need your help yet, Guy—if ever."

He looked a little disappointed, till he realized that she considered the danger past, then he, too, smiled brightly.

"I'm glad," he said. "That chap is just a common thief, and had no other design upon you. Look at his ugly, unintelligent mug!"

He spoke in blithful ignorance of the part he himself had played in the conspiracy of which the Slugger was but an humble agent.

Outside in the main street of the little town where the court met Esther and her cousin were parted for a short while. Friends crowded around her with anxious inquiries as to the welfare of Borradaile and with congratulations upon her own escape.

Guy, sauntering up and down, met Morris face to face.

"What on earth brings you here?" he asked. "I saw you in court, and the prisoner seemed particularly interested in you. Friend of yours, eh?"

Just "Strolled" in by Accident. Morris grinned. "No, Mr. Hooking, never seen the fellow before. I was down here on business, and having time on hand, strolled in quite casual like. Funny thing, wasn't it, Mr. Hooking, that a case should just be on in which you and your cousin, Miss Vassell, are interested?"

"Very funny," said Guy, shortly. He had always disliked the obsequious little fellow.

Morris seemed inclined to be conversational. "Tell me, Mr. Hooking," he asked, "this poor gentleman who was stabbed, is he engaged to your cousin?"

"What the devil has that got to do with you?" asked Guy, indignantly. Then suddenly remembering the clause in his agreement, to which he had objected, he laughed derisively. "And if he is," he asked, "what do you think of my prospects of settling up with Epstein out of the Hooking estate, eh?"

Morris seemed to accept this as conclusive evidence of Miss Vassell's engagement. He laughed again. "Not much," he answered. "Then he hurried away, as Guy returned to Esther."

Morris Misses Goldsmith. But when he reached the telephone office Morris paused and went in. He wrote a long telegram in cipher and addressed it to Goldsmith, New York.

Guy parted from his cousin before they reached Helen Court. He noticed that there was something she wished to say.

"Out with it, Esther," he prompted.

"Your wife, Guy," she whispered; "have you seen her?"

"No," he returned. "I haven't tried to. But she's about town, for I've heard of her. We are better apart."

On reaching the court Esther went straight to her room to change her dress, and here she surprised her maid, a pretty girl, whom she had recently engaged, admiring herself before the glass, one of Esther's most recent acquisitions in the way of "posies."

"Oh, madam, I am so sorry; but it was so becoming, and I admired it the moment you took it out of the box. I longed to see if it would suit me. Please, please, forgive me."

"You haven't hurt it, Mary," said Esther, gently. The contrast between the girl's plain clothes and the elegantly trimmed dress that she had on was amusing her. "There, there, take it off and don't cry. I'll see if I can find a hat for you; but you mustn't try experiments with mine in the future."

Mary sobbed her penitence. She was prone to tears. A slight, dark shadow came over her face, and she looked at her mistress with a figure, and the rather coarse face was softened by the light veil which was one of the accessories of the new hat.

Tells Mrs. Borradaile of Trial. Esther thought no more of the incident, and presently joined Mrs. Borradaile, who was resting on a sofa in the drawing room. The latter laid down her book and looked up with anxiety in her eyes.

"Well," she asked. "He was committed for trial. The case was very quickly disposed of. He practically admitted that burglary was his object. A horrid creature, bullet-headed, short-haired, the face of an habitual criminal. He has the air of a man who should be hanged—oh, he must be very strong. It was a mercy that his blow did not kill."

"I want to speak to you, dear, just a few words. Will you draw a chair up to my side?"

Esther, wondering somewhat, did as she was asked. She was impatient to be gone, to be with Harold.

Mrs. Borradaile shifted her position and turned her kindly gray eyes that had so much sadness in them upon the girl.

Harold Didn't "Want a Get Well." "I have been thinking, Esther," she said, "that it is very strange that Harold's recovery should be so long retarded. The doctor says that everything is well with him, and that he ought almost to be up and about by now. Yes, he lies listlessly there as if he did not want to get well. Dr. Ferris asked me if he had anything on his mind. Can you explain it, dear?"

(Continued Tomorrow)

(Copyright by W. S. Messers.)

The Girls Who Work For Uncle Sam

By NELL BRINKLEY



LOUISE HILLGARDNER, War Department

Give most of us, with the right size and softness of heart and the right alertness and wisdom of mind, the girl who loves a book and a dog. If I was a young man—in khaki or out of it—the sea-blue of the "Navy" or out of it, the girl who said to me, "with a lovely smile and eyes as blue as mine, 'I love dogs and books—' could have me on the end of her bonnet ribbons, those gay little piquoted affairs that were once called in Paris, 'Suivres moi, jeune homme' for good and all!" Here is a girl who does. When I asked her about the "run-away" times of her life, when she was

away from her desk, what she liked to do then—she said so fast that the words hurried over one another and she tripped up more than once: "The finest thing in the world that I can think of is to have a mountain and a book and a dog! Everybody has a book and a dog! Everybody has a flimsy, yet insistent, dream that never goes away from the back of their minds. It's something they will do 'some day,' when they have the way 'power.' It's a will of the wisp they have when they 'grow rich.' It's a door they will open when they have 'time.'"

This, if you please, is Miss Louise Hillgardner, a girl who looks lovely in a sailor blouse, a girl with light, soft, brown hair, with a sensitive pointed chin, a generous

mouth, and a pair of big eyes of a cloudy, beautiful stone-blue. She didn't look long in the mirror when she pulled off her little hat. "It went back on again carelessly, with out that long tucking-in-an-under, patting, and gentle fingering, posing and frowning and pulling, missing, and ducking, that most girls go through getting on their heads these little pruned hats like caudex boxes we've been wearing for years. She had other things she was more eager to see and speak of. Her hair was in a boyish, pretty tumble, and I could well see her, magically, I hope with the power of prophecy, coming down the mountain-slope with her dog and her book. I don't believe she will have

to learn Black Art to have what she wants; her eagerness and ardor will make her a magnet for her dream."

Miss Hillgardner came from Iowa, the State of rolling hills and winding roads, gran'father's houses under cedar windbreaks, where the wheat fields the countryside with gold in harvest time, where in summer time the cows stand lazy in the quiet, dark-shadowed, winding streams, and where in winter time, as this daughter of Iowa breathed regretfully, "they SKATE!" She is a soldier, too. She came to help Uncle Sam, and is doing her bit in the War Department, War Risk Insurance of Enlisted Men, under Major Bekham.

"The prophecy has been fulfilled," he announced in an awed voice. "The Emperor has been overthrown. My mission is ended."

All stared in amazement. The shock was too great. Verda sank into a chair, weeping convulsively. "Verda, dear—it was Doris who broke the silence—'do not worry. You shall share our home and fortune.'"

As she said it Doris looked at Ramsay, who nodded.

"You are too kind," sobbed Verda. Silently the Consul withdrew.

A moment later Verda looked up through her tears and saw Ramsay bending over Doris—then she had loved and lost!

Broken-hearted, she retired to her room. Then she turned away and started up the stairs.

And, in lingering embrace, Doris looked up into Ramsay's face and murmured, "Verda shall be my bridesmaid."

For answer, their lips met.

THE END.

This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the birth in 1545 of Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the great Bodleian Library at Oxford. He spent large sums in building it up, and was knighted for his unselfish work. He left \$3,330 to pay for his burial in accordance with his rank.

To My Sweetheart Soldier

MISSIVE FROM WIFE TO HER HUSBAND

Every Girl Has a Sweetheart—So Every Girl Should Read These Wonderful Letters.

Dearest:

My Soul's little brother has once more left us. I think the parting was sadder this time than ever before. He has tried so hard to take Frank's place in the daily tasks. Angels would weep to see him staggering into a snowdrift with his big shovel. But nothing daunts him. Even his few years and small stature are offset by his valiant Soul. I would love to keep him, but his mother needs him, so sadly we said good-by. The dove, with sublime indifference, nestled against his breast, safe in that sure retreat.

The perplexities of housekeeping have multiplied since Frank left us. I am afraid we accepted almost thoughtlessly the devotion with which he and Mammy surrounded us. Mammy does her double best now, but to one who remembers the "Fall of Sumner" the years must press heavily, even though "Thar never was no date made of my being born, honey, chile." I wish Mr. Hoover would recommend manna and then connive with the Lord to send it down.

We advertised for a couple and one came, but their stay was brief. I thought the man could do Frank's work and the woman help in the house, but it didn't work out well at all. She was forever running out into the garage; and during such brief periods as she attended to her work in the house, he would be in, looking at her slyly from dark corners as though the spectacle of a woman with dishrag or dust cloth in her hand was paramount almost to a vision of heaven. Mammy couldn't bear them, and I heard her telling the man that his face looked as though its features were imperfectly chiseled out of inferior material with a blunt instrument. The last I saw of the couple they were going out the yard with Mammy rocking fiercely after.

Beloved, a sense of humor helps a lot in life, doesn't it? There is

many a situation that is saved by a smile from becoming tragic. I wonder if you can possibly find anything in the trenches to laugh at! I presume so, and I know if you can you will make the most of it and help your comrades by that saving grace. The "cooties" are the greatest nightmare to me in my thought of you. I just can't believe that they swarm and cluster as we are told. Perhaps some of it is imagination. I am going to hope so. Do you remember Ralph H.? He went out into the ranch country with his brother, and he was warned at once about "ticks." They are dreadful little creatures that live in sheep, and they get on human beings sometimes and bore and bore right into the skin. The first night, as they slept in a tent, I presume Ralph's thoughts were on these "ticks." At any rate, he woke up and felt a queer sensation in his back and reached around and found a little spot fastened on his skin. He caught hold of it and called his brother in great anguish of mind. His brother told him to hold it tight, so that it shouldn't bore in any deeper, and then he hurriedly dressed and made a light. On examination it proved to be a wart which Ralph had had from infancy.

Beloved, when will you and I be together again, to laugh over misadventure and hold hands in silent sympathy? When will you look into my eyes and say: "Little soldier wife, little general?" You would answer me if you could, dear one, but the answer must be left in God's hands and for God's good time. And yet, in spite of loneliness and longing, there are happy hearts in this world tonight! There are little children smiling in their sleep! There are lovers thrilled with the joy of loving! There are hearts that have never been betrayed! There are souls alive with faith and hope and sacrifice! There are fountains of immeasurable faith existing everywhere. All these are living proof—the greatest we can have—that there is a God who deals with us lovingly, and who will make what we last to our grief-dimmed vision that things have worked together for good. Good-night, my very own.

Puss in Boots, Jr.

By David Cory.

"NOW, the next task which I must perform," said Mr. Hercules to little Puss Junior, as they journeyed on together, as I mentioned in the story before this, "is to bring back with me the oxen who live on an island in the West close to the setting sun."

So on and on went Mr. Hercules and little Puss Junior, and by and by they came to a great mountain.

"Dear me," said Mr. Hercules, "it's too much trouble to cross over that high mountain." So he split the mountain in two and left half on each side, and ever since that time the geographers have called the water that flows between the Straits of Gibraltar. So please don't forget that you study your lesson that it was Mr. Hercules that made the rock of Gibraltar.

Well, after a while they came to the island where the oxen were. But, goodness! there was a fierce two-headed shepherd dog guarding them, and a big giant, besides!

"More trouble and then some more," said Mr. Hercules. "But he wasn't discouraged. No, sir! He sharpened the points on his great club and then he found the giant, and after a terrible fight the giant was killed, and his dog, too, and then Mr. Hercules had no trouble at all in driving the oxen back to his home."

Well, Mr. Hercules was very glad to see Puss, and when she learned how Puss had helped Mr. Hercules by burning the Hydra's heads with his flaming feather she invited our little traveller to stay with them, but Puss replied he must be on his way, so he said good-by and started off, and after awhile—not so very long—he came to the country of the Fingules.

They were only thirteen inches tall and when they worked in the cornfields the tops of the cornstalks seemed like little trees to them. And while Puss stood watching them a great flock of cranes came flying through the sky, and then they swooped down and began to steal the ears of corn.

"Oh, help us, little Puss Junior!" cried the dwarfs. So Puss drew his sword and rushed at the cranes, and when they saw him with his flaming feather in his cap they took wing and flew away.

So Puss set off once again and by and by he came to the great blue sea. It was now nearing evening

and as Puss was weary with his journey he sat himself down on a rock to rest. And while he sat there, as he looked across the sky he saw a man sailing through the water.

On his head was a bright star, and as he came nearer the King of the Ocean, whose name was Neptune, drove by in his chariot drawn by horses with brazen hoofs and golden manes. And the King of the Ocean held in his right hand a great spear, with three points, which he used to stir up the winds or to subdue the storms.

"King of the stormy sea am I; With my three-pointed spear I point to the sky."

sang Neptune, and then he beckoned to Puss, but what happened after that you must try to hear in the next story.

(Copyright, 1915, David Cory.)

(To Be Continued.)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

There Are Other Positions.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen and commute every day to New York. In our office is a young man who pays a great deal of attention to me, and I, in turn, care for him. Now, what is bothering me is this, my employer, a man of about twenty-eight, takes me out to lunch nearly every noon, and once consented to go to an uptown restaurant and dine, after which followed an unpleasant scene. Ever since then he has been very nice to me. Now, what would you do, leave his employment and take much less somewhere else, or try not to notice his advances. IRENE.

MY dear girl, when you say "Would you leave and take less money somewhere else?" you are definitely asking me to tell you to stay, and then later, if things go wrong, you will excuse yourself by saying that I told you to stay where you were! But I am not going to answer as you desire! By all means leave your place and seek another. There are more good business opportunities now than there are individuals to fill them. And you are evidently not of strong enough calibre to repel the advances your employer seems inclined to make. Nothing of good and a great deal of harm can come to you from your association with a man who does not play fair.

The Hidden Hand

By Arthur B. Reeve

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

EPISODE 15.

"The Girl of the Prophecy."

Copyright, 1917, by Star Company.

THEY looked at each other in horror. There was the body at the bottom of the vat. Slowly, it began to disappear. Only a murky blackness remained of what once had been a man.

Verda was now hysterical as Ramsay and Doris held her away. It was the end of the great criminal—only the terrible gauntlet remained, next day, when the police drained the vat.

Outside they retreated to the ruined room of the den, Verda weeping as Doris tried to comfort her. Finally, choking back her penitence, Verda drew the lock and turned to her breast.

"What—'you had both?" cried Doris, amazed, while Ramsay watched Verda in puzzled silence.

"Yes, forgive me, Doris. I wanted to know. I am the girl of the prophecy."

She bowed her head. A moment Doris looked at Ramsay, then, impulsively she put her arms about Verda, who clung to her, sobbing.

"Yes," put in Ramsay, "she is right. Here is the will."

Doris stared at it eagerly. "The will settles everything," she went on Ramsay, "you are the daughter and heiress of Judson Whitney."

Verda was overjoyed and Verda looked through her tears, genuine at last, as she murmured, "I'm so glad—truly glad."

Doris could say nothing. She fairly begged the precious document to herself as they walked away to Ramsay's taxicab and returned to the Whitney house, scene of so many terrible adventures.

News from Russia. It was the following day when Verda, in her travelling dress, was waiting in the library for the Consul who was to accompany her back to the Empire. She was sad, for she was to say good-by to both Doris and Ramsay, and the generosity of

their forgiveness had touched her. Almost her emotions overcame her as the butler announced the Consul, who entered, bowed, and kissed her hand. Yet there was no pride left in her. All her rank, everything, she would only have had the splendid American lover whom she had never been able to win. She was about to say farewell when the telephone rang.

"For you, sir," announced the mutter to the Consul. "The Vice-Consul, sir."

"The Consul excuse himself. For a long time he was at the telephone, and every moment he grew more excited."

"Well, he might. For, downtown, all Newspaper Row was in an uproar. Crowds were packed before bulletin boards. Boys were calling extras frantically, and people were buying though they had read the same thing a dozen times in earlier editions. One headline will suffice: EMPEROR IS OVERTHROWN BY REVOLUTIONISTS."

Republican Form of Government instituted—Emperor in Exile.

The Consul turned to Verda with great emotion.

For answer, their lips met.

THE END.