

Reading for Women and all the Family



The Four of Hearts

A Serial of Youth and Romance
By Virginia Van De Water

CHAPTER LI

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When one has exercised reticence on an important subject, and then lets himself speak of it, it is as if the floodgates were partially opened, and it is hard to close them immediately.

Dora's outburst to Cynthia had so far swept away her rigid reserve with regard to her feelings towards Milton Van Saun that her sense of prudence was also thrown away. She felt that now that she had begun to speak her mind, she must free it to the one person in whom she would, under ordinary circumstances, have been least likely to confide.

She was still tremulous and excited when the car left her at her own front door. Without pausing to reconsider her resolution, she went straight to her mother's room. That lady was lying on the couch and looked up languidly as her daughter entered.

"Well, honey," she began, then as she saw Dora's flushed face, she asked quickly "What's the matter?" "No, at least I suppose not, Cynthia's there now. I wouldn't stop with her. I didn't want to."

"Why not, dear?" While there was no necessity for your stopping you might, at least, seem to show interest in what concerns Milton."

"I might, but I won't!" exclaimed the girl. She threw her muffs on the bed and faced her mother. "It's just that very thing I want to speak to you about. No, don't look surprised or shocked, or any of those things, for it's no use! I may as well tell the truth. I'm tired of being engaged to Milton. He bores me. So does his father. So does everything connected with the marriage!"

Dropping onto a chair she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. Mrs. Livingstone sat up in amazement and looked at her in amazement. Dora had often seemed mildly rebellious, but it was new for her to show such passionate protest about anything. The face of this woman of the world hardened. Why need the child make such a scene now just when the wedding plans were progressing so satisfactorily?

"Dora!" the matron's voice was stern. "Stop that crying! It is because you are over-acted that you feel like this. You have been doing too much—with all your social affairs, shopping, fittings and so forth added to your anxiety lest your plans should be upset by Mr. Van Saun's illness. Besides all this, Milton has been so much absorbed in his father that he has not been with you as much as usual, and you have missed him. All these conditions have combined to destroy your sense of proportion. Now stop crying."

The girl obeyed, lifting her face from her hands and wiping away her tears. But her eyes had a look in them that her mother did not like. Could it be defiance? "That is more sensible," Mrs. Livingstone approved. "Take off your hat and coat and we will talk quietly until you feel more like yourself. Then you must go to your room and lie down for a while."

"I don't need to lie down," Dora said, removing her hat and coat and tossing them on the bed by her muffs. Then, seating herself again, she spoke more calmly. "Mother, why do you want me to marry Milton?"

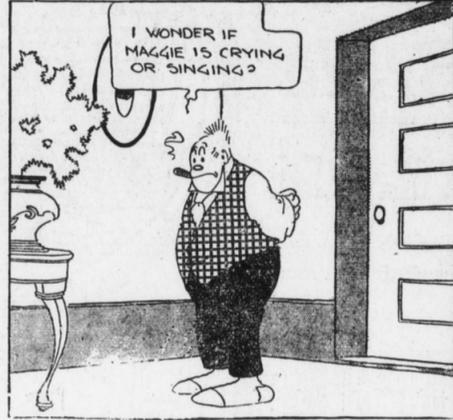
The mother assumed an expression of well-bred astonishment. "You ask me why I want you to marry Milton, Dora, when I had nothing to do with it? You and he became engaged, naturally, because you cared for each other."

"Because it was expected of us and neither of us had ever seen anybody we liked better," the girl corrected. "We thought that was all that was necessary. But there should be something more, mother. There should be love."

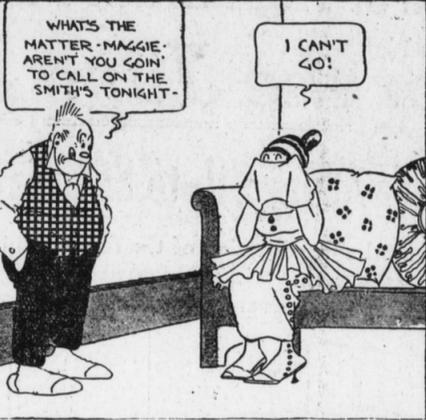
Her voice dropped to a lower key, and her mother frowned. "You know that Milton loves you, Dora. Then, with a note of anxiety, "has he not told you so often enough?"

Dora nodded. "Oh, I suppose so. At least he has acknowledged that he would not have asked me to marry him unless he cared for me. But, mother, suppose I don't care for him?"

Bringing Up Father



"I wonder if Maggie is crying or singing?"



"What's the matter, Maggie, aren't you going to call on the Smiths tonight?"



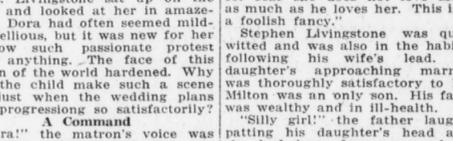
"I can't go!"



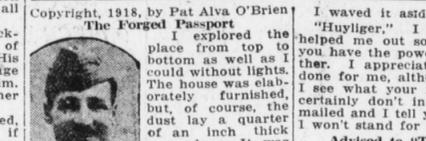
"And why not?"



"All the people we know will be there and they've seen all my clothes—what will we do?"



"We'll have to pick out some new people to go with—"



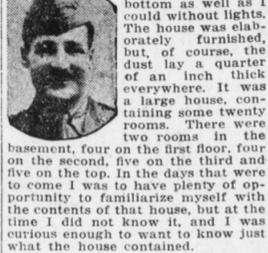
"O—U!!!"

"Outwitting the Hun"

By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien

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Copyright, 1918, by Pat Alva O'Brien



The Forged Passport
I explored the place from top to bottom as well as I could without lights. The house was elaborately furnished, but, of course, the dust lay a quarter of an inch thick everywhere. It was a large house, containing some twenty rooms. There were two rooms in the basement, four on the first floor, four on the second, five on the third and five on the top. In the days that were to come I was to have plenty of opportunity to familiarize myself with the contents of that house, but at the time I did not know it, and I was curious enough to want to know just what the house contained.

Down in the basement there was a huge package, but it was absolutely bare, except of dust and dirt. A door which evidently led to a subbasement attracted my attention and I thought it might be a good idea to know just where it led in case it became necessary for me to elude searchers.

In that cellar I found cases after cases of choice wine—Huyliiger, I frequently told me that there were 1,800 bottles of it! I was so happy at the turn my affairs had taken and in the light of prospects which I now entertained that I was half inclined to indulge in a little celebration then and there. On second thought, however, I remembered the old warning of the folly of shouting before you are well out of the woods, and I decided that it would be just as well to postpone the festivities for a while and go to bed instead.

Stripped Bare By Germans
In such an elaborately furnished house I had naturally conjured up ideas of a wonderfully large bed with thick hair mattresses, downy quilts and big soft pillows. Indeed, I debated for a while which particular bedroom I should honor with my presence that night.

Judge of my disappointment therefore, when after visiting bedroom after bedroom I discovered that there wasn't a bed in any one of them that was in a condition to sleep in. All the mattresses had been removed and the rooms were absolutely bare of everything in the way of wool, silk or cotton fabrics. The Germans had apparently swept the house clean.

There was nothing to do, therefore but to make myself as comfortable as I could on the floor, but as I had grown accustomed by this time to sleeping under far less comfortable conditions, I swallowed my disappointment as cheerfully as I could and lay down for the night.

In the morning Huyliiger appeared and brought me some breakfast, and after I had eaten it he asked me what connections I had in France or England from whom I could obtain money.

I waved it aside. "Huyliiger," I said, "you have helped me out so far and perhaps you have the power to help me further. I appreciate what you have done for me, although now, I think I see what your motive was, but certainly don't intend to be black-mailed and I tell you right now that I won't stand for it!"

Advised to "Think It Over"
"Very well," he said, "it is just as you say, but before you make up your mind so obstinately I would advise you to think it over. I'll be back this evening."

My first impulse, after the men had left was to get out of that house just as soon as I could. I had the passport he had prepared for me and I figured that even without further help I could now get to the border without very much difficulty, and when I got there I would have to use my own ingenuity to get through.

It was evident, however, that Huyliiger still had an idea that I might change my mind with regard to the payment he had demanded, and I decided that it would be foolish to do anything until he paid me a second visit.

All day long I remained in the house without a particle of food other than the breakfast Huyliiger

had brought to me. From the windows I could see plenty of interest me and help pass the time away, but of my experiences while in that house I shall tell in detail later on, confining my attention now to a narration of my dealing with Huyliiger. That night he appeared as he had promised.

"Well, O'Brien," he asked, as he entered the room where I was waiting for him, "what do you say? Will you sign the order or not?"

Mechanicsburg's Library Closed After 46 Years
Mechanicsburg, Pa., May 8.—Last evening at a special and important meeting of the Mechanicsburg Library and Literary Association, called by the president, the organization was dissolved by a unanimous vote after a career of forty-six years. It was agreed to close up the affairs of the association in the best possible manner and make such disposition of the property as they deem best in their judgment.

Organized in the year 1872, the association had a prosperous career for many years, but of late years the library has barely had an existence, with scarcely enough funds to pay running expenses. Recently little interest has been taken in the association and it was decided to dissolve rather than continue as it has been operated during the past year. Efforts were made repeatedly by the managers to revive an interest, but without success, and there was no assurance that the future holds any solution to the problem. It is to be

regretted that the town will be without a public library.

Memorial Service For Soldier Dead in France
Lewisport, Pa., May 8.—An interesting patriotic memorial service was held in the Presbyterian Church at Lewisport yesterday afternoon for Ray Lincoln Seiber, a soldier, who died in France on March 26. A gold star was placed on the service flag of the church. Young Seiber was a son of Dr. G. W. Seiber, who lives a short distance from Lewisport. He enlisted in the Army in Juniata county and after training in camp was sent to Europe. His father never received any word from the boy after he landed in France until a letter came telling of his death from spinal meningitis. The memorial service was conducted by the Rev. S. Barber.

THE EFFICIENT WOMAN
The foundation of efficiency lies in a robust, healthy constitution. When ill, weak and suffering from dragging-down pains, inflammation and ulcerated conditions or displacement with consequent backache, headache, nervousness and "the blues," no woman can be efficient or hardly a fit companion to live with. If every woman in this condition would only give that most successful of all root and herb remedies, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial, she would soon be restored to health and reach the goal of her ambition for personal efficiency.

BOTH LEGS FRACTURED
When an automobile driven up Front street by Robert Shearer, 1750 Wood street, and a motortruck turning into Front from Verbeke street collided last evening, Shearer sustained compound fractures of both legs. His automobile was badly damaged.

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Its illustrations are of the very best, and in most cases are from pictures made by The Inquirer's own staff photographers.

The Inquirer's news columns, besides covering each day's developments of the Great World War, are also alive with all the daily doings of every-day life here at home.

The Inquirer's pages of Sports of all sorts; of articles for the women and of subjects of lighter vein, such as the Goldberg, Penny Ante and Just Kids Comics, speak for themselves in

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