



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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Cynthia went softly into her own room and closed the door. She hoped Dora was asleep and would not hear her. She must have a few minutes to herself in which to think things over.

She did not turn on the lights, but stood at the window looking out. It was raining hard now, and she watched the few pedestrians in the street below, their wet umbrellas glistening in the gleam from the electric lamps.

Under ordinary circumstances, the sight of the falling rain would have depressed her. Now she was filled with a sense of exaltation. She was free once more. She had done a dreaded duty, and instead of causing misery, as she had feared, she had made another heart lighter. She and Gerald Stewart had been on the edge of a precipice. Her honesty had saved them both from disaster.

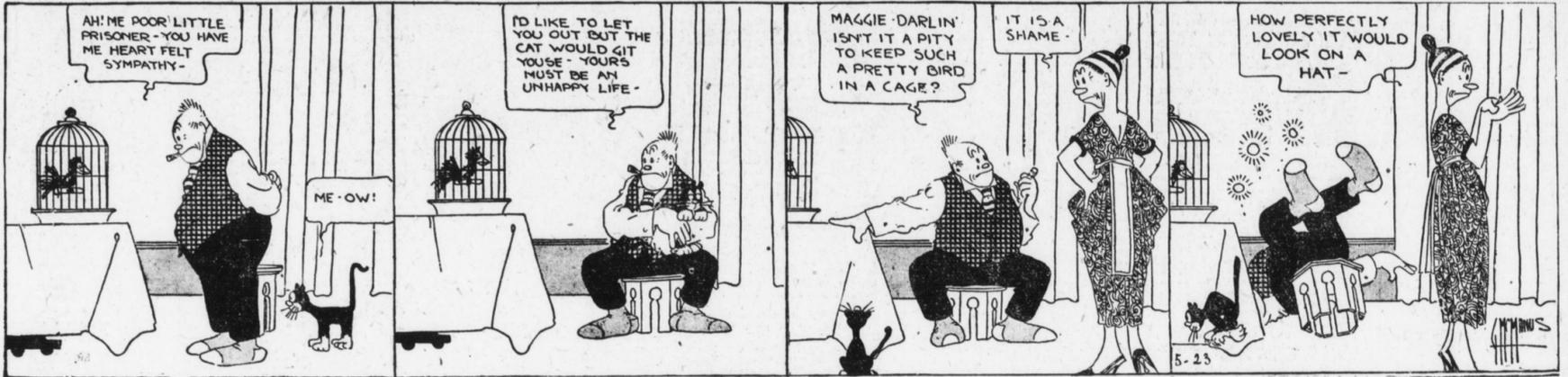
She would not look ahead just yet. For a brief period she would forget her relatives' censure and the duty performed, of a danger avoided. Perhaps later—

"Cyn!" Dora's voice summoned her. "I am wide awake."

"I thought I heard you come in," Dora said when Cynthia went into her room. Then she was so quiet I thought I was wrong. Oh Cyn, I have not changed my mind about telling Milton—but I am scared!"

"You must not be," Cynthia soothingly. "When you do the right thing it gives a wonderful feeling of re-

Bringing Up Father



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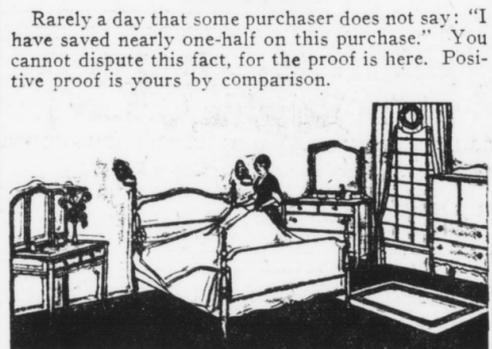
By McManus

Cuticura Stops Itching and Saves the Hair

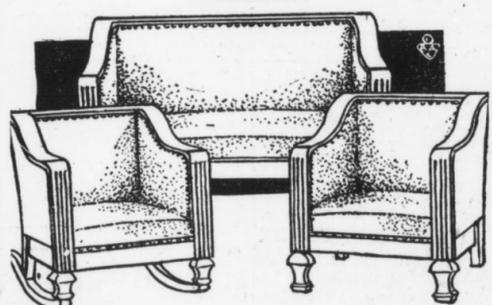
All druggists, Soap, Ointment, Cream, Talcum. Sample each free of Cuticura, Dept. S, Boston.

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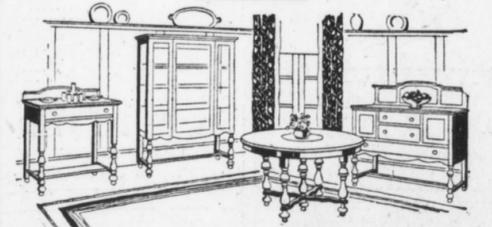
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lief, and doing it is seldom as hard as you think it's going to be."

"You speak as if you had just done some hard thing yourself," Dora said.

"I have," Cynthia rejoined. "She may as well tell Dora the facts now. Then together they could face the wrath of the elders."

"What do you mean?" Dora questioned.

"That I have told Gerald Stewart that I do not love him."

The room was so dark that the speaker could not see her companion's face plainly, but Dora's gasp of astonishment told what a sensation the news had caused.

"Yes," Cynthia hurried on. "I decided that I had no right to be engaged to him for an hour longer. He

thought I loved him; I thought he loved me. Now we know that neither of us loves the other except as friends."

Dora started up and clutched Cynthia by the shoulders. "Now that she was in a sitting posture, the light reflected from the street below showed her face very white, her hair much tumbled, her eyes wide and dark."

"You mean—that you?" she stammered—"that your engagement is broken?"

"Yes, I mean just that Dora, my dear. But if I had known that it would upset you to hear about it, I wouldn't have told you of it until to-morrow. Do lie down. You will make your head worse."

"I want to hear all about it," Dora insisted. "Go ahead. Tell me."

"Then lie down," Cynthia ordered. "There is not much to tell," she continued when her cousin had obeyed her. "The sick girl's uneven breathing proved that she was still excited, and Cynthia hurried on through the recital."

"I thought—I fancied—that Gerald loved me, and that he was unhappy because of me. He—well—he fancied the same thing about me. So he asked me to marry him out of pity for me. I accepted him out of pity for him. I told him the truth to-night. He told me the truth. That is all."

There was a long silence. When Dora spoke it was in a tense, strained voice.

"Cyn, I want you to do something for me at once."

"What, dear?"

"Telephone to Milton that I must see him to-morrow, no matter what happens. Do you understand?"

"But," Cynthia demurred, "it is half-past ten. The telephone might startle Mr. Van Saun. For all we know, everybody may be in bed."

"Then give me my portfolio and some paper," Dora commanded. "I will write to Milton. Let one of the servants take the note to the corner and post it at once. Milton will get it by the first delivery in the morning. I must see him, Cyn."

But when Cynthia had switched on the light and brought the portfolio, Dora's hand trembled so that she could scarcely hold her pen.

"Cyn," she pleaded, "do write to Milton for me! Just tell him that I asked you to do it. You will not mind, will you, dear? He need not know that you know why I want to see him."

Without a word, Cynthia sat down at the desk, drew a sheet of paper toward her and wrote:

"Dear Milton—Dora has a headache, so is not quite equal to writing herself."

"She has asked me to tell you that she would like you to come to see her without fail to-morrow. Perhaps you can stop on your way up from the office in the afternoon. Let her know when to expect you. Hastily,

"Dora read the note handed to her. "Good!" she approved. "Now address the envelope, stamp it and have Marie run out to the corner with it. I want it out of the house before father and mother get home."

But Cynthia waited to add a postscript on her own account.

"As I do not believe in loveless marriage," she wrote, "Gerald and I are no longer engaged."

It was easier to write this to Milton, she reflected, than to tell him about it. (To Be Continued)

THEIR MARRIED LIFE

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"She used to be a peach when I knew her," remarked Warren, fingering the lavender envelope that he held in his hand.

"She did," responded Helen somewhat lukewarmly.

"Yes, a good looker, and the best-dressed girl anywhere in the country," bragged Warren. "I'd like to have her here at the house for tea or dinner, whatever you like. Feel as if I ought to do something you know. She took the trouble to look us up."

Helen choked back the remark that it wasn't really necessary and said instead: "Certainly, dear, but why not ask her out somewhere? If she's from the west she ought to be eager to see the big hotels. A quiet home dinner might not appeal to her."

"Hum!" said Warren shortly. "Always trying to get out for dinner, aren't you? But no doubt you're right this time, besides it's easier to entertain that way."

And so it was arranged that Warren was to fix things over the telephone and that Helen was to come down to the office that evening, so that they could both meet Miss Emery in some convenient place and take her out to dinner. Helen was no more eager than any other woman to entertain her husband's former sweetheart, and Warren's constant reiteration that the girl was a wonder, somehow irritated her more than she cared to admit.

A hundred times in the course of the afternoon she changed her mind about what she should wear, and she finally wished desperately that she had remained at the house to take her out. Helen felt that she would be more at ease and certainly at an advantage in her own home, somehow street dress was not so conducive to one's satisfaction of mind as a soft informal gown with satin slippers, arranged to go to do one's hair attractively.

Due to the fact that she changed from her suit into a dress the last moment Helen was late at the office. She wished all the way down that she had a nice fur piece, and the fact made her uncomfortable, so that when she burst into Warren's office breathless she did not feel her best.

"Can't you ever arrive on time?" was Warren's greeting.

"I'm sorry, dear, but everything went wrong. If only he would not take that attitude tonight when she felt so miserable, Helen thought, wishing wildly that she had telephoned and said she was ill, then Warren could have taken the wonderful Miss Emery out alone. No doubt he would have preferred it that way.

"Now don't get into one of those sullen moods," Warren said crisply as they entered the elevator. Helen's cheeks burned. Several people beside themselves were in the elevator and Warren's tone was loud enough to be overheard. She felt ashamed and humiliated.

Out in the crowded street it was impossible to hurry to the subway, and when they were finally cling-

ing to straps Warren turned to her angrily.

"Couldn't you have made an effort to be on time tonight? We'll be at least fifteen minutes late, and the girl's practically a stranger."

"If you wouldn't think so much about that girl and a little bit more about your wife," Helen flamed dramatically. "She can't be so very young, either."

"Jealous, eh?"

"O, Warren."

"Well, it certainly sounded that way."

"I'm sorry I was late," said Helen quickly anxious to make amends. "But she is staying in Brooklyn perhaps she will be late, too."

"Not a chance. Out-of-town people are always on time for appointments. However, I knew you'd be late and so I told her ten minutes later than I said I would. As it is we're going to keep her waiting."

Once out of the subway, Warren took long strides and Helen had to very nearly run in order to keep up with him, but she scorned to ask him to walk slower.

"What's the matter?" he said finally looking at her sarcastically. "Can't you hurry a little bit?"

"Warren if your going to be so utterly detestable, I'm not going a step further," said Helen stopping dead and facing him. "I mean it, too."

"Come on," said Warren more good-naturedly. "Don't make an effort of yourself, a little bit."

Helen who had continued by his side the moment that tone of resentment had crept into his voice, was almost crying with vexation and the fact that she had been hurried so. Who was this girl that everybody must be made uncomfortable for?

"Here we are," said Warren, slipping his hand under Helen's arm and helping her up the steps, and here she is, as they turned into the little reception room at the side of the entrance.

Helen saw a plain almost dowdy little woman in what was plainly last year's suit who was shaking hands with Warren embarrassedly, and was regarding Helen out of anxious eyes. Where was this stunning, dignified woman Helen had expected to meet? She turned toward Warren as they walked to the dining room and caught a sheepish grin on his face. It was her moment of triumph, but she did not take it. Secure in the knowledge that she had nothing to fear in this woman's attraction, Helen immediately set herself out to be as entertaining as she could.

(To Be Continued)

ried woman and I have met a man I have learned to love dearly and I know my love is returned. I have known him for a year and my husband is not what he ought to be and he treats me very mean and is seven years my senior. He coaxed me into marriage with promises which he never kept. I was only seventeen when he says he is going out into the country where I will have no company at all, and when I say anything about not going he says if it does not suit me to leave, I am not afraid to work, as I have been supporting myself ever since we were married. What would you advise me to do?—BLUE-EYED SUSIE, UNHAPPY WIFE.

The only thing for you to do if your husband is unkind to you is to try to have an understanding with him in an effort to make him improve his treatment of you. If he will not treat you with the consideration a wife deserves, then the only thing you can do is to leave him. Are you sure you have done your part? Obviously you have been keeping

company with another man. Surely you cannot expect very considerate treatment from a husband whom you wrong by being untrue to him. If you expect your husband to be fair to you, be as fair to him and give up the company of the other man. If you must keep company with the other man, then free your husband with the divorce of which you speak.

Dear Miss Fairfax:—I am a student at a boarding school. I've taken a fancy to a girl who goes to this same school, and have been giving her a fair amount of attention, although I have several girl friends living around or near my home whom I call on quite frequently and correspond with regularly. Should I continue to give this girl my attention until school closes and through vacation, as she lives reasonably near my home, or should I drop her and give more attention to the girls whom I have been going with while at home?—Sincerely, J. J. M.

Your best plan would be to write all the girls alike, as I judge from the tone of your letter that you have no intention of getting married. I doubt even if you are old enough for that. You will always find it a good plan to treat all the girls with consideration, being friendly to all and profiting by the benefits accruing from their companionship. By all means continue your friendly treatment of the girl at school, and at the same time maintain friendly relations with the girls you have known before you left home.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE

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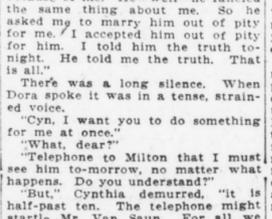
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Dear Miss Fairfax:—I am going around with a fellow who is sixteen and I am fifteen. Please tell me what time you think I should come in at night. Of course I am not with him all the time. We walk around the street part of the evening. I do not want to be out too late for my age. Please give me advice.—ANNA.

Dear Anna:—Of course I know it is hard to resist the temptation of long twilights to remain indoors in the evening, and I appreciate fully the delights of strolling in the balmy summer air. But for a girl of your age to stroll on the streets after nine o'clock is too late, as it is never permissible for even older people to be wandering about the streets in the evenings. Of course your friend call at your home for you, and takes you out with your parents' permission? If not, it is not the correct thing to do. Meet him on the street, as such a practice leads to worse and less innocent pleasures. With your mother's permission, it is proper for you to entertain callers until 10 o'clock at your age.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Dear Miss Fairfax:—I am a married man. I am going to tell you what I think you should do. I am not with her all the time. We walk around the street part of the evening. I do not want to be out too late for my age. Please give me advice.—ANNA.

Dandruff Surely Destroys the Hair

Girls—if you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you have. This simple remedy never fails.

To People Not Quite Sure Which Piano to Choose



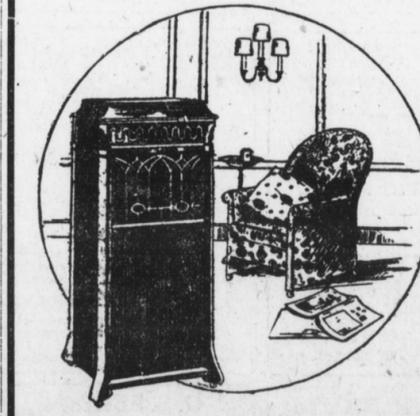
No wonder you are confused. There are so many, many makes—and all so lavishly praised.

But there is no occasion to take chances with an unknown make of instrument and risk the loss of several hundred dollars. There are plenty of fine, honorable thoroughly dependable pianos at any price you wish to pay.

We have not all of them, but we do have ten of them. Here are their names; every one is already known to you:

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