

Keeping the Coffee Pot Sweet.

If there's anything that spoils a breakfast it's a carelessly kept coffee pot. Put a tablespoonful of carbonate of soda into it, fill it nearly full of water, and let it boil for a little while. Then rinse thoroughly several times with warm water.

The Four of Hearts

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND LOVE

Cynthia Feels That by Marrying Gerald She Will Make Every One but Herself Happier.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

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DORA relieved the tension of the situation by a light laugh. "Why, mother," she teased, "you look as if you had seen a ghost!" Her mother tried to smile. "I haven't!" she retorted. "But I thought you were in the library, daughter, and when I called you, and saw it was Cynthia who was here, I was astonished, I supposed," turning to her niece, "that you were still at Mr. Van Saun's."

"I returned a little while ago," Cynthia explained. "Where are your hat and coat?" Mrs. Livingstone asked, glancing around. "Upstairs, of course," Dora spoke before Cynthia could reply. "You would not expect as careful a girl as Cyn to leave them lying around down here—would you, mother?" Mrs. Livingstone smiled again, but more naturally now. "Then you have been in for some time, Cynthia," she observed. "In that case, I understand, I note," looking into the library, "that you young people have forgotten to turn on the lights. But," with a significant lift of the eyebrows, "fire-light is pleasant, under some circumstances, isn't it?"

Cynthia did not speak, and Gerald Stewart came to her rescue. "I must be going, Mrs. Livingstone," he said. "May I call again this evening? I would like to have a little talk with Mr. Livingstone, if it will be convenient." "We—Milton, mother, Cyn and I—are going to the Philharmonic tonight," Dora announced brusquely. "Don't come when we are out."

"He is coming to see your father, my dear," her mother reproved. Then, to Mr. Stewart—"I know that Mr. Livingstone will be in and engaged."

"Thank you," Mr. Stewart said formally. "Good-night." Dora frowned with vexation at the calm manner in which her mother ignored her suggestion toward the sun, and she glared at the matron's edict. Some of this vexation she uttered to Cynthia as the two girls were on their way upstairs to dress for the evening.

"I wish mother were not so magisterial!" she complained. "The cool way in which she brushes aside my ideas is the limit."

But Cynthia's thoughts were elsewhere, and she did not reply. "By the way," Dora remarked later, looking into Cynthia's room from the passage between that and her own room, "I am much obliged to you for following my lead so quickly and going into the library to talk to Gerald. I could not explain then what the matter was. To tell the truth, I did not want mother to know I had been in there."

"Why not?" Cynthia pulled herself out of her own reflections to ask this natural question. "Because she doesn't like me to talk to any man except Milton."

Another Installment of "The Wolves of New York" on This Page

Magazine Page

Smart Gowns for Afternoon and Evening

Simplicity Is the Keynote of the Modish Creations in These Times of Economy of Material.



A FROCK that has a summery look, even though designed for evening wear. It is made of pussy willow taffeta, with drapery of gold net edged with stripes of ostrich in blue.



A street frock for the mild days of pussy willow in navy blue, with an unusual collar of white Georgette

To My Sweetheart Soldier

MISSIVE FROM WIFE TO HER HUSBAND

Dearest: I had enough, and sold it outside. People are so apt to be jealous if one shows a little intelligence. I was very glad to leave. They needn't think they hurt my feelings a bit! Pooh! So unreasonably nowadays it's best to cook your own victuals and know what you've got. I bought a soup bone for 5 cents and my sister and me had three meals off of it, and then a plumber came in to do a job, and we gave him a meal, and he said, 'My goodness, that's the best meal of grease I've had since the war began.' My sister isn't very well, but she's chirped up quite a bit since her husband died. He died last week, and I can see a big change in her already! They were divorced five years ago, but it was always very embarrassing. People would ask us wherever we went, 'Are you widows?' and we didn't know what to say. Now it is such a relief. We can say we are widows. Sister has a habit of falling out of bed. So I have her sleep on the floor. It is much better that way. I have to do most of everything. Sister can't do much. 'Today I've been putting away winter underwear. There was lots of things to put away! I like nice clothes. I like dressy clothes. It's a falling in with me, but I hope no one is jealous because I have nice ways I try not to offend my neighbors or bring vain, foolish hopes into their breasts. 'And now I must be going. I have enjoyed your conversation very much. I'll come again, but don't expect me too soon, for I have lots of places to go.' As she went down the path with her camp stool under her arm the sunlight caught her poke bonnet and brought out the red with startling emphasis. Our mothers and I looked at one another as though we were walking from a fevered dream. Mammy rocked fiercely into the room with a bottle in her hand. 'Here, now, lay back in your chair all of you, and snuff this candle!' As soon as I can catch my breath, beloved, and find out who this little creature is, I'll let you know. But for now your exhausted wife says, GOOD-NIGHT.

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the attack on Providence, R. I., by King Philip in 1672. He was hunted down by the colonists and slain by an Indian. Of this once powerful tribe only two hundred were left. King Philip was the son of Masassoit, the great friend of the whites.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY Armed With Letters From Lillian to Mrs. Borradale and Esther, Pietro Goes For Ransom and Fails.

Here's What has Already Happened.

Esther Vassell is induced to marry for a large sum of money. Ceremonies, which are attended by strange women, takes place in a ruined church. Returning from the marriage she finds her uncle and sister murdered. She is left alone with her uncle's large fortune, who discharges his nephew, Guy Hocking. Father Hocking, who is Guy's her cousin, is married to the strange woman who attended her marriage. She goes to Helm Court, the estate left by her uncle, and meets young Lord Borradale, and they immediately fall in love. Guy's friends frame him, and he signs a mysterious contract mortgaging the estate he will receive at Father's death. She is marked for death, but young Borradale frustrates the attempt, and is badly stabbed. Esther goes to New York to find out if she is free to marry Harold, and at the ruined church discovers the body of the man she married. She concludes she is free from her marriage vow, but is warned by Lillian, Guy's mysterious wife, and also by the doctor, that she is not to be married. Esther returns to Helm Court and tells Harold she will become his wife. The report warns them both that it is impossible that such a marriage would evade the Torrens clause. The attempts on Esther's life are explained by Guy when he tells them of the contract and admits that he does not know the terms of it other than that it is through Esther's death the money he has borrowed can be repaid. Returning to New York Guy goes to see Goldsmith and discovers him dead. He searches his apartment for the contract but is unable to find it. Lillian pleads with Guy to prevent the marriage between Esther and Harold, but she refuses to do so. The only explanation that Lillian will give as to her reason for desiring that the marriage should not take place is that her life as well as Esther's will be in danger. Pietro, a former servant of Lillian, sends her a fake message and holds her for \$50,000 ransom. She is taken to New York and held in Pietro's house, which is subject to much abuse by Pietro's "woman."

Read Right On in Today's Installment.

Part One—(Continued) "Well," continued Lillian, "I must perform accept your conditions. I will get you \$50,000 or my life shall be forfeit. But tell me this, if I obtain the money, what guarantee have I that you will, indeed, leave the country—that you will never let me see you again?" "I can but give you my word," said the man. "And you know that it is wisest for me to go away."

Word of No Value.

"Your word is of no value," replied Lillian, "but this I will do. I will ask for a check payable to myself, and I will go to the bank with you to cash it. I will hand you the money in some public place where I shall feel myself in safety. After that you may go away or stay in New York as you please. I will trust to my own wit to avoid any further plots you may lay against me, and, if you remain, I shall feel myself at liberty to take any reprisals I think fit. These are the terms upon which I will work with you. If you do not accept them, you may kill me at once for all I care. My life is of no great value to me." Pietro looked at her with some admiration in his eyes. "I do not wish to hurt you, signora," he said. "Your terms are fair enough, and I accept them." "Very well. Fetch me writing materials, and I will give you two letters which you may rack upon today. You will go yourself?" "Certainly, signora. I trust this to no one else." "But supposing the police are called in? I cannot guarantee you against that, you know."

Appeal to Esther and Mrs. Borradale

"I say at once if the police called in—if Pietro not return—Signora Lillian she will be found dead. And what I say will be true," he added meaningly. "I see," said Lillian. She went to the table upon which the Italian had spread ink, pen, and paper. She wrote her letters with a firm hand. "It is possible that you may receive the whole sum at either of these addresses. Go to Mrs. Borradale first." Lillian handed him the two letters as she spoke. "Failing there go to Mrs. Vassell, who lives close by. If Mrs. Borradale is not at the Towers she is at Helm Court. The man nodded. "It will take me all day to go and return," he said. "Yes, if Mrs. Borradale is obstinate you may point out to her that I have a complete statement of the mystery of Adeline's death. She will understand. Do you follow me?" "Si, si, signora—and Miss Vassell?" "You must not threaten her, but tell her that if she will do as I wish it will immeasurably be to her advantage, that Lillian has the power to help her to the object of her desire. There, that is all you can do today. Will you go at once?"

Lillian Gets Her Breakfast

"At once, signora. Ah, and luckily here is Marietta with your breakfast." As she spoke the Italian girl entered the room with a tray upon which was spread fare meager enough but palatable. Lillian's point of view. Marietta's brow was still dark, and she glanced suspiciously at Pietro and the fair Englishwoman. She stopped and picked up a knife which lay where it had fallen upon the floor, and quickly concealed it in the folds of her dress. "Frederico awaits you with the organ, Marietta," said Pietro. "You will go out at once and not return till night. You understand?" The girl nodded and made no answer. Presently she stole out of the room. A little later Lillian was left

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Meeting Men. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: We are three college girls, and we are considered good-looking. We dress well and have many opportunities to entertain. Unfortunately, our school is not co-educational, so we do not have any opportunities to meet men. We are members of the Y. W. C. A. and many clubs. Can you suggest ways of meeting men besides flirting with them? BETTY. OF course I'm going to advise you emphatically against any temptations to flirt. And then I am going to add a word to which impetuous youth will naturally object: Be patient. In the natural course of events you do meet men, the broth-

Household Suggestions

Before cleaning out a fireplace sprinkle a good handful of tea-leaves among the ashes. This makes the ashes sift more easily and prevents the dust from flying about the room. When boiling eggs wet the shells thoroughly with cold water before placing them in boiling water, and they will not crack. Tin that has become rusty or stained may be cleaned by dipping the cut surface of a raw potato in fine bath-brick and rubbing well with it. To stiffen fine muslin or white lace, dip them in skim milk.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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