

### Ink Stains.

TO remove black ink stains, the article should be washed immediately in several waters and then in milk, letting it soak in the milk for several hours; the stain will disappear. Washing the article immediately in vinegar and water, and then in soap and water, will remove all ordinary ink stains.

## Disgrace Does Not Consist in the Punishment, but in the Crime

# Magazine Page

### This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the defeat of Peter the Great in 1700 by Charles XII. of Sweden. The Russian monarch had 40,000 troops against the 8,000 of his opponent, but the superior generalship of the Swede more than balanced the numerical superiority of the czar.

## When a Girl Marries

### Anne, in Spite of Herself Is Forced Into a More Intimate Friendship With Evvy.

CHAPTER LIII.  
(Copyright, 1918, by Kings Feature Syndicate, Inc.)  
"YOU were with Phoebe! What do you mean by that?" Jim's voice fairly snapped out at Neal as he spent on him all the irritation and wrath accumulated against me and my "lectures" on gambling.

But Neal was too happy to be irritated by anything. "Yes—with Phoebe," he said. "The car broke down and we had to walk till we found a trolley." "Oh!" That one exclamation of Jim's held volumes of relief. "Then, of course, Virginia and Sheldon were along."

"Yes—yes, of course," replied Neal, as though he meant, "Were they? I didn't notice. They don't count."

And during the long, sleepless hours of the night, when I lay dreading the suffering and passion for gambling might cause us both, the memory of Neal's glorified face, and his vibrating voice comforted me.

But with the return of day not even the thought of my brother's happiness could cheer me. I dragged through a long morning tortured by worry. Lunch was a sorry pretense—I couldn't manage to eat a bite. For I knew just how terrible is the situation the wife of a gambler faces.

What women suffer when the men they love stake fortune, decency and manhood even on the "turn of a card" I learned in my early youth. My own father was a gambler. My mother, the woman between red plush and gilt hotel suites on noisy thoroughfares, and rag-carpeted hall bed rooms, in dirty boarding houses on furtive back streets. Mother and I were starving in the bog of shame, where father left us when he died.

The Saving Act.  
Father Andrew Hyland married mother and brought us to a little home on an elm-shaded village street. But it was those years that took their toll of mother. She passed on when Neal was a tiny lad. Neal forgets her, but I can never forget. And today I face the very problem that killed my mother.

Six hours alone with my thoughts and I begin to grow morbid—desperate. Then Betty came into my mind. Suddenly love and faith and a great need of her struggled out of the ugly mists of jealousy that have always kept me from acknowledging even to myself how fine and splendid Betty Bryce is.

I called Betty over. For a moment I felt shut out, alone. I had rejected Betty's efforts at friendship—Virginia had refused mine—and they had found each other. Betty chilled me for a moment, then I conquered my feelings and called Virginia. The line was busy, but the operator downstairs promised to call me as soon as she could get the number.

A ring of the door bell summoned me from the phone. And I opened the door to find Evvy on the threshold. She was smiling and radiant—and her greeting restored my confidence in myself. After all, I had helped her in the evening, and she had called me as soon as she could get the number.

As I stared at Evvy in amazement, she went on: "Don't you think, dear, it is about time we came to an understanding? Now your game is—"

and lips in a thin line, the wistful aspect of Evvy's face was entirely lost—but only for one fleeting second—then her eyes widened again to blue depths and her lips curved into an engaging smile.

"So they don't want us!" she cried in a tone that established "us" firmly as partisans. "Well—who cares? We have each other, so don't let those snobs bust you, honey girl. I came to take you for a little spin in the car—and then tea at Carlier's. Let's get out into the air."

Parting words would have been better than staying alone, a prey to my thoughts. I was in dire need of friendship, so I held out my hands to Evvy in actual yearning.

"You are a real friend, aren't you, Evvy? You'll stand by—won't you?" I begged in a voice that, stricken as I might, would tremble.

Evvy kissed me lightly on the cheek, but she didn't take my hands. And her voice had a note of coldness under its laughter as she replied: "We'll both stand by. So much for so much—that's the basis of friendship, isn't it, Anne?"

(To Be Continued.)

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## Neglige and Smart Waist



Here is a blouse of flesh colored or white georgette crepe with that soft picot-edged accordion plaited ruffle you find so becoming. This model from Good Housekeeping.



Unique and effective color combination is shown in this negligee of orchid satin. The skirt is accordion plaited, and the draped blouse has hand-painted sprays of wild roses. Bands of American beauty velvet add a charming and "different" trimming.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX.  
A Devoted Parent.  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
I am thirty-six and my wife is thirty-four. We have three children, the oldest twelve, the middle one ten and the youngest eight. I was married a year and a half ago, and six months after that she filed a bill of divorce. The trouble was that she used to go out to dance halls and she would stay out all night long. Now she stays at home. I am sending money every week to my wife and children who are in another city. My wife has promised time and again to join me here and to leave her present home and to come to me. I have forgiven her, just for the sake of the children. Shall I stay here or go to see her?

A FATHER.  
Since it is your wife alone who is in the wrong, and you have forgiven her and wish to be with her again, I shouldn't think you should be in any hurry to leave her. It is the only way to regain the home life that you long for and the intimate relationship with the children. Your children are fortunate in their father's faithful affection, and I hope you may find happiness with them.

Are Blondes Deceitful?  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
I am a blonde twenty-two years old and have been on very friendly terms with a man three years my senior for two years. I am sure we would become more than friends to each other if it weren't for one thing—my being a blonde. It seems his friends have constantly been warning him that a union between us would end disastrously, as blondes always prove faithless.

Although I have never in word or deed deceived my friend, I am afraid he will finally be induced by his friends. Now, Miss Fairfax, is there anything I can do or say which will convince him that all blondes are not deceitful and fickle. JESSIE.

Is it possible that this young man's entire acquaintance is brunette with the exception of yourself? And is there no blonde among the members of his own family? He doubtless already places deep confidence in one or more blondes and there should be no difficulty in leading him to see how absurdly

## The "Zepp's" Passenger

AN EXCITING AND ROMANTIC NEW SPY SERIAL  
Dick Tells Helen and Philippa How Lessingham Made His Imprisonment Bearable.

"What a dear he must have been to have remembered and to have been so faithful!" Philippa observed, looking away for a moment. "He's a real good sort," Felstead declared enthusiastically, "although heaven knows why he's turned German! He worked like a slave for me. I dare say he didn't find it so difficult to get me better quarters and a servant, and decent food, but when they told me that I was free—well, it nearly knocked me silly."

"The dear fellow!" Philippa murmured pensively. "Do you remember him, either of you?" Felstead continued. "Rather good-looking he was, and a little shy, but quite a sportsman."

"I seem to remember," Philippa admitted. "The name sounds familiar," Helen echoed. "Do have some more chutney, Dick?"

"Thanks! What a pig-I am making of myself!" he observed cheerfully. "You girls will think I can't talk about any one but Maderstrom, but the whole business beats me so completely. Of course, we were great pals, in a way, but I never thought that I was the apple of his eye, or anything of that sort. How he got the influence, too, I can't imagine. And, oh! I know there was something else I was going to ask you girls," Felstead went on. "Have you ever had a letter, or rather a letter case, unopened? Just a line or two? I think I mentioned Maderstrom which I should not have allowed to do in the ordinary prison letters."

Felstead was helping himself to cheese, and he saw nothing of the quick glance which passed between the two women. "Yes, we had them, Dick," Philippa told him. "It was one afternoon—it doesn't seem so very long ago. And, oh, how thankful we were!"

"He got them across all right, then. Tell me, did they come through Holland? What was the postmark?" "The postmark was England," Philippa told him. "You heard what Dick asked, Helen? The postmark?"

"I don't think there was one," Helen replied, glancing anxiously at Philippa. "Felstead set down his glass. "No postmark? You mean no foreign postmark, I suppose? They were posted in England, eh?" Philippa shook her head. "They came to us, Dick," she said, "by hand."

Felstead was without a doubt astonished. He turned round in his chair toward Philippa. "By hand?" he repeated. "Do you mean to say that they were actually brought here by hand?" "Perhaps something in his manner warned them. Philippa laughed as she bent over her chair. "We will tell you how they came, until you have finished your lunch, and then I'll tell you the rest of the story. I had at least two glasses of port that afternoon. After that I will see. Just now I have only one feeling, and I know that Helen has it, too. Nothing else matters except that we have you home again."

Felstead patted his sister on the cheek, drew her face down to his, and kissed her. "It's so wonderful to be at home!" he exclaimed apologetically. "But I must warn you that I am the rabbiest person alive. I am the war with the Germans. I have come back loathing them like vermin. I spent—but I won't go on. Mills made his appearance with the dearest of smiles. "I beg your ladyship's pardon," he said, as he filled Felstead's glass. "But Mr. Lessingham has arrived and is in the library, waiting to see you."

CHAPTER XVIII.  
To Major Richard Felstead, Mills' announcement was without significance. For the first time he became conscious however of some secret understanding between his sister and his fiancée. "Tell Mr. Lessingham I shall be with him in a minute or two, if he will kindly wait," Philippa instructed.

"Who is Mr. Lessingham?" Richard inquired, as soon as he had done. "He is a traveler shipwrecked in the storm," Philippa explained. "You can see it from all the front windows. Henry was on board, returning from one of his fishing excursions. They were trying to find Dumble's anchorage and were driven in on to that low ridge of rock. A rope broke, or something, they had no more rockets, and Mr. Lessingham swam out with a line."

"Sounds like a plucky chap," Richard admitted. Philippa rose to her feet. "I expect he has come to wish us good-by," she said. "I'll leave you with Helen. Dick. Don't let her overdo it, or anything. They had the cigars, you know. Take Dick into the gun room afterward. You'll have it all to yourselves and there is a fire there."

Philippa entered the library in a state of agitation for which she was glad to find some reasonable excuse. She held out both her hands to Lessingham. "Dick is back—just arrived!" she exclaimed. "I can't tell you how happy we are, and how grateful!" Lessingham raised his fingers to his lips. "I am glad," he said simply. "Do you mean that he is in the house here, now?"

(To Be Continued Monday.)