

# Reading for Women and all the Family

## THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY  
By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER II  
Arthur Bruce sprang eagerly to his feet as Mildred Brent entered the living room. She stopped short at sight of him.

"Hello," she exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"Calling on you and your sister," Arthur informed her. "Only you happened to be out. I thought you two were always at home on Saturday afternoons."

"We are," Mildred affirmed. "But I stayed downtown to do a little shopping. I have not had a chance to buy a heavy suit until now. And here it is October."

"Dreadful!" Bruce teased. "How have you endured the deprivation? What about you, Honora? Are you, too, in such a sad condition?"

Mildred answered before her sister could.

"Oh, no, indeed. Honora is always forehanded. She has a new suit and a new hat, and has never worn it yet. But, to come down to things more interesting—to you, at least—what are you going to do with yourself? Now that you are through college and the summer vacation is over—time must hang heavy on your hands."

"You think I'm lazy," the young man accused.

The girl removed her hat and coat before answering. When she replied, it was with a touch of sharpness in her voice.

A Rebuttal  
"Well, to tell the truth, I like men who do things. And you must acknowledge that doing things is not exactly in your line."

The man flushed uncomfortably, and Honora, noticing his embarrassment, interposed.

"But, Milly, Arthur has been 'doing things,' as you call it, for four years. He has been studying."

"Perhaps," the girl raised her brows skeptically, yet her words sounded like good-natured teasing.

"But going to college and studying hard are not always the same things, you know. Anyway, I am only

wondering what you are going to do now."

"Going into business with my father," Arthur explained. "I have just been telling Honora here about it."

He watched Mildred eagerly, as if looking for a sign of approval. But she did not appear moved by his statement.

"Well," she commented, "I am glad you are going to settle down to something at last."

Again Honora interposed. "We have always been sure that Arthur would settle down to work when the time came," she declared.

Mildred smiled at her sister. "Honora, dear, I was only teasing. What a champion you are! I wonder if Arthur suspects what a friends he has in you?"

To her surprise Honora colored furiously. "I fancy that he knows what he is doing," she said. "I'm interested in anything that concerns him and his welfare," she rejoined.

Arthur only muttered a preoccupied "Thank you!" It was plain that Mildred's words rankled a bit.

"You do not believe that I am going to work hard?" he reproached her. "Wait and watch me."

A Real Man  
"I will," the girl promised, jestingly. "By the way, I have been talking with a man who is going to do real things."

"Such as what?—and who is he?" Arthur inquired.

"He's Harold Hilton—a nephew of Mr. John Hilton—my employer, you know. He's on his way up to Canada to enlist in a Canadian regiment."

And you call that doing the real thing more than sticking here in one's own country and working?" Arthur demanded.

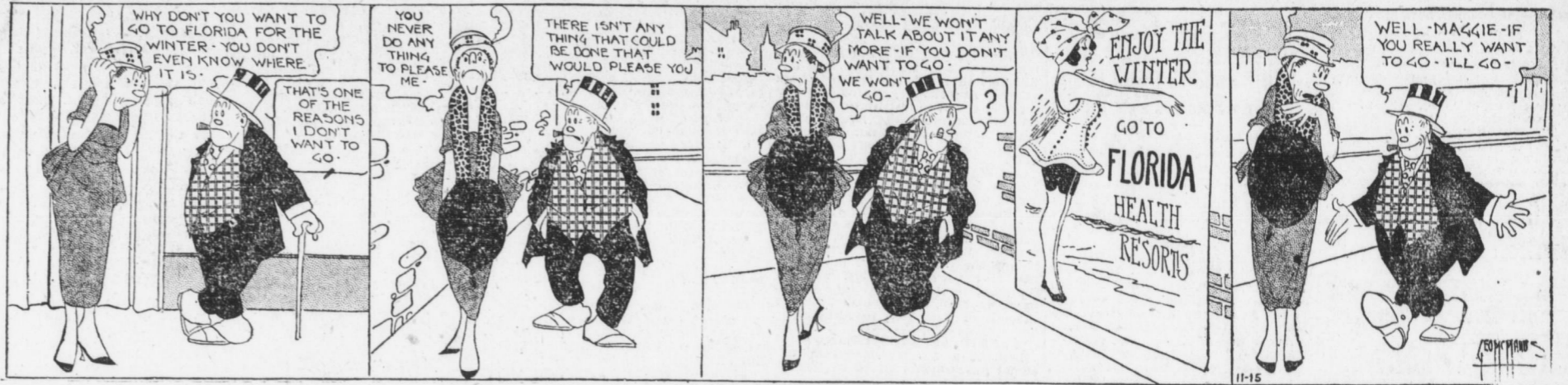
"So would I," Mildred agreed. "Mother will go along, too," Arthur added casually.

He did not see the shade of disappointment that crossed the younger girl's face. Honora forestalled any comment that Mildred might make.

"That will be lovely," she said. "May I sit on the back seat with Mrs. Bruce?"

To Be Continued

## Bringing Up Father



## LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

"Dear Mrs. Woodrow: What would you say to one who though very young in years is absolutely tired of living, if living means the same thing it has meant up to now?"

"Let me explain myself. I have a most awful confession to make. It is this: I find myself to be absolutely inefficient. I have often read and people have told me that every human being has some gift or some talent for doing at least one thing a little better than any one else in the world. I find this true of others, but try as I will, I can't think of anything I could do so well that some one else could not do it better."

"This letter may sound as if it came from one who filled herself so much and had dwelt on her imaginary failures so long that she has grown morbid, but please believe me, Mrs. Woodrow, this is not the case. Even the work I am doing now is not entirely satisfactory to my employers, despite the fact that I try harder than any of my co-workers. At manual work I am absolutely a failure, and my mental abilities give me no reason for bragging. I am self-conscious, awkward and taciturn. I don't think there is anything to be done for such as I. I must be one of society's misfits."

"The whole idea of my general uselessness is driving me crazy, especially when I see what energetic and capable girls are accomplishing these days. Is there any hope for me?"

Despairingly,

"ELINOR."

to work on an airy, sunny palace. You will be energetic and capable girls are accomplishing great things while you are sitting by, bemoaning your general uselessness. What an absurdity! Consider your assets, you have youth, health, a good education. Why then should you let anyone distance you in the race, which, if you remember, is not always to the swift? Neither is the battle to the strong."

Do you know who wins the race and who gains the battles? Those who are immune to either discouragement or defeat, because they see only their goal and are indifferent to the things that beset them by the way. You must have some idea of what you would like to become. Don't say, "But that's out of the question. No use in hoping for impossibilities." This is a world in which nothing is improbable and nothing impossible. Wilder dreams than any you would probably dream have been realized; more than one forlorn and desperate hope has become the shining actuality.

Try an experiment for the next two weeks. During that time be a real friend to yourself. Stop criticizing, condemning and blaming that

unfortunate victim of your negative thoughts—yourself. And smile; "taciturn" has a grouchy sound. You needn't be a chatterbox; quiet people are interesting and restful. But smile, smile on everybody and everything. Make it the business of your life to be happy. Tell yourself on every occasion that you are happy and that you mean to be happy, though the skies fall. And take a tremendous interest in your personal appearance. You may say, "I am not a pretty girl." That is immaterial. No girl who is dainty and fresh in appearance is unattractive, and plain women sometimes achieve an effect of beauty which passes for the real thing.

And try to escape from the tiresome particular into the great universal. This is a big, marvelous, mystic world; realize that you are a necessary part of it and rejoice in it.

CELEBRATE BY FREE SHOWS  
Paris, Nov. 15.—A number of the theaters gave free performances yesterday in honor of the signing of the armistice. The municipal council and the prefect of the Seine ordered the performances.

SOSA'S CONDITION IMPROVES  
Port Washington, N. Y., Nov. 15.—Lieutenant John Philip Sousa, leader of the band of the naval training station at Great Lakes, Ill., was declared to be recovering at his home here from a painful affection of the right ear.

He Won't Drop Dead Any More  
"My husband suffered terribly from stomach and liver trouble, which caused such bloating of gas as to seriously affect his heart. Doctors warned him that he might drop dead at any time from this trouble. A friend in Cleveland advised him to take Mayr's Wonderful Remedy, and since taking it, four months ago, he is feeling like a young man again. All his friends are surprised at his appearance." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded.  
G. A. Gargas, H. C. Kennedy, Clark's Two Drug Stores and druggists everywhere.

**Superfluous Hair DeMiracle**  
DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, operates on an entirely different principle from any other method. It robs hair of its vitality by attacking it under the skin. Only genuine DeMiracle has a money-back guarantee in each package. At toilet counters in 60c, 81 and 82 sizes, or by mail from us in plain wrapper on receipt of price.  
FREE book with testimonials of highest authorities explaining what causes hair on face, neck and arms, why it increases and how DeMiracle devitalizes it, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request. DeMiracle, Park Ave. and 129th St., New York.

**BOYS Clear Your Skin With Cuticura**  
All druggists. Soap 25¢, Ointment 25¢ & 50¢, 14¢ cum 25¢ Sample each. Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston.

**Japanese Youth Refuses to Ask Draft Exemption**  
Washington.—It is well known that during the recent days of draft registration there were many aliens who refused to claim exemption on the ground of their nationality. One of the most interesting cases is that of a Japanese resident of California, who is now a private in a machine gun company at Camp Lewis, Washington. Although not a citizen, he was satisfied to enter the national army with the double aim of fighting German autocracy and winning American citizenship.

It seems strange to get such a letter as this from a far western State, where the skies are so blue and the air is crystal clear and one can lift one's eyes to the hills whence cometh strength. My dear, you are like a chrysalis which has spun about itself a web of fog. Break through it and spread your bright wings in the sunlight; it is only an imaginary fog, anyway, and the mind that is capable of creating an imaginary fog is capable of dissipating it.

If you had a plant in your window that you were trying to make grow, which of two courses would you pursue? Suppose that it didn't respond to the care you gave it as quickly as you thought it should, would you say: "Why, you poor, spindly thing, you are not worth the attention I give you; yours for the ash heap?" I don't believe you would. I believe that you would bestow far more attention on it than on other more thriving plants; you would coax and pet it along until at last you were rewarded by seeing it burst into splendid bloom. If you didn't you would not only be a quitter, but you would have no maternal instinct, which is inconceivable.

Neither do I believe that you would be as unkind to others as you are to yourself. I am sure that you must see many delightful qualities

# WHY GERMANY COLLAPSED

With the American army at Sedan, the British approaching Waterloo, and the whole southern frontier of Germany opened to Allied armies through the surrender of Austria, Germany was doomed when her representatives met Marshal Foch and Admiral Wemyss to agree on an armistice. As the Evening Post (New York) remarks, "Foch, the master, has played with skilled touch on the keys of a mighty organ from the North Sea to the Meuse; and in the final harmony the American Army has rung true."

Do not miss reading the leading news-features in THE LITERARY DIGEST for November 16th, if you would learn of the history-making events leading up to Germany's collapse. Other articles in this number of great interest to the American people are:

- Germany Now For World-wide Brotherhood**  
Translations From German Newspapers Show That the Fatherland Is Clutching at Straws to Save Itself From Drowning
- President Wilson to Face a Republican Congress**  
**The Fate of the Ottoman Empire**  
**French Railroads and American Engineers**  
**The Sole Test of Sanity**  
**Rats in the Trenches**  
**Some of Russia's "Young Barbarians" in Art**  
**No Art Materials From Germany**  
**Imperfect Religion in the Y. M. C. A.**  
**Moral Pride in the Army**  
**News of Finance and Commerce**  
**Personal Glimpses of Men and Events**
- What Canada and Britain Have Done Modifying "The Fourteen Points"**  
**The Deadly Female**  
**Wooden-Leg Troubles**  
**Disastrous Emotionalism**  
**A New French Language in Making Reflections From Poets**  
**The Russian Church Reviving**  
**Keeping Sugar Supplies Up and Prices Down**  
(Prepared by U. S. Food Administration)  
**The Best Current Poetry**

MANY STRIKING ILLUSTRATIONS, INCLUDING MAPS AND CARTOONS

**Splendid Two-Page Colored Map in This Week's Number**

This fine double-page Map is printed in two colors and presents the "Scene of the Western Battle-Line." It shows all territory from London to the River Rhine, including all of Belgium, Luxembourg, Western Germany, and Northern France. The famous Hindenburg line as it existed before March 21, 1918, is indicated, also the line of furthest German advance this year in the big drives of March, April, May and June, and the present line of battle where the Allied armies are driving the Germans back, including the terrain contiguous to Sedan where the American doughboys have just won one of the most brilliant victories of the war. The Map is prepared with a special view to the

conclusion of peace with Germany and shows all of Alsace-Lorraine, which Germany undoubtedly must surrender to France. The great fortress cities of the Rhine, which will no doubt be occupied by Allied garrisons as guarantees that Germany will pay for the damage she has done in the war, are also clearly shown. Practically all of the towns that are being liberated by the victorious Allies' advance and which are mentioned from day to day in the press dispatches are clearly visualized. This Map is so valuable as to be well worthy of preservation for present and future consultation.

November 16th Number on Sale Today---All News-dealers---10 Cents

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Christmas Shopping—Do It Now—Avoid Fatigue  
A FEW SUGGESTIONS  
Gloves Handkerchiefs Shoes Hosiery  
Neckwear Underwear Bathrobes

<b>Blankets</b> One case of natural, gray and tan colored cotton blankets, size 68x80, with pink and blue borders; at pair.	<b>Underwear</b> Men's all-wool gray shirts; not all sizes; no drawers; special, a garment.	<b>Bathrobes</b> Infants' and children's bathrobes, made up in pink, blue and gray blanket cloth.	<b>Shoes</b> Ladies' high black lace boots, with high and military heels; all sizes and widths; special at
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**Daily Dot Puzzle**

Looks like a — is hard to tame. See if you can call it by name. Draw from one to two and so on to the end