



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

**CHAPTER XX.**  
(Copyright, 1918, Star Company)  
At the sound of the motor horn, Honora started nervously. It was one of the so-called "siren" variety and she had heard it once before this evening.

Turning in her seat, she leaned out and gazed into the glare of a pair of headlights coming straight toward her.

"What could the driver be thinking of? He must surely see Arthur's red tail light glowing in the darkness. He must also see by the light of his own lamps that a car was directly in front of his."

Again the siren-notes sounded and Arthur swung his car almost out of the road to avoid being struck as the other automobile came abreast of his.

"Infernal idiot!" he exclaimed wrathfully.

His voice was drowned in the roar of the car that lurched past, skidded, almost overturned, and, righting itself, shot away around a curve ahead.

"Oh!" Honora started as if to seize his arm, then recollecting herself, refrained. "They will have an awful accident!" she gasped.

"That was Chandler's car," Arthur exploded. "Tom is probably drunk and driving straight to the devil—or the hospital. Why—what's the matter?" For his companion had given vent to a low moan.

"Hurry!" she begged. "Hurry around that bend there. I am sure something dreadful has happened. There—look!"

As they rounded the curve they saw by the clear moonlight that the runaway that had passed them at such a furious rate had plunged head first down an embankment at the side of the road. Thirty seconds later the Bruce car had reached the spot and Arthur sprang out.

Quick as he was, Honora was on the ground as soon as he, and, to his amazement, was holding out her arms to a figure that was climbing up from the shallow ditch.

**Mildred Escapes**  
"Milly! Milly!" she murmured. "Thank God you are safe!"

At the same moment Tom Chandler clambered up from the other side of the automobile.

"Lord, that was a close shave!" he declared unsteadily. "Why, hello, people! Where did you drop from?"

"Milly, are you hurt, my dear?"

"No—no," Mildred giggled hysterically, her teeth chattering. "Oh, here come some people! I wish they wouldn't!"

A car full of men was approaching, and the driver slowed up as he saw there had been an accident.

"Listen, Milly!" Honora commanded quickly. "You were not here with Tom Chandler. You drove out with Arthur and me—and we stopped to see if Tom was hurt. Understand!"

"Well—I'll be darned!" Tom muttered. "You are a cool one!"

"She's right," Arthur broke in incisively. "Then, more loudly, as the new arrivals drew up alongside. "Come on, ladies. We may as well get back into our car, now that we know that Chandler himself is all right. Tom'll stop at the nearest garage and send a trouble-man back for your machine."

"I'll wait here till he comes," Tom rejoined, "in spite" with an unnatural laugh—"of your urgent invitation to me to ride back with you."

"Good night Tom!" Milly called shrilly as Arthur started his car. "I am sorry that we—"

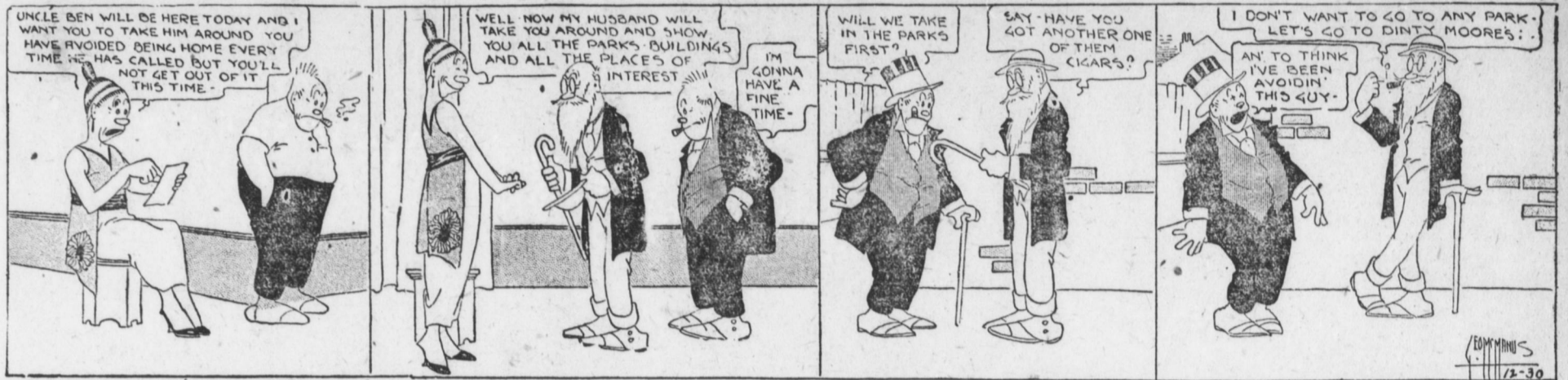
But Honora silenced her before she could finish her sentence.

None of the party spoke again until Arthur had stopped at a garage and ordered a repair man to go back to where Tom waited. Then, as they drove on, Milly declared herself.

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife

CHAPTER LXXXI

Copyright, 1918, King Features, Inc.

"Must you go? Can't you stay just one teeny-weeny week with us?" Father Andrew, dear P-tee-ase!" I begged the morning after Virginia returned the circle of brilliant white pearls she had given me.

"Well, now, Barbara Anne, do you suppose that if I was calculating to stay I'd be packing up my duds like this?" said Father Andrew with one of his nice, slow smiles.

"No—I understand you're calculating to go—but I've been doing some calculating too. Neal will be in quarantine for ten days, I'm sure. And I can't manage this situation about the ring unless you help me. So will you send your ticket back by the hall boy downstairs and order your another for a week—from-some-time. How about it, dear?"

Father Andrew laid down the worn brown alligator slippers he was just about to poke into his bag, came over to me and pulled me down on his knees just as he used to do when I was a wee lass and crying from school with a tale of fancied—or real—wrongs.

"Barbara Anne, you listen to an old country man who loves you and who loved your mother before you—and loves her yet," said he. "You've married your Jim and you're going to make a success of your marriage. But not by leaning on an old fellow who had to work things out for himself in his day. You got to learn to do it for yourself."

"I'm going because as I told you once, I don't believe in having strange fowls roosting in a new nest. And, Barbara Anne, I'm going because I don't want Neal to get a black spot in his heart from any breeze that's coming to him."

After that there was no protest I could make. And I didn't even have the privilege of being blue as I prepared Father Andrew's farewell lunch and helped him make ready to depart.

In the midst of things the phone rang, and—to my utter amazement—the voice at the other end announced itself as belonging to Pat Dalton.

"Why should Virginia's husband be telephoning to me?"

"Yes, Mr. Dalton," I said tentatively.

"Mrs. Harrison, I met Tom Mason at lunch yesterday, and he tells me your young brother has gone off to an artillery camp. I like the young chap—want to wish him well—if I might send him some smokes?"

"That's very thoughtful of you. I remember how Neal took to you at

that dinner out on the River road—have you seen much of him since?" I asked, sparring for time—and trying to figure out the reason for this phone call.

"Yes, I've seen him round a few times. Well—Mrs. Harrison, you looked to be pretty sane and—a real woman—that day we met. Would you—would you give me an hour to-day? It would—mean a lot more to me than I can put into words right off the bat like this."

"Why?" I asked bluntly.

"I—I can't tell you over the phone. If you'd like to help a chap who's—almost in your family—"

As he said this, his scornful laugh came over the phone. I could envision his clearly as if he were here in the room with me—"Handsome Pat" Dalton's dark, Irish-blue eyes, his reckless, bitter mouth—and the careless way he had of tossing his head and smooching back his iron-gray hair with one long-fingered, nervous hand.

"Is it about Neal—and Evvy?" I asked.

"No," he said curtly. "It's about me—and only about any one else incidentally. I thought you were the sort of woman who might stand by a man—who called to you for help. I see I was wrong. Sorry. Please don't think I meant anything—for Jim to take offense at—when I asked you to meet me."

"Wait a minute. I'm taking my father to the 2-39 train. Then I'm going to do an errand or two. I can meet you any time after 4. Mr. Dalton, but I can't ask you into Jim's home."

"Very well, Mrs. Harrison." Pat Dalton's voice broke strangely.

"Shall we say the Clinsarge at 4? People don't tea there a lot—and we can have a quiet hour or two."

"I'll be there."

When I hung up the receiver and turned, Father Andrew had gone into the other room. I might almost have expected that—it was part of the fine old-fashioned courtesy of him never to intrude or pry. I stopped a moment to collect myself—to plan. Should I confide in my father?

Quickly I decided against this. He had just told me that I must learn to stand on my own two feet and not to lean on him. He had made me see, too, that in order to make a success of my marriage, I must make friends with Jim's own people. Now I had a "hunch" that seeing Pat Dalton was the right thing to do—and that might prove a real factor in the happiness of many people some day. Had I the right to ask his advice?

Besides, Father Andrew had Neal to worry about. I wasn't going to send him off worn out from puzzling over me. And besides—I had to confess it to myself—I wasn't at all sure that my daddy would approve of my going to tea with an old man but my own Jim. But in spite of that I knew it was quite "proper" to keep my engagement—and felt I actually owed it to Jim to do so for I was doing it for Virginia.

But what would Virginia say if she knew?

(To Be Continued.)

## Miss Glass Chosen For the State Board

Headquarters of the State Retirement Board has announced that the committee named to count the ballots for the election of the representatives of the school teachers and employees entitled to be members of the state board have announced the election of Miss Lucy W. Glass, of Jeannette, for the three-year term; Miss Grace Swan, of Pittsburgh, for the two-year term, and R. E. Laramy, of Easton, for the one-year term. A total of 13,221 votes were cast.

Secretary H. H. Balsh announced that the membership of the State Retirement Association now exceeds 20,000 and that there have been many new members added lately.

The State Retirement Board, which is headed by state officials and Ex-Judge Dinner Beeber, will meet in a short time to act on the petitions of the teachers of Altoona, Chester, Erie, Harrisburg, Meadville, Norristown, Reading and Scranton for membership except Philadelphia, Wilkes-Barre and Lancaster.

## Flocks of Hens Increase; Egg Prices Due For Drop

Washington, Dec. 30.—The American egg-laying hen is a grateful fowl. She has repaid the food administration for saving her life, some months ago when a prohibition against killing egg-laying chickens for food purposes was issued.

The food administration has reported that America's poultry population is greater now than ever before. "This means that egg prices will have to come down," food administration officials said.

## Newport, With 1,168 Members, Has Largest Perry Red Cross Branch

Newport, Pa., Dec. 30.—Red Cross memberships are still being received in Newport and now almost 60 per cent of the total number of people living within the confines of the borough have enrolled with the American Red Cross in its Christmas roll. Reports in the hands of Mrs. J. S. Eby, in charge of the drive, at noon to-day showed that a total of 1,168 people have already paid for their 1919 memberships, and additional members are being secured in good numbers. The total membership will exceed 1,200 it is believed. The enrollment in Newport is already larger than in any other Perry county community.

Last evening workers who have been responsible for the success of the campaign here were entertained by Mrs. J. S. Eby at her home, in Market street. Sixty persons were in attendance.

## League Formed in Berlin to Save Ex-Kaiser's Life; Hindenburg at Helm

Berlin, Dec. 30.—A league for the protection of the personal liberty of life of the Kaiser" has been formed and will issue an appeal to the former advisers of the ex-Emperor, as well as diplomats with whom it was associated, to submit all possible documents to prove the Emperor's innocence of bringing about the war.

Prince Henry of Prussia, who was proposed for president of the league suggested von Hindenburg for the post.

## Get Rid of That Persistent Cough

Stop that weakening, persistent cough or cold, t. resting throat, lung affections, with Eckman's Alterative, the tonic and upbuilder of 2 years' successful use. 50c and \$1.50 bottles from druggists or from ECKMAN LABORATORY, Philadelphia.

## On Way to Hospital Man Shot Year Ago Finds Would-Be Slayer

New York, Dec. 30.—Coming to New York for an X-ray examination preliminary to the removal of a bullet from his head, William Bobotes, a Bridgeport, Conn. restaurant proprietor, encountered accidentally on the street here yesterday the man he claims shot him a year ago. He swore to a warrant for the arrest of William Armonas, a fruit vendor.

According to the police, Armonas has been charged with three times after a quarrel over a girl. Armonas is held on a charge of being a fugitive from justice.

## Chicago "War Husbands" Now Are Mustering Out

Chicago, Dec. 30.—Chicago's "war husbands" are mustering themselves out. Warrants for 196 neglectful husbands have been issued since December 1. It was learned last night, thirty-four were issued in the same period last year.

Court officials say virtually all the complaints were against men of draft age who married after war was declared.



There is no need of enduring the discomfort that comes from a skin which itches and burns, or is marred by patches of eruption. Resinol Ointment usually relieves itching at once, and quickly makes the skin clear and healthy again.

Resinol Ointment is gentle and soothing and has been a standard skin treatment for over twenty years, so you need not hesitate to use it or recommend it to your friends.

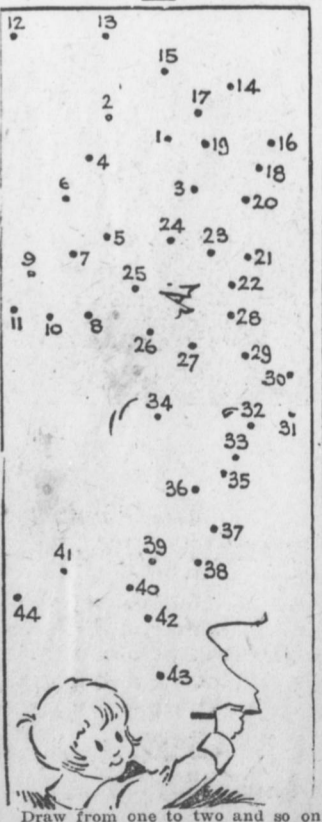
Sold by all druggists.  
Resinol Shaving Stick tends to prevent irritation.

# Resinol

## \$100 Reward

For information regarding the finding of Mrs. Rosa Grand, dead or alive. Disappeared from her home on the evening of December 19:  
ABE GRAND,  
438 Cumberland St.

## Daily Dot Puzzle



## Dr. Royer Urges More Fresh Air

Warning against the closed window season and advice to ventilate rooms were issued to-day from the State Department of Health to-day by Dr. E. Franklin Royer, the acting commissioner of health, because of the increase in influenza cases reported in some localities and the fact that street cars are not ventilated, the air in some heaters is poor and railroad trains are too hot.

Dr. Royer says that the ventilation problem must be given attention by everyone as a health precaution because the shadow of "a recurring epidemic of influenza is hanging over the state." He especially calls attention of men in charge of railroad trains, trolley cars, theaters, moving picture places and other points of public assemblage to the prime importance of hanging the air. Proper ventilation and wards against overheating are declared essential.

## Don't trifle with a cold—it's dangerous.

You can't afford to risk influenza. Keep always at hand a box of



## If You Have Dandruff You Have Seborrhea

There has never been a hair remedy even remotely resembling Famo.

Famo actually kills the bacilli that kill the hair.

Every ingredient in it is used by every reputable physician.

But none of these ingredients were ever before applied to saving the hair.

**New Lustre—New Life**  
Science knows now that Seborrhea causes falling hair, and finally baldness.

Without massage or shampoo, Famo will cause the last sign of this deadly hair disease to disappear.

The hair will take on new life—and that new life will show in wondrous new lustre.

**Dandruff is Seborrhea**  
If you have dandruff you have Seborrhea.

And as long as you have Seborrhea you are in danger of losing your hair.

Examine every inch of your scalp after a few days of Famo, and you will not find a single flake.

All itching will cease.

**Don't Lose a Day**  
If Seborrhea gets into the sebaceous glands, you will lose most or all of your hair.

Not a day is to be lost in killing the dandruff bacilli with Famo.

Not until Famo has completely cleared your scalp are you safe.

**Famo a Real Discovery**  
Seborrhea is a disease—as deadly to the roots of the hair as pyorrhea to the roots of the teeth.

The discovery of Famo deserves therefore, to be ranked as a real achievement.

Shampooing the scalp will not kill the bacilli—but Famo will.

**Famo Kills the Germ**  
If your hair is falling out—then it is fighting for its life.

As fast as Seborrhea kills one hair, Nature struggles to supply another.

But the second will be a feeble growth, because the hair is poisoned at its source by Seborrhea.

Unless Famo kills the Seborrhea microbes—your hair is making a losing fight.

Each succeeding hair will be thinner and weaker—until Famo kills the bacilli.

Baldness keeps coming closer and closer.

But as long as there is life in the hair roots Famo will stimulate and encourage the growth of new hair.

It has increased the length of women's hair from four to six inches.

**Three Years of Trial**  
The formula of Famo was worked out in one of Detroit's great pharmaceutical houses.

These wonderful laboratories manufacture medical supplies for the physicians and druggists of America.

Three years of constant research went on before Famo was even given a name.

But in that time it had proven that it stopped Seborrhea.

It had demonstrated its power before even a single bottle was sold.

**No Alcohol in Famo**  
Now it is offered to a people peculiarly afflicted with a disease deadly to hair.

Everything in it is helpful to hair—helpful toward a healthy scalp, beautiful, glossy, luxuriant hair.

It contains not a trace of harmful alcohol.

The dollar bottle is a quarter to a third larger.

Get Famo from your druggist and begin to use it regularly this very night.

At all toilet goods counters—\$1 and 35 cent sizes. Your money will be refunded if you are not satisfied.

Applications at the better barber shops.

Seborrhea is the medical name for a morbidly increased flow from the sebaceous glands of the scalp. The seborrheal excretion forms in scales or flakes and is commonly known as dandruff.

Mfd. by The Famo Co., Detroit

Croll Keller  
405 Market St.

C. M. Forney  
31 N. 3rd St.

# FAMO

Stops Seborrhea - Grows Healthy Hair