

Reading for Women and all the Family

THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY
By VIRGINIA TERRHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XXIV
(Copyright 1918, Star Company)
It was almost dawn when Honora Brent fell asleep.

What quieted her at last was the consoling thought that she was about to do what her conscience dictated. This helped extract the sting of the memory of Arthur's knowledge of her deception. For the moment it made her proposed plan of action seem easy.

For, so far as she knew, the knowledge that one has sacrificed one's own desires and hopes for the welfare of a loved one does bring some reward in a comfortable consciousness of duty performed.

But this comfortable assurance does not always last. In many cases it needs to be reinforced by the grateful appreciation of the person for whom one has made a sacrifice. And the person in question sometimes ignores the fact that any special favor has been done her.

So when Honora arose on the morning following the automobile accident, determined to bear cheerfully what had happened and must happen—because it was for Milly's happiness that she did this—her enthusiasm received a cold douche.

For Milly was not in good humor. She was annoyed at being awakened a few minutes earlier than was absolutely necessary.

"You know perfectly well that I can bathe and dress in a half

hour, Honora," she grumbled. "Then why call me thirty-five minutes before breakfast?"

"You forget that Mrs. Higgins is not here," Honora said, "and that we ought to be down very promptly to see that Katie has everything ready on time. Mrs. Higgins always does that."

Sisters Near Quarrel
"Well, there is no need of it," Milly declared, throwing herself back on her pillow. "And, anyway, you will be dressed in time to see to that. There is certainly no need of both of us going downstairs to 'superintend' Katie."

Honora turned back to her bureau and finished adjusting her collar.

"You would best get up, dear," she said after awhile.

"All right!" Mildred yawned and sat on the edge of the bed swinging one pink foot back and forth. "Don't you hate your job at this hour of the morning? It's all very well to feel that you are making good money, but it's a nuisance to have to do it."

"I don't see how you can make up your mind to get up," Honora rejoined tartly.

"Don't be cross!" Mildred snapped. "Where—I know I would say something to vex you if I got up. And now I've done it!"

Mildred yawned again. At the sound Honora felt as if she must stamp her own feet in nervousness. Why wouldn't Milly get up and dress?

"I'm awfully sleepy this morning," the younger girl announced. "I guess that ride last night tired me a bit. But it was exciting, wasn't it?"

"It certainly was," was the dry admission.

"I suppose you were rather frightened, too," Mildred commented.

"I was horribly frightened," Honora said curtly. "I did not know but what you were killed."

"Well, I wasn't, you see," the other observed lightly.

Then, throwing her wrapper about her, she stroled away to the bathroom to take her morning shower.

Honora stood still and listened to the sound of the girl's voice humming a gay little tune in accompaniment to the splash of the water in the tub. Mildred was not more than child in her emotions, she reflected. Yet it was for her that her sister must suffer.

Then she reproved herself sharply. Surely she, Honora, deserved no credit in hurrying that which might occur in the course of time anyway. She had put her hand to the plough. She must not look back.

Mixed Dinner Crowd
At breakfast she made a suggestion that had grown out of this determination.

"Mildred," she ventured, "wouldn't you like to have somebody here to dinner to-morrow—Saturday—night?"

Mildred looked up interested.

"Who?"

"Why," with an effort to speak indifferently, "perhaps we might ask Arthur to come in. And perhaps I might ask Miss Pearson—Mr. Pearson's sister, you know—to come to dinner to-morrow—Saturday—night—to play with me while you and

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 LXXXIX
(Copyright 1918, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

When I got back to the canteen I found it huddling in silence on the edge of the sidewalk—dark and shuttered for the night.

I rattled the door frantically, and crouched on the steps to peer through the chinks of the lattice-work walls. But no friendly greeting reached out to welcome me. There was only a blinking cat prowling about in the shadows.

This was a frightful disappointment, for when I darted off my car and raced back to the canteen I'd never doubted that I should find the lieutenant there and be able to impress her with the story of Carlotta Sturges' cleverness in preventing me from using the anonymous cigarette.

I had felt confident that this bit of finesse and thoughtfulness would counteract any blunder Carlotta had made—and gave her the humiliation of being transferred from our unit. I didn't like the girl—but I felt I owed her this, and I wanted to pay it at once.

I gave one last vindictive rattle to the doorknob, and then laughed at my own frenzy of disappointment.

"What's the matter, sister—lose something?" asked a man's voice.

It sounded jovial—too jovial. I straightened up resentfully, but not at all timidly, and looked into the puzzled eyes of a splendid, big policeman.

"Yes, I've lost something—a chance to pay off a debt," I said.

He grinned good-naturedly and shook his head.

"Run along home and pay your bills in the morning when the cashier's around," said he. "For if you go prowling about like this I'll have to conclude you're planning to take what's none of yours sooner than paying what you owe."

"I'm not crazy, officer," I protested.

"No—an' you're not any lighter in the fingers than you are in the head—maybe, I'll believe it for about one more minnit. But run now before I do be running you in."

I ran. But the clock on the corner registered 9.30 long before my car came. Then I remembered uneasily that I'd told Jim I would be home by 9.30. It would be all of 10 now before I got there. At our corner I stopped for a minute to buy some wonderful russet pears. Jim's favorite fruit might help me coax him into good mood.

When I reached our apartment there was no one in the hall, so I ran up the three flights of stairs without waiting for the elevator. I fitted my key into the lock and flung the door open almost melodramatically. It did seem so absurd for me to be marching in to my deserted husband at 10 o'clock of the night.

But the apartment was dark and

empty. Its stillness seemed to crouch—ready to spring at me. I had a queer feeling that I wasn't home at all, but still down at that silent and shuttered canteen. This dark, unfriendly place couldn't be my own home.

If it were my home Jim would be there waiting for me. I sniffed vainly for a whiff of his old briar pipe. But no warm, friendly cloud of tobacco warmed itself to me from the blurry darkness.

An aroma of strangeness seemed to steep the place. I put out my hand and switched on the lights. And still my little home looked odd and unfamiliar. I told myself that was because it was empty of Jim.

Almost timidly I crossed the room. There, propped against his own picture on the refectory table, lay a note in Jim's writing. I stood weighing it in my hand for a second before I opened it. Then, still standing with my heavy coat slipping back from my shoulders I read Jim's message:

"Dear Annie:

"Come home at 8.30, as we agreed, and sit here on pins and needles for half an hour. Then called the canteen and got no answer. Waited till 9.30. You aren't a child, and I'm not going to be fool enough to worry about you. But I don't propose to sit longer and wait for you any longer. Don't know when I'll be back.

"JIM."

A little sob of uneasiness caught in my throat, and then suddenly I laughed chased it away. For as plainly as if he had written it there I could read this message between the lines of Jim's note:

"Now worry about me awhile. It's your turn, and I'm going to let you have your full share."

Whereupon a low chuckle sounded in answer to my laugh. So Jim was home after all. Calmly, though slipping out of my coat, and keeping my eyes resolutely from the door to my bedroom, whence I was sure the laugh had come, I sank down on the couch and plumped a pillow to fit into the hollow of my back.

Then with keen enjoyment of my own power to be a complete spoilsport, I rolled my command on my tongue:

"Come out—I heard you!"

"Well, you take it calmly enough."

It wasn't Jim's voice that answered me!

With terror tightening my throat I looked up to face the intruder. The half-open door leading to my bedroom stirred faintly and then flung wide.

Over the threshold stepped Tom Mason.

(To Be Continued)

HELPS AGNEW'S WIFE IN TRYING PERIOD



Charles Agnew, 5443 Ella street, Philadelphia, in describing the improvement in his wife's condition says: "She suffered from nervous indigestion, a rundown system with twinges of rheumatism in her joints. She was not very ill at any time but just had the nagging gastritis with 'jumpy' nerves. She bought Tanlac because a friend and her daughter recommended it. By use of Tanlac she is doing better than for a long time. Tanlac has helped her through a trying period."

The genuine Tanlac, which bears the name J. I. Gore Co., on outside carton, is now sold here by Geo. A. Gargas, George's Drug Store, C. F. Kramer, W. F. Steever, and other leading druggists. Tanlac, the celebrated vegetable tonic, stomach and health builder, is also sold in neighboring cities and towns. Ask for it.

ADMITS LYING ON STAND
Boston, Jan. 8.—William J. O'Brien, president of the Boston Fish Market Corporation, and member of the R. O'Brien Company, created a sensation in the Federal Court here in the fish trust trial before Justices Bingham, Johnson and Aldrich, when he declared, by advice of counsel, that what he testified to Monday last regarding to stock he owned in the fish pier company, given him by E. A. Rich Company, was untrue.

TURK CRIMINALS FLEE PRISONS
Santonio, Jan. 8.—The escape of old offenders from prisons in Constantinople and throughout Turkey continues. Several thousand already have been able to obtain their freedom.

(To Be Continued)

Goldsmith's Semi-Annual Sale of Draperies and Rugs Begins Tomorrow and Ends Jan. 18



For the next ten days—from tomorrow until January 18, we will offer the home-makers of this city a most unusual opportunity to affect big savings on high grade draperies, drapery fabrics and distinctive and originally designed rugs of superior quality.

These great semi-annual sales are always awaited with keen interest—each sale grows larger than the preceding one.

All Draperies and Drapery Materials Reduced

Sunfast Materials		Quaker Craft Laces Reduced	
75c to 85c Materials at 59¢		55c to 60c Quaker Laces at 45¢	
90c to \$1.15 Materials at 75¢		65c to 80c Quaker Laces at 59¢	
\$1.25 to \$1.45 Materials at 95¢		85c to 95c Quaker Laces at 75¢	
\$1.50 to \$1.65 Materials, at \$1.15		\$1.00 to \$1.15 Quaker Laces at 90¢	
\$1.75 to \$2.00 Materials at \$1.50		\$1.25 to \$1.45 Quaker Laces at \$1.05	
		\$1.50 to \$1.75 Quaker Laces at \$1.25	
		Remnants at One-Half Price	
		Lace Net, Filet and Marquisette Curtains suitable for any room—latest styles—dainty or elaborate designs. All \$6.00 to \$7.50 Curtains at \$5	

40-inch Double Thread Mercerized Marquisette for curtains—regularly 50c per yard. Special at 35c	Imported Scotch Madras—plain or with dainty floral designs in pink, blue and gold—regularly 55c per yard. Special at 45c	Dainty Silks for bedroom Curtains in rose, blue and gold—regularly 75c Special at 50c
All Odd Pairs of Curtains at One-Half Price		\$3.50 Marquisette Curtains with Dainty Edges at \$2.89

The Money Saving Prices on Our High Grade Rugs Tell Their Own Story

9x12 Artloom Seamless Wilton Rugs—regularly \$117.50. Sale price \$75
9x12 Whittall Royal Worcester Rugs; regularly \$100.00. Sale price \$79
9x12 Whittall Teprac Wilton Rugs; regularly \$90.00. Sale price \$69
9x12 Whittall Body Brussels Rugs, regularly \$65.00. Sale price \$55
9x12 Wilton Rugs; regularly \$60.00. Sale price \$45
9x12 Best Axminster Rugs; regularly \$60.00. Sale price \$45
Extra Special 8.3x10.6 Whittall Teprac, Wilton Rugs, regularly \$85.00. Sale Price \$55

GOLDSMITH'S
NORTH MARKET SQUARE



Famo Does Stop Seborrhea The Dandruff Disease

If you have dandruff, you have Seborrhea.

If you have Seborrhea, you will have falling hair and itching scalp and finally—if the seborrhea reaches the sebaceous glands—baldness.

If you use Famo you can kill the bacilli that cause the Seborrhea.

If it is falling out your hair is fighting for its life.

Seborrhea Kills Hair
As fast as nature grows new hair the Seborrhea germ kills it.

Unless you kill the germ with Famo, the new hair will grow weaker and weaker, and finally fall altogether.

Seborrhea attacks the hair like Pyrexia attacks the teeth.

Famo is a formula worked out by one of the great pharmaceutical houses in Detroit.

These great laboratories supply ninety per cent of all the physicians and pharmacists in America.

In one of them, after three years' work, skilled chemists found Famo.

Scientists now know that Seborrhea causes falling hair, and finally baldness. These Detroit chemists say that Famo kills Seborrhea.

They say it will not only save hair, but grow it—beautiful, luxuriant hair.

In Famo these chemists have combined ingredients they have supplied thousands of times to physicians.

Famo Revolutionary
Never before was this wonder-working formula applied to the growth of the hair.

Famo is revolutionary, and works revolutionary results.

Not a drop of alcohol is used in its preparation—an unheard of thing.

Famo chemists said, "Alcohol hurts the hair and hastens grayness. We will find other ways to hold it together. They succeeded."

Famo Stops Itching
Famo gives to the hair new lustre and intensifies the natural color of the hair. You will note beneficial results from the first application.

The dandruff scale is dissolved and disappears.

Famo penetrates the scalp and gives health to the roots of the hair.

It stops all itching of the scalp. It retards grayness.

Every member of the family should use it. Even if you do not have dandruff Famo will make the hair more healthy and beautiful.

Famo is sold at all toilet goods counters. Applications may be had at the better barber shops.

It comes in two sizes—a small size at 35 cents and an extra large bottle at \$1.00. Your money will be returned if you are not satisfied.

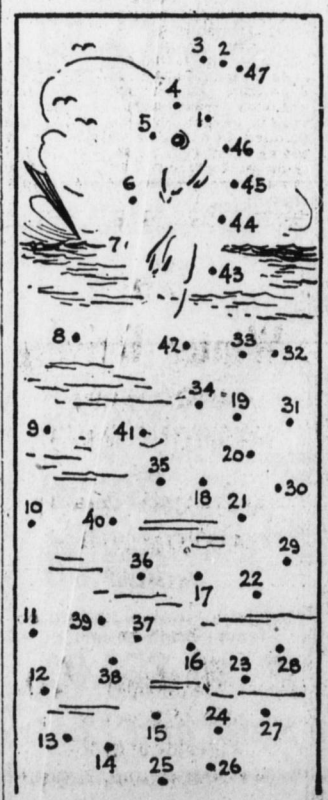
Seborrhea is the medical name for a morbidly increased flow from the sebaceous glands of the scalp. The seborrhean excretion forms in scales or dandruff, and is commonly known as dandruff.

Mfd. by The Famo Co., Detroit

CROLL KELLER
C. M. FORNEY

FAMO
Stops Seborrhea - Grows Healthy Hair

Daily Dot Puzzle



Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

DAILY HEALTH TALKS

What Doctor Pierce Has Done For Humanity!
BY DOCTOR CRIPPS.

It has always seemed to me that Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., should be placed near the top when a list of America's great benefactors is written. He studied and conquered human diseases to a degree that few realize. Whenever he found a remedy that overcame disease, he at once announced it in the newspapers and told where it could be bought at a small price. He did not follow the usual custom of keeping the ingredients secret, so that the rich only could afford to buy the medicine, but openly printed the name of each root and herb he used. And so today the names of Dr. Pierce and his medicines are widely known, and they stand for better health and better citizenship.

One of this great physician's most successful remedies is known as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These are little, sugar-coated pills, composed of Mayapple, leaves of aloë, root of jalap—things that Nature grows in the ground. These Pellets are safe because they move the bowels gently, leaving no bad after-effects, as so many pills do. Very often they make a person who takes them feel like a new man or woman, for they cleanse the intestines of hard, decayed and poisonous matter that accumulates when one is constive. If you are constipated, by all means go to your druggist and get some of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They may prove to be the very thing your system requires to make you well and happy.

UNDERTAKER 1745 N. 4th St. North
Chas. H. Mauk Private Ambulance
Flores