



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY  
By VIRGINIA TERRHUNE VAN DE WATER

### CHAPTER XXVI.

Early in the week Honora Brent received a letter from Mrs. Higgins. Her sister was still very ill. Could Honora and Mildred spare their housekeeper for a few days longer? "It's a nuisance," Mildred commented when Honora read the letter to her, "but it can't be helped. Yet the extra work falls on you, not on me. Perhaps because, with a smile, 'I don't bother about it. I just let you do all the planning, ordering and everything. I don't know why.'"

"Perhaps because I have always taken it for granted that I am the one to do it when Mrs. Higgins is away or ill," Honora ventured.

Until now it had never occurred to her to wonder why the full responsibility of various matters devolved upon her. She supposed it was because she was almost two years older than Mildred.

She regarded her sister thoughtfully. Mildred was certainly like a child, she reflected. And there was an irresponsibility about her that seemed incurable. Such being the case, she would always need somebody to look after her.

"Well, there's one good thing about Mrs. Higgins' absence," Mildred said suddenly. "We can do as we please without fear of shocking her. What she doesn't know won't hurt her. Now, with an air of defiance, 'for instance - I am going to-night to the theater with Tom Chandler.'"

"Oh-are you?" Honora exclaimed, surprised. "I did not know it."

"No, I did not mention it," Mildred rejoined. "Tom called me up last night and asked me to go, and I'm going."

"Alone?"

"Honora stays at home," Mildred nodded. "Yes, alone. By the way, what are you going to do tonight?"

"Stay at home and read," was the quiet answer.

"You don't mind my going, do you?" Mildred asked.

"If I did, it wouldn't make much difference," Honora tried to speak lightly. "You know what you are doing. But I rather wish you were not to be seen alone in public with Tom Chandler. Still, we have thrashed that all out too often to renew the discussion now. If you want to encourage his attentions why, you will do so, I suppose."

Mildred shrugged her shoulders. "He's a good sport," she affirmed. "And so am I. Therefore, I mean to get all the fun that comes my way."

Honora steeled her voice before asking, "what about Arthur?"

"Well, what about Arthur?" the other parried.

"Do you still like him better than Tom?"

"I am trying them both out," was the jocosely reply. "Oh, don't fuss, Honora! I have them both. I want them. I can, with a triumphant toss of the head, have either of them I want. I know I stand first with them both."

Honora remembered this conversation that evening, as she sat in the library awaiting her sister's return. It was almost twelve o'clock. The weather was still very mild, and Mildred and Tom had probably walked up from the theatre by roundabout route. Mildred had said that they preferred going on foot tonight rather than in a car.

They could thus have a longer period for sentimental talking. Honora reflected impatiently. She wished that Mildred would marry somebody soon. She was getting to be more and more a law unto herself.

The older sister laid down the book she had been reading all the evening and went into the darkened living room. She was too nervous to read any longer.

An Unexpected Sight.

Seating herself by an open window, she leaned back in a great chair and, in spite of her anxiety, found herself becoming drowsy. Closing her eyes she let her thoughts drift aimlessly. She did not know that she had fallen asleep until footsteps on the veranda startled her wide awake.

"Peering out, she saw a couple standing at the top of the steps. The screen of vines on the veranda hid them from the street, but not from the observer at the window.

As Honora looked she saw Tom Chandler gather her little sister to his breast and kiss her passionately again and again.

Honora caught her breath in horrified amazement. Then Milly and Tom were engaged! If not, Milly would strike him, order him away, rush from him into the house.

But, instead, Mildred laughed softly as the man released her. "Naughty boy!" she chided. "You knocked my hat all crooked."

Honora waited to hear no more. She felt like an eavesdropper. She was also frightened - horribly frightened. That her fear was at less gripping.

Something intangible made it no longer possible to remain in the hall, she flung open the front door. As she did so the pair on the veranda were just speaking their good-nights.

By the hall light Honora could see that the man's face was flushed. So was Mildred's, and both of the young people were laughing.

"Good evening, Miss Honora!" Tom greeted her with mock formality. "I return your sister to you safe and sound. We've had a delightful evening. That show we went to is well worth seeing."

"What you come in?" Mildred suggested as Honora replied, stiffly, "Oh, no, thank you! It is too late. Good night."

What had gone between the sisters were facing each other in the hall, Honora asked a blunt question.

"Milly, are you engaged to Tom Chandler?"

The girl colored even more deeply than before. "I can be if I want to be," she boasted. "But I must think it over. But, Honora, he certainly is smitten with me. He just told me that there is not another girl in the world that he gives a hand's turn for. He says I have spoiled other girls for him - he finds them so inferior to me. I may end by caring for him - who knows?"

(To be Continued.)

"Remember, Anne," said Jim, just as he was departing for Anthony Norrey's office, this is the night of Virginia's first dinner in her new home. You want to look your best. Buy yourself a marcel wave or a wavy massage or any little trifle that will pretty you up."

As he spoke I noticed him fumbling under his overcoat. On his final word he tossed something on the table and then limped hastily across the room and slammed the door.

I crossed to the table and gingerly picked up what he had left there. It was a ten-dollar bill.

Taking the bill between my thumb and forefinger I carried it to the bedroom and deposited it in the box where Jim keeps his studs and links. Then I examined myself in his shaving mirror. It showed me a haggard and worn reflection.

Hourly and grimly I did my work. Methodically I finished it - though I longed to rush out of my apartment - anywhere away from its memories. Directly my work was over, I looked up our canteen lieutenant in the phone book, called her number and made an appointment for the early afternoon.

At 2 I found myself ringing the lieutenant's doorbell. I was ushered into a dreadful mausoleum of a room belonging to a period now dead and interred. This cruel survival was about thirty feet long by twelve wide - dark and shadowy, with stiffly upholstered black walnut and worn green velvet furniture glowering at dark woodwork, while massive brass prism chandeliers threatened to burst into light and reveal the room yet more horribly.

Then I saw the woman who lived in this room couldn't put up with deep-

chested, red-headed, flamboyant, vividly conspicuous Carlotta Sturges. I wondered if she could put up with me for dining to come and plead Carlotta's cause. Presently my hostess came in and greeted me with an aloofness that matched her dark dark countenance.

"You wonder why I came," I burst out.

"Not at all," returned the other indifferently.

"Well, I'll tell you quickly. Last night Carlotta Sturges told me she had been transferred to another unit. I've an idea that means she will just be - dropped. And I've another idea, too, you'll feel differently about it when I've told you a little episode that occurred yesterday."

"My dear Mrs. Harrison," returned our lieutenant, patiently, "surely you don't think there is anything personal - in Miss Sturges' transfer."

I decided to seize the bull by the horns.

"How can anyone escape a personal reaction to - all her paint and powder and breeziness. Why yesterday I was snobbish and ashamed when she took charge of me," I added, honestly. "I'd only seen her once before, and I'd wanted to be identified with her. I was almost sorry to her, but she went right on smoothing my path."

Then a girl handed me a dozen boxes of cosmetics - just a strange girl - she tossed them in and ran. Carlotta Sturges saw it. She ran quickly before any one else, caught me getting ready to give that anonymous girl a box of cosmetics, and flung them in the wastebasket. Then she told me to take the credit - so you'd think I was trustworthy, instead of the little goose I actually was, to take in these boxes of cosmetics."

The lieutenant nodded to me and smiled.

"Do you know that I have have you transferred for carelessness like that?"

"Yes, I do. And so did Carlotta Sturges. She probably knew also that she was slated to go. And she didn't use the bit of work that she had saved her - and condemned me."

Again the lieutenant smiled. And I thought a stray sunbeam ventured through the heavy plush portieres and touched a glass prism - so that a little rainbow lighted the chandelier.

"Our canteen is going on for maybe two years, Mrs. Harrison. And we need devoted workers who won't lose interest in the great tenseness of the actual war game," she said. "I shall phone Miss Sturges at once. Thank you for your loyalty."

I seized her hand in both of mine, and then I rushed out with a choked good-by.

As I stumbled up the street with misty eyes, a vivid thought came flashing out to greet me. Certainly from now on Carlotta Sturges and I would be friends. And how was Virginia going to take that? What would that friendship mean to Carlotta - and to Pat Dalton?

To be Continued

**Bolshevism May Hit Here, Says Russell**

New York, Jan. 13. - A real danger exists, says Charles Edward Russell, that Bolshevism will spread to the United States. It is not a danger of revolution or anarchy, of attempts actually to overthrow the government of permanent upheaval - Mr. Russell, who is a student of social affairs in all countries, as well as in Russia and in America, can see no such probability here in the threat of events abroad.

But it is a peril of the adoption by some American workmen of Bolshevik philosophy, the danger of the infiltration of Bolshevik ideas. And that, he adds emphatically, would not only result in labor disturbances; it would be a calamity for the working men themselves as well as for the country as a whole.

For Bolshevism offers no possibility of advance for labor. It offers no possibility of progress of any kind. Mr. Russell calls it "autocracy's twin brother," and while he points out the undeniable allurement that it may have for minds already discontented, he explains at the same time its complete fallaciousness, its denial of democracy and its failure to "work."

**For Burning Eczema**

Greasy salves and ointments should not be applied if good clear skin is wanted. From any druggist for 35c, or \$1.00 for large size, get a bottle of zemo. When applied as directed it effectively removes eczema, quickly stops itching, and heals skin troubles, also sores, burns, wounds and chafing. It penetrates, cleanses and soothes. Zemo is a clean, dependable and inexpensive, antiseptic liquid. Try it, as we believe nothing you have ever used is as effective and satisfying.

The E. W. Ross Co., Cleveland, O.

**Ratison in State of Siege; Deaths in Revolt**

By Associated Press

Basle, Jan. 13. - Numerous persons were killed or wounded in Ratishon, Bavaria, during fighting Friday. Five hundred state railway employes had to be called upon to restore order. A state of siege was proclaimed.

**Is Your Evening Dress Ready For Any Occasion?**

It ought to be. Perhaps it has been laid away for a time on account of the lack of occasion which naturally came with the war - But the war is over and people are getting back to normal times and relaxing. Let us dry clean your evening dress and put it in trim for the next "affair." You'll be so delighted with its fresh appearance! The cost is too slight to talk about. We'll Deliver All Work Promptly.

**FINKELSTEIN**

1322 N. 6th St. HARRISBURG, PA. BOTH PHONES

## Bringing Up Father

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## "When a Girl Marries"

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

Chapter XXIII  
(Copyright, 1918, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

When I awoke in the morning on the couch in the livingroom I had a temporary feeling of unreality. I began groping round in my mind and then all the events of the evening before came trooping back - my return to the canteen to attempt to put Carlotta Sturges' best foot foremost for her - my ugly encounter with Tom Mason - Jim's refusal to face the facts regarding that experience.

"So that's my husband!" I said to myself grimly. "The man who vowed to live and cherish me. How nobly he protects me! How splendidly he saves me from insult! How that Tom Mason must be sneering at Jim - at me!"

I felt my lips folding into a thin, hard line - and my heart seemed to contract into a tight little mass that matched them. I hadn't stopped something in my love was rooted too deep to wither away in chill winds - but some of the buds of tenderness had been nipped. The lively first bloom was gone. Jim had done something far worse than just fail me - he had failed to love myself.

But when we met at breakfast Jim acted as if nothing had happened. A quarrel might have cleared the air. Sore acceptance of things left a chasm between us. I wonder if it can ever be bridged?

"Remember, Anne," said Jim, just as he was departing for Anthony Norrey's office, this is the night of Virginia's first dinner in her new home. You want to look your best. Buy yourself a marcel wave or a wavy massage or any little trifle that will pretty you up."

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## LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A group of women were sympathizing over the affliction of an absent friend - her only son, who was just twenty, had fallen into the clutches of a widow.

The woman doctor did a little mental arithmetic and computed that the lady in question must be twenty years the boy's senior.

The writer of short stories had a distinctly obituary note as she remarked: "They often go like that in the first flower of their youth."

The statistician - a terrifying woman who computed things for the government that ran into the billions - began an appalling talk that commenced: "Statistics now prove that the average male begins his romantic life by falling in love with a woman twice his age."

When I awakened with a start the woman playwright had the floor. She said: "It would make a corking good plot, the boy finds a heap of 'mush notes' she had written to his father in college, then he discovers he has really been in love with a sweet young thing all along."

Some one groaned, and said that situation was very reminiscent of the French farces of the last generation. And two ladies present, who had never married, but were wedded to art, said they were glad of it, and that the responsibility of bringing up a boy and getting him through teething, college and his first dinner jacket would have been too much for them.

Then every one looked solemn and stared at the electric fan and remembered the nice things about "Little Archie" when he was in knickerbockers. "Little Archie" was the victim of the widow's fifty seven varieties of cuteness, and we all felt that some sort of an expeditionary force ought to be sent to rescue him without delay.

Then the door opened and in walked little Archie's mother, looking radiant. If she had got her lamb into the diplomatic corps, or secured him a Carnegie pension she could not have appeared more delighted.

"Now don't all look as if you had not been discussing the alleged family tragedy," she began. Archie's mother has the discerning frankness that comes from the country west of the Rockies, and the truthfulness of her attack is often as startling as an epigram.

"I want to say," she began, with a directness that is characteristic of her well-known blizzard state, "that I regard a widow as a highly valuable post graduate course to the kindergarten. A boy of twenty is bound to fall in love. It is as inevitable as the safety razor we give him about this time."

Everybody looked uncomfortable, the hostess ordered iced tea, but the lady from the blizzard state continued: "And a widow is the romantic equivalent of the safety razor. She tides over a delicate no-marriage young man who can't afford to marry for years."

Everybody looked less anxious over little Archie, and his mother went on: "Now, I don't even have to invite the widow for tea, she is teaching my boy beautiful manners, and she considers herself amply repaid by having him around to fetch and carry."

"But I thought you took such pains with his manners when he was little," some one interrupted.

"Yes. I taught him not to sprawl over everything, and to take his hat off and things like that, but I

couldn't teach him how to talk and how to make himself agreeable, how to match up with other men, because they have to go to that kind of a school away from home."

"I hear he is not the only one," said the writer of short stories.

"You will find there, about every boy who graduated in June," Archie's mother continued. "She likes them young - about frying size. I dare say the mother of every Bantam that goes there is as grateful to her as I am. She will never marry again - she enjoys the role of professional widow too well. In the meantime she runs the kindergarten."

The lady with the masculine mind who computed statistics said: "Young boys' minds seem to be made chiefly of elbows, they are all angles and large knobby joints. And the widow is welcome to all of them as far as I am concerned."

"The widow will bring him through that stage beautifully," Archie's mother, continued, "and when he falls in love with some nice girl she will wonder where he got his tact, savvy and knowledge of the world. Very likely she will resent the widow and be jealous of the part she played in her husband's education - she never properly acknowledged her immense debt of gratitude."

"No women is ever grateful to another for that sort of rescue work. Second wives - a notoriously spoiled class - are never properly grateful to the first who broke in the fractious colt and taught him to be bridled," one of the spinsters spoke up.

But the second always feels she might have been better without a few things he picked up from the first, like expecting strict economy and - the second spinster began, but was interrupted by Archie's mother, who said:

"This is purely a talk on widows and their place in the education of a young man - I haven't finished with them yet. The final advantage of a widow, as a young man's college education, is that she serves as a sort of Keely cure for the early matrimony habit."

"By the time the widow has con-

ferred on them the degree of B. A. A. - which is more comprehensive than the college ranking, and means Bachelor of the Art of being Agreeable - he won't want to marry every girl he dances with. His taste will have been formed and he won't be the pitiful object described in Seventeen."

"You are so enthusiastic over them that one would think you were a widow yourself," some one said.

"The lady from the blizzard state looked reminiscent: "Once upon a time," she said, "I was a widow - I did a great educational work for many women's sons. It is only fair that some other should do the same for mine."

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"In one week my arms were covered with pimples. The pimples came to a head, and were scattered, and they were large and red. Some were soft and others were hard. My arms itched something awful and I was not able to do all the work I used to. I lost rest."

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

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