

AT THE REQUEST

of Many Who Could not Conveniently Join Our CHRISTMAS SAVINGS CLUB Last Week, We Have Extended the Time for Joining Until Saturday, January 10th.

Join Any Day This Week. Tell Your Friends to Join Before it is Too Late.

—>>> The Sure Way to Have Money for a Merry Christmas and a Full Stocking <<<—

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA

UNION TRUST BUILDING

IN WOMAN'S REALM



Daysey Mayme and Her Folks

DPASSING THE RECEIPT
DAYSEY MAYME APPLETON makes a cake called Golden Cake, which calls for twelve eggs. She makes it once a week, no matter what the price of eggs, and has become such an adept that her friends pay her the compliment of asking for the receipt.

"It really cost us only five eggs," she wrote to a friend making the request, "for we deny father his egg for breakfast, which means seven toward the cake. Self-denial, as I tell him, is good for everyone, and especially good for the men. No, he doesn't eat any of the cake."

"Beat the eggs separately—and I have the cutest little egg beater. I got it on sale, and mentioning sales reminds me that I got three new dresses last week. I didn't need them, but they were very cheap, and it is every girl's duty to buy when things are cheap, a duty she owes to her dear father, who toils so hard for the money she spends."

"When the whites are stiff—and this is such hard work I let mother do it. She likes the knowledge that she is helping me in my cake baking, and I believe it is my duty to give her all the

pleasure I can. Have the oven very hot, not too hot, of course, but just hot enough. Mother watches the oven. She doesn't mind the heat at all.

"Flour, of course—and if you could see the darling little sister I have you next day, knowing she could cook. I forget where they went on her wedding trip, but he just settled thousands and thousands of dollars on her, and hugged her with his strong arms, and kissed her with his firm though somewhat stern mouth, and looked at her with the fondest eyes. I forget the name of the book, but I will try to remember, and tell you."

"With much love."
"DAYSEY MAYME."

Then Daysey Mayme sealed and directed the letter, and, having once passed through the Indian reservation on a train, devoted the rest of the day to writing a paper for her literary club on "The Indian: His Past, Present and Future, and What the Red Man Stands for as a Factor in Civilization."



BROADWAY JONES

FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN

EDWARD MARSHALL

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

"I merely wished to have a little talk with you—Mr. Jones," said he. "You know your balance is—er—running rather low."

"Is what?" said Broadway, in amazement.
 "Is running rather low."
 "You don't mean that I've—"
 "You've drawn rather heavily against it."
 "But it was strong enough to stand a terrible strain."
 "Not quite strong enough to stand without a protest the strain to which you have subjected it, Mr. Jones. It's not exhausted, but it's—"
 "Getting tired?" Broadway himself supplied the words.
 "About that. You have not been having it written up, you know; I thought perhaps you didn't realize the figures. I've had them all made out for you."

Broadway took one swift look at them, then sank back in his chair and took a longer look at them. "Well, I'll be—!" he ventured.
 "I was afraid you'd feel that way. I only thought you ought to have a hint of just how things are running. Young men lose track of things sometimes. I've known it to occur before."

Jackson scarcely saw Broadway when he went out of the gray building, and it was the first time he had ever trodden Broadway without seeing and admiring it.

"Hello, Broadway!" cried a merry voice from just beyond the curb. It was a blonde voice, and issued from a natty little motor car with a sedan chair top. Broadway had bought that motor car and given it to the blonde voice. "Let me put you down somewhere?"

"I'm not feeling very fit. You might take me to the morgue."
 "Jump in; we'll make it the Knickerbocker."

But the Knickerbocker had no charms for Broadway at that moment. He made his stay as brief as possible in the bright restaurant.

"Dollie, darling," he said gloomily. "I don't need a restaurant, today; I need a hospital. How would you like me, Dollie, honestly, if I was broke?"
 "You? Broke?" She laughed.
 "No; seriously. How would you like me?"

"It's nonsense; but you know what Shanley does to broken dishes."
 "The ash can, eh?"
 "It wouldn't be, for you, of course; but—what's the use of being Mr. Grump? Brace up? Come on up to Churchill's and we'll drinky-drink it out—"

But Broadway would have none of such a plan as that. He went to his apartment, and, rummaging in every drawer and pocket, collected every bill which he could find. There were a hundred of them, ranging in all sorts of figures and for all sorts of articles, from diamonds to gasoline, from charity to fare. The arrival of the sympathetic Rankin, who believed this master had a headache, with a note from Mrs. Gerard, interrupted the bookkeeping which, for the first time in his life, Broadway had begun. It had not been encouraging, as far as he had gone.

He read the note and found it to be an invitation. Deciding to accept it, he decided, also, that it must be the last one of the sort he must accept. It had become intensely plain to him that now had come the time when he must cease his gaudies and find more money.

He was a gloomy figure at the feast that night, and his gloom grew with every aged smile which Mrs. Gerard cast in his direction. It was plain enough to him, to everyone, that this exceedingly rich lady, of uncertain age regarded him with very friendly eyes. She even sometimes called him "Jack son." After the dinner he took Robert

Wallace downtown with him in his sixty horsepower touring car.

"Mrs. Gerard," he ventured, "seems a well-preserved old—er—I mean that she seems well preserved."
 "Well canned, you mean," said Wallace. "But too much chemical preservative in females is as dangerous as it is in food. How did we happen to go there tonight? You roped me into that, Broadway. You didn't tell me where you meant to take me. You merely said we'd go to dinner with some friends of yours."
 "Well, she's a friend of mine." Broadway defended rather hotly. An idea, so terrible that it was fascinating, had occurred to him.

"She might have gone to school with your grandmother. It makes me sick to see her ogle you. I think she wants to marry you."

Broadway burst into a laugh which he was well aware was quite too loud, too cocky and too hollow; he feared, acutely that his friend would recognize its falseness.

"To marry me! Ho, ho!" Instantly his manner changed. "But I don't like the way you speak about her, Bob. Remember—we have just enjoyed her hospitality!"

"Enjoyed it! Speak for yourself, old man! If I had known where you were going, do you suppose I would have gone with you? I can meet grandmother's schoolmates at the Old Ladies' home. I don't have to go to dinner with them."

"Now, Bob!"

Wallace burst into a laugh. "I believe it is pure charity," he guessed. "You are trying to make others happy. You smile on her as you would throw a dollar into a Salvation Army cash pot around Christmas time."
 "Bob, I'm thinking about getting married."

His friend sat straight and looked at him in dumb amazement for a second. "Married? And is grandma in some way related to the bride who may be?"
 "Bob, I need—"

He stopped. Almost he had told his friend he needed money; but he had not the courage. To confess poverty on Broadway is like confessing murder in a church.

"Need what?"
 "A rest. I'm going to—er—take

some sort of a vacation. Don't know what. Maybe back to the old home. Anyway, you won't see me around for quite a little while."

"Never mind, old chap! I'll tell them all that you have had to go away on business. Go somewhere and get straightened out. You need it. There's something wrong with you, or you would never have gone to that dinner where that ancient marines could ogle you the way she did."

"Well, you won't see me for a week or two."

"Drop me a line if you want anything."

Jackson Jones went away early on the following morning. As ignorant of business and of business methods as a baby, yet he tried to scheme some way by means of which he might recoup his staggering finances. Wild ideas, all unpractical, whirled through his brain.

He must have money, that was certain. He had not the least idea of just how he had accomplished it, but he had spent his patrimony—spent it all and more than all of it. If he had paid up the debts he owed—which all the world seemed glad to have him owe—that was the hard part of it; everyone seemed anxious to have him go in debt to them—he would have far less than nothing left.

For days he staved about his figures in a room of which he kept close guard upon the key. He told Rankin, who was curious, that he planned to write a book.

"Indeed, sir? Fiction, sir?"
 "Fiction? Gad, no! Fact."
 "A book of travel, sir? I've traveled quite a bit. Perhaps—"
 "No. Or yes. Of travel up and down Broadway."
 "Splendid, sir, if I may be excused for taking such a liberty. I'm sure no gentleman in all New York is more familiar with the subject, sir. I shall be glad to read it, sir. I'm sure it will be quite a revelation!"
 "Rankin," said Broadway earnestly, "if I wrote what I really know about Broadway it would be a revelation." He grew very serious, for him. "It would put some men on pedestals, and they would not be those who now stand highest. It would put some men behind the bars, and among them are some men who now are free to come and go, with welcomes when they come and invitations when they leave, in every place where people gather in this town."

He burst into a sudden laugh. "Great stuff, eh, Rankin? When you say 'Broadway' you stir me up. I love it, hate it; it always fascinates me. There's no street like it in the world."
 "If your book is like that, sir, it will be a big success," commented Rankin, spellbound. "It's going to be a fine book, Mr. Jones."
 "It won't interest Broadway. There's only one kind of book that Broadway cares about."
 "And what is that, sir?"
 "Check books, Rankin. Now I'm going into—into—" He did not know just what to call the room which he kept locked.

"Your study, sir?"
 "Thanks, Rankin. Yes; I'm going to my study. Don't let me be disturbed."
 "I'll not, sir."

When he left that "study" he avoided Rankin. His fingers were ink-stained from calculations, his hair was quite disheveled, his eyes were wide and rolling. He could see no hope ahead.

(To Be Continued.)

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 TRAINS leave Harrisburg—
 For Winchester and Martinsburg at 5:05, 7:52 a. m., 2:40 p. m.
 For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at 5:05, 7:52, 11:33 a. m., 3:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:15 p. m.
 Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:40 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 5:30, 9:30 a. m.
 For Dillsburg at 5:05, 7:52 and 11:53 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32 and 6:30 p. m.
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MEAT CAUSE OF KIDNEY TROUBLE

Take Salts to flush Kidneys if Back hurts or Bladder bothers

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid, which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach aches, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush out the body's urinous waste, get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days, and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

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CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

MUST HANG LOOSELY



8097 Child's Long Waisted Petticoat, 2 to 6 years.

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For the 4 year size, the petticoat will require 3/4 yd. of material 36 in. wide for the body portion with 1 1/4 yds. of flouncing 10 in. wide, 2 1/4 yds. of narrow ruffling; or 1 1/4 yds. of plain material 36 to make as shown in the back view.

The pattern of the petticoat 8097 is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.