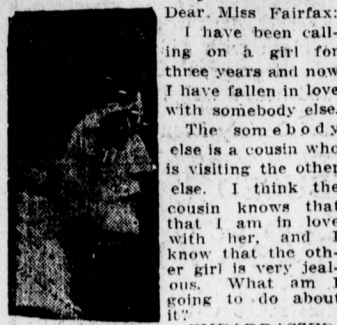


# IN WOMAN'S REALM

## A Talk to the Male Jilt

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX



Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been calling on a girl for three years and now I have fallen in love with somebody else. The somebody else is a cousin who is visiting the other side. I think the cousin knows that I am in love with her, and I know that the other girl is very jealous. What am I going to do about it?

So you think the cousin knows you are in love with her? Why don't you tell the truth for once? You know she knows it for you have done everything you could to make her know it. Be honest now for a few minutes and admit it. Every time you've had a chance you've given Cousin to understand that you never really breathed a long breath till she "came into your life." Poor cousin, I hope she, at least, has sense enough to see through you and to estimate your deep and tremendous passion at its true value. Why you aren't worth a tear—you aren't worth a sigh—you aren't even worth a little crooked quirk of a smile. What in the world would any woman of any sort of character do with a poor weakling like you? Fidelity is the one great virtue a woman asks of a man and a man demands of a woman. Without fidelity you are no more use to any one than so much straw scattered by every wind that blows. Run along, little man, run along. Nobody wants you or your kind anywhere in the family.

**Broadway Jones**  
From the Play of George M. Cohan  
By EDWARD MARSHALL

In the restaurant there was obvious stir when he arrived. There always was a stir in restaurants when he arrived. With a practiced and a clever eye he examined with great care the private dining-room wherein was to be sung the swan-song of his spendthriftiness. It was extremely well arranged, the table was a dazzling sight, the flowers were gorgeous and of all-perfading fragrance, the colored candle-shades cast a subdued, artistic glow upon the whole. The head waiter himself, his neck encased in sign of office, was in personal control of details, his staff had been well picked from Broadway's favorites among subordinates; a very pretty girl, who smiled at Broadway sweetly, wistfully, as a peasant maid might smile at a crown prince, was ready to accept and check the ladies' wraps, while the small boy in buttons, who was to sort and store the outer garments of the gentlemen, was ready with bright eyes and itching palms.

The party arrived promptly, coming in a bunch and greeting Broadway variously from the firm and hearty hand-clasp of Bob Wallace, to the merry kiss of Inez Vasquez Marquez, Spanish dancer, born in Keokuk, who would leave early so that she might dance late on the bill at the Spring Garden. There was a flutter with the entrance of Mrs. Gerard, for, as ever, she brought with her her own maid, while her footman waited in the corridor, not for emergencies, but for appearances.

Her once pretty but now age-puckered face had been as thoroughly concealed as possible with various expensive substances which are found in beauty parlors, and her hair was probably the most costly in that part of town that night, and this is saying much, for very costly tresses sometimes deck the fair on Broadway.

The restaurant had wrought evidences of its pride in its allegiance to Broadway's favorite delicacy. A gigantic floral lobster occupied the center of the table, its antennae extended toward the host, one of its claws stretched toward the seat reserved for Mrs. Gerard, the other somewhat less fond of the ladies, for it yearned hungrily toward Bob Wallace's place. At each lady's place were little lobsters, nicely wrought of gold, with jeweled eyes, for each male guest a silver cigarette case had been fashioned into a disconsolate lobster's shape with curled up tail and drooping claws devoutly folded on its breast.

Broadway was a perfect host, hospitable, easy, reader to listen than declaim, full of admiration for the ladies, full of the perfection of good fellowship for his men guests.

At first he found it difficult to put out of his mind the thought that this would be the last of all his gorgeous nights on Broadway. The notion fought for permanent position in his head that after these wild hours he would be as far from Broadway as that earnest cow-explorer which was credited with having first laid out the street. The thought continually obtruded that this must be to him a funeral, not a feast. His hand shook as he raised his glass to the first toast.

patrimony and the utter hopelessness of everything. He looked at the great decoration in the center of the table and said gravely, so that all might hear, although he was addressing no one but the lobster:

"You may be big, old chap, but I know a bigger lobster than you ever were."

It happened at that instant that a pause had come in the excited joyousness about him—one of those brief, unexpected silences which never fail at least once in every dinner-party, to reveal to everyone some saying which the sayer wished to have unheard by the majority. Always it is something awkward, inadvertent, stupid or unwholesome which is thus made blatantly the property of everybody's ears. This night it was our young host's confidential statement to the great, red decorative lobster in the center of his dinner table.

There was a chorus of inquiry. If Broadway knew a bigger lobster, who was he, and where?

"Be careful, Broadway! Don't name any friend of ours! We'd get peevish for that is—some lobster."

"Who is it, Broadway?"

"Name, Broadway; name!" demanded the whole tableful.

Gloomy and dissatisfied with that life which he loathed to quit, yet felt that he could not continue, Broadway rose and bowed. "I'm it!" he answered. "I."

Protests chorused.

"What hard-hearted girl has turned you down, Broadway?" asked the lovely Inez.

"Who is it, Broadway? Who could possibly have the heart or been the fool to do it?"

Mrs. Gerard, his neighbor, bent on him a glance so anguishing that he almost had to turn his face away.

"No girl has ever turned me down," he said, endeavoring to be gay. "No girl has ever had a chance to turn me down. I mean—"

Realizing that this did not sound gallant, being instinctively, by nature, a gallant, he would have modified it if he could, but the howl of approbation which arose from all the men, the chorus of mock criticism which arose from all the women, drowned his voice. From all the women except one. That one sat on his right, that woman was a widow and was worth a million.

"No girl could turn you down," she murmured.

Ah, that thought which so repeatedly had festered in his brain! Here were millions which admired him! Here were millions which would pay the debts which had piled up, which would make the bottle with the blue-steel barrel quite unnecessary! Here were millions which would solve the last one of his difficulties and for which, if he accepted them, he could offer adequate return in a devotion which should be at once that of a son for an indulgent mother and a near-drowned man for his rescuer! Why not? Why not? Why not marry Mrs. Gerard?

"No girl could turn you down," had been her words.

In the hurly-burly of the questions and the answers, the frolic and the nonsense, he scarcely had an opportunity to speak to her in tender words, but he answered her by scribbling on her menu card:

"Couldn't you?"

He felt certain that she gasped with pleasure.

"Why do you say such things?" she scribbled.

"Because I love you," the unfortunate youth answered.

"I love you, too," she scribbled in reply.

"What sort of game are you two playing there?" demanded Robert Wallace gaily.

"Don't interrupt, Bob," Broadway ordered. "It's a new kind of game of hearts. It's played with menu cards. Shut up!"

He turned again to his delighted, if ancient partner in the novel pastime.

"It can't be true," she scribbled.

"It is true," she wrote.

"Will you marry me?" he scrawled. With a coy look at him which made him feel a little faint, but without an instant's hesitation, "Yes," she answered.

It was tremendously to the relief of the young host that Bob Wallace, at about this moment, rose and said that he must leave.

[To Be Continued.]



# The Globe-Wernicke Business Show Is Now Being Conducted At Our Store

Business is changing—growing swifter, bigger, more extensive, more precise, and more exacting. And business methods are changing also; they must to keep up with the mark of progress.

Of late years, Globe-Wernicke Filing Equipment has advanced far and fast in efficiency and economy, and many business men have been too busy to keep up with it. And the result is that there are thousands of offices in all parts of the country that are overworked and overwhelmed with detail, because of the need of Globe-Wernicke Filing Equipment.

Perhaps you think your office is run as efficiently and economically as is possible. Others have felt the same way about their offices but have been glad when their attention was called to a Globe-Wernicke device or method that saved them time, trouble or money.

Or maybe you have a puzzling office problem to solve, or are annoyed by improper attention to details or by erratic filing. A few moments spent at our Globe-Wernicke Business Show will probably reveal an effective solution of your trouble. You will find it helpful as well as interesting. You will not be urged to buy—this is a selling not a selling event. Come, in your interest.



Globe-Wernicke Unifile

Place a Unifile beside your desk for conveniently filing those letters and references that now litter the desk but are too useful or too valuable or too personal to trust to the general files. You can have a Unifile fitted with files and drawers of sizes and styles to suit your exact needs. Made in all steel, and in wood with steel interiors.



Globe-Wernicke Filing Cabinets

They are the Standard of the world. Thousands of modern offices use them because of their excellent construction, fine appearance and absolute reliability. They are made in all steel and in wood with steel interiors, in various sizes to meet the requirements of any business—large or small.

## Standardize Your Office Now With Globe-Wernicke Filing Equipment

It Costs No More Than The Ordinary Kind

Globe-Wernicke Filing Equipment is built on the "unit" principle. Once properly installed, it grows with your business, unit by unit. The "unit" idea permits the small office to apply to its affairs the same filing devices as are so widely used by the corporations. Let us demonstrate this fact to you.

Every Filing need of any office has been provided for in Globe-Wernicke Filing Equipment. And every Globe-Wernicke device for any purpose, is the most suitable of its kind. Globe-Wernicke steel and wood Filing devices are so varied and so wonderfully efficient, that it is becoming the custom of modern Businesses to adopt Globe-Wernicke devices throughout their offices. Experience has proved their use an asset. Why not standardize your office equipment!

that the largest factory of its kind in the world stands behind its guaranty; that you can secure additional equipment at any time from stock. Globe-Wernicke goods are standard, not made to order, yet your business needs can be suited as if the equipment were especially made for you. The variety of our stock sizes and patterns permit you to select a design and finish that will harmonize with the rest of your office equipment which will give the office a desirable atmosphere of prosperity and good management. It stimulates and helps your office force to better work. Call and investigate.

## David W. Cotterel

105 North Second Street || 18 North Court Street

### FAVOR BROAD SASHES FOR CHILDREN'S WEAR

Collar and Cuffs With Scalloped Edges Give a Smart Touch



817 Child's Dress, 4 to 8 years. WITH SEPARATE BLOOMERS, LONG OR SHORT SLEEVES.

The kimono sleeve is to be found in many of the newest and smartest dresses for the little folk. This one is distinctly novel. There is a prettily shaped panel at the front and a sash passed through slashes and the effect is most attractive. In this case, striped material has been used throughout and cut on the cross for the front panel but a very pretty effect could be obtained by using plain material for the main portion with all-over embroidery for the panel. In the back view, there is a suggestion for finishing the collar and cuffs with scalloped edges and the treatment is always a pretty one. In addition to being extremely smart, the frock is simple and with very few seams and the fact that it is buttoned all the way down the back makes it easy to launder. The separate bloomers are a feature and will be welcomed by all mothers since they dispense with petticoats.

The pattern 817 is cut in sizes for children of 4, 6 and 8 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

### Elaborate Turkey Dinner Served to Many Guests

Special to The Telegraph  
Mechanicsburg, Pa., Jan. 7.—Mrs. Sallie Sheets and Miss Belle Heck were hostesses at an elaborate turkey dinner at their home in Shiremans-town Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Holly, ground pine and mountain tea berry, with green capped candelabra graced the table around which gathered Mrs. S. N. Miller, Mrs. C. S. William, of Harrisburg; Mrs. David Kebaugh and Mrs. Harry Buttorf, of New Cumberland; Mrs. Livingston, of Downingtown; Mrs. S. K. Miller, Mrs. Susan Raffensberger and Mrs. C. S. Williamson, of Mechanicsburg; Mrs. John Sheely, Mrs. Jacob Sheely, Mrs. John Roth, Mrs. John Rupp, Mrs. Solomon Rupp, Mrs. H. K. Lantz, Mrs. E. Bitner, Miss Irene Heck, Miss Kline, Miss Belle Heck and Mrs. Sallie Sheets, all of Shiremans-town.

### RECEPTION FOR PASTOR

Waynesboro, Pa., Jan. 7.—The Rev. E. O. Keen, pastor of St. Paul's Reformed church for the past seventeen years, and who left for York last week, was installed as pastor of the Memorial Reformed church on Sunday afternoon. Monday night a reception was tendered the Rev. Mr. Keen in the church.

### DOG'S BACK BROKEN

Waynesboro, Pa., Jan. 7.—A good sized dog belonging to Harry Trostle,

while running along the street was kicked by a pedestrian and had its back broken yesterday. The dog after being brutally kicked rolled over in the gutter and was put out of its misery by Constable W. E. Bretzler, who shot it.

### OFFICERS OF SUNDAY SCHOOL

Mechanicsburg, Pa., Jan. 7.—These officers for the ensuing year were elected by the Evangelical Sunday School: Superintendent, M. W. Snyder; assistant superintendent, D. E. Trostle; recording secretary, Warren Gill; assistant, Ida Kunkle; treasurer, Mervin Shover; librarians, Russell King and Maude Robinson; assistant librarians, Ben Snelbaker and Emma King; organist, Hazel Shover; assistants, Mildred Dice and Mae Kutz; chorister, the Rev. L. M. Dice; superintendent of the cradle roll, Mrs. H. E. Bower.

### A VICTROLA CONCERT FOR YOU

And your friends—right in your own home—whenever you wish it. Arrange with Bell Phone 403, J. H. Troup Music House, 15 South Market Square.—Advertisement.

### MARRIED AT PHILADELPHIA

Elizabethville, Pa., Jan. 7.—Christian Gaupp and Mrs. Elizabeth Snyder quietly left town on Tuesday morning and were married at Philadelphia. They will spend a honeymoon in New York and Philadelphia and on their return will occupy the groom's home in Market street.

## Pains in the Back



Perhaps it's a strain, or a touch of rheumatism, or a cold in the kidneys. Whatever the cause, you want relief, something to drive the pain away—and keep it away. The very best remedy is an

## Allcock's POROUS PLASTER

Strengthens Weak Backs as Nothing Else Can. Just put one on the spot that hurts. It will gently open the skin pores and permit the healing vegetable gums to get at the affected parts and then—good-by, pain. But in order to get all the benefit a porous plaster should give, always insist on having the genuine "Allcock's."

Never Accept a Substitute.

## AT ONCE! OPENS UP NOSTRILS AND CLEARS STUFFY HEAD--COLDS AND CATARRH GO

Instant Relief When Nose and Head are Clogged from a Cold. Stops Nasty Catarrhal Discharges. Dull Headache Vanishes.

End such misery now! Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of the nostrils; penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane which lines the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately. Don't lay awake to-night struggling for breath, with head stuffed; nostrils closed, hawking and blowing. Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucus dropping into the throat, and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear.—Advertisement.

## 13 OILS ANYTHING CLEANS POLISHES EVERYTHING PREVENTS RUST EVERYWHERE

3-In-One has been for 18 years the Old Reliable, largest-selling home and office oil. It is light enough to oil a watch; heavy enough to oil a lawn mower. On a soft cloth it becomes an ideal furniture polish. Makes a part of cheese cloth the best and cheapest Dustless Dusting Cloth.

And 3-In-One absolutely prevents rust or tarnish on all metal surfaces, indoors and out, in any climate.

Free 3-In-One. Write today for generous free sample and the Dictionary of uses—both free to you. 3-In-One is sold everywhere in 3-size bottles: 10c (1 oz.), 25c (3 oz.), 50c (8 oz.), 75c (16 oz.). Also in patented Handy Oil Can, 25c (3 1/2 oz.).

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY  
42 & 44 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK CITY

## Try Just One Pictorial Review Pattern!

We recommend to all women who are not yet using Pictorial Review Patterns try one—just one.

No other patterns fit as well, have that French chic or are so simple to use. Every Pictorial Review Pattern will save you from one-half to one yard material on each dress on account of the patented Cutting and Construction Guide.



Patterns of these styles 15 cents for each number.

JANUARY PATTERNS and Magazines Now on Sale.  
Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart