

IN WOMAN'S REALM

DAYSEY MAYME AND HER FOLKS

The woman never lived who put as much faith in her husband as she puts in the holding qualities of a step-ladder.

With a pall of hot soapy suds in one hand, and a scrubbing brush in the other, and grim determination to conquer a fleck of dust on the picture moulding, she will climb to the top step of a ladder as wobbly and infirm and treacherous as the more talked of ladder by which one reaches social distinction or fame.

Neither did any woman ever own a step-ladder that hadn't the spreading qualities of a hen. A step-ladder belonging to a man has a greater stability than its owner; one belonging to a woman shows its utter disregard of her by falling apart the day after she buys it.

Neither does any woman ever own a step-ladder if there lives a neighbor within ten blocks who has one to lend. Mrs. Lyander John Appleton has kept house thirty years and never owned a step-ladder; she always borrowed from her Most Intimate Friend.

As a result of the blind faith every woman puts in a step-ladder, Mrs. Appleton has brought suit against her Most Intimate Friend for \$50,000 damages.

With her arms and legs done in plaster casts, and a bandage tied

across one eye, giving her the appearance of winking the other, she relates the following grounds for complaint:

"For thirty years I have borrowed a step-ladder from my Most Intimate Friend, and though I broke it the first time I borrowed it, she has never apologized to me for having such a poor ladder to lend.

"It was so rickety when I borrowed it last Spring that I had to hold on with my hands and wash the windows with my feet. I have had to use it six years upside down, and last month when I borrowed it to stand on to reach my preserves I found the only way I could climb it was by balancing myself on my head. I have had to become a contortionist; I have been deluged with jam and hot suds, and have been the target of dishes and bars of soap and scrubbing brushes thrown at me by the top round; but I remembered that Friendship is a Priceless Pearl, and never complained.

"Yesterday, when I was on the top round, the ladder spread without preliminary warning and landed me in a jar of apple butter. Then I determined to bring suit for damages, and I have decided further than that—unless this woman gets a new step-ladder to lend, we will drive her from the neighborhood."

—FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

Broadway Jones

From the Play of George M. Cohan

By EDWARD MARSHALL

With Photographs from Scenes in the Play

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Not so unsteadily that he failed entirely to reach the goal Jackson tacked across the room and found the window. His friendly escort was still evidently in his mind, for from the open window he now waved a genial handkerchief, whispering meanwhile "Night-night," as if the hearty spirit which induced the words would take them to the sidewalk ten score feet below.

Having performed this sacred rite of friendship he regained the center of the room, looked about him as if curiously, and then went unsteadily to the grand piano, upon which he placed his elbow with a nestling search for comfort which seemed to indicate a firm decision to lean against the instrument and go to sleep without delay. This would never do, for when his slumber became deep he would be sure to lose his balance. Rankin saw the deep necessity for rousing him from his intention.

"Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones," he urged, tapping him upon the shoulder.

Jackson looked up, sleepily, as if astonished at the interruption of his slumbers. "Hello," he said good naturedly, "who's there?"

"It's Rankin, sir," said Rankin.

"Who's Rankin, sir?" The tone was that of tolerant curiosity to learn a total stranger's unimportant identity.

"The butler, sir."

"Butler?"

"Yes, Mr. Jones; the butler."

This seemed to rouse his master and he looked him over with some show of interest. "A butler!" he exclaimed in tones of deep reproach. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? When you were a little boy your mother had great

hopes of you—thought you were going to be president of the United States, or something like that."

Rankin bowed impassively; he did not deny it.

"Now," said his employer with the deepest of reproach, you've disappointed everybody. You've turned out to be nothing but a butler. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Rankin was not offended; instead his air was that of triumph. "Ah, but see who's butler I am, sir!" he exclaimed.

"Who's butler are you?" inquired Broadway, apparently with idlest curiosity.

"I'm your butler, sir."

"Oh, you're my butler?" This seemed not to be especially astonishing, though deeply interesting to the master of the house.

"Yes, sir."

Broadway looked at him with a glad smile, then with an earnest and enthusiastic gravity. He warmly shook his hand. "I congratulate you, Rankin. I'm very fond of my butler." His sentiment rose higher and he patted Rankin on the cheek. "I love my little butler. You must come out with me some night, Rankin."

"I should like to, sir," said Rankin truthfully.

Broadway became gay, mysterious. He looked at Rankin slyly and himself essayed to whistle some bars of the wedding march. "I know something you don't know," he cried irrelevantly. Rankin listened with respect and close attention. His curiosity was almost painful.

But his master did not satisfy it. "Now I'll bid you good-night, Rankin. Nightie, nightie!" Genially he waved his hand at him, laughed, whistled another bar or two and elaborately made the starboard tack toward the door of his bedroom.

Rankin made no protest; he knew better. "When do you wish to be called, sir?"

"Oh, that's so, I must be called," his master granted after a second's deep and serious thought. Then, in a deep study: "Now, let me see—when do I wish to be called? What day is it, Rankin?"

"It's Thursday, sir."

"Thursday? Well, I tell you what you do, Rankin. You call me on Saturday."

After this entirely unexpected suggestion to the little butler whom he loved, he found a devious course into his bedroom and Rankin, after he had watched the door close, heard the key turn in the lock. He sank into a chair,

CHAPTER V.

Wallace was a mid-morning visitor. He came in briskly, inquiring of the very much puzzled butler for the very elegant apartment's master.

"He's not yet up, sir."

This apparently had not the least deterrent effect on the young caller. He urged his firm athletic frame through the short hall into the dim illumination of the flat's reception room. It was evident enough that he had no intention of departing, simply because the master of the house had not yet risen. Rankin understood that and did not gainsay him. Wallace had his privileges as the best friend of the tenant of the flat.

"Shall I tell him you are here?"

"Yes," said Wallace firmly, "and tell him that I want to see him right away. It's very important. Do you understand?"

Rankin had already read the morning's papers which were lying in a neat pile on the table. He longed for fuller news than theirs.

"Yes, sir." But he hesitated slightly. Broadway was an indulgent master—still, strange things were happening; he was doubtful. "He said he didn't wish to be disturbed till Saturday, sir."

Wallace was not impressed. "That doesn't make any difference. You tell him I want to see him."

"Yes, sir." But the perfect servant still hesitated, filled with curiosity about the previous night. Wallace might enlighten him. "He didn't get home until five o'clock this morning. He attended some big dinner-party, I believe."

"Yes; I was there—I was there! Go on and call him! Tell him I am waiting. I'm going to have a heart to heart talk with that young man."

"Yes, sir," said the butler without hastening, for he saw that Wallace had picked up a paper from the neat pile he had made of all of them upon the table.

"Great Scott!" Wallace cried, dismayed. "Here it is on the front page!"

"I beg pardon, Mr. Wallace, but is it all true, sir?"

"What?"

"The story in the morning papers, sir, about—er—his engagement?"

"I don't know. Someone rang me up and told me of it. It's what brought me here. I want to find out if it's true. I left the dinner at 12:30. The engagement, I am told, was announced shortly after I had left. Were you up when he got home this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he talk of it at all?"

"He—couldn't talk so very much, sir."

"Tipsey?"

Rankin nodded very solemnly.

"Stewed, sir."

"Did he come home alone?"

"He came in here alone, but a crowd was serenading him upon the sidewalk for ten minutes after he arrived. It was the wedding march they tried to sing. I couldn't understand why they chose that until I read the morning's papers, sir."

"Well, what do you think of it, Rankin?"

Rankin shrugged his shoulders, but did not reply. His instinctive loyalty to his employer, his perfect knowledge of his own proprieties prevented that.

"Oh, come on," Wallace urged. "You can tell me. Just between us now."

[To Be Continued.]

JOHN F. FRITCHEY
DIES, AGED 86

Father of Former Mayor and Present City Highway Commissioner

Following a lingering illness, John F. Fritchey, 902 North Third street, the first man to run an engine over the Northern Central Railroad and father of ex-Mayor Fritchey and the present highway commissioner, Elmer E. Fritchey, died last evening at 9 o'clock.

Had Mr. Fritchey lived until January 25, he would have been 85 years old. He retired from railroad activity several years ago after working for years for the Pennsylvania company.

Born in Chambersburg, Mr. Fritchey resided in this city the greater part of his life. He married Miss Annie M. Moon, of Coxestown. She died six years ago. He is survived by the following sons:

Dr. John A. Fritchey, the former Mayor; Elmer E. Fritchey, highway commissioner; Dr. C. Albert Fritchey, of this city, and Ross H. Fritchey, of San Francisco, and two daughters, Miss Viola and Miss Geneva Fritchey, at home. Mr. Fritchey was a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and a member of the Zion Lutheran Church. No arrangements for the funeral have yet been made.

Recommends More Work in Army Aeronautics

Washington, Jan. 9.—"It is time to jump right in and catch up with the European nations in aeronautics," says Rear Admiral Blue, chief of the navigation bureau of the navy, in a recommendation just submitted to the House Committee on Naval Affairs for liberal aviation appropriations.

"We expect to go ahead much faster in the near future," the admiral explained. "The English, French and German nations have a great number of machines, dirigible and heavier than air. Situated near each other as the European nations are one would naturally expect them to have many more air craft than we, and consequently more experience in the development of them."

REFUSE TO REMOVE HATS

Sunbury, Pa., Jan. 9.—Dr. Henry W. Stough, evangelist, finds much difficulty in getting ladies to observe the rule of "remove your hats when entering the tabernacle." Several ladies, representing the orders of sisters, to remove their hats have left the tabernacle in anger. Dr. Stough made this the subject of his discourse.

KLEIN COMPANY

Announce For a Few Days

A Clearance Sale

Of Ladies' Waists and Underclothing

In a Great Variety and at Special Prices

THIS Clearance Sale affords saving opportunities on seasonable merchandise that is needed just now for personal use. These opportunities are made possible because of our desire to close out all broken lots and we have therefore sacrificed profits and made great reductions. The celebrated Vassar underwear included in this sale is as you know the very best line of muslin underwear manufactured, and at the prices quoted there are many bargains awaiting you.

WAISTS, 79c
98c Values at

Made of Voile, Lawn, Linen, Batiste and Percale in high and low necks, long and short sleeves. All sizes. Very latest models. Undoubtedly the greatest values we have ever given.

WAISTS, \$1.49
\$2.00 Values at

Made of Voile, with low neck, raglan sleeves and trimmed with pearl buttons. Also Silk Crepe waists with low neck and short sleeves and lace trimmed. All sizes.

WAISTS, \$2.25
\$3.00 Values at

Lingerie Waists of Voile, Net, Batiste and Lawn, high and low necks, long sleeves, some with frills and others lace trimmed.

Chiffon Blouses, \$3.98
\$5.98 Values at

Chiffon Blouses in navy, brown, black, white and in various color combinations, high and low necks, long and short sleeves, all sizes. High grade blouses and are very special at prices quoted.

Fur Trimmed Blouses, \$3.98
\$7.50 Values at

Fur trimmed Blouses in fancy Net and Shadow Lace, low neck and long sleeves. These Blouses sold at \$7.50 in New York stores and are an extraordinary value at above price.

All our Crepe de Chine, Silk, Chiffon, Shadow Lace and Net Blouses in all the latest models and popular colors that formally sold from \$6.98 to \$18.50 at ONE-THIRD off marked prices.

Muslin Drawers
Drawers trimmed with embroidery, some lace trimmed, some with flounces, all sizes. Special at

19c, 39c, 59c
Regular 29c value Regular 59c value Regular 75c value

Vassar Night Gowns
Vassar Nightgowns in Crepe, Nainsook and Cambric, lace, embroidery and ribbon trimmed. Special at

69c, 79c, 98c
Regular 98c value Regular \$1.25 value Regular \$1.75 value

Vassar Corset Covers
Vassar Corset Covers, some tight-fitting, some blouse style, very prettily trimmed with lace, ribbon or embroidery.

39c, 49c, 79c
Regular 69c value Regular 89c value Regular \$1.25 value

Vassar Skirts
Skirts in Muslin and Cambric, very neatly trimmed with embroidery and lace.

39c, 59c, 89c
Regular 75c value Regular 98c value Regular \$1.25 value

Vassar Combinations
Vassar combinations of Corset Covers and Drawers in Nainsook and cambric lace and ribbon trimmed; all sizes and latest styles.

89c \$1.98
Regular \$1.25 value Regular \$3.00 value

Vassar Princess Slips
Vassar Princess slips that are without question the best fitting slips made. Lace and ribbon trimmed; all sizes.

98c \$1.35 \$1.98
Regular \$1.50 value Regular \$2.25 value Regular \$3.00 value

PETTICOATS

All the very best and latest models in Messaline, Crepe de Chine and Charmeuse; jersey tops and in the newest shades.

\$1.98
Regular \$2.50 values

\$2.25
Regular \$2.98 values

\$2.75
Regular \$3.50 values

All Our Remaining Stock of Crepe de Chine Underwear at Greatly Reduced Prices.

The New Store For Women 9 N. Market Square

Families Are Buying "Sunkist" Oranges by the Box or Half-Box

Enjoy the rich, delicious meat and sweet, tangy juice of ruddy, thin-skinned, seedless "Sunkist" oranges.

Have this golden fruit for breakfast, dessert and "between meals." Cleanest of all fruits—never touched by bare hands. All the pickers and packers of "Sunkist" oranges and lemons wear clean, white cotton gloves.

"Sunkist" oranges are the finest, juiciest oranges in the world. Tree-ripened, fiberless. Not a seed in "Sunkist." Buy them by the box or half-box. That is cheaper than buying by the dozen. They keep for weeks.

Ask for "Sunkist" lemons—so full of juice that they go farther than other lemons. Try "Sunkist" lemonade—hot or cold. Lemons add flavor to fish, meats and salads.

Get Rogers Silver with "Sunkist" Wrappers

Cut the trademarks from the orange and lemon wrappers and send them to us. We offer 27 different premiums, all Rogers A-1 Standard Guaranteed Silverware. Exclusive "Sunkist" design.

For this orange spoon send 12 "Sunkist" Orange or Lemon Wrappers and 6 two-cent stamps. "Red Ball" orange and lemon wrappers count same as "Sunkist."

Buy "Sunkist" Oranges and Lemons at Your Dealer's

Send your name and full address for free premium sheet and Premium Club Plan. Address all orders for premiums and all inquiries to

California Fruit Growers Exchange
139 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. (148)

Hot From the Wire

Chicago.—The Kellogg-Mackay Company, Chicago, manufacturers of boilers and radiators, was placed in the hands of a receiver to-day. Liabilities were given as \$1,500,000 and assets "somewhat less."

Laporte, Ind.—Mrs. Clara Hess, Indiana's only woman justice of the peace, was married at Wheaton, Ill., to-day, to William E. Anstetter, who two days ago was appointed chief of police of Laporte.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Merchants of this city who make a business of furnishing homes for newly married couples, to-day estimated that the death of marriages resulting from the new Wisconsin eugenics laws is costing them nearly \$10,000 a day.

Denver, Colo.—Dr. R. B. Moore, chief chemist of the United States Bureau of Mines in Denver, announced last night, in executive session of a meeting of mining men, three methods by which the cost of extraction of radium from ores had been reduced 75 per cent.

Madison, Wis.—In the two years



since the workmen's compensation law went into effect, employers of the State have paid as indemnity to injured workmen and their dependents the sum of \$396,354.72.

Greenville, Tex.—Farmers of this section announced to-day that they would build a railroad eight miles long to bring their milk and other perishables to market here because the railroad would cost less than a good highway. The right of way, which lies entirely through property of farmers interested in the project, will be donated.

New Orleans, La.—Plants of the International Distilling Company and the United States Industrial Alcohol Company were practically destroyed by fire to-day. The loss was estimated at a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—it digests food and sets things straight, so gently and easily that it is astonishing. Please don't go on and on with a weak, disordered stomach; it's so unnecessary.—Advertisement.

Notice TO Rheumatics

Discovered at Last, a Cure For Rheumatism

We want every chronic Rheumatic to throw away all medicines, liniments and plasters and give Rheum-tabs a trial, no matter what your doctor, druggist or friend may say, no matter how prejudiced you may be against advertised remedies, go at once to C. M. Forney, the druggist, 426 Market street, Harrisburg, Pa., and get a box of Rheum-tabs, they are guaranteed to help you or money refunded.—Advertisement.

FEW MOMENTS! NO INDIGESTION OR SICK STOMACH—PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN

Digests all food, absorbs gases and stops fermentation at once.

Wonder what upset your stomach—what portion of the food did the damage—do you? Well, don't bother. If your stomach is in a revolt; if sour, gassy and upset, and what you just ate has fermented into stubborn lumps; your head dizzy and aches; belch gases and acids and eructate undigested food; breath foul, tongue coated—just take Pape's Diapepsin, and in five minutes you will wonder what became of the indigestion and distress. Mil-

Those Odd Sums

which your little boy or girl puts into this bank will grow and will go a long way towards self-help as they get older. The day will come when they will look back upon their early saving days with gratitude and delight. Start to-day—NOW! If it's only a dollar, make a start. Your bank book is here waiting for you.

First National Bank
224 Market Street