MONDAY EVENING,

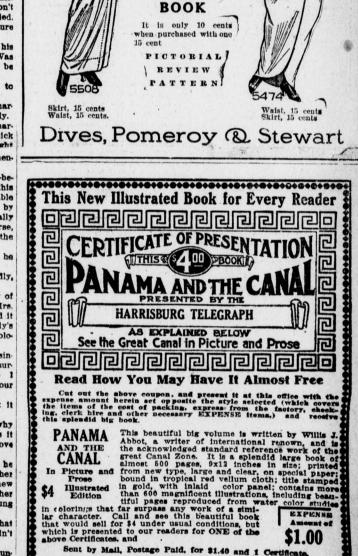
HARRISBURG

JANUARY 12, 1914.



"Jackson doesn't love anyone except a good time. Why, he doesn't take

anything seriously, especially women. To my knowledge he's been engaged to thirty since he's been here in New York.



"After such impertinence I don't know that I ought to accept your apology."

"But, don't you see? I thought it was all a joke."

This was a new offense. "But why should you think such a thing?

The statt "be demanded, ended in a letter, "
Then a letter, "
All na letter, "
All na

Warren's answer was to toss over a Warren's answer was to toss over a trd. "And you forgot the Gordons, o! Like to know who you did send

b" Helen started to say that he, too, vanied to remember the people who emembered them, but she decided uch a remark micht not add to the

her throat as she went on opening the packages. "No, that isn't for you to play with," crossly, as Pussy Purr-Mew reached a playful paw for a narrow red ribbon that hung over the table. The next second the kitten had clutched the ribbon, pulling down the whole mass of letters, cards and boxes. With tail erect she scampered away while Helen patiently gathered up the things. A Message

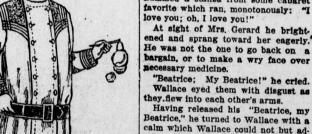
"Let's go into the library, dear, so



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at all unusual that people in love I-don't-believe you!" He shrugged his shoulders. "Very well; go ahead; it's no affair of mine." "Very should marry?" He thought her positively aged as he

She agreed with this. She agreed with this. 'You'll do well to remember that. Attend to looked at her. Every wrinkle in her countenance took on new length, new your own business, Mr. Wallace." "Excuse me," he said apologetically, depth as he observed her. From her he looked to Jackson. How very young "I'm sorry I spoke."

he seemed! A mere child, in fact. "Why, no," he granted, knowing that he lied. 'Of course not. But I-I didn't As he thus apologized, disgusted, worried, even frightened by the mud-dle in which his friend had so involved understand. I-"

himself, entirely ignorant of the sorry cause which had led Broadway to the fatal step, that young man entered from the hall, having effaced as many Broadway, himself with nerves un strung almost to hysteria, began to hum a tune and walk about, endeavor ing to look unconscious. Wallace eyed him with new hope kindling in his traces as he could of the wild night, eyes. Was it, after all, a jest? and rightly clothed himself for morn-

"Now see here, Jackson; if you're ing callers. As he advanced he hummed a stanza from some cabaret trying to fool me I want to know! I-Mrs. Gerard, who had been upon the point of granting him forgiveness, stiffened in new wrath. "There you go At sight of Mrs. Gerard he brightagain!" she screamed hysterically. "Another insult!" ened and sprang toward her eagerly." He was not the one to go back on a

"Really, Mrs. Gerard, I didn't mean bargain, or to make a wry face over tt."

"Then what did you mean?" The lady fixed him with a baleful glance. "Beatrice; My Beatrice!" he cried. Wallace eyed them with disgust as they.flew into each other's arms. He was entirely undone. "Why, I-

God knows! I don't!" "Well," said Jackson, "I think I do. You're still in doubt as to whether or not we are really going to be married. calm which Wallace could not but admire. The youngster certainly was game! "Good morning, Bob." Isn't that it?"

Put thus lucidly and simply, Wallace Wallace scorned him. Broadway did not even wince, but turned back to his Beatrice. "And how could not definitely deny that that ex-plained his mental state. He had opened his distressed lips to admit is my little banquet queen this mornthis when Mrs. Gerard prevented the oxpression of his worries with:

"I came here happy as a lark," she said complainingly, "but now I'm ter-ribly upset." "But why should be imagine such a thing? I-"

Broadway rose to the occasion, near-ly making Wallace faint with the glit ease with which he used endearing words when talking to the ancient dame. "Just a moment, sweetheart-dearic-please!" Then he turned to Wallace "Come to the second t "Why, what has happened to my litthe round of pleasure?" He smiled serenely, worshipfully into her scarce-ly hidden wrinkles. "This man has been saying terrible things to me." Wallace. "Come on, now; tell me the truth!"

> "Well, I will admit," said his mis erably heartsick friend, "that at first I did think it was a joke. But-" "And you're not quite satisfied yet that it is not?" iTo be Continued.]

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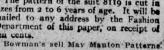


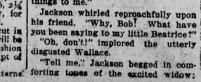
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