



# THIS WEEK

## POSITIVELY THE LAST OPPORTUNITY TO JOIN THE

# CHRISTMAS SAVINGS CLUB

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### Open Saturday Evening From 6.30 to 8 O'clock

### Join at Once—Let the Family Join—Tell Your Friends to Join. It's the Easy and Sure Way to Have a Merry Christmas

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## Women AND THEIR Interests

### The Sweetheart Who "Grafts"

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

So she doesn't want to go to the theater with you unless you can buy the very best seats in the house, and after the theater when you look her out at the little candy store she sniffs and begins telling you about the fine suppers she has had at the restaurant where she lives. He makes her out. What shall you do about it?

"I know what I'd do about it if I were in your place. I would stop caring the snap of my finger for what she says or hints—or anything else—unless you can buy the very best seats in the house, and after the theater when you look her out at the little candy store she sniffs and begins telling you about the fine suppers she has had at the restaurant where she lives. He makes her out. What shall you do about it?"

"What does she think you are—a millionaire, and it is she, pray tell, a princess of the good royal?"

"What sort of a home has she—does she live in a palace or in a castle, and how many times does she expect her friends and acquaintances to knock their heads on the floor before they dare to come to her august presence?"

"What claim has she to such royal tastes?"

"Is she such a gorgeous beauty that no man can look at her without a dreadful fluttering of the heart?"

"Is she an intellectual giantess, whose every word twinkles with the encrusted wisdom of the ages?"

"Or is she just some little pug-nosed,

Nora can clear off the dishes," and Helen took the mass of Christmas mail in to the library table.

Just then the door bell rang. It was a messenger boy with a box addressed to "Mrs. Warren E. Curtis."

Helen signed the receipt and opened the box, her heart beating fast. It might be from Warren!

It was a large silvered thermos bottle, but the card tied to it read, "With the season's best wishes from Carrie and Fred."

"Oh, how dear of them!" trying to hide her disappointment. "And it's something I've always wanted!"

Instead of starting off for his usual Sunday and holiday morning walk, to Helen's surprise Warren now settled himself with the newspapers by the library table.

They were to dine at his mother's at three. An awful hour, thought Helen, who loathed dinner in the middle of the day. It was after ten now and she went into her room to look over the dress she was going to wear, for her clothes must be in perfect condition when she dined with his people.

"Aren't you going to straighten up the table?" called Warren. "This stuff looks like the devil if anybody comes in."

"Yes, dear, in just a minute."

Helen came back and folded up the tissue paper, stacked up the cards and letters and put the presents in the boxes.

"Why, Warren, what's this? Where did this come from?" holding up a small, unadorned package.

"Wonderfully she opened it, then she caught her breath as she saw the velvet jeweler's case. She touched a spring and the lid flew back, disclosing a glittering pearl and diamond bracelet."

For a moment she gazed at it in speechless amazement, then turned to Warren with a breathless:

"Look! look! How did this get here? Nobody intended sending me this!"

Warren was looking at it with an expressionless face.

"How did it get here?" persisted Helen excitedly. "Was it wrapped in some of those boxes by mistake? How shall I find who it belongs to?"

To these excited questions Warren maintained a stolid silence. Then Helen caught a glimmer of something in his face. Could it be—

The next moment she rushed into his next room, where she was copying her Christmas cards. It was a clever idea, Helen thought, and a saving of both time and money.

This year several of her friends had adopted the same plan, but when Helen suggested they were copying her. Warren had scoffed at her "unintelligent conceit."

Here's a picture of Ferguson's kid, and here's a picture of a Christmas card on which was pasted a kodak picture of "John Kent Ferguson, age three months," and under it was written:

"I wish you were a little boy; Cause if you were, you see, This might be a dandy toy. 'Not just a photograph of me.' 'What a sweet baby! Do you suppose they wrote that verse?' 'Bum enough. Why don't somebody write a few decent Christmas rhymes? Here's an old-timer. Ought to've had thirty days for perpetrating this chestnut:'"

"To wish you joy And Christmas cheer And pleasant times Through all the year."

"It's from Mr. Elliott, too! You'd think he'd select something more original," and pushing back the cards, Helen ran to answer the phone.

As the phone was in the library, she did not see Warren draw a small package from his pocket and slip it under the pile of mail by her plate.

"It was Mrs. Stevens," coming back to the table. "Mr. Stevens gave her another diamond ring—a carat and a half stone."

Helen did not add that Mrs. Stevens had asked her what Warren had given her, and that, not having the courage to admit he had given her nothing, she had deliberately lied and said "a check."

Helen knew Warren's attitude always was that if he wanted to give her a present, why wait until Christmas? If he gave her what she needed when she needed it, how foolish to rush around and get something she didn't need at the one time of year when shopping was most difficult!

And yet Helen had never ceased to expect or rather long for "something" from Warren. She would rather have had one little unexpected gift from him than all her other presents. In spite of herself there was a lump in her throat as she went on opening the packages.

"No, that isn't for you to play with," crosely, 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 tall erect she scampered away while Helen patiently gathered up the things.

A Message

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

what has he been saying to you?"

"Calling it a ridiculous match, saying that I shouldn't take you seriously, intimating that you didn't really love me, and—"

She was very close to tears, but fought them back for the sake of a complexion which she feared might not be waterproof.

Broadway went with an accusing men to Wallace. "You said these things!"

"Yes," said that young person, unashamed, "those and a great many more."

"Bob Wallace! I'm surprised! Shame on you!"

Wallace scarcely was prepared for this. "Now see here, Jackson, I—"

He did not complete the sentence, but seized his old friend by the lapels of his coat as if to bear him from the room to some spot where, unworried by the lady's presence, he could talk or hammer sense into his head.

But Broadway would not have this. He pulled away with emphasis. "Don't do that! Don't do that!" he cried. "You're—you're insulting my future wife and I demand apologies!"

Were all his plans for paying up his debts to be thus put at naught? Was his first venture as a financier to be thus nullified? He thought not!

"You mean to say you're going to be married?"

"Of course we're going to be married," Mrs. Gerard said very snappily.

"Of course we're going to be married," Broadway echoed with a quick glance at her which Wallace thought held something indicating apprehension.

He stood aside with face all woe-begone, worried and amazed. If this thing—this unthinkable, unbelievable insanity—was seriously planned by his young friend, if he had actually passed his word, why then, of course, nothing more was to be said upon the subject.

"Very well then; I apologize," he said dejectedly.

"Not to me," said Jackson grandly, "to the lady."

Wallace went to her in humility of attitude, but in revolt of soul. "Mrs. Gerard" (he never before had found it difficult to avoid profanity in a lady's presence), "I offer a thousand apologies."

She was not convinced of his sincerity, which was not in the least surprising. "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? Is it at all unusual that people in love should marry?"

He thought her positively aged as he looked at her. Every wrinkle in her countenance took on new length, new depth as he observed her. From her he looked to Jackson. How very young he seemed! A mere child, in fact.

"Why, no," he granted, knowing that he lied. "Of course not. But I—didn't understand."

Broadway, himself with nerves unstrung almost to hysteria, began to hum a tune and walk about, endeavoring to look unconscious. Wallace eyed him with new hope kindling in his eyes. Was it, after all, a jest?

"Now see here, Jackson; if you're 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 again!" she screamed hysterically. "Another insult!"

"Really, Mrs. Gerard, I didn't mean it."

"Then what did you mean?" The lady fixed him with a baleful glance.

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. Isn't that it?"

Put thus lucidly and simply, Wallace could not definitely deny that that explained his mental state. He had opened his distressed lips to admit this when Mrs. Gerard prevented the expression of his worries with:

"But why should he imagine such a thing? I—"

Broadway rose to the occasion, nearly making Wallace faint with the gift ease with which he used endearing words when talking to the ancient dame. "Just a moment, sweetheart—dear—please!" Then he turned to Wallace. "Come on, now; tell me the truth!"

"Well, I will admit," said his miserably heartsick friend, "that at first I did think it was a joke. But—"

"And you're not quite satisfied yet that it is not?"

[To Be Continued.]

**Broadway Jones**

From the Play of George M. Cohan

By EDWARD MARSHALL

With Photographs from Scenes in the Play

Copyright, 1913, by C. W. Dillingham Company

"Just what I say," he answered firmly. "That it's all wrong. It's impossible. The idea of a woman of your age imagining for a moment that this boy is fool enough to think of such a thing! Do you stop to think what people will say? Don't you realize that it can't be? That it's simply preposterous? Why—"

"Are you trying to insult me, sir?"

"No," he answered earnestly, "I'm trying to save you from being humiliated and laughed at. Deny the story at once. Say it was all a joke. Say anything, but for heaven's sake don't let it go any further!"

She gazed at him in speechless wrath while he nervously paced the room.

"Surely," he said whirling, "you don't think he seriously considers marrying you?"

"And why not?" Her icy tone was full of outraged dignity.

"Because it would be a ridiculous match. Give it serious thought. You're a sensible woman, figure it out for yourself. Why, you're more than twice his age!"

"Sir!"

"Why, he's only twenty-five—not that, yet."

She gazed at him in speechless rage for twenty seconds, then said, explosively: "You—brute!"

"I'm your friend," he urged. "I'm trying to help you. I'm trying to save you from being made the laughing stock of the town."

"Do you mean to insinuate that Jackson doesn't love me?"

"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."

"I—don't—believe you!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Very well; go ahead; it's no affair of mine." She agreed with this. "You'll do well to remember that. Attend to your own business, Mr. Wallace."

"Excuse me," he said apologetically, "I'm sorry I spoke."

As he thus apologized, disgusted, worried, even frightened by the middle in which his friend had so involved 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 traces as he could of the wild night, and rightly clothed himself for morning callers. As he advanced he hummed a stanza from some cabaret favorite which ran, monotonously: "I love you; oh, I love you!"

At sight of Mrs. Gerard he brightened and sprang toward her eagerly. He was not the one to go back on a bargain, or to make a wry face over necessary medicine.

"Beatrice; My Beatrice!" he cried. Wallace eyed them with disgust as they flew into each other's arms.

Having released his "Beatrice, my Beatrice," he turned to Wallace with a calm which Wallace could not but admire. The youngster certainly was game! "Good morning, Bob."

Wallace scorned him.

Broadway did not even wince, but turned back to his Beatrice. "And how is my little banquet queen this morning?"

"I came here happy as a lark," she said complacently, "but now I'm terribly upset."

"Why, what has happened to my little round of pleasure?" He smiled serenely, worshipfully into her scarcely hidden wrinkles.

"This man has been saying terrible things to me."

Jackson whirled reproachfully upon his friend. "Why, Bob! What have you been saying to my little Beatrice?"

"Oh, don't!" implored the utterly disgusted Wallace.

"Tell me," Jackson begged in comforting tones of the excited widow:

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## Their Married Life

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

"And didn't give her a THING!" Helen held the sealed, hand-embroidered envelope and looked at it disconsolately.

To her on Christmas morning that someone to whom you have sent nothing, remembered you with an expensive gift, is to say the least, disconcerting.

"Let's see," Helen insisted, for Warren was going over some cards and hers, had not troubled to glance up. "Is this an expensive one, too? Is it to be sent to me?"

"Is she an intellectual giantess, whose every word twinkles with the encrusted wisdom of the ages?"

"Or is she just some little pug-nosed, enjoyment of their Christmas morning."

An, now the Hoovers are fixing their cards like ours," triumphantly, as she drew from a small card envelope Mr. and Mrs. Hoovers' calling names, tied together with a tiny red ribbon and the simple phrase, "Merry Christmas," written on one of the cards.

Last year Helen had conceived the idea of sending her card and Warren's in this way. It made a simple and dignified Christmas greeting, in quite a good taste as the usual gaudy, half-decorated cards. It was a clever idea, Helen thought, and a saving of both time and money.

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