

Women and Their Interests

ARE HANDSOME MEN VAIN?

The Vainest Woman That Ever Lived Is a Modest Violet Compared to the Average Man.

Are handsome men vain?—is that what you want to know, young woman?—and you ask because—oh, I know why you ask, he is handsome or you think he is, or maybe he thinks he is, and he has warned you against him and mother says he thinks too much of himself, and you're afraid—and so—

Well, now, I don't know whether this particular handsome man is vain or not—but if he isn't he's a freak of nature—there never was a man on earth, handsome or ugly, who was vain.

The vainest woman who ever lived was waiting for an hour while she kept fiddling her ribbons and dabbed on just a bit more powder in a modest violet compared to the average man—ugly or plain.

Haven't you noticed that?—

Open your eyes, friends—open your eyes.

Look at that how-legged little man with the faded eyes—let's see, about fifty odd, isn't it? Pretty heavy to be out in such a sun, don't you think? See him look at the ladies—old, young,

pretty, ugly—they are all of interest to him and he thinks he's of interest to every one of them.

The Queen of Sheba could step down off her throne and tell the little man that she was dying of love for him, and he wouldn't be a bit surprised—not he! He'd just sparkle his tired eyes and twist his faded mustache and look as much like a quivering hero, as he could—and never wonder once what asylum the lady had escaped from.

Since I lived in the house with a poor little man—crippled, a dwarf, hideously ugly and so weak and ill that you couldn't look at him without pity.

There were several other girls in the same house and we all felt sorry for the poor little distorted fellow, and we made it a point to be unusually nice to him till we found out that he was working to death for fear some of us would commit suicide for love of him.

Since that time I have never counted on the striking modesty of a man of any age, condition or state of mind.

The forewoman in the factory down there—she's handsome, capable, clever, well dressed, good—she gets a fine salary—as salaries go—ask her about it.

Since I've seen that every other man in the factory has asked her to marry him—young fellows getting half her age, old men getting on to the shelf—and every one of them was astonished that she didn't chortle with joy at the idea of giving up her good salary and going to work washing dishes for a man not half as clever or as good looking or as good as she is.

Vain—is your man vain?—if he isn't he ought to go somewhere and take his tickets for being an exhibition, for he that's the truth, from my point of observation.

See Him Wince.

Vain—men vain! Just tell a man you know that another man is good looking, and see him wince. Tell him that another man has fine eyes, and watch him shudder and wince, and against the other man. Tell him that you think he is the handsomest man that ever lived and see how faintly doesn't make a bit of difference whether he's handsome or not, he's vain anyway; so I wouldn't pay much attention to that. Dear fellow, how can he help being vain with all the ladies telling him in words and out of them how dearly they would love to have him like them just a little.

And at that he's probably something to be proud of—if he's a real man—for an earnest seeker for Truth never forgets this. A decent man is a pretty decent sort of thing, and well worth the loving day and night and always and ever, even if he is vain just a bit.

Let him be vain if he'll just be good and kind and generous and steadfast and honest and courageous and gentle, and that's what the majority of men really try to be, I believe, and really are, too, most of them, so what's the difference.

Broadway Jones

From the Play of George M. Cohan

By EDWARD MARSHALL

With Photographs from Scenes in the Play

Copyright, 1913, by G. W. Dillingham Company

He hurried to the telephone, laughing very earnestly, as if he really liked to laugh.

"Give me long-distance, please. Hello, long-distance; hello, long-distance. I want to talk to Jonesville, Conn. Jonesville, J.—o—there, you've got it right. Judge Spotswood, attorney at law, Jonesville, Conn. Yes; this is 2468 Huyler. Rush it, won't you? Thanks!"

As he sat and contemplated with a smile of great intensity the tips of his slim patent-leather shoes, Wallace, having done his task, returned to him with a grave face.

"Well," said he, almost discouraged, "I've figured it all up, and the best that I can do makes the grand total sixty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-two dollars."

"How much?"

"Sixty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-two dollars."

"Spending money, my boy," said Broadway grandly. "Spending money."

With that he sprang out of his chair and rushed about the room with joy upon his face and showed his deep contempt for little things by breaking several costly vases, throwing six American Beauty roses in the waste basket and tossing cushions here and there. One of an especial elegance he threw out on Broadway, never looking to see whose head it softly lighted upon.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Wallace. "Going crazy all over again?"

Broadway paused in his extraordinary movements. "Do you know what I'm going to do from now on? I'm going to make the loudest noise Broadway has heard since Dewey came

home from the war."

"What are you talking about?" Jackson looked him kindly in the eye.

"Know what happened after you had left the room? A messenger boy with golden wings and a jeweled harp blew through that window, handed me this telegram and flew right back to the Golden Gates." He thrust the telegram at Wallace. "Read, read, read!" The dazed Wallace read aloud. The reader paused. "God!" he exclaimed.

"Did he sign it?" Broadway begged, without the slightest incredulity.

"It's signed Judge Spotswood. Who's he?"

"My uncle's lawyer."

"Is this a joke?"

"If it is I'll make a reputation as a gun man!"

"Why, this is the most wonderful thing that ever happened!"

"It is all of that, and more. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to buy Brooklyn—and close it up."

But Wallace was not swept away by his extravagance. He really was a business man. "Pembroke," he reflected. "Why, he phoned. I took his message."

"He was here. Say, did you ever hear of the Consolidated Cheung Gum company?"

"Why, certainly. They're the biggest advertisers in America."

"Well, he's second vice-president. He's coming back at two o'clock."

"What for?"

"To bring me a check for twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars! I'm going to sell him Jones' Pepsin!" Instantly the business man was up-pressed in Wallace. He became alert, suspicious. "He made that offer?"

"Yes."

"And you accepted?"

"Yes."

"Sign an agreement?"

"Not yet."

Wallace spoke now, with the firmness of a heavy hammer striking on an anvil. "And you're not going to."

Broadway gazed at him aghast.

"Why?"

"Now, don't give me any argument. You've been a damn fool all your life and here's a chance to get even with yourself."

"Turn down a million two hundred thousand dollars!"

"Yes."

Broadway shook his head. "Not on your biography!"

Wallace was not impressed. "What you need is a keeper, and I'm going to take the job."

The telephone rang, and, as Broadway would have answered it, Wallace pushed him ruthlessly away. It was plain that he had definitely assumed command.

The message was from Judge Spotswood. As soon as Broadway learned this he explained that he had called the judge and wished him to come at once to New York city. Wallace gave him one sad glance of pure disgust. Then he told the judge exactly otherwise.

"No," he called into the phone. "No, no; don't you come here. We'll come there."

Broadway was instantly rebellious. "I'll do nothing of the kind."

Wallace waved him off with a commendatory hand, and continued talking to the telephone. "We'll be there at six o'clock. . . . In time for dinner. . . . Yes; good-by!" He hung up the receiver, and turned to Broadway with the hard but happy smile of the real business man who has succeeded in accomplishing a coup.

"Say, what are you trying to do?" said Broadway, not without resentment. "Run my affairs for me?"

"Yes," said Wallace readily, and then called loudly for the butler. When he came he told him to pack, without delay, a grip for Mr. Jones, who, he gravely announced, was going traveling.

"To—er—Japan?" inquired the hopeful Rankin.

"Same thing, Connecticut."

"Look here," said Broadway wrath-

fully, "I don't . . ."

The bell rang.

"Go see who that is," said Wallace in a most peremptory tone.

"Say, I'm not working for you, am I?" asked Broadway peevishly.

"Go on; do as you are told."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Broadway, but started toward the door.

Wallace, though, was thinking. "Wait! Hold on. It may be Mr. Gerard. Didn't she say she would be back in half an hour?"

Broadway paused, dismayed. "That's so!"

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Eat and Get Thin

This is turning an old phrase face about, but modern methods of reducing fat have made this revision possible. If you are overfat and also averse to physical exertion and likewise fond of the table and still want to reduce your excess flesh several pounds, do this: Go to your druggist (or write the Marmola Co., Farmer Building, Detroit, Mich.) and give him (or send them) 75 cents. For this modest amount of money the druggist will put you in the way of satisfying your ambition for a nice, trim, slim figure. He will hand you a large case of Marmola Prescription Tablets (compounded in accordance with the famous Marmola Prescription), one of which you must take after each meal and at bedtime until you begin to lose your fat at the rate of 12 to 16 ounces a day. That is all. Just go on eating what you like, leave exercising to the athletes, but take your little tablet faithfully and without a doubt that fatty flesh will quickly take unto itself wings, leaving behind it your natural self, neatly clothed in firm flesh and trim muscles.

Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect November 1, 1913.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG—

For Winchester and Martinsburg at 5:09, 7:52 A. M., 1:15 P. M., 4:40, 6:32, 7:40, 11:15 P. M.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 8:45, 10:27, 11:55 A. M., 2:30, 4:20, 5:32 and 8:20 P. M.

For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:52 and 11:55 A. M., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32 and 8:20 P. M.

Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

J. H. TONGE, Supt.

of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss, Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is single partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of said circular that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1898.

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Jonesville was in mourning. Broadway's departed uncle had inspired not much affection; he had not been one to care to; but for many years, to the workers in the factory, he had been a sort of business deity—the semi-providential head of the great enterprise through which they gained their livelihood.

The folk of Jonesville had neither loved him nor revered him; he had been a sort of elemental necessity to their peace of mind; they had, so to speak, leaned with a feeling of security upon his stubbornness, knowing he would never sell out to the gum trust; if he did not sell out to the gum trust the factory would operate; if the factory kept running Jonesville would continue to eat, drink, and in its crude, undeveloped way, be merry. Now that he was dead, a feeling of uncertainty spread a mild panic through the little town.

The judge was waiting for the two men in the hotel corridor. His worry over what the new owner of the factory might decide to do about the perfectly well known trust plans was quite as keen as anyone's, but his dignity forbade that he should make display of it.

It was something of a relief to him when Broadway hurried to him from the hotel office and held out his hand, although the boy's appearance was a shock to him. He remembered him as Higgins' mother had described him and as the dapper, boyish youth who had aroused the wonder of the town with patent-leather shoes and new dance steps. This pale, extremely urban man, young still, naturally, with a face which told untold tales of night experiences such as were not written upon any face in Jonesville, no matter what its age, nonplussed and confused him. He had expected normal changes; he saw metamorphosis.

"Judge," said Wallace, who, although a stranger, was first to grasp his hand, "I'm glad to see you." There was a harassed look upon his face as if he might have had a difficult time with Broadway on the train.

[To Be Continued.]

LITTLE TOT'S DRESS IN EMPIRE STYLE



8095 Child's Dress, 2 to 6 years.

WITH ROUND OR HIGH NECK, SHORT OR LONG SLEEVES.

For the 4 year size the dress will require 2 1/2 yds. of material 27, 2 1/2 yds. 36, 1 1/2 yds. 44 in. wide, with 2 1/2 yds. of banding.

The pattern of the dress 8095 is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of the Sears, Roebuck & Co. on receipt of ten cents.

Bowman's sell May Manton Patterns.

Engineers Can Do Much For State

Broad policies for increased service to the State were outlined to the Engineers' Society of Pennsylvania by John Price Jackson, State Commissioner of Labor and Industry and president of the society, at the annual meeting last night. Mr. Jackson was installed as president last night.

The special fitness of engineers to handle the problems now confronting the people of Pennsylvania, and the usefulness of the society can be increased by participating in these movements.

The officers installed were:

F. Herbert Snow, first vice-president; Thomas B. Kennedy, Chambersburg, second vice-president; the Engineers' Journal, ex-officio member of the committee; Professor J. Warren Miller, assistant to Lewis Mahoney, Jr., secretary; R. Boone Abbott, treasurer; Robert H. Irons and Paul Cuenot, resident directors; and Kenneth Grant, non-resident director.

The following committees were named by President Jackson for the ensuing year:

Lectures and publications, John M. Mahon, Jr., editor; the Engineers' Journal, ex-officio member of the committee; Professor J. Warren Miller, assistant to Lewis Mahoney, Jr., secretary; R. Boone Abbott, treasurer; Robert H. Irons and Paul Cuenot, resident directors; and Kenneth Grant, non-resident director.

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Juryman Blows Out the Gas by Mistake

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Jan. 17.—Patrick Gallagher of Hazleton, blew out the gas in the bedroom of a hotel here upon retiring late last night, and had not Judge S. J. Strauss missed him from the jury box when yesterday's session in court opened and sent County Detective James Holman to find him. Gallagher would have died from asphyxiation.

4 Persons Lose Their Lives in Blaze Which Burns Brockton House

Brockton, Mass., Jan. 15.—Four persons lost their lives in an apartment house fire here to-day, and five others were injured. The fire broke out in the upper stories. Two of the injured will probably die.

Deaths and Funerals

HARRY FILE

Harry File, aged 59, died yesterday afternoon at his home, 918 South Twenty-first street. Funeral services will be held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Burial will be made in the Prospect Cemetery.

BURY DROWNED BOY

Funeral services of Tony Buola, 5-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buola, who was drowned in the Susquehanna river Thursday afternoon, were held this afternoon at 2 o'clock from the home of the parents, 315 South River street. The Rev. Father Benjamin Sama, rector of the St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church, Steelton, officiated. Burial was made in the Mt. Calvary Cemetery.

VETERAN MAIL CLERK DIES

Charles H. Parkhill, aged 64, for thirty years an employe of the railway mail service, died at his home, 12 Chestnut street, last night. He was ill several weeks. One daughter, Mrs. Emma Dohoney, survives. His wife by a second marriage died one year ago.

PRIVATE SERVICES FOR CHILD

Funeral services for Kenneth Wells Thomas, 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Thomas, cashier of the East End Bank, will be held Monday afternoon at the home of his parents, Twenty-second and the Jonestown roads. Because the family is under whooping-cough quarantine, the services and burial will be private. It was announced this morning. The Rev. Clayton Albert Smucker, D. D., pastor of the B. F. Stevens Memorial Methodist Church Thirteenth and Vernon streets, will be in charge of the services. Burial will be made in the Paxtang Cemetery.

MRS. HOOPES BURIED

Funeral services of Mrs. Harry A. Hoopes, wife of ex-elderman Harry A. Hoopes, who died Thursday morning at her home, 302 Cumberland street, were held this afternoon. The Rev. Stewart Winfield Herman, pastor of the Zion Lutheran Church, officiated. Burial was made in the Harrisburg Cemetery.

MESCO KRENYTOK

Mesco Krenytko, 27 years old, of 513 South Third street, Steelton, died at the Harrisburg hospital at 730 this morning. He was admitted to the hospital on January 12. He was a laborer at the Pennsylvania Steel Company plant.


GERTRUDE SAUNDERS

Miss Gertrude Saunders, 23 years old, who was found dead in bed at 317 Foster street yesterday, was declared to have died from heart trouble induced by acute indigestion, according to acting Coroner Spicer, this morning. The young woman's home is in Frederick, Md.

GUARD AGAINST IMITATIONS

The genuine Baker's Cocoa and Baker's Chocolate have this trade-mark on every package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD. DORCHESTER, MASS.



His Spine Is Removed But Youth Works On

Special to The Telegraph

West Chester, Pa., Jan. 17.—Lying and even working, although his remarkable experience of William Banks, 18 years old, of near Elk View, in the southern end of Chester county. The young man labors in the fields every day and despite his handicap he can do as much work as fellow workmen.

When Banks was a small child he suffered an injury which later developed into tuberculosis of the spine. Philadelphia surgeons removed the spine and declared that Banks would never be able to walk. For many months he lay in a plaster cast and later was removed to the home of his foster mother, Miss Veranda Lee, of near Elk View. Here he was nursed carefully and with care he has now become able to walk and work.

His body is wrapped daily in ten yards of bandages.

Hold Mail Because Postmaster Has Smallpox

Special to The Telegraph

Lancaster, Pa., Jan. 17.—State Medical authorities have diagnosed the illness of Frank Weaver, merchant, of Gordonville, as smallpox, and his home has been quarantined.

The post office is in his store and all the mail there will be held until fumigated. Meantime, all incoming mail is being received and distributed at another building. The public schools have been closed for two weeks.

Civil War Veteran at 65 Marries Girl of 19 Years

Special to The Telegraph

Columbia, Pa., Jan. 17.—Jacob McLane, an engineer at the Pennsylvania Railroad pumping station, and Miss Bertha Waltemyer were married last night at the parsonage of Cookman Methodist Church by the pastor, the Rev. W. J. Lindsey. The bride is only 19 years old, while her husband is 65 and is a veteran of the Civil War.

Thieves Steal 5,000 Postal Cards From Leola Office

Columbia, Pa., Jan. 17.—For the fourth time in about a score of years the office of H. M. Stauffer, at Leola, this county, was entered by thieves, who looted the premises and got away with considerable booty. The post office of the town is located in Mr. Stauffer's place of business and the thieves managed to get away with 5,000 postal cards and a few stamps.

Well-known Perry County Minister Dies at 82 Years

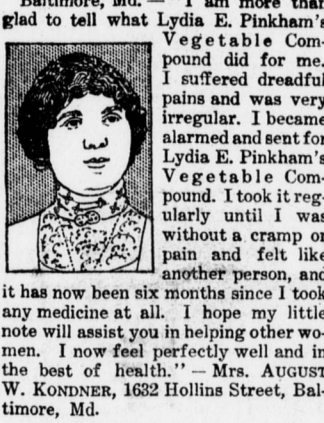
Blain, Pa., Jan. 17.—On Thursday the death of the Rev. E. D. Book occurred at his home near here at the age of 82 years. His death was due to kidney trouble and infirmities of old age. For many years he was a devoted minister of the Church of the Brethren at Three Springs, two miles south of Blain.

COMMERCE DIRECTORS TO MEET

The Temporary Organization Committee of the Harrisburg Chamber of Commerce has issued a call for the first meeting of the new board of directors of the body for Thursday evening, January 20, at 8 o'clock, in the Harrisburg Club. The election of a president, two vice-presidents, a treasurer and such other business as may be properly acted upon will be submitted and discussed for subsequent action.

THIS WOMAN'S SICKNESS Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Baltimore, Md.—"I am more than glad to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I suffered dreadful pains and was very irregular. I became alarmed and sent for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It took it regularly until I was without a cramp or pain and felt like another person, and it has now been six months since I took any medicine at all. I hope my little note will assist you in helping other women. I now feel perfectly well and in the best of health."—Mrs. AUGUST W. KONDNER, 1632 Hollins Street, Baltimore, Md.



Our repair department is a special feature with us. We do High Grade Work at reasonable prices and can replace any broken lens without a prescription. Try us and see.

Gohl Optical Co.
8 North Market Square
(Where Glasses Are Made Right.)

CHAS. H. MAUK
THE UNDERTAKER
Sixth and Keiser Streets
Largest establishment. Best facilities. Near to you as your phone. Will do anywhere at your call. Motor service. No funeral too small. None too expensive. Chapels, rooms, vault, etc., used without charge.

O-PAAC

Breaks a Cold Over Night

QUICK REMEDY FOR COLIC

Small Tablets—Easy to Take—25 Cents

GORGAS' DRUG STORES
16 North Third St. Penna. Station

EDUCATIONAL

MAKE NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

to enroll next Monday in Day or Night School.

SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
15 S. Market Square, Harrisburg, Pa.

HARRISBURG BUSINESS COLLEGE
Fall Term, Tuesday, Sept. 2, 1913.
DAY AND NIGHT

Individual Instruction. Civil Service.
34th Year, 329 Market St., Harrisburg.
J. E. GARNER, Principal.

Which Cough Syrup Will You Give YOUR Child?

Will you poison your child's stomach and deaden the little one's half-developed nervous system with cough mixtures containing dangerous, habit-forming drugs, such as Opium, Morphine, Chloroform and Codeine?

Or, will you relieve the coughs and colds that children suffer from with the old-fashioned herb cough syrup? The kind that contains NOTHING but pure, concentrated extract of such harmless, helpful herbs as Horehound, Boneset, Field Balm, Blood Root, Burdock and nine others of equal medicinal value, all used in your great grandmother's day? Think what Opium will do to your child—and then remember that

GOFF'S COUGH SYRUP is Reliable and Harmless

and that it contains no opium or other harmful drug. Decide to shun ALL cough mixtures containing injurious drugs. Looking at the labels carefully is one way to avoid them; a better way is to ask for and insist on having Goff's Cough Syrup—you will be sure to get effective, yet harmless cough syrup then.

Goff's brings quick relief from Croup, Whooping Cough, Measles Cough, severe and slight Coughs, Colds, Inflammation of the respiratory organs and Bronchitis, and prevents the development of Pneumonia. Get Goff's and you—and your children—are safe. At all dealers in 25-cent and 50-cent Bottles.

Try One Bottle. If it Fails, the Dealer will Refund Your Money.

