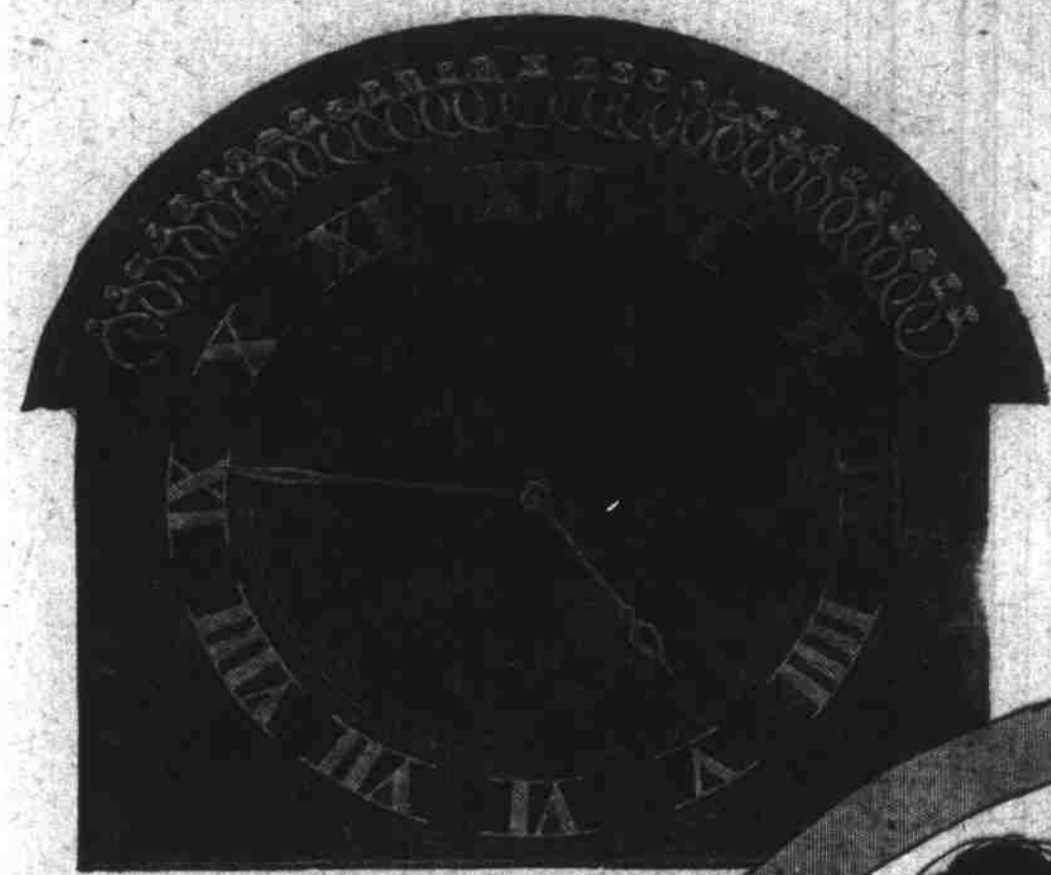


# The Serio-Comic Revenge of Her 29 Rejected Suitors

Every Man In the Office Was Engaged Once to the "Loveliest Stenographer," and Now She Is Going to Wed the Boss and Get a Composite Wedding Gift

Enid Wentworth, Called "England's Loveliest Stenographer" and also "the World's Champion Office Vamp" Who Declined Clerks, Bookkeepers, Salesmen and Branch Managers to Marry the Boss of the Firm.



The Wedding Gift Clock With the 29 "Returned" Diamond Solitaires Set in Above the Face, to be Presented to the Bride of the Lucky Thirtieth Man.

LONDON. THE clock that will tick the time for the married life of Miss Enid Wentworth, "England's loveliest stenographer," will not tick the time alone; it will tick the names of the twenty-nine sweethearts Miss Wentworth jilted before she won the heart of their boss!

For set above the face of the clock will be twenty-nine solitaires, and every time Miss Wentworth looks up to tell the hour she will see the sparkle of those diamonds and she will hear the clock say, "Tick! tock!—John, Eddie, Paul—tick! tock!—Percy, Harry, Pete—tick! tock!—Joseph, Francis, James—tick! tock!"

And so on, until the clock calls the roll of each of the twenty-nine men who worked in the same office with Miss Wentworth, who got engaged to her one right after the other, who all had their rings returned, and who then, when she announced her betrothal to the head of the firm, "pooled" their rings and put them in the clock as a wedding present.

Miss Wentworth's clock will be a sort of unofficial acknowledgment that she is the world's champion "office vamp," a beauty who can truthfully say she is the typists' own Helen of Troy. She is only twenty-six, but in ten years she stepped, heart by heart, from the position of office boy's "girl" to the bride-to-be of the boss.

Miss Wentworth was only sixteen when she finished her business course in high school and fared forth in search of a job. There was not a man in her life then, so she says. There was only a dream. And the dream was only of one Prince Charming; certainly not thirty!

In "the city," as London's business district is known, Miss Wentworth had no difficulty in getting a position. Not only was she good-looking—a peach-blown blonde of sparkling eyes and creamy complexion—but she was fast in dictation and a whiz on the keys. It was part of office legend in the big wholesale house where she went to work that the office manager said of her:

"She's a splendid worker. And there's no foolishness about her. She doesn't flirt with the salesmen. She sticks to her knitting."

When that judgment was passed on Miss Wentworth she had been with the firm three weeks and already she was in the throes of her first romance. She confesses, blushing, that it was with the head office boy. He was a pink-and-white youth of about

The Rejected Ones Have Decided to Form An Arch of Honor for the Bride and Groom to Walk Under When They Leave the Church After the Wedding Ceremony.



The Clock of the 29 Rejected Solitaires Will Be Given to Mrs. Franklin-to-be, As a Loving Tribute from the Men to Whom She Said "No."

her own age. The first day he saw the "new stenog." his head whirled. And it did not stop whirling until he had dug into his pocket for his bankbook and examined his balance carefully. Ten pounds and some odd shillings—enough for a small diamond.

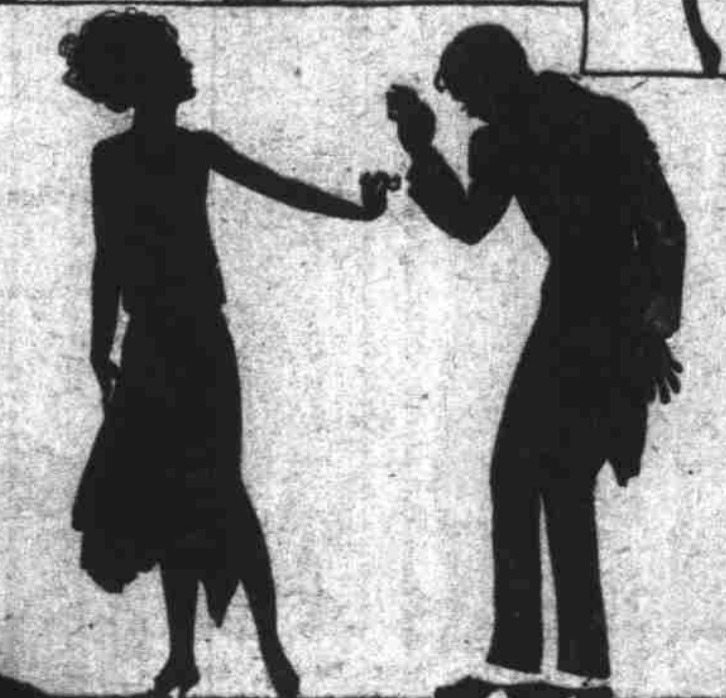
A glance, a word, tete-a-tete, a trip to the cinema, a kiss stolen behind the filing cabinet, and the trick was done.



Only One Suitor, the Boss of the Office, Proposed On His Knees, and Miss Enid Says He's the Only One of the Thirty She Will Marry.

Her first solitaire—a wee one, but her own—glowed on Miss Wentworth's ring finger.

It glowed there only a few weeks, however. Another glance and a jealous one, another word and a tart word, an old-fashioned quarrel behind the filing cabinet, and the trick was undone. Miss Wentworth stripped off the diamond and flung it back to the head office boy.



Enid Played Fair With All Her Suitors. Every Time She Broke An Engagement She Handed Back the Ring Before Accepting Another from the Next Man.

Her first romance, confesses Miss Wentworth, was but the beginning of a stream of conquests. Apparently her sunny smile had only to flash once above her typewriter for every male in sight to succumb.

Miss Wentworth got engaged to the assistant file clerk—and jilted him. Miss Wentworth got engaged to the file clerk—and jilted him. Miss Wentworth got engaged to the second assistant bookkeeper—and jilted him. The first assistant bookkeeper and the bookkeeper himself followed, all over a period of three or four years.

"I really didn't 'vamp' them," declares the fair stenographer naively. "Of course, I wasn't in love with all of them. But they were such nice boys. And they begged so pitifully for me to become a-



The First of Miss Wentworth's Thirty Romances Was With the Head Office Boy and Their Engagement Was Cemented With a Stolen Kiss Behind a Filing Cabinet.

gaged to them that I hadn't the heart to turn them down."

When Miss Wentworth had been with the firm five years she was transferred from one department to another. And there she repeated her triumphs. Junior clerks, clerks, salesmen, managers—all competed for her favor, all won temporary victories; and each, at the end of them was minus a fiancée, and plus a diamond ring.

"It may sound like I was fickle," says Miss Wentworth. "But that's just the point—I played fair. When I was engaged to one, he wouldn't want me to go with the others. And the others were always asking me to theatres and dances. I refused to deceive my fiancés. I just changed them."

"Perhaps that is why, with all of Miss Wentworth's romances, she left so little bitterness and hard feelings ranking among the victims of her charms. Office gossip recalls but one black eye caused by jealous rivalry for her hand. And she herself settled that argument before it went farther.

Miss Wentworth, then, was engaged to the head bookkeeper. The star salesman saw her and surrendered. He was a fast worker. With true salesman's methods he decided to get the ring first and then get the girl. His only mistake was in making a confidante of the very bookkeeper to whom Miss Wentworth secretly was engaged.

Bruised feelings immediately led to bruised knuckles and bruised faces. Miss Wentworth came upon the combatants in the hall as she started out for lunch. They separated and faced her, panting.

"Are you engaged to this blighter?" demanded the star salesman.

"I was," admitted Miss Wentworth.

"But I don't like fights. Here's your ring, Tommy."

"Will you marry me?" breathed the star salesman.

"No," said Miss Wentworth.

"But I have the ring," begged the star salesman.

"Then keep it for another girl," advised Miss Wentworth, and waited on.

The star salesman kept the ring, but not for another girl. When Miss Wentworth's engagement finally was definitely announced—to Mr. Franklin, head of the firm—he added it with those of his fellows to the clock's setting. For, though Miss Wentworth never wore it, "she could have," said the star salesman, "so I think it belongs in the collection."

As a girl who received an engagement ring ten years thirty proposed and pondered in Miss Wentworth is qualified to speak authoritatively on the subject of men. And every man, she declares, has a different technique when it comes to picking a wife.

"Some of them propose with long speeches, but most of them pop the question with no trimmings. 'One man asked me to marry him the first time I went out with him. Another one waited for a year. He tried to propose a dozen times, but he would get frightened and change the subject. 'Only one man got down on his knees to me, and he is the man I am going to marry. Some of the others leaned over and grabbed my hand. A few stood up like soldiers going to be shot at sunrise. One paced up and down the room like a caged leopard until I said 'yes.'"

"I've been proposed to in cinema theatres, in restaurants, on top of buses, in boxes on the Thames, strolling along the streets, while I was playing tennis, and in the midst of writing an important letter at the office."

"The rings I've worn were of all sizes. My first diamond was a little fellow not much bigger than a midge. I believe it thrilled me more, however, than any of the others, and a few of them were eighteen-carat solitaires that must have cost three hundred pounds."

"I shall certainly value my clock. All the boys were awfully sweet about it when I told them I really was going to be married at last. This is one engagement I'm not going to break."

"I'm glad they took it so gently. The clock is a delightful surprise. I don't think they meant it to reproach me at all. I will keep it on the chimney-piece, and every time I look at it I will see a diamond and think about one of the boys I used to be engaged to. I don't think my husband will mind that, do you? After all, he's the one who got me!"