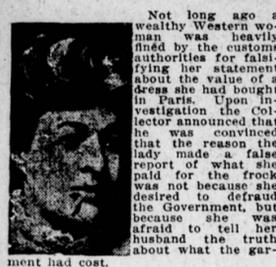


Women and Their Interests

By DOROTHY DIX



Not long ago a wealthy Western woman was heavily fined by the customs authorities for falsifying her statement about the value of a dress she had bought in Paris. Upon investigation she was found to have been a defrauder of the Government, but she was not because she was afraid to tell her husband the truth about what the garment had cost.

He Was Afraid to Tell His Wife the Plain Truth

About the same time a man in Yonkers appeared at home early one morning with a black eye and the most frightful tale of how he had been waylaid by robbers and almost murdered and left for dead by the wayside, and of how he had crawled home as soon as he recovered consciousness.

Man ever tries telling the exact truth to his wife or her husband, but once that once is sufficient to point the moral. Let it not be forgotten that the champion liars of history and tradition, Ananias and Sapphira, were a married couple, who had doubtless acquired dexterity in putting across plausible fibs in dealing with each other.

Now most married people, while recognizing the impossibility of maintaining the character of truthful James and Ananias and Sapphira, still keep up friendly relations, have regretted this necessity.

To these unhappy tarradiddles there is balm in Gilead by the decision that has just been handed down by Judge George L. Phillips, of Cleveland, Ohio, who gives it as his judicial opinion that when a little lie will preserve the domestic calm, the husband should tell it bravely and well, and in a manner to carry conviction.

Indeed, Judge Phillips—a Daniel, a second Daniel, I say, come to judgment—holds that a man is actually reprehensible if he withholds the falsehood from his wife that would have prevented a family squabble. In commenting on the evidently a divorce case, Judge Phillips opined:

A little diplomacy, and there would have been no trouble in this family. A wife objects to a husband attending legal meetings. Why tell her about it? What she doesn't know won't hurt her. Assuredly not. And it's perfectly wonderful how many astute married people, with a proper respect for their own peace and comfort, have anticipated Judge Phillips's decision, and instead of telling their respective husbands and wives the truth that would raise a row have told the little lie that insured the dove of peace still roosting on the roof pole.

Mr. Smith is perfectly aware that his beloved Maria will deliver a curtain lecture that will be interminable if he tells her that he stayed downtown at the hotel because he was afraid to tell her that he had been waylaid by robbers and almost murdered, no more than his duty if he remained very well, it's a cinch what Mr. Smith is going to tell Maria about why he

wasn't home for dinner.

Mrs. Smith knows by experience the storm that will break over her head if she admits that she paid \$25 for her new hat. Therefore she sweetly remarks to Mr. Smith, that oh, dear, she's nearly dead; she's just been running all over town trying to find a hat that looked like anything and that wouldn't cost but \$12, but, thank goodness, she found one in a shop on Eighth avenue that looks as if it had come from Fifth avenue, and she didn't have to pay but \$10 for it. Such a bargain!

And Mr. Smith remarks that it looks good to him, and he's glad he's married to a woman who knows the value of her money and doesn't fool it away on the women do. And Mrs. Smith kisses him, and she says she'll tell him what she paid for the hat and what she says she paid for the hat charged up on the grocery man put a premium on his head and peace reigns over Europe.

Such experiences are not confined to the Smith family. They are daily enacted in every household in the land, with the tyrant that makes the liar, but man but would like to be frank with his wife. No woman but would like to be open and above board with her husband, but the price of veracity is a continual row, and we all prefer peace even if we have to get it by subterfuge.

We Fear Our Wives and Husbands, and a Fear Breeds a Lie

The truth is, we are all afraid of our husbands and wives. We are daily enacting the scene that we see in the play. A woman makes her husband lie to her because she won't stand for the truth. A man puts a premium on his wife deceiving him because he won't stand for the truth from her, and so it goes, and the biggest loser is the woman or man who tells the truth about everything.

Of course, it's better to fib than to be divorced, but most people have felt that the domestic lie was a degradation, and these will be cheered and comforted by the vague hope that Louise might call.

Portrait of the dead gum magnate. "It was made ten years ago," he said in explanation.

"But he didn't change much in his last ten years," said Mrs. Spotswood. "No; you bet he didn't," Broadway acknowledged bitterly.

"Is Dave in the kitchen, mom?" the judge inquired, as Mrs. Spotswood started for the lemonade.

"Yes." He went to her confidentially, handing her a coin, as soon as he was sure that Broadway and his friend were lost in contemplation of the portrait. "Give him this quarter then," he whispered, "and tell him to go over to the drug store and get six good cigars for me."

Though this was mad extravagance, she contented it upon this great occasion. "I'll tell him right away," she promised, and the judge smiled at her. She always rose to great occasions.

"Didn't remember Clara, did you, when she went to the door?" he genially inquired of Broadway.

"No; I didn't," he admitted. "She's quite a lady now, isn't she?" "Nineteen, near twenty."

"She's a mighty pretty girl, judge," Wallace commented, with fervor. "Well, we're proud of her." The judge made a gesture as if warning them to listen carefully, and then dropped his voice, almost to a whisper. This was the home-coming of a Jones, and this was Jonesville. It should, he held, be celebrated in something stronger than lemonade. With an eye upon the door, he pulled a flask out of his pocket. "I thought maybe you boys would like a little drop of something, so I brought home this flask. Can't I fix you up a drink, Broadway?"

Jackson guessed its quality, and though his system yearned for alcohol, rejected the mere thought. "Not now, thanks."

"Mr. Wallace?" Taking his cue from Jackson, Wallace shook his head. "A little later, judge."

The judge put the flask back in his pocket. "Well, don't say anything about it. Mrs. Spotswood would raise thunder if she thought I brought it in the house. She's an awful temperance crank."

"Not a word from me, judge," Broadway assured him.

"Nor from me," said Wallace. They were wondering why he did not begin to discuss business, but he soon explained. "Wait till you see Sammy, you won't know him." He beamed upon Broadway. "He'll be here directly. I sent him to the office for some papers. I want you to see a copy of that will."

"Yes; I'd like to, just as soon as possible," Broadway admitted.

The judge turned to Wallace. "You knew very few people imagined that this boy would come in for it all?" "I can't understand it myself," said Broadway.

"Of course I knew," said the judge complacently.

"But I always supposed, judge, that the old gentleman hated me." "No, sire!" exclaimed the judge. "Of course he didn't like the idea of your going to New York as soon as you grew up and not taking hold of the business as your father had. But he never would have brought you out if he'd not been afraid you'd sell to some one else."

"I know. I was in his confidence after you went away. He didn't want you to go to New York because he didn't understand you. He never had the least idea that you'd take up the wholesale liquor business down there, or take up any other business for that matter. He feared you'd go squandering your money."

"I wish he had known the truth before he died! But he was really very fond of you, though he didn't always show it in a way you recognized, perhaps. Naturally he would be; never married; no children of his own." [To Be Continued.]

MARE CHOKED TO DEATH

Special to The Telegraph. Waynesboro, Pa., Jan. 20.—A gray mare owned by John Bumbaugh, near Waynesboro, hanged itself in the stable some time Sunday night. The animal got one of its hind legs over the halter and in an effort to free the leg it choked itself to death.

Their Married Life

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

HELEN IS TORN WITH SYMPATHY AT THE NEEDLESS CRUELTY OF A LOVER'S QUARREL

By Mabel Herbert Urner

"Looks like Bob and his girl's had a row," announced Warren at breakfast.

Helen put down her coffee cup with an explosive.

"Well I met him yesterday. Looked pretty glum. Admitted he hadn't seen her since Tuesday."

"No; what was it about? What did he say?" demanded Helen excitedly.

"Bob never says much, but they've quarreled all right."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I was afraid they might clash."

"Well if they can't get along, they'd better find that out now."

"They haven't broken their engagement. It isn't that bad; see Bob."

Warren shrugged his shoulders. "Bob didn't give me any particulars. Men don't babble like women about those things."

"He stopped in here yesterday," reflected Helen, "and the day before—about five. Do you suppose he thought he might meet her here?"

"Why should he think that?"

"Because he had just seen her when she was coming some afternoon soon to make her dinner call. I wonder," eagerly, "if I could—"

"No; see here—don't you get mixed up in this. You let Bob manage his own affairs. If I'd any sense, I wouldn't have told you. Now you'll be stewing around here all day, trying to think of some way to bring them together."

It was as Warren had surmised. All morning Helen worried about Louise whom she pictured eating her heart out in her longing to see Bob.

"She wanted to call her up, but he'd feared it might seem like an intrusion. However, she stayed in all afternoon, the vague hope that Louise might call."

Louise calls. When at halfpast four the phone rang and the boy announced "Miss Warren," Helen's intuition was confirmed.

Louise's face veil did not hide her pallor, and even through her gloves Helen felt that her hands were cold.

"I'm not going to pretend that it is," with the direct frankness that Helen loved in her. "Did you know Bob and I have—"

"Why, Annie!" stammered Helen untruthfully, with the thought that it might make Louise more comfortable.

"I always tell you the truth about everything."

"Of course, it's better to fib than to be divorced, but most people have felt that the domestic lie was a degradation, and these will be cheered and comforted by the vague hope that Louise might call."

"What was it about? But perhaps you'd rather not tell me," quickly.

"Oh, but every engaged couple has some disagreements," comforted Helen. "You mustn't take a mere lovers' quarrel too seriously."

"I haven't seen Bob since Tuesday. He hasn't phoned or written."

"Have you told him?"

"Oh, no," with a flash of pride. "How could I?"

"What was it about? But perhaps you'd rather not tell me," quickly.

"Oh, but every engaged couple has some disagreements," comforted Helen. "You mustn't take a mere lovers' quarrel too seriously."

"I haven't seen Bob since Tuesday. He hasn't phoned or written."

anxious and distraught, wandered restlessly about the apartment. Then the door bell rang and Bob entered.

"Was up in this neighborhood and just dropped in to bring back the book I took yesterday."

Bob is disappointed. He glanced quickly into the front room, and Helen thought she saw a sudden shade cross his face.

"It's too bad you didn't come a few moments earlier," with studied carelessness, "you could have taken Louise home."

"Oh, was she here?" he had turned to put the book on the table now, and Helen could not see his face.

"Yes, I told her—she'd wait, you might come by. But she seemed to be in a hurry."

"Yes, Louise is always in a hurry. These modern young women lead a strenuous life. Well, I'm off."

"You better stay for dinner, now that you're here," suggested Helen for want of something to say.

"It won't be long before Warren comes." "Thank you, I'd like to, but I've some work to do tonight. So long."

Helen stood by the window and watched him cross the street. She could not help a grudging admiration for his reticence. As much as he had wanted to see Louise, he had not. At least Louise had had the comfort of talking about it, but Bob had not even had that.

Helen was still gazing out the window, brooding over the hopelessness of it all, when the telephone rang.

"It's Louise," came a faltering voice. "I couldn't help calling up to you."

"Yes, he was here," interrupted Helen; "he has just left. All I said was that I was sorry he hadn't come sooner, for he might have taken you home. I said it carelessly—he didn't guess that I knew."

"What did he say?" The wire carried all of Louise's tenderness.

"Nothing—absolutely nothing. I said you had to hurry off and do very words were, 'Yes, Louise is always in a hurry. These modern young women lead a strenuous life.' That was all. And I said nothing more. That was right, wasn't it? You didn't want me to say anything?"

"No; that was right. You did exactly right! I'm not weakening. I know my calling up now seems as though I was just a nuisance. Or that I could not help wanting to know if he had been there. That was all."

Oh, the inconsistencies, the strength, the weakness, the conflicting, baffling impulses of a woman in love. Helen returned from the telephone, torn with her understanding and pity of it all.

EATING RELIEVES STOMACH TROUBLE

A Prominent Physician's Advice.

"Eat good foods and plenty of them. Dieting, in many cases, is almost criminal. Get back to normal. To do so you must have proper quantity of nourishment. You need for brain or physical work. Probably there is nothing the matter with your stomach except indigestion. That is, an abnormal secretion of acid in the stomach. Neutralize that acid and your stomach trouble will end at once. Neglect may mean ulcers if not sooner of the stomach. Do not take patented medicines. Buy plain tablets for dyspepsia. Simply take a neutralizer of acid. Decidedly the best neutralizer is ordinary druggists' bicarbonate of soda. You can get it at any drug store for a few cents. Take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water. Repeat three or four times. Relief will be immediate."—Advertisement.

Weak Lungs Often Lead to Serious Illness

If you have weak lungs, you are generally subject to colds or throat trouble or easily susceptible to serious Lung Trouble. In many cases pneumonia or bronchial troubles leave the Lungs in a much weakened condition. Eckman's Alternative is a medicine for the throat and lungs which has been found to be very beneficial. It is now seven years since we first introduced it, and the change of climate and other treatments failed to bring relief. Read of this case:

221 S. Atlantic Ave., Haddonfield, N. J. "Gentlemen: In the fall of 1905 I contracted a very severe cold which settled on my lungs. At last I began to raise spittle, and in January, 1906, I was told I must go to California immediately. At this time I was advised to take Eckman's Alternative. I stayed at home and commenced taking it the last week in October. I began to improve and the first week in January, 1906, I resumed my regular occupation, having gained 25 pounds, fully restored to health. It is now seven years since my recovery has been effected, and I cannot praise Eckman's Alternative too highly." (Signed) W. M. TATEM. (Above abbreviated; more on request.)

Eckman's Alternative has been proven by many years' test to be most efficacious for severe Throat and Lung Affections, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Stomach Colds and in upbuilding the system. Beware of cheap imitations, poison or habit-forming drugs, failed by leading druggists. Write the Eckman Laboratories, Philadelphia, Pa., for booklet telling of recovery, and additional evidence.—Advertisement.

Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect November 30, 1913. TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG: For Winchester and Martinsburg at 6:45, 7:52 a. m., 3:40 p. m. For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at 8:03, 9:52, 11:53 a. m., 3:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:15 p. m. Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:40 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 8:30, 9:40 p. m. For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:52 and 11:53 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32 and 6:30 p. m. Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday. H. T. TONGE, Supt. H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A.

Geo. H. Sourbier Funeral Director

1310 North Third Street

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DEATH OF THE CONQUEROR, 3 Acts EDUCATING HIS DAUGHTERS, 1 Act—HIS AWFUL VENGEANCE—MRS. PINKHURST'S PROXY. ADMISSION 5c

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.

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Cut the trademarks from "Sunkist" 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)

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"After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad, I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. FRANK CLARK, 3146 N. Tulip St., Richmond, Pa.

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"In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedies after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today. MARK H. JACKSON, No. 725 Uruguay Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y."

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