

Women AND THEIR INTERESTS

Men Gossips as Numerous as Women

It Is a Mistaken Belief of Most Women That Men Are Their Best and Most Liberal-Minded Friends—Men Are Much More Critical Than Women

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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Woman has been accused of gossiping because she lacked occupation. Man, with his manifold duties, is supposed to be too busy for gossip. But men gossips are quite as numerous as those of the fairer sex.

In men's clubs, many a scandal is set rolling, which gains momentum as it proceeds upon its way, and wrecks names and homes before it finishes its course. Foolish women risk their reputations by allowing men to compromise them, and believe implicitly that their admirers will protect their names against the whole world.

Yet over "Stag Dinner," or over the Club Table, the story of these indiscretions is freely told.

The names are possibly, or probably, withheld; but it is a simple matter for the listeners to locate the character in the story of the play as related by the proud Lathrop.

Under the influence of wine and "Good Fellowship," men who have been trusted and believed in by weak women have more than once shown letters and boasted of their conquests. Women have been accused of being jealous in her treatment of her own sex.

The arrival of a new woman in her circle is supposed to awaken her to a sense of rivalry which leads her to do petty acts.

But it was a young man who carried off the palm for petty actions at one of the summer resorts.

Because an attractive young woman came to the place without bringing a detailed account of her past life, the young man set himself the noble task of studying the directory of the town from which she came, and investigating the history of all families bearing her name.

Each day he made a new report upon the possible identity of the young woman.

His listeners were amused; but no one was frank enough to tell him

how despicable he seemed in all eyes.

Meantime the very worthy and tired young woman, who had left an excellent position among the world's educators, and who came away for rest and recreation, and chose to avoid any thought of her duties while resting, was all unconscious of this espionage.

Liked and respected by her own sex, she was not prepared to find a would-be spy and gossip among men.

It is a mistaken belief of most women that men are their best and most liberal-minded friends.

Men demand more of women in the way of conventional behavior than other women demand.

Men are much more critical than women.

A man will not hesitate to be seen in public with a woman whose name rests under a shadow; but he will be very firm in forbidding his wife or sister or mother to be seen with her.

Women Growing More Liberal-Minded and Less Prone to Gossip

That is not friendship or defense.

A woman has been known to declare her belief in the innocence of one who was the subject of gossip, and at the same time to announce her intention to stand by her.

And she has been prevented by the men of her family. Yet these same men were regarded by the victim of gossip as loyal to her, because they spoke to her in public places, while women held aloof.

Men believe themselves to be more liberal and just in their estimate of women than our sex; but they are not. They deceive themselves.

Women are growing more liberal minded, more just and more sympathetic with each decade. They are growing less prone to gossip.

But men are keeping up the average.

When next you hear a bit of gossip, look up its source. Ten to one you will find it started with a man.

"But the crowning touch was Wilbur Cocoa"

THE luncheon, the children's party, the reception, formal or informal function has an added touch of gentle hospitality when you serve Wilbur Cocoa.

All lovers of cocoa detect its high quality and exquisite flavor instantly.

The Wilbur way of producing cocoa retains all the excellence nature gives it.

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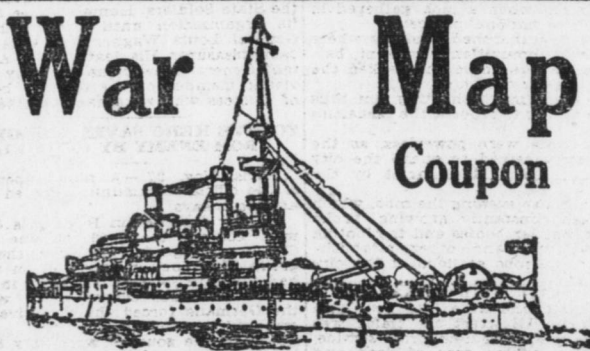
H. O. Wilbur & Sons, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.
Exclusive makers of the only Wilburcuds



Hot Wilbur Cocoa for entertaining

This recipe makes a gallon of very rich Wilbur Cocoa. Reduce or increase as required in proportion.

2 cups Wilbur Cocoa
2 cups sugar
2 cups water
1 teaspoonful salt
Mix the Wilbur Cocoa, sugar and water together, put over fire and boil five minutes; add the salt. Add eight cups hot milk and eight cups boiling water to the Wilbur Cocoa and mix well. Serve a lump of sugar with individual cups.



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often lies in the brassiere. Hundreds of thousands of women wear the Bien-Jolie Brassiere for the reason that they regard it as necessary as a corset. It supports the bust and back and gives the figure the youthful outline fashion decrees.

BIEN-JOLIE are the daintiest, most serviceable garments imaginable. Only the best of materials are used—for instance, "Washin" a flexible non-rustling—permitting laundering without removal.

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BENJAMIN & JONES

80 Warren Street

Newark, N. J.

THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "The Master Key" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company it is not only possible to read "The Master Key" in this paper, but also afterward to see moving pictures of our story.

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As the old man started into the mine, putting one foot after the other with that careless characteristic of men becoming decrepit, a man ran out of the mouth of the mine waving his arms. Almost instantly following him came a puff of gray-blue smoke, which soared upward and spread out as if it were the blossom of a cloud warmed into full bloom by the hot sunlight pouring down into the valley.

Ruth let fall the lunch basket and stared upward at that dark, murky hole in the hill. Was John there? Was her father there? She knew that that bulky cloud blooming into the heavens meant death beneath the ground. Unwittingly she cried "John!" Then she remembered her fatal duty, and her next word, whispered toward that billowing, eddying mass of vapor was "Father!"

Thus do maidens confess to God the secrets of their heart, but let us see how they conceal from men these same sacred mysteries.

Ruth hastened her pace toward the entrance of the mine. The shale gave way under her little feet, but she struggled upward until she reached the trestle. Having lived all her life in a mining camp, there was no terror for her in anything but falling rock. That effusion of smoke floating over the hillside seemed to speak of disaster. She knew the peril of a premature explosion, and she also knew every working of "The Master Key."

And again she wondered whether it was John Dorr or her father or both who were stifling for air within that dark tunnel.

She did not see John Dorr talking to the engineer below her, nor did she see the miner who had just left the mine and was scrambling down the ladder. Her thought was that during this noon hour, when both shifts were off duty, her father had gone in and accidentally set off a blast. What blasting was done in "The Master Key" usually took place during the nooning, but owing to carelessness it was sometimes the case that all the blasts were not set off. She had seen men belched out of that dark hole before furious gusts of gas. And yet why was the ore car inside? That, too, spelled disaster.

She dropped the lunch basket and pulled out the pocket electric light which she always carried. It burned only a tiny hole in the billowing smoke. She rushed blindly in, trusting to her long familiarity with the tunnel to find her father.

Thus it was that father and daughter passed each other in the darkness; Gallon grimly but silently cursing the awkwardness of his men, Ruth trying to choke out the names of the two men she loved. Suddenly she came into the free air. The little beam of her lamp

over Ruth that she was not strong enough to stop its momentum on the long trestle that led to the dump. She was fleeing death by fire and gas and rock only to be buried headlong over the lofty end of the track. A vision rose before her of being flung through the bright California air right at her father's feet. Behind her she heard the sputtering of the last few inches of the fuse. She crouched in the car. Just as it emerged from the tunnel's mouth it was as if a huge hand thrust the car forward. The boom of the explosion deafened her. She stood up now in the wildly speeding car and cried, "John, John!"

CHAPTER IV. The Rescue.

AFTER talking to the engineer, John Dorr had missed Gallon and saw him at the anchorage of the ore cable car up the hill, across the gulch from the trestle.

"John," said Gallon, "I am getting old. Years ago there were two partners of us prospected this country, and we found free milling gold. I say 'we,' John, but there was a little girl—I kept the location of that mine to myself. There was trouble, John. He suspected me." He turned his dimming eyes on the stalwart young man in entreaty. "I guess you know why I tried to keep those plans to myself."

"Who is the man?" demanded the engineer, patting the great iron ore carrier with his hand as a man paces a restless animal.

At that moment there came a faint cry from a miner on the trestle.

"What does he want?" demanded Gallon peevishly.

John Dorr's eyes saw the miners in the camp, wives and all, streaming out and staring upward. They had got the meaning of that cry. He thought to himself, "Where is Ruth?" It came over him that she was bringing lunch on to her father and himself in the mine. He stared up at that dark hole in the hillside and saw an eddy of smoke. Instantly he knew that she must be somewhere within that dark depth.

With all the force of his lungs he bawled down to the engineer, who was staring stupidly upward; swung himself into the bucket, pulled his signal whistle out of his pocket and blew it furiously.

The engineer seemed to listen for a moment, then kicked off his brake and blew his answering whistle. A second later the bucket was swinging down the lofty cable across the gulch.

It was not clear in John's mind how he could rescue Ruth. The quickest way to get to the trestle was by the bucket; then he would have those long, long stretches of ties to traverse, and when he reached that smoke-filled tunnel could he get through? He must. He steadied himself and thought, his eyes fixed on the hole in the hillside.

The bucket was still surging a hundred feet away from his goal when he saw the ore car emerge and in it the slender form of Ruth. No one realized better than he that her strength was not equal to setting those brakes and that she had escaped one death only to meet another.

His trained eye caught sight of one chance. He yelled down to the engineer, "Quick, quick, Tubbs!"

The engineer's blank face upturned toward him seemed that of a man dazed by imminent disaster, but John Dorr's imperious will reached across and down that space. The engineer pulled his throttle wide open, and as he did so John Dorr swung himself over the edge of the bucket and, hanging down by his knees right over the trestle, waited for the oncoming car.

"Ruth!" he cried. "Ruth, come to me!"

(To Be Continued Friday)



Ruth Hastened Toward the Entrance of the Mine.

showed her nothing but an ore car and the tools dropped by the last shift when they had quit for dinner.

"Father!" she cried, peering into the darkness beyond.

"John!"

She stepped into the shadow and called again. Her foot slipped on the rough floor of the tunnel, and as she tried to save herself her lamp fell. A moment later she saw a trickle of fire running along toward the heading. It was a fuse leading to a blast that had not yet been shot. With all light gone except that blue flicker, penned in by the ore car, standing there with set brakes, what hope had she? How long would it be before that little gust of flame reached the powder?

Thomas Gallon was old fashioned in many ways. Instead of using 60 cent dynamite everywhere and detonating it by electricity, he still insisted on using old fashioned powder and tamping it with a fuse, a sign of his obstinacy.

She climbed into the ore car and tried to unseat the brakes. It was her only hope. Then she realized that the cable was still attached. She climbed down by the light of the now flaming fuse and unhooked the heavy shackle. A moment later she was again in the car with her little hands firmly on the lever. With strength born of desperation she managed to release it.

The heavy car slowly creaked away down the dark tunnel. Then it came

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The most wonderful thing in the world is love, and the most wonderful of all is the love of a mother.

And among those aids and comforts for expectant mothers is the well known "Mother's Friend."

In almost every settled community are women who have enjoyed the blessing of this famous remedial and helpful embrocation. Their daughters have grown up to learn of its splendid assistance.

Applied as directed upon those muscles involved it soothes the fine network of nerves with which all the muscles are supplied. Thus a great share of the pains so much dreaded may be avoided and the period of expectancy passed through in ease and comfort.

Anything that adds so much comfort must be counted as a blessing indeed.

In a little book sent by mail much useful information is given to inexperienced mothers. It tells how to use "Mother's Friend" and how to avoid aching breasts. Get a bottle to-day and write for book to Bradfield Regulator Co., 409 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Be sure you get "Mother's Friend."

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One of the Best Developments of the Tunic Idea that can be Made Available in Widely Different Ways.

By MAY MANTON



8382 Three-Piece Skirt with Tunic, 24 to 32 waist.

For the medium size, the skirt will require 3 3/4 yds. of material 27, 2 3/4 yds. 36, 44 or 50 in. wide; the tunic 3 yds. 27, 2 3/4 yds. 36, 44 or 50 in. wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 1 yd. and 20 in.

The pattern 8382 is cut in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Bowman's sell May Manton Patterns.

NO TURKEY RAFFLES

Northumberland, Pa., Nov. 25.—Chief Burgess T. H. Freeburn has decided to enforce the law prohibiting turkey raffles and other gambling devices on Thanksgiving Day. A committee of local ministers and others asked the burgess to take this stand.

"Mother, please write and get these dollies!"

—four delightful, amusing rag dolls for 16 cents in stamps and 4 package tops from

AUNT JEMIMA'S PANCAKE FLOUR

—the different flour that makes better pancakes.

—or 1 doll for 1 package top and 4 cents in stamps.

In the bright red package

See U. S. Pat. Office

Coal For the Turkey Dinner

The day of all days when the range should be on its best behavior—when the fire must burn evenly to brown the turkey just right for the Thanksgiving dinner.

Kelley's range coal will produce a happy result in the kitchen on this and all other days.

All pea, nut, pea and nut or any mixture desired.

Kelley's for a good cooked dinner!

H. M. KELLEY & CO.

1 N. Third Street.
Tenth and State Streets

Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect May 24, 1914.

TRAINS leave Harrisburg—
For Winchester and Martinsburg at 5:03, 7:50 a. m., 3:40 p. m.
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg, and intermediate stations at 5:03, 7:50, 11:53 a. m., 3:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 6:30, 9:30 a. m.

For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:53 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32 and 6:30 p. m.

Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

J. H. TONGE H. A. RIDDLE G. P. A.

Eat all the Turkey you want

You can get a bottle of Pepsimint at the leading drug stores in Harrisburg FREE

Just by cutting out the coupon from our advertisement in this newspaper on Friday next, and presenting it at any one of many Harrisburg drug stores, you get



Not a sample bottle, either, but a regular sized bottle of this greatest of all remedies for dyspepsia and indigestion.

The ordinary so-called "remedy" for indigestion and kindred troubles is disagreeable medicine that you simply hate to take.

But Pepsimint is pleasant—think of it, actually sparkling and pleasant to drink!

It's the mildest but most efficient of drinks—contains nothing to injure but much to give help and comfort to the digestive system.

Pepsimint tones the entire alimentary canal, gives sure relief to Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Headaches arising from the stomach, Heartburn, Fullness after Eating, kindred trouble, etc., etc.

Pepsin, Peppermint, Soda and other simple valuable remedies are its ingredients.

You can drink Pepsimint as often and whenever you like and be benefited!

Pepsimint does not depress the heart.

Watch this newspaper Friday for our advertisement, clip the coupon and get your free bottle of Pepsimint.

The Pepsimint Company Philadelphia and Salisbury, Md.

No. 2 Nut Coal \$6.20

Many of our customers are having very good results with No. 2 Nut Coal.

This is a splendid range coal where the fire box is not too large.

No. 2 Nut Coal is made by mixing together in equal amounts our Lykens Valley Nut Coal and Wilkes-Barre Pea Coal.

If you are having poor satisfaction with your range a change in the kind of coal you are using may be what is needed.

United Ice & Coal Co.

Forster and Cowden Third and Bond
15th and Chestnut Hummel and Mulberry
Also STEELTON, PA.

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JACK WEEKS.

The FASHION BOOK for WINTER

of the CELEBRATED PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS is now on sale.

Every woman ought to have a copy of this Marvelous FASHION BOOK.

It contains Fashions not to be found in any other Style Book.

We Highly Recommend It!

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Now Ready for You at

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