



"SUNKIST" Oranges

Seedless—Tree Ripened

They have that delicious tang or *smack* that makes you want more. Their *juice* is richer than wine. Their *sweetness* has the delicate, zestful flavor which only comes to an orange that ripens slowly on its sunny bough, during warm, golden days. They are the *finest* oranges grown in all the world.

Special Sale All Next Week

Let the babies have all they want of "Sunkist" seedless oranges—the safe and healthful treat for children. The little codgers cry for these sweet, juicy oranges. No seeds or fibre to hurt them.

"Sunkist" fruit is the *cleanest* of all fruits—never touched by bare hands. Every "Sunkist" orange and lemon is picked, wrapped in tissue paper, and packed for shipping by experts who wear clean, white, cotton gloves. "Sunkist" packing houses are clean, airy, sanitary.

"Sunkist" Oranges

Thin-skinned—fibreless—seedless. The finest fruit selected from the orange groves of the wonderful orange land—California. This high-quality fruit is wrapped in "Sunkist" tissue paper wrappers so that you can know when you are getting the finest oranges grown.

Buy "Sunkist" oranges by the box. They keep for weeks *solid* and firm. Have them on hand for breakfast, dessert and "between meals." Cheap by the dozen—cheaper by the box or half-box.

Do You Know How "Sunkist" Lemons Improve Fish and Meats and Salads?

See the plentiful juice that bursts from a fine "Sunkist" lemon! It gives a tempting, piquant flavor to steaks, and roasts, and poultry—it makes a delicious dainty of the plainest salad. When squeezed into drinking water, lemon juice is a wonderful safeguard against impurities and adds a hundredfold to the refreshing taste. Send for our free booklet on uses of lemons and oranges.

"Sunkist" lemons are the finest selected fruit from the groves of California—the world's most famous lemon groves. Thin-skinned—mostly seedless. Picked and packed by gloved hands.

"Sunkist" Oranges and Lemons Furnish Your Table with Handsome Rogers Silverware

Every "Sunkist" orange and lemon is protected by a wrapper of tissue paper.

Cut the trademarks from these wrappers. Send them to us. We offer as premiums, handsome, rich pieces of Rogers A-1 Standard Guaranteed Silverware. 27 different premiums, all "Sunkist" design. Everything to furnish your table luxuriously for a lifetime.

In ordering more than one piece of silverware, send all amounts of 24 cents and over by registered mail, postoffice or express order, or bank draft. Do not send silver or paper money through the mails.

Trademarks from "Red Ball" orange and lemon wrappers count same as "Sunkist."

Tell Your Dealer You Want "Sunkist" Oranges and Lemons in "Sunkist" Wrappers

SEND FOR THIS ORANGE SPOON
For each orange spoon desired, send 12 "Sunkist" or "Red Ball" orange or lemon wrappers and six 2-cent stamps.

Send your name and full address for our complete free premium sheet and "Sunkist" Premium Club Plan. Address all orders for premiums, and all inquiries to

California Fruit Growers Exchange, 139 North Clark Street, Chicago

"Sunkist" Premiums

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------------|
| Orange Spoons | Soup or Cereal Spoons |
| Dessert Spoons | Children's Knives |
| Fruit Knives | Children's Forks |
| Table Knives | Baby Spoons |
| Table Forks | Sugar Shells |
| Table Spoons | Orange or Sherbet Cups |
| Tea Spoons | Pie Servers |
| Oyster Forks | Butter Serving Knives |
| Salad Forks | Indiv. Butter Spreaders |
| Cold Meat Forks | Napkin Rings |
| Coffee Spoons | Salt Shakers |
| Bouillon Spoons | Pepper Shakers |
| Berry Spoons | Gravy or Soup Ladles |
| Ice Cream Forks | |

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

Daysey Mayme and Her Folks

The cold gray dawn of the morning after has nothing in the way of chilliness and gravity of color on the week following Christmas. There is something almost funereal in the manner in which the Christmas tree in the parlor droops; the be-ruffled and be-ribboned gifts from friends still on display bear a look that is almost sinister, and the resemblance between the sound of the toys breaking under every footstep on the floor and the explosions of wrath from Father is terrifying.

The atmosphere is charged with the feeling that they have become the kindling wood which is to burn up both his patience and his money. And every woman knows what that means. Daysey Mayme Appleton was so depressed when she looked over what she had made on the Christmas trade that she regretted she had not become a "spug," one of that noble band of brave women who compose the society for the Prevention of Useless Giving.

She wearily counted ten pearl-handled pens, five manicure sets, seven vanity bags, four corset holders, eleven hatpin receivers, nine fancy work bags, seven napkin rings and so many aprons that if she stayed home every day for thirty years and wore three at a time she never could wear them out.

Suddenly a happy thought struck her. She would become a spug! It

was not too late; she would be a spug next year; not one of those who do not give—that is not in accord with the real Christmas spirit. She would give, but she would give what she had received!

"I have called the society which I am organizing the Society for the Passing on of Useful Gifts, S-P-U-G, and every woman is eligible. There are no dues, and the only requisite to membership is a good memory. It would never do to pass back to Aunt Jane, for instance, the shoe bag she has passed on to me. Such mistakes have an embarrassing effect on kin reunions and cause a slump in the Family Tie."

Then she carefully tied to each gift the card that came with it, bearing Merry Xmas Greetings, Undying Love, Fond Remembrances, Best Wishes, etc.; wrapped each gift in tissue paper and put it away, to be brought forth next year, when there would be a new card attached and it would be sent on its blithesome holiday journey.

If there are any among you who have received more hairpin holders than you have hairs; whose Christmas tree held so many bags it looked as if it had been attacked by the bag-worm; and who got as many bed slippers as if you were a centipede and suffered with cold feet, join the New Order of Spugs, a Society for the Passing on of Useful Gifts!

FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she exclaimed cordially.

But he failed to note this circumstance; he failed to ward against oncoming danger. As a matter of fact he was not thinking of her as an employee of the Jones company, he was considering his own pressing need for money and the delightful possibility that through Pembroke, in one way or another, that need must be relieved. He rose and paced the floor with light and hopeful tread, wholly without apprehension.

"We gave him to understand that we wouldn't sell for less than a million and a half." He said this half proudly. Then, with the accents of a hoper: "We expect him here at eleven o'clock with his answer."

Her face took on a puzzled and disapproving frown. "But you just gave your word to the men that—"

Now he spoke definitely and crisply. No one listening to him could imagine that he did not mean exactly what he said; that he had not carefully considered every meaning of each syllable that he was uttering.

"Oh, don't be afraid," he assured her. "I meant exactly what I said to Higgins."

She sighed with real relief. "I don't mind telling you, Miss Richards, that when I came here yesterday my intention was to sell this business and get it off my hands at any price or sacrifice."

The mere statement of this evidently past and gone intention was a shock to her. He noted, and not without emotion—mind that: Broadway unmistakably was touched—that her face blanched at the thought of that which he had definitely decided not to do.

The young man was beginning to think; he was forming some faint realization of the fact that his own troubles were but somewhat unimportant bubbles in a sea made up of everybody's troubles.

For a moment the fact that she declared that she had known he would be decent and not villainously selfish so completely overwhelmed him (and please do not forget that she, within a minute, had admitted that she thought him capable of basest selfishness) that he could not find words with which to proceed conversationally. All men are that way.

But presently he recovered self-possession and continued: "Now, I don't know anything about business, and I don't know anything about money. I never did a day's work in my life for the simple reason that I never had to."

He looked at her with a shamed smile, the first evidence that he had ever shown of anything but pride in his ability to live idly with enormous and successful effort.

"The only trial of skill into which I have entered since I went from Jonesville to New York has been a general, endless contest with the world at large to see which could stay up the latest. I have generally won—won in a walk."

She was listening intently. All women are intent to breathlessness when

convinced me that the right thing to do is to stick right here and put up a fight for these people, the same as my uncle did."

Her reserve quite vanished; as is the way of women, she took credit for an intuition which her previous manner had not indicated. Where she had been suspicious of a reason for suspicion, she became enthusiastic over reason for enthusiasm.

"I knew you would!" she cried. "I knew—I knew you would!"

She had not known he would; she had feared, had half believed that he would not; but that now made not the slightest difference with her firm belief that she had known he would. Nor had the fact that Broadway, a short minute before, had suspected, with good reason, that she seriously doubted him, any influence whatever on his deep pleasure when he discovered that she did not—did not because she could not, not because she would not.

Men do not think clear to the bottom of these things. They take what women give them, when they give them anything, and are humbly grateful and surprised because they get a smile when they deserve one, rather than a brick when they do not deserve one. Nothing which the world has ever offered to the gaze of the philosopher has been one-half so pitiful as the astonished gratitude of the right-minded male when he finds that the one female for whom he has begun, consciously or without his knowledge, to live his life and do his deeds, does not utterly condemn him when he has done his level best and that best has been worthy. Men are the world's natural "come-ons," women the world's natural vendors of psychological, sentimental and often very raw gold bricks.

So when Josie soulfully declared that she had known he would, Broadway did not let it pass with an unappreciative, "Of course you did," but looked at her with gratitude alight in his pleased face and humbly queried, "Did you?"

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they are hearing any man tell his unworthiness; if there is a hint of a confession of real wickedness in his declaration they will listen with an absorption which approaches a hypnotic trance.

"I've never done anything good, because I've never had anything good to do," Broadway went on, before he reached the next full stop.

She sat absolutely spellbound. Did she feel a vivid hope that he would go into detail of the things which he had done which were not good? Such recitals always pain good women exquisitely, yet they never shun them, never interrupt them—never, by the way, forget them or fail to have them at their tongues' ends afterwards, when, by recalling them, they can abash the man who in a moment of unguarded foolishness has made them. But Broadway told no details of his villainies. This was not brilliance on his part; it was sheer luck.

If she was definitely disappointed her distress was more or less alleviated the next moment, for he burst forth somewhat wildly:

"What I've needed all along was an incentive—something to spur me on—something to inspire me. What I've needed was—"

He could not complete the sentence. It was as if his tongue had found an insurmountable obstruction in the groove of language which it had begun to follow and had to leap out to a side groove. An expression of disgust grew on his face. He hesitated, flushed, then reached his hand into his pocket and drew forth the paper on which he had labored with such assiduity and such a tensely working, cheek manipulating tongue in the small hours that morning.

"What I've needed was"—he once more said, in desperate endeavor to remember what came next, and, finding it impossible to continue with his recitation, looked at her wild eyed, disappointed, self-disgust writ plain upon his face, and dropped his hands in helpless and disorganized fashion to his sides.

"Can you beat that?" he demanded of the fascinated girl. "I knew that thing by heart when I left the hotel." Almost angrily he thrust the paper into her receptive hands.

"It took me hours to write that!" he earnestly declared. "Hours full of mosquito-bites! I got up early, too, and learned the thing by heart. But I might have known that I'd forget it! I never could remember anything."

She took the paper, glanced at it with highly kindled interest and was on the point of reading it when there came an interruption. It was Sammy. There ever is a Sammy ready to step in and spoil big moments in our lives. "Are you—too—busy—for—company?" he asked deliberately and irreverently. The imp, though fat, was quite cognizant of the fact that he had come at the wrong moment, and his heart was filled with joy because he felt so certain of it.

"Who is it, Sammy?"

"Ma—and—Clara."

[To Be Continued.]

Advertising Fills This Church to Full Capacity

Special to The Telegraph
Philadelphia, Jan. 30.—The Rev. Daniel E. Weigle, pastor of Messiah Lutheran Church, who, although he came from a theological seminary less than five years ago, has taken a moderately successful family church and made its services so popular that late-comers find difficulty in obtaining a seat on Sunday night, told the Congregationalist Ministers' Association yesterday how he achieved his success.

"It was simply by introducing up-to-date business methods into church work," said Mr. Weigle. "It was by carrying out God's work in an up-to-date program. Americans wouldn't tolerate cheap stuff in their homes. Why plan off second-hand methods on Jesus Christ?"

Mr. Weigle said he had prominent soloists from the city's leading musical organizations sing in Messiah Church every Sunday evening. He advertises their appearance by means of newspaper publicity, billboards, window posters and an extensive correspondence. The young minister supervises his advertising campaign in his automobile and has a stenographer to attend to his voluminous correspondence.

DID CHILD WAKE UP CROSS OR FEVERISH?

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated give "California Syrup of Figs"

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Counterfeits are being sold here. Don't be fooled.—Advertisement.

CHAS. H. MAUK
THE UNDERTAKER
Sixth and Kalkreuth 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 with care.

Rheumatism IN THE HIPS and Down the Legs—That's Sciatica

Those sharp darting pains that characterize sciatic rheumatism should be treated in the blood. And by using S. S. S. you get entirely rid of it.

S. S. S. has the peculiar action of working through the intestines directly into the blood. In a few minutes its influence is at work in every artery, vein, and tiny capillary. Every membrane, every organ of the body, every emunctory becomes in effect a filter to strain the blood of impurities. The stimulating properties of S. S. S. compel the skin, liver, bowels, kidneys and bladder to all work to the one end of casting out every irritating, every pain-inflicting atom of poison; it discharges by irrigation all accumulations in the joints, causes acid accretions to dissolve, renders them neutral and scatters those peculiar formations in the nerve centers that cause such myrtizing and often baffling rheumatic pains.

And, best of all, this remarkable remedy is welcome to the weakest stomach. If you have dragged yourself until your stomach is nearly paralyzed, you will be astonished to find that S. S. S. gives no sensation but goes right to work. This is because it is a pure vegetable infusion, is taken naturally into your blood just as pure air is inhaled naturally into your lungs.

You can get S. S. S. at any drug store. S. S. S. is a standard remedy, recognized everywhere as the greatest blood antiseptic ever discovered. If yours is a peculiar case and you desire special attention, write to The Swift Specific Co., 810 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

GLASS OF SALTS CLEANS KIDNEYS

If your Backhurts or Bladder bothers you, drink lots of water.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this, also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.—Advertisement.

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
Her manner now became more serious and rather puzzling. It was not as if he had done anything which displeased her, it was not even as if she thought he might; it was only that of the delightful woman who is wondering if, presently, she may not think he might. She was not suspicious, she suspected that she might suspect. He knew it; men always know when women are beginning to wonder if they had not better very soon begin to wonder. It's the only intuition men have. The others are all feminine monopolies.
Presently, while he waited, acutely conscious that some unpleasant element had entered into the situation, but densely ignorant of its character; and while she calmly went about the