

Women and Their Interests

You Get What You Want

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Any one who knows exactly what he desires of life and who goes with reasonable directness straight toward that goal of desire is sure to make a success.

At first consideration, you may be inclined to dispute this fact, but when you consider it carefully you must see the fairness and truth of it. Suppose you honestly desire to be a power in the business world. Suppose you also desire to enjoy life in the way of dancing and drinking and dissipating your energies. You cannot do this and also keep the clear brain in the sound body that you must have to be a power in the world of finance. Now which do you honestly desire, "a good time" or business success? Be honest with yourself, decide once for all and then go unswervingly down the path you have chosen. And you will get what you want.

If Abraham Lincoln had not passionately desired an education and the strength of mind and character that made him a world figure, his endowment of mentality and character would have been wasted. If Julius Caesar had desired to enjoy the decadent pleasure that filled the lives of some Roman nobles he would never have been a great character of history. If all the great explorers and historians and scientists had preferred catering to people and enjoying the

pleasures of the senses, they would not have conquered worlds. We are all torn by conflicting desires. Some of us allow ourselves to be pulled first in one direction and then in another, and by a series of tackings and turnings in our course we keep ourselves from seeing what is our true course.

Of course, if you don't know just what you wish to make of your life, you can hardly hope to have it a strong and consistent thing. If you desire pleasure more than you do the close devotion to your work that all worthwhile work demands, you will choose pleasure. But don't whine about being unlucky and never having had a fair chance. You haven't given your work a fair chance—that's all. You wouldn't expect to solve a problem in algebra while you are memorizing, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," would you? You can't divide your attention if you mean to make a success of any task.

If you want to succeed in the world give your entire attention to keeping yourself efficient and doing your work. A machine does not run very well when one cylinder is not working. Neither does the "human machine." Work to your advantage when it is worn out from dissipating itself on non-essentials to the task at hand.

Make up your mind as to what you desire of life—and then proceed to wrest it from life.

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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"But he's in jail!" Ruth protested tearfully.

"True enough," was the reply. "That is the first thing I must do, get him out. I'll be off now and see the district attorney and bail him out."

"Please hurry!" Ruth pleaded.

"Don't worry," was the cheerful response. A moment later he was gone, promising to bring John back with him.

"What do you think of Mr. Everett?" Ruth demanded of Tom Kane.

The old man lit his pipe and scrutinized the ceiling. "Well," he said judiciously, "considering the looks of them on Wilkerson's side and them on John's side, I should think that this Everett was on the right side."

With this judgment she had to be content. But she insisted that he tell her all about the conditions at the "Master Key" mine. "I know you have not told me all the truth," she said.

"Well," he answered her, "there's not much to tell one way and a heap in another. The mine's practically shut down. You know first you went away, then John and then Wilkerson. Pretty much all was left was me and Bill Tubbs. Bill, he kind of represented Wilkerson, and I stuck up for John.

He insisted that if he had succeeded in getting the papers he should have been on the ground long before. Her companion was worried, but laid the delay to Pell's habits and the necessity possibly of avoiding the police.

But when Drake arrived with the morning papers and said nothing articulate and only pointed to the headlines on the first page both Wilkerson and Mrs. Darnell knew that something had happened again to spoil their plans. It was Wilkerson who snatched up the paper and read the news:

HOTEL THIEF HURLED TO DEATH.

Guests of the Manx Hotel Have Plethora Struggle With Hotel Robber.

Shortly before midnight last night Miss Ruth Gallon, a guest at the Hotel Manx, entered her room to find a masked man looting her desk. Her cry for help frightened the thief, and he made for the fire escape, followed by Mr. John Dorr, another guest, who heard Miss Gallon's call. Mr. Dorr pursued the man to the roof, and in the ensuing struggle the desperado was either flung or fell to the street below. He was instantly killed.

Shortly afterward the body was identified by the police as that of Samuel Price, alias Henry Pell, an ex-convict and drug fiend.



"I don't want to discourage you, Ruthie."

Wilkerson gazed no further. He turned his ghostly face on Mrs. Darnell and said huskily, "He's dead!"

"Well, he won't tell any tales," was the cold response. "The question is, did he get the papers?"

To this question there was no satisfactory answer until Wilkerson read down further and learned that nothing of value had been found on Pell's body.

"So he didn't get the deeds, and Ruth still has them," Mrs. Darnell said bitterly. "That is the way all your plans succeed."

Wilkerson flushed. "There is one comfort," he said in an ugly tone. "Dorr is to be held for killing him."

"For how long?" sneered Jean. "Until his friends get him out. And meanwhile you do nothing!"

She continued in this strain for some time. Drake and Wilkerson moodily listening. They knew that if she once threw this affair up they would be helpless and all their time and work and money would have gone for naught. Wilkerson was thinking quickly. Suddenly he interrupted Jean to ask for pen and ink. She got them, and he sat down at the table to write. Drake and Mrs. Darnell kept up a desultory conversation until he had finished.

There was a queer look in Jean's eyes as she took the sheet he handed her and glanced at the writing. "I see you still can do it," she murmured.

"Read it!" he growled.

Mrs. Darnell read it through silently and then aloud:

Dear Ruth—I hate to ask you to come down and see me in the jail, but I have something very important to tell you. Bring the papers too. JOHN DORR.

"Are you sure he is in jail?" demanded the woman when she had finished.

"And what is the idea of getting the papers into his hands?"

"He'll just turn them over to Everett," muttered Drake.

Wilkerson smiled slyly. "The idea is that Drake here will disguise himself as a chauffeur, take this note to the hotel, see that it reaches Ruth and then drive her supposedly to the jail, but really to where I'll meet him."

They discussed the plan and at last agreed that it was feasible. Drake himself saw nothing dangerous in it so long as Wilkerson was to meet him and take Ruth off his hands. He promptly proceeded to dress himself as a chauffeur and went whistling away to a garage after receiving explicit instructions as to what streets he was to take and where he was to meet Wilkerson.

It was an hour later that Drake drove his rented car up before the hotel and delivered his note. It found Ruth still deep in conversation with Tom Kane and yet anxious for the return to Dorr and Everett. On the presentation of the note which Wilkerson had forged she instantly took alarm.

"John must be in trouble and Mr. Everett can't get him out," she said. "He's written for me to come down to the jail and see him and bring the papers."



"Please hurry!" Ruth pleaded.

The result was that things went to the bad, and the boys they come to me and want to know how long they've got to lay off.

"I suppose ye mean how long before a pay day," I says to 'em. "So far as I know nobody has laid you off."

"They agreed with me, but said they couldn't feed their folks without money, and if they got no money for it why work?"

"They haven't been paid, then?"

"No. And Wilkerson cut off all credit at the store. I guess I got in bad with Tubbs when I divided up a lot of four and spuds that was in the cook shanty among the worst off ones. There was some ugly talk, and before I could kind of settle the boys' minds they treated Bill pretty roughly. So I just told myself that I would come to San Francisco and explain things—how Wilkerson deserted the camp and the mine was closed down and your people were starving."

"Oh," mourned Ruth, aghast at the blunt story. "And I seem to have been unfortunate all around, but I know that John will fix things."

Tom Kane fixed his honest old eyes on the girl and shook his head. "I don't want to discourage you, Ruthie," he said quietly, "but until that man Wilkerson is out of the mine for good you can't do more than patch matters up temporarily."

Meanwhile Wilkerson and Jean Darnell were anxiously awaiting news from Henry Pell. It was getting along in the afternoon and the woman in-

YOU OWE IT TO YOUR MOTHER

Dr. Orison Sweet Marden Gives Us Another Good Thought (From Pictorial Review.)

To lift all the burdens you can from shoulders that have grown stooped in waiting upon and working for you.

To seek her comfort and pleasure in all things before your own.

To take her to some suitable place of amusement, or for a trip to the country, or to the city if your home is in the country, as frequently as possible.

To introduce all your young friends to her and to enlist her sympathies in youthful projects, hopes and plans, so that she may carry youth into old age.

To defer to her opinions and treat them with respect, even if they seem antiquated to you in all the smart up-to-dateness of your college education.

To talk to her about your work, your studies, your friends, your amusements, the books you read, the places you visit, for everything that concerns you is of interest to her.

To treat her with the unvarying courtesy and deference you accord to those who are above you in rank or position.

To bear patiently with all her peculiarities or infirmities of temper or disposition, which may be the result of a life of care and toil.

Not to shock or pain her by making fun of her religious prejudices if they happen to be at variance with yours, or if they seem narrow to your advanced views.

To study her tastes and habits, her likes and dislikes, and cater to them as far as possible in an unobtrusive way.

To remember that she is still a girl at heart so far as delicate little attentions are concerned.

To give her flowers during her lifetime and not to wait to heap them on her casket.

To make her frequent, simple pres-

ents, and to be sure that they are appropriate and tasteful.

To write to her and visit her.

To do your best to keep her youthful in appearance, as well as in spirit, by helping her to take pains with her dress and the little accessories and details of her toilet.

If she is no longer able to take her accustomed part in the household duties, not to let her feel that she is superannuated or has lost any of her importance as the central factor in the family.

Not to forget to show your appreciation of all her years of self-sacrifice.

To give her credit for a large part of your success.

To be generous in keeping her supplied with money, so that she will not have to ask for it, or feel like a mendicant seeking your bounty.

Miss Fairfax Answers Queries

CAN'T KEEP IT A SECRET

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I would like to be married in Harrisburg without anyone knowing it. Can I do that? MARY B.

The laws of the State of Pennsylvania make it necessary to have the marriage license record accessible at all times to the public. Anyone may see it and the license is published in the daily papers. That would prevent a secret marriage in this State. Even in Maryland the licenses are published now. A marriage is something that should always be published as soon as it occurs, to avoid comment.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A have a nice brown suit I've worn a short time and it doesn't show any wear. I would like to know whether it is necessary for me to buy a new suit for my wedding. It's going to be a simple affair with no attendants. Please tell me whether to buy a new suit or will this one do? A MAN.

While the suit is probably all right, if you can afford it I'd buy a new one just to please the girl. Her things are new aren't they? If you feel you really can't afford it, consult her wishes and abide by them. Maybe she'd prefer to have you in new garments at Easter time, if you can't do both.



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Now you can have these famous seedless navel oranges at any first-class grocer's or fruit dealer's store. An abundant supply fresh from the trees has just arrived from California.

Telephone your dealer now—order today.

Free-peeling, seedless, firm and tender—healthful food for every day.

Use Sunkist Lemons

Order Sunkist Lemons, too. Use their juice for salads and in other dishes that usually call for vinegar.

Lemon juice is more healthful—more of it should be used at this season of the year. Note the added delicacy of flavor.

Sunkist Lemons taste best and look best on the table. Serve sliced or quartered with fish, meats or tea.

When buying either fruit insist on Sunkist and save both the orange and lemon wrappers for beautiful silver premiums.

California Fruit Growers Exchange, 139 N. Clark Street, CHICAGO

Mail us this coupon and we will send you our complimentary recipe book, showing scores of ways to use Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. You will also receive our illustrated premium book, which tells you how to trade Sunkist wrappers for beautiful table silver. Just send this coupon.

Name _____ Address _____

Send coupon for Premium List showing this and 45 other Wm. Rogers Silver Premiums

We guarantee this Silver. We refund the trifles you pay to get it if not satisfactory in every way.

WILLIE'S SHADOW

"I'm scared of my own shadow!" cried Willie McVee.

"Oh, why is it constantly following me. It sits when I sit and it walks when I walk.

It wouldn't surprise me to hear the thing talk!"

"Why, Willie, I thought you a sensible lad. A shadow is something that cannot be bad. Come stand by the fireplace; your shadow will sit on the window and up on the wall.

"Whenever you get in the way of the light, You make a nice shadow as dark as

A Blood Purifier

With a Fine Record

Scarcely a Community in All America But What Has Its Living Examples of the Wonderful Power of a Great Remedy.



Many people have marvelled that S. S. S., the famous blood purifier, overcomes a variety of troubles recognized as typical blood disorders. But when we come to realize that all we are, all that constitutes us, everything that goes to make up our completed body is built up out of our blood circulation then we may not be inclined to question that to purify our blood must be the influence that preserves the integrity of our completed body.

We have to deal with three great factors in our daily life. These are the blood that builds us, our nerves which control us, and the germs which disturb us. There is in S. S. S. a product of nature so active, so individual in its characteristics, that from the time it enters the blood until it has served its useful purpose, not even the marvelous powers of the natural chemical secretions of the organs of the body can so change or convert it as to divert its purpose to stimulate the elimination of impurities. This fact has been demonstrated by the disappearance of skin eruptions. It has been conclusively proven by the elimination of catarrhal disturbances; it has been abundantly corroborated by the recovery from painful conditions classed as rheumatism. S. S. S. is absorbed quickly but unlike food it does not undergo such chemical change as to lose its medicinal nature. Nor does it like mineral drugs, create conditions which themselves must be overcome in addition to the disease they are supposed to remedy. S. S. S. is therefore a natural blood purifier, it is a natural builder of healthy flesh since it removes from the blood impurities from which no proper nourishment can be derived and which continually aggravate.

The fact that S. S. S. is absorbed and then eliminated is of great immediate importance as it therefore does not remain in the system to create further trouble as do the mineral drugs.

S. S. S. is sold by all druggists and is one of the most staple preparations to be found. S. S. S. is prepared only by The Swift Specific Co., 88 Swift Bldg., Atlantic City, Pa. Write to their medical adviser for any special information regarding blood troubles.

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THE HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH

CHILD GETS SICK CROSS, FEVERISH IF CONSTIPATED

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach or bowels

A laxative to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."—Advertisement.

To Be Continued

Are You Prejudiced? Read!

Pure food authorities of highest degree testify to the merits of oleomargarine. The following quotations are typical:

"Perfectly pure, wholesome and palatable."—Prof. J. W. L. Arnold, professor of Physiology, University of New York.

"Contains essentially the same ingredients as butter made from cow's milk."—Prof. W. U. Atwater, director U. S. Agricultural Experiment Station.

"It is free from all objections. There are a large number who imagine oleomargarine is made from any old scraps of grease, regardless of age or cleanliness. The reverse is the fact. Good oleo can be had only by employing the very best and freshest of fat."—Dr. A. G. Stockwell in Scientific American.

"Essentially identical with best fresh butter and superior to much of the butter made from cream alone."—Prof. Henry Morton, Stephens Institute of Technology.

"For all ordinary and culinary purposes, the full equivalent of good butter made from cream."—Prof. S. W. Johnson, professor of Agricultural Chemistry, Yale College.

"It is made only from the cleanest materials in the cleanest possible manner. Oleomargarine cannot be made from rancid fat."—Dr. Charles Harrington, Prof. of Hygiene, Harvard Medical School.

Armour's Silverchurn Oleomargarine

comes up to these standards in every respect. It is always pure, palatable, wholesome, delicious, economical—saves you a third on your butter bill. Try it today. Your dealer has it.

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