In Confidence



Readers desiring a personal reply can address Miss Flo, in care of this newspaper

A QUIET HUSBAND HER PROBLEM

Dear Miss Flo:—Will you please tell me why it is that my husband who is considered a brilliant conversationalist by others, is positively mute at home, with just his family? Honestly he is so silent that sometimes I think I'll scream if he doesn't say something. When I try to talk to him he merely grunts by way of answer and settles down deeper in his chair. But let visitors drop in, and hubby immediately becomes the life of the party.

What can L do to make him act like a human being? Ellie

* * *

Your complaint is the complaint of other wives, Ellie, and if I could find a way of making silent husbands talk I should indeed feel that I had contributed something to the cause of Unhappy Wives, and earn their eternal gratitude.

Now, far be it from me to say whose fault it is that your husband doesn't talk at home. One reason may be that he is tired—he has been talking all day and he is talked out. He has had innumerable outlets during the day and feels the need of no more. Selfishly and perhaps not understanding your need, he makes no effort to entertain his wife, because he is concerned only with his comfort and pleasure and is not considering hers. He's tired of babbling voices and doesn't want to hear his own or any one's else. The only thing he wants is silence and plenty of it.

He is indifferent to the fact, or perhaps doesn't realize it, that his wife may have spent a dull monotonous day with no companionship, doing over and over again the dull routine of housework, that while they have occupied her hands they have not occupied her head and she needs to be brightened up and have her thoughts changed by hearing new things.

There are some women, you know, who never by any chance agree with their husbands opinion on anythig. To them any subject is as good for a argument as another. A husband cannot even discuss the dinner with such a wife without getting into a lasting argument.

There are men who would not dare tell their wives that they stayed down town after office hours to sit in in a game of poker, for an evening, or that they had taken an old friend to lunch or that they thought such and such a girl pretty, or that they had enjoyed the conversation of some entertaining women at dinner, or repeat something their flapper stenographer may have said. They know by experience the squalls and storms of jealousy and torrents of tears they bring down upon themselves by the most innocent remarks.

And another man does not talk to his wife because she refuses to listen to what he says, and doesn't hesitate to interrupt a long discussion on how the foreign debt should be handled, by saying "Yoy know, I think I'll get that new hat, after all."

Now, can you really blame the husband for becoming discouraged at that? And if he crawls back into his shell until guests arrive—who are courteous enough to pretend to be interested, whether they are or not, wifey can blame no one but herself.

Perhaps if wives were better listeners, husbands would be more fluent. You look into your own particular case more thoroughly, Ellie, and see if you are putting a damper on your husband's conversation.

the Judge's Josh



MR. AND MRS. SALLIE

(Continued from Page 3)

cuse for their non-conformity to rules by which others are inexorably bound."

"You shouldn't be cynical, Lemoyne, you're too lovely and young," I remonstrated.

"It's not cynicism, m'amie, but rebellion at the injustice of things as they are. Not for myself but for others who have not had the good fortune to attract the attention of the fleet footed numph that the world has labelled renown. But come, I must not start your day with such analytical reflections. I'll leave you now so that you may dress. Your very nice husband is patiently waiting downstairs for you to join him in a personally conducted tour of the Louvre."

"We'll walk over. It's a glorious day. Tell Curtiss please that I'll be right down," I called to her as she stood in the doorway. The door closed.

I felt that I had peeped into the innermost recesses of an extraordinary woman's heart.

(To be continued next week)

Maryland & Delaware Coast Railroad Company Time Table

SCHEDULE OF PASSENGER TRAINS

Effective 12.01 A. M. November 15,1925

EASTBOUND (Read Down)					WESTBOUND (Read Up)		
Sunday Only	Daily except Sunday		STATIONS		Daily except Sunday		Sunday Only
107	109	103			106	110	112
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.			P. M.	P. M.	P.M.
	4.00	7.45	Lv.	Baltimore	Ar. 1.00	9.55	8.45
	7.24	11.24	Ar.	Denton Br. Jct.	Lv. 9.37	6.23	5.30
5.32	7.30	11.30	Lv.	Denton Br. Jct.	Ar. 9.25	6.18	5.20
	f7.33	f11.33	"	Hillsboro	Lv. f9.22	f6.15	f5.17
	f7.39	f11.38	"	Downs	" f9.16	f6.10	f5.12
	f7.44	f11.42	"	Tuckahoe	" f9.11	f6.05	f5.08
5.52	7.53	11.50	"	Denton	" 9.02	5.57	5.00
	8.00		"	Hobbs	" 8.53		4.54
	8.08		"	Hickman	" 8.45		4.46
	f8.16		"	Blanchard	" f8.37		f4.38
f6.22	8.24		"	Greenwood	" 8.29		4.30
	f8.32		"	Owens	" f8.21		f4.23
	f8.37		"	Oakley	" f8.16		f4.18
f6.42	8.45		"	Ellendale	" 8.08		4.10
	8.59		"	Milton	" 7.54		3.57
	f9.09		"	Overbrook	" f7.43		f3.47
7.12	9.17		Ar.	Lewes (M&DCRY)	Lv. 7.35		3.40
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.	P.M.

Trains 103, 109, 106, 110, and 112 will handle passengers in connection with Baltimore and Eastern Railroad, Denton Branch Junction to Baltimore, Md., inclusive.

f—Stops on signal to receive or discharge passengers.

SHORE NEWS

More than 500 men engaged in every phase of the oyster industry met Governor Ritchie and Swepson Earle, Conservation Commissioner, at the State House Wednesday to formulate a program to restore the industry. The conference ended without agreement. The governor, in closing the conference, said that while there was a great diversity of thought he hoped some good would come out of it, and he would consider the suggestion of Isaac H. Tawes of Crisfield to appoint a committee of fifteen to draft suggestions to be considered at a later day.

Football coach (to applicant for place on team)—What experience have you?

Applicant—Well, last summer I was hit by two autos and a truck.

—

True

Many a girl stays single today because she couldn't stay awake while a man talked about himself. D. K.

Classified Advertising

Advertisements under this heading 5 lines, three insertions, 50 cents; each additional line 10 cents. (five words to a line.)

For Sale

For Sale—One-year-old Asparagus Plants, rust resistant, Palmetto Brand. L. S. Newman, Hobbs, Md., near Liden's school house. 2-25-tf

For sale, House and lot in Denton well located and will make a most desirable home. For information apply to Fred R. Owens, Attorney-at-law Denton, Maryland. 9-17-tf

FOR SALE—Some very good black Jersey Giant Cockerels $2.00 each. F M. Carpenter, Hobbs, Md.

Wants

Industrious Man—Wanted to sell Rawleigh's Good Health Products in S. Caroline county. No experience, small capital needed to start. Quick sales, good profits, pleasant work. For full particulars and personal interview with our fieldman, white The W. T. Rawleigh Co., Freeport, Ill., Dept. GN 11. 10-3t

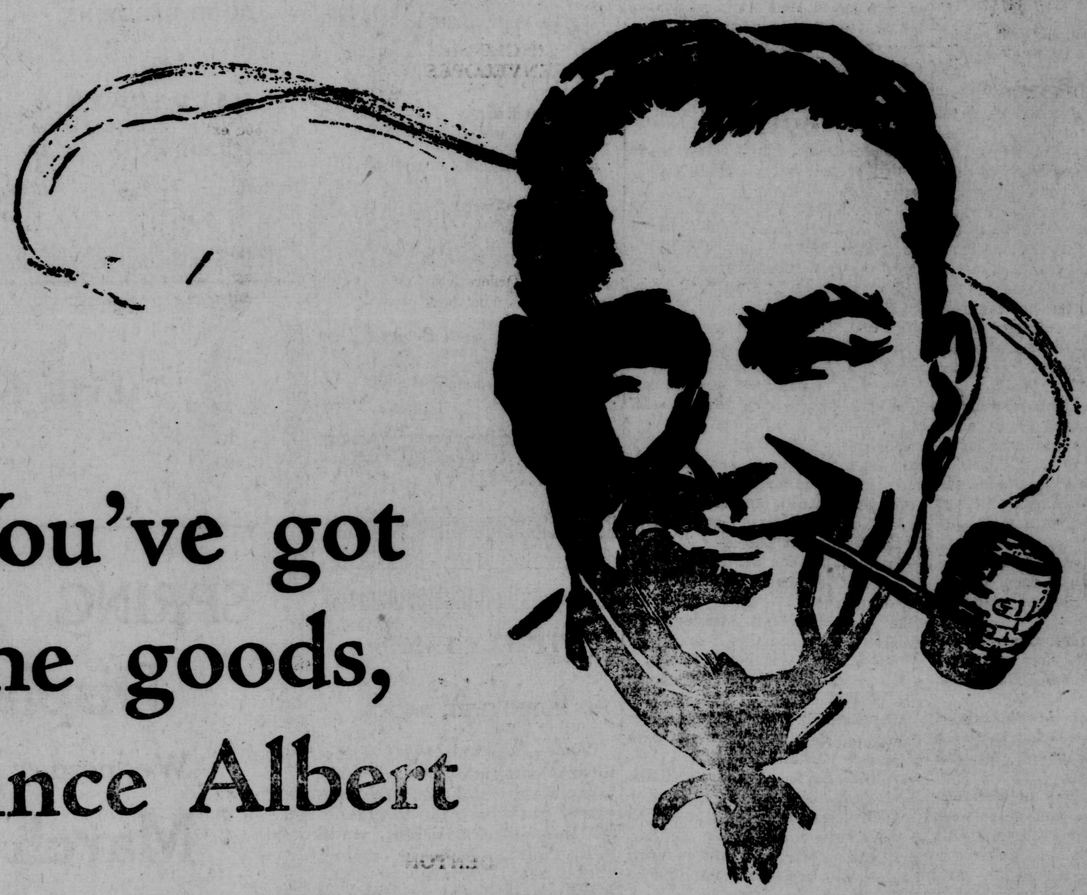
Miscellaneous

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM PROPERTY

As the representative in Caroline county of the Maryland-Virginia Joint Stock Land Bank, of Baltimore City, I am in position to furnish 33 year loans under the Federal Farm Loan System without requiring farmers to subscribe to stock and without bonuses or commissions. If your farm is mortgaged, let us renew it. Remember no commissions and no stock. For further information call on

FRED R. OWENS
Attorney-at-law.
9-17-tf Denton, Md.

MONEY TO LOAN on mortgages. Fred R. Owens, Attorney-at-Law Denton, Md.



You've got the goods, Prince Albert

DON'T I know? Didn't I cross the burning sands in search of pipe-contentment? And then *you* loomed up, like an oasis in the Desert of Doubt. Cool and refreshing, you were, Prince Albert. I'll never forget that first meeting.

Why, you just had everything I wanted in a pipe tobacco. You came zooming up the stem like a breeze through the date palms. You were fragrant as frankincense. You were friendly to my tongue and throat, refusing to mistreat them.

You're still sheik of the smoke-tribe, Prince Albert. I'm FOR you a hundred per cent. You and my trusty jimmy-pipe go with me everywhere, smoothing out the wrinkles in the roadway of life. The tongue you've been so kind to will always speak a good word in return.

Maybe there are some other chaps roaming the hot-pipe desert, at the mercy of the bedouins of bite and the pirates of parch. I hope they are listening in. I'm putting on all the power I've got to tell them what a lot of comfort is waiting for them in the tidy red tins marked "Prince Albert."

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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