

# Clara Bloodgood on Lying

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—"Since I have become acquainted with contractors," says Mrs. Clara Bloodgood, "I am perfectly certain that all men are liars."

Mrs. Bloodgood makes this statement calmly, as anyone could under the circumstances, the circumstances being a half finished house, which is not to be called "The Palace of Truth," situated in East Thirty-ninth street, which, at the moment of the remark quoted, sheltered a half score of carpenters, an equal number of plasterers, the press agent, the artist and interviewer for The Sun and herself.

"Somebody quoted me, or rather misquoted me," continues Mrs. Bloodgood, "as saying that women lied much more than men. I never said that at all. I couldn't for I don't believe it and really I consider myself a more than usually truthful woman, as women go and come. If you could see the letters and hear the telephone protests that I have been the recipient of since that unfortunate speech, you wouldn't wonder that I am glad to set myself right in this matter. My friends resented that remark with a fervor that is, to say the least of it, suspicious."

"When we get into the subject of lying we are getting into a mass of complexities and subtleties that are difficult to manage skilfully. Naturally everybody starts out by saying that lying is a bad thing and a liar an abhorrent person, and you end by reaching the point where you realize that without lies there would be no social or domestic life possible, not to touch the business world too quickly.

"If there is one I hate, positively hate, it is the type of woman described in the play, 'one of these straightforward, narrow minded New England women, who think everything that isn't the truth is a lie.' She is in the same class as the New Jersey woman who when you try to see her takes a broom and commences to sweep until you have to move from your comfortable corner and then expects you to go home and say what a good housekeeper she is."

"Then you really approve of the lie?" is ventured.

"I won't go so far as that," answers Mrs. Bloodgood, "but I think that lies are to be divided into two classes, the decorative and the vicious. A woman knows without reasoning about the matter that to state facts just as they exist would not allure any one to further desire for her company. She is by training and natural accomplishment the conversationalist of the two sexes, for if the average woman did not talk any more than the average man does, there would soon be the end of all social intercourse." I heard of a man the other day, very quiet and unobtrusive in manner and speech, who just loves to hear his chatterbox of a wife run on with such talk about her friends and their happenings. When she gets absolutely run down he rises from his chair and goes out with a very bored look on his face. "Oh, I can't stand any more of this," he always wails until she is through.

"A woman loves to embroider her conversation with little flowers of fancy. When the child comes and tells you of the big bear he has just seen, you think him cunning and so imaginative, but the woman is only the grown up child.

"The man won't trouble to lie just to be entertaining; the burden of that is on the woman. It is a woman who invented the epigram 'Conversation is born, not made.' When a man lies, nine times out of ten he does it to get himself out of a scrape."

"Don't you think," interposes the married press agent, "that a man lies to be polite—to avoid argument?"

"To avoid argument," allows Mrs. Bloodgood, "never to be polite. A woman does. When a friend comes to her and asks if the one gown allowed her for the season is all right, even though she may think it is a rotten, ugly garment, if she says and of a pal she don't say so, but tells her that it is very pretty and becoming. I believe



CLARA BLOODGOOD. DRAWN FROM A PHOTO BY BURR MACINTOSH.

weeks from next Thursday. If you met them face to face on the street you'd have to accept, for you couldn't think of an excuse quick enough. But to say over the phone 'I'd love to come if I can; just hold the wire a minute while I look in my book of engagements.' When the time is up you return and say that you are heartbroken, but you find that date is already taken and then you talk fast and say good-by before the party at the other end has time to ask you to fix another date.

"Then the lie about the hat. I don't suppose there is a woman in New York who hasn't sent back a hat that she has ordered, explaining that her husband don't like it, although she herself simply loves it. When Becky in 'Truth' tells that fib to the messenger there is a telephatic look all over the house from the woman in the gallery to the woman in the stage box.

"There is a fashionable milliner in New York who says that one of her customers has been making that excuse for years. Sometimes she comes into the shop after the return of an especially attractive one and almost cries while she tells that her husband hated her in the \$6 one and thought the \$9 one charming, while she preferred the \$6 one, but what could she do?"

"Just by accident the milliner discovered one day that the woman's husband had been dead for ten years.

"Another one of the ideas I use in the play I got from a woman in London. Mrs. A. said to Mrs. B. that she could not accept the invitations for Sunday, as she was going out of town for the week end. Saturday they met and Mrs. A. explains that her husband was detained and they would not get away until Sunday morning. As chance determined, they ran across each other early Monday morning in some shop.

"You watch crowds of women in places like the Waldorf-Astoria, matinee, shops, you will find that women of the Becky Warder kind have external marks of the inward tergiversations. I saw this in the play. In the beginning everything that Becky wears is a little crooked; her curls are awry, her skirts, her trimmings. As she sits she sprawls. While she is undergoing the process of regeneration she combs her hair so that it suggests a certain uprightness, and her gown has simple, straight lines.

In Becky Warder," says Mr. Fitch, "I did not intend to suggest an unusual type rather a character too prevalent, perhaps. She is a brook of lies running over the stones of fact, and her life runs smoothly enough until the storm comes and the banks are too narrow to contain the overflow."

"It is funny," says Mrs. Bloodgood, "but 'Truth' makes a more popular matinee than an evening performance. Women would rather see it without a man escort. When it was running in the evening women used to turn and say to their husbands or sweethearts: 'I don't see why Clyde Fitch ever found that type of woman; she is so exaggerated.' At the matinee they love every minute of it and you never hear the word 'overdrawn' used. Each woman believes she knows half a dozen woman friends whom the character of Becky Warder exactly portrays."

In the foyer and dressing room this fact is the first time I saw her after the marriage. The first time I saw her after the marriage I wondered how the combination would

be mad that they weren't invited."

"I know a story," says Mrs. Bloodgood suddenly, "it's about a woman in New York whom everybody knows and every one will recognize her, and she'll hate me, but she does anyway; but I'll tell you if you won't ask me to tell another one about my friends. I couldn't do that really, although I know some ripping ones."

"This woman was the type who always says she's been to a function if you weren't there, and if you were she tells you that she was invited and couldn't go. Somebody spoke one day of a dinner party and she said, 'Oh, yes, I was invited there, but I couldn't go.'

"You were invited," said some one, incredulously.

"Yes, I was invited," she said again.

"That's funny," said the other, "for it was a stag dinner."

"Don't think," says Mrs. Bloodgood, "that I believe in chronic lying; not at all. I can't imagine anything more unsettling than to live with a person not one of whose statements you could believe without hunting up proof."

"Of all the lies that the heroine in 'Truth' told there were only two that were thoroughly reprehensible, one where she accuses the other woman of being a liar in order to get herself out of a scrape and the other to her father in regard to her husband that she tells because she is afraid to confess her own misdeeds. They were both malicious lies, but the rest were merely silly falsehoods. I think one of the most touching places in the play is in the scene between father and daughter when he says, 'Becky, you're lying. I know the look in your eyes when you are not telling the truth. You get that look from me!'

"Some lies I think are very noble. I don't think it is a lie for a woman to wear false hair if she looks better for it, even though the Lord didn't provide her with the quantity needed. Yes, there are some people who say that this is a sin.

"Women, I believe, keep their faith in sentimental matters better than men do, while a man will be absolutely upright in business matters and think nothing of telling a dozen lies a day to a woman. Women, on the contrary, not having been brought up with a proper understanding of the importance of commercial integrity, will do all sorts of reprehensible things in business that a man cannot understand or forgive."

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**28 Princess Dressers—**Like cut, in fine quartered oak or mahogany finish, mammoth beveled French plate mirror, full swelled front, carved details..... **13.75**

**42 Chiffoniers—**Solid oak, see cut, large French plate mirror, 5 deep easy-running drawers fitted with locks, elegant finish, sale price represents a great saving. Come early, they won't last long..... **6.95**

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# HARTMAN'S

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such a one will get into heaven just as quickly as the kind who says right out, 'It's the worst looking dress I ever saw.'"

"We have to put up with all sorts and kinds of faults from people we love; why should we object to the lie?"

"I agree perfectly with Mrs. Bloodgood," says Mr. Fitch, putting his foot through a nondescript article against which he is braced. "What is diplomacy, for example, but lying? Where would commercial transactions end if men were absolutely frank with each other? Where would our friendships, love affairs, press agent banquets be? I think we should always say the pleasant truth."

At this juncture Mrs. Bloodgood utters a stage shriek, softened to a salon tone.

"Are you aware, Clyde Fitch, that you have broken my?"

Mr. Fitch looks at the dear remains without a change of feature. "If it had been anything else, Clara Bloodgood, I would have apologized, but I have been wondering ever since I came into your brand new home why you ever moved such an atrocious thing into it when you could have come away and left it. I consider I have done you a favor in breaking it. An umbrella rack?"

"It's a Chippendale washstand," says Mrs. Bloodgood with some asperity, "and when the big bowl gets in and it is filled with orchids, it will be perfectly charming—I mean it would have been."

"It can't be—I mean it couldn't have been," says Mr. Fitch. "But as I was saying, we must use the pleasant falsehood rather than the ugly truth, which only hurts the feelings."

"The telephone has done more to foster the habit of lying than anything else in the world. Since the telephone is used so universally to make and break engagements of all kinds, every woman in New York has acquired a telephone voice. When she goes to the instrument and somebody at the other end of the line asks if Mr. Scoundrel is home, she answers in a falsetto squeak that she don't know, but she will find out, and then she goes away and comes back to say that Mr. Scoundrel isn't home just then, but she can take a message."

"Or perhaps someone calls you up and wants you to take dinner with them two

would have collapsed; not she. She looked up airily. "Did I," she said. "Well, if I did, it proved. Each woman as she goes out has a story at the end of her tongue suggested by the play."

One says: "My dear, she ought never to have married that type, but I suppose it's nature's way of balancing accounts. I must have been lying." Of course we all laughed and she carried the day—that work and that very evening somebody procession looked like an opera bouffe chorus. When she got word that the three out of town girls could not come, she wrote again saying that she was disappointed because she had counted on them not

merely as guests but as bridesmaids. Then they all changed their minds and accepted, explaining that they had misunderstood, so she had nine bridesmaids and had to have just "as many ushers." It wound through the church and around the corner like a broad line or the original sextet of Florida."

It was finally made public. Judge Casey is the only court justice in Massachusetts who wears a tuxedo coat while on the bench.

"While others may not care to appear in a tuxedo, I consider it eminently fitting and proper," said the justice. "I don't know as it makes much difference with the public anyway, what I wear, so long as the dignity of the court is upheld."

**Prattle of the Youngsters**

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me what a freebooter is?

Johnny—I guess it's a man who gives away old boots.

"Kitty, which do you like the better, me or candy?"

"I like you awfully well, Uncle George, but I just love candy!"

Visitor—So you went to the opera last week. What did you see?

Little Edna—Oh, I saw a lot of women in bathing suits, but there wasn't any water.

**Engaged for Good.**

The permanent engagement is announced of Miss Louise Elmale Hoskins of Philadelphia and Patricious H. Casey of Lee, Mass.

The accent on "permanent" in the above notice caused a good deal of gossip up in the Berkshires, where Judge Casey lives. The Judge is 63 and his friends wondered if he was starting in to discourage trial engagements.

But he said to a Boston Herald reporter that the "permanent" was accepted purely from the depth of his conviction that his first wife was really finally dead. At least, so his explanation sounds. He said: "Miss Hoskins and I had an understanding before she left the Berkshires for Philadelphia last October. In December I took a vacation and went to Philadelphia for a few days. We talked matters over and we decided not to announce it until about the 15th. My first wife died January 19 of 1906, and I wanted a full year to elapse before the engagement came out. That is why I put in the word 'permanent' when that far along yet."

## BABY'S VOICE

Is the joy of the household, for without it no happiness can be complete. How sweet the picture of mother and babe, angels smile at and commend the thoughts and aspirations of the mother bending over the cradle. The ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass, however, is so full of danger and suffering that she looks forward to the hour when she shall feel the exquisite thrill of motherhood with indescribable dread and fear. Every woman should know that the danger, pain and horror of child-birth can be entirely avoided by the use of Mother's Friend, a scientific liniment for external use only, which toughens and renders pliable all the parts, and assists nature in its sublime work. By its aid thousands of women have passed this great crisis in perfect safety and without pain. Sold at \$1.00 per bottle by druggists. Our book of priceless value to all women sent free. Address BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

# MOTHER'S FRIEND

To a few men has come this romantic experience—eloping with twin sisters. And that is just what Merie Alken of Birmingham, N. Y., did. Very fortunately for him, he discovered his mistake in time. Very wisely, too, he fled to New York to escape the wrath of the two indignant beauties to whom he had been paying court, utterly careless of which one finally accepted his hand.

To this day young Mr. Alken couldn't tell whether it was Mima or Minna Naylor with whom he was so madly in love. The girls were 18 and twins, alike as two peas in a pod, equally pretty and chic, and altogether attractive.

Of course, the sisters were immensely fond of each other, as twine usually are. But that was before young Mr. Alken came to Birmingham. He was from Massachusetts and he seemed to have a bit more polish than the Birmingham boys.

And when he met the pretty Naylor twins he was smitten immediately. Their invitation to call was accepted promptly. And then the trouble began.

At first the attentions of the young man were the family joke. He was so impartial with his bunches of violets and his boxes of bonbons that nobody guessed he was really in love. For how could any well balanced young man be in love with two pretty girls at one and the same time? But it was no longer a joke when Minna spoke out very plainly about Mima right at the table.

Now comes the strangest part of all. Young Alken was really in love and proposed to Minna to elope. She agreed. Then he met Mima, and speaking about their plans without thinking it was the other sister, gave the whole thing away.

And Mima, determined to win the good-looking fellow anyway, made up her mind to do the eloping, instead of revenging herself upon Minna by telling her parents.

Minna and her bridegroom had planned to go to Albany, get married there and hurry on to New York for their honeymoon. Mima changed this and sent word to their common fiancé to meet her on a train between Troy and Albany.

Each of the twins thought she had captured the quarry. Both boarded the same train for Albany. Neither saw the other.

At Troy young Mr. Alken came on board to seek out his bride-to-be. Each sister saw him and awaited with thrills of expectancy and hope—to say nothing of a tiny little bit of triumph.

The would-be-bridegroom found Minna first. There they sat in the car holding hands and fretting that the train wasn't