

WOMEN'S INTERESTS
A HUSBAND IS BUT HUMAN

By DOROTHY DIX
Generally speaking a woman is guided by one of two considerations in selecting a husband.

She either thinks he is a little tin god, before whom she can spend the balance of her life on her knees burning incense, or else she looks forward to turning matrimony into a reformatory, in which she will experience the supreme joy of making over her husband according to her own taste.

Neither of these expectations is often realized. Hence the frequency of the domestic dissolution.

Women's imagination has caused half of the trouble of the world, and nowhere does it get in its deadly work as completely and fatally as when it induces lovelick girls to glorify ordinary, commonplace men into demi-gods, and marry them on that platform.

The Wife Often Deludes Herself Into Thinking Her Husband is a Demigod.

This is what leads women to expect too much of men, and most of the disappointments of married life result from it.

The wife has clothed the husband in the garments that her fancy has woven and crowned him with a halo.

She has figured him out as a grand, noble being, who will move through existence in a sort of spiritual haze, and when she finds out that he is an everyday man in tweed clothes and a derby hat, who is finicky about what he eats and can swear a blue streak when his collar button rolls under the bureau, she means out that she is the most unhappy of her sex—that her heart is broken and her ideals shattered, because she has discovered that her idol has feet of clay.

All of which is tommyrot, for the poor man not only has feet of clay, but was constructed of dirt all the time.

Furthermore, he never pretended to be anything else. His name was always Mud, and it was the woman herself who rechristened him out of the depths of her romantic vocabulary.

Marrying a Man to Reform Him is a Low-Down Trick Upon the Man.

A long step will be taken toward promoting domestic felicity when women stop marrying men under the impression that they are plaster saints, or Booth Tarkington heroes, and pick out a husband because, while he may average up pretty small in a collection of tin gods, he is the man who will make his wife a good living, and be willing to do his turn of a night when the baby has the colic.

When a woman does marry a man, though, she is in honor bound to accept him as he is. The meanest and the sneakiest thing a woman ever does is to wed only him with the determination of reforming him.

This is taking an unfair advantage of the poor, ignorant, unfortunate fellow who is being taken up by your mind to be satisfied with it.

nies away from a child; for well every mother's daughter of us knows that never, never, never would we find a man who would accompany us to the altar if he had even the remotest suspicion that we were inwardly resolved to interfere with every taste and habit and amusement he had enjoyed for twenty-five, or thirty, or forty, or fifty years before he met us.

Suppose, in the days of courtship, Angelina should casually remark to Edwin that as soon as they are married she will break her cherished meerschmump pipe and put a stop to his smoking. Suppose, in the antenuptial days, Adam should tell Jack that after they are married there will be no more highballs for him.

Suppose Mary, before the ceremony, should reveal to Tom that she will expect him to turn over to her his pay envelope every Saturday night, and that in their household she will be IT so completely that he won't even dare peace in his own way on a night.

What would happen?

It doesn't take a prophet to tell. The wedding would be called suddenly and violently off, whereas women subtly conceal their purposes.

They make a man believe they think him perfect until they get him, and then they go to work and cut him over and over according to their taste—which is mighty unpleasant and surprising to the man.

Wives, Don't Insist On Taking Your Husband Apart and Rearranging His Habits.

Here again you find a potent source of discord in families, and it is altogether the woman's fault.

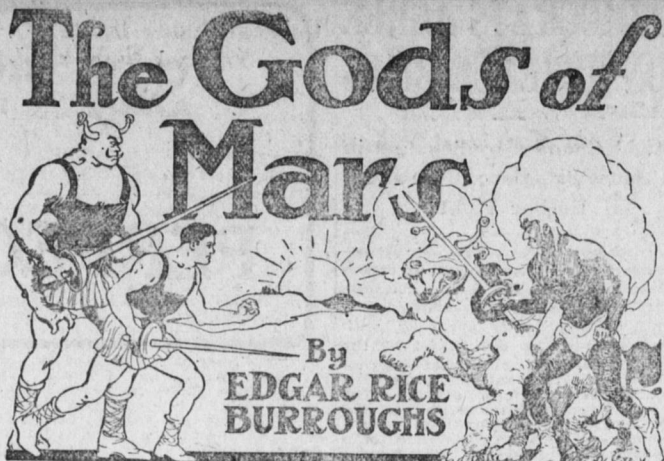
No woman has a right to marry a man unless she is going to take him as he is.

When a man lives to the marriageable age without hitting upon the scheme of life that he finds most agreeable, and ascertaining the kind of clothes in which he is most comfortable, and the things to eat that agree with him.

It is simply criminal for a wife to interfere with these, yet the majority of women are no sooner married than they set to work to reconstruct his whole plan of life, from his politics and religion to the way he cuts his hair and the kind of collar he wears.

The wife who is the woman who takes her husband as he is and who does not vex either herself or him by trying to idealize him into something better than he is, is the one who over something he can never be.

A great deal of comfort and happiness can be gotten out of a very mediocre article if you make up your mind to be satisfied with it.



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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(Continued.)

SYNOPSIS

John Carter, who has been translated to Mars, returns to earth and leaves the story of his adventures with his nephew, then goes again to Mars.

Carter aids a Martian warrior fighting a horde of plant men. He discovers in the warrior an old friend, Tars Tarkas.

Carter and Tarkas escape their enemies by entering a hollow tree and making their way to a cliff cave above.

They explore the cave, and through a secret door enter a mysterious chamber. Unseen voices threaten them.

The tree was hollow to an extent of about fifty feet in diameter, and from its flat, hard floor I judged that it had often been used to house others. As I raised my eyes toward its roof to note the height I saw far above me a faint glow of light.

There was an opening above. If we could but reach it we might still hope to make the shelter of the cliff caves. My eyes had now become quite used to the subdued light of the interior, and as I pursued my investigation I presently came upon a rough ladder at the far side of the tree.

Quickly I mounted it to find that it connected at the top with the lower end of a series of horizontal wooden bars that spanned the now narrower and shaftlike interior of the tree's stem. These bars were set one above another, about three feet apart, and formed a perfect ladder as far above me as I could see.

Dropping to the floor once more, I detailed my discovery to Tars Tarkas, who suggested that I explore aloft as far as I could go in safety, while he guarded the entrance against a possible attack.

As I hastened above to explore the strange shaft I found that the ladder of horizontal bars reached always far above me as my eyes could reach, and as I ascended the light from above grew brighter and brighter.

For fully 500 feet I continued to climb until at length I reached the opening in the stem which admitted the light. It was of about the same diameter as the entrance at the foot of the tree and opened directly upon a large, flat limb, the well worn surface

of which testified to its long continued use as an avenue for some creature to and from this remarkable shaft.

I ventured out upon the limb, then beat a hasty retreat for fear that I might be discovered by our enemies below and hurried to retrace my steps to Tars Tarkas.

I soon reached him, and presently we were both ascending the long ladder toward the opening above.

Tars Tarkas went in advance, and as I reached the first of the horizontal bars I drew the ladder up after me, and, handing it to him, he carried it a hundred feet farther aloft, where he wedged it safely between one of the bars and the side of the shaft.

In like manner I dislodged the lower bars as I passed them, so that we soon had the interior of the tree denuded of all possible means of ascent for a distance of a hundred feet from the base, thus precluding possible pursuit and attack from the rear.

CHAPTER IV.

The Chamber of Mystery.

WHEN we reached the opening at the top Tars Tarkas drew to one side that I might pass out and investigate, as, owing to my lesser weight and greater agility, I was better fitted for the perilous threading of this dizzy, hanging pathway.

The limb upon which I found myself ascended at a slight angle toward the cliff, and as I followed it I found that it terminated a few feet above a narrow ledge which protruded from the cliff's face at the entrance to a narrow cave.

As I approached the slightly more slender extremity of the branch it bent beneath my weight until, as I balanced perilously upon its outer tip, it swayed gently on a level with the ledge at a distance of a couple of feet.

Five hundred feet below me lay the vivid scarlet carpet of the valley. Nearly 5,000 feet above towered the mighty, gleaming face of the gorgeous cliff.

PLACE OF EGGS IN DIET IMPORTANT
Furnish Valuable Elements Not Present in Other Nitrogenous Foods

Washington, D. C., Feb. 12.—Because of the peculiar food value of eggs, their relative freedom from waste, and the ease with which they may be prepared, their use as meat substitutes at least is often desirable even when a consideration of their price alone would not so indicate.

Edwin C. Moore, nutritionist, professional paper of the Office of Home Economics of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Department Bulletin 471, has pointed out, among other things, that while this is true of eggs served as one of the principal dishes of a meal, it often is not true of eggs used in cakes, puddings and other desserts made with eggs.

In the latter use of eggs that the housewife who wishes to economize can try especially to curtail consumption. A fact which makes this practice easier is that with the present availability of baking powders, corn starch, gelatin, etc., the use of eggs in many light cakes, puddings, etc., is no longer essential as it was in the past.

Food Elements in Eggs
The principal food element furnished by eggs is protein, the nitrogenous tissue-building element whose presence in considerable proportions also gives meats, fish, milk, cheese, and meat special food value. Eggs can, therefore, be substituted in the diet for the latter foods without materially altering the proportion of protein consumed.

In addition to protein eggs also furnish fat and a number of valuable mineral elements, including sulphur, phosphorus, iron, calcium and magnesium, in an easily assimilable form, and are believed also to be rich in certain essential vitalizing elements called vitamins.

Like milk and unlike meats, eggs do not contain substances convertible into body-building material. Their shells constitute life only waste materials. Ninety-seven per cent. of the portion eaten—a high proportion compared to other foods—is digested. No extended cooking is necessary for eggs and there is, therefore, a saving of time, labor and fuel in their preparation when they are compared with other food products.

Wholesomeness of Eggs
Though wholesome when fresh and clean, eggs may be decidedly unwholesome when old or dirty. The housewife should be careful when buying, therefore, to choose eggs which are as clean and fresh as possible. Similarly, the producer of eggs should keep his flocks clean and should collect eggs frequently.

It is also well to insure the production of eggs with good keeping qualities by producing only fertile eggs after the hatching season.

How to Select Eggs
In addition to cleanliness and freshness, the housewife when purchasing eggs should consider size and freedom from cracks. Eggs vary so in size that a dozen large and a dozen small eggs purchased at the same price per dozen may differ as much as 25 per cent. in value.

The food elements furnished, perhaps the fairest way to buy or sell eggs is by weight. Because of the wide variation in the size of eggs, it is also coming to be recognized that more accurate results in receipts can be obtained by weighing or measuring the eggs out of their shells. Cracked eggs are undesirable because the breaking of the shell makes possible the entrance of bacteria and filth.

Cold Storage Eggs
Because fewer eggs are produced in the most populous regions of the country than are consumed there, and because the seasons have a marked effect on the number of eggs laid, city housewives must use cold storage eggs during some periods of the year if they are to supply their tables at all with this food. The fact that eggs have been laid in cold storage does not necessarily mean that they are of low quality.

Home Preserved Eggs
Housewives will often find it advantageous to preserve their own eggs in the home, purchasing them when the supply is abundant and packing them in a solution of water-glass or lime water, or covering them with paraffin or varnish. Such eggs can be kept in good condition for a number of months. For current use fresh eggs usually can be kept satisfactorily for two or three weeks without such treatment, in a refrigerator or dry, cool place. Infertile, such eggs may be kept still longer.

Climbs Out on Shattered Wing of Airplane to Steady It in Drop to Earth

With the British Armies in France, Feb. 9, via London, Feb. 12 (from a Staff Correspondent of the Associated Press)—One of the most thrilling flying episodes of the war was recorded to-day when the British observer in a two-seated machine which had been damaged by German shell fire climbed out on one of the wings and steadied the airplane while the pilot brought it safely to earth.

Two young aviators were leading an offensive patrol when an anti-aircraft high explosive burst just behind the right lower wing of the airplane. The machine was completely riddled. Three of the stay booms were cut one by one and the propeller was blown away and all the controls, except the elevator, were put out of action. The machine was further smashed by the broken propeller blade and became uncontrollable.

Realizing the situation the observer did not hesitate but climbed out three-quarters of the way on the right wing tip in order to balance the machine. The aircraft continued to fall in spirals until it was about 2,000 feet above the earth. Here the observer succeeded in balancing it, and the machine glided down steadily. When about 200 feet from the earth a slight movement by the man on the wing caused the machine to spin again, but the pilot was able to control it when just ten feet above the ground and the aircraft landed with neither man injured.

Seek Submarine Base For Entrance to Canal

Washington, D. C., Feb. 12.—Immediate creation of a submarine base at Coco Solo Point, at the Atlantic entrance to the Panama canal, was recommended to Congress yesterday by Secretary Baker, who asked for \$1,573,000 for the purpose.

The project has been urged by a joint army and navy board, which reported that a submarine base is an essential element of defense of the Canal Zone.

Secretary Baker's communication was made to the appropriations committee, which already is considering various emergency measures proposed by the administration.



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Continued From The Star-Independent of Saturday

The Gold Fever of '49 is now a chapter—and a very thrilling one, too—in our national history. Mr. White has made that feverish time live forever in this story. He has recreated the east and we go with bated breath through the scenes he pictures with so much vividness. "Gold" has special interest at this time because part of the story is laid in Panama, the route taken by the gold seekers. If your heart has ever beaten a little faster at the thought of those adventurous days, you will follow the fortunes of this little party of four with delight.

(Continued.)

Talbot Ward's challenge to Frank Munroe to a personal encounter to determine whether Munroe is fit to make a trip to California in search of gold is accepted on Ward and wins the bout.

They choose the Panama route. Ward, it develops, is an old campaigner. On board ship they meet Johnny Fairfax and Yank Rogers. The four become partners.

Arriving at Chagres, Talbot Ward's knowledge of Spanish and his firm treatment of this native boatman help wonderfully. The party enters a tropical forest.

They reach Gatun, and, after passing through several villages where Ward always diplomatically handles the natives, they arrive in Panama. Ward forces steamship agent to refund passage money because ship isn't available.

Yank has provided accommodations for all on board a sailing ship. They arrive in San Francisco.

"But we can't stand \$6 a night for those things," expostulated Johnny. "Let's try over at the other place."

"Try ahead, boys," said the proprietor quite good naturedly. "You'll find her the same over there and everywhere else." Hearse. "Best leave your plunder here until you find out. Come down and have a drink?"

CHAPTER VIII. Start to Make Money.

Ward found the City hotel offered exactly the same conditions as did the Parker House, except that the proprietor was curt and had no time for us at all.

From that point, still dissatisfied, we extended our investigations beyond the Plaza. We found ourselves ankle deep in snaildells on which grew coarse grass and a sort of sage. Crazy, ramshackle huts made of all sorts of material were perched in all sorts of places. Hundreds of tents had been pitched, beneath which and in front of which an extremely simple housekeeping was going on.

Hunt as we might we could find no place that looked as though it would take lodgers. Most of even the better looking houses were simply tiny skeletons covered with paper, cloth or paint. By painstaking persistence we kept at it until we had inquired of every building of any pretensions. Then, somewhat discouraged, we picked our way back to the shore after our heavier goods.

The proprietor of the Parker House greeted us with unabated good nature. "I know how you boys feel," said he. "There's lots in your fix. You'd better stick here tonight and then get organized to camp out if you're going to be here long. I suppose, though, you're going to the mines. Well, it'll take you several days to make your plans and get ready. When you get back from the mines you won't have to think about these things."

"There's plenty of gold?" ventured Johnny.

"Bushels."

"I should think you'd be up there."

"I don't want any better gold mine than the old Parker House," said he comfortably.

We paid him \$24.

By now it was late in the afternoon. The wind had dropped, but over the hills to seaward rolled a soft beautiful bank of fog. The sun was blotted out behind it, and a chill fell. The crowds about the Plaza thinned.

We economized our best at supper, but had to pay some \$8 for the four of us. The bill was a ha carte and contained such items as grizzly steak, antelope, elk and wild duck and goose. Grizzly steak, I remember, cost a dollar and a quarter. By the time we had finished it had grown dark. The lamps were alight, and the crowds were beginning to gather. All the buildings and the big tent next door were a blaze of illumination. The sounds of music and singing came from every side. A holiday spirit was in the air.

Johnny and I were crazy to be up and doing, but Talbot sternly repressed us, and Yank agreed with his decision by an unusually emphatic nod.

"It is all a lot of fun, I'll admit," said he, "but this is business, and we've got to face it. Sit down here on the edge of this veranda, and let's talk things over. How much money have you got, Yank?"

"Two hundred and twenty dollars," replied Yank promptly.

"You're partners with me, Frank, so I know our assets," said Talbot with tact. "Johnny?"

"Hanged if I know," replied that youth. "I've got quite a lot. I keep it in my pack."

"Well, go find out," advised Talbot. Johnny was gone for some time. We smoked and listened to the rather blantly mingled strains of music and watched the figures of men hurrying by in the spangled darkness.

Johnny returned very much excited. "I've been robbed!" he cried.

"Robbed? Is your money all gone?"

"No; there's a little left, but—"

Talbot laughed quietly.

"Sit down, Johnny, and cool off," he advised. "If anybody had robbed you

they'd have taken the whole kit and larder. Did you come out ahead on those monte games?"

Johnny blushed and laughed a little. "I see what you're at, but you're away off there. I just played for small stakes."

"And lost a lot of them. I sort of look out your game. But that's all right. How much did the 'robbers' leave you?"

"Twelve dollars besides what I have in my clothes, \$21 in all," said Johnny.

"Well, that's pretty good. You beat Frank and me to death. There's our total assets," said Talbot and laid a ten dollar gold piece and a dime on his knee.

"We'll call that dime a curiosity," said he, "for I notice a quarter is the smallest coin they use out here. Now you see that we've got to talk business. Frank and I haven't got enough to live on for one more day."

"There's enough among us"—began Yank.

"You mean you already have your share of the partnership finances," corrected Talbot quickly. "If we're going to be partners, and that's desired and understood, I suppose—we all nodded emphatic agreement—"we must all put in the same amount. I move that said amount be \$220 apiece. Yank, you can loaf tomorrow. You've got your share all made up. You can put in the day finding out all about getting to the mines and how much it costs and what we will need."

"All right; I'll do it," said Yank.

"As for the rest of us," said Talbot, "we've got to rustle up \$220 each before tomorrow evening!"

"How? I asked blankly.

"How should I know? Out there"—he waved his hand abroad at the flickering lights—"there is the Golden City, challenging every man as he enters her gates. She offers opportunity and fortune. All a man has to do is go and take them! Accept the challenge!"

"The only way I could take them would be to hit them off some other fellow at the point of a gun," said Johnny gloomily.

We talked the situation over thoroughly and then turned in, having lost our chance to see the sights. Beneath us and in the tent next door went on a tremendous row of talking, laughing and singing that for a little while prevented me from falling asleep. But the last month had done wonders for me in that way, and shortly I dropped off.

Hours later I awakened, shivering with cold, to find the moonlight pouring into the room and the bunks all occupied. My blanket had disappeared, which accounted for my dreams of icebergs. At first I felt inclined to raise a row, then thought better of it and by careful manipulation abstracted two good blankets from the most unprotected of my neighbors and soon slept soundly.

We went downstairs and out into the sweetest of mornings. The sun was bright, the sky clear and blue. The wind had not yet risen; balmy warmth showered down through every particle of the air. I had felt some May days like this back on our old farm. Somehow they were associated in my mind with Sunday morning and the drawing, lazy chattering of hens. Only here there were no hens, and if it was Sunday morning—which it might have been—nobody knew it.

We ate a frugal breakfast and separated on the agreed business of the day. Yank started for the water front to make inquiries as to ways of getting to the mines. Talbot set off at a businesslike pace for the hotel as though he knew fully what he was about, Johnny wandered rather aimlessly to the east, and I as aimlessly to the west.

It took me just one hour to discover that I could get all of my kind of work that any dozen men could do and at wages so high that at first I had to ask over and over again to make sure I had heard aright. Only none of them would bring me in \$220 by evening. The further I looked into that proposition the more absurd, of course, I saw it to be. I could earn from \$20 to \$50 by plain day labor at some jobs, or I could get fabulous salaries by the month or year, but that was different. After determining this to my satisfaction I came to the sensible conclusion that I would make what I could.

The first thing that caught my eye after I had come to this decision was a wagon drawn by four mules coming down the street at a slow walk. The sight did not impress me particularly, but every storekeeper came out from his shop and every passerby stopped to look with respect as the outfit wallowed along. It was driven by a very large, grave, blond man with a twinkling in his eye.

"That's John A. McGlynn," said a man next my elbow.

"Who's he?" I asked.

"The man looked at me in astonishment.

(To Be Continued.)

Fashions of To Day - By May Manton



HERE is an eminently girl-like frock perfectly adapted to the small women of girl-like figures as well as to the girls themselves. You can make it of a light weight wool material or you can make it of silk and you can trim it with a contrasting material, as it is here, or you can braid or embroider the trimming portions. Soutache braid applied over a stamped design is being much used and would make a handsome trimming for this frock while it comes easily within the reach of any woman who can sew, or, if you like you can make the body portion of the dress of charmeuse or of some such material and the skirt of a thinner one, or, you could use a serge body portion with a charmeuse skirt to be pretty, using the charmeuse again for the trimming.

For the 16 year size will be needed, 4 3/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 4 1/4 yards 44 with 3/8 yard 36 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern No. 9327 is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of fifteen cents.

Everyone Needs a Tonic to Withstand the Rigors of Winter

A Few Bottles of S. S. S. Will Thoroughly Tone Up the Entire System. Keeping well and in thorough physical trim is simply a matter of resisting disease to which the system is subject every day. You can readily see, therefore, the importance of keeping the system in proper condition, strong and vigorous, and free from all manner of impurities. Pure blood is the first essential to perfect health, for the blood is the source of all vitality. Keep your blood absolutely free from all impurities, and your health is assured.

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