WOMEN'S INTERESTS

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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It seemed as though this question of Helen's taking a position was never to be answered. It was strange too, the different ideas on the subject, or at least the widely diversified opinions, for Helen had confided in only two women, her two best friends.

The morning after the argument, Louise had run in, and Helen was too full of it to keep anything to herself, so she proceeded to unload her troubles on Louise.

Louise was frankly interested.

"Just imagine it, Helen," she said interestedly, "only I just can't think of you as a business woman."

"Why not?" queried Helen.

"I don't know, you don't look like the kind of a woman that one could imagine outside of a home."

"Why, Louise, do I look so different from the women who earn their own living?"

"Different, I should say you do. You look as different from Frances Knowles as you can look."

"But you believe in independence for a woman, don't you?"

"Yes," admitted Louise, slowly, "but there is no real reason why you should be independent, Helen, and it seems to be rather impertinent of Ned to ask you to come down and take a position with his firm."

"But, Louise," protested Helen, "I am sure that Ned did not mean it in that way."

"Perhaps not, but just the same I don't like it. I'm afraid you'll be disappointed in my opinion, dear, but I'm afraid I'm with Warren on this subject."

"I am disappointed," admitted Helen after a pause. "Not that I want to take the position especially, and not that I would take any position no matter how much I wanted to, but I don't like you to side with Warren, when I always thought you were so beautifully modern."

"You thought I was modern until you began to know still more modern people," laughed Louise. "I suppose in comparison with them I must seem old-fashioned."

Helen remained silent. She was disappointed in Louise for a moment, and yet when she stopped to consider, she knew that Louise could really think no differently. Helen did not realize even yet that she was defending Ned as hard as she could, and had not stopped to look at the matter from Warren's angle at all.

"You know how anxious I have been to do something, Louise," Helen said finally. "I have told you about it so often."

"Yes, I do know, and I should love to do something myself, but I do think Helen, that to take an office position now would humiliate Warren terribly. Have you stopped to consider that after all he hasn't had any time to adjust himself to this new idea of yours? And you said yourself that you had a feeling that Ned was not quite on the square and had perhaps made up the story of his fiancee. That would make all the difference in the world, because Ned is awfully in love with you."

"He isn't any more if he is really engaged."

"No, but if he isn't engaged. Have you thought what that might mean? It would mean that he was trying to inveigle you into an office down town where he could see you every day. Do you think that would be quite fair to Warren?"

Helen considered for a few minutes. "No," she admitted finally, "of course, it wouldn't be right. But after all I have no reason to think that Ned isn't sincere. The funny part of it all is that if Warren hadn't been so bitterly opposed, if, in fact, he hadn't ridiculed the idea of my becoming a business woman, I should never have thought of the thing a second time. When Ned first proposed it I laughed at him and I absolutely forbade his telling Warren."

"Well, if I were you, and really wanted something to do, I'd try to get interested in something you can do at home. At least get Warren accustomed to it gradually. Any way, don't bother with this scheme of Ned's. I don't think it would come out right at all."

Helen had no real notion of accepting Ned's position. She would not have dreamed of defying Warren, for one thing, and for another, she was contented enough as she was. But Louise's remark that she did not look like an independent woman had piqued her, just as Warren's remark, "What has Helen to do with business," had made her stand up for Ned the preceding night.

What Helen really wanted was to give up the idea, but to give it up gracefully, with the knowledge that every one knew that she was broad and unselfish and giving up the thing she most wanted because she felt it her duty. Somehow Louise's opinion on top of Warren's few scathing remarks, made her feel ridiculous, as if she was trying to do something she was not fitted for. That Helen herself thought so did not at all excuse others for thinking the same.

And if Ned were trying to get her down town, as Louise had said, he probably did not think so either, but was offering her the position for the material gain he would get from her nearness. Oh, it was all horrible, but she would not decide one way or another until she had asked some one else about it. She would speak to Frances and Frances would tell her the truth.

(Watch for the next instalment of this interesting story.)

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

HERE is one of the most graceful and attractive gowns that could be offered. It is so arranged that it gives a long panel effect at the front that suggests slenderness of the wearer. It is made with the sleeves sewed to the big arm-holes that give all the grace and charm of the kimono model without any of the drawbacks. It is full at the sides to give breadth across the hips and you can make it of one material throughout or of two. As it is shown here, it is made of a soft satin with trimming of Persian crepe to be very smart, but you can get this same effect by using soutache braid applied over a stamped design or you can embroider with heavy worsted threads. Grey is a favorite color and silver lace is much used. A grey crepe or a grey silk with trimming of silver lace would be exceedingly beautiful.

For the medium size will be needed, 7¼ yards of material 36 inches wide, 4½ yards 44 with 1½ yards 36 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern No. 9317 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

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The Gods of Mars

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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(Continued.)

"Where have you been since you opened the mighty portals of the atmosphere plant years ago after the keeper had died and the engines stopped and all Barsoom was dying that had not already died of asphyxiation?

"Your body even was never found, though the men of a whole world sought after it for years, though the jeddak of Helium and his granddaughter, your princess, offered such fabulous rewards that even princes of royal blood joined in the search.

"There was but one conclusion to reach when all efforts to locate you had failed—that you had taken the long, last pilgrimage down the mysterious river Iss to await in the valley Dor upon the shores of the lost sea of Korus the beautiful Dejah Thoris, your princess.

"Why you had gone none could guess, for your princess still lived"—

"Thank heaven!" I interrupted him. "I did not dare to ask you, for I feared I might have been too late to save her. She was very low when I left her in the royal gardens of Tardos Mors that long gone night—so very low that I scarcely hoped even then to reach the atmosphere plant before her dear spirit had fled from me forever. And she lives still!"

"She lives, John Carter!"

"You have not told me where we are," I reminded him.

"We are where I expected to find you, John Carter—and another. Many years ago you heard the story of the woman who taught me the thing that green Martians are reared to hate—the woman who taught me to love. You know the cruel tortures and the awful death her love won for her at the hands of the beast Tal Hajus.

"She, I thought, awaited me by the lost sea of Korus."

"You know that it was left for a man from another world—for yourself, John Carter—to teach this cruel Thark what friendship is, and you, I thought, also roamed the care free valley Dor.

"Thus were the two I most longed for at the end of the long pilgrimage I must take some day, and so as the time had elapsed which Dejah Thoris had hoped might bring you once more to her side—for she has always tried to believe that you had but temporarily

"This, John Carter, is—heaven."

returned to your own planet—I at last gave way to my great yearning, and a month since I started upon the journey the end of which you have this day witnessed. Do you understand now where you are, John Carter?"

"And that was the river Iss, emptying into the lost sea of Korus, in the valley Dor?" I asked.

"This is the valley of love and peace and rest to which every Barsoomian since time immemorial has longed to pilgrimage at the end of a life of hate and strife and bloodshed," he replied. "This, John Carter, is—heaven."

His tone was cold and ironical, its bitterness but reflecting the terrible disappointment he had suffered. Such a fearful disillusionment, such a blasting of lifelong hopes and aspirations, such an uprooting of old age tradition, might have excused a vastly greater demonstration on the part of the Thark.

I laid my hands upon his shoulder.

"I am sorry," I said, nor did there seem anything else to say.

"Think, John Carter, of the countless billions of Barsoomians who have taken the voluntary pilgrimage down this cruel river since the beginning of time, only to fall into the ferocious clutches of the terrible creatures that today assailed us.

"There is an ancient legend that once a red man returned from the banks of the lost sea of Korus, returned from the valley Dor, back through the mysterious river Iss. The legend has it that he narrated a fearful blasphemy of horrid brutes that inhabited a valley of wondrous loveliness, brutes that pounced upon each Barsoomian as he terminated his pilgrimage and devoured him upon the banks of the lost sea, where he had looked to find love and peace and happiness.

"But the ancients killed the blasphemer, as tradition has ordained that any shall be killed who return from the bosom of the river of mystery.

"But now we know that it was no blasphemy, that the legend is a true one and that the man told only of what he saw. What does it profit us, John Carter, since even should we escape we also would be treated as blasphemers? We are between the wild thoat of certainty and the mad zitidar of fact. We can escape neither."

"As earth men say, we are between the devil and the deep sea, Tars Tarkas," I replied, nor could I help but smile at our dilemma.

"There is nothing we can do but take things as they come and at least have the satisfaction of knowing that whatever race or horde slays us eventually will have great numbers of dead to count.

"But about yourself, John Carter," he cried at last. "If you have not been here all these years, where indeed have you been, and how is it that I find you here today?"

"I have been back to earth," I replied. "For ten long earth years I have been praying and hoping for the day that would carry me once more to this grim old planet of yours, for which, with all its cruel and terrible customs, I feel a bond of sympathy and love even greater than for the world that gave me birth.

"For ten years I have been enduring a living death of uncertainty and doubt as to whether Dejah Thoris lived. Now, for the first time in all these years, my prayers have been answered and my doubt relieved.

"Yet I find myself, through a cruel fate, in the one tiny spot of all Barsoom from which there is apparently no escape and if there is at a price which would put out forever the last flickering hope which I may cling to of seeing my princess again.

"Only a bare half hour before I saw you battling with the plant men I was standing in the moonlight upon the banks of a broad river that taps the eastern shore of earth's most blessed land. I have answered you, my friend. Do you believe?"

"I believe," replied Tars Tarkas, "though I cannot understand."

As we talked I had been searching the interior of the chamber with my eyes. It was perhaps 200 feet in length and half as broad, with what appeared to be a doorway in the center of the wall directly opposite that through which we had entered.

As I extended my hand to search for the controlling button that cruel and mocking laugh rang out once more so close to me this time that I involuntarily shrank back, tightening my grip upon the hilt of my great sword.

And then from the far corner of the great chamber a hollow voice chanted: "There is no hope, there is no hope; the dead return not, the dead return not; nor is there any resurrection. Hope not, for there is no hope."

Though our eyes instantly turned toward the spot from which the voice seemed to emanate, there was no one in sight, and I must admit that cold shivers played along my spine and the short hairs at the base of my head stiffened and rose up, as do those upon a hound's neck when in the night his eyes see those uncanny things which are hidden from the sight of man.

Quickly I walked toward the mournful voice, but it had ceased ere I reached the farther wall, and then from the other end of the chamber came another voice shrill and piercing.

"Fools, fools!" it shrieked. "Think ye to defeat the eternal laws of life and death? Would cheat the mysterious Issus, goddess of death, of her just dues? Did not her mighty messenger, the ancient Iss, bear ye upon her leaden bosom at your own behest to the valley Dor? Think ye, O fools, that Issus will give up her own? Think ye to escape whence in all the countless ages but a single soul hast fled?

(To Be Continued.)

Knocks Obstinate Coughs in a Hurry

A Simple Home-Made Remedy that Gets at the Cause.

Thousands of people normally healthy in every other respect, are annoyed with a persistent hanging-on bronchial cough year after year, disturbing their sleep and making life disagreeable. It's so needless—there's an old home-made remedy that will end such a cough easily and quickly.

Get from any druggist "2½ ounces of Pinex" (50 cents worth), pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Begin taking it at once. Gradually but surely you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether, thus ending a cough that you never thought would end. It also promptly loosens a dry or tight cough, stops the troublesome throat tickle, soothes the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes, and relief comes almost immediately. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma there is nothing better. It tastes pleasant and keeps perfectly.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with guaiacol and is used by millions of people every year for throat and chest colds with splendid results.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

DAY OF MORBID BOOKS PASSING

Cheerful Novel No Longer Considered Bad Form by Authorities

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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The day of pessimistic literature and plays has passed. For some years it has been the tendency of those who claim to be exponents of "art for art's sake" to leave their audiences in gloom when the curtain fell or the book ended. The really cheerful novel or play was considered bad form.

The author who suggested wedding bells at the close of his story was supposed to shut the door of art in his own face. The audience that left the theater smiling gave a death blow to the aspirations of the playwright who hoped to be ranked as an artist.

This idea was morbid. It is gratifying to know that the tide has changed. In a recent competition for the best stories offered by a prominent magazine an extremely well written story by a successful and well-known author was declined on the ground of its gloomy climax.

The play of a famous author was changed by the managers and a happy ending substituted before the play was allowed to be produced. A few morbid critics have objected, insisting that the present ending of the play is inartistic, but Life, the great playwright, is inartistic from their point of view.

Life does not end its stories of human lives in gloom and despair. We have but to look about us to prove this statement. A few years ago the life of some friend was shadowed with the pall of despair. Sorrow, sickness or poverty had befallen him, but to-day he is smiling, his health is restored, his sorrow has become a memory and hope has taken the place of despair in his heart.

It was only in the second act or the third in the long drama of life that the curtain fell on utter gloom. Perhaps you have reached this act in your own life to-day; but it is not the end of the play, it is not the last chapter in the book.

Fate will ring the bell, the curtain will go up, or the leaf will be turned by the finger of time, and a new setting or new incidents will change the story into one of hope and happiness.

Look back over the record of your childhood friends. It would be safe to assert that not one in any score rests under an impenetrable cloud of gloom. That one who has met disaster and absolute failure you would not select as typical of human life and experience.

Why, then, should the author or the playwright select such characters for his chief consideration? Why should it be considered high art to picture only the unhappy conditions of human experience and the sad scenes of human destiny?

Why should it be considered bad art to describe happiness, success and morality? There are many cloudy days in the year, but there are far more days of sunshine than of shadow. No painter thinks he degrades his art by painting sunshine and bloom. No painter feels it incumbent upon him to picture only winter and night. Why then should the author feel that he must select the dark passages in human life and end his story in cold and shadow in order to be artistic?

We read books and we attend plays for recreation of the mind. However blase we may be in the literary or dramatic line, our minds are nevertheless to some extent affected by what we read and what we see.

Something agreeable, something helpful, something hopeful, something optimistic should be given us to take away from the book or the theater. We turn to literature and the drama as we go to a health resort, for recreation and rest. If we leave this resort with the germs of malaria or typhoid fever in our systems we feel we have been imposed upon. We call the attention of the health commissioners to investigate the conditions surrounding the resort.

It is a subject for congratulation that the mental health commissioners have been looking into the conditions, and the results, of morbid art. However great the genius of the writer may be to-day, however large the capitalization of a periodical, there will be no success for either in the next ten or twenty years unless the utterances emanating from pen or pages breathe hope, courage, cheer.

In the congested and high wrought condition of the civilized world to-day human beings are looking to the artist, the preacher, the actor for helpfulness and strength to bear the burdens of life.

Helpfulness, hope and courage may be old-fashioned and inartistic elements for the genius in any one of these lines to employ, but if he wishes for success in his chosen field he must employ them.

The day of the artistic pessimist is gone.

HOW A "WHIRLWIND CAMPAIGN" IS STAGED

Before a whirlwind money-raising campaign opens one large subscription—usually from one-tenth to one-third of the entire amount—is secured conditionally upon the raising of the entire sum within the allotted time. This keeps the reins tight and hurls the campaign home to a climax on the last day. In several instances one-third of the entire amount has been raised on the last day to save the large conditional gift—in Philadelphia one-third of a million was brought in during the closing twenty-four hours.

Just to keep things from sagging and to have the whole project swinging along lively from the start other advance subscriptions are secured and these are poured in whenever the enthusiasm needs reinforcements.

One way to keep canvassers enthusiastic is to get their own contributions first "Men cannot solicit successfully uless they have made their own contributions."

Ward fashions a list of from one to six thousand prospects according to the size of the city; these names are taken from the roll of current contributors to the Association, club and church memberships, and Bradstreet's and the telephone directory.

Each man is given a list of prospective subscribers to see and he is held to that list with military exactness until the last day or two of the campaign, when the ropes are cut and the canvassers can approach people not on their cards.

On the last day subscriptions sing in over the wires and keep from one to six receivers off the hook constantly.

An executive committee of five men is appointed by the Y. M. C. A. board of directors to conduct the campaign, expend money and act in emergency.

A citizens' committee of from fifty to one hundred and fifty of the older and more influential business and professional men in the community handles the large givers or those who ought to be large givers.

A business men's committee, the younger men—men of steam and "pep"—stir up the town. Ten captains have ten men each—they are mobilized at an opening dinner and day after day they smash down the lethargy of the city. They report at headquarters for daily mess at noon and fill their belts with a couple of hundred rounds of enthusiasm.

An illustrated prospectus showing plans of the proposed building is shot out to every prospective subscriber before the infantry charge. The canvassers carry this prospectus with them so that a donor may visualize just what his dollars are going to do for his city.

The expenses of such a campaign—rents, stenographic help, printing, posters, traveling, deficit on luncheons and so on—are usually 2 per cent. of the amount raised—lower on very large funds.

Shrinkages are not more than from 1 to 5 per cent. if collections are made promptly.—Dale Carnagey in "World Outlook" for February.

GOLD

by STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Copyright, 1913, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

(Continued.)

"Don't know who John McGlynn is?" he demanded. "When did you get here?"

"Last night."

"Oh! Well, John has the only American wagon in town. Brought it out from New York in pieces and put it together himself. Broke four wild California mules to drag her. He's a wonder!"

I could not then see quite how this exploit made him such a wonder, but on a sudden inspiration I splashed out through the mud and climbed into the wagon.

McGlynn looked back at me.

"Freightin'," said he, "is $20 a ton, and at that rate it'll cost you about $30, you dirty hippopotamus. These ain't no safe movers, these mules!"

Unmoved, I clambered up beside him.

"I want a job," said I, "for today only."

"Do ye now?"

"Can you give me one?"

"I can, mebbe. And do you understand the inner aspirations of mules, mebbe?"

"I was brought up on a farm."

"And the principles of elementary navigation by dead reckoning?"

I looked at him blankly.

"I mean mudholes," he explained. "Can you keep out of them?"

"I can try."

He pulled up the team, handed me the reins and clambered over the wheel.

"You're hired. At 6 o'clock I'll find you and pay you off. You get $25."

"What am I to do?"

"You go to the shore, and you rustle about whenever you see anything that looks like freight, and you look at it, and when you see anything markcd with a diamond and an H inside of it you pile it on and take it up to Howard Mellin & Co. And if you can't lift it, then leave it for another trip, and bullyrag those skluflints at H. M. & Co.'s to send a man down to help you."

"What's that, John?" inquired a cool, amused voice.

McGlynn and I looked around. A tall, perfectly dressed figure stood on the sidewalk surveying us quizzically. This was a smooth shaven man of perhaps thirty-five years of age, grave faced, clean cut, with an air of rather ponderous, slow dignity that nevertheless became his style very well. He was dressed in tall white hat, a white winged collar, a black stock, a long tailed blue coat with gilt buttons, an embroidered white waistcoat, dapper buff trousers and varnished boots. He carried a polished cane and wore several heavy pieces of gold jewelry—a watch fob, a scarfpin, and the like. His movements were leisurely, his voice low. It seemed to me then that somehow the perfection of his appointments and the calm deliberation of his movement made him more incongruous and remarkable than did the most bizarre whims of the miners.

"Is it yourself, Judge Girvin?" re-

"It'll cost you about $30, you dirty hippopotamus."

plied McGlynn. "I'm just telling this young man that he can't have the job of driving my little California canaries for but one day because I've hired a fine lawyer from the east at $275 a month to drive my mules for me."

"You have done well," said Judge Girvin in his grave, courteous tones. "For the whole business of a lawyer is to know how to manage mules and asses so as to make them pay."

I enjoyed my day hugely. My eminent position on the driver's seat—eminent both actually and figuratively—gave me a fine opportunity to see the sights and to enjoy the homage men seemed inclined to accord the only wagon in town. The feel of the warm air was most grateful. Such difficulties as offered served merely to add zest to the job. At noon I ate some pilot bread and a can of sardines bought from my employers. About 2 o'clock the wind came up from the sea and the air filled with the hurrying clouds of dust.

At 5 o'clock a small boy boarded me.

"You're to drive the mules up to McGlynn's and unhitch them and leave them," said he. "I'm to show you the way."

"Where's McGlynn?" I asked.

"He's getting his mail."

CHAPTER IX.

We Compare Notes.

WE found McGlynn in line about a block down the street. When he saw me coming he pulled a fat buckskin bag from his breeches pocket, opened its mouth and shook a quantity of its contents by guess into the palm of his hand.

"There you are," said he; "that's near enough. I'm a pretty good guesser. I hope you took care of the mules all right. You ought to, you're from a farm."

"I fixed 'em."

"And the mud? How many times did you get stuck?"

"Not at all."

He looked at me with surprise.

"Would you think of that now?" said he. "You must have loaded her light."

"I did."

"Did you get all the goods over?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll acknowledge you're a judgmatical young man, and if you want a job with me I'll let that lawyer go I spoke to the judge about. He handed it to me then, didn't he?" He laughed heartily. "No? Well, you're right. A man's a fool to work for any one but himself. Where's your bag? Haven't any? How do you carry your dust? Haven't any? I forgot; you're a tenderfoot, of course." He opened his buckskin sack with his teeth, and poured back the gold from the palm of his hand. Then he searched for a moment in all his pockets and produced a most peculiar chunk of gold metal. It was nearly as thick as it was wide, shaped roughly into an octagon, and stamped with initials. This he handed to me.

"It's about a fifty dollar slug," said he; "you can get it weighed. Give me the change next time you see me."

"But I may leave for the mines tomorrow," I objected.

"Then leave the change with Jim Recket of the El Dorado."

"How do you know I'll leave it?" I asked curiously.

"I don't," replied McGlynn bluntly. "But if you need $25 worse than you do a decent conscience then John A. McGlynn isn't the man to deny you!"

Johnny and I left for the hotel.

"I didn't know you expected any mail," said I.

"I don't."

"But thought I saw you in line"—

"Oh, yes! When I saw the mail sacks it struck me that there might be quite a crowd; so I came up as quickly as I could and got in line. There were a number before me, but I got a place pretty well up in front. Sold the place for $5, and only had to stand there about an hour at that."

"Good head!" I admired. "I'd never have thought of it. How have you gotten on?"

"Pretty rotten," confessed Johnny. "I tried all morning to find a decent opportunity to do something or deal in something, and then I got mad and plunged in for odd jobs. I've been a regular errand boy. I made $2 carrying a man's bag up from the ship."

"How much all told?"

"Fifteen. I suppose you've got your pile."

"That twenty-five you saw me get is the size of it."

Johnny brightened. We moved up closer in a new intimacy and sense of comradeship over delinquency. It relieved both to feel that the other, too, had failed. To enter the Plaza we had to pass one of the larger of the gambling places.

"I'm going in here," said Johnny suddenly.

He swung through the open doors, and I followed him.

The place was comparatively deserted, owing probably to the distribution of mail. We had full space to look about us, and I was never more astonished in my life. The outside of the building was rough and unfinished as a barn, having nothing but size to attract or recommend. The interior was the height of lavish luxury. A polished mahogany bar ran down one side, backed by huge gilt framed mirrors before which were pyramided fine glasses and bottles of liquor. The rest of the wall space was thickly hung with more plate mirrors, dozens of well executed oil paintings and strips of tapestry. At one end was a small raised stage on which lolled a half dozen darkies with banjos and tambourines. The floor was covered with a thick velvet carpet. Easy chairs, some of them leather upholstered, stood about in every available corner.

(To Be Continued.)

Use Telegraph Want Ads

EVEN IF YOU HAD A NECK As Long As This Fellow, And Had SORE THROAT

ALL THE WAY DOWN

TONSILINE WOULD QUICKLY RELIEVE IT.

A quick, safe, soothing, healing, antiseptic relief for Sore Throat, briefly describes TONSILINE. A small bottle of Tonsiline lasts longer than most any case of Sore Throat. TONSILINE relieves Sore Mouth and Hoarseness and prevents Quinsy. 25c. and 50c. Hospital Size $1.00. All Druggists. THE TONSILINE COMPANY, - - - Canton, Ohio.

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