

FIRESIDE READING FOR WOMEN AND ALL THE FAMILY

WOMEN'S INTERESTS

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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The atmosphere of the ordinary home life had been almost impossible to bear. Ned had, of course, kept himself in the background, and Warren had tried so hard to act as though nothing had happened...

Warren went on smoking without saying a word and Helen was forced to proceed. "After that night when Ned was here, I hardly knew what to do, so I went to Louise and finally Frances for sympathy and counsel."

"I can imagine what Frances said," offered Warren sarcastically. "That's just where you are mistaken. Frances took your part through the whole thing. I might as well tell you that I went to her with the firm resolve to abide by what she said."

Warren spoke now. "What is it?" He questioned curiously. "I want to enter a school to study interior decorating," Helen announced. "I may have no talent for it, but I will give me something to do with my time."

Helen had expected Warren to immediately freeze her suggestion with a series of reasons setting forth the impracticability of such a thing, but for a wonder he did nothing of the kind, and Helen, afraid to say another word, perceived that he was weighing her words carefully before replying.

CHAPTER V. A Close Call. AMONG the ornaments of Tars Tarkas' leather harness, which is the only manner of clothing worn by Martians other than capes and robes of silk and fur for protection from the cold after dark, was a small mirror about the bigness of a lady's hand glass, which hung midway between his shoulders and his waist against his broad back.

When he had reached a point some ten feet from the secret doorway, I halted my companion, and, cautioning him to remain absolutely motionless until I gave the prearranged signal, I quickly turned my back to the door through which I could almost feel the burning and baleful eyes of our would-be executioner.

CHAPTER X. Talbot Deserts. TALBOT leaned forward, and all the animation of the dinner table returned to his manner and to his face. "Boys," said he earnestly, "this is the most wonderful town that has ever been! There has been nothing like it in the past, and there will never be anything like it again."

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(Continued.)

"Go back the way ye came, to the merciful maws of the children of the tree of life or the gleaming fangs of the great white apes. There lies speedy succor from suffering. But insist in your rash purpose to thread the golden cliffs of the mountains of Otz, past the ramparts of the impregnable fortresses of the holy therns, and upon your way death in its most frightful form will overtake you."

"What shall we do?" he asked. "We cannot fight empty air. I would almost rather return and face foes into whose flesh I may feel my blade bite, and know that I am selling my life dearly, than go down to that oblivion which is evidently the fairest and most desirable eternity that mortal man has the right to hope for."

"But unseen voices may emanate from unseen and unseeable creatures who wield invisible blades," answered the green warrior. "Rot, Tars Tarkas!" I cried. "Those voices come from beings as real as you or I. In their veins flows blood that may be let as easily as ours. The fact that they remain invisible to us is the best proof of my mind that they are mortal, nor overly courageous mortals at that. Think you, Tars Tarkas, that John Carter will fly at the first shriek of a cowardly foe who dare not bring out into the open and face a good blade!"

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WIFE CAN'T DO LIKE HUSBAND

What's Sauce For Gander Isn't Always Sauce For the Goose

By Dorothy Dix

A young and pretty woman is married to a man who goes out as soon as he has had his dinner, leaving her to spend the long, dreary evening alone. He diverts himself in going to theatres and dances and cafes with other women and men, and his wife wants to know if she has not the right to follow his example, and amuse herself also.

Of course she's got the right, but she hasn't got the liberty, and if she tries following in her husband's footsteps she will find that they lead her, by a short cut, to the doors of the divorce court.

What is sauce for the matrimonial goose isn't sauce for the matrimonial gander, and there are very few men who will stand for the line of conduct in their wives that they expect their wives to put up with from them.

A man, for instance, resents it as unwarranted nagging for his wife to ask him where he has been when he comes home at 2 G. M., but any woman who stayed out until that hour and refused to furnish a perfectly credible alibi would have a chance to tell her troubles to a policeman. She'd find the door locked and barred against her, so that she would never get in to make her explanations at all.

There are thousands of men who rarely spend an evening at their own fireside and who are perfectly happy and satisfied playing poker at their club, or drinking in a saloon, as long as they know that their wives are sitting up bored and forlorn alone at home; but let the woman either invite company in to relieve the monotony of her life or put on her hat and go forth in search of pleasure, and the mischief's to pay.

An Injustice. Of course, this is bitterly unjust. If a man won't stay at home and try to entertain his wife, he should try to get her to find someone else who will, but Mr. Cleveland remarked concerning another matter, it's a condition and not a theory that confronts us, and the plain truth of the matter is that no married woman dares treat her husband as he treats her. There's one rule for the wife and another for the husband, unless marriage is to end in a grand explosion.

Suppose a woman criticizes her husband's faults and weaknesses as freely as he criticizes hers. Suppose, when Mr. Jones made a bad bargain in business or got gorgeously gold-bricked in a trade, that Mrs. Jones not only at the time told him how many kinds of an idiot he was, but embellished the incident with a few humorous touches and kept it to tell as her favorite dinner story. What would Mr. Jones do and say to Mrs. Jones for exhibiting him as a fool before company?

We pause for a reply. Yet all of us know dozens of men whose main hobby story is some mistake that their wives have made, and which they never fail to tell, though the telling brings tears of mortification to their wives' eyes.

When things have gone wrong at the store, Mr. Smith bangs into the house and slams the door behind him, and appears with a face so glum that the children hush their prattle and the cat gets under the couch, and the wife scuttles to the kitchen to hurry up dinner. He storms and rages and gouches whenever he feels like it, and Mrs. Smith spends her time trying to soothe him down and cheer him up and win all out of his black humor.

But suppose Mrs. Smith tore up the earth every time anything went amiss in the kitchen, suppose when her husband came home from work he found her glooming around, and she only grumbled when he spoke to her—would husband offer himself as a lightning rod to carry off her bad temper? Not much! He'd put on his hat and go out and find some place with a serene atmosphere.

A Man's Possibilities. And—whisper it low, sisters—why shouldn't a man take as much trouble to keep himself young and slim and straight-fronted and well-dressed and attractive to retain his wife's love, as a woman does to keep her husband interested in her? Every woman is deathly afraid of getting old and ripe-chinned, lest she be less alluring to her husband at forty-five than she was at twenty. But do you ever hear of a middle-aged man, who is getting bald-headed and bay-windowed, worrying for fear that his wife will find him less attractive at fifty than he was at twenty-five?

It doesn't even occur to a man that his wife could quit loving him or get tired of him, but he expects her to keep hustling to keep him perpetually fascinated.



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(Continued.)

The game was roulette. Johnny and the dealer evidently recognized each other, for a flash of the eye passed between them, but they gave no other sign. Johnny studied the board a moment, then laid \$22 in coin on one of the numbers. The other players laid out small bags of gold dust. The wheel spun and the ball rolled. Two of the men lost. Their dust was emptied into a drawer beneath the table and the bags tossed back to them. The third had won. The dealer deftly estimated the weight of his bet, lifting it in the flat of his left hand, then spun several gold pieces toward the winner. He seemed quite satisfied.

The gambler stacked a roll of twenty dollar pieces, added one to them and thrust them at Johnny. I had not realized that the astounding luck of winning off a single number had befallen him. "Ten to one—\$220!" he muttered to me.

The other three players were laying their bets for the next turn of the wheel. Johnny swept the gold pieces into his pocket and laid back the original stake against even. He lost. Thereupon he promptly arose and left the building.

I followed him to the hotel somewhat gloomily, for I was now the only member of our party who had not made good the agreed amount of the partnership. It is significant that never for a moment did either Johnny or myself doubt that Talbot would have the required sum. Johnny, his spirits quite recovered, whistled like a lark.

We arrived just in time for the first supper call and found Talbot and Yank awaiting us. Yank was as cool and taciturn as ever. Talbot, however, was full of excitement. His biscuit brown complexion had darkened and flushed until he was almost Spanish black, and the little devils in his eyes led a merry dance between the surface and unguessed depths. He was also exceedingly voluble, and as usual when in that mood, aggravatingly indirect. He joked and teased and carried on like a small boy and insisted on ordering an elaborate dinner and a bottle of champagne in the face of even

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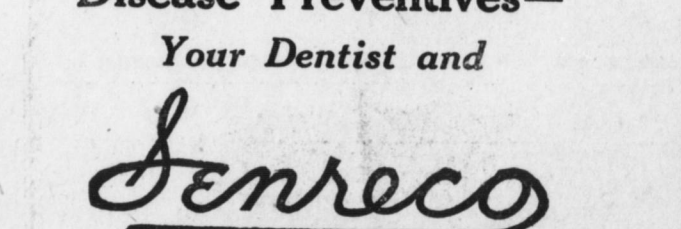
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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



BOX plaits are found in the newest frocks for little girls just as they are found in the gowns of the grown-ups and of the older sisters. This one shows just one at the front and one at the back but sufficient to give long and becoming lines and to establish smartness. As the dress is made here, the material is a plain challis with bands of braid used as trimming, but you will find this a very good model for linen and for gingham and for various washable materials. Pink linen would be charming with the collar, cuffs and belt scalloped with white, or, if you do not like the scallops, you could braid the edges with white soutache using a very narrow design, for braid and embroidery are equally smart.

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