

FIRESIDE READING FOR WOMEN AND ALL THE FAMILY

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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As is often the case, after Helen's dramatic stand in regard to the course in interior decorating her thought dropped to the other extreme. She had been so excited for days that she had hardly taken into consideration Warren's attitude or his reply to her request. Her reason in the main for making the request in the first place was due to the fact that she had gone too far in the matter to draw back and give in entirely. But when Warren after a few minutes' deliberation said, generously enough: "Well, if that's what your heart is set on, why don't you try it?" Helen had felt an immediate reaction. The truth of the matter was that she had really no great desire to go to school. Warren, of course, could not know this, but unwittingly he had stumbled upon the very way to cure Helen of her determination to be a modern woman.

Warren did not realize that Helen was not modern. That she was, in fact, essentially what nine out of ten other women are in apartments all over the United States. She was content to live in the charming little home her husband provided for her. She experienced the same feelings day in and day out upon exactly the same subjects that other women experience. In a way she was proud that she had married rather well than otherwise, and that she was sufficiently well off to be able to afford many of the luxuries of life. If Helen had not possessed an imagination that afforded her more thought than the average woman would have been all right. But she was quick to notice things and quick to imitate others. Ned Burns, while unattractive to her, nevertheless flattered her with his attention. His offer of a position, which she had at first spurned, would have meant nothing at all to her if it had not been for Warren's opposition. Then, too, Helen had come in contact with the modern trend and different as she was, she could not avoid being affected in some degree by the crowd that thought so differently about things. As soon as Warren showed his willingness to have her begin a course in interior decoration Helen, who had expected and looked forward to an argument on the subject when she could again demonstrate the fact that she was extremely modern and that Warren was an old-fashioned domestic tyrant, lost all interest in the idea.



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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His answer indicated that for all he knew I might be from the temple of Issus, and so evidently there was a temple of Issus, and in it were men like unto myself. Either this man feared the inmates of the temple or else he held their persons or their power in such reverence that he trembled to think of the harm and indignities he had heaped upon one of them. But my present business with him was of a different nature than that which requires any considerable abstract reasoning. It was to get my sword between his ribs, and this I succeeded in doing within the next few seconds, nor was I an instant too soon. The chained prisoners had been watching the combat in tense silence. Not a sound had fallen in the room other than the clashing of our contending blades, the soft shuffling of our naked feet and the few whispered words we had hissed at one another through clenched teeth while we continued our duel.

As he came there rang from his lips the cruel and mocking peal of laughter that I had heard within the chamber of mystery. And so he died, his thin lips curled in the snarl of his hateful laugh, and a bullet from the revolver of his dead companion bursting in his heart. His body, borne by the impetus of his headlong rush, plunged upon me. The hilt of his sword must have struck my head, for with the impact of the corpse I lost consciousness. It was the sound of conflict that roused me once more to the realities of life. For a moment I could neither place my surroundings nor locate the sounds which had aroused me. Then from beyond the blank wall beside which I lay I heard the shuffling of feet, the snarling of grim beasts, the clank of metal accoutrements and the heavy breathing of a man. As I rose to my feet I glanced hurriedly about the chamber in which I had just encountered such a warm reception. The prisoners and the savage brutes rested in their chains by the opposite wall eyeing me with varying expressions of curiosity, sullen rage, surprise and hope. The latter emotion seemed plainly evident upon the handsome and intelligent face of the young red Martian woman whose cry of warning had been instrumental in saving my life. It was several seconds before the sounds upon the opposite side of the partition jolted my slowly returning faculties into a realization of their probable import, and then of a sudden I grasped the fact that they were caused by Tars Tarkas in what was evidently a desperate struggle with wild beasts or savage men. With a cry of encouragement I threw my weight against the secret door, but might as well have essayed the down hurling of the cliffs themselves. Then I sought feverishly for the secret of the revolving panel, but my search was fruitless, and I was about to raise my long sword against the sullen glow when the young woman prisoner called out to me: "Save your sword, oh, mighty warrior, for you will need it more where it will avail to some purpose. Shatter it not against senseless metal which yields better to the lightest finger touch of one who knows its secret!" "Know you the secret of it then?" I asked. "Yes; release me and I will give you entrance to the other horror chamber, if you wish. The keys to my fetters are upon the first dead of your foomen. But why would you return to face whatever other form of destruction they have loosed within that awful trap?" "Because my friend fights there alone," I answered, as I hastily sought and found the keys upon the carcass of the dead custodian of this grim chamber of horrors.

BE HELPFUL BUT NOT PATRONIZING

Busybodies of Life Discussed by Noted Writer of Women's Problems

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX The consciousness of power over others brings the most exquisite joy to any human being. To be able to regulate other people's lives seems a very desirable position to most of us. Of course all life is managed on this basis from the institution of an Emperor down to that of a political boss. But most of us do not recognize the tyranny in our own lives for just what it is. We call ourselves philanthropists and neglect to consider just how welcome our philanthropy is. I know a girl who took her stand against her whole family and assisted young women in their careers for just what it is. We call ourselves philanthropists and neglect to consider just how welcome our philanthropy is. I know a girl who took her stand against her whole family and assisted young women in their careers for just what it is. We call ourselves philanthropists and neglect to consider just how welcome our philanthropy is.



GOLD by STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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"Crew skipped to the mines, I suppose," said Yank. "Exactly. And they couldn't get any more. So I offered to hire a few of them." "The captains?" I inquired. "No, the ships." "The what?" we yelled in chorus. "The ships." "But if the captains can't get crews—" "Ah, I don't want to call them," went on Talbot impatiently. "It was hard work getting them to agree. They all cherished notions they could get crews and go sailing some more—good old salts! But I hired four at last. Had to take them for only a month, however, and had to pay them in advance five hundred apiece." "I beg your pardon," said Johnny softly, "for interrupting your pleasing tale, but the last item interested me. I do not know whether I quite heard it right."

eagerly. "I'll bet I heard his name fifty times today." "He is a thickset, jolly looking, curly headed fellow, with a thick neck, a bulldog jaw and a big voice," replied Talbot. "Of course he tried to bully me, but when that didn't work he came down to business. We entered into an agreement. "Brannan was to furnish the money and take half the profits, provided he liked the idea. When we had settled it all I told him my scheme. He thought it over awhile and came in. Then we rowed off and paid the captains of the ships. It was necessary now to get them warped in at high tide, of course, but Sam Brannan said he'd see to that. He has some sort of a pull with the natives, enough to get a day's labor, anyway." "Warp them in?" I echoed. "Certainly. You couldn't expect the merchants to lighten their stuff off in boats always. We'll beach these ships at high tide and then run some sort of light caseway out to them. There's no surf, and the bottom is soft. It'll cost us something, of course, but Sam and I figure we ought to divide three thousand clear." "I'd like to ask a question or so," said I. "What's to prevent the merchants doing this same hiring of ships for themselves?" "Nothing," said Talbot, "after the first month." "And what prevented Brannan, after he had heard your scheme, from going out on his own hook and pocketing all the proceeds?" "You don't understand, Frank," said Talbot impatiently. "Men of our stamp don't do those things." "Oh!" said I. "This," said Johnny, "made it about 2 o'clock, as I figure your story. Did you then take a needed rest?" "Quarter of 2," corrected Talbot. "I was going back to the hotel when I passed that brick building—you know, on Montgomery street. I remembered then that lawyer and his \$250 for a hole in the ground. It seemed to me there was a terrible waste somewhere. Here was a big brick building filled up with nothing but goods. It might much better be filled with people. There is plenty of room for goods in those ships, but you can't very well put people on the ships. So I just dropped in to see them about it. I offered to hire the entire upper part of the building and pointed out that the lower part was all they could possibly use as a store. They said they needed the upper part as storehouse. I offered to store the goods in an accessible safe place. Of course they wanted to see the place, but I wouldn't let on, naturally, but left it subject to their approval after the lease was signed. The joke of it is they were way overstocked anyway. Finally I made my grand offer. "Look here, said I, 'you rent me that upper story for a decent length of time—say a year—and I'll buy out the surplus stock you've got up there at a decent valuation.' They jumped at that. Of course they pretended not to, but just the same they jumped. I'll either sell the stuff by auction, even at a slight loss, or else I'll stick it aboard a ship. Depends a good deal on what is there, of course. It's mostly bale and box goods of some sort or another. I've got an inventory in my pocket. Haven't looked at it yet. Then I'll partition off that warehouse and rent it out for offices and so forth. There are a lot of lawyers and things in this town just honing for something dignified and stable. I only pay three thousand a month for it." Johnny groaned deeply. "Well," persisted Talbot, "I figure on getting at least eight thousand a month out of it. That'll take care of a little loss on the goods, if necessary. I'm not sure a loss is necessary." "And how much, about, are the goods?" I inquired softly. "Oh, I don't know! Somewhere between ten and twenty thousand, I suppose." "Paid for how and when?" "One-third cash and the rest in notes. The interest out here is rather high," said Talbot regretfully. "Where do you expect to get the money?" I insisted. "Oh, money, money!" cried Talbot, "throwing out his arms with a gesture of impatience. "The place is full of money. It's pouring in from the mines, from the world outside. Money's no trouble!" He fell into an intent reverie, biting at his short mustache. I arose softly to my feet.



In two hours I had contracts with twelve of them.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



FASHION decrees for breadth over the hips and here is a girl's frock that shows that feature achieved in a most charming manner. The skirt is a perfectly simple one but is just looped a little at the sides to give the broad effect. It is cut in one with the over bodice and there is a separate guimpe beneath. Here, that guimpe is made to match the frock, but it would be pretty to use a contrasting material, either a plain silk or a Georgette crepe or crepe de chine as the case might be, or, you could use a figured silk for the frock and a plain silk for the guimpe. For a sports dress of a more dainty order, one of the heavy white pongee silks with a border in brilliant colors would be pretty with the collar and cuffs and girdle of the border. For the 16 year size will be needed, 3 3/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 3 3/8 yards 44 or 54 for the dress, 1 3/4 yards 36, 1 3/4 yards 36 or 1 3/8 yards 44, for the guimpe, with 1 1/4 yards 36 inches wide for the trimming. The May Manton pattern No. 9343 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

How I wished that he were by my side now! I had fought almost continuously for many hours. I had passed through such experiences and adventures as most men the vitality of man, and with all this I had not eaten for nearly twenty-four hours nor slept. I was fagged out and for the first time in years felt a question as to my ability to cope with an antagonist. But there was naught else for it than to engage my man and that as quickly and ferociously as lay in me. My only salvation was to rush him off his feet by the impetuosity of my attack. I could not hope to win a long drawn out battle. But the fellow was evidently of another mind, for he backed and parried and parried and side stepped until I was almost completely fagged from the exertion of attempting to finish him. He was a more adroit swordsman, if possible, than my previous foe, and I must admit that he led me a pretty chase and in the end came near to making a sorry fool of me and a dead one into the bargain. I could feel myself growing weaker and weaker until at length objects commenced to blur before my eyes, and I staggered and blundered about more asleep than awake, and then it was that he worked his pretty little coup that came near to losing me my life. He had backed me round so that I stood in front of the corpse of his fellow, and then he rushed me suddenly, so that I was forced back upon it, and as my heel struck it the impetus of my body flung me backward across the dead man. My head struck the hard pavement with a resounding whack, and to that alone I owe my life, for it cleared my brain and the pain roused my temper, so that I was equal for the moment to tearing my enemy to pieces with my bare hands. I verily believe that I should have attempted it had not my right hand, in the act of raising my body from the ground, come in contact with a bit of cold metal. As the eyes of the layman, so is the hand of the fighting man when it comes in contact with an implement of his vocation, and thus I did not need to look or reason to know that in my grasp was the dead man's revolver, lying where it had fallen when I struck it from him. The fellow whose ruse had put me down was springing toward me, the point of his gleaming blade directed straight at my heart.

Attendance Records of Pupils of Riverside Public Schools Riverside, Pa., Feb. 15.—Percentage of attendance and the honor rolls of pupils of the Riverside public schools for the month of January have been announced as follows: Grammar School—John F. Keys, teacher: Enrollment, 33; percentage of attendance, 90; average attendance, 15. The following pupils have attended everyday during the month of January: James Roberts, Howard Sellers, Carl Lotz, Ralph Enginger, Lester Hoffman, Helen Guy, Catherine Herre, Helen Lucas, Verdilla Crone, Helen Bricker, Esther Ott and Caroline Guy. Intermediate—M. M. Ogue, teacher: Enrollment, 42; percentage of attendance, 90; average attendance, 38. The following pupils were present every day during January: Boys, Harry Dapp, Delbert Witman, Henry Ehrhart, George Garner, Elmer Long, Albert Herre, Harry Kauffman, Norman Engle, Edward Welsh, Ronald Engle, Stuart Osman and William Shadle. Girls, Katharine Troutman, Martha Crone, Mary Beale, Annetta Lotz and Margaret Albright. Primary—Annie R. Kelter, teacher. Number enrolled, 28; average attendance, 25; percentage of attendance, 90. Pupils missing no days during the month: ason Pasold, Theodore Dapp, Paul Robinson, Earl pealman, Everett Long, John Robinson, Mary Osman, Helma Smith, Pauline Spearman, Beatrice Ehrhart, Harriet Bernhardt, Mildred Bricker, Hazel Herre, Meriam Fisher, Mary Herre and Evelyn Garner.

BEETEM-CLIGAN WEDDING Carlisle, Pa., Feb. 15.—Robert N. Beetem, head of the firm of R. N. Beetem & Co., ribbon manufacturers here, and Miss Metz Blackwell Cligan, of Hagerstown, Md., were quietly married here yesterday morning in St. Patrick's Catholic Church by the Rev. Fr. J. Welsh. The attendants were Mrs. George K. Diffenderfer and Ralph B. Harris, both of Carlisle. They will live here following a short wedding tour.

Wife to Blame if Husband Drinks, Says Druggist Brown of Cleveland, Who Tells Wife What To Do

A New Treatment Given Without the Consent or Knowledge of the Drinker Cleveland, O.—No wife has a right to blame her husband because he drinks, says Druggist Brown of Cleveland. It is her fault if she lets him drink and bring unhappiness and poverty to her home and she has no right to complain. A woman can stop a drinking husband in a few weeks for half what he would spend on liquor, so why waste sympathy on a wife who refuses to do it? Druggist Brown also says the right time to stop the drink habit is at its beginning unless you want drink to deaden the fine sensibilities of the husband and ruin his health. Begin with the first whiff of liquor on his breath but do not despair if he has gone from bad to worse until he is rum-soaked through and through. Druggist Brown knows the curse of strong drink because he himself has been a victim. He was rescued from the brink of a drunkard's grave by a loving sister who, after ten years' time, revealed the secret to him. She saved him from drink—rescued him from his own depraved self, by giving him a secret remedy, the formula of an old German chemist, the formula of an old German chemist, the formula of an old German chemist. To discharge his debt to her and to help other victims out of the murky and mire she has made the formula public. Any druggist can put it in the hands of any suffering wife, mother, sister or daughter. Just ask the druggist, or prepared Tescum powders and drop a powder twice a day in tea, coffee, milk or any other drink. Soon liquor does not taste the same, the craving for it disappears and lo, one more drinker is saved and knows not when or why he lost the taste for drink. Note.—Tescum, referred to above, should be used only when it is desirable to destroy all taste for alcoholic drinks of every kind. The wife who approves of drinking in moderation and believes her husband safe should give it only when she sees, as most do in time, that the danger line is near. Since this formula is now made public, J. Nelson Clark, and other druggists have allied it repeatedly.

Release me, and I will give you entrance to the other horror chamber." staggered and blundered about more asleep than awake, and then it was that he worked his pretty little coup that came near to losing me my life. He had backed me round so that I stood in front of the corpse of his fellow, and then he rushed me suddenly, so that I was forced back upon it, and as my heel struck it the impetus of my body flung me backward across the dead man. My head struck the hard pavement with a resounding whack, and to that alone I owe my life, for it cleared my brain and the pain roused my temper, so that I was equal for the moment to tearing my enemy to pieces with my bare hands. I verily believe that I should have attempted it had not my right hand, in the act of raising my body from the ground, come in contact with a bit of cold metal. As the eyes of the layman, so is the hand of the fighting man when it comes in contact with an implement of his vocation, and thus I did not need to look or reason to know that in my grasp was the dead man's revolver, lying where it had fallen when I struck it from him. The fellow whose ruse had put me down was springing toward me, the point of his gleaming blade directed straight at my heart.

The Telegraph Binder Will Rebind Your Bible Satisfactorily

IF YOU HAD A NECK AS LONG AS THIS FELLOW, AND HAD SORE THROAT ALL THE WAY DOWN TONSILINE WOULD QUICKLY RELIEVE IT.