

# Reading for Women and the Family

## HANCICAP IN EDUCATION CAN BE OVERCOME

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Perhaps there is no more pathetic situation in life than that of the man or woman of adult years who, through sudden rise of fortune, or through marriage, finds a neglected education a barrier to happiness.

An attractive exterior and a kind heart often blind a man to a woman's deficiencies in education until she is placed in daily contrast to his more cultured relatives and associates. Then his pride and the sensitive feelings of the wife are constantly wounded.

A man of wealth (both of purse and heart) recently asked me how he could overcome his lack of education, improve his language and enlarge his fund of information without the humiliation of placing himself under teachers.

He had acquired fortune and influence in the business world, and had become the husband of a cultivated young woman. He was conscious of being at a disadvantage when in the presence of her relatives and friends.

To this man and to every man and woman similarly situated I would offer this advice: Write a Page or Chapter of Emerson's Essays Every Day.

Procure the works of Washington Irving, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thackeray and Nathaniel Hawthorne. Begin perhaps with Emerson.

Obtain a blankbook and make a rule of writing a page, or a chapter, from Emerson's essays each day. No matter how unprepared your mind may be for this work, keep at it until interest is awakened. Copy the words with precision and exactness. Consult a dictionary when any word which is not familiar is encountered. Try to master the meaning of every phrase; but even if it escapes you copy the words and pass on to things you do understand.

However dull this task may seem, you are surely and certainly forming the habit of correct phrasing. Added to this you are familiarizing yourself with good literature and with the thoughts of great minds.

Do not try to do too much at first. Work slowly and patiently. BUT WORK EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

Never copy more than one essay in a day, and be satisfied if you only copy one printed page. You will be surprised to find how much you will accomplish in a few months by this persistent practice.

When you begin upon the novels do not attempt to write down the entire book. Read all the chapters carefully, but copy only those pages which seem most attractive to you, or such thoughts as appeal to you.

After you have advanced enough to feel your improvement, take up

Shakespeare, Milton and Goethe, and follow the same methods.

After one year of persistent work for even an hour daily, along these lines, your efforts will satisfy you that you are on the right road to mental culture.

Your mind will be as transformed as a garret which careful hands have changed into a boudoir, by removing rubbish and replacing it with wisely selected furniture.

To read the leading magazines keeps one in touch with current events and with the new discoveries and inventions of the day. Select perhaps two monthly magazines and make a rule to read them through each month. Avoid slipshod habits of reading. Never undertake to speak of an article you have read unless you are able to give a clear idea of it, earn the great gift of being silent until you are sure of having something of interest to say.

Practice the art of drawing other people out and leading them to talk. Listen well and meditate upon what you hear. If you are listening to the educated and cultured you will be able to learn something of the manner of expression, even if you obtain no real information.

Educated and cultured people do not always impart information. Not infrequently they are mere parrots, repeating what they have heard or read instead of what they have thought and learned by experience.

Avoid the Errors and Emulate the Accomplishments of Other People. Do not imagine education means infallibility of judgment or keen sense of justice. But it usually does mean correct expression.

Notice the errors made by others in speech and in manners only to avoid them. Notice their accomplishments to emulate them.

Do not learn something new every day. Carry a little notebook and if you hear a word which is not familiar keep it in mind until you can let it down. If you read the word do the same and before you sleep, find its meaning. The next morning think it over until it is added to your vocabulary.

If you have leisure and means, look up some school of correspondence and take a course of study. Almost every city has a school of this kind and they are excellent substitutes for colleges.

Electric, mathematics, literature are all things which can be taught by correspondence.

There is not the slightest necessity for any human being to-day remain ignorant. Indolence, lack of ambition and lack of application are the causes of ignorance, not circumstances.

Whoever will, may acquire education and culture.

## The Gods of Mars



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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(Continued.)  
One by one she sent them through the secret panel into the room beyond, and when the last had passed from the chamber where we stood in wide-eyed amazement she turned and smiled at us and then passed through herself, leaving us alone.

### CHAPTER VI. Thuvia.

FOR a moment neither of us spoke. Then Tars Tarkas said: "I heard the fighting beyond the partition through which you passed, but I did not fear for you, John Carter, until I heard the report of a revolver shot. I knew that there lived no man upon all Barsoom who could face you with naked steel and live, but the shot stripped the last vestige of hope from me, since you I knew to be without firearms. Tell me of it."

I did as he bade, and then together we sought the secret panel through which I had just entered the apartment—the one at the opposite end of the room from that through which the girl had led her savage companions.

To our disappointment the panel eluded our every effort to negotiate its secret lock. We felt that once beyond it we might look with some little hope for success for a passage to the outside world.

The fact that the prisoners within were securely chained led us to believe that surely there must be an avenue of escape from the terrible creatures which inhabited this unspeakable place.

Again and again we turned from one door to another, from the baffling golden panel at one end of the chamber to its mate at the other, equally baffling.

When we had about given up all hope one of the panels turned silently toward us, and the young woman who had led away the banths stood once more beside us.

"Who are you," she asked, "and what is your mission that you have the temerity to attempt to escape from the valley Dor and the death you have chosen?"

"I have chosen no death, maiden," I replied. "I am not of Barsoom, nor have I taken yet the voluntary pilgrimage upon the river Iss. My friend here is Jeddak of all the Tharks, and though he has not yet expressed a desire to return to the living world, I am taking him with me from the living lie that hath lured him to this frightful place."

"I am of another world. I am John Carter, prince of the house of Tardos Mors, Jeddak of Hellum. Perchance some faint rumor of me may have leaked within the confines of your hellish abode."

She smiled.  
"Yes," she replied; "naught that passes in the world we have left is unknown here. I have heard of you many years ago. The therns have often wondered whether you have flown since you had neither taken the pilgrimage nor could be found upon the face of Barsoom."

"Tell me," I said, "and who are you and why a prisoner, yet with power over the ferocious beasts of the place that denotes familiarity and authority far beyond that which might be expected of a prisoner or a slave?"

"Slave I am," she answered, "for fifteen years a slave in this terrible place, and now that they have tired of me and become fearful of the power which my knowledge of their ways has given me I am but recently condemned to die the death."

She shuddered.  
"What death?" I asked.  
"The holy therns eat human flesh," she answered me, "but only that which has died beneath the sucking lips of a"

## BETTER THAN CALOMEL

Thousands Have Discovered Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a Harmless Substitute

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—the substitute for calomel—are a mild but sure laxative, and their effect on the liver is almost instantaneous. They are the result of Dr. Edwards' determination not to treat liver and bowel complaints with calomel. His efforts to banish it brought out these little olive-colored tablets.

These pleasant little tablets do the good that calomel does, but have no bad after effects. They don't injure the teeth like strong liquids or calomel. They take hold of the trouble and quickly correct it. Why cure the liver at the expense of the teeth? Calomel sometimes plays havoc with the gums. So do strong liquids. It is best not to take calomel, but to let Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets take its place.

Most headaches, "dullness" and that lazy feeling come from constipation and a disordered liver. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets when you feel "luggy" and "heavy." Note how they "clear" clouded brain and how they "perk up" the spirits. 10c and 25c a box. All druggists.

(To Be Continued.)

## FIRST COUSINS TO SOARING POTATO

Other Foods Have the Same Properties and Cost Consumer Much Less

Said Wedell to Pat. "Faith! Do ye sense that? The price of the spuds doesn't fall." Said Pat with a grin. "Begorra, we win! We won't eat the divils at all."

A few days ago when a bag of potatoes arrived from the store out of mere curiosity, I counted them—just twelve. Twenty-five cents for a dozen potatoes—two and a fraction cents each! Everything else had taken wings, loaf bread was shrinking under one's very eyes and now even potatoes, the great daily staple, had swung into line on the uphill march.

The average housewife a dinner without potatoes is like a pitcher without a handle. Well, then, we must learn to take a firm grip of the rim and tip the handleless pitcher anyway!

First, it is wise to see just what are the food values found in the potato. These are chiefly starch, a carbohydrate, and liquid. Therefore any starchy vegetables cooked in plenty of water could be used as a substitute among these we rice, hominy, spaghetti, noodles and macaroni. The next question is to find palatable ways of preparing these dishes. Either boiled until soft and served alone forms a flat tasting, unappetizing, starchy mass. They are first cousins of our great American standby but it is very evident that they lack the potato's flavor and satisfying attraction. Then the housewife looks about her for combinations capable of suiting the palates of her family. A few of these I have gathered from various sources and give below in the hope that they may be of some use.

**Fried Rice**  
Blend 2 cups of cold boiled rice with 1 tablespoonful lemon juice and mold into balls. Fry in deep fat until a golden brown and serve very hot.

**Baked Rice Loaf**  
Boil rice in chicken stock. When done, drain and press into a mold. When firm, remove from mold, brush over with egg yolk, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown in the oven. Serve with tomato sauce.

**French Rice**  
Fry together a finely chopped onion and seeded and chopped green pepper. Remove from fire, add a teaspoon lemon juice and pour over hot rice.

**Baked Hominy**  
Soak, boil and drain 2 cups big hominy (sump). Add 1 can tomatoes. Mix together in baking dish. Dot over top with cheese and cook until partly dry.

**Croutettes of Hominy**  
Add 2 cups cold boiled hominy to 2 cups cold boiled sump. Heat slowly. Remove from fire and add salt, pepper, celery salt, a dash of powdered clove and the beaten yolks of 2 eggs. When cool, shape into croutettes, dip into white of the egg, roll in crumbs and fry in hot deep fat.

**Spanish Spaghetti**  
Fill a baking dish with alternate layers of boiled spaghetti and any left over meat chopped fine. Season each layer with chopped onion and chopped red peppers. Pour over all the liquid from one can of tomatoes. Season with salt, paprika and celery salt. Sprinkle cheese over top and bake.

**Swiss Spaghetti**  
Boil and drain the spaghetti and mix thoroughly with hot with grated Swiss cheese and a little melted butter. Season with salt, paprika and celery salt. Set in the oven until the cheese melts and blends thoroughly. Serve very hot.

**Fried Noodles**  
Boil large noodles in salted water until tender, drain and cool. Dip into cold butter and fry in hot fat. Serve with cream or tomato sauce.

**Noodles and Tomatoes**  
Mix thoroughly 1 can tomatoes and one package boiled noodles. Season with salt, pepper and diced onion. Put into baking dish, dot over with cheese and bake until firm.

**Macaroni in Peppers or Cheese Shell**  
Scald sweet green peppers, remove seeds and fill with boiled and broken macaroni. Dot over tops with cheese and bake. Or, one may use the shell of line peppers or tomato cheese on hand fill with the macaroni, sprinkle top with crumbs and bake.

When in the course of human events the hearts of the wholeate dealers soften toward mankind, we may be able to eat potatoes again with an easy mind (and purse). When that glorious day arrives, we can blow ourselves and serve them in new and odd styles just for the joy of it!

**Devilled Potatoes**  
Wash and bake six large potatoes in their jackets. Remove a slice from one end and carefully scoop out the white. Mix this to a soft foamy consistency with milk and one well-beaten egg. Flavor highly with salt, cayenne, mustard and onion juice and celery salt. Stuff the skins with the mixture, adding a piece of cheese in place of the slice cut off. Stand upright in a pan and put into oven until the cheese is thoroughly melted.

**English Potatoes**  
Fry thin slices of cold boiled potato until brown and on each slice place a piece of hard boiled egg. Pour over the platter before serving a sauce made of 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons browned flour, salt, pepper, 2 teaspoons vinegar and chopped parsley to taste.

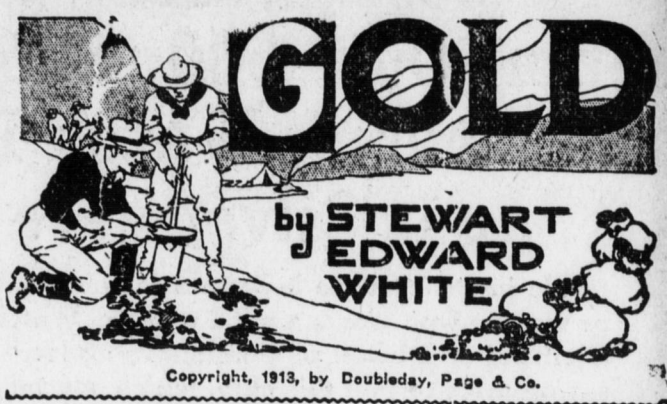
**Potatoes and Bacon**  
Brown one cup cold chopped potatoes with one-half cup diced bacon. Beat separately the yolks and whites of 3 eggs (the whites get they will be cheaper by then). Stir eggs into the potato mixture and season with salt, pepper and celery salt. Cook in frying pan slowly like an omelet, folding over if desired.

ANNA HAMILTON WOOD.

## Kittatiny Camp Fire Girls Royally Entertained

Mechanicsburg, Pa., Feb. 15.—Miss Mary Koller delightfully entertained the Kittatiny Camp Fire Girls, of which she is a member, last evening at her home in East Main street, with a Valentine masquerade party.

The rooms were gay in heart decorations and favors of valentines were given the guests at the conclusion of supper. The attendance were: Misses Miriam Zufall, Rachel Shelly, Marjorie Baum, Florence Orris, Elizabeth Hurst, Miriam Orris, Elizabeth Crawford, Edna Miller, Ruth Miller and Mary Koller. Special guests were: Miss Margaret Blackburn, Miss Elsie Lenker, Miss Francis Koller and Mrs. William Koller.



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(Continued.)  
"Johnny," said I in a strangled little voice, "I've got to give back McGlynn's change. Wait to go with me?"

We tiptoed around the corner of the building and fell into each other's arms with shrieks of joy.

"Oh," cried Johnny at last, wiping the tears from his eyes, "mine's no trouble!"

After we had to some extent relieved our feelings we changed my gold slug into dust—I purchased a buckskin bag—and went to find McGlynn. Our way to his quarters led past the postoffice, where a long cue of men still waited patiently and quietly in line. We stood for a few moments watching the demeanor of those who had received their mail or who had been told there was nothing for them. Some of the latter were pathetic and looked fairly dazed with grief and disappointment.

We found Yank and Talbot still at the edge of the hotel veranda.

"Look here, Tal," said Johnny at once, "how are you going to finish all this business you've scared up and get off to the mines within a reasonable time? We ought to start pretty soon."

"Mines?" echoed Talbot. "I'm not going to the mines! I wouldn't leave all this for a million mines. No; Yank and I have been talking it over. You boys will have to attend to the mining end of this business. I'll pay Frank's share and take a quarter of the profits, and Frank can pay me in addition half his profits. In return for the work I don't do I'll put aside \$220 and use it in my business here, and all of us will share in the profits I make from that amount. How does that strike you?"

"I don't like to lose you out of this," said Johnny disappointedly.

"Nor I," said I.

"And I hate to lose the adventure, boys," agreed Talbot earnestly. "But, honestly, I can't leave this place now even if I want to, and I certainly don't want to."

I turned in that night with the feeling that I had passed a very interesting day.

### CHAPTER XI. Off For Sutter's Fort.

TWO days later Yank, Johnny and I embarked aboard a small bluff bowed sailboat, waved our farewells to Talbot, standing on the shore, and laid our course to cross the blue bay behind an island called Alcatraz. Our boatman was a short, swarthy man with curly hair and gold rings in his ears. He handled his boat well, but spoke not at all. After a dozen attempts to get something more than monosyllables out of him we gave it up and settled ourselves to the solid enjoyment of a new adventure.

The breeze was strong and drove even our rather clumsy craft at considerable speed. The blue waters of the bay flashed in the sun and rifled under the squalls. Spray dashed away from our bows. A chill racer in from the open Pacific, diluting the sunlight.

After a journey of several days we came into a wide bottom land country with oaks. The distant blue hills had grown and had become slate gray. At noon we discerned ahead of us a low bluff, and a fork in the river, and among the oak trees the gleam of tents, and before them a tracery of masts where the boats and small ships lay moored to the trees. This was the embarcadero of Sutter's Fort beyond, or the new city of Sacramento, whichever you pleased. Here our boat journey ended, and we set out to cover the three or four miles to Sutter's Fort.

Sutter's Fort was situated at the edge of the live oak park. We found it to resemble a real fort, with high walls, bastions and a single gate at each end through which one entered to a large inclosed square, perhaps a hundred and fifty yards long by fifty wide. The walls were not pierced for guns, and the defense seemed to depend entirely on the jutting bastions. The walls were double and about twenty-five feet apart. Thus by roofing over this space and dividing it with partitions Sutter had made up his barracks, blacksmith shop, bakery, and the like. Later in our investigations we even ran across a woolen factory, a distillery, a millard room and a bowling alley! At the southern end of this long space stood a two story house. Directly opposite the two story house and at the other end of the inclosure was an adobe corral.

The place was crowded with people. A hundred or so miners rushed here and there on apparently very important business or loafed contentedly against the posts or the sun warmth of adobe walls. In this latter occupation they were aided and abetted by a number of the native Californians. Perhaps a hundred Indians were leading horses, carrying burdens or engaged in some other heavy toll. They were the first we had seen, and we examined them with considerable curiosity. A good many of them were nearly naked, but some had on por-

(To Be Continued.)

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



THIS is one of the most charming little frocks that could be shown. It is made of blue cotton voile and it is trimmed with the same material in Paisley colors. You could find nothing more fashionable and you could find nothing more charmingly child-like, although, as a matter of course, you could copy the design in a great many different materials. If you want a more sturdy dress, you could make it of gingham or of a light weight linen and make the collar of a thinner material. If you want something warmer for immediate wear you could make it of serge with the collar of charmeuse satin and perhaps a little souchate braid or a little embroidery used for the trimming. If you want a simpler dress you could omit the trimming on the skirt, leaving it plain.

For the 12 year size will be needed, 3 3/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 44 with 3/8 yard 36 for trimming.

The May Manton pattern No. 9340 is cut in sizes from 8 to 14 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

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