

Reading for Women and the Family

The Gods of Mars



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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(Continued.)

We had proceeded for possibly an hour without serious interruption and Thuvia had just whispered to me that we were approaching our first destination when on entering a great chamber we came upon a man, evidently a thern.

CHAPTER VII. Through the Golden Cliffs.

THE man was indeed of my precise stature, nor were his eyes and features unlike mine, but his hair was a mass of flowing yellow locks, like those of the two I had killed, while mine is black and close cropped.

Again, as he bore the body from the room, he shot a quick but searching glance toward me, and then his eyes fell once more upon the bald and shiny dome of the dead man in his arms.

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CITY ONE CLEAN IN DISGRACE NOW

Public Health in Danger Because of Uncollected Ashes and Garbage

By Anna H. Wood

Merciful indeed is great Mother Nature. Having stood the pitiful sight of the streets of Harrisburg littered with ashes, garbage and rubbish as long as she could she sent her soft white blanket to hide it at least for a time.

This city, such a little while ago praised for its cleanliness, its splendid roadways, its wonderful progressive-ness which bid fair to make it Pennsylvania's "convention town," is becoming a disgrace and a by-word throughout the State.

"I have seen," said an uptown woman, "wagons full of garbage brought in the dead of night and emptied into the open lots." These vacant spaces are in the very heart of the new residential district just above Maclay street.

Another woman prominent in local city and social life referred to an alley back of her Front street home. "For weeks and months it has been a disgrace! Ashes and bits of garbage, old stockings, odd gloves and all sorts of refuse are in it to the very heart. Think what it means when the first spring thaws come."

Helping to Pile Up the Litter

There is scarcely a householder who is not tormented with circulars, patent medicine advertisements, cards of cut rate grocery sales, etc., thrown at or in the general direction of the front door. These bits of paper, ragged and weather worn, give their share to the general litter. Add to this the empty tin cans, to which decaying articles of food still cling, bones carried by stray dogs from garbage receptacles with ill-fitting covers or with none at all and one can soon find a hearty breeding ground for disease.

Not so very long ago a woman in the lower end of the city had reason to dispose of a dead cat. She called the attention of the proper parties but without success and the animal had to be carried to the dump a distance away where it lay for days in an advanced state of mortification, the horror and the fascination of the passing school children.

Complaints and complaints have been going on all over the city for months, but uselessly. The hard earned money of the householder has had to go out to private parties for the disposal of ashes and refuse which should be taken away without cost. It has actually come to the pass that a collector gazes at the overflowing cans and receptacles with a strong hint for the housekeeper to offer money, and, if it is not forthcoming, he mumbles something about them being "frozen" or an awfully heavy load "at ambles on his way!"

Why Not Enforce Laws

The city of Harrisburg possesses on her statute books laws and ordinances which are sufficient to solve the whole problem and compel a thorough clean-up. How, then, can the poor man who throws his ashes over the fence be handled for breaking the law when the municipality itself is doing virtually the same thing? What is the matter with the police who allow wagon loads of ashes and refuse to pass through city streets uncovered when every law of cleanliness and decency as well as those adopted by the city government call for covered wagons?

And the result of all this negligence? Pestilence and death! The City Health Board fears an outbreak of infantile paralysis during the coming summer, if present conditions continue equal to that in New York and Brooklyn last season. With only four or five cases on our record when the whole country lay under the horror of the scourge, this city became a veritable hotbed of the disease, and it bids fair to become the opposite before many more months have passed.

The women of the Visiting Nurses Association in their work in the poorer districts have found filth and dirt rampant in such localities as Seventh street, part of Herr, etc., where the living conditions are congested.

That he suspected something of the truth I could have sworn, but that it was only a suspicion which he did not dare voice was evidenced by his silence. Again, as he bore the body from the room, he shot a quick but searching glance toward me, and then his eyes fell once more upon the bald and shiny dome of the dead man in his arms.

The last fleeting glimpse that I obtained of his profile as he passed from my sight without the chamber revealed a cunning smile of triumph upon his lips.

Only Tars Tarkas, Thuvia and I were left. The fatal marksmanship of the therns had snatched from our companions whatever slender chance they had of gaining the perilous freedom of the world.

So soon as the last of the grewsome procession had disappeared the girl urged us to take up our flight once more.

She, too, had noted the questioning attitude of the thern who had borne Sator Throg away.

"It bodes no good for us, O prince," she said, "for, even though this fellow dared not chance accusing you in error, there is those above with power sufficient to demand a closer scrutiny, and that, prince, would indeed prove fatal."

I shrugged my shoulders. It seemed that in any event the outcome of our plight must end in death. I was refreshed from my sleep, but still weak from loss of blood.

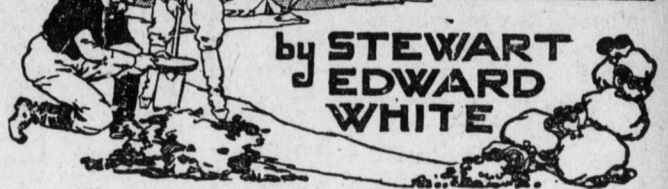
I was discouraged. Never had a feeling of such utter hopelessness come over me in the face of danger. Then the long, flowing yellow locks of the holy thern, caught by some vagrant draft, blew about my face.

(To Be Continued.)

MRS. ALICE MARKLEY BURIED. Lemoyne, Pa., Feb. 19.—Funeral services for Mrs. Alice Markley, who died at her home in Herman avenue, Friday afternoon, were held this morning. Burial was made in the Camp Hill cemetery.

POTATOES AT \$3.00. Sunbury, Pa., Feb. 19.—White potatoes reached \$3.00 per bushel in Sunbury, and are hard to get at that. Farmers on the local market declared they do not have very many even at that price.

GOLD



by STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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(Continued.)

We wandered about here and there, looking with all our eyes. The miners were very busy and silent, but quite friendly, and allowed us to examine as much as we pleased the results of their operations. In the pans, and cradles the yellow flake gold glittered



"Where can we dig a little of this gold ourselves?"

plainly, contrasting with the black sand. In the pans, however, the residue spread out fan shaped along the angle between the bottom and the side, and at the apex the gold lay heavy and beautiful all by itself.

The men were generally bearded, tanned with working in this blinding sun and plastered liberally with the red earth. We saw some queer sights, however, as when we came across a jolly pair dressed in what were the remains of ultra fashionable garments up to and including plug hats! At one side, working some distance from the stream, were small groups of native Californians or Mexicans. They did not trouble to carry the earth all the way to the river, but, after screening it roughly, tossed it into the air above a canvas, thus winnowing out the heavier pay dirt. I thought this must be very disagreeable.

As we wandered about here and there among all these men so busily engaged and with our own eyes saw pan after pan show gold, actual metallic guaranteed gold, such as rings and watches and money are made of, a growing excitement possessed us—the excitement of a small boy with a new and untried gun. We wanted to get at it ourselves. Only we did not know how.

Finally Yank approached one of the busy miners. "Stranger," said he, "we're new to this. Maybe you can tell us where we can dig a little of this gold ourselves."

The man straightened his back to exhibit a roving humorous blue eye, with which he examined Yank from top to toe. "If," said he, "it wasn't for that eighteen foot cannon you carry over your left arm and a cold gray pair of eyes you carry in your head I'd direct you up the sidehill yonder and watch you sweat. As it is, you can work anywhere anybody else isn't working. Start in!"

"Can we dig right next to you, then?" asked Yank, nodding at an unbroken piece of ground just upstream. The miner clambered carefully out of his waist deep trench, searched his pockets, produced a pipe and tobacco. After lighting this he made Yank a low bow.

"Thanks for the compliment; but I warn you, this claim of mine is not very rich. I'm thinking of trying somewhere else."

"Don't you get any gold?" "Oh, a few ounces a day."

"That suits me for a beginning," said Yank decidedly. "Come on, boys!"

The miner heaved back into his hole, only to stick his head out again for the purpose of telling us: "Mind you keep fifteen feet away!"

With eager hands we slipped a pick and shovels from beneath the pack ropes, nudged our iron bucket and without further delay commenced feverishly to dig.

Johnny held the pail, while Yank and I vied with each other in being the first to get our shovelful into that receptacle. As a consequence we nearly swamped the pail first off and had to pour some of the earth out again. Then we all three ran down to the river and took turns stirring that mud pile beneath the gently flowing waters in the manner of the "pot panners" we had first watched. After a good deal of trouble we found ourselves possessed of a thick layer of rocks and coarse pebbles.

"We forgot to screen it," I pointed out. "We haven't any screen," said Johnny.

"Let's pick 'em out by hand," suggested Yank. We did so. The process emptied the pail. Each of us insisted on examining closely, but none of us succeeded

in creating out of our desires any of that alluring black sand.

"I suppose we can't expect to get color every time," observed Johnny disappointedly. "Let's try her again."

We tried her again, and yet again and then some more, but always with the same result. Our hands became puffed and wrinkled with constant immersion in the water and began to feel sore from the continual stirring of the rubble.

"Something wrong," grunted Johnny into the abysmal silence in which we had been carrying on our work. "We can't expect it every time," I reminded him.

"All the others seem to." "Well, maybe we've struck a blank place. Let's try somewhere else," suggested Yank.

Johnny went over to speak to our neighbor, who was engaged in tossing out shovelfuls of earth from an excavation into which he had nearly straightened his back, so that his head bobbed out of the hole like a prairie dog.

"No, it doesn't matter where you dig," he answered Johnny's question. "The pay dirt is everywhere."

So we moved on a few hundred feet, picked another unoccupied patch and resumed our efforts. No greater success rewarded us here.

"I believed maybe we ought to go deeper," surmised Yank.

"Some of these fellows are taking their dirt right off top of the ground," objected Johnny.

However, we unlimbered the pickax and went deeper, to the extent of two feet or more. It was good hard work, especially as we were all soft for it. The sun poured down on our backs with burning intensity, our hands blistered, and the round rocks and half cemented rubble that made the bar were not the easiest things in the world to remove. However, we kept at it. Yank and I, having in times past been more or less accustomed to this sort of thing, got off much easier than did poor Johnny. About two feet down we came to a mixed coarse sand and stones, a little finer than the top dirt. This seemed to us promising, so we resumed our washing operations. They bore the same results as had the first, which was just the whole of nothing.

"We've got to hit it somewhere," said Johnny between his teeth. "Let's try another place."

We scrambled rather wearily, but with a dogged determination, out of our shallow hole. Our blue eyed, long bearded friend was sitting on a convenient boulder near at hand, his pipe between his teeth, watching our operations.

"Got any tobacco, boys?" he inquired genially. "Smoked my last until tonight unless you'll lend."

Yank produced a plug, from which the stranger shaved some parings. "Struck the dirt?" he inquired. "No! I see you haven't." He stretched himself and arose. "You aren't washing this stuff!" he cried in amazement as his eye took in fully what we were about.

Then we learned what we might have known before—but how should we?—that the gold was not to be found in any and every sort of loose earth that might happen to be lying about, but only in either a sort of blue clay or a pulverized granite. Sometimes this

ground, again, the miner had to dig for it.

(To Be Continued.)

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THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By Hazel Dale

By HAZEL DALE. Janet stood in the middle of the wonderful studio apartment that she and Jarvis had discovered. She wore a big apron over her dress and she was trying to bring order out of chaos. About her in varying degrees of disorder stood her things. The beautiful ivory bedroom suite had not arrived, as Jarvis and Janet were not keeping house by any means. They were only spending their honeymoon in a novel manner, that is, in doing what they liked.

Most of Janet's wicker things had been put into the bedroom, but the things that had come up from the other studio were in the big room. A woman was working at the windows, and as fast as Janet could unpack a thing the papers and strings were hastily disposed of by the obliging janitor, who evidently thought the occupants of the top floor studio very strange and wonderful beings.

Jarvis came in suddenly and found her among the half opened packages. He almost staggered under another armful of boxes. Janet gave a little scream of delight.

"Jarvis, did you ever see anything like it?" she said delightedly. "Why people have sent things just as though we had a big wedding. Here's something from the Daskells. I never even sent them an announcement."

"Let's open this one right away," Jarvis suggested, and Janet seized the big registered bundle eagerly. It was from Jarvis's one relative who never did anything for him, an aunt, who lived in California, and they were naturally anxious to see what it contained. Janet pulled the heavy wrappings off quickly and beneath them was a huge wooden chest.

Janet looked up at Jarvis suddenly. "Dear, I have a premonition that it is going to be something wonderful. I wonder if you are thinking what I am?" And then they raised the lid. Janet gasped.

"Imagine owning silver like this and living in a studio apartment," she breathed. "Do you know I had an idea that Aunt Grace would send it. Just look, a dozen of everything. Why, we shall live like kings, Jarvis. No one could own anything nicer."

"What shall we open next?" Jarvis said eagerly. "This is just like having a wishing lamp. Let's tackle this big box over here; we'll get the large things out of the way first and then we can gradually get to rights." The large box required a hammer and plenty of hard work to get open. It was marked "Handle with care."

and Janet could not imagine what it contained, although it ought to be something nice, for her father's brother had sent it. The big wooden cover was lifted off and Janet dived down into the excitement and brought out something wrapped with paper. "It feels like a cup," she said ecstatically. "Jarvis, I know what it is—dishes!"

She unwrapped the cup carefully. In a way she was happy, but in another way she was almost afraid to look. Suppose it was a design unsuited to the studio life, just suppose Uncle Ned had sent a dinner set banded in gold! That would be a catastrophe. And then she had the cup in her hand and she looked up at Jarvis.

"Isn't it adorable," she said with shining eyes. "Oh, look, Jarvis here's an envelope. From Uncle Ned and Aunt Florene," she read, "hoping that this queer design will please our young Bohemian relatives."

The design was of the kind used in tearooms. Queer birds and flowers were scattered over it promiscuously. Janet had seen a set like it in a Fifth avenue shop and had sighed longingly, for she knew that the money she and Jarvis had set aside to buy things with would not be nearly enough to pay for them. And here they were.

"At this rate, we shan't have to buy anything but kitchen utensils," Janet said, as she unwrapped the last one. Janet said, and then "Oh! it's a chaise longue done in ivory, and what wonderful daintiness. Do you suppose we could match it for its curves? And what's that?" Jarvis, it's never a rug. But it was a rug, a gorgeous, rich toned thing, blue and yellow. It would look regal in the studio.

"I'm so happy I could cry," Janet said, looking up to meet Jarvis's eyes. "But to tell the truth," she finished naively. "I haven't the time. Come on, boys, let's get to work and clean up."

(To Be Continued.)

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



THIS very full middie is one of the smartest developments of that favorite garment. Together with the plaited skirt it makes an exceedingly attractive as well as an absolutely smart and up-to-date costume. You can use it for the Spring if made of a suitable material and also you can use it for the making up of the pretty Summer materials that are so attractive and shown in such an interesting variety, for girls wear middies of cotton gingham and of gingham and material of such sort at all seasons. In the picture, the dress is made of buff chambray and it is trimmed with a plaid gingham that shows stripes of buff and brown with an occasional line of brighter color.

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Bonds should be presented for payment, at the office of the undersigned, on or after March 1, 1917. Commonwealth Trust Company, Trustee