



Reading for Women and the Family



"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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On the way home that night, Helen hardly knew whether to confide in Warren. She wondered what he would say if she told him, and she was really trying to take him into her confidence. It was Warren himself who opened the way toward a confidence when he said as they entered the apartment: "I wonder if that little Nesbitt girl is as crazy about Carp as she appears to be?"

Helen smiled knowingly, and just as she had intended, Warren caught the smile.

"Well, what are you grinning about in such a superior manner? Think you know something that no one else suspects?"

"Perhaps," Helen returned, determined to elicit a certain amount of curiosity before she imparted her news. Warren capitulated after a time.

"Well, if you really know something, out with it. Can't you see that I am eaten up with curiosity?" His manner was at once confidential, and Helen, only too ready to return to their informal relations, responded with: "You will think I know something when I tell you what I overheard today."

"Oh," Warren chided, "eavesdropping, eh?"

"Well, I couldn't help overhearing this," Helen defended. "I began to get a headache after I had been there a little while to-day, and the cigaret smoke was so thick, and I didn't feel very well anyway, so I slipped into that little room next to the dining room to get out of it for a few minutes."

"I wondered where you had gone," Warren said.

"The door was open into the dining room, and I heard someone talking in there, so I went across to close it softly. I didn't want to be discovered where I was. Frances might have imagined that I wasn't enjoying myself. Well, whom do you think I discovered in there together?"

"Carp and that little witch; well, I'll be darned!" exploded Warren.

"And I heard enough, Warren, to convince me that that Nesbitt girl is impossible."

Warren opened his eyes. "Must have been exciting," he remarked. "Well, go ahead."

"Of course I have only Frances' interests at heart, and I am too fond of her not to detest anyone who tries to make trouble for her," Helen continued. "Well, Carp's entire conversation with the girl was about love."

"They were making love?"

"No, the girl was making love to him. You should have heard it. If she is a sample of what the world is coming to, I shall be afraid to bring Win-

fred up. If Winfred should ever meet any girls like that, their influence might ruin her."

"Well, I don't forget," interrupted Warren. "I have warned you time and again about boarding schools for girls, and you have always stood up against me and in fact you always insisted that Winfred should go to one. Now I suppose you will agree with me that a good public school is good enough for any girl."

"I guess I do," said Helen meekly.

"Well, go on with the story," Warren persisted.

"Well, this Nesbitt girl was telling Carp how much she cared about him. She said she hated Frances, and she told Carp that he must know that she had schemed to get down and visit in New York, just to see him."

"And what did Carp say to all this?"

"He was a dear, of course. I know that Carp is mad about Frances, and thinks that girl is a fool. He told her that he could not have her here if she felt that way about Frances. He told her that she would have to get those silly notions out of her head entirely."

Helen stopped here. A knowing grin was spreading over Warren's face.

"What's the matter, Warren?"

"I have to smile, I think how utterly you are taken in, my dear."

"Taken in, what do you mean?"

"I mean that you are mistaken in thinking Carp entirely innocent. Don't you really think that he has encouraged the girl at all? Oh, I don't mean that he cares for her, but no man could be utterly immune if a girl as attractive as she is shows that she cares."

"Warren, I don't see how you could think that of Carp."

"Of course you don't. Because this girl is dangerously attractive, you take the average woman's stand. You say that she is a regular Circe, and that of course Carp is innocent. Well, I say that I'm sorry for that kid. She's been left too much to herself, and she has some ideas that are bad, I'll admit, but she's not entirely to blame in this matter, and I don't think that you should condemn her so bitterly."

"Of course I condemn her," Helen returned quickly. "Frances is one of my dearest friends, and she married a man who loved her. Their married life is nothing like ours, let me tell you that. Do you think I'm going to stand by and see a little vixen come in and break it all up? Didn't you think I would believe my own ears when they told me that Carp was in the right?"

And Helen, with a sudden relapse, burst into tears.

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

The Gods of Mars



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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With Drawn Swords They Made For Me.

(Continued.)

Tars Tarkas, who was at the wheel as I talked with my son, called to me and told me there was some difficulty with one of the airship's ray tanks. This he rectified. We had

"John Carter!" he exclaimed, and then a sudden troubled look came into his eyes. "My prince," he started, "where hast thou?"

And then he stopped, but I knew the question that his lips dared not frame. The loyal fellow would not be the one to force from mine a confession of the terrible truth that I had returned from the bosom of Iss, the river of mystery, back from the shore of the sea of Korus and the valley Dor.

"Ah, my prince," he continued, as though no thought had interrupted his greeting, "that you are back is sufficient, and let Hor Vastus' sword have the high honor of being first at thy feet."

With these words the noble fellow unbuckled his scabbard and flung his sword upon the ground before me.

Could you know the customs and the character of red Martians you would appreciate the depth of meaning that that simple act conveyed to me and to all about us who witnessed it.

The thing was equivalent to saying: "My sword, my body, my life, my soul, are yours, to do with as you wish. Until death and after death I look to you alone for authority for my every act. Be you right or wrong, your word shall be my only truth. Whoso raises his hand against you must answer to my sword."

It is the oath of fealty that men occasionally pay to a jeddak whose high character and chivalrous acts have inspired their enthusiastic love of his followers. Never had I known this high tribute paid to a lesser mortal.

There was but one response possible. I stooped and lifted the sword from the ground, raised the hilt to my lips, and then, stepping to Hor Vastus, I buckled the weapon upon him with my own hands.

"Hor Vastus," I said, placing my hand upon his shoulder, "you know best the promptings of your own heart. That I shall need your sword I have little doubt, but accept from John Carter upon his sacred honor the assurance that he will never call upon you to draw this sword other than in the cause of truth, justice and righteousness."

"That I knew, my prince," he replied, "ere ever I threw my beloved blade at thy feet."

As we spoke other fliers came and went between the ground and the battleship, and presently a larger boat was launched from above, one capable of carrying a dozen persons perhaps, and dropped lightly near us. As she touched, an officer sprang from her deck to the ground and, advancing to Hor Vastus, saluted.

"Kantos Kan desires that this party whom we have met be brought immediately to the deck of the Xavarian," he said.

As we approached the little craft I looked about for the members of my party and for the first time noticed that Thuvia was not among them.

Immediately Hor Vastus dispatched a dozen air scouts in as many directions to search for her. It could not be possible that she had gone far since we had last seen her. We others stepped to the deck of the craft that had been sent to fetch us and a moment later were upon the Xavarian.

The first man to greet me was Kantos Kan himself. My old friend had won to the highest place in the navy of Hellum, but he was still to me the same brave comrade who had shared with me the privations of a Warhoun dungeon, the terrible atrocities of the great games and later the dangers of our search for Dejah Thoris within the hostile city of Zodanga.

Then I had been an unknown wanderer upon a strange planet and he a simple padwar in the navy of Hellum. Today he commanded all Hellum's great terrors of the skies, and I was a prince of the house of Tardos Mors, Jeddak of Hellum.

He did not ask me where I had been. Like Hor Vastus, he, too, dreaded the truth and would not be the one to wrest a statement from me. That it must come some time he well knew, but until it came he seemed satisfied to let me know that I was with him once more.

He greeted Carthoris and Tars Tarkas with the keenest delight, but he asked neither where he had been. He could scarcely keep his hands off the boy.

"You do not know, John Carter," he said to me, "how we of Hellum love this son of yours. It is as though all the great love we bore his noble father and his poor mother had been centered in him. When it became known that he was lost 10,000,000 people wept."

"What mean you, Kantos Kan," I whispered, "by 'his poor mother'?" for the words had seemed to carry a sinister meaning which I could not fathom.

He drew me to one side.

(To Be Continued)

SUITABLE DISHES FOR THE MEAGER DAYS OF LENT

Occasional Abstinence From Meat Is Good For the Body

DURING Lent it is interesting to seek out the derivation of the word and the origin of the fast which is now so very light as hardly to deserve the name. Long ago it really meant privation. Even still in some parts people do not taste meat from one end of the forty days to the other, but we, degenerate and soft Christians as we are, think it a terrible hardship even to lessen the amount of meat which we eat and deprive ourselves of even a little.

The word "Lent" is of Teutonic origin and originally meant spring, though now it is exclusively used to designate the penitential season that stretches for forty days before Easter, the beginning regulated by the time at which that festival occurs. It was ordained to commemorate Christ's fast in the wilderness and to prepare the heart of man for the great feast which is of primary importance to the Christian, but the method in which the fast should be observed differs in every country.

Throughout the Orient, with some few exceptions, six weeks of prayer and fasting, preparatory to the exceptionally severe Lent maintained during Holy Week, but the Oriental custom was to fast only five days of the week, Saturday and Sunday being exempt.

At a later date the wish to realize the exact number of forty days led to the practice of beginning Lent on Ash Wednesday, but the Church of Milan even to this day adheres to the more primitive arrangement. Some people abstain from eating any sort of creature that has life, while others of all living creatures, eat only fish. Still others eat birds as well, because of the Mosaic account of the creation that birds, too, sprang from the water. Others abstain from eating fruit covered with a hard shell or skin and from eggs.

At one time Christians were expected to pass twenty-four hours without eating any kind during Holy Week, while the more austere subsided upon one meal daily for the entire forty days. In the early centuries the use of both meat and wine was forbidden. In Germany dispensations known as Butterferien were granted to persons unable to fast, and instead they donated alms and contributions, which built many fine structures, such as the choir of the Rhine Cathedral, for this reason known as the Butter tower. The general prohibition of eggs and milk during Lent perpetuated the custom of making a gift of eggs at the time of eating pancakes on Shrove Tuesday.

Apart from the spiritual benefits to be derived from fasting it is distinctly pleasant after the indoor life of winter, the late hours, the heavy rich foods, the inadequate outdoor exercise and all their consequent evils, and so let us not be too quick about dispensing ourselves from at least the abstinence from meat specially as it is quite possible to have many substantial and economical dishes as substitutes.

Here are a few meager receipts all of which have been tested by a friend:

Lentils and Carrot Stew
One-half pound lentils.
Two tablespoonfuls thickened milk.
Three carrots.
Two large onions.
Two ounces margarine or butter.
Seasoning.
Wash the lentils overnight and let them steep for twelve hours or more. Then simmer in a pint of water until quite tender, add the carrots and onions, cut into small pieces. Stir in the butter and milk until the vegetables are soft. Pour the thickened milk over them and serve in a ring of mashed potatoes or rice.

Macaroni Soup
One quart fish stock, or milk and water.
One teaspoonful cornstarch.
Two ounces macaroni.
Two onions.
Seasoning.
One-half cup cream.
Cook the onions until soft and rub through a sieve into the stock, thicken with the cornstarch, add the macaroni, broken small, and cook until it is tender. Season well, and, lastly, before serving, stir in the cream. This addition is an improvement, but not necessary.

Onion Savory
Four onions.
Three cold potatoes.
Three ounces butter.
Two ounces grated cheese.
Seasoning.
One-half cup milk.
One ounce breadcrumbs.
Seasoning.
Beat the onions until tender, break them up with a fork; add the cheese, butter, milk, the egg well beaten, and beat all together well. Season and add one potato cut into neat rounds. Put in a well-greased fire proof dish and cover with the breadcrumbs, dot over with butter and bake in a quick oven until brown.

Vermicelli Patties
Four ounces vermicelli.
Two ounces grated cheese.
One-half pint white sauce.
One ounce margarine.
Seasoning.
Pastry.
Boil the vermicelli into small pieces, cook until quite tender and mix it with the margarine, sauce and seasoning. Line the patty tins with pastry and bake; fill with vermicelli and reheat in a moderate oven.

Eggs With Black Butter
Fry the eggs in margarine, allowing a scant tablespoonful to every two eggs, take them out and add vinegar and seasoning to the margarine, allowing an equal quantity. Put the eggs on neat rounds of toast and pour the sauce over, serve very hot, garnished with finely chopped parsley.

MORE THAN GOOD "RESOLVES" NEEDED TO GET OUT OF DEBT
In the March Woman's Home Companion is an interesting article on debt and how to get out of it by a woman who was almost ruined by her husband's carelessness and extravagance. Among other things she says: "If a family that has been living outside its income wants to start to live inside, something more than a good resolve is necessary. Usually that man and woman have got to form a wholly new circle of friends. They must leave those who are living outside, and take up their abode among those who are living inside. Man is a gregarious animal. His will-power needs all the help it can get from a congenial and approving public opinion."



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While he was away we came to another decision. It had been for some weeks preparing. The diggings were becoming overcrowded. Almost every foot of the bar was occupied, and men were coming in every day. No longer could the newcomer be sure of his color the afternoon of his arrival, but was forced to prospect here and there up and down the river until he found a patch of the pay dirt. Most trusted simply to luck, but some had systems on which they worked. I have seen diving rods used. The believers in chance seemed to do as well as any one else.

But, also, our own yield was decreasing. The last week we had gained only nineteen ounces all told. This might be merely a lean bit of misfortune, or it might mean that we had taken the best from our ten claims. Since the human mind is prone to changes, we inclined to the latter theory. We were getting restless. No miner ever came to California who did not believe firmly that he would have done much better had he come out one voyage earlier, and no miner ever found diggings so rich that he had not a sneaking suspicion that he could do even better "a little farther on."

Our restlessness was further increased by the fact that we were now seeing a good deal of Sam Bagsby, the hunter. He and Yank had found much in common and forgotten of evenings before our campfire.

Bagsby was a man of over fifty, tall and straight as a youngster, with a short white beard, a gray eye and hard, tanned flesh. He was a typical Rocky mountain man, wearing even in the hottest weather his fur cap with the tail hanging behind, his deerskin moccasins and his fringed buckskin hunting shirt. Mining possessed no interest for him whatever. He was by profession a trapper, and he had crossed the plains a half dozen times.

"No mining for me!" he stated emphatically. "I paddled around after the stuff for awhile, till my hands

who genuinely despised money. I really think we were hurried to our decision by this unexpected reasonableness on his part. At any rate, we decided definitely to go.

There were nine of us—Bagsby, Yank, Johnny Fairfax, myself, Don Gaspar, Vasquez, McNally, Buck Barry and Missouri Jones.

Bagsby got us up long before daylight. The air was chilly, in contrast to the terrific heat to be expected later in the day, so we hastened to finish our packing and at dawn were off.

Until about 3 o'clock we journeyed through a complete solitude; then we came upon some men digging in a dry wash. They had piled up a great heap of dirt from a hole. We stopped and talked to them and discovered that they were working what they called "dry diggings." The pay dirt they excavated from wherever they found it, piled it in a convenient place and there left it until the rains should permit its washing. They claimed their dirt would prove to be very rich, but I thought myself that they were laboring in great faith. Also we learned that Bagsby had known right along, but which he had not bothered to tell us—that we were now about to cross the main overland trail.

We stopped that night near the road and at a wayside inn or roadside of logs kept by a most interesting man. He served us an excellent meal, including real eggs, and afterward joined us around the fire. He was an Italian, short, strongly built, with close curly hair, a rollicking, good natured face, and with tiny gold rings in his ears. Johnny and he did most of the talking, while we listened. No part of the civilized world seemed to have been unvisited by this pair. Johnny mentioned Paris. Our host added an intimate detail as to some little street. London appeared to be known to them from one end to the other; Berlin, Edinburgh, St. Petersburg even, and a host of other little fellows whose names I never knew before and cannot remember now. They swapped reminiscences of the streets, the restaurants and the waiters and proprietors thereof; the alleys and byways, the parks and little places. I knew in a general way that Johnny had done the grand tour, but the Italian with his gold earrings and his strong, brown, good humored peasant face puzzled me completely. How came he to be so traveled, so intimately traveled? He was no sailor. That I soon determined.

The two of them became thoroughly interested, but after a time the native courtesy of the Italian asserted itself. He evidently thought we might feel left out of it, though I think the others were, like myself, quite fascinated. "You lika music?" he smiled at us engagingly. "I getta my Italian fiddle? No?"

He arose at our eager assent, pushed aside a blanket that screened off one end of the log cabin and produced his "Italian fiddle"—a hand organ!

At once the solution of the wide wandering among the many cities, the intimate knowledge of streets and of public places burst upon my comprehension. I could see our host looking upward, his strong white teeth flashing in an ingratiating, fascinating smile, his right arm revolving with the crank of his organ, his little brown monkey with the red coat and the anxious face clambering—

Next morning we crossed the overland trail and plunged into a country of pines, of high hills, of deep canyons and bold, rocky ridges. The open spaces we had left behind and the great heats. Water flowed in almost every ravine, and along its courses grew green grass and wild flowers.

CHAPTER XV.
The Strike.

WE awoke the fourth morning to a bright day. The helmeted quail were calling. The bees were just beginning a sun warmed hum among the bushes. A languorous warmth hung in the air and a Sunday stillness. It was as though we awakened to a new world, untrodden by men, which was, indeed, a good deal the case.

(To Be Continued)



"But why don't you fellows branch out?" Babsy always ended.

swelled up like p'ison and my back cracked like a frozen pine tree in the wind. Then I quit, and I stayed quit. I'm a hunter, and I'm makin' a good livin', because I ain't very particular on how I live."

He and Yank smoked interminable pipes and swapped yarns. Johnny and I liked nothing better than to keep quiet and listen to them. Bagsby had come out with Captain Sutter and told of that doughy soldier's early skirmishes with the Indians. His tales of the mountains, the plains and the game and Indians were so much romance to us, and we both wished heartily that fate could have allowed us a chance at such adventures.

"But why don't you fellows branch out?" Bagsby always ended. "What do you want to stick here for like a lot of groundhogs? There's rivers back in the hills a heap better than this one, and nobody there. You'd have the place plumb to yourselves. Git in where the mountains is really mountaintous."

"If Sam Bagsby would join us it might be worth trying," we came to at last.

But Sam Bagsby scouted any such idea.

"I ain't that kind of a tomfool," said he. "If I want to paddle my hands blue I'd do it yere. I couldn't make more'n a livin' anyway. I tell you I ain't got no use for yore prairie dog grubbing!"

Then McNally had an inspiration. "Will you go, Sam, if we pay you for going?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the trapper at once. "I'm a laborin' man. I'll go anywhere I'm paid to go."

It came out that Bagsby's ideas of proper compensation were his supplies, \$15 a week in gold and a drink of whisky twice a day! In all this gold country he was the only man I met

Fashions of To Day - By May Manton



JUST such simple frocks as this one will be extensively worn during the late Winter and the Spring. The serge illustrated with trimming of broadcloth is just as smart and attractive as can be, but you can make this dress of charmeuse or of taffeta or of poplin, and if you are going South and want something pretty for morning wear you could make it of linen. Rose colored linen with white collar and trimming would be charming. It is a very simple dress to make, yet it gives the newest and most fashionable lines. It closes invisibly at the left of the front beneath the box plait. White broadcloth and white serge are exceedingly fashionable for Southern wear and are charming with washable satin trimmings. The collar in what we know as Monk's style is a favorite of the season and a becoming one to young girls.

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It didn't hurt a bit

Hair Often Ruined by Washing With Soap

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is just ordinary mild coconut oil (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mildified coconut oil at any pharmacy, it's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.