

# Reading for Women and all the Family

## THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By Hazel Dale

Janet had been keeping house a week now, and everything was running smoothly. Wonder of wonders, she had actually been able to match the wonderful chintz that had been used to upholster her chaise longue, for fifty-five cents a yard, and now all the windows were hung with the material, and Janet had done wonders with the old horse-hair davenport, which now bloomed resplendent under a ruffled cover of the same stuff.

Each morning she got breakfast in the tiny kitchenette and carried it into the studio, where they ate under the big skylight, the sunshine streaming down all over them and lighting Janet's hair to flaming red. It was the time of the day she loved most for, as she told Jarvis, neither of them knew what the day would bring forth.

"It might be just crammed full of surprises," she would say, with shining eyes.

The wonderful secret that she had confided to Jarvis had not materialized, simply because Janet wanted to be really settled before she went out to try her wings. For that was what the secret was all about. Janet having had one story accepted, wanted to do more; she wanted a real job; something that would help to bring in money.

Janet was working on a black and white picture, and Janet, having put her house in order, came over and dropped a kiss on her husband's thick brown hair. Then before he could seize her she escaped, and in a few minutes was walking rapidly through the busy streets.

Back in the studio, Jarvis worked rapidly on his picture, a tender little smile on his lips and wondering what Janet was up to now. Save for the rhythmic tick of the clock the room was very quiet, and soon Jarvis forgot everything but his work. When he looked up again it was nearly 1 o'clock and Janet had been gone two hours.

**Janet Has News.**

"I wonder where that child could have gone," he said to himself, getting up to stretch, and then there was the click of Janet's key in the lock and the next minute she was in the room and was dancing around with both his hands clasped tight in hers.

"I've had the most wonderful morning," she enthused, "and, my dear, there isn't a thing in the house to eat, so let's go out."

Janet was as eager to hear the news as Janet was to tell it, and she seized his hat and started for the door with Janet hanging on his arm.

"I might as well tell you first as

last," she said, smiling up into his face. "I've got a job."

This announcement fell like a bomb shell from the girl's laughing mouth. She had known that she would make an impression, and she had, for Jarvis was staring at her as if he couldn't believe his ears.

"I went down to 'The Courier' this morning," Janet went on. "Of course I didn't let you know that I was going, because I didn't know whether I'd have a failure or a success, but I went. I walked into the place and asked to see Mr. Reese, and before I knew it there I was walking right into that office. It isn't half as hard to get there as one would suppose, Jarvis, it's the getting out that is dreadful," said Janet ruefully. "That is I can imagine how I might have felt, but I don't feel that way at all. That sounds dreadfully mixed, doesn't it, boy, but I'll explain. I'm just so excited, that's all."

"I feel as if I had married an elf or a fairy," said Jarvis. "I'm sure I'm not married to an ordinary girl, am I?"

Janet laughed joyously. "Wait till you hear, Mr. Reese just looked up at me coldly, and asked me what I wanted, and I had to think pretty quickly. I can tell you. So I said: 'I want a job.'"

"And then he looked me up and down, and said in that same cold way: 'Doing what?'"

"I was beginning to think that I had jumped to conclusions then, but I answered just as calmly as I could: 'The Salary Question.'

"'Anything,'" he said, "and he again very closely, and said, 'So you think you can write?'"

"And I said quickly, 'I know I can.' I was going to tell him about that story, but I didn't, and then he jumped up suddenly and I thought he was going to have me put out and I did feel so foolish, but, instead, he handed me a slip of paper with some scribbled words on it, and he called a boy, and said:

"Take this young lady to Mr. Deering."

"And then I was ought of the office without saying a word, and I was meeting Mr. Deering, who was very nice to me. And they've asked me to try a little series for children, Jarvis, and I know I can do it."

"And I suppose your salary is too much to confess to an humble artist," he said, "you know."

"O, Jarvis, I never thought about a salary, do you know I didn't even mention it. But then I haven't made good, you know."

(To Be Continued.)

## The Gods of Mars



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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(Continued.)

Among the officers of the Xavianian I thought I could already note a division into factions ere we had reached Hellum. There were those who gathered about Carthoris and myself whenever the opportunity presented, while about an equal number held aloof from us.

They offered us only the most courteous treatment, but were evidently bound by their superstitious belief in the doctrine of Dor and Iss and Korus. I could not blame them, for I knew how strong a hold a creed, however ridiculous it may be, may gain upon an otherwise intelligent people.

By returning from Dor we had committed a sacrilege; by recounting our adventures there and stating the facts as they existed we had outraged the religion of their fathers. We were blasphemers, lying heretics.

Even those who still clung to us from personal love and loyalty, I think did so in the face of the fact that at heart they questioned our veracity—it is very hard to accept a new religion for an old, no matter how alluring the promises of the new may be. But to reject the old as a tissue of falsehoods without being offered anything in its stead is indeed a most difficult thing to ask of any people.

Kantos Kan would not talk of our experiences among the therns.

"It is enough," he said, "that I jeopardize my life here and hereafter by countenancing you at all. Do not ask me to add still further to my sins by listening to what I have always been taught was the rankest heresy."

I knew that sooner or later the time must come when our friends and enemies would be forced to declare themselves openly. When we reached Hellum there was an accounting, and if Tardus Mors had not returned I feared that the annuity of Zat Arras might weigh heavily against us, for he represented the government of Hellum.

To take sides against him were equivalent to treason. The majority of the troops would doubtless follow the lead of their officers, and I knew that many of the highest and most powerful men of both land and air forces would cleave to John Carter in the face of god, man or devil.

On the other hand, the majority of the populace unquestionably would demand that we pay the penalty of our sacrilege. The outlook seemed dark from whatever angle I viewed it, but my mind was so torn with anguish at the thought of Dejah Thoris that I realize now that I gave the terrible question of Hellum's plight but scant attention at that time.

There was always before me, day and night, a horrible nightmare of the frightful scenes through which I knew my princess might even then be passing—the horrid plant men, the ferocious white apes.

At times I would cover my face with my hands in a vain effort to shut the fearful thing from my mind.

It was in the forenoon that we arrived at the mile high scarlet tower which marks greater Hellum from her twin city. As we descended in great circles toward the navy docks a mighty multitude could be seen surging in the streets beneath. Hellum had been notified by radio-aerogram of our approach.

From the deck of the Xavianian we three—Carthoris, Tars Tarkas and I—were transferred to a lesser flier to be transported to quarters within the temple of Reward.

It is here that Martian justice is meted to benefactor and malefactor. Here the hero is decorated. Here the felon is condemned. We were taken into the temple from the landing stage upon the roof, so that we did not pass among the people at all, as is customary.

Always before I had seen prisoners of note or returned wanderers of eminence paraded from the gate of Jeddaks to the temple of Reward up the broad Avenue of Ancestors through dense crowds of jeering or cheering citizens.

I knew that Zat Arras dared not trust the people near to us, for he feared that their love for Carthoris and myself might break into a demonstration which would wipe out their superstitious horror of the crime we were to be charged with.

What his plans were I could only guess, but that they were sinister was evidenced by the fact that only his most trusted servitors accompanied us upon the flier to the temple of Reward.

We were lodged in a room near the south side of the temple, overlooking the Avenue of Ancestors, down which we could see the full length to the gate of Jeddaks, five miles away. The people had gathered in the temple plaza and in the streets for a distance of a full mile and were standing as close packed as it was possible for them to get.

(To Be Continued.)

They were very quiet and orderly; there were neither scoffs nor plaudits, and when they saw us at the window above them there were many who buried their faces in their arms and wept.

Late in the afternoon a messenger arrived from Zat Arras to inform us that we would be tried by an impartial body of nobles in the great hall of the temple at the first zode on the following day, or about 8:40 a. m., earth time.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### The Death Sentence.

A FEW moments before the appointed time on the following morning a strong guard of Zat Arras' officers appeared at our quarters to conduct us to the great hall of the temple.

In two we entered the chamber and marched down the broad aisle of hope, as it is called, to the platform in the center of the hall. Before and behind us marched armed guards, while three solid ranks of Zodangan soldiery lined either side of the aisle from the entrance to the rostrum.

As we reached the raised inclosure I saw our judges. As is the custom upon Barsoom, there were thirty-one, supposedly selected by lot from men of the noble class, for nobles were on trial.

But to my amazement I saw no single friendly face among them. Practically all were Zodangans, and it was I to whom Zodanga owed her defeat at the hands of the green herds and her subsequent vassalage to Hellum.

There could be little justice here for John Carter or his son or for the great Thark who had commanded the savage tribesmen who overran Zodanga's broad avenues, looting, burning and murdering.

About us the vast circular coliseum was packed to its fullest capacity. All classes were represented—all ages and both sexes. As we entered the hall the hum of subdued conversation ceased until as we halted upon the platform or throne of righteousness the silence of death enveloped the spectators.

The judges were seated in a great circle about the periphery of the circular platform. We were assigned seats with our backs toward a small platform in the exact center of the larger one.

This placed us facing the judges and the audience. Upon the smaller platform each would take his place while his case was being heard.

Zat Arras himself sat in the golden chair of the presiding magistrate. As we were seated and our guards led to the foot of the stairway leading to the platform he arose and called my name.

"John Carter," he cried, "take your place upon the pedestal of truth to be judged impartially according to your acts and here to know the reward you have earned thereby."

Then, turning to and fro toward the audience, he narrated the acts upon the value of which my reward was to be determined.

"Know you, O judges and people of Hellum," he said, "that John Carter, one the Prince of Hellum, has returned, by his own statement, from the valley Dor and even from the temple of Issus itself.

"That, in the presence of many men of Hellum, he has blasphemed against the sacred Iss, and against the valley Dor, and the lost sea of Korus, and the holy therns themselves, and even against Issus, goddess of death and life eternal.

"And know you further by witness of thine own eyes that see him here now upon the pedestal of truth that he has indeed returned from these sacred precincts in the face of our ancient customs and in violation of the sanctity of our ancient religion.

"He who be once dead may not live again. He who attempts it must be made dead forever. Judges, your duty lies plain before you—there can be no testimony in contravention of truth. What reward shall be meted to John Carter in accordance with the acts he has committed?"

"Death!" shouted one of the judges.

And then a man sprang to his feet in the audience and, raising his hand on high, cried, "Justice, justice, justice!"

It was Kantos Kan, and as all eyes turned toward him he leaped past the Zodangan soldiery and sprang upon the platform.

"What manner of justice is this?" he cried to Zat Arras. "The defendant has not been heard, nor has he had an opportunity to call others in his behalf. In the name of the people of Hellum, I demand fair and impartial treatment for the Prince of Hellum."

A great cry rose from the audience then, "Justice, justice, justice!" And Zat Arras dared not deny them.

"Speak, then," he snarled, turning to me. "But blaspheme not against the things that are sacred upon Barsoom."

## Worthwhile Things For Women

When you have scraps of veal, chicken, mutton or ham left over from one meal to another, try making the baked meat roast suggested below. This is a truly delicious way of using up the meat. Sweet potato pone is a real Southern dish and one well worth serving north of the Mason and Dixon line.

Cream of Peanut Soup.  
Baked Meat Roast.  
Sweet Potato Pone.  
Macaroni with Cheese.  
Mint Apple Puff.

Cream of Peanut Soup.  
Two cupsful rice stock, two cupsful milk, one-half cupful peanut butter, one tablespoonful cornstarch, one teaspoonful salt, one cupful bread croutons.

Mix the peanut butter and hot rice stock together until smooth. Add to the boiling milk and cornstarch (which has been wet with cold water), salt and boil for ten minutes. Serve with bread croutons.

Sweet Potato Pone.  
Eight medium sweet potatoes, two eggs, one-half cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of syrup, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, grated orange peel. Scrub potatoes thoroughly, then grate them without peeling. Beat sugar and eggs together, mix syrup with potatoes, then add sugar, eggs, orange peel and cinnamon. Mix thoroughly and bake slowly. This is a delicious accompaniment to a spicy meat like smoked ham.

Macaroni With Cheese.  
Put pieces of macaroni one inch long into boiling water, add a little salt and let boil for twenty-five minutes; then put into a colander to drain. Fill a deep earthenware baking dish with successive layers of macaroni and grated cheese. A very little cayenne pepper improves the flavor. After the dish is filled, lay on the top slices of fresh butter and pour on enough milk to moisten the whole. Bake in a regularly heated oven for fifteen or twenty minutes, and send to the table immediately in the same dish.

A Roast.  
Rub into six ounces of prepared (soft-rolling) flour two ounces of nut butter. Toast four ounces of wholemeal bread crumbs and four ounces of grated nuts to a light color and mix with the flour. Cook eight ounces of chestnuts in milk with a shredded sprig of celery till tender. The best method is to cut across them and then bake till they open. Remove the outer and inner skins and place in a saucepan with celery, salt, a piece of butter and let cool. Break these up and mix with the other ingredients. Season with salt, pepper and savory herbs, mix with two beaten eggs and some of the milk of the chestnuts to a fairly firm dough. Shape oval, rather higher than broad, place in a greased baking tin, sprinkle with bread crumbs and baste with nut butter; bake for forty minutes, first quickly to set, then slowly, basting from time to time. Serve with brown gravy, to which the remainder of the chestnut milk is added and one tablespoonful Worcester sauce, and salad or vegetables.

Mint Apple Puff.  
One apple grated, three-fourths cupful of powdered sugar, one tablespoonful minced mint leaves, two egg whites beaten stiff, dash of salt.

The entire mixture should be beaten until fluffy. Then it can be served either in small glass dessert plates, garnished with a spray of mint leaves, or the side, or it can be moulded on top of individual rounds of slices of sponge cake.

Mint and apples are a good combination, and, incidentally, make a splendid jelly.

Curried Vegetables.  
Take some cooked vegetables, such as corn, carrots, turnips, cut into small pieces, straggles, cauliflower, or any vegetable liked and make them thoroughly hot in the sauce. Fry some rounds of bread and put them into the bottom of small casseroles, then place the vegetables on the bread and pour the sauce over. Place the dish in the oven for a few minutes.

Sauce: Chop two onions and fry them in a saucepan, add one tablespoonful of curry powder, one tablespoonful of chutney and stir over the fire for a few minutes. Mix in one cupful of milk and stir until it boils, then cook slowly for fifteen or twenty minutes. Strain it through a wire sieve, then return to the saucepan, season with a little salt and half a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and then use as directed above.

Then we blew up. We hugged each other, we pounded each other's backs, we emulated McNally's wild Irish whoops, finally we joined hands and danced around and around the remains of the fire, kicking up our heels absurdly. Bagsby, a leathery grin on his face, stood off one side. He still held his long barreled rifle, which he presented at who ever neared him.

"I tell you, look out!" he kept saying over and over. "I'm shootin' lunatics today, and apparently there's plenty game to choose from."

Although we did not immediately run into the expected thousands, nor did the promise of that first glorious day of discovery quite fulfill itself, nevertheless our new diggings turned out to be very rich. We fell into routine, and the days and weeks slipped by. Bagsby and one companion went out every day to hunt or to fish. We took turns at a vacation in camp. Every night we "bley" our day's collection of sand, weighed the gold and packed it away. Our accumulations were getting to be very valuable.

For a month we lived this idyllic life quite unmolested and had gradually come to feel that we were so far out of the world that nothing would ever disturb us. The days seemed all alike, clear, sparkling, cloudless. It was my first experience with the California climate, and these things were a perpetual wonder to my New England mind.

Then one day when I was camp keeper at the upper end of our long meadow a number of men emerged from the willows and hesitated uncertainly. They were too far way to be plainly distinguishable, but I believed in taking no chances, so I fired my revolver to attract the attention of my companions. They looked up from their labor, saw the men and promptly came bounding out of the sage brush and seized his rifle from under the bush where we had kept them.

"Come on!" he panted. "Let's get out of this!"

We ran as hard as we could for a hundred yards, or until we had reached the flat of the river bottom. Then we paused, uncertain as to just what next to do.

"Wait a minute," said I. "I'll just take a look," and hurried up a little spur knoll to the right. From that elevation I instantly caught sight of a crowd of Indians coming up the valley at full speed. Most of them were on horseback, but a number loped along on foot, keeping up with the animals. One look was enough. I raced down to my companions again, and we hastily took refuge in the only cover near enough to conceal us—a little clump of willows in a small damp watercourse. There we crouched, rifles ready.

(To Be Continued.)

"Isn't it great?" he said. "Right off the reel! First pop!"

Trace forty lines and then four more. And see my brother Theodore. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

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## GOLD



by STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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(Continued.)

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"I tell you, look out!" he kept saying over and over. "I'm shootin' lunatics today, and apparently there's plenty game to choose from."

Although we did not immediately run into the expected thousands, nor did the promise of that first glorious day of discovery quite fulfill itself, nevertheless our new diggings turned out to be very rich. We fell into routine, and the days and weeks slipped by. Bagsby and one companion went out every day to hunt or to fish. We took turns at a vacation in camp. Every night we "bley" our day's collection of sand, weighed the gold and packed it away. Our accumulations were getting to be very valuable.

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"Come on!" he panted. "Let's get out of this!"

We ran as hard as we could for a hundred yards, or until we had reached the flat of the river bottom. Then we paused, uncertain as to just what next to do.

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We ran as hard as we could for a hundred yards, or until we had reached the flat of the river bottom. Then we paused, uncertain as to just what next to do.

"Wait a minute," said I. "I'll just take a look," and hurried up a little spur knoll to the right. From that elevation I instantly caught sight of a crowd of Indians coming up the valley at full speed. Most of them were on horseback, but a number loped along on foot, keeping up with the animals. One look was enough. I raced down to my companions again, and we hastily took refuge in the only cover near enough to conceal us—a little clump of willows in a small damp watercourse. There we crouched, rifles ready.

(To Be Continued.)

Then we blew up. We hugged each other, we pounded each other's backs, we emulated McNally's wild Irish whoops, finally we joined hands and danced around and around the remains of the fire, kicking up our heels absurdly. Bagsby, a leathery grin on his face, stood off one side. He still held his long barreled rifle, which he presented at who ever neared him.

"I tell you, look out!" he kept saying over and over. "I'm shootin' lunatics today, and apparently there's plenty game to choose from."

Although we did not immediately run into the expected thousands, nor did the promise of that first glorious day of discovery quite fulfill itself, nevertheless our new diggings turned out to be very rich. We fell into routine, and the days and weeks slipped by. Bagsby and one companion went out every day to hunt or to fish. We took turns at a vacation in camp. Every night we "bley" our day's collection of sand, weighed the gold and packed it away. Our accumulations were getting to be very valuable.

For a month we lived this idyllic life quite unmolested and had gradually come to feel that we were so far out of the world that nothing would ever disturb us. The days seemed all alike, clear, sparkling, cloudless. It was my first experience with the California climate, and these things were a perpetual wonder to my New England mind.

Then one day when I was camp keeper at the upper end of our long meadow a number of men emerged from the willows and hesitated uncertainly. They were too far way to be plainly distinguishable, but I believed in taking no chances, so I fired my revolver to attract the attention of my companions. They looked up from their labor, saw the men and promptly came bounding out of the sage brush and seized his rifle from under the bush where we had kept them.

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