



Reading for Women and all the Family



THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By Hazel Dale

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Jarvis paused a moment as he and the strange girl reached the doorway of the apartment. He hesitated for two reasons. He wanted to ask her if she would come up and meet Janet, and he wanted to ask the girl her name and how she knew how to go about it.

"Finally the girl herself solved the problem by looking at him directly and inquiring:

"Do you live near here?"

"Why, yes; how did you know?"

"Why, you stopped," the girl returned practically, "and looked up."

Jarvis grinned boishly. "Well, I was trying to make up my mind to ask you to come up right this minute," he returned quickly. "Will you?"

"I suppose so," the girl responded laconically. She seemed to utter lack of enthusiasm, and if it had not been for the two bursts of enthusiasm when Jarvis had spoken to her and when she smiled she would have given the impression of being without expression.

"That's fine," Jarvis said. "You won't mind walking up to the top, will you?"

"I'm used to it," the girl said again. And they began mounting the stairs in silence.

"I don't believe I know your name," Jarvis offered when they were nearly at the top.

"Kater Mikal," she responded. "I am Russian."

Jarvis reached the top first and banged the little brass knocker lustily. He was anxious to get into the study and introduce this strange girl to Janet. He was certain of Janet's cooperation on his impulsive act. Janet would understand, and the more he understood, and the more he saw of Janet in this way, and Janet did not resent the fact, but rather liked it.

Liza opened the door. The warm sweet air inside rushed out in a breath to greet the outsiders. There was a smell of fried chicken, blended with the scent of roses, and a hum of voices from the studio.

"Is anyone here, Liza?" Jarvis questioned quickly.

"Yaas, sir, some friends of Miss Janet's, sir."

Liza had quickly taken to speaking of Janet in this way, and Jarvis did not resent the fact, but rather liked it.

Liza left them standing inside the door and rushed back to the kitchen and for a minute, Jarvis hesitated. Then there was a sudden rush of

skirts and Janet herself was there to meet him.

"You're late, dear," she said, holding up her face; for a moment the strange girl stood unnoticed in the shadows.

"Oh, Janet said, softly, "is some one with you? I didn't see."

Jarvis laughed. The touch of Janet in his arms had restored his confidence.

"Janet, this is Miss Mikal," he began, quickly. "I know that she thinks I am crazy, and you know I am, so you will have that much in common anyway. She's the model I've been looking for; I met her in the street."

There was a moment's silence while Janet looked steadily from one to the other. The strange dark girl met her glance proudly, and Jarvis looked half quizzical, half worried. He wondered just what Janet's attitude would be. He wondered who the guests were in the studio. Suppose they were some of Janet's friends, then things would be in a pretty pickle.

Janet herself was reasoning rapidly. She felt a sudden sense of irritation, a quick return to the old conventional attitude that had been with her all through her girlhood, a stab of resentment, and then her native good sense came to her rescue.

"You funny old boy," she said, laughing softly. "I suppose you thought he was trying to kidnap you, Miss Mikal. Do come in and let me give you some tea."

The girl had responded with a quick, joyous smile; but she drew back at the sound of voices.

"You needn't be afraid to meet any one," Janet reassured her. "It is only Keats and Neva," she said, turning to Jarvis.

"That's fine," Jarvis returned, and the next minute Janet was drawing the girl into the studio and giving her hot toast and tea. Keats looked at the stranger searchingly. An artist herself, she knew that Jarvis would have a model worth while. They all tried to make her feel at ease, and she gradually unbent, even to the extent of responding to some of the gay sallies with her quaint, half-accented English.

Janet thought her charming, and really the girl was beautiful. It needed animation to light up her face, and then she was lovely. Janet had made a devoted slave of the girl before she finally left, a friend who would stand her in good need some day when she would need a friend more than anything else.

(To Be Continued)

The Gods of Mars



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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(Continued.)

Then, turning to Zaf Arras, I said in a low voice: "Unless you be a bigger fool than I take you to be, you will grasp the chance I am offering you ere it is too late. Once that multitude of swords below is drawn against your soldierly no man upon Barsoom—not even Tardos Mors himself—can avert the consequences. What say you? Speak quickly."

The jed of Zodanga Helium raised his voice to the angry sea beneath us. "Stay your hands, men of Helium," he shouted, his voice trembling with rage. "The sentence of the court is passed, but the day of retribution has not been set."

"I, Zaf Arras, jed of Zodanga, appreciating the royal connections of the prisoner and his past services to Helium and Barsoom, grant a respite of one year, or until the return of Mors Kajak or Tardos Mors to Helium. Disperse quietly to your homes. Go!"

No one moved; instead they stood in tense silence with their eyes fastened upon me, as though waiting for a signal to attack.

CHAPTER XII.

News From Dejah Thoris.

"CLEAR the temple," commanded Zaf Arras in a low tone to one of his officers.

Fearing the result of an attempt to carry out this order by force, I stepped to the edge of the platform and, pointing toward the entrance, bid them pass out. As one man they turned at my request and fled, silent and threatening, past the soldiers of Zaf Arras, jed of Zodanga. Kantos Kan, with the others who had sworn allegiance to me, still stood upon the throne of righteousness with me.

"Come," said Kantos Kan to me; "we will escort you to your palace, my prince. Come, Carthoris. Come, Tars Tarkas."

And with a haughty sneer for Zaf Arras upon his handsome lips he turned and strode to the throne steps and up the aisle of hope. We four and the hundred loyal ones followed behind him. Nor was a hand raised to stay us, though glowering eyes followed our triumphal march through the temple.

In the avenues we found a press of people, but they opened a pathway for us, and many were the swords that were flung at my feet as I passed through the city of Helium toward my palace upon the outskirts.

Here my old slaves fell upon their knees and kissed my hands as I greeted them. They cared not where I had been. It was enough that I had returned to them.

"Ah, master," cried one, "if our divine princess were but here this would be a day indeed!"

"Tears came to my eyes, so that I was forced to turn away that I might hide my emotions. Carthoris wept openly as the slaves pressed about him with expressions of affection and words of sorrow for our common loss.

It was now that Tars Tarkas for the first time learned that his daughter, Sola, had accompanied Dejah Thoris upon the last long pilgrimage. I had not had the heart to tell him what Kantos Kan had told me.

With the stoicism of the green Martian he showed no sign of suffering, yet I knew that his grief was as poignant as my own. In marked contrast to his kind he had, in well developed form, the kindlier human characteristics of love, friendship and charity.

It was a sad party that sat at the

Worthwhile Things For Women

A DIME'S WORTH OF DATES

This delicious dried fruit is very rarely used by the average housewife in her cooking, and notwithstanding the fact that it is usually less expensive than raisins, housekeepers seem seldom to appreciate their true value as a substitute for the latter.

A box of good dates, if put in a cool, dry place and closely covered, will keep for some time and will greatly assist in varying the list of cakes, puddings, desserts, etc. Even a half pound of them will give their rich, distinctive flavor to several compounds that were raisins or currants used, would be comparatively commonplace.

As helps to the housewife in utilizing dates to the best advantage, the following tested and economical recipes are suggested:

Frugality Pudding

Fill a buttered pudding dish about half full of dried bread crumbs. Cover with sweet milk and let stand for half an hour. Then mix in two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoons of sugar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of vanilla and a small cupful of stoned dates. Set the pudding dish in a larger vessel of hot water and bake in a slow oven about thirty-five minutes. Remove from the fire, cover the top with a meringue made from the stiffly whipped white of one egg beaten with one tablespoonful of sugar, and return to the oven until delicately browned. Serve either hot or cold.

Lemon Date Pie

This is a very old-fashioned recipe; but it is probably new to the majority of the present generation of housekeepers. Beat together one small cupful sugar and one egg, then add gradually one cupful of water and one cupful of finely crushed cracker crumbs. Flavor with the grated rind of one lemon, and a top crust, make several incisions in the upper crust and after brushing over with beaten egg, bake in a rather quick oven for thirty minutes.

Date Meringue

This is a very delicate dessert and is extremely useful in the case of unexpected company, as it may be easily and quickly made. Use rounds of plain sponge cake. Beat the whites of three eggs as stiffly as possible, fold in two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and one small cupful of stoned and chopped dates. Beat the meringue in mounds upon the cake and place in a moderate oven until slightly browned. Serve cold.

Frozen Date Pudding

The use of dates will be found to give a very unusual and delicious flavor to any frozen dainty. Prepare the custard from a pint of rich milk, two well-beaten eggs, a pinch of salt, one heaping teaspoonful of cornstarch mixed to a paste with a little cold water and half a cupful of sugar. Cook over hot water until well thickened and smooth. Remove from the fire, flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and when cold fold in a small cupful of sweetened whipped cream. Turn into a chilled freezer and when the custard begins to congeal stir in a large cupful of stoned and shredded dates. Continue freezing until firm and smooth.

Steamed Poor Man's Pudding

This will be found as delicious as it is easily made and, although very inexpensive, is generally pronounced a very rich fruit pudding. Take two cupfuls of graham flour, half a cupful of white flour, one cupful of molasses, three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, three tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, half a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon and one cupful of thick sour milk in which has been dissolved one teaspoonful of baking soda. Beat the batter vigorously, add one cupful of stoned and chopped dates and turn into a well greased pudding mold. Steam for two hours and a half and then set the steamer in a hot oven for about fifteen minutes. Serve unmolded, accompanied by a stirred, hard sauce.



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(Continued.)

Accordingly we dismounted and drew together in a little group. Over the top of the great ranges a gibbous moon rose slowly. By her dim light I could make out the plume on either side our ridge and the other dark ridges across the way. Behind us our horses occasionally stamped a hoof or blew through their noses.

I lay flat on my back and idly counted the stars. Happening to glance sideways, I caught the flicker of a distant light.

"Bagsby," I whispered, "there's a star

CHAPTER XVII.

We Send Out Our Treasure.

"I'll put a ball through the next one of those devils I meet!"

We returned slowly to the fire, carrying the body, which we laid reverently one side and covered with a blanket. In all our hearts burned a fierce, bitter anger. Sullenly we turned to prepare ourselves a meal from the supplies our hosts offered us.

The latter were the father and five sons of a backwoods family from the northwest, Pine by name. They were all tall, heavily built men, slow moving, slow speaking, with clear, steady eyes, a drawing way of talking and the appearance always of keeping a mental reservation as to those with whom they conversed.

Just now they stood tall and grim behind us as we ate, and the gray dawn and the rose dawn grew into day. Nobody said anything until we had finished, then Yank rose to his full height and faced the attentive men.

"I want vengeance," he announced in an even voice, stretching forth his long, lean arm. "Those devils have harried our stock and killed our partner, and I'm not going to get quiet and let them do it." He turned to us. "Boys," said he, "I know you're with me. But I'm going to get our friends here to go with us. Old man," he said to Pine, "you and your sons help us with this job and we'll locate you on the purtiest diggings in these hills."

"You bet!" agreed McNally.

"You don't need to make my boys no offer," replied Pine slowly. "Those devils were after our hosses too, and they'd have got them if you hadn't come along. We'd been told by a man we believe that there wasn't no Injuns in this country or you wouldn't have seen us sleeping as close to our fire. What do you all reckon to come up with?"

Our old trapper interposed.

"Their ranchere is down the valley somewhere," said Bagsby, "and we'll have to scout for it. We must go back to camp first and get a ready."

McNally and I murmured against this check to immediate action, but saw the point after a moment. The Pines packed their slender outfit. We bound the body of our poor friend across his horse and mournfully retraced our steps.

We arrived in camp about 10 o'clock, to find Johnny and Don Gaspar anxiously on the alert. When we had imparted our news their faces, too, darkened with anger. Of us all Vasquez had been the only man who never lost his temper, who had always a flash of a smile for the hardest days. Hastily we threw together provisions for several days and arranged our affairs as well as we could. We all wanted to go, and Don Gaspar, in spite of the remains of his malarial fever, fairly insisted on accompanying the expedition.

"Senores," he said, with dignity, "this was my own man from my own people."

(To Be Continued)

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



THERE always are mild days in the late Winter that suggest the coming season and a new suit that can be worn then and between seasons makes a welcome addition to the wardrobe. This one is designed for young girls and for women of girl-like figures and it shows new features in the plain body portion with the full skirt and in the deep pointed cuffs. Here, it is made of checked broadcloth combined with plain and that combination is always an attractive one, the new velours is very beautiful and of good weight for between seasons time, while for immediate need broadcloth, velveteen and velvet all are fashionable. You can make the coat with a single-breasted closing and button it to the neck edge. The skirt is straight, attached to a yoke at the sides and back.

For the medium size the coat will require, 1 3/4 yards of material 54 inches wide with 3/8 yard for the trimming and the skirt 2 3/8 yards 54.

Both the coat pattern No. 9310 and the skirt pattern No. 9298 are cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for the coat and ten cents for the skirt.

"Eureka" Coal Stove Brooder

The up-to-date method of rearing Baby Chicks. The biggest brooder bargain ever offered.

No. 1 (cares for 500 chicks or less) \$12.00

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Everything for the Poultryman.

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WALTER S. SCHELL

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Resinol Ointment is sold by all druggists. For free sample, write Dept. 11-N, Resinol, Baltimore.

Can you finish this picture? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

SUPPOSED CORPSE REVIVES

Chester, Pa., Feb. 28.—Priscilla K. Thompson, a negress, while visiting her aunt, Mrs. Joseph Reynolds, at Brandywine, was seized with a fatal attack of pneumonia. Attempts to obtain a physician failed, and after an hour's suffering the woman apparently died. An undertaker was sent for, and just as he was about to begin the embalming process the supposed dead girl revived. A physician said she had merely been in a state of coma.

INCENDIARY FIRE

Lancaster, Pa., Feb. 28.—The seventh incendiary fire occurring within a radius of one mile within five weeks occurred at Soudersburg yesterday, when the barn of Isaac Fisher was burned. The stock was saved, but a loss of \$4,000.

DAILY DOT PUZZLE

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THE HOME DOCTOR

(Clip Out and Save)

How to Relieve Rheumatism

After each meal and at bedtime take a tablespoonful of the following home-made medicine now used all over the United States and noted for its remarkable results. Relief begins at once.

Syrup of Sarsaparilla 1 ounce

Torric Compound 1 ounce

Whiskey or Simple Elixir 1/2 pint

To End Coughs

The following formula easily mixed at home, makes one of the quickest cough remedies obtainable, often curing the worst cough in a day. Take a teaspoonful as often as necessary.

Glycerine 2 ounces

Whiskey (or sugar) 2 ounces

Globe Pine Comp'd Aromatic 1/2 ounce

("Concentrated Pine")

If sugar syrup is used instead of whiskey it can be easily made by dissolving 6 heaping tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar in 1/2 cup of water. Be sure to use Globe Pine Compound which is sold only in 1/2-oz. screw top cases with Aromatic printed in red on outside label.

Frost-Bites, Corns, Sore Feet

Bathe the feet in warm water to which has been added two tablespoonfuls of Calocide compound. This gives instant relief for aching, burning or prurient feet; corns, callouses, sore bunions; also for frost-bites or chilblains. The Calocide acts through the pores removing the cause of the trouble. Its use also keeps the feet in a firm, healthy condition, free from swelling and puffing.

These formulas are published by the Medical Formula Laboratory, Dayton, Ohio. The ingredients specified can be procured from any good drug store.

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