



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## "The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

**CHAPTER IX**  
Copyright, 1917, Star Company.)  
I meant to follow my employer's suggestion, but it was not easy. Grace was still in the dining room with Julia when I sought her. "When did Daddy say I was to have my lessons?" she asked. "We will see about that when we have consulted your auntie," I evaded. "I must take care not to tell the child anything which, if repeated to Mrs. Gore, might wound that lady's sense of her own importance. "Mrs. Gore's not well this morning, please ma'am," Julia informed me. "I am sorry," I said. "What's the matter?" "Maggie says she's had a bad night, ma'am," the girl informed me. "We will go ask about her," I remarked to the little girl, taking her by the hand as she got down from her chair. "Maggie opened the door of Mrs. Gore's room when I knocked. I could see that the chamber was darkened and that the occupant was lying in bed. At this hour she was usually seated in an easy chair reading the morning paper. "May we come in?" I asked. "But Grace pulled away from the door. "I don't want to go in there if auntie is sick," she declared in her high treble. "I don't like that room when auntie is sick." "I'll go upstairs with her if you want to see Mrs. Gore," the good-natured maid whispered. "Thank you," I said and entered the darkened room. Mrs. Gore was wide awake. About her head was a handkerchief soaked in strong cologne whose fumes made the air heavy. "The place was very warm. "I am sorry you are ill," I said as I stood by the bed. "Is there anything I can do for you?" "Not much sympathy," Mrs. Gore regarded me coldly. "Nothing," she answered. "Are you in pain?" I queried. "I longed to go out of the room and leave her alone, but I could not bring myself to do this. "I am nervous," she replied stiffly. "And that condition produces intense headache. I am a victim to such attacks as this. "I hope they do not last long," I ventured. "That depends upon circumstances," was the significant rejoinder. "Nervousness brought about this pain. I slept very little last night. "If I can be of any use, please do not hesitate to send for me," I urged. How could I muster courage to tell her I was to go downtown and, perhaps, take Grace with me? She solved a part of the problem

by demanding suddenly—"How is Grace—and where did she go just now?" "She is very well," I told her. "She is upstairs with Maggie." "I heard her say she would not come in here to see me," she went on. "You evidently humored her in her notion, didn't you?" "What could I say? The truth was the only safe weapon. "She wanted to go upstairs and I did not oppose her," I said as gently as I could. "The darkness of the room probably depressed her a little. Shall I bring her down to see you now?" "Not unless she wants to come," the widow insisted. Then the tears rushed to her eyes. "It is very hard," she quavered, "after all the love I have lavished on that child—the only blood relative I have in the world—but she should be weaned from me so easily." "She was so unreasonable that I was sorry for her. I would not remind her that she had another blood relative in Tom, Grace's brother. She seldom spoke of the boy. Perhaps she did not care for him. Yet, as her dead sister's child, surely she ought to have some affection for him. But if she wanted to be miserable, I would not argue with her. "What are you and Grace going to be doing to-day?" she queried. "I was just about to ask you if I might go downtown to get Grace's books for her lessons, and if I might take her with me," I said, boldly. "There is no hurry. Can't you wait a few days?" she suggested. "I might—only—that is—Mr. Norton told me to get the books to-day," I said, my heart beating with nervousness. "I remember that he spoke some days ago about wanting her to begin lessons on Monday." "Oh!" there was a world of meaning in the exclamation. "He has arranged about your going, has he? Then why ask me?" "Because," I explained, "you are the one to be consulted—as you must decide whether Grace may go with me or if she is to be left at home." "You know already that I do not like her to ride on the subway," Mrs. Gore reminded me. "But we would not go on the subway," I told her. "For Mr. Norton said to take the automobile, and— "I got no further. "Then take the automobile," she exclaimed, with a vehemence that startled me. "And since you have already had your orders from him, kindly do exactly as he says and excuse yourself and me the inconvenience of further consultation." "As she flung herself back upon her pillows and closed her eyes, I crept from the room. (To Be Continued)



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

**The Gods of Mars**  
The following day we came upon a herd of small thoats, and thereafter were mounted and made good time. We traveled very fast and very far due south until the morning of the fifth day we sighted a great fleet of battleships sailing north. "They saw us before we could seek shelter, and soon we were surrounded by a horde of black men. The princess' guard fought nobly to the end, but they were soon overcome and slain. "When she realized that she was in the clutches of the Black Pirates she attempted to take her own life, but one of the blacks tore her dagger from her, and then they bound us both so that we could not use our hands. "The fleet continued north after capturing us. There were about twenty large battleships in all, besides a number of small cruisers. "That evening one of the smaller cruisers, that had been far in advance of the fleet, returned with a prisoner, a young red woman, whom they had picked up in a range of hills under the very noses, they said, of a fleet of three red Martian battleships. "From scraps of conversation which we overheard it was evident that the Black Pirates were searching for a party of fugitives that had escaped them several days prior. "That they considered the capture of the young woman important was evident from the long interview the commander of the fleet held with her when she was brought to him. Later she was bound and placed in the compartment with Dejah Thoris and myself. "The new captive was a very beautiful girl. She told Dejah Thoris that many years ago she had taken the voluntary pilgrimage from the court of her father, the jeddak of Ptarth. She was Thuvia, the princess of Ptarth. "And then she asked Dejah Thoris whom she might be, and when she heard she fell upon her knees and kissed Dejah Thoris' fettered hands and told her that just recently she had been with John Carter, prince of Hellum, and Carthoris, her son. "Dejah Thoris could not believe her at first, but finally, when the girl had narrated all the strange adventures that had befallen her since she had met John Carter and told her of the things John Carter and Carthoris had narrated of their adventures in the valley Dor, Dejah Thoris knew that it could be none other than the Princess of Hellum, 'for whom,' she said, 'upon all Barsoom, other than John Carter could have done the deeds you tell of.' "And when Thuvia told Dejah Thoris of her love for John Carter and his loyalty and devotion to the princess of his choice Dejah Thoris broke down and wept, cursing Zat Arras and the cruel fate that had driven her from Hellum but a few brief days before the return of her beloved lord. "I do not blame you for loving him, Thuvia," she said. "And that your affection for him is pure and sincere I can well believe from the candor of your avowal of it to me." "The feet continued north nearly to Hellum, but last night they evidently realized that John Carter had indeed escaped them, and so they turned to head the south once more. Shortly thereafter a guard entered our compartment and dragged me to the deck. "There is no place in the land of the Black Pirates for a green one," he said, and with that he gave me a terrific shove that carried me toppling from the deck of the battleship. Evidently this seemed to him the easiest way of ridding the vessel of my presence and killing me at the same time. "But a kind fate intervened, and by a miracle I escaped with but slight bruises. The ship was moving slowly at the time, and as I lunged overboard into the darkness beneath I shuddered at the awful plunge I thought awaited me, for all day the fleet had sailed thousands of feet above the ground, but to my utter surprise I struck upon a soft mass of vegetation not twenty feet from the deck of the ship. "In fact, the keel of the vessel must have been grazing the surface of the ground at the time. "I lay all night where I had fallen, and the next morning brought an explanation of the fortunate coincidence that had saved me from a terrible death. As the sun rose I saw a vast panorama of sea bottom and distant

## PASS UP MARRIED FLIRT! DEARIES

Dorothy Dix Tells Girls How Foolish and Futile Such Affairs Are

By Dorothy Dix.  
The most foolish girl in the world, the one who makes the biggest mistake and the one who does the most wrong to herself and other people is the girl who gets inveigled into a love affair with a married man. She is foolish because she is invariably the victim; because she is the one who has to pay the full price of the tarnished romance; because she wastes her youth and the freshness of her affection on a man who cannot marry her if he would. She makes a mistake because she puts herself in an equivocal position, and no girl comes out of such a situation without bedraggled skirts. Society takes small stock in platonic friendships between men and women and none at all in platonic affection between a married man and a girl. She does wrong to herself because she is blighting her life in the beginning by making a false start, and she does wrong to other people because she is breaking up a home, and no woman has ever yet built her house of happiness on the wreck of another woman's happiness and found any peace and joy in it. A girl's worst enemy could find no better way to destroy her than to induce her to fall in love with a married man, yet I know many girls who boast that they have an especial fascination for married men, and who seem to find a particular zest in flirting with them. These girls think it great fun to carry on their flirtations with married men right under their wives' noses, and shriek with laughter as they tell how some fat, grizzled, middle-aged woman turned pea green with jealousy as they whisked her husband away from her. Certainly any girl who could enjoy witnessing the suffering of a poor, helpless wife, who knows all too well that her beauty and charms have faded, while some girl gazes at her husband, lives too late. She belongs to the time of the Inquisition, and would have made a lovely little torturer. Before you engage in a flirtation with a married man, girls, just put yourself in the wife's place. Some day you will be married. Think how you would feel if you saw some younger and prettier woman cajoling your husband away from you. But you don't even have to be altruistic to perceive the wisdom of avoiding love affairs with married men. It is self-preservation. To begin with, it practically shuts the door of matrimony in your face. The love time and the marriage time of a girl's life are short, and if she doesn't make hay while the sun of her youth and beauty shines, her harvest is an empty one. If a girl wastes these years when she might marry on some married man that she can never marry, she throws away her chance of settling herself for life, and by the time she has waked up to the folly of her course, or the married man has tired of her and wants somebody still younger and fresher, her opportunity is gone. Nor are men anxious to seek as a wife the heroines of this particular kind of sentimental episode. Of course, married men are often very handsome and fascinating, and they know how to make love beautifully, and just the nice little things to do that women like to have done for them; but when you find yourself listening to one—and enjoy listening—when he begins to tell you that his wife doesn't understand him, and how unhappy he is at home, and what your sympathy means to him, and so on, just stick your little fingers in your ears, and take to your heels. You are not a public comforter, and such a man means you no good. He's willing to break your heart, to blight your prospects in life, to compromise your name just for his own amusement. That is why I say, don't flirt with married men, girls.



by STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Copyright, 1913, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

(Continued.)  
Nevertheless somebody had to stay in camp, although at first some of us were inclined to slur over that necessity. "There's a strong chance that Injun will drift by and take all our supplies," Babsy pointed out. "Chances are slim in only a day or so. You must admit that," argued Johnny. "Let's risk it. We can scratch along if they do take our stuff." "And the gold?" "That nuptious us for a moment. "Why not bury it?" I suggested. Babsy and Pine snorted. "Any Injun would find it in a minute," said Pine. "And they know gold's worth something, too," put in Yank. "This is a scout, not a house moving expedition," said Babsy decidedly, "and somebody's got to keep camp." "I'll stay for one," offered old man Pine, his eyes twinkling from beneath his fierce brows. "I've fit enough Injuns in my time." After some further wrangling we came to drawing lots. A number of small white pebbles and one darker were shaken up in a hat. I drew in the fourth turn and got the black! "Hard luck, son," murmured old man Pine. The rest were eager to be off. They leaped upon their horses, brandishing their long rifles, and rode off down the meadow. Old man Pine leaned on the muzzle of his gun, his eyes gleaming, uttering commands and admonitions to his five sons. "You, Old" he warned his youngest. "You mind and behave and don't come back here without a you bring a skelp!" About 3 o'clock of the second day Pine remarked quietly: "That's their come!" I was instantly by his side, and we strained our eyesight in an attempt to count the shifting figures. Pine's vision was better and more practiced than mine. "They're all there," said he, "and they're driving extry hosses." Ten minutes later the cavalcade stopped, and the men dismounted wearily. They were, as the old man had said, driving before them a half dozen ponies, which Governor Boggs herded into the corral. Nobody said a word. One or two stretched themselves. Johnny seized a cup and took a long drink. Yank leaned his rifle against the wall. Old man Pine's keen, fierce eye had been roving over every detail, though he, too, had kept silent. "Well, Old," he remarked, "I see you obeyed orders like a good sojer." "The boy grinned. "Yes, dad," said he. And then I saw what I had not noticed before—that at the belt of each of the tall, silent young backwoodsman

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



CHECKED broadcloth is a favorite material of the late Winter and will extend its popularity into the coming season. It is really ideal for the misses' costume and this model suits it to perfection. The coat with its full peplum provides just the very newest and smartest possible lines and the skirt is a simple straight one, but it gives a very novel panel at the front while at the sides and back it is joined to a yoke, consequently it is really ideal for broadcloth, for the fashionable cloth is light in weight and gathers most successfully, while the lines are all girl-like and attractive. As a matter of course, you could copy the model in any reasonable material, but there is nothing you could select and that would be more fashionable than the broadcloth illustrated with its touch of velvet. Tan and green checks are charming and afford an opportunity for green velvet to be used effectively as trimming. For the 16 year size the coat will require, 2 1/2 yards of material 44 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 54 with 3/4 yard of velvet. For the skirt will be needed, 2 3/4 yards 44 or 54. The coat pattern No. 9196 and the skirt No. 9298 both 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.

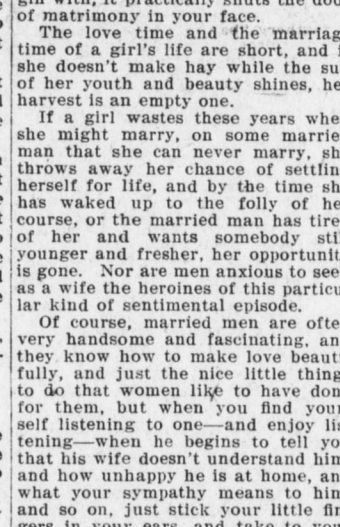
## Wife to Blame if Husband Drinks, Says Druggist Brown of Cleveland, Who Tells Wife What To Do

**A New Treatment Given Without the Consent or Knowledge of the Drinker**  
Cleveland, O.—No wife has a right to blame her husband because he drinks, says Druggist Brown of Cleveland. It is his fault if he lets him drink and bring unhappiness and poverty to her home and she has no right to complain. A woman can stop a drinking husband in a few weeks for half what he would spend on liquor, so why waste sympathy on a wife who refuses to do it? Druggist Brown also says the right time to stop the drink habit is at its beginning unless you want drink to deaden the fine sensibilities of the husband you love. Begin when the first whiff of liquor on his breath but do not despair if he has gone from bad to worse until he is rum-soaked through and through. Druggist Brown knows the curse of strong drink because he himself has been a victim. He was rescued from the brink of a drunkard's grave by a loving sister who, after ten years' time, revealed the secret to him. She saved him from drink by giving him in secret remedy, the formula of an old German chemist. To discharge his debt to her and to help other victims out of the murky mire he has made the formula public. Any druggist can put it in the hands of any suffering wife, mother, sister or daughter. Just ask the druggist for prepared Tescum powders and drop a powder twice a day in tea, coffee, milk or any other drink. Soon liquor does not taste the same, the craving for it disappears and, lo, one more drinker is saved and knows not when or why he lost the taste for drink. Note—Tescum, referred to above, should be used when it is desirable to destroy all taste for alcoholic drinks of every kind. The wife who approves of drinking in moderation and believes her husband safe should give it only when she sees, as most do in time, that the danger line is near. Since this formula has been made public, Nelson Clark, and other druggists have allied it repeatedly.

**THIS WILL INTEREST MOTHERS.**  
Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Certain relief for Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy Worms. They are so pleasant to the taste Children like them. Over 10,000 testimonials. Used by Mothers for 80 years. They never fail. Sold by all Druggists, Etc. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

## Keep Advertising and Advertising Will Keep You

## DAILY DOT PUZZLE



6 . 5  
7 . 9 . 4  
11 . 10 . 3  
12 .  
13 .  
14 . 21  
15 . 22  
16 . 17  
18 .  
19 .  
20 .  
21 .  
22 .  
23 .  
24 .  
25 .  
26 .  
27 .  
28 .  
29 .  
30 .  
31 .  
32 .  
33 .  
34 .  
35 .  
36 .  
37 .  
38 .  
39 .  
40 .  
41 .  
42 .  
43 .  
44 .  
45 .  
46 .  
47 .  
48 .  
49 .  
50 .  
51 .  
52 .  
53 .  
54 .  
55 .  
56 .  
57 .  
58 .  
59 .  
60 .  
61 .  
62 .  
63 .  
64 .  
65 .  
66 .  
67 .  
68 .  
69 .  
70 .  
71 .  
72 .  
73 .  
74 .  
75 .  
76 .  
77 .  
78 .  
79 .  
80 .  
81 .  
82 .  
83 .  
84 .  
85 .  
86 .  
87 .  
88 .  
89 .  
90 .  
91 .  
92 .  
93 .  
94 .  
95 .  
96 .  
97 .  
98 .  
99 .  
100 .

## FINE FOR RHEUMATISM!

**Musterole Loosens Up Those Stiff Joints—Drives Out Pain**  
You'll know why thousands use Musterole once you experience the glad relief it gives. Get a jar at once from the nearest drug store. It is a clean, white ointment, made with the oil of mustard. Better than a mustard plaster and does not blister. Brings ease and comfort while it is being rubbed on! Musterole is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Millions of jars are used annually for bronchitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia), lung one or more wet, heavy, red and black soggy strips. The scalding had been no mere figure of speech. Thank heaven, none of our own people was similarly decorated! So horrified and revolted was I at this discovery that I hardly looked myself to greet the men. I rooked with aversion and yet with a certain fascination on the serene, clear features of these scamp takers. Yet, since in the days following this aversion could not but wear away in face of the simplicity and straightforwardness of the frontiersmen, I had to acknowledge that the atrocious deed was more a product of custom than of natural barbarity. Though these Indian troubles had nothing to do with it, nevertheless they marked the beginning of our change of luck. We suffered no definite misfortunes, but these things did not go well. The slight malarial attack of Don Gaspar was the first of an annoying series. I suppose we had all been inoculated on the marshes of the Sacramento, and the disease had remained

Good Line Cuts The Telegraph Printing Co.