

Reading for Women and all the Family

THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By Hazel Dale

Janet had gone down to the intelligence office to interview a maid. She was so happy and contented these days that it hardly seemed as if it could possibly last. But it was a fact that at times she had difficulty in refraining from singing a few notes while she was walking, or from skipping a few steps instead of pacing sedately as a newly married young woman should do.

She and Jarvis were so perfectly suited they ought never to have any differences, she thought happily. Janet did not know that two people of the temperament that she and Jarvis possessed could not possibly avoid differences at times. It was just that nothing of outside interest had happened to intrude itself.

Janet had done three articles for the new serial and they had been very much liked. One of them had appeared, and Janet had bought six copies of the Chronicle and had gloated over her work until Jarvis had poked all manner of fun at her.

"I don't care," she had returned. "I am so proud of myself that I just can't believe it possible."

And Jarvis had kissed her soft throat where the bright hair ended, and had said that she couldn't be as proud of herself as he was of her, and it had all been very sweet. Janet had seen nothing more of Mr. Reese, but Mr. Deering, one of the associate editors, had received her work, offered her kindly criticism and praised judiciously. Janet felt that she would like him very much.

A Successful Visit.

Her second interview at the paper had been memorable. She had asked naively what she would be paid, and Mr. Deering had answered that they would put her on a regular salary, unless she preferred to be paid at space rates.

"You see," he explained, "it will be easier to mail you a check, and you will be considered a member of the staff."

Then he had asked her name, and Janet had told him. "Janet Carew Moore—Mrs. Moore," she added, prettily.

Janet blushed furiously as she met the quizzical eyes over the glasses.

"I suppose," she said to herself, "that he can tell from my appearance that I have been married two weeks."

"Your salary will be \$20 to start. Is that satisfactory?" And Janet, to whom the thought of \$20 weekly earned by herself seemed wealth undreamed of, smiled and thanked him.

And so they had decided to have a maid and they were to divide the ex-

penses. Janet thought that part of it no more than fair, and when she left the office she had engaged a bright young girl who had grinned broadly at Janet's short interview. She had promised to begin work immediately and was to come every morning, get breakfast and the other meals, and keep the little apartment clean.

Janet expected to be busy entertaining people for awhile. As she said to Jarvis, they could pay back some of their obligations that way, and she did want people to come and see their darling place and the way they lived.

"Well, I've got a mind," she announced, bursting dramatically into the little studio. Then she stopped. Jarvis was not alone, a slim young girl sat back in a corner of the davenport and she smiled, as Janet entered. Jarvis jumped up quickly and came over to her but, strange as it was, Janet could not help a cold little feeling from closing around her heart.

A Foolish Idea.

How foolish she was, it was perfectly all right for Jarvis to have a girl here talking with her, hadn't she resolved to look at the thing broadly hadn't she, of her own accord, come into Jarvis's life and manner of living, where conventions were not narrow, and where men and women were just good friends?

And, most of all, hadn't she promised to trust Jarvis? She didn't want to feel as she did, but she avoided Jarvis' kiss. Any way, she argued, she didn't want a demonstration before this girl.

"Please don't mind me," the girl called out. "I know you haven't been married long."

And Jarvis drew Janet forward and said laughingly:

"Janet, I want you to meet Neva Hart. She poses for the boys, and we have known each other for a long time."

Janet tried valiantly to throw off the feeling that she had and to appear natural, and she succeeded after a few minutes. Neva Hart was so big and sincere in her views, she treated Jarvis so impersonally, she evidently thought nothing at all of dropping into the studio for a friendly chat. Janet felt all this after she had heard the girl talk for a few minutes.

"We have all been dying to meet you," Neva said, scrutinizing Janet closely. "And I shall tell everyone that Jarvis picked a winner." She finished and Janet felt a warm little feeling of friendship for this girl steal over her in spite of herself.

(To Be Continued.)

The Gods of Mars



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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(Continued.)

I nodded to one of the soldiers, who left the chamber, returning presently with the things that Xodar had requested. The black knelt beside the body and, dipping a corner of the cloth in the throat oil, rubbed for a moment on the dead face before him.

Then he turned to me with a smile, pointing to his work. I looked and saw that where Xodar had applied the throat oil the face was white—as white as mine—and then Xodar seized the black hair of the corpse and with a sudden wrench tore it all away, revealing a hairless pate beneath.

Guardsmen and nobles pressed close about the silent witness upon the marble floor. Many were the exclamations of astonishment and questioning wonder as Xodar's acts confirmed the suspicion which he had held all the time.

"A thern!" whispered Tars Tarkas.

"Worse than that, I fear," replied Xodar. "But let us see."

With that he drew his dagger and cut open a locked pouch which had dangled from the thern's harness, and from it he brought forth a circlet of gold set with a large gem. It was the mate to that which I had taken from Sator Throg.

"He was a holy thern," said Xodar. "Fortunate, indeed, it is for us that he did not escape."

The officer of the guard entered the chamber at this juncture.

"My prince," he said, "I have to report that this fellow's companion escaped us. I think that it was with the connivance of one or more of the men at the gate. I have ordered them all under arrest."

Zodar handed him the throat oil and cloth.

"With this you may discover the spy among you," he said.

I at once ordered a secret search within the city, for every Martian noble maintains a secret service of his own.

A half hour later the officer of the guard came to the chamber again to report. This time it was to confirm our worst fears—half the guards at the gate that night had been therns disguised as red men.

"Come!" I cried. "We must lose no time. On to Hastor at once! Should the therns attempt to check us at the southern verge of the ice cap it may result in the wrecking of all our plans and the total destruction of the expedition."

Ten minutes later we were speeding through the night toward Hastor, prepared to strike the first blow for the preservation of Dejah Thoris.

Two hours after leaving my palace in Hellum, or about midnight, Kantos Kan and I arrived at Hastor. Carthoris, Tars Tarkas and Hor Vastus had gone directly to Thark upon another cruiser.

The transports were to get under way immediately and move slowly south. The fleet of battleships would overtake them on the morning of the second day.

At Hastor we found all in readiness, and so perfectly had Kantos Kan planned every detail of the campaign that within ten minutes of our arrival the first of the fleet had soared aloft from its dock. And thereafter, at the rate of one a second, the great ships floated gracefully out into the night to form a long, thin line which stretched for miles toward the south.

The expedition could yet do much besides rescuing Dejah Thoris if it could but teach the people of Barsoom the facts of the cruel deception that had been worked upon them for countless ages and thus save thousands each

MOTHER EXPLAINS AS IT REALLY IS

Trials and Tribulations of Rearing Children Explained

"For Heaven's sake, can't you children keep quiet a single moment! You've almost made me distracted! You Johnnie, quit making a noise like a steam engine! Tommie, if you beat that drum another time I'll box your ears.

"No, Janie, you can't wear your white dress this afternoon. You've got to save that for Sunday. Now hush that. I won't have you screaming over a little thing like that. Johnnie, quit pulling Lucy's hair. You shouldn't treat your little sister that way, and if you don't stop being so bad I'll tell your father when he comes home to-night.

"S-s-s-h, now you've waked the baby, and you know he's fretful because he's teething, and with this heat, and I've just spent an hour in getting him to sleep.

"No Johnnie, you can't use the table cover to make an Indian tent, and I won't have the dining room chairs used for a submarine. The last time you did it, you tore a hole in the leather cushions playing a mine had struck it."

"Oh, dear, I'm just wild with all this confusion and noise, and I feel as if I'd give ten years of my life if I could just go off to some place for a single day alone, where I wouldn't hear a sound, nor do anything but rest, and there wouldn't be anybody calling me every single minute—Mo-o-ther, may I have a cookie, 'Mo-o-ther, gimme a dime to go to the movies, 'Mo-o-ther, make Tommie behave, 'Mo-o-ther, may I do this' and may I do that.

Answers and Queries

WHEN A GIRL IS OF AGE

Dear Miss Fairfax:

An acquaintance who has just passed her eighteenth birthday says she is no longer under parental restraint, while I say that she is not of age until she is twenty-one, and that until such time she is subject to all reasonable restrictions her parents may deem advisable for her own good in my home.

"And it is so quiet. There is no gay childish laughter, no babbling little voices. No cries of excitement over the wonders of a world in which fresh discoveries are made every day. Everything is as still and solemn, and dull as in a church.

OUCH! LUMBAGO?

Try Musterole. See How Quickly It Relieves

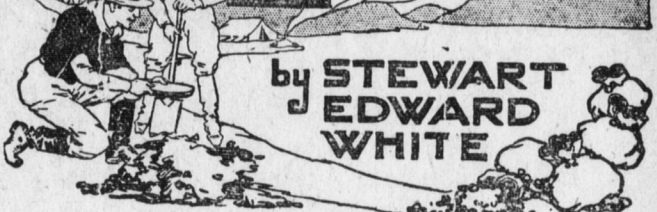
You just rub Musterole in briskly, and usually the pain is gone—a delicious, soothing comfort comes to take its place. Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. Use it instead of mustard plaster. Will not blister.

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(To Be Continued)

Use Telegraph Want Ads

THE GOLD



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(Continued.)

We saw the fullness of our first instinctive flare of suspicion. It was obvious that if Don Gaspar and Buck Barry had intended treachery they would never have returned to us. I think that, curiously enough, we were unreasonably a little sorry for this. It would have been satisfactory to have



Yank Lay, Apparently Dead, His Arms Still Bound.

had something definite to antagonize. As it was, we sat humped around our fire until morning.

With daylight we began to get a grip on ourselves a little. I felt strongly that I should see to Yank and so announced. Johnny at once offered to accompany me. While we were talking over the future prospects McNally came over to us, saying:

"The boys are pretty well agreed that we ought to divide up what gold is left and let each man take care of his own share. Are you agreeable?"

We instantly assented. The scales were brought out, and the division began. It consumed most of the morning and was productive of much squabbling, in which, however, we took no part. Our share, including Yank's, with which we were intrusted, came to about thirty-one pounds, a value of about \$7,000.

By noon we had packed our goods, and by night we had broken the back of our return journey.

We found a full grown town where we had left a few tents and miners' cabins. Its main street ran either side the deep dust of the immigrant trail and consisted of the usual shanties, canvas shacks and log structures, with rather more than the customary allowance of tin cans, old clothes, worn-out boots and empty barrels kicking around.

The diggings were in the gulch below the road, but the streets of the town, and especially the shady sides of the buildings, were numerous, furnished with lounging men.

Don Gaspar led the way for a short distance along the wagon road. On the outskirts of the settlement he turned aside to a small log cabin supplemented by a brush lean-to. A long string of bright red peppers hung down the face of it. To our knock came a very fat, rather dirty but exceedingly pleasant faced woman with glossy black hair, parted smoothly, and soft black eyes. She opened the door only the fraction of an inch at first, but instantly recognized Don Gaspar and threw it wide.

To our great relief, we found Yank very much alive. He greeted us rather feebly, but with satisfaction. We found that he had been kindly cared for and that the surface wounds and bruises from the horses' hoofs had been treated with some skill.

"But I reckon I'm hurt some inside," he whispered with difficulty, "for I can't breathe easy, and I can't eat nothing but soup."

The broken log too had been bound up after a fashion, but it was badly swollen above and below the bandages. "He ought to have a doctor," said I positively. "There's no doubt of that. There must be some among the miners. There generally is. I'm going to see if I can find one."

I returned to town and hunted up the beefy, red faced hotel keeper, who had impressed me as being an honest man.

"Yes, there's a doctor," said he, "a mighty good one. He went by here a little while ago. Name's Dr. Rankin. I'll rustle him out for you. Oh, you Pete!" he shouted into the interior of the building.

A moment's shuffling about preceded the appearance of a negro boy of twelve or fourteen.

"Yes, sah."

"Go find Dr. Rankin and bring him here right away. Tell him a gentleman wants him."

Shortly the negro boy reappeared, closely followed by a man with a blue coat and white beaver hat, whom I had taken for an eccentric gambler. This man walked slowly up to face me.

"Well, sir?" he demanded. "I am told I can be of service. In what way?"

His piercing black eye held mine

with a certain high arrogance.

"Professionally, doctor," I replied. "A friend of mine is lying badly hurt in a nearby hut."

For a barely appreciable instant his eye held mine after I had ceased speaking, as though he was appraising me. Then he bowed with old fashioned courtesy.

"At your service, sir," said he. "Pete, you black rascal, get my bag, and get it quick."

The little negro, who had stood by obviously worshipping, broke into a grin and darted into the hotel, almost instantly reappearing with a regulation professional satchel.

"At your service, sir," repeated Dr. Rankin.

Arrived at the hut of the Morenas, for that it seemed was the name of our host and hostess, Dr. Rankin laid aside his furry beaver hat, walked directly to the side of the bunk on which Yank lay and began his examination without vouchsafing anything or anybody else the slightest glance. At the end of ten minutes he threw the blanket over our friend's form and stood erect, carefully dusting the ends of his fingers against one another.

"Broken leg, badly set," said he; "two broken ribs, severe surface bruises and possibility of internal fractures in the region of the spleen. Neglected too long. Why wasn't I sent for before?"

We assisted at the rather dreadful process of resetting a broken leg three days old. At the end of the operation we were all pretty limp.

"How long?" gasped Yank, opening his eyes.

"Three months; not a day less if you want that leg to be as good as ever," stated Dr. Rankin uncompromisingly.

Yank closed his eyes and groaned.

The doctor resumed his coat and picked up his beaver hat.

"What treatment?" I ventured to ask.

"I will inform the woman," replied the doctor. "These Californians are the best nurses in the world, once things are on a proper footing."

"Your fee, sir?" asked Johnny very formally, for the doctor's brusque manner had rubbed.

"One ounce," stated Dr. Rankin. "I shall direct the woman, and I shall return one week from today unless conditions change. In that case summon me."

He pouched the gold dust that Johnny shook into the palm of his hand at a guess, bowed formally to each of us in turn, picked up his bag and departed rigidly erect, the fine red dust crawling and eddying at his feet.

Then we held a council of war, all of us. Don Gaspar announced his intention of returning to his rancho in the south.

"I have found the gold, and I have made fren's, and I have now enough," said he.

Bagsby, too, said he thought he would just ride down as far as Sutter's Fort, there to lay in a supply of powder and ball for a trip in the mountains.

(To Be Continued.)

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



THIS is a very simple little frock, easy to make yet eminently child-like, but the little embroidery that is worked upon the plain portion of the bodice, the collar and the cuffs makes it a very attractive and a dressy one. Here, it is made of linen in a pretty shade of pink and the embroidery is worked in white thread, but you could make it of white embroidered with color or you could make the frock all of white, or you could make the skirt and full portions of the blouse of one material and the plain portions, the collar and the cuffs of another, if you do not care to embroider them. For the girl of eight, a silk and wool crepe in plain color would be pretty with plaid taffeta for the portions that here are embroidered, or the whole dress could be made of taffeta with bands of velvet ribbon.

For the 6 year size will be needed, 4 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 36, 2 1/2 yards 44.

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