

# Reading for Women and the Family

## THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By Hazel Dale

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They were all down at Dick Armstrong's studio. Jarvis and Janet and Neva Hart, and a cynical young man named Leonard, who was writing a book, and Keats Barnard, a young artist of whom Janet had grown fond. Keats was a successful worker in pastels and made quite a fortune for one so young.

Dick had a model on the stand, and all the lights excepting his light for the picture had been extinguished. They were all watching him and occasionally making comments. The fire was burning brightly and Janet was curled up on a couch near Jarvis, dreaming. She was thinking of many things, and her mind jumped from one to another.

She watched Dick as he worked quickly. Dick was very dangerously good looking, Janet thought in a funny, detached way; he looked handsome in his loose corduroys, but somehow Janet felt that Dick hadn't much of a heart. Once she had spoken of him as a pagan to Jarvis, and Jarvis had laughingly agreed with her.

The little model on the stand had been a forlorn enough little creature before Dick had fixed her up for the picture. She posed often for him and the other boys. Her name was Margery Leslie and she was poor. Now she was transformed. Dick had made her up artistically, and a gorgeous red velvet drapery had been hung over one shoulder and part of her head. The other shoulder was bare.

It was an effective combination and would make a beautiful cover. Margery Leslie was a splendid model; that was one reason why she was in constant demand. And then, as the boys said, she was easy to fix up. Janet and quickly discovered that the most beautiful girls never made the best models. The unusual girls who, with a few touches, can be made to look bizarre were the types that artists were constantly looking for.

It was during the rest period when Dick had lighted a cigarette and joined the others and Margery had cuddled down in a chair quietly that the conversation started. Dick lazily asked Jarvis if he had seen Walt Hunt lately.

"Why, no," said Jarvis in a surprised tone of voice. "Have you? I thought he had deserted New York."

"He has, but I heard something about him the other day," returned Dick lazily. "I heard he was married."

There was a queer little exclamation from Margery at this remark, but when Janet turned to her suddenly she had sunk back in her chair, and her small face was in shadow.

"I don't believe it," said Jarvis. "I don't think he's the kind of a fellow to settle down pretty well, did you?"

"Perhaps not, but it came pretty straight," said Dick.

"Who told you about it?" came from the little model.

"Why, let me see," said Dick, winking at Jarvis, "who did tell me? I don't remember now, but it was one of the fellows."

"What else did you hear?" said Margery Leslie, not seeming to mind the presence of the others.

Dick seemed to be waiting for her to speak. Now he turned to her and said elaborately: "Why, you used to know a pretty well, didn't you, Margery; don't you ever hear from him?"

Janet saw the girl shrink, and for the first time was aware that Dick was purposely tormenting her.

"No, I haven't heard from him," returned Margery. "But I'd like to hear everything you heard." She seemed anxious to glean all Dick's news, but Dick only laughed lightly and said he was ready to go on with the picture.

Margery was pale under the rouge when she stepped back on the model stand, and Janet turned to Neva for information.

"Dick Armstrong was a beast to talk to that poor kid like that," Neva was saying indignantly.

"Oh, come now, Neva," put in Leonard, "let Dick get a little fun out of it. A girl has no business to make such a fool of herself over a man; it will teach her a lesson."

"I don't believe Dick heard a single word," put in Keats.

"He didn't," laughed Leonard; "we made it all up for the fun of the thing."

"You see," explained Neva, "Walt Hunt was sort of a putterer down here; I never saw him do anything worth while, but he made us think he was a wonder. Margery posed for him and fell desperately in love with him. Of course, no one ever takes Margery seriously, and so the fellows have had fun about it ever since."

"I think it was a horrid thing for Dick to do," said Janet indignantly; "but then I always said he didn't have a heart." And Janet resolved then and there to try to get beneath the wall of reserve that Margery Leslie carried herself in—it might be possible for her to help the girl.

## The Gods of Mars



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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(Continued.)

Zat Arras' flagship was close to my own. I could see the thin features of the man from where I stood.

His Zodangan crew was pouring broadside after broadside into us, and we were returning their fire with equal ferocity. Closer and closer came the two vessels until but a few yards intervened. Grapplers and boarders lined the contiguous rails of each. We were preparing for the death struggle with our hated enemy.

There was but a yard between the two mighty ships as the first grappling irons were hurled. I rushed to the deck to be with my men as they boarded. Just as the vessels came together with a slight shock I forced my way through the lines and was the first to spring to the deck of Zat Arras' ship.

After me poured a yelling, cheering, cursing throng of Helium's best fighting men. Nothing could withstand them in the fever of battle lust which enthralled them.

Down went the Zodangans before that surging tide of war, and as my men cleared the lower decks I sprang to the forward deck where stood Zat Arras.

"You are my prisoner, Zat Arras!" I cried. "Yield and you shall have quarter."

For a moment I could not tell whether he contemplated acceding to my demand or facing me with drawn sword. For an instant he stood hesitating, and then, throwing down his arms, he turned and rushed to the opposite side of the deck. Before I could overtake him he had sprung to the rail and hurled

himself headforemost into the awful depths below.

Thus went Zat Arras, jed of Zodanga, to his end.

On and on went that strange battle. The therns and blacks had not combined against us. Wherever their ship met ship of the Black Pirates was a battle royal, and in this I thought I saw our salvation. Wherever messages could be passed between us that could not be intercepted by our enemies I passed the word that all our vessels were to withdraw from the fight as rapidly as possible, taking a position to the west and south of the combatants. I also sent an air scout to the fighting green men in the gardens below to re-embark and to the transports to join us.

My commanders were further instructed that when engaged with an enemy to draw him as rapidly as possible toward a ship of his hereditary foemen and by careful maneuvering to force the two to engage, thus leaving himself free to withdraw.

This stratagem worked to perfection, and just before the sun went down I had the satisfaction of seeing all that was left of my once mighty fleet gathered nearly twenty miles southwest of the still terrific battle between the blacks and whites.

Our plan now was to attempt to make a combined assault upon Issus at dawn of the following day.

Tars Tarkas, with his green warriors, and Hor Vastus, with the red men, guided by Xodar, were to land within the gardens of Issus or the surrounding plains, while Carthoris, Kantos Kan and I were to lead our smaller force from the sea of Omean through the pits beneath the temple, which Carthoris knew so well.

I now learned for the first time the cause of my ten ships' retreat from the mouth of the shaft. It seemed that when they had come upon the shaft the navy of the Black Pirates were already issuing from its mouth.

Fully twenty vessels had emerged, and though they gave battle immediately in an effort to stem the tide that rolled from the black pit, the odds against them were too great, and they were forced to flee.

With great caution we approached the shaft under cover of darkness. At a distance of several miles I caused the fleet to be halted, and from there Carthoris went ahead alone upon a one man sloop to reconnoiter.

In perhaps half an hour he returned to report that there was no sign of a patrol boat or of the enemy in any form, and so we moved swiftly and noiselessly forward once more toward Omean.

At the mouth of the shaft leading to Omean we stopped again for a moment for all the vessels to reach their previously appointed stations; then with the flagship I dropped quickly into the black depths, while one by one the other vessels followed me in quick succession.

We had decided to stake all on the chance that we would be able to reach the temple of Issus by the subterranean way, and so we left no guard of vessels at the shaft's mouth. Nor would it have profited us any to have done so, for we did not have sufficient force all told to have withstood the vast navy of the Black Pirates had they returned to engage us.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### Between Flood and Flames.

FOR the safety of our entrance upon Omean we depended largely upon the very boldness of it, believing that it would be some little time before the Black Pirates on guard there would realize that it was an enemy and not their own returning fleet that was entering the vault of the buried sea.

And such proved to be the case. In fact, 400 of my fleet of 500 rested safely upon the bosom of Omean before a shot was fired.

The battle was short and hot, but there could have been but one outcome, for the Black Pirates in the carelessness of fancied security had left but a handful of ancient and obsolete hulks to guard their mighty harbor.

It was at Carthoris' suggestion that we landed our prisoners under guard upon a couple of the larger islands and then towed the ships of the Black Pirates to the shaft, where we managed to wedge a number of them securely in the interior of the great well.

Then we turned on the buoyancy rays in the balance of them and let them rise by themselves further to block the passage to Omean as they came in contact with the vessels already lodged there.

We now felt that it would be some time at least before the returning Black Pirates could reach the surface of Omean and that we would have ample opportunity to make for the subterranean passages which led to Issus.

As Carthoris alone knew the hidden ways of the tunnels we could not divide the party and attack the temple at several points at once, as would have been most desirable, and so it was decided that he lead us all as quickly as he could to a point as near the temple's center as possible.

(To Be Continued.)

REAL ESTATE SALES IN PERRY Blain, Pa., March 6.—William Hockenberry, of Jackson township, bought the property belonging to Edward Hostetter, in Jackson township, for \$415. Reuben H. Kell of Blain, purchased the Harry Martin corner building lot in this place, on North Main street. Bruce Miller sold his property in Jackson township, to Edward Hostetter for \$210.

## EATING OF FISH RELIEVES PURSE

In Addition to Being Healthful For Every Member of the Family, It Is Cheap

"Master, I marvel how fishes live in the sea! Why, as men do o' land; the great ones eat up the little ones."—Pierius.

If, as has been said, the constant eating of fish leaves a physical effect, then from all accounts Germany today should be one large salad. Meat there is scarce and high even the domestic animals having been ordered killed some time ago. We have not quite reached such desperate straits.

We still have enough scraps to feed our dogs and cats but it would be well for us to emulate the Teutonic nation and serve more fish and sea food upon our tables not only because this is the Lenten season of self-denial, but because of the poor, long suffering family pocketbook.

Fish, with the exception of salmon, mackerel and eels, is very easily digested. We often force it upon children as "brain food" needed to help them with their studies. It contains phosphorus, an element abounding largely in nerve tissue but, even more important, it is not a form of food to lump into an undigested mass in little stomachs causing irritability, lassitude and a lack of concentrating power.

The eating of fish is, in most cases, cheaper than the meat of mammals. Unlike flesh food, however, it should be eaten fresh and in season. Turbot is the only fish which is improved by keeping.

Care Should Be Taken in Purchase When purchasing fish in the open market care should be taken to see that the fish is firm and the eyes and gills bright. The duller the eyes and softer the body, the longer the fish has been dead. These signs are more important to the consumer than the odor, because the strong "fishy smell" is characteristic of all water food at all times. For this reason fish should never be kept in the ice box with other eatables unless closely covered. Butter and milk, especially, absorb odors. A lard pail with a tightly fitting lid is the best kind of a receptacle to use for the fish if it is necessary to put it into the general refrigerator.

Sometimes, as with smelts for instance, we purchase fish frozen together. This is not as desirable as if they could be obtained soon after the haul, but when bought frozen they should be kept so until just before cooking, when they should be thawed out in cold water.

To make this easily digested food even more safe in the process of digestion, it should be boiled, broiled or baked. The dry meat of white fish may sometimes be fried, but not the oily kind. By white fish I mean cod, haddock, trout, flounder, perch, smelt, etc. Their fat is mostly secreted in the liver. The oily kind of fish, such as fat mackerel, should be fried in the whole body is, for example, salmon, eel, blue fish, shad, mackerel, etc. Naturally, when cooked in shortening, these oils will fry with it, causing the fish to swim in grease unless fried very brown and dry it becomes hard to digest.

Oysters Not Expensive Oysters in season are not expensive and can be prepared in many appetizing ways. They contain an animal starch called glycogen which makes them of food value. These mollusks are five years old before they are suitable for eating and their natural beds are found in shallow salt water along stony bottom along the entire Atlantic coast. To really taste an oyster one should wade knee deep into the clear green water, find the gray mottled shell and lifting it pry it open with a thin stone, sucking oyster and long with the shell.

The little gems of the oyster family are the Blue Points named for Blue Point, Long Island, from which place they originally came. They are small, plump and sweet but they soon become so popular that the demand exceeded the supply and now any oyster of the same general style passes for a Blue Point. Most of our oysters are large and sold by the quart minus their shells but they are sold by the count farther south.

Clams, scallops, crabs and shrimps are other shell fish of appetizing flavor and value as food, while not too expensive, in season, for the general pocketbook. Lobsters are delicious to the palate but, being coarse feeders themselves, they really play havoc with the human gastric organs. Except in certain localities in New England, they usually sell at a pretty stiff price. Cleaning a fish is a job detested by the average housewife. Personally I dread the wounds of the sharp fins or tail more than any part of the operation, except the removal of the scales. There have a most objectionable way of evading one's utmost vigilance, even when you slant the knife according to directions, and hide in the butter or the bread tray to be discovered later on the chagrin of the housewife. I recommend all fish not cleaned by the dealer being turned over to the masterful hand of the lord of the manor to be made ready for the stove. The cook looks blithely give directions of how to "loosen the skin and readily draw it off" but it seems to be a knack amounting to an art.

Table of chemical food values of common fish:

	Protein	Fat	Mineral	Water
Fresh Cod	8	2	6	33.7
Salmon	12.4	8.1	9	39.4
Shad	9.2	4.8	7	35.2
Mackerel	10	4.3	7	40.4
Smelts	10	1	1	46.01
Trout	8	1.1	6	40.4

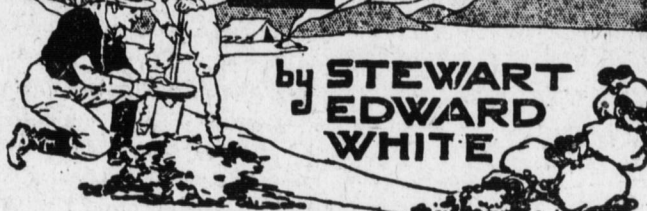
Boiled Cod Have from two to three pounds of cod cut in a solid piece. Wrap in a clean cheesecloth and let simmer slowly until done. Serve with garnishings of parsley and sliced hard boiled egg and a cream sauce.

Boxed Salmon Line a greased pan with warm steamed rice. Fill the centre with cold boiled salmon, flaked. Season with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Cover with rice and steam until set. Serve with white sauce.

Baked Smelts Clean and wipe twelve large smelts. Stuff with a dressing made of one cup cracked crumbs, pepper, salt, onion juice, parsley, one-quarter cup melted shortening. If necessary hold the fish shut with strong thread. Place in buttered baking dish, sprinkle over with crumbs and bake slowly until done.

Roasted Oysters Clean out one pint of oysters and drain from their liquor. Put into a pan and cook over top of fire until oysters are plump and the edges curl shaking all the time to prevent burning. Season with salt, pepper and melted butter and serve on toast garnished with parsley.

## GOLD



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by STEWART EDWARD WHITE

(Continued.)

"I'm going to stay in this camp," Johnny advised crisply, "and I'm not going to be bothered by big bluffs like you. I warn you, and all like you, to let me alone and keep away from me. You stay in camp, or you can leave camp, just as you please, but I warn you that I shoot you next time I lay eyes on you. Now, about face! March!"

Johnny's voice had an edge of steel. The big man obeyed orders implicitly. He turned slowly and sneaked out the door. His followers shambled toward the bar. Johnny passed them rather contemptuously under the review of his snapping eyes, and they shambled a trifle faster. Then with elaborate nonchalance we sauntered out.

"My Lord, Johnny," I cried when we had reached the street, "that was fine. I didn't know you had it in you!"

"What a stupid, useless mess!" he cried. "The minute that fellow came into the room I saw we were let in for

"Me? What are you talking about?" He looked from one to the other of us, then returned the few steps he had taken. "I believe you don't know me. I'm Randall, Danny Randall."

"Yes?" puzzled Johnny.

"Of Sonoma," added Randall.

"I suppose I should know you, but I'm afraid I don't," confessed Johnny. Randall turned back to the tree beneath which lay our effects.

"I believe I'll just have a cup of coffee with you boys," said he.

We blew up the fire, scoured the frying pan, made ourselves food. Randall brought a pail of water. We all ate together, without much conversation, then lit our pipes and piled on dry wood to make a brighter friendship fire.

"Now, boys," said Randall, "I'm going to ask you some questions, and you can answer me or not, just as you please. Only I'll say it isn't just curiosity."

Johnny, who was studying him covertly from beneath the shadow of his hat, nodded briefly, but said nothing.

"How long have you been in the mines?"

"Since March."

"Since March?" echoed Randall, as though a little bewildered at this reply. "Yet you never heard—What camp?"

Johnny studied awhile.

"Hangman's Gulch for six weeks," said he, "then just prospecting."

"Where?"

"I don't believe I'll answer that question," replied Johnny slowly.

"But somewhere back in the hills?" persisted Randall.

"Somewhere back in the hills," agreed Johnny.

"Seems to me—I broke in, but Johnny silenced me with a gesture. He was watching Randall intently and thinking hard.

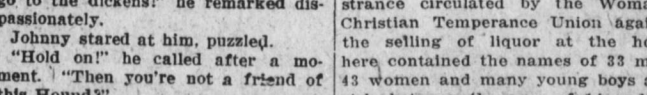
"Then you have been out of it for three months or so. That explains it. Now, I don't mind telling you I came up here this evening to size you up. I heard about your row with Scarface Charley, and I wanted to see whether you were just another fighting desperado or an honest man. Well, I'm satisfied. I'm not going to ask you if you have much gold with you, for you wouldn't tell me, but if you have kept it with you. If you don't you'll lose it. Keep in the middle of the road and out of dark places. This is a tough camp, but there are a lot of us good men, too, and my business is to get us all to know each other. Things are getting bad, and we've got to get together. That's why I came up to see you. Are you handy with a gun?" he asked abruptly.

"Fair," said Johnny.

"You need to be. Let's see if you are. Stand up. Try to get the draw on me. Now!"

(To Be Continued.)

DAILY DOT PUZZLES



Here is little Mary Ann. And her pet, the ———. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

REMONSTRANCE AGAINST HOTEL Blain, Pa., March 6.—A remonstrance circulated by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union against the selling of liquor at the hotel here contained the names of 33 men, 43 women and many young boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 18 years, after a solicitation of a few days. The remonstrance was filed in the license court at New Bloomfield to-day.

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



WITHOUT doubt, the one-piece gown is to be extensively worn throughout the Spring. It will be utilized both for indoor wear and for the street and this one is as charming as it is simple. It is really a delightful garment and it will make a certain appeal to the women who like good lines and graceful folds. Front and back are full length but the sides of the skirt are separate and plaited and joined to the body portion so that you have fullness and at the same time long and becoming lines. It would be impossible to find a better model for serge or for broadcloth or for charmeuse and these are three favorite materials for one-piece gowns. For the South, it would be pretty to use white serge or white broadcloth with the trimming portions of a ribbed silk. For mid-Winter wear at the North, broadcloth would be handsome with the trimming portions embroidered. Sand color, for example, with the embroidery in dark rich tones that give relief and suggest the Oriental effect, but are by no means over bright or garish.

For the medium size will be needed, 7 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide, 5 1/2 yards 44 with 1/2 yard 44 inches wide for the trimming portions; the skirt is 3 yards and 4 inches wide at the lower edge.

The pattern No. 9305 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

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