

Reading for Women and all the Family

no circumstances to vendure into the

open or leave the pits for the temple proper until I should have come up

with him "or you know that I died

we found an immediate and steep as-

per pits that led into the temple of

Suddenly I heard a cry of "Fire!"

far ahead, followed almost at once by

cries of terror and the loud command

of dwars and padwars, who were evi-

dently attempting to direct their men away from some grave danger. At

"They have fired the pits ahead!"

"We are hemmed in by flames in front and flood behind!"

"Help, John Carter! We are suffo-

Back upon us at the rear swept a

wave of dense smoke that sent us stumbling and blinded into a choking

There was naught to do other than seek a new avenue of escape. The fire

and smoke were to be feared a thou-

sand times over the water, and so I

seized upon the first gallery which led

out of and up from the suffocating

Again I stood to one side while the soldiers hastened through on the new

way. Some 2,000 must have passed

at a rapid run when the stream ceased,

but I was not sure that all had been rescued who had not passed the point

of origin of the flames, and so to as-

sure myself that no poor devil was

left behind to die a horrible death un-

succored I ran quickly up the gallery

It was hot and stifling work, but at

last I reached a point where the fire lit

up the corridor sufficiently for me to see that no soldier of Helium lay be-

tween me and the conflagration. What was in it or upon the far side I could

found that my retreat in this direction had been blocked. Across the mouth

of the corridor stood a massive steel

grating that had evidently been low-

To my horror, however, I

smoke that was engulfing us.

in the direction of the flames, could now see burning with a dull glow far ahead.

chemicals and lived to learn.

my escape.

last the report came back to us:

But I was to meet with a cruel

waters.

cating!

retreat.

disappointment.

would lead to safety.



The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XI

(Copyright, 1914, Star Company.)

When we reached home, Mrs. Gore was still in bed, and Grace and sage from the invalid, I did not ask to see her. After my experience of the morning with her, i felt that I would is sage from the invalid, I did not ask to see her. After my experience of the morning with her, i felt that I would be the morning with her, i felt that I would be the morning with her, i felt that I would be the morning with her, i felt that I would be the morning with her, i felt that I would be the morning with her, i felt that I would be the morning with her in the morning in the morning with her in the morning with her in the morning with the morning in the morn

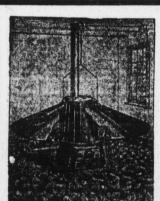
Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



UST such a simple morning jacket as this one is sure to be needed. It is comfortable to slip on in one's own room while the letters are being read or the coffee is being sipped. If there is a skirt to match, it becomes a morning dress that is practical and serviceable. It is very simple and very easy to make, with a tuck in each front over the shoulder to provide pretty fullness. The fullness is held by the belt. The petticoat shown here is a very new one in three pieces and the three-piece petticoat is always a favorite. You can finish it with a straight gathered flounce or with a circular flounce.

For the medium size the jacket will require, 25/8 yards of material 36 inches wide, 21/4 yards 44 with 5/8 yard 36 inches wide for the trimming. For the petticoat will be needed, 43/8 yards 36, 21/2 yards 44 with 3 yards of embroidery 13 inches wide for the gathered flounce, 25/8 yards of material 36, 13/8 yards 44 for the circular flounce.

The pattern of the jacket No. 9304 is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 inches bust measure and of the petticoat No. 9286 in sizes from 24 to 36 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for the jacket and 15 cents for the petticoat.

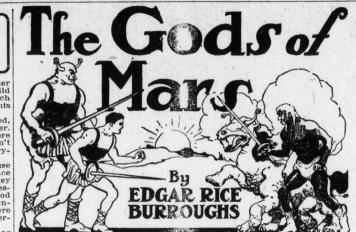


"Eureka" **Coal Stove Brooder**

WALTER S. SCHELL

QUALITY SEEDS 1307-1309 MARKET ST.

Use Telegraph Want Ads of Dr. James' Headache Powders, Don't suffer. In a few moments you will feel fine—headache gone—no



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(Continued.)

As we were about to leave the poo and enter the corridors an officer called my attention to the waters upon which the submarine floated. At first they seemed to be merely agitated as from the movement of some great body be neath the surface, and I at once conjectured that another submarine was rising to the surface in pursuit of us. the level of the waters was rising not with extreme rapidity, but very surely and that soon they would overflow the sides of the pool and submerge the

floor of the chamber.

For a moment I did not fully grasp the terrible import of the slowly rising waters. It was Carthoris who real ized the full meaning of the thing-its cause and the reason for it.

"Haste!" he cried. "If we delay we all are lost. The pumps of Omean have been stopped. They would drown us like rats in a trap. We must reach the upper levels of the pits in advance of the flood or we shall never reach them. Come."

"Lead the way, Carthoris," I cried. "We shall follow."

At my command the youth leaped into one of the corridors, and in columns of twos, and in good order, the soldiers followed him, each company entering the corridor only at the command of its dwar, or captain.

I was the last to leave the chamber of the submarine, and as I followed the rear of the column toward the corridor I meved through water to my knees.

The corridor, too, was flooded to the same depth, for its floor was on a level with the floor of the chamber from which it led, nor was there any perceptible rise for many yards.

The march of the troops through

the corridor was as rapid as was consistent with the number of men that moved through so narrow a passage, but it was not ample to permit us to gain appreciably on the pursuing tide. Long ere the last of the column could hope to reach the upper pits which lay

above the danger point, I was con-vinced that the waters would surge after us in overwhelming volume and that fully half the expedition would be snuffed out. As I cast about for some means of saving as many as possible of the

doomed men I saw a diverging corriangle at my right. Raising my voice to its utmost, I

shouted my commands to the dwars ahead of me "Call back the last twenty-five utans," I shouted. "Here seems a way



cating!"

My orders were obeyed by nearer thirty utans, so that some 3,000 men came about and hastened into the teeth of the flood to reach the corri-

dor up which I directed them. As the first dwar passed in with his utan I cautioned him to listen closely for my commands and under

NO HEADACHE OR **NEURALGIA PAIN**

Get a 10 cent package of Dr. James' Headache Powders and don't suffer.

When your head aches you simply must have relief or you will go wild. It's needless to suffer when you can take a remedy like Dr. James' Headoche Powders and relieve the pain and neuralgia at once. Send someone to the drug store now for a dime package

RIGHT AND WRONG

Playing the Game Calls For Honorable Tactics to Succeed

By Beatrice Fairfax.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

"That isn't cricket," says the Englishman. "It isn't done," says our society leader. "Das thut man nicht," says the German. Every nation, every walk of life has its own idiomatic expression for the fact that there are things it isn't fair to do.

To most of us there comes at some stage of the game of life a chance to get ahead—but get ahead not quite honorably.

The 'principle involved may be so slight a deviation from the right and honorable thing no one else will ever be able to accuse us of dishonesty. But we shall know. Down in our hearts we will have the unpleasant consciousness that we didn't play the game honorably and "on the level."

To the fine-libred man or woman, victory without honor means defeat. It's ail very well for a cynical world to point to successful men who achieve fame and fortune without paying too much attention to the ethical value of things.

None of us knows exactly how unhappy a man is when he has to face his own 'inner conviction of dishonesty. But even without going as far as dishonesty there is another thing to face—the consciousness of not being a "good sport."

There are all sorts of situations in

before I could reach you."

The officer saluted and left me. The men filed rapidly past me and entered the diverging corridor which I hoped

The water rose breast high. Men stumbled, floundered and went down. Many I grasped and set upon their feet again, but alone the work was greater than I could cope with. Sol-

stumbled, floundered and went down.

Many I grasped and set upon their feet again, but alone the work was greater than I could cope with. Soldlers were being swept beneath the boiling torrent never to rise.

At length the dwar of the tenth utan took a stand beside me. He was a valorous soldier, Gur Tus by name, and together we kept the now thoroughly frightened troops in the semblance of order and rescued many that would have drowned otherwise.

Djor Kantos, son of Kantos Kan, and a padwar of the fifth utan, joined us when his utan reached the opening through which the men were fleeing. Thereafter not a man was lost of all the hundreds that remained to pass from the main corridor to the branch.

As the last utan was filing past us the waters had risen until they surged and stood our ground until the last man had passed to the comparative man had passed to the comparative

safety of the new passageway. Here

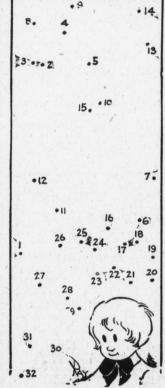
and fine.

Besides all that a cheater misses most of the fun—the joy of honest striving—the glow of victory gained fairly and squarely.

The game must be played according to rule—but still more superbly than that by anyone who wants real pleasure from playing if. It is almost better to give your opponent a victory than to snatch it from him by a contemptible little underhand trick.

Play your games fairly and squarely this summer. See how much more fun you get out of them that way. And then try playing your whole game of life that way. cent, so that within a hundred yards we had reached a point above the For a few minutes we continued rapidly up the steep grade, which I hoped would soon bring us quickly to the up-

DAILY DOT PUZZLES



not know, nor could any man have passed through that seething hell of This is little Willie Hill,
His father owns a great big —
Draw from one to two and so on to
the end. Having satisfied my sense of duty, I turned and ran rapidly back to the

corridor through which my men had 27 Princeton Seniors Say They Were Never Kissed by Fair Maid

Princeton, N. J., March 7. — "Have you ever kissed a girl? If not, why ered from its resting place above for the purpose of effectually cutting off

A thousand times I berated myself 200 senior members of the graduation for being drawn into such a trap as I class of Princeton University, who anmight have known these pits easily swered this rather personal question could be. Now I saw that it would replied they had, on some occasion in swered this rather personal question have been much better to have kept their lives, kissed a girl. our force intact and made a concerted seven men said that they seven men said that they had not attack upon the temple from the val- kissed, while a few of the more bashtrusting to chance and our ful members of the class, when interley side, trusting to chance and our great fighting ability to have over-whelmed the Black Pirates and compelled the safe delivery of Dejah Thoris to me. in answer to the second question, "If not, why not?" were: "The high cost of loving; high collars; adherence to the traditional policy of watchful waiting;" one modern Adonis maintains that he has never found a lady worthy of the honor, while several unfortunates claim that they either never had the chance or lacked the nerve. The smoke from the fire was forcing me farther and farther back down the corridor toward the waters which I sould hear surging through the dark-With my men had gone the last

With my men had gone the last torch. Nor was this corridor lighted by the radiance of phosphorescent rock as were those of the lower levels. It was this fact that assured me that I was not far from the upper pits which lie directly beneath the temple.

(To Be Continued)

Twenty-eight seniors claim they do not correspond with any girl; twenty-eight seniors claim they do not correspond with one girl and the same number with two girls. One member of the class asserts that he epends on the seasons, spring leading. Forty-one members of the class consider it morally wrong to kiss a girl.



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(Continued.)

CHAPTER XX.

Johnny Gets Pistol Lesson. OHNNY reached for his pistol, but before his hand was fairly on the butt Randall had thrust the muzzle of a small revolver beneath his nose. His pale blue eyes had lit with concentration, his bleach ed eyebrows were drawn together. across my mind that this was a gen

uine holdup, and I am sure Johnn



Small Revolver Beneath His Nose.

caught the same suspicion, for his figure stiffened. Then Randall dropped his hand.

"How did you do that? I didn't catch your motion."

"From the sleeve," said Randall. 'It's difficult, but it's pretty, as you say, and if you learn to draw from sleeve I'll guarantee you'll get the

draw on your man every time."
"Show me," said Johnny simply.
"That gun of yours is too big.

holster weapon. Here, take this." He handed Johnny a beautifully bal anced small revolver, engraved and silver plated, with polished rosewood handle. This he showed Johnny how to stow away in the sleeve, how to arrange it, how to grasp it and the exact motion in snatching it away.

"It takes practice, lots of it and then nore of it," said Randall. "It's worse than useless unless you get it just right. If you made a mistake at the wrong time the other man would get you sure."

"Where can I get one of these?" ask

ed Johnny.
"Good!" Randall approved his decican't. But a derringer is about as good, and Jones has them for sale. Now as for your holster gun. The whole trick of quick drawing is to throw your right shoulder forward and drag the gun from the holster with one forward sweep. Don't lift it up and out. This way." He snapped his hand his hip and brought it away "Pretty." repeated Johnny.

"Don't waste much powder and ball shooting at a mark," advised Randall. "It looks nice to cut out the ace of hearts at ten yards, but it doesn't mean shoot straight enough to hit a man at close range. Practice the draw." He turned to me. "You'd better practice too. Every man's got to take care of himself these days. But you're not due for trouble same as your friend is."

"I'm obliged to you," said Johnny.
"You are not. Now it's up to you I judged you didn't know conditions ere, and I thought it only right to warn you. There's lots of good fellows in this camp, and some of the hard cases are a pretty good sort. Just keep organized; that's all.'

"Now, I wonder who Danny Randall is?" speculated Johnny after our visitor had departed. "He talked as though we ought to know all about it "He talked as I'm going to find out from the first fellow I get acquainted with."

Next morning we asked the Morena

who was Danny Randall.
"El diabolo," replied Morena shortly and trudged obstinately away to his

work without vouchsafing further in-"Which is interesting, but indefinite,"

said Johnny.

The rest of the day and of several days following we spent in putting up our tent, ditching it, arranging our cooking affairs, building rough seats and generally making ourselves com-fortable. We stretched these things to cover as long a space of time as possible, for we secretly dreaded fac-ing the resumption of the old grind and postponed it as long as we could. A good deal of the time we spent at Yank's bedside, generally sitting silent and constrained, to the mutual discomfort of all three of us, I am sure. At odd intervals we practiced conscientiously and solemnly at the "draw." We would stand facing each other, the nipples of our revolvers uncapped, and would at the given word see who could cover the other first. We took turns at giving the word. At first we were

not far apart, but Johnny quickly pass ed me in skill. I am always somewhat clumsy, but my friend was naturally quick and keen at all games of skill or dexterity. He was the sort of man who could bowl or play pool or bil-liards or anything else rather better than the average accustomed player the first time he tried. He turned card tricks deftly. At the end of our three days' loafing he caught me at the end of his pistol so regularly that there ceased to be any contest in it. I never did get the sleeve trick; but, then, I never succeeded in fooling the meres infant with any of my attempts at legerdemain. Johnny could flip that little derringer out with a twist of his supple wrist as neatly as a snake darts its forked tongue. For ten minutes at a time he practiced it, over and over, as regularly as well oiled machinery. "But that proves nothing as to how it would work out in real action," said

Johnny thoughtfully. The afternoon of the third day while we were resting from the heat beneath the shade of our tree we were approached by three men.

"Howdy, boys?" said the first. "We hain't seen you around camp lately and thought mebbe you'd flew."

"We are still here," replied Johnny, with smooth politeness. "As you see, we have been fixing our quarters to "Scarface Charley is here, too," ob-

served the spokesman, "and he want-ed me to tell you that he is going to be at the Bella Union at 8 this evenin', and he wants to know will he see you, and to come heeled." "Thank you, gentlemen," replied Johnny quietly. "If by accident you

should happen to see the desperado in question—who, I assume, can be in no way your friend—I hope you will tell him that I, too, will be at the Bella Union at 8 o'clock, and that I will come heeled."

"You'll be comin' alone," said the

man, "or p'rhaps yore friend"—
"My friend, as you call him, is simply a miner and has nothing to do with this," interrupted Johnny emphatically. "I thank you, sir," said the spokes man, rising.

The other two, who had throughout said no word, followed his example. "Do you know Danny Randall?" said

Johnny as they moved off. If he had presented his derringer un-der their noses they could not have stopped more suddenly. They stared at each other a moment.

(To Be Continued)

HIS COLD GOES **NEW TREATMENT**

Pottstown Father Uses One Application of Vick's VapoRub.

YOU JUST RUB VICK'S ON.



Mr. Joseph Hane, 356 Apple St., is the father of this handsome young-ster. Last winter, when the Southern remedy, Vick's VapoRub Salve, was remedy, Vick's VapoRub Salve, was being introduced in Pottstown, Druggist Chas, S. Bentz presented Mr. Hane with a jar, and asked that he give it a thorough trial and report the results. Mr. Hane writes—
"My little boy took sick one night very suddenly with a heavy cold, so we applied your salve on his chest and saved ourselves going for the doctor. The next day we could scarcely tell he had a cold."
It is a fact that most colds are relieved in one night, and croup usually in fitteen minutes just by applying

lieved in one night, and croup usually in fifteen minutes just by applying. VapoRub over throat and chest and covering with a warm flannel cloth. This preparation works in two waysfirst it is absorbed through and stimulates the skin taking out the tightness and soreness, and then the heat of the body liberates the ingredients which are inhaled in the form of vapors. These vapors open the air passess and loosen the phlegm.

Three sizes, 25c, 50c or \$1.00.

At all druggists.

Reep a little Boor-Guard in YOUR home

ZZICKS VAPORUBSALVE