



Reading for Women and of the Family



"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XII
(Copyright, 1917, Star Company.)
"How is Mrs. Gore this morning?" I asked Julia the next day. It was Sunday. Mr. Norton had been out late last night, and was not breakfasting at the same hour with Grace and me. "She'll not be getting up to-day at all," I'm thinking, replied the maid. "Maggie is telling me Mrs. Gore was very bad last evening, and that she had quite a spell of crying." "Never mind!" I said, glancing at Grace, who was listening with wide eyes to these remarks. "Why did she cry?" the child asked wonderingly. "Never mind, dear," I repeated. "We will talk of that at some other time. Eat your breakfast now."
But though I strove to change the trend of her thoughts, I could see that she was still pondering upon Julia's remarks. Were the maids allowed, I used to talk of their mistress's moods and peculiarities in the presence of this sensitive little creature?
"Why did Auntie cry?" Grace persisted, when we were again in the nursery together. "Sometimes when I play with little girls I cry and cry."
"That is very foolish," I said. "With Auntie it is different, for she is ill and cannot go out of doors and get lots of sunshine and air as you can. It must have been before you were such a big girl as you are now that you cried like that. I am sure you will never do it again." "I don't think I will," she assured me. Then "Auntie's not crying now—is she?"
She returned so persistently to this subject that I decided it would be well for her to see her aunt, and when I suggested this she assented readily. So, leaving her for a moment, I went down to Mrs. Gore's room and knocked on the door. A weak voice bade me "Come in."
The invalid was still in bed, but it was evident that her mood had undergone a change since our interview of twenty-four hours ago. She smiled wanly.
A Polite Offer
"Good morning," she murmured. "I am alone, as I have let doors go to church."
"Can I do anything for you during her absence?" I asked.
"Oh, no. I thank you," she replied. "Maggie did all that needed to be done before she went out. I am glad you came in, for I wanted to ask about Grace. How is she?"
"Very well," I answered, "but she is questioning me so much about you that I think it will make her happy to see you—that she will then stop worrying about you."
"She is worrying about me?" she repeated with pathetic eagerness. "Yes," I said, "she is."
"Why should I tell her that Julia had started the child's thoughts in an unfortunate direction?"
"Let her come down here," she urged. "I would be so glad to see her."
"Don't you think"—I began, then hesitated, actually afraid to

make the suggestion that trembled on my lips.
"What were you going to say?" she queried.
"Only that perhaps it might be a little more cheerful for Grace if the shades were up so that she could see you plainly."
"Yes, it might be better," she agreed. "I remember," plaintively, "that my little girl objected to coming in here yesterday because the room was dark. It hurt me through and through that she cared so little for me."
"Children all shrink from illness and darkened rooms," I remarked lightly.
I would not touch on any dangerous topic again. If we were to have smooth sailing it must be in shallow waters.
When, in reply to my summons, Grace came down, her aunt's room was light. The air was still heavy, but I did not dare suggest opening a window for even a few inches.
The child kissed her aunt and looked at her gravely.
"Why did you cry last night?" she interrogated.
"Who told you I cried last night?" Mrs. Gore demanded, glancing suspiciously at me.
An Explanation
"Julia told me," the little girl said promptly. "Maggie told her. Why did you cry?"
"Because I was unhappy," the aunt said. "When you are my age, darling, I hope you will have less to make you unhappy than I have. Yet I must not complain, for I have a great many comforts in your father's beautiful home."
The child's mouth dropped into sad, unchildlike lines, and I hastened to change the subject.
"Grace, suppose you and I go to church this morning," I proposed.
"Would you like that, darling?"
"Oh, yes," she declared. "I'd love it. I don't go to church hardly ever."
"Do you object to her going, Mrs. Gore?" I asked. "It's a perfect day."
"Why, no," the widow remarked, "not if her father said you could take her."
"I have not seen him to-day," I informed her. "I fancy he is still in his room. But it just occurred to me that Grace might like to hear the music and see the people."
"All right," Mrs. Gore assented. "I would not venture to advise against it, without consulting Mr. Norton. I never get to church; my brother seldom goes; I do not care to have the maids take Grace with them. So she knows little of church."
I wondered if this woman would prefer that I keep her niece at home, surely my first duty was to the child.
"It is time we were getting ready," I remarked practically. "Tell Auntie good-by, Grace, dear, and we will go off at once."
When the child kissed her, and ran happily from the room, Mrs. Gore drew a long sigh of regret or self-pity. But I pretended not to hear it.
(To Be Continued.)

The Gods of Mars



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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(Continued.)

"Where is Dejah Thoris?" I cried to the thing within my hands.
For a moment her eyes roved wildly about the scene beneath her. I think that it took a moment for the true condition to make an impression upon her—she could not at first realize that the temple had fallen before the assault of men of the outer world.
When she did there must have come, too, a terrible realization of what it meant to her—the loss of power, humiliation, the exposure of the fraud and imposture which she had for so long played upon her own people.
There was just one thing needed to complete the reality of the picture she was seeing, and that was added by the highest noble of her realm—the high priest of her religion—the prime minister of her government.
"Issus, goddess of death and life eternal," he cried, "rise in the might of thy righteous wrath and with one strike wave of thy omnipotent hand strike dead the blasphemers! Let not one escape."
"Issus, thy people depend upon thee. Daughter of the lesser moon, thou only art all powerful. Thou only canst save thy people. I am done. We await thy will, Strike!"
And then it was that she went mad. A screaming, gibbering maniac writhed in my grasp. It bit and clawed and scratched in impotent fury. And then it laughed a weird and terrible laughter that froze the blood.

CHAPTER XVI. The Burning Temple.

THE slave girls upon the dais shrieked and covered away. And the thing jumped at them and gnashed its teeth.
Finally I shook the thing, hoping to recall it for a moment to rationality.
"Where is Dejah Thoris?" I cried.
"The awful creature in my grasp mumbled inarticulately for a moment, then a sudden gleam of cunning shot into those hideous, close-set eyes.
"Dejah Thoris? Dejah Thoris?" and then that shrill, unearthly laugh pierced our ears once more. "Yes, Dejah Thoris. I know. And Thuvia also. They each love John Carter. Ha—ah—but it is dull."
"Together for a year they will meditate within the temple of the Sun, but ere the year is quite gone there will be no more food for them. Ha—ah! What divine entertainment!" and she licked the froth from her cruel lips. "There will be no more food—except each other. Ha—ah! Ha—ah!"
The horror of the suggestion nearly paralyzed me. To this awful fate the creature within my power had condemned my princess. I trembled in the ferocity of my rage.
As a terrier shakes a rat I shook Issus, Goddess of Life Eternal.
"Countermand your orders!" I cried. "Recall the condemned. Haste or you die!"
"It is too late. Ha—ah! Ha—ah!"
She again commenced her gibbering and shrieking.
Almost of its own volition my dagger flew up above that wicked heart. But something stayed my hand, and I am glad now that it did. It is a terrible thing to have struck down a woman with one's own hand. But a sifter fate occurred to me for this false deity.
"Black Pirates," I cried, turning to those who stood within the chamber, "you have seen today the impotency of Issus—the gods are omnipotent. Issus is no god. She is a cruel and wicked old woman, who has deceived and played upon you for ages. Take her. John Carter, prince of Helium, would not contaminate his hand with her blood."
With that I pushed the raving beast, whom a short half hour before a whole world had worshipped as divine, from the platform of her throne into the waiting clutches of her betrayed and vengeful people.
Spying Carthoris among the officers of the red men, I called to him to lead me quickly to the temple of the Sun, and without waiting to learn what fate the Black Pirates would wreak upon their goddess I rushed from the chamber with Carthoris, Hor Vastus, Kantos Kan and a score of other red nobles.
Carthoris led us rapidly through the inner chambers of the temple until we stood within the central court, a great circular space paved with a transparent marble of exquisite whiteness. Before us rose a golden temple wrought in the most wondrous and fanciful designs, inlaid with diamond, ruby, sapphire, turquoise, emerald and the thousand nameless gems of Mars, which far transcend in loveliness and purity of ray the most precious stones of earth.
"This way," cried Carthoris, leading us toward the entrance to a funnel, which opened in the courtyard beside

the temple.
As we were on the point of descending we heard a deep toned roar burst from the temple of Issus, which we had but just quitted, and then a red man, Djor Kantas, padwar of the fifth unit, broke from a nearby gate, crying to us to return.
"The blacks have fired the temple," he cried. "In a thousand places it is burning now. Haste to the outer garden or you are lost."
As he spoke we saw smoke pouring from a dozen windows looking out upon the courtyard of the temple of the Sun, and far above the highest minaret of Issus hung an ever growing pall of smoke.
"Go back, go back!" I cried to those who had accompanied me. "The way, Carthoris, point the way and leave me! I shall reach my princess yet."
"Follow me, John Carter," replied Carthoris, and without waiting for my reply he dashed down into the tunnel at our feet.
At his heels I ran down through a half dozen tiers of galleries until at last he led me along a level floor at the end of which I discerned a lighted chamber.
Massive bars blocked our further progress, but beyond I saw her—my incomparable princess, and with her was Thuvia. When she saw me she rushed toward the bars that separated us. Already the chamber had turned upon its slow way so far that but a portion of the opening in the temple wall was opposite the barred end of the corridor. Slowly the interval was closing. In a short time there would be but a tiny crack, and then that even would be closed, and for a long Barsomian year the chamber would slowly revolve until once more for a brief day the aperture in its walls would pass the corridor's end.
But in the meantime what horrible things would go on within that chamber!
I stood and talked with Dejah Thoris, and she stretched her dear hand through those cruel bars, that I might hold it until the last moment.
Thuvia came close also, but when she saw that we would be alone she withdrew to the farther side of the chamber.
For a few minutes we stood thus, talking in low tones. Ever smaller and smaller grew the opening. In a short time now it would be too small even to permit me to see the slender form of my princess.
Above we could hear the faint echoes of a great tumult. It was the multitude of blacks and reds and green men fighting their way through the fire from the burning temple of Issus. A draft from above brought the fumes of smoke to our nostrils.
Presently we heard shouting at the far end of the corridor and hurrying feet.
"Come back, John Carter; come back!" cried a voice. "Even the pits are burning!"
In a moment a dozen men broke through the now blinding smoke to my side. There were Carthoris and Kantos Kan and Hor Vastus, with a few more who had followed me to the temple court.
"I shall remain here beside my princess until a merciful death releases me from my anguish," I declared. "I care not to live."
Dejah Thoris stood so closely to the crack as she could, whispering words of hope and courage to me and urging me to save myself.
The smoke cleared away, and we stood gazing upon a blank wall. The last crevice had closed.
"They urged me to leave."
"In a moment it will be too late," cried Kantos Kan. "There is, in fact, but a bare chance that we can get through to the outer garden alive, even now. I have ordered the pumps started, and in five minutes the pits will be flooded. If we would not drown like rats in a trap we must hasten above and make a dash for safety through the burning temple."
"Go," I urged them. "Let me die here beside my princess. There is no hope or happiness elsewhere for me. When they carry her dead body from that terrible place a year hence let them find the body of her lord awaiting her."
Of what happened after that I have only a confused recollection. It seems as though I struggled with many men and then that I was picked bodily from the ground and borne away.
I do not know.
THE END.

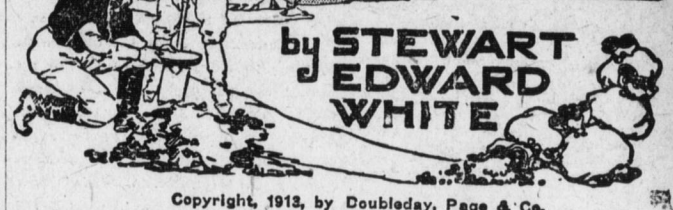
PLAY BY SENIOR CLASS
New Cumberland, Pa., March 10. — "At the End of the Rainbow," is the title of a play to be given by the senior class of the New Cumberland high school in the Independent American Hall on March 25 and 26.

PARENTS MUST EARN RESPECT

Have to Give Children Benefit of Experience Without Force

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX
I wonder how many boys and girls to-day have the blessed feeling that their very best friends are father and mother!
Not every parent can give his children a heritage of wealth and social standing. Children have not the right to expect that—but the thing to which they have an absolute right is the feeling of friendly understanding.
Parents have to earn respect and deserve confidence. In this practical "show me" age they do not get it otherwise.
Life sweeps on very rapidly nowadays. The son of the uneducated immigrant is the college professor of tomorrow, and the daughter of the illiterate scrubwoman is the great prima donna of the future. Life would not be worth much if each generation were not producing individuals of higher type than those of the last generation.
The child is inferior to his parents in just one thing—experience.
Parents have to give children the benefit of their experience without forcing it upon them. The younger generation is groping toward knowledge. You might tell a baby one hundred times that fire burns, but for real vivid knowledge on the subject nothing impresses that baby so vividly as a poor little blistered finger which follows a tour of discovery right into the flame of a match. The older generation can save the younger generation a great deal of actual experience of how fire burns if it guides very cleverly—very tactfully!
Each one of us is embarked in a little boat of our own personality which has to go down the stream of life. The most loving parent in all the world cannot get into his child's skiff and show him how to guide it. The parents who tie heavy ropes to the boats of their children's personality and try to draw them upstream are cruel, and they have no right to be surprised when the children lean out wilfully and cut the ropes.
The parents who reach out with their oars and try to push the children's barks into their havens seldom succeed. The little boats drift into ports they never wanted to make and rest discontentedly for a time, drift out again.
The successful parent is the one who shows his children how to steer their own boats.
Suppose a father finds that his daughter is interested in a boy whom his mature judgment decides to be utterly unworthy. If he says to the girl, "I forbid you to see that boy again," he arouses natural antagonism. Instinctively the girl resents her father's criticism of her choice of friends and feels that it is a criticism of herself. Instinctively, too, her loyalty flames up in defense of the friend whom she feels is not being given a fair chance.
Suppose on the other hand, the father sits down quietly with his daughter and says: "Helen, I don't quite understand your liking for Joe Brady. Perhaps I am doing the boy an injustice. Will you tell me what you see in him?" Helen can do no less than respond to this equal to equal attitude on the part of her father, and her sense of fairness makes her give him a hearing when he tells her what he does not like in Joe Brady. She has no right to resent this attitude, which really has been a compliment to her, and she naturally tests Joe along the line of her father's objections to him.
Perhaps she does hope to find errors in her father's judgment, but she feels instinctively that he is fair and square and that she too must be fair and square and confess if Joe proves unworthy.
There is nothing undignified in talking matters over quietly with your children. They are individuals with tastes and desires. They have a right to a hearing, and far from forfeiting their respect if you give them a fair play you win their absolute confidence and esteem.
The parent who forbids without explaining the reasons for his attitude arouses ugly emotions, ranging from stubborn antagonism to a sneaking determination to do it anyhow. All forms of tyranny in government have gone out, and ruthless commands do not appeal to the younger generation.
No whit of respect or dignity is sacrificed by the mother or father who says quietly: "These are the reasons why I disapprove of that course, and I know that when you understand them you will agree with me."

GOLD



by STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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(Continued.)

"Well," said Johnny seriously, "I wanted to get him close to me. If I had shown him that I'd seen him when he first came in the door he'd have opened fire at once. And I'm a rotten shot. But I figured that if he thought I didn't see him he'd come across the room to me."
"But he nearly got you by surprise."
"Oh, no," said Johnny. "I saw him all the time. I got his reflection from the glass over that picture of the beautiful lady sitting on the whisky barrel. That's why I picked out that table."
"My son," cried Danny Randall delightedly, "you're a true sport. You've got a head, you have!"
"Well," said Johnny, "I figured I'd have to do something; I'm such a rotten shot."
We slept late the following morning and awoke tired, as though we had been on a long journey.
"Now," said Johnny when our after breakfast pipes had been lit, "we've got to get together. There's one important question before the house—who and what is Danny Randall?"
"I agree with you there," said I heartily.
We separated until noon. Johnny returned promptly at 12.
"As to Danny Randall," he began at once, "origin lost in mists of obscurity. First known in this country as a guide to a party of overland immigrants before the gold discovery. One of the original Bear Flag revolutionists. Member of Fremont's raiders in the south. Showed up again at Sonoma and headed a dozen forays after the horse-thieving Indians and half breeds in the San Joaquin. Seems now to follow the mines. Guaranteed the best shot with rifle or pistol in the state. Guaranteed the best courage and the quietest manners in the state. Very eminent and square in his profession. That's his entire history."
"What is his profession?" I asked.
"He runs the Bella Union."
"A gambler?" I cried, astonished.
"Just so, a square gambler."
I digested this in silence for a moment.
"Did you discover anything for yourself?" I asked at last.
"Best job ever invented," said Johnny triumphantly, "at three ounces a day, and I can't beat that at your beastly diggings."
"Yes?" I urged.
"I invented it myself, too," went on Johnny proudly. "You remember what Randall or the doctor said about the robberies and the bodies of the drowned men floating? Well, every man carries his dust around in a belt because he dare not do anything else with it. I do myself, and so do you, and you'll agree that it weighs like the mischief. So I went to Randall and I suggested that we start an express service to get the stuff out to bank with some good firm in San Francisco. He fell in with the idea in a minute. My first notion was that we take it right through to San Francisco ourselves, but he says he can make satisfactory arrangements to send it in from Sacramento. That's about sixty miles, and we'll call it a day's hard ride through this country, with a change of horses. So now I'm what you might call an express messenger—at three good ounces a day."
"But you'll be killed and robbed?" I cried.
Johnny's eyes were dancing.
"Think of the fun!" said he.
"You're a rotten shot," I reminded him.
"I'm to practice under Danny Randall from now until the first trip."
"When is that?"
"Do you think we'll advertise the date? Of course I'd tell you, Jim, but honestly I don't know yet."

CHAPTER XXII. The Express Messenger.

A WEEK later Johnny rode up on a spirited and beautiful horse, proud as could be over his mount.
He confided to me that it was one of the express horses, that the first trip would be very soon and that if I desired to send out my own savings I could do so. I was glad to do this, even though the rates were high, and we easily persuaded Yank of the advisability. One of the express riders was a slight, dark youth whom I had never seen before. In the other I was surprised to recognize Old Hickory Pine. He told me his people had "squatted" not far from Sacramento, but that he had come up into the hills on summons by Danny Randall. The fact impressed me anew as to Randall's wide knowledge, for the Pine's had not been long in the country.
The trip went through without incident. Johnny returned four days later aglow with the joy of that adventurous ride through the dark. Robbers aside, I acknowledge I should not have liked that job.
The first half dozen journeys were

more or less secret, so that the express service did not become known to the general public. Then the news inevitably leaked out. Danny Randall thereupon openly received shipments and gave receipts at the Bella Union. It seemed to me only a matter of time before the express messengers should be way-laid, for the treasure they carried was worth any one's while. I spoke to Randall about it one day.
"If Amjlo or Murietta or Dick Temple were in this part of the country I'd agree with you," said he seriously, "but they are not, and there's nobody in this lot of cheap desperadoes around here that has the nerve. Those three boys have a big reputation as fighters, their horses are good, they constantly vary their route and their times of starting, and Johnny in especial has a foxy head on him."
"The weak point is the place they change horses," said I.
Randall looked at me quickly, as though surprised.
"Why, that's true," said he "not a doubt of it. But I've got five armed men there to look after just that. And another thing you must remember—they know that Danny Randall is running this show."
Certainly, thought I, Danny at least appreciates himself. And yet, after all, I do not think he in any way exaggerated the terror his name inspired.
About this time a party of overland immigrants, headed by a man named Woodruff, were robbed of their cattle. Johnny and his men rounded up the thieves, killing three and placing two others, Carhart and Malone, under arrest. It was decided to try Carhart and Malone at a miners' meeting.
The meeting took place in the Bella Union, and the place was crowded to the doors. All the roughs in town were on hand, fully armed, swearing, swaggering and brandishing their weapons. They had much to say by way of threat, for they did not hesitate to show their sympathies. As I looked



They Did Not Hesitate to Show Their Sympathies.

upon their unexpected numbers and listened to their wild talk I must confess that my heart faltered. Me though they had not the advantage in numbers, they knew each other, were prepared to work together, were, in general, desperately courageous and reckless and imbued with the greatest confidence. The decent miners, on the other hand, were practically unknown to each other and, while brave enough and hardy enough, possessed neither the recklessness nor desperation of the others. I think our main weakness sprang from the selfish detachment that had prevented us from knowing whom to trust.

(To Be Continued.)

What to Do for Eczema

Greasy salves and ointments should not be applied if good clear skin is wanted. From any druggist for 25c or \$1.25 for extra large size, get a bottle of Zemo. When applied as directed, it effectively removes eczema, quickly stops itching, and heals skin troubles, also sores, burns, wounds and chafing. It penetrates, cleanses, and soothes. Zemo is a clean, dependable and inexpensive, penetrating, antiseptic liquid. Try it, as we believe nothing you have ever used is as effective and satisfying.
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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



A pretty feature of the season is found in the blouse with middy closing that is made of dainty material. This one may be either tucked or plaited and made from a variety of materials, but here, a soft finished taffeta is used with hemstitched edges and the accompanying skirt is made of brocade, but the skirt is a good one for a number of materials, for wear with the separate blouse, for the coat suit and for sports wear. The blouse can be made as it is here or with an extension over the skirt, and, if you do not like the middy closing you can make an opening all the way down the front. The blouse with the skirt extension is a good one for wear with the plain skirt and is much liked for sports use. Silk jersey would be smart over a skirt of serge. You can make the skirt as it is here or with plain seams at the front and with pockets over the sides.
For the 16 year size the blouse will require, 2 3/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 2 yards 44 without the peplum; 3 1/2 yards 36, 2 3/4 yards 44 with the skirt extension. For the skirt will be needed, 4 1/2 yards 36, 2 3/4 yards 44, 2 3/4 yards 54.
The May Manton pattern of the blouse No. 9293 and the skirt No. 9276 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 each.

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17	16	15
19	18	14
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21	6	9
22	32	7
31	33	6
23	34	5
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37		
30		3
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Can you finish this picture?
Draw from one to two and so on to the end.