

Reading for Women and all the Family

THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By Hazel Dale

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Janet had always thought a great deal, even when in her most careless existence, and now she began to think more deeply to analyze things, to observe reactions upon herself and upon Jarvis. She realized now more than ever while she and Jarvis were going through their adjustment period, that she was highly strung and Jarvis was, too.

Janet was not the type of girl who boasted of a temperament in order to give vent to uncertain bursts of temper or anger, but she knew that sometimes the smallest incidents led to the largest results, and that a tiny hurt can assume big proportions when nursed in silent resentment.

She and Jarvis had adopted from the beginning the theory that both were as free as air. Janet wanted Jarvis to have his friends, his time away from her, just as she had her friends and her time away from him, but like most women she grew to like Jarvis' friends as well, if not better, than she did her own; she found them more interesting because they fitted into her life so much better.

Her own friends were apt to come to see her and rave about the romantic manner in which she lived. Janet did not think of it that way; she seemed to belong and she hated to be made to feel like a fish out of water.

Her work with the Chronicle had increased since her connection with the paper. In addition to her series for children, she had a column all her own that appeared every day. It was rather a refreshing idea, just a timely letter written in the manner of a girl about some up-to-date incident and had become very popular. Janet called it "Over the Tea Ball," and on the strength of its popularity her salary had been raised. The extra work meant an added strain, however, and Janet, who bent all her energies to make good, found herself tired and badly in need of mental recreation at the end of the day.

In her moments for reasoning she knew that her work was the only thing she had apart from Jarvis. Everything else was secondary, and therefore her life seemed narrowing down while his kept broadening. Each day Jarvis ran into some one else, or else added a new friend to his number, and while his friends were Jarvis', still they were his first.

One evening, after a hard day, Janet looking forward to a long evening with Jarvis. They had planned to be lazy and spend it together at home, and after dinner Janet slipped into a soft negligee and settled herself cozily with a little sign of supreme content. She looked around the room occasionally and its warm softness charmed her tired senses.

Jarvis was working on a picture

and life seemed perfect. Out in the kitchenette Liza was washing the dishes. Soon she would be gone, and then later, Janet would concoct something nice to eat and they would enjoy it like children, each having a hand in its preparation.

"Jarvis, if any one comes in to-night I shall be disappointed," she said once, looking up from her book. "I never get a chance to be alone with you, never, and I am too tired to talk to any one to-night."

Jarvis smiled at the lovely figure across from him, and agreed with her. But just after Liza had departed there was a quick sound of steps and the little knocker was banged vigorously. Jarvis ran to open the door and Dick Armstrong walked in.

Janet made a face at him.

"What a domestic scene!" Dick said in his half attractive, half irritating manner. Janet had a feeling that Dick did not exactly like her. He was too accustomed to having girls make way for him, and as Janet never showed that she was at all impressed by his dangerous charm, it piqued him, and he was almost rude at times.

"Yes—aren't we domestic?" Janet drawled. "You strike a very discordant note, Dick, with your cold, heartless cynicism."

"Well, I'm not going to stay. I just came to take your husband away from you. Then I'll beat a hasty retreat."

Janet's heart beat a little faster, but she said nothing. Jarvis looked up interestedly.

"What's up?" he queried.

"Nothing at all; but you don't want to become too much of a benedict, you know. Come on out for a tramp—a regular one, for old time's sake."

Janet still said nothing, but she regarded Jarvis critically over her book and saw something that surprised her—he wanted to go. It gave her a queer little feeling almost akin to pain. But she still said nothing.

"And if I do run out for a while, sweetheart," Jarvis said, coming over to the chaise longue.

"Why, no," Janet returned slowly, stretching a little and actually forcing her soft delicious smile. "Go on and take your bachelor tramp."

And when the door closed after them Janet reasoned fiercely with herself.

It wasn't that Jarvis cared less for her; he was a man, that was all. The evening alone meant an evening alone to him and nothing more; to her it meant the most wonderful time of the day. He had forgotten that it was their evening, as soon as Dick had put in an appearance. Janet shivered a little in sudden realization, and then conscious that she was alone and zealous not to mask her feeling she put her head down on her arms and burst into tears.

(To Be Continued)

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



If a trip to the South is under consideration this model will serve admirably for summer material. If you are thinking of replenishing the Winter wardrobe, you can make the blouse of Georgette crepe and the skirt of any heavier material to make a very charming effect. If you want a skirt of a thinner and lighter fabric, you can gather in place of plaiting it. It is made in two pieces with seams at the sides, but is perfectly straight at the lower edge. The blouse may be made as it is here or cut off at the waist line with a full length closing at the front. The bag gives a very new shape and a new design for embroidery.

For the medium size the blouse will require, 3 1/8 yards of material and the skirt, 4 3/8 yards 36 inches wide. For the bag will be needed, 1/2 yard of material 20 inches wide.

The blouse pattern No. 9293 and the skirt No. 9237 both are cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. The bag pattern is cut in one size and the embroidery pattern includes a variety of motifs. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents each for the blouse and skirt and ten cents each for bag and for embroidery design.

Calories and Corn Bread

Recent experiments conducted in New York and elsewhere to prove that twenty-five cents a day can feed one individual have given us a speaking acquaintance with calories. Among other things, we have learned that corn bread contains twice the number of heat units or calories as does wheat bread. Even this knowledge might not induce eating the corn bread one ordinarily sees.

Most corn bread is far too dry and crumbly to be appetizing. This is partly from the way it is mixed, but much more from the manner of baking. Corn bread must be cooked steadily, but very slowly. The Southern "hoe-cake" was baked on either a "hoe" or on hardwood boards placed

in front of the open fire. Cooked in this way the corn meal retains its flavor and moisture. By using enameled ware baking pans or frying pans, we get the best substitute for this old method available. Scald the corn meal with boiling water, add salt and a little milk. Bake the cakes slowly in an uncovered enameled ware frying pan over a steady fire and the calories it contains will not be dissipated.

POVERTY PARTY FOR CLASS

Enola, Pa., March 14.—Members of class No. 1, of Zion Lutheran Church, held a successful poverty party at the home of Mrs. S. J. Puit, 22 Brick Church road, last night. The proceeds were added to the Easter collection of the class.



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(Continued.)

From that time the outrages increased in number, and in boldness. No man knows to be possessed of any quantity of gold was safe. It was dangerous to walk alone after dark, to hunt alone in the mountains, to live alone. Every man carried his treasure about with him everywhere he went. No man dared raise his voice in criticism of the ruling powers, for it was pretty generally understood that such criticism meant death.

This is a chapter I hate to write, and therefore I shall get it over with as soon as possible.

One Sunday in the middle of October two men trudged into town leading each a pack horse.

I was at the time talking to Barnes at his hotel and saw them from a distance hitching their animals outside Morton's. They stayed there for some time, then came out, unhitched their horses, led them as far as the Empire, hesitated, finally again tied the beasts and disappeared. In this manner they gradually worked along to the Bella Union, where at last I recognized them as McNally and Buck Barry, our comrades of the Porcupine. Of course I at once rushed over to see them.

I found them surrounded by a crowd to whom they were offering drinks free handed. Both were already pretty drunk, but they knew me as soon as I entered the door and surged toward me hands out.

"Well, well, well!" cried McNally delightedly. "And here's himself! And who'd have thought of seeing you here? I made sure you were in the valley and out of the country long since. And you're just in time. Make a name for it? Better call it whisky straight. Drink to us, my boy! Come, join my friends! We're all friends here! Come on, and here's to luck, the best luck ever! We've got two horse loads of gold out there—nothing but gold—and it all came from our old digging. You ought to have stayed. We had no trouble. Bagsy was an old fool!" All the time he was dragging me along by the arm toward the crowd at the bar. Barry maintained an air of owlish gravity.

"Where's Missouri Jones?" I inquired, but I might as well have asked stone mountains. McNally chattered on, excited, his blue eyes dancing, bragging over and over about his horse loads of gold.

The crowd took his whisky, laughed with him and tried shrewdly to pump him as to the location of his diggings. McNally gave them no satisfaction here, but even when most hilarious retained enough sense to put them off he track.

As will be imagined, I was most uneasy about the whole proceeding and ried quietly to draw the two men off.

"No, sir," cried McNally, "not any! es' struck town and am goin' to have a time!" in which determination he was cheered by all the bystanders. I did not know where to turn. Johnny was away on one of his trips, and Danny Randall was not to be found. Finally inspiration served me.

"Come down first and see Yank," I urged. "Poor old Yank is crippled and can't move."

That melted them at once. They unhitched their long suffering animals, and we staggered off down the trail.

On the way down I tried, but in vain, to arouse them to a sense of danger.

"You've let everybody in town know you have a lot of dust," I pointed out. McNally merely laughed recklessly.

"Good boys!" he cried. "Wouldn't harm a fly!" And I could veer him to no other point of view. Barry agreed to everything, very solemn and very owlish.

We descended on Yank like a storm. I will say that McNally at any time was irresistible and irresistible, but especially so in his cups. We laughed ourselves sick that afternoon. The Morenas were enchanted. Under instructions, and amply supplied with dust, Morena went to town and returned with various bottles. Senora Morena cooked a fine supper. In the meantime I, as apparently the only responsible member of the party, unsaddled the animals and brought their burdens into the cabin. Although McNally's statement as to the loads consisting exclusively of gold was somewhat of an exaggeration, nevertheless the cantinas were very heavy. Not knowing what else to do with them, I thrust them under Yank's bunk.

The evening was lively, I will confess it, and under the influence of it my caution became hazy. Finally, when I at last made my way back to my own camp, I found myself vastly surprised to discover Yank hobbling along by my side. I don't know why he came with me, and I do not think he knew either. Probably force of habit. At any rate, we left the other four to sleep where they would. I remember we had some difficulty in finding places to lie.

DAILY DOT PUZZLES



Thirty-five straight lines will bring Fluffy my pet. You'll hear him sing. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Preserves at Small Cost

Not the least useful hint in these menus for reducing the cost of living is the insistence on the value of dried fruit as an article of diet. Properly cooked, these dried fruits are delicious and, quite apart from the difference in expense, are much more wholesome for a steady diet than rich preserves or even canned fruits. Apricots, peaches, plums and pears are all prepared by the evaporated process. Use unpeeled fruit in cooking; that can not be affected by the acid of the fruit. Put the fruit in an enameled ware saucepan and cover well with cold water. Put on the back of the stove and let it heat slowly and simmer for a couple of hours. When the fruit is thoroughly soft, mash with a spoon and let it cook until the water is cooked away enough to make a smooth, rich jam. Add one table-spoonful of sugar to a quart of the jam. The peeled fruits although they cost a trifle more than the others are as cheap in the end as they require less sugar in cooking.

Cranberry in New Role

Cranberries to most people mean only a jam or jelly to be eaten with poultry. They are differently regarded in Europe. One of the ways in which they are there utilized might well be copied here. Cranberry juice which may be "put up" and kept for any length of time makes an especially delicious water ice and a delightful addition to summer drinks. To prepare this juice place the cranberries in an enameled ware preserving kettle, add sugar in the proportion of one-half pound to one quart of the berries. Pour on just enough water to keep the berries from scorching. Cook until the berries are perfectly soft and easily crushed. Strain through an ordinary jelly-bag and bottle very hot.

The cranberry has a strong acid and it is important that it should be cooked in enameled ware. In that way there is no danger of any metallic action of the juice being darkened in color.

FOURTH SERMON OF SERIES

Marysville, Pa., March 14.—The Rev. Ralph E. Hartman, pastor of the Trinity Reformed Church, will preach the fourth of the series of sermons on the Beatitudes this evening. His subject will be "Blessed Are Those That Hunger and Thirst After Righteousness; For They Shall Be Filled."

Spring Showings

AT

The Ladies' Bazaar

It's Right Because We Make It Right

THE SPRING STYLES ARE HERE AND THEY'RE DELIGHTFUL

Harmony and art have given their prettiest to the garments this year. Gold, tea rose, apple green, reseda, charmeuse, Virgin blue, bisque—these are some of the popular colors in many of the Coats, Suits and Dresses in which many of these "springy" tones are combined, and the lines—well, you cannot imagine anything more airy and graceful. Come and see our pretty new things and get that springtime holiday feeling.

New Spring Coats and Suits

Both Suits and Coats vary widely in style, but they are all "different." Come in tricotine, velour, serge, jersey, Poirer twill, fine poplins, gabardines, etc., and most of them are simply trimmed with fancy stitching—this has a stunning effect. Some have beautiful satin linings of unique butterfly designs etc.

\$14.98 and up to \$40.00

Charming Dresses

There is a style to suit any type. Serges tastefully trimmed in smoked pearl or covered buttons and contrasting materials. Crepe de chine and taffeta dresses daintily touched with gold and silver lace and gold buttons and fancy collars **\$9.98 and up**

Novelty Silk Skirts

In taffetas with fancy "newer-than-ever" stripes and pockets designed differently in each one, it seems **\$4.98 and up**

Dainty New Blouses

From the always needed voile to the dressy crepe de chine. All distinctive and new—**85¢, \$1.59, \$1.85, \$2.98, \$3.98 and up to \$8.98.**

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A Daily Ration of Grape-Nuts

made of combined whole wheat and malted barley, furnishes the mineral elements so vitally necessary in food for putting the "punch" into energetic bodies and brains.

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No change in price, quality, or size of package.