



Reading for Women and all the Family



THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By Hazel Dale

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Janet and Jarvis met each other like two children.

Jarvis stood at the head of the stairs and caught Janet as she rushed up the last flight.

"I have the most wonderful news," she gasped, breathless with the long upstairs run.

"So have I!" Jarvis announced.

"What is it, something about the picture? Didn't they make you buy it back? How wonderful?"

Jarvis had drawn her into the studio and now interrupted. "Oh, I bought it back all right, but Rhoades asked me for more. Isn't that great? You don't know what that means from the editor of 'The Raven,' it means just everything. He was awfully decent, and asked me if I had anything more of the kind. He said that if I had and would bring it in, he would almost assure me that he would take it."

"Why, Jarvis," said Janet, almost solemnly, "it never rains but it pours. Here I was bewailing the fact that we had to lose that hundred dollars, and everything is coming out just beautifully."

"Well, what about you?" Jarvis said, impatiently, "what have you got to tell me? Begin from the beginning."

"Well, just after you left Mr. Deering called me up and asked me to come right down. He said that he had something to talk over with me. I was terrified because I was later with the last instalment of the series, and I thought he was going to tell me that the Chronicle could get along without my services, but I rushed right down, and what do you think?" Janet stopped impressively.

Jarvis shook her lightly. "Go on," he said, teasingly.

"Well, they like my little stories. Mr. Deering said that I had quite a human viewpoint, and that I kept my work simple, and that was what made it go so well. They want to know if I would like the Children's Department of 'The Children's Hour.' You know it's under the same management as the Chronicle, but I never have been suggested if it had not been for Mr. Deering, but it seems that he told Mr. Reese that he thought I might try, anyway. The editor is ill, and they have had a dreadful time. Oh, Jarvis, do you think I could do it?"

"Of course, you could do it."

"But it would mean working in an office all day on part of the day?"

Jarvis looked at her gravely.

"And it's not at all what we had planned," Janet said almost mournfully as she saw his face. "I know that I have always intended to do

something, but I don't believe in going to an office to do it. A woman ought to be at home some of the time. I realized all this when Mr. Deering talked to me, Jarvis, but it did seem such a beautiful opportunity. Anyway, I wanted you to see that I was personable, and coming on the heels of this morning's disappointment it was like a dream.

Jarvis held Janet's nervous little hands tightly in his own. "I'll tell you, dear, you decide this for yourself, and whatever you do will be just right. Liza can manage the house all right if you decide to take the job and for a beginner like you the opportunity is one in a hundred."

"I know it, I know it, dear. I realize that we have come to a very definite fork in the roads, and I don't know what to do. I don't like to feel that I am missing an opportunity, but I'm afraid that it will make me unhappy later if I do this thing."

All through lunch Janet was very quiet. She was trying to adjust her mind to the circumstances. Naturally, she was young and extremely flattered. The offer almost lifted her off her feet. To be associated with a newspaper for only a little time, and then to be offered a magazine job. It just seemed impossible to overlook it. But there was Jarvis.

If she took this position, Jarvis would work at home would be alone all day. Her place was there with him. Had she married him to be with him, or to be at an office all day? When she came home at night, all tired out to go out. Unless she wanted to put her career first, she would have to give up her splendid chance. After all, Jarvis was the one thing that mattered.

And Jarvis was thinking too. He was determined to be broad, and to do the decent, fair thing. He was proud of Janet, proud that she had such a great chance, but he hoped with all his heart that she would not take it. It was hard to keep from telling her how much he wanted her home with him, but he was determined not to be selfish and to consider Janet's side alone.

Janet looked up finally with a smile curving her lips.

"I told Mr. Deering that I would have to speak to you first, boy," she said softly. "So I'm going back this afternoon and tell him that I can't take it. It's not a sacrifice, this giving it up, I just know that it would have made me miserable."

And Janet laughed her own soft laugh as Jarvis came around the table to her.

(To Be Continued.)



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He stopped, for I was laughing.

"Why not drain the bay?" I suggested. "There's a plenty of land down there."

"Well," said Talbot in a calmer manner, "we won't quite do that, but we'll put some of those sand hills into the edge of the bay. You wait and see. If you want to make money you just buy some of those water front lots. You'll wake up some morning to find you're a millionaire."

I laughed again, but just the other day, in this year 1860, I rode in a street car where fifty years ago great ships had lain at anchor.

We discovered Johnny and Yank and pounded each other's backs and had drinks and generally worked off our high spirits. Then we adjourned to a corner, lit cigars, a tremendous luxury for us miners, and plunged into recital. Talbot listened to us attentively, his eyes bright with interest, occasionally breaking in on the narrator to ask one of the others to supplement some too modestly worded statement.

"Well," he sighed when we had finished, "you boys have certainly had a time! What an experience! You'll never forget it!" He brooded awhile.

"I suppose the world will never see its like again. It was the chance of a lifetime. I'd like—no, I wouldn't! I've lived too. Well, now for the partnership. As I understand it, for the Hangman's Gulch end of it we have, all told, about \$5,000—at any rate, that was the amount McClellan sent down to me."

"That's it," said I.

"And the Porcupine Flat venture was a bad loss?"

"The robbers cleaned us out there except for what we sent you," I agreed regretfully.

"Since which time Yank has been out of it completely?"

"Haven't made a cent since," acknowledged Yank cheerfully, "and I owe something to Frank here for my keep. Thought I had about \$1,500, but I guess I ain't."

"At Italian Bar," went on Talbot, "how much did you make?"

"Doesn't matter what I made," interposed Johnny, "for, as Frank told you, it's all at the bottom of the Sacramento river."

"I did pretty well," said I, "and pulled out 216 ounces."

"About \$3,000," computed Talbot. "You're the plutocrat, all right. Well, I've done pretty well with this end of the partnership too. I think—but I guess we'd better take a fresh day to it. It must be ungodly late. Good Lord, yes! Three o'clock!"

Nobody would have thought so. The place seemed nearly as full as ever. We accompanied Talbot to his hotel, where he managed, after some difficulty, to procure us a cot apiece.

Our sleep was short, and in spite of our youth and the vitality we had stored in the healthy life of the hills we felt dragged out and tired. Five hours' sleep in two days is not enough. I was up a few minutes before the rest, and I sat in front of the hotel basking in the sun like a lizard.

Talbot appeared last, fresh and smiling. Breakfast finished, he took us all with him to the new brick building. After some business we adjourned once more to the Arcade. There Talbot made his report.

I wish I could remember it and repeat it to you verbatim. It was worth it. But I cannot, and the most I can do is to try to convey to you the sense of that scene—we three tanned, weather-beaten outlanders listening open mouthed to the keen, competent, self-assured magician who before our eyes spun his glittering fabric. Talbot Ward had seized upon the varied possibilities of the new city. The earnings on his first scheme—the ship storehouses and the rental of the brick building on Montgomery street, you will remember—amounted net the first month, I believe, to some \$6,000. With his share of this money he had laid narrow margins on a dozen options. Day by day, week by week, his operations extended. He was in wharves, sand lots, shore lots, lightering, plank roads, a new hotel. Day after day, week after week, he had turned these things over, and at each turn money had dropped out. Sometimes the playing proved empty, and then Talbot had promptly thrown it away, apparently without afterthought or regret.

As fast as he acquired a dollar he invested it in a new chance, until his interests extended from the Presidio to the water front of the inner bay. These interests were strange odds and ends. He and a man with his own given name, Talbot H. Green, had title in much of what is now Harbor View—that is to say, they would have clear title as soon as they had paid heavy mortgages. His shares in the commercial wharf lay in the safes of a banking house, and the dollars he had raised on them were valiantly doing duty in holding at bay a pressing debt on precariously held water front equities. Talbot mentioned glibly sums that reduced even the most successful mining to a child's game. The richest

Hangs From Bridge to Escape Penny Flier

Bristol, Pa., March 23.—Caught on the railroad bridge spanning Pennsylvania avenue, at Morrisville, with the Southern Express roaring down the tracks, William Gagg, of Morrisville, to-day owes his life to his presence of mind. Gagg was on his way to work at the West Morrisville yards, and falling to notice the express train in the distance, started across the bridge.

Too late he heard the warning whistle as the flier thundered toward him. He started to run, but realized that there was only one way of escape open and took it. Hastily he swung himself over the bridge and clung to a beam. He had just cleared the track when the flier dashed by.

Gagg clung to his perilous position until the train passed, and then crawled back on the bridge. His overcoat had been ripped from his body, but he was uninjured, and proceeded to the yards, where he is employed as a clerk. The incident was seen by scores of persons.

INCUBATOR COOKS EGGS

Warren, Pa., March 23.—Ed Cobb, 109 Irvine street, intended to raise chickens for a living, but he has changed his mind. Cobb rented an incubator and filled it with 102 black Minorca eggs. After hovering over them for an anxious first evening he went to bed. In the morning he found the heat had not properly regulated and his eggs were all baked hard as bricks. Cobb paid \$10 a dozen for the eggs, which were of a fancy strain.

MOB REVENGES INSULT

Chester, Pa., March 23.—White shouting epithets at the American flag as he stood in the middle of Market street yesterday Ferino Oster, a Mexican, was set upon by a crowd of men who were manhandling him when the police came to Oster's rescue and ran him into a cell, the mob being close upon the heels of the cop. "Lynch him! Get a rope!" the crowd yelled, but after the excited Americans had been beaten back by the police Mayor McDowell assured them that the Mexican would "be taken care of," and they dispersed.

ACADEMY BOYS TO DRILL

Bellefonte, Pa., March 23.—Colonel Hugh S. Taylor, formerly of the Fifth Regiment, N. G. P., yesterday secured the pledge of the entire student body of the Bellefonte Academy, one hundred in all, to begin drilling for possible service in war. Clifford Stanbury, of Jamestown, N. Y., and Willard Watson, of Jersey Shore, who had received two years of training at a military academy, were selected by the students as captain and first lieutenant, respectively.

GIRLS WANT MILITARY TRAINING

Pittsburgh, March 23.—Trustees of the Carnegie Institute of Technology were petitioned to establish a special elective course in military training in resolutions adopted by the students of the institution, including many girls.

TIMELY HINTS FOR THE HOME GARDENER

Planting Vegetables For Winter Use

Washington, D. C., March 23.—There are a number of vegetables which, though grown in the summer are usually planted for use in the following winter. An adequate supply of these produced in the home garden will do much to make the family's winter fare more attractive and more economical. Among garden products of this type may be named cabbage, carrots, parsnips, turnips, and rutabagas.

Both early and late varieties of cabbage are grown extensively. In the North early cabbage may be planted in the hotbed during February and transplanted to the open ground as soon as the soil is ready to be worked. For a late crop it is customary to plant the seeds in a bed in the open ground in May or June and transplant them to the garden in July. For "cabbage of this character the soil should be heavier and more retentive of moisture than for early cabbage, which requires a rich, warm soil in order to reach maturity quickly. For the late variety it is desirable to have too rich a soil, as the heads are liable to burst. Cabbages should be set in rows 30 to 36 inches apart, the plants standing 14 to 18 inches apart in the row.

To store cabbage the heads should be buried in pits or placed in cellars. One method is to dig a trench about 18 inches deep and three feet wide and set the cabbage upright with the heads close together, and the roots embedded in the soil. When cold weather comes the heads are covered lightly with straw and three or four inches of earth put in. Slight freezing does not injure cabbage, but it should not be subjected to repeated freezing and thawing. Early cabbage cannot be kept, as it does not stand hot weather well. It should be used soon after it has formed a solid head.

Caulliflower is cultivated in much the same way as cabbage, but when the heads begin to develop the leaves may be tied over them in order to exclude the light and keep the heads white. Caulliflower requires a rich, moist soil and thrives best under irrigation. The tender heads of this vegetable are boiled with butter or cream, and also used for pickling.

The roots of the parsnip are dug late in the fall and stored in cellars or pits, such as cabbage is, or else are allowed to remain where they are grown and are dug as required for use. All roots not dug during the winter, however, should be removed from the garden, as they will produce seed the second season and become of a weedy nature. When the parsnip has been allowed to run wild in this way the root is considered to be poisonous.

The seeds of parsnips should be sown early as convenient in the spring in rows 18 inches to 3 feet apart. The plants should later be thinned to stand three inches apart in the row. A rich soil with frequent cultivation is necessary for success with this crop. The roots are boiled until tender and then cut in slices and browned in butter or roasted with meat in the same way that potatoes are.

Carrots are cultivated in practically the same way as the parsnips, but are not thinned so much and are allowed to grow almost as thickly as planted. Those not used during the summer are dug in the autumn and stored in the same manner as parsnips or turnips. If there is a surplus it may be fed sparingly to horses and mules or cattle.

Turnips are used largely in combination with potatoes, cabbage, and meat in boiled dishes. They are also mashed like potatoes and are a desirable addition to the ordinary winter fare. They require a rich soil and may be grown either as an early or late crop. For a late crop it is customary to sow the seeds broadcast on land from which some early crop has been removed. In the North this is generally done during July or August, but the usual time is later in the South. The plants are quite hardy and the roots need not be gathered until after several frosts. They may then be stored in a cellar or buried in a pit outside. Before storing, the tops should be removed. If an early crop is desired the seed should be sown in drills 12 to 18 inches apart as early in the spring as the condition of the soil will permit. After the plants appear they are thinned to about three inches. Two pounds of seed are required to plant an acre.

The rutabaga is quite similar to the turnip and is grown in much the same way. It requires more space, however, and a longer period for its growth. It is used to a considerable extent for stock feed and has the advantage of being quite hardy.

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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



GIRLS are sure to like this costume. If it is made of jersey cloth in a soft shade of grey or beige or tan it will be a serviceable suit of a simple sort. If it is made of khaki kule or any one of the fashionable pongees either in white or in color or in a combination of the two, it will become a sports costume. For the simple Spring suit, jersey cloth is a favorite material and exceedingly beautiful. Broadcloth will be worn extensively, however, also Spring weight velours and the favorite gabardine, and you can use this model for one and for all. Stitching in contrasting color makes a feature of the new fashions.

For the 16 year size the coat will require, 3 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 3 1/4 yards 44, 2 3/8 yards 54 and the skirt, 3 1/4 yards of any width.

The coat pattern No. 9335 and the skirt No. 9332 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.

Baffling Disease Makes 130 Store Clerks Ill

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., March 23.—When Dr. Thomas W. Jackson and Dr. Howard L. Hull, of the State Department of Health, started their investigation of the peculiar disease that has stricken clerks in a store here, it developed that 130 of the clerks have been ill. There have been two deaths, but the store officials say both were due to pneumonia.

The state doctors learned that fifty

of the clerks and employees are now ill with the disease and that the condition of several is serious.

A conference between the state doctors and city medical authorities was held yesterday and it was announced that the disease is baffling and that it is peculiar to this section.

The state doctors are carefully investigating the theory that the epidemic was started by contagion carried to the store by Mexican parrots that were on sale there three weeks ago. This theory has many strong supporters among the medical men, and the fact that the disease appears to be new to this section offers some substantiation for it.

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Here is where you get your complete outfit on our Easy Payment Plan—\$1.00 A WEEK.

All of the new styles in Women's Suits and Dresses

The smartest fancy tailored suits and silk dresses that you've seen in many a day. The new materials in all the bright Spring colors are being shown.

Tailored suits at \$15, \$18, \$22

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A special assortment of trimmed hats—a large variety of choice styles from which to choose.

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SPECIAL VALUES IN Easter Suits FOR MEN

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will buy an all wool guaranteed suit. You may choose from a large variety of the season's latest patterns. Other special assortments include the pinch-back and belted model either single or double breasted. No cash required. Pay as you get paid.

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