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LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

(By Lee Pace)

Yesterday afternoon me and Puds Simkins and Ed Wernick and Sid Hunt and Sid quiet little cousin Joe was walking throo the empty lot and we came to a big round stone, Sid Hunt saying, G, look at that, that wasent there yesterday.

G, I bet its a meteor, wat do you know about that, I sed.

Maybe its a hunk of a comet, sed Puds Simkins.

Touch it and see if its still hot, sed Ed Wernick. Wich we was all afrayed to do for a wile, and then Puds Simkins touched it with the end of his little finger, saying, No, its cold.

No wonder, it must of fall about a million miles, anybody wood be told, I sed. And we all touched it and Ed Wernick sed, Maybe we can sell it to sum museum for about a million dollars.

If we do I get the most for discoverin it was a meteor, I sed.

No sir, I get the most for touchin it first, sed Puds Simkins.

Like fin you do, you woodent of thawt of touchin it if I hadent of told you wat it was, I sed.

Thats all rite, dont the north pole belong to Peary because he touched it first? sed Puds.

And we kepp on argewin wich was to get most of the money, and aftr a wile Sid Hunts quiet little cousin Joe sed, Wats the use of settin excited about it, that stone fell off a waggin yesterday, because I saw it.

Well G wix, wy didnt you say so? we sed.

Nobody asked me, sed Joe.

And we kepp on going across the lot.

WOULD BURN OLD FLAG.

Boston, March 15.—Whitrd A. Wetherbee, state agent, who codified the flag laws of Massachusetts, made public today a recommendation that worn out American flags, whether publicly or privately owned, be burned, with due reverence and some ceremony. He said that federal and state laws forbidding misuse of the flag made no provision for its disposal when frayed, but navy and coast guard regulations decreed its burning.

Representatives of 40,000 Alabama Woodmen of the World, in convention at Dothan, Ala., unanimously pledged their loyalty and support to President Wilson in the International crisis.

FUNERAL DESIGNS AND BOUQUETS JOHN RECK & SON.

This Fine Old Gentleman Calls Duffy's "The Elixir of Life"



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At 72, this old gentleman has kept well and strong by Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. He's a picture of health, and his words of praise indicate the value of Duffy's as a tonic stimulant.

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"In my opinion there is nothing in the world so good to put vim vigor and vitality into any run-down person as Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. I call it 'the Elixir of Life.'"—Mr. H. Stoerzbach, 199 East 76th St., N. Y. City.

Numerous people who have reached a grand old age, and who still show a wonderful ability, have used Duffy's through the long years of their active careers. These people acknowledge that

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is largely responsible for their possessing the vigor and force of their years, giving them a reputation for health and longevity. A tablespoon of Duffy's in equal amounts of water or milk as directed, assists the stomach in its important duties of regulating digestion and assimilation. It is a well known fact that a stomach in good condition is the foundation of sound health.

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The Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, N. Y.

LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON HEART TOPICS

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TAKING UP WITH ANOTHER'S LEAVINGS

"Whether tall men or short men are best, Or bold men, or modest, or shy men, I can't say; but this I protest— All the fair are in favor of Hymen."

It destroys many a young man's chance to dance attendance upon a girl when he has no further intentions than the pleasure of the time being in her company. If they mutually agreed to seek other companionship he might find but luke warm welcome from the girl he started in to call upon.

It is not an uncommon thing for a girl to express herself to her family or friends thus: "I won't have anything to do with another girl's leavings. There must be something about him that is unlikeable or she would have kept her hold upon him."

They do not stop to think that a man may have some voice in disposing of himself, also that if two find themselves unsuited it's better to break off than to continue going about together when one or the other finds it irksome.

The girl who mistakes a man by presuming him to be somebody else's leavings makes a mistake. When he commences to look around again that should be proof positive that he is no longer attracted to the other girl; that he is heartwhole and fancy free.

It is not until a girl has had two or three sweethearts that he understands women as a class and can judge fairly their likes and dislikes. Then he knows whether he has awakened interest in a feminine heart or whether his most earnest attentions would be unappreciated.

One bright woman said to me recently: "My husband is a model man. Do you know why?" I eagerly sought the information. "Well, it is because I was his 'sweetheart,'" she declared laughingly. "He was well broken in by the time he reached my hands. One girl wouldn't go with him because he drank wine. Another broke off because she considered he spent too much money on fine clothes and cigars. Another threw him over because he tried to flirt with other

STIRLS WHEN THEY WERE OUT TOGETHER

still another because he was not ambitious to strive to get a step higher in business. And so on, all along the line. He learned a valuable lesson—that women were mighty particular when it came to marrying to secure a man who hadn't this fault or that one. I've been married two years and I don't have to tell when my gloves need replenishing or my shoes are too thin to walk far in. My husband knows that the most sensible of women likes petting, flowers or some sheet music brought her now and then; that she may know he's thinking of her. He knows better than to ask to tell how he managed it so cleverly. He replied: "I ought to know how to guard against losing any more. I lost a hat full before I learned how not to lose any."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

(Correct name and address must be given to insure attention, not to print. Use ink. Write short letters, only on one side of paper. Address Miss Libbey, 516 President Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

DON'T KNIT; JOIN A CLASS.

C. H. I. C. A. G. O. writes: "Don't knit thin socks for soldiers. Don't knit ties for soldiers or spend your time foolishly. Sewing circles are no longer the second line of trenches. Sailors want sewing kits to sew their uniforms and mend their socks and hand some stuff to make themselves. What women so keenly love. The man who has had half a dozen sweethearts may be said to be rich in experience of feminine notions. He knows what pleases them and keeps them in good humor, and the line of conduct that causes them to weary of him. He is better able to guard against the rock of disarrangement when he does come across the right one."

PLEA FOR FAMILY TO LIKE HER

Ida writes: "I am a young woman reader of 20. Two years ago I was thrown on the world. I was left an orphan. I was not very strong. A family employed me as maid in their nursery of four children. They became lively and unruly. I did not complain. Their falsehoods often caused me trouble and weeping. Please write how I can win the family over to like me." Be firm with children if they are in unpleasant moods. Tell them you will notify their parents that you will leave if they do not turn over a new leaf. Keep your promise unless parents aid you. Be loving to them if possible.

CORNER FOR COOKS

Fried Bacon Toast.

Lay slices of bacon between slices of bread; cut the same size and gather and dip them in batter made of egg, milk and a little flour to thicken. Fry for 10 minutes over a clear fire. Serve very hot.

Bananas.

There never was a perfectly normal child who did not prefer the banana above most other fruits. Possibly its chief attraction to childhood is the fact that it is the fruit so often degraded to the child because it is so "indigestible." The banana is chiefly starch, containing very little protein, but being starch it naturally requires much better mastication than the other more or less watery fruits. Children rarely if ever masticate the banana properly. As a matter of fact, few adults do either. If, therefore, a raw banana is served to a child the fruit should be first cut in small bits, or better still mashed and served with a dash of orange or lemon juice.

There are many other ways of serving the banana to the child which give it to him in wholesome form, unaccompanied by any fear of possible consequences. An excellent dish for luncheon or for the child's early supper is the following: The bananas are cut in half, placed in a baking dish with one cup of grape juice, two tablespoons of sugar, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. It can be baked slowly for about one-half hour, then should be served cooled or iced and if desired can be served topped with whipped cream.

Chocolate Delights.

Two squares unsweetened chocolate three eggs, one-half cup butter, one cup sugar, one teaspoon baking powder, three-fourths cup flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon vanilla extract, one cup chopped English walnut meats. Grate chocolate, beat eggs, melt butter, add chocolate, eggs, sugar, extract, flour sifted with baking powder and salt and add nut meats. Mix well spread in pan, bake 12 minutes. Cut in squares while warm.

Dainty Orange Diamonds.

One-fourth cup butter, one-half cup sugar, one egg, one orange rind, grated, one cup flour, one teaspoon baking powder one pinch salt, 12 blanched almonds. Beat butter and sugar to cream, add egg, orange rind, flour, baking powder, salt. Turn out on board, knead, roll thin, cut diamond shaped. Lay on tins, place one-half almond on each, bake eight minutes.

Ambassador Elkus has informed the State Department that at his request Turkey has again sought from Berlin and Vienna safe conduct for the American cruiser Des Moines and the collier Caesar, now at Alexandria, Egypt, to Jaffa and Beirut.

FUNERAL DESIGNS AND BOUQUETS JOHN RECK & SON

The Gods of Mars

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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(Continued)

At length the door 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 about our necks, but we clasped hands and stood our ground until the last man had passed to the comparative safety of the new passageway. Here we found an immediate and steep ascent, so that within a hundred yards we had reached a point above the waters.

For a few minutes we continued rapidly up the steep grade, which I hoped would soon bring us quickly to the upper pits that led into the temple of Issus. But I was to meet with a cruel disappointment.

Suddenly I heard a cry of "Fire!" far ahead, followed almost at once by cries of terror and the loud commands of dwarfs and padwars, who were evidently attempting to direct their men away from some grave danger. At last the report came back to us: "They have fired the pits ahead!"

"We are hemmed in by flames in front and flood behind!" "Help, John Carter! We are suffocating!"

Back upon us at the rear swept a wave of dense smoke that sent us stumbling and blinded into a choking retreat.

There was naught to do other than seek a new avenue of escape. The fire and smoke were to be feared a thousand times over the water, and so I seized upon the first gallery which led out of and up from the suffocating smoke that was engulfing us.

Again I stood to one side while the soldiers hastened through on the new way. Some 2,000 men had 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 assure myself that no poor devil was left behind to die a horrible death unrescued I ran quickly up the gallery, in the direction of the flames, which I could now see burning with a dull glow far ahead.

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 between me and the conflagration. What was in it or upon the far side I could not know, nor could any man have passed through that seething hell of chemicals and lived to learn.

Having satisfied my sense of duty, I turned and ran rapidly back to the corridor through which my men had passed. To my horror, however, I 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 lowered from its resting place above for the purpose of effectually cutting off my escape.

A thousand times I berated myself for being drawn into such a trap as I might have known these pits easily could be. Now I saw that it would have been much better to have kept our force intact and made a concerted attack upon the temple from the valley side, trusting to chance and our great fighting ability to have overwhelmed the Black Pirates and compelled the safe delivery of Dejah Thoris to me.

The smoke from the fire was forcing me farther and farther back down the corridor toward the waters which I could hear surging through the darkness.

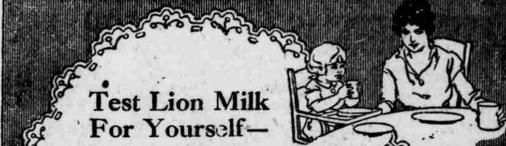
With my men had gone the last torch. Nor was this corridor lighted by the radiance of phosphorescent rock as were those of the lower levels. It was this fact that assured me that I was not far from the upper pits which I had directly beneath the temple.

Finally I felt the lapping waters about my feet. The smoke was thick behind me. My suffering was intense. There seemed but one thing to do and that to choose the easier death which confronted me, and so I moved on down the corridor until the cold waters of Omean closed about me and I swam on through utter blackness toward—what?

The instinct of self preservation is strong even when one, unafraid and in the possession of his highest reasoning faculties, knows that death—positive and unalterable—lies just ahead.

So I swam slowly on, waiting for my head to touch the top of the corridor, which would mean that I had reached the limit of my flight and the point where I must sink forever to an unmarked grave.

To my surprise I ran against a blank wall before I reached a point where the waters came to the roof of the corridor. Could I be mistaken? I felt round. No; I had come to the main



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corridor, and still there was a breathing space between the surface of the water and the rocky ceiling above.

Then I turned up the main corridor in the direction that Carthoris and the head of the column had passed a half hour before. On and on I swam, my heart growing lighter at every stroke, for I knew that I was approaching the point where there would be no chance that the waters ahead could be deeper than they were about me.

A few more strokes brought me to a point where my feet touched the floor, and soon thereafter I was above the water level entirely and raising like mad along the corridor, searching for the first doorway that would lead me to Issus.

If I could not have Dejah Thoris again I was at least determined to avenge her death, nor would any life satisfy me other than that of the fiend incarnate who was the cause of such immeasurable suffering upon Barsom.

Sooner than I had expected I came to what appeared to me to be a sudden exit into the temple above. It was at the right side of the corridor, which ran on probably to other entrances to the pile above.

Without waiting to be again discovered and thwarted, I ran quickly up the short, steep incline and pushed open the doorway at its end.

The portal swung slowly in, and before it could be slammed against me I sprang into the chamber beyond.

Though not yet dawn, the room was brilliantly lighted. Its sole occupant lay prone upon a low couch at the farther side, apparently in sleep.

Cautiously I approached the recumbent figure on noiseless feet. Closer and closer I came to it, but I had crossed but little more than half the chamber when the figure stirred and, as I sprang, rose and faced me.

At first an expression of terror overpowered the features of the woman who confronted me, then startled incredulity, hope, thanksgiving.

My heart pounded within my breast as I advanced toward her. Tears came to my eyes.

The words that would have poured forth in a perfect torrent choked in my throat as I opened my arms and took into them once more the woman I loved—Dejah Thoris, princess of Helium.

CHAPTER XVI.

Victory and Defeat.

"JOHN CARTER! John Carter!" she sobbed, with her dear head upon my shoulder, "Even now I can scarce believe the witness of my own eyes. When the girl, Thuvia, told me that you had returned to Barsom I listened, but I could not understand, and it seemed that such happiness would be impossible for one who had suffered so in silent loneliness for all these long years! At last, when I realized that it was truth and then came to know the awful place in which I was held prisoner, I learned to doubt that even you could reach me here."

"As the days passed and moon after moon went by without bringing even the faintest rumor of you, I resigned myself to my fate. And now that you have come scarce can I believe it. For an hour I have heard the sounds of conflict within the palace. I knew not what they meant, but I have hoped against hope that it might be the men of Helium, headed by my prince."

"And tell me—what of Carthoris, our son?"

"He was with me less than an hour since, Dejah Thoris," I replied. "It must have been he whose men you have heard battling within the precincts of the temple."

"Where is Issus?" I asked suddenly.

Dejah Thoris shrugged her shoulders.

"She sent me under guard to this room just before the fighting began within the temple walls. She said that she would send for me later. She seemed very angry and somewhat fearful. Never have I seen her in such an uncertain and almost terrified manner."

"Now I know that it must have been because she had learned that John Carter, prince of Helium, was

approaching to demand an accounting of her for the imprisonment of his princess."

The sounds of conflict, the clash of arms, the shouting and the hurrying of many feet came to us from various parts of the temple. I knew that I was needed there, but I dared not leave Dejah Thoris, nor dared I take her with me into the turmoil and danger of battle.

At last I bethought me of the pits from which I had just emerged. Why not secret here there until I could return and fetch her away in safety and forever from this awful place? I explained my plan to her.

"For a moment she clung to me. 'I cannot bear to be parted from you now even for a moment, John Carter,' she said. 'I shudder at the thought of being alone again where that terrible creature might discover me. You do not know her.'

"None can imagine her ferocious cruelty who has not witnessed her daily acts for over half a year. It has taken me nearly all this time to realize even the things that I have seen with my own eyes."

"I shall not leave you, then, my princess," I replied.

She was silent for a moment; then she drew my face to hers and kissed me.

"Go, John Carter," she said. "Our son is there and the soldiers of Helium, fighting for the Princess of Helium. Where they are you should be. I must not think of myself now, but of them and of my husband's duty. I may not stand in the way of that. Hide me in the pits and go."

(To Be Continued.)

SEVEN HUNDRED SHIPS ENTER FRENCH PORTS DURING SINGLE WEEK

Paris, March 15.—An official statement by the Admiralty says that during the week ending at midnight March 11, 707 merchant ships of all nationalities, above 100 tons net and exclusive of fishing and coasting vessels, entered French ports. In the same period two French ships of over 1,500 tons gross were sunk by submarines or mines.

TO DISCUSS DEFENSE PLANS.

New York, March 15.—Questions of national defense will be discussed by the adjutants general and line commanders of the National Guard of all the states and Hawaii in a meeting here beginning March 27.

Fourteen blocks of the town of Kokomo, Ind., have been destroyed by fire.



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