

Reading for Women and the Family



"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Mr. Norton Is Greatly Pleased That Grace Takes So Kindly to Miss Dart

CHAPTER V
(Copyright, 1917, Star Company.)
"Now, please push that bell there," Grace Norton lay in her little, white bed and pointed to the electric button on the wall. She was all ready for the night.
"Why should I ring the bell?" I asked. "What do you want that I cannot get for you?"
"Daddy," she replied. "When you push that button it rings a bell in the kitchen, and when Julia sees it from this room she goes and tells Daddy I'm ready for him to come up."
"Oh, I see," rejoined and did her bidding.
"Then, as I supposed that the father would want to be alone with his little daughter, I slipped into my own room through the door connecting my quarters with the nursery."
I heard a man's voice at Grace's door, and her joyous—"Come in, Daddy!"
"Well, here's my little girl ready to go to sleep!" It seemed such a short while ago that I, a little girl, had lain in my bed while my father had sat by me to tell me the story that always preceded his good-night kiss. How close he and I had been, and how I missed him and longed for him now! Here was I in a strange household, surrounded by those who cared nothing for me, without anybody belonging to me.
I have never been prone to self-pity, but the tears rushed to my eyes, and I stood still, fighting with the emotion that threatened to overwhelm me. I was hideously homesick for a home that did not exist, heart-sick for the love of a father whom I would never see again in this world.
The Little Girl Calls
"Where is Miss Dart?"
Mr. Norton was asking the question, and it made me start. I must not let him suspect that I was on the verge of a tearful breakdown.
"She is in there—in her room," I heard Grace inform him. "Oh, Miss Dart!" she called loudly.
"Yes, dear," I answered, pressing my eyes. "I am coming."
"Never mind; I will come there," Mr. Norton said, before I could reach the nursery.
The light in my room was burning brightly, and I turned my back to it in the hope of keeping this man from suspecting that I had been guilty of the weakness of babyish tears. He stepped inside of my room and paused.
"I want a word with you," he began in a low tone. "I cannot say it in there where the little girl is, for it is about her."

"Yes," I returned. Then I waited. I had been standing when he came in, and made no move to sit down. There was an awkward silence; then he said:
"Please take a chair. I don't like to see you standing like this."
As I followed his suggestion he stepped across the floor and flung the door into the hall wide open. Then he closed that connecting with the nursery.
I appreciated immediately why he had done this. He did not want Grace to overhear his remarks, yet he would not put me in the position of being alone in a room with him, with the door shut. As he came back to me, he glanced at me and said abruptly:
"You are not feeling badly, are you?"
"No, indeed," I told him. "I am very well."
"I thought you looked as if you—but never mind!" he interrupted himself sharply. "What I wish to say is that I hope you will be satisfied here and that you will not find Grace a hard child to manage."
"Oh, no," I assured him. "I am fond of her already. She is a dear little thing."
"I am glad you like her," he said. "She is not easily won by strangers, but she has taken a great fancy to you. I may as well be frank with you and tell you that your credentials were so satisfactory, and your manner so exactly what I would like Grace to emulate, that I shall be disappointed if you do not like your new position."
His straightforwardness made me speak with equal sincerity. "I am sure I shall like it. I hope my influence over your daughter will be what you wish it to be."
He looked very grave. "She is lonely," he explained. "That cannot be avoided, perhaps. But she is getting to an age when she questions and where she needs sympathetic care—and cheerfulness. Especially cheerfulness," he added with emphasis.
"Her aunt, Mrs. Gore, is devoted to her, but she is rather a serious companion for a little child. She has had sorrows and she cannot forget them. You, with a look at my black dress, have had sorrows, too. But perhaps you have learned to keep them from darkening other people's lives."
"I hope so," I said.
"Had he seen traces of tears on my face, and were these words by way of warning?"
As if he read my thought, he said quickly: "Your clergyman's letter spoke of you as brave and bright. That was one thing that pleased me. You are very young, but you are thoughtfully, to take a position as governess."
Before I could reply a knock came at the open door. Julia stood there waiting to make an announcement.
(To Be Continued.)

The Gods of Mars



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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(Continued.)

"The therns are mortal," she replied. "They die from the same causes as you or I might—those who do not live their allotted span of life, 1,000 years. By the authority of custom at that time they may take their way in happiness through the long tunnel that leads to Issus."
"Those who die before are supposed to spend the balance of their allotted time in the image of a plant man, and it is for this reason that the plant men are held sacred by the therns, since they believe that each of these hideous creatures was formerly a thern."
"And should a plant man die?" I asked.
"Should he die before the expiration of the thousand years from the birth of the thern, whose immortality abides within him, then the soul passes into a great white ape. Should the ape die short of the exact hour that terminates the thousand years the soul is forever lost and passes for all eternity into the carcass of the slimy and fearsome silian, whose writhing thousands seethe in the silent sea beneath the hurtling moons when the sun has gone and strange shapes walk through the valley Dor."
"We sent several holy therns to the silians today, then," said Tars Tarkas, laughing.
"And so will your death be the more terrible when it comes," said the maiden. "And come it will. You cannot escape."
"One has escaped, centuries ago," I reminded her, "and what has been done may be done again."
"It is useless even to try," she answered hopelessly.
"But try we shall," I cried, "and you shall go with us, if you wish."
"To be put to death by mine own people and render my memory a disgrace to my family and my nation? A prince of the house of Tardos Mors should know better than to suggest such a thing."

patching of an expedition of investigation to this hideous mockery of heaven."
Both the girl and the green warrior stood silent in thought for some moments. The former it was who eventually broke the silence.
"Never had I considered the matter in that light before," she said. "Indeed would I give my life a thousand times if I could but save a single soul from the awful life that I have led in this cruel place. Yes, you are right, and I will go with you as far as we can go, but I doubt that we ever shall escape."
I turned an inquiring glance toward the Thark.
"Some people are unwise enough to say: 'I have a nasty cough, but I'll cough it out,' or 'The condition will wear away in time.' This is distinctly foolish, for in the case of thousands of individuals it is true that 'it will wear away in time.' This is a very serious injury is done to the lungs or respiratory regions by a prolonged, harsh or racking cough."
In health the mucous membrane which lines the air passages secretes an amount of mucus which is absolutely necessary to be there that the membranes may perform their functions properly. If there is a congestion of this mucous membrane or if the respiratory organs become disordered in any way, the normal healthy mucus is entirely changed in quantity and character. We find accumulations of phlegm or even pus, and in order to expectorate and free the lungs of this poisonous material assistance may be needed.
Various Kinds of Remedies
Expectorants are of several different classes. Some of these in the nature of tablets to be taken by the mouth and slowly dissolved so that there is a gradual medication of the secretions; again, many are in the nature of inhalants, so that medicated air or steam is carried directly to the air passages, producing a soothing and a healing effect; there are still other expectorants which are taken internally. These are absorbed by the system and, if composed of the right materials, tend to alleviate the condition.
In the first stages of a cold and cough something is usually required to promote the secretion and exhalation during the acute and inflammatory period; at a later stage tonics and medicines of the emulsion class improve the general health and assist in restoring the secretions of the respiratory tract to a normal condition. In chronic cases the treatment is of necessity constitutional.
Don't Try To Be Your Own Doctor
It will be seen at once how foolish it is to attempt self-medication and thus to lose valuable time. It is much wiser to consult a physician in the beginning and to take the remedy exactly suited to the stage and severity of the affection rather than to experiment blindly. We would not attempt to repair our own watch or even to tap our own veins; many are quite ready to attempt to repair their own physical machinery in spite of the fact they know nothing about it. Coughs and colds are generally result in lowered efficiency, more or less discomfort if not suffering, and in many cases lead to the onset of more serious diseases. It is poor policy to lose strategic time by "taking something" on a guess.
Coughs and colds are not trifling matters. Their cause and action are not especially mysterious—that is, to those who have made a study of all the contributory conditions. That is why a ready-made medicine may or may not hit the nail on the head.

"We have the right to escape if we can," I answered. "Our own moral senses will not be offended if we succeed, for we know that the fabled life of love and peace in the blessed valley of Dor is a rank and wicked deception. We know that the valley is not sacred. We know that the holy therns are not holy; that they are a race of cruel and heartless mortals, no more cognizant of the real life to come than we."
"Not only is it our right to bend every effort to escape; it is a solemn duty from which we should not shrink, even though we knew that we should be reviled and tortured by our own peoples when we returned to them."
"Only thus may we carry the truth to those without, and though the likelihood of our narrative being believed is remote, we would be craven cowards were we to shirk the plain duty which confronts us."
"Again there is a chance that with the weight of the testimony of several of us the truth of our statements may be accepted and at least a compromise effected which will result in the dis-



The Girl Raised Her Revolver and Fired Point Blank at Him.

erable misgivings that they thus tempted fate by opposing an ancient superstition, even though each knew through cruel experience the fallacy of its entire fabric.
One of these prisoners, a red Martian boy, particularly attracted me. There was something strangely familiar about his face, and yet I could not place him. I asked him his name, and he said it was Carthoris.
Thuvia, the girl whom I had first freed, soon had the others at liberty. Tars Tarkas and I stripped the bodies of the two therns of their weapons, which included swords, daggers and two revolvers of the curious and deadly type manufactured by the red Martians.
We distributed the weapons as far as they would go among our followers, giving the firearms to two of the women, Thuvia being one so armed.
With the latter as our guide we set off rapidly, but cautiously, through a maze of passages, crossing great chambers hewn from the solid metal of the cliff, following winding corridors, ascending steep inclines and now and again concealing ourselves in dark recesses at the sound of approaching footsteps.
Our destination, Thuvia said, was a distant storeroom, where arms and ammunition in plenty might be found. She was to lead us to the summit of the cliffs, from where it would require both wondrous wit and mighty fighting to win our way through the very heart of the stronghold of the holy therns to the world without.
"And even then, O prince," she cried, "the arm of the holy thern is long. It reaches to every nation of Barsoom. His secret temples are hidden in the heart of every community."
"Wherever we go, should we escape, we shall find that word of our coming has preceded us, and death awaits us before we may pollute the air with our blasphemies."

WEST SHORE NEWS

MRS. ALICE MARKLEY DIES
Lemoine, Pa., Feb. 17.—Mrs. Alice Markley, aged 49, died at her home in Herman avenue, late yesterday afternoon after an illness of several weeks. She was survived by a daughter, Helen Markley, and a son, Clarence, both at home. A brother and a sister also survive. No arrangements for the funeral have been announced.
EVANGELIST AT LEMOINE
Lemoine, Pa., Feb. 17.—A three weeks' evangelistic campaign will be opened in the United Evangelical Church to-morrow. The Rev. W. M. Davis, of Akron, Ohio, who conducted the campaign last year, will have charge of this year's work. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Davis.
LITERARY SOCIETY ELECTS
Lemoine, Pa., Feb. 17.—At a meeting of the Lemoine High School Literary Society yesterday afternoon these officers were elected: President, Kenneth Sweeney; vice-president, Leon Witmer; secretary, Earl Slothover; assistant, Miss Resta Bushey; treasurer, Miss Catherine Smith; pianist, Miss Margaret Hoover; assistant, Miss Aida Pryor.
ATTEND DIRECTORS' MEETING
New Cumberland, Pa., Feb. 17.—On Wednesday B. F. Garver, H. W. Buttorf, S. N. Straub and M. A. Hoff, members of the board of education, attended the midwinter convention of the Cumberland County School Directors' Association at Newville.
CROSS RIVER ON ICE
New Cumberland, Pa., Feb. 17.—Workmen from New Cumberland employed at the Bethlehem Steel Works are crossing the river on the ice.
SHIPMENTS HELD UP
New Cumberland, Pa., Feb. 17.—Factories and mills at New Cumberland are unable to ship goods to New York or the New England States on account of the freight embargo.

TAKE CARE OF THAT COUGH?

Don't Try to Be Your Own Doctor For Colds Are Not Trifling Matters

Winter is pretty sure to see many of us with coughs and colds, not because there is any particular need of it, but for the reason that we are careless enough to go about with damp clothes and feet, to shop in overheated stores with heavy wraps on, to eat unwisely and to fail to attend to the proper body eliminations; or to neglect to ventilate our homes adequately and to keep the basement and every nook and corner about the premises in spick and span sanitary condition. There is nothing like piles of ashes, collections of trash, dusty corners and close air to assist in conveying contagion.
When we procure a cough medicine it is usually something in the nature of an expectorant, because in most cases coughing is an indication that nature is trying to expel some offending material. An expectorant is a medicine which either increases the secretions from the bronchial tubes and passages or which tends to liquefy it so as to promote its expulsion.
That is what we mean when we say that the cough is "beginning to loosen up," that is, the mucous is growing less tough and heavy and can be easily pumped up by the action of the air in the lungs when the patient coughs.

Care of That Cough
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GOLD

by STEWART EDWARD WHITE

"Ah," said he, "the good friends of our Captain Sutter! This is to be well met. If it is not too much I would beg the favor of to camp."
"By all means, Don Gaspar," said Johnny, rising. "The pleasure is of course, our own."
Again saluting us, Don Gaspar and his companion withdrew a short distance up the little meadow. There the Spaniard sat down beneath a bush and proceeded to smoke a cigarette, while his companion unsaddled the horses, turned them loose to graze, stacked up their saddles and made simple camping arrangements.
"Old Push Pants doesn't intend to do any work if he catches sight of it first," observed Johnny.
"Probably the other man is a servant?" I suggested.
"More likely a sort of dependant," amended Johnny. "They run a kind of patriarchal establishment, I've been told."
"Don't use them big words, Johnny," complained Yank, coming up with the horses.
"I meant they make the poor relations and kid brothers do the hustling," said Johnny.
"Now I understand you," said Yank. "I wish I could see what they do with their horses nights. I bet they know how. And if I was a boss thief I'd surely take a long chance for that chestnut gelding."
"You might wander over later and find out," I suggested.
"And get my system full of lead-sure," said Yank.
The two camps did not exchange visits. We caught the flicker of their little fire, but we were really too tired to be curious, and we turned in early, our two animals tied fast to small trees at our feet.
The next day lifted us into the mountains. Big green peaks, across which hung a bluish haze, showed themselves between the hills. The latter were more precipitous, and the brush had now given way to pines of better size and quality than those seen lower down.

CHAPTER XII.
The Gold Trail.
WE came upon the diggings quite suddenly. The trail ran around the corner of a hill, and there they were below us! In the wide, dry stream bottom perhaps fifty men were working busily, like a lot of ants. Some were picking away at the surface of the ground; others had dug themselves down waist deep and stooped and rose like legless bodies. Others had disappeared below ground and showed occasionally only as shovel blades. From so far above the scene was very lively and animated, for each was working like a beaver, and the red shirts made gay little spots of color. On the hillside clung a few white tents and fog cabins, but the main town itself we later discovered, as well as the larger diggings, lay around the bend and upstream.
We looked all about us for some path leading down to the river, but could find none. So perforce we had to continue on along the trail. Thus we entered the camp of Hangman's Gulch, for if it had been otherwise I am sure we would have located promptly where we had seen those red shirts.
(To Be Continued.)

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



SIMPLE gowns such as this one, known familiarly as the chemise dresses, are among the smartest of all things, for afternoon occasions. They can be made of very handsome material to be adapted to formal use and they can be made of simple material to be adapted to home wear. This model, for example, would be pretty and attractive if it were made of light weight French serge with trimming of charmeuse satin. If it were made of charmeuse with trimming of velvet or of embroidery and with the collar or crepe it would be adapted to quite a different use and become completely transformed. For the serge it would be pretty to braid the collar, the sleeves and the ends of the girdle, the upper edges of the collar and the front of the blouse portion.
For the medium size will be needed, 5 yards of material 36 or 44 inches wide, 4 1/4 yards 54 with 2 yards 36 inches wide for the trimming.
The May Manton pattern No. 9344 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

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Give Style, Comfort and perfectly fitting Gown. Long wearing, they assure the utmost in a corset at most Economical Price.

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Eases Quickly When You Apply a Little Musterole

And Musterole won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Just spread it on with your fingers. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain.
Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It is fine for quick relief for sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds on the chest (it often prevents pneumonia). Nothing like Musterole for croupy children. Keep it handy for instant use.



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(To Be Continued.)