

Reading for Women and the Family

THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By Hazel Dale

Janet stood alone in the midst of her belongings. It was the day after the honeymoon, and the nest had been thoroughly cleaned.

All this with the help of Jack Washington, the janitor, and his fat but obliging wife, Flora, who worked with a will to make the place fit for the new tenants.

Janet had gone downtown to see about an order, and Janet had made him promise not to come up too early.

"I want to have one room finished, anyway," she explained, but the way things looked it seemed as though things would never come right.

"I guess I'll begin on the bedroom," she said to herself, and she hurried in to take stock of what needed to be done.

Then she pushed and tugged at the dressing table that stood in the center of the room and finally had it placed between the windows.

Covers had to be unpacked from her linen chest, and finally her own and Janet's bags were unpacked and their things laid out in readiness.

It took a long time to unpack and stow things away, and Janet was anxious to get at the studio, but she persevered, and by 12.30 the bedroom was in order with the exception of the pictures and the curtains.

"Why, Jarvis More, are you here already?" she exclaimed as Jarvis came in to find her bent over the drawer of her dressing table, her hair hanging in curly wisps over her eyes and her cheeks crimson.

"It's home, isn't it?" he said, lifting Janet up into his arms and looking around eagerly. "You've done wonders, sweetheart, and this afternoon I am going to help you get the rest of the place in order.

Janet peeped into the different paper bags, exclaiming at each turn. There were little crab shells filled with salad; there was a bag of tea and some lemons and sugar; there were

fresh rolls and a big box of candy. They ate their lunch picnic fashion. Janet making hurried trips to the kitchenette for hot tea, and when she finally carried the remains into the kitchen and stowed them into the tiny ice box that as yet had no ice, Jarvis was already moving the furniture around.

They moved the big winged table under a long cupboard that the room possessed, and while Jarvis placed the big blue and yellow rug, Janet stowed the precious china away. The linen was laid carefully on the bottom shelf and then the glass doors were closed over everything. Janet placed a few pieces on the table, and then helped Jarvis push the davenport between the two windows. The chase lounge went under the skylight, and one of Jarvis' big easels was placed near.

Janet hung the cuckoo clock, while Jarvis sorted Jarvis' drawings and stowed them away in the balcony. Slowly the place began to look shipshape, and, oh, so very much like what they had dreamed of. Once Janet stopped to look around, and then she hurried away to something else. At last, at 5 o'clock, she turned on the electric bulbs of two small lamps, and the room was nearly finished.

The Kitchen Cleaned Mrs. Jack Washington had cleaned the kitchen, and the shining new utensils were in place. The tiny bathroom was fresh and cozy and the finishing touches could be left till tomorrow.

"I've tried to remember everything," Janet said a little wearily, sinking into one of the wicker chairs. "I have spoken to the iceman, the milkman; I have looked up a butcher and a grocer, and if I have time I must buy chintz to make draperies tomorrow. I am going to cover that davenport myself, Jarvis, so that you'll never know it."

"Jarvis came over and knelt on the floor in the shadows. 'Are you happy, Janet?' He breathed intensely. 'So happy,' she whispered, taking his face in her hands and kissing him gravely. 'And, now, sir,' she said, springing up lightly, 'I shall dress and then you may take me out to dinner. And then, after have you in a very wonderful mood, I shall tell you a secret. It's about Jarvis. You remember, don't you, that I spoke of that night down on Long Island? Jarvis remembers it, if you dare.'

"You haven't done anything since you mentioned it, have you?" he queried. "Yes, but I'm going to see about something Wednesday morning. Now you mustn't ask any more questions till we get out. Just look about this place and tell me that you're not going to love it, if you dare."

(To Be Continued)

The Gods of Mars



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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(Continued.)

"The therns do not dare. They tried it once, ages ago, but the next night and for a whole moon thereafter a thousand great black battleships circled the mountains of Otz pouring tons of projectiles upon the temples, gardens and courts until every thern who was not killed was driven for safety into the subterranean galleries.

"The therns know that they live at all only by the sufferance of the black men. They were near to extermination that once, and they will not venture risking it again."

As she ceased talking a new element was instilled into the conflict. It came from a source equally unlooked for by either thern or pirate. The great banths which we had liberated in the garden had evidently been awed at first by the sound of the battle, the yelling of the warriors and the loud report of rifle and bomb.

But now they must have become angered by the continuous noise and excited by the smell of new blood, for all of a sudden a great form shot from a clump of low shrubbery into the midst of a struggling mass of humanity. A scream of bestial rage broke from the banths as he felt warm flesh beneath his powerful talons.

As though his cry was but a signal to the others, the entire great pack hurled themselves among the fighters. Panic reigned in an instant. Thern and black man turned alike against the common enemy, for the banths showed no partiality toward either.

The awful beasts bore down a hundred men by the mere weight of their great bodies as they hurled themselves into the thick of the fight. Leaping and clawing, they moved down the warriors with their powerful paws, turning for an instant to rend their victims with frightful fangs.

The scene was fascinating in its terrible, but suddenly it came to me that we were wasting valuable time watching this conflict which in itself might prove a means to our escape.

The therns were so engaged with their terrible assailants that now, if ever, escape should be comparatively easy.

I turned to search for an opening through the contending hordes. If we could but reach the ramparts we might find that the pirates somewhere had thinned the guarding forces and left a way open to us to the world without.

As my eyes wandered about the garden the sight of the hundreds of air craft lying unguarded round us suggested the simplest avenue to freedom. Why had it not occurred to me before?

I was thoroughly familiar with the mechanism of every known make of flier on Barsoom. For nine years I had sailed and fought with the navy of Hellum. I had raced through space on the first man air scout, and I had commanded the greatest battleship that ever had floated the thin air of dying Mars.

To think with me is to act. Grasping Thuvia by the arm, I whispered to Tars Tarkas and Carthoris to follow. Quickly we glided toward a small flier which lay farthest from the battling warriors.

Another instant found us huddled on the deck. My hand was on the starting lever. I pressed my thumb upon the button which controls the ray of repulsion, that splendid discovery of the Martians which permits them to navigate the thin atmosphere of their planet in huge ships that dwarf the dreadnaughts of our earthy navies into pitiful insignificance.

Soon we rose high in the air and with headlong speed rushed away from the terrible scenes that were being enacted below us. Our speed must have approximated 200 miles an hour, for Martian fliers are swifter than those of earth.

I dropped into a horizontal course and headed due north. We had performed the miraculous and come through a thousand dangers unscathed. We had escaped from the valley Dor.

No other prisoners in all the ages of Barsoom had done this thing, and now as I looked back upon it it did not seem to have been so difficult after all.

NO WOMAN AT BEST COOPED-UP

Dementia—Four-Rooms-and-a-Bath—Discussed by Dorothy Dix

By DOROTHY DIX A famous neurologist has recently asserted that the reason so many city women go insane is because of the restricted space in which they live, and that there is a form of mental aberration that may well be called dementia-four-rooms-and-a-bath.

He says that hundreds of thousands of women spend their lives cooped up in a narrow, stuffy room, where they wander like animals in a cage. Generally the rooms are ugly and unattractive, often with a nearly always their windows offer no view except a squalid street, or fire escapes and other things that are not pleasant to get on the woman's nerves. She becomes morbid, hysterical, and often goes raving mad.

Heretofore it has always been an insoluble enigma why the average wife and mother is roused about month they dump and disgruntled with her job. Go into store or office, and the women employees are all contented, bright-eyed, smiling. Go into a house and the woman who is running it has drooping shoulders, a sagged-out mouth, and is a bundle of complaints about husband and children, and if she has to do her own cooking she regards herself as a martyr.

The Greatest Career Yet looked at half as an exhausting labor as standing at a counter or bent over a typewriter. Make a man's home is the finest career any woman can aspire to, and brings the greatest reward.

Why, then, should a domestic woman not be as happy in her work and bring the same philosophy to bear on the duties of her life? She can't be happy? Simply because the domestic woman lives shut up in such a little space that she has no perspective. She has become unable to see the true value of life and to judge things at their proper worth. She's gone loco, as they say in the West.

And that this is true is proven by the fact that you can't be temporarily at least, the most queulous and nagging wife and mother by sending her away from home for a while. It is the woman who has the four-rooms-and-a-bath type of mind who has a mania about trifles. She can't see beyond the end of her nose.

Her molehills are all mountains. Every disappointment is a tragedy. She has hysterics if a new dress is botched in the making. She calls in her friends to sweep and scold her for not having the cook leaves. She bores you to death by recounting every detail of her family life.

And it's the woman with the four-rooms-and-a-bath mind who is the driving force that keeps her husband and children under her thumb. She's been shut up in a cage herself for the more than half a century. She's an individual personal liberty flier with terror. She is confident that if she were permitted to keep her own home she would be a different person. She's a single drop of liquor he would become a drunken sot. She is sure that if she were free to keep her own home, her apron strings he would be a Don Juan, and that only the knowledge that her eagle eye upon him keeps him from philandering with every good-looking woman he meets.

It takes the woman who has lived in the big world, who has handled big affairs, who has had to give and take, and who has had to respect other people's rights, to be broad-minded and broad-visioned, and above the little meanness and tyrannical characteristics of her sex.

It is often observed that the business woman is more philosophic and placid than the domestic woman, that she does not worry over trifles as the domestic woman does, that she does not gossip, nor is she catty or full of spiteful jealousy to other women; but in the contrary, the business woman of her sex and invariably the first to help a sister in trouble and the last to be the evil of her.

This is not because the business woman is naturally a better woman than the domestic woman, but merely that she is sanner. She lives in the boundless, she's out there instead of being confined within the narrow limits of a family circle, and so has escaped the dreadful malady of dementia-four-rooms-and-a-bath.

It is significant that almost all of the most objectionable feminine faults are the direct result of the old policy of keeping women shut up in the house. This has produced certain abnormalities of character that we have spoken of as "feminine peculiarities," or a woman's whim, which, in reality, are just plain bughouse.

They are dementia-four-rooms-and-a-bath, and the sure cure for it is for women to get out of the home and do their share of the world's work.

Refuse to Let Germans Take Victrola Records

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 21.—On the double grounds that talking machine records might carry code messages containing valuable information for the German military authorities while the material of which they are made might be used to help the Germans' hard rubber scarcity, a large quantity of such records found in possession of the German officials returning home from the United States on the Frederik VIII were confiscated by the British authorities, it was learned here to-day.

In searching the belongings of the Germans, it was said, the immigration officers noted the stock of records. The Germans contended they had them simply for their love of music, but the British ruled that they constituted contraband.

In searching one passenger yesterday it was found that something was hidden under the lining of his coat. When it was ripped open a packet of papers was found and retained for examination. It was the copy of a list of names of passengers who speak many tongues, a corps of linguists have been assembled representing it is said, virtually every language spoken in Europe.

CONTINUE LICENSE ARGUMENT

William M. Hargest, second deputy Attorney General, and Oscar G. Wickert, counsel for George E. Winger, applying for a liquor license for 157 North Fourth street, today continued their arguments on the property claims of the State. Winger's contention is that he has a lease until 1918, while the State claims the property right.

WANT SPECIFIC ACCUSATION

By Associated Press London, Feb. 21.—The correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph newspaper at the Hague quotes the Frankfurter Zeitung as demanding that the German Government make a prompt statement regarding the charges against former Ambassador Gerard of using his official position to obtain information useful to the entente, particularly in the specific case of the late Sir Roger Casement.

MAJOR KRETZ DIES

By Associated Press Reading, Pa., Feb. 21.—Word was received here to-day that Major Herman F. Kretz had died in Washington, D. C. During the second administration of President Cleveland he was superintendent of the Philadelphia Mint. He had a notable Civil War career, was for years located in the Southwest and in his time was well-known in State and national politics. He was a native of Reading.

ANGOLD



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(Continued.)

Accordingly we visited the town. The street was full of men idling slowly to and fro. All the larger structures were wide open, and from within could be heard the sounds of hurdy-gurdies, loud laughter and noisy talk. At one end of the street a group was organizing a horse race, and toward this Don Gaspar took his immediate departure. A smaller group surrounded two wrestlers. At one side a jumping match was going on.

The two gambling places and saloons were hard at it. The low rooms were full of smoke and crowded with slowly jostling men. In contrast to the deadly quiet of such places in San Francisco, these were full of noise and hubbub. The men moved restlessly, threw down their little bags of dust impatiently and accepted victory or defeat with very audible comments.

The gamblers, dressed in black, pale, sat steady eyed and silent behind their layouts.

It was about 4 o'clock when the meeting was brought to a formal conclusion. The crowd dispersed slowly in different directions and to its different occupations and amusements. We wandered about all eyes and ears. As yet we had not many acquaintances and could not enter into the intimate bantering life of the old timers. There was enough to interest us, however. A good many were beginning to show the drink. After a long period of hard labor even the most respectable of the miners would have at times strange reactions. That is another tale, however, and on this Sunday the drinking was productive only of considerable noise and boasting. Two old codgers, head to head, were bragging laboriously of their prowess as cooks. A small but interested group egged them on.

Yank and I then thought of going back to camp and began to look around after Johnny, who had disappeared, when McNally rolled up, inviting us to sup with him.

"You don't want to go home yet," he advised us. "Evening's the time to have fun. Never mind your friend. He's all right. Now you realize the

ers of its kind, save that the cattle were in better shape, and the men walking alongside, of the tall, competent backwoodsman type, seemed well and hearty. But perhaps a hundred yards ahead of the leading wagon came a horse, the only horse in the outfit, and on it, riding sidesaddle, as a girl. She was a very pretty red checked girl, and she must have stopped within a half mile or so of the camp in order to get herself up for this impressive entrance. Her dress was of blue calico, with a white yoke and heavy flounces or panniers. Around her neck was a black velvet ribbon. On her head was a big leghorn hat with red roses. She rode through the town, her head high, like a princess, and we all cheered her like mad. Not once did she look at us, but I could see her bosom heaving with excitement beneath her calico and her nostrils wide. She was a remarkably pretty girl, and this was certainly the moment of her triumph.

About this time we had to come to some sort of a decision, for our provisions were about exhausted. We had no desire to replenish our stock from that of the local storekeeper. We were doing pretty well in the diggings, but we had also fairly healthy appetites, and I am convinced that at the prices that man charged we should have no more than kept even. Williams, the storekeeper, was levying double profits, one from us and one from the overland immigrants. Don Gaspar proposed we send out Vasquez with all the horses to restock at Sugar's Fort. We were a trifle doubtful as to whether Vasquez would ever come back, but Don Gaspar seemed to have confidence in his man. Finally, though a little doubtfully, we came to the plan. Don Gaspar sent out also to McClellan for safe keeping his accumulations of gold dust, but we did not go quite that far. In view of probable high prices we entrusted him with eighteen ounces for the

(To Be Continued)

DON'T BE BALD

Here's a Good Way to Stop Loss of Hair and Start New Hair Growth If the hair root is absolutely dead permanent baldness will be your lot and you might as well cheer up as to be bald as you are.

If your hair is falling or thinning out, don't wait another day but get to H. C. Kennedy and get a bottle of Parisian Sage, the truly efficient hair grower.

Don't say, "It's the same old story I've heard it before," but try a bottle at their risk. They guarantee Parisian Sage, to grow hair, to stop falling hair, to cure dandruff and stop scalp itch, or money back.

Parisian Sage contains just the elements needed to properly invigorate and nourish the hair roots. It's a prime favorite with discriminating ladies because it makes the hair soft, bright, and appears twice as abundant. It is antiseptic, killing the odors that are bound to arise from excretions of the scalp and, as everyone knows, soap is excellent for the hair and scalp.

Parisian Sage is inexpensive and easily obtainable at drug and toilet counters everywhere.

Fashions of To Day - By May Manton

THE guimpe frock is always so becoming to little girls that is constantly in demand and this fresh variation of the idea will surely meet with welcome. As it is shown here, it is made of rose colored linen with scalloped edges while the guimpe is of fine white voile, but you could use this dress for a washable material, for linen or for pique or for gingham or for cotton poplin, and you could use it for a taffeta or for challis or for cashmere with equal success. For the little girl of four, the washable materials are the prettiest, but at ten years much liberty is allowed and a pretty frock could be made of plaid taffeta to be worn over a blouse of fine cotton voile.

For the 8 year size will be needed, 2 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards 44, for the dress, 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide for the guimpe.

The pattern No. 9330 is cut in sizes from 4 to 10 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.



20 MILLION PEOPLE USE CASCARETS--WHY?

Only True Tonic for Liver and Bowels Costs 10 Cents a Box. Cascarets are a treat! They live your liver, clean your thirty feet of bowels and sweeten your stomach. You eat one or two Cascarets like

candy before going to bed and in the morning your head is clear, tongue is clean, stomach sweet, breath right, and cold gone and you feel grand. Get a 10 or 25-cent box at any drug store. It's the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. Stop sick headaches, bilious spells, indigestion, furred tongue, offensive breath, and constipation. Mothers should give cross, peevish and feverish children a whole Cascarets every time.

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\$100 Reward, \$100 The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hill's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hill's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hill's Family Pills for constipation.

WILL ELECT DIRECTORS Lemoyne, Pa., Feb. 22.—Two directors from each West Shore district will be elected at a meeting of the West Shore Building and Savings Association, in the Lemoyne Trust company building to-night. Arrangements for opening of business April 1, will be made at this session.