

Reading for Women and all the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLIE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing with the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife.

CHAPTER VI (Copyright, 1918, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Am I going to like Betty Bryce? I thought at first I must hate her. Then I decided just to forget her— to put her out of my life. It seems, however, Betty Bryce doesn't intend to let me do that!

This morning when we took a little spin in our car, Jim discovered that the carburetor was clogged by "dirty gas." He decided to give the car a thorough overhauling before we started out this afternoon for a trip to the nearby flying field. He hurried down to the garage and I put on my little blue motor hat and sat on the piazza waiting for him.

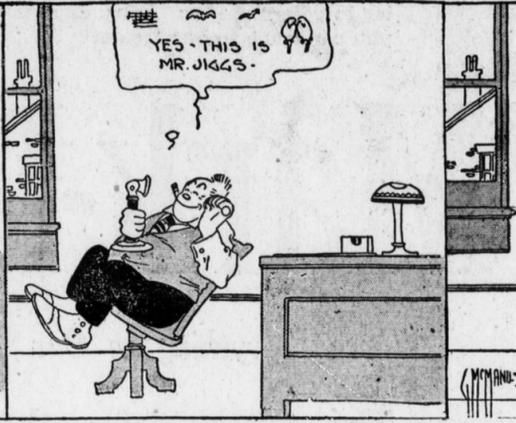
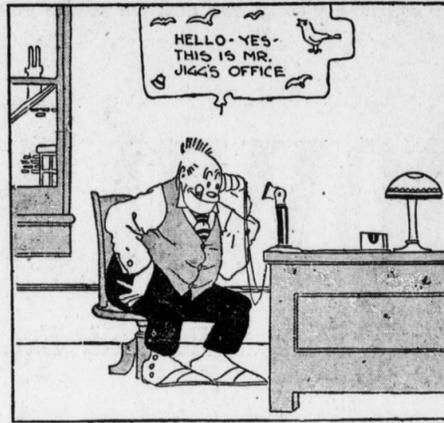
Suddenly Betty Bryce's battleship-gray limousine drove up to the door. She got out, followed by her little waverer companion, Miss Moss. At sight of me, a sudden blush came to her green eyes. I could see that she was forming a decision, and I knew from my first experience with her how she swept people into the heart of her decisions.

In another minute—almost before I realized it—the limousine had been dismissed. Miss Moss waved to upstairs regions, and Mrs. Bryce and I were on our way to the little vine-hung summer house down near the fountain in the grounds.

"You and I have a great deal to say to each other," remarked Mrs. Bryce in a voice that seemed almost kind even though it was very businesslike. "I'm Jimmie out of the way somewhere."

I told her that he had gone to fix the carburetor, and she smiled serenely. Then we've an hour. When Jimmie starts tinkering with a car—she waved one white hand in a graceful gesture, smiling in real amusement. Again I noticed the red scars across her knuckles. "Well, Mrs. Jimmie, you and I are going to be friends. You don't like me very well yet—but you will. People

Bringing Up Father



always do when I want them to." I choked back the words that fairly threatened to swell up and say themselves: "Yes, I know—but why must you want my husband to like you? Why can't you let him alone?" Instead I parried: "Why shouldn't I like you?" "The Women Fence" "Well, done, little girl—that puts me on the defensive! I know you were clever. No, there isn't any reason why you shouldn't like me—unless you're the type of woman who is going to object to all her husband's old friends and want to start him over now in her own world. I wouldn't try that on with Jimmie if I were you. He has some good pals—and he's a loyal sort." "He told me—about your husband," I said gently. "I think here must be the way thoroughbreds take their losses—and she said: 'Yes, Mrs. Harrison—he was with poor Atherton when my boy tumbled down behind his own lines in a flaming car. It was your Jimmie who wrote it to me—back in the spring

THE KAISER AS I KNEW HIM FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

By ARTHUR N. DAVIS, D. D. S.

L—"AMERICA MUST BE PUNISHED"

While I was breakfasting, the Kaiser was dressing. His valet entered several times. I noticed, to take out articles of clothing from the massive wardrobes which lined the room. I had just completed my meal when I received word that my patient was ready to receive me.

As I entered the Kaiser's bedroom, he was standing in the center of the room, fully attired in an army gray uniform, but without his sword. He looked more haggard than I had ever seen him, except once in 1915. Lack of sleep and physical pain were two things with which he had had very little experience, and they certainly showed their effects very plainly.

He didn't seem to be in the best of humor but greeted me cordially enough and shook hands.

"In all my life, Davis," he said, "I have never suffered so much pain."

I expressed my sorrow and started to improvise a dental chair out of an upholstered armchair on which I placed some pillows, and as the Kaiser sat down, he laughingly remarked:

"Look here, Davis, you've got to do something for me. I can't fight the whole world, you know, and have a toothache!"

I employed neither a general or local anesthetic. At various times since the Kaiser has been my patient I had suggested that I could save him pain by the use of a local anesthetic, but he had always refused it.

"The ladies like an anesthetic," he said, "but I can stand it without. Go ahead!" and I may say, at this point, that in all my experience, I never observed him to flinch while in the chair.

He was the best patient in that respect I had ever treated. It often occurred to me, after the war started, that once in a while the Kaiser was just the secret of his disregard for the pain and suffering he caused in others.

My work on this occasion occupied, perhaps, twenty minutes. During its time and during the conversation which followed, I had more or less opportunity to observe the contents of the room and it left a very clear impression on my mind.

I had placed the chair opposite the windows which faced the front of the palace and which commanded a beautiful view of the surrounding landscape. The Kaiser's bed was an elaborate brass affair set in an alcove, but although it was unusually large, the room was so spacious—perhaps fifty feet—that it was not conspicuous.

The furniture was white and gold of a French design, and massive gold-framed mirrors adorned the walls. There were also on the walls, photographs of various members of the royal family and the Kaiser himself all around the room.

A large open fireplace in which a log fire was burning took up part of one wall. In the center of the room was a table upon which there were several books. Two of them made a particular impression upon me. One was called "The World War," the other "The Next World War," both in German.

Between the fireplace and the table, attached to the door, was a rowing-machine, and I noticed that it had a special attachment for the Kaiser's partially helpless left hand.

When he was in pain his pain was relieved, his spirits seemed to revive appreciably, and he explained why it was so anxious to have his tooth and trouble removed as quickly as possible.

"I must go down to Italy, Davis," he said, "to see what my noble troops have accomplished. My gracious, what we have done in them down there! Our offensive at Riga was just a feat. We had advertised our intended offensive in Italy so thoroughly that the Italians thought we were possibly intending to carry it through. For three months, it was common talk in Germany, you remember, that the great offensive would start in Italy."

Italians believed it was all a bluff and when we advanced on Riga they were sure of it. They thought we could capture the city, and so we caught them napping."

The Kaiser's face fairly beamed as he dwelt on the strategy of his generalship and the successful outcome of his Italian campaign.

"For months Italy had been engaged in planting her big guns on the mountain-tops and gathering mountain and food and hospital supplies in the valleys below, in preparation for their twelfth Isonzo offensive.

We let them go ahead and waited patiently for the right moment. They thought that their contemplated offensive must inevitably bring our weaker neighbor to her knees and force her to make a separate peace."

By "our weaker neighbor" the Kaiser, of course, referred to Austria, and how accurate was his information regarding Italy's expectations. Non-regarding Italy's expectations, I realized were subsequently revealed by the publication of that famous

letter from Kaiser Karl to Prince Sixtus.

"And then," the Kaiser went on, "when their great offensive was within a week of being launched, we broke through their lines on a slope 3,000 feet high, covered with snow, where they couldn't bring up their reserves or new guns, and we surrounded them."

We took practically everything they possessed—food enough to feed our entire army without calling upon our own supplies at all. Never before had an army been secured with an accumulation of ammunition. I must certainly go down to see it.

"We cut off their northern retreat, and they swung their army to the south, we captured 60,000 of them up to their knees in the rice fields. One of the great mistakes they made was in carrying their civilian refugees and their retreating army through narrow roads and impeding the retreat of their soldiers. We had taken possession of their most productive regions, and their retreat was through territory which yielded them nothing.

Just think of that retreating army thrown upon the already impoverished inhabitants of that region. Why, they'll starve to death!"

"Everywhere we went we found their big guns abandoned. In one small village we came upon a gun decorated with flowers and surmounted with a portrait of Emperor Franz Josef. It had been put there by the Italian inhabitants of the village."

"The ladies show their happiness at being released at last from the yoke of the intolerable Italian lawyer government! How terribly the Italians must have treated them! Italy will never get over this defeat. This was real help from God! Now, we've got the Allies!"

He and he struck his left hand with his right with great force, as if he were emphasizing his conviction that the turning point in the war had been reached with Italy's collapse.

He picked up a newspaper from the table—I couldn't see which one it was, but it looked like the Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung—and remarked: "Well, Davis, I must go into breakfast. My wife is waiting for me!" and he shook hands with me again and walked out of the room to the rear.

How optimistic and supremely confident the Kaiser was at this juncture can be imagined only by those who are familiar with the depressing and gloomy atmosphere that Italy's offensive was launched. Everyone seemed to realize that Austria's abandonment of the cause of the Central Powers was tantamount to her surrender, and only by the flimsiest kind of thread.

Had the German-Austro offensive against Italy fallen down or the swift Italian retreat been successful, a separate peace would almost certainly have followed, and no one realized that better than the Kaiser and his general staff. His bubbling enthusiasm in success only emphasized in my mind the outward calm he had unceasingly displayed even when the outcome looked so unpromising.

That the Kaiser now regarded himself and his armies as invincible I felt, and I feared that the success of Italy would be followed at the first favorable opportunity by a gigantic offensive on the western front.

Indeed, on a subsequent occasion, when he called at my office for further treatment, and again referred to the Italian triumph, he remarked: "If our armies could capture 300,000 more of those 300,000 might just as well be desired as far as Italy is concerned—we can do the same thing against our enemies in the west!"

This was one of the interviews I was so anxious to report to the representatives of the American Intelligence Department at our Legation in Copenhagen, and, later on, when I finally had the opportunity, I related it in great detail to them. I remained in Copenhagen eleven days, and during the greater part of that time I was being interviewed by one or another of the representatives of our Intelligence Department. Exactly two months later, on March 21st, the western offensive broke out as I had feared.

I called at Potsdam a day or two later to attend the Kaiser again, and found him still in the same triumphant mood, and so anxious was he to get down to Italy that he called at my office three times that week to enable me to complete my work on his affected tooth.

Up to this time I had been unable to complete my negotiations with Dr. Haseliden. At last, through influence, I secured permission for him to visit me in Berlin and he arrived early in November. He stayed with me three days and the matter was disposed of. After one of two trips back and forth, he was being interviewed by me on November 25th and installed himself in my house.

The following day the Kaiser called at my office for what proved to be his last sitting. I had received word on the 20th that my pass for

America had been granted and that I could leave on the 30th, and I accordingly told the Kaiser that it was my intention to leave for Copenhagen on that day.

I explained that I was completely run down—and I certainly looked it—and that it was necessary for me to get to Copenhagen anyway, so that I could get in touch with America regarding a porcelain tooth patent which had been granted to me in July, 1915, but which a large dental company was seeking to wrest from me. The patent authorities had delayed action because of the fact that I resided in an enemy country.

I told him, furthermore, that I had arranged with Dr. Haseliden to look after my practice while I was away and that I had great confidence in him because he had made a fine reputation for himself professionally. Incidentally, he was an amateur champion tennis player, and a very popular man socially.

On the 28th I received a letter from the Court Chamberlain stating that the President of Police had made it known to the Kaiser that I had applied for a pass to America and demanding an explanation as to why I had told the Kaiser that I had planned to go to Copenhagen and had not mentioned America.

I at once replied that it was indeed my intention, as I had told the Kaiser to go to Copenhagen, but that I had applied for the pass to America because I wanted to be in a position to go there if my patent affairs demanded it, and I expressed the hope that nothing would be done to interfere with the pass which had been promised me for the 30th.

Nevertheless, the 30th came around and the pass didn't, and the

boat which sailed from Copenhagen on December 7th, which I had planned to take, sailed without me.

Again the weary weeks followed each other without the slightest intimation from anyone that I would ever be allowed to leave. Indeed, I had fully made up my mind that the authorities had decided to keep me in Berlin for reasons of their own and that nothing I could do could mend the situation, when, early in January, I received the joyous tidings that I could leave January 21-23. I left on the 22d, and as far as I have since been able to ascertain I was the last American male to leave Germany with the consent of the officials.

That afternoon, when I landed in Denmark, I was happier than I had ever been in my life, and I heaved a deep sigh of relief as I reflected that I had at last shaken the dust of Germany from my feet and would soon rejoin my family in the land of freedom. And yet there was a slight tinge of regret in the thought that I had given up an unique position behind the scenes of history's most stupendous drama—a position in which I came in intimate contact with some of its principal characters.

(To Be Continued)

Advice to the Lovelorn

A YOUNG BUT ARDENT PATRIOT DEAR MISS FAIRPAX:

Would you kindly tell me whether a girl of 16 could do war work across the seas?

I am still at school, but wish to help my country, and would like to sail for France. I am willing to study for any length of time in order to become an expert at the work I undertake. I believe I can secure my parents' consent.

know you will not only help me, but many other girls of my age by answering this.

ANXIOUS. My Dear Anxious, as the War Department will not issue a passport to any girl under 25 years of age, you would have to wait nine years before you would be eligible, and long before that time we hope for peace.

However, you can help your country by saving sugar, butter, wheat and fats and saving all your extra pennies for Thrift Stamps.

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Apply few drops then lift sore, touchy corns off with fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, marie!



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YOU can't avoid dangerous, disease-bearing germs. They are always present. They are brought into your kitchen with every opening of the door.

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is a rich flavored coffee blended from the finest beans from the highlands of Brazil. Fresh roasted daily and packed in tin-foliated packages that hold in its fine flavor. Every pound is cup-tested to maintain its quality. A coffee as good as most 35-cent coffees.

Old Favorite Coffee 25c lb

is a mellow, tasty coffee blended from the best beans from Sao Paulo. Fresh roasted daily and packaged in stout moistureproof bags. Popular with housewives for its fine flavor and economical price. Four cents is saved by not using tin containers. A 30-cent coffee for 35 cents a pound.



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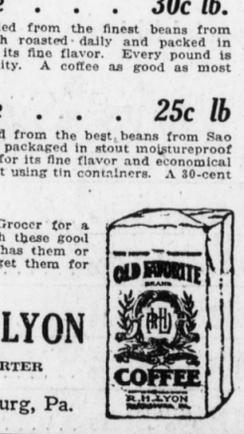
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