



Reading for Women and all the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LITTLE

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

Chapter XXI

My husband and I stared at each other across the candlelit space of Tom Mason's studio apartment. Silence lay between us like an angry river without bridge or ferry.

Then suddenly Jim plunged into the depths of that silence, and I started back as if the quick splash of his words were muddy black water.

"Anne! What does this mean—this nonsense?"

Those were Jim's words. He had been away from me for two days—our marriage was not a fortnight old—but it was an angry judge, not a loving bridegroom that I faced.

"What does this mean?" he demanded again.

"I couldn't stay at the Walgrave."

"You couldn't stay—at the hotel your husband had chosen for you? And why not, pray?"

Jim's words were cutting—like a razor edge of steel. Back of them I knew there was the iron bludgeon of anger.

"You must be tired, dear—those hours on the train. We'll talk when you are rested," I said.

"But I've had nothing to eat since noon, Jim. It must be half-past 9. Let's have some coffee first and then we can talk. Coffee will brace us both up. This is a surprise. I didn't expect you so soon."

"I can see that," sneered Jim, his face twitching—his eyes ablaze.

He limped toward me, and I found myself leaning back against the refectory table in sudden terror. This was my man—the man I loved. I had angered him and I was his to do with as he wished. What would he choose to do? My heart thudded.

"Anne, I warn you—I won't be humiliated like this!"

"I didn't mean to humiliate you, Jim—if you'll listen, I'll try to explain."

"All right—in a minute, I'll wash

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"I am. When you understand, Jim, you'll see that you haven't been fair. I thought the Walgrave to expensive, and the impudent little clerk made me so miserable last night when I came in from dining with Captain Winston."

"Oh, so you dined with Winston, too," answered my husband.

"Oh, Jim, won't you understand? Captain Winston took me to dinner because I was your wife. He made me understand that you would have to go back to France. I've been trying to prepare for that to-day."

"Perhaps you will claim that is the reason for your sudden move?"

"Yes, Jim, I was jealous too when your letter came this morning. It was so full of Betty I got—desperate. And then I thought if we had a home you'd be contented while you were here. Truly, I have been trying to act like a soldier's wife."

Jim answered me wearily.

"A soldier's wife doesn't make him look like a fool by doing the things you've done. You've made a muddle of things, Anne. Everything is in a muddle."

The anger drained out of his voice. It was tired and hinted of pain beyond all reckoning.

"Are you disappointed in me?" I asked sadly.

He smiled impatiently. There was grim suffering in that smile—a touch

THE KAISER AS I KNEW HIM FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

By ARTHUR N. DAVIS, D. D. S. (Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

(Continued.)

"The four allied powers have been obliged to take up arms to defend justice and the liberty of national evolution. The glorious deeds of our armies have in no way altered their purpose. We always maintained the firm belief that our own rights and justified claims in no way control the rights of these nations.

"The spiritual and material progress which were the pride of Europe at the beginning of the twentieth century are threatened with ruin. Germany and her allies—Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey—gave proof of their unconquerable strength in this struggle. They gained gigantic advantages over adversaries superior in numbers and war material. Our lines stand unshaken against ever-repeated attempts of their armies.

"The last attack in the Balkans has been rapid and victoriously overcome. The most recent events have demonstrated that further continuance of the war will not result in breaking the resistance of our forces, and the whole situation with regard to our troops justifies the expectation of further successes.

"If, in spite of this offer of peace and reconciliation, the struggle should go on, the four allied powers are resolved to continue to a victorious end, but they disclaim responsibility for this before humanity and history."

Was even an offer of "peace and reconciliation" couched in terms more apt to prolong hostilities?

This proposal was given to the world on December 12, 1918. It was followed within a few days by a note from President Wilson to the belligerent powers suggesting that "an early occasion be sought to call on all the nations now at war such an avowal of their respective views as to the terms upon which the war might be concluded, and the arrangements which would be deemed satisfactory as a guarantee against its renewal or the kindling of any similar conflict in the future as would make it possible frankly to compare them.

The Kaiser's answer to this sincere effort of a neutral power to bring about the peace which he had endeavored to make his people believe he was so anxious to secure was the resumption of the ruthless submarine campaign.

The German people accepted the Kaiser's protestations at their face value and they looked forward eagerly to "Der Tag," but when it arrived the bustle and excitement, not to say panic, which developed throughout Germany was so pronounced that in some cases it approached the ludicrous.

Obviously the people were kept in ignorance of the plans of their war barons in order that hostilities might come as a complete surprise to them and give color to the government's contention that the war was forced upon Germany.

So little thought did we give to the complexities of the political situation that on Friday, July 31, 1914, my wife and I started off on a motor trip. We had heard so many rumors of war within the previous ten years that we saw no reason why amicable solution should not again be found as it had always been before.

On our way out the Charlottenburger Chaussee we passed the Kaiser and the Kaiserin driving to Berlin from Potsdam at about sixty miles an hour, and there were other indications of activity, but we attached little importance to them.

At the Golf Club, where we stopped for our clubs, we were told by the steward that the soldiers in all the barracks in that vicinity had been moved several days before nearer to the borders to make room for the reserve troops who would be mobilized on the following day. Old Tiermann, the steward, was usually pessimistic and we put little credence in what he said.

When we reached Potsdam, however, and saw thousands of tons of coal heaped up between the railroad tracks which were ordinarily kept clear, we realized that preparations for war were being made in earnest

were being made in the market places.

At Fulda, where we lunched, we were eyed suspiciously by our fellow guests who surmised that we were foreigners and were not quite sure whether or not we ought to be there. In the middle of the afternoon we were stopped by a middle-aged peasant shouldering an antique rifle. As he was apparently more frightened than we were, we should have ignored him and proceeded but for the fact he had stretched a rope across the entrance to a small bridge which we had reached. When he heard we were Americans, he asked us whether we knew his Cousin Karl, who was in America, and upon our declaration that we did, he allowed us to proceed without further questioning.

From that time on we couldn't go more than a few hundred yards at a stretch without being stopped by a similar rope or chain across the thoroughfare. My Kaiserlicher Automobile Club card, driving license and a few other papers of an official-looking character usually served to clear the way for us. In one village we came to we noticed posters ordering mobilization and were singing patriotic songs, stупlets stood around in groups and dis-

ussed the situation. We were glad that our English accent was not yet a drawback.

About 6 o'clock that afternoon we arrived in Frankfurt. The whole place was in a fever of excitement over the mobilization posters and their resentment against the French was being aroused by "extras" which were handed out without charge. As he was apparently more frightened than we were, we should have ignored him and proceeded but for the fact he had stretched a rope across the entrance to a small bridge which we had reached. When he heard we were Americans, he asked us whether we knew his Cousin Karl, who was in America, and upon our declaration that we did, he allowed us to proceed without further questioning.

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The older people who had lived through the war of 1870 had interested audiences for once while they related past experiences and gave advice as to what preparations to make. A possibility of food shortage seemed to be uppermost in all minds, and the groceries were stormed with eager buyers. Salt suddenly jumped to 75 cents a pound and other things in proportion.

(To Be Continued.)

Sweetmeats For Dessert

If you want candy, make some of the following kinds and serve them instead of a sweet dessert, suggests the United States Food Administration.

Parisian Sweets—Put through the meat chopper one pound of prepared dates, figs, and nut meats. Add one tablespoon orange juice, a little grated orange peel, and ¼ cup of honey or syrup. Mould into balls and roll in chopped nuts or coconut or chocolate. This mixture may be packed in an oiled tin, put under a weight until firm, then cut in any shape desired. Melted chocolate may be added to mixture before moulding if desired.

Stuffed Prunes—Steam one pound prunes and remove stones. Stuff part of the prunes, each with another prune, stuff other with chopped salted nuts, or stuff with a mixture of one cup each raisins and walnuts and a few candied cherries. Another suggestion is to stuff prunes with stiff orange marmalade.

Peanut Brittle—1 cup white syrup, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup freshly roasted peanuts, 1 cup brown sugar.

Cook the syrup, vinegar and salt in a saucepan until a little dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Put the peanuts and this syrup into an iron skillet and stir until the syrup becomes a golden brown. Remove from the fire and stir in vanilla. Have ready a shallow buttered pan, pour candy in and spread out in a thin sheet. Allow to cool, then remove from pan and crack into pieces.

Candied Fruit—1 cup cooking apples, ¼ cup syrup, ¼ cup water, nuts. Cook apples as for sauce. Add ¼ cup corn syrup and cook until a thick paste. Nuts may be added. Spread out in buttered pan. Dry out in oven or over oven for one-half day. Use other fruits in the same way.

Advice to the Lovelorn

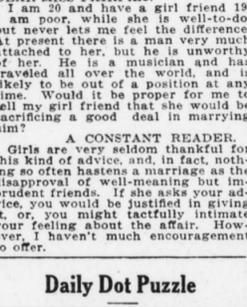
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 20 and have a girl friend 19. I am poor, while she is well-to-do, but never lets me feel the difference. At present there is a man very much attached to her, but he is unworthy of her. He is a musician and has traveled all over the world and is likely to be out of a position at any time. Would it be proper for me to tell my girl friend that she would be sacrificing a good deal in marrying him?

A CONSTANT READER:

Girls are very seldom thankful for this kind of advice, and, in fact, nothing is sadder than a marriage on the disapproval of well-meaning but imprudent friends. If she asks your advice, you are justified in giving it, or you might tactfully intimate your feeling about the affair. However, I haven't much encouragement to offer.

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