

**Didn't Know Her Landlord**

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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THE morning after Doris Ware moved into the little seaside bungalow at Yellowlands, she became acquainted with her next-door neighbor, a stout, black-haired, red-checked woman in a faded blue bathing suit of a popular design.

"Nice morning," said Mrs. Brady, cheerfully over the back fence.

"It is lovely," smiled Doris, as she hung out her tea towels on the bit of clothesline. "I can hardly believe it is true that I am here for the rest of the summer! It is too good to be true."

"You said it!" retorted her neighbor. "Your husband not up yet?"

Doris stared amusedly. "No, he isn't—you see, I haven't any husband!"

Mrs. Brady laughed heartily, and several small Bradys, climbing into bathing suits in the small house, heard her and scrambled to the window where they stood sunbathed and grinning. Doris became acquainted with them at once. Before they parted, Mrs. Brady was aware that Miss Ware wrote for a big newspaper in the city and was having her rest all alone just to get away from people.

That first day, Doris found an isolated bit of blue water where she could swim all alone.

Once as she floated, looking up at the cloudless sky, she heard the sound of paddles and sank into the water, swimming a little. It was then that she could see the canoe and its single occupant, a tall young man with a grim unsmiling countenance. As soon as he saw her, he increased the speed of his canoe and in a moment had rounded a bend in the shore.

Doris waded ashore and sat down on the sand to laugh heartily. "If it isn't temperamental Peter Clarkson," she giggled to herself. "The poor man didn't recognize me in this bathing suit—I do wonder if he is really stopping near here."

That noon when she returned to the bungalow for lunch, she asked Mrs. Brady about the man in the canoe. "What is his name?" she artfully asked.

Mrs. Brady put up her hands in amazement. "Don't know your own landlord?" she exclaimed.

Doris shook her head. "I rented it from an agent," she said.

"Poor Mr. Clarkson—he has owned all these cottages since his uncle died and left them to him with a great fortune, so I have heard, Miss Ware—but there is a whisper that he is sad and gloomy because the girl he loves won't have him! And him with a million dollars or more. Anyone could be happy with all that money!"

Because Doris Ware was so much alone, for loneliness was what she sought these days, she thought quite often of lonely Peter Clarkson, living there in his handsome stone summer residence on the top of the hill behind them. The stone house had its own curving beach and swimming place around to the east of the little cove which Doris had chosen for her particular bathing place, and sometimes she saw the canoe dart around the point of land and cross the mouth of the cove on its way past the cottages and bathing beaches—and always, Peter Clarkson was alone.

Then, one day, an imp of perversity prevailed upon her to tempt excitement when she saw Peter Clarkson coming her way in his bright canoe. She was swimming toward him and crossed the canoe's bow. Just beyond that, she threw up one arm and slim brown hand and called "Help!" and then, "Save me!" before she sank beneath the waves.

In exactly three minutes, gloomy Peter Clarkson had jumped overboard, dived down, rescued Doris Ware, dropped his dripping burden into the canoe, tossed a rubber coat over her, and paddled desperately back to his own wharf and called to his boatman, Jerry, for help.

"Really, I am entirely all right," assured Doris in quite a strong voice as she struggled to throw off the heavy rubber coat. As she finally sat up and pulled off her bathing cap and her toss of dusky hair fluffed out, she became aware of the strange behavior of Mr. Peter Clarkson—he was kneeling on the sand beside the canoe, and his great eyes were fairly worshipping the small person whose life he had saved. He grinned foolishly as Doris smiled gratefully at him.

"It is you—really?" he demanded in a deep voice.

"Of course," said Doris meekly, because her heart was pounding, "who else could it be?"

"That's right!" he muttered softly. "Who else could it be than the one girl in all the world whom I loved—my first and only love—I wish you thought it such a big thing on my part that you would give your life to me, Doris Ware!"

"Ah, Peter Clarkson, if you were not such a diffident youth—you might have known long ago—years ago—that there was only one girl in the world that loved you as I—do—ah, Peter!"

And all their friends said that it had happened just as they expected it would when they had first met a year or so ago—and Mrs. Brady laughed and said that now her landlord would never do anything except laugh and be happy all the days of his life, "for," she added, "in the sweetest romance I ever knew about—and her so innocent about inquiring his name!"

**ARMISTICE DAY**

I heard a cry in the night from a far-flung host,  
From a host that sleeps through the years  
The last long sleep.  
By the Meuse, by the Marne, in the Ar-  
gonne's shattered wood,  
In a thousand rose-thronged churchyards  
through our land,  
Sleep! Do they sleep! I know I heard  
their cry,  
Shrilling along the night like a trumpet  
blast!  
"We died," they cried, "for a dream. Have  
ye forgot?  
We dreamed of a world reborn whence  
wars had fled,  
Where swords were broken in pieces and  
guns were rust,  
Where the poor dwelt in quiet, the rich in  
peace,  
And children played in the streets, joyous  
and free.  
We thought we could sleep content in a  
task well done;  
But the rumble of guns rolls over us, iron  
upon iron  
Sounds from the forge where are fashioned  
guns anew;  
New fleets spring up in new seas, and  
under the wave  
Stealthy new terrors swarm, with em-  
boweled death.

Fresh cries of hate ring out loud from a  
demagog's throat,  
While greed reaches out afresh to grasp  
new lands.

Have we died in vain, in vain? Is our  
dream denied?  
You men who live on the earth we bought  
with our woe,  
Will ye stand idly by while they shape  
new wars,  
Or will ye rise, who are strong, to fulfill  
our dream,  
To silence the demagog's voice, to crush  
the fools  
Who play with blood-stained toys that  
crowd new graves?  
We call, we call on the night, will ye hear  
and heed?"

In the name of our dead will we hear?  
Will we grant them sleep?

The poem is by William E. Brooks, and  
can be found in an anthology, "The New  
Patriotism," edited by Thomas Curtis Clark  
and Esther A. Gillespie. It is a fitting mes-  
sage for the season of loving and admiring  
recollection which finds its culminating ob-  
servance on Armistice day.



The American cemetery at Belleau woods where hundreds of American soldiers are buried. It was a shrine for the visiting American Legionnaires who visited Paris to attend the American Legion convention.

**WHEN FOCH MET GERMANS TO END WAR**

**How the Enemy, Beaten, and Fearing Reds, Begged Peace of Allies.**

The following account of the meeting of the Armistice commission which ended the World War is taken from official sources and conveys an accurate picture of a momentous occasion. We reprint it from the New York Herald Tribune.

The daily slaughter of thousands of lives finished abruptly at 11 a. m. on November 11, 1918, marking the end of the greatest war in history and making the meeting of the Armistice commission the most important historical event.

The scene was laid in the middle of the forest of Compiègne, where Marshal Foch's train drew up opposite some old heavy gun sidings at seven o'clock on the night of Thursday, November 7, 1918.

With Marshal Foch was General Weygand, his chief of staff; some staff officers and British representatives, the latter headed by Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss.

On another set of rails, about a hundred yards away, was another similar train, and on the arrival of the German delegates, in the early hours of Friday morning, after their adventurous journey in automobiles across the fighting front, they were accommodated in this train.

As soon as the German delegates arrived a message was sent them to say that Marshal Foch would be ready to receive them at 9 a. m. the same day, Friday, November 8, and exactly on time, in single file, Herr Erzberger leading, followed by Count Oberdorff, General von Winterfeld (whose father was present at the peace of Versailles in 1871) and Captain von Vanselow made their appearance, and in addition there were two officer interpreters.

Delegates Appeared Downcast. All of the delegates appeared very downcast and ill at ease, and as soon as they had entered the car fitted for the conference, General Weygand reported to Marshal Foch, who immediately entered, together with the British representatives.

In calm, even tones Marshal Foch asked the Germans, "What is the object of your visit?" Herr Erzberger replied, "We have come to hear proposals for an armistice on land, sea, in the air and in the colonies."

"I have no proposals to make," answered Marshal Foch.

Count Oberdorff then pulled a paper from his pocket and read a statement made by President Wilson concerning the famous 14 points.

When he had finished Marshal Foch said that if they desired an armistice

the terms would be read, and the German delegates having stated that they wished hostilities to cease, General Weygand read out each article, the French interpreter repeating them in German.

What a dramatic picture this made, perhaps, can be imagined.

Herr Erzberger, the son of a postman, with his very full face, large double chin and irregular mustache; Count Oberdorff, who had served all his time in the diplomatic service; General von Winterfeld, the representative of Prussian militarism, though not aggressively mannered, and Captain von Vanselow, a naval officer, who, although in uniform, looked more like a merchant.

These, together with their two interpreters, formed one group, and the French and British officers, in their contrasting uniforms, with firm and calm countenances, knowing they held the upper hand, opposite.

As soon as the reading of the terms was completed the Germans, looking very dejected, asked permission to communicate with their government. Owing to the fact that the Germans had not brought any cipher, Marshal Foch refused to allow wireless to be used and the terms thus made public property before perusal and consideration, and so Captain von Helldorf was dispatched to German headquarters at Spa with a copy.

General von Winterfeld then asked that hostilities might cease immediately "so as to avoid useless bloodshed," and, speaking in French, he actually referred to the rout—"la deroute," the actual word used—of the German army.

Marshal Foch, however, would not agree to giving the enemy any breathing space which might allow them to reorganize, and he stated emphatically that fighting should not cease until the terms read out had been definitely accepted and signed.

Conferees Continued. Independent discussions were continued during the afternoon in the conference car by the various German delegates, the chief matters necessarily being of a naval and military nature, and during these talks the fearful economic condition of Germany was laid bare.

Besides foodstuffs, necessary material for naval and military equipment was in such short supply that the country was very literally at its last gasp.

Another complaint of the Germans was against both the blockade and blacklist continuing after the armistice was signed, and it was obvious that both these weapons had had their effect. However, one of the most important concessions of the whole agreement was then added, namely, that the allies would evacuate Germany.

Hostilities Not Stopped. Night fell on that fateful spot in the Compiègne forest and looking out of the train the fires of the bivouacs of the sentries and guards could be seen twinkling merrily, while away in the distance the boom of heavy guns told of the bloody work which was still continuing, after more than

four fearful years, and, except for a written paper of agreements, sent over by the Germans, Saturday passed without any visible program, awaiting the message of the German government.

On Sunday, November 10, from soon after nine o'clock, several more discussions took place, and the most important was as to whether, owing to the internal political situation, the German government could carry out the terms of the armistice, if they did sign, especially concerning the surrender of the warships.

It was suggested that the allies should occupy Helgoland, but the German delegates did not think that it would be necessary.

Another question that arose was the altering of the phrase involving the "surrender" of General von Lettow Verbeck to "evacuation."

That evening a wireless message was received from the German government ordering the signing of the armistice, but to add that Germany would become a prey to bolshevism unless the allies would undertake provisioning.

Germans Felt Terms Harsh. There was further long discussion, far into the night, concerning Helgoland, as the French and British felt that there must be something to fall back upon, in case the Germans were unable to control their own men, the majority of whom were almost entirely out of hand.

It was finally decided to add an extra stipulation to the agreement, recommending to the German government that the allies occupy Helgoland if the government should be unable to enforce its commands as if put in stronger terms a long delay would be occasioned, through having to refer the matter to Spa, should the allies insist on the occupation in any event.

At 2 a. m. on Monday, November 11, all the delegates on both sides were assembled for a final conference.

General Weygand read out the armistice agreement, article by article, and as each was read out the French interpreter translated it into German, and discussion then proceeded until the final form of the article was mutually agreed upon, though, throughout, the Germans kept insisting that the terms were so harsh they would be difficult of fulfillment.

However, all the articles were finally read and discussed, and then Herr Erzberger stood up and read out a statement in German, stating that the government would carry out the terms as far as humanly possible.

At 5:15 a. m. all the delegates signed the momentous document, Marshal Foch being the first to sign, followed by the British Admiral Wemyss.

Orders were immediately issued, all over the world, for hostilities on land, at sea and in the air to cease at 11 a. m. on that day, Monday, November 11, 1918, for a period of 30 days, and it is now a matter of history how this period was later extended until the peace of Versailles of 1919.

Thus ended the most important historical event of all time.

**A Wife's Transformation**

The Story of the Comeback of a Woman Gone to Seed  
By Mary Culbertson Miller

**INSTALLMENT II**

Helen Sees Herself as Others See Her.

RIGHT on the job, came that old hag . . . Jealousy. As a magnet attracts steel, so was Helen's gaze held by the perfection of the young woman opposite her. Propinquity—yes—propinquity was love's alter ego, she reminded herself. And here was something to be feared—something subtle, of a sort strange to her.

Paramount was the paralyzing certainty that her husband was ashamed of her.

Her mind geared into her own disadvantages. It gave her a jar that sent a cold wave of fear through her. An avalanche of doubts assailed her. For a moment, in her eyes, there was an expression of hopeless and tragic defeat. Loneliness came down on her like a pall. One thing, she decided, she wouldn't resort to sarcasm. That in Bob's eyes would be the last straw. Then, quite suddenly, her eyes changed to a crystal brightness. It was the ignition of sub-conscious thought fanned into flame. There was something magnificent about Helen's nature when aroused, but the trouble was it took something in the nature of a bomb to arouse her.

A breath taking sense of grand adventure oozed out of her not-over-clean finger tips. She'd fight this issue with this woman's own weapons, and thereby save her romance from the matrimonial rocks. No intention, had Helen, of feeding a fresh and vital husband to the fire this office siren had lighted. She was impatient for her husband to finish with her—she wanted to be off.

**Salon of Facial Aesthetics.**

Flying wasn't fast enough to keep up with Helen's desire to talk with this creator of feminine beauty she had read of, who longed for human faces to manipulate into lovely human art.

Her eyes grew round with amazement as she looked about the salon. Gorgeous hangings, walls of dull silver paneling, and doors of the fashionable shade called Russian green, made a beautiful setting for the dainty Louis XVI furniture with its upholstery in happy tones of yellow, rose and blue.

Into Helen's confusion came the nicely modulated voice of Miss Whyte, the beauty genius. "Queer soul!" she thought, looking at the incongruous and untidy person. Then she became absorbed in the woman's vital yearnings. Hers was cornered desperation. She begged Miss Whyte to take her in hand unreservedly. Miss Whyte was making a mental note of the flabby skin, relaxed muscles, excess avoirdupois, when Helen asked shyly: "Is it possible for me to be attractive again? Miss Whyte. Oh—so much depends upon it?"

Wandering husband, the beauty genius felt sure of that, but she explained soberly. "Beauty must be worked for like everything else, Mrs. Crane. Modern women have now the inestimable help of science, but science can't do the work alone. The greatest instruments lie in you—yourself—your perseverance, intelligence, and taking an unselfish interest in life.

"Then, too, beauty isn't fundamentally a matter of perfection of feature. It is what we think and feel that affects our outward selves. In the face there is sometimes an illumination of what one would call the spirit.

"Take such thoughts as impatience, jealousy, anger, selfishness—in fact, all negative thoughts leave their mark upon the face. Circulation slows up, the body becomes sluggish, vitality becomes lowered, appetite departs, sleep elusive. So if you fully agree to work with the mind and body together we can get twice the results, because they are so perfectly co-ordinated. You want to be made over in six weeks, is that it?"

"Indeed I do, if such a thing is possible." Great hazel eyes raised beseechingly.

**See Doctor, First Step.**

"Shall we take the skin first?" ventured the prospective client.

"We'll consult a physician first, Mrs. Crane. That will put us on the safe side. He will tell us what you have too much of in your system, and what is needed in its place, and prescribe a diet. It is very unwise to overdiet or overexercise to reduce. That method is sure to show its effects on the face."

Before the session was over that first day the beauty course was tentatively worked out. "And after that shall I be able to go on alone?" Helen questioned. There was an emphatic nod to that. "No question of it," the beauty genius smiled.

"Report to me as soon as you finish with your Doctor Johnston tomorrow morning. Ask him please . . . to state your disturbances in writing. He will put you on a diet, too. And, oh, yes . . . stop in at a photo studio on your way home. I know you'll find it intensely interesting to watch your development." These were the parting words of Miss Whyte on that red-letter day.

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**The BABY**



No mother in this enlightened age would give her baby something she did not know was perfectly harmless, especially when a few drops of plain Castoria will right a baby's stomach and end almost any little ill. Fretfulness and fever, too; it seems no time until everything is serene.

That's the beauty of Castoria; its gentle influence seems just what is needed. It does all that castor oil might accomplish, without shock to the system. Without the evil taste. It's delicious! Being purely vegetable, you can give it as often as there's a sign of colic; constipation; diarrhea; or need to aid sound, natural sleep.

Just one warning: It is genuine Fletcher's Castoria that physicians recommend. Other preparations may be just as free from all doubtful drugs, but no child of this writer's is going to test them! Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold.

**Children Cry for**



**Quick Relief From Coughs and Colds**

It is Exceedingly Dangerous to Let Coughs and Colds Develop. Easy to Check Them.

For more than fifty-six years Porter's Pain King has stood in the front rank of home remedies for the relief of colds, coughs, croup, hoarseness and similar ailments.

Porter's Pain King is made of pure, wholesome ingredients, perfectly harmless and amazingly effective. By merit alone it holds an honored place in hundreds of thousands of American homes the year 'round.

Right now is a good time to read the circular wrapped around every bottle. Many families who have this good old-time liniment in the house suffer needlessly because they do not know all of its many uses. Porter's Pain King is more than a remedy for colds. It soothes aches and pains, soreness, swollen joints, tired muscles, lame back and rheumatic misery. It heals burns, scalds, cuts, chapped hands, frost-bitten feet. Why not use it today?

Made and guaranteed since 1871 by The Geo. H. Rundle Co., Fiqua, Ohio. Sold by dealers everywhere.

**Boy of Ten Busy Criminal**

Police officials of New Brighton, N. Z., are searching for a ten-year-old boy, who was a model pupil during the daytime and a cracksmen at night. After he was arrested and had confessed to 22 crimes, including 7 of breaking into and entering stores, he disappeared.

**To Cure a Cold in one Day**

Take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. The Safe and Proven Remedy. Look for signature of E. W. Grove on the box. 50c—Adv.

**New Nervous Treatment**

Oxygen bubbles blown under the skin of sufferers from nervous diseases have been used successfully by Professor Bechterev, one of the most distinguished members of the Leningrad Academy of Science. He made tests on 12 patients, he reported, producing marked improvement in the circulation and condition of the blood.

**Does Weakness Detract from Your Good Looks?**

Charleston, W. Va.—"I was just a nervous wreck when I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and the results were wonderful. It relieved me of all weakness of the organs, strengthened my nerves and made me a healthy, strong woman. When I began taking the 'Prescription' I had suffered for a long time, and I am sure it will do for others what it did for me if they will give it a trial."—Mrs. Joseph Branam, 2014 Crescent Road.

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All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

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