

# Reading for Women and the Family



## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE  
A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife.

CHAPTER V  
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Sunlight flooded our little chintz-hung room as I wavered across my drowsy eyes and woke me. On no other morning of our honeymoon had I awakened to such a golden glow. I smiled gleefully to myself and thought that this day promised to make up for the gloom of last night. I lay for a while between sleep and waking. Finally I managed to open my eyes and call tenderly:

"Jim."

"I thought the love note in my voice might make him forgive me for the night before. There was no answer."

"Jim—Jimmie dear—what time is it?"

Silence.

"I sat up and looked reproachfully over at Jim's little four-poster—its covers were tossed back. It was empty."

My heart gave a quick, suffocating leap, and then I arose and padded slipperless over to the little white-tiled bath. It was empty.

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The fifth day of our life together and my husband had begun the morning without a word to me. He hadn't even run the water for my bath.

Had Jim hurried out without waiting for me to waken because he was angry with me for what had happened the night before? Or had he gone out with quiet tenderness, leaving me to sleep late because he guessed that I had lain awake weeping until dawn?—had he gone to her—to Betty Bryce?

My fingers shook and trembled as I tried to dress. I knotted the laces of my white sport shoes—twice my blouse fastened itself all night and the little bow at my throat hung askew. At last I was ready.

I hurried down to the little pergola where each breakfast each morning on red raspberries, thick cream, coffee and corn muffins—we had always agreed even before breakfast. From the inner dining-room I could see Jim out in the little summer house.

So he hadn't waited for me—he wasn't even at our accustomed table. Another step brought me to an open window, through which I could see the corner where Jim sat—opposite Betty Bryce.

A Secret Overheard  
I stood for a moment leaden-footed and leaden-hearted. Then I heard my husband's voice:

"You must forgive and understand, as you always have. I can't tell her yet. I'm afraid to tell her. You understand—and she doesn't."

Then Mrs. Bryce's reply:  
"Of course I understand, dear boy, and there's nothing to be afraid of. Everything between us is just as it has always been."

As I stumbled away from the window I fairly crashed into the table behind me. For a tense second Jim looked up. Had he heard the rattle of china and silver. Had he seen me?

turned and fled. Jim was apologizing for his wife! Betty Bryce understood him—as assuring him that everything between them must be as it had been before. What had there been between them? It was almost too cruelly plain!

Up to the little room of our love I stumbled and flung myself across my unmade bed. At first the tears wouldn't come, the ache in my heart was so bitterly dry. Then sobs shook me, and I gave myself up completely to my grief. I felt as if I could never be happy again. There was no use in fighting—there was nothing now for which to fight.

Suddenly I felt a touch on my shoulder—Jim's hand. I shook it off and stumbled to my feet. My dress was crumpled and my eyes red—Betty Bryce had been lovely in her cool linen. I was at a cruel disadvantage.

From panic I felt myself sweep- ing to resentment—wild anger—the hatred they say is so near to love—flooded my veins. Jim looked so cool, so well-groomed in his uniform, so

## Bringing Up Father



REMEMBER—LORD ASH-IN-BARREL IS CALLING TONIGHT BUT DON'T YOU DARE COME DOWN STAIRS—I'LL LOCK YOU IN AN IVE HIDDEN YOUR CLOTHES, SO YOU CAN'T GO OUT.



I MUST CONTROL MY NERVES BEFORE RINGING THE BELL.



THAT HAT AN OBIT MIGHT FIT ME—



BY GOLLY—HE'S HEAVY—IT MUST BE ON ACCOUNT OF HIS FEET—



DON'T WORRY—ME LORD—I'LL BRING YOUR CLOTHES BACK SAFELY—



DON'T WORRY—ME LORD—I'LL BRING YOUR CLOTHES BACK SAFELY—

## THE KAISER AS I KNEW HIM FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

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

### I.—"AMERICA MUST BE PUNISHED"

#### PREFACE

For fourteen years the Kaiser was my patient. All I know of him and all that he told me came to me while the relation of patient and dentist existed between us.

For that reason I felt at first that, no matter how vital to the allied cause might be the information I could give as to the Kaiser's viewpoint, ambition and plans, the requirements of professional ethics must seal my lips and compel me to withhold it from the world at large.

When, however, I considered the grave crisis that confronts the world and in which my own country is playing so important a part, and realized that what I knew of the Kaiser might prove of some value to civilization, I concluded that my patriotic duty was paramount and no reason superior to any of the ordinary demands of professional ethics.

In this conclusion I was strengthened by the urgent solicitation of the leaders of my profession who were most emphatic in their contention that my ethical qualms were entirely unwarranted in view of all the circumstances.

ARTHUR N. DAVIS, D.D.S.

#### CHAPTER I

##### "AMERICA MUST BE PUNISHED"

When war broke out between the United States and Germany, on April 6, 1917, I was in Berlin. I had lived and practiced my profession as a dentist there for fourteen years, and the Kaiser had been one of my patients during all that time.

I don't know exactly how many years the Kaiser paid me professionally, but I know I am safe in saying they were not less than one hundred, and the probabilities are they were closer to one hundred and fifty. Almost invariably, after my work was done, the Kaiser remained anywhere from ten minutes to an hour and a-half to discuss the topics of the hour with me, and in that way we developed a more intimate acquaintanceship than might otherwise have been possible.

When we declared war against Germany, therefore, while I was still an American citizen—as patriotic an American, I believe, as might be found anywhere—I had lived in Germany so long, had developed so many professional friendships in Germany's most favored circles and was so generally regarded as a particular favorite of the Kaiser himself, that I found it hard to realize that nevertheless I had become an alien-enemy.

Even when I was notified by the police authorities that it would be necessary for me to report every day at Police Headquarters and to remain in my home every night from 8 p. m. until 6 a. m., I had no fear for my personal safety or for that of my wife and child, nor did I imagine that I would experience any real difficulty in leaving the country when the time arrived for me to do so.

Indeed, when, some two months before, our personal safety and diplomatic relations with Germany, and Americans were appealing frantically to our Embassy to get them out of the country, it never occurred to me that there was the slightest occasion for me to hasten my departure from Germany, although I had long before made up my mind to return home as soon as I could satisfactorily settle my affairs in Europe.

The same day the breaking off of diplomatic relations was announced, the German newspapers had published the provisions of an old treaty between Germany and the United States which gave Americans in Germany and Germany in America nine months after a declaration of war between the two nations within which to settle their affairs and get out of the country.

This treaty, the newspapers pointed out, "was made in the time of Frederick the Great. It has never been repealed. Germany will respect it." As there were so many more Germans in America than there were Americans in Germany, the prompt announcement of Germany's intentions regarding this treaty was quite understandable and it seemed most improbable that Germany would adopt any harsh measures towards Americans and thereby invite reprisals.

Had the situation been reversed, of course, the Germans would undoubtedly have thought it expedient to intern Americans no matter what happened to their own countrymen in America, and, in that event, this ancient treaty would have shared the fate of that which guaranteed Bel-

gium's neutrality. One "scrap of paper" more or less would never have been allowed to interfere with Germany's "destiny."

Influential Germans who called to see me professionally during that period almost invariably expressed the hope that I was not planning to leave Berlin.

"No matter what happens, Doctor," they declared—"ever if the worst comes to the worst and the war is declared between America and Germany—you may feel quite sure the Kaiser will never let anyone harm you!"

I had not let the matter rest there, however. I had called at the American Embassy, where it was pointed out to me that, while diplomatic relations had been severed, it was not at all certain that war would result and there was, therefore, no reason for me to leave Berlin precipitately.

Had the Kaiser been in Berlin at the time, I might, of course, have had an opportunity to put the question to him squarely as to what my fate might be if war were declared, but he was away. The Court Chamberlain had been appointed but a short time before and I did not know him personally, but his predecessor, Count August von Eulenbourg, one of the wisest and most respected men in Germany, was one of my oldest patients and I decided to discuss the situation with him. Unfortunately, however, I found him too ill to receive me. He replied, somewhat coldly than I had expected of him, "If America interns Germans, of course, we shall undoubtedly treat Americans the same way, and you must be ready to leave Berlin, considering, although I have no special consideration, that you are a subject of the Kaiser."

"Excuse me," I replied, "there is a treaty between Germany and America, I understand, which gives the subjects or citizens of one country who happen to be sojourning in the other when war is declared nine months within which to close up their affairs and leave. Would not that protect me?"

"Of course, Doctor," he answered, "Germany will respect the treaty if no trouble is caused to me by the meantime you have no cause for worry."

"Suppose some of your subjects in America should act up and start blowing up bridges or munition factories and should be lynched, which they probably would be," I suggested, "what would Germany's course be then?"

"What Germany would do then, Doctor," he replied, "I don't know, but I am sure that, if such a contingency had never occurred to him before—really, Doctor, I don't know what we would do!"

This somewhat unsatisfactory interview with von Sturm might have worried me more, perhaps, had it not been for a visit I received only a day or two later from Prince von Pless, one of the Kaiser's closest friends and advisors, who called on me professionally. For a year and a half the Kaiser had had his Great Army Headquarters at the Prince's palace at Pless in Southeastern Germany, and I knew that he enjoyed his monarch's confidence.

When I asked him regarding the possible internment of Americans, he assured me that, some what might, I and my family had not the slightest reason for alarm.

"No matter what may befall other Americans, Doctor," he asserted, in a confidential manner, "the Kaiser has gone on record to the effect that you and your family are not to be molested."

Another incident which made me feel that I could proceed with my preparations for leaving Berlin with-

out undue haste was the receipt early in the year of a most extraordinary post-card from the Kaiser, which, it occurred to me, was quite significant as to his intentions regarding my welfare. On one side was his picture and on the other, written and signed in English in his own handwriting, was the message:

"Dear Doctor Davis:  
Wishing you a very good year for 1917."  
William I. R."

This was the first message of its kind that I had ever received from the Kaiser. Even in peace times, the picture postals which he had sent to me from time to time and which were autographed by him, were always signed in German. When, on February 1st, the Germans resumed their ruthless submarine warfare—a move which was immediately followed by the breaking off of diplomatic relations—I felt that the Kaiser must have foreseen this consequence and had sent me the postcard as an intimation that he wanted me to remain in Berlin nevertheless.

When war was declared, therefore, I was thoroughly satisfied that, while I had become an alien-enemy, I was nevertheless a sort of privileged character and could remain in Berlin with more or less impunity until I was quite ready to leave. Leaving Berlin was going to entail great personal sacrifice on my part. In my fourteen years' residence in that city I had built up a substantial and varied practice of a character that I would never be able to duplicate. Notwithstanding the strained relations which had existed between my country and Germany long before the diplomatic break actually came, few of my patients had deserted me, and even when war was declared this situation was not altered a particle. Perhaps the fact that the Kaiser himself continued to come to me for treatment restrained others who might otherwise have been disposed to give me up from doing so, although some of my patients did not hesitate to express the opinion that while it was quite all right for them to visit me, it was most unpatriotic for me to be in Berlin in view of the fact that I was an alien-enemy.

While, however, the fact that my personal safety was guaranteed, had been led to believe, by no less a power than that of the Kaiser himself, that there was little cause to hasten my departure from Berlin, and, on the other hand, no flourishing practice gave me most persuasive reasons for remaining. There were three reasons, however, which impelled me to settle up my affairs and return home just as soon as I could possibly arrange to do so.

When the Germans sank the Lusitania, living and practicing in Germany lost much of their attractions for me. I made up my mind then that I would rather return home and commence my professional career all over again, if necessary, than remain in a country which could sanction such a hideous form of warfare—the wanton destruction of women and children. To my wife I went to New York in the summer of 1915 to investigate the requirements for the practice of my profession in that state. I had an Illinois license, but I wanted to be in a position to practice in New York, and the following year I went to New York again and took the state dental examination. I returned to Germany late in the autumn of 1916 and later I learned that my certificate had been granted. Then I commenced active preparations to dispose of my German practice and return home.

My second reason for wanting to get out of Germany as soon as possible was the fact that food conditions in Germany were becoming more precarious every day. My wife and I feared that our child, who was two years old, might suffer from lack of proper nutrition if we remained, and I determined that no matter how long it might be necessary for me to remain in Berlin, my wife and child at any rate should leave at the earliest possible moment.

My third reason, however, was by far the most insistent of all. I had become convinced that what I knew of the Kaiser and his plans, now that we were at war, ought to be communicated to America without delay and that the only way to do that adequately would be to get home as soon as I possibly could, no matter what personal sacrifice might be involved in abandoning my European practice and interests.

It is true that in the early years of my relationship with the Kaiser our conversations naturally embraced only the most general of

subjects, but in later years, when he came to know me better, he cast aside all reserve and talked to me on whatever was uppermost in his mind at the time. After the war started, that, of course, formed the principal subject of our discussions and the part that America was playing in the conflict was frequently brought up because of the fact that I was an American.

Besides the Kaiser, my patients included most of the members of the royal family and the German aristocracy, and through them, too, I came into possession of considerable information which, it seemed to me, might be valuable in helping America to gauge the German point of view.

I was not a spy. I had never made the slightest effort to pry into German affairs. Whatever I learned of the Kaiser's views, motives, plans and ambitions was volunteered by the Kaiser himself nor did he ever exact a pledge of confidence from me.

It is true that, as a matter of professional discretion, I made it a rule never to relate to anyone anything that I had heard from the Kaiser because I realized that if it ever got back to him that I was repeating what he had told me, our friendship would not last very long. Undoubtedly, my policy in that respect was responsible for the wide range of subjects which the Kaiser from time to time felt free to discuss with me.

But now my country was at war with Germany. I had become an alien-enemy in Germany and the Kaiser had become an enemy to the whole world. I could not help feeling that what I knew of this monarch who had arrayed himself against the whole world ought, without question, to be conveyed to those who were guiding the destinies of my country in the great conflict which will decide whether autocracy or democracy shall control the world.

I felt that I knew the Kaiser better perhaps than any other living American. Certainly I had come in contact with him more often and more intimately than any other American since the war had started and I doubted whether he had ever unburdened himself as freely to any foreigner as he had to me.

One memorable interview I had had with him influenced me perhaps more than any other single factor to hasten the settlement of my European affairs and return home.

It was in the fall of 1916. The Kaiser had come to me for professional attention, and after my work was completed he remained to discuss some of the aspects of the war. Perhaps the fact that I had just returned from a visit to America made him more than usually eager for a chat with me.

We had discussed various phases of the war, when the Kaiser changed the subject abruptly with the question: "Davis, what's the matter with your country?"

"In what respect, your Majesty?" I asked.

"Why is it that your country is so unfaithful to Germany? Why do you persist in supplying munitions and money to the Allies? Why doesn't your President treat the European warring nations the same as he treated Mexico by putting an embargo on munitions and letting us fight this thing out ourselves? Why do you ship munitions to us, why do you ship them to the other side?"

I was on such terms with the Kaiser that I did not hesitate to answer his question with another. "I have always understood, your Majesty, that during the Russian-Japanese war, Germany continually supplied munitions to Russia. Why was that any more justifiable than America supply munitions to the Allies? Then again, in the Spanish-

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"Davis, you surprise me!" the Kaiser interrupted, rising from the operating chair, in which he had remained, walking towards me, and throwing back his shoulders and raising to his full height. "The cases are entirely different. When we helped Russia against Japan we were helping a white race against a yellow race, don't ever forget that—don't ever forget that. But with America, that is certainly not the case. Your country is acting from purely mercenary motives. It is a case of dollars, dollars, dollars!"—and each time he repeated the word he struck his partially helpless left hand violently with his powerful right. "America values dollars more than she values German lives! She thinks it right to shoot down my people!"

He had worked himself up to a degree of indignation which I had seen him display only on two or three previous occasions, and I must confess I was reluctant to start a fresh outburst by answering his arguments. His eyes, usually soft and kindly, flashed fire as he advanced towards me and slowly and incisively declared: "Davis, America must—be—punished—for—her—actions!"

In that expression, which he repeated on subsequent occasions in precisely the same words and with the same measured emphasis, I knew that he revealed most clearly what his attitude was and will ever be toward this country.

(To Be Continued in Monday's Telegraph.)

#### VISITS SON IN CAMP

The Rev. Homer Skyles May, pastor of the Fourth Reformed Church, left on Friday for Columbus, Ohio, where he will spend a few days with his son, Private William H. May, who is in the Medical Department of the service and is located at Columbus Barracks. Private May enlisted early in April.



## The Hardest Part of Dish Washing

It's the greasy pots and pans that eat up time and spoil mirror-bright with no trouble at all. Sprinkle



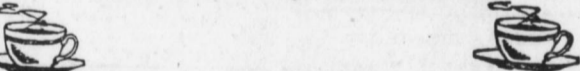
## MULE TEAM BORAX

in the dish water. It doubles the cleansing power of the water. Cuts the grease and dirt off without scraping. Best for silver and glass ware. And your hands will be softer and whiter when you finish your dishes than they were when you started.



20 Mule Team Borax has one hundred household uses.

## Every Spoonful Gives the Same Satisfactory Results



Only choice stock goes into our coffee; every berry must be sound and wholesome; each lot must receive the same treatment in roasting; each package must be airtight to retain the aroma. We've no reason to adulterate it to secure the proper color. It has flavor and strength—the last person down to breakfast gets the same delicious coffee as the first.

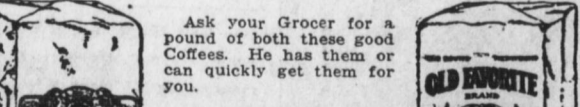
So we ask you to try a pound of both these two good coffees to see which one just suits your taste

**Golden Roast Coffee . . . . . 30c lb.**

is a rich-flavored coffee blended from the finest beans from the highlands of Brazil. Fresh roasted daily and packed in tinfoiled packages that hold in its fine flavor. Every pound is cup-tested to maintain its good quality. A coffee as good as most 35c 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 moisture-proof bags. Popular with housewives for its fine flavor and economical price. Four cents is saved by not using tin containers. A 30c coffee for 25c a pound.



Ask your Grocer for a pound of both these good Coffees. He has them or can quickly get them for you.

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