

# 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

(Copyright, 1918, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)  
Sunlight flooded the little chintz-hung room as Betty Bryce awoke. Her eyes were heavy and she felt as if she had been through a long and weary journey. She remembered the night before, the golden glow of the moon, the soft music of the piano, the warm embrace of Jim. She had thought that she was in a dream, but now she was awake, and she felt that she was in a new world.

"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.

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 to late because he guessed that I had lain awake weeping until dawn?—had the gone to her—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 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—was 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 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



adorable. I wanted his love, and it had gone back—where, perhaps, it belonged—to another woman.

I fairly pelted my husband with ugly words that seemed to fall about him like hailstones.

"I heard what you said—to that woman! I know what she was to you. Even on our honeymoon she followed you! And you dare to tell her that she understands you, and I don't! I married you without knowing? Well, I know now!"

A Tender Answer  
Jim stood looking at me for a minute, that seemed to last forever. I waited. Would his voice be sharp and cutting like mine when he replied? Would his words breed hate? Did he scorn me for—listening? His eyes were very grave—black and deep and still. I wanted to reach out and clutch back into silence my ugly, bitter words—sped arrows that had found their mark, and killed his love, perhaps.

At last he spoke, and my husband's voice was grave and earnest and tender.

"Anne, little Anne! You don't understand. She is an old friend—a wonderful woman. I was with her husband when the Huns shot him down. That is a real tie, you know. You didn't respect it last night. But I would never apologize for my wife. I was merely making sure that no woman—not even Althea Bryce's wife—should misunderstand you."

"Jim—then you aren't angry?"  
"Only sorry, little Anne. Only longing for my wife."  
"I thought you'd begun to hate me when I woke and found you gone. I thought you had begun to get tired of me."  
"I laughed—a full-throated laugh. Then he strode across the room and caught me in his arms and set his lips on mine. Nothing was explained, but I was happy.

Defeated, I felt triumphant—I could still make him tremble with love for me.

"Now I'll go make it right, Jim. I'll apologize—I don't mind. I'll tell her I'm sorry for last night."  
"I laughed again—there was a command in his voice and there was pleading, too.

"Apologize, indeed! I'll not have my sweetheart eating humble pie for Betty Bryce or any other woman. You shan't leave me, Anne. I want you here—here in my arms!"

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.

## 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 whom 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 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, this prompt announcement of Germany's intentions regarding the treaty was quite understandable and it seemed most improbable that Germany would adopt any harsh measures towards Americans and thereby invite reprisals.

## THE HARDEST PART OF DISH WASHING



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.

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, 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.

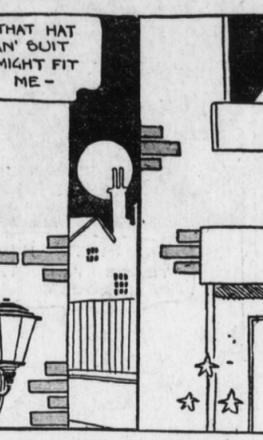
When the Germans sank the Lusitania, living and practicing in Germany lost much of their attractions for me. I made up my mind then that I would rather return home and commence my professional career all over again, if necessary, than remain in a country which could sanction such a hideous form of warfare—the 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 discontinue 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.

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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.

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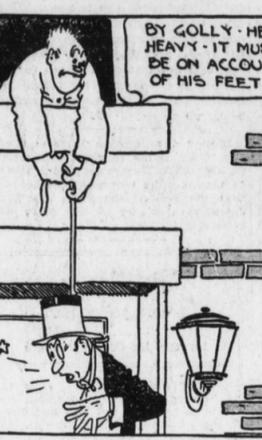
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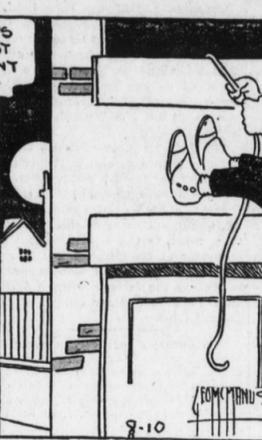
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