

Reading for Women and all the Family

"When a Girl Marries"

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

CHAPTER VII

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Set back from a white-paved crossroads corner in the heart of Long Island there is a place called Flower Dew Inn.

The name sounds as if the place were a little garden spot, white, red-awninged and set in green-sward. In reality it's a great rambling structure of lemon-colored frame with porches and chimneys of red brick tacked on at random.

Three boys preside over the grand entrance and graciously grant you permission to park your car somewhere in the barren brown courtyard that blossoms only with automobiles and their shining nickel and enamel.

Flower Dew Inn is the gayest place on the island. Feverishly, laughing like a child playing hooky from school, Jim turned in at the entrance. The hall was crowded with people waiting for places in the great, brick-floored, brick-walled diningroom. The place looked avuncular and cold. He wondered how Jim could afford to bring me there.

Just ahead of us stood a party of four. There were two men in blue serge coats and white flannels that looked as if they might cost more than the suits the editors of Hall-dane's wore down to the office. The women were in billowy chiffons and picturesque, floppy hats.

Suddenly the girl in blue turned. Her wide eyes of corn-flower blue widened still more between their thick, light lashes. Her full red lips pouted their way into an amazed— a delightful— smile that brought out her little dimples at her mouth corners. She looked like a very knowing little child.

"It's Jim! Jimmie himself—come back to us!" She called and darted over to us.

A Challenge to Jim
A moment later she stood looking up at my husband challengingly, her head upturned, her little body quivering. She had two aspects—one, a pleading, "Don't hurt me" air; the other, worldly, a gay little air of impudence and indifference as to what the people in her party might think.

"Evelyn!" cried Jim—and I detected a bit of annoyance in his tone. The girl had caught his hands in hers and was looking up with the wistful air of a child who doesn't want to be punished, though it knows it has been very naughty.

"When did you get back? Why haven't I seen you? Are you still angry with me, Jim?"

The blue eyes misted over, I was sorry for the girl. Evidently Jim had hurt her somehow.

"Evelyn, I want you to meet my wife," said Jim, curtly. "Anne, this is my friend, Evelyn Mason."

The girl's face went pink all at once and then paled, so that her pointing red lips twisted out against a frail background of white. But she reached up and kissed me. We were friends at once.

She insisted that we sit with her party. A moment later she was presenting Jim's wife to Mr. and Mrs. Royce and Miss Mason, when every one was congratulating Jim and watching Miss Mason and me with a puzzled air.

In the dressing room it was shared by Miss Mason that she was "Evelyn" to me and I "Anne" to her. As we were going to be friends we might as well start, she said.

"This is Shelly's party—let's go the limit," cried Miss Mason, when we were puzzling out the order. She looked like an adorable baby when she snuggled up to me and every one laughed when she asked the waiter whether Russian caviar or lobster cocktails would do more to set the proprietor up in business. Jim looked uneasy. He frowned when he heard Miss Mason call me Anne. I wondered why?

Sally Royce and Evelyn made a lion of Jim and rallied the other

Bringing Up Father

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YOU JUST GIVE YOUR WIFE THAT STORY—IT'S A GREAT EXCUSE FOR STAYIN' OUT LATE.

YOU SAVED ME LIFE—SHE'D BEAT ME UP IF I DIDN'T HAVE A GOOD EXCUSE FOR BEIN' OUT DIS LATE.

NOW—BEFORE I GO IN—LET'S SEE HOW THAT STORY STARTS!

FOR GOODNESS SAKE—DIDN'T YOU GO HOME YET?

NO—I FORGOT YOUR STORY.

THE KAISER AS I KNEW HIM FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

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

THE KAISER'S DUAL PERSONALITY

CHAPTER IV
If I had come away from Germany in January, 1914, instead of in January, 1918, and had written the impression I had gained of the Kaiser in the ten years I had known him, what a false picture I would have painted of the man as he really is!

It would have been a picture of a man who in general appearance and bearing was every inch an emperor and yet who could exhibit all the courtesy, affability and gentleness of a most alert mind, a picture of a man who in general appearance and bearing was every inch an emperor and yet who could exhibit all the courtesy, affability and gentleness of a most alert mind.

From time to time the Kaiser sent me autographed pictures of himself or others. At the time of the one hundredth anniversary of Frederick the Great, he gave me a picture of that monarch. On another occasion he presented me with a group picture of himself surrounded by his family and dogs. I remember his bringing to me a large unframed picture in celebration of his silver wedding. It was about twenty-four by eighteen inches in size. It showed the Kaiser and himself in a sort of cloud floating above a birdseye view of Berlin, with the Palace and the Cathedral prominently shown.

I don't know just what this masterpiece was meant to signify, but I had it framed and placed it in my office. It evoked from a little boy who entered the room with his mother the following astonished remark: Oh, mother, look at the Kaiser in Heaven!

A postcard picture of the Kaiser, signed by his own hand, was his own estimation one of the most priceless gifts he could bestow. I remember his donating one of them to an American friend of mine. He thought that the fact that the card came from his imperial majesty gave it a value which could not be measured in dollars and cents. He frequently expressed a sum of money might have been duplicated or even exceeded by a gift of similar character from any American millionaire—for whose wealth the Kaiser frequently expressed the utmost contempt—but what could surpass the value of an autograph of the Kaiser!

So about the royal banquets were prepared much upon the same principle, for it was a common saying among the German aristocracy that one had better feel well before going to a banquet at the Palace.

I happened to mention to the Kaiser the reputation his banquets held among his people. He was not at all taken aback.

"That's good," he commented. "The Germans love too fat anyway. The majority of the people eat too much."

Long after automobiles became more or less general, the Kaiser still enjoyed the use of the railways for longer distances. When, however, the Reichstag passed a law compelling royalty to pay their own fares for travel, the Kaiser took to automobiles. He charged him 11,000 marks, he told me, for the use of a train on one of his shooting trips, and that apparently he seldom, if ever, came later than nine o'clock, and he said he visited me early so as to upset my plans as little as possible.

The first bill I rendered him, as I have mentioned, he doubled. On a

number of subsequent occasions, he paid me more than my bill called for. These over-payments never amounted to very much, but they impressed me because they were so out of keeping with the stinginess the Kaiser displayed in other directions.

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considerable attention in which he doesn't regard himself as the final authority.

As an art collector and antiquarian he claims first place and he is rather inclined to feel that second place should be left vacant. He always resented very much the acquisition by American millionaires of art treasures and antiquities, which their wealth enabled them to buy, but which their limited acquaintances with history and their lack of culture and refinement made them unable to appreciate—in the Kaiser's estimation.

Of his own taste in art little need be said. The monuments which he caused to be erected to his ancestors and their advisors and which adorn the Sieges Allee, the street he had opened through the Tiergarten especially for them, are at the same time a monument to the Kaiser's ideas of art. They are the best thing in the artistic world. They have been so frequently defaced by vandals whose artistic taste they offended that it was necessary to station policemen in the Sieges Allee to guard them. Not long ago a burglary occurred in the vicinity. The burglars were observed while at work and a started civilian rushed to the Sieges Allee to summon one of the officers who were known to be on guard there.

"If you hurry," exclaimed the civilian, excitedly, "you can catch these burglars red-handed."

"I'm sorry," replied the policeman, "but I cannot leave the status."

Realism is the Kaiser's idea of what is most desirable in dramatic art. When he put on "Sardanapal," a Greek tragedy in pantomime, at the Berlin Opera House, he sent professors to the British Museum to secure the most detailed information available regarding the costumes of the period. Every utensil, every article of wearing apparel, every button, every weapon, in fact, every property used in the play were to be faithfully reproduced, particular pains being taken to produce a most realistic effect in a funeral pyre scene which a king ended his life. The Kaiser sent me tickets to see it.

King Edward attended the performance at the Berlin Royal Opera and I asked the Kaiser how the King of England enjoyed it. The Kaiser replied, "My gracious, the Kaiser replied, unable to repress his satisfaction at the effect the pantomime had had on his royal uncle, 'why, the King was very much alarmed when the funeral pyre scene came on. He thought the whole opera house was on fire!'"

Perhaps the Kaiser's love for details might be attributed to his keen observation. Nothing, no matter how trivial, escaped his attention.

A couple of years before the war I had the Empire furniture in my waiting-room re-upholstered. On the very first occasion of the Kaiser's calling at my office after the change he noticed it.

"My, my, how beautiful the chairs look!" he exclaimed. "Good enough for Napoleon himself!"

On another occasion, between two of the Kaiser's visits, I had had put up in the waiting-room a new portrait of Mrs. Davis. The Kaiser noticed it the moment he came into the room and made some complimentary remark about it.

(To Be Continued)

Ralph Palmer, Lemoine, in Service in France

By Associated Press

Wilmington, Del., Aug. 15.—A



RALPH PALMER

G. W. Palmer, Lemoine, has just received a card advising that his son, Ralph, who is a member of the 4th Balloon Company, has arrived safely in France. He enlisted in March of this year at Columbus, Ohio, and arrived at Newport News on July 4. He embarked later for France.

How to Conserve

Canning and Packing For Winter's Use Explained in Detail by National War Garden Experts.

SYRUPS FOR CANNING FRUITS

Fruits may be satisfactorily canned without sugar, and those put up especially for young children might better have sugar omitted. The adult taste requires sweetened fruit, and less sugar is required if the fruit is sweetened when canned. Sugar is added in syrup form when the product is canned and packed in glass jars during the processing or sterilizing. It is more economical to can fruits with sugar rather than to add sugar when using. Send for a free canning manual which the National War Garden Commission, Washington, will send you for a 2-cent stamp to cover postage.

In directions given, various grades of syrup are mentioned. These are in the following proportions:
Thin—One part sugar to four parts water.
Medium—One part sugar to two parts water.
Thick—One part sugar to one part water.

In making the syrup have the water boiling, then add the sugar very gradually. Stir constantly, keeping the liquid boiling, until all of the sugar is dissolved. A clear syrup, which rarely needs skimming, results if this method is used.

Thin syrups are used for all sweet fruits such as cherries, peaches and apples. Use medium syrups with sour fruits, such as strawberries, gooseberries, apricots. Thick syrup is suitable for preserving and especially sun-cooked preserves. Thin syrup is not sticky; medium syrup is sticky when cooled on spoon; thick syrup when poured has a thickened appearance.

Care should be taken while using the syrups. The liquid in jars should be boiling hot to the filled jars, but between times, if allowed to cool.

"MY FEET USED TO SWELL SO"

Trouble Was So Bad That Sometimes Mrs. Gray Could Hardly Get About

"I can't begin to tell you how I suffered with my feet and limbs," says Mrs. Velma Gray, of North Seventh Street, Harrisburg, Pa. "They troubled me constantly and crippled me so that I was often unable even to walk about the house. I can walk or work all day without suffering. It is certainly a wonderful relief and I cannot find words to express my gratitude to Tanlac."

Tanlac is now being introduced here at George Gorgas' Drug Store. Tanlac is also sold at the Gorgas Drug Store in the P. R. R. Station; in Carlisle at W. G. Stevens' Pharmacy; Elizabethtown, Albert W. Cain; Greencastle, Charles B. Carl; Middletown, Colin S. Few's Pharmacy; Waynesboro, Clarence Croft's Pharmacy; Mechanicsburg, H. F. Franke—Ad.

lightning bolt descended among a group of ten employees of the Dupont Powder Company at the Deep Water, N. J., plant late Monday who had congregated at the company's trap shooting grounds at Dupont City, instantly killing E. W. Pancoast, aged 28, of this city, stunning E. R. Jennings and Fred Downley, of Penns Grove, and hurling seven others to the ground.

BOLT HITS IN GROUP OF MEN ON RIFLE GROUND

By Associated Press
Wilmington, Del., Aug. 15.—A



A Clean Gas Range Does Better Cooking

Dirt and grease choke up the burners and give an uneven heat. And a dirty range is a menace to health. You can easily keep your gas range clean and shining with



MULE TEAM BORAX

Used in the cleaning water, it dissolves grease and dirt almost instantly. Removes rust and polishes the nickel like new. Also takes grease and dirt off floors, walls and woodwork without scrubbing.

Endorsed by all health authorities. Used wherever hygienic cleanliness must be maintained.

AT ALL DEALERS
Send for Magic Crystal Booklet. It gives one hundred household uses for 20 Mule Team Borax.

Pacific Coast Borax Co.
New York Chicago

Is Your Coffee Peeled?

IT IS IF YOU USE EITHER OF THESE TWO GOOD COFFEES

You peel a banana, an orange, a potato—in fact, every edible thing. The bitter outer skin of the coffee berry, likewise, should be "peeled"—no bitter husk left to spoil the delicate flavor.

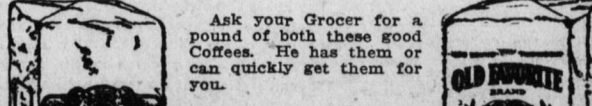
Try a pound of these two good coffees and see which one just suits your taste

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 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 moistureproof 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.

R. H. LYON
IMPORTER
Harrisburg, Pa.

Your Vegetables

MANY unclean hands may have handled them before they reached your kitchen. Free them of disease-bearing germs by adding a pinch of ACME Chlorinated Lime to the water in which you wash them. It's harmless, tasteless, odorless, and makes the vegetables germless and SAFE.

ACME is also a harmless and effective sterilizer for white goods.
15 cents at grocers and druggists. Insist on ACME. Substitutes may be stale and worthless. Write for Booklet.
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Draw one to two and so on to the

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sat	and	holidays

Make this your routine for week days and holidays until your shelves are filled. Free book of instructions on canning and drying may be had from the National War Garden Commission, Washington, D. C., for two cents to pay postage.

