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 VIII

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"Jim understands! Jim understands." My heart is singing this over and over again. Yesterday was a perfect day. A day of golden happiness. But I don't want to hold life here at flood-tide. I am ready for what may come—ready to face things with my man.

Theoretically I am packing—saying good-by to the chintz-hung room of our first, shy dreams together. But actually I am facing out toward life with open arms—ready to meet what comes, be it good or ill. For Jim understands.

It was the last day of our honeymoon week. We ran away from the world and its people. We picnicked on the banks of a tiny stream at noon and rested in the shade of fragrant pine and balsam. We had ham and bread and butter and raspberries and thick cream in a farmhouse at seven and then drove into the heart of the sunset and got lost on a little wandering road that ribboned its way along the Sound and in and out of fields of baby wheat and through a grove of giant trees, and then came boldly at last out on the highway—the black satin straight road itself.

Soon came darkness and the moon—a stolen kiss in the shadow of a high hedge—hearts beating high with love and youth.

And then it happened. I met the thing of which I have been in mortal terror all my life!

We were driving home between high hedges of that green and white wild honeysuckle that they call Mariner's Delight down Gloucester way—they say the fishermen scent it far at sea and know they're coming home—and I begged Jim to stop the car so I could breathe in the fragrance of those hedges.

Jim got out and cut great sprays of the honeysuckle and stowed them in the folded top of the car behind us. Just as we were driving on again I spied on the shoulder of his uniform an ugly burr. I leaned over and plucked it with my left hand.

The burr clung to my middle finger—clung and stuck. I tried to loosen it with my other hand, but as I touched it—and even before I felt the plushy velvet so unlike a burr, it was back on Jim's shoulder again and he was knocking it off with his gauntlets.

"Did the bee sting you?" he asked tenderly. "We'll drive right to the nearest doctor's. Sometimes they poison you like the mischief. I don't want my little Ann hurt! Does the finger hurt now? Oh, don't, dear—I don't want to think you are suffering so. Don't sob!"

But I wasn't sobbing—laughing, rather. Laughing deep and hard and right from my heart. So this was all there was to a bee sting! An ugly prick. And all my life I had been haunted by a hideous fear of bees!

When I was a little girl I used to come back from our front gate screaming with fear. A bee was following me. I couldn't go to school. I was afraid—afraid. The darling little mother who is gone now would try to pacify her Babbsie; my young step-brother Neal—only a baby then, but with a large scorn of other people's "bogies"—would cavort about me shouting:

"Babbsie's afwaid of de bee—afwaid of its stick—Babbsie's afwaid de sticker will stick her."

And I would stand shaking in terror I couldn't explain. The furry coat, the little beady eyes, the horrible possibilities of the sting—they were not all. The bee filled my soul with shrinking fear of all the unknowable, cruel things of life.

Then Father Andrew Hyland, who had married my little mother when I was only a wee thing, and who had adopted me as his own, would take me gravely by the hand and say:

"The bee won't touch you, Babbsie. It's probably gone now, but I shall walk to school with my little girl."

How many mornings he did that! How many mornings I stifled my fears because I wanted to show my faith in dear Father Andrew. But I would shudder until we were well past the gate and the rose arbor that sheltered so many malicious enemies! That terror had never left me! It grew as I grew to womanhood. But now with the commonplace prick of reality the ugly fears I had conjured up for myself vanished.

"Does it hurt, dear? I can't bear to have you suffer!" whispered Jim. "Laddie, dear, what hurts isn't the pain—it's the way I've always been so afraid"——

I was so ashamed to tell my story to my war hero. But I stumbled through it, and Jim—didn't laugh. Instead he gathered me tenderly into his arms and said:

"Anne, every one of us has a 'bee' in our lives—some terror, some fear. Many persons have ugly dreads that spoil their lives. Your fear is gone now. My poor little frightened sweetheart! Shan't I take you to a doctor. I don't want the finger to hurt. . . . You aren't frightened now, are you, dear? I'll throw out the flowers——unless you want to hold them and conquer the old dread forever."

This was exactly what I did want—and no doctor! I gloried in the ache of my finger. . . . There might be another bee on the flowers, but what of it? I was free of my fear. And Jim hadn't laughed at me—he understood!

We came home to our little chintz room in perfect accord. My boy insisted on bathing the finger in hot witch hazel. But, best of all—he understood.

"Happy, dear?" he asked gently.

"Perfectly, Jim. My terror—my bogey-man—is dead. And you didn't make fun of me. It was a wonderful day! Now for to-morrow and the new life together in the city."

Jim looked up and there was a strange expression in his eyes, lines of pain around his mouth—why, why at the end of our happy day should he look suddenly—haunted?

Over in Flanders they called him "Fearless Jim." But is there a hidden terror in his life, too? And can I help him meet it as he helped me lay my ugly little ghost? I pray that I may.

(To Be Continued)

Bringing Up Father

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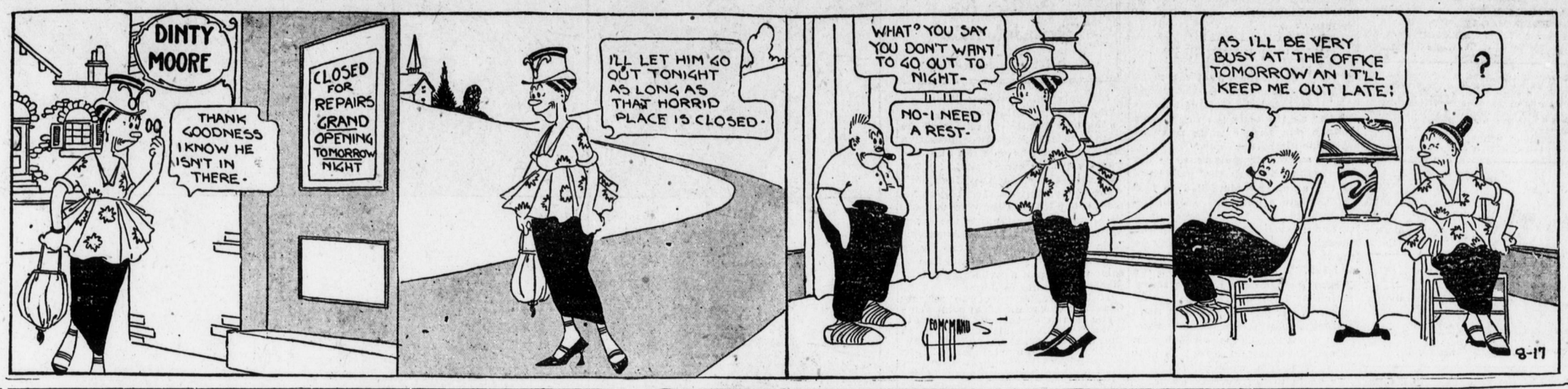
By McManus



THE KAISER AS I KNEW HIM FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

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

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When I went back to Berlin in the fall of 1915, after a visit to the United States, the Kaiser was very anxious to ascertain from me just how America felt towards the war.

I told him that before the sinking of the Lusitania, American opinion had been divided. There had been many who were strongly pro-Ally, there had been others who were openly pro-German and there had been still others who maintained an absolutely neutral attitude. After the Lusitania tragedy, however, there had been a distinct change in public feeling, I told him, practically the whole country having become decidedly anti-German.

"Perhaps if the U-boat commander had known so many women and children were on board," was the Kaiser's only comment, "he might not have sent forth the torpedo which sent the vessel to the bottom, but what he was thinking of most, of course, was the 5,000 tons of ammunition on board which were destined to slaughter my people!"

Of course, the Kaiser knew that if the U-boat commander's orders were to sink the Lusitania, disobedience upon his part would have left but one course open for him; suicide. If, on the other hand, the Kaiser meant to intimate that the U-boat commander sank the Lusitania on his own initiative or without special instructions from his superiors, the fact still remains that the Kaiser could undoubtedly have prevented the tragedy and didn't.

But if there ca nbe any doubt as to the Kaiser's direct responsibility for the sinking of the Lusitania, certain it is that he fully approved, openly defended and even exulted in the murder of women and children by Zeppelin raids in London, Manchester, Liverpool and other nonmilitary cities and towns.

"England expects to starve my women and children to death," he declared to me early in the war—long before we in Germany had begun to feel the slightest effect of the diminishing food supply, "but our Zeppelins will give their women and children a taste of war, too. Confound them! They sit on their island and try to starve us; we will give them a taste of what war is!"

This was the man whose various acts of consideration towards me, whose talents and personal charms, had made such a favorable impression upon me! How trivial and inconsequential they all seemed now! Clearly, they were all a part of the role he had been playing for years. While he was outwardly displaying all the earmarks of a gentle character, he was inwardly plotting to dominate the world. For twenty-five years he maintained the peace of Europe, he frequently boasted. He maintained peace just long enough to complete his final preparations for the wickedest war that was ever waged!

And yet strangely enough, even after the war had revealed the Kaiser to me in his true colors and had shown him to be capable of deeds which I should have thought were foreign to his nature, his presence always had a most remarkable effect upon me.

I have a vivid mental impression of him now as I write. He is standing in the center of my room, drawn up to his full height, his shoulders thrown back, his left hand upon the hilt of his sword and his right emphasizing his remarks, protesting in the most earnest manner that it was not he who was responsible for the war and all its horrors, but that it had come upon the world despite all he had done to prevent it. His ready, well-chosen words entrance me, I feel that this man must be telling me the truth and I am ready to believe that before me stands the most unjustly adjudged man in the world.

And then he shakes my hand in farewell and is driven away, and as I gaze at the spot where he stood, there comes before my eyes the desolation of Belgium, the tragedy of the Lusitania, the despollation of France and Poland, the destruction of women and children in London and Paris and a thousand and one other atrocious deeds which belie the Kaiser's fair words, and I realize that I have been talking to the world's most finished actor and have simply been bewitched by the power of his personal magnetism.

CHAPTER V

America Disappoints Kaiser

The Kaiser ascended the throne in 1888. For twenty-six years his reign was unmarred by a single war although twice during that period, once in 1905 and again in 1911, he nearly succeeded in precipitating a conflict. Subsequent developments have brought out clearly enough that during all these years of peace, the Kaiser was only awaiting the opportune moment to bring on war.

Germany's preparation consisted not merely in building up her army and navy and developing a military spirit in her people, but in trying to establish friendships abroad where they would do the most good in the event of a world-war.

The German military preparation was more or less obvious. The Kaiser was always its warmest advocate and frankly admitted that it was his intention to remain armed to the teeth, although he protested to me many times that his sole object was to maintain the peace of the world.

In 1913, for instance, I was in The Hague when Carnegie delivered a speech at the opening of the Peace Palace, in the course of which he declared that the Kaiser was a stumbling-block in the way of world-peace. When I got back to Berlin, I mentioned the fact to the Kaiser, hoping to draw him out.

"Yes, I know exactly what Carnegie said at The Hague," he replied rather testily, "and I don't like the way he spoke at all. He referred to me as the 'war-lord' and said I was standing in the way of world-peace. Let him look at my record of twenty-five peaceful years on the throne! No, the surest means to maintain the peace of the world is my big army and navy! Other nations will think twice before going to war with us!" The fact that he had previously accepted 5,000,000 marks form Carnegie for the furtherance of universal peace didn't seem to occur to him.

The world at large has learned more or less of German intrigue and propaganda since the war, but it is not generally known that the same sort of thing was going on even more actively in times of peace. Countless messages, of the most subtle and insidious character, were taken to lull into a sense of false security the nations she intended eventually to attack and to inspire fear in or command the respect of nations which she hoped would remain neutral or might even be induced to throw in their lot with hers in the event of war.

In this phase of Germany's preparation for war, the Kaiser took a leading part.

It is a fact, for instance, that practically every officer in the Chilean army is a German, and the Kaiser has spared no pains to foster the friendship of the South American republics, commercially and diplomatically.

One of the South American ministers told me of an ex-president of Peru who had visited Berlin. This Peruvian had previously visited London and Paris and had received little or no official attention in either of those capitals. For reasons best known to himself, the Kaiser decided to cater to this gentleman, and accordingly arranged an audience.

In the discussion which took place when they met, the Kaiser displayed such a remarkable acquaintance with Peruvian affairs and the family history and political career of his visitor that the South American was stunned. When he returned home he carried with him a most exalted idea of the all-pervading wisdom of the German Emperor. To what extent the Kaiser had spent the midnight oil preparing for this interview. I have no knowledge, but knowing the importance he placed upon making a favorable impression at all times, I have a mental picture of his delving deeply into South American lore in preparation for his guest.

There is nothing dearer to the Kaiser than caste and social distinction. Morganatic marriages were naturally abhorrent to him. Nevertheless, before Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the successor to the Austrian throne, was murdered, the Kaiser not only recognized his morganatic wife, who was only a countess, but went out of his way to show her deference. He placed her at his right at all state functions which she attended. To bring Austria and Germany closer together, he was willing to waive one of his deep-rooted prejudices.

The significance of the Kaiser's many visits to Italy, his presentation of a statue to Stockholm, his yachting excursions in Scandinavian waters, his flirtations with Turkey from his castle on the Island of Corfu, and similar acts of ingratiation, becomes quite apparent in the face of more recent developments, but his efforts to curry favor with America during all the years of peace which preceded the war were so much more elaborate that they deserve more than passing mention.

No more subtle piece of propaganda was ever conceived than the Kaiser's plan of exchanging professors between the United States and Germany through the establishment of the Roosevelt and Harvard chairs at the University of Berlin and corresponding chairs at Harvard and other American universities. Ostensibly the purpose of the project was to foster good-will between the two nations. Actually, it was intended to Germanize Americans to such an extent that their co-operation might be relied upon in the event of war for which Germany was sedulously preparing.

It was believed that the exchange of professors would accomplish the German purpose in two ways; not only could the professors the Kaiser sent to America be depended upon to sow German seed in American soil, the American professors who were sent to Berlin, it was hoped, could be so inoculated with the German viewpoint that when they returned to their native land they would disseminate it among their associates and students.

The interest which the Kaiser took in this well-laid plan is evidenced by the fact that he attended the opening lectures given by the American professors every year, although he had never paid such honor to a German professor. Indeed, the first visit the Kaiser ever paid in his life to the University of Berlin was to hear Prof. Burgess, the first Exchange Professor that Harvard sent across.

(To Be Continued)

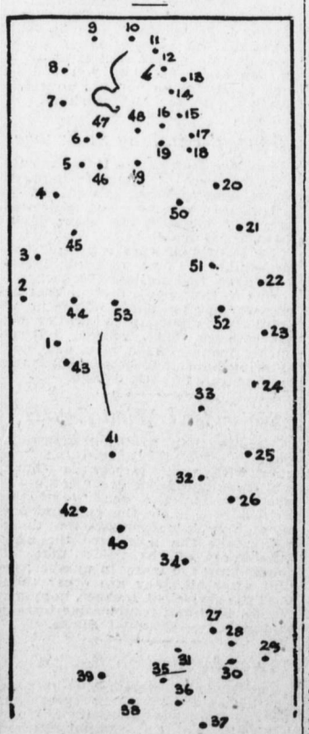
Sugar-Saving Canning

FRUITS WITHOUT SUGAR

1. See that all equipment is ready before starting.
2. Test jars and rubbers.
3. Select only fresh, firm, sound products.
4. Prepare by cleaning, sorting, stemming, seeding, paring and coring.
5. Scald or blanch peaches, apricots, figs and plums 1 to 2 minutes in boiling water or steam.
6. Dip quickly into cold water. Finish preparation. (Omit steps 5 and 6 for all fruits not named.)
7. Pack at once in hot, clean glass jars or other containers.
8. Pour over the fruit the boiling hot water.
9. Wipe around top of jar carefully with clean cloth.
10. Place scalded rubber and cap in position.
11. Partially tighten tops; seal in tin cans completely.
12. Sterilize for the length of time given below, according to the particular type of outfit used:
Hot water bath, 30 minutes.
Water seal 214 degrees, 20 minutes.
5 pounds steam pressure, 12 minutes.
13. Remove jars from canner; seal completely.
14. Invert to test joints for pinhole leaks.
15. Cool as quickly as possible, avoiding drafts.
16. Label, wrap, and store for winter use.

Use for pie fillings, puddings, ices, sauces, salads, and in the making of fruit punches.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Number twelve will form the nose. Thirty-seven ends the toes. Draw one to two and so on to the end.

How to Conserve

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

WINTER USE OF DRIED PRODUCTS

The reward for past labors and the pleasure of working out a process to the finish comes to the housewife when she takes her dried products to prepare for table use in the winter. Send to the National War Garden Commission, Washington, for a free drying manual, which will be sent you upon request. Enclose a 2-cent stamp to cover postage. It should be remembered that the amount of water dried out of vegetables or fruit must be largely restored before they are in proper condition for cooking. This takes time.

As a general rule, the longer the time required for drying, the longer the time necessary to restore the moisture content. This is done by soaking in cold water. The soaking products should be kept in a cool place. Fruits may be soaked overnight.

Allow three to four times as much water as dried product and cook in the same water. This water in which the products have been soaked contains some of the mineral salts or some of the juices, and is therefore of value.

Avoid over-soaking. Dried, sliced beets, if soaked too long, lose their red color and good flavor. Soaking for two hours (two parts water to one part beet) should be enough. Corn is another product which should not be oversoaked. Four hours is usually enough. It is not necessary to soak until products are fully restored to natural shape; they will absorb moisture while cooking. It is practicable in some instances, especially when vegetables are finely shredded, to pour hot water over them and cook at once.

When cooking dried vegetables or fruits a better flavor is secured by cooking in a covered vessel. The casserole is to be especially recommended for fruits. The Commission will be glad to answer any questions written on one side of the paper and sent in a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Rich Wisconsin Women Work in Pea Canneries

Milwaukee—Wives and daughters of wealthy citizens in the Wisconsin pea canning districts have entered the canneries to aid the labor situation. On Saturday they line up for their pay envelopes and receive a minimum wage for their ten hours' work.

Forty per cent. of the peas canned in the United States are put up in Wisconsin plants.

Earlier in the season pea packers expressed grave fears of a serious labor shortage and pointed to the food administration's request for all the peas possible.

Sugar-Saving Sweets

Candied Fruits and Vegetables

Select products of uniform size and ripeness. Wash. Cut fruits in halves, quarters or small sections; cut vegetables in narrow strips about 2 1-2 inches in length. Drop in a syrup cooked until it spins a thread. To prepare a spiced syrup, boil whole cloves and whole cinnamon in 3-4 cup of water 15 minutes. Strain out spices. Add to strained spiced water 1 cup corn syrup and 2 teaspoonfuls vinegar. Cook until it spins a thread. To prepare ginger syrup, add a few pieces of dried ginger root, which can be purchased from a grocery or a drug store, to the syrup in which the fruit is cooked. Allow to cook until transparent. Drain. Dry in slow oven; finish drying over kitchen range. Roll in minimum amount of granulated sugar. (May be omitted for fruits).

NEW WAR-TIME WORK FOR FORMER AMBASSADOR

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Myron T. Herrick, former Governor of Ohio, and former American Ambassador to France, who has been actively engaged ever since the war started in one form or another of helpful service, has taken up a new patriotic duty. On account of the growing needs of the War Camp Community Service and its demand for a larger budget during the coming year, Governor Herrick has been made chairman of the National Finance Committee of this Service. Governor Herrick declares every other business comes second to the winning of the war. His home is in Cleveland, and he is a member of the National War Garden Commission, of which Fred. H. Goff also of Cleveland is a member. Governor Herrick is a pioneer in advocating farm financing and is considered an authority on the subject.

—that Coffee you drank this morning

Was it rich and fragrant, satisfying and invigorating?

One of these two good coffees will just suit your taste. They are fresh, strong, delicious. Four deliveries daily insure their quality

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 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.

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AT ALL DEALERS

Send for Magic Crystal booklet. It describes 100 household uses for 20 Mule Team Borax.

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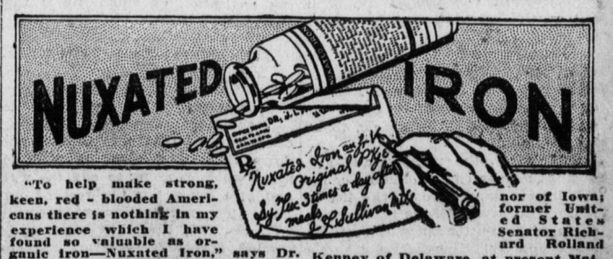

"To help make strong, keen, red - blooded Americans there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. Nuxated Iron often increases the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time. It is now being used by over three million people annually, including such men as Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, formerly secretary of the Treasury and ex-Governor of Iowa; former United States Senator Richard Roland Kenney of Delaware, at present Major of the U. S Army; General John L. Clem (Retired), the drummer boy of Shiloh, who was sergeant in the U. S. Army when only 12 years of age; also United States Judge G. W. Atkinson of the Court of Claims of Washington and others. Nuxated Iron is dispensed by all good druggists everywhere.