



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 XI
(Copyright, 1918, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)
"Do you think that you will take the little apartment Cousin Tom just showed you?" asked Evelyn Mason with an eagerness I couldn't understand.

She was guiding her rooster through the heavy afternoon traffic of the Avenue and her wistful, little face had a look of competence and assurance that I'd never before seen in her. She appeared suddenly to be one of those people who know what they want—and go after it. I wondered what she wanted of me.

Then, as if in answer to my unspoken question, Evelyn turned to me. In a second the dimples flashed out about her soft red lips and her eyes widened in that childish smile of hers.

"You think it is—an intrusion on my part—this interest in your future abode, Anne, dear, let me explain. Jim Harrison and I were next-door neighbors when we were kiddies. That was before the Harrisons lost their money—and we pined for ours. Jim is trained to luxury. After he gets over this soldiering craze of his, he's going to want it again. Cousin Tom likes you; he's offered you a bargain—those two stunningly furnished big rooms with bath and kitchenette between. It will be easier to keep Jimmie at his own fireside if you have a beautiful apartment like the one you just saw."

A movement later Evelyn was guiding her car up to the entrance of the Walgrave.

"Won't you come to tea?" was just forming on my lips, when I saw two figures swinging into the broad doorway of the Walgrave—Jim and Betty Bryce.

A New Suspicion
Only a week ago I had been on the verge of liking Betty Bryce, but now suspicion took possession of me again. If Jim was too busy to go house hunting with me, why had he time for Betty Bryce? Perhaps he had lunched with her, had spent the afternoon with her.

Shame goaded my anger to greater fury. Suppose Evelyn had seen him? I glanced at her, but she was absorbed in the problem of bringing the wheels of her car in line with the

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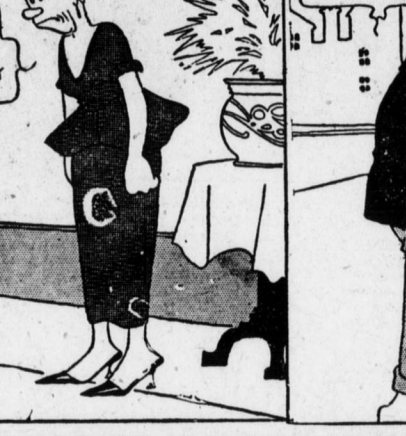
IF YOU WANT AN EXCUSE TO GET OUT TONIGHT—JUST PRETEND YOU HAVE A TOOTH-ACHE AN' WANT TO GO TO THE DENTIST—



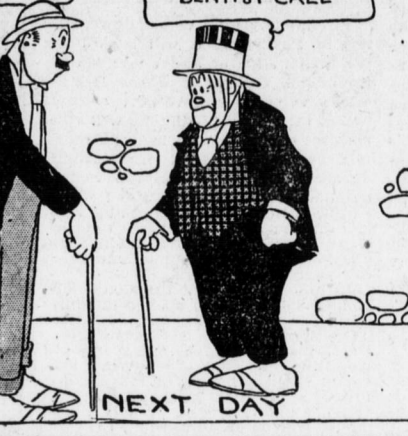
O-O-O-OH MY TOOTH—I MUST SEE A DENTIST—I CAN'T STAND THIS PAIN—



WELL—HOW DID THE EXCUSE WORK LAST NIGHT—



WELL—I ACTED SO REAL—SHE THOUGHT I WUZ TOO SICK TO GO OUT AND HAD A DENTIST CALL—



AN' BY GOLLY—HE PULLED OUT THREE OF MY TEETH AN' IS COMIN' TONIGHT TO PULL OUT SOME MORE—



curb. I thanked her for all she'd done for me, murmured a few platitudes about hoping she would lunch with me soon, and fairly rushed into the hotel after Jim and Betty. Two or three minutes of hysterical dashing up and down corridors brought me face to face with them in the room of the tea room. They greeted me with delight, which—though I hated myself for it—I felt was clever acting.

Betty and my husband ordered Orange Pekoe with lemon and toast. I chose ginger ale—but the mere fact that they were ordering in unison and that I had struck a dissonant note gave me an added feeling of being the outsider.

"Anne, Betty's been telling me about her splendid new plan. She's going to travel about the country for three months doing welfare work in the camps. Isn't that great? Wouldn't you love to be foot-loose, Mrs. Harrison, and do something big like that for your government?"

Every time he met Betty Bryce I sensed in him a certain restlessness. I hated my words almost as they formed in reply to Jim's question. They were catty, but they seemed fairly to say themselves:

"Oh, I'd feel so conspicuous traveling about her work—but wouldn't find words. Instead I began talking eagerly—too eagerly and too fluently—about the great bargain Tom Mason had offered me.

The Great Bargain
"Of course you would, my dear young thing. But I'm an old stager. Two years of driving an ambulance in France makes me feel like a big sister to every soldier in the world."

So that was where Betty and my boy had come to be such friends—on the battlefields of France! I wanted to tell Betty how wonderful I thought she was; I wanted to ask her about her work—but I couldn't find words. Instead I began talking eagerly—too eagerly and too fluently—about the great bargain Tom Mason had offered me.

My husband spoke questioningly: "Tom Mason? Where under the sun did you meet him? Why should he rent us two magnificent furnished rooms for only seventy-five a month? That's—what do you think, Betty?"

I felt humiliated. Evidently Jim didn't think me capable of a clever bargain. He doubted my judgment; he asked Betty's opinion. She leaned forward now, eager and delighted—"I'll tell you, my dear, on us as 'fellers' as I told myself.

"I offer you a better bargain, my dear. Oh, it's providential! My work is going to keep me out of town until October. I haven't time to get my place into its summer clothes or to find a good caretaker. So here's where you can do me a real favor. Children, I appoint you 'caretakers' for Betty till she comes back in October—and helps you find a little nest of your own."

Jim's eyes lighted, as he cried: "Betty, you're a wonder! That is just what we want, isn't it, Anne?"

I held my voice to cold steadiness—but I could feel the blood burning in my cheeks.

"I'll see how we can accept Mrs. Bryce's offer, dear," I said. "If

THE KAISER AS I KNEW HIM FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

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

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(Continued)

When Kluau-Chau fell he again criticized the United States for not having stopped Japan.

"How can your President allow Japan to increase in power at the expense of a white race?" he asked, indignantly. "Now China is lost to the world forever. America is the one power that could have prevented it, but now Japan has got her fingers on China and she is lost to us forever!"

After we were in the war, the Kaiser expressed to me his opinion that our object in taking this step was four-fold:

"First," he said, "Wilson wants to save the money you have loaned to the Allies. Second, he wants to have a seat at the peace-table. Third, he wants to give your army and navy a little practical experience—unfortunately at our expense. And fourth, and principally, he wants to prepare for the war with Japan which he knows is inevitable. The Japanese are the ones which your country must look upon as its real enemies."

A German officer of high standing told me just before I left Berlin that America had made the great mistake of sending ammunition, guns and supplies to Russia via Japan, because Japan had just retained the finely-made American articles and had dumped on Russia a lot of good-for-nothing material of her own in their stead.

"My advice to America," he declared, "is to cut the throat of every Japanese in America and get rid of the internal danger."

He did not suggest cutting the throats of all the undesirable Germans who were in America, and who had already demonstrated that they were far more dangerous than the Japanese had been.

Whether or not the Kaiser and the Germans generally really believed that America was in danger of attack from Japan or that there would be a little conflict between the white and yellow races for the domination of the world, I don't know, but I have often heard that for many years the Japanese army has been trained by German officers and, as I have previously mentioned, vast amounts of ammunition and guns were furnished them.

Undoubtedly the profit the German munitionmakers made on their contracts with Japan was an important consideration, but the probability is that the principal object conceived for gauging a prospective ally's strength than by assisting in its developments? What a splendid opportunity it afforded for posting spies and otherwise obtaining military information against the day when it might prove of the utmost value to Germany!

In another chapter I have referred to the excuse the Kaiser gave for having supplied munitions to the Russians in the Japanese-Russian war when I urged that that was a parallel to our course in supplying munitions to the Allies—which so embittered the Kaiser and the Germans generally against us. "When I helped Russia against Japan we were helping a white race against the yellow race—don't ever forget that—don't ever forget that!"

Along the same lines he frequently condemned the English and the Allies generally for having accepted the assistance of Japan in the present war. The idea that a white nation could ally itself with a yellow or a white race against the white race, according to the way he spoke.

And yet in the face of all the Kaiser had said and done in the years gone by to warn the world against the menace of the yellow races and despite the horror he had expressed at the thought of any white nation allying itself with the low one, on January 9, 1917, before we had declared war against Germany, before we had even broken off diplomatic relations, the German Foreign Secretary, Zimmermann, who was simply a tool in the Kaiser's hands, sent to Herr von Eckhardt, the German Minister to Mexico, through Count von Binstorff, what is undoubtedly one of the most infamous notes which ever emanated from the foreign office of a first-class power. Fortunately our government was able to intercept it and brand forever the perfidy of which the Kaiser was capable.

So eloquent is that note of the hypocrisy of the Kaiser that it can do better than reprint it here, that it may be read in connection with the Kaiser's repeated expressions on the subject of the "Yellow Peril."

The note runs: "On February 1 we intend to begin submarine warfare unrestricted. In spite of this it is our intention to endeavor to keep neutral the United States of America. If this

attempt is not successful we propose an alliance on the following basis with Mexico: That we shall make war together and together make peace. We shall give general financial support, and it is understood that Mexico is to reconquer the lost territory in New Mexico, Texas and Arizona. The details are left to you for settlement. You are instructed to inform the President of Mexico of the above in the greatest confidence as soon as it is certain that there will be an outbreak of war with the United States, and suggest that the President of Mexico, on his own initiative, should communicate with Japan, suggesting adherence at once with the plan. At the same time offer to mediate between Germany and Japan. Please call to the attention of the President of Mexico that the employment of ruthless submarine warfare now threatens to complicate England to make peace in a few months."

CHAPTER IX
The Kaiser's Confidence of Victory
About twelve years ago attended the German military maneuvers at Liegnitz, in Silesia, having been invited by some journalistic friends of mine to accompany them in the motor car. I had been present had written a book in which he said: "With such an arm, Germany could annex France in six months!"

I happened to mention this fact to the Kaiser shortly afterwards and his significant comment was: "Six months! I should hope so. It wouldn't take that long!"

The confidence he had in the "Der Tag" the day—finally arrived, Germany would crush her enemies and accomplish her object within a few months at the outside was held in the display of the military people generally and their conduct when the war broke out clearly disclosed it.

When Germany's manpower was mobilized, no one in Germany believed it would be very long before effort was made to make their few weeks of active service as little as possible. "Legesaven," gifts of love, consisting of clothing and food of every description, were forwarded to them by their relatives and friends in the most lavish manner, although, of course, at that time the German commissary was able to satisfy all the soldiers' requirements.

One of my patients told me that she had sent seventeen hundred pounds of sausages to one regiment within a week and when I asked her why she had been so generous she replied that her chauffeur was a member of the regiment!

The extent to which the country's resources were squandered in those early months is evidenced by the fact that the soldiers had such an excess of ill-fitting woolen wearing apparel that they used many of the knitted articles as cap-pieces and cover for their horses. No one had the slightest idea that the time might ever come when the whole nation would be clothed in paper!

At this late day it can hardly be necessary to establish how thoroughly prepared the Germans were for the war, but an incident which occurred in the early days of the conflict may not be out of place to show the self-satisfied and confident attitude which all the Germans assumed.

Two officers sitting at a table in an out-of-door cafe shortly after the war began overheard one of several ladies who were passing remark: "Look at those soldiers sitting there drinking. Why are they not at the front fighting?" One of the officers got up and, approaching the ladies, said: "Our work was completed months ago. We worked from early morning till late at night on plans which our armies are now carrying out. It is our time to rest."

The resistance that France would be able to put up was always very lightly estimated, and if the intervention of England was at all taken into consideration, the comparatively small army she could place in the field, was regarded as but a drop in the bucket compared with the well-trained German horde that was ready to sweep across the border. How could England's 80,000 men cope with Von Kluck's 500,000 or the hastily mobilized French armies resist the thoroughly prepared, equipped and well-disciplined German warriors?"

It is really not to be wondered at that the Germans firmly believed that they would bring the allies to their knees within a comparatively few weeks and that the conquering German armies would celebrate Sedan Day, September 2nd, in Paris.

What actually happened is of course too well known here to require repetition, but I know that the Germans

were kept in absolute ignorance of the marvelous resistance the allies were able to put up in those critical days of August and September, 1914, and to this day the majority of Germans have not heard of the Battle of the Marne!

The only newspapers I was able to get at that time were German publications, and there we read daily of how the French were running like rabbits, how their morale was broken and how the advance on Paris was pressing much more rapidly than had been anticipated. The papers came out with such daring headlines as "Sieg auf Sieg," "Victory Upon Victory," "Woods of Compiègne Burning," "Fall of Paris Expected Hourly!" The streets were thronged with enthusiastic crowds waiting for bulletins, and automobiles distributed extras free of charge.

It was several weeks after the Battle of the Marne when I happened to notice in an obscure corner of one of the German newspapers a German translation of a short item from a French newspaper stating that a number of Parisians had made Sunday excursions to the battlefields to collect German souvenirs in the form of helmets, swords and guns. The thought naturally arose: "How could people from Paris collect souvenirs from an advancing German army? The Germans must be retreating!" but it was many days before I secured an English newspaper which confirmed my hope.

As the months went by and the war still continued it must have been quite a problem to keep news of the actual happenings from getting to the public, but such com-

plete control did the government have over the press that they succeeded in sustaining the confidence of the Germans that the war would soon be over and the German cause would be triumphant.

(To Be Continued.)

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On little boy when six weeks old. On face and back in a rash. Itched so badly had to put gloves on hands to keep him from scratching. Clothes would stick and had to bathe him twice a day. Very cross and fretful. Tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In a short time saw a great change and now he is completely healed. From signed statement of Mrs. H. Woods, 2059 E. William St., Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 20, 1918.

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You'll Never Miss the Sugar Bowl

Hot corn cakes and maple syrup, oat meal with dates and cream, hot muffins and sliced peaches.

If any of these things were called to you early some morning you would not hesitate a minute about coming to the breakfast table, would you? They all sound as if they would "hit the right spot." There is not one of them which requires the presence of the sugar bowl on the breakfast table.

Breakfast, by common consent, has come to mean a meal which lowers the sugar bowl by inches. Cereal covered with sugar; coffee with a grainy sediment in the bottom of the cup; fresh fruit with its natural flavor almost lost under the heaped-up sugar. These have been the common dishes at breakfast in the late luxurious years.

Sugar has not always been considered a breakfast necessity. Many of us can remember how surprised our grandmothers were when we heaped sugar on our corn meal mush.

"You don't need sugar on mush," they would say, remembering days when white sugar was not so plentiful. "If you must have flavor try a little grated nutmeg. It's good."

Sugar on the breakfast table is a matter of taste, not bodily need. It adds flavor to a good many foods and spoils the natural flavor of others. It has been used more and more indiscriminately, until the American breakfast eaters have come to sugar almost everything but their eggs.

Many foods which are served at the morning meal are so highly flavored that the addition of sugar is pure extravagance. Coffee has a flavor of its own which needs no improvement; fresh fruits are highly flavored and already contain sugar.

To foods such as cereals, which may taste "flat," the addition of a little fruit or sirup makes sugar unnecessary. The real epicure, prefers salt. Sugar is often used simply because it is on the table. Leave the bowl in the pantry and see how little it is missed.

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says Mrs. S. Green, 2551 South Eleventh street, Harrisburg. "My stomach was bad, after meals would float and had pain, was nervous, had rheumatism and pain in back and limbs.

"My feet would burn and swell, could not sleep at night, in the morning I would feel stiff and sore. Sanpan changed all that and I am well once more." Sanpan is being introduced at Keller's Drug Store, 405 Market street, Harrisburg.

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