



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 XII
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As Jim and I left the tea room of the Walgrave, we walked side by side—yet miles apart. A quarrel had not been estranged us more completely than my silent rejection of Betty Bryce's offer, and Jim's equally silent championship of his friend. I had refused her apartment—and Jim had the keys in his pocket.

Suddenly a voice hailed us: "Jim Harrison—Hello, old chap! There was warmth and real affection in the tone. The speaker was a tall Englishman of about thirty. I liked the way he looked and I liked everything about him! Jim stopped with an air of jealous greeting, which indicated a certain relief in getting away from the exclusive society of Mrs. Harrison. "Winston! Terry, old chap. This is great!"

A minute later the two men were shaking hands with honest devotion. "My wife—Captain Winston," said Jim, introducing us. "Terry Winston was my bunkie in the Royal Flying Corps—the very best friend I ever had."

I could read in his voice a pleading eagerness that I be nice to Captain Winston. And some flicker of humor made me realize that I must have been pretty heady to most of his friends to make Jim worry about my attitude toward this handsome blond giant.

"Mrs. Jimmie! Well, if this isn't a bit of all right! To come over here and to find my pal with a little wife. I didn't think Jimmie was a lady's man—but that's the kind that always has the real luck in the end."

His words, his strong hand clasp, his steady blue eyes, put me at ease. I knew that in Captain Terry Winston I had found a friend. Presently it was arranged that Jim should run over to the Army and Navy Club with him to say hello to a few of "the boys," and that at seven my husband and I were to be Captain Winston's guests at the Carlton Roof.

I hurried upstairs to make myself fine. Under our door there was a long official looking white envelope. I picked it up curiously. It was addressed to Lieutenant J. H. Harrison.

A wife must not open her husband's letter—but she may study her postmarks. In the left hand corner of the envelope there was printed:

War Department—Office of the Adjutant General

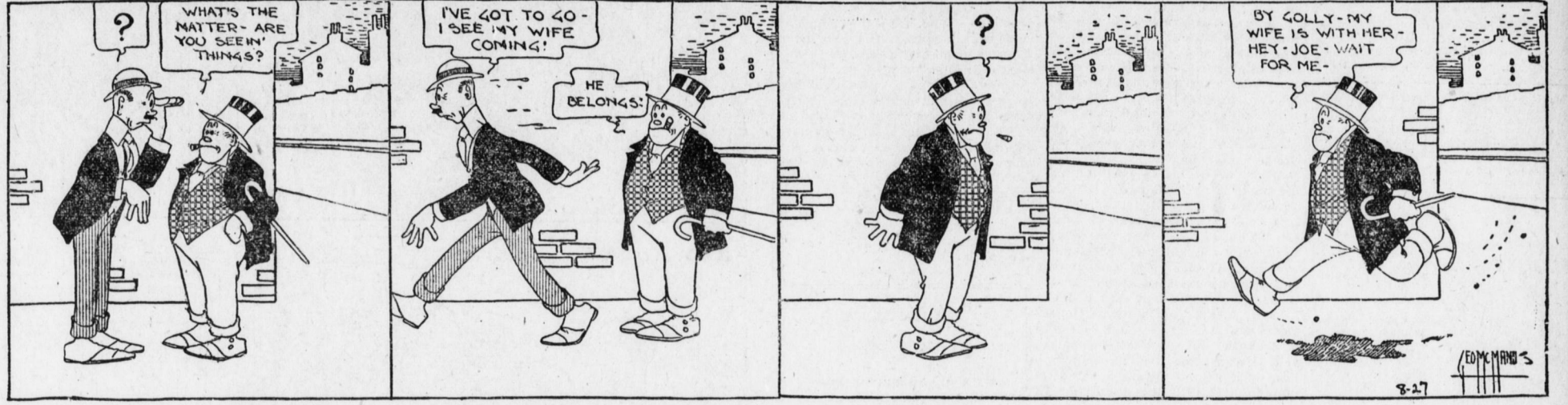
What could it mean? Why should the Adjutant General be writing to my boy?

Suddenly conviction swept over me. Jim was no longer fit for duty. He could never fly again. This was

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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Suppose I am—even men on crutches have served at their own peril!

Even then I couldn't believe what I heard. I flung my arms around Jim as if I could hold him against the world. I hadn't realized that I could hold him—against his own desire.

"They can't take you—it would be too cruel! You'll be able to get out of it—won't you?"

"Anne!" he cried; and again, "Anne! You said you would help me like a soldier's wife."

Then I understood. My arms felt helplessly at my side. They were powerless to hold Jim—but they must be strong enough to support me, as I swayed back against the bureau and felt a sharp corner pressing against me.

I cried aloud in frightened protest: "Then you want to go? You want to leave me? Perhaps—perhaps they aren't forcing you at all! Perhaps you—asked them to take you!"

(To Be Continued.)

(Continued.)

The Kaiser's jealousy was founded on sufficient reason. I had convincing evidence shortly before I left Berlin. I saw the Kaiser driving up Unter der Linden on his way to the palace. He was greeted by respectful salutes from the people he passed but there was nothing in the way of a demonstration. A few moments later General von Hindenburg came along. He was evidently on his way to a conference with the Kaiser. As he passed, he was met with jubilant cheers and people threw their hats in the air to show their admiration for the hero who had done so much to vindicate Germany's boasted military superiority.

I have referred in a previous chapter to the Kaiser's unbounded confidence after the Italian collapse in 1917. "Now, we've got the Allies!" he exclaimed with an air of consciousness which emphasized the optimism he displayed.

After the capture of Roumania, he exhibited a similar degree of exultation. He believed that in that achievement he had successfully solved the food problem—the one cloud which constantly darkened the Kaiser's horizon.

"Now the Allies will never succeed in starving us," he said to me in my office, shortly after the Roumanian drive. "With Roumania in our pockets and Serbia already ours, their wonderful agricultural possibilities will supply our food needs and foil our enemies' efforts to starve us. Indeed, they had better look out for themselves. Don't forget we have a monopoly on the potash mines of the world. Without proper fertilizer, American crops will go on decreasing and they won't get any potash until we get ready to let them have it!"

The failure of the Zeppelins from a military standpoint was undoubtedly a great disappointment to the German people at large, who had counted so much upon them to bring disaster to England, but it cannot be said that the Kaiser shared their chagrin. On the contrary, I have reason to believe that he never expected very much from that arm of his military force except as it might be useful to terrorize the civil population.

A day or two after Zeppelin's death, in 1917, a patient of mine, a lady, happened to remark that the Count had not lived to see the triumph of his invention, and when I saw the Kaiser smiling and repeating her remark to see what he would say.

"I am convinced that the Count lived long enough to see all that the Zeppelins were capable of accomplishing," was his only comment. I recalled the answer he had given me some years before when both Zeppelins and aeroplanes were in their infancy and I had asked him which held the greater promise. "We do not know. Time alone will tell," was his reply.

The last time I conversed with the Kaiser was on November 26, 1917. Up to that time we had sent over 160,000 troops, according to the figures which have since been revealed by Secretary Baker, already ours to the Kaiser's information, however, we had only 30,000 men in France at that time and he was of the opinion that we would never have many more.

many months ago England had celebrated the sinking of the 100th U-boat.

"That's ridiculous!" he ejaculated. "I have inside information which is not publicly known; we have lost exactly six."

While the Kaiser and the Germans generally felt confident that we would never be able to send many men across, they professed to feel little concern if we did.

According to some of the German officers with whom I spoke, even if we landed 2,000,000 men in France, it would not be enough to break the deadlock, as the Germans were taking a similar number of trained troops from the Russian front. The only menace of American participation in the war lay in the possibility that we might add considerably to the Allied air strength. Man power alone, they contended, would never be sufficient to help the Allies much, but overwhelming superiority in the air might occasion the Germans some annoyance.

The Kaiser himself had but a poor opinion of the fighting qualities of the American soldier so far as modern requirements are concerned.

"The American soldier would possibly give a good account of himself in open fighting," he declared, "but he is not built for the kind of warfare he will encounter in France. He lacks the stolidity to endure life in the trenches. He is too high-strung and couldn't stand the inactive life which is such an important part of modern warfare. Besides he lacks discipline and trained officers."

The Kaiser's views on these points serve to explain the confidence he felt and displayed right up to the time I saw him last, but so much has happened within the few months that have since elapsed that I cannot believe he feels the same way to-day. He must realize now that he was wrong when he said we would not be able to raise a great army, he was wrong when he said we would not be able to get enough ships to ferry them across, he was wrong when he said his U-boats would prevent their landing in France, and he

CHAPTER X
The Kaiser's Plan For World Dominion

The history of modern Germany is perhaps, in itself, sufficient indication of the underlying plan of the Teuton war barons to control the whole of Europe and, eventually, the world. The program has been slowly unfolding itself since the time of Frederick the Great and the present generation is now witnessing what was intended to be the climax.

(To Be Continued.)

Every Day of the Week

The United States Food Administration believes that you should include in every three meals some of the leafy vegetables and plenty of milk and milk products, no matter how much they cost. They should be considered in a class by themselves as protective foods—things which we cannot do without.

Breakfast—Sliced peaches, Corn flakes with milk, scrambled eggs, barley muffins.

Lunch—Mock chicken stew, head lettuce salad, cantaloupe, a la mode.

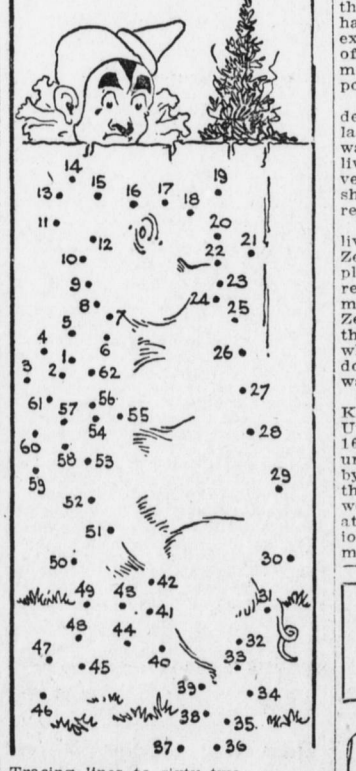
Dinner—Corned beef, baked potatoes, creamed cabbage, pickled beets, rice apricot pudding.

BOOTLEGGERS GET SIXTY DAYS, BREAD AND WATER

Totnam, Neb.—John Wright, convicted of bootlegging, must serve sixty days in jail for bringing whisky into the state.

According to the sentence he must be placed on bread and water for the first fifteen days of his sentence. Wright was bringing in an automobile load of liquor and stopped at six o'clock when he was caught by the officers.

Daily Dot Puzzle



FASHION'S FORECAST

(By Annabel Worthington)

Something quite new and original in design is the corset cover illustrated in No. 8873. It will appeal to fastidious women, who object to the unsightly closing which always shows so plainly under a sheer waist, for it slips on over the head. It fastens on each shoulder by means of a tab which buttons over on the front. There is a casing at the waistline, with a wide elastic run through. The small peplum holds the corset cover neatly in place. The edges are turned in and hemstitched.

The lady's corset cover pattern No. 8873 is cut in five sizes—36 to 44 inches bust measure. The 36 inch size requires 1 1/4 yards of 30 inch, 36 inch or 40 inch material. Price, cents.

This pattern will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 12 cents in stamps. Address your letter to Fashion Department, Telegraph, Harrisburg, Pa.

BACKACHE KILLS!

Don't make the fatal mistake of neglecting what may seem to be a simple little backache. There isn't any such thing. It may be the first warning that your kidneys are not working properly, and throwing off the poisons as they should. If this is the case, go after the cause of that backache and do it quickly, or you may find yourself in the grip of an incurable disease.

Haarlem Oil Capsules will give almost immediate relief from kidney and bladder troubles, the poisons in the unsuspected cause of general ill health. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They are prepared in correct quantity and convenient form to take, and are positively guaranteed to give prompt relief, or your money will be refunded. Get them at any drug store, but be sure to insist on the GOLD MEDAL brand, and take no other. In boxes, three sizes.

A Dainty Delicacy and Wholesome Food!

Our Ice Cream combines the delicious flavors of fresh, crushed fruit juices with the health-building qualities of rich, pure cream. City Health Tests prove our Ice Cream the best in the city. Try some at the fountain—take some home.

At the Golden Seal Luncheonette Specials, 20c to 35c. A La Carte Service Also

Golden Seal Drug Store
11 SOUTH MARKET SQUARE

FALL OPENING

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, is the day upon which the Fall Term, for both Day and Night School, will begin.

Standardized Courses

By enrolling here, you have the opportunity of taking standardized courses approved by the United States Bureau of Education—first-class teachers, and good equipment.

Decide and Arrange Now

Owing to the great demand for young men and women with business training, there are many who will enter commercial schools this Fall, and you will be assured of a place, if you arrange early. Call upon us; we shall be pleased to advise you.

School of Commerce and Harrisburg Business College
Central Pennsylvania's Leading Commercial School

Troup Building Bell, 485 15 So. Market Square Dial, 4393



Snowy White Clothes Without Scrubbing

NO matter how big the wash or how soiled the linen, 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips will put your clothes on the line snowy white—with all the hard work of wash day left out. It's the Borax in

20 MULE TEAM BORAX SOAP CHIPS

that does it! It softens the water and loosens the dirt so that the pure soap can dissolve it away. Next washday use 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips this way:

Make a Soap Jelly by adding three tablespoonfuls of Chips to a quart of boiling water. Put enough of this solution into the wash-water to make a good suds and soak or boil clothes as usual. Will not shrink woollens or injure fine fabrics. An 8 oz. package of 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips equals 25c worth of ordinary laundry soap.

"It's the Borax with the Soap that does the work"

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