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 XV

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The very instant Mr. Mason asked me if I was afraid to lunch alone with him at the Rochambeau, I knew I would have to stay.

What I didn't know was whether it was to myself or to him I wanted to prove that I was enough of a woman of the world to remain even without the promised "chaperonage" of his cousin Evelyn. It would have seemed ill-bred and childish to discuss the situation, or even to call it a situation.

"I'm not going to bother you with the menu card, Fair-tenant-to-be. I've lunched at this place for five years, and I know its specialties. Say we start with hors d'ouvre and then have a casserole chicken with fresh vegetables, hearts of lettuce with Russian dressing, pastry and a demitasse. Does that sound tempting? Do you think it's the sort of lunch with which a landlord may inveigle a tenant?" asked Mr. Mason.

"It sounds like a wonderful lunch. But I didn't think landlords struggled to get tenants nowadays. I had an idea homeless folks fairly bribed landlords to let them come and occupy the premises," I replied, after the little interval it took Mr. Mason to convey his order to the waiter.

His manner to servants was crisp and impersonal. Even in dealing with a cross-eyed old newspaper woman or a little darkey elevator boy, Jim's voice and air were warm and bantering. That was part of his charm. I wondered where my boy was lunching in Washington, and with whom.

I brought myself back with a start. There was all of a long, lonely afternoon and evening ahead; they would be dedicated to missing Jim. A tonic bit of enjoyment and forgetting would equip me to face them more courageously. So I gave myself completely to the sway of that hour, with its delicious food, golden atmosphere and stimulating companionship. Mr. Mason talked of "shoes and ships and sealing-wax" delightfully and with a flattering air of being delighted. Over the coffee cups Mr. Mason made a suggestion:

"Now that you're right in the neighborhood, wouldn't it be wise to look at the apartment again? I'd really like you to have the little place if it appeals to you. And if I don't have to risk its standing empty all summer, I can afford to offer very tempting terms."

"That's a very wise suggestion," I replied.

But—was it?

In the hallway of Mr. Mason's building we passed a "well-preserved" looking woman of at least fifty-five. She gave the impression of expecting one to think her nearer forty than sixty! She put up her lorgnette and studied us with serene rudeness. Then she spoke rather superciliously:

"I've been looking at the apartment, Tommy. I decided I'll have it from the first of October. A hundred you said—wasn't it?"

Mr. Mason smiled with unruffled amiability.

"Oh, Mrs. Varden, are you really serious about an apartment? I've another that would suit you much better, if you're coming to town this winter."

"But I want this. Don't show it to another tenant," ordered the woman, turning crimson under her rouge.

"Sorry, dear lady. This one is taken from the first of July. My old friend Jimmy Harrison has the refusal of it."

"Oh, the chap your cousin Evelyn threw over when he went tumbling into the European war a few years ago. What is he going to do with an — establishment?" asked the woman in a tone which made me feel as if I had been struck by the flat of her pudgy white hand.

"Mrs. Harrison is going with me now to look at the apartment," returned Mr. Mason, in a cold tone, which Mrs. Varden evidently took as an introduction.

"Oh—Mrs. Harrison! And so you're the girl who snatched up Evvy's beau. I heard something about an up-to-date courtship and a modern wife. Quite modern, I should say, my dear."

Her glance was poisonous—though she hid it beneath a smile. It asked how the husband I had "snatched up" was amusing himself—it cast ugly aspersions on love and marriage and all fine feelings. It sneered at truth and loyalty—that glance!

I marvel now at my self-control. It wasn't instinctive respect for gray hair that kept me silent, nor even my frightful resentment of the way she misinterpreted Mr. Mason's attitude toward me—it was the sheer amazement of discovering that my Jim had ever been in love with Evelyn.

He almost disliked her now—that I knew. I was sorry for her—not afraid of her.

I wondered if it was hurt pride, but—I knew that little baby face had never jilted my boy!—it must be that Jim had simply outgrown Evelyn.

After ten days of marriage my husband was actually eager to go back to the war—was he indeed a man who could grow tired of love after he possessed it? With renewed force it came over me that Jim's life up to a month ago was a closed book to me. This painted, would-be youthful, middle-aged woman actually knew more about my husband than I!

By the time these thoughts had flashed across my mind, Tom Mason had bowed her away, had swept me up the stairs, into his fourteenth-century Italian livingroom and back among the tapestried cushions of a wonderful deep couch, much too comfortable to be anything but twentieth-century American.

"Mrs. Jimmy, won't you do me a favor?" he was saying. "That dreadful old Varden woman means to have this apartment whether or no I want her to. To save me from her, won't you take it on—at sixty a month? You and Jim will be much more comfortable here than at the Walgrave—and I will be rescued from a tenant whose presence among my lovely things would tarnish them forever!

"Won't you take it? I want my furniture to be among friends," begged Mr. Mason with tactful kindness that made my feelings for him change from indifference to grateful liking.

"You're very fond of Jim?" I asked impulsively.

"Jim's a fine chap—old friend—children-together-stuff, you know. He and Evelyn had a boy and girl, moon-shine love affair ,too. But we drifted apart. It's Mrs. Jim who's bringing us in touch again. She's making the old friendship seem worth renewing. Won't she cement it by saving my little place from that old—vampire?"

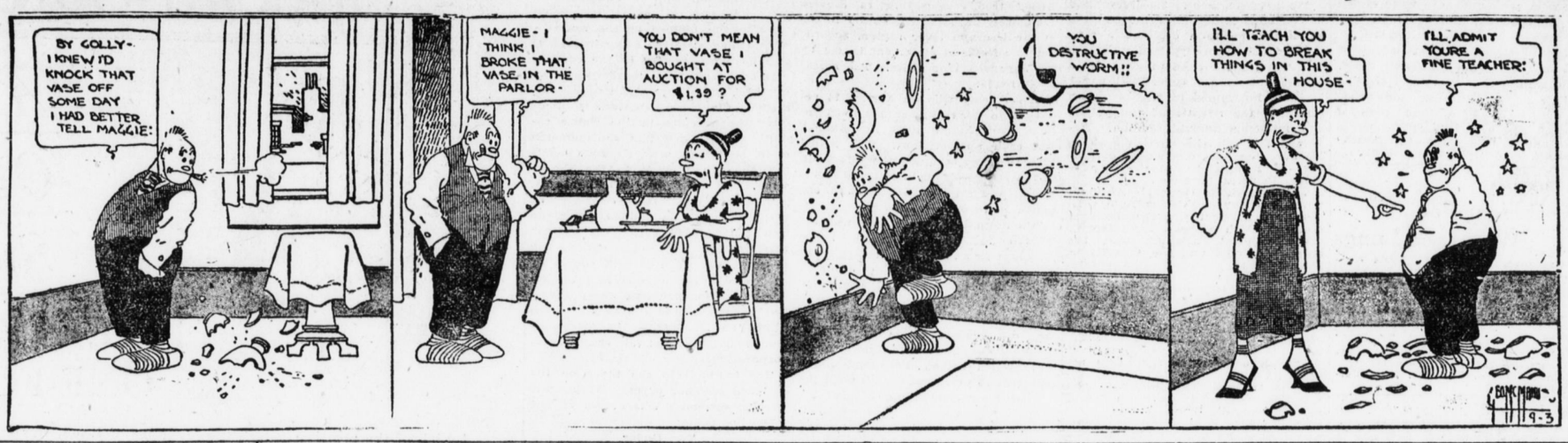
Tom Mason laid his hand on mine for a moment—like a real pal it seemed to me.

Then he spoke—and there was a deep note in his lazy voice:

"We are friends——aren't we, Donna Anna?"

(To Be Continued)

Bringing Up Father :-: :-: Copyright, 1918, International News Service :-: :-: By McManus



THE KAISER AS I KNEW HIM FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

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

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(Continued.)

"Well, Davis," he said, "I hope I haven't spoiled your Sunday afternoon, but, I assure you, it was not for myself I sent for you, but for my wife. She is suffering greatly; I'm in a great hurry; my autos are waiting for me below, but I wanted to remain until you arrived to give you a little history of the case."

He then described to me the Kaiserin's ailment, and explained that he had insisted upon my coming for a consultation with the Kaiserin's physician.

"My wife has been suffering for several days," he concluded, "and we are going to have a state ball on Tuesday and I want you to get her in order so that she can attend it, as it is one of the most important social functions of the season. Follow me and I will take you to my wife and introduce you."

We accordingly entered a very large sitting room. It was finished in cream color, and was furnished, rather too fully, I thought, with a profusion of heavy furniture. There were many French mirrors around the room, but by far the most conspicuous feature was the pictures and photographs. In every conceivable place I noticed pictures of the various members of the royal family—the Kaiser, the children and the grandchildren, not to say anything of their cousins and uncles and aunts, being shown in a score of different poses and at all ages. Even the scrap basket I observed had pictures of the royal family worked into it, and more pictures peered up at me from under the glass top which covered a table.

The Empress, in a negligee of her favorite royal purple, entered and shook hands with me cordially. She looked very worn, and it was plain that she had been suffering considerable pain and loss of sleep. She had a handsome figure and was stately in her carriage, but her crowning glory was a profusion of white hair. She was then fifty-four years old, but her hair had turned white many years before.

It was said, indeed, that the change had been brought about rather suddenly as a result of certain drugs she had taken in an effort to avert a tendency to avoirdupois which had developed.

I knew that the Kaiser loathed fat women. On more than one occasion he had said to me as he bade me farewell: "Well, Davis, you have kept me here talking so long you have almost spoiled my morning walk, but I'll take a walk through the Tiergarten just the same," and then he would add disgustedly, "where I presume I will have to greet all the fat Jewesses in the park!"

But to return to the Kaiserin. The Kaiserin's physician joined us, and there were several maids—very superior young women—in attendance upon their royal mistress.

After I had examined the Empress and had given my advice, the physician explained to me in a low voice that it was necessary to be cautious and not do much, as he was afraid of her physical condition.

"Anything you do for her Majesty," he explained, "would require giving an anaesthetic. She is not in condition to stand pain without. The only anaesthetic her Majesty will take is chloroform. I've administered it to her eleven times and I know just what it means. I'm afraid of her heart at this time. Indeed, just as soon as I can get her into condition I want her to go to Nauheim for the cure."

His alarming words caused quite a flurry among the maids and they crowded around the Empress and begged her to have nothing done that day, but to endure her suffering a little longer in the hope that relief would come without the necessity of an operation at that time. Their pleadings prevailed upon the patient to postpone the treatment.

This made the Kaiser very angry, and he walked up and down the room impatiently.

"Here," he said, "I've got Dr. Davis to come on a Sunday afternoon, and you want to be in shape for the ball on Tuesday, and now you won't have anything done! That's the way with the women!"

Then he turned to me and said: "Well, Davis, I'm sorry to have spoiled your day." And he dashed out of the room, apparently much provoked. I felt I had almost witnessed a family quarrel, but the incident indicated to me that whatever hopes the Kaiser might entertain of one day dominating the world, he had not yet acquired undisputed dominion in his own household!

I did not see the Kaiserin again for nearly a year, when she came to my office with a lady-in-waiting.

She arrived in her own car. Its approach was heralded by the imperial "Tadi-Tada" without the concluding "TaTa," which latter was reserved exclusively for the Kaiser, and not even the Kaiserin was allowed to use. The Kaiser's "Tadi-Tada-Ta-Ta" was the subject of much sarcasm among the proletariat, who satirically put it to the words, "Celerie-Salat-TaTa," an illusion to the lettuces of the royal table which contrasted most unfavorably with the simple meals to which they were accustomed; while the Socialists showed their sentiments very plainly by improvising the wordd: "Von Unsern Geld-TaTa," referring to the royal immunity from taxation, which was one of their bitterest pills.

It was not long after I had known the Kaiserin before she made clear to me that she possessed a most dictatorial manner, which was quite in contrast with that of the Kaiser, at least when he was in my office.

She objected strenuously to removing her hat—and she usually wore a large one with a veil—but finally yielded when I explained that I could not accomplish my work satisfactorily unless she did so. When I placed cotton-rolls in her mouth, she insisted that as she did not like the sensation of the cotton against her lips or tongue, I would have to encase the cotton in rubber.

I told her politely but firmly that my work would be done in my own way, and she finally acquiesced, adding: "Well, if you make such a point of it, doctor, I suppose I shall have to let you have your way."

Evidently this incident was repeated in the royal family, for some few weeks later the Kaiserin's youngest son, Prince Joachim, called to see me professionally, and smilingly remarked: "I hear you don't think very much of the cotton rolls with rubber around them which the Empress invented and which we named "The Imperial Cotton Roll," to which I promptly agreed. There were a number of other incidents from time to time which revealed to me that whatever I said or did while treating the various members of the royal family was talked of among them, very often the most trivial remarks made to one member of the family being referred to by another later on.

From that time on the Kaiserin came to me more or less regularly. Her lackey usually followed her into the house carrying an artistic lunchbox or bag containing sandwiches and bouillon, of which the Empress partook in my office. The Princess Victoria Louise, the Kaiser's only daughter, I may mention, usually came similarly provided. No German ever lets anything interfere with his second breakfast.

The Empress never spoke on political subjects. She was not particularly brilliant and evidenced some reluctance to air her views on international affairs, as though she were not quite sure of herself. Certainly, she was not nearly as talkative as the Kaiser. When she did unburden herself, it was usually in connection with domestic subjects. It was said in Germany her only interest in life was represented by the "three K's," Kinder, Kirche and Kuche—children, church and kitchen—and there is no question about it that she seldom spoke on other subjects when talking with me.

The Kaiserin came to me after the war with America started, but apparently she had felt some hesitation about doing so, because the Kaiser told me shortly before her visit that she intended coming, but pointed out that she had decided to do so only upon his recommendation.

In June, 1917, I received a letter from the Kaiserin's physician, enclosing one which he said had been written by the Kaiserin, but which was both unsigned and unaddressed. It requested me to visit the royal palace at Homburg v. d. Hohe, which, in connection with the adjoining town of Kreuznach, was then the location of the great army headquarters.

I got in touch by long distance telephone with one of the Kaiserin's ladies-in-waiting at Homburg and I told her I could leave the following Friday for that town, but later a telegram came advising me to postpone my trip to the following week.

I arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where it was necessary for me to stop off about midnight to catch an early train for Homburg. At the hotel where I sought to engage a room for the night, the clerk asked me for my pass, and when he saw that I was an American refused to assign me a room until I had registered at the local station, which was some six blocks away. The streets were darkened as a precaution against air raids, and I found the police station with difficulty. When I finally came to it it was closed.

(To Be Continued.)

How to Conserve

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

"Imagine drying cauliflower!" no doubt many women are saying just now. There is no need of hesitation, however, in undertaking to do it.

After cleaning, divide the cauliflower into small pieces. Blanch six minutes and drain. Spread on trays and dry. Recent experiments show that cauliflower will stand well an initial drying temperature of 120 degrees F., which should be gradually raised to 130 degrees F. and maintained until the drying is complete. Write to the National War Garden Commission, Washington, for a free drying booklet, sending a 2-cent stamp for postage.

Although turning dark while drying, cauliflower will regain part of its original whiteness in soaking and cooking. Dried cauliflower is especially good for soups and omelets.

Drying Parsnips

Parsnips are vegetables worth drying. Clean thoroughly, scrape off skin, and cut into ⅛-inch slices. Blanch two minutes and drain well. Spread evenly on drying tray and start the drying at 120 degrees F. and raise gradually to 145 degrees F. The temperature should not exceed this at any time. The parsnips are sufficiently dry when the pieces break if one tries to bend them and when they show no moisture upon being pressed between the fingers. The Commission will be glad to answer any questions written on one side of the paper and sent in a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

They insist on doing their bit toward winter food preparedness. Use the tops, as directed in free book of canning and drying instructions issued by the Nafional War Garden Commission, Washington, D. C. Send two cents for postage.

HARD WORK PUT HIM DOWN AND OUT

Stomach Rebelled Against Neglect and Indigestion Made His Life Miserable

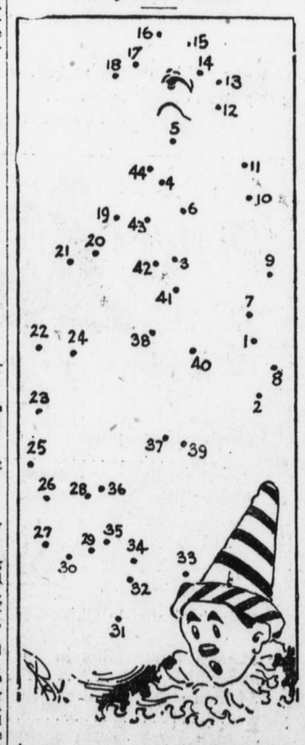
IS FEELING FINE NOW

"I fooled with my health trying to work day and night and I could not get away with it," says J. C. Drew, a prominent horse dealer, of North Seventh street, Harrisburg, Penna.

"Then along came Tanlac and Presto! I was my old self again, ready for anything. My appetite came back a-humming, my indigestion vanished like smoke and now I want to eat all the time and it takes all my will-power to drive past a restaurant. Tanlac sure is a great medicine."

Tanlac is now being introduced here at Gorgas' Drug Store.

Daily Dot Puzzle



A ——— ——— struts on the shore
When you have traced to forty-four.
Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A CINDERELLA LETTER

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 17 and lost my mother a few months ago. I am keeping house for the rest of the family and am not at all satisfied, because, when I try to correct my younger sister, who is very wild, they stick up for her. Now, Miss Fairfax, I am fond of home and family, but I am treated like a mere servant and receive nothing for my work. I am going about with a young man a few years my senior, and he knows of all this and wishes to marry me. He has introduced me to his family. Now what is your advice?

MISS UNHAPPY.

So many girls write me this type of letter that I am honestly puzzled. Is the little housekeeper unduly sensitive as the result of overwrought nerves, work and the strain of the hot weather, and are things really as bad as they seem to her?

It is incredible in these days of labor famine to think of such work being unappreciated by one's family. In the present instance, I wonder if it would not be better for some older member of the family to admonish the "wild" younger sister. She might be inclined to take it with better grace. And 17 seems "terribly" young to marry to escape from uncongenial surroundings. Why not talk the matter over with some tried older friend, or your priest, or minister; some one acquainted with you, personally, ought to have a better grasp of the situation. Sometimes things that seem so bitter to youth are nothing more than the daily grind of life. Married or single, these things pursue one.

SHE SEES HIM AT CHURCH

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 18 and should like very much to make the acquaintance of a young man who attends the same church as I do.

The only place I see him is at the Sunday morning service, but as I am a stranger and know no one who could properly introduce me, I would like very much to have your advice.

C. K.

Since the war began the churches have been doing such splendid social work for the soldiers that it is a little difficult to understand why members of the same flock have any difficulty in meeting. There must surely be some guild or association connected with your church that you could join and thus extend your acquaintance among the church members until you find some one who knows and will properly introduce you to your Prince Charming.

SECRET MARRIAGE A MISTAKE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 20 and in love with a girl two years my junior. About a week she promised to be my wife, but I thought it foolish to marry at our age. I also said if she would wait until Christmas I would make an engagement party and after a few months get married, but she insists on a secret marriage because she says she loves me and is afraid to lose me.

JOE T.

I can never advise young people to marry secretly, as it unfailingly leads to misunderstandings on the part of every one concerned. I think your idea of having an announcement party, to be followed by a wedding in a few months' time, is far more desirable than a clandestine marriage, for which there seems to be no reason but a girl's whim.

THE IDEAL WIFE

One of the most successful men of this country recently wrote, "Whatever I am, and whatever success I have attained, I owe it all to my wife. She has ever been an inspiration and the greatest helpmate of my life." To be such a successful wife should be the ambition of every woman, but how impossible when dragged down by headaches, backache, dragging-down pains, nervousness and "the blues." Every woman in this condition should start at once to build up her system by a tonic of specific powers, such as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which for three generations has been restoring American women to health and consequent happiness.

Use Resinol first for skin troubles

Delay in the *proper* treatment of skin troubles is dangerous. Every day spent in trying unproved remedies may only let the disorder spread and become more and more deeply seated.

The value of Resinol Ointment is *known*. For over twenty years it has been used as a soothing, healing remedy for the skin.

If applied in time, it usually checks the itching and reduces the eruption right away. But even in stubborn, long-standing cases, it is surprising, how quickly this gentle, yet effective ointment brings results.

All druggists sell Resinol Ointment.

Men with tender faces find the rich lather of Resinol Shaving Stick delightfully soothing.

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

To Keep Blankets Clean and Fluffy

Wash them with 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips. The Borax in the Chips takes out every particle of dirt without rubbing; and leaves them like new. Will not shrink or injure woolens in any way. And the antiseptic properties of the Borax cleanse *hygienically.*

20 MULE TEAM BORAX SOAP CHIPS

should be used in this way for best results: Make a Soap Jelly by dissolving three tablespoonfuls of 20 Mule Team Borax Chips in a quart of boiling water. Add this to luke-warm wash water and work the blankets in this solution without rubbing. Rinse in warm water, pull out and shake well. An 8 oz. package of 20 Mule Borax Soap Chips equals 25c worth of ordinary laundry soap.

AT ALL DEALERS

It's the Borax with the soap that does the work.

Lemon Juice For Freckles

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

Use Wood For Fall

POSTPONE the using of coal in your furnace until the last possible moment.

On cool autumn days burn wood in your furnace. Let the fires go out when the weather gets warm again, as happens in the early fall.

President Wilson urges every householder to conserve fuel. Use a minimum amount of coal at all times.

United Ice and Coal Co.
Forster and Cowden Streets