

Reading for men 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 XVI

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I don't know what it was—friendly and fine, as Tom Mason's hand-clasp seemed to be—that impelled me to insist that I must return to the Walgrave at once.

I managed to do it so casually that he took no offense at my sudden haste and insisted on escorting me on my homeward journey. And he remained jolly and friendly even when I asked for the refusal of his apartment for a day or two.

"I'd like to talk to you with Jim," I confessed.

He smiled in big brotherly fashion: "Nice little old-fashioned wife. Of course you shall talk it over with Jim."

Then still with courteous and impersonal friendliness, he took me to the desk and waited while I got my key. The clerk handed me a sealed hotel envelope.

"Captain Winston has telephoned twice and wished you to call the Army and Navy Club as soon as you could," he said.

"Your friends are not letting you miss the Lieutenant too much, are they?"

Perhaps he was only over anxious

to offer a guest "every possible courtesy!" But his officiousness brought home to me very poignantly the fact that I did not want to live in a glittering big hotel a day longer than I must.

As soon as I got to my room I called Captain Winston and found he was giving a dinner for some officers and their wives that evening and wanted Jim and me to come. I could not bear the thought of seeing happy married folk together while my boy was already long hours away—and planning to go still further from me. And I blurted out the truth.

"You poor little lonely lady! The dinner is off—positively! My friends are all a sporting lot. No swank to 'em. They'll let me give the party another night and comfort the bride to-night. Not a word, Mrs. Jimmie! Husband's matey looks after the little lady to-night."

And he did. We had a beautiful time. A delicious dinner seasoned with wonderful tales of my boy's days in the Royal Flying Corps. Never had I felt closer to Jim. To Captain Terry Winston I was not a comrade to admire, but a sister to protect—above all the wife of his "matey" sacred. He made me understand the glorious urge that sweeps the flying man to his conflicts above the clouds. I felt in tune with Jim's desire to go back to France—I was reconciled to my sacrifice. That dinner with Captain Winston on the roof of the Valbriggia gave me a vision of what a soldier's wife must be. I comprehended.

You've seen the scar on Mrs. Bryce's hand. That woman drove her car down a road the Husks were shelling—shrapnel got her when she was trying a poor Tommy into the ambulance.

He stopped speaking abruptly. I couldn't tell whether the reserve of the Britisher had put a period to his reminiscences or if the emotion of remembering what he had known were too great—or if he had suddenly realized that he was speaking to Jim Harrison's wife!

What was my husband's relation to the beautiful woman who had

staked her life in the same struggle that had called my boy overseas?

For a second Captain Winston had lifted the curtain, and then, with an air of reserve, he dropped it again.

We had an evening of big—impersonal emotions. One accident, cruelly personal, marred it.

When I came to the desk for my key there again was the insolent clerk, and talking to him was a familiar, over-dressed, white-haired figure, Mrs. Varden.

"I see you got the Captain all right, Mrs. Harrison," said the clerk.

At the sound of my name Mrs. Varden turned. "Oh—good evening," she purred, focussing her lognette on the British officer. "How nicely you do manage to while away the lonely hours, Mrs. Harrison. Well, I suppose our Jimmie knows how to amuse himself, too. A soldier's wife has to be very adaptable."

He told me of the new chivalry of womanhood the war was calling to life. Captain Winston spoke reverently of all womanhood, and then there came one woman's name.

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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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(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIV

The Crown Prince—and Others

I first saw the Crown Prince professionally in the spring of 1905.

He was then twenty-three years old. He was in the uniform of a German army officer but looked more like a corps-student except for the fact that his face was not marked with a scar from duelling, as is usually the case with most members of the German aristocracy.

He had a habit of placing his hands on his hips and his coat was always flared in at the waist which, with the sporty angle at which he wore his cap, gave him a swagger which was quite foreign to the rest of the officers of the army. He was of slender figure, which was accentuated by his height. He was nearly six feet tall.

He came into my office, I remember, with a copy of Life in his pocket. He took it out and opened it and showed me a cartoon of himself which apparently caused him considerable amusement, and which, he said, he intended showing his family.

There were two beautiful rings on his left hand and he wore a wrist-watch, although at that time wrist-watches were used almost exclusively by women.

He was bright and quick, but by no means brilliant.

Perhaps the quality exhibited by him that impressed me most on that first visit was his excessive nervousness. He trembled all over. It was plain to see he was dreadfully afraid of me.

"I suppose the Crown Prince and the future ruler of Germany ought to be braver," he remarked.

"But I just hate to have to go to a dentist!"

He was to be married on June 6 to the Duchess Cecile of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and he talked of little but that coming event.

He asked me if I had seen any members of the Court lately, and I told him that the Kaiser's Court Chamberlain, Count von Eulenburg, had been to see me the previous day.

"I'm not surprised he has to go to the dentist," he remarked.

"The Crown Prince declared, 'He can't expect to have good teeth; he's always eating. As for myself, I eat very little, but I remain thin. I hate fat people.'"

I corrected him regarding the Count, remarking that he happened to have the most wonderful teeth I had ever seen in a man of seventy years of age. Indeed, the Count was in splendid physical condition and looked at least ten years younger than he really was.

The Crown Prince and I did not get along very well at that time. Apart from the fact that he was such a physical coward that it was almost impossible to work on him satisfactorily, he seemed to have no idea of the meaning of an appointment.

He would agree to be at my office at 9.30 and I would plan my day accordingly. At about 10 he would be on hand at 11, and he would actually arrive about 12. This happened several times, and I told him that I couldn't have my day broken up in that way.

After seven or eight visits at that particular period, I did not see him professionally for some time.

It was on his last visit to me in 1905, Princess von Pless told me that she had just met him and had told him that she was on her way to a dentist.

"I've never had a dentist," he remarked.

"I hate dentists!"

"I'm not at all sorry that he felt that way about my profession, because his visits were more of a liability than an asset, but I did rather regret that I was parentally to have no further opportunity of studying the possible future ruler of Germany more intimately."

In the years that followed I saw the Crown Prince many times driving through the streets and at public functions, but I did not come in close contact with him again until seeing him once in his car as he was about to enter Brandenburger Tor on his way to Unter den Linden. The fact that he had just had a motor accident caused him to draw up to one side and stand at salute until the Kaiser had passed on ahead. It was just this discipline which the force of military discipline which was bred in the bone of the Crown Prince. He simply did not dare drive up Unter den Linden first, knowing the Kaiser was following him.

While the Crown Prince seemed to respect military requirements, he paid little attention to the civil regulations. He was the depert of the traffic policemen and the taxi drivers and private chauffeurs, as they all insisted upon driving around safety zones to the left instead of to the right and usually came within an ace of colliding with other cars.

The Crown Prince was a reckless driver. On one occasion he was going so fast through a city street that his car climbed the sidewalk and crashed into a lamp-post. His car was smashed but he escaped injury.

I saw him on several occasions stop his motor or pull up his horse for the purpose of giving a coin to a child or a seedy-looking passerby on the street, a form of ostentatious charity which appealed very strongly to him. Among other qualities which he inherited from his father was a love for posing in public. He never allowed an opportunity to pass to make a favorable impression with the people, and one read almost daily of his various activities. Either the representatives of the German press must have been omnipresent or the imperial press agent was unusually efficient. On one occasion, when still quite young, the Crown Prince rode his horse up the hundred steps of the Palace at Sans Souci, not a particularly difficult feat, but the newspapers and magazines made all they could out of it.

Although I did not see the Crown Prince again professionally until 1915, the Crown Princess came to me in 1913, and from that time on paid me more or less regular visits. She was a woman of great charm and intelligence, and although she was more Russian than German in her ideas, and for some time after her marriage was rather generally criticised on that account, she soon became extremely popular and today is very much admired by the German people.

In her youth much of her time had been spent in the French Riviera and she had found French associations and customs more to her liking than German. When preparing for her nuptials she spent more time in Paris than she did in Berlin, most of her shopping being done in the French capital. The complaint was freely made that a French influence was being introduced into the life of a German Princess.

These adverse criticisms were soon forgotten, however, and the Crown Princess became a great favorite in German Court circles, to which she brought a youthful animation and spirit which had been notably absent before her advent.

She was one of the most democratic and informal of my royal patients. I remember one day when I was working on a patient's teeth we heard a loud "Hoo-Hoo" from the anteroom. The Crown Princess had heard that the Princess Hatzfeld, who was a great chum of hers, was in my office and had followed her into my place unannounced.

On another occasion, I had just finished my work and was writing a letter when a dog ran into the room. I walked out to ascertain who had let the animal in and found that the Crown Princess and Princess Hatzfeld had walked into my office. Desiring to make an appointment for the following week I called me up and stepped in for that purpose in the most informal way. The dog, which belonged to the Crown Princess, had found its way into my room to announce the arrival of his royal mistress.

The Princess Hatzfeld, I may mention, was an extremely intelligent and beautiful young woman, and because of her intimacy with the Crown Princess, I took a keen interest in the views she expressed from time to time. Her mother was an American.

When she called on me on one occasion after the war had started, I repeated to her the gist of a conversation I had had a few days before with her father, Excellenz von Stumm. He informed me that he had been trying to convince all Germans of influence that it would be a serious mistake to annex Belgium.

"From morning to night I have been trying to teach our people some sense," he had declared. "With the history of Poland and Alsace-Lorraine in mind, why should we take more responsibilities on our shoulders by retaining Belgium? The Lord only knows we have our hands full as it is. I don't see and I never have seen how Germany can possibly win this war!"

"Your father seemed to be very pessimistic regarding the outlook," I told her.

"The sad thing about it," she replied, "is that father is always right! I never knew him to make a mistake in judgment."

When the Crown Prince called to see me again I was surprised to find a considerable change in his general appearance. Although, of course, he was ten years older, he had aged more than in the whole world. There were lines on his face which made him look older than his thirty-three years.

In the outer world he was generally expected to be one of the leading spirits of the military party in Germany, but among his own people he was not credited with sufficient ability or influence to be much of a factor. Indeed, within the past year he had been criticised rather severely in army circles for his indifference to the crisis in which his country was involved and for not taking the war seriously enough, and from all I was able to observe of him during the visits he paid me after the resumption of our relations these criticisms were well founded. The newspapers, however, which were naturally inclined to always brought his name to the front whenever the army he was accredited to made any successful showing, just as they did in the case of the Kaiser, I noted that the Crown Prince seemed to be vitally interested in his personal appearance and in other trivial things which one would have thought he might very well have ignored in those serious times. He was still as fond of jewelry apparently as he had been, and wore two new rings which he wore affording him much satisfaction. He showed me a new wristwatch attached to an elastic-linked bracelet, of which he seemed to be very proud, and asked me what I thought of it. It was more on the order of the wrist-watches worn by ladies than of the military style which is favored by army men.

He talked about a new two-seated roadster which he was driving and was very much pleased with the new raiocart he was wearing. In fact, before he left that day, Princess Augusta

gust Wilhelm, her sister, Princess Carolina, of Schleswig Holstein, and several ladies-in-waiting had assembled in my salon to wait for him, and when I was through with him, he put on his new raiocart and walking into the salon, strutted up and down in front of the ladies, inquiring how they liked the cut of his new coat. The war seemed to be about the last thing on his mind.

During his various visits to me I tried to draw him out a little on different aspects of the international situation, but the ideas he expressed were not of much moment.

"The Allies think we will run short of man-power," he said on one occasion, "but we've got two million youths growing up and we'll soon be able to put them in the war. There's no danger of our running short of men, but, really, I wish it were all over. This war is a lot of damned nonsense, you know!"

He talked as if the two million growing-up youths of Germany were created for the Hohenzollerns to use as they pleased.

Another remark he made which indicated how sadly he misconstrued the epoch-making significance of the great war in which the whole world was involved was quite characteristic.

"I tell you I was worried. I felt so dopey all the time and I thought my heart was going back on me, for it used to have a queer way of jumping and thumping and every now and then it would miss a beat and I'd feel weak and faint."

"My nerves were very, very bad and I was troubled with shortness of breath that seized me at the slightest exertion."

"Tanlac fixed me up—no more heart trouble, no more nerves, no more shortness of breath, no sedatives. Tanlac is now being introduced here at Gorgas' Drug Store."

"Tanlac sure is the real stuff," said Grover C. Broderick, a car inspector who lives at Lemoyne, Pa., near Harrisburg. "It fixed me up in great shape when I was all gone to pot and I feel fine now all the time."

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(To Be Continued.)

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Car Inspector Thought His Heart Was Going Bad and Nerves Were Upset

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(To Be Continued.)

Stomach Misery

Get Rid of That Sourness, Gas and Indigestion

When your stomach is out of order or run down, your food doesn't digest. It ferments in your stomach and forms gas which causes sourness, heartburn, foul breath, pain at pit of stomach and many other miserable symptoms.

20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips will give joyful relief in five minutes; if taken regularly for two weeks they will turn your flabby, so tired, out stomach into a sweet, energetic, perfect working organ.

You can't be very strong and vigorous if your food only half digests. Your appetite is ruined, you feel nervous, dizziness, biliousness, nervousness, sick headache and constipation will follow.

20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips are small and easy to swallow and are guaranteed to banish indigestion and any or all of the above symptoms or money back. For sale by H. C. Kennedy and all leading druggists.



Best For Washing Sweaters

YOU take no chances when you wash sweaters with 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips. They cleanse perfectly and without injury because pure Borax and pure soap are the only ingredients in

20 MULE TEAM BORAX SOAP CHIPS

Sweaters washed in a luke-warm solution of 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips will not shrink. They will be soft, fluffy, and hygienically cleaned because the Borax purifies them of odors and dirt which woollens absorb so readily.

To get best results make a soap jelly by dissolving three tablespoons of 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips in a quart of boiling water and add to wash water. After cleansing, rinse sweater in warm water, pull out, shake thoroughly and dry in sun or air. An 8 oz. package of 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips equals 25¢ worth of ordinary laundry soap.

It's the Borax with the soap that does the work AT ALL DEALERS

20 MULE TEAM BORAX SOAP CHIPS

LAUNDRY SOAP IN A BOX

20 MULE TEAM BORAX SOAP CHIPS

20 MULE TEAM BORAX SOAP CHIPS

20 MULE TEAM BORAX SOAP CHIPS

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How to Conserve

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

JAMS

Wash fruits, put in an enamel pan and add only enough water to prevent burning. Cook slowly until the fruit begins to thicken and for each pound of fruit add twelve table-spoons of sugar and one teaspoon salt.

Continue cooking, stirring with wooden spoon until the desired consistency is obtained.

Pour into sterilized glasses and seal with hot paraffin and cover of metal or paper.

If some under-ripe fruit is used, a more jelly-like product is obtained. The National War Garden Commission will gladly answer any questions written on one side of the paper and sent in a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Sugarless Dried Apple Sauce

An excellent apple sauce can be made without sugar and kept for some time if placed in a crock or glass jar with open top and sealed with paraffin as follows:

Wash apples, trim spots, but do not peel; cut into quarters and core. Put into saucepan with very little water and cook down until they mash easily. Crush to a fine consistency, spread on large platters or clean mixing bowls, protect from flies and insects by cheesecloth or wire netting and leave in the sun to dry until the surface seems sealed. The mixture should be spread thin so that the sun penetrates it and dries it out. Two or three days will be sufficient if the sun shines brightly. When dry, cut in squares or with a round cutter to fit size of the jar to be packed in, and pack one layer on top of another until container is filled.

Melt paraffin and pour over the top of container to seal.

Sulphur Vapor Baths

Kruse System

The body being in a reclining position in the cabinet insures a perfect relaxation of the muscles and nerves, thereby enabling the person to absorb a greater quantity of the sulphur vapor into the system, which is the principal factor in the elimination of the secreting one to breathe pure fresh air while the body is subjected to the fumes of the body. The head is entirely outside of the cabinet, allowing waves of warm sulphur vapor. These features alone are worthy of your consideration and investigation.

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL AND INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMA AS MOST PERFECT BATH IN THE WORLD

Parlors 207 Walnut Street

Harrisburg, Pa. Second Floor.

Bell Phone 2341.

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Harrisburg, Pa. Second Floor.

Bell Phone 2341.

Astrich's 308 Market st.

Dainty Undergarments Attractively Priced--

The September Bride surely ought to make it a point to see our wonderful display of dainty, exquisite Silk Undergarments—everything is here to complete the trousseau—Crepe de Chine—Italian Silk and Satin Bloomers, Camisoles, Vests, Union Suits and Gowns—all modestly priced.

Our recently enlarged Underwear Department is busy these days supplying women who want that "something different and better" and at easy prices.

Remarkable Values in Lingerie of All Kinds

ENVELOPE CHEMISE of pink and white nainsook—dainty trimmings of insertion and ribbon, at \$1.98, \$1.59, \$1.49 and \$1.25

BLOOMERS of pink and white nainsook—excellent value at \$1.25 and 98c

GOWNS of crepe, batiste and nainsook—white and pink—beautiful styles at \$1.69

NEW BILLIE BURKE PAJAMAS of pink batiste—very popular at \$1.98

Phillipine Gowns \$2.25 Up

Hand embroidered and ribbon trimmed—the choice of women folks who appreciate simplicity of style and quality.

Silk Petticoats at \$5.98

Complete color range of the new dark Fall shades—unusual values at the price. See these.