



Reading for Women and all the Family



THE KAISER AS I KNEW HIM FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

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

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(Continued.)

I lay down on a couch in my room and my eyes rested on a most fascinating painting on one of the walls. It showed a rowboat with four men in it going over a waterfall. Apparently the fate of the occupants of that boat was sealed. Nothing could keep the boat from going over the edge and being dashed to pieces at the foot of the cataract.

The look of agony and despair on the faces of the three men in the bow of the boat showed how clearly they realized the helplessness of their position. The man in the stern of the boat was standing up with one foot over the side. He had grasped a frail twig which overhung the bank, but it was hardly enough to stand the strain. Nevertheless, his expression on his face disclosed that, combined with the sense of impending danger which possessed him, there was just a ray of hope that this little twig might be the means of averting the catastrophe.

The thought came to me that the Kaiser and his supporters were in identical the same position as the man in the stern of that ill-fated boat and that in their U-boat campaign, upon which they relied so much, they were clutching desperately at a frail twig which might for a moment delay but could not possibly avert their doom.

After the Kaiser had had his sleep, I was summoned to his dressing room. I got there before he did and on the table I noticed a long envelope addressed to "His Majesty the King and Kaiser." It looked very official and imposing, but just what it contained of course I don't know.

The Kaiser entered the room attended in a red flannel undershirt. It was the first time I had ever seen him in such a state of peevish negligence, and I received more or less of a shock. I had been so accustomed to seeing him in uniform, both in pictures and in person, that it had never occurred to me that underneath that symbol of pomp the Kaiser probably dressed the same as us lesser mortals. I noticed incidentally that when he put on his military coat he put it on right over his undershirt.

Homburg was much nearer the firing-line than Pless, although, of course, at a very safe distance. I

noticed, however, that here anti-aircraft guns had been planted, but apart from that there was hardly any more activity than there had been at Pless.

While walking down the corridor I was stopped by an officer and asked what I was, but as a rule, I came and went without molestation and seldom had to show my pass, which one of the Kaiser's adjutants had given me and which permitted me to come and leave army headquarters for the whole year 1917.

When I was driven through the streets of Homburg, both coming from and going to the railroad station, in the Kaiser's motorcar, and the second-man, or bugler, on the front seat, blew the horn, people came running out of stores and spread to the uncut timber. As the facilities for extinguishing fire in these unpopulated regions was practically nil, and the climate made the timber particularly inflammable, these fires usually attained serious dimensions.

"That points out again the inefficiency of your form of government," he commented. "You have laws requiring the railways to use appliances to arrest the sparks from their engines, haven't you? Why don't you enforce them? Your people don't seem to realize that it takes years to grow a tree. Because you have more than you need to-day, you make no provision for to-morrow. For every tree cut down another should be planted. If you don't adopt some such measure, the time will surely come when America will have to turn to Germany for timber."

I smiled at the idea of our country having to rely upon German timber, but the Kaiser insisted that at the rate we were using our lumber resources Germany would soon have a greater supply available than we. I wonder if the Germans have been planting a new tree for every one they have ruthlessly destroyed on the continent of Europe during the past few years of destructive warfare!

It is a fact, however, that the German laws are very stringent in this respect. One is not permitted to cut down a tree on one's own premises without first securing the consent of the tree commission, and as the "red tape" involved in an appeal to the German authorities in matters of this kind is most wearying, such applications are not frequently resorted to.

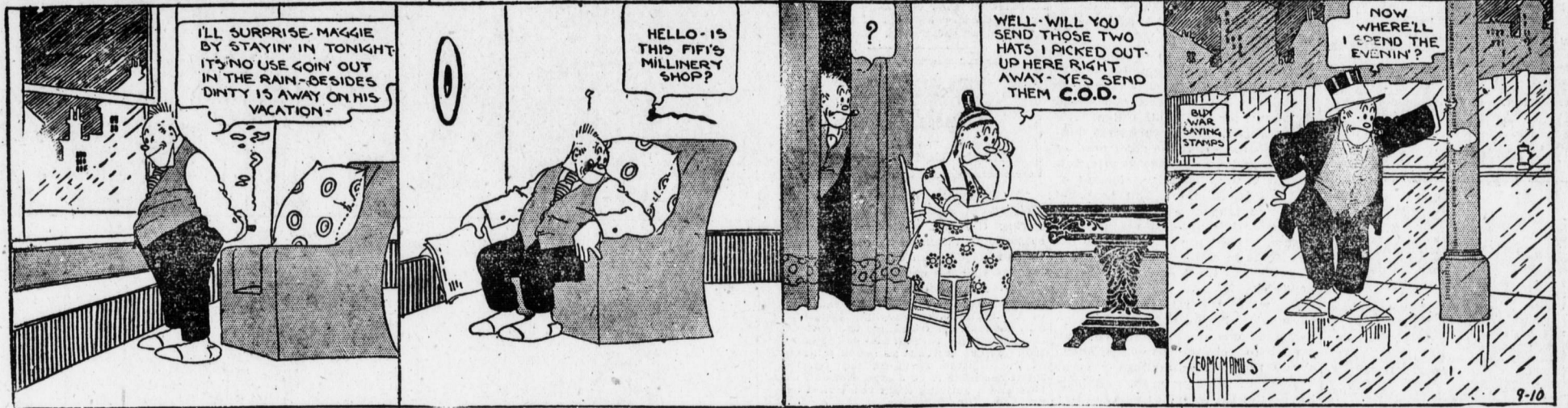
Another illustration of the Kaiser's familiarity with our national problems was afforded in a remark he made at the time of our financial panic in 1907, which he said should never have been possible.

(To Be Continued.)

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



"I'll surprise Maggie by stayin' in tonight. It's no use goin' out in the rain—besides, dinky is away on his vacation."

"HELLO—IS THIS FIFTEEN'S MILLINERY SHOP?"

"WELL—WILL YOU SEND THOSE TWO HATS I PICKED OUT—UP HERE RIGHT AWAY—YES SEND THEM C.O.D."

"NOW WE'LL SEND THE EVENIN'?"

"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife

Chapter XVIII

As I whirled through a morning of packing and making arrangements to leave the Waigrave, I kept remembering that Betty Bryce was in Washington.

I wanted to forget—but there was so much to realize that it takes years to grow a tree. Because you have more than you need to-day, you make no provision for to-morrow. For every tree cut down another should be planted. If you don't adopt some such measure, the time will surely come when America will have to turn to Germany for timber."

clever to me—she purred like a contented kitten! Her throaty little voice, its quick catch with the tiny stretch of malice back of it, were very amusing, but I decided I was very glad that Evelyn liked me.

Under her direction the trunks were hidden away in a curtained corner of the large, square bathroom. The bags were stowed in the deep window seats of the bedroom. Presently all signs of "just moving in" were smoothed away.

The little ice chest in the kitchenette was threaded by frost-covered pipes—Evelyn explained the refrigeration plant—and the dumbwaiter system of removing refuse. She propelled me through a few simple arrangements with the janitor, the fruit vender and the man who left rolls and milk and then I found myself at the Santovort.

After lunch Mr. Mason taxed us about on a shopping tour for linens and household utensils. No one expected me to think for myself—I felt like a very large baby suddenly come into possession of a most efficient Mr. and Mrs. Fairy Godmother. I might have chosen blue striped bath towels. Evelyn selected lavender.

When we returned to the apartment my arduous and brain-taxing share of the work was unpacking trunks. Evelyn insisted upon tacking up shelf paper, washing china and putting my linen and enamel soap in place. Tom Mason took to his "job" the arrangement of the living room. They promised that the rooms would be in apple pie order by night—and I felt vaguely disappointed.

It would have been such fun to have done a little of the neat-building with Jim but Jim was in Washington with his friends. I was lucky to have such kind friends here in our little home-to-be.

There was one deep closet in the bedroom. It had wide shelves built in and two clothes poles stretched

across it with hangers all ready to welcome coats and suits and dresses—the shelves on the right for Jim's hats and shoes and boxes; those opposite for my belongings. When I had arranged them, the precious intimacy of that "cupboard shared" gave me my first feeling of home.

There were bits of shouted conversation now and then, but for the most part we worked in silence, like old friends who understand each other.

At last Mr. Mason called that it would be half past seven and that he would like a little feminine comment on his masculine home-making ability and an hour off for supper. So Evelyn and I hurried to the door of the living room and there a splendid picture greeted us.

Tall, slim black iron lanterns of ancient Venice were sending out flame color lights from their nooks between the windows, where curtains of apricot silk shut out the daylight. Thick white candles burned on either side of the white stone fireplace in the north wall. Cool and gray were the rugs on the floor—soft and brooding was the high, gray ceiling. Candle light flickered over the apricot and dull green damask of the chairs.

On the refectory table, which was drawn up against the deep couch in the south wall, stood a lantern whose flame colored light was mantled by the wings of iron birds. On a little cloth of damask there was a great bowl of black cherries and another of peaches. The fragrance of coffee rose from an electric percolator.

It was beautiful—and homelike. Tom Mason beamed like a happy boy at our praise.

"Now I'll run to the corner for some sandwiches, and then we'll have a house-warming supper party," he announced.

At that my heart sank. How could I take my first meal in the new home with any one but my husband? But a minute later I realized how much I owed these good friends—a cold supper, after all their work, was so little to offer! I determined to atone for my moment of ingratitude.

"This is my party—the first in my new home—a little thank-offering to the good friends who have helped me make the home. I'm going to the corner for the 'eats,'" I cried with gay determination, from which I refused to budge.

A clock in the village was chiming eight when I returned with my purchases. I noticed it idly. I wonder

if I can ever again listen "idly" when a clock strikes eight.

(To Be Continued)

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.

CATARRH VANISHES

Here is One Treatment That All Sufferers Can Rely Upon.

If you want to drive catarrh and all its disgusting symptoms from your system in the shortest possible time, go to your druggist and ask for a Hyomei outfit to-day.

Breathe Hyomei and you will find relief that all who use it for the first time are astonished.

Hyomei is a pure pleasant antiseptic, which is breathed into the lungs over the inflamed membrane, it kills the catarrh germs, soothes the sore spots, and heals all inflammation.

Don't suffer another day with catarrh; the disease is dangerous and often ends in consumption. Start the Hyomei treatment to-day. No stomach dosing, no douches, or sprays, or use breathe it—that's all. Ask H. C. Kennedy.

Long before the subject of forest conservation was taken up seriously in this country, the Kaiser pointed out to me what a great mistake we were making in not devoting more attention to it.

"Can you tell me, Davis, why you have so many forest fires in your country?" he asked, after a particularly destructive conflagration in the west had destroyed many acres of timber. "How does it happen?" I explained to him that most of

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will take the dirt, grease and rust spots off in a hurry and keep your range as bright and shining as it was the day you got it. And this is just one of the ways that you can keep your kitchen hygienically clean with Borax, the oldest and best cleaning agent and disinfectant for home use.

20 Mule Team Borax has a hundred household uses.



MAKING THE MOST OF OUR CHILDREN

A Series of Plain Talks to Parents

By Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. President of the Parents Association.

(Copyright, 1918, by the Parents Association, Inc.) No. 17. The Child Who Runs Away.

THE first aim of most parents in Child Training is Control.

The instinct for running away is a hopeful one, it shows real initiative, desire to discover and explore, but it must be kept within bounds.

If you cannot control your five-year-old runaway now, you will probably not be able to control him ten years later. It is no wonder, then, that the runaway child causes so much concern.

A father writes to me: "Our little boy is about three years of age. What can we do to prevent him from running into the street? He has plenty of ground on our property to play in, but the minute we turn our back he runs away. If you run after him, he runs so much faster."

With a child of this age, it is really better to have a fence for the boundary line because it is almost too much to expect a child so young to remember not to cross an invisible line.

You might, however, have a place in your backyard, perhaps twenty-five feet square, for him to play in most of the time. In this plot, have a sandbox, little tools for him to work with and other playthings. Make this spot really attractive by promising to have it marked off clearly so that he can easily see the boundary lines.

Do not try to get the child to promise that he will not run away. Children so young promise things very often when they scarcely know what they are saying and the practice of making them promise tends to cause untruthfulness. This method also has a tendency to weaken obedience.

Simply tell the child where he is to play. Go out to the yard with him, walk around the boundary line inside of which you are willing he should play, saying: "You can play clear over as far as the rope this way and clear over as far as the rope on the other side. Won't that be a fine playground?" Then say in a low confidential tone, "Maybe I'll give you a bigger place to play in to-morrow. I shall expect you to play right in here to-day. Don't go outside the ropes without asking father. You'll have a

Watch the child very closely at first and the moment he oversteps the line, walk very slowly out in the yard—don't hurry—take him come directly in front of you, and, looking him straight in the eye, say, "Robert, from now on, you are to play inside of these lines. You must not go outside without asking father. Let's go and see what we can make with the sand and blocks."

The most natural thing for parents to do is to yell at the child and tell him to come back in a fault-finding way, or whip him or tie him. But the sure way to have a bad result, the correct way is to speak confidentially and friendly, though firmly.

After teaching the child to respect the boundary lines of the small plot, which you use as a testing ground, you may gradually increase the size, so long as he proves worthy of trust, until the outside boundary line is the sidewalk or edge of the street. If he becomes lax, narrow his border lines until he can again be trusted.

If all children were given proper and much-needed early lessons in self-control, the state would not need so many reformatories and jails.

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Get Rid of That Persistent Cough

If you are subject to weak lungs, heed the cough as a warning, ECK-MAN'S ALTERNATIVE may aid you in stopping the cough. In addition, it is a valuable tonic and health-builder in such cases as alcohol, narcotic or habit-forming drugs, twenty years' successful use and \$1.50 bottles at all druggists or from manufacturer, postpaid, ECK-MAN LABORATORY, Philadelphia, Pa.

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The Flavor Lasts