



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 XX.

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The telephone sounded again and again. I heard it vaguely, without any reaction to its clamor. It didn't seem that the call could be for me—it didn't seem that I, Anne Harrison, was there in the apartment to answer the call! Everything that had happened all during the long day seemed like a bad dream, from the moment Jim's letter had grieved me to madness, to that other moment when I had been desperately striving to make Tom Mason leave me.

The telephone kept on ringing—it seemed to buzz angrily. I thought of the bees I had once so feared—but it simply did not occur to me to answer the phone.

"Shall I answer it?" asked Mr. Mason at last.

I nodded.

He crossed the room, took down the receiver, turned to smile at me reassuringly, listened for a moment and then put his hand over the mouthpiece before he spoke to me.

"It's for you—the Walgrave calling Mrs. Harrison. I don't let the operator downstairs make the connection—no use having that impatient clerk at the hotel wonder who is answering your phone."

His smile deepened—took on an air of complete understanding.

I brushed my hand across my forehead wearily as I went to the telephone. The attitude Mr. Mason was assuming toward me now seemed more than I could bear, and as I crossed the room I wondered dully why Evelyn had consented to go. Did she know her cousin? Did she think she knew me?

"Mrs. Harrison?" inquired the voice of the operator at the switchboard downstairs. "Just a moment—I'll connect you with the Walgrave."

And presently the voice of the over-friendly clerk came over the wire.

"There's a telegram here for you, Mrs. Harrison. Shall I send it by messenger?"

"Open it and read it to me at once, please."

More unctuous than ever was the voice.

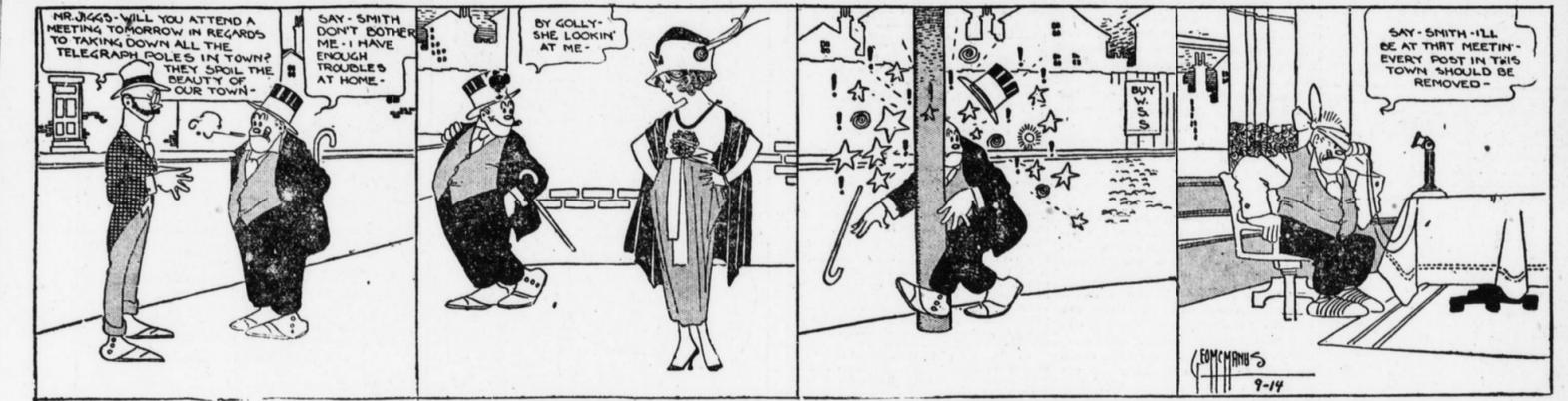
"Oh, yes, of course. I didn't think—I didn't know you'd wish to have us see the contents of your message. Yes, madam, I'll read it at once. Ah, here it is. It's from Washington, signed Jim, the Lieutenant. I suppose. It says: 'Returning at eight-thirty; don't meet me station. Coming hotel immediately.' You couldn't make the station, anyway, Mrs. Harrison. It's almost eight-thirty now."

I hung up the receiver and turned to Tom Mason with a feeling of surprise and quiet power—my Jim was coming home. Betty Bryce might be

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



in Washington—but my boy was coming home to me!

My husband is returning this evening. He'll be here in half an hour," I said triumphantly.

I got a most unexpected answer.

"That's splendid. Now we'll just turn off the coze percolator, and you can heat it up again when Jim gets here. It really will be nice and cozy for you to have your first meal in the little place with him. But you two children must invite a lonely old bachelor in soon for a family dinner—only fair that you should make up to me for the disappointment of to-night, isn't it?"

I stared at him in amazement. He was gentle and friendly again—the kindly, helpful host. Had I dreamed that tense moment when he held my hands in his? I was over-tired, I told myself, overwrought, nervous. I had imagined most of that little scene with Mr. Mason and misinterpreted the strangeness of Tom Mason's attitude. I switched on the coffee percolator again and ran to make myself fine in a little negligee—the coral colored crepe de chine. Eagerly, like a bride decking herself for her bridegroom, I prepared for my husband's coming.

In my joy, I forgot that he was returning, not to familiar surroundings, but to the unexplained strangeness of Tom Mason's studio.

When I was as fine and dainty as I could make myself, I ran to the deep window and knelt in front of the flame-colored torches waiting for the sound of Jim's taxi. At last, after long moments of waiting, the bulky machine drew up to the curb—my boy alighted, rose again and stood waiting. The door was open and my arms were held out in welcome.

I could hear Jim's step on the stairs—the little drag of his left ankle—his foot on the hallway. And then he stood in the door—my boy!

I started forward with a cry of joy, his face cheered me. He closed the door behind him quietly. We were alone, but I didn't dare to him. Then he looked at me—his eyes glared black, his face grim—blazing with rage.

(To Be Continued.)

THE KAISER AS I KNEW HIM FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

By ARTHUR N. DAVIS, D. D. S. (Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

(Continued.)

There is no doubt that the war was planned and made possible by the militarists and the bankers, and that every effort was made to conceal from the people its real purpose and ultimate goal; but if anyone imagines that the people at large would have been held back had they realized the truth, he fails to understand the underlying spirit of the Teutonic race.

The Germans are the most quarrelsome people in the world. It is misleading to speak of the German militarists. All Germans are militarists. The records of their civil courts tell the story. In 1913 there were no less than 5,000,000 petty cases tried in the courts, and as every cast naturally involved at least two parties, the astonishing fact is disclosed that some 10,000,000 Germans, or one-seventh of the entire population, appealed to the courts in a single year.

The bellicose character of the people was evidenced in countless other ways. It was the natural result of that I believe to be the most pronounced national shortcoming—selfishness. The average German is the most selfish individual in the world. He thinks of himself and his own comfort first, last and all the time. I have noticed on the street cars, in the theaters, in the public highways, in the restaurants and hotels, where people congregate, everybody looks out for himself first and pushes aside those who stand in his way. In civil life, just as in a state of war, the German practices the principle that might makes right.

Chivalry, courtesy, magnanimity are as foreign to the German make-up as they are characteristic of the French. A keen desire to make something out of nothing is another national trait of the Germans, if my observation has been accurate. What is commonly referred to as "the German spirit" is a name for German stinginess, and I have seen so many illustrations of the petty meanness of the German people that it seems idle to specify single instances.

Just by way of example, however, I may mention a particularly atrocious case of this common failing. I have seen a German man, a Christian, present my wife with a set of furs and had them sent to the house of a friend, where my wife was staying, for the holidays. After having learned that my wife's hostess had ferreted out the name of the furrier and had demanded a "commission" on the sale!

This state of affairs was brought about by the fact that while every male German is supposed to serve two years in the army, unless he passes the higher examination for the one-year service, many serve an additional ten years, and thereby become entitled to a position for life in the civil service—the police, fire, railroad, telegraph post office, or some other similar governmental department. The great majority of these officers are army veterans and they never allow the civilians to forget it.

Anyone who has lived in Berlin, and is familiar with conditions in other European capitals, will bear me out that the German policeman is the most arrogant police official in the world. His word is taken in court in preference to that of six civilians, and his power is such that it might very easily be used oppressively; but strangely enough, despite the cupidity of the German character, graft and corruption among the German police and other officials were practically unknown before the war.

An illustration of the power of the German police system was afforded in the outrage committed by a German policeman in the course of a strike at Breslau a year or two before the war. To disperse the crowd the police slashed right and left with their swords. An innocent boy, endeavoring to get out of

Life's Problems Are Discussed

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

A wise and witty old friend of mine—I regard him as a friend, although I know him only through the comments and criticisms he writes me upon these articles of mine—trails at me occasionally in a good-natured way upon the amount of space I devote to the woes of the married. Happily wedded himself, he sees no sense or reason in the so-called problems of matrimony; and then, too, he is a sufferer from sciatica, which surely gives him a license to growl at anything he wants to.

Yet when one considers that of the three great adventures of life marriage is the only one that can in a measure be charted or controlled, and that upon it depends to so great an extent the success and happiness of our careers, does not the subject merit all the discussion which can throw any light upon its difficulties and hazards? For the majority of people it is the most vital and pervasive fact in their existence.

We know not whence we come at birth, or whether we are going at death; but to marry or not to marry is largely at our own option, together with the "why," the "when," the "where," the "how" and the "whom" of it. And whether we make a hash of our time excepting is equally, if sometimes unconsciously, in our own hands.

And just as the aviator soaring aloft can see the unbroken nest or obstacle invisible to the navigator on the surface, so the detached and unprejudiced observer of marriage may detect perils in the tack which is being followed, which are missed by those who are sailing the bark.

Here, for example, is a young wife who is very genuinely puzzled and distressed over something she spies which seems to her to spell shipwreck ahead, but which is really only a windmill in the water.

"I wonder what you would do, if you were placed as I am," she writes. "I have been married two years. My husband loves me dearly, and generally is the best of husbands. He has no roes of time except that kills all my love for him. We get along nicely for a long while, and then suddenly my husband doesn't come home from business. I worry and wait, and finally start a hunt for him. People say he must be hurt, and I half believe it myself, although all the while I suspect that he has merely revenging himself on me again."

"Two or three days later he turns up without apology or explanation, except that something he did had angered him, and he proposed to get even. If he were a temperamental fellow I might understand but he is just a plain American, quiet and good at all times except when he breaks out suddenly in the way I describe. I've found out long ago it does no good to scold, but all my tears and all I can say has no effect. What shall I do with him?"

For answer let me tell you what one woman said she did in a similar case: since as I gather, yours is an unusual experience, indeed, I am told that it is quite the custom among young husbands to display this runaway impulse, just as it is with colts not yet thoroughly broken to harness.

The woman to whom I refer had suffered for a long time as you do. During his absences she searched for him wildly; on his return she indulged in hysterics. Then she suddenly realized that she was simply playing into his hand. He wanted to torment her and she showed him that he was able to do so. Accordingly, the next time he disappeared she forced herself to smother her anxiety, went about her customary affairs in the usual way, and when he eventually turned up, asked no questions and made no protests, but greeted him calmly and indifferently as if he had never been away. The mind was completely taken out of his sails, and a later repetition of the treatment completely cured him.

"The husbands are not always to blame for the runaway impulse, however. Wives are quite apt to clank the matrimonial chain too loudly and thus startle sensitive ears, forgetting that marriage is not a serfdom, but a partnership—business association—and like any other business, apt to prove stale and wearisome."

When a man sees his business partner becoming fagged and run down, he says "John, you're losing your pep." Take a week or so off and get fresh. Don't give a thought to the shop till you come back." But a woman will say: "John, you're not looking well. You need a rest. We'll take the children and go somewhere." And the last state of that man is worse than the first.

Every American, no matter how plain and prosaic, is "temperamental" under the skin. He has in him the spirit of adventure. And when a woman when he begins to show signs of vagrant yearnings will not oppose them, but will practically force him from the nest, recognizing that if a man needs an occasional vacation from business, so he does from the cares and worries of family life. When he comes back, he will tackle them with fresh enthusiasm.

Jeweled from above, there are

What Do The Children Drink

A recent survey in a prosperous and progressive middle western city showed that among 4422 children visited only 58 per cent. were receiving fresh milk and drink. Others were being given tea and coffee, and even some of the 58 per cent. were drinking tea or coffee for breakfast. These children came from all sorts of families ranging from the wealthiest in the city to the very poorest.

When the warring nations of Europe, amid all their strain and cares, are making every effort to get the children as much milk as can be produced or imported, it is a shameful fact to face that so many American children are doing without that vital food.

Many well-to-do families apparently believe they are supplying food for their children, when in fact they are giving down their milk supply. And so it develops that children are not getting as much milk as they need.

It cannot be too often repeated that the best way to save money is to get the most for your money. The seriousness of saving people for the future is voiced in the nation-wide baby campaign.

Mothers are now beginning to realize that milk for the children is cheap at any price. Milk should be served to both old and young as a food, not as a beverage. Even if the increased cost of labor brings the price up, it is an infinitely more comparatively inexpensive article, when its real food value is appreciated.

The report of the investigation in that one middle western city mentioned at the beginning of the article will start many mothers thinking. How much milk are the children in your community or even in your own home getting?

Fall Styles Are Pleasing

Deep Coat Collars Liked

Records for fall coats have not started to arrive yet in full volume but, from those few early duplications which are filtering in, manufacturers feel they are able to say something of a line on what the ultimate consumer, on whom the final judgment rests, prefers in the way of coat styles. It has been found that deep pointed collars reaching down in back sometimes as far as the waistline are popular, especially when these collars are of fur, and in this respect, unlike fall suits, fur trimmings is apparently quite highly favored in many sections. Large patch pockets, girdles and deep cuffs are other features most generally sought.

Vests For Women Popular

Waistcoats for women for wear under suits are said to be very well sought in many sections. Many of these vests are made very long, almost coat length. Others are shorter, and some are made of tan flowered pongee silk is a popular material for these garments. There is also a good demand for other heavy silks quite elaborately decorated with allover stitching and hand embroidery. In waistcoats of this sort the favorite color combinations are given as rose and green on a yellow background, and blue or gray backgrounds with decorations in subdued gold and red.

Interest in Evening Wraps

Evening wraps for fall and winter are coming in for quite a little attention these days, both in wholesale markets and at retail. Brocade velvets, metallic cloths and shiny satins are very much in the limelight. They are made in capecoat styles as well as in draped cape designs and, if anything, the former is a little the favorite. There are quite a few wraps in which two materials have been very effectively combined. Fringed seems to be more popular than for many years. Such furs as fox, squirrel, Hudson seal and ermine have been variously used for trimming.

Spring Waist Shades Restricted

From present indications, manufacturers of waists in this country will go into the spring season with a more restricted range of colors than has ever been the case before. In line with the conservation ideas of the war industries board, the color committee of the United Waist League of America has selected seven colors from the 125 contained in the spring card of the Textile Color Card Association, and these will be recommended to the waist manufacturers of the country as the most adaptable and suitable for the new season. The spring card, containing the selected hues, will be issued some time next month. At present the color committee is working with the silk manufacturers and designers in an endeavor to obtain a standard shade of each color, and until this result is achieved the identity of the chosen seven is being kept under cover.

Breaking Away From Paris

Though Paris seems to favor the short skirt, there is no indication so far that this "sensible length," as it has been called, is to be taken up here to any large extent. The smartest dresses now seen in this country, and those which are most in demand by well-dressed women, have skirts of ankle length and taper to a very narrow width at the bottom. Freedom is obtained in some of these by making skirts of all accordion pleats, a feature most prevalent in dresses of navy serge. The full length skirt is seen not only in dresses but in separate skirts also, and has the world of fashion so by the ears that manufacturers do not believe it is to be discarded in a hurry whatever Paris may do.



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