



# 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 XXV.  
(Copyright, 1918, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

This morning Jim and I faced facts. Jim showed me his letter—it was from the War Department—the acceptance of his resignation from the army.

So this is Jim's last day in the uniform of his country!

When I had finished reading the letter I looked up with eyes brimming and ready to overflow. But before I could say a word to comfort him, Jim came and put his arm around me.

"Never mind, little girl. It's all right. Steady there! I'll have to go down and get some 'cits'—ready-made I guess. I've no right to this uniform that I've been in for so long," he said.

"This was how Jim met his big moment, quietly and like a real soldier. I tried to be as simple and matter of course as he.

"It's years since you've been in civilian clothes—cits as you call them. I'll be a lark picking out your suit—may I come with you?"

As I spoke it flashed over me that Jim might have ordered a suit of clothes a week ago! Then I realized that until his resignation was accepted he could hardly believe that

he was no longer Lieutenant Harrison of the American Aviation.

"I'd rather go alone, dear. If you would help me—I like to do something worth while first—that article for 'Haldane's,' he said, a bit unsteadily.

After he had dictated the first draft of 'Jobs—Not Bouquets,' Jim fairly dashed out of the house. I knew that he needed to get away from the pity in my eyes.

While he was at my typewriter Jim's laundry came, then the man's bill arrived, and the fruit man and weekly list of telephone calls appeared in search of pay at about the same time. After our bills were settled, there remained in my purse five cents—and fifteen dollars of the thirty Jim had given me! Mr. Haldane was all enthusiasm about the story—spent a happy hour at the office. Then, rather than break a five dollar bill for a fare, Jim walked home, even though the afternoon was sultry.

Just as I arrived at our door a taxi drew up and Jim got out! A taxi! I stood in stunned silence while he paid the man, and stunned I remained, as he whirled me up to our apartment, propelled me into it, and then enveloped me in a boyish bear-hug.

Jim was exuberantly happy. He had come across a want advertisement that seemed to point right to him—Snedden & Company advertised for a man with good connections and able to handle gild-edge mining stocks.

"I knew I was the man. You see, Anne, I can't call on my personal friends begging for a job—I'm not going about whining for favors. But I can go to my friends when I have a chance to do them a favor. The fellows I have played round with are just the customers for the Snedden stocks. Well, I got the job—therefore the taxi. Now we go to the Vanclair roof in another taxi!"

I didn't protest. Our luck seemed to have turned, and I was warm and tired and ready to have a little more sleep and rest than our kitchenette offered.

Out came the lavender organdy and my leghorn hat with the band of amethyst velvet and nodding pink roses. I must look my very sweetest—Jim's "lilac girl"—to celebrate his success.

We were late in arriving at the Vanclair roof and might have been turned away without a table; but a friendly voice hailed us over the shoulder of the shrugging, indifferent captain, and in another moment Dicky Royce was leading us to a table where sat Sally and the dreadful, old painted shrew of the Walgrave—Mrs. Varden, who turned out to be Sally's mother. For a minute or two I forgot to be annoyed by her presence. But Mrs. Varden managed to alter that directly by dint of a few of her barbed words:

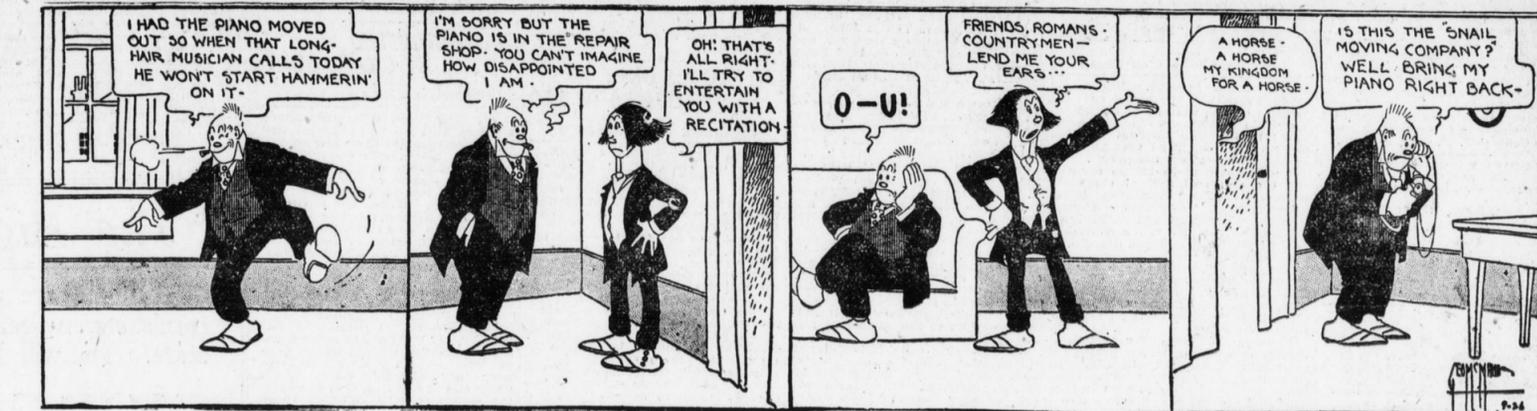
"Well, Jimmie, so you and the little wife actually do travel together now and then! Generally when you're here, her you're neglecting her, and Tom Mason is busy proving his friendship—for you."

She waved a playful finger at Jim, but looking at his strained face I wondered if my boy was not about to say something mercenary and cruel to the old vixen. She was saved, for just then a waltz struck

## 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. (Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

(Continued.)

"I have a friend at the University of Heidelberg," said another. "He is a professor, one of the brainiest men in the country. His salary is five thousand marks a year. He had a wife and six children when the war started. The cost of living has steadily gone up, as we all know, but that professor's salary hasn't advanced one penny. To make ends meet, he has been taking on extra work, and he has almost ruined his health through the strain of overwork combined with insufficient nourishment, for both he and his wife had been skimping themselves on food that their children might get enough."

"Some months ago this professor told me that his eldest boy was within a few months of military age but he was so undernourished that if he were pulled into the army he would never be able to stand the strain of active training. They took him just the same, and two months later he died. A few months after that, the youngest child became sick from undernourishment, and he died too. Then the mother collapsed from grief and starvation and when she was taken to the hospital the professor had to assume entire care of the remaining children besides fulfilling his regular duties."

"And now, friends," the speaker went on, "that poor professor has collapsed too, and the children are in the hands of the authorities. I tell you, men, that there are thousands of other families whose cases are no better than this one. We and our children are starving while the landowners and the profiteers are making twenty times what they got in peace-time and can buy all the food they want. How long are we going to stand by and do nothing?"

There was not a single member in that group—and they were apparently all strangers to each other—who hesitated to say exactly what he felt. They began to murmur and uttered in favor of the government.

After the Russian revolution had resulted in the overthrow of the Czar, I heard two workmen at the railroad, one of whom was a hunchback, talking over the fence.

"If we had any sense and weren't such fools, we'd start the same thing over here," I overheard one declare. "Our government's treating us worse than the Russian government."

I have mentioned before that the German police, although the most arrogant in the world, were always friendly to the poor. In times of peace, but with the changed living conditions brought about by the war, the police yielded to temptation and not only exacted tribute and accepted bribes, but brazenly appropriated the loot which they recovered from thieves and robbers.

One of the police officers of Berlin openly admitted to me that it was no longer possible for him to exist on his one hundred and fifty marks a month in view of the increased prices of food and clothing, and that he was forced to seek out a livelihood by resorting to corruption. The food regulations, which it was the duty of the police to enforce, provided an excellent opportunity for bribery, and he retorted, allowing civilians to purchase or otherwise obtain more than the allotted quantities of food, the police were able to extort liberal bonuses.

On the first of August, 1917, robbers entered my house. They stole about five hundred dollars' worth of gold, platinum and silver, besides typewriter, some celluloid brushes and other articles of little value. An idea of the lawless condition of the city may be gathered from the fact that the band of burglars who had entered my place had no sooner reached the street than they were set upon by another band and relieved of their booty. The first group of robbers turned out to be a bunch of seven and a half dozen. They were so incensed at being robbed themselves that they made a clean breast of the affair to the first policeman who came to and the whole lot of them were arrested. The second group of robbers proved to be soldiers on furlough. I applied to the local police station for the return of my property. They exhibited some of it to me, but told me that I would have to obtain it through police headquarters, in another part of the city. A few days later I called there accordingly and was given the celluloid toilet articles and other things of nominal value, but the gold, platinum and silver were retained by the police. I called on the police station and was given a paper to the effect that I was satisfied with the work they had done in apprehending the burglars and with the property that had been returned to me.

fact that they had captured the criminals ought to be enough, they believed, to satisfy the most exacting civilian, but they made it a custom to restore some of the cheaper articles to the victim of the robbery, figuring that as he probably expected to lose all he would be well satisfied if he regained part.

These and other similar cases suggested the possibility that the police were working as accomplices of the criminal classes. They were certainly becoming as much of a menace as the law-breaking class they were supposed to suppress.

The dissatisfaction of the workers in factories was becoming greater every day. The director of one of the larger army factories, employing more than 60,000 operatives, told me that conditions were becoming unbearable.

"It's just living in a lunatic asylum," he explained to me. "An explosion the other day in the vicinity of our plant blew out 15,000 marks' worth of windowpanes and the strikers are demanding seven and one-half cents an hour increase. What with explosions blowing out plants to pieces and our hands constantly on strike, the lot of an employer is not a very happy one these days, and it looks as if it is going to be worse!"

The fact that these employers were making vast profits and that the landowners, mineowners and agrarians were using prisoners of war to furnish labor at minimum cost, was embittering the wage-earners to the breaking point. The longer the war lasted the worse their lot was becoming. Servants were taxed not only of their wages, but on an amount which was supposed to be equivalent to the value of their board and the presents they received at Christmas. The poor man, who was living in plenty, went comparatively tax-free!

Civilian patients in the interior hospitals, especially the older ones, died in such alarming numbers that food was beginning to be hoarded. Less mouths to feed meant less of a burden on the nation as a whole, and it was quite in accord with the German idea that the weak should be sacrificed for the sake of the strong.

How much worse internal conditions might get without bringing about a serious conflict between the hunger-crazed, war-suffering civilians and the authorities, it was impossible definitely to say, but it was quite evident that no disturbance could ever develop which would have the liberation of the people from the yoke of militarism while the army remained loyal. Underfed and un-equipped, what could the civilian population make up as it was of the aged, the infirm and the immature youth of the land, accomplish against the veterans of the German front?

Another factor that must be taken into consideration in connection with the suffering and privation which was so general in Germany at this time is that there was a strong undecurrent of patriotism still working against the tide of discontent which was developing. There was a feeling that the government was doing all that it could to alleviate conditions, and that civilians ought to be as willing to suffer for the Fatherland, just as the soldiers at the front do.

## Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

A group of soldiers had come together in their fraternity house. Three were on the point of sailing for "Over There," four were in training at nearby camps, and one—an officer with an empty sleeve—had just been invalided home.

The young officer was curiously preoccupied, the laughter and talk of the others seemed not to have reached him. Then one of them, a boy with a splendid baritone, went to the piano and sang, "My Angel of the Flaming Cross."

"On a homebound transport, as the sun was sinking low,  
Stood a wounded soldier dreaming in  
Visions of an angel, golden hair and eyes of blue,  
Said a sailor lad, 'Why are you so  
Said the soldier, 'I'll tell you.'

REFRAIN  
There's an angel over there, an angel from I know not where,  
Smiling sweetly through her tears,  
Little girl, who nursed me through, I owe my life to you,  
Oh, come back, love that I found and  
My angel of the Flaming Cross.

When the war is over, many stories will be told,  
Tales of heroism, tales that can never grow old,  
Tales of heroes fighting, tales of love and mercy, too,  
But the best of all is the soldier's call,  
Sweet—  
Red Cross girl to you.

"The man with the empty sleeve and the sailor who nursed me through," said the officer who stretched out a hand to him from the world of pain and death wore a flaming cross on her white head-dress.

"At first that was all he had realized, and he did not want to take that small capable hand and come back to the world of pain. It would have been so much more easy to have gone out."

For hours—he had lost all count of time, hours seemed days, weeks, ages out there in the hell of "No Man's Land," with the shells whistling.

The Soldier's Story  
Then evening had come, the long twilight of war, and the pain-racked stretcher-bearers had picked him up and put him in an ambulance, and they had whizzed at breakneck speed to the base hospital. There he had a confused memory of soldiers and many people in white, and a flashed impression of the operating-room, clean and businesslike, in spite of the crowd of white-robed creatures like himself awaiting their turn.

With incredible swiftness surgeons and nurses worked—they seemed more like skilled automata than flesh and blood creatures like himself. Then his turn came, and they had put him on a table, and he drew in great drafts of the blessed ether that stopped the tearing pain, pain against which he had to grit his teeth to keep from crying out.

And then he remembered nothing more; it was dark and still and deliciously quiet, and he felt himself falling, falling through space like a leaf. Close by him two people were talking about a soldier who was "going out" under the ether. He felt sorry for the poor devil, life was so deliciously tranquil here in dark, cool silence, with that delicious sensation of falling.

Then, suddenly, a flash of consciousness told him the soldier they were talking about was he. And with it the tearing pain returned, and the deadly sickness.

Yes, he was "going out" and his father would never say to him, "Proud of you, old man," and his mother would never hold his hand in that sweet, clinging way she had, as if she were the child. Yes, he was "going out" all alone, somewhere in France.

Then, clearly, distinctly, he heard

## Earth Shakes in Spain

Almeria, Spain, Sept. 26.—Earth shocks were felt here yesterday, but they lasted only a few seconds. There were no casualties.

representatives and subjects in Russia have crossed the Russian border.

EARTH SHAKES IN SPAIN  
Almeria, Spain, Sept. 26.—Earth shocks were felt here yesterday, but they lasted only a few seconds. There were no casualties.

## To Relieve Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness And Head Noises

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness, or who are growing hard of hearing and have head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can usually be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in many instances has effected complete relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear have had their hearing restored to such an extent that they can hear a watch which is placed from ten to eight inches away from either ear. Therefore, if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home and is made as follows:

Secure from a druggist 1 oz. Parmitin (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 3 pint of hot water and a little granulated sugar until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

Parmitin is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, but thus to reduce the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and thus to give relief. Every person who has catarrh in an ear form is suffering from head noises in their ears, should give this recipe a trial.—Advertisement.

## Litvinoff and Compatriots Leave London For Russia

London, Sept. 26.—Maxim Litvinoff, the Bolshevik ambassador at London, and about fifty of his compatriots, left yesterday for Russia.

M. Litvinoff will remain aboard the steamer at a neutral point until assurances are received that British



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generously around your ice receptacle. The melting ice will wash the Borax through the drain pipe, keeping the hard-to-clean parts of your refrigerator sanitary, wholesome and sweet smelling. Endorsed by all health authorities. Used wherever hygienic cleanliness must be maintained.

Send for Magic Crystal Booklet. It gives 100 household uses for 20 Mule Team Borax. Free.

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## A Meal in the Fireless Cooker

To the housekeeper who believes in saving time and fuel the fireless cooker is "First Lieutenant." On a terrace when you are to be away, why not start one of these almost one-piece fireless cooker meals before you? The salad or dessert can easily be made when you get home. The United States Food Administrator especially encourages these dinners.

- Casserole of Meat and Hominy
- Apple Betty
- Turkish Pilau
- Egg Salad
- Fruit Jelly with Whipped Cream
- Beef Stew with Vegetables
- Peach Fluff
- Turkish Pilau
- 1/2 cup rice, 2 tablespoons green pepper or onion chopped, 1 cup tomatoes, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon onion, 1/2 cups stock or water, 1 teaspoon salt.
- Wash the rice. If the pepper is used, discard the seeds. If fresh tomatoes are used, remove the skins and cut the tomatoes in pieces before measuring them. Place all ingredients together in the food container, bring the mixture to the boiling point and transfer the kettle to the fireless cooker. Allow it to remain in the cooker for at least one hour. Stir the pilau lightly with a fork before serving.
- Peach Fluff
- 1/2 pound marshmallows (cut up), 1/2 pint whipped cream, 1 cup peaches (sliced), mix, chill and serve.

## Grandma Gets All Credit in Care of Clara

Little Tot's Mother Acts on Advice of Baby's Grandparent

It was due to her grandmother that four-year-old Clara Reneker, daughter of Mrs. H. J. Reneker, 204 Kelker street, was saved from the destructive effects of convulsions.

"My daughter suffered from stomach trouble," said Mrs. Reneker, "and used to have terrible convulsions. The doctor said they came from stomach trouble."

"On her grandmother's recommendation I started to use Tanlac. Now little Clara eats anything any time she feels like it. She is feeling fine and has regained her strength. So successful has it been in her case that the convulsions have disappeared and now I am giving it to her little sister, whom it helped wonderfully over the dangers of her second summer."

Tanlac now is being specially introduced and explained at the George A. Gorgas drug store.—Adv.

## Why Putter With Corns? Use "Gets-It"

Common-Sense, Simple, Never Fails

You can tear out your corns and never feel a pain. "Gets-It" is the only happy, painless way in the world. Two

"Get the Drop" on That Corn—Use "Gets-It" and the Corn is a "Goner"

"Gets-It" on any corn or callus dries at once. The corn finally loosens off from the toe, so that you can peel it off with your fingers in one piece, painlessly, like peeling a banana. "Great stuff, wish I'd done that before." There's only one corn-remover—"Gets-It." Toes wrapped up big with tape and bandages, toes squirting from irritating salves, it's all a barbarity. Toes wounded by razors and knives, that's butchery, ridiculous, unnecessary, dangerous. Use "Gets-It," the liberty way—simple, painless, always sure. Take no chances. Get "Gets-It" Don't be misled as the world's best corn remedy by Clark's Medicine Store, H. C. Kennedy, G. A. Gorgas, Keller's Drug Store, and F. K. Kattmiller.—Advertisement.

**As Age Advances the Liver Requires occasional slight stimulation. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS correct CONSTIPATION.**

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