

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

We Find My Husband.
I confessed to myself a little feeling of triumph as the nurse read the telegram to me, and I was selfish enough to hope that John would have an hour or two of great anxiety. Evidently this was true, or he would never have tried to get on the telephone as his wife also told us he had tried to do.

"Is the doctor going to talk with John?" I asked.

"He has sent for Mr. Goodwin, as he does not hear very well, and if we get the line through before Mr. Goodwin comes, I expect I will have to talk with him. Is there anything in particular you want me to say?"

"Nothing," I answered, and thought, "Oh, yes, be sure and tell him my baby is a girl."

I smiled a little to myself as I said this, because I was quite sure he would insist upon calling it "my" baby after he knew its sex.

Nestles a Bit Closer.
"Never mind, dearest," I said, as I put my cheek close to its little downy head. "Mother will see to it that no other man will ever wish you were out of this world." As though in answer to my promise, the tiny head nestled a bit closer against my breast and I closed my eyes in perfect contentment. I do not know how long we slept, my baby and I, but I was awakened by a noise in the hall—one of those suppressed noises which tell that someone is trying to do something quietly and not succeeding in it. For a moment or two the sounds were confused and then I became aware that someone was talking over the phone. It was Charles trying to talk to John.

"I had not at first recognized Charles' voice, as it was so hard and his words so crisp—very different from Charles' kindly tones and his suave English.

"Yes," I heard him say, "Katherine is nearly out of danger, but she has been very, very ill. For a time we thought she would not recover."

Then there was a silence for a few seconds, as though Charles was listening to what John said at the other end. Then he spoke. "Yes, I realize all that, Gordon, but you must understand that we did everything we could to find you except to put private detectives on your track."

In Deadly Earnest.
Again silence.

"I am not trying to be funny, I am in deadly earnest. In fact, at one time we debated, the doctor and I, if we should not do that very thing."

"Well, under the circumstances, one might think that a man would try and keep in touch with his office at least, if not with his wife."

FOR LITTLE FOLKS

MARTY MINK'S HOUSE.
By and by Nancy and Nick and Mr. Tingaling, the fairy landlord of the Land-Of-Dear-Knows-Where, arrived at a mud bank.

The twins were still peering this way and that for a glimpse of the magnificent house Marty Mink lived in.

"Do—do you see that?" he gasped. "Marty Mink has moved and he owes me three months' rent!"

and which Tingaling said he was going to put him out of because he didn't pay his rent. But there was nothing to be seen but a hole in the ground, with a few crooked sticks leaning listlessly across, on one of which was a sign which said, "To Let."

Tingaling stopped as suddenly as though some one had pinched him. The twins stopped, too, wondering why an old hole in the bank should cause the fairman to act as though the sky had tumbled down.

"Blooming begonia!" he gasped. "Do—do you see that? Marty Mink has moved and he owes me three months' rent. Whatever shall I tell

the Fairy Queen when she sees the empty place after his name in my rent-book? The rascal!"

It was the twins' turn to be surprised. To think that Marty Mink should live in such a ramshackle old lodging! No visions of loveliness here, as they had expected, just a hole in the ground. They felt sorry for Marty to

have to live in such a place.

"How much rent does he pay?" asked Nick curiously.

"Pay?" exclaimed Tingaling. "Don't you mean how much rent does he not pay? It's five clam shells a month."

"Well, well, well! What's all the talking about?" asked a deep voice suddenly. "You're scaring all the flies away." And Phil Frog's head popped up out of the water.

"Ah, ha!" said he, "I see you've discovered about Marty Mink's bad luck!"

But whatever Marty's bad luck may have been, Phil didn't look as though he felt a bit sorry.

Sister Mary's Kitchen

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

At first thought a cup of hot corn soup or bouillon seems out of place in the summer diet. But when we think again and get down to brass tacks we see that the hot soup is really the best stimulant for a sultry summer day.

The digestive organs must be toned to the point where they will respond quickly to food. The hot soup does this. It also induces perspiration which in turn causes evaporation. One of the most effective means of cooling the body is through evaporation.

After the digestive system is at work, solid food is readily assimilated and chilled salads and ices are not disturbing.

Menu for Tomorrow
BREAKFAST—Stewed dried apricots, poached eggs on toast, coffee.
LUNCHEON—Clam bouillon, toasted crackers, pineapple pie, tea.
DINNER—Halibut steaks, shoe string potatoes, stuffed green peppers, romain salad, junket ice cream, sponge cake, coffee.

My Own Recipes
Halibut is delicious boiled, broiled, baked or fried. In hot weather the quickest way to cook meat or fish is to broil. Sash cut in filets crumbed and fried in deep fat is always nice to serve, but hot to prepare. Halibut broiled in the steak and brushed with lemon butter is a dainty morsel and appropriate for summer.

HEALTH

BY UNCLE SAM, M. D.

Health Questions Will Be Answered, If Sent to Information Bureau, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.

FABLE OF THE STORK.
Parents should be able to answer the question their children ask them in such a way that it will give the child confidence in the parent and at the same time satisfy a yearning for information that is quite natural. One of the really grave mistakes on the part of the parent is to repeat the age-worn fable of the stork. From some other source the child learns a different story and confidence in anything else the parent may tell the child is destroyed.

Times have changed a great deal since the parent of today was a child. Children do not grow up in ignorance of sex matters. Indeed, observations of specialists of the public health service show that they begin to get this knowledge surprisingly early and in such a way that it frequently leads to practices of vice, with the resulting social diseases.

To guard against this the public health service has published several pamphlets.

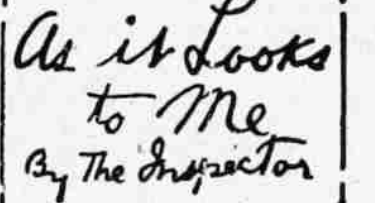
Set A, for young men.
Set B, for the general public.
Set C, for boys.
Set D, for parents.
Set E, for girls and young women.
Set F, for educators.

Write the Information Editor, Public Health Service, Washington, D. C., for any of them.

Q. What is the difference between diphtheria and membranous croup? Should both be treated with anti-toxin?
A. Membranous croup is a diphtheritic inflammation of the larynx. "Diphtheria" is a more inclusive term, and the inflammation may be limited to the nose-nasal diphtheria, or it may be limited to the tonsils and throat—diphtheritic sore throat. In the treatment of membranous croup, as in other forms of diphtheria, diphtheria anti-toxin is a specific.

If you will send me your name and address, a booklet dealing with diphtheria will be sent you. Ask for supplement No. 14.

Q. Is syphilis curable? If so, what is the best form of treatment, with mercury or with arsenic?
A. Syphilis is curable. If treated early, continuously and scientifically. The best form of treatment is with arsenic and mercury, given in a series of doses. If you will send me your name and address, I will send you some helpful pamphlets dealing with the treatment of venereal diseases.



As it Looks to Me By The Inspector

WASHINGTON, June 26.—Having won the Republican nomination for the presidency, Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio, will be subjected to personal and political discussion and analysis during the coming month.

The Democrats are already whetting their scalps, honing their razors and rolling up their sleeves preparatory to carving the candidate.

Radical and liberal publications—who see in Harding only the choice of the reactionary old-guard senatorial group of the party—are dusting off their microscopes and adjusting their critical vocabulary, getting set to "take the hide off" Harding and examine what lies underneath.

It is unnecessary, however, for these gentlemen to go to a lot of trouble to lay bare the real Harding. Harding never has posed under false colors, whatever else may be said of him. He has been frank, conservative, frankly a follower of party doctrine. He has never presumed to chart new roads, to propose new ideas, to set his own beliefs or views aside, those of the directing forces in the G. O. P.

If you want to know what Harding stands for, read the Chicago platform. Whatever that means, Harding means. His whole political code is laid down in the following statement by himself:

"Believing as I do in political parties and in government through political parties, I had much rather that the party to which I belong should, in its conference, make a declaration, than to assume a leadership or take an individual position on the question."

No threat of a political dictatorship there, is there? As the party decides, so Harding will perform? No more of that "cazium" in the White House, to which Lodge, Watson, Penrose and Smoot have so plaintively protested, and against which the Republican platform declares. No more taking of individual position by the president. Harding is elected, the party, through the president, not the president will rule.

The president of Cuba estimates the present sugar crop shortage on that island at 900,000 tons.

1 cup pineapple juice
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 egg

Let sugar, pineapple and juice cook for two minutes. Dilute cornstarch to a smooth paste with cold water and add. Cook, stirring constantly, until the whole is transparent. Add egg yolk well beaten. Turn into a baked pie crust, cover with the white of the egg beaten stiff and dry with 1 tablespoon of sugar. Brown in a hot oven.

The family's enjoyment of a cold dinner at night commensates the housewife for hours spent in the kitchen during the heat of the day.

WOMAN BUILDS BUSINESS ON HER GAMENESS THROUGH DIFFICULTY

Coffee Merchant Reaches Success by Imagination and Perseverance

By LORRY A. JACOBS,
N. E. A. Staff Correspondent.
NEW YORK, June 26.—At the foot of stairs leading to a spick and span, spicily-smelling office in a well-kept building on Front street, there is this sign:

"Alice Foote MacDougall & Sons, Inc.
Coffee."

"Alice Foote MacDougall & SONS?" you query, as you reach the offices on the third flight and find a sweet-faced, motherly-looking woman at work.

"Yes," says she. "The only Mrs. and Sons in America that I know."

Some twelve years ago Mrs. Alice Foote MacDougall became the widow of an unfortunately unsuccessful green coffee importer. She had \$38.

Goes Into Business
A few days later found her in an office with a small stock of coffee she had hoarded, some order blanks and myriad ideas. A day later she got an order for five pounds of coffee from her brother; two days later she had half a dozen orders; a year later found her still struggling, but on her feet with a growing business; and today finds her successful, prosperous, happy and completely absorbed in her work.

That's the outside of the story. But the inside:

"Before my husband died," says Mrs. MacDougall, "he was in the habit of sometimes blending some of the splendid green coffee that he imported, having it roasted, and giving it to his friends. In those days the green coffee and roasted coffee business were never combined. I urged him to take it up, but he always laughingly refused, saying that was a 'woman idea.'

"I also had certain ideas of advertising. He laughed at them, too. But when, after many struggles, he died, I found myself with a \$275 a month expense, three children, and nothing to do.

Personal Advertising
"So I plunged headlong into a business that no one had ever tried before—combining importing green coffee with retail roasted coffee trade.

"It worked. I developed a system of personal advertising, told prospective customers that if I COULDN'T give them better coffee CHEAPER I did not want their trade.

"The sons, Allen and Donald, grew up and, when I expected them to join the firm, went to war. That almost unnerved me, but I was happy in their achievements and now the firm is Alice Foote MacDougall & Sons, Inc.

Courage Main Point
"It's not much of a story, but it has proved my belief that anyone can make a success of any business if they have imagination, perseverance and MUCH courage. I am the only woman coffee importer in the country and my business is largely mail order.

"I have succeeded because I believed in my work so strongly that no one could shake me I from that belief and because I spared no effort whatever in making it worth believing."



MRS. A. F. MAC DOUGALL

"Imagination," says Mrs. MacDougall, "is seeing what's behind the rainbow in the sky. Courage is traveling towards the rainbow as fast as your feet can carry you. And perseverance is insisting that the rainbow is still there even though it may have faded from your sight."

TODAY IN HISTORY SLIGHTLY JAZZED



Robert Leighton, who died 236 years ago today, June 26, 1684, is about the only man on record who escaped matrimony despite the efforts of every unmarried female in his precinct. Robert's father used to come home from lodge late, sit up with sick friends, or have business down town nights with such horrible consequences that the lad vetoed Cupid early in the game and resolved to play a lonesome hand.

Nobody could snare him. Finally a spinster of his church called upon him during leap year and admitted coyly that an angel had appeared to her and had commanded her to wed him without any unnecessary delay.

She thought she had him until an alibi popped into his fertile brain.

"Undoubtedly, my good sister," he responded, "you have done right in telling me of this command from above, but in order that everything may be regular and that we may not mix up any celestial records, do you not think that we had better postpone the orange blossoms until this angel also appears to me and thus makes it unanimous?"

The spinster waited until death for the bishop to get the message.

The total trade of the Orient advanced from \$2,200,000,000 in 1913 to \$3,750,000,000 in 1919.

LITTLE BENNY'S Note Book

By LEE PAPE

Last nite pop was lawking to ma about wat he would drather do on his vacation this year, and I sed, Pop, will you please tell me a rime for orange.

I dont mind if I do, I used to be quite a rimester in my youth, sed pop, let me see, orange, borange, scorange, here dont seem to be many rimes to orange, let me see, forrange, worrange.

I mean a reel werd, pop, I sed, and pop sed, I know you do, im serching for one, orange, torrange, slorange.

O, botther the old orange, sed ma, wy dont you go fishing agen this year Willyum, like you did about 5 years ago?

I bleeve perhaps thats wat ill do thats a grate ideer, orange, dorrange, thats a grate ideer, orange, dorrange zorange, I had the time of my life on that fishing trip, gorrange, horrange.

It certeny would be helthy for you, sed ma, and pop sed, There no tonic like a good old fashion fishing trip, Jorange, korrange.

Willyum Potts, will you stop making those silly sounds, sed ma.

All rite, ony a man awt to be ashamed to confess he's lived as many years as I have without being able to find a rime for orange, sed pop, I bleeve I will go fishing, I bleeve thats just wat ill do, lorrange, morrange, norrange.

Ill throw sumthing at you in a minit, sed ma, and I sed, It aint eye use pop, orange is one of the werds there aint eye rime for.

And do you mean to say you know that all the time? sed pop, and I sed, Yes sir, and pop sed, Well then wy in Sam Hill and all the little Hills did you ask me for one?

I wanted to prove it, I sed, and pop sed, Well I want to prove that this slipper stings wen it comes in contact with human pants—

Wich he did.

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Your mouth is a good indication of the condition of the stomach and bowels.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE GREAT BRITISH LADIES' Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Kidney Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Beware of cheap imitations. Take no other than Blue Ribbon. Druggists. Ask for CHICHESTER'S PILLS. Always in Red and Gold wrapper. Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

MARGUERITE CLARK in 'Easy to Get'

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SAY POP—Alkali Ike Uses Diplomatic Language.

