

Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON

MY MOTHER'S STORY— II.

"I swear to you, Margaret," said Robert, "that I was not myself from the time I met Lola Easton. During the week that she was playing at our college town. I was with her constantly. I cut all my recitations, and the only time that we were parted was while she was on the stage. At the end of the week, we were married and I left my Alma Mater forever."

"I followed the show finally playing a small part. I did not write home to my father and mother because I knew I had broken their hearts. For a few months I was deliciously happy, and then—well, then it was the usual thing. We both grew tired. I found out that she thought she was marrying wealth when she married me, and she was much distressed when she found that I could not give her the things she wanted. Indeed, my salary was smaller than hers. Two or three times I tried to break away and earn my living at something else, but such was the insatiable vanity of Lola that even after she had ceased to care for me in the least, she insisted that I should follow at her heels as a dog on lead!"

"You see little Ann," said my mother, "I am telling you all this just as your father told it to me, for I don't want you to understand that he was quite innocent of all that happened as I was. A very short time afterwards your father and I were married, and in less than two months his former wife turned up. She sued your father for bigamy and there was a terrible scandal. Of course your father and I separated immediately. I moved back from the big house into this little cottage, and eight months after, you were born. The family of your father's wife tried to make it appear that he had known all the time that his insane wife was alive and that I also had been aware of that fact, but, Ann, my child, I am sure that you know your mother well enough to know that when she married your father, she thought she had married a perfect right man, and when your father came I would not even let you bear the name to which you had no right."

Bewitching Simplicity In Wild Rose Frock



NEW YORK.—There have been petal gowns and petal gowns, but none of them, even among the Paris creations, has been quite so attractive as this wild rose frock that Maude Hanaford wears at the Hudson Theater.

And it is so simple. All of taffeta save for some folds of creamy tulle in the neck line, is attached to a plain, rather wide grille that is outlined along either edge with the bias banding.

A kimono-cut bodice, just a little "round" affair with short sleeves and the petal-like scallops introduced in the neck line, is attached to a plain, rather wide grille that is outlined along either edge with the bias banding.

Two of the roses are placed at one side just at the top of the belt.

Dorothy Dix Talks

MOTHER JEALOUSY

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

I have received a letter from a man who writes: "I was a small child my father died, leaving my mother with a helpless babe and no money. By almost incredible labor and self sacrifice she brought me up decently, gave me a good education, and enabled me to get a fair start in the world. I have tried to be a good son to her, and thus far have devoted my life to her. But now I am forty years old, I want to marry, I want a home of my own, I want a wife's love and companionship and the full little children's arms around my neck. For five years I have been engaged to one of the sweetest and noblest women in the world, but my mother will not hear of my marrying. When I speak of it, she says, 'I cannot ask you to wait indefinitely on the whim of a jealous mother. My mother is only sixty-two years old and in perfect health, and will live for many years. I trust, so if I defer marriage until her death I put it off too long, for I shall myself be then too old to think of such a thing.'"

"What shall I do?" Has my mother the right to exact the sacrifice of my life at the price of her care of me when I was a child?

"No, a thousand times no. Children owe much to their parents, but not a thousandth part of the duty that parents owe to their children. None of us ask to be born, and when our parents thrust life upon us, they are morally bound to do every possible thing they can to make it tolerable for us. There are plenty of selfish and self-centered mothers like this one who are willing to wreck their children's happiness in order to gratify their own morbid jealousy and their sons and daughters to a wrong and foolish thing in giving to them a wife. A woman who is not willing for her son of forty to marry a nice girl is a neurotic, and should be dealt with gently but firmly as one who is not quite sane, and incapable of judgment clearly of the nature of her act. There is something even abnormal in her affection for her son, that makes her want to isolate him from the regular life of man. It is a love that is strangling, blighting, suffocating and unhealthy, instead of wholesome mother love."

"Every woman who is in her right senses knows that filial love cannot take the place of romantic love; and that no man who is sane and sane may be to his mother, or how necessary she is to his happiness the feeling."

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE BOX TORTOISE

Once upon a time, as Uncle Wiggly Longears, the bunny rabbit gentleman, was hopping along through the woods with Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzey, they heard a sad voice calling.

"Help! Help! Help! Oh, what trouble I'm in!"

"In? Trouble?" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly, as soon as he heard that the voice was in time for me to help," he added. "I haven't had the pleasure of getting any one out of trouble this week."

"You had better be careful," warned Nurse Jane. "That may be the Woogy Wolf trying to get you into a trap, for having fooled him with your itchy red flannels."

"I didn't fool him—he fooled himself!" laughed Uncle Wiggly. "But I think this is not the Wolf calling, Nurse Jane," the bunny gentleman went on. "It sounds more like Johnnie or Billie Bushytail, or perhaps Jimmie Whitebobbles, the duck. I'll take a look."

"Help! Help! Help!"

"It's over under this log," said Uncle Wiggly, turning to one side of the path. Nurse Jane followed and they saw a sad sight.

Caught under a log, which had rolled down on top of him, holding him on his back so he could not turn over, was a box tortoise. He was about as large as the bath room sponge but his shell was very hard and was colored yellow and black.

"Please help!" cried the box tortoise. "It was something like a mud turtle except that he could shut himself all the way up in his shell, hiding his head, legs and arms all in box made of shell. That's why he was called a box tortoise."

"How did you get that way?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"I was looking for a warm hole, into which to crawl to spend the winter," answered the box tortoise, and I snuggled under this log. Then it turned over, flopped me on my back (if you will kindly excuse me for saying so) and held me here. I can't get up. I'll help you, offered the bunny gentleman, and with the help of Nurse Jane he lifted the log off the box tortoise. Then the creature, thrusting his long, snake-like neck out of his shell, and by pushing with his nose against the ground, turned himself over so he could walk along in proper fashion, with one shell on his back and another shell on his stomach, and a hinged shell, like a door, in front that he could pull shut when he drew in his head.

"Thank you for helping me, Uncle Wiggly," said the box tortoise, opening his sharp bill with which he could cut and chew whatever he wished to eat.

"Pray do not mention it," spoke Uncle Wiggly with a low and polite bow of his tall silk hat. "It was a pleasure to help you. The bunny gentleman said, 'Indeed it was!' agreed Nurse Jane. 'And I hope you find a warm hole in which to spend the winter. If you do not, you may sleep under our hollow stump halloway. We have plenty of room.'

"Thank you," said the tortoise, and he was about to crawl on when, all of a sudden, he saw a hissing snake, which many tortoise or turtle can do, and then Uncle Wiggly and Nurse Jane looked behind them.

"The snake is the cunning old Woogy Fox, with a guile on his face, showing his sharp teeth."

"Oh, this is a lucky day for me!" cried the fox. "I hoped I might catch a rabbit," and he looked sharply at Uncle Wiggly. "But I did not know I was going to have a muskrat lady, too," and he smiled at Nurse Jane.

"Don't be too sure. You haven't got me yet!" said Miss Fuzzy Wuzzey.

"Oh, but I'll soon have you!" growled the Woogy Fox, and Uncle Wiggly looking toward the ground, saw that the box tortoise had drawn his head, legs and tail within his shell, shutting himself up until he looked just like a black and yellow stone.

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"What will you do if we run away?" asked the muskrat lady.

"Oh, ho! I'd like to see you run away!" howled the Woogy Fox. "If you try to run away, I'll throw a stone at you and make you stand still. He went on, and here a stone all ready for me to throw at you!" he said reaching down.

"Look out!" cried Uncle Wiggly, as he saw that the head fox was going to pick up. "That isn't a stone, it's a box."

"Hish!" whispered Nurse Jane.

But the fox never heeding, reached his paw closer to what he thought was a black and yellow stone on the path in the woods. The next moment the head fox began dancing around, and his hind legs, held out fore paw up in the air and howling:

"Take it off! Take it off! Take it off! There must be a crack in it and it's pinching me terrible! Take this stone off my paw!"

"I'm not a stone!" answered the box tortoise, sort of speaking through his nose. "That's the time you fooled yourself. I'm not a stone. I'm a tortoise and I have nipped your paw in my sharp beak. Mr. Fuzzy Wuzzey, I'll hold on here, until you promise to let Nurse Jane and Uncle Wiggly go."

"Oh, I promise! I promise! I won't hurt Uncle Wiggly or Miss Fuzzy Wuzzey at all!" howled the fox. Then the box tortoise opened his beak and dropped to the ground. The fox, holding his paw in his mouth, ran away and Uncle Wiggly and Nurse Jane thanked the box tortoise very much for saving them.

"Pray, do not mention it," said the black and yellow chap. "It was no more than you did for me."

Then, looking just like a walking stone, the box tortoise crawled slowly off through the woods. And if the carpet beater doesn't hammer on the bottom of the dish pan and make the panicle turner slide out of the sink, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the broomstick.

Dye It Right!

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Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into worn, shabby garments, draperies, curtains, everything whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed even if you have never dyed before. Dyes has color card, showing 15 rich colors. Advertisement.

LITTLE BENNY'S Note Book

By LEE PAPE

WARE HAS SUMMER FLEW TO! The day was fair but windy. And the leaves flew to and fro. For the breezes kept on chasing them and they had no place to go.

A lot of birds sat up a tree. Wishing their feathers fit closer.

DR. VANCE'S DAILY ARTICLE

What is an enthusiast? He is something more than a man with a halcyon type of mind. He is not to be confounded with the individual whose distinguishing characteristics are an explosive vocabulary and a monopoly of the exclamation point in punctuation.

He is not merely the leader of a mob, the organizer of discontent, the author of the contributed articles in the daily paper telling us how the town should be run, the patron of anything that is startling and original.

The enthusiast is a promoter, but he is something besides. He has and one sed, "Aint this wind grate?"

And another answered, "No Sir!"

Where has the summer flew to? Sed one little bird to another. "Why does it worry you?"

Sed the other a brother.

"For it will come back again next year. The same as it did this year. So lets all fly Southward out of here keeping in step with a song."

So they all rose up in the empty air. And started South with a cheer. For its always summer swarms. No matter what it is here.

vision, but he is now visionary. He has big ideas, but he does not despise details. He believes in the future, but he is not contemptuous of the past. He has temperament, but he also has horse sense. He possesses ginger, but he does not lack grit.

Yes, the enthusiast is all this and considerably more. He is what his name indicates if he is a sure enough enthusiast and not merely a tinseled counterfeiter with a tin horn.

An enthusiast is one whose life is in gear with the infinite. Therefore difficulties do not discourage him nor obstacles stop him. He is not bothered by poverty, for he feels that he is here not to see what he can get out of life but what he can put into it. He is concerned not about what other people may do for him, but what he may be able to do for them.

He does not worship the payroll. You cannot commercialize a true enthusiasm. He is willing to suffer for his idea. He rather enjoys the persecution that gives publicity to his work and helps along his cause.

He sees barriers, but does more. He sees through barriers. He sees over barriers. He sees the unseen and hears the inaudible. Therefore,

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IF the lines of your figure are full, with a tendency toward weight, you will find no corset so grace-giving and at the same time so comfortable and satisfactory as

Rengo Belt Reducing Corsets

The special steelastic webbing belt over the too prominent abdomen holds it flat, and the reinforced back and sides straighten and slenderize the hips.

Women who wear Rengo Corsets always look much younger than they really are. This is because of the exclusive and patented Rengo features which make them extraordinarily strong where the greatest strain falls—over abdomen and hips.

W. H. Wright & Sons Co.



Rengo Belt Reducing Corsets

Rengo Corsets are economically priced from \$3 to \$10

Sister Mary's Kitchen

Many housekeepers like to renovate their pillows before the cloudy winter days set in.

To do this at home is a comparatively easy task, especially if one has a vacuum cleaner. Use the attachment specially made for pillows and the dust will be drawn from the feathers.

On a windy day put the pillows on the line and the feathers will fluff and freshen in the fresh air.

The ticking should be removed and washed.

MEAT FOR TOMORROW.
Breakfast—Melons, creamed dried beef, baking powder biscuits, coffee.

Lunch—Tomatoes stuffed with oysters, steamed brown bread, spiced grapes, tea.

Dinner—Veal birds, creamed potatoes, buttered heels, pepper and cream cheese salad, peach short cake, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES.
When serving honey dew melons, try putting a little lemon juice on each piece. A lemon is cut in quarters lengthwise and placed on the side of each plate of melon. It gives tone to the fruit.

TOMATOES STUFFED WITH OYSTERS.
4 medium sized tomatoes
8 large oysters
1 1/2 cups bread or cracker crumbs
4 teaspoons butter
Milk or water to moisten
Salt and pepper.

Wash tomatoes and cut off slice from stem end. Scoop out seeds. Rub the pulp through a strainer and discard seeds. Add crumbs to tomato juice and enough water or milk to moisten. Season with salt and pepper. Put a little of this mixture into the tomato shell, add 2 oysters and cover with crumb mixture. Put a teaspoonful of butter on each tomato. Put on slice cut from top of tomato and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. The top slice of tomato may be removed and the buttered top of crumbs browned under the broiler. Serve at once.

SPICED GRAPES.
2 pounds grapes
2 pounds brown sugar
2 cups cider vinegar
2 tablespoons cinnamon
1 tablespoon cloves
2 tablespoons allspice.

Wash and pulp grapes. Cook pulp, stirring to prevent burning until the seeds begin to settle to the bottom of the kettle. Put through a strainer and remove seeds. Put skins and pulp of grapes in preserving kettle with vinegar, sugar and spices. Cook slowly until thick and jelly-like.

Sometimes I have said that one has no "thrills" after 50. But there's many a white-haired woman of 70 who will at least have a thrilling experience when she votes this fall.

The new name of what was once German East Africa has been provisionally fixed by the British colonial office as Tanganyika territory.

A plant near Honolulu now makes fuel alcohol from pineapple waste.



School Days are HICKORY GARTER Days

School days are happy days for boys and girls as well as mother—when they are HICKORY Garter Days.

Mothers everywhere prefer HICKORY because these garters have banished the sagging and torn stocking bugaboo. They are buying HICKORY because they know these

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