

Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by IDAH MCGELONE GIBSON

SOME NEW IDEAS.

"She's an old cat," said Jerry to me, confidentially.

"Yes, I guess she is, I answered, and then paid no more attention to her."

Aunt Clara Creighton met us at the train and I noticed she bowed to the woman who had been so interested in me. Jerry acted very gentlemanly and very grown-up as he told Mrs. Creighton that he had felt called upon to show me a few attentions during my journey, because I had seemed such a little girl and so forlorn and unhappy. Then he bowed himself away and stepped into a stammering racing car and took the wheel away from the chauffeur.

"Isn't that young fellow?" asked Aunt Clara.

"Yes," he said his name was Hatch.

"I'm afraid you have been rather imprudent. Aunt Jerry Hathaway is supposed to be the wildest young man in town."

"He didn't seem grown-up to me at all. Aunt Clara, he just helped me eat my lunch and was just like the boys at home."

"Well, I suppose you are a little girl still," said Aunt Clara, "but you know you are really rather tall for your age." Then she began to talk about my mother and about my preparations for college.

At the Creightons' home I was introduced to an entirely new life. For the first time I was taught that I must not do this or that because it was wrong, but because it was not conventional; that I must not renew my acquaintance with Jerry Hathaway until I had been properly introduced to him; that I must not be myself at any time and show my likes and dislikes, because that would not be ladylike; that I must not speak to certain young women, with whom I met them at times and was introduced to them, because they were considered to have Bohemian tendencies; that I

BEDTIME STORIES BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGLY'S PORCH SWING.

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On the porch of the Uncle Wiggly lived, there sounded a loud pounding and banging noise.

"Hum, sus dad! Dear me! I wonder what that rabbit man is up to now," said Nurse Jane, who always sat on the porch with her spinning wheel, and she went to the door.

"She saw Uncle Wiggly on a step ladder, doing something to the porch ceiling with a screw driver and a hammer.

"Mercy me, Wiggly! What are you doing?" asked Nurse Jane, "are you going to take the porch down?"

"No, Miss Fussy Wussy, I am only putting up a porch swing for you," answered Uncle Wiggly.

"A porch swing? cried the muskrat lady, and her whiskers tickled the back of her neck, she was so surprised.

"Yes, a porch swing," went on Uncle Wiggly. "That is something like a hammock, only you sit up in it instead of lying down, and it's made of wood."

"Do you not think it is a little late in the season to be putting up a porch swing?" asked Nurse Jane, as she started back in the bungalow to finish drying the dishes.

"Oh, no," Uncle Wiggly answered, "There will be nice, cool moonlight evenings yet before snow comes, and you and I can sit out in the porch swing and rest ourselves, Jane."

"Well, whatever you say will be all right," spoke the muskrat lady housekeeper, as she went back in the bungalow, Uncle Wiggly kept on hammering, pounding and making a great racket. He also rattled chains, for the porch swing hung from the ceiling by chains, instead of ropes.

"That's all will be good and strong," said Uncle Wiggly, "and will hold both Nurse Jane and me."

The bumpy gentleman put some strong hooks in the ceiling of the porch. From these hooks he hung chains and on the ends of the dangling chains he fastened the porch swing. Then he put several cushions in the cushions, stuffed with the white cotton from the pods of the milkweed plant, and then Uncle Wiggly stood back to look at his work.

"It's all finished," Nurse Jane called, "Come out and try the porch swing!"

The muskrat lady sat in it with Uncle Wiggly. Slowly they swayed to and fro.

"How do you like it?" asked the bumpy gentleman.

"Oh, it's just lovely!" Nurse Jane answered. "I could sit here forever, and she looked up at the sky, where, pretty soon, the moon would shine."

"Oh, if you stayed here forever how would I ever get anything to eat?" "Don't say that!" cried Uncle Wiggly, sort of anxious and hungry like.

"Well, I was only making believe,"

Soft Browns and Blues Merge in Voile Blouse



BY CORA MOORE, New York's Fashion Authority.

NEW YORK—The merge of figured fabrics has brought out some very worthy blouse innovations of which one excellent example is illustrated. It's material is indeed iridescent voile in a pattern which is not a pronounced figure, but vague browns and soft blues on a background of wood shades and, therefore it can be worn with a skirt of almost any material or color.

The back, as shown, comprises a plaited panel, bloused a bit over a ribbon belt which threads it and then passes over the front which, also, is plaited but falls below this belt. A row of brown silk-covered buttons, matching the color of the belt, outlines the neck and forms a heading for the sleeve ruffles. The girle is composed of two soft ribbons, blue and green, that tie in a loose bow at the left front.

Dorothy Dix Talks THE GENTLE GRAFTER

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

"Well," said a woman to me the other day, "the housing shortage, and the ridiculous price of rents, have got me in a fix. I can't find any place to live, and I'm sure you could help me."

"What an abill that you can hand out to our relatives and friends, and the people we used to know back home, who have the pleasant habit of gratifying their annual visits to the city?"

"For years I have been the victim of this 'hold-up' article, and I've acquired in no worse luck than ever. I know, for the minute you acquire a place in a city where you can furnish free board and lodging, everybody that you ever knew who lives out of town, conceives a passionate affection for you."

"Your own forty-ninth cousin, and your husband's cousin in the seventy-second degree, girls that you went to school with when you were in the kindergarten and haven't heard of since, folks who have no claim on you except that you used to live in the same town with them, all are smitten with a longing to see you that they can no longer resist, and they write and tell you so, and that they are coming on the 24th in a train on Wednesday, and won't I please meet them at the station because a city is so confusing to one who is not used to it."

"Why? were to react, what I have suffered at the hands of these bandits, it would sound like a chapter out of Fox's Book of Martyrs. When Jim and I were married and he brought me to the city to live, we went to housekeeping in a little four-room apartment. Before we got settled and our trunk presents unpacked, a distant relative whom I hadn't seen since I was a little girl in pig tails, descended upon us, bag and baggage.

"She said she was passing through the city and she said she just couldn't go by without taking a look at dear little Elsie in her new home. It took her two weeks to peek, and she hadn't been gone a day when another flock of these birds of prey, this time Jim's bunch of vultures, came to roost on our sofa bed, and from then on we have had a day that we have been free from some self-invented guest, hunting for a job, arrive with letters from their parents, whom we had the accursed luck to know at some previous state of our lives, saying that they know we will be so glad to take darling Jim in until he finds something to do, or the mother of some girls to whom we have the unfortunate luck to be kind in some faint degree, drops us a missive informing us that she is sending Mamie and Sadie by the next train for a little visit to the city as she has been promising the dear children a treat for a long time, and would we mind letting them stay with us for a month, they are such lambs, and it's so nice to have young people about the home."

"Or you get a screw from some poor old soul who has been advised to consult a city specialist about her cancer, and she wants to come and stay with us and have us trot around to the hospitals with her. Or somebody from Sucedank, or Rabbit's Track, has been told by her doctor that she needs a change, and she thinks that nothing would be so delightful as to come to the city, only she hasn't the money to stay at a hotel, but if it would be convenient for us to have her, she could come easily on Monday week."

"Of course, anyone who has the nerve to hold you up for her board bill, but I don't know why you get larceny like that. She goes the whole hog, and you not only have to feed and lodge her, but you have to pay for her theatre and opera tickets, and her street car fares. So far as my observation goes, a self-invented guest like this, you would have to chloroform her before you could get a nickle out of her."

"It is no secret to the people who are a poor young couple struggling to get a start in the world, and that every body counts with us. Also they perceive that I do my household, and that by borrowing in on us, they add immeasurably to my labor, and the expense of our living."

"But does that keep them away? It does not. They only crowd in and put me to the trouble of getting up I want to pick out my recipients and select the time, the place, the woman, so to speak. I object to being held up and forced to deliver invitations whether it's convenient or not."

"But I know I'd never have got up the spine to slam the door in the face of Uncle Izeviah, who's got a couple of hundred thousand dollars tucked away in first mortgages, but who would rather die than spend a penny of it on a hotel. Nor would my craven spirit ever get bold enough to enable me to write and say I'm a guest that I didn't want her, and wouldn't have her; and so the housing shortage has provided me with a

Sister Mary

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

As the seasons change so should the diet. Cold days mean more coal in the furnace and more food for the body.

Little kiddies starting into school need plenty of nourishing food. If they are perfectly "fit," many a cold will be easily thrown off by a glass of hot lemonade at bedtime.

No child can be in perfect health unless its diet is carefully planned and watched. A balanced ration must be maintained. The menus for the entire day should contain a larger percentage of heat-producing and muscle-building foods.

Menu for Tomorrow.

Breakfast—Halves of grapefruit, fried onion, sirup, soft boiled eggs, buttered toast, coffee.

Lunch—Cream of corn soup, stuffed green peppers, bran, bread and butter, snap doodle, tea.

Dinner—Baked ham, marshmallow sweet potatoes, fried apples, pimento for her theatre and opera tickets, and I keep me mad thinking of all the things I want that I do without because I have spent the money on these pickers. Why should you get a self-invented guest that I didn't want her, and wouldn't have her; and so the housing shortage has provided me with a

Uncle Sam, M. D.

ONLY MEASLES

Among the letters received by the Information Editor is one which reads: "Some friends of ours have a child a year old with a mild attack of measles. Shall we take our child, who has never had the measles, to visit the one who is ill, in order that he may take it and have it over with, especially as it seems to be a mild case?"

NO. From a "mild case" a severe case may be contracted, and in exposing your child to measles you are not only exposing it to that disease but to others which often accompany or follow it, such as bronchitis and pneumonia.

As this number represents only 20 states, it is safe to assume that over 10,000 deaths occur each year in the United States from "ONLY MEASLES."

Will "Unmarried Woman," who asks advice regarding urinary trouble, send her name and address to this office so that a personal reply may be sent to her. Address: Information Editor, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.

Walt Mason

IDLE TALK.

I hear poor Hicks talk politics from dawn until the gloaming, and calm and cool, I groom my mule, her fetlocks currying. Oh, I might talk around the block with every passing neighbor, I might devote to Harding's goat the time I spend in labor, but I'm inclined to keep in mind the fact that winter's coming, when storms will whoop around my roof and blows will be burning. I do my chores while all outdoors is full of idle yawping, for still the Hicks talk politics, and keep the weakling popping. I fresh my beans and other greens, my prime trees wisely guarding, my boosts or knooks won't hinder Cox, or put a crimp in Harding. Who- ever wins, you'll see my bins well filled with spuds and carrots, my crops I raise while other jays talk bunk like cooped parrots. Sometimes at night, by candle light, when all my work is ended, I epilo a while of campaign gulle, in language high and splendid. And people list in awe, I wist, as though to some lawgiver, to plans I've planned, this weary land from bondage to deliver. But in the day I toil away, the lean earth amply Harding's goat the time I spend in labor, and heave no bricks at Harding.

JUST FOLKS

By Edgar A. Grant

A FRIENDLY WORD.

Seems like as though somebody here is always wanting to pay and cheer. I've never known a rainy day. But what some friend has come my way to sort of laugh the clouds away.

I ain't been one deservin' much 'O' special favor an' the touch 'O' generous hands in the case 'o' need. An' yet good friends, at double speed, Have siven before I'd ask or plead.

It seems 'ime ten thousand eyes Are tryin' to make me by surprise, An' watchin' all the time 'eeze Just what the gift of 'joy can be. Which they can come an' give to me.

I'd almost swear these friends 'o' mine Possess some magic power divine By which they learn from God above, Or from the messengers 'o' love, The very things I'm thinkin' of.

Honors I don't deserve have come Almost as paralyse as numb. An' when I've tried to find out why Men gave what money cannot buy, Some friend would smile an' wink his eye.

Lord, but I've trod an easy way. With friends to help me day by day, With all its hurt an' pain an' woe, This is a kindly world, you know— At least, I've always found it so.

According to careful estimates three hours of close study wear out the body more than ten hours of hard physical exertion.

a thorough examination made by a qualified physician. Should she be suffering from kidney trouble, specific advice as to diet will depend entirely on the nature of the trouble, for no general directions governing diet can be given which are applicable to all kinds of kidney diseases.



My Wife's Some Cook

Your grocer carries M & G's. Try them.

She knows all the little tricks of garnishment that make a banquet of a humble meal.

Take M & G Potato Flakes. My wife serves them golden brown along the edge of tender steaks. Their crisp, salty glint shines among the parsley on fish dishes. They add body to the soup courses and an inimitable flavor to most salads.

Colorado Potato Flake & Mfg. Co. Denver, Colorado

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