Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by
IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

MR. HALSEY'S IDEA OF GRACE

"I hate to see you go back to the house alone, Ann," said Mr. Halsey as we left the bank. "I wish that I could make you understand you are too young for the responsibilities that you are shouldering."

"It is just because I am young that I can shoulder them," said I, realizing exultantly the possibilities of youth and meaning to make the most of them. "Many women are forced to face the world without the strength of youth and after all enthusiasm has been crushed out of them. It is they who are unable to cope with life."

"Ann, I marvel at you philosophy. How have you acquired it? Why, at your age, most girls are like little, foolish Grace Cameron, without an idea on anything except clothes and men."

"You do not seem to like Grace, Mr. Halsey," I could not resist remarking.

"Like her? Of course not! She's the type of girl whose only thought is to foist herself on some man who will keep her in idleness and luxury the rest of her life and her mother aids and abets her. I'm mighty glad that Kenneth has never been attracted by her."

For a moment I had a wild desire to tell him that Kenneth was planning to marry Grace some time, but I thought suddenly it would only make Mr. Halsey uncomfortable and start a quarrel between Kenneth and his father. On my way home, however, I wondered more and more just what it was that made a man so determined to marry a woman whom he knew, if he thought about it, he would tire in a week.

"Is there such a thing as real love in this world?" I asked myself. "Is all this wonderful, poetical idea of love only an illusion? Is love something that can be imagined but never realized?" Even at that early day, I felt that Kenneth Halsey would rather be with me than with Grace; and yet there was something about her that fascinated him and lured him on. I did not deceive myself. I knew that I loved Kenneth. Just to be with him was heaven and to feel the touch of his hand thrilled me. To catch a glimpse of his irresponsible smile made the whole day seem brighter, and even now my heart turned sick with loneliness at the thought that I was going away and might not see him for weeks and months. I was just a little girl after all. I was not one of those superior beings who could be sufficient unto herself. I didn't want Grace Cameron to have Kenneth. I was sure that it was not so much because she would take him away from me, but because I knew she could never make him happy. Grace was too selfish, too self centered. She would always take all and give nothing.

I entered the house, and going to my mother's room, dropped on my knees beside the bed, while my whole body shook with sobs.

"Oh, I can't go away—I can't give Kenneth up—I can't do it," I sobbed.

"I would like to be strong enough to make the sacrifice, but I cannot put happiness out of life after all."

I sobbed until I could sob no more and curling up on the bed, I went to sleep. When I awakened the room was dark. I arose and turned on the lights and mechanically began to pack my clothes, although my mind refused to harbor the thought that I was leaving everything that I had loved.

Tomorrow—Ann's First Day in the City.

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND JUMPY MOUSE.

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One day, when Uncle Wiggily was going along through the woods, not far from his hollow stump bungalow, he heard a voice saying:

"Oh, dear! There they go again! I'm dropping so many, and it takes me so long to pick them up again, that I'll never get my pantry filled before winter."

Uncle Wiggily raised his long ears up tall and straight so he might hear better.

"I wonder if that is Mrs. Wibble-wobble, the duck lady or Mrs. Bow Wow, the dog lady, talking about their knitting?" thought the bunny gentleman. "I often hear them speaking of dropped stitches. Perhaps I can help pick them up."

Mr. Longears turned the corner around a mulberry tree, and there he saw, not as he expected, Mrs. Wibble Wobble or Mrs. Bow Wow, but a small creature of a sort of dull, rusty yellow color, with a very long tail and very long hind legs, almost like those of a kangaroo.

"How do you do?" spoke Uncle Wiggily politely making a low bow with his tall silk hat. "I am glad to see you once more, Mr. Pine Mouse. I have not forgotten how you and your friends saved me by making one of your tunnels larger, so I could hide away from the bear."

"Oh, I am not the Pine Mouse," was the answer, given in a strange, muffled voice.

"Well, now that I look a second time I can see that you are not," said Uncle Wiggily. "Your tail is much longer than that of the Pine Mouse and your hind legs are also much longer."

"That is so I can jump," said the other creature. "I am called the Jumping Mouse, and I can jump as far as ten feet when something chases me."

"Ten feet! My word! That's as far as I can leap!" said the bunny. "But you seem to" in trouble. Perhaps I can help you."

"Perhaps," said Jumpy Mouse, as I like to call him. "You see—Oh there they go again!" he squealed, as some little brown things fell to the ground. "What's the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Is the beech nuts I was carrying home to put in my underground store house, or pantry, for winter," said Jumpy Mouse. "You see, I carry the beech nuts in my cheek pouches, or mouth pockets, as the Chipmunks do, only I filled my cheeks so full that a lot of the nuts keep dropping out as I jump."

Uncle Wiggily looked on the ground and saw some three-cornered brown nuts. Then he saw that the cheeks of Jumpy Mouse stuck out as though he had the mumps. Chipmunks stuff their cheeks out the same way during the nutting season. There are little pockets on each side of their jaws, and in these chipmunks, jumping mice and other animals like them carry things they gather to eat. You boys and girls have pockets in your clothes, but mice have them in their fur.

"I suppose I shouldn't have filled my cheek pouches so full," said Jumpy Mouse, speaking in a queer voice because of the beech nuts. "But I wanted to fill my pantry as soon as I could."

"I'll help you pick up the spilled nuts," said Uncle Wiggily, and he did, stuffing them inside his tall silk hat. Then he hopped along with Jumpy Mouse, who took as long leaps as did the bunny gentleman himself.

"Here is my underground house," said Jumpy Mouse to the bunny, stopping in front of a small hole in the earth. "I'd ask you in, only the place is too small and there is no need to make it large for you, as the bear isn't chasing you as he was when the Pine Mouse saved you."

"No, thank goodness! The bad black Bunny Bear isn't after me now, said Uncle Wiggily.

"No, he isn't but I am!" exclaimed a sudden harsh voice, and out from behind a hickory nut tree popped the Woozie Wolf.

"I am after you, Uncle Wiggily," said the Woozie Wolf. "I don't care anything about this Rat with you, but if you will come to my den—"

"Look here," cried Jumpy Mouse. "Im not a rat, I'd have you know, and as for you not caring for me, why I'd have you know, Mr. Wolf, that I can do some things that you can't do."

"What, for instance?" asked the Woozie Wolf, superciliously, like, and sneering.

"I am a better jumper than you," said the Mouse.

"Nonsense" said the Wolf. "There is no better jumper in all the woods than I am. Here, let's see how far you can jump," he went on. "We'll have a little race, and after that I'll take Uncle Wiggily off to my den. But just so he can't get away while we're jumping, I'll tie him fast with a bit of grapevine."

So the Woozie Wolf tied the bunny tail to an old stump. Jumpy Mouse emptied his cheek pouches of the beech nuts, and whispered to Uncle Wiggily.

"Don't worry; I'll fool that Wolf, and then I'll let you loose."

"Oh thank you for those kind words" said Uncle Wiggily.

"I'll jump first," said the Mouse, and gathering his long legs under him, and balancing himself with his long tail, which is just what it was for, Jumpy Mouse gave a big leap.

"Pooh! I can beat that all to pieces," howled the Wolf. He gathered his legs under him and he gave a big jump.

But when the Wolf came down he landed in a big patch of prickly briar bushes, and he was all scratched and pricked and torn so that he crawled out as best he could, crying:

"Oh, woe is me! Woe is me! I made a mistake! I jumped too far!" and away he ran, not getting the uncle bunny after all.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Jumpy Mouse, as he loosened the grape vine from Mr. Longears. "I saw thaht briar bush when I jumped, but I didn't go that far. I could easily have jumped over it, but if I had I wouldn't have fooled the Wolf. I wanted him to come down in the stickers, and he did. Ha! Ha!"

"And I'm glad of it," said Mr. Longears. And if the puppy dog doesn't drop a snowball on top of the hot stove to see if it will turn into a maple sugar pancake, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Jumpy's tail.

Little Benny

We was eating brekfist and pop sed to ma, Well, mother, this is ladies nite at the club, how would you like to dell up a little and let me show you off to the boys?

O William that will be jest splendid, and luckily ive finished your necktie that ive been crowshaying and you can wear that.

Wat, the red and green one? sed pop, and ma sed, Certeny, thats the only one Ive bin making, wat one did you think I ment?

Thats the one I thowt sed pop sounding the opposite of glad, and ma sed, I can see the other men crowding all erround you as soon as they see the tie and asking you ware you got it.

O lord, sed pop.

Wy Willyum, wat do you meen? sed ma, and pop sed, I meen its too bad and nuthing would give me more plezzure, but one of the rules of the club is that nobody must enter the building waring a home made tie.

How perfeckly feolish, and Im going to speek to some of the members tonite and tell them wat I think of sutch a crazy rule, sed ma, and pop sed, O, dont do that for the love of Pete, its a secret rule and I realy shouldent of told you, but I had to in self-defence, so to speek, but personally, as for the tie itself, I think its a bewtifill tie.

Yes, and its so odd, too, sed ma, and pop sed, It sure is yes, its a remarkable tie, wy dont you make one like it for Benny?

Maybe I will, sed ma, and pop sed, Wy dont you give him that one?

Willyum Potts how dare you suggest sutch a thing, the very ideer, now jest for that I will give it to him, sed ma, and I quick sed, Aw heck, ma, no, G, I dont want it, its too red and green.

Well of all things, Ill give it to Nora to give to the ice man, thats wat Ill do, Ill show you, he wont be too proud to wear it, sed ma.

With he ants wearing it every day and being the first one, he's wore since he started coming erround.

Effect of Simplicity In Marvel of Colors

By CORA MOORE
New York's Fashion Authority.

NEW YORK—Adapting Orientalism to youthful figures is one of the cleverest things the designers are doing. And one of the most interesting examples of the way they are doing it is to be found in "Pitter Patter," at the Longacre theatre.

In the second act, Helen Bolton appears in a frock that is a marvel of color, red chiffon over yellow and then in lighter yellow used for sleeves. The skirt, being alternately pleated, sends forth kaleidoscopic rays of light and shade, while flowers of gold tissue trailing down over corsage and skirt and a gold cloth turban of Egyptian persuasion provide an additional touch of the Oriental.

All this—and yet the ensemble effect is one of realest simplicity.

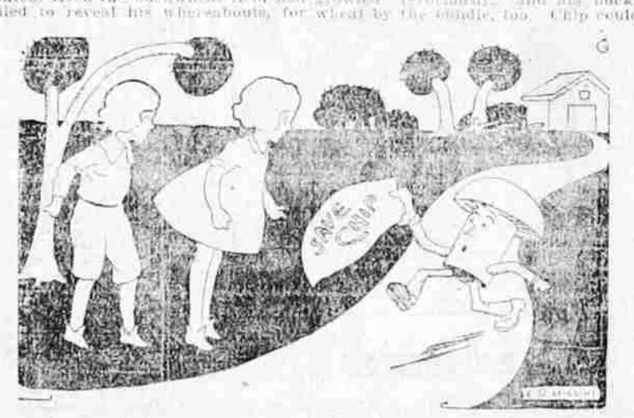
Miss Bolton has also the same model in all white, which, too, is very effective.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

CHIP'S RESCUE.

There's this about it, if Chip Chipmunk hadn't been so overstuffed with buckwheat, he might have been able to wiggle out of his prison. But there! Nick and Nancy hadn't an idea where Chip was, and they hunted and hunted. Even the buckwheat field had failed to reveal his whereabouts, for



"Here," panted the Magical Mushroom, handing them a note written on a plantain leaf.

men had come with wagons and piled all the bundles of cut wheat on them and hauled them to the barn.

What to do next?

There didn't seem to be a place left to look, and the Twins were just about to return sadly to the Meadow Grove school and tell Mr. Scribble Scratch that the little chipmunk boy was nowhere to be found, when the Magical Mushroom came a running. "Here," he panted, handing them a note written on a plantain leaf. "It's from the Fairy Queen and she says to save Chip. He's in trouble in Farmer Smith's barn."

Poor Chip, so he was! the rattly thing in the field that had knives for teeth, wasn't to be compared to the enormous monster in the barnyard, which he spied the moment he arrived, on the wagon, a monster that had chains and straps for muscles, that ate coal, and breathed black smoke; a monster that shook and growled ferociously, and ate buckwheat by the bundle, too. Chip could see it all out of the crack in his own bundle where he was stuck fast.

Just then a man picked up Chip's bundle. "Oh! Oh! Help, help!" squeaked the little truant shivering with fright.

"Yes, yes! We're coming," called Nick, for the twins arrived at that very minute and heard Chip squeal. The man laughed when Nick reached in his hand and pulled out poor shivering Chip. "That was a close squeak for the little fellow," he said kindly.

"Don't you mean a loud squeak?" smiled Nick, putting Chip into his pocket. "I guess he was scared."

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Dorothy Dix Talks

A FEW MORE FIG LEAVES

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

It is cheering to hear that the puissant Federation of Women's clubs has turned its attention to the matter of dress reform, particularly as it applies to young girls, and has gone on record as advocating the lengthening of feminine garments at both ends, and adding a few more layers of thickness to the string of beads that now does service for a bodice.

Heaven knows it is time that somebody called a halt on the disrobing mania that seems to be afflicting the women of the so-called civilized world—a mania that has nothing to recommend it because it is an affront to both decency and art.

Conceding that morality is largely a matter of geography, we must also admit that we of the Northern Hemisphere are out of the latitude in which a woman can appear in public in a semi-nude state and still maintain the perfect flower of her modesty. A belle of the Zulu Islands may be able to combine the soul of a white dove with a grass mat as her only costume, but that is a climatic achievement of which we are incapable.

The influence of dress is more potent upon women than all of the ten commandments, and no honest person will deny that one of the main reasons that the young girls of today are bolder and more forward than their mothers and grandmothers is because they are less clothed. For when a woman throws away almost all of her seven veils she throws away with them a lot of her reserve, modesty and innocence.

Women not only sin against modesty, but they sin against art in the present undressed fashion. We might forgive the nude in society if every women were a Venus de Milo, and built along specifications that ravish the eye with their beauty.

But, alas, and alack, such is far from being the case. Clothes have been the mantle of charity that conceal tons of fat, and graveyards full of bones, and none of us had the remotest idea of how many grotesque feminine forms nature had perpetrated until women began shearing off their frocks at the bottom and cutting them out at the necks.

Then what a spectacle we have beheld of mill post ankles and spiny feet, of cow necks and triple chins, of wishbones and living skeletons. Surely women have broken their mirrors and lost their sense of humor or else they would make a frantic grab for the concealing of the alluring petticoat again, and the swathing chiffons that take the curse off either flesh or thinness.

But the reform in women's clothes is like all other reforms. It must start from within, and that is what makes it encouraging to hear that the Federation of Women's clubs has taken the matter up, for this great organization can put it across if it so desires.

The trouble with the individual mother in trying to make her daughter dress modestly is that she runs counter to what all the other girls are doing and mother's influence as compared to the influence of the mob is null and void. If all the other girls are wearing but two fig leaves, there is not a single little Eve alive that can be induced to add a third fig leaf to her costume.

Therefore, to get any results, mother must act in concert and when the hundreds of thousands of mothers who compose the Federation of Women's clubs put down their broad, flat-soled, sensible middle-aged feet on any abuse it is going to be squashed as flat as a pancake, and cease to exist.

Why they could make red flannel fashionable as a ball gown and every girl crazy to wear it, if they wanted to! For these women carry around in their little handbags, the money that keeps the retail trade going, and the minute that they say, with one voice, that they want decent clothes for their girls, and will buy no other, that instant designers, dressmakers, tailors and manufacturers will get busy making up garments that will combine beauty, style and modesty.

And Mamie and Sadie and Katie will be just as crazy about the new sensible-length skirts, and the modest decolletes, as they are now about the see-more garments that they are wearing, for they will be the latest things in the shops, and all the girls will be wearing them.

Women have not yet realized what a tremendous power they hold in their hands through being the purse bearers, for it is the wives and mothers who spend the money that the husbands and fathers earn.

It is the middle-aged women who buy the clothes, and furniture, who decide on what papers and maxazines shall be taken, what books read, what places of amusement shall be attended. Therefore, these mothers, if they will act in concert, can set the styles, and make or ruin any place of business or amusement by giving or withholding their patronage.

No manufacturer would put out a type of garment they refuse to buy. No dance hall would permit the kind of dancing that they would not let their daughters dance. No theatre would put on plays that they would not let their daughters see, and that they would not see themselves.

So after all, the whole thing is up to the mothers. They can make the world exactly the sort of place they want their children to live in, for the hand that pays, rules the world.

It is wonderful to think what the combined mother influence might do. And terrible to think how little it does do. Perhaps the Federation of Women's clubs is going to mobilize this great power and put it into action. If it does, it will be the lever of Archimedes that will life the universe and raise it up to higher things.

Uncle Sam, M. D.

RECREATION.

Owing to the speed, complexity and worry of modern life among all classes, and to the monotony of work in industry, recreation has become a matter of vital importance for everyone.

Some muscular activity, preferably in the open air, is needed by every healthy person.

Recreation should be as unlike the regular occupation as possible; going to the theater, for example, is not the best exercise for sedentary workers employed all day in artificially lighted offices. The element of pleasure is essential.

Hoasting dumbbells purely from conscientious motives is seldom beneficial, and is generally soon abandoned.

The part played by habit in matters of health is often overlooked. Although the body adjusts itself to widely varying conditions and even to unfavorable ones, the importance of forming desirable habits cannot be overemphasized.

Sudden or radical changes in living, however, particularly among people no longer young, may play havoc.

New and violent systems of exercise, weight reduction and food fads forced on families by enthusiastic discoverers, involve considerable risk.

To maintain sound health only a rational program will suffice; properly balanced work and play, sleep and food and all other elements must be included in due proportion.

If the lady who writes about mists before her eyes, and other symptoms, will send her name and address to Information Editor, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C., enclosing this clipping, a personal reply will be given her.

Q. Can impotency be cured? If so, where can the best possible treatment be obtained?—A sufferer.

A. If the person will send his name and address, a personal reply will be given him, as it is not feasible to reply to his question through this column. Address Information Editor, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C., enclosing this clipping.

JUST FOLKS

By Edgar A. Guest

LULLABY.

The evening star is shining clear,
By low, my pretty one.
The gentle sandman draweth near
By low, my pretty one;
Now close your eyes in slumber sweet,
The fairies wait my babe to greet,
Full tired must be your chubby feet,
By low, my pretty one.

Now quiet is the busy town,
By low, my pretty one.
The children all have settled down
By low, my pretty one.
Oh, you shall go where fairies stay,
To dance the long night hours away,
And come back home at break of day,
By low my pretty one.

Travel away to slumber land,
By low, my pretty one.
Led by the good queen fairy's hand,
By low, my pretty one.
You shall play by the silver stream,
With ribbons of gold where the big moon beams,
And smile your way through your baby dreams,
By low, my pretty one.

Hush, my baby, the day is done,
By low, my pretty one.
Softly the night is coming on,
By low, my pretty one;
Mother will rock you to and fro,
Over your cradle bending low,
And watch o'er you as to sleep you go,
By low, my pretty one.

MEXICANS SEEK TO PROTECT THEIR TRADE

MEXICO CITY, Mex.—Discussing Mexico's efforts to build up trade with Cuba, the Bulletin Financiero y Minero asserts that American merchants have been playing the trick of buying Mexican goods and selling them in Cuba as American goods. The Bulletin says:

"Our dealers should negotiate directly with the dealers in Cuba, thus making certain that our products are sold under the Mexican trade marks, for it is well known that many American merchants buy our goods and after exporting them to the United States, re-export them as American goods to Cuba and many other Latin-American countries.

Sister Mary

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Matting on floors is always cool looking and fairly easy to care for but if it becomes spotted with grease most grease removers seem to leave the straw unimpressed.

Very hot water, a five-and-ten-cent store nail brush, castile soap and a little salt are wonderful grease-removing agents for matting.

Dissolve the salt in the water. Wet the brush in the salted water and rub on the soap. Now scrub the spot. Add more soap as necessary and continue to scrub the place until the spot disappears. Rinse with a clean cloth dipped in clear water and rub dry with another clean cloth.

MENU FOR TOMORROW.

BREAKFAST — Stewed prunes, creamed dried beef, baking powder biscuits, coffee.

LUNCHEON—Eggs in potato cases, beets in vinegar sauce, brown bread and butter, peach preserves, tea.

DINNER—Stuffed pork chops, scalloped potatoes, mashed turnip, cabbage and celery salad, grape sponge, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES.

Two very thin and very small slices of onion put in the bottom of the dish the beets are served in give a delicious and tantalizing flavor. The amount of onion must be very little. Salt and pepper and three or four tablespoonfuls of vinegar make this an appetizing vegetable to go with the potatoes.

EGGS IN POTATO CASES.

2 potatoes
4 eggs
4 tablespoons grated cheese
2 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper

Use large smooth potatoes. Scrub well and rub with a little butter. Bake in a hot oven till done. Cut in half lengthwise. Scoop out the potato without breaking the skin. Put the potato through a ricer. Season with salt and pepper and melted butter and beat until light. Add a little hot milk if necessary, but the potato should be quite dry. Line the shells with the mashed potato. In each potato case drop an unbeaten egg. Dot with butter, sprinkle with cheese and brown in a hot oven.

STUFFED PORK CHOPS.

4 chops
1 1-2 cups stale bread crumbs
Salt and pepper
Hot water

Have the chops cut 1 1-2 inches thick. On the edge opposite the bone make a deep incision as V-shaped as possible with the point of the V on the edge. Fill the cavity with plain stuffing made of the bread crumbs seasoned with salt and pepper and moistened with hot water. Pin the edges of the chop together with toothpicks. Put in a slightly greased iron frying pan, and bake in a hot oven for 45 or 50 minutes.

Not letting your right hand know what your left hand is doing is anything but good ethics in a kitchen—you are apt to get burned.

Dr. James I. Vance

Important as the church is, it cannot alone meet and master the problem of civilization. It needs the help of allies. There are three allies to which it has a right to look for helpful co-operation.

One of these is the state. We do not believe in America in the union of church and state, but we should labor to promote the most cordial relations between the two. The state can make easy or difficult the work of the church. It can build barriers of legal restraint against the tides of pleasure and commercialism that would overflow the church. A town in which lawlessness abounds and the Sabbath is disregarded is a community in which the church is seriously handicapped.

Another ally is the school. The school can do some things the church cannot do. But the school is a poor promoter of civilization when it discredits the church. The education that breaks down faith in God is not to be desired. The schools we need in America are not sectarian institutions, but they are the schools whose atmosphere is kindly to a faith in God.

But the most important ally of the church is the family. If family life is Godless, the work of the church is hopelessly crippled.

Men may differ as to their conception of the tendencies of the present age, but they must agree that the seat of power for both the state and the church is in the family.

Not the individual but the family is the social unit, and as goes the home, so goes the nation and so goes civilization.

These are allies the church needs to do its work. A state that enacts moral values into its statutes; a school that harnesses life to convictions, and a family with an altar as well as a hearthstone.

What is Castoria

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhœa; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-Good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

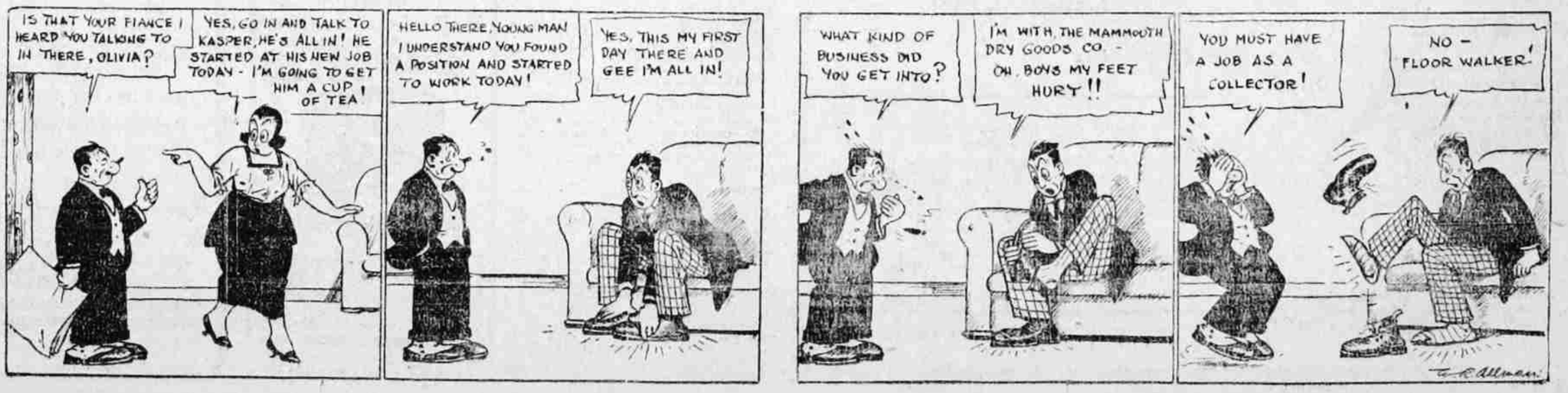
Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Dye It Right!

"Diamond Dyes"

Don't Risk Materials in Poor Dyes that Fade or Run

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, coverings, 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. Druggist has color card, showing 16 rich colors.—Advertisement.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—Kasper Had Hoped He'd Get a Seat in Congress, But— BY ALLMAN