

Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by
IDA H. GIBSON

Before the evening was over I was ready to drop with fatigue and the pain had become a nerve-racking torture of sounds. I began to understand what Mamie meant when she spoke of corns. Although I had none, my feet had become lumps of leaden pain. It seemed to me that I could stand it no longer, but in the pocket of the apron they had given me there was a shining coin. I went over to Mamie and whispered:

"Do you really want me to come home with you tonight? I think I have enough tips to pay for my room. I was so tired I felt that I could not stand the presence of strangers near me—even so kindly a one as Mamie."

"My dear, save your money. You'll need it."

In a few minutes we were on our homeward way. That night I told Mamie my story and she listened without a word until I reached the end. Then she said:

"I could not let her lose her job even if I did lose mine. I kept congratulating myself that I had never seen anyone in this restaurant who had known me before coming here, for, although I was making considerable money with my wages and tips, I knew the place was not my job. And Mamie put her arms around me and kissed me."

I had found the milk of human kindness where I least expected it. A girl whose very existence depended upon her daily work had promised to stand by me even at the risk of that work, and she had told me there were no many checking jobs in town where the tips and wages were as large as mine, who would knock a man down for making the same remark to any of their own women folk. For a moment I had allowed to pass one of the best of things over, but one evening the climax came.

Lace Cape Feature of Gown of Brocade



By CORA MOORE. New York's Fashion Authority.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Several very unusual ways of using lace have been introduced this season, which fact has done much to bring back its old time prestige.

In "Ladies' Night," at the Eltinge theatre, Calabro Plaster wears a gown of velvet brocade that has an odd, but very fetching lace cape-bodice. The lace was obviously chosen to match as nearly as possible the pattern of the brocade.

The cape is made with a yoke of the lace applied to a foundation of silk. For the rest of the cape, the lace is unlined and falls straight down from the shoulders in coat effect. It is very graceful.

Sister Mary

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The woman who has to use "hard" water finds her teakettle filled with a deposit of lime that is hard to remove. This precipitate is freed by boiling and each time water is boiled in the kettle more is formed. It settles and hardens on the bottom and sides of the kettle and adds to the weight.

If a couple of three common marbles are dropped in the teakettle this lime will collect on them instead of on the kettle itself and the inside can be kept clean.

MEAT FOR TOMORROW
BREAKFAST—Halves of grapefruit, griddle cakes, syrup, creamed potatoes, coffee.
LUNCHEON—Squash soup, creamed head lettuce salad, brown bread sandwiches, tea.
DINNER—Calves liver in tomato sauce, baked potatoes, cabbage salad, apple pie, chocolate coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES
Baked potatoes are more easily digested than boiled ones, because a baked potato is subjected to greater heat than a boiled potato. The high degree of heat aids in changing the starch in the potato to sugar. All starchy foods must be changed to sugar before the body can assimilate them.

SQUASH SOUP
2 cups cooked squash
2 cups milk
1 tablespoon minced onion
1-4 cup dried celery
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
1-8 teaspoon pepper

Rub squash through sieve before measuring. Heat milk, squash, onion and celery in double boiler. Let cook 20 minutes. Melt butter, stir in flour, and add milk which has been strained. Cook, stirring constantly, till creamy. Add salt and pepper and serve.

CALVES LIVER IN TOMATO SAUCE
1 pound liver
2 cups canned tomatoes
1 large green pepper
2 onions
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons brown fat
2 tablespoons flour
salt and pepper

Cut liver in inch cubes and sear. Drain. Roll in flour and fry in butter and bacon fat. When about half cooked, add the pepper and onion shredded. Cook until soft. Add tomatoes, stirring till thick and smooth. Serve on triangles of toast. The salt and pepper should be added to the meat while it is cooking.

The wise woman calms her stringencies to calms and spares her husband.

Dorothy Dix Talks

WINNING A HUSBAND

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

A young woman tells me that she is in love with a man who likes her, but is not in love with her, and she wants to know how she can heat this lukewarm affection up to the boiling point. It looks as if it should be easy enough to turn liking into love, but as a matter of fact, it is more difficult to induce an old acquaintance to look upon us in a new light than it is to fire the fancy of a stranger. Still, of course, it can be done. Hearts are won by patient siege, as well as by assault and battery.

No one will deny that the difficulty, that this young woman confronts is the principle answer to the query: Why is there such a falling off in matrimony? It is because so many men have substituted liking for loving, and women nowadays have too many men friends, and too few suitors.

It is the price that women are paying for freedom. In the times of our grandmothers, when a maiden never peeped her little head out from under the chaperone's wing, and when a man had to file his declaration of intentions along with his attentions, it was a case of love, or nothing.

There had to be quick heart action in those days of romance. There was no idly idling, and keeping charts of whether his affection was subnormal, or ran up to fever heat. A man who desired to enjoy the pleasures of a woman's company without letting himself in for becoming her meal ticket.

The more the bars are broken down between the sexes, the fewer the wedding bells. No man can be happy unless he has the understanding, the sympathy, the admiration of a woman.

He has got to have some woman to whom he can tell the things that he would never have the nerve to tell another man. He must have some woman to whom he can go in his hour of despair, when the world has almost beaten him, who will cheer and comfort him. And he must have some woman who will enclose his stories of his triumph, and before whom he can flout his egotism unashamed.

And when the only way to get this admiring audience was to marry her, he would be to him with a wedding ring. Now he turns the trick with platonic friendship, and tells the woman she is a good old scout, instead of the angel of his dreams. Also he speaks of liking instead of loving.

All of which is hard on women, because the feminine heart is still doing business at the same old stand, in the same old way, and woman's talent is here's body to its final rest.

MAYBE THE LAWYER

DENVER—Judge. I can't lie about it. I forged the check. James Kelly, 22, told that to Judge Hershey here. The judge warned him that if he pleaded guilty he would have to send him to jail. "But, Judge, I can't lie about it. I did it," protested Kelly. Hershey continued the case and appointed a lawyer to find some excuse to keep Kelly from jail.

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGLY'S SEWING LESSON

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Uncle Wiggly Lougears, the bunny rabbit gentleman, was one day hopping past the hollow stump school where the lady mouse teacher taught the animal children, when he heard Miss Mouse saying:

"Attention, children! Hold your needles! Thread your needles! Aim your needles! Sew!"

"Well, well! That sounds just like when soldiers are practicing their drill lessons," said Uncle Wiggly to himself. "I wonder if the lady mouse teacher is going to have us march and drill?"

"That's what I say!" laughed Uncle Wiggly. "I never thought I could ever thread a needle before. But it may be done very easily. You see, it's all a matter of practice. You start to learn," said the lady mouse.

Now well by sewing two pieces of cloth together, the lady mouse said. She held up a piece of cloth and a needle and thread. "I will show you how to do it," she said. "You start to learn," said the lady mouse.

"Attention, children! Hold your needles! Thread your needles! Aim your needles! Sew!"

And with that the animal boys and girls began to sew together two pieces of cloth. The bunny rabbit gentleman did very well, too. He was just wondering what Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his mamma's lady housekeeper, would say if he told her he could sew, when all of a sudden, the door of the hollow stump school was pushed open, and in bounced the Fuzzy Fox.

"Oh, ho!" growled the Fuzzy fox, with a rambly, green, dumpy, his throat. "Ah, ha! I thought I'd find you here, Uncle Wiggly, and I have! I saw your paw marks in the snow and I followed you right here to the hollow stump school!"

"Oh, you did!" asked Uncle Wiggly in a sorrowful sort of voice, as he held his sharp needle in one paw. "And what do you want of me?"

"I want you to come to my den! There we shall have dinner together," went on the fox, smacking his lips hungrily like, looking at the clock.

"You may go on with your lessons," he added to the lady mouse teacher. "I do not wish to bother you or the animal boys and girls. All I want is Uncle Wiggly!"

The lady mouse teacher looked very sad at hearing this, for she and the animal boys and girls loved the bunny rabbit gentleman.

"Come with me, Uncle Wiggly!" ordered the Fuzzy Fox. "Come to my den!"

"Not! Stay where you are!" suddenly.

By cried Sammie Littleball, the boy next to the church only we couldn't talk on account of not being allowed to take the sourballs out so we just sat there looking at her as if she was a very beautiful thing. The lady said, "Well, do you know where the Hoff stutters live or don't you?"

Which me and Puds shook our heads and down, meaning we did and the lady said, "Well, then for mercy sake tell me and don't sit there like a couple of half-witted idiots. Me and Puds just keep on looking at you waiting to lose the sourball sucking contest, by taking them out, and the lady said, "O shut up, I never saw such stupid children in all my life."

Being a thin lady looking as if she was getting even thinner, and she walked away mad and me and Puds finished the sourball sucking contest, me winning by about 15 seconds.

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Dr. James I. Vance

It is hard to forget what God has done for us. To save his country from such ingratitude, Kipling wrote his poem for our countrymen. It is not also hard to forget what our soldiers and sailors have done for us. It is in order for some American poet to write a recession to the trenches and No Man's Land no longer or still is.

Are we forgetting the sacrifices made by the men who fought the war? Have we gone back to our money-grubbing with such absorption that the story of the heroism of the trenches and No Man's Land no longer or still is.

Are we so tired of hearing about the war that we ignore the men who kept the deluge from rolling in on us?

The other day I buried a soldier. His breast was covered with medals he had won for distinguished service. The flag of his country draped the coffin as we moved through the streets of the city to the cemetery. But less than a score of people gathered about the grave as we laid a

Little Benny

Me and Leroy Shooster each had 2 sourballs for a cent around at Mommy Simmines and started to wawk back with them, Puds saying, G they used to be 3 for a cent.

Wat goes that do us? I seed which wat good did it? and we sat on my front steps to such them, me saying, Lets have a sour ball sucking contest, lets each put both our sourballs in our mouth at the same time and no fair taking them out agen till the contest is over, and whoever makes theirs last the longest wins.

Which we started to do, sucking them slow without saying anything on account of it would take a pritty big of a month to tawk throo 2 sourballs, and the contest hadnt hardly started wen some lady stopped wawking past and sed, Can you boys tel me wawke the Hoffstatters live?

Which they live about 2 blocks away?

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE TWINS TO THE RESCUE

When Fleet Fox jumped out of the scarecrow's clothes, that he had been masquerading in at his own party, and jumped right into the midst of his guests there was a frightened scurry and a scolding in every direction.

Plop! Fleetmouse dropped his banner on which were the words: "I'm Mr. Elephant!" for he wasn't sure that Fleet would be fooled by the information one bit. Anyway he wasn't going to take a chance and he streaked un-

like Mr. Mule because his ears were so long. But Fleetfox think so at all, and he licked his lips.

"Grrrr!" he growled, looking awfully hard and from him to Cobby Cone, and from Cobby to Ching Chipmunk and so on to these little Meadow Grove pupils had budged. I think like Mr. Ostrich, they imagined Fleet couldn't see them when their faces were covered.

Now Nancy and Nick had gone to the party as "Babes In The Wood."



In Just a couple of winks, that corn field was empty of every single thing but corn shocks, pumpkins, moonbeams, and Fleet Fox.

der the corn shock nearest him, Pety Porcupine and Harry Hedgehog who were pretending to be pin-cushion and chestnut respectively I mean respectively, sat still. They knew that they were safe, for Fleet learned his lesson once before and now felt his nose tenderly every time he looked in their direction.

Cutie Cottontail, who really should have made himself scarce, didn't budge a bit either. Under his little plantain-leaf mask, he imagined he looked just

you know, and Fleet had a great big basket. They saw the danger their little friends were in, and with the Magical Green Shops to whisk them around, they picked up every little animal in sight and dropped them in. And then they wished themselves out of that.

In Just a couple of winks, that corn field was empty of every single thing but corn shocks, pumpkins, moonbeams, and Fleet Fox.

howling with disappointed hunger.

Lifetime Ware

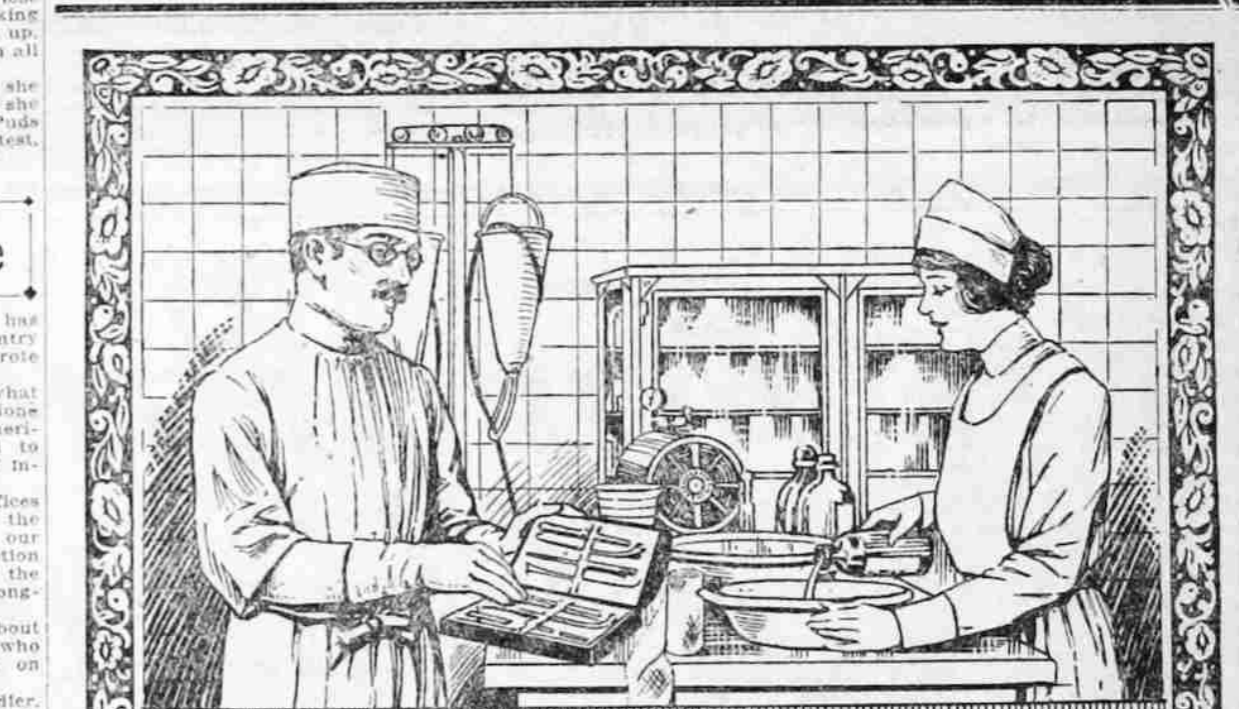
Thanksgiving Suggestion for the Housewife

"LIFETIME WARE"
Aluminum Cooking Utensils

In beautiful designs In every variety Guaranteed for 20 years

THE ALUMINUM PRODUCTS COMPANY
OF THE PACIFIC COAST
OAKLAND CALIFORNIA

"Lifetime Ware outlasts any ware anywhere"



Escaped an Operation

There is nothing in the world a woman so much fears as a surgical operation. Often they are necessary, but often not; and many have been avoided by the timely use of that good old-fashioned root and herb remedy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If you are suffering from some dread ailment peculiar to your sex, why not profit by the experience of these two women whose letters follow?

These Two Women Saved from Operations.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—"After the birth of my last child I had such painful spells they would unfit me entirely for my housework. I suffered for months and the doctor said that my trouble was organic ulcers and I would have to have an operation. That was a awful thing to me, with a young baby and four other children, so one day I thought of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and how it had helped me years before and I decided to try it again. I took five bottles of Vegetable Compound and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanaive Wash and since then I have been a well woman, able to take care of my house and family without any trouble or a day's pain. I am ready and thankful to swear by your medicine any time. I am forty-four years old and have not had a day's illness of any kind for three years."—Mrs. H. KOZNIK, 617 Ellis Blvd, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Sandusky, Ohio.—"After the birth of my baby I had organic trouble. My doctor said it was caused by too heavy lifting and I would have to have an operation. I would not consent to an operation and let it go for over a year, having my sister do my work for me as I was not able to walk. One day my aunt came to see me and told me about your medicine—said it cured her of the same thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanaive Wash and they have cured me. Now I do my own housework, washing and ironing and sewing for my family and also do sewing for other people. I still take a bottle of Vegetable Compound every spring for a tonic. I recommend your medicine to others who have troubles similar to mine and you can use my letter if you wish."—Mrs. PAUL PATERFUS, 1325 Stone St., Sandusky, Ohio.

Thousands of Such Letters Prove the Curative Value of

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.