Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by

IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

A SCENE IN A RESTAURANT.

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that Kenneth is drinking? Why, I didn't suppose anyone drank since prohibition came."

"Why, foolish child," answered Jerry, "don't you know that almost every rich man in the country laid in a large stock of liquor? I suppose Kenneth Hailey's father has thousands of dollars' worth in his cellar. Can't you see that Kenneth is not strictly sober at this moment?"

As he spoke, we looked across to the table where the gay party had seated itself. Kenneth's arm was resting across the back of Grace Cameron's chair, almost touching that little golden curl that always intrigued him, and it seemed that someone had made a hilarious remark, for there was much loud laughter, above which I distinguished Kenneth's voice saying:

"It's a shame, boys, that we cannot have a glass of wine at the restaurants with dinner. After this I think I will entertain all my parties at home. But you see, father likes to be alone once in a while and he told me yesterday that he would consider it a great favor if I would entertain my friends at a restaurant after this, instead of at his house."

Jimmy and Jerry exchanged glances, for they, too, had heard Kenneth's speech, and they understood why Mr. Hailey had asked his son to entertain his guests where it was impossible for them to get liquor.

Whether it was because we three had focused our gaze upon the back of Kenneth Hailey's head, or whether it was because of some premonition of something going on behind him that made him the center of interest, I do not know. But at this minute Kenneth turned so quickly that he overturned his own chair and most rudely brushed Grace Cameron away from him in his rush to our table.

"Why, Ann," he almost shouted, "is it really, truly you? Dad will be beside himself with joy now that we have found you," and without ceremony he kissed me full on the lips.

"Where did you find her, Jimmy?" he asked, utterly unconscious of the sensation we were making in the room. "I don't think it was fair of you not to at least let dad know when you found her."

"Sit down, Ken," said Jimmy. "You are making Ann very conspicuous. The whole room is buzzing and Grace Cameron and her mother are looking very angry."

"I don't care what anybody says or how anybody looks," said Kenneth, again clasping both my hands. "Dad and I have been looking for Ann for years. It seems, and only for dad's old-fashioned notions, I'd have had a private detective on your track long ago, my girl. Come on, Jim! Come on, Jerry! All of you come on over to my table. I want to introduce Ann to my party."

"But I can't go, Kenneth," I whispered. "I am not fit—I have been working all day—to go among ladies and gentlemen in evening dress."

"My dear child, you are fit to go any place with me, no matter what kind of a frock you have on. Do you remember that bathing suit you used to wear—the one that everybody used to make such a fuss about?" he asked with a laugh.

"Hush, Ken, you are talking too loud," I said with a very deep blush, for I clearly perceived he had been drinking altogether too much. "You will excuse me though, won't you?" I continued. "Is your father in town?"

"No, but I'm going to wire him tonight and he'll be in on the first train in the morning. We will both come to see you directly."

"All right, dear boy," I answered, "come about four o'clock in the afternoon."

"What's the matter with us coming to take you to luncheon? I think did will be in by that time."

Jerry Hathaway moved uneasily, and I answered, "I shall be engaged until after lunch."

"An engagement which you cannot break for dad and me after all these years? Why, Ann, I'd break any engagement in the world for you."

"Miss Cameron is beckoning for you," said Jim, softly, and as Kenneth turned to go back Jim said: "There's one engagement he wouldn't break for you, Ann," and alas, I knew it too well.

DARK VELVET FOR FORMAL HATS WITH IRREGULAR BRIMS AND ODD TRIMMING

BY CORA MOORE

New York's Fashion Authority.

NEW YORK—While at the moment one sees a great many hats of duvetyn, the more formal onces are mostly of velvet or brocade or, for very formal wear, tulle or net.

And while the duvetyn hats are more or less of bright colors, elaborated with embroidery, and turn abruptly up from the face at one angle or another, there is at one angle or another, there is an inclination toward the hat that at least partially shades the face and the brim of which turns in a more uneven line and with a more moderate curve.

Moreover, they show, these never hats, more variety than the duvetyns boasted, as witness these three illustrated models, each of which is altogether different from any one of the others.

They are all of dark velvet, the ostrich-trimmed one black, with gray feathers, the one with the wings brown, and the tricorne of navy with short, shaded ostrich feathers curling over all the edges and a ribbon motif decorating one side.

So many of the early season hats were worn straight on the head that it is important to call attention to the fact that these are tipped at a decided angle.

From left to right: Black, trimmed with gray ostrich feathers; navy feathers. Center, below: Brown, tricotine with short, shaded ostrich f with wing trimming.

STARTING TOMORROW

Gouverneur Morris'

Famous Story

"The Penalty"

100% Guaranteed Super Special

OGDEN THEATRE

LAST TIMES TODAY

TOM MOORE IN "STOP THIEF"

Little Benny

The munthly reports was given out in skool yistiddav, mine being so bad it was gritty near the werst one I ever got, but not quite. And after supper I started to get reddy to give it to pop if sine, think-ing, G, I better not be too suddin about it, it's no use making him feel worse than necessary.

And I sed, Pop, I bet after this Im going to be so wonderfill in skool I bet my reports will be the best in the room.

Thats an intriesting bet, I hope you win it, stranger things than that have happined, tho personally I never herd of eny, sed pop.

Maybe theyll be the best reports in the hole skool, I sed, and pop sed, The age of miracles is still with us. Meening jest because you know a thing aint going to happin that dont say it is impossible, and I sed, I bet Ill get xatch good reports youll think it must be somebody elts.

Ill know darn well if is, sed pop.

And he kept on smoaking and I kept on wondering weather to hand him my report yet, thinking, Heck, I mite as well prepare him for it. And I sed, As long as I know Im going to get xatch grate reports frum now on, it dont make eny diffrents wat kind I used to get, does it pop?

Have you by eny shadow of a possibility got a report to show me? sed pop.

Sir? Yes sir, I sed. And I handed it to him, pop saying, Ah hah, I thawt there was an Ethiopium in the woodpile. And he looked at the report and thats wy I had to go to bed rite aftir suppir and also wy I dident have eny recess money today and wy I dont ixpect eny tomorrow.

Sister Mary

I like to plan my meals for an entire week.

This means a saving of time, money and often worry.

If every housekeeper whether she keep permanent "help" or not would simply get the habit of working out a menu for the week every Monday morning she will find herself with few gunizing moments of not knowing what to have for dinner.

The menus may need revision as the days go by, but they will form a convenient schedule as a working basis.

MENU FOR TOMORROW.

Breakfast—Halves of grapefruit, salt mackerel, fried potatoes, bran muffins, coffee.

Luncheon—Spinach with stuffed eggs, bread and butter, ginger bread, apple sauce, tea.

Dinner—Rolled flank of beef, scalloped potatoes, baked squash, cole-slaw, grape pudding, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES.

Always plan to serve an acid fruit when fish is ordered for breakfast, the grapefruit cuts the fat of the mackerel and gives the tartness fish needs. The potatoes should be cold boiled, sliced thin and fried a light straw color with a few tablespoons of cream added 5 minutes before removing from the fire.

SPINACH WITH STUFFED EGGS.

2 pounds spinach
4 hard-boiled eggs
4 tablespoons chopped cooked ham
Tomato catsup
Salt and pepper
Butter

Cook spinach and chop fine. Season with salt, pepper and butter. Mix well and arrange in a hot shallow vegetable dish. Keep hot. The eggs should be kept as hot a possible while filling with the stuffing. Cut eggs in half. Rub yolks through a sieve. Add ham. Mix well with enough catsup to moisten. Fill the whites with mixture. Place these in the spinach and serve at once.

ROLLED FLANK OF BEEF.

1 flank steak
1-3 cup carrot cubes
1 cup boiling water
1 small onion
1-3 cup celery, diced
1½ cups soft bread crumbs
1 egg
1 tablespoon melted butter
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Trim edges of meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper and spread with stuffing. Make stuffing of the bread crumbs, egg (unbeaten), butter, salt and pepper and water if necessary to make moist. Roll and tie meat. Put vegetables in a roaster and lay meat on them. Put chopped suet over meat. Add water, cover and roast in a hot oven for 20 minutes. Uncover and cook half an hour longer.

Period furniture always beyond the ordinary pocketbook—and now is added furniture of this period.

—oo—

JUST FOLKS

By Edgar A. Guest

THERE COMES A TIME WHEN WORDS WON'T DO.

There comes a time when words won't do,
However fine the thoughts you say.
They will not drive the care away
Or make the gray clouds into blue.
Then suffering and anguish needs
Not kindly thoughts, but kindly deeds.

There's no philosophy can soothe
The aching heart beset by grief,
Death hurts in spite of our belief;
Speech cannot troubled waters smooth.
In such an hour all mortals need
The comfort of a helpful deed.

A word of courage now and then
Will spur the faltering spirit on.
Rekindle hope when hope seems gone.
But there are times of trial when
By real service we must share
The cares that others have to bear.

True friendship then must step aside
To prove in some substantial way
The tender thoughts its lips would say.
Must share the burden and be tried
Until its friends shall smile again,
Or otherwise all speech is vain.

However fair the speech may be
It cannot lighten real distress
Nor change man's woe to happiness,
Nor serve a friend's necessity;
Then true devotion swiftly speeds
To prove itself by helpful deeds.

—oo—

A new talking-machine needle, claimed to play 10,000 records before being worn out, has been invented.

SICK WOMEN HEAR ME

You Can Be Free from Pain as I Am, if You Do as I Did.

Harrington, Me.—"I suffered with backache, pains through my hips and such a bearing down feeling that I could not stand on my feet. I also had other distressing symptoms. At times I had to give up work. I tried a number of remedies but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me more good than anything else. I am regular, do not suffer the pains I used to, keep house and do all my work. I recommend your medicine to all who suffer as I did and you may use my letter as you like."—Mrs. MINNIE MITCHELL, Harrington, Me.

There are many women who suffer as Mrs. Mitchell did and who are being benefited by this great medicine every day. It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound contains no narcotics or harmful drugs. It is made from extracts of roots and herbs and is a safe medium for women. If you need special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

Uncle Sam, M. D.

RUPTURE.

Q. Please inform me personally is there any cure for rupture? I have been so two years. Trusses or appliances only serve, to my judgment, to keep the rupture in place, and I doubt whether either cause the growth of the rupture. I am wearing an appliance now, and these things you just have to keep strapped or buckled on around you all of life.

A. Excepting in treatment of rupture in childhood, the wearing of a truss or other appliance does not cure rupture. It merely holds it in place, and so gives relief. The radical cure of rupture is accomplished by means of an operation. This operation is so well understood at the present time that very excellent results are obtained by such operation by many surgeons throughout the country. Unless there is some special reason why you cannot submit to an operation, I would urge you to have your physician refer you to a first-class surgeon, so that you may be examined and receive proper advice as to just what you should do.

Q. Can you please tell me (1) The cause for syphilis? (2) How does it first start? (3) How do you know you have it? (4) Is there any way to get rid of it, if so what is the remedy?—M. E. H.

(1) Syphilis is caused by germs which are carried in the blood through the whole body. When uncured, it causes marked degeneration of the body, which may result in—insanity, paralysis or death. It is usually caused by sexual intercourse with a diseased person, but may be contracted through kissing, or through using articles contaminated by a diseased person.

(2) The first sign of syphilis is a small red spot, pimple or ulcer, called a "chancre" (pronounced "shanker"). It usually appears from two to eight weeks after infection.

(3) Consult a competent physician and by clinical and laboratory examinations he will be able to determine whether you are infected with syphilis.

(4) Syphilis is curable if the proper treatment is given sufficiently early in the course of the disease, and if this treatment is persevered in.

The best treatment for this disease is believed, at the present time, to be combined treatment with arsphenamine and mercury. Such treatment can only be carried out by a competent physician. If you cannot afford to pay for treatment, write to your state board of health or the U. S. Public Health Service, for the address of the nearest clinic where free treatment may be obtained.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

A MYSTERY.

Nick went to Mr. Scribble Scratch's house by the bittersweet clump and rang the bell. He wished to find out what had kept the fairy schoolmaster home from school that day, because it was the first time he had stayed away.

Nancy was being substitute in the meantime and the Magical Mushroom, with his wise old head, was helping her, but even so "when the cat's away the mice will play." Only in this case the mice weren't playing. They were keeping a sharp eye on Cobble Coon, Wasp Weasel, Orrie Owl and so on. And what was more, the latter were returning the compliment.

"Tap, tap, tap," went Nick on the front door of the fairyman's house. But no one came to let him in.

Then he tapped again, this time quite loudly, but still there wasn't a sign. "Perhaps he's sick," thought the little boy, although he'd heard that fairies never get sick at all. But anyway he called out loudly and the bedroom window being wide open, he was sure Scribble Scratch would have heard and answered, had he been there. But there wasn't a sound. Only the echo of his own voice which the rocks and trees sent back.

Nick wondered what he'd better do next. Could it be the schoolmaster had torn two leaves off his calendar instead of one, and thought that this was Saturday? Perhaps he'd gone visiting relatives or had taken a trip back to the Fairy Queen's Palace to report about things.

He went to the back door next and looked around. The milk bottle was taken in, so the fairyman couldn't be sick in bed. But there was something else—a mark—a footprint. Nick looked closely. "I do believe!" said he, "that it's Wasp Weasel's."

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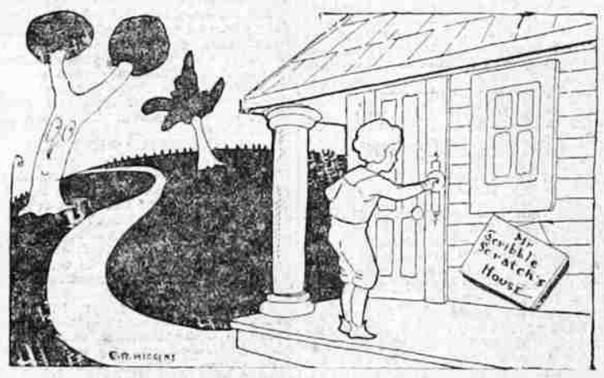

"Tap, tap, tap," went Nick on the front door of the fairyman's house.

Dr. James I. Vance

It is a misfortune to have to lead so starched and proper and monotonous existence as to never break into a sweat. The experience should come as the Maker meant it—through common toil, and not by artificial processes.

To be sure, if one can do no better, let him bake in a Russian bath. He gets the result, but misses the fun. And yet he does not get all the result, for sweat is more than a method of elimination. It is God's earliest and most honorable way of making character.

It is the regime of heaven's most ancient reformatory. When God turned to rebuilding a fallen man, he set him to common toil, and said: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread all the days of thy life."

Sweat is the foe of artificiality and conventionalism. It takes the starch out of life and makes us human and approachable. No one can be stuck up who sweats. Suspect the man whose sign of respectability is soft hands and a quarantine against common toil.

Sweat is in some subtle way connected with self-respect. Adam was ashamed of his follies and went out of Eden with his head down; but I think he must have come in from his first day of labor with his head up. He thought God had cursed him, but when his body glowed and cooled in the sweat of work, he said: "This is not so bad."

Every man should have a piece of ground in which he can dig in the early mornings or late evenings; or a side line that throws his muscles into full action. To be a good man, he must not be a stranger to the sanctity of sweat.

Aspiration, inspiration, perspiration, but the greatest of these is perspiration, only I prefer to say sweat.

Walt Mason

THE GREAT BLESSING.

I had a weary siege of sickness that called for pink and purple pills; my humble roll lost all its thickness when I had paid the doctor's bills. And pharmacists and well trained nurses were chasing to me up the road, and undertakers with their hearses were hanging round my sad abode. Now I am feeling vastly better, the gout and mumps have left my frame, likewise lumbago, croup and tetter, though rheumatiz still plays its game. No longer do I wear a plaster, there is no poultice on my form, and I'm not scared by bleak disaster, for by the ills that round me swarm. If one has health he is a craven to talk of grief and trouble sore, and croak, like Edgar Allan's raven, such balderdash as "Nevermore." Health is the only thing that matters, beside it other boons are vain, and men are surely mad as hatters who kick when they are free from pain. Recovered from my indigestion, and convalescent from the itch, I face my tasks without a question, and life seems full of sweet and rich. Yes, ugly problems crowd around me, and threats and things invade my den, but they can't daunt me or confound me, for I am feeling well again.

—oo—

FARMERS OF CANADA GET WHEAT DIVIDENDS

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, Nov. 25—A final dividend of 18 cents a bushel will be paid to farmers by the Canadian wheat board, according to an announcement made after a recent audit of the books of the board. The payment will be made on "participation certificates," the method used by the Canadian government to return to farmers profit made by the government on their 1919 wheat above the guaranteed price.

This payment will bring the 1919 price, based on northern wheat in storage at Fort Williams, to $2.63 a bushel, or an average price throughout the year of $2.50 at points of shipment in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The board has already distributed $38,000,000 on interi mdividends and payment of the remainder of $20,000,000, it is expected, will be completed before the first of the year. More than $60,000,000 represents the share of farmers i nthe prairie provinces. The other $8,000,000 will go to eastern Canada and British Columbia.

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE CELERY.

Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"Uncle Wiggily! Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" called Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, to the bunny rabbit gentleman in his hollow stump bungalow one day. And Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy called quite loudly, too. "Uncle Wiggily! Uncle Wiggily!" she said once more.

"Eh? What's that? What's the matter?" asked Mr. Longears, suddenly awakening from a little sleep he was taking in the easy chair before the corncob fire that burned on the open hearth.

"Oh, I didn't know you were asleep," said Nurse Jane, sort of sorry like. "I just wanted to tell you that I'm going over to see Mrs. Flufftail, the mother of Dottie and Willie Flufftail, the lamb children. Baby Bunty is staying with them, you know."

"Dear me! Baby Bunty! I should dearly love to see her again," spoke Uncle Wiggily, trying to rub the sleep out of his eyes, but, instead, only rubbing his pink, twinkling nose. "Baby Bunty and I used to have lots of fun! Bring her back with you, Nurse Jane."

"Perhaps I may," said the muskrat lady. "But what I called to tell you was to give the celery to Johnnie and Billie Bushytail when those squirrel boys come for it."

"Give Johnnie and Billie Bushytail the celery? What for?" asked Uncle Wiggily, puzzled like.

"Because," answered Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy, "we had too much celery for Thanksgiving. I was speaking to Mrs. Bushytail about it and asking if she didn't want some. She said she did, and that Johnnie and Billie would stop and get it, there being no school today."

"Very well—ah—um!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, as he stretched his red, white and blue rheumatism a little. "I'll give Johnnie and Billie the celery when they come, but where is it?"

"I'll put it on a chair in the kitchen," said Nurse Jane. "You'll have no trouble finding it. And now you may finish your nap," she said to the bunny gentleman. "Go to sleep again if you like. I have my key and I can let myself in."

"I believe I shall take another little snooze," spoke Mr. Longears. So he stretched out in the easy chair to warm his pink, twinkling nose and went to sleep, while Nurse Jane hopped away from the hollow stump bungalow to call on Mrs. Flufftail.

While Uncle Wiggily was asleep along came Billie and Johnnie Bushytail, the two squirrel boys. They were going to ring the bell and ask for the celery for their mother when Johnnie happened to see that the door was not tightly shut. It was open a crack.

"I guess Uncle Wiggily must have left the door open for us so we could walk in without making him answer when we rang," chattered Johnnie.

"I guess so," agreed Billie. "We'll walk right in and ask for the celery."

But Uncle Wiggily had not left the door open. Nurse Jane had forgotten to shut it when she left. Well, anyhow, in walked the two squirrel boys and the first thing they saw was Uncle Wiggily in the easy chair. Then they went softly out to the kitchen, so as not to awaken him, and on a chair they saw the celery stalks and leaves.

"The left is here for us to take," said Billie. "We can do that and go out without waking him up. Let's do it."

"All right," agreed Johnnie. "But let's cut off the top leaves of the celery stalks. They aren't any good, and if we trim them off it will be easier to carry."

"Right you are," whispered Billie. "And I know what we can do with the celery leaves."

"What?" asked Johnnie.

"We can tie them under Uncle Wiggily's chin and it will make him look as if he had whiskers," said Billie, trying not to laugh. "Let's fasten the celery leaves under Uncle Wiggily's chin while he's asleep, and when he wakes up and looks at himself in the glass he'll thing he has grown a beard, and he'll be so surprised."

"That'll be lots of fun and it won't hurt anybody," chattered Johnnie. "We'll do it."

So the squirrel boys did this, fastening the celery under the bunny gentleman's chin like a fringe of whiskers. And they did it so softly and gently that Uncle Wiggily never opened his eyes. Then Johnnie and Billie, taking the white celery stalks, went on tiptoe out of the hollow stump bungalow.

"Won't he laugh when he wakes up!" chuckled Billie.

"Oh, I should say he would!" giggled Johnnie.

Uncle Wiggily slept on, with the fringe of celery leaves for whiskers, beneath his chin. And all of a sudden, the Fuzzy Fox pushed open the front door of the hollow stump bungalow and walked in. The squirrel boys had also forgotten to shut the door tightly.

"Ah, ha! Here is where I get Uncle Wiggily!" said the Fuzzy Fox to himself as he walked on tiptoe through the hall and into the room where the bunny slept. And then the Fuzzy Fox knocked down an umbrella, and it fell to the floor with a bang.

"What's that? What's that?" cried Uncle Wiggily, suddenly awakening. "Is that you, Johnnie and Billie, after the celery?"

Uncle Wiggily jumped from his chair and saw the Fuzzy Fox. And at the same time the Fuzzy Fox saw Uncle Wiggily. But when the bad Fox saw the fringe of whiskers on the bunny (not knowing they were only celery leaves) the bad fox gave a howl and cried:

"Oh, I made a mistake! This isn't Uncle Wiggily at all. It's an old great-great-grandfather rabbit, as tough as a boiled owl! He'll never do for me!"

And then, not knowing it was Uncle Wiggily (on account of the celery whiskers) away ran the fox, not hurting the bunny at all.

"Dear me! What's the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily of himself. "I feel strange." Then he looked at himself in the glass, and when he saw the celery whiskers Johnnie and Billie had tied on his chin he laughed like anything.

Thus everything turned out happily, you see. And if the gold-handled umbrella doesn't try to stand on its head in the snow storms and make the teakettle laugh, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the cranberries.

Why Be Discouraged?

Did You Know That—

BY WHIT HADLEY.

Cutting told a friend: "Opportunity is everywhere but men seem to be blind."

• • •

A boy in England had been run over by the cars, and the bright blood spurted from a severed artery. A crowd stood helpless watching him die. Another boy pushed his way to the sufferer's side, took his handkerchief out and stopped the bleeding by tying a hard knot just above the wound.

The applause and praise he received induced him to change his mind from being a cabinet maker to the study of surgery. Eight years later Astley Cooper became the foremost surgeon of Great Britain.

• • •

Hawthorne once dined with Longfellow, bringing a friend of his from Salem. After dinner the firend told Longfellow he had been trying to get Hawthorne to write a story based on a legend current in Acadia which dealt with a girl who, in the dispersion of the Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, only finding him later dying in a hospital when both were old.

"Hawthorne replied to me," said the friend, "that the story was tame and unworthy of serious effort." Thinking intently for a moment, Longfellow turned to the friend and asked permission to weave the story into a poem. This was granted.

Three months later Longfellow produced Evangeline, or the Exile of the Acadians.

• • •

The story of Shylock and his pound of flesh remained unknown and uninteresting until Shakespeare, thrilled by the moral of it, touched it with his magic pen and transformed it into a realistic drama known the entire world over.

• • •

For thousands of years people had known that any solid immersed in a glass of water filled to the brim would cause the water to overflow. But they made no use of this knowledge until Archimedes saw it and perceived an easy method of finding the cubical contents of objects however irregular in shape. He wrote an important book on the subject which is used to this day.

• • •

For a thousand years people had known there was such a thing as lightning. It had dazzled their eyes and the thunder had jarred their ears since the days of Adam in a vain attempt to call their attention to the tremendous power of electricity, yet no one paid practical heed until Franklin, by a simple experimeat of the lightning rod proved that the strange heavenly light is but one manifestation of a resistless yet controllable force, as easily handled as air or water.

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THIEF SENDS 'EM HOME IN NATURE'S

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Ten athletes composing basketball teams of the Fidelity National and New England National banks rode shiveringly home in taxicabs, clad only to their abbreviated "gym" costumes, when a thief looted the dressing room in the Y. M. C. A. here during a game.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—The World Is All Wrong.

BY ALLMAN