Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by
IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

KENNETH IS ILL

I could hardly resist an exclamation when I entered the living room and saw Kenneth's father.

His face was ashen. He seemed to have grown twenty years older since I had seen him last and instead of his usual paternal air his whole attitude wax one of mute appeal.

"Ann," he said. "I am so glad to see you. Of all the people on earth you are the one I would like most to have near me today."

I felt his hands tremble as they clasped mine and for a moment I looked at him in consternation.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Halsey?"

"We haven't time," he said.

"Haven't time? What do you mean?"

"I have promised to get back to Ken."

It was then I felt my knees grow weak and I reached out and put my hand on the table to support myself.

"What is the matter with Ken?" I asked. "I saw him late last night and he seemed to be having the time of his life."

"That's just the trouble," and then he hesitated so long I thought it impossible for him to speak more. Inexperienced and not knowing how to meet the situation, I prompted him:

"I cannot help you unless you tell me."

"My dear, I am afraid that Ken is dying."

I sank down upon a nearby divan.

"Why—, why—, was it an automobile accident? Was anyone else hurt?"

"It was not an automobile accident and I am not sure that anyone else was hurt, although I could not have grieved greatly had something happened to one of the party."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Halsey?"

"Well, you see, my dear, Kenneth has been drinking a great deal lately. I have upbraided myself a hundred times for putting liquor in my cellar. I thought at first that Kenneth's drinking was just a little spurt of human nature and that he would get over it very soon. But he had so many hilarious parties at the house that I finally remonstrated with him. He did not take it in good part, especially as I made the mistake of finding fault with Grace Cameron, who seemed to encourage him in his drinking proclivities. We had a quarrel and I forbade him to invite any of the clique that he had gathered around him to the house any more."

"But," I said, "I don't understand yet what has happened to Ken. I saw him last night," I repeated, "and he told me both you and he would be here this afternoon. I hurried home from another engagement to meet you."

"Yes, that's what Jimmy Callahan told me this morning."

"Didn't Ken tell you himself?"

"My dear, he couldn't."

"What is the matter? Tell me, tell me quickly. I can stand anything. Where is Ken, you haven't even told me that?"

"He's in St. James hospital."

"Let's go to him at once."

"No, my dear, he wouldn't know you if you did."

It simply seemed to me that I should scream if Mr. Halsey kept me waiting longer, and I walked over to him quickly.

"Why do you keep it from me?" I asked.

Mr. Halsey looked at me in utter surprise. "I am not keeping it from you, my child. I have already told you that Ken is in the hospital, unconscious, while the best doctors in the city are working over him. So far they have given me no hope."

"But you haven't yet told me what made him unconscious."

"No one seems to know as yet. He is suffering from some kind of poisoning."

Tomorrow—Mr. Halsey Talks.

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE WOOD RAT.

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Once upon a time, as Uncle Wiggily was hopping through the woods on his way home to his hollow stump bungalow, he chanced to pass a large heap of sticks of wood, all piled up together.

"Well, I never noticed this before," said the bunny gentleman to himself, as he looked through his glasses at the heap of sticks. "Perhaps my friend, Chitter Chatter, the woodchuck gentleman, has been chucking wood around here." Uncle Wiggily said, out loud.

But, as he thus spoke, he heard a sort of sad little voice saying:

"Oh, how hungry I am!"

"Dear me!" thought the bunny gentleman. "Some one is always hungry in the woods. I hope this isn't the Fuzzy Fox or the Woozie Wolf hungry after me."

But, as he was about to hop away, Uncle Wiggily saw some little rat children, playing around the bottom of the pile of wood. They were not like regular rats, or mice children, but very pretty to look at.

"I am sorry, children," said an older and motherly sort of voice. "But I can not give you anything to eat until your father comes home. He has gone out to hunt food."

"Oh, but we are so hungry!" cried the little rat children, and then Uncle Wiggily put his paw in his pocket, and he found some peanuts he had bought to take home to Nurse Jane.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Rat Lady," said Uncle Wiggily, with a low and polite bow of his tall silk hat. "But will your rat children eat peanuts?"

"Oh, just give us the chance and see if we won't!" cried the rat boys and girls. So Uncle Wiggily gave them all the peanuts he had, knowing he could get more for Nurse Jane.

"You are very kind" said the Rat Lady, as she, too, nibbled a nut. "May I not offer you a stick of wood?" she asked.

"Well, you seem to have plenty of it, but I have, also, in my hollow stump bungalow," Uncle Wiggily said.

"Yes, we have plenty of wood, because we are Wood Rats," spoke the mother of the little animals who were eating peanuts. "We are called Wood Rats because we gather sticks of wood for our nests. We also gather other things that, I suppose you would call trash, but it is all good to us. Sometimes we are called Trade Rats."

"Why is that?" asked the bunny gentleman.

"Well, we often go in empty houses or cabins or camps, and carry off things we want for our nests," was the answer. "And we leave sticks of wood in trade."

"Oh, I see!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "Well, you don't need to trade me any pieces of wood for these peanuts. I am glad I happened to have them for your hungry children."

"We are glad, too," squeaked the little Trade Rats. They had fluffy tails almost as large as those of Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, and the fur of these Trade Rats was much softer, finer and more prettily colored than the fur of the rats that nibble the crackers in your house.

"Well, I must be hopping on," said Uncle Wiggily.

"Thank you for being so kind to my little ones," spoke the mother Trade Rat, as she waved her paw at the bunny gentleman, who tipped his tall silk hat most politely.

Then Uncle Wiggily hopped to his hollow stump bungalow, stopping on the way to get more peanuts for Nurse Jane. He told her about the Wood Rats.

"A very funny habit they have, of bringing in all the wood they see," said the bunny, as he sat down to his supper of friccassed carrots with turnip gravy.

The next morning Uncle Wiggily heard Nurse Jane calling to him very early in the hollow stump bungalow.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Can you get up and make the breakfast?" asked Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy. "I have such a dreadful headache that I can hardly stir. A cup of corn coffee will make me feel better."

"I'll get right up," said the bunny. But when he sat up in bed his rheumatism hurt him so that he could hardly stir.

"However, I must not let Nurse Jane know this," said Uncle Wiggily to himself, holding his paw over his pink nose so he wouldn't grunt with pain. "I must do the best I can."

So, by moving slowly, and by leaning on his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch, the bunny gentleman managed to get out in the kitchen.

But this room, to his surprise, was cold and bleak, and not warm as it usually was.

"Oh, dear me! The fire is out!" said Uncle Wiggily. "I must build a fresh one to heat the corn coffee for Nurse Jane."

But when the bunny looked in the wood box it was empty! He had forgotten to bring in any wood the night before, and now he must go out in the cold, to the woodshed, and carry in a pawful of sticks.

Uncle Wiggily looked from the window. It was snowing, and cold and bleak outside.

"My rheumatism will hurt dreadfully if I go out," thought the bunny, with a shiver. "But still it must be done!"

He was about to go out when he saw, coming up to the back door, a whole procession of rats, big ones and little ones. And each rat carried a small stick of wood in its paws. Uncle Wiggily could hardly believe his eyes.

Then came a knock on the door, and when the bunny opened it there stood the mother of the rat children to whom he had given peanuts the day before.

"You said you did not need wood yesterday," said the Rat Lady, "but as it is snowing you may need some now."

"Indeed I do!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "The fire is out. Nurse Jane has a headache. I have the rheumatism and I didn't know what I was going to do. You came just in time!"

"I'm glad we were able to pay back your kindness," said the Wood Rat lady. So she brought in her stick, and all her rat children, her husband and their friends brought in sticks until there were enough for half a dozen fires. Then Mr. Longears started a warm blaze, gave the Wood Rats something to eat, took Nurse Jane up her coffee and everybody was happy.

So, if the gold fish doesn't try to jump through the key ring and spill the beans in the molasses jug, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the pins.

—oo—

Sister Mary

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

It is well to remember certain meats and vegetables are always subjected to a particular treatment before the final preparation for serving.

Sweetbreads for instance, are always taken care of in the following manner on their immediate arrival from the market.

Let sweetbreads stand an hour in cold water. Drain. Put into boiling water which has been salted and acidulated. Let cook slowly, 20 minutes for calves' breads and about 40 minutes for beef breads. Drain again and plunge into cold water to blanch and keep firm. The sweetbreads can now be kept on ice till ready to use.

MENU FOR TOMORROW

BREAKFAST — Baked apple, cooked cereal with top milk, toast, orange marmalade, coffee.

LUNCHEON — Cream dried beef, baked potatoes, mixed pickles, ginger cookies, tea.

DINNER—Fried rabbit, sweet potato pie, currant jelly, apple snow, cup cakes, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES

With the game season open, one finds duck and rabbit in the market. The poor little bunnies afford a delicious meal, and since they've lost their lives, it's up to the cook to make the most of their sacrifice. Before cooking rabbit see that the little kernels just back of the thigh are removed. These give the rather strong taste disliked by many people.

FRIED RABBIT

Soak rabbit in salt water over night. When ready to cook cut in pieces for serving. Parboil in boiling water to cover with a medium-sized onion. Drain. Roll in flour sifted with salt and pepper. Brown quickly in hot lard and butter mixed. Half cover with boiling water and cook slowly for an hour. Remove from gravy and brown in hot oven. Make gravy of broth remaining in frying pan.

SWEET POTATO PIE

4 medium-sized sweet potatoes
3 tablespoons butter
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt

Pare potatoes and cut in slices about ¼ inch thick. Boil 15 minutes. Drain. Put a layer of potatoes in the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Dot with butter and sprinkle with sugar and salt. Add two more layers of potatoes, each layer buttered and sugared. Cook in hot and cook slowly for an hour. Remove cover and brown.

Salads are said to contain beauty-giving properties. Of course they are beloved of women.

—oo—

127 VIOLATIONS IN N. J.

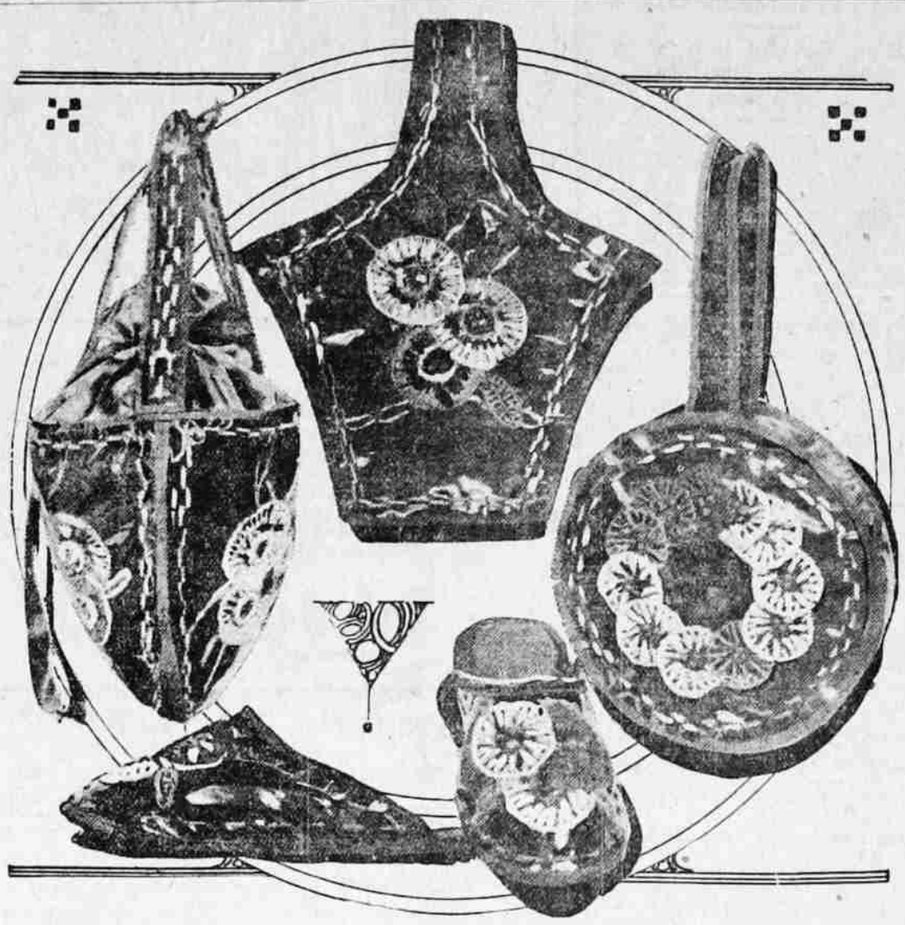
JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Warrants for the arrest of 172 persons charged with violations of the Volstead act in Newark and other sections of Essex County have been issued.

DANDERINE

Stops Hair Coming Out; Thickens, Beautifies.

A few cents buys "Danderine." After a few applications you cannot find a fallen hair or any dandruff, besides every hair shows new life, vigor, brightness, more color and abundance.—Advertisement.

Try This Really New Idea in Making Christmas Gifts--- Embroider Glossy Black Oilcloth With Bright Yarn



Basket bag, embroidery hoop bag, "Bishop's Bonnet" bag and bathroom slippers—all made of durable oilcloth at minimum cost.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 6.—Here's a brand new, unusually effective and happily inexpensive idea in the way of making Christmas gifts.

Buy a yard of shiny black oilcloth, and two 10-yard bolts of one-half inch black cotton binding braid. Dig out of your scrap bag all the odds and ends of bright colored yarn left from tying "comforts," silk dress patches, and bits of cretonne. The silk and cretonne is to be used for lining, and the yarn for embroidering the oilcloth in nothing more complicated than the long and short buttonhole stitch taught in every kindergarten.

GENERAL DIRECTION

In choosing your oilcloth, which ordinarily comes in 45-inch width, the thinner and less expensive is best for this purpose as it chips less easily when a needle is thrust through it.

In making all oilcloth articles cut your pattern first from paper. Then cut the oilcloth outside and the lining. Next embroider the oilcloth as shown in the illustration and explained later. If a bag is in construction and any little pockets or needlework are to be attached to the lining put them in. Then lay outside and lining together and baste the binding braid on evenly, being careful that a fraction more of the braid laps on the wrong—or lining—side. This latter precaution will assure the braid's being caught when the whole is stitched on the right side on the sewing machine. Next the parts of the bag, or article being made, which join are whipped together over and over by hand.

EMBROIDERY BAG

The round bag—see illustration—for embroidery hoops and work is a good thing to start with because it is exceedingly simple to make. The back and front are two seven-inch circles. A dessert plate was used as the original pattern. The interlinking circles which form the conventional flower design are the size of a silver dollar. They are "worked" in all the carying colors and shades possible, seven at the least, while the edge both back and front is finished in a drop stitch of several different colors. The set-in strip which forms the bottom and sides of this bag is 1½ inches wide and goes three-fourths round the circle, leaving one-fourth open at the top. The handle is one inch wide and 12 inches long, each end sewed to the center top of the back and front of the bag, thus making a comfortably large loop for openings and carrying.

"BASKET" BAG

Next is a "basket" bag, the dimensions of which are 6¼ inches at the bottom and 12¾ inches at the top, with a 2½ inch width and 10-inch depth. The handle is made 2¾ inches wide, and to give the proper proportion to the bag should be long enough to make the entire depth of bag and handle 17¾.

The interesting thing about these bags is the combination of bright black wool yarn against the shiny black material. On the basket bag only three large conventional flowers are used, circles of water glass size, with a scattering of green leaves about them. Around the edges of this bag, also, an outlining drop stitch of gay colors is run.

"BISHOP'S BONNET"

Then there's a more pretentious bag of the "Bishop's bonnet" design, to which the shimmer of oilcloth lends itself beautifully. The three pieces of oilcloth which make the "bonnet" proper are each 8 inches wide at the top, and 10½ inches long. The three pieces, which form tabe handles are 9¼ inches long and 1¾ inches wide. The upper part of the bag, which is made of satt silk, and draws together with ribbon draw strings, is 1½-inch heading.

CHILDREN'S SLIPPERS

Most cunning of all are the kiddies mules. No youngster could resist the lure of something "shiny" and "bright" at once. Buy ordinary soles at a five and ten-cent store,line them with some pretty silk out of the rag bag, and cut the tops from oilcloth. The proportions for these are determined by the size of the sole. The top from the toe upward should be two-thirds the length of the sole; the width of the top should be twice the width of the sole.

Another gift that can't very well help being appreciated is a gayly stencilled oilcloth cover for a telephone book. A telephone screen decorated to match the book cover will make a perfect remembrance.

WHAT THEY COST

Some six or eight really artistic and useful gifts may be constructed from the above outlay at an exceedingly moderate cost. Black oilcloth of the grade required costs from 75 cents to $1 a yard. Slipper soles are 10 cents a pair. Binding braid is about 20 cents a bolt. Ten-yard skeins of yarn (quite enough of one color) can be purchased at 10 cents each. If you have to buy yarn select the brightest primary colors. Seven or eight shades will give ample chance for all overlapping circles to be of a different color. Work purple next to pink, pink followed by blue, by red, by yellow, etc.

Dr. James I. Vance

God never meant us to go through life crushed and broken and defeated. His promises are not to cowards who get scared and flee the field. His proposition is to the man who faces the red battle line and fights. His guarantee to a courageous soul that declines defeat and marches face forward into the thick of conflict is that he shall come off a conqueror.

A whipped man is a sad sight. His very countenance is stained with the shame of defeat. His head hangs low, and his hectored and intimidated and vacillating soul skulks to the rear. Yet this is the creature meant for lordship over the world!

Man was not made to be a creature of circumstances. He was made to be the creator of circumstances. They may affect him, but they should never control him. They are the things around him, but he is to rise above them. It is a pitiful spectacle to see one who cannot make that climb, who is down in the mire to stay. It is pathetic and humiliating to be pestered, badgered, bruised, kicked about, knocked down and walked over by the things around you.

Why should you be? You have self-determination. Decline defeat. You have will power. Throw the switch and turn on the current. In your own soul is the secret of emancipation. In the might of an unterrified and unyielding will stand up, and refuse to be run over by insolent circumstances.

Next to omnipotence itself, the mightiest force on earth, when it functions aright, is the human will. Nothing is weaker when it functions wrong.

This is where real manhood resides—not in circumstances, not in possessions, not in how much money one owns, not in position, not in the office he holds, but in will power. When one's will is in chains, no external liberty can make him a free man, and when the will is free, no fetters can enslave.

—oo—

Pipe-smoking is increasing in popularity among women.

Little Benny

Mrs. Hews came to see ma yestidday afternoon, being a big round lady, and they started to tawk about diffrent subjecks. Mrs. Hews saying, O by the way Mrs. Potts, I'm taking New Thawt and its the grandest thing. Youve herd of New Thawt of course.

Well ony in a genrel way, sed ma, and Mrs. Hews sed, Well its the grandest thing, all you haff to do is believe it dont make the slightest diffrence wat happins and as soon as you get yourself werked up in that frame of mind you stop worrying and getting excited, and you know if you dont worry or get excited about a thing wat diffrents does it make?

No diffrents said ma, and Mrs. Hews sed, Exactly, and mad sed, I think Ill have to try that, is sounds reel sensible and I think I'll begin rite now and refuse to let enything vex me for a day or 2 and see wat hoppens.

Me thinking, O I bet I can make her excited all rite. And as soon as Mrs. Hews went I sed, Hay ma, hay ma.

Wat? sed ma, and I sed, Aint you going to get excited tomorro either, ma?

No, no, sed ma. And pritty soon I sed, Hay ma, ma, hay ma.

For goodniss sakes wat? sed ma, and I sed, Aint you even going to git ixcited the day after tomorro, and ma sed, No for pity sakes no, and in about a minnit I sed, Hay ma.

Another hay out of you and youll feel something harder than hay, sed ma, and I sed G ma wat goods New Thawt, youre ixcited as enything.

Well then misery loves compinny and beers something for you to get ixcited about, sed ma. And she gave me a fearse crack, proving the experiment was a success.

—oo—

Dresses in Japan are frequently sold by weight.

Walt Mason

HUMAN NATURE

The climate here is luscious, very, and even winter days are warm; but my old heart is so contrary I sometimes long to see a storm. Where I abide the weather wizard provides the smoothest goods he owns; and yet I long to hear a blizzard whoop past the house, with maudlin tones. When the tourists come, a cheerful legion, and visit me a while and say, "This is the finest, gratest region—here every day's a perfect day!" They dance around, the joyous friskers, ecstatic over things they see; and I remark, "You bet your whiskers, this country's good enough for me." But when the tourists leave my shanty, in genial pairs or blocks of five, I say to Jane, my spinster aunle, "I wish a cyclone would arrive! oh, for a good old Kansas twister, destroying barns, uprooting trees! Oh, for a hot wind that would blister, oh, for a cold wind that would freeze!" And were I back where winds are blowing, and winter's white with snow and rime, some grevious ills I would be throwing, denouncing such a beastly clime. There is no bliss for any mortal until he quits this vale of woe, and enters, through the shining portal, the land where all the righteous go. And that bright land—perhaps he'll scan it, and mutter to his saintly guide, "This place looks cheap beside the planet where I grew up and loved and died."

—oo—

JUST FOLKS

By Edgar A. Guest

SYMPATHY

It wouldn't be much of a world down here
If nobody cared when we shed a tear;
With all of its roses and dimpled cheeks,
And its mountains high and its rippling creeks,
With all of its sunshine and skies of blue,
and the laughter of children that cheer us through.

A sorrowful place would this old world be
If it weren't for the leaven of sympathy.

Life would grow barren and cold and drear,
Though the roses blossomed year after year,
And the sun came out with the birth of day,
And the children romped in the yard at play.

If in times of trial and hurt and woe
We could get no help from the friends we know,
We should hate the world and the joy we own
If we had to stand our grief alone.

The rose grows lovely because it lends
Its tender charms to the love of friends;
The precious jewel of great or wise
Is the power they have to sympathize.
To feel the sorrow that others bear,
To sense the touch of another's care;
For there's never a man whoe'er he be,
Who could get along without sympathy.

It's the balm we need when our hurts are sore,
It's the one sweet touch that we hunger for.
Without it life were a struggle vain
And few would master their hours of pain.
For we're all sustained in our times of care
By the gentle hands of the friends who care;
It's the kindly word and the tender smile
And the hearts that feel that make life worth while.

—oo—

LITTLE GIFTS TO MAKE FOR XMAS

POTPOURI BAG

To make a dainty potpourri bag, cover a cardboard circle about 4 inches in diameter, with silk. To this shirr some crepe de chine and georgette of contrasting color. The bag is filled with potpourri. Baby ribbon is used to tie it. The top of it is trimmed with ribbon ends and flowers.

PINCUSHION

A pretty pincushion is barrel shaped. The cover is made of a large piece of satin ribbon and is filled with wadding. It is trimmed with satin fruit and ribbon at each end. A narrow ribbon is used to suspend it.

USEFUL GIFT

An attractive gift consists of several sticks of sealing wax and a seal. The wax should be of varying color. A dainty box should be used for it. The sticks are tied together to end of which the seal is tied.

Dorothy Dix Talks

DOMESTIC HUMOR

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

A young wife is very much hurt and bewildered. She is married to a man whom she loves with all her heart, and who appears to be very fond of her. He praises her management of their little home. He hands her bouquets about her thrift and economy. He smacks his lips over her cooking, and when they are alone together, or just with members of their respective families, registers every earmark of being a happy and contented husband, who thinks that he has drawn a capital prize in the matrimonial lottery.

Let strangers come in, however, or let them be out at some party, and it's a different story. Then the husband groans loudly over the expense of having to support a family, and represents himself as a poor henpecked creature who has to get home to the time clock on the minute. He warns all the unmarried men not to put as much as he was, and slip their necks into the domestic halter, and he boasts that if he were free no woman would ever be smart enough to catch him.

The wife cannot understand why her husband acts so differently at home and abroad. She is hurt and mortified at the attitude he puts her in, and she wonders if he really is sorry that he married her, and would like to be rid of her, why he doesn't come out and tell her privately, instead of proclaiming it publicly.

The poor little wife doesn't know, as she will know when she has cut her matrimonial wisdom teeth, that her husband doesn't mean a thing by his flings at marriage, and his aspersion of her character. He is merely trying to be witty, and is making his little joke after the time-honored formula of husbands.

The oldest wheeze in the world is the mother-in-law joke. The second oldest is the man who is sorry he married joke. Both of them date back about four thousand years B. C., but they are still in good working order, and every man who gets married takes them off the shelf, dusts them off, and starts them going again.

Why a man should want to make the woman he loves a figure of fun, and hold her up to ridicule before a lot of guffawing fools, nobody knows. There is no other torture so exquisite as being laughed at, and yet many a husband ruthlessly subjects his shrinking, and sensitive wife to this cruel ordeal, for the sake of being funny.

All of us know men whose best stories center around some peculiarity in their wives. All of us have sat at dinner tables, and listened to some coarse-fibered triple-chinned husband, with a hide like a rhinoceros, relate some alleged episode about his wife which showed her up in an idiotic light, while his poor victim looked at him with the eyes of a hurt rabbit, and tried to smile to hide the trembling of her lips, and we have wished that we could get up and take the carving knife to him, instead of having to politely applaud the torture scene.

Men accuse women of having no sense of humor. Perhaps the reason of it is that women are so often called upon to furnish the point of men's jokes. There are not many of us who have such an abnormally developed funnybone that we are tickled to death when the merry ha ha is on ourselves.

Of course, women are funny; so are men. The sardonic jest of creation is human nature. There is not one of us whose eccentricities would not make a screaming cartoon, especially with a little touching up here and there.

That is why anyone who is cruel enough to pick out the mental or physical defects of other people and hold them up to ridicule, can always get the reputation of being amusing, and raise a laugh. But it is the cheapest form of wit, and the most cowardly.

Perhaps if men realized how deeply they stabbed into their wives' hearts with their domestic jokes, they would forbear to use the deadly weapon, even if it did make a Roman holiday for friends. Apparently it does not occur to the average husband that it does not amuse his wife to hear him say that she is a burden, and a killjoy to him, and that he regards himself as nothing less than a red lantern to warn other men against matrimony.

Nor does a man seem to think that his wife will do anything but chortle with mirth over the side-splitting account he gives of her trade with the rag man, or her run-in with the janitor, though he would never forgive her if she barbed her wit with his weaknesses, or set company in a roar with the veracious account of the time he bought a gold brick and fought a cabby.

Humor always depends upon whose ox is gored, and the merit of a joke depends upon whom it is on.

It a woman has the ill-luck to be married to a man who thinks he is funny, and who yearns to be a laugh getter, she has only two places; one is, that when a man jokes his wife, it is really a sign that he is fond of her and approves of her, little as it would appear to indicate. The man who is really irritated by his wife's shortcomings never laughs over them in public. He swears at them in private, and no man who is actually henpecked ever mentions the fact. The man who pretends to be afraid of his wife, and to be bossed by her, is the one who is perfectly sure that he is the unquestioned head of his own house.

The other consolate for the wife of the domestic joker is to cultivate her sense of humor, and while she can probably never seen how funny she is herself, she can get a most amusing vision of how ridiculous her husband is, trying to be a cutup.

But, as a matter of fact, a joke in the family circle is as dangerous as a bomb. When it explodes, it shatters the peace, and somebody always gets hurt.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE TRAP

Off went Nick and Nancy to see why Bud Beaver had not showed up that morning at Meadow Grove school, their little feet crackling amongst the frost-leaves like devil-chase-the-tailors on the Fourth of July.

Soon they came to a mound of earth beside the big dam in the woods, where they knew that Bud lived with his father and mother and aunts and uncles and cousins.

"Oh! Oh!" cried the little boy, hopping around on his free foot. "It's a trap, and I'm caught!"

"Where's the front door?" asked Nancy curiously, walking all around the little hill.

"Don't see any," answered Nick, "but I'm sure that there is where Bud lives. He showed me one time."

"Let's hammer, anyway," suggested Nancy. So they both knocked as loudly as they could on the hard ground, and even stamped a bit, but nary a sign was there of anyone within ten miles. It was as quiet and still as Sunday night!

"It's no use!" said Nick finally, shaking his head. "Let's go and look at the dam. Bud told me that the family built it. Isn't it curious the way it's made of logs and twigs and mud! It's strong, too, to hold all that water back."

They looked at the dam for awhile, at least all they could see of it from the top of the water, and were just about to turn away and go back, when snap! Suddenly two big, bright things came together on one of Nick's feet like the strong jaws of a dragon.

"Oh! Oh!" cried the little boy, hopping around on his free foot and trying to get loose. "It's a trap, and I'm caught! Oh, oh, goodness! It hurts!"

Nancy began to hop around, too, and scream for dear life when she saw what had happened. "Nick's killed! Oh, Nick's killed!" she cried.

"What's all this?" asked a gruff voice suddenly, and turning the twins beheld Builder Beaver, Bud's father.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—Tom Did a Little Shopping. BY ALLMAN