LOVE and MARRIED LIFE
by the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson

A GREAT CHANGE

It was strange to me that when everyone else seemed to be worrying about John I was perfectly calm. I did not have the slightest anxiety as to his whereabouts. It was just another illustration of his thinking that he really ruled his whole little world; that everything and everyone must stand still at his order and that he could do anything he pleased without responsibility to others for his actions. Although all the others seemed to think it very strange that we had not heard from John in a week, and Charles kept absolutely mum about the telegram which he received for me, I seemed to be quite sure that before another sun had set we would hear from John.

Power for Harm Gone

As I closed my eyes I knew my lips softened into a smile because I realized, or at least I thought, at this moment that never again would John Gordon have the power to hurt me as he had in the past. I had the great solace, the great comfort, the great panacea, of all the hurts of everyday life that might come to a woman. I already felt my child's absolute dependence and its utter helplessness without me.

As the nurse again placed it in my arms I had a new realization of the helplessness of all humanity at its entrance into the world and that sent my mind rushing along life's pathway, and I understood the helplessness of humanity at death's hour. I also begun to have some idea that there was nothing in this world but service. Now that I was of some ure in the world, now that I meant to someone more than anything else could possibly mean; now that I was e whole great universe for that ttle being sleeping within the circle of my arm, I realized that was all that life might mean—service. And that only when we serve can we e happy.

Reason for Unhappiness

The greatest reason for my unhappiness with John was that he would never allow me to feel that I was in the slightest way necessary to him. He wanted me to feel that he was very necessary to me, but to him I was forgotten when I was out of sight, and he wanted me to understand that thoroughly. I always have wondered if any other man in the world would have left his place of business without giving his address, with his wife in the condition I was in, especially since I had just telegraphed him that I was not feeling well. I believe John is a little more unthinking, a little more selfish than most men could have been under the circumstances.

I was surprised when I found that I was able to discuss the situation with myself so calmly. I had never been able to do it before.

I glanced down and found myself looking into the big unwinking eyes of my baby—the cunning little wrinkles in its formless nose and the queer motions of its moist mouth that made up my world at that moment.

The nurse came forward, her face full of interest, and said: "We have received a telegram from your husband, Mrs. Gordon."

"Have you?" I asked indifferently.

"Well, at least we think it is from him. It is addresstd to you, but the doctor seemed to think that we should open it first."

"All right," I answered, still indifferent to anything the message might contain.

Face All Smiles

She left the room for a moment and then returned, her face all smiles.

"Your husband was at the summer home of one of his clients. He had only intended to stay overnight, but important matters came up which necessitated his staying longer. Ne says he did not realize that he had not left his address with his office. He is very much worried about you and asked us to telephone him. The doctor has already put the call in. He tells us that he will be with you as soon as the train will bring him."

"Does he know that my baby is born?"

"I don't think so," she answered, "as all the telegrams were sent during your illness. I don't think he even knows you are better.

Tomorrow—We Find My Husband

CAN LOVE SURVIVE THE CLINGING BATHING SUIT
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
NAY, A THOUSAND TIMES NAY, DONALD CLARK SAYS

On the bathing beach at Eastbourne, England—fair swimmers, who Donald Clark insists, "Look like something between a sea lion and a ramp Scotch terrier." Which isn't true, as the picture proves!

N. E. A. Staff Correspondent.

TONBRIDGE, Eng., June 24.—Can love survive the vision of the beloved in a wet and clinging bathing suit, with the hair straggling over her eyes and making her look like something between a sea lion and a damp Scotch terrier?

Nay, a thousand times nay, says Donald Clark, a member of the town council of this place. More than that He says to permit young lovers to see their ladies in such state is seriously to imperil the British race, because more often than not it will serve to break off engagements to wed.

What was and is the occasion of Councillor Clark's excitement?

Nothing less than the fact that the town council, by a majority of one vote, decided to allow mixed bathing in the town's swimming pool on Sundays.

Clark, who is an old sergeant-major of thhe Scots Guards and a transplanted Scotsman, made a game fight against the revolutionary proceedings for this old town.

He solemnly told his fellow councillors he did not oppose the project on puritanical grounds, because, in spite of his Scotch blood, he freely admitted the necessity of washing even on Sundays. But he opposed it as a lover of the British empire and the British race.

He appealed to them to prevent British girls making damp frights of themselves right in front of the very eyes of the British boys.

Let them just imagine a young man head over heels in love with a fair Kentish girl with whom he had danced in one of the brilliant balls for which Tonbridge was famous. There was all the romance of music and the dance and the Kentish moon.

Then fancy him meeting her the next day in the public swimming pool with a costume that vulgarized her figure and with her fair locks bunched in a hideous rubber cap.

He warned them that hundreds of girls had been doomed to a life of useless celibacy through that infamous institution known as mixed bathing.

Dorothy Dix Talks
WHAT HAS LIFE TAUGHT YOU?
By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

There is an old saying to the effect that experience is a hard school, but fools learn in no other.

Alas and alack, most of us are such dolts, that we do not even profit by experience. In vain does life try to teach us wisdom. We refuse to learn our lesson even tho it is beaten into us with blows and cudgeling and tears.

In all the vagaries of human nature there is nothing stranger than this, that we so seldom let the past be a light of warning to our feet. We go on stumbling into the same old pitfalls, and making the same blunders, and repeating the same mistakes year after year tho for every one we have and to pay [illegible] suffering, and unavailing regrets.

"I have made many mistakes in my life," said a successful man to me once, "but they have been fresh mistakes every time. I have never made the same mistake the second time."

Which is, perhaps, the difference He learned, from experience. Most people don't.

And it isn't because we have forgotten the agony we have gone thru, or that we fail to see the red flag of danger that experience flaunts before our eyes. It's because we are the victims of a sort of fatal optimism that persuades us that this time some sort of a miracle will be wrought in our behalf that will preserve us from the logical outcome of our folly.

On forty occasions before we may have had painful proof of what our outraged stomachs thought of a combination of cucumbers, and ice cream, and watermelon, but that doesn't keep us from blithely feasting on the deadly mixture, and being surprised when we have to call in the doctor later on.

A man will break himself down by overwork but instead of letting his experience teach him to conserve his strength and his health, the minute he gets out of the sanitarium, he plunges right back into the vortex of business and wrecks himself again.

A woman will buy something at a bargain sale that she doesn't want and for which she has no earthly use because it has been marked down from $1.50 to $1.47, and then she will wonder why she did it and bemoan her wasted money. But a hundred such experiences never teaches her to walk by a special sale of flummery without even turning to look back. She always does the Lot's wife act, no matter how many times before she has been salted.

And why are most households a dark and bloody domestic battle field with husband and wife in a never ending scrimmage, except that people simply refuse to learn anything from experience.

During the first couple of years after a young couple get married there is some excuse for there being little conflicts between them, and for the domestic machinery to creak and groan from time to time.

You can not take any two people, especially a male and a female person who come of different blood, who have had a different training and enviroment and look at every subject, from politics to pie, from a different angle, and expect them to merge into a harmonious whole at once. They have got to get acquainted with each other and find out what each one thinks; they've got to get the real life measure, not the courting measure, of each other; they have got to find out each other's little peculiarities and weaknesses and prejudices and bigness and littleness.

It takes a little time to make these personal explorations into the character of your life partner, but once having diagrammed each other's personality, any husband and wife can get along together and any domestic plant can be run on oiled ball bearings if only the party of the first part and the party of the second part have intelligence enough to learn a little from experience.

It doesn't take a woman long to find out that her husband has a naive vanity about posing as the Hand of the House; and that he hates to be asked where he is going, and that certain subjects have the same effect upon him that a red flag has on a mad bull.

How more than stupid of her, then, not to ask his opinion on every subject whether she takes it or not; not to refrain from nagging and not to clamp the lid down, good and tight, on the topics that are anathema to him.

But instead of learning life's little lesson that would assure them devoted husbands and peaceful homes, the great majority of wives learn nothing from the experience of a hundred fights that have left their hearts wounded and scarred and they go along precipating the rows that will end in a banged door shut behind an angry husband and a pillow wet with unnecessary tears.

Nor is there any man of ordinary intelligence who hasn't found out within six months after marriage exactly how to work his Maria. He's ascertained that it isn't safe to admit to ever having particularly noticed another woman even if she's homely as sin and 100 years old; that it's diplomatic to call one's wife's temper, nerves, and that she will forgive her husband anything so long as he tells her fat is becoming, and she grows more beautiful with age.

But how few cash in their dearly bought knowledge of femininity and get therefore wives who eat out of their hands and celebrate their virtues in the market place? No. They go on ignoring their experience of how to manage a woman, and expect her to be reasonable and sensible, and mourn because she is not.

Perhaps tho, the most inexplicable failure to learn from experience is furnished by those people who have made the trip from wealth to poverty, and back again, and who gaily hit the toboggan slides for the second descent.

There is no blinking the terrors of poverty, and to none are they so horrible as to those who have been used to affluence. To have been nurtured in the lap of plenty; to have known the freedom and independence that a full pocketbook gives; to have never worn anything but good clothes and had good food, beautiful and cultivated surroundings; to have always had "everything that goes with evening dress," as Kipling puts it.

Then to wake to find one's self penniless, that all of one's money has slipped through one's fingers; to be tortured with anxiety as to where the next meal is to come from; to have to wear shabby clothes whose very touch irritates one; to be doomed to the hell of dirty sordid surroundings, what suffering can be greater—what fate more cruel?

You would think that the men and women who had once had money and lost it would be perfect misers, afraid to spend a cent, if luck again smiled upon them, but in the great majority of cases no such thing happens.

[illegible] stance the first time, turn spenders again and throw it away the second time as carelessly as if there was no black memory of want in the back of their heads to warn them that money has wings. Those who have gambled away their fortunes on hair-brained schemes, or trying to break Wall street, take another turn at the wheel of chance.

They have learned nothing from experience.

Experience is a hard school, but fools will learn in no other. We may well take this to heart. What has life taught you? Are you one of the fools who never learn—or the wise man who never makes a mistake the second time?

FOR LITTLE FOLKS

MR. MARTY MINK IN DEBT

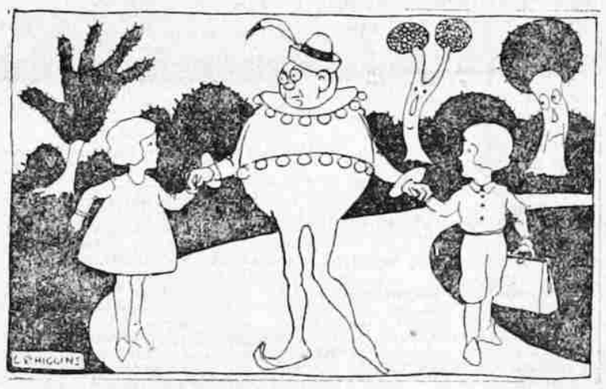
Mr. Tingagling, the fairy landlord of the Land-of-Dear-Knows-Where, left Chirk Chipmunk's house with the twins and started off to hunt up Mr. Marty Mink, for Tingaling looking over his books, had discovered that Marty owed him for three months' rent.

"If he doesn't pay me today," declared the fairy firmly, "I'll have to put him out of his house. I hate to do it, but he is considered to be very well off, and he should pay his debts. They say the fur coat he's wearing—just around for every day too—is worth a whole pocketful of money. And he doesn't even wear overalls to keep it from wearing out. Besides, being in the water so much, I should think he'd ruin it. And when he shinnies up trees, my wife says he's sure to scrape off about ninety-nine cents' worth of fur each time. Yes—" and Tingaling wagged his head and shook his bells with disapproval, "he's got to pay me, that's all! His name may be Marty, but my middle name is Smarty, and he can't put anything over on me."

By this time, with all of Tingaling's talking of pocketbookfuls of money and costly fur coats and so forth, Nancy and Nick began to suppose that Mr. Mink lived in a wonderful palace. They had visions of green lawns and flower beds and clear marble-lined pools outside and of plush carpets, and golden chairs, and feasts and rejoicing and visions of loveliness within side and they were wondering if they should bump their heads on the ground three times when they were introduced as they had done before the Fairy Queen in her palace. Nancy was even making up a speech in her mind to say to him. She thought she would speak thus:

"Oh, great and glorious Mr. Marty Mink, we are pleased to meet you. What can we do for you, oh, Mr. Marty Mink? And will you please tell how much your coat cost?"

She had forgotten all about the rent so had Nick, but Tingaling hadn't—not for one minute.



"If he doesn't pay me today, I'll have to put him out of his house."

Sister Mary's Kitchen

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

From the very beginning of the calendar June has been acknowledged the perfect month. And brides choosing wisely have claimed it as their own.

If the ceremony takes place in the morning a formal breakfast is served to the wedding party and guests. The meal may be served as early as 10 o'clock and as late as 12:30. The breads are always hot, muffins or tiny raised rolls of some sort. To distinguish a breakfast from a luncheon, soup is never used, lights are not included in the table decoration, cream and sugar are served with the coffee and the coffee is served early in the meal.

MENU FOR WEDDING BREAKFAST

Fruit cup
Lobster timbales, hot Mayonnaise
Olives Radishes Salt Nuts
Broiled squab Potatoes au gratin
Finger rolls
Romaine salad with French dressing
Toasted crackers Breakfast cheese
Parfait d'Amour
Bride and fruit cake
Coffee

A wedding that takes place in the afternoon is often followed by a reception. The bride has her table for the bridal party and the guests are served at small tables. Simplicity should be the keynote but the meal needs to be quite substantial.

MENU FOR WEDDING LUNCHEON

Jellied bouillon
Sweet bread and mushroom croquettes
New peas in cream sauce
Crown of lamb Asparagus in mold
Radish Ripe olives Celery
Salted nuts
Stuffed tomato salad Toasted crackers
Pineapple ice Wedding cake
Black coffee

The evening wedding, the ceremony being performed at 8 o'clock, is perhaps the most formal. The "eats," however, are the simplest sort. A salad, sandwiches, fruit punch, fancy cakes and ices are all that is considered good form. Boxes of bride's cake are often given to each guest as favors. The supper is served in the dining room as an old-fashioned "lap supper."

MENU FOR WEDDING SUPPER

Assorted sandwiches Crab meat salad
Salt nuts Mint wafers
Ices in individual molds
Fancy cakes
Coffee

We hear lots about the June bride, but nothing about the June bridegroom. Yet, it takes a groom to make a bride. Here's to the June bridegroom!

—oo—

As it Looks to Me
By The Inspector

WASHINGTON, June 25.—Just as predicted in advance, Senator Jim Watson slipped a plank into the Republican platform that will enable Congress to abolish the Federal Trade Commission, or dehorn it, if his party wins.

"We approve in general the existing federal legislation against monopoly and combinations in restraint of trade," the plank reads. "BUT since the known certainty of the law is the safest of all, we advocate such amendment as will provide American business men with better means of determining in advance whether a proposed combination is or is not unlawful. The Federal Trade Commission, under the Democratic administration, has not accomplished the purpose for which it was created. This commission, properly organized and its duties effectively administered, should afford protection to the public and legitimate business. In this there should be no persecution of honest business. * * *"

Such laws as are on the books are written in plain English. The packers and oil interests violate them. The Federal Trade Commission makes an exhaustive investigation and determines that the laws have been violated. Watson calls this persecution. Watson would fix it so there would be no commission, representing the people, to uncover the skullduggery of dishonest business. That's what the plank means. And the people had nothing to do with Watson's selection as chairman of the resolution committee.

—oo—

JUST JOKING

A COMPROMISE.

"Now, Willie, if you promise not to bellow like a calf while your tooth is being pulled, I'll give you a bicycle."

"It won't count, will it papa, if I roar like a lion?"—Boston Transcript.

HE HAD ONE.

Judge—You say the prisoner struck you. Have you any witnesses to prove it?

Cassidy (pointing to his discolored optic)—I have an eye-witness here, yer honor.—Boston Transcript.

—oo—

In the last 500 years Mexico has produced more silver than any other country in the world.

MARGUERITE CLARK

Pleases Capacity Audience at the

ALHAMBRA

PATHE'S WEEKLY

'EASY TO GET'

That's what her new husband remarked to a gentleman friend and she accidentally overheard the conversation.

Say, boy, see how she expressed her resentment. The picture is without question the best thing Marguerite has put over.

10 AND 20

THAT'S ALL—

ALL SHOWS

Schedule today and tomorrow—2:15, 3:45, 5:15, 6:45, 8:15, 9:45

LITTLE BENNY'S Note Book
By LEE PAPE

Last nite after suppir I went erround on Broad street with the fellows and lissened to some man waving his arms and tawking about Socialism, and wen I got home pop was up in the setting room smoaking and thinking with his feet up, me saying, Pop, do you bleeve in Socialism?

I do not, and never did and never will, sed pop, every man on his own merits, that's my motto, I dont bleeve in this dividing up bizniss.

Well wy not, pop, aint all men born equal? I sed.

They may be born equal, but they dont stay equal long, and the most unequal ones are allways Socialists, sed pop.

Well,G, gosh, pop, I sed, the man erround on Broad street sed it aint fair for some men to have all the money without werking and other men to do all the werk and not get hardly eny.

Let me tell you sumthing, my ernest young thinker, sed pop, if all the rich men divided their money with all the poor men today, how long do you think it would take for the same men all to be rich agen and the others all poor agen?

How long, pop, 2 weeks? I sed, and pop sed, Well, that would be a trifle suddin, say 5 yeers, yes 5 yeers, in 5 yeers the intelligent men would have most of the money jest as they had at ferst.

5 yeers, pop? I sed.

Yes, 5 yeers, sed pop, 5 yeers is a conservative estimate.

Well gosh, G, pop, I sed, wy couldent they divide up every 5 yeers then, and keep on making it even?

Yee gods, sed pop, a good argewment rools off you like wattir off a duck's back, go to bed, its late.

Wich I did.

—oo—

CITIZENSHIP FORUM

THINGS WOMEN WANT TO KNOW

Each day is given, with its correct answer, one question asked the students at the Chicago School of Political Education for women.

50. Explain the difference between federal and state taxes.

Federal taxes are chiefly customs and internal revenue duties, income and excess profits taxes; state taxes are general property taxes, licenses, bank taxes, inheritance taxes and in some states income taxes.

—oo—

Oysters are nervous creatures, and a sudden shock such as a loud thunder clap will kill many hundreds of them.

It isn't very pleasant for a woman to lunch alone at home day after day; but Schilling Tea helps—it is good company.

Speaking of company, do you serve Schilling Tea to your particular guests?

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco

After you eat—always use

EATONIC

FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

—one or two tablets—eat like candy. Instantly relieves Heartburn, Bloated Gassy Feeling. Stops indigestion, food souring, repeating, headache and the many miseries caused by

Acid-Stomach

EATONIC is the best remedy, it takes the harmful acids and gases right out of the body and, of course, you get well. Tens of thousands wonderfully benefited. Guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded by your own druggist. Cost a trifle. Please try it!

IT'S UNWISE

to put off to-day's duty until tomorrow. If your stomach is acid-disturbed take

KI-MOIDS

the new aid to digestion comfort *today*. A pleasant relief from the discomfort of acid-dyspepsia.

MADE BY SCOTT & BOWNE
MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION
19-6A

Like a breeze off the ocean

Lipton's iced tea, the essence of cool comfort on a hot summer's day.

LIPTON'S ICED TEA

Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save many of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. There can be no danger in the use of Castoria if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher as it contains no opiates or narcotics of any kind.

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