

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson

JOHN IS ANGRY. Elizabeth Moreland moved away toward the door as I stopped speaking, and in a moment I realized that she had seen John's face before I. He stood in the doorway, very tall and straight. I never saw him look handsome, even if he did seem furiously angry. That gray look had settled over his face—look which up to this time had always filled me with fear, and I think my first real consciousness of any thought was the knowledge that I was not afraid of that look any more.

TO STAY AT HOTEL. "We will do nothing of the kind, John," I said. "You know very well that I would have been glad to have gone back into our old rooms with mother, but I do not intend to take the baby up to the third floor, that heated large room in which I would have no comfort whatever. Why, there isn't a bathroom up there. Tomorrow you can make arrangements to get me into the new house as soon as possible, but until then I shall stay at the hotel."

PENRHYN STANLAWS, CREATOR OF POPULAR 'STANLAWS GIRL,' DISCARDS CANVAS AND BRUSH IN FAVOR OF SILVER SHEET

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—If you have the dignity and refinement of Elsie Ferguson, the dash of Dorothy Dalton, the winsome grace of Mae Murray, and the coquetry of Billie Burke, you may consider yourself beautiful. At least that is the dictum of Penrhyn Stanlaws, noted artist, and he certainly is in a position to know, for the beautiful girls he has painted are known wherever magazine covers are displayed.



Composite sketch (center) of Dorothy Dalton (upper left), Elsie Ferguson (lower left), Mae Murray (upper right) and Billie Burke (lower right) by Penrhyn Stanlaws (in circle), noted magazine artist.

HEALTH BY UNCLE SAM, M. D.

Health Questions Will Be Answered If Sent to Information Bureau, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C. PAINTING. Fainting is a condition of suspended animation associated with a great diminution of blood in the brain and unconsciousness caused by sudden embolism of the heart's action.

BEDTIME STORIES BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE CREAM PUFFS Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate (By HOWARD R. GARIS) "Dear me! Well I never! Who'd ever think of such a thing!" exclaimed Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy one day, as she looked out of the hallow stump bungalow toward the front gate which just then opened with a click.

Then he mixed some whipped cream and sugar in a bowl while Nurse Jane and Mrs. Stubbalt were talking. Uncle Wiggly put the white, sweet, frothy cream inside the green leaf cream puffs, and then he made some tea. He put everything on a tray and brought it in the parlor where Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy was entertaining the lady.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

SCRAMBLE SQUIRREL A PRISONER. "Ab, ha!" exclaimed Tingaling when Mrs. Squirrel told him that Scramble, her husband, had got so fat he could not get into her own house. "If that is the case, why don't you go in and let him stay out. That's what Mrs. Tingaling did when I gained so rapidly. She said I was ruining the bed springs, so she put me in a hammock in the back yard."



Sister Mary's Kitchen

Rag rugs often have a limpness after washing that makes them rather horrid and easily kicked up. A little starch added to the rinsing water, wring the rug carefully and pin straightness to small rugs. Put the starch in the last rinsing water, wring the rug carefully and pin on the line with plenty of pins.

- 1/2 cup sugar
1 tablespoon butter
Batter.
1/2 cup milk
1 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1 tablespoon melted butter
1 egg
1/2 teaspoon salt
Pare, core and quarter apples. Cook with as little water as possible. When nearly done add sugar and butter. Turn into a buttered baking dish. Cover with batter made as follows: Beat egg until light. Add milk. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Add to first mixture. Add melted butter. Bake 15 or 20 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with sugar and cream.

EVERY FLOWER HAS A STORY ALL ITS OWN

THE ROSE. The rose is the queen of love and beauty. It is the most eloquent of all in the language of flowers. The red rose is a token of love and the white of purity. A moss rosebud is a confession of love while a roseleaf says, "You may as well love me as I am worthy of you."

LITTLE BENNY'S Note Book By LEE PAPE

Last night I woke up suddenly all of a sudden, thinking, G, goosh, my baseball bat is still out on the front steps, goosh, G. And I quick got up and went down stairs in my pajamas and everybody was asleep and the house was dark as anything and the baseball bat was still there I left it out on the top step leaning against the door and I took it in and started to sneak up stairs without making any noise and when I got half way up I dropped the bat and it fell all the way down again, soundning more like 10 bats than just one, me thinking, krismas Jimminy, hooley amen!

Well then why didn't you answer and go to rite into your room and I'll wait here till you pass me. With I started to do, slow being a heck of a sensation on account of it being so dark I couldn't see where he was, wishing afterwards I had did it fast on account of pop having time to give 4 fears cracks some place when I went past instead only maybe one or 2.

DR. VANCE'S DAILY ARTICLE

There are people who worship a machine. Sometimes it is a political machine, sometimes it is ecclesiastical, sometimes something else. This machine is their god. They always stand by the organization. They vote the regular ticket. They are orthodox.

JUST JOKING

EDUCATED MULE! Fond Mother—Who's the best in your class, Erle? (enthusiastically)—Oh, Charlie Johnson—he can flop his ears just like a donkey!—Kasper (Stockholm). HER MONICKER. Caller—Are you known as Mrs. Freemaner, your husband's pen name? Poet's Wife—No, I'm known as Mrs. Smith, my washtub name—Houston Post.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—That's No Place for Tom.

SAY, HELEN, WHEN AND WHERE ARE WE GOING ON THIS VACATION? SEARCH ME, GO ASK TOM. SAY, TOM, WHEN AND WHERE ARE WE GOING ON THIS VACATION? DON'T ASK ME! ASK HELEN! SAY, TOM, ARE WE GOING ON A VACATION TRIP OR ARE WE NOT? WHERE WILL IT BE AND WHEN? I WANT TO DECIDE RIGHT NOW! YOU NAME IT AND THAT'S WHERE WE'LL GO! I'LL GO ANY PLACE! WELL, IF YOU CAN'T THINK OF ANY BETTER PLACE WE CAN GO AND VISIT MY MOTHER! THERE YOU GO MAKING A MESS OUT OF NEARLY EVERY MATTER! YOU ALWAYS GO TO EXTREMES!

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—That's No Place for Tom. SAY, HELEN, WHEN AND WHERE ARE WE GOING ON THIS VACATION? SEARCH ME, GO ASK TOM. SAY, TOM, WHEN AND WHERE ARE WE GOING ON THIS VACATION? DON'T ASK ME! ASK HELEN!

