

Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by
IDA H. GIBSON

MY MOTHER'S STORY

That night I grew up. After my mother drew me into the house, we went to her own room and she seated herself in the low rocking chair while I climbed into her lap.

For a long time we sat there silent. My head on my mother's breast and her arms folding me tightly. At last I said, "Grace, I'm sorry, but this afternoon that if Robert Carleton was my father, why was I called Mrs. Whitson?"

Then the flood gates opened and my mother began to talk. She told me how she had grown up with Robert Carleton, and how they had played in the big house together. But she had never been a rich girl, but her family was an old one, and she had always gone with the children of the very best people in the town.

"I do not remember the time when I didn't love your father," she said, "and my first great sorrow was when he went away to college and left me. During that time my mother died and I had a very hard time to get along. She left me this little cottage here, but when I was a little girl, women did not work out in the world as they do now. I taught in the primary schools and had a little dancing class in the evening."

"When Robert first went away to college, he wrote me very often, but he made new friends and I suppose, in time forgot me. During the annual college vacations for four years he never came back. Once or twice we heard some scandalous about him, scandals in which Albert Halsey, Kenneth, and I were named. But when he returned to his old home, both of his parents had died—it was said of broken hearts. He seemed much changed. Gone was the irrepressible that I loved so much, and his eyes had that same little worried look that I like a knife going through my heart when I see it in yours."

"I opened my eyes wide at this for I did not know they ever changed their expression."

"The very night that Robert arrived home he came to see me. And we took up the old life almost where it was left off. I remember very distinctly my child, that when he left me that night he took both my hands in his and said, 'Margaret, I cannot imagine why I ever let you stray out of my heart.'"

"I don't think I ever was really in your heart, Robert. I wish I could have been there, but I was not."

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

"UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE WOOLLY WOLF"

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(By Howard R. Garis.)

"There, I've laid them all out, ready for you to put on in the morning," said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, to Uncle Wiggly one evening, when it was almost time to go to bed in the hollow stump bungalow.

"What have you laid out, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy?" asked the bumpy gentleman, giving his pink nose a sort of good night twinkle. "Is it a piece of cherry pie, or a bit of chocolate cake?"

"Neither one! Don't be silly this time of day," laughed Nurse Jane. "As if I'd let you eat pie or cake just before you go to bed. No, indeed! It is your red flannels I am speaking about—your heavy winter flannels. It is time you put them on and you can jump into them the first thing in the morning."

"Oh, dearest me!" sighed Uncle Wiggly in a doleful, wretched voice.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Nurse Jane. "You don't want to catch cold, do you?"

"No, but I don't want to put on my heavy red flannels, either," said the bumpy gentleman. "They itch and tickle me so!"

"Nonsense!" spoke the muskrat lady housekeeper. "You know you must put them on. Jump out of them the first thing in the morning, when it is quite chilly, and you'll soon get used to the tickle and itch."

Uncle Wiggly sighed and shook his ears, but he said nothing. He knew it would do no good. Nurse Jane had made up her mind about those red flannels, and that was all there was to it.

Uncle Wiggly went to bed. Surely enough, on the chair in his room were the red flannels, nicely laid out. With his paw the bumpy gentleman gently touched them, but he could not help shuddering a little.

"How they will tickle and itch!" he said. "I mean itch and tickle," he added quickly. "They'll make me squirm and twinge. Well, there's no use worrying about it. I must put them on in the morning."

Uncle Wiggly went to bed, but he did not sleep a wink. He dreamed he was wearing his new suit of heavy flannel, and first he would feel a tickle in the middle of his back, where he couldn't reach to scratch. Next he would feel a sort of tickle-itch between his ears. And so, not sleeping very soundly, it was no wonder that when he heard a little noise in his room he awakened quickly.

By the light of the moon, which streamed in one window, Uncle Wiggly saw a shadowy figure moving about near his bed.

"Is that you, Nurse Jane, come to take away my red flannels?" asked the bumpy gentleman. "If it is you, I am very glad, for I can hardly sleep thinking of them."

"No, this isn't Nurse Jane!" answered a gruff and growling voice. "I'm the Woosy Wolf, and I came here to get you. I'm tired of waiting for you in the woods. Besides, you for you in the woods. Besides, you always manage to fool me and get away. So I've come here to get you now."

"Oh, dearest me!" sighed Uncle Wiggly. "The Woosy Wolf is worse than the red flannels."

"What's this about red flannels?" asked the Woosy Wolf, as he flashed his little pocket electric light in the face of the bumpy gentleman, who was sitting up in bed. "What about red flannels?"

"There they are, on the chair," answered Uncle Wiggly, pointing to his "heavies." The Woosy Wolf looked at them in the light of his electric flash lamp, and his whiskers curled in a smile.

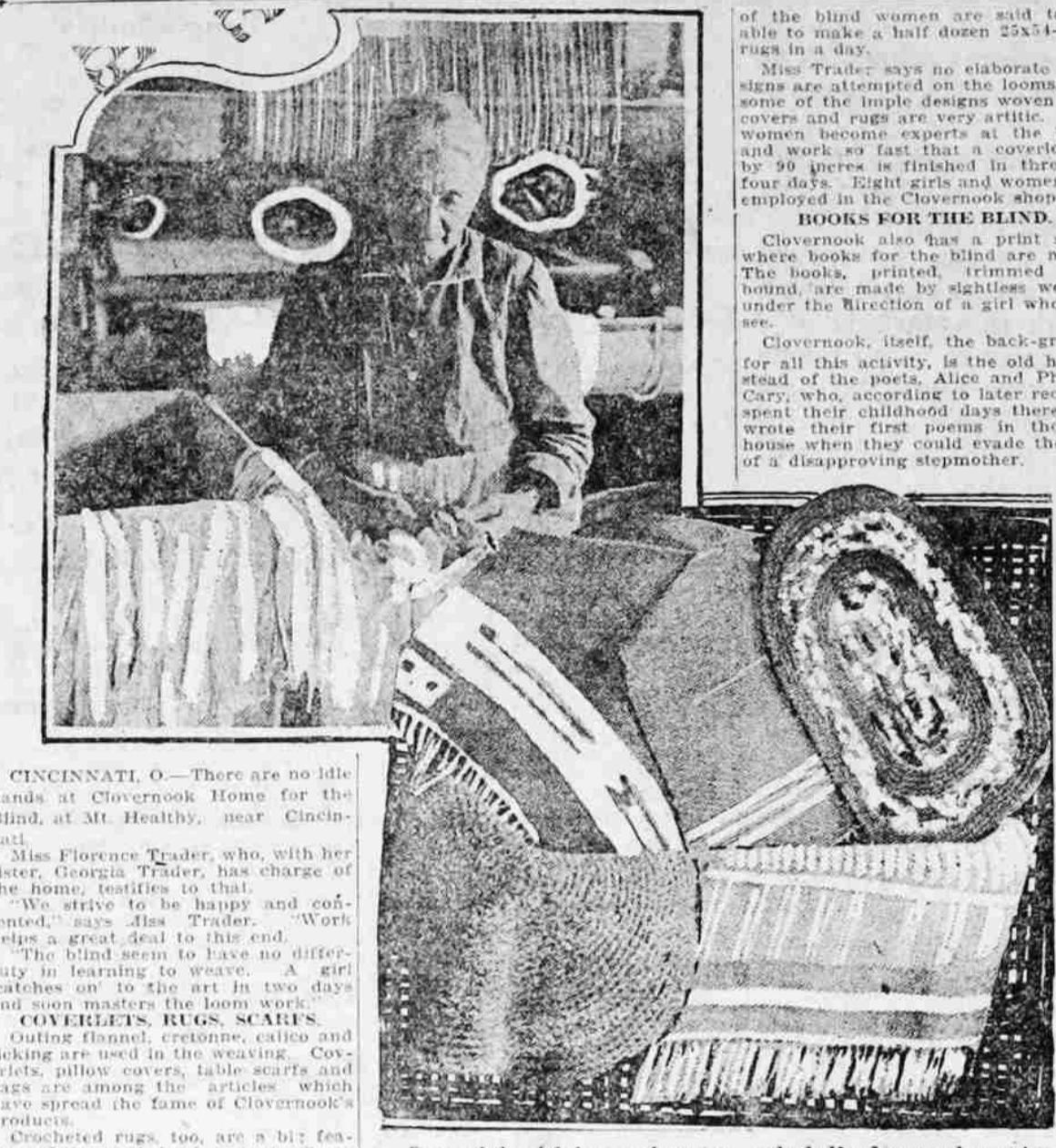
"Ha! They look nice and warm, and it's getting real cold outside!" snickered the bad chap. "I think, before I take you off to my den, that I'll just put on your new red flannels myself."

"Oh, thank goodness!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly.

"Oh, ho! So you are glad to have me take you off to my den, are you?" asked the Woosy Wolf.

"No, not exactly that," said Uncle

Blind Weavers Find Contentment As They Learn to "See" With Fingers



Some of the sightless workers can make half a dozen such rugs in a day.

CINCINNATI, O.—There are no idle hands at Cloverbrook Home for the Blind, at Mt. Healthy, near Cincinnati.

Miss Florence Trader, who, with her sister, Georgia Trader, has charge of the home, testifies to that.

"We strive to be happy and contented," says Miss Trader. "Work helps a great deal to this end."

"The blind seem to have no difficulty in learning to weave. A girl catches on to the art in two days and soon masters the loom work."

COVERLETS, RUGS, SCARVES. Outing flannel, cretonne, calico and ticking are used in the weaving. Coverlets, pillow covers, table scarves and bags are among the articles which have spread the fame of Cloverbrook's products.

Crocheted rugs, too, are a big feature of the workshop's output. Some

of the blind women are said to be able to make a half dozen 25x34-inch rugs in a day.

Miss Trader says no elaborate designs are attempted on the looms, but some of the simple designs woven into covers and rugs are very artistic. The women become experts at the loom and work so fast that a coverlet 54 by 90 inches is finished in three or four days. Eight girls and women are employed in the Cloverbrook shop.

BOOKS FOR THE BLIND. Cloverbrook also has a print shop, where books for the blind are made. The books, printed, trimmed and bound, are made by sightless women under the direction of a girl who can see.

Cloverbrook, itself, the back-ground for all this activity, is the old home-stand of the poets, Alice and Phoebe Cary, who, according to later records, spent their childhood days there and wrote their first poems in the old house when they could evade the eye of a disapproving stepmother.

BUCKHECHT Dress Shoes



No shoe is a Buckhecht unless stamped BUCKHECHT

NO changing to slippers is thought of when our No. 439 comforts your foot. Yet it's none the less smart and shapely because it fits well. The easy Blucher pattern in gunmetal calf is a boon to troublesome feet. It's a revelation of what wonderful comfort can be built into a stylish, fine shoe.

BUCKHECHT Fine Shoes are priced \$8.50 to \$14

Tell us when your dealer doesn't show them and we will endeavor to have you supplied.

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THE I. L. CLARK & SONS CO.
BUCKINGHAM & HECHT

MANUFACTURERS Since the early fifties SAN FRANCISCO

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

SCRIBBLE SCRATCH GETS WORRIED

Markie Muskrat was in an awful plight when Mr. Scribble Scratch called on him to recite his speech, because when he went to move he discovered that he couldn't at all, not a hair of him, for he was stuck tight to his seat.

It was the chewing-gum, the chewing-gum he had bought that morning, with the penny he had sneaked out of his tin bank, the chewing-gum he

man. "Do you mean to say that you don't know any piece to recite when we have company? What will Mr. Owl and Judge Crow think of you? Also Dr. Mink, Prof. Hare, and Mr. U. Chuck?"

"Please, sir!" stammered Markie. "I do know a piece about a big green crab, but I—I can't get it to say."

"What do you mean?" asked Scribble Scratch. "Are you afraid because we have visitors?"

"Oh, no," gasped Markie, "but I—"



"Don't cry," Dr. Mink said kindly when Markie began to sulk.

was not allowed to chew in school, but which he chewed anyway, the chewing-gum that—oh, the chewing-gum everything! He'd lost it out of his mouth when he was marching, but he had never dreamed he had lost it out of his own seat. Oh, why hadn't he looked before he sat down?

When he didn't get up Mr. Scribble Scratch raised his eyebrows and looked over his glasses so surprised that Markie blushed to the tip of his nose, all too.

"For shame, Marcus!" said the fairy-

just—can't move."

"Goodness!" said Mr. Scribble Scratch turning to Dr. Mink. "Do you s'pose he's paralyzed?"

Dr. Mink put on his specks and picked up his paw. "Over to Markie's seat," he said. "I'll have a look at him," he said, "and find out the trouble. There—here, little fellow! Don't cry," he said, kindly, when Markie began to snivel. "I'll not hurt you. Now please stick out your tongue."

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the information editor will be pleased to answer the same.

HEART TROUBLE.

Q. If a woman 37 years of age has a pulse rate of 62 with now and then a skip in the beat, does it mean that she has heart trouble? The general health is fairly good, but sometimes after climbing a flight of stairs heart seems to flutter and beat unduly fast for a time. If heart trouble, how should she try to overcome it or help it?

A. Shortness of breath, especially such as stair-climbing, is often the first sign of an overtaxed heart. This does not necessarily mean serious organic heart trouble. I would urge the patient be examined carefully by a physician to see if there is any cause for anxiety.

PROPOSE PENSION FUND FOR NEWSPAPER MEN

BUENOS AIRES, Sept. 13.—Correspondence of the Associated Press.—A pension fund for newspaper men is proposed in a bill introduced into the Argentine congress. The measure would authorize an appropriation of 500,000 pesos to start the fund which

would be maintained and increased by contributions of five per cent monthly from the salaries of the beneficiaries, contributions by their employers of an amount equivalent to one per cent of their monthly salaries, and by donations, legacies and the proceeds of theatrical and other benefits. The fund would be supervised by the press club of Buenos Aires.

Persons who have been employed in journalism for 25 years and are at least 45 years of age would receive from the fund 3 per cent of their ordinary salaries multiplied by the number of years they have served.

RED TAPE PROCEDURE ONEROUS TO EXECUTIVES

PARIS, Sept. 28.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—The immense amount of detail which must be required action by French statesmen is shown by the fact that the signatures of the president, premier and finance minister are attached to a decree just published authorizing a collector for the Official Journal 150 francs a year for shoes and other equipment.

The minister of finance, M. Francois-Marsal, who is charged with the execution of this decree has been very busy engaged in floating an American loan, an internal loan in France and in finishing his budget estimates for 1921.

BY ALLMAN

Sister Mary's Kitchen

After using the molding board there is always more or less flour left on the table. This flour should not be wasted and neither should it be scattered into the flour bin without sifting.

There may be particles of the dough mixed with the flour, and if these bits of dough or biscuit dough are not sifted out, there is danger of their becoming stale and tainting the entire sack of flour.

Even if one always sifts her flour before using it in baking, flour should be carefully sifted before returning it to the bin after scraping the molding board.

Menu for Tomorrow.

Breakfast—Stewed prunes, scrambled eggs with bacon, toast, coffee.

Luncheon—Cream of cauliflower soup, omelette, Waldorf salad, rolls, tea.

Dinner—Scalloped potatoes with pork sausage, baked squash, endive, salad, Concord grapes, sponge cake, coffee.

My Own Recipes.

Sometimes it's possible to cook all the dinner in the oven, thereby saving a little gas. An oven dinner is always easy and comfortable to get, and usually serves nicely.

Cream of Cauliflower Soup.

1 medium sized head of cauliflower.

There is room for a difference of opinion as to how the Sabbath should be observed, but there is no room for a difference of opinion as to whether the Sabbath should be preserved.

I should hate to be compelled to live in a land with no Sabbath.

It would be a land with no mercy on human life, where the animal has the right of way, and there is no call to the higher things.

It would be a land in which the people who have to earn a livelihood must work to entertain the people who are rich enough to afford leisure. This is the rotten thing about an open Sunday. It is a day of sport for the rich and a day of slavery for those who must work to entertain them.

A land without a Sabbath is a land in which the home is crowded to the wall. The grind goes on, and there is no opportunity to cultivate the loves of home. One works too much whose work leaves no time for him to get acquainted with his own wife and children.

A land without a Sabbath is a land that discredits spiritual values. The soul is ignored. There is no quiet hour to cultivate companionship with God, and to be reminded that "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment."

There are things about the Puritan

Sabbath he would not want back, but the reaction has carried too far when the day that was made for man becomes a day devoted to trade and dissipation.

These are the things which slay the Sabbath spirit. When the day is commercialized, or so secularized as to have no spiritual accent, it is gone from us.

America needs to be concerned lest she become a land without a Sabbath. The need for a day of rest was built into man's nature by his Maker.

"A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content."

And strength for the toils of tomorrow.

But a Sabbath profaned, whatever may be gained,

Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

USES RAZOR TO GET DRINK

CINCINNATI—Judge, I was just in that man's yard to get a drink of water," explained George Ingalls, colored, in cop court. "Did you carry an open razor to get a drink?" asked his honor, and added, "Fifty bucks and thirty days."

The escapement wheel of a watch makes 720,000 revolutions every 10 minutes.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

DANNY, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A PLAYMATE THIS AFTERNOON—ELEONOR IS GOING TO STAY HERE WHILE HER MOTHER GOES DOWNTOWN—I WANT YOU TO PLAY NICE WITH HER!

HELLO!

There they are, on the chair," answered Uncle Wiggly, pointing to his "heavies." The Woosy Wolf looked at them in the light of his electric flash lamp, and his whiskers curled in a smile.

"Ha! They look nice and warm, and it's getting real cold outside!" snickered the bad chap. "I think, before I carry you off to my den, that I'll just put on your new red flannels myself."

"Oh, thank goodness!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly.

"Oh, ho! So you are glad to have me take you off to my den, are you?" asked the Woosy Wolf.

"No, not exactly that," said Uncle

NOW, IF WE'RE GOING TO PLAY PAPA AND MAMMA YOU HAVE TO TAKE THE BABY FOR A LITTLE WHILE! TAKE HIM IN THE OTHER ROOM NOW, FATHER—

WHAT'S THIS? WHAT DO I SEE? MY SON PLAYING WITH DOLLS! WELL, I DECLARE!

HERE'S YOUR OLD DOLL—I AIN'T GONNA PLAY NO MORE!!

BY ALLMAN