Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by
IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

AN UNEXPECTED ADVENTURE.

I confess that at the time I read my mother's letter a great revolt rose in my heart and I said to myself: "Why is it that humanity has to suffer always?"

With the ignorance and arrogance of youth I railed against life and its laws.

I did not understand that it is mostly ignorance—ignorance of the whole world and everyone in it—that brings us to unhappiness and sorrow. I did not understand then that it was the lack of proper education in the great facts of life and love that made the existence of men and women more or less unhappy. I did not understand that while the great business of life is to marry, establish a home and fill it with children and teach those children to make their lives a little better than our own had been, most of us still go hunting for the will-o'-the-wisp happiness, forgetting that only in service is there great joy.

I did not understand then that the very physical loveliness of Grace Cameron attracted the beauty-loving eyes of Kenneth Halsey.

But the conventional education, which fits us for everything else except the great duties of life and which has spread over hundreds of years, over-emphasized the importance of beauty. During all these years that humanity has been struggling upward to finer ideals, we still hold on to the love of physical beauty, making it as great as possible and in every way appealing to the call of the blood, because our forefathers, less civilized, only answered to that call. After marriage, however, today both men and women ask for something more, for human beings have learned that they must have companionship of mind if they would have great happiness in this world.

Ah, mother, dear mother, I wonder what you would think if you were with me tonight and I could sit down again by your knee and tell you of the experiences through which I have passed. Mother-like, you always wished to keep these experiences from me and your mistake was in not realizing that you could not always be with me.

Grace Cameron and I avoided each other as much as possible all through the long months of school. Up until the spring term, I only saw Kenneth Halsey once, although I knew that he came often to take Grace to the theatre or to other places of amusement. The other girls in the school were very much exercised over the privileges that were given to Grace. No other girl was allowed to leave the school with a young man without a chaperon and it was only some years afterward that I learned that Mrs. Cameron had made a special request that Grace should be allowed to go with Kenneth at any time and that it was agreed to very reluctantly by the faculty. This, of course, was in the line of conduct that Mrs. Cameron had marked out for her daughter. She did not send Grace to school to learn anything that would be of use to her in years to come, she sent her only because it was near the college which Kenneth Halsey was attending.

One afternoon I was sent down in the village on an errand for one of the teachers and when it began to rain I stepped into a nearby doorway until the shower should be over, as I had no umbrella. The passage was rather dark and I almost ran into the arms of Kenneth Halsey!

"Why, Ann, what are you doing here? I was just swearing at the storm that sent me in here, but now that it has brought me you I'm going to bless it. Where have you been, Ann?"

"I have—

I saw you there last fall."

"But Grace told me you were ill and had left."

"Grace told you something that was not true. I have not been ill." As I said this I turned to go out in the rain.

"Here! Here! Where are you going, Ann?" and Kenneth pulled me back almost violently.

"I have no desire," I said, "to make Grace again unhappy."

"What about me, Ann?" was his question and before I could move, he took me in his arms and kissed me.

Tomorrow—A Quarrel with Grace Cameron.

Advocate of Hand Loom Says It Can Fill Present Need For Individuality

NEW YORK—"If a hand loom were in every home in America, I predict that at least one woman out of every household would turn to weaving as naturally as a bird to singing."

Mrs. Bertha Shattuck, who makes this prediction, is the owner and proprietor of the "Flambeau Shops" on E. 39th St. She is an accomplished weaver herself.

ONCE A MATTER OF COUSE.

"I think women scarcely realize what they have allowed to die when they allowed the early Colonial weaving to pass out," says Mrs. Shattuck. "Once every home was made beautiful by its rugs, its curtains, its blankets and its hassocks. The women of the house had their looms and they did the weaving as a matter of course. It was one of the things that 'was done' —and the woman inventing the most beautiful design or method was considered a 'person' in her locality.

"Now where does one see a hand-woven rug or a couch cover? Hardly anywhere. Only a few good granddaughters who have cherished the loveliest of heirlooms—the loveliest of heirlooms—the coverlet that a century ago their ancestors used to slumber beneath.

"In the beginning when I took over the 'Flambeau Shops.' I worked alone —I sold other things, batik and pottery and a few choice samplers. Women coming in would watch me weaving—and watching, grow to love the things I was turning out. My business flourished. Now I have four helpers.

DAY OF INDIVIDUALITY.

"Now, no woman of taste thinks of decorating her home without having an individual touch about everything. It is the day of individuality—and there is nothing so conducive to that touch as a rug made by hand which matches the wall-paper, the window curtains, the upholstery.

"If the prospective home decorator has any patterns that she wishes followed, I weave them into the silk or the cotton or the linen, as the case may be. If she wants early Colonial patterns, I have them. Then, too, the Swedish designs are very popular and the Norwegian and Czecho-Slovak, all of which any woman can get in a text book of weaving if she is interested.

"The work is fascinating, and I should think would take its place with the now extremely prevalent love of knitting."

"If a hand loom were in every home in America, at least one woman out of every household would turn to weaving as naturally as a bird to singing," says Mrs. Shattuck.

Why Politics Affects Your Home

BY
MAUD WOOD PARK
(Chairman National League of Women Voters)

BETTER LAW, NOT MORE.

Fifteen thousand statutes is the yearly record of the 48 state legislatures.

What part have you played in putting these laws upon the states' books? What voice have you had in the selection of the 7347 men who made these laws?

The federal government, powerful and complex, with its absolute decree in foreign affairs, and its ten regular departments and supplementary bureaus, boards and councils at home, is not nearly so determining a factor in the governed life of the citizen as is the state.

The federal government was designed to be the agent of the states acting together. The men who originated our national government thought of the Union as a partnership of self-governing units. At that time the state existed with unlimited power. They specifically limited it for common national utility.

The state may act in any way not forbidden by the constitution, the federal government may act only by grant of constitution. Hence the importance of the right men as your state office-holders and representatives.

States legislatures, receiving their power from the people, men and women alike, make the bulk of that legislation which is commonly called government. They enact laws protecting life and property (including divorce and marriage laws); laws promoting the common welfare, having to do with trade, industry, roads, health, charities, education, taxes on persons and property (excepting the income tax), banks, insurance, agriculture and conservation.

The price you pay for public utilities such as gas, electricity, streetcar transportation and telephone service is frequently fixed by the state. Except where the constitution is infringed upon, the state is the chief high court of the land.

How many laws do you need each year to make you a good citizen?

Fewer laws, thoughtfully enacted, rightly administered, faithfully adhered to are better than the mass of loose legislation that now obstructs justice.

Let quality rather than quantity be the watchword of the new voter.

Dr. James I. Vance

"Can you give an argument for the truth of Christianity in a word?" is the question once asked of Coleridge. "Yes, try it," was the poet's answer.

This is the supreme test and challenge for religion. Will it work? Can it make good in action What are its results? What is its finished product?

Religion is vastly more than a form of worship or a system of belief. Religion is life. If it does not make your life right, it cannot redeem itself by claiming to make your creed sound or your ritual beautiful.

Certainty is produced not by discussion but by experience. Doubts are not dissolved by argument. The test to which they must be brought is that of life itself.

Jesus did not ask His followers to accept a system or join any organization, but to live a life.

Religion may build great churches and conduct extensive movements and gather numbers and wealth and wield influence, but if it does not lead people to lead the right kind of life, it is in vain.

The man who lives his religion has acquired thereby a certitude which doubt cannot shake. He is able to say not only: "I believe," but: "I know." He has given faith the acid test in the stern realities of life, and found that it makes good. He has reached a certitude which infidelity is not able to shake, and which discussion is not needed to confirm.

He has tried his religion, and found that it can do what it claims to do. Could anything be more satisfactory than this? Could anything be fairer?

Test out the teachings of religion in your daily life. If you find they lie, reject them. If you find them true, embrace them, and strive daily to order your life as they direct.

Walt Mason

NIGHT COMETH.

The night is coming on apace, when I shall quit the road, and seek my final resting place, my daisy-strewn abode; and so the little ills of life don't fret my ancient heart; night cometh, with the end of strife, and every sting and smart. It isn't worth my while to weep or sing a doleful tune; for all life's troubles end in sleep, and sleep's the greatest boon. It isn't worth my while to hate the man who does me wrong; far better keep my smile on straight, and chirp my cheer-up song. It isn't worth my while to swat the man who punches me; far better keep my timbrel hot beneath the sunset tree. My autumn day will quickly pass, the sun's low down the sky, and stormy passions cut no grass when it is time to die. And hates and grudges look so cheap, when night is drawing on, and it is time to think of sleep, of dark without a dawn. I haven't time to mope and brood, o'er some small passing woe, and in a glad and cheerful mood I watch the bright days go. Why taste the wormwood when the prunes are wholesome, sweet and cheap? The night is coming on eftsoons, when I lie down to sleep.

BEDTIME STORIES
BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE NAILS.

"There they go! Falling all over the floor! My dish rags, my whipping towels and even the dish mop! There they go! Oh dear me!"

Uncle Wiggily lowered the paper he was reading in the sitting room of his hollow stump bungalow, as he heard this talk from the kitchen, where Nurse Jane was busy.

"There, now something else had to fall!" exclaimed the muskrat lady housekeeper. "Oh, dear! what am I to do?"

Uncle Wiggily twinkled his pink nose and got up from his chair.

"That," he said, "sounds to me like trouble. I had better see what's the matter."

As he went out into the kitchen Nurse Jane was picking dish towels up off the floor.

"What's the matter, Janie?" asked Uncle Wiggily soft and gentle like, for well he knew one must speak that way when in a kitchen.

"Matter?" cried the muskrat lady. "The matter is that everything seems to be falling to the floor. My clothes and rags that I put on chairs or the table get knocked off so easily."

"Why don't you hang them up on nails?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"That's just it—why don't I?" repeated Nurse Jane. "The time the painter came to paint the kitchen he took out the nails I had to hang things on, the nails have never been put back."

"Oh, I'll drive some nails in the kitchen walls for you to hang things on," offered the bunny.

"I was hoping you'd say that," spoke Nurse Jane. "I can't drive a nail myself. The hammer always seems to slip off and I bang my paw."

"Yes, you have to be careful," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "And now, Janie, my dear, if you'll go out of the kitchen and let me have it to myself for a little while I'll drive some nails for you."

So the muskrat lady housekeeper went out and Uncle Wiggily brought forth his hammer and nails. Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy had showed him where she wanted the nails driven so she could hang things up on them.

Uncle Wiggily went about this work slowly and carefully, for well he knew how it would hurt if the hammer should slip off the head of a nail and strike his paw.

Uncle Wiggily drove two or three nails in the wall over the sink, and he was just going to start another nail, near the gas stove, when the door of the kitchen opened.

"I haven't quite finished yet, Janie, my dear," said the bunny, not turning around. "If you would not mind staying out a while longer I——"

"I've stayed out as long as I'm going to!" said a harsh, unpleasant voice. "Now I've come in to get you, and you'd better come right along!"

Uncle Wiggily looked around and there he saw the Grillery Growlery Bear, who had come in the kitchen.

"Come along with me!" rumbled the bear. "I want to nibble your ears!"

"Oh! I—I can't exactly come now," said Uncle Wiggily. "It would never do to go away without finishing this work for Nurse Jane. I'm driving some nails in, so she can hang up the kitchen things," went on the bunny. "If so be you wanted to help me, Mr. Bear, and would hold the nails as I drive them, I could, no doubt, come with you much quicker," said Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes, I s'pose you could," grumbled the Grillery Growlery Bear. Well, give me a nail. I'll hold it for you. Where do you want it to go?"

"Over by the gas stove," answered Uncle Wiggily, trying to stop his pink nose from twinkling, as he thought of a daring plan to get rid of the bear.

The bad chap held the nail in his paw against the wall. Uncle Wiggily raised the hammer and brought it down with a bang.

"Ouch!" howled the bear.

"What's the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily, innocent like and uncomprehending.

"Matter! You know what's the matter!" growled the bear, with his paw in his mouth. "You hit me instead of the nail!"

"Oh, did I?" asked the bunny, salubrious like and unruffled. "It was the fault of the hammer. Try again, Mr. Bear."

"But you've got to be more careful!" growled the bad chap. "Don't you hit me again."

"I'll try," said Uncle Wiggily, sort of conundrum-like.

Once more the bear held the nail against the wall, using his other paw this time, as the first one was sore.

"Whack! Bang!" the hammer came down.

"Wouch! Ouch! Chouch!" yelled the bear, and he put his other paw in his mouth this time. "There you go hitting me again!"

"I didn't do it—the hammer hit you!" said Uncle Wiggily, with a pleasant smile. "Just hold the nail once more."

"Well, if you hit me the third time!" grumbled the bear, "I don't know what I'll do." Again he held the nail.

"Bunko! Cracko!" Down went Uncle Wiggily's hammer, and this time it hit the bear on the end of his soft and tender nose. What do you think of that?

"Oh wow! Oh lollypops and licorice leggings!" howled the bear. "This is too much!" and away he ran holding both his sore paws over his nose.

"Well, I'm glad he's gone," said Uncle Wiggily, sort of twinkling his pink nose congratulatory like. "Now I can finish putting in the nails." And he did, not hitting his paw once. The hammer was acting much better now. Nurse Jane was thankful to have the nails to hang things on. And, if the pepper caster doesn't sprinkle salt in the ice cream to make the little puppy dog think it's April Fool candy, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Johnnie's football.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE PICNICKERS ARRIVE.

Pretty soon all the Meadow Grove people began to arrive. The sun hadn't been up very long and the grass was wet with dew. Sam Snake's boy was as wet as any old garden-hose when he got there, and when he said he couldn't get a raincoat to fit him, Mr. Coon remarked that he had a perfectly good umbrella cover he'd send him for nothing. Phil Frog was as happy as a pig in clover for he loved to be wet, you know, and isn't it strange when he is such a dude! Orrie Owl and the Blackbirds, and Bud Bluebottle were lucky, for they could fly, but poor Tommy Thousand-legger didn't get there until away late, for he couldn't find all of his overshoes. And wasn't Muff Mole lucky, though, for he came the whole way under ground and didn't get a bit damp. Mrs. Woodchuck was awfully ashamed of her family when they got there, for every dud that they wore was as limp as a dish-rag, and she'd stayed up all night washing and starching and ironing, too.

But bless you, nobody cared, and everybody was happy and they all talked at once and Mr. Scribble Scratch got so hoarse trying to make himself heard, that he had to take a cough-drop.

Nancy and Nick had arranged a lot of games but there wasn't a bit of use trying to start them yet, because the boys were all shinnying up and down trees, just ruining their trousers, and the girls were jabbering awfully about how to make fudge and such things.

Suddenly Mr. Bunny pointed his cane at a large ball hanging from a limb on the willow. "What's that?" he asked.

Then Nick had time to explain.

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

Suddenly Mr. Bunny pointed his cane at a large ball hanging from a limb on the willow.

SHIPPING BOARD OPENS BIDS ON STEAMER SALE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—The Polish-American Navigation company, of New York, today bid $1,760,000 for the 7705 deadweight steamer Black Arrow and the Oriental Navigation company, of New York, offered a lump sum of $1,750,000 for that vessel and the 5610 deadweight ton steamship Orion. The bids were taken under consideration.

The shipping board announced today that the sale of 5175 deadweight ton steel cargo ship Maddequet for $921,500 to the Mount Washington Steamship company, of New York, and two wooden tugs for a total of $158,400.

—oo—

The White Sox shrunk in the wash.—Baltimore Evening Sun.

D'ANNUNZIO DENIES PLOT AGAINST ITALY'S RULER

ROME, Oct. 26.—Reports printed in newspapers of this city to the effect that Captain Gabriele d'Annunzio was involved in a plot intended to overturn the present Italian government have been denied by Captain d'Annunzio, according to reports from Fiume.

He has issued an official statement vigorously protesting against rumors that he is intending to participate in a "coup de main," and added he has never been "addicted to plots."

—oo—

STRIKES DELAY SALES OF AUSTRALIAN WOOL

LONDON, Oct. 26.—A strike of store hands has caused the postponement of the wool sales in Australia which had been fixed for this week.

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Some of the prices on that peak are evidently snow-bound.—Columbia Record.

IT'S not a bit of trouble to have plenty of good things to eat on hand all the time, when you use Calumet Baking Powder.

Mix up a batch of biscuits —or the finest kind of cake— it's all the same. There is never but *one* result—the sweetest and most palatable of foods.

There is not as much worry over baking costs either. Because Calumet costs less—when you buy it—the price is moderate.

CALUMET
BAKING POWDER

It costs you less when you use it—because you don't use as much of it—it has more than the ordinary leavening strength.

You get more out of the flour, sugar, eggs, shortening, etc., because there are no failures—no waste.

Received highest awards World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Paris Exposition, Paris, France.

The largest selling brand in the world.

Pound can of Calumet contains full 16 oz. Some baking powders come in 12 oz. instead of 16 oz. cans. Be sure you get a pound when you want it.

Calumet Doughnut Recipe

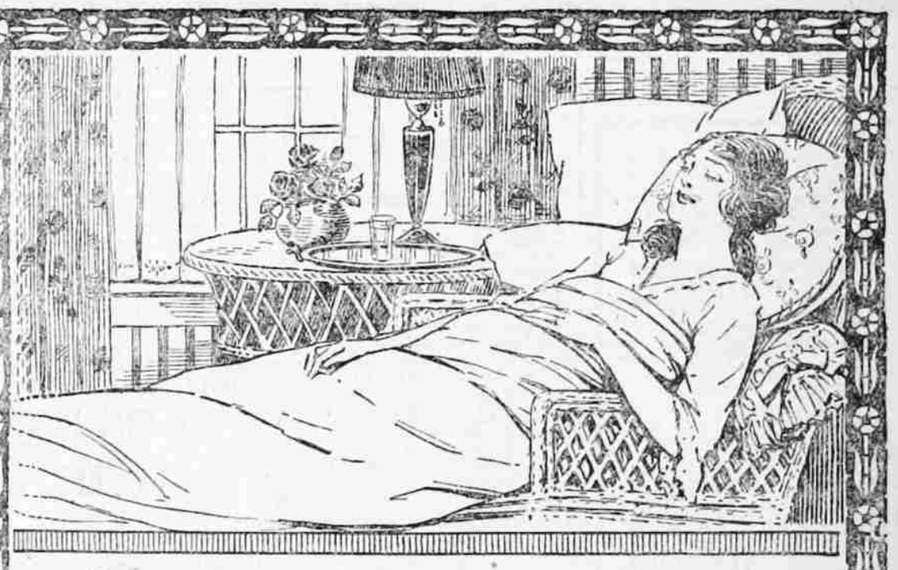
4 cups of pastry flour, 3 level teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder, ½ teaspoon of salt, 1 cup of sugar, 2 eggs, beaten together, 2 tablespoons of melted butter, 1 cup of milk. Then mix in the regular way.

Dye It Right!
"Diamond Dyes"

Don't Risk Material in Poor Dyes that Fade or Run

Each package of Diamond Dyes contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into worn, shabby garments, draperies, coverings, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed even if you have never dyed before. Druggist has color card.—Advertisement.



Nervous Breakdown

"I am so nervous it seems as though I should fly"—"My nerves are all on edge"—"I wish I were dead." How often have we heard these expressions or others quite as extravagant from some loved one who has been brought to this state by some female trouble which has slowly developed until the nerves can no longer stand up under it. No woman should allow herself to drift into this condition without giving that good old-fashioned root and herb remedy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

Read the Letters of These Two Women.

North East, Md.—"I was in ill health four or five years and doctored with one doctor after another but none helped me. I was irregular and had such terrible pain in my back, lower part of my body and down each side that I had to go to bed three or four days every month. I was very nervous, tired, could not sleep and could not eat without getting sick. A friend asked me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am sorry I did not take it sooner for it has helped me wonderfully. I don't have to go to bed with the pain, can eat without being sick and have more strength. I recommend your medicine and you are at liberty to publish my testimonial."—Elizabeth Weaver, R. R. 2, North East, Md.

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was run down and nervous, could not rest at night and was more tired in the morning than when I went to bed. I have two children, the youngest three months old and it was drudgery to care for them as I felt so irritable and generally worn out. From lack of rest and appetite my baby did not get enough nourishment from my milk so I started to give him two bottle feedings a day. After taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman, full of life and energy. It is a pleasure to care for my children, and I am very happy with them and feel fine. I nurse my baby exclusively again, and can't say too much for your medicine."—Mrs. A. L. Miller, 2633 E. 24th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Nervous, Ailing Women Should Rely Upon

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.