Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by
IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

"Ann, Ann," called Kenneth's voice, "do you wish to come down right away or shall Dad and I go over to the house and come back in a little while?"

I had forgotten that Kenneth and his father were down stairs while I was talking to the nurse. "I will come down right way," I said, and telling the nurse that we would talk another time, I descended the stairs.

"Ann, will you come over and have some tea with us?" asked Mr. Halsey.

I knew it would be ungrateful to refuse and besides I did not want to have my last visit with my mother until the house was still and I was alone, so I silently nodded and followed them down to the gate.

All along the little short street from our cottage up to the big house, I knew that I was the object of curious eyes. When I reached the gates of the big house and turned to look back at something Kenneth and remarked about I saw Mrs. Cameron hurriedly coming across the lawn of her home on the other side of the street.

"Kenneth," she called, "I did not know you were here. Did Grace send me any message?"

A slight frown crossed Mr. Halsey's face, and it seemed to me that there was a little reluctance in Kenneth's step as he went across the street. Mr. Halsey and I went into the house and in a few minutes Kenneth followed with Mrs. Cameron.

"I had to come, my child," she said, stooping over me, "to tell you how sorry I am because of your mother's death. Although I have not seen much of her in late years, yet Grace has had much to say about her. And Kenneth has always spoken of her as one of his own family."

Mr. Halsey was almost discourteous to Mrs. Cameron, but she did not seem to notice it. She seated herself and looking up with her usual honeyed smile, said: "Kenneth tells me that my sweet child is looking very well. You can understand what it means to me to hear of her from one who has seen her so recently. I have never gotten used to being without her, and my dear Ann, it has been one of my compensations to know that she has been at school with you and that she had near her in you and Kenneth some of her childhood friends."

"But, Mrs. Cameron," I could not help saying, "Grace and I have not been particular friends since we have been in school. She never has seemed to care for me and lately we have grown more apart. I have always been a student and Grace has been much in the society of the school."

"Don't say that, my child. Grace has always spoken of you to me with the greatest affection. Of course, I suppose as children grow into young womanhood, their different walks of life become more apparent. Grace has always known that a social life was what I had designed for her, while you—" she stopped suggestively, but I would not help her out.

She colored and drew here breath sharply, and seemed so uncomfortable that Mr. Halsey interposed.

"Ann, just what had your mother intended for you to be?"

"I do not know," I answered honestly, "in fact I do not think my mother knew. She was having me educated in the way that the ordinary young woman is educated and because that seemed to be the right thing. And now, while I am fairly cultured and, perhaps, I have more than average intelligence, I have specialized in nothing. I do not know what I will do—what I can do."

"Isn't it too bad, my dear," said Mrs. Cameron, "that you are not as popular with men as Grace. I have always told my daughter that if she makes a suitable marriage, I will consider that anything I have ever done for her education has not been in vain." As she said this she looked at Mr. Halsey rather meaningly, but I could see from his blank face that he hadn't the slightest idea that there was any engagement between Grace and Kenneth.

"I hope that Ann will not feel that it is necessary for her to marry," he said abruptly, "for the mere sake of having someone to provide for her."

"I could never do that, Mr. Halsey," I said, "not with the example of my mother before me."

Mrs. Cameron looked slightly horrified and she moved uneasily, as though I had introduced something that I should not into the conversation.

Mr. Halsey immediately interposed with: "Ann, your mother was one of the finest women I have ever known. She gave up a great love for principle and the only mistake that she ever made, I think, was in not giving you your father's name."

"I thing I must be going," said Mrs. Cameron abruptly.

"No stay for a moment," said Mr. Halsey. "I want you to hear what I have to say. Ann, your father was my closest friend, and some day I will tell you how much I loved your mother and why she could not love me. Because of this, Ann, I want you to come here to live and to be my daughter."

Tomorrow—

BEDTIME STORIES

Y HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE FOX FIRE.

Copyright, 1920, by Ar'thur Scott Bailey. (Newspaper Syndicate).

One evening, after an early supper, when Uncle Wiggily was sitting out on the porch of his bungalow-shop bungalow with Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, two little creatures were seen coming along the woodland path.

"Dear, me," exclaimed Nurse Jane, as she saw them. "I hope this isn't the Fuzzy Fox and his wife coming to call. I can't see very well without my glasses, which I left in the kitchen, but Wiggily—"

"Oh, that isn't the Fuzzy Fox," said the bunny uncle, who had on his glasses and could see very well. "The Fox would never walk along as bodily as that. He is a sly, sneaking chap, is the Fox. That is Sammie and Susie Littletail coming to see us."

"Oh, they're all right," said Nurse Jane, and she felt much better. By this time Sammie and Susie, the rabbit children, with whom Uncle Wiggily used to live before he had a hollow stump bungalow of his own, came up to the porch.

"Good evening, Uncle Wiggily," said Susie, politely.

"Mother said we could come over and see you if you would walk home with us after dark," spoke Sammie.

"Of course I will," laughed the old rabbit gentleman. "Come up and sit down. I believe Nurse Jane has a jam tart or a sugar cookie somewhere in the cupboard. She didn't give them all out last night, when we had the surprise election parade for her."

"Well, I was so surprised. It's a wonder that I didn't give away everything in the bungalow!" laughed the muskrat lady housekeeper, but I think I have some chocolate sassafras birch bark cake left."

"Oh, we didn't come for cake!" cried Susie. But I think I have—cried Susie. But all the same, she and Sammie were glad enough to get it.

The animal children sat in the porch with Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane for some time, and then when it grew dark, they went in the bungalow and Uncle Wiggily told them Bedtime Stories.

But at last when Nurse Jane had seen Susie's head nodding sideways once or twice, and when she saw Sammie holding his eyes open with one paw the muskrat lady said:

"Wiggily, it is time you took those little bunnies home."

"All right," agreed the old gentleman rabbit. "Get me the lantern, Nurse Jane, and I'll take them."

Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy took down the candle lantern that Uncle Wiggily used during the fall and winter when there were no firefly lighting bugs to shine their glints after dark.

"Come along, Sammie and Susie," said Mr. Longears. "You'll soon be sound in your beds."

He led them through the dark woods along the path he knew very well, and Sammie and Susie were not afraid in the dark when Uncle Wiggily was with them. Besides they had the candle lanterns.

Some and it was very dark, when all o

Well, they were about half way of a sudden the wind began to blow and the lantern went out.

"Oh, dear," cried Susie and she snuggled closer to Uncle Wiggily.

"Don't be afraid. I'll light it again in a minute," said Uncle Wiggily. "Here Sammie, you hold the lantern until I look for a match in my pockets."

Sammie held the lantern which had gone out, and the rabbit boy and girl looked at the darkness on all sides of them, while Uncle Wiggily searched through his pockets for a catch.

"Well, I declare," said Mr. Longears after a bit.

"What's the matter?" asked Susie anxiously.

"I haven't a single match," Uncle Wiggily answered. "I can't light the lantern. But I guess we can find our way in the dark. Give me your paws, children."

Sammie and Susie each took hold of Uncle Wiggily's paw, and the bunny gentleman slung the dark lantern over his back. The three walked over the dismal forest, and all at once Susie stopped and whispered:

"Oh Uncle Wiggily, I see a gleam of light! Look right straight ahead!"

"And I see them," spoke Mr. Longears, standing in the middle of the dark path.

"Oh!" whimpered Susie, "maybe they are the eyes of the Fuzzy Fox, Uncle Wiggily. Maybe he's waiting there for us, and his eyes gleam in the dark."

"Ha, Ha!" laughed Uncle Wiggily, in such a jolly fashion that neither Sammie nor Susie felt afraid any more "The Fuzzy Fox? I guess not, though what you see is Fox Fire."

"Well, if it's the fire of a Fox, then he must be near at hand," said Sammie, "and he'll jump out and get you and—"

"Ha, Ha!" laughed Uncle Wiggily again. "Fox Fire hasn't really anything to do with a fox, though it is called that. Fox fire is like Fourth of July punk—it is rotten wood, and it glows with something like which lightning bugs have inside them. It will not burn, but it will give us a light. I'll get some of the Fox fire for my lantern."

Uncle Wiggily marched boldly up to where the two spots of light glowed Then Sammie and Susie saw that it was just an old rotton log that was glowing in the dark. The damp wood gleamed as old fashioned matches used to when you wet them.

Uncle Wiggily broke off some of the pieces of gleaming wood he called Fox fire, and put them in the lantern.

"Now we can see our way," said the bunny. "I am glad you found the Fox fire Sammie and Susie."

The rabbit children were glad also and with the gleaming wood to light the path they were soon safely home. Then Uncle Wiggily, with the Fox fire in his lantern, went back to his bungalow and Nurse Jane. So if the puppy dog doesn't carry off the chocolate cake and lose it down a crack in the board walk, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily's slippery slide.

No Risk With "Diamond Dyes"

Colors Never Streak, Fade, Run or have that "Dyed-Look"

Each package of Diamond Dyes contains directions so simple that any women can diamond dye a new, rich, fadeless color into worn, shabby garments, draperies, coverings, everything, 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, showing 16 rich colors.

DEFEATS H. C. OF L. BY HER OWN HANDIWORK

DAI BUELL

NEW YORK—Is suffrage diverting woman from her domestic duties? Some say so, but—

Here's Dai Buell, pianist, in a concert gown which she made with her own hands, at a cost of $1.45.

She bought an army mosquito tent for $1.35, and a spool of thread for 10 cents—and turned seamstress. Beyond a frill in the back above a girdle of the material, the only trimming is a row of drawn-thread work around the hem of skirt and sleeves.

Miss Buell expected to wear her handiwork at her recital at Aeolian Hall, in New York, Nov. 1.

Dr. James I. Vance

Where are you living—on the mountain top of faith, or, in the valley of doubt?

On the mountain top of faith, things look easy. You are above them. You are living in a bracing atmosphere. Every muscle and nerve cell, is at its best and calls for action. Courage kindles at the prospect of conflict and victory climbs to kiss your feet. The mountain top of faith is where we win.

In the valley of doubt, things look hard. You are beneath them. You are living where the fog gathers and the sickening vapors settle. Your spirits are drugged and hesitant. You see things blurred and misshaped. Your fears people the shadows with vague alarms, and the prospect of conflict fills you with trembling. The valley of doubt is where we lose.

Where are you living—on top of the world, or with the world on top of you?

Some people have never learned the secret of position. A 50-pound shot lying on the ground is powerless, but lift it a hundred feet in the air and turn it loose and it is resistless.

There are people whose lives are powerless because they are trying to operate in a swamp.

What they need is not a bigger equipment, but a better position—not more brains and education and native ability, but more faith.

Believe something. Men move out on the basis of not what they know but of what they believe. The people who achieve are the people who believe.

Doubt is a non-conductor. Faith is a live wir in contact with the supreme a live wire in contact with the supreme Faith is the position of power. Climb out of the marshes of doubt to the heights of faith.

Walt Mason

HENRY THE GREAT.

I have a hat that cost a pile—hat prices have soared, and I take off that treasured tile, and bow to Henry Ford. Like many patriotic gents, the people's cause I'd aid, unless 'twould cost me fifteen cents—and then I am afraid I'd gladly make the welkin ring demanding prices fair; wind doesn't cost me anything, and I have lots to spart. But when it comes to selling rhymes at any pre-war rates why, I have use for all my dimes, like all the other skates. But Henry took a nobler view, and he had higher plans; he said, "I'll cut the price in two, on my nice tin sedans. What though it means a mighty loss? My spirit won't be grieved; the cause is good and coin is dross when good may be achieved." So he indulged in slashing jags, cut prices many beans; and poor folk brought their shopping bags and bought his limousines. And other plutes beheld the sign, and their price schedules smashed, and merchant princes fell in line, and slashed, and slashed and slashed. And while we still have breath and life, we must not this forget—'twas Henry took the pruning knife and an example set.

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Sister Mary

Before washing handkerchiefs in the same suds with the rest of the clothes I like to put them in a solution of salt and water or just clear water. Put them in a tub or pail and wash them for three or four minutes using a hand vacuum washer. It's a good plan to let the handkerchiefs stand in the water for 15 or 20 minutes.

This preliminary rinsing does two things. It makes the handkerchiefs pleasanter to handle and keeps them white. A handkerchief manages to get grimy looking very quickly, and hot soap suds seems to set the black in the linen.

MENU FOR TOMORROW.

Breakfast—Grapes, cereal with top milk, cinnamon toast, coffee.

Luncheon—vegetable soup, croutons, nut ginger bread, apple sauce, tea.

Dinner—Boiled halibut with egg sauce, shoe-string potatoes, baked tomatoes, fruit salad, crackers and cheese, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES.

Tomatoes may be easily and quickly baked without the extra work of stuffing and are quite as good for a change. Wash carefully and put in buttered muffin pans to bake. The skin will burst after a few minutes' cooking. Then dot with butter and season with salt and pepper and finish baking.

BOILED HALIBUT.

1 thick slice halibut
Salt
Lemon juice
1 whole small onion.

Wash fish and tie in piece of cheese cloth. Cook in boiling salted water in which 2 tablespoons lemon juice has been added 25 or 30 minutes. The onion should not be cut in slices and should be put into the water when the fish is. When the fish is done remove to a hot platter and pour over sauce.

EGG SAUCE.

3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups water
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 egg (yolk)
2 hard-boiled eggs.

Melt butter, stir in flour, salt and pepper and slowly add water, stirring constantly. Add yolk of egg well beaten and hard-boiled eggs cut in rather thick slices. Do not cook after adding yolk of egg.

Patience is a most necessary ingredient for every cook to always have at hand.

Uncle Sam, M. D.

Ventilation has a direct bearing on health, although contrary to former belief, the actual amount of oxygen in the air is not ordinarily the most important factor; even badly ventilated rooms contain more than enough to support life.

The factors of prime importance in ventilation are temperature, humidity, air movements, and the number of persons in a given space since the greater the distance from one another the less is the probability that disease will be spread.

Room temperature should not be above 70 degrees Fahrenheit and, except for the aged or sick, it is better to be between 60 and 65 degrees.

Some moisture in the air is desirable; the amount needed is from 50 per cent to 55 per cent of the total moisture that the air can hold at a given temperature.

We have no apparatus to decrease humidity in the air of houses, and in summer are obliged to endure humidity, if excessive, no matter how uncomfortable it may be.

But in winter the air in most houses is too dry, so that the mucous membranes of the nose and throat often become irritataed and susceptible to infection.

Most heating systems, particularly in small buildings, make no provision for supplying moisture.

Keeping water in open dishes or on or near radiators is often recommended, and would greatly improve the condition of the air, if people remembered to keep the dishes filled.

Stagnant air is harmful. Air should be in constant though not necessarily perceptible motion. Air about the body, if motionless, acts like a warm moist blanket, preventing the passage of heat from the body.

The three factors, heating, humidity, and air motion must be considered together.

Every person requires each hour about 3000 cubic feet of air, and the problem of heating and ventilating is that of providing this amount in gentle motion, at a temperature of about 65 degrees Fahrenheit, and of humidity from 50 to 55 per cent.

Higher temperatures and stagnant air cause disinclination to work, headache, nausea, restlessness, or sleeplessness, and if continued are likely to result in loss of appetite and anemia.

The tuberculosis movement has clearly shown the benefits both for the sick and the well of living in open air, and has caused great and beneficial changes within a generation.

The more time spent in the open air the better; since, however, most persons who work must sepnd the greater part of the day indoors, ventilation is a matter of great importance.

RICHNESS IS KEY-NOTE OF FALL WRAPS

By CORA MOORE.
New York's Fashion Authority.

NEW YORK—May Thompson of the Century Promenade posed in this wrap which illustrates the sumptuous character of the wraps fashion has designed for the new fall and winter season.

It is of suede velvet. Added to it is the gorgeous embroidery of silk and jewels all done in an applique design and in such a carefully calculated scheme that the whole thing is like the exquisite changeableness of light and shade playing in a bit of fine crystal.

Of course it is priceless, this wrap, but any wise dressmaker will see in it infinite possibilities for working it out in less expensive materials. The wrap itself is semi-circular.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

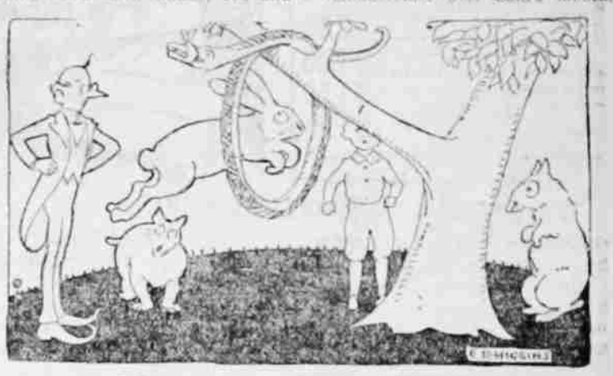
GAMES.

After lunch, the idea of which hadn't been known for many a month in Meadow Grove Land, there were races. Of course it's a poor time to run when everybody is so full of good things, but Meadow Grove people don't care so much about this, as do folks in the Land You-And-I-Know-About. You can guess who won the running race. Ben Bunny, Jr., and Cutie Cotton were a tie, for the four-legged race, Greenie Grasshopper for the six-leggers, and Bill Blackbird for the two. Bill wasn't a fast flyer, only a lot of the birds had gone south and he only had to race Orrie Owl, Blackie Bat, one of the Crow boys and Si Sparrow.

Then there was a fat man's race which Corny Coon won, as Wally Woodchuck had to sit down every few minutes to rest.

They had jumping, too, and Sam Suzie rolled himself up into a hoop and hung from a branch of the willow tree. Everybody was to take a turn jumping through the hoop, and the one who could do so without touching was considered the best.

Flop Field Mouse and Muff Mole and Teddy Toad and Freddie Frog didn't wish to jump at all at first, but after Mr. Scribble Scratch had tied a handkerchief over Sam's mouth, they changed their minds. Muff couldn't jump at all, scarcely, but the others did pretty well. However, Pref. Hare happened along just then and took a hand, or foot, I should say, or even I might say, shook a foot, or four feet, and he gave the biggest jump you ever saw and got the prize, a nice mustache-cup. What the others would have done with it, had they won it, I do not know, especially the toad and frog boys.



He gave the biggest jump you ever saw, and got the prize.

PARIS BARBERS MAKE YOU TAKE SHAMPOO

(By International News Service.)

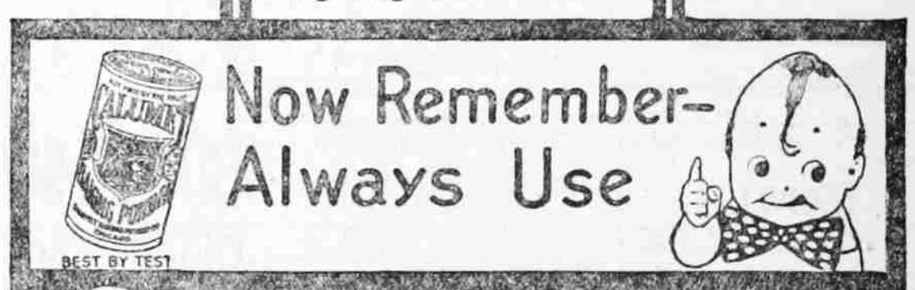
PARIS.—Whether you want your head washed or not in Paris you almost have to have it. The congress of barbers has just decreed that gentlemen who have their hair cut without demanding a shampoo as well, must pay fifty centimes more. The barbers say they are acting in the interest of personal cleanliness.

The Arab city of Najar, on the edge of the Arabian desert, is jealously guarded by the Mohammedans against Christian visitors.

REMEMBER to ask your grocer for Calumet Baking Powder and be sure that you get it—the Indian Head on the orange label.

Then *forget* about bake day failures. For you will never have any. Calumet always produces the sweetest and most palatable foods.

It never varies in quality—And *now remember,* you always use less than of most other brands because it possesses greater leavening strength.



There is no waste. If a recipe calls for one egg — two cups of flour — half a cup of milk — that's all you use. You *never* have to re-bake.

Calumet is absolutely sure. In any baking—any time, whether the can has just been opened or whether it is the last spoonful.

Contains only such ingredients as have been officially approved by U. S. Food Authorities — and is the product of the largest, most modern and sanitary Baking Powder Factories in existence.

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

Calumet Columbia Muffin Recipe

4 cups of sifted flour, 4 level teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 2 cups sweet milk. Then mix in the regular way.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—It Looked Like a Safe Investment to Wilbur. BY ALLMAN