Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by
IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

JEROME HATHAWAY CALLS.

"I wish I could have your confidence, Mamie."

"It isn't confidence, it's knowledge," said Mamie.

"But now you must go to bed, Ann, or that precious Ken of yours who deserves all the bad luck that's coming to him for not appreciating you, will discover a wrinkle about your pretty eyes that you, or a pulseless of cheek that will move him to withhold a compliment or two that you'll be wanting him to give you."

"Don't you like Ken, Mamie?" I asked, wistfully.

"Jim Callahan's little finger is worth more than Ken's whole body," she answered as she pushed me into my room and shut the door.

I had a distinct feeling that what Jim said was true and I had myself that I was very foolish for not trying to return, in greater measure, the love that Jim had offered me, periodically as I was sure that Ken, in his irresponsible way, would never look upon me as anything but his childhood pal.

I quickly undressed and crept into bed, and it did not seem as though I had been asleep two minutes when Mamie awakened me.

"You must get up, dear, for Jerry Hathaway has just telephoned that he will be over in about three-quarters of an hour and take you somewhere to luncheon.

"You'll go with us, won't you, Mamie?"

"What! Me! Are you crazy? Do you think that I would jeopardize my reputation by going to lunch with the son of my employer?"

"Do you mean to tell me, Mamie, that Jerry Hathaway's father owns the place where you and I worked?"

"Yes, he owns that restaurant and several others in town."

"Why is it we never saw him in there?"

"He doesn't come in very often. I'll say that for him," said Mamie. "In fact, I think he is a pretty decent sort of a chap, according to his lights. But now I remember that I haven't seen him around there as much as he was before you came. I'll bet he stayed away because he knew you were there."

"Do you think he knew about my being the owner?" I asked suddenly, growing suspicious of something. I knew not what.

"I don't tell," answered Mamie. "It's liable to have known it and then again he's taking out his Monsieur, we'll give him the benefit of the doubt, because it seems to me that I know Jerry Hathaway well enough to know that he would not have kept that money from you if he had known that you had lost it."

"Well, dear if it would smash your reputation to go to dinner with him, then I oughtn't to go."

"No, Ann, don't you know that you and I are different? Anyone seeing you with Jerry Hathaway, would know that you were raised under better conditions than he and last night all his crowd was made aware of it. Jerry Hathaway may be proud to be seen with you, but if I should go with him there would only be one construction upon it."

The hotel bellboy stuck in the doorway as I opened it. I turned, but Mamie had disappeared.

"Mr. Ann you're looking lovely, Ann," he said. "I'm going to make all the hotel employees by taking you to the smart set place in town.

"Does that mean, Jerry, that you would not take me there if I did not look nice?"

Jerry had the grace to blush as he answered honestly. "I expect it means that, but why quibble? You know as well as I do that it is the good looking girls who get the motor rides, the theaters and the dinners."

"But, Jerry, my mother used to say that it was not beauty, but brains and graces that set a girl up apart from the rest."

"That's what it does," said Jerry with a laugh. "The minor girls and the goody-goody girls of today are set apart too far for us fellows to get to them very often. However, that can never happen to you, Ann, the thing that will trouble you will be keeping us away from you."

Tomorrow—Opening a Bank Account.

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND JACK JUMPER.

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"Uncle Wiggily, I am almost afraid to have you go out today," said Nurse Jane Fussy, nurse to the bunny rabbit gentleman one morning as he was about to leave his hollow stump bungalow.

"Afraid? Why?" asked Mr. Longears, as he looked in the glass of the bathroom to see if his pink nose was twinkling right side up. "It is cold, that is true, and there is snow and ice on the ground, but I have my warm fur coat and my rubbers."

"Oh! I'm not afraid of you catching cold," said the muskrat lady. "It is lest that you may meet the Fuzzy Fox or the Woggle Wolf on your travels."

"Well, if I do," said Uncle Wiggily, "I'll just burn their soft and tender noses with this hot apple dumpling."

I forgot to tell you that Uncle Wiggily had started out to take to Uncle Butter, the goat gentleman, an apple dumpling that Nurse Jane had baked.

"Oh, whatever you do, don't give that nice apple dumpling that I baked for Uncle Butter to any Wolf or Bear," begged Nurse Jane.

"Not if I don't have to," said Mr. Longears. Then he started off over the fields and through the woods on his way to Uncle Butter's house. And Uncle Wiggily hoped he might have an adventure.

Well, he did, though I cannot say that it was a good one, at least the first part of it.

The bunny rabbit gentleman had been hopping along for some time, now and then stopping to feel the nice, warm apple dumpling all wrapped in a napkin. He was thinking that it was almost time for him to reach the goat gentleman's home, when, all of a sudden, from behind a tree, a sad voice said:

"Oh, how hungry I am!"

"Goodness me, make cakes and some huckleberry hash!" thought Uncle Wiggily. "If this is the Woggle Wolf or the Fuzzy Fox, they'll not only want to eat the apple dumpling but me, also."

So he carefully peeked around the edge of the mulberry bush, and there he saw a great big rabbit, almost like himself, except much larger.

"Ha! I have nothing to fear from one of my own relations," said Uncle Wiggily, as he stepped bravely out from behind the currant bush with the apple dumpling in his paw. "What is the matter, and who are you?" he asked the strange, big rabbit.

"I am Jack Jumper, sometimes called a Jack Rabbit," was the answer, "and I am very hungry."

Right here Uncle Wiggily showed how kind and generous he could be. For, without a moment's thought, he held out the apple dumpling, saying:

"Here, Jack Jumper, take this and eat it. Be a bit careful, for it is a trifle hot."

"Oh, how good that smells!" said the big rabbit, as he opened the napkin. "Did you bring this out here for me?"

"Not exactly," answered Uncle Wiggily, who always said just what was so. "I was taking it to Uncle Butter, the goat, but I can easily get him another. Besides, he is not as hungry as you."

"I don't believe any one was ever as hungry as I am," said Jack Jumper, as he got ready to eat the dumpling.

"I am just as hungry, and more so," growled a voice, and out from behind a big rock popped the Woggle Wolf. "I'll take that dumpling," said the Wolf, "and then I may take a bit of Uncle Wiggily, too."

Mr. Longears looked at Jack Jumper and the big rabbit winked one eye, as much as to say:

"Leave him to me! I'll fix him." Then Jack Jumper put the warm apple dumpling down on a flat stone, first brushing away the snow, and said: "Before you can have this dumpling, Mr. Woggle Wolf, you must race me for it. Whoever wins the race will get the dumpling."

"Well, I'm ready to do that," said the bad wolf, smacking his lips. "But I'm a much better runner than you are! Come on, we'll run over to that Christmas tree and back. Whoever wins will have the dumpling."

"Good!" exclaimed Jack Jumper, and again he blinked his eye at Uncle Wiggily as much as to say: "Watch me fool him!"

They got ready for the race.

"One! Two! Three!" counted Uncle Wiggily.

With a leap and a bound the Wolf and Jack Jumper started for the distant Christmas tree. The Wolf ran as fast as a trolley car, but Jack Jumper leaped ahead like a jitney bus. Then the Wolf ran as fast as a railroad train, but the Jack Rabbit scudded along like a racing auto.

"Oh, I'll beat you yet!" howled the Wolf, as he went as fast as a bird can fly.

"Ha! I haven't begun to run yet!" chuckled Jack Jumper. Then he sort of unlimbered his long legs and laid on big cars out flat on his back, so they wouldn't be in the way and then! My stars alive! How he did run!

Jack Jumper ran as fast as two airships and part of a balloon, and he reached the Christmas tree before the Wolf was half way there. And then, turning quickly, Jack Jumper raced back, the wind whistling up alongside his ears, and he hopped up alongside of Uncle Wiggily, near the flat stone where the apple dumpling was taking a little sleep.

"Come on, Uncle Wiggily!" cried Jack Jumper. "The next time I race I'm going to pick out someone who knows a little about running!" Then Jack Jumper found a flat piece of tin that would do for a sled.

He put Uncle Wiggily on this ice sled, fastened a bit of wild grape vine to it for a rope, and taking the apple dumpling in one paw, Jack Jumper pulled Mr. Longears over the fields so fast that the wind played a regular tune on Uncle Wiggily's fall silk hat.

The Wolf was far behind, not being able to run one-half as fast as Jack Jumper, and the big rabbit ate the dumpling and wasn't hungry any more. Then he drew Mr. Longears back to the hollow stump bungalow where Nurse Jane wrapped up another dumpling for Uncle Butter.

So everything was all right. And if the goat parrot doesn't take the string off the curtain to help the gold fish make a cat's cradle, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Peanut Bugs.

—oo—

Sister Mary

Nothing seems a greater tragedy than an upset inkwell on a rug. But as in most disasters efficient first aid will avert permanent damage.

Wash the ink spot immediately with skim-milk. The skim-milk contains no butter fat thereby leaving no grease spot on the carpet. Soak the ink and milk up with a sponge, squeezing the sponge as dry as possible each time. Then wash the spot with warm water and ammonia, using a sponge. Next use a stiff brush and scrub with more warm water and ammonia. Rinse with clear warm water and wipe with a dry clean cloth.

The spot may be brighter than the rest of the carpet because it's cleaner but everyday wear will soon remedy that.

MENU FOR TOMORROW.

Breakfast—Bacon and eggs, apple sauce, corn cake, coffee.

Luncheon—Bouillon with toasted crackers, parsnip patties, raisin dessert, mock orange marmalade, tea.

Dinner—Boiled leg of lamb, buttered rice, creamed carrots, cabbage and pineapple salad, prune trifle, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES.

To add to the substantialness of bouillon, one may drop a carefully poached egg on the top of each cup. The egg must be just gathered for any but a new laid egg will not poach perfectly and in this instance the poach must be above reproach. The yolk should not be cooked hard.

PARSNIP PATTIES.

6 parsnips
Salt and pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
2 tablespoons butter
Cracker crumbs
Egg

Wash and pare parsnips. Cook in boiling water till tender. Drain and mash. Season with salt and pepper, sugar and butter. Make into small flat cakes. Roll in cracker crumbs, dip in egg beaten with 2 tablespoons of cold water, roll again in cracker crumbs and fry in a frying pan in butter and lacon fat till a delicate brown.

CABBAGE AND PINEAPPLE SALAD

2 cups shredded cabbage
4 slices canned pineapple
2 cans pimentoes
2 tablespoons oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon powdered sugar
Salt and paprika

Cut pineapple in thin pieces. Mix cabbage and pineapple with oil, lemon juice, sugar, salt and paprika. Arrange on salad plates and add shoe strings of pimento.

Spilling the beans is better than burning them since at least there is no aftersmoke.

—oo—

Luxurious automobile trailer hotels bring persons to and from the battlefields of France.

Women Adopt New Slogan, "Don't Gossip," And Have Also Cut High Cost of Politics

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.— It's bad form to gossip!

The newly enfranchised women voters of America have adopted a "Don't Gossip" as the first tenet of their creed.

TWO VOWS FOR MEMBERS.

It has a double application. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, founder of the National League of Women Voters, states that the members of the new organization should take two vows.

1—To hold rigidly aloof from anything that is at all like gossip.

2—Not to repeat bad words about any political candidate hereafter.

At regional conferences of the National League of Women Voters held recently in New York and Boston, the progress of the league in its eight months of existence was shown. Officially organized as a separate organization in February, 1919, it now has a membership of more than two million women.

ORGANIZED IN EVERY STATE

Mrs. Richard Edwards, of Peru, Ind., proved that women have succeeded in reducing the high cost of politics, when she told that for the sum of $25,000 the league had organized in every state in the union, has established a com. headquarters, has sent delegates to the conventions of the largest political parties and has fostered a movement for good citizenship which has made it known from coast to coast.

The league believes that a 100 per cent intelligent voting electorate will free this country of bossing and that widespread citizenship information is the chief means toward this end. A campaign to place citizenship courses in all of the public and private schools universities and colleges in this country has been launched.

Mrs. George Gellhorn of St. Louis, chairman of the committee on organization, has interested fifteen universities in this work. Citizenship courses will be held in these colleges during the coming summer.

CLEARING HOUSE FOR IDEAS.

Mrs. Maud Wood Park, chairman of the league, made clear the aims of the organization.

"A woman's political party would be a calamity," she said, "undoing all that the suffragists have worked for and achieved—equal rights with men.

"The league is not in the least antagonistic to political parties. On the contrary, it urges its members to join them. Its slogan adopted at its first convention, 'Enroll in the party of your choice,' clearly indicates this belief. This work is supplementary to that of the parties.

"The parties give women an opportunity to translate into direct action through their organization, the plans and ideas agreed upon by them as members of the league of women voters.

"The league itself is a neutral ground, where members of all parties meet. It acts as a clearing house, if you will, for women's ideas."

These Women Hold Great Responsibilities for the New Voters.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE FAIRYMAN WAKENS.

Probably Nick never would have found out what was wrong with Mr. Scribble Scratch had it not been for an accident.

You know he had found the fairyman schoolmaster sound asleep at his own breakfast table one fine fall morning when he hadn't appeared at the Meadow Grove school at the usual time, and opening the back door into his house by the bittersweet clump, had found him peacefully snoring. The little boy had discovered also that the fairyman's cream had a queer smell, coffee, too. Another thing he had noticed was some paddy-tracks Wasp Weasel had left. Evidently Wasp, the worst boy in school, had made a visit to the schoolmaster early that morning.

This was the accident that helped Nick to discover what had happened. He slipped on something. Stooping he picked up some tiny round bittersweet berries, and right away he noticed that they had the same smell as the cream in the fairyman's pitcher. The berries were lying right behind Wasp Weasel's tracks. Instantly Nick had an idea.

"I see what's happened," he cried out, "that foxy scamp, Wasp Weasel, passed this way on his road to school this morning and saw Mr. Scribble Scratch's milk bottle on the porch. He must have stopped and squeezed some bittersweet juice into it, because he knows that bittersweet puts people to sleep. I s'pose he thought he'd have a fine time in school today with the teacher away. We'll see about that, Mr. Weasel."

He tapped the sleeping fairyman on the arm. "Hurry, Mr. Scribble Scratch, wake up, please! It's nearly ten o'clock, and dear knows what Wasp Weasel is doing in school while we're gone. Oh, do wake up!"

"Wh-wh-what's that?" asked the fairyman sleepily, blinking his eyes.

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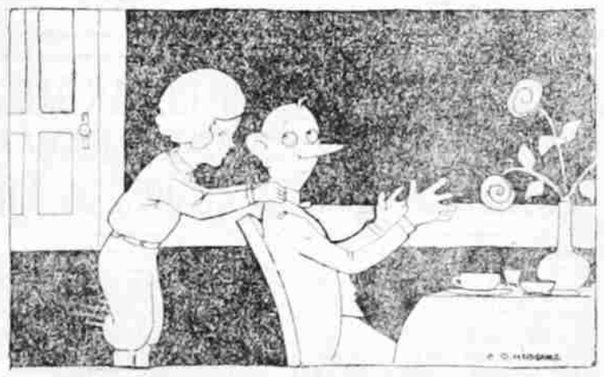

LITTLE GIFTS TO MAKE FOR XMAS

JAPANESE PINCUSHION.

A Japanese doll pincushion would be a welcome present to a little girl. The doll may be any desired size. Cover the front and the back of the doll with a strip of ribbon, and fringe it at the bottom. The front and back are stitched together at the sides. Kimono sleeves and sash are made of narrow double ribbon. The doll hangs by a narrow ribbon fastened to the back.

FOR THE YOUNG GIRL.

Pretty party bags will be an appreciated gift to the young girl. An attractive bag is made of two squares of taffeta, any desired size. The upper square has a band of gold or silver lace around the outer edge. An opening is made by cutting four straight lines from the center to the edges in the upper square. Crossed straps of ribbon are attached to this opening, forming the handles. An edging of rosebuds finishes off the opening while tiny flowers decorate the bag at the corners.

DESK SET AS GIFT.

A desk set would make a very attractive gift. The foundation is of cardboard. The decorations can be cut from colored paper and covered with a transparent material. Cretonne can also be used, if desired.

PICTURE FRAME.

For the picture frame, a foundation of cardboard is used. Decorations from colored paper or cretonne can be used. If desired, the frame may be covered with black sateen, with appliqued birds or flowers. The material is glued on.

FOR LITTLE TOTS.

An attractive apron always brings joy to youngsters. These aprons are made of linen crash or linen. Ducks, chickens, or Dutch children can be appliqued on the front of the apron with black buttonhole stitch.

—oo—

The guards on either end of the ferry boats at San Diego, Cal., are operated by compressed air.

FIND THIRTY-TWO BULLET HOLES IN BODY

(By International News Service)

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Nov. 29—The body of a man, who evidently had been used as a shooting target by the persons who had killed him, was found in a small stream near here by John Highby while making the rounds of his traps. The body had been in the water some time, and when the coroner examined it he found thirty-two bullet holes. Identity of the man is a mystery.

Dorothy Dix Talks

THE STEP-MOTHER

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

A woman who signs herself "a Persecuted Step-mother," asks me if I will say a word of comfort to the women who have undertaken the difficult task of bringing up some other woman's children.

I wish I could, but there is precious little of comfort to say, beyond reminding those who are toiling at the hardest and most thankless job on earth, that Heaven is their home, and the jewels in their angel crown will be Kohinoors, if they faint now in welcoming. And that's nothing to whom about, for while we all hope to eventually receive our eternal reward, we are none of us in a hurry to cash in on it.

No other woman's lot has as many thorns and so few roses in it as the step-mother's. No matter what she does, she is inevitably misjudged, misunderstood, calumniated. Her sacrifices are rarely appreciated by those for whom she makes them. No matter how good and kind she is, people attribute to her motives more that belong to a fiend, and the fact that in the face of this common knowledge regarding the fate of step-mothers, there are still women who marry widowers with children, proves that the race of fools, or saints, or martyrs, is still extant. Or, who it shows that widowers really have what is often attributed to them—a hypnotic power with women which makes the fair sex ready to get up and follow them when they whistle, no matter what the obstacle.

It is the custom to pity the children when a widower gets married, for we all have gloomy visions of what a cruel step-mother can do to the poor helpless little ones who have fallen into her power, but while we have our handkerchiefs out, and are weeping over the woes of the children, we might as well drop a few sympathetic tears also for the step-mother, and the things that a touch of strenuous children are likely to do to her.

Heaven knows that raising one's own children is no cinch. The reason that God sends along with every baby, as its birthday gift to its mother, that unreasoning, unerring, inexhaustible thing that we call the maternal passion, and that enables every woman to believe that each individual child of hers is a transcendent genius and a perfect beauty, is to give a woman the patience to endure with all the faults and aggravations of childhood, and to make her believe that the child is worth the trouble of rearing.

But the step-mother takes this burden of vicarious motherhood voluntarily upon her shoulders, and God works no miracle in her behalf. He leaves her to shift for herself. She has none of that blind and fanatical love for a child that makes her see only high spirits in the wanton mischievousness, and a sensitive temperament in its bouts of temper. When little Johnnie takes a pin and draws a picture of animals on the mahogany dining room table, his own mother sees in it only the indication that Nature has destined him to be a great animal painter. But a step-mother would see in the same act only the wanton destruction of a cherished piece of furniture, and feel that little Johnnie ought to be spanked. That's the difference of the point of view between mine and thine.

The step-mother's lot is also made more difficult by the attitude of the relatives and friends of the children's mother. As long as a woman is dealing with her own children, her family uphold her hands. They recognize that children must be disciplined, and their impulses curbed that they must be punished when they do wrong, that their manners must be corrected, and that they must be coaxed into the straight and narrow path if they won't walk along it voluntarily. So grandma and grandpa, and the aunties and the uncles, and the friends, generally tell Johnnie and Mary that they must be good children and mind what mother says.

For otherwise is their attitude when a step-mother sits in the place of the children's own mother. Then the first wife's relatives, either consciously or unconsciously, begin turning the children into little rebels, and setting their hands against their step-mother. They are insidiously taught by their mother's people to look with suspicion upon every act which the step-mother does, to resist her authority, and to believe that there is some sinister purpose concealed behind her simplest act.

It often happens that the children's step-mother is a far more intelligent woman than their own mother was, and a woman of more culture and wider social experience, but when she tries to raise the children up to the level to which their own mother could never have raised them, they resent it and hate her for the good she has done them.

If, however, the step-mother feels that it is hard for her to spend her life laboring for children who do not give her even a thanks for the weary hours she spends cooking and sewing and cleaning to make their comfortable, and who do not appreciate the sacrifices she makes for them, let her remember that children seldom appreciate the things their own mothers do for them or are grateful to her. Filial appreciation is mostly a graveyard virtue, and flourishes most freely on tombstones.

There are no nobler women in the world, and none who perform a greater service, than the women who are good step-mothers, who come into a widower's disorganized house and turn its chaos into order, and who nurse, and guide, and chide, and love his children so that they never know that they are motherless. Great is their sacrifice and great shall be their reward. But they'll only get it in Heaven.

—oo—

Little Benny

Yesterday morning pop disbelieved God he new overcoat on the hall rack or rubbers etc. and pop went down town mad without it and ma telefoned to the police station and a policeman without his uniform on rang the bell and rote down diffrent things, making a lot of mistakes and rubbing them out agen with the rubber on the end of his pencil, proving it was a good thing there was one on there, and after he went ma sed, My goodnes I hope this dozzent get into the papers. I simply rant stand notoriety.

Do you think if a reporter comes he'll put my pickture in too, ma? I sed, and ma sed, Wat in the werld for? Meaning he probably wouldnt and this afternoon a man rang the bell with a expression like a reporter, saying, Mother in, sonny?

Yes, sir, I sed. And he went in the parlor and sat down and I ran up stairs like the chickens, saying, Ma, wate you thing, ma, there's a reporter in the parlor, will you give him my pickture if he asks for it, ma?

O my goodnes, this is terrible, well I simply wont tell him a thing, sed ma. And she went down in the parlor, my going down after her and taking my pickture off of the setting room mantel piece in case she mite ask for it, ma saying, its no use, I have nothing to say, and the man sed, But madam, and ma sed, Not a word, absolutely not a word, and the man sed, But madam, and ma sed, Im sorry for your trubble but I simply havent a word to say.

Well, ill leave one of my cards, sed the man. With he did and went out, and ma looked at the card, saying, Why Benny, the idear, that was an insurants man, wat did he mean by saying he was a reporter?

He dident say so, ma, he just looked that way, I sed, and ma sed, Well fortunately for us all, for the luck, because I never would of dared to talk to an insurants man like that and maybe he would of sold me some insurants against my will.

And she went back to her room and I put my pickture back on the setting room mantel peece.

—oo—

The United States is the world's largest coal exporter.

Another Royal Suggestion

GRIDDLE CAKES and WAFFLES

From the NEW ROYAL COOK BOOK

THERE is an art in making flapjack pancakes, griddle cakes or wheats, call them what you will. But it is an art very easily and quickly acquired if you follow the right recipes.

Here are some recipes for a variety of breakfast cakes that will make grandmother envious. The secret, of course, is Royal Baking Powder.

Royal Hot Griddle Cakes

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons shortening

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add milk and melted shortening; beat well. Bake on slightly greased hot griddle.

Griddle Cakes with Eggs

1¾ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 eggs
1½ cups milk
1 tablespoon shortening

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add beaten eggs, milk and melted shortening; mix well. Bake immediately on hot griddle.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Buckwheat Cakes

2 cups buckwheat flour
1 cup flour
6 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1½ teaspoon salt
2½ cups milk or milk and water
1 tablespoon molasses
1 tablespoon shortening

Sift together flours, baking powder and salt; add liquid, molasses and melted shortening; beat three minutes. Bake on hot greased griddle.

Waffles

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1¾ cups milk
2 eggs
4 tablespoons melted shortening

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together; add milk to yolks of eggs; mix thoroughly and add to dry ingredients; add melted shortening and mix in beaten whites of eggs. Bake in well greased hot waffle iron until brown. Serve hot with maple syrup. It should take about 1½ minutes to bake each waffle.

FREE

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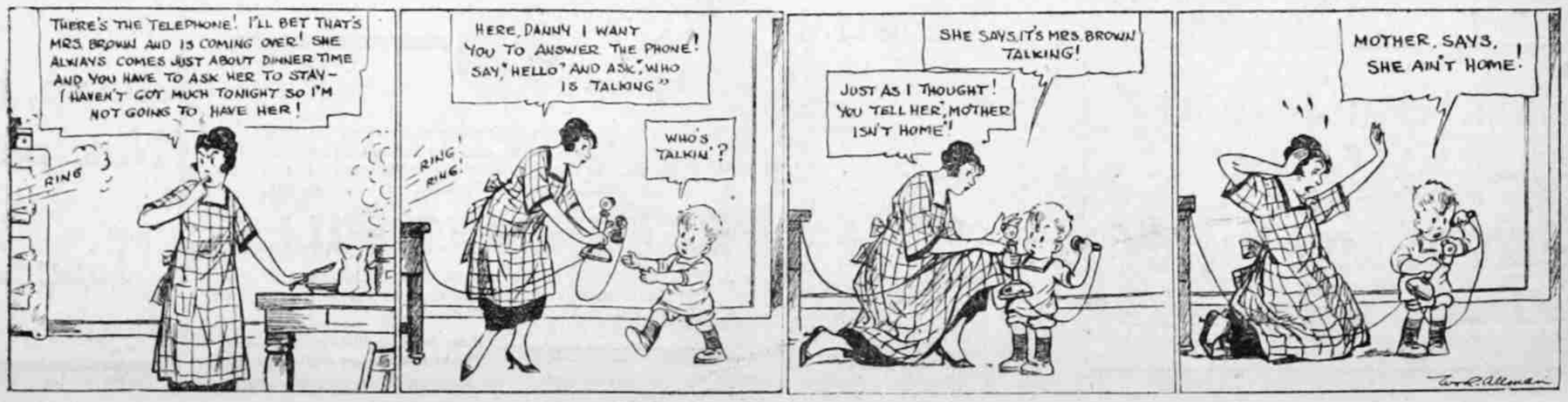
DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—Danny Gums It All Up. BY ALLMAN



DYE RIGHT

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