

BORROWED HUSBANDS

By MILDRED K. BARBOUR

CLIV—AN AMAZING PROPOSAL

(Copyright, 1921, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

When Nancy joined Dr. Langwell, there was no sign of Edna Dean.

He was standing with his back to the fire in a handsomely appointed little room, which was probably used as a den. It was a place of Oriental richness of color, even at a cursory glance, Nancy realized that she was viewing a rare collection of Far Eastern treasures from the prayer rug before the hearth to the vase of exquisite Ming ware in a carved teak wood cabinet.

She looked around appreciatively. "You can shut your eyes in this room and fairly hear the temple bells and smell the incense wafted from some shrine of Buddha. Can't you?" she remarked, sinking luxuriously into a divan.

He did not answer and she looked up at him curiously. His hands clasped behind him, an unlighted cigar between his teeth, he was staring straight ahead with an expression which told that his thoughts were miles removed. It seemed to Nancy that all the cruelty and ruthlessness of the man were visible in the lines of his face when he was thus off his guard.

He seemed suddenly to realize her presence. "Did you speak?" Pardon my inattention, I was thinking something very important that I must do."

"Is Miss Deane gone?" asked Nancy. "Yes, thank Heaven! That woman is the most ungratified nuisance she is always showing up at times when she is not wanted."

"Nancy laughed, lazily and stretched her feet out to the fire. "It's a disconcerting little habit with our parts."

"All men would be successful philanderers if we women could only be taught to remain where you leave us, not come following after."

He frowned. "You don't think Edna Dean is part of my past, do you?"

"Is there any woman you have ever met who has not been?" questioned Nancy.

"You've not been?"

"Only because I belong to the immediate present. You, my dear Doctor, have but two worlds, the present and the past. Where women are concerned, you deny that there is a future possible."

He left the fire and came over to sit beside her on the divan.

"Perhaps I have seen life and women in that light, but that was only before I met you. Once women were before they had existed in the present. Now, I know that I want a woman for the future and I'm willing to sacrifice the temptations and the opportunities of the present to make that future possible."

Nancy looked at him curiously. "What are you trying to say?"

"Just this: He took both her hands in his strong magnetic clasp. "You don't love Burrard; you love me. I don't love Edith; I love you. Why keep up the farce any longer? Let's put an end to both our little make-believe existences, and start a new life together."

Nancy was staring at him in amazement. "You love me—you want me to go away with you?"

He crushed her fingers against his lips. "Not quite so drastic, my dear. Let us both quietly get a divorce and marry each other."

BEDTIME STORIES

By HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE TWO JUGS

(Copyright, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

"Now please don't get them mixed, Uncle Wiggly," said Nurse Jane, as the muskrat lady housekeeper came in the room where the bunny rabbit gentleman was reading the paper one morning. Miss Fuzzie Wuzzy carried two jugs, one in each hand.

"Please don't get you mixed," asked Uncle Wiggly. "Are you speaking of Curly and Floppy Twistytail, the two little pigs? I know they look a great deal alike, but I can always tell them apart. There is no danger of my getting them mixed for Curly has a funny tail and Floppy has a funny ear."

"I wasn't speaking of the piggy boys," laughed Nurse Jane. "I was talking of these two jugs. One is for vinegar and one is for molasses. I want you to take them to the store for me, have them filled, and be careful not to get them mixed."

"Oh, I see what you mean!" said the bunny. "You don't want me to get molasses in the vinegar jug or vinegar in the molasses jug?"

"I already mixed!" he chuckled, trying to untwist his tongue.

"I should say so!" laughed Nurse Jane. "What I want you to do is to get some molasses in the vinegar jug—that isn't right, is it?" she asked with a puzzled look.

"I should say not!" agreed Uncle Wiggly. "You should have said was that you wanted me to get some in the molasses jug."

"Here!" cried Nurse Jane, giving Uncle Wiggly the two jugs. "Enough of this! Hop to the store, and don't get things mixed—that's all I ask of you."

"All right!" said the bunny. "I'll get both jugs filled and I hope the giniasagar."

But Nurse Jane, with a laugh, pushed the bunny and he started out on the stoop and closed the door.

"If he tries to twist his tongue around those two words any more I'll have a conniption fit!" she said.

Uncle Wiggly, with a laugh, took the molasses and the vinegar jugs—there, I have them right at last—he took them one in each paw and hopped over toward the store.

"I hope nothing gets mixed!" he thought. "It would be too bad if vinegar got in the molasses jug or molasses got in the vinegar jug. I'll be the worst of all right when I look at the names on the jug," he said to himself.

For there was a little paper label pasted on each jug. "MOLASSES" on one and "VINEGAR" on the other. Nurse Jane had pasted the papers there.

Uncle Wiggly hopped safely to the store and had each jug filled, and was hopping back home to his hollow log.

stump bungalow, when, all of a sudden, as he reached the middle of the woods, he felt sleepy and lay down on a mossy green log to take a little sleep.

And as he slept alone came Johnny and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels.

"I know how we can have some fun with Uncle Wiggly," chattered Billie in a whisper to his brother.

"How?" asked Johnny.

"We'll change those jugs," said the first squirrel boy. "We'll take the VINEGAR jug and put it on the MOLASSES jug and do the same with the other. Then when Nurse Jane goes to make a cake, she'll put some vinegar in it instead of molasses."

"Oh, what fun that will be!" chuckled Johnny. So he and his brother changed the names on the jugs and scampered away up in a tree before Uncle Wiggly awakened.

The bunny sat up, rubbed his eyes, and was about to hop along with the two jugs, when all of a sudden, out from behind a bush came the Skilley Scantley Alligator.

"Hello!" grunted the Alligator. "What have we here?"

"Nothing—that is, nothing very much," said Uncle Wiggly.

"I should say so!" there was a great deal said the Gator. "There are some things in the world that are better than I'll try the jugs. Let's see—MOLASSES and VINEGAR, he read looking at the label. "On second thought, I'll take a drink of molasses first," he said. "And then I'll nibble your ears. I'm very fond of molasses!"

"But this is Nurse Jane's!" said the bunny. "If you could see your way clear to taking a little vinegar now—"

"Tut, Tut! I wouldn't dream of it!" howled the Gator. "Molasses, you say? I shall have it. Then I'll nibble your ears. He picked up the jug marked MOLASSES, flipped out the cork, raised it to his mouth and took a long drink. Then he suddenly dropped the jug, held his paws to his stomach and ran away crying.

"You fooled me! You fooled me!" he wailed. "I drank! Oh, how pucker-ed I am!"

"Dear me!" said Uncle Wiggly, twinking his pink nose. "The jugs got mixed after all. My fault, I suppose," he said.

"No," said Uncle Wiggly. "I chattered Johnny and Billie, scampering down a tree up which they had some more vinegar. And they did, changing back the signs on the jugs so they were right again."

"Well, I'm glad you played the little joke," said the bunny. "It saved my boiled potato doesn't try to jump over the frying pan when the tea kettle first," he said. "I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggly's April Fool joke."

telephone, to put in important places.

"Yet what is the poor devil of a fellow to do when the girls he likes and goes with, call him up? He can't insult them, and tell them for Heaven's sake to get off the wire and let him alone. He can't say to his boss that he never calls up a girl in business hours, and that he can't help it if he is pursued over the wire. He is just the poor goat whose chances in life are being electrified by girls who are afflicted with acute telephonia."

And the telephone is the bane of the young man's life society, as well as in business. It used to be that a man could call on a girl, or not as he pleased, and that was the end of it. No questions were asked. Also in his leisure a man could go where he liked, and he was at liberty to choose the lady to whom he paid attention.

Those were the good old days before the invention of the telephone. The women of that era, and their husbands hunting over the telephone. Also in his leisure a man could go where he liked, and he was at liberty to choose the lady to whom he paid attention.

"When you don't go to see a girl, she doesn't infer that that you don't want to see her. She calls you up and asks you why. You perjure yourself like a gentleman about being busy tonight. She asks, 'Why not come tomorrow night?' You lie about having an engagement for tomorrow night. She says, 'What's the matter with you the next night?' You reply that you are sorry but your mother is coming to town that night. She sweetly replies that she will look for you the night after the next, and seeing that every chance of making a get-away is gone you say desperately, 'Oh darn it, I'll come tonight.'"

"Take and soak artichokes through several waters. Trim off the leaves if necessary and cut off the stems. Let stand in cold water containing one tablespoon of vinegar for half an hour. Drain well and put into boiling water and boil, uncovered, for half an hour. Allow one medium sized artichoke for each person to be served. Allow one teaspoonful salt to each quart of water when boiling. Serve with Hollandaise sauce.

Furthermore, no man likes to be pursued, and when it is done at a distance that doesn't even give him a chance to answer the phone, it rouses all his fighting blood. Moreover, he is absolutely afraid to marry a girl with the telephone mania for fear it is a chronic complaint.

"I would fear it if I would teach her to avoid the telephone as if it were a loaded bomb that would explode if she touched it, and blow her matrimonial chances to smithereens."

Dorothy Dix's Articles appear in this paper every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

A THOUGHT A DAY

I therefore so run, not as uncertainly, so fight I, not as one that beateth the air, but as one that keepeth under my body, and bring it into subjection.—I Corinthians 9:26-7.

I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into all the higher powers of duty and happiness, not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight and honor of my own life.—John Ruskin.

LEARN A WORD EVERY DAY

Today's word is FERNICIOUS. It's pronounced—per-nish-us, with accent on the second syllable. It means—destructive, dangerous, evil, ruinous, fatal, hurtful, harmful, mischievous.

It comes from—Latin, "pernicies," destruction.

It's used like this—"The four-power treaty was passed, despite the belief of a group in the senate that it was a pernicious document."

HEAD COLDS

Melt in spoon, inhale vapors; apply freely up nostrils.

VICKS VAPORUB

Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

JO-TO WILL

stop stomach suffering

GUARANTEED ALL DRUG STORES

STOP ITCHING SKIN

Zemo the Clean, Antiseptic Liquid, Gives Prompt Relief

There is one safe, dependable treatment that relieves itching torture and that cleanses and soothes the skin. Ask any druggist for a 35c or \$1 bottle of Zemo and apply it as directed. Soon you will find that irritations, Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema, Blisters, Ringworm and similar skin troubles will disappear.

Zemo, the penetrating, satisfying liquid, is all that is needed, for it banishes most skin eruptions, makes the skin soft, smooth and healthy.

NOURISHMENT

is Nature's first aid to the body in times of weakness.

Scott's Emulsion

unsurpassed in purity and goodness, is nourishment in a form that seldom fails.

ALSO MAKERS OF KI-MOIDS

(Tablets or Granules) FOR INDIGESTION

YOUR HEALTH

BY DR. R. H. BISHOP.

Careless dressing offers an open avenue through which the diseases of the season—colds, influenza, pneumonia—may attack you.

Use care in picking your clothing this spring! Overclothing yourself renders the skin oversensitive, so that when it is subjected to sudden exposure it is unable to stand it and you "catch cold."

Naturally also, the clothes do defend the body to a certain extent against the external influences of wind and weather.

KEEP'S HEAT INSIDE. Clothing, no matter of what material, possesses the power of retaining a layer of air kept warm by our bodies. This layer of air varies according to the fineness and closeness of the weave of the material used.

Thick garments are warmer than thin garments of the same material merely because they retain in their meshes a greater quantity of heated air.

Loose clothing is warmer than tight clothing, so also with shoes and gloves. With loose clothing, shoes or gloves, there is a larger layer of heated air between the skin and the material. The circulation of the blood is freer, too.

PERMIT PERSPIRATION. The material of the clothing should be such as to allow free perspiration from the skin. We sweat in winter as well as in summer, but the sweat is in the form of vapor and is invisible.

To help make the body strong only the minimum amount of clothing that will secure warmth should be worn. Woolens protect most, but they require the least exclusion of the temperature regulating apparatus of the body.

The wool becomes saturated with the perspiration, which it holds to the disadvantage of the skin. Therefore, woolen clothing should be confined to outer garments, as overcoats, designed especially for colder weather.

Fur coats make the skin over-sensitive.

IF YOU ARE WELL BRED. You will not bend back the pages of a borrowed book.

You will return a borrowed book within a fair length of time.

You will remove your rubbers or clean off your shoes before entering a friend's home.

MASTIN'S THE ORIGINAL YEAST VITAMON TABLET. Take what Physicians recommend to put on flesh and increase energy.

Mary's Kitchen. ARTICHOKE DISHES. Most housekeepers regard the artichoke as an imported delicacy quite beyond the ordinary pocketbook and will to prepare it. But artichokes offer variety in a season when fresh vegetables are all scarce and rather high and are so delicious and simple to prepare that they should be used as often as possible.

10c the Package American Beans VERMICELLI At All Grocers.

CUTICURA HEALS SEVERE ITCHING. On Mother's Body, Caused Her To Scratch, Could Not Sleep. "My mother was troubled with a breaking out of pimples on her body. The itching was very severe and caused her to scratch, which seemed to make the breaking out spread, and she could not sleep good at night."

A tested skin treatment. Some day you will try Resinol Ointment and Soap for that skin trouble and you'll know why thousands of doctors prescribe them to relieve sick skins. Resinol Soap cannot be excelled for the complexion, hair and bath.

YOUR HEALTH. Careless dressing offers an open avenue through which the diseases of the season—colds, influenza, pneumonia—may attack you.

For Your Better Health. "I advise every woman that suffers with kidney trouble to try Foley Kidney Pills."

Foley's Kidney Pills. Tonic in Action. Quick to Give Good Results. Sold Everywhere.

Say Ben-Gay for Sore Muscles. Say Ben-Gay at any drug store and you will get a tube of the original French Baume Bengay (Analgesique), then apply the Baume vigorously until the soothing sensation of warmth brings quick relief. Keep a tube handy for Sprains.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS. It Has Happened in the Best Families. BY ALLMAN.

THANKS, OLD MAN! JUST A MINUTE, MISS EATON, I'LL CLOSE IT FOR YOU! YOU MAY HAVE MY SEAT, LADY! THANK YOU!

TOM THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE ASKED YOU TO BRING ME THOSE SCISSORS OFF THE TABLE THERE! ALL RIGHT—ALL RIGHT—I'LL BRING 'EM—ARE YOU PARALYZED?

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON



"We are the Squeedillums," said the tiny person—"at your service."

It did seem as though Nancy and Nick were never to get over the Seven Mountains.

They hadn't gone over half of them yet, and here they were with another difficulty before them. Someone had stolen the lost record from his hiding place. Without it, it was of no use to continue their journey toward the Princess Therma's palace.

No, it wasn't twelve Tons, the Sorcerer, who had taken it. He was not allowed to follow them. Besides, after finding that the terrible dreams he had sent to the Twins had come to nothing, he was so disgusted that he flew back to his cave and changed himself from a bat into a dragon again. And there he sulked and sulked. I hope he enjoyed himself doing it.

Nick and Nancy stood looking and looking at the hollow place in the ground where the record had been lying to make up their minds what to do next, when Nancy happened to kick a stone with her foot. As it rolled away, she saw a round hole.

"Just look there," she pointed. "I'd believe it was the gnomes, Nick. Crookabone or Jigabump, or Snip-Scissors has come and stolen it just for meanness!"

Scarcely had she finished speaking, when a tiny creature came out followed by a dozen others. The creature wasn't a bug or beetle or a fly, for he wore the finest of clothes, being dressed in scarlet satin with a large neck ruff and a high pointed hat. The others following were quite as elegant.

"Good night, friends," he called to those behind him. "We've stayed later than usual. The sun's quite up. Put no wonder! With such a fine dance floor I'd certainly like to know what kind person left it here for us."

Suddenly he spied the Twins. "My my, whom have we here?" he asked in a condescending voice.

"Nancy and Nick," said Nancy. "And who are you?"

"We are the Squeedillums," said the tiny person. "At your service."

To be continued.

PASTE

A paste effective for mending fine china can be made by dampening rice flour with cold water and straining it gently on the back of the stove until it becomes quite thick. Since the paste is white, it scarcely shows in mending.

GRAY AND MAUVE

An evening gown goes into colors, one finds that one of the newest and most interesting combinations is that of gray lace over mauve gros de londres. If a gown of this sort is washed, velvet ribbons in fuchsia would be beautiful.

FOR HAIR BRUSHES

After washing the hair brush in warm water, dip it into cold water and then let it dry. This keeps the bristles stiff.

Rheumatism at 60

S. S. S. Thoroughly Rids the Body of Rheumatism Impurities.

Somebody's mother is suffering tonight! The scourge of rheumatism has wrecked her, bent her double and suffering, bent forward, she sees but the common ground, but her aged heart still belongs to the stars! Does anybody care? S. S. S. is one of the greatest blood-purifiers known, and it helps build more blood cells. Its medicinal ingredients are purely vegetable. It never diarrheas the stomach. It is, in fact, a splendid tonic, a blood maker, a blood enricher. It banishes rheumatism from joints, muscles and the entire body. It builds firm flesh. It is what somebody's mother needs tonight! Mother, if you can not go out to get a bottle of S. S. S. yourself, surely somebody in your family will. Somebody, get a bottle of S. S. S. now! Let somebody's mother begin to feel better again tonight. Maybe, maybe it's your mother! S. S. S. is sold at all drug stores, in two sizes. The larger size is the more economical.

Now glorious you will feel, mother, when your rheumatism is all gone. Let S. S. S. do it. It will build you up, too!

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS. It Has Happened in the Best Families. BY ALLMAN.

THANKS, OLD MAN! JUST A MINUTE, MISS EATON, I'LL CLOSE IT FOR YOU! YOU MAY HAVE MY SEAT, LADY! THANK YOU!

TOM THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE ASKED YOU TO BRING ME THOSE SCISSORS OFF THE TABLE THERE! ALL RIGHT—ALL RIGHT—I'LL BRING 'EM—ARE YOU PARALYZED?

-ON THE WAY TO THE OFFICE - - AT THE OFFICE - - ON THE WAY HOME FROM THE OFFICE - - HOME -