

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

Mink Swallows Fish-Bone, Calls For Dr. Snuffles

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



"TING-A-LING—A-LING," went Dr. Snuffles' telephone in his little house by the hazel bush.

"Nick, answer that, please," called Dr. Snuffles. "I'm busy taking a splinter out of Scramble Squirrel's foot."

"Hello, is that Dr. Snuffles' office?" said a voice excitedly.

"Yes," answered Nick.

"Well, tell him please to hurry over to Rippie Creek. Marty Mink's got a fish-bone in his throat, and he's carrying on something awful."

"All right," said Nick, hanging up. Just then Scramble Squirrel came limping out of the office, his foot all nicely bandaged, and he heard what had happened.

"Marty Mink!" he exclaimed. "A fish-bone in his throat! Goodness alive me! Is that very dangerous, doctor?"

"Oh, not very," answered Dr. Snuffles learnedly. "Why, are you thinking of starting on a fish diet, Scramble, instead of nuts?"

"No," said Scramble. "I was just wondering what would happen if you couldn't get the fish-bone out of Marty Mink's throat."

Dr. Snuffles called to Nancy to bring him his hat and medicine case before he answered.

"Well," said he, "it's this way—one is likely to lose his appetite as long as the fish-bone sticks."

"Can't he eat anything at all?" exclaimed Scramble.

"No," said the fairy doctor, "not a thing."

"Couldn't he eat frogs or field-mice or moles or blackbirds or chipmunks or rabbits—or anything. Not even squirrels!" asked Scramble.

"No, nothing!"

Suddenly Scramble departed without as much as a goodbye and running as fast as he could tear. He'd completely forgotten all about his sore foot.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the doctor. "What do you suppose he's up to? He even forgot to pay me my 50 cents."

(To Be Continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

Serving Food To Please the Eye!

THE serving of food—how important! Often a dish excellent as to taste and quality of material, loses by not being properly served.

The psychology of cooking, serving and eating is a big consideration. "Hunger is the best sauce," but not every one is hungry, and food must be made attractive to those whose appetites are fickle.

Sometimes it is just a matter of garnish, sometimes it is the shape, or individual serving, and often it is the beauty of the dish in which it is served.

Sonny reader will say, "That may be true, but not all of us can afford pretty dishes." True, not expensive ones, but often the less expensive one is the prettier.

Cheap novelty stores have very attractive individual glass dishes and fruit glasses with the stem like a champagne glass, which make an ordinary dessert look elaborate.

The writer remembers with pleasure the surprise on a hot June night of seeing at a friend's house cold meat served on locust leaves, and

garnished with the blossoms. The friend had in her back yard a locust tree and had made good use of it.

Grape Leaves.

Fruit served on grape leaves, and a salad garnished with nasturtium leaves and blossoms will delight the esthetic sense of some persons.

Many find it better for their health to eat very little if any meat. This has created a demand for vegetable dinners. In every such dinner there should be one vegetable as peas, beans and lentils, or eggs, milk or cheese, which will supply the protein which builds up the body and repairs the waste.

The vegetables must be part root vegetables, and part green or above ground vegetables. The process of cooking should differ, do not have them all boiled, or fried, or baked, but a mixture.

Avoid Bad Mixtures.

Do not put tomatoes and beets, or tomatoes and carrots together; but beets with spinach, or tomatoes with cauliflower or cabbage, make good combinations.

It is a good place to start with some one vegetable as a center and build around it. Spinach, after being boiled, chopped and seasoned, may be molded in a pan or bowl and kept hot until served. As a center piece can arrange around it a most attractive dinner.

New cabbage boiled whole, then cut in quarters without completely separating the pieces, is a good center piece. Pour over it melted butter in which are chopped parsley and hard-boiled egg. Serve around it carrots or peas and strips of boiled bacon.

Many combinations may be worked out using what one has in the garden, and even if meat is not entirely eliminated, the amount can be greatly reduced.

SCARAMOUCHE

© by Rafael Sabatini

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

Coming later into that upstairs room that was common to all the troupe, Andre-Louis found M. Binet talking loudly and vehemently. As he entered Binet broke off short, and wheeled to face him.

"I wait your explanations of the disgraceful scene you provoked to-night."

"Disgraceful? Is it disgraceful that the public should applaud me?"

"The public? The rabble, you mean. After the play tonight M. de La Tour d'Azyr came to me, and spoke to me in the severest terms about your scandalous outburst."

"I was forced to apologize and . . ."

"The more fool you," said Andre-Louis. "A man who respects himself would have shown that gentleman the door."

"M. Binet's face began to empurple."

"And I say further," Andre-Louis went on, "that a man who respects himself, on quite other grounds, would have been only too glad to have seized this pretext to show M. de La Tour d'Azyr the door."

"What do you mean by that?" There was a rumble of thunder in the question.

Andre-Louis' eyes swept round the company assembled at the supper-table. "Where is Climecne?" he asked, sharply.

Leandre leapt up to answer him, white in the face, tense and quivering with excitement.

"She left the theater in the Marquis de La Tour d'Azyr's carriage immediately after the performance. We heard him offer to drive her to this inn."

"That would be an hour ago—rather more. And she has not yet arrived."

"Not yet?" Andre-Louis sat down, and poured himself wine. There was an oppressive silence in the room.

Platters were pushed toward him. He helped himself calmly to food, and ate in silence, apparently with a good appetite.

At long last came a rumble of wheels below and a battle of halting hoofs. Then voices, the high, trilling laugh of Climecne floating upwards. Andre-Louis went on eating unconcernedly.

She came in, a leading lady taking the stage, head high, chin thrust forward, eyes dancing with laughter; she expressed triumph and arrogance. Her cheeks were flushed, and there was some disorder in the mass of nut-brown hair that crowned her head. In her left hand she carried an enormous bouquet of white carnations. On its middle finger a diamond of great price drew almost at once by its effulgence the eyes of all.

Her father sprang to meet her with an unusual display of paternal tenderness. "At last, my child!"

He conducted her to the table. She sank into a chair, a little wearily, a little nervously, but the smile did not leave her face, not even when she glanced across at Scaramouche.

Andre-Louis, however, still went on eating stolidly, without so much as a look in her direction. Gradually the company came to realize that just as surely as a scene was brooding, just so surely would there be no scene as long as they remained. Within two minutes none remained in the room but M. Binet, his daughter, and Andre-Louis. And then, at last, Andre-Louis set down knife and fork, washed his throat with a draught of Burgundy, and sat back in his chair to consider Climecne.

"I trust," said he, "that you had a pleasant ride, mademoiselle."

"Most pleasant, monsieur." Impudently she strove to emulate his coolness, but did not completely succeed.

"And not unprofitable, if I may judge that jewel at this distance?"

worth a formidable sum even to so wealthy a nobleman as M. de La Tour d'Azyr. Would it be impertinent in one who has some notion of becoming your husband, to ask you, mademoiselle, what you have given him in return?"

M. Binet uttered a gross laugh, a queer mixture of cynicism and contempt.

"I have given nothing," said Climecne, indignantly.

"Ah! Then the jewel is in the nature of a payment in advance."

"My God, man, you're not decent!" M. Binet protested.

"Decent?" Andre-Louis' smoldering eyes turned to discharge upon M. Binet such a fulmination of contempt that the old scoundrel shifted uncomfortably in his chair. "Did you mention decency, Binet? Almost you make me lose my temper."

Slowly his glance returned to Climecne. "Mademoiselle," he said, slowly, "I desire you purely in your own interests to consider whether you are going."

"I am well able to consider for myself, and to decide without advice from you, monsieur."

"And now you've got your answer," chuckled Binet. "I hope you like it."

Andre-Louis had paled a little; there was incredulity in his great sombre eyes as they continued steadily to regard her. Of M. Binet he took no notice.

"I bow to your choice, mademoiselle. I pray that you may not regret it."

"Regret it?" cried M. Binet. He was laughing, relieved to see his daughter at last rid of this suitor of whom he had never approved, if we except those few hours when he really believed him to be an eccentric of distinction. "And what shall she regret? That she accepted the protection of a nobleman so powerful and wealthy that as a mere trinket, he gives her a jewel worth as much as an actress earns in a year at the Comedie Francaise?"

Andre-Louis looked at him in silence for a long moment. Then he laughed again. "Oh, you are fantastic," he said. "You are not real!" He turned on his heel and strode to the door.

Andre-Louis turned, his hand upon the door-handle. "No," he said. "I was mistaken. You are not fantastic. You are just vile—both of you."

And he went out.

CHAPTER X.

TWENTY-FOUR hours with La Binet had been more than enough for the fastidious and discerning taste of M. de La Tour d'Azyr. He looked back upon the episode with nausea—marveling at himself that until yesterday he should have found her so desirable, and cursing himself that for the sake of that ephemeral and worthless gratification he should seriously have imperiled his chances of winning Mademoiselle de Kercaudou to wife.

The Chevalier de Chabrilaine sat opposite to him in the enormous traveling berline. As they were rattling over the cobbles of Nantes' streets, he remembered a promise to La Binet to witness her performance that night in "The Faithless Lover."

He had led the mercenary little strumpet—it was thus he thought of her at present, and with some justice—to expect favors from him in addition to the lavish awards which already he had made her. The baggage had almost sought to drive a bargain with him as to her future. It became necessary now to come to an understanding, since he was compelled to choose between his trivial passion for her—a passion quenched already—and his deep, almost spiritual devotion to Mademoiselle de Kercaudou.

He pulled the cord. The carriage rolled to a standstill; a footman appeared at the door.

"To the Theatre Feydau," said he. The great traveling carriage drew up at the lighted portals of the Feydau, and M. le Marquis stepped out. He entered the theatre with Chabrilaine, all unconsciously to deliver himself into the hands of Andre-Louis.

In the interval after the second

REDUCE YOUR FAT WITHOUT DIETING

Years ago the formula for fat reduction was "diet"—"exercise." Today it is "Take Marmola Prescription Tablets." Friends tell friends—these friends tell others. They eat substantial food, live as they like and still reduce steadily and easily without going through long sieges of tiresome exercise and starvation diet. Marmola Tablets are sold by all druggists the world over at one dollar for a case, or if you prefer you can order direct from the Marmola Company, 4612 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.—Advt.

"Most pleasant, monsieur." Impudently she strove to emulate his coolness, but did not completely succeed.

"And not unprofitable, if I may judge that jewel at this distance?"

He pulled the cord. The carriage rolled to a standstill; a footman appeared at the door.

"To the Theatre Feydau," said he. The great traveling carriage drew up at the lighted portals of the Feydau, and M. le Marquis stepped out. He entered the theatre with Chabrilaine, all unconsciously to deliver himself into the hands of Andre-Louis.

In the interval after the second

REDUCE YOUR FAT WITHOUT DIETING

Years ago the formula for fat reduction was "diet"—"exercise." Today it is "Take Marmola Prescription Tablets." Friends tell friends—these friends tell others. They eat substantial food, live as they like and still reduce steadily and easily without going through long sieges of tiresome exercise and starvation diet. Marmola Tablets are sold by all druggists the world over at one dollar for a case, or if you prefer you can order direct from the Marmola Company, 4612 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.—Advt.

"Most pleasant, monsieur." Impudently she strove to emulate his coolness, but did not completely succeed.

"And not unprofitable, if I may judge that jewel at this distance?"

He pulled the cord. The carriage rolled to a standstill; a footman appeared at the door.

"To the Theatre Feydau," said he. The great traveling carriage drew up at the lighted portals of the Feydau, and M. le Marquis stepped out. He entered the theatre with Chabrilaine, all unconsciously to deliver himself into the hands of Andre-Louis.

In the interval after the second

REDUCE YOUR FAT WITHOUT DIETING

Years ago the formula for fat reduction was "diet"—"exercise." Today it is "Take Marmola Prescription Tablets." Friends tell friends—these friends tell others. They eat substantial food, live as they like and still reduce steadily and easily without going through long sieges of tiresome exercise and starvation diet. Marmola Tablets are sold by all druggists the world over at one dollar for a case, or if you prefer you can order direct from the Marmola Company, 4612 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.—Advt.

"Most pleasant, monsieur." Impudently she strove to emulate his coolness, but did not completely succeed.

"And not unprofitable, if I may judge that jewel at this distance?"

He pulled the cord. The carriage rolled to a standstill; a footman appeared at the door.

"To the Theatre Feydau," said he. The great traveling carriage drew up at the lighted portals of the Feydau, and M. le Marquis stepped out. He entered the theatre with Chabrilaine, all unconsciously to deliver himself into the hands of Andre-Louis.

In the interval after the second

REDUCE YOUR FAT WITHOUT DIETING

Years ago the formula for fat reduction was "diet"—"exercise." Today it is "Take Marmola Prescription Tablets." Friends tell friends—these friends tell others. They eat substantial food, live as they like and still reduce steadily and easily without going through long sieges of tiresome exercise and starvation diet. Marmola Tablets are sold by all druggists the world over at one dollar for a case, or if you prefer you can order direct from the Marmola Company, 4612 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.—Advt.

"Most pleasant, monsieur." Impudently she strove to emulate his coolness, but did not completely succeed.

"And not unprofitable, if I may judge that jewel at this distance?"

He pulled the cord. The carriage rolled to a standstill; a footman appeared at the door.

Here Is What You'll Wear in Fall



EVEN so early as this there are "advance fall styles"—imported models judged by designers to show what is newest and will be popular this fall.

They are usually shown in lighter materials for late summer wear and in heavier materials for autumn.

The two models illustrated are of this type—adaptable to either light or heavy weight materials.

They have low waist lines, longer skirts with uneven hems and noticeably elaborate sleeves.

act, Andre-Louis sought the dressing-room shared by Polichinelle and Rhodomet. Polichinelle was in the act of changing.

"I shouldn't trouble to change," he said. "The piece isn't likely to go beyond my opening scene of the next act with Leandre."

He was gone. Rhodomet stared at Polichinelle. Polichinelle stared at Rhodomet.

As they approached the wings a roar of applause met them coming from the audience. It was applause and something else; applause on an unusual note. As it faded away they heard the voice of Scaramouche ringing clear as a bell:

"And so you see, my dear M. Leandre, that when you speak of the Third Estate, it is necessary to be more explicit. What precisely is the Third Estate?"

"Nothing," said Leandre.

There was a gasp from the audience, audible in the wings, and then swiftly followed Scaramouche's next question:

"True. Alas! But what should it be?"

"Everything," said Leandre.

The audience roared its acclamations.

"True again," said Scaramouche. "And what is more, that is what it will be. Do you doubt it?"

"I hope it," said the schooled Leandre.

"You may believe it," said Scaramouche, and again the acclamations rolled into thunder.

The enthusiasm worked up when the public was "let in" on radio was so

Only one shows the round neck, which is reported to be sharing its vogue with square and "V"-shaped necks.

act, Andre-Louis sought the dressing-room shared by Polichinelle and Rhodomet. Polichinelle was in the act of changing.

"I shouldn't trouble to change," he said. "The piece isn't likely to go beyond my opening scene of the next act with Leandre."

He was gone. Rhodomet stared at Polichinelle. Polichinelle stared at Rhodomet.

As they approached the wings a roar of applause met them coming from the audience. It was applause and something else; applause on an unusual note. As it faded away they heard the voice of Scaramouche ringing clear as a bell:

"And so you see, my dear M. Leandre, that when you speak of the Third Estate, it is necessary to be more explicit. What precisely is the Third Estate?"

"Nothing," said Leandre.

There was a gasp from the audience, audible in the wings, and then swiftly followed Scaramouche's next question:

"True. Alas! But what should it be?"

"Everything," said Leandre.

The audience roared its acclamations.

"True again," said Scaramouche. "And what is more, that is what it will be. Do you doubt it?"

"I hope it," said the schooled Leandre.

"You may believe it," said Scaramouche, and again the acclamations rolled into thunder.

The enthusiasm worked up when the public was "let in" on radio was so

Liggett's

Guarantee

To Satisfy Every Customer

Enjoy being known to be the largest and most efficient Retail Drug Firm in the world, gaining this entirely through efficient management, Quality and Service rendered to millions of people. The same good service is at your door here in London.

Real Money Savers---Thursday, Friday, Saturday

Goodform Hair Nets



A net on which you can depend.

Single Mesh Double Mesh

15c—2 for 25c 20c—2 for 35c

1 doz.—\$1.25 1 doz.—\$1.80

15c SNOWFLAKE AMMONIA 3 for 22c

50c CHASE'S NERVE FOOD 2 for 65c

Specials In Perfumes



\$5.00 Houbigant's per oz. \$4.19

\$2.00 Djer-Kiss, per oz. \$1.59

\$4.00 Mary Garden, per oz. \$3.49

\$2.00 Piver's, per oz. \$1.49

Jontee, per oz. \$2.00

Cara Nome, per oz. \$3.50

\$1.25 PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND 97c

\$1.25 PIVER'S FACE POWDERS 69c

\$1.00 TANLAC 79c

\$1.00 HORLICK'S MALTED MILK 76c

70c OPEKO COFFEE 2 lbs., 71c

25c CASTLE SOAP (Long Bars) 2 for 37c

OPEKA TEA 2 pkgs., 61c

Candy

40c Jumbo Salted Peanuts 29c

60c Crystallized Bon Bons 49c

50c After Dinner Mints 39c

Billie Burke 60c and \$1.20

SAFE RELIABLE Liggett's DRUG STORES

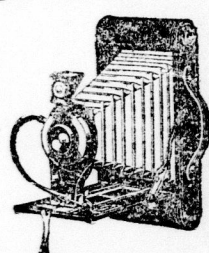
THE LOUIS K. LIGGETT CO. LTD.

SIX BUSY STORES

200 Dundas Street 399 Talbot Street 432 Hamilton Road 136 Wortley Road 249 Wellington St. 652 Dundas Street.

Extra Special For July and August

We will develop FREE all films brought to us during July and August, when prints are ordered. Don't go away on vacation without films.



40c COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO 29c

60c CHASE'S OINTMENT 39c

Free TINY TOT SOAP with TINY TOT TALC BOTH FOR 25c

20c KKOVAH HEALTH SALTS 2 for 25c

40c SHAVING BRUSH (Rubber set) 29c

BEST JAR RUBBERS 2 doz., 17c

STERNO CANNED HEAT 2 for 25c

Extra Special in Swim Caps

\$1.50 Bathing Caps . . . \$1.39

\$1.25 Bathing Caps . . . \$1.09

\$1.00 Bathing Caps 89c

50c Bathing Caps 39c

40c Bathing Caps 29c

Rainbow Balls . . . 15c to \$1.59