

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

TENNIS FOR THE BEGINNERS



just before it completes the bounce. Simultaneously with the impact of racquet and ball your body should be going forward, your weight on your left foot. Be sure to carry the stroke through until your racquet is across your body.

To obtain the whole force of your arm and body, catch the ball when it is opposite or even a little less than you.

(THIRD OF A SERIES ON TENNIS, POSED ESPECIALLY FOR THE WEST VIRGINIAN BY MISS FLORENCE A. BALLIN OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, THE 1916 SENSATION OF TENNIS, HOCKEY AND BASKETBALL STARS.)

In making the forehand stroke the racquet should be held almost horizontal and straight on in the line of the arm. Thus you will reach over to hit low balls instead of scooping them with the racquet. Tighten your grip on your racquet as you swing back and the wrist will govern direction. A snap of the wrist adds effectiveness to the stroke.

It is essential that you get the right swing in execution and you cannot accomplish this unless you are in the proper position. Rely upon the forehand stroke to return practically all ground balls on your right hand.

Assume a position facing the place of the approaching ball, place your weight on your right foot and as the ball bounces from the ground swing your racquet well behind your back, then, while balanced, swing the racquet around so it will strike the ball

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Supper for Two.
BY EARL REED SILVERS.
(Copyright, 1916 by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

For quite a time before she became engaged to Jack Abbott, Olive Allinson had displayed a cordial liking for Bert Overton. But after she had given her word to Jack, Bert had gradually been forgotten, until shortly after her marriage his name was little more than a memory. But Jack Abbott nursed a deep resentment toward the man he had defeated in the race for Olive's hand.

I never liked him and I never will, he said. I hope that we shall never see him again.

There is really no need to worry, Mrs. Jack answered, placidly. Bert has gone into business in Chicago and doesn't expect to come East for years.

After that the other man's name was not mentioned in the Abbott household.

household. Mr. and Mrs. Jack lived in blissful peace. Jack came home from business every evening and sat with his wife on the spacious porch of their suburban home; occasionally they attended a dance at the Country Club and once or twice a month they spent an evening in New York, where dinner was followed by a visit to their favorite play. Not a cloud marred the marital horizon.

But one afternoon in early summer Mr. Jack reached home at about three o'clock. He had hoped to find Olive ready and willing for a set or two of tennis before supper, but he was doomed to disappointment. No Olive awaited him.

Did Mrs. Abbott say where she was going? he asked the maid.

Yes, sir, the girl answered. She's gone to the city and will not be back until this evening. She told me to tell you that you had better eat supper alone.

Mr. Jack frowned. Tennis seemed suddenly to have lost its charm, so he wandered into the library in search of a book with which to while away the time. On the open desk in the corner he saw a letter addressed to his wife. The handwriting looked unfamiliar, and he absent-mindedly picked up the envelope. Moved by a sudden impulse, he slipped out the single sheet of paper it contained and glanced over its contents.

Suddenly his eyes contracted, his lips forming in a straight, thin line. He read the letter carefully, from beginning to end, an expression of wonder on his clean-cut face. Laying the envelope on the table, he drew forth his pipe, lighted it and puffed vigorously. Then he called the maid again.

Did Mrs. Abbott say what she was going to do in the city? he asked.

No, sir, she just said that she was going to meet a friend and would not be home until late.

All right, Annie. That will do. When the maid had left the room, he picked up the letter again.

Dear Olive, he read, I shall be in New York Wednesday for a day's visit. Then I must hurry back to Chicago. But before I go, I simply must see you. Will you meet me at Manley's at four o'clock? We can have a little supper for two and talk over old times. Hurriedly yours, Bert.

For a long time Mr. Jack Abbott gazed at the writing before him. It seemed hard to believe that his wife would disregard his wishes; would accept an invitation from a man whom she knew he did not approve of. But

she had done it. The letter and her absence were conclusive evidence.

Mr. Jack neither read nor played that afternoon. He walked from the library to the porch and into the library again. He reviewed the time before his marriage when Bert Overton had been a persistent suitor for his wife's hand; he recalled the day on which the engagement was announced, and the manner in which Overton had received the news.

When Mrs. Jack reached home, he had worked himself into an unusual state of mind. But he resolved to be calm.

Hello, dear! There was not the slightest hint of guilt in Mrs. Jack's big blue eyes.

Did you have a good time? His voice was smooth.

Fine, did Annie give you enough to eat?

Yes, thank you. He was noticeably polite.

I'm sorry I couldn't get home, but I promised a very dear friend that I would dine out.

Where did you go?

To Manley's.

Oh, a supper for two, eh? He could not keep the sneer out of his voice and she looked at him in wonder.

What's the matter, dear? she asked. Didn't you want me to go?

He smiled grimly at her apparent innocence.

You know how I feel about such things, he answered, with a hint of dignity in his tone.

I didn't think you'd care at all. She seemed puzzled.

Didn't I think I'd care? He flushed angrily.

Other people do it. Her tone was a trifle defiant. I don't see why I should not?

Yes, he said cynically, in these modern times a woman may do almost anything. But you know how I feel toward the man, and I think that you might at least have said something to me about it before meeting him.

I don't know what you mean. She looked at him wonderingly.

There's no use in beating about the bush, he arose. Perhaps I shouldn't have done it, but I read a letter of yours which you left on the table.

What letter?

It was from Bert Overton, asking you to have supper with him tonight. From Bert Overton?

Yes, from him. It was signed with his name.

Suddenly Mrs. Jack burst into pealing laughter, her husband watching

her with amusement. Finally she checked herself.

You foolish man, she said. Did you think Bert Overton wrote that letter?

Think! Her laughter assuaged him. Can't I read?

Listen, dear. She placed her hand on his arm. That letter is from Roberta Spencer, a college friend of mine. We always called her Bert, and I haven't seen her for years, because as soon as she graduated she went to Chicago.

Oh! Mr. Jack smiled rather shamefacedly. I'm sorry, dear. He placed his hand over hers. If you don't mind, we'll get Annie to bring in the supper again. I didn't eat very much a while ago.

She smiled into his eyes.

Of course, she answered. It will be a supper for two, after all.

Biblical Diction Perfect.

The whole Bible is a revelation of perfection in speech. The writings of Paul, for instance, can be taken as examples of perfect diction. The description of the shipwreck when he was making his way to Rome will stand for all time as the most thrilling narrative of a storm at sea. His appeals to the members of the various congregations with whom he corresponded may be accepted as the best writings we have upon teachings of the Nazarene. The poems or psalms of David, written hundreds of years prior to the time the New Testament was written, are still the choicest bits of sentiment and imagination that can be found, inspiring in their faith and beauty and enchanting in their eloquence.

Stages of Tuberculosis

Your chances for defeating this dreaded affection depend largely on your ability to restore normal body functions.

To do this the requirement is proper attention to diet and pure food. Also rest and fresh air, day and night.

Where the system is run down and likelihood of serious consequences thus increased, Eckman's Alterative may prove beneficial, as it has in many cases.

This is a lime treatment—but unlike any other. For here the lime content is so combined with other ingredients as to be easily assimilated by the average person.

A trial can do no harm, since Eckman's Alterative contains no poisonous or habit-forming drugs. At your druggist's.

Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia.

HEALTH HINTS

MEAT

The hotter the day the less meat one should eat.

This is a safe rule for hot days. The superabundance of nourishment, combined with excessive heat throws too much of a strain on the organs of the human body.

Office men, men who as a rule do not get enough outdoor exercise, invariably eat too much meat the year round and particularly during the summer months.

Meat is bad for a person suffering from a fever, not so much on account of its richness, but because meat has a tendency to increase the fever. Meat is also bad in its effect on the general nervous system. A little meat is all right, but the danger lies in making it the principal part of one's diet.

Few as fish is certain nerve agent in many cases of chronic neuritis, which indicates that the nerve nerves are pinched.

This pinches is generated in the large

Dr. D. L. L. Yost

Office 234 Main St.

Residence Valley Drive, Camp. Anthon station during August. Office same 8 to 5 except Saturday till 9:30 P. M. Sundays 2 to 5 by appointment. Con. Phone 95. Bell 415 J.

ANURIC, The Newest Discovery.

Oh! My Back!

When the kidneys are weak or diseased, these natural filters do not cleanse the blood sufficiently, and the poisons are carried to all parts of the body. There follow depression, aches and pains, nervousness, drowsiness, irritability, headaches, chilliness and rheumatism. In some people there are sharp pains in the back and loins, distending bladder, disordered and sometimes obstinate droopy. The uric acid sometimes forms into gravel or kidney stones. When the uric acid attacks the muscles and joints, it causes lameness, rheumatism, gout or sciatica. This is the time to try "Anuric," the new discovery of Doctor Pierce for kidney trouble and pains in back and all over body! Write Dr. Pierce, send 30c for a large trial package—this will prove to you that "Anuric" is 50 times more potent than lithia and eliminates the uric acid from the system as hot water melts sugar—or salt your druggist now for a fifty-cent box of "Anuric."

Folks in town and adjoining counties are delighted with the results they have obtained by using "Anuric," the newest discovery of Dr. Pierce, who is head of the "Urologic" Dept., Buffalo, N. Y. They daily voice their praise of the merits of "Anuric," the discovery of Dr. Pierce, of "Favistic Prescription" and "Golden Medical Discovery" fame. Here is a letter for instance, that of Mr. A. G. DEANE. He says:

"I took one box of Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets for lame back and weak kidneys and was much benefited. My back commenced to get better soon after starting to take the tablets. I do not have to walk doubled over as I did before taking them. 'Anuric' is the best remedy I have ever taken for what it is intended for. I hope those who are in need of such a remedy will give the 'Anuric' Tablets a trial."

Just step into the drug store and ask for "Anuric," 50 cents, or send Doctor Pierce 10 cents for trial package.

WOMAN IS HORSESHOER!



When all her husband's employees want to see, this woman of Passborough, England, donned the leather apron and began work as helper in her husband's blacksmith shop. She is one of the thousands of English women doing all kinds of labor in the absence of men.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

Clipping from the Daily Elk:
Mrs. Waverly Will Regain Health! Yesterday morning, Mrs. Margaret Waverly submitted to an operation on the spine.

Dr. —, the surgeon from Vienna, performed the operation, and said last night Mrs. Waverly had a good chance of recovery. This will be good news to Mrs. Waverly's friends. She had been, until her accident a year ago, one of the most popular women in society.

Mr. Waverly tells the Daily this morning that his wife passed as good a night as could be expected, and that he has hopes for her recovery.

Society Notes

Mr. Harry Symone left yesterday on a six-months hunt for big game in Africa.

Mrs. Symone will not go to her summer home this year as she wishes to be near her friend, Mrs. Waverly, until her recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Pemberton have announced the birth of an eight-pound son. The couple will return home toward the end of the summer. In the meantime, the old Pemberton household is being changed to accommodate Mr. Pemberton's additions to his library. A nursery is also being built in the east wing of the home.

Mr. and Mrs. Trent (Mrs. Trent was Mrs. Waverly, sr.), have called for home. The serious illness of Mrs. Margie Waverly is hurrying them here.

Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick Hutton have removed to the Talbot apartments, so that Mrs. Hutton, who is a sister-in-law of Mrs. Margie Waverly, can be near her during her stay in the hospital.

Next Tuesday, society will be the guest of Mr. Malcolm Stuart on his yacht, at a dinner dance in honor of the eminent surgeon, Dr. — who is attending Mrs. Margie Waverly. Mr. Stuart will stay in town most of the summer.

Mr. James Edie has entered politics, to aid his friend, Sergeant Tim Lafferty, in the race for police com-

missioner, Lafferty will have the support of the Business Men's League of this city.

Tim is also popular with the working men. He has risen from the ranks and has never yet been on the carpet for infringement of rules.

A PLEA FOR IDEALS

The humanness and courage of Paul's martyr, as told in the story of "Any Girl," should be an inspiration of every girl who works or aspires to make something of herself in the world.

While the story may be the life of Paula Newton, Margie Waverly has put much of her optimism and idealistic qualities into it.

We have so much of the sordid and squalid in modern writing, masquerading as realism, that when we read a human document that picture the sunlight of life as well as its shadows, we cannot help but think it is a contribution not only to the enjoyment of the world, but to its betterment as well.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING TOM FEELS LIKE WORKING.)—BY ALLMAN.

