A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Maybry Swamp

THE MAYBRY SWAMP.
(By ERNEST A. YOUNG.)
(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

HIRAM MAYBRY'S old eyes wandered over the broad fields and slopes while he puffed contentedly at his clay pipe. In those hills, there was a stability that was lacking in their owner. The outcropping rocks were to him the tables of stone upon which his destiny was divinely written.

"What is the use of worryin', Eliza?" he asked.

"I don't call it worryin' to stop once in a while to look matters in the face," his wife protested.

Mr. Maybry chuckled contentedly. "Stuff is growin' like smoke all over the farm," he chirped. "It's growin' while we're asleep, Eliza. Then there's the swamp. You minded what your father said when he give you the deed of the place the day we was married. 'That swamp, after it's been dreened and the stumps dug out and the s'ile plowed and harrered,' says your father, 'will produce bigger crops than all the rest of the farm put together. Nobody,' says he, 'has any idea about the amazin' richness of the s'ile in that 'ere swamp.'"

Dora Maybry sighed anxiously as she heard what her father and mother were saying, for she knew that what she had so long dreaded was about to come to pass—George Carson, who married her sister Louise, was going to fetch a gang of laborers from the city and start ditching and draining the Maybry swamp.

Mr. Maybry could never see enough of George nor hear enough of his discourse, which was full of the worldly wisdom of the town-bred man. Then George flattered the old man by never seeming to observe how simple and childish he was growing.

Hiram Maybry, in his day, had been a ready man when it came to making new things, but he had neither the knack nor the patience to mend what was broken or worn. The house was littered with one-armed and three-legged chairs and other pieces of furniture that were more or less maimed and crippled, while Mr. Maybry was forever whittling out or gluing together clever knicknacks of his own designing. In only one particular was he uncompromisingly saving — he would come from the most distant field to light his pipe with a splinter ignited at the kitchen fire rather than use a match.

Mr. Maybry disliked farm work, and it was his luck to have no boys to work up and relieve him of the irksome chores. Dora was helpful, both indoors and out, and it was owing to her willingness to do the milking that he did not sell the last one of his cows. Pressing bills, a shortage of hay, and Hiram Maybry's indifference were responsible for the disappearance of all except a Guernsey heifer that Dora claimed as her own.

"Yes, yes, she's your heifer, fast enough," he told her. "Of course I wouldn't let her go. Guess I can milk one cow."

Dora milked the Guernsey that night and again the next morning, and then Mr. Maybry semed to forget that there was any milking to be done. So one by one, the odds and ends of work that he had been accustomed to do were dropped or neglected, to be silently picked up and done by Dora.

This was harder for the girl than she confided even to her mother; but she told John Porter everything, and perhaps the things at home becoming harder to endure, as they did, made his calm sympathy sweeter than it would have been had the journey toward their wedding day been smoother.

George Carson sent Louise and the children out to the Maybry farm every summer to stay through the season, and it semed to Dora that a new girl or boy baby was added to the flock each year. No account of the trouble or expense was even taken, it being understood that George, in his own good time, was to superintend the much-talked-of work of converting the swamp into a fertile field. Many summers passed, with much thrift in weight and count for the Carson brood before the work was actually begun.

George had taken a sample of the soil to be analyzed by a chemist in town, and Mr. Maybry cheerfully paid the ten-dollar charge when Carson reported that the result justified his prediction that the swamp was as valuable as a gold mine.

All that followed came with a hurry that was bewildering to the slow-moving minds of the Maybrys. A gang of laborers dug and ditched, while a choice lot of standing timber was sold to pay the first cost of wages and machinery. Even Mrs. Maybry brightened by when so much seemed to be accomplished from day to day. It was at the end of the second week after the work was started that she said to Dora:

"George says we can sell the swamp outright for a big sum when he gets the ground into shape."

"John Porter has no faith in it, mother," Dora answered.

"John never liked George," said Mrs. Maybry.

"It isn't that," Dora protested. "John went over the swamp a year ago, and he says stuff doesn't grow any better in soil that happens to be black. I know, mother, that John doesn't pretend to be scientific, but he tells me that swamp can never be drained as long as its surface is three feet lower than Dargie's pond. He hated to speak of it, but he said last night he thought you ought to know the truth before George wheedled you into mortgaging the farm to raise more money. Why, mother, what is it?" Dora exclaimed as Eliza Maybry sank back in her chair, while a sudden pallor came into her face.

Dora let the face of her mother rest against her strong young shoulder, and by the hopeless clinging of Mrs. Maybry to her the girl was told that John's warning had come too late.

George, Louise, and the children had gone into town that morning, and the paper that he had persuaded the Maybrys to sign went with them.

The moment that she was sure of the worst, Dora went out to find John Porter. She met her father in the doorway, just coming in from the swamp where, of late, he spent most of his time under the impression that he was directing the work.

"Mother is asleep," said Dora. "When she wakes up, father, don't go to prating to her about the swamp."

"Once git the water out of the bog," one of Carson's assertions, "and then set up windmills to keep it out. George says the Lord provides one force in Nature to balance 'tother force."

In the brief conference between Dora and John, the latter told her that the laborers had quit work in the swamp that forenoon.

"Good reason why," he explained. "Carson didn't pay their wages last week. I've been thinking for some time that I ought to step in and stop George Carson from beggaring your folks. But I didn't want to meddle."

John took the first train to the city the next morning. In the afternoon, just before sunset, Dora walked to the little station to meet him, for she was anxious to know even the worst. He met her out by the crossing and silently drew her hand within his arm in a way he had never done before. When they were away from the station he bent and kissed her on the lips. In that way he told her that he had been too late to get the paper from George Carson.

"I've decided what we will do," he said as they walked slowly through the twilight. "First, there will be the wedding that we have put off too long already. Then I'll pay off this claim on your mother's farm and we'll stay and take care of them. Of course, it would be happier for us to take them to my place—our's I mean. But they would be homesick there."

"How about your little truck farm, John?" Dora pleaded.

"I'll have to sell that for the money. But then," he added with a brave attempt to make a joke out of it, "I'll have to make up for the other sort of truck I'll have to lose."

NON-CRYING BABY NEWEST KIND!

St. Louis Hospital Uses a System in Handling Babies and Teaches "Don't" For Mothers

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 23.—The patented non-crying baby is the new product of St. Louis City hospital. Non-crying babies are being turned out at the rate of five or six a day.

System in caring for the child is the reason.

Part of the system is elimination of caresses from bewhiskered Uncle Ezras and jogglings by doting Aunt Lizzies. Relatives may peek at a new baby, but must keep hands off.

The babies are never fondled. They are fed at regular intervals. After the feeding the baby is taken from the mother for a time and put in a separate bed. The babies are bathed every morning and great care is taken at all times to keep them perfectly clean.

When the mother leaves the hospital with her baby, she takes with her a printed list of nurse's "Don't." If the baby forms crying habits at home—well, that's the mother's fault.

MILADY WEARS A MASK

BY BETTY BROWN.

The veil is indispensable nowadays. And the latest in veils is the "mask veil," though many smart women give preference to the veil that drapes over the schoulders.

Note the Fashion Are picture and see how the "mask veil" is draped. It is caught to the fur band of the sailor hat and beneath the chin is gathered on almost invisible silk draw strings.

The scarf is gray chiffon trimmed with mole, and mole trims the gray plush sailor.

HEALTH HINTS

It is a well known fact that communicable diseases are most common in children from 2 to 8 years old.

This is undoubtedly due to the fact that the opportunity for close contact with other children is greater and also that at this age they have but little idea of cleanliness.

Mothers and sisters should take it upon themselves to personally see that their school children are properly washed in the morning, that they have time enough to partake of a satisfactory breakfast, are not rushed to school on an empty stomach, that they are properly and cleanly clothed and that handkerchief is provided at least every morning.

Begin early to teach children the idea of cleanliness. They will gradually acquire it later, but they need it most of all while they are in school and in contact with other children, with the danger of contracting communicable diseases at its greatest.

Dirty heads and dirty hands lead to many diseases. Dirty heads lead to pediculosis, favor glanular affections and enlargements, and septic conditions to the scalp due to scratching.

Dirty fingers cause much annoyance and trouble. Ninety per cent of infection is taken into the body through the mouth by the fingers or through food and drink. It is essential then that we have clean hands.

Hands should be washed thoroughly before and after eating or handling foodstuffs either in the kitchen, dining room or sickroom.

Use a brush and hot water and soap to reach the dirt that is often concealed under the finger nails. Hot water and common soap are cheap and safe and wonderful cleansers and they are within the reach of everyone at all times.

Keep your hands, face and body clean.

McCLELLAN.

The health of our community is fairly good at present.

Will Rice and son, Eliza, have gone to the mountains to hunt deer.

The school here is progressing nicely under the management of W. E. Brammer.

Miss Hazel and Mildred Talkington and Miss Opal King saw the show at Mannington Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Hall and little daughter, Beatrice, were visiting at John Talkington's Saturday and Sunday.

J. R. Talkington, of Fairmont, is helping his brother, Elmer, erect a new fence on his farm which adds much to its appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. James Pitzer were visiting Z. J. Kuhn's last week.

Miss Hazel and Mildred Talkington were calling on Miss Roxey Talkington recently.

Wayne Talkington and Miss Bernice Rice visited Farmington last Sunday.

:-: CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-:

"That night after the play, Margie," continued Paula, "I was hungry—physically and emotionally. After two whole days of absence from Ernest Lawton, I was to be with him again at supper.

"I dressed in one of the beautiful Parisian frocks my mother had bought for me. It was of white taffeta made in the quaintest fashion, with little nosegays of white roses holding tulle flounces and scarf in place. I carried a large bouquet of white roses Ernest had sent me.

"As I walked to our table through the crowd of first nighters who had just seen Ernest and myself on the stage, I aroused a sensation.

" 'There she is,' I heard one excited girl whisper, and caught the enthusiastic observation of her escort, 'I can't say I blame Lawton!'

"It was a foolish little triumph, Margie, dear, but I was a foolish little girl under 20, and I hoped Ernest had heard the remark.

"I was terribly hungry but I could not eat although Earnest ordered my favorite dishes.

" 'Baby,' he said fondly, 'then you can drink, maybe.'

"I looked up amazed. Earnest knew that I did not drink; in fact had never tasted wine of any kind.

" 'But, darling child you know this is a great occasion,' he went on. 'You have reached an important climax in your life. You have made one of the great successes of the season on the stage and you are so excited you can't eat. I think some wine would calm your nerves.'

"He poured out a glass of sparkling Burgundy. Rubies within seemed to sparkle in subtle fashion. I reached out for it. For once I would taste this wonderful thing which brought joy and laughter into life.

"Then, Margie, a peculiar thing happened. My mother's cool hand seemed to clasp mine and the fragile glass slipped and crashed to the floor, covering my pure white frock with great splashes of red that made me shudder.

"Ernest Lawton said nothing for a while. He sat with compressed lips and frowning brow. He was furious.

" 'I hope, Paula,' he remarked caustically, 'that the treasure house of gauds from which you produced this Parisian trifle in the shape of a frock holds still another, for the one you have on is ruined, and you can hardly replace it on your present salary of $30 per.

My eyes filled with tears. I did not care particularly for the gown. I had not yet come to the realization that gowns were not to be had for the asking.

"You see, Margie, I still had the attitude toward life of the girl whose way is made easy for her—the girl with plenty of friends and money.

"Ernest became contrite as he watched a tear roll off my nose. 'Baby child,' he whispered, 'I forgot you hadn't grown up. Never mind the frock. I'll buy you a new one.'

"Somehow his offer of a new frock hurt me more than his first speech. I hurriedly arose.

" 'Earnest, I must go home and have a good cry,' I said.

"He called a taxi, sent me home and returned into the restaurant. I had spoiled his triumph as well as my own."

MILDREDINA HAIR REMEDY

Grows Hair and We Can Prove It by Hundreds of Testimonials.

It never fails to produce the desired results. It enlivens and invigorates the hair glands and tissues of the scalp, resulting in a continuous and increasing growth of the hair. Letters of praise are continually coming in from nearly all parts of the country stating that Mildredina Hair Remedy has renewed the growth of hair in cases that were considered absolutely hopeless. A lady from Chicago writes "After a short trial my hair stopped falling and I now have a lovely head of hair, very heavy and over one and one half yards long."

A Long, Thick Growth of Hair

"After using two bottles of Mildredina Hair Remedy, I have a long, thick growth of hair and fre efrom itching," writes Mrs. T. A. Falardean, Jefferson City, Mo.

Mail orders filled by Mildred Louise Co., Boston, Mass. 50c and $1.00 at Holt's Drug Store, Prescription Pharmacy, Mannington.

Bumstead's Worm Syrup

A safe and sure Remedy for Worms. Stood the test for 50 years. IT NEVER FAILS. To children it is an angel of mercy. PLEASANT TO TAKE. NO SICKNESS. NO PHYSIC NEEDED. One bottle has killed 132 worms. All druggists and dealers, or by mail—65c a bot. Est. C. A. VOORHEES, M. D., Phila., Pa.

IN FIVE MINUTES NO SICK STOMACH, INDIGESTION, GAS

"PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN" IS THE QUICKEST AND SUREST STOMACH RELIEF.

If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste in mouth and stomach headache, you can surely get relief in five minutes.

Ask your pharmacist to show you the formula, plainly printed on these fifty cent cases of Pape's Diapepsin, then you will understand why dyspeptic troubles of all kinds must go, and why it relieves sour, out-of-order stomachs or indigestion in five minutes. "Pape's Diapepsin" is harmless; tastes like candy though each dose will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you eat; besides it makes you go to the table with a healthy appetite; but what will please you most is that you will not need to resort to laxatives or liver pills for biliousness or constipation

This city will have many "Pape's Diapepsin" cranks, as some people will call them, but you will be enthusiastic about this splendid stomach preparation, too, if you ever take it for indigestion, gases, heartburn, sourness, dyspepsia or any stomach misery.

Get some now, this minute, and rid yourself of stomach misery and indigestion in five minutes.

Quality
Purity
Accuracy
Safety

The four elements of successful medicines guaranteed by our label on your prescriptions.

Mountain City Drug Co.

Opposite Court House

Osgood's for Quality

New Blouses

Of Georgette Crepe
Of Crepe-de-Chine
Of Taffeta Plaid

Beautiful new styles fashioned with lace and beaded embroidery. The collars and sleeves show a new style note also.

The shades run in Flesh, Maize, Burgady, Citron, Black and White.

$5.00, $6.00, $7.50

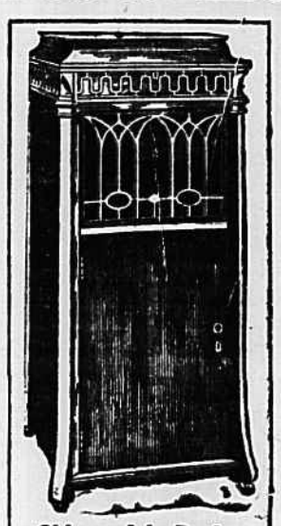
The New Edison

Modern Design $100.00

Sheraton $150.00

Adam $200.00

All designs can be had in mahogany, golden weathered and fumed oak.



Chippendale Design $250.00

Re-creates the voice of the artist. No Needles to change.

Not a Talking Machine but re-creates Music Exactly.

A few of the Great Artists whose work has been re-created by Mr. Edison.

Carl Flesch	Martinelli	Lucrezia Bori
Fontana	Goritz	Anna Case
Urlus	Althouse	Emmy Destinn
Bonce	Marie Roppold	Alice Verlet
Chalmers	Margarete Matzenauer	Marie Delna
Spalding	Julia Hemrich	Elenore De Cisneros

Miss Christine Miller

ROSS FURNITURE CO.

Masonic Temple "Furniture Worth Living With"

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(YOU CAN'T GET VERY FAR WITH A PLUMBER.)—BY ALLMAN.