

—:— PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME —:—

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Across the Way.

By SUSAN E. CLAGETT
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THE cottage sat somewhat back from the road and across from a big, old-fashioned house, the very homeliness of which suggested comfort. The girl leaning on the gate leading to the cottage looked from the one to the other and nodded her head with satisfaction.

"It will do, if I can only make the others see it," she thought. "Even if the roof leaks there must be one or two of the rooms that are habitable and the place will be a riot of beauty when the June roses are in bloom. Who will care then for broken windows and sagging doors? However, I see its possibilities because I so desire it. The place is really forlorn."

"Stick to the possibilities," a pleasant voice said behind her. "When the weeds are cut and a few nails are driven into missing panings you will not know it."

The girl turned with a start, her eyes cold. She had not realized she had spoken aloud.

"It does look uncared for," the man continued, critically examining the cottage and its surroundings, "but I know its possibilities. If you wish, I will have it put in order at once."

"Are you the owner?"
"I was born here. Strange how one lets the years pass without coming back. I have always meant to come, but never did. I think," he said reflectively, "that I have been waiting for just this." He turned and looked at her for the first time. "You are a stranger to the place."

She nodded toward the big house across the way. "I am visiting friends, but I would like to remain all summer if the cottage is practicable."

"It will be ready when you are ready—and that will be?" he ended inquiringly.

She laughed delightedly. "Are you the maker of dreams come true that you so easily say 'it will be ready'? I would move in tonight if that were possible."

"Dreams?"
"Why not? When one has been a cliff dweller for two years this little weather-beaten cottage, with its crumbling yines and clumps of snowballs and mock oranges and lilacs like the entrance to paradise."

At the dinner table that night she told of what she had done. Margaret Alden listened with troubled face.

"How could you, Nan?" she said at last. "You know how we want you with us?"

"I know," Nan answered soberly, "but I must lead my own life, Margaret. Over there will be home, across the way will be you, my dearest friends, to call upon when—"

"Did he say what brought him?" Tom Alden interrupted.

"Who?"
"The doctor—your prospective landlord. Then he knuckled. 'I saw him in Washington ten days ago. I wonder—yes, I did tell him you were staying with us. He seemed interested.'"

"Why, I never before saw the man." "Perhaps he has seen you, and Nan, when once seen some women are not forgotten."

"Eve regarded him thoughtfully. "It is surprising," she said at last, "how

HOKUS POKUS AND SKIRT BECOMES SKATING TOGS!



A changeable skirt which can be worn on the street and converted into a comfortable skating costume on the ice is the newest skating fad.

The skirt is the design of Miss Ida Schnall who got the idea of the gown from the anxiety to avoid delay and trouble in changing costumes when going on the ice. She is shown in the pictures above, at left, wearing the skirt as she enters the rink; at right, during the change, and center, after the change.

The skirt is fastened down the side by snaps. To change, it is drawn around to the front, unsnapped and each side is fastened around the legs by snaps, converting the skirt into a pair of pantaloons.

very silly, a really clever man can be at times."

She had been in her home a month when the accident occurred that materially altered her outlook upon life. Up to that time she had been absorbed in her work as an illustrator and had succeeded beyond her utmost expectations. Then she seemingly impossible happened. She fell and broke her right arm and wrist—slipped upon the topmost step of the little stairway and fell to the bottom. Her mammy found her, a crumpled heap on the floor, and picked her up as Wallace Irwin knocked at the open

door. The old colored woman looked at him distractedly.

"I don't know what ter do fo' mah ill white baby, mah honey chill," Miss Mar'grit hab gone erway an' I don' know what ter do."

He did not hesitate. With skillful fingers and a sure knowledge as to what he was about he made the girl comfortable. As he put the finishing touches to the bandages she opened her eyes and looked straight into the keen gray ones above her. Even in her pain their expression puzzled her. She had seen that look in the eyes of other men, but that it should be in Wallace Irwin's caused her wonderment and annoyance. She had met him but once since she had told him she would take the house. And now? He held her eyes steadily until a slow, painful flush crimsoned her face and she moved restlessly.

"I don't know you," she said, restlessly.

"Not yet," he returned whimsically, "but from now on I devote myself to furthering acquaintance."

"No. I have—my—work—to—do. There—will—be—no—time." She tried to steady her voice, failed, and, to her shame, began to cry.

"For a moment he stood looking down upon her, then turned and left the house.

She refused to go to the Aldens when they begged her to come to them, refused with a stubbornness she could not explain except by the oft-repeated assertion:

"This is my home and mammy can take care of me as she has done all my life." But they persisted until Wallace Irwin told them to leave her in peace.

If he explained gratitude for his interference he was disappointed. Nan drew more within herself and he knew her reserve was due to his one moment of self-betrayal. Thereafter he was on his guard, but being a man of swift action he could not long tolerate delay, and a few days after the accident he demanded her attention:

"Why did you run away from me two years ago, Nan?"

"Run away? Why should I?" She hesitated, looking at him oddly. "Is it really you? I did not know it."

"I have searched for you everywhere," he answered gravely.

"That was unnecessary." Her eyes flashed. "Uncle Dick had no right to make me a party to such a will-to-please me out as he did his stocks and bonds. I preferred to make my own living, as I have done."

"The. But he did leave you to me with the stocks and bonds and it was up to me to find you."

Her glance was curious. "Were you pleased to have a wife thrust upon

you in so arbitrary a manner—to be forced to marry a girl, a stranger, because of the knowledge she would be penniless if you did not?"

He laughed. "I had seen you several times and the venture did not look undesirable. But you gave me no chance to make good. That was unfair. As for the money, I don't want it, but I do want you. I want the opportunity to make you care. Will you give it to me?"

She hesitated long before she replied and then it was with visible reluctance:

"If I did not feel like a bundle of gold certificates, I—perhaps—"

"Damn the money!" he said roughly. "I can take care of you without it. But you are a little mixed. The certificates were mine and I turned them over to the trustees the morning I met you here. I knew you would not come to me as long as I held them. Now will you give me any chance?"

"If you really want it," she answered slowly. "I think I am glad to give it."

"You dear," he said under his breath as he raised her. Then they both laughed, for they heard mammy say: "Fo' the land's sake, what am yo' doctor doin' ter mah honey chill?"

SOME NEW DISHES TO BEAT HIGH COST

New Vegetables Expected to Help Solve Housewives Problem.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—On the theory that the war may make the high cost of living even higher the government is going in search of cheap foods. "Poverty soup," dog-fish saute, chayote salad, dashen crisp, American Swiss cheese and alfalfa cigarettes are suggestions offered by the Agricultural department.

Assistant Secretary Carl Vrooman is giving special attention to this line of activity. Last Saturday he gave a demonstration of what could be done in the offices devoted to home economics. He had provided this menu, and his assistants were on hand to serve it and answer questions:

"Poverty soup," for instance,—and it is also called Waste Products Soup—is one of the most nutritious foods

for the money that can be devised. Here is the recipe: One quart of skim milk; one slice of stale bread (one ounce); two ounces outer leaves of lettuce (a vegetable rich in iron); a few celery tips or a thin slice of onion; salt and pepper. Chop the vegetables finely. The bread may be chopped with the vegetables. Cook the finely chopped vegetables in the milk in a double boiler for about twenty minutes. Season.

What Mr. Vrooman and his assistants served, as made from this prescription, would have satisfied a New Willard epicure.

The chayote (pronounced chi-toy) is a new kind of winter vegetable which can be produced very cheaply and will be popular when it is better known. It is native in Central America and is now being grown in the Southern States. It can be creamed (Mr. Vrooman served it creamed) pickled or made into salad, something as the alligator pear is treated. Also it is made into fritters and is added to stews.

The principal grocery store in Washington recently announced the sale of the very last of its imported Swiss cheese at 75 cents a pound. The normal price is 30 cents. Hence the government's eagerness to teach American cheese makers to make Swiss cheese. How to make the holes in the Swiss type cheese—that was the problem. On the holes depends the flavor and character of the cheese and the cause of the holes was the foreign secret. But it is a secret no longer. Mr. Vrooman introduced his cheese man, Mr. Rogers, who passed around the "American Swiss." The holes and the cheese were as fine as any from across the water, and it was made of milk from the government's dairy at Beltsville, Md., in the food laboratory of the Agricultural department.

Also there were American Roquefort, goat milk cheese, cream cheese and camembert. The latter has been on the market for some time, and some Swiss has been made in the Wisconsin cheese district; but hitherto it has not been possible to get the article outside the limited Wisconsin district.

The dog-fish which is being introduced is also known as grayfish, which for a long time was regarded as none-dish and was looked upon by all fishermen as a pest because it broke nets and ate the bait. Now it is being canned and is found a good substitute for salmon at about half the price.

The dashen is an easily grown substitute for the sweet potato and is very palatable when cut into thin chips and fried in hot fat. It, too, can be grown in the southern states. The secretary had at his party samples of syrup made of the leavings of apples and sugar beets after making cider and sugar. Served on rice cakes it would do quite as well as maple syrup and the cost is about one-tenth.

The "alfalfa cigarette" number on the program is not a joke. Mr. Vrooman passed cigarettes which looked just

AT ONCE! STOPS STOMACH MISERY AND INDIGESTION

"PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN" MAKES SICK, SOUR, GASSY STOMACHS FEEL FINE.

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good but work badly; ferment into acids and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. and Mrs. Dyspeptic, jot this down: Pape's Diapepsin helps neutralize the excessive acids in the stomach so your food won't sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is upset you usually get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it helps to regulate your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

Most remedies give you relief sometimes—they are slow, but not sure. "Pape's Diapepsin" is positive in neutralizing the acidity, so the misery won't come back very quickly.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food, your head clears and you feel fine.

Go now, and make the best investment you ever made by getting a large fifty cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia, or any stomach disorder due to acid fermentation.

INSPIRATIONS

from the Puritan age are responsible for this new note so evident in ANTONINE GAGE

Each week we will show new and exclusive models direct from GAGE'S.

ANTONINE Gage's Quality IS HERE

Osgood's for Quality

like the ordinary cigarette of commerce which was made entirely of alfalfa. It lacks the nicotine. Also it lacks the tobacco taste, but it has a taste all its own and for a smoker who smokes for sociable purposes would be a perfectly good substitute for tobacco. Alfalfa, is, by the way, one of the chief constituents of one of the Tobacco Trust's most popular brand of the "makings."

Meantime the Federal Trade Commission has received a letter from the President instructing that body to institute an inquiry at once to determine whether any of the high food prices are caused by illegal combinations in restraint of trade. So maybe—but why hope!

QUIET DELL

W. J. Vincent was calling at S. H. Linn's Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Marion Rudy were visiting relatives at Fairmont Saturday and Sunday.
Mrs. Thomas Vangilder of Goose Creek were calling on Mrs. W. H. Rudy one day last week.
James Cleland and daughter Wil-

THE WEARY WAY

Daily Becoming Less Wearisome to Many in Fairmont.

With a back that aches all day, With rest disturbed at night, Annoying urinary disorders, 'Tis a weary way, indeed. Doan's Kidney Pills are especially for kidney trouble.

Are endorsed by Fairmont women. Mrs. S. J. Walker, 428 Adams street, Fairmont, says: "Being a dressmaker for years no doubt brought on rheumatic pains and soreness over my hips. The kidney secretions were in bad shape and my kidneys were irregular in action. I didn't get much sleep and in the morning felt stiff and lame. I got Doan's Kidney Pills at Crane's Drug store and they cured me."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Mrs. Walker. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

ma of Powell was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Rem Rudy.
John Rudy was calling on his daughter Mrs. S. N. Linn Sunday.
Mrs. J. D. Henderson and Miss Margaret Vincent was the guest of Mrs. Permelia Farrell on Grass Run one day last week.
Albert Neel and Marin Rudy was calling at Mrs. Henderson's Friday.
Homer Jones called at Rem Rudy's Sunday.

MANY WEST VA. MOTHERS CAN SAY THE SAME.

Northview, W. Va.—"I used Torvito Prescription to build up on and to carry me through when in a delicate way. It was just what I needed and I was well satisfied. It put me in good shape and overcame the unpleasant features. I have given it to my daughter. She is weakly and has trouble peculiar to women. It has been very good in this case. It helped her to get stronger after fever. It overcame the weakness and built her up wonderfully. I am glad to recommend this remedy."—Mrs. FRANKS TALKINGTON, Hamill Avenue.

Lynchburg, Va.—"I am familiar with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as we have used 'Favorite Prescription.' My wife has found it a most valuable medicine for women. She had been benefited and was well satisfied with it, so we cheerfully recommend it."—Mrs. E. E. HACKWORTH, 1004 Caldwell Street.

The mighty restorative power of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription speedily causes all womanly troubles to disappear—compels the organs to properly perform their natural functions, corrects displacements, overcomes irregularities, removes pain and misery at certain times and brings back health and strength to nervous, irritable and exhausted women.

What Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done for thousands of women will do for you. Get it this very day from any medicine dealer, in either liquid or tablet form or send 50 cents to Dr. Pierce, Invalida's Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial box of tablets.

Questions of Sex?—Are fully and properly answered in The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by Dr. V. Pierce, M. D. It contains the knowledge a young man or woman, wife or daughter should have. 1008 pages with color plates, and bound in cloth. By mail, prepaid—on receipt of 5 dimes or stamps.

Your Druggist has sold Dr. King's New Discovery for coughs and colds since the day he opened his own store, and before that, when he was clerking for his "old boss" he made satisfied customers when he sold Dr. King's New Discovery. It has been the standard preparation for bronchial affections: for nearly 50 years. Those who have used it longest are its best friends. It gives grateful relief in stubborn coughs and colds. Try it.

—:— CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE —:—

I can't help wondering, little book, at the peculiar antics of fate in keeping Dick and Malcolm Stuart apart. I think, however, both men have helped the matter along. I don't believe either wishes to meet the other.

Dick has no idea of the extent of Malcolm's and my friendship. While I was ill I kept Malcolm's letters from everybody simply because I wanted to have a little slice of life for my own delectation.

Malcolm's letters gave me something to think about and I was like a child who was afraid if she told some of her fanciful ideas to others they would be rudely shattered and she would be told there was no such thing as fairies.

When Malcolm Stuart returned and in my heart I knew he had sent Dr. Vivot to me. I could not tell anybody about our intimate understanding. One thing has been proven to me by it, however, and that is there is such a thing as platonic friendship—a very beautiful, sympathetic relationship in which there is not a hint of sexual attraction.

I am quite sure, little book, that I embody for Malcolm Stuart some of the family ties and family relations he has missed—a relation cemented by a similar longing to get to the root of things—to probe to the very bottom of that undercurrent of which the individual seldom speaks.

I have come to the conclusion that no matter how high you set your ideals there is always a hankering for the physical. Men—most men—hardly recognize this in themselves and they would think they had committed the unpardonable sin against the ancient order of chivalry if they talked of it when the name of woman was mentioned.

But, although perhaps only those geniuses who are able to give a message of sympathy to understanding seem to know it, the fact remains that nature has played a joke upon us all. Galsworthy, who perhaps more than any other modern author, has reached down into the soul of humanity, says, "there is no getting out of it—a maladjusted animal, civilized man."

Malcolm Stuart has seemed to sense this and though he doesn't say it as well as Galsworthy, he is the only person in all this world who has made me feel he knows and understands my almost incoherent longings.

He knows, as does Galsworthy, that while life may hold moments with that quality of beauty, of unbidden flying rapture, the trouble is they last no longer than the span of a cloud's sight-over-the-sea. They are as fleet,

ing as one of the glimmering golden visions one has of the soul in nature, glimpses of its remote and brooding spirit.

Little book, why it is that I hold my hands out to Dick—every nerve in my body, every cell in my brain, every beat of my heart, clamoring to be understood—only to find I am speaking in a language that, try as he may, he cannot understand? With all this, why does the touch of Dick's hand on my shoulder still thrill me?

Only for a short time was I impervious to that peculiar magnetism that Dick's presence always exerts over me. Struggle against it as I may—and know now I have struggled against it always—when Dick comes into the room the primitive speaks and I know he is my man.

On the other hand, all that is cultivated through the thousands of years, all that speaks through me in the words of the exquisitely Greek chorus of "the apple-tree, the singing and the gold," finds resting place in the understanding of Malcolm Stuart.

Little book, am I different from other women, other men, all humanity? I think not, for I still subscribe to Galsworthy. We are yet only mal-adjusted animals.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(GEE! BUT TOM IS A CLEVER GUY.)—BY ALLMAN.

I MET MRS JONES COMING FROM THE DRESSMAKERS TO DAY AND SHE HAD JUST ORDERED EIGHT NEW DRESSES

YOU'RE SURE IT WAS ONLY EIGHT?

YES IT WAS EIGHT AND FOUR NEW HATS. THEY ARE GOING TO PALM BEACH

THEY SAY THAT'S QUITE A PLACE

I WISH I HAD A LOT OF NEW CLOTHES AND WAS GOING TO PALM BEACH. THEY SAY IT IS A REGULAR GARDEN OF EDEN DOWN THERE NOW

GARDEN OF EDEN?

STOP WHERE YOU ARE, YOUR WISH IS INCONSISTANT—WHY ALL THE CLOTHES IF IT'S LIKE THE GARDEN OF EDEN?