

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Poor Dear Emily.

By IZOLA FORESTER
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EMILY BREELEY had been a special care on the entire family's mind ever since she had passed thirty without appreciating the privileges and honors of wedlock. Brothers and sisters fell in love and married from the Greeley homestead with customary regularity through Emily's girlhood and young womanhood. And Emily helped them start off in life with tact and cheerfulness. Though she had "chances," she cast them aside and hiked life's highway in a state of solitary enjoyment and freedom that left the family stunned with helplessness.

"I don't see why I should marry," she would say buoyantly. "I've never seen any man whom I would want to spend my life with. I am perfectly contented and happy. Why are you all in such a hurry to get rid of me?"

Therefore it came as a shock when Emily announced that she had drawn as first-prize in a puzzle contest a homestead grant out in Idaho.

"I am sure it must be a very charming place to live in," said Emily, happily. "I think I shall put in goats, Angora goats. The government says they eat the underbrush and I think they are decidedly picturesque. If you get tired of them, you can use them for doormats. I shall go in for all kinds of intensive farming and do everything except take summer boarders."

"But you can't live out there alone," said Mr. Greeley, blandly. "Be reasonable, my dear Emily."

"With a big dog and a revolver I can live anywhere," replied Emily, calmly. "You will remember, father dear, that on mother's side of the family I have pioneer blood in my veins, even if you do come from an F. F. V. I firmly believe in Providence, and Providence has seen fit to drop three hundred acres of virgin woodland and otherwise at my feet. I shall pick them up and say 'thank you.'"

Just three weeks later, Emily took her departure, accompanied only by Think, her big collie, and a grand-nephew automatic. Four days later she stepped off the train at Arapahoe, Idaho, and sized up the aggregate of local talent visible to the naked eye. There were three carryalls, one buckboard and four broncos. Her two trunks and four packing cases occupied the baggage truck. Five individuals sat thereon, alternately chewing or smoking and gazing past her with intent at the far horizon line of mountains.

It was not Arapahoe's custom to exhibit curiosity over the emerald strangers, yet Emily was glad to look upon in her trim linen suit.

"Is there such a thing as a hotel in this place?" she asked of the five, collectively. "Where is a person supposed to put up, and does anybody know where Ballyho Gutch it?"

There was a str of interest among the five. Spike MacDugan rose and came toward the lady settler. He explained, courteously, that Arapahoe had no official place for housing transient guests, and that the gulch was a matter of sixteen miles northwest, but that, if she wanted to, she could probably put up at the Kanton place, four miles out of town. Spike added, modestly,

GREAT SHIRRED POCKETS DECK STRIPED GREEN TAFFETA SKIRT



NEW YORK, May 4.—Skirts which are fitted by shirring are considered very smart as a contrast to the thousands varieties of plaited models. A charming summer skirt of striped green taffeta is decorated with immense shirred pockets applied with the stripes running across the front.

Pussy willow silk, georgette satin and various rough oriental silks are preferred to cotton for cool summer skirts.

ed up, Scott caught sight of a lifting wing of smoke.

"They've started it," he cried. "You ride back and rouse everybody on the road to Arapahoe. I'll get the Benson boys and fight this."

"But I want to come, too," said Emily.

"You do as I tell you," he retorted, shortly, and for the first time in her life Emily Greeley obeyed a man. In fact, she realized as she rode along what a relief it was to find a man she could obey.

It was a week later that the family received the announcement of Emily's marriage to one Scott King.

"The ranch was his in the first place," she wrote. "He lost it and I won it. Now he's won me, so we're partners in a fair deal, and I'm coming East this year."

HERE ARE GOOD BILLS OF FARE FOR 2 DAYS

Housewives have not always the patience to figure out new sets of menus to meet the new price conditions. Here are bills of fare for two days. They have been tried, tested, and found good. They contain a maximum amount of nutrition at a low cost.

Breakfast.
Milk, oatmeal and raisins, and toast for the children, with coffee and sausages added for the adults.

Luncheon.
Thick pea soup with salt pork, graham bread, oleomargarine, apple sauce and ginger bread.

Dinner.
Beef stew with onions and carrots, hominy, coffee for adults, milk and milk toast for the youngest child and tapioca pudding with dried apricots and brown sugar sauce for dessert.

In making a stew a comparatively small amount of meat may be used, for its savory or flavoring value, and the vegetables and cereals served with it increased in quantity.

Breakfast.
Bacon, fried cornmeal mush, molasses, coffee; milk for the children, with plain mush for the youngest.

Luncheon.
Potato soup made with skim milk and onion for flavoring. Oatmeal cookies and stewed prunes. Graham bread and oleomargarine.

Dinner.
Pork and beans, one dull pickle (bean soup for the children), tea (milk for children), and brown bread and oleomargarine with "Brown Betty" for dessert.

MORE DOCTORS FOR ARMY

CLARKSBURG, W. Va., May 4.—West Virginia has an active Medical Association and the physicians and surgeons of the state are represented on the State committee of the National Defense Council. For the purpose of enlisting physicians in the army medical reserve corps arrangements have been made in the Surgeon General's department of the United States Army for the establishment of stations throughout this state where physicians will be examined.

U. S. SENDS FIRST NURSES TO FRANCE

Three months later she rode up the mountain trail from the gulch beside Scott King. She rode cross saddle, not as she used to ride on the roads around Boston. It was a tanned, healthy Emily, who sat her in her saddle with surety and confidence and listened to Scotty's arguments with a smile.

"It's no place for a woman to live alone," he said. "I've stood all this nonsense about your being a free and capable individual who can look after herself quite as long as I'm going to. You used me for a doormat ever since you came here, Emily, and took my land away from me."

"I didn't take it away from you. I won it in a fair, legal contest," responded Emily calmly, "and I'm quite capable of taking care of myself. I think your timber men are bluffing. If they try any midnight excursions over my line, cutting out my best trees, they'll get all that's coming to them. I've stretched barbed wire now where they don't expect it, and fixed up every other little feminine contraption for safety that I can think of. If any of them come to harm I can't help it. I've warned them."

Scott looked at her helplessly. She had no idea what she was up against, he thought. All of Ransom's lumber gang that had warred against him for four years to get a grip on the mountain timber had sworn either to get the best of her or to take revenge in their own way, and the worst of it was that Scott himself, big as he was, had no control over her. She would do just what she would to do, and nothing he said could convince her of the imminent danger. For about the fifth time he started to tell her the type of a man she needed as a protector and husband, and Emily smiled, doubtfully, when all at once the pointed tips of his ears and whinned anxiously. As they came into a clearing where a sudden vista of the mountainside opened

Grace Young Irma Metzner are Misses Young and Metzner are Among the first Red Cross nurses to be sent to France as official representatives of the United States hospital No. 4, of Cleveland, with units from other large cities.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THAT'S TOM'S ONLY FAOW MUCH MILITARY PROMISE.)—BY BLOSSER



CONFESIONS OF A WIFE

"I branched off on to Flossie Smith, Margie," said Paula, "for whenever I think of my time in Washington, here is the figure that stands out more than all the rest, perhaps because her personality was unique to me."

"But the person who interested both Alma and me most at this time was Tom Perry. Tom was one of the dearest men I ever met and, drunk or sober, he was always kindly and always thoughtful, always a gentleman."

"He had one of the most brilliant minds I have ever encountered when it was not befuddled with whiskey. At that time he was only 28, with all the world before him. He could write better and more pungent English than any newspaper man I have ever known. He loved his friends and enjoyed their society, and all his instincts were of the highest. But, when these spells came upon him periodically he would go away from everybody and just drink until he knew nothing—hardly that he was alive."

"One day Jeff got hold of him before he had begun his tramp to the lower levels. He was still at the Willard although he was preparing to go out. Jeff told me afterward he had a lot of trouble getting him to stay in the hotel. He found Tom had a pile of letters and telegrams from his paper which he evidently had not read."

"I'm goin' out, jus goin' out, Jeff, to get a story," he said thickly, "and then I'm goin' to resign from the paper. Some gink discharged me this morning and I'm goin' to show him and resign this afternoon. That is the way to do it, just resign."

"Jeff said that poor Tom went on in this pathetically ridiculous way until he got him full of bromide—and then he took him for a motor ride. After that, he was very repentant."

"What will the girls think of me, Jeff?" he asked.

"They are like all other good women—they are ready to forgive almost anything in the man they love, provided they do not suspect that he loves anyone else."

"I'm not fit to love anyone, Jeff," said Tom, "let alone allowing anyone to love me. Why, Jeff, if I thought any woman cared for me I'd go and jump in the river."

"He looked at me so pathetically," said Jeff when he was telling me about it. "I thought perhaps a jolt would do him some good."

"Well, Tom," Jeff said, "you had better do it right away, for you must know Alma loves you so well she is heartbroken at your drinking so much."

"Tom looked up quickly and then

estly, that he'd take her over in the carryall, and they could manage the two trunks on top of the carryall. The packing cases would have to come later.

Emily hardly heard him. Her attention was fixed on a man who came at a dead gallop down the wide, dusty street. He was tall, broad-shouldered and heavy set. Even the pinto was heavy set, his legs bowed under him, and he had wary eyes as he drew up short at the hitching rail in front of the pine board station. The newcomer and Emily looked each other over with calm, approving scrutiny before he sauntered into the telegraph office. She caught his deep baritone voice perfectly, as he gave his message.

"You can wire back East to those sons of guns that land transfer up at the gulch has been declared illegal by the court here and it don't hold good. I am prepared to protect my rights on it in any and all ways. Sign it Scott King."

Emily's hazel eyes narrowed and

hung his head. "Do you really think, Jeff, she could care for a poor stick like me?" he asked, and then he added more than half to himself "She would be a very foolish girl to do so. Why, Jeff, Alma Huntington is the only woman I know that has a man's brain and a woman's heart which is too splendid a combination to waste upon me."

"Don't you believe it, Jeff. She can't possibly care for me. Why, man, she has seen me drunk."

"Women have loved drunkards before," answered Jeff.

"But they were not the kind of women that Alma Huntington is," was his answer.

"Why don't you brace up, stop drinking and ask her to marry you?"

"I can brace up—I can stop drinking any time I want to," he affirmed.

"Let's see you do it, then," said Jeff.

"Don't you think I can? Well, I'll show you all I can and in the meantime you can all go to the devil."

"After this Jeff could do nothing with him, and it was over a week before any of us saw Tom Perry again. In the interim many things happened to Alma."

Osgood's for Quality

OUR buyer's trip to New York this week resulted in several advantageous purchases of

Suits, Coats, Dresses, Waists

At this time of the season when most manufacturers begin operations on Fall Models, they are particularly anxious to dispose of their present Spring and Summer Garments at a discount in price.

Mr. Osgood has taken advantage of such offers, the shipments were received today, are marked and ready on sale.

<h3>Suits</h3> <p>There are no less than 50 different models in silk taffetas, silk and wool jersey, serge, poplin, gabardine and twills. The regular prices would be about a fourth to a third more, now on sale at</p> <p>14.75, 19.75 24.75</p>	<h3>Coats</h3> <p>Coats of fine velour, poplin, Poiret Twills, Silk and Satin. The styles are the best and the most popular of the season. The colors are plain and high shades. Worth a third more, now on sale at</p> <p>10.00, 14.50 19.75</p>	<h3>Dresses</h3> <p>Silk afternoon dresses, evening frocks and white graduation dresses for the miss. Every new conceivable style is here and no two are alike. The prices are about one fourth less than regular.</p> <p>15.00, 19.75 22.50</p>
<h3>3-Piece Suits</h3> <p>New daring and withal very serviceable, can be used as separate dress, separate coat or suit.</p> <p>29.75</p>	<h3>Military Caps</h3> <p>Have you seen them? Gen. Joffre wears one and now the country is following suit. Come in and try it on.</p>	<h3>Waists</h3> <p>Georgette Crepe in white and flesh, frilled and embroidered styles worth more.</p> <p>5.98</p>

HEALTH HINTS

Rabies is not a disease confined to dogs and common only during the so-called dog days of summer, contrary to popular belief.

It may occur among humans or animals at any season. Like other infections it is caused by a germ coming into contact with and growing in any break of the skin or mucous surface. Usually the infection is direct, as from the bite of an infected animal. Less frequently, infection occurs from rubbing a break in the skin or mucous surface over some material coated with the germs.

No dog bite should be lightly regarded.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

H. G. F.—"There is a small lump about the size of a pea under my right arm. Is this anything to be alarmed about?"

The lump is evidently an enlarged lymph gland. Its importance and seriousness depends upon the cause. You would have to have an examination to determine that.

ODD, ISN'T IT!

GARY, Ill.—Gary hotels are so crowded they are packing them in double beds.

5,000,000 Corns Lifted Right Off!

Try 2 Drops of Magic "Get-It"

There's a wonderful difference between getting rid of a corn now and the way they used to try to get rid of it only four or five years ago. "Get-It" is the only corn remedy in history. It's the only corn remedy

that acts on the new principle, not only of shriveling up the corn, but of loosening the corn so loose that you can lift it right off with your fingers. Put 2 drops of "Get-It" on that corn or callus tonight. That's all. The corn is doomed sure as sunrise. No swelling, no trouble, or soreness. See how away once and for all with the bandaging, the cutting, the salves and irresponsible what-nots. Try it—get surprised and lose a corn. "Get-It" is sold everywhere, in a bottle, or sent on receipt of price by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill. Sold in Fairmont and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by Fairmont Pharmacy, Crane's Drug Store, J. H. McCloskey & Co., Holt Drug Co., and the Mountain City Drug Company.



"See? Just 2 Drops of 'Get-It' Done Tomorrow You'll Say 'Feel That Corn Lifted Off—And It's Gone!'"

Today that acts on the new principle, not only of shriveling up the corn, but of loosening the corn so loose that you can lift it right off with your fingers. Put 2 drops of "Get-It" on that corn or callus tonight. That's all. The corn is doomed sure as sunrise. No swelling, no trouble, or soreness. See how away once and for all with the bandaging, the cutting, the salves and irresponsible what-nots. Try it—get surprised and lose a corn. "Get-It" is sold everywhere, in a bottle, or sent on receipt of price by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill. Sold in Fairmont and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by Fairmont Pharmacy, Crane's Drug Store, J. H. McCloskey & Co., Holt Drug Co., and the Mountain City Drug Company.