

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

An Independent Girl.

By C. B. LEWIS.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

At 9 o'clock in the morning Miss Effie Rayl was trimming and tying up a vine at the gate. Along the dusty road which led to the village and the railroad half a mile away came a girl with a suitcase.

"That's Mrs. Roberts' second girl, and she has quit her place," mused Miss Effie, as she caught sight of the traveler.

Miss Effie was cutting and trimming with praiseworthy energy and wondering whether Mrs. Roberts had got angry and discharged Julia or whether Julia had got angry and discharged her mistress, when the suitcase halted at the gate and the snuffing voice said:

"It's all on your account, Miss Rayl!"

"Why, Julia, is it you?"

"Y-yes'm."

"And are you going to the store after something?"

"No."

"But you are not going home?"

"Yes, I am; and it's on your account!"

"But it can't be. I hardly know Mrs. Roberts, and this is the first time I have ever spoken to you."

"Yes; but she is always criticizing you, and I was always standing up for you. That has been the trouble. Every time she has said a word against you I have answered her back and that has kept her mad at me. This morning, when she said you wore a rowdy hat and tried to look tough and I answered her that if some other folks I knew of would wear the same kind of hats it would improve their looks, she told me to get out of the house."

Miss Effie was an only child. Her father was an easy-going man, who meddled neither with the affairs of the house nor matters of dress. The mother was a home-body, caring little for society, and never commanding and seldom advising. As a natural consequence the daughter had grown up to think her own way was the best way, if not the only way. It was natural that conceit should get a foothold and that a certain spirit of independence should prevail.

It had come to that point where the girl considered herself about perfection, and while she reserved the right to criticize right and left, no one must disparage her. It was therefore with anger in her eyes and tones that she turned to Julia and queried: "So Mrs. Roberts says my hat is rowdyish?"

"She do, Miss."

"And does she find fault with the way I drive my runabout?"

"She says it's shameful."

"And does she have anything to say about my bulldog?"

"She says he is a beast that ought

"BUY A BABY! BUY A BABY! \$36 A PIECE"



Photos of French orphan children from which selections may be made by persons "buying babies."

NEW YORK, May 5.—Do you want to "buy" the child of a dead French soldier?

The little blonde and brunette boys and girls are "for sale" at the Woman's Exchange, Madison avenue and Forty-third street.

That is, for \$36 you may buy the upkeep of one of the children for a year. That amount will keep a French orphan in its own home with its own mother.

Americans who wish to do more may

contribute toward the complete education of one or more of the children.

Those wishing to "buy" babies make selections from photographs. Some are children of officers, but many are the sons and daughters of "simple soldiers."

War orphans, whose fathers have gone down under the tri-color, also may be adopted and brought to America, but to obtain those it is necessary to go to the headquarters of the Fatherless Children of France at 665 Fifth

to be poisoned off."

"But she has never dared to criticize my looks?" asked Miss Effie with some hesitation.

"Oh, she hasn't, eh? She hasn't

skipped them, you may be sure. She says one has but to look at you to know that you are conceited and stuck up and it's over nothing at all."

"How dare she?"

"Yes, miss; how dare she? I asked her that same question several times."

"And has she had anything more to say?"

"Well, miss, as I am going away, I might as well tell you that she says you never had a beau, can't get one and will probably die an old maid. I must hurry along now or I will miss my train."

Why should Mrs. Roberts criticize Miss Rayl at all? Why have the bad taste to do it to a servant if she felt that she must speak?

Miss Effie didn't stop to figure out an answer. She might have recalled a little incident of three months previous. She was out with her runabout and came within an ace of running down the girl Julia. She did not apologize, and the girl vowed to herself:

"I'll stay out here in the country till I can get even with that mix of a girl!"

Mrs. Roberts hadn't talked. She hadn't criticized. She had discharged the girl for insolence and inefficiency. Julia had got even.

"Are you going for a ride?" asked the mother as Miss Effie came in from the gate.

"A short one," was the answer.

"You look awfully sober about it."

"And I'll make some one else look sober before I get back."

And she would say no more, but got ready and drove away.

Miss Effie was dressed in her best, but as she started to enter the machine she tripped and rolled on the grass. That ruffled her clothes and ruffled her spirits.

Half a mile from home she encountered a farmer driving a load of hay. He deliberately planned that they should meet in a narrow spot, and

that the runabout should be crowded into the ditch, and that the occupant should be half-smothered with the hay carried along by the big car. The incident ruffled Miss Effie again.

When you arrive at a residence of the woman you are going to lay down the law to, it is due you to make what stage folk call an "entrance." You trip up the walk and the steps and ring the bell, and if it is in the forenoon the lady herself may come to the door. You bow coldly. You look her up and down. In tones to remind her of the north pole you lead off with:

"Madam, I would like a few words with you!"

Miss Effie was ready to follow this program, but no madam appeared. She rang again. The cook was heard singing "Happy Days" at the rear of the house, but there was no sight or sound of Mrs. Roberts.

After waiting for five or six minutes, the girl turned away. Of course, she thought, Mrs. Roberts had seen her arrival, and her guilty conscience had driven her to hide under a bed. She might escape that way this morning, but there were other days coming!

Miss Effie started down the three or four steps, but missing her footing somehow, she pitched head-first into a rose bush. She screamed, of course. That scream brought somebody from the house just as she was picking herself up. That somebody was a young man fair to look upon—Mrs. Roberts' cousin, Archie Shelbourne.

"Ah—beg pardon—so sorry!" he exclaimed as he came forward.

That rowdy hat was jammed over the girl's ears and she had several rips and tears in her clothing.

You wanted to see Mrs. Roberts?" he queried, pretending to ignore the situation.

"Y-yes!" she gulped.

"So sorry; but she has gone to see about a servant and may not be back until late this afternoon. You came on an errand?"

"But never mind." And Miss Effie walked away without further words. But the penalty came within two minutes. She climbed into the runabout, but it would not start. She tried again and again.

"Beg pardon, but let me assist you."

It was Mr. Shelbourne at the gate. Miss Effie would not answer him. She would not even look his way. After a last desperate but vain attempt to get away in the machine, she stepped from it and headed for home on foot.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" gasped Mr. Shelbourne as he looked after her.

The girl reached home to find her hat on the floor and her gloves at the cat, and, ignoring the questions of her mother, she locked herself in her room and wept. Four hours later, when she came downstairs, the mother said:

"About an hour after you went upstairs a young man brought your runabout back and put it in the garage

ONE-PIECE GARMENT LOOKS LIKE BLOUSE WORN OVER FULL SKIRT!



NEW YORK, May 5.—While the separate blouse and skirt now occupy but a small place in the average woman's wardrobe, the combination is suggested in some of the handsomest of the one-piece frocks.

What at first sight appears to be a Russian blouse worn over a full skirt, is, in fact, a clever combination of blue and tan taffets in a one-piece garment.

The decoration is soutache braid. The close sleeve with its flaring cuff and the curve of the neck of the blouse are also important style features of this dress.

and went off without a word. What is the mystery?"

"It got out of order, I guess," was the reply; but in her heart the girl thanked the young man for his consideration and began to wonder

Should she pay another visit to Mrs. Roberts? That woman had criticized her to a servant and must be brought to book for it, but—

Then Mrs. Roberts and her cousin came motoring up, and while she came in he stayed in the machine, though he looked a bit lonesome over it.

Julia, the discharged servant, had lied like a trooper. It came out after ten minutes' talk, and then things went happily.

"She said that I said you couldn't

HEALTH HINTS

Worry over the war should not be allowed to destroy our balance and harmony. It is the duty of every patriotic citizen to keep busy in some well directed path of work that will produce those things essential to a successful warfare.

Worry among other things weakens the digestion and robs the body of nourishment. This is followed by a general loss of strength, and the body gradually loses its resistance to disease germs.

Good health is the keystone of the arch of preparedness. Every preventive measure must be taken at this time to guard against the inroads of disease.

All of us will be called upon to make

great sacrifices, if the war becomes long continued. It is possible that the strong will have to give up easier occupations to the weak while the physically fit take up the tasks that are more laborious.

However, we must not allow our minds to dwell too much on the horrors of war. We must not think too much of "what might happen." Worry is as dangerous as a machine gun in the hands of well trained soldiers. We must use every effort to throw off the hold which war is likely to get upon our nervous system.

At the same time we must be awake to all our duties and responsibilities. Whatever may be the disturbance we must keep busy. The balance and harmony necessary for health must be maintained at all times.

WAR-TIME ECONOMIES



Good recipes, if followed carefully, are great enemies of the garbage can. With all kitchen commodities at the highest prices ever known it is important that the conscientious housewife should study the character of her recipes and replace those which are "extravagant" with some of a more economical quality.

Cornmeal Mush

Mix 1 cup of cornmeal with 1 1/2 cups of cold milk and stir into two cups of briskly boiling salted water. Stir constantly for a few minutes until it thickens, then cook in a double boiler for three or four hours or in a fireless cooker over night.

The mush may be eaten with milk or syrup or molasses. These add to the cost, but also to the nutritive value.

Steamed Brown Bread

Mix together 1 cupful each of rye cornmeal and Graham flour. To these add 3/4 of a teaspoonful of soda, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 3/4 of a cupful molasses and 2 cupfuls of sour milk. Fill well greased molds two-thirds full and steam.

Rice Pudding

Put 1 quart of milk, 1/4 cupful of rice, 1/2 teaspoonful of salt, and from 1/4 to 1/2 cupful of sugar in a pudding pan and bake 2 1/2 hours at a low temperature. Stir 3 or 4 times during the first hour. Add 1/2 cupful raisins the last hour. This pudding may be served hot or cold with top milk or cream.

Gingerbread

Mix in the order given—sifting the dry ingredients together before adding them—1/4 cupful of oleomargarine, 1/2 cupful of sugar, 1 egg, half a cupful of molasses, 1/2 cupful sour milk, 2 cupfuls sifted flour, 2 teaspoonfuls sugar, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 3/4 teaspoonfuls soda and 1/2 teaspoonful salt.

SECTION HANDS STRIKE

WHEELING, W. Va., May 5.—Two hundred section hands on the Ohio River Division of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh railroad are out on strike to enforce their demand for an increase in wages. They are receiving \$2 a day and are demanding an increase of 50 cents.

:- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

"I only found out, Margie," said Paul, "that the two chief duties of secretary to a congressman were acting as a sort of office housekeeper and office hostess for him."

"Congressman Smith's office was always made look perfectly business like, yet I think I managed to give it a little individual distinction. For instance, we always had two vases filled with flowers. I soon found that the congressman was fond of sweets and I used to stily fill a tiny basket in his drawer with humble peanut brittle or old-fashioned tuffe."

"Don't sniff, Margie at the thought of flowers and candy for a congressman. I never knew a man to call on Mr. Smith for the first time who did not at least give the posies a glance, and I knew of only one to refuse the candy."

"It took me a long time, Margie, to get used to being treated as a piece of office furniture. While I did not expect or want the congressman or his friends to make a society belle of me, I did sometimes feel that they showed me too little deference."

"You see I made it possible for Mr. Smith to be very comfortable. I kept all the boxes away from him and all those who wasted his time. I placated those who were angry. But do you know, Margie, he would pass me right by and go home or some other place without so much as a glance in my direction, let alone wishing me a good night."

"He did this, not from any desire to put me in my place, I'm sure—he just did not think that was all. For Frank Smith there was the only one woman in the world—the cold little reptile he was warming in his bosom. I, like all other females, whether in his employ or not, just did exist—that was all."

"It was this way with some of his colleagues, however. They seemed to think that because I was 'on my own' I was common prey."

"It was rather amusing to watch some of Washington, being the city of castles, not one of these men would pay me attention openly, but the ingenious way they let a hand fall over mine or the way they would wait until I was alone to whisper the blindest compliment in my ear was laughable if it had not been almost tragic."

"Margie, I have come to the conclusion Washington is the worst city in America for an unattached woman, either single or widowed, to get any pleasure."

"There are thousands of widows in Washington and you should see the men fighting shy of them. Every unmarried man in the senate or house seems to think any unmarried woman who treats him with the slightest courtesy has designs on him and acts accordingly. But the woman who works for the government can make an

mind if she wants to get married she must get out of the capital. There she is a government employe, nothing more."

"Margie, I think if I had stayed in Washington as a congressman's secretary longer than one session I would have married Jeff in self-defense. I used to go trudging home at five in the evening and see pretty women flitting back of lace-dropped windows, and before I knew it I was hating them."

"Don't misunderstand me, Margie. I did not hate my job. I don't think if I had to choose I would have exchanged places with them, but you know they did look so sleek and well-fed, and sometimes—especially if it were raining—I looked and felt like an alley cat."

"I soon found I could write most of the congressman's letters, send out printed matter and seeds and be nice to those of his constituents who had just married and come to the capital on their wedding trip, quite efficiently."

Then I began to notice the congressman was becoming pale and thin, and not taking much interest in what was going on in the house. After his first ringing speech which made all the old sagers take notice, he seemed gradually to drop out of things. At first I did not know what ailed him, but I happened inadvertently upon a little scene one day in the capitol grounds which, as the boys say, "put me wise."

bring it up, and the father threw the baby down on the bed. The infant's neck was broken and the father went to jail for life for wilful manslaughter. He deserved it. But does the other father lose his temper, or does he honestly try to discover what makes the baby cry. Babies rarely cry because they have a temper. If they do have a temper it is because they have inherited it or acquired it by associating with their parents. Before punishing a child for having a temper, the parent should punish the parent for bestowing that temper upon the offspring.

What sort of a father are you? Are you the kind who teaches one child to hate another, or to love? Children regard their younger brothers and sisters exactly as they have been taught by their parents. The parent who lies to the child can expect to have a child who will lie to his parents. Dishonesty begets dishonesty and meanness begets meanness just as much as parental love will lead to and develop love in the child for the parent and for others. Child character reflects parental character, excepting that there is also an influence exerted upon the developing child by its associates and playmates at school.

The father who considers or exhibits his children as encumbrances, as impediments or as accidents is not a desirable asset for any community, as his children also become aliens with their country. The father who is tricky toward his child will have tricky children. Answer fully their questions, don't evade, don't deceive, and then your children will not try to evade or to improperly answer your questions.

Do you resort to frightfulness in an attempt to make a child obey? It is very wrong to frighten a child in any way, to tell it that wild animals, bad men or the police will take it away. Such frightfulness on the part of a parent or guardian endangers a constant fear, an increasing species of hate with a tendency to develop some form of insanity.

Baby Week

By State Health Department.

WHAT SORT OF A FATHER ARE YOU?

Of the triumvirate responsible for baby week the father shall not be neglected. What sort of a father has the baby?

The mother is either careless and indifferent or she tries to properly feed and protect her infant. The baby does the best it can under the circumstances, and then squalls when the whole world seems to go wrong for it. But what does the father do? Not long ago a father lost his temper because his baby cried, because the parents didn't properly bring it up, and the father threw the baby down on the bed. The infant's neck was broken and the father went to jail for life for wilful manslaughter. He deserved it. But does the other father lose his temper, or does he honestly try to discover what makes the baby cry. Babies rarely cry because they have a temper. If they do have a temper it is because they have inherited it or acquired it by associating with their parents. Before punishing a child for having a temper, the parent should punish the parent for bestowing that temper upon the offspring.

What sort of a father are you? Are you the kind who teaches one child to hate another, or to love? Children regard their younger brothers and sisters exactly as they have been taught by their parents. The parent who lies to the child can expect to have a child who will lie to his parents. Dishonesty begets dishonesty and meanness begets meanness just as much as parental love will lead to and develop love in the child for the parent and for others. Child character reflects parental character, excepting that there is also an influence exerted upon the developing child by its associates and playmates at school.

The father who considers or exhibits his children as encumbrances, as impediments or as accidents is not a desirable asset for any community, as his children also become aliens with their country. The father who is tricky toward his child will have tricky children. Answer fully their questions, don't evade, don't deceive, and then your children will not try to evade or to improperly answer your questions.

Do you resort to frightfulness in an attempt to make a child obey? It is very wrong to frighten a child in any way, to tell it that wild animals, bad men or the police will take it away. Such frightfulness on the part of a parent or guardian endangers a constant fear, an increasing species of hate with a tendency to develop some form of insanity.

Do you resort to frightfulness in an attempt to make a child obey? It is very wrong to frighten a child in any way, to tell it that wild animals, bad men or the police will take it away. Such frightfulness on the part of a parent or guardian endangers a constant fear, an increasing species of hate with a tendency to develop some form of insanity.

Do you resort to frightfulness in an attempt to make a child obey? It is very wrong to frighten a child in any way, to tell it that wild animals, bad men or the police will take it away. Such frightfulness on the part of a parent or guardian endangers a constant fear, an increasing species of hate with a tendency to develop some form of insanity.

Do you resort to frightfulness in an attempt to make a child obey? It is very wrong to frighten a child in any way, to tell it that wild animals, bad men or the police will take it away. Such frightfulness on the part of a parent or guardian endangers a constant fear, an increasing species of hate with a tendency to develop some form of insanity.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(IT CAME NEAR BEING GOODNIGHT FOR TOM.)—BY ALLMAN.

