

# A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### The Girl from Cuba

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

AFTER Hal Griffiths had graduated without honors from the most exclusively select small college in the East, he entered the brokerage firm of Simms, Simms & Simms, in Wall street, and was given a desk in one of the inner offices. Every morning at 10 o'clock he walked into the office, opened the desk, smoked a cigarette, looked out of the window for a while and then went home. For this arduous labor, he received a salary of \$10,000 a year. If any of the trio of Simms could have followed his inclination, he would have told Mr. Griffiths, gently but firmly, that as far as business was concerned, he was an excellent golfer, but as Hal's father had placed several hundred thousand dollars in the firm, Hal was left to his own peaceful pursuits.

These pursuits concerned chiefly golf in the summer and dancing in the winter. Hal had a handicap of plus four in golf, and in the ballroom he could have given any young man of his acquaintance a handicap of plus fourteen and could have romped under the wire a winner by ten yards. For he possessed that indefinable something which, for want of a better word, we call personality. Everybody liked him and was glad to have him around. He knew an endless supply of good stories, he was well supplied with small talk, and when occasion demanded, he could be as serious as even the most serious-minded girl would have him. And so, possessed of many friends and much money, he was constantly in demand.

Occasionally these calls upon his time were rather irritating. He was one of those lovably blundering persons who did not know how to refuse an invitation, and so, when Charlotte Taylor suggested, with the hint of tears in her eyes, that he see her off when she left for Cuba, he assented smilingly but unhappily, and ordered two dozen roses to be sent to her stateroom. Charlotte was the one girl of all whom he would rather not have seen off to Cuba. Not that he was sorry to have her go, but he would rather have had her boat sail away while he sat peacefully in his office smoking a cigarette.

Charlotte was that kind of girl who takes a man unto herself and considers him forever more as her special property. She was an attractive little wisp of a thing, with big blue eyes and a purring voice. Hal had rather liked her at first and had asked her to two dances in succession at the Country Club. And after that he found that she always managed to have him ask her to other dances until, before the winter was half over, it had become the recognized thing to do. It was his first experience with the clinging vine type, and when Charlotte told him that she was going to Havana for the remainder of the season the weight that had been bearing him rapidly lifted. The only thing that remained was the farewell on the boat, and then he would be free.

On the morning of Charlotte's departure he waited in his office as long as he dared, and then took a taxi for

## ROYAL EXILES DEVOTE LIVES TO RED CROSS



Exiled from their country by the invasion of the Germans, Queen Marie of Rumania and her daughter, Ileana, devote their lives to the Red Cross, distributing flowers, and caring for the wounded at the base hospital of Jassy. The Rumanian royal family are regarded the most beautiful in Europe.

the dock. Charlotte was waiting for him, and together they inspected the boat.

"I am going to sit here and think of you during the long evenings," she told him, indicating a shelter on the after deck, "and wonder if you will be thinking of me."

"I'll think of you every minute you are in my mind," he answered absently.

Then he stopped short. Passing across his line of vision was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. She wore a blue suit, white hat and white fox furs, but if you had asked Hal about it he wouldn't have been able to tell you a single thing. All he noticed was the general effect. And then his glance shifted to her face, and his eyes opened wondering. Brown hair which curled around her temples, a nose which turned up, lips which so nearly smiled that he wanted to smile in return, and two of the blackest eyes he had ever seen. Was the way he would have described it.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed involuntarily. "Who in the world is that girl?" Charlotte's piquant face became suddenly resentful.

"I'm sure I don't know," she answered shortly. "Some Spaniard probably."

"Spaniard nothing; she's an American."

Hal continued to gaze at the strange girl, who, obvious to his ardent glance, was looking thoughtfully in the direction of glances. The suggestion of a smile bordered her lips, and then she looked away and walked toward the front of the boat.

"Let's walk forward," Hal suggested, but Charlotte suddenly remembered that she had not as yet taken care of

her trunk, and so they made their way to the lower deck.

"If it weren't for the fact that Charlotte was making the trip," Hal thought to himself as his companion instructed a porter regarding her need, "I'd take this boat to Cuba myself."

Upon returning to the upper deck, he looked anxiously for the girl with the black eyes, but she was nowhere to be seen.

"It seems to me I've seen that girl with the white furs before somewhere," he said to Charlotte. "If you happen to meet her, ask her if she knows me, will you?"

"Where are you now?"

"At the Plaza."

"Do you mind if I drop up to see you for a few minutes? I am terribly interested in Cuba."

For a moment there was silence, and then the voice answered: "No, I don't mind if you do."

So Hal rushed out of the office and hailed a passing taxi. As he rushed into the lobby of the Plaza, the girl with the white furs arose to meet him. And then time flew so fast that it was 1:30 before either of them realized it; so they took lunch together and each told the other the history of his and her life. And after the girl with the white furs had found out that Hal was not engaged to Charlotte or to any one else, she told him that he might come to see her the next evening.

So Hal, with feigned interest in Cuba and unfeigned interest in at least one Cuban tourist, accepted the invitation and talked about the winter in Cuba, but about the summer in the United States. The subject was of such engrossing importance that it was continued in the discussion the next evening, and so on through a long succession of evenings until the summer itself rolled around.

And then, tucked away in the society columns of the New York papers, there appeared one morning the following notice: "The engagement is announced of Harold Griffiths to Miss Lois Brown"—which was the name of the girl from Cuba.

you?"

The blast of the "All ashore!" whistle prevented an answer. Hal said good-by just as quickly as he could, and made his way to the gangplank. He stood on the pier and watched as the boat turned out into the river. Although he waved conscientiously to Charlotte, his gaze searched the ship for sight of the other girl. And just as he had given up hope, she appeared. The picture of her as she stood beside the rail, her face framed in the circle of hat and furs, was stamped indelibly in his memory. Hat off and waving his handkerchief foolishly, he waited on the dock until she became indistinguishable. Then, with a sigh, he turned and made his way back to the office.

The winter wore on, the same old endless round of social duties. But, somehow, Hal seemed to have lost interest; he even remained at the office all day and gave some attention to business, until the elder Simms brother remarked to the younger one that maybe Harold Griffiths might be of some use to the firm, after all. Regularly, Hal received a six-page letter from Charlotte telling of the wonders of the climate, the warmth of the ocean and the wealth of the tourists. And Hal scanned her letters eagerly for a word concerning the girl with the white furs, but not once did Charlotte mention her.

And then, just before the date when Charlotte was to sail for northern climes, Hal's telephone rang, and the softest voice he had ever heard asked him if Mr. Harold Griffiths was in. And having been assured that he was, the owner of the soft voice proceeded to tell him that she had just returned from Cuba, where she had the pleasure of meeting Miss Charlotte Taylor.

"Charlotte asked me to telephone you as soon as I reached New York," the stranger continued, "and to tell you that she was having a lovely time and will be home on the first of May."

"That's mighty nice of you," Hal answered pleasantly. "Did you see much of Charlotte?"

"Oh, yes," the voice answered. "We went down on the same boat and stayed at the same hotel."

Hal's heart missed a beat at this juncture. The girl at the other end of the wire showed an inclination to draw the conversation to a close, and Hal, desperately racking his mind for some means of continuing it, asked abruptly: "Where are you now?"

"At the Plaza."

"Do you mind if I drop up to see you for a few minutes? I am terribly interested in Cuba."

For a moment there was silence, and then the voice answered: "No, I don't mind if you do."

So Hal rushed out of the office and hailed a passing taxi. As he rushed into the lobby of the Plaza, the girl with the white furs arose to meet him. And then time flew so fast that it was 1:30 before either of them realized it; so they took lunch together and each told the other the history of his and her life. And after the girl with the white furs had found out that Hal was not engaged to Charlotte or to any one else, she told him that he might come to see her the next evening.

So Hal, with feigned interest in Cuba and unfeigned interest in at least one Cuban tourist, accepted the invitation and talked about the winter in Cuba, but about the summer in the United States. The subject was of such engrossing importance that it was continued in the discussion the next evening, and so on through a long succession of evenings until the summer itself rolled around.

And then, tucked away in the society columns of the New York papers, there appeared one morning the following notice: "The engagement is announced of Harold Griffiths to Miss Lois Brown"—which was the name of the girl from Cuba.

## POPULAR PATTERN FOR SPORTS SKIRT



By BETTY BROWN

NEW YORK, May 18.—Tennis courts will be made gay this summer with the brilliant colors and huge patterned cottons and wash silks which go to the making of the most popular sports skirts. When such striking fabrics are employed, separate skirts are necessarily cut on very simple lines.

In many instances the skirt is merely shirred beneath a crushed grille while the pockets are shirred and applied at the hip line.

Wash satin, albatross, Georgette satin and fiber silks rival cotton skirtings for sports as well as general utility wear.

Then the precise nature of the disease may never be known.

The infection is thought to enter the body by way of the mucous membranes of the mouth, nose and throat. Some authorities maintain that the disease may enter through the stomach and bowels.

If the infection is present in mouth and throat discharges it is possible that it may be further spread by the common house fly, which has fed upon secretions. The biting stable fly which spreads typhoid, though, is not believed to have anything to do with the transmission of infantile paralysis.

Giving Pleasure to Others.

The most delicate and the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures of others.

## GIRLS! MAKE A BEAUTY LOTION WITH LEMONS

At the cost of a small jar of ordinary cold cream one can prepare a full quarter pint of the most wonderful lemon skin softener and complexion beautifier, by squeezing the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white. Care should be taken to strain the juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan and is the ideal skin softener, smoothener and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quarter pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It should naturally help to whiten, soften, freshen and bring out the roses and beauty of any skin. It is truly marvelous to smoothen rough, red hands.

## Osgood's Summer Millinery

### That's New and Stylishly Correct

Hats made of White Organdie, White Georgette crepe and White Maline, Effectively trimmed to harmonize with that new Summer Frock.

Tailored hats of White Milan, Lizere, Hemp, Tusken and Bangkok Straws, Plainly but stylishly trimmed, to be worn with that Street Suit or Coat, or for Sports Wear.

Correct Millinery for every occasion. Quality Considered, Priced Very Low

## Origin of Billiards.

Many men believe that billiards was not an invention, says the Providence Journal, but a growth, while others maintain, most likely because of the name, that it was a French invention, and they contend that it was played by the Germans, Dutch, Italians and French long before it appeared in England. But on this matter, says the New York Sun, there is room for doubt. A number of literary references to the game may be found in Elizabethan days.

## Conquers Rheumatism in a Very Few Days

CONQUERS RHEUMATISM

It is an established fact that one-half teaspoonful of Rheuma taken once a day has driven the pain and agony from thousands of racked, crippled and despairing rheumatics during the last five years.

Powerful and sure; quick acting, yet harmless; Rheuma gives blessed relief almost at once. The magic name has reached every hamlet in the land and there is hardly a druggist anywhere who cannot tell you of almost marvelous cures.

If you are tortured with rheumatism or sciatica, you can get a bottle of Rheuma from Holt's drug store or any druggist for not more than 50 cents with the understanding that if it does not completely drive rheumatic poisons from your system—money back.

## TWO MOTHERS TELL

### How Their Sickly Children Were Made Strong and Well

"For six years our little girl suffered from a bronchial trouble, she had no appetite, could not sleep and was so nervous we had to keep her out of school. The doctors said nothing but a change of climate would help her. We were discouraged, when one day a friend asked us to try Vinol, and after taking six bottles she does not look like the same child. She has a fine appetite, is lively, healthy and well, and Vinol did it all." Mrs. F. E. Hufford, Iola, Kas.

Another child made strong:—"The measles left my little girl thin and delicate, and the doctor's medicine did not seem to build her up. I read about Vinol and got a bottle, and her improvement was rapid, her strength returned and she is now as well as ever." Mrs. E. Linot, Pittsburgh, Pa.

We ask every Fairmont mother of a frail, sickly, ailing child to try Vinol on our guarantee to return their money if it does not restore her child's normal health.

## Saxol Salve

### REMOVES SKIN AFFECTIONS

One package proves it. Sold and guaranteed by above Vinol druggist.

### TRY A WANT AD

## CONFESIONS OF A WIFE

"I did not want you to feel that I was dogging you, Paula," continued Jeff, "but oh, my dear, I was in blind terror that first year for fear something might happen to you."

"I looked at him in wonder, Margie," said Paula, "and then I upbraided myself that such devotion did not affect me more."

"He must have felt something of this, for he said, 'Never mind, dear, don't try to love me because you think I have been devoted to you. This devotion has been the most beautiful part of my life. I know now that I can never live down in your mind that childish ryme you fastened on me.'"

"Thomas Jefferson Perrygreen, ugliest boy that ever was seen."

"But you are not ugly now, Jeff," interrupted. "You are quite the handsomest man I know."

"No, dear, you must not lie like a real lady just because you feel sorry for me now or ever. (His teeth shut together with a snap and his jaw squared until I saw a better looking and stronger edition of his father standing before me.)"

"In the first place like the villain in the play, my dear, I'll get you yet," he continued, and then seeing me shrink a little, he hastily added, "and if I don't there is all this blessed time that you can't take from me what ever you do. Paula, wherever you are on this earth or some other planet you cannot take from me the glorious privilege of loving you and I shall never cease to have hope until you write me that you are married to another."

"You will be hoping until the end, dear Jeff," I said, "for I never expect to marry. Alma and I have decided to live together and be single ladies until the end of our otherwise blameless lives."

"Jeff did not laugh at my poor attempt at a joke; instead, he observed, 'I suppose you did not know that Tom is going abroad with me.'"

"I certainly was surprised. 'What is to become of his chorus girl wife?'" I asked.

"Oh, she was quite as sick of the mess drink got her into as Tom when she came to her senses and she departed for the west yesterday to set up residence and obtain a divorce."

"How much is this going to cost you, Jeff," I asked.

"He colored, but said nothing."

"What are you going to do with Tom when you get him to Paris or London or wherever you are going?"

"Oh, on my recommendation, the New York \_\_\_\_\_ has made him foreign correspondent."

"I did not know you knew the New York \_\_\_\_\_ editor," I said in surprise.

"He was in Yale with me, although

several years ahead of my class. While I was in college I had an idea I might like to write sometime and dad bought a block of stock in this paper. The editor and I became quite good friends—and there you are."

"How rich your father must be," I said musingly.

"I really don't know much about it, Paula, but in the last few years I know that dad has made some splendid investments in real estate both in Chicago and New York. But why should we talk about riches when I've got to give up in a few hours what is the wealth of the world to me? Why don't you love me just the teeniest little bit, Paula?"

"I think, dear Jeff, it is because you have dropped into my lap too easily. All my life I have only cared for the things I have had to fight for and even then I cared for the battle more than the reward."

"Little belligerent," he said fondly, and then we were both startled out of our own affairs by the sight of a limousine drawn up close to the road and a man and woman inside madly embracing, obvious to the world.

"It is Ploogy Smith," I ejaculated. "And Maurice Ross, the richest man in congress," he supplemented. Neither of us made any other remark until we got home and there Jeff left me, saying, 'I'll see you again before I go.'"

The handsome white canvas pumps have tan soles and high heels which are perhaps more desirable for the girl who follows the "gallery" than for the athletic young woman who tramps over the links with a caddy.

## BEHOLD PERFECT GOLF GIRL



By BETTY BROWN

NEW YORK, May 18.—The perfect golf girl, as to costume, is immaculate. Usually arrayed in a short washable white skirt and a purple and white striped blazer-sweater—of this is the name of a jersey sports coat hypenated. Another feature of this "perfect" suit is the "perfect" curve of the broad-brimmed white hat.

The handsome white canvas pumps have tan soles and high heels which are perhaps more desirable for the girl who follows the "gallery" than for the athletic young woman who tramps over the links with a caddy.

## HEALTH HINTS

Infantile paralysis is almost certain to make its appearance again this summer.

The medical profession is not at all proud of its information on this disease. It is spread by human contact, according to the best opinion. Certain other facts are definitely known. Education of the public regarding the symptoms of the disease, prompt reporting of even suspicious cases and hospitalization offer the best means of fighting its spread, in the opinion of leading health experts.

Early symptoms of the disease may sometimes pass almost unnoticed. Usually though they are fever, vomiting, and diarrhea, slight rigidity of the neck, headache and paralysis of the extremities. Often early symptoms consist of generalized pain over the body, drowsiness and a tendency to sweat. The patients sometimes are delirious. All of these symptoms may appear, or only a few of them.

Contrary to popular belief paralysis does not occur in all of the cases. The disease is sometimes so mild that recovery occurs in two or three days.

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(SURE TOM PLANTED SOMETHING IN THAT BED.)—BY ALLMAN.

