

# A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### The Thing That Counts.

By EARL REED SILVERS  
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"IT ISN'T so much what a fellow says that matters," Jimmy Barrett remarked casually to Mildred McAdams. "It's what he does that really counts."

Mildred looked up at him with rather wistful eyes. They were rather pretty eyes, too, as Jimmy had more than once noticed; and hidden in their depths was a light which, if Jimmy had been a little wiser, would have told him something which would have made his heart miss a beat or two. But Jimmy was ignorant in the ways of woman. Mildred was the only girl he had ever really known, and he knew her so well that he'd begun to look upon her as he would a sister. They played tennis together, motored around town in Jimmy's big car and "hawled each other out" whenever the occasion demanded.

...the girl next door had stuck out her tongue at him Jimmy had felt a rather proprietary interest in Mildred. Perhaps as the years wore on Mildred grew into the promise of womanhood she wondered if Jimmy's interest would ever be other than neighborly. But, whatever her thoughts, she kept them strictly to herself. And Jimmy, satisfied to let things run their course, took Mildred to dances and card parties and forgot that perhaps other men would see in his companion charms to which he himself was oblivious. Mildred had never cared much for other men; she smiled at them and danced with them, but in her attitude was an impersonal not which rather discouraged further advances. And so, until the Assembly ball at the Country club, Mildred and Jimmy pursued the even tenor of their ways.

And then John Hastings appeared. He was sitting on the porch of the club when Jimmy's car drew up, and as soon as his eyes dwelt upon Mildred a smile of joyful recognition overspread his features. When Jimmy returned from parking the car he found Mildred in animated conversation with a good-looking young man who was evidently a stranger in Bridgetown.

"Oh, Jimmy!" she exclaimed, happily. "This is John Hastings, whom I met last summer at the shore. You've heard me speak of him, I'm sure."

Jimmy had heard her speak of him a good deal, and he regarded the newcomer with interest. He saw a black-haired, black-eyed man of about thirty, with a well-formed nose and rather aggressive chin. A sudden dislike for the stranger came over him. But Jimmy was nothing if not polite, so he extended his hand pleasantly.

"I'm mighty pleased to meet you," he announced in a voice which seemed perfectly sincere. Mildred had told me about your good times last summer."

"Oh, yes," the man answered. "Mildred and I enjoyed ourselves very much."

Mildred! A sudden unreasonable jealousy smote the heart of Jimmy Barrett. What right had that fellow to call her Mildred? Aguely Jimmy recalled incidents Mildred had told him about in which undoubtedly Hastings must have had a part. At that time

## GENIUS OF GOVERNOR CANTU WORKS MIRACLE IN LOWER CALIFORNIA AMERICAN CAPITAL AIDS HIM IN BUILDING CAMPAIGN!



A group of Mexican school children—school building is one of the important phases of the construction regime of Esteban Cantu in Lower California.

MEXICALI, Lower California, June 13.—Outside of President Carranza, there is probably no more dominant personage in all of Mexico than Colonel Esteban Cantu, military governor of the Northern district of Lower California.

Shrouded by a veil of mystery, the personality of this man fires the imagination. During the six years that his nation has been bathed in blood he has held aloof from warfare and has inaugurated a campaign of upbuilding which promises to make his state the most progressive in Mexico.

He has surrounded himself with the most intellectual people that his nation affords. His military aides are graduates of Chapultepec, Mexico's West Point. His constructing engineers are college bred and generally speak several languages. He is quick to adopt and apply modern methods in all lines of activity within his district.

Of French extraction, Colonel Cantu came to Lower California from Mexico City to take command of the troops in the Northern district and later succeeded to the post of governor.

he had listened patiently and had dismissed them as trivial; now they assumed monstrous proportions.

From within the club the orchestra struck up a one-step and Hastings turned to Mildred.

"May I have the pleasure?" he asked.

Mildred, with a glance at Jimmy's unexpectedly frowning face, dimpled mischievously.

"I'd be delighted," she answered.

When they returned from the dance, they found Jimmy standing where they had left him. During the five minutes in which Mildred had danced with Hastings, Jimmy's heart had revealed itself. Waiting in the shadows of the porch, under the lure of soft music, Jimmy suddenly discovered that Mildred McAdams meant more to him than any one else in

the world. Jealously he watched as she smiled up into the face of her partner. He imagined that there was a light in her eyes which he had never seen before. The possibility of her being in love with Hastings came to him with startling suddenness. What if she was? Jimmy leaned his head against the porch pillar and frowned miserably. What if Mildred were in love with another man?

He tried to smile, however, when the other two returned. Hastings, his face rather flushed, nodded absently to Jimmy.

"Mildred is just as perfect a dancer as she ever was," he announced. Then he turned to the girl. "I hope that you will give me a good many more dances tonight."

Mildred glanced at Jimmy, who was glaring at her almost fiercely. Some

thing in his eyes made her catch her breath sharply; and her heart suddenly threatened to run away from her.

"You may have the third one after this," she said to Hastings, "and after that I'll think about it."

Jimmy claimed Mildred as his partner for the second dance. He didn't say much, but the girl imagined that he held her just a little tighter than was necessary. When the dance was over he led her out into the farthest recess of the porch.

"Did you have very much to do with Hastings this summer?" he asked abruptly.

"Not so very much. Why? Don't you like him?"

"He seems like a pretty fair sort of chap," Jimmy answered honestly. "But I hate him just the same."

Mildred regarded him with startled eyes.

"Why, Jimmy," she said. "I didn't think you'd act like this."

"Can't I hate a man if I want to? Jimmy demanded. "Do you like him very much?"

"Yes; very much."

"Oh!"

The bottom of the world suddenly fell out under Jimmy's feet. Mildred's calm statement that she liked Hastings very much left him gasping for breath. If at that moment he had glanced at his companion he might have seen the hint of a twinkle in the corner of her eye. But Jimmy was looking off into a future which was blacker than night itself.

At that time the country was practically a waste. Some development work had been done by American concessionaires, but for the most part the country was a desert. With the building of the Imperial Valley Irrigation system, an American enterprise, it became possible to irrigate the Imperial valley on both sides of the line. Lower California then took her first step forward.

Being a rocky, desolate, thinly populated district, there was no means whereby the state government could raise necessary revenue for much needed improvements. When Cantu first took hold there wasn't even a road in his domain. When he wanted to go from Mexicali, on the east side of the state, to Tijuana and Ensenada on the west he had to use highways of Uncle Sam.

The coming of American capital made it possible to develop Lower California. Cantu taxed Americans for the privilege of operating south of the border, and used the money thus obtained to build up his community. In order to engage in business or indus-

try below the line it is first necessary to buy a concession from the governor and also to pay a tax on production. In addition to this a heavy export duty is charged.

Claiming unjust taxation, planters south of the border recently appealed to the American government for help. The matter was taken up through George Carruthers, special agent of the State department, and an adjustment of the duty on cotton was obtained. An export duty of approximately \$10 a bale is now charged, but next season a new schedule will greatly reduce this levy.

No Mexican official ever did more for his community and people than Esteban Cantu is doing in Lower California. Besides spending money in thousand and million-dollar allotments for civic and state betterment, he sends a considerable portion of his income to Mexico City regularly, to be used in refinancing the Mexican government.

Cantu is the only Mexican governor who has been able at all times to pay all of his officials in gold during the revolution.

When a fish, a tiny creature that prefers a home close to shore, gets a desire to rove away from home, he gives his tail a lazy little wiggle and says: "Why swim, when I can ride?" So he fastens himself to a piece of floating seaweed or driftwood and rides away, sometimes far out to sea. He's a member of a very large family of various sizes, shapes and hues. He's called the blenny.

WOMEN VOLUNTEERS.

In stress and trouble the women of a nation are always to be counted upon. In this country few of our women escape the weakening troubles peculiar to their sex.

Middle aged women about to experience that dreaded change of life, should profit by the experience of thousands of noble women who have gone through the same period with little or no pain, misery or discomfort.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is and has been for nearly 50 years just the medicine. It is not a secret prescription, for its ingredients are printed on the wrapper; it's a temperance medicine, a glyceric extract from roots.

Not only does it build up the entire system and make it strong and vigorous enough to withstand the organic disturbances, but it has a quieting effect upon the feminine organism.

Lynchburg, Va.—"I am glad to speak of Dr. Pierce's remedies in high terms. While I have not had any occasion to use 'Favorite Prescription' myself, I can tell of its benefit to my sister. She used it to build up after a nervous break-down. She was well satisfied and it did all she could expect. I have been well pleased myself with Dr. Pierce's Pellets. They are fine. I am only too glad to recommend them."—Mrs. J. C. FRANKLIN, Cabell Street.

Hinton, W. Va.—"I am glad to recommend Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. For pills that cure indigestion, constipation and biliousness I have never found anything better. I cheerfully recommend them."—Mrs. J. W. MOSS, 515 James Street.

Every woman should be careful that the liver is active and the poisons are not allowed to clog the system—get rid of these poisons by taking a vegetable laxative occasionally—such as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They do not gripe and will not harm the system.

she quoted. "It's what he does that really counts." And then she leaned over and kissed Jimmy fairly on the lips. And Jimmy, the world suddenly bright again, reached out his arms to her. "I love you," he said.

## HEALTH HINTS

The tongue tells a whole lot with out any help from the voice. It tells whether you are sick or well just as accurately as a thermometer tells whether it is hot or cold.

The coating on the tongue is an indication of gastric disorders. The flaming red tongue tells that its owner is feverish. When something has gone wrong and bothered the action of your digestive tract a glance in the mirror will most likely show that the tongue is broad and thick.

If there is irritation of the blood supply of the stomach or bowels you may see that your tongue is elongated and somewhat pointed.

If the tongue is dry look out for some kind of stomach disorder. If you have been overeating and your stomach has more than it can properly handle a heavy coating at the base of the tongue will tell you about it.

When a person is sick and the coated tongue becomes furry or shaggy in appearance you may know that the disease is in an advanced stage.

When there is a high fever and prostration the tongue will be found to be dry and brown in appearance. If the tongue will be found to be dry and brown in appearance. If the tongue becomes dry and red it is an indication that the patient is in a more serious condition than when the tongue was dry and brown. When a person has been ill with a marked dry tongue and that organ becomes moist again it is a sign of a "turn for the better."

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED  
O. P. R.: "Please give me a good home remedy for muscular rheumatism."  
Rubbing and hot applications.

BABE'S UNUSUAL MISADVENTURE  
UNIONTOWN, Pa., June 14.—With his clothing caught on a barbed wire fence on a farm within a quarter of a mile from his home John Ginter, 2-year-old son of George Ginter, a farmer of Brier Hill, was held a prisoner over 24 hours. The child was found unconscious at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon and will probably recover.

A Wise Fish.

When a fish, a tiny creature that prefers a home close to shore, gets a desire to rove away from home, he gives his tail a lazy little wiggle and says: "Why swim, when I can ride?" So he fastens himself to a piece of floating seaweed or driftwood and rides away, sometimes far out to sea. He's a member of a very large family of various sizes, shapes and hues. He's called the blenny.

## Osgood's for Quality

### The Blouse Section

offers several lots of New Crisp Blouses at temptingly low prices.

At \$1.00

Twenty new styles in plain and colored voiles, handsomely trimmed, the regular value of which is \$1.50.

At \$1.98

A large showing of Tub Silk and Voile Blouses, regular worth \$2.50.

At \$3.50

Some handsome styles in heavy Crepe-de-Chine, all new and excellently tailored, in new shades as well as white and flesh.

### YOUTHFUL BURGLARS HELD.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., June 14.—Postoffice Inspector Harry Connor arrested in Charleston last night with Claude and Harry Reitmire, brothers, aged 11 and 8, respectively, who are charged with the burglary of the Mason City postoffice on May 20. Two other youths, Urial Buskirk and Harley Boies, will be brought here today for burglary of the postoffice at Gaulty Bridge.

### TREE-CLIMBER KILLED.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., June 14.—John Akron, aged 35, a farmer of Bowock near here, entered a tree-climbing contest with several friends on his farm yesterday afternoon and fell 10 feet from a tree, dying instantly. His neck was broken.

### Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



## Don't Envy Beautiful Hair. Have It!

Don't envy the woman whose hair falls in soft, shimmering ripples that seem to take years from her age. Hair of this beautiful kind is possible for nearly every woman. Treat your hair the Pompeian way and your friends will immediately remark, "How soft and beautiful your hair looks!"

Pompeian HAIR Message cannot discolor the hair. Delightful and dainty to use. Get a 25c, 50c or \$1 bottle TODAY at the store, and prove to yourself the quick results possible.

MEN have applications at barber shops. Made by the reliable makers of the famous Pompeian MASSAGE Cream and Pompeian NIGHT Cream.

also opens the pores of the scalp to the wonderfully stimulating liquids in Pompeian HAIR Message. Dandruff and Scalp Itching disappear. Your hair will become and stay healthy, vigorous and attractive.

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## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"What shall we do now, Paula?" said Alma as we read the story again. "I'll go up and see her and tell her just what I think of her." I said, for I was boiling with rage and I really wanted for once to tell that little devil what I thought of her.

"No, you can't do that," said Alma, "for it would be just like Miss Flosie to add another count to her petition and name you as co-respondent. She is capable of anything fiendish."

"I sat down quickly. This was the first time in all my life, Margie, that I had come across a really bad woman and I could see that under any circumstances I would be no match for her and I would probably get my boss into worse trouble, if that were possible, than he was in at the time.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Alma. "I'll go up and try to get to her as a newspaper woman."

"She won't see you."

"I'm not so sure. You know I have known her and her family. You can make up your mind that she has this scheme all worked out and if it is a part of it that she will talk for the newspapers she has her story ready."

"Alma went up to see her and as she had predicted, Mrs. Smith saw her. You see she wanted Alma to believe in her and so she had a most plausible story from her point of view.

"She made a great point of Alma being a woman and an old friend and said she certainly would not have seen any man reporters, but 'I know that one-of-my-own-sex, especially of my own town, will understand and accept me in my present situation.'"

"Although I am somewhat older than you, Alma," she began, "when I married Frank Smith, I was only 22 years old. We have been married 15 years. Until lately he has always been good to me, personally, although I found out that he was trying to make his wonderful magnetism and silver tongue cloak many grafting schemes."

"I thought of Frank Smith's honesty and rather slow speech, Margie, and I honestly wanted to choke the living words down her throat when Alma told me this.

sob, and when he was nominated for Congress I did all I could to help elect him. Of course you know I have never been anything but a home-loving woman, but I had a few influential friends—men who had known my father—shades of the nine tailors it takes to make a man!—who were willing to help me in every way possible.

"The night he was elected I made him promise he would go straight, but the moment he got here he became embroiled in this liquor mess and, when I remonstrated with him he—he struck me. After that I knew there was nothing for me to do but to separate from him. It was really against my conscience and training to get a divorce, but my lawyers after hearing my story said there was nothing else for me to do.

"I am not asking for any alimony—I could not touch any of that money that I know is tainted."

"Great heavens, Alma, I interrupted. 'Don't tell me any more. I can't stand it. That woman knows she has mortgaged the boss's very salary with her extravagance.'

"Of course she does," said Alma, "but that did not keep her from mak-

ing what she thought was a splendid point. "How will you live?" I asked her bluntly, said Alma.

"I am going to some friends in New York immediately," she answered and Paula, as she said it she could not help a queer little gleam coming into her eyes and a quirkily smile at her mouth's corners.

"You can depend on it, Senator Ross has made some provision for her and she will probably go abroad next summer and the senator will follow. I wonder if she can make him marry her."

"Alma, you don't think that woman expects to marry Senator Ross?" I said in derision.

"She certainly does," was her answer, "for she could not keep him out of her conversation with me. She said, 'I feel so ashamed that I have brought such men as Senator Ross to my dinner table to meet such a man as Frank Smith. I would not blame Senator Ross if he never spoke to me again.'"

"Then, Paula, a queer thing happened. A boy came to the door and I heard him say that Senator Ross was calling. She turned to me and said, 'Please excuse me. I have some important business,' and I got out."

"Are you going to write her side of the story, Alma?"

"Watch me," was her retort, as she sat down to her typewriter."

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(GUESS THE MAN DIDN'T WANT TO BUY IT.)—BY ALLMAN.

