

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

BEAUTY BUBBLES BLOWN BY DAINY DAME FASHION



THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Slacker.

By PAUL J. FAY.
(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
"PLEASE, Mr. Randolph, just let us have a few more days and we shall pay you the rent. Father is still sick, but mother and I are working as hard as we can. And it is so hard to take care of father and work besides."

The girl, while speaking, cowered more and more under the glance of the man. Every look of scorn went straight to her soul like a thrust of a lance. Finally she fell on her knees before him and burst into tears.

"Come!" her tormentor snapped, a sneer distorting his face. "This is no place for dramatics. That sob stuff doesn't fool me a bit. You've got money to pay your rent and I know it. If it's not paid by this noon out you go. Get me?"

After this outburst the young millionaire turned to his desk and paid no more attention to his visitor. Soon she staggered out, her eyes blinded with tears.

Chester Randolph was not a hard-hearted man naturally. From his father, who died a few months before, he had inherited a successful real estate business and a square jaw. He had been brought up to worship business, to let nothing interfere with business. Chester managed the blocks of tenements which he owned with the same heartless, business-like manner which his father before him had managed them. He was no better than his father, no worse.

On the day after his argument with the girl about the rent another girl entered his office. She walked lightly up to his desk and glanced at him with an imperious, not timorous, light flashing in her eyes. From her card he saw that she was Eleanor Malette, the daughter of a prominent state official. For a moment Chester sat stunned at her queenly beauty. Then he arose and courteously offered her a chair.

"No thank you, I came on business, not pleasure." The girl looked him straight in the eye and spoke in low, even tones. "I came to ask you how large a subscription you will make to the Liberty Loan."

An angry gleam came into the man's eyes. Another charity seeker, he thought.

"I am very sorry," he answered. "But I do not think I will be able to donate anything."

"What!" The girl looked puzzled. "Donate? But this is not a donation. It's an investment, the safest one you can make. You get three and one-half per cent interest and no taxes. Why, surely you've read about it. Every other business man in the block has subscribed. You certainly want to do something for your country. Just think of the honor! You'll be helping Uncle Sam win democracy for the world. The whole world will be your debtor."

Miss Malette became more enthusiastic as she spoke. But the man grew nettled.

"I said I did not want any, and that is all there is to it. Good-day." His voice was a little too sharp.

Slowly the red stained Eleanor's face more and more deeply. Then suddenly it dawned upon her that he had refused, for he turned his back and sat down. The color dropped from her face like a curtain.

"You—you slacker," she said angrily. He sprang to his feet in a fury. "Leave this office at once!" he commanded.

"Oh, yes, because I tell you your duty you order me to leave. I'll leave when I get ready." Defiance sprang from every muscle of her rigid body. She pointed an accusing finger at him. "Yes, you're a slacker and a coward. You're tearing your money out of the very souls of the people and then you refuse to give up a cent to your government. The government protects you and gives you officers to put out your penniless tenants. Then you even lie about your property to escape taxation. Yet you dare to call yourself a man. I despise you, you slacker."

Eleanor stared at him a moment then turned and went out. Chester ran to the door and slammed it shut. He paced the floor rapidly until his rage cooled from a white to a red heat. Then he went to the telephone and called up his lawyer.

"I want to bring suit against Eleanor Malette," he said. "She called me a slacker and a coward right here before my stenographer when I refused to buy a bond."

"It would do no good to sue her," was the attorney's calm reply. "Why?" snapped Randolph.

"Because she spoke the truth. The telephone dropped to the floor with a crash.

That night Chester Randolph slept not a wink. The next morning he did not go to his office, but remained at home. There he had the biggest fight he had fought in his life and he fought with his biggest enemy—himself. All day long he struggled, while the sweat poured from his brow in streams. Toward evening he called Eleanor Malette on the telephone and she refused to speak with him. Every time the servants offered him food he turned from them so savagely that they shrank from him with terror. Another night passed in waterfulness and restless tossing. At dawn Chester was completely exhausted. The struggle was nearly ended.

After breakfast as Chester sat in the library, a thought suddenly came to him.

"By George I'll do it!" he cried, and, throwing on his hat he literally ran down the street.

Two days later Eleanor's maid informed her that a visitor wished to see her, but would not give his name. She hurried down into the reception room. Here she found a man in the uniform of the United States marines. As he turned toward her she gasped.

"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble, croons the old witch. That young witch, Dame Fashion, must bubble with merriment as she quotes the line and continues to blow her great glittering bubbles to height."

Take coiffures, for example. Nothing but toil and trouble this fall for the girl who would be smartly coiffed. Fashion has thrown a score of style

have burst. There remains no set ways of dressing the hair. Only a few ideas persist to float into popularity. Coiffures cover the ears. One side or the other of the front

other, if the face is long; or right in the middle of the forehead, if the face is round. Sophisticated coils are carelessly piled, curled, twisted, coiled and pulled.

where the coil and trouble comes in. How to achieve that careless look and still be well groomed takes time, study and much experimenting. Just where to adjust one's curls and

coils depends altogether on the shape of one's head. "Select your coiffure as you do your hat," says the dainty dame who dominates the boudoir. "Is it becoming? That is enough."

"Chester—I mean Mr. Randolph, are you a—?"

"Yes I am." He spoke in a low appealing tone. "I finally plucked up nerve enough to join. I came to ask you to take my subscription of \$1,000.000 to the Liberty Loan. And I'd like to have you watch over my people in the tenements, to see that they come to no need while I'm gone. Will you say good-by to me?"

She came closer. "Yes, Chester. And I'd like to have your voice tell me what your eyes do before you leave me. I could manage your affair better if—if— She looked down.

He seized her and threw her to him, almost fiercely. "I do love you," he breathed. Will you wait for me, Eleanor? How can you love a slacker?"

"I loved you the first time I saw you," she whispered. "I thought the method I used would be the best way to save you to yourself, to your country and—to me."

And the uniform of the United States Marines was not discredited by the happy tears that were shed on its bosom.

HEALTH HINTS

A refrigerator is a device for preserving food by the antiseptic low temperature.

The importance of keeping an ice box clean cannot be overstated. It should be kept scrupulously clean at all times. Any liquid that is spilled should be wiped up at once and all crumbs removed. If this is not done these foods form a breeding place for germs.

The ideal temperature of the average ice-box, which is between 40 degrees and 50 degrees Fahrenheit, stops the growth of the bacteria only temporarily. Food that is allowed to remain in the ice-box too long will decay.

In order to have an ice-box work up to the highest standards of hygiene and efficiency you must—

1. Keep it clean.

2. Keep the ice chamber well filled so as to regulate the temperature.

3. Use the food stuffs as quickly as possible, thus lessening the time of storage and the consequent danger of contamination.

4. Keep an open jar of calcium chloride in the food chamber box. The top of the chloride becomes moist scrape it off until a dry surface is exposed.

Be careful about placing milk in the refrigerator. If milk is kept in an open vessel in an icebox with meats and various kinds of vegetables, it will absorb odors from them.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

W. R.: "What causes snoring?" When one breathes with some force through the mouth and nose at the same time, the soft palate which hangs at the back of the mouth is violently shaken or vibrated and the snoring sound results.

The condition you describe is unusual and no definite answer could be given without a thorough examination. Consult a doctor.

HALF AND HALF SLEEVE IN STYLE



BY BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK, July 21.—A real novelty of fall fashions is the half-and-half sleeve. The model pictured today shows the upper arm covered with white chiffon and the lower with black. On blue serge, elbow-deep cuffs of white satin are used. Some times the top of a sleeve is of chiffon while the cuff flares and is of satin. In a very charming frock one-half of the sleeve is of all-over lace, the other of tucked tulle.

These are hints worth the attention of a girl who would like to freshen up a spring gown for fall service.

True In Some Cases. A book reviewer in the London Times makes the rather remarkable assertion that the word "interesting" is not one that should ordinarily be applied to a work of fiction. It is remarkable because, for some occult reason, he considers the word unsuitable in its application to any fiction of whatever character. If he had said that it has no fitness when applied to much current fiction he would have aroused no surprise.—Exchange.

Speaking From Experience. An actress paints for the center of the house. Judging from the thickness with which some women out of the stage lay on the rouge, they're painting for the first man that comes within a mile of 'em.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Take the Chair." When one moves that So and So take the chair, especially if he is a foot, he should remember that at one time such a thing was considered a right royal luxury. In the middle ages a table was only a board on trestles, there was only one chair at the head of the board, at which the host sat, the rest of the company sat on benches. This custom was the origin of the expression referred to.

Marion ice cream was considered a luxury. Now that it is manufactured scientifically and on a large scale, and sold on a very small margin of profit, it is really the cheapest, honest food that money can buy today. This is because we handle it from the raw to the finished product right in our own plant, therefore we are the only people who have to make a profit.

Insist on

MARION 100% Pure ICE CREAM

MARION PRODUCTS CO.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

"At the manager's office the next morning, Margie," said Paula, "I was told he was gone out of town and received a letter."

"When I read the letter I laughed. I had begun to realize Fate was just an irresponsible agent who would go to any lengths to play a practical joke. The letter said:

"My dear Miss Newton: I forgot to tell you yesterday Ernest Lawton had consented to play two weeks in our summer stock company. You will readily see under the circumstances it will be impossible for me to engage you."

"Sincerely," "On my way back to the boarding house, I stopped at Emeline's where I still owed a big bill for some gowns I wore in the Philadelphia run of the 'Women He Chose.' Emeline bewailed the fact that her partner and buyer had just married.

"What am I to do?" she asked. "I can't leave the business and go abroad. I can't speak French anyway—Mag always did that. It was she taught me to say 'Zee' and 'parliament' and a few other queer words.

"Here I am left with an up and coming Fifth avenue business and I may have to move over on Sixth avenue because I can't keep up with the society bluff."

"Do you want some one to go to Paris for you?" "Yes, I want some one, but where shall I find one?" "I thought a minute and then asked, 'I wonder if you could consider me?'" "Can you speak French?" "I did not speak anything else until I was eight years old."

"Have you been in Paris?" "Almost every year until I was eighteen. I have bought clothes from all the big houses for myself and my mother and I think I can do it for you."

"You have certainly good taste, but I can't afford to send you."

"I will pay my expenses if you will cancel my bill and make me two street dresses when I return."

"I will do it."

"We talked over the whole situation. She told me of her captious customers who would pay any price to get gowns that they were sure would not be duplicated. She told me of others who were satisfied with anything provided they saw its duplicates on the captious customer."

"I had three days to get ready. One

of these I spent in Emeline's shop listening to orders she received from rich and idle women to whom she had telephoned her buyer was leaving immediately for Paris and would be glad to execute any order for them.

"You may imagine my surprise Margie, to find that one of these women, who Emeline told me was one of her best customers was my chum and roommate at Vassar.

"Is it possible this is Paula Newton?" she said delightedly.

"The same old Paula," I answered, but not as bridesmaid, I answered.

"Why did you not answer my letters after your mother's death?" "I was too unmy earning my living, my dear, and I knew my way of life had turned directly opposite to yours.

"Vida Stanwood seemed hurt. 'Paula,' she said, 'I don't believe you ever really cared for me very much.' "I did, and I'll prove it by buying you the dearest trousseau in Paris."

"Vida blushed and said, 'And will you come to my wedding as bridesmaid?'" "I'll come to your wedding, dear, but not as bridesmaid, I answered.

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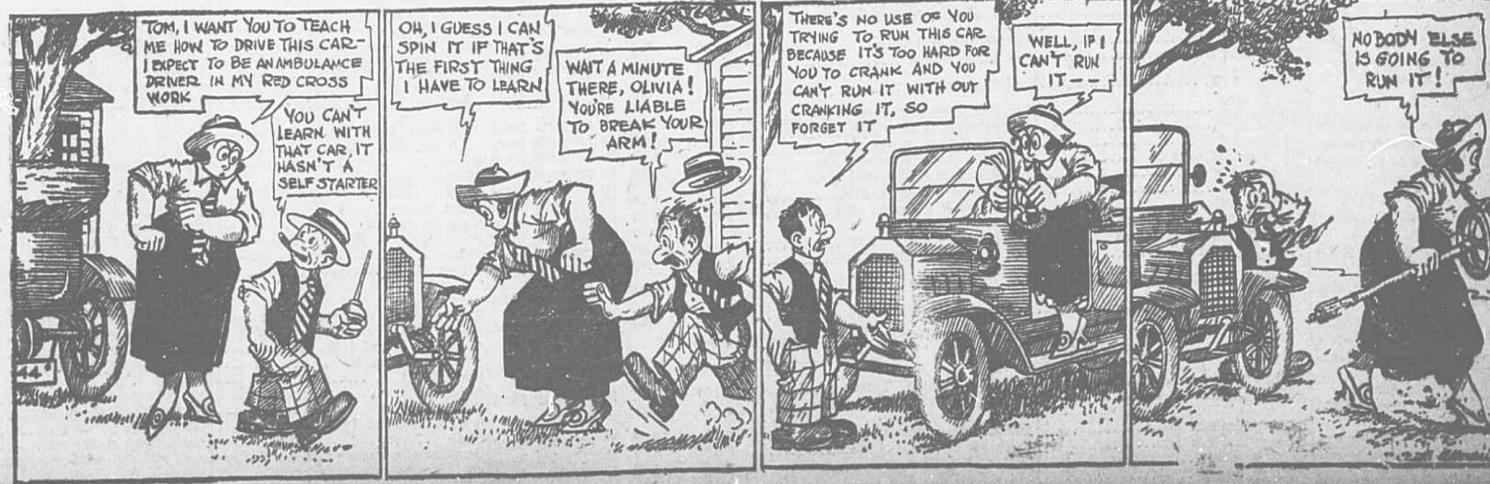
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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM DIDN'T KNOW OLIVIA'S REAL STRENGTH.)—BY ALLMAN.



TOM, I WANT YOU TO TEACH ME HOW TO DRIVE THIS CAR. I EXPECT TO BE AN AMBULANCE DRIVER IN MY RED CROSS WORK.

OH, I GUESS I CAN SPIN IT IF THAT'S THE FIRST THING I HAVE TO LEARN!

WAIT A MINUTE THERE, OLIVIA! YOU'RE LIABLE TO BREAK YOUR ARM!

THERE'S NO USE OF YOU TRYING TO RUN THIS CAR BECAUSE IT'S TOO HARD FOR YOU TO CRANK AND YOU CAN'T RUN IT WITH OUT CRANKING IT, SO FORGET IT!

WELL, IF I CAN'T RUN IT— NOBODY ELSE IS GOING TO RUN IT!