A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Just For a Lark

By C. B. LEWIS.

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MISS GERALDINE LANGTON was a daughter of a very rich widow, living in a suburb of New York. She had arrived at the age of twenty.

There are more cases like hers than I can dream of. Here was an intelligent educated and good looking girl of twenty who had never had a real beau. There is no reason at all why such girls should not be in love and engaged. Philosophers have tried to find a reason, but all the reason they can give is that such girls are somehow passed by. The right young man does not come along. Oh, yes, plenty of young men had chatted with Miss Geraldine, and they had admired her looks and said she was a very nice young lady, but they hadn't come a-courting. A girl likes to be praised and admired but it should go beyond that. She should at least have a chance to refuse the gift and hand to a homely young man. Miss Geradine had thought of these things. Why not? Marriage is the thing to interest a girl as much as a young man. In fact she has even more at stake, and must move with more caution. Yes, she had wondered what kept the young men away. Was it her mother's wealth? Was it that they had heard she was extravagant in her dress and knew nothing whatever about managing a house? Miss Geraldine thought and thought, but she could not solve the problem. Neither could her mother, though the latter didn't try very hard. Whatever she thought about it she said to herself:

"Oh, Geraldine is all right. She wants her freedom for a while yet. The right young man will come along some day, and she will have her bridal tour and her happy home. I don't believe she would marry now, anyhow, and as long as she isn't worried about it there's no occasion for me to fret."

One day Miss Geraldine had to go to the city to do some shopping. She went alone very often and she knew her way about. he never mistook Broadway for Seventh avenue and she never got run over while crossing Herald square at Thirty-fourth street. As she rode into the city on the train an inspiration came to her and she smiled and laughed to herself. She was going to have a lark. It would be a funny one, and there could be no harm in it. All she needed was a little courage and she thought she could summon that up. There wasn't time to plan every particular, but she thought they would work out themselves.

The young lady's usual plan on coming to the city was to take a Fourth avenue car at the Grand Central station and ride down to Thirty-third street. There she would leave the car, and walk across Thirty-fourth street to the great retail stores. She knew them all, and never went further down town to do her purchasing. She shopped an hour or two, all the time thinking of her lark, and when ready to go home, she carried a little bundle with her. As she was going back to the train she saw a finelooking man approaching. He carried a cane and wore a high hat. His clothing fitted him perfectly and he had the air of a gentleman. As he was about to pass her, Geraldine stopped dead still and appealed to him:

"I am in trouble and I wish your assistance."

The man looked into her face, and thought he saw signs of her fright and peturbation. He lifted his hat ond replied:

"I shall be only too happy, miss. What has happened to you?"

"Why—why," carrying her hand to her forehead "something came over me all at once, and I can't tell you who I am or where I live. My memory seems to have gone all of a sudden!"

"It is a case of aphasia," he said. "I've read of three or four cases of it this year, but there is nothing to be greatly alarmed about. In fact, I have had a touch of it myself, but was all right in a short while."

"But what shall I do?" she asked, in a helpless, childish sort of way.

"Come into this store for a moment. The open street is hardly the place for a talk. Now then, you have evidently been shopping. Can you remember the stores you have just visited?"

"Not a one, though I may have visited half a dozen. I don't think there's anybody in any of the stores who knows me. I have no account with any of them."

"Well, let's see," he mused. "You came in this morning. That is—I suppose you live out of town somewhere?" he went on. "Haven't you got any of your address cards in your purse?"

Miss Geraldine opened her bag, and there was no card case.

"Now, try and think of the name of the town you live in," said the gentleman.

"If—if—if I could think of the name of the town, I could tell you who I am," answered the victim.

"You came in an a train, didn't you?"

"Yes, I think I did, for I seem to remember a big station."

"And then you took the street car down here?"

"I believe I did."

"Well you probably got off at Thirty-third street and it was only a short walk here. Then you went to the stores. You had finished your shopping and started back for Thirty-third street to go up town. You are going to get off at the Grand Central, probably, and ther take a train to your home."

"I—I guess that was the way of it," said Miss Geraldine. "I will go up and see if I remember the station; but everything seems strange to me."

"Of course it does, and I shan't let you go up to the station alone. I will go with you, and we will see if we can't find the right train. Your memory will come back as suddenly as it went."

They walked along together. This was carrying the lark a good deal further than Miss Geraldine had planned for, but she must go through with it now. The best thing for her to do was to recover that lost memory of hers as soon as she could. They had no sooner arrived at the station, than everything came back to her, and she gave a little exclamation of delight. The gentleman was glad as she was, but he didn't start right back for Thirty-fourth street. He saw her to the station and on to her train, and lifted his hat in the nicest kind of a way, and warmly shook her hand at parting. He was assured over and over again that her memory was all right, and he did just what you might expect a man to do. He took a seat in the car in the rear, and he road up to Mount Vernon, or some other nice, small city and followed her at a respectful distance until she entered her mother's home.

And then what? And then Miss Geraldine didn't come to be an old maid. It was a lark, but it proved to be a happy one, and if you ever tell the gentleman, whose name is Robert Rogers, about the little plan of aphasia, you are an unsympathetic sort of a person.

Beauty Lessons From Life

TO HAVE PERSONALITY—

Take a Lesson from Anna Wheaton, Says Idah McGlone Gibson.

This is the twelfth of a series of articles analyzing the famous American beauties, written

BY IDAH McGLONE GIBSON.

Beauty Expert of the West Virginian, and Author of "Confessions of a Wife."

"Just what makes that girl so attractive?" asked the man who sat beside me at the theatre.

We are looking at Ann Wheaton, the star of "Oh Boy," in elaborate if ugly pajamas, who is perhaps the cleverest girl on the New York stage. New York's sophisticated eyes come back, after being satiated by the prettiest chorus girl, to rest on Ann Wheaton's clever face and personality.

What is personality?

I dont know. It is like love. No one can tell what love is, but everyone can tell when he is in love. And there are as many kinds of personality as there are kinds of beauty or love.

Anna Wheaton radiates the kind of personality which vivifies every muscle under her skin with electric flashes from a very clever brain.

She is provocative. She makes you think there is something mysterious abotu her that you will want to find out. When her face is vivified and quickened by her alert mind she is much more fascinating with all her irregular features than the marble face of the most exquisitely lovely woman in her company.

However, any girl upon looking into her glass need not despair. I have never ,in many years of constant observation of feminine beauty, seen a girl who did ont have at least one feature or attribute that was beautiful.

Look in your mirror and find yours and make the most of it. But above all, if you would cultivate that intangible thing they call personality, forget yourself. Cultivate sympathy with people, interest in their ideas and aims and love of work and life.

How to Dry Peaches and Pears

PEACHES:

Peel peaches, cut in halves, and pit.

Spread thinly on trays or earthenware plates.

Dry in sun, in oven, over the kitchen stove, or before the electric fan, until fruit is tough and somewhat leathery.

Stir from time to time.

The finished product will not look like the fresh fruit, but it's good to eat.

PEARS:

Pare pears, core, and cut into eighths.

Or core and slice in rings, using fruit or vegetable slicer.

Do not let stand long before drying.

To prevent discoloration, dip fruit, as it is prepared, for 1 minute, in a cold salt bath (1 ounce of salt to 1 gallon of water.)

Place in colander and set in container of hat water. Place cover on container and steam for 10 minutes.

Remove surplus moisture by placing fruit between towels, or by exposing to the sun and air.

Spread thinly on trays or earthenware plates.

Dry in sun, in oven, over the kitchen stove, or before an electric fan, until the pears are tough and somewhat leathery.

Stir from time to time. The finished product will not look like fresh fruit, but it's good to eat.

DON'T MISS ANY STEP.

Cut this out NOW and save it.

HEALTH HINTS

The history of European wars shows that trachoma has been a grave menace to the efficiency of the fighting forces. This dread eye disease has resulted in the invalfding home of thousands of men. It blinds large numbers of its victims.

So great has been the prevlence in the armies that trachoma was at one time termed "military ophthalmia," according to Dr. John McMullen, a surgeon in the United States public health service.

Trachoma has been said to be as "old as the Nile, the simoon, and the desert." It has an historical importance as an epidemic disease of both military and civil life and has made fearful ravages in practically every European country.

Despite the confusing and contradictory statements in connection with trachoma, the contagious character of the disease is unquestionable.

During the first half of the nineteenth century one soldier in every five of the Belgian army is said to have suffered from the disease. During the Russo-Japanese war trachoma was a formidable enemy to be reckoned with in the Japanese army and large numbers of troops had to be isolated and treated for this malady.

Some months ago it was reported that an epidemic of trachoma was causing considerable anxiety in France ,the disease having been brought to that country by African soldiers and laborers. The disease, however, was checked by the quick isolation of all victims and other drastic measures.

Medical inspection at United States ports indicates that trachoma is found most extensively among the Syrian, Armenian, Hebrew, Italian, Polish and Greek races. Lasting as it does for years it often ruins the life and happiness of entire families.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

C. W.: "What are some causes of dropsy?"

Kidney disease, liver disease and heart disease are the chief causes.

BOOTLEGGERS ABANDON HORSES.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Aug. 25.—Two horses abandoned by bootleggers when they were about to be captured by officers of the state prohibition department just across the Big Sandy river, on the West Virginia side, near Williamson, now are the property of the department, unless the owners decide to claim them and take their chances with the prohibition law of the state. They had just forded the river with sacks of whiskey on the horses when approached by the officers, according to information received by Commissioner Hallahan and rather than be captured they left the horses and whiskey on the West Virginia side of the river and swam back to the Kentucky side.

Ammonia Water as Fertilizer.

Ammonia water that has been used for [illegible]ing may be used for plants. It [illegible] excellent fertilizer.

LINGERIE IS AID TO LARGE WOMEN

BY BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—Lingerie for large women, designed especially for the new fall stocks, is calculated to fit in with the general scheme of sveltline designing which in this day and age is doing much to help the ample woman preserve the appearance of slender lines. This dainty sveltline chemise is cleverly cut and fashioned to that end.

RED CROSS BULLETIN

BUSY TIME THIS WEEK.

Never in its history has the local Red Cross chapter been so busy as this week. Preparing gauze dressings for the navy. The workers are proud of the achievement of enough dressings to outfit one battleship. This means an assortment of 1272 surgical dressings. Wednesday the room was filled from morning until ten o'clock at night.. It was a long pull, and a strong pull, and one altogether for one object. This is the kind of work that counts. This is the that the chapter was organized to accomplish. The big boxes were packed and shipped Thursday.

THE FIRST SWEATER COMPLETED.

To Mrs. A. J. Stone goes the honor of the first completed sweater to be turned in to headquarters. The chapter thanks Mrs. Stone, and some soldier boy will thank her too.

MOVIE THEATER DO THER BIT.

The Dixie, Hippodrome, Nelson, Grand and Princess did most effectual work this week by means of attractive slides thrown on the screens during intermissions, directing the attention of Red Cross workers to the urgency of their presence in the work rooms. The chapter extends sincere thanks to the theaters, and to the very modest gentleman who designed and made the slides.

FAIRMONT MUST HURRY.

A letter received from Mrs. E. F. Plum, formerly Miss Alma Ogden of Fairmont, states that the Streaton, Illinois Red Cross Auxiliary ships from 50 to 800 articles each wek to Washintgon headquarters. Streaton is not as large a place as Fairmont, and it is evident that their women are intensely interested.

FLOWERS FROM EAST SIDE W. C. T. U.

Headquarters was cheered by a beautiful boquet donated by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the East side this week. It was greatly appreciated. The Red Cross needs the flowers but it needs their donors also, don't forget that!

SOLID WITH THE RED CROSS.

The lone man who came up to headquarters early Wednesday evening to bring an umbrella to his wife, and remained to work like a trojan till the last surgical wipe was folded, will always remain inthe eyes of the membership a fitting example of masculine patriotism.

There is really no reason why the firemen and city officials should not form their own auxiliary and get to work.

NOW FOR REAL WORK AT THE COMFORT BAGS.

Let us try to make a comfort bag for every man in the First W. Va. Regiment. If we don't get them finished before the boys leave, we will ship them later and they will be just as welcome. We must do our best to look after our own men.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE WEEK.

The following names have been added to the Red Cross enrollment: Mr. D. J. Communtzis, Miss Nell Layman, Miss Elmer Lewis Crigler, Mrs. O. C. Hill, Miss Violette McClaskey, Mrs. James McCoy, Mr. M. L. Leeper, Mrs. Stevens Regan, Miss Emma Hartman, Mrs. W. F. Ash, Miss Emma Ash, Miss Grace Ott, Mrs. Geo, E. Peddicord, Mr. Thomas Haymond, Mr. James Jevis, Miss Lucile Lough, Mrs. M. C. Lough and Miss Virginia Lough.

KNITTERS HAVE ALL THE WOOL.

So many applications have been made for wool at headquarters that the supply is at present exhausted. More has been applied for however and will soon be available.

HOW TO ANSWER WANT ADS

Telephones

Bell 1105 Con. 250.

In answering blind ads in The West Virginian classified columns, please be careful to use the precise address given in the adv. Write the address plainly. Letters brought to The West Virginian office do not require stamps. Always inclose your answers in sealed envelopes. Advertisers or others inquiring about a classified ad. must designate the ad. number at the end of the ad., as we have no other means of referring to it.

:-: CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-:

"We learn something from every little experience, good or bad, Margie," said Paula. "I do not think that we always realize our thoughts and actions are affected by the seemingly least important of experiences. But I have come to believe that consciously or unconsciously the little change is made

"My experiences in life have taught me the more we can simplify our desires and the more love we can actuate for humanity the happier we are. And you must ask for love or you will not get it. I always feel sorry for those poor people who through reserve or sensitiveness seem always to be holding those who would love them at arm's length. They do not get the best out of life, neither do they give out the best.

"And those who let money come between them and friendship or love are the most unfortunate of all. I would much rather lose my money than my friends.

"I hardly expected to find this in Mrs. Van Renssalaer because I knew the Van Renssalaer family was the richest family in America, but I found out that Jack must marry a rich girl.

"Soon after the episode on the boat, Charlotte Mavis' father lost all his money and there was an awful row when Jack insisted upon keeping his engagement with her. I believe, however, that they have forgiven Jack now and that he is 'as contented as most married men,' at least that is what he said to me the other day when I met him at the Ritz where I was lunching.

"But to go back to the time when he thought he was in love with me and his mother was first worried for fear I would marry him and afterward was rather insulted when she found I would not. The climax, as you know, came the night before we landed and I did not see Mrs. Van Renssalaer again before we left the ship. Jack came to me and tried to apologize and explain his mother's point of view.

"He knew he was attributing to his mother, in saying that the reason she wanted him to marry Charlotte was because she loved her as a daughter, something entirely different from the reason why she did insist upon his marrying her and he knew that I knew the real reason. But we both pretended that her reason was that he loved Charlotte when we both knew that had the case been reversed and I had been Paula Newton with money she would have insisted upon Jack throwing over Charlotte for me.

"I was disgusted with the whole thing and I was looking forward to seeing Jeff Perrygreen's honest face on the dock when I landed. I had almost made up my mind to tell him I would marry him, for it really seemed to me that he was the only honest man I had ever met. I was nearer to loving him than I had ever been in my life.

"It was rather a queer thing, Margie, that poor Jeff was never around when I was in a softened mood and he missed me again at the dock.

"His mother was quite ill, I learned from Tom Perry who met me, and Jeff had gone to London the day before to be with her while she was undergoing an operation. Tom was looking in splendid physical health, but there were lines about his mouth that indicated great suffering of soul.

"The first thing he said to me was 'How is Alma?' and I answered I thought of poor Alma working her life away in America while Tom was over here also unhappy. Both of them doomed to bitterness and grief because the man did not have strength of character enough to keep from drinking and the follies that drunkenness entails.

"I told Tom everything I knew about Alma and he listened as a man who being deaf suddenly hears for the first time. Surely fate cannot be so unkind as to keep those two people apart forever."

AGO

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Manufactured by Ago Chemical Co., Fairmont, W. Va.

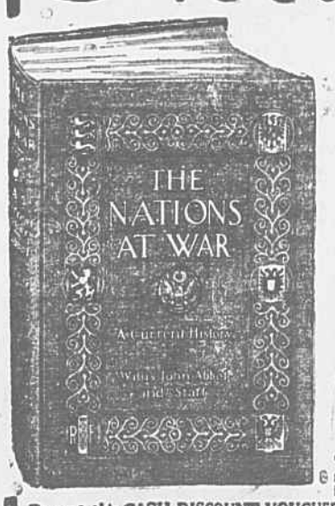
$1.50 CASH DISCOUNT VOUCHER $1.50

The West Virginian

Fairmont, W. Va.

THE NATIONS AT WAR

by WILLIS J. ABBOT



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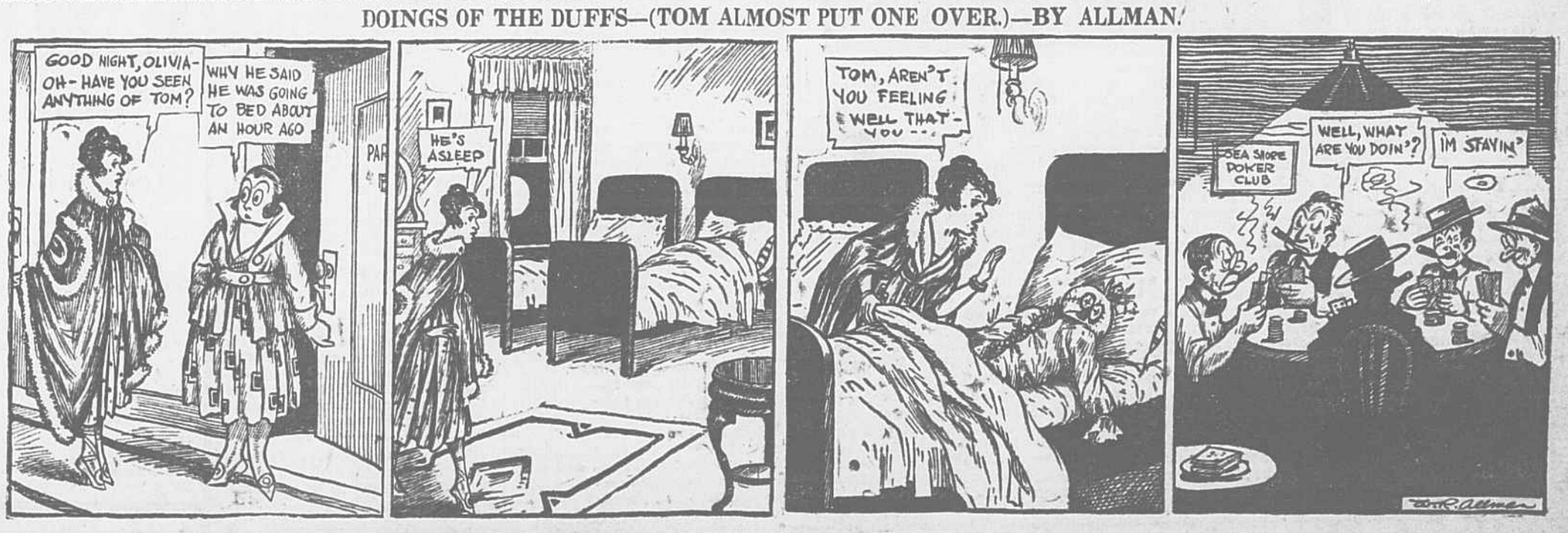
DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM ALMOST PUT ONE OVER.)—BY ALLMAN.