

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

By Order of Court

BY ARCHY CAMERON NEW. Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SLEEPY desolation settled more thickly on the courthouse square at placid Euclid Corners as the mercury steadily rose in the tube and the county seat sizzled under the fierce summer heat. Even the few horses, hitched outside the general store while their masters dawdled on the steps with old Zeb Marks, were too lazy to brush aside the flies that swarmed about their sweaty flanks.

In the old courthouse across the square the county clerk and his single assistant, perched upon their high wooden stools scrawling at the docket, bemoaned the fate that kept them there while the summer recess afforded some of their more fortunate brethren a chance to get away to cool climates. But off in one corner of the old gray building, in a small chamber, rather imperfectly cooled by a large electric fan, lounged one individual who seemed to care not whether the rest of the world was sizzling. For behind a desk, heaped high with law books, stenographer's copies, blue prints and papers of every sort and description, his feet encased in large, roomy gaiters and resting on the desk before him, a huge silk kerchief wrapped about his seamy neck and an old green eye shade perched atop his broad, humorous nose, old Judge Bates sat drowsily staring at the printed page before him, his thoughts afar off.

And into his musings, as if it were a dream, there stole the sounds of the rustle of a woman's dress, and suddenly he turned his head toward the half-opened door, and brought his feet abruptly to the floor. For a young, deliciously cool little apparition in a thin blue frock, revealing a white, rounded throat and a slender, graceful figure from the top of her glorious golden head to the tip of her tiny slippers advanced toward him, a troubled look in her big blue eyes.

"Well, bless my soul!" exclaimed the judge, kindly rising and extending his horny brown paw and grasping her slim white hand cordially; "little Ruth Marston. What brings you in town today?"

"I—came for advice," faltered the girl, nervously.

"Well, this is the place," said the other, smilingly. "Here—sit down." And he graciously brushed the dust from an old arm-chair and beckoned the orphan daughter of his old law-partner to be seated. "What is the trouble?"

She regarded him a moment in doubt, then plunged ahead.

"I—er—if—er," she stammered, and he leaned forward and patted her hand reassuringly.

"Go ahead," he urged, in a kindly tone. "Don't be afraid, Ruth. You're just like my own daughter. Is it—er—a love affair?"

"She started and looked into his keen eyes before replying.

"Yes—yes," she admitted, blushing furiously. "I—wanted to know if I could—that is, can a young man—go

over you. But Dick has been so splendid since that tragedy that I believe I am right after all in thinking that all things work for good.

"For I do love my brother and I know that you are the only woman in the world that he could be happy with and who could have made him the man he is today. You have been very patient, Margie, and my dear, I am afraid that in the same circumstances I would have succumbed to the flattery of Malcolm Stuart's devotion. You see I never was anything but the little girl who, when she was good could be very, very good, and when she was bad could be a terror.

"Chad does not know how much he owes to you, Margie, and if my baby is a girl I am going to call her after you and every time I saw her I shall make a little prayer that she will be as good a woman as you are.

"Don't think I am mauding—I really never could have said the things to you I have written. But somehow when a woman gets to the point where I am standing she wants her friends to know what she thinks of them, so if she goes over that black route of agony they will know just what she has held in her heart for them.

"I saw Jim Edie yesterday. I never saw him look so well. He says the book business is booming and that he was never happier in his life.

"If I expect you to read this letter, I must say good-bye. Kiss dear old Dick for his 'little sister,' as he always called—

"MOLLIE."

"I wish you could see Alice's new home. I never saw one prettier and Pat seems so happy over it.

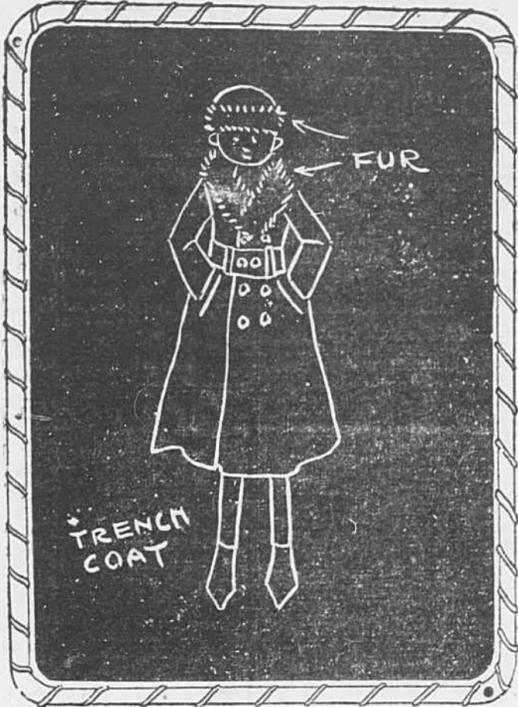
"The longer I live, Margie, the more sure I am in the conclusion that what ever is right. It may be treason of the most terrible kind, but I sincerely believe that the great tragic episode through which Alice passed has made her a greater and more beautiful soul than though she had never had it.

"Margie, dear, there are other great feminine virtues than chastity. Sometimes I feel that when woman passes through the terrible fire of unhappiness and despair as Alice did that it burns out of her all the little mean-nesses, all the little deceptions and hypocrisies that so many of us have.

"I have been so taken up with my own affairs that I have not said much about Dick. Do you know, dear, (now don't laugh) he has gotten so sweet lately that I am worried about him. I am afraid he is too good for this wicked world.

"I used to think—all to myself, Margie, for I never mentioned it to a soul—that it was a pity that you could not marry Malcolm Stuart, for even if Dick is my own brother it did not take the eyes of an omniscient person to see that Malcolm Stuart was crazy

LINE HERE AND DOT THERE MAKES BOYS' TRENCH COAT



BY BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—For her first sketches of fall styles for school children, Dame Fashion naturally takes up a slate and pencil. A line here, a dash there, and a dot for a button tell in a second what it has taken her weeks to plan.

Consider her favorite great coat for small boys.

The weather is never cold enough for an overcoat, from Johnny's viewpoint, every mother knows.

One way of persuading him to take a low temperature seriously is to provide him with one of the new trench coats, fur collared, a la Russe.

A close fitting canvas cap of fur will add something to Johnny's comfort, and considerably to his mother's satisfaction in how he looks.

her arm.

"Come, come," he soothed her. "Brace up and tell me all about it. Breach of promise suits never bring way. Tell me, who's the man? And what's the trouble?"

"It's John Summers," she answered, brokenly, and the judge jumped again.

"Not that young feller that's practicing law over the way?" demanded the judge, incredulously, and as she nodded dumbly, he added, "What! Well, see here, he's a nice boy. Tell me the rest."

"Well," she continued, "he was going with me until papa died. Then he started to grow cold. He stopped coming to the house, except once in a while, and then he didn't come at all. And—now he's going with the girl next to us. They moved here from the city six months ago, and he's boarding at her house. They're always together. What can I do?"

The judge bit an end of his plug of tobacco and settled back in his chair to think. Young John Summers! Why, he was one of the brightest and finest young men that practiced before him. Upright, honorable, always courteous to the court and a congenial to his clients—what few he had. There was something back of it. But what? For a few moments he shut his eyes, and it seemed to her he had dozed off again.

The old clock on the wall ticked away the minutes and she was getting impatient—a bit angry—for it seemed a life her father's friend had deserted her in her hour of extremity, when his eyes opened, and he brought his fist down on the desk heavily, jolting a few papers to the floor.

"See here," he told her, "you leave this to me. I'll tend to it."

"But, Judge," she demurred, gently. "I—I have no right to trouble you—

about that. You—"

"Never mind!" he interrupted, running his hand contentedly over his head, bald pate. "Jes leave it to me. Us old fellers don't have much fun these days. Nothin' new to interest us. This here business will give me something new to think about. Now you jes' run along, and come back here—let's see—a week from today. That's it—a week from today."

And he settled back again in his chair and seemed to be dozing. She started to speak, then checked herself, and looking at him, half doubtfully, half lovingly, she tiptoed from the room and closed the door.

A clean-limbed young man, with a girl at his side, emerged from the Burns cottage, laughing merrily. They swung down the village street in step he carrying a suitcase, and she a large box. On the opposite side, from behind the wide trunk of an oak, there stepped a gray-haired but vigorous old gentleman, and starting after them, he shook his fist at their backs menacingly.

"Well, John Summers," grated Judge Bates between his teeth, for it was he who had been watching the house opposite for nearly an hour. "So you're jittin' Ruth, eh?" He started to mutter something else, when a sudden resolution seized him and he swung across to the watched cottage and rang the bell.

"Judge Bates!" exclaimed Mrs. Burns in surprise, as she opened the door. "What brings you here?"

answered, jumping at an excuse. "Why, you just missed him," answered the woman; "he and Katherine just left. She's going back to the city for six weeks. He's taking her to the station. You see, Kits going to marry John's brother. He works up in the city. Wanted her to come up and help pick out the furniture."

Judge Bates stood and grasped. She stared at him amazed, and he caught her stare and brought himself back to earth with a bump.

"Can I—er—would you," he stammered, confusedly, "show me his room?" "I—er—I'd like to see how the young man is fixed."

"Why—no!" answered the surprised Mrs. Burns, taken aback at the unusual request. "This way, judge."

Judge Bates prowled about John Summers' room, and several times paused and took various photos in his hand, then set them down without comment. Five minutes later he left the house, but a humorous twinkle had set in the corner of his keen eyes and there was a grim set to his lips, as her ambled back toward the courthouse.

It was early morning, three days later, as Judge Bates sat across his desk from John Summers. For several seconds he had stared at the young man silently, then he broke into speech.

"You're a funny mixture, Summers," he was saying. "You're a whooping big fool, and a darn fine man. I kinda reckoned you was a bit proud. But th' fool part if it is—stoppin' to a girl jes' 'cause she's got money an' you haven't. Hang it, boy, haven't you got gumption enough to be lookin' forward? Dye expect 't be poor all your life? Y' got th' counselship fer th' Plover Work over 't Grandin. An' you're th' lawyer for the two Smith old maids. You're gettin' on. What's the matter with you?"

"But I haven't as much as Ruth has, judge," he stubbornly persisted the young lawyer. "And I don't want her for her money."

"Stop!" thundered the judge, bringing his fist down upon the desk. "Stop before I—before this court loses its temper. Now, see here, you proud young fool, God bless you. I'm trustee for Ruth's money, and her two brothers and sister, besides. Now I'm getting too old for that job. It's about time it went to a younger man. The law allows 7 per cent. commission on the estate. That, with what you've got now, will be as much as Ruth's got. Dye see?"

"Yes, but—" John started to protest, but again the judge exploded.

"No buts," he snapped; "you're appointed trustee for the Marston estate—to take effect at once. It's—it's an order of this court. And what's more—yell find Ruth over there in

the next room. You've had your fill at looking 'roun your room at her picture. Now, go get a good look!" And a second later a resounding smack from the next room acquainted Judge Bates with the fact that the order of court had been obeyed.



WHOLE WHEAT BREAD.

1 1/2 cupsful of water or skimmed milk.

1 1/2 teaspoonfuls salt.

1 tablespoon sugar.

3 cupsful whole wheat flour.

1/2 cake dry or compressed yeast, or 1 gill liquid yeast.

The sponge should be set at night, using half the flour. The rest of the flour is added in the morning, well beaten, placed in a greased pan and allowed to rise until it doubles in bulk. A tablespoonful of shortening may also be added if desired.

When dry yeast is used mix it with 1/2 cupful of lukewarm liquid, add the sugar and 1/2 cupful flour. Let this sponge rise before continuing with the recipe.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

James Frederick Clark, aged 14 months, son of Mrs. W. H. Reynolds, of Farmington, died yesterday at Cook hospital where he had been a patient for some time. The body was taken to the home of his mother at Farmington yesterday where funeral services will be held.

Osgood's for Quality

New Fall Apparel

and Millinery

For Formal and Informal Wear

We have prepared an excellent selection of highly desirable

Suits Wraps Frocks Blouses

and a Most Elegant Selection of Hats

All very new and beautiful and priced very moderate.

Ladies' Tailor Opening Display

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Ladies' Suits, Coats, etc.



I extend to you a very cordial invitation to visit my establishment where I can show you the newest imported fabrics and model suits designed by Lewis, Carlier, George and Paquin of Paris.

Open Wednesday September 5th

Most tailors charge you from \$100.00 to \$150.00 for model suits. My facilities and my fifteen years experience in the tailoring business enables me to make you a real Parisian model suit at a very reasonable price that will appeal to you. So convinced am I of my ability to please you, that unless your suit is perfect in every detail, I shall not ask you to take it.

My suits are distinctive creations. Every suit is positively hand-tailored throughout. This feature gives you a "somewhat different suit" which will hold its shape and appeal to your friends.

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Carr Building 100 Main St., Fairmont 509 Charles St. Baltimore, Md.

:- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

"Chad did not say anything more then, but the next day the old idea of his creating the baby came up and it finally got so on my nerves that the doctor ordered me to the hospital and said that Chad was only to come in and play the piano for me once a day for an hour.

"It was hard to get a room sufficiently isolated to permit of piano playing but by taking a large suite at one end of the hospital we managed it. I hate to think what poor Chad is doing the rest of the day and although he does not mention it, I think he dislikes the idea of the baby more than ever."

"Do you know, dear Margie," Mollie continued in her letter, "I wonder if you will understand all I have said here (though why I should do so I don't see, as you have always understood me and my problems better than I have myself).

"But I do so want you to understand that the only thing that bothers me about the coming of the baby is the fact that it worries Chad and I am afraid he is not going to love it. I know he will be wonderful to it because his own childhood was so unhappy, but you see he has had so little happiness in his life and, poor dear, he hates to see changes come when he is so truly happy for the first time."

"He has flung himself unreservedly into the campaign for Harry Symone as mayor, and I think that is going to help things. If Chad had another interest outside of me I think we would both be happier."

"I wish you could see Alice's new home. I never saw one prettier and Pat seems so happy over it."

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Save Vegetables By Basement Storage

A cool, well-ventilated cellar under the dwelling offers good conditions for the storage of late vegetables. In cellars that are too warm on account of containing a furnace for heating the dwelling, a room may be partitioned off either in one corner or at one end of the cellar, where the temperature may be controlled by means of outside windows.

Barrels, crates, boxes or bins may be used as containers for the various vegetables, but movable containers are preferable to built-in bins, as it is possible to remove them for cleaning. It is advisable to construct shelves or a slat floor to keep the crates, boxes, baskets, and other containers off the ground. This is highly desirable to insure a free circulation of air and to prevent the containers from harboring mice, rats and vermin. Shelves for canned goods along one side of the room need not be more than six inches wide.

Send for Farmers' Bulletins 847 and 879, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. These give free of charge full information regarding storing.

Cut this out NOW and save it. Watch for tomorrow's directions.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(IN THE NECK OF TIME.)—BY ALLMAN.



NO ONE IS LOOKING SO I'LL DUCK IN AND SEE IF THE BOSS WIRED ME MY SALARY

HAVE YOU A TELEGRAPH MONEY ORDER FOR THOMAS DUFF?

YES, SIR—YOU BETTER GET SOMEONE TO IDENTIFY YOU

I DON'T KNOW ANY ONE AROUND HERE EXCEPT MY FAMILY AND I DON'T THINK IT BEST FOR THEM TO KNOW THAT I'M GETTING THIS MONEY

I OUGHT TO HAVE SOME SORT OF IDENTIFICATION

WE'LL IDENTIFY HIM