A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Homesick.

BY HILDA MORRIS.

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CHRISTINE had come to Stillville from the city to be a substitute teacher in the township high school. She had been there only a month, but already the country air had begun to work wonders wtih her pale cheek and hollow eyes.

"If only it weren't so lonesome!" she thought, as she walked a country one bright, windy Saturday afternoon. It was her holiday, and she was endeavoring to make the most of it, but lonely walks are not exciting. Christine kicked a stone in her path a little viciously, as though it were responsible for her boredom. But just then she heard someone calling.

"Hi there!" a man's voice shouted. "Hi there, Miss Gray!"

It was Richard Harding, greeting her in the local fashion. Christine stood and waited as he come striding towards her, a fine, strapping young man clad in farmer's overalls and a flannel shirt.

"Are you taking a walk?" he asked as he caught up with her. His voice had the easy modulations of an educated man. He was a graduate of an Eastern college.

"Yes, I'm going through your cemetery. It's so quaint! I'm only used to crowded city cemeteries that reach for blocks and blocks. Tell me, are all the people in this town related?"

Richard laughed.

"Very nearly. The Bullits are related to the Emmets and the Emmetts to the Hardings and the Hardings to the Bullits again. We're all kin somehow."

"All but me," said the girl, laughing a little wistfully. "It must seem queer to have so many relations."

Richard did not appear to have heard her remark. He was looking ahead at the big square red brick farm house where he lived with his mother and sister. His mother, a sunbonnet on her head, was cutting tulips fro mthe rows that bordered the garden walk. She straightened up as they approached, and came to the gate.

"Howdy!" she said cordially. "It's right cool for an April day, isn't it? Have you been walking, Miss Gray? Well, do come in and have a cup of teo. I made some cinnamon cakes this morning that must be eaten."

Christine hesitated.

"It isn't five o'clock yet," said Mrs. Harding, royally sweeping aside the girl's unspoken objections. Richard was holding the gate open, so almost before she knew it Christine found herself in the big square sitting-room of the Harding homestead.

She had not been in a private home of this size for years and years, not since her childhood days and before long arid years of furnished rooms. The house gave her rather an awesome impression of vastness and elegance. It had been solidly built for posterity by a forebear from New England. Its furniture was mid-Victorian. A massive black walnut bookcase against one wall held rows of volumes in mellow old bindings. The carpet flowered into strange blossoms of tropical proportions. A grate fire flickered pleasantly, illuminating a faded print of a sleek-haired malden in decollete reading the Bible. Everything seemed unbelievable generous in its proportions.

"Have you always lived in the city?" Miss Lottie Harding asked in her timid voice. Miss Lottie was an "old maid" who spent her years in making endless yards of tatting.

"Since I was two," said Christine.

"Are your parents living?" pusued Miss Lottie, to whom family was one's most interesting attribute.

"No," answered Christine.

This put a sombre period on the conversation, broken only when Mrs. Mrs. Harding brought in the tea. The women talked comfortably of church socials, gardening, fancy work and the like, while Christine tried politely to join in. But she felt strangely alien—they spoke of things and ways of life she had scarcely known existed. Richard sat silent. He scarcely took his eyes off Christine, and he absently emptied the plate of cookies which stood at his elbow.

In spite of herself the girl began to feel the homelike warmth of the place. When she left, stepping out into the damp spring dusk, it seemed as though the chill wind struck her with redoubted force. She shivered, and hurried back to her dingy room in the village hotel. On the way she passed rows of comfortable homes. Lamp-lit windows lighted the street, women stood in the doorways calling children home to supper. The girl felt a sudden wave of loneliness sweep over and engulf her. When she reached her room that night she threw herself upon the bed and sobbed. For the very first time in her life she had caught a glimpse of happy home life as it may be in a quiet country town.

The next day Christine met Richard Harding on the corner by the post office.

"Can't you take a drive?" he called eagerly. "My team's just over yonder."

The girl perked her pretty head as though considering.

"Why, perhaps," she conceded, "for a little while."

Presently they were riding off down a winding road bordered with dogwood and the picturesque flowering Judas tree.

"The country is beautiful, isn't it?" said the girl with forced gaiety. "Like a Japanese print."

But Richard was not interested in scenery. He preferred to keep his eyes fixed on Christines face until she felt a sudden wave of color stain her cheeks.

"I'm going home next week," she announced, as calmly as though her heart were not beating furiously.

"Home?" he queried.

"Bock to the city, where it ain't so lonesome. I only came to substitute for a month, any way, and I'm not used to the country. It's too quiet for me."

"I suppose it is," Richard assented, letting the reins drop loosely. "I suppose you couldn't stand it here. But I've something to ask you, Christine. If I should be willing to come to the city and live your way—give up this quiet country life—would you marry me, Christine?"

"Leave here!" cried the girl incredulous. "Why, Richards, I—I like you best here. You belong here."

And you couldn't stay?" he asked gently. "It's too quiet for you?"

The girl put her head down. She was shaken with sudden sobs. Very gently his arm stole around her.

"Oh, Richard," she breathed at last. "I was so homesick! I was going to leave because I could not stand it to see homes and fireplaces and mothers all about me. They made me think of—you, Richard. They made me feel that I couldn't go on living in a third floor back all alone! They made me so homesick! But it was you I was homesick for, Richard."

"Well, he answered joyously, "you needn't ever be homesick again. You have me, all right!"

THE FLAPPER'S FALL SUIT

Copyright Underwood & Underwood.

This smart suit for the flapper is of rough and servicable navy cheviot. It is ideal for school wear, with its practical pockets, and always good looking pleated skirt.

Each day The West Virginian publishes one tested recipe prepared by Mrs. S. J. Brobst, Fairmont's foremost authority upon culinary art. Cut them out and save them. Today's recipe is for—

PEAR HONEY.

Wash, pare and grate the pear—the hard cooked pears are best.

To each quart of grated pear add 1½ cups granulated sugar, put into preserving kettle and boil slowly 45 minutes, remove the scum, stirring frequently, the time depends on the kind of pear used. It must be stiff and not separate. Just before removing from fire add one teaspoon or grated lemon rind or one tablespoon finely cut yellow of lemon; boil two minutes after lemon is added. Fill into well sterilized, wide-mouth bottles, cover with parowax and paste paper over top.

Quince honey is made the same way, using equal quantities of apples and quinces.

SMART STYLE Week Here Again

This semi-annual event is eagerly awaited by hundreds of women who seek the ultra-smart in Fashiondom, and usually, they find what they want.

The showing started today and will continue all week. Every Smart Style garment has a genuine Smart Style New York label.

Your attention is earnestly directed to this, the most important and last showing of the most up-to-the-minute Fashions from New York, the style center of the country.

Come in today if possible or tomorrow or the next day, by all means. Don't miss a visit here one day this week.

Osgood's for Quality

HEALTH HINTS

The first teeth need great care.

Baby teeth are softer than those that come after. Therefore acids must be scrupulously avoided, particularly in mouth washes.

If you suspect a tooth preparation of being acid you can buy a few cents worth of litmus paper from your druggist and by dipping a small piece into the mixture a reddish tinge will appear on the paper if there is any acid present.

If tooth powder is to be tested it should be well shaken up with water before making the acid test.

Plain chalk with a soft brush or rag will do very well to cleanse the teeth of children both night and morning.

The mouth should be well rinsed with water after each meal, and just before retiring it is well for both adult and child to rinse the mouth with a strong solution of baking soda. This will destroy the acidity that may have been generated in the mouth from foodstuffs.

The teeth and the gums should not be abused. Sound and healthy gums are necessary to maintain the health of the teeth.

The teeth represent live parts of the body and must be guarded against injury just as much as our eyes.

Chestnuts Scarce In Marion County

Chestnuts in Marion county promise to be a scarce article this fall. The late spring and dry spell has spilled the prospects of a bumper crop, it is reported. Hickory nuts will also be scarce.

When Itching Stops

There is one safe, dependable treatment that relieves itching torture and skin irritation almost instantly and that cleanses and soothes the skin.

Ask any druggist for a 35c or $1 bottle of zemo and apply it as directed. Soon you will find that irritations, pimples, blackheads, eczema, blotches, ringworm and similar skin troubles will disappear.

A little zemo, the penetrating, satisfying liquid, is all that is needed, for it banishes most skin eruptions and makes the skin soft, smooth and healthy.

The E. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, O.

Physician's Eczema Remedy

Dr. Holmes, the well-known skin specialist, writes:

"I am convinced that the D. D. D. Prescription is as much a specific for Eczema as quinine for malaria. I have been prescribing the D. D. D. remedy for years."

This soothing combination of oil of Wintergreen, Thymol, and other healing ingredients called D. D. D. Prescription is now a favorite remedy of skin specialists for all skin diseases. It penetrates the pores, gives instant relief from the most distressing itch. Its soothing oils quickly heal the inflamed tissues.

Druggists are glad to recommend this soothing, cooling liquid. 25c, 50c and $1.00.

Come to us and we will tell you more about this remarkable remedy. Your money back unless the first bottle relieves you. D. D. D. Soap keeps your skin healthy. Ask about it.

Do You Always Insist on

MARION 100% Pure ICE CREAM

MARION PRODUCTS CO.

P. S.—This is your protection.

:-: CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-:

"When I first went south, Mrs. Margie," continued the man in his letter to me, "I was too ill to think of much except that I was inexpressibly lonely and blue. For a long while I could not work, but I became acquainted with many people.

"Men, as well as women, were very kind to me, and as soon as I began to get better I started to write a little. And then I met one of the women who has had the greatest influence on my life. I was really bowled over for the first time in my life.

"My wife, for in spite of T. B., in spite of no money on either side, in spite of my family, in spite of my councils of good sense, I married her—was very beautiful and very clever. She was the only girl in the place who could talk anything but sentimental gush. She was apparently as much in love as I.

"She was a year or two older than I, although I did not know it at the time. If I had known, it would have made no difference to me as years have never counted with me in my preference for women—in fact, the very young girl has never appealed to me. She is too self-centered, too sure that she is the ultimate end to which every young man she sees aspire.

"I think that the average young girl, my dear Mrs. Margie, is the most unconsciously sexual animal in the world. Now, don't look shocked and throw down this letter in disgust. Remember I said 'unconsciously,' and her mother, her cousin and her aunts, the drama, the novel, her entire education, all teach toward this end. If blame there be, to them it should be given.

"To a woman child, love—romantic love—is idealized and taught until it is made bigger than life itself. From the time a boy can understand, he is told to prepare for life. From the time a girl looks with understanding into her mother's face, she is told to prepare for love.

"Every beautiful feature of her face, every gesture of her body, every fashionable whim of her attire is made the most of to attract the opposite sex.

"True, I grant you that this idea was born in the beginning of a man-made world when a woman was supposed to be subservient to her lord and master and her only hope was to be fair enough to attract a man who had more human than brutish qualities.

"But why keep to this idea when women have not only grown brains but souls, and some of them even that wonderful sixth sense we call 'common.' Old customs die hard, however, and we still teach our daughttrs that they need only be physically attractive to attain the greatest thing in the world—love.

"Sexual attraction is a law of nature that psychologists and philosophers have written reams about. Some have acclaimed it; some have disclaimed it, but not one has yet explained it.

"Perhaps it remains for me to say that with man, sexual attraction is an amusement, with woman a business—although an English poet has put it in less blunt fashion—'Love, of man's life is a thing apart, 'Tis woman's whole existence.'

"And notwithstanding, or rather in spite of, our friends, the suffragists and the feminists of today, the fact remains that to the young girl, romantic love is the be all and the end all of existence."

Little book, I think the man in the story is quite right and the fact that nine-tenths of the men prepare for life which includes love and the same proportion of women for love which to them is to be always a kind of glorified courtship, makes nine-tenths of the unhappiness in this world.

The thing that strikes me, little book, as the most wonderful about this isosceles triangle of love that has come to me in the shape of letters from a man, a wife and a woman outside, is its human quality—a quality which is seldom illustrated in literature, where human types, even though they have passed through the mind of genius, are too often either all good or all bad.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(OF COURSE WILBUR NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT.)—BY ALLMAN.