

# A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

When Tom Sewed.  
By JANE OSBORN.  
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WHEN Tom Bates had advanced a hundred feet down the road, after having left Molly, he heard a subdued but high-pitched whistle. It came from the direction of the side door of the Gardner house, and, turning back, he saw emerging from the grape arbor that clustered around the door the bony, stooped figure of Molly's uncle. The uncle was beckoning to Tom to return, and because the uncle held one lean finger to his lips, Tom knew he was to return stealthily. So Tom crept back in the moonlight as quietly as a night-prowling cat till he stood within a few inches of the old man.

"Can you knit?" asked the uncle. "Knit—what do you mean knit?" "What do I mean knit—I mean knit—worsted work, on needles, of course." "Well, I should think not." "Can you use a sewing machine?" "Certainly not."

Tom had reasons of his own to want to impress favorably Molly's uncle—who was also her guardian—but he did not intend to perjure himself by claiming accomplishments that he did not have.

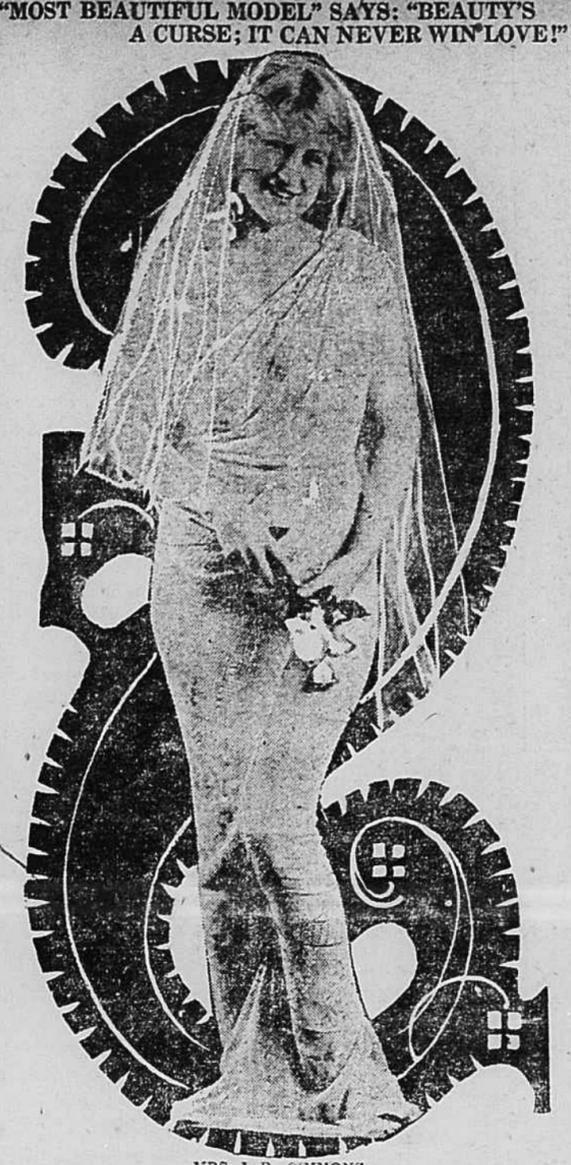
"Well, can you thread needles and sew on buttons?"

"Yes—I suppose I can," Tom admitted, slowly remembering the bachelor buttons that he had in time past been constrained to sew on for himself.

"All right," the uncle said, with evident satisfaction. "I can knit and the minister can cut out garments as good as any one, and son John can run the sewing machine. Now, here's what we're going to do, and since you would be doing your share, in order to help out Molly, I guess you're not going to back out. You see, my wife—Molly's Aunt Matty—and my son John's wife and the minister's wife and Molly—well, they are running the Red Cross Society here in Dobb's Corners. Well, times have been pretty busy here. What with canning and all, it was pretty hard for the women folk. War times seem to come hardest on the women, if they're patriotic, like our women folks are."

"What's that got to do with my sewing buttons?" asked Tom.

"Wait till I get to it, can't you?" snapped Molly's uncle. "Saturday there is to be the big send-off parade in the big city, and seems as if my Matty and Tom's wife had set their hearts on seeing the boys start off, and, of course, the minister's wife and Molly just had to go. And what is more, they all had planned to get out a box of things for the Red Cross. Well, as I said, tomatoes ripened sooner than they expected, and there were a powerful lot of grapes this year, and the preserving sort of put things back. And now, if they go in to that parade Saturday, they never will get that box packed and my Matty and the rest are almost worried sick about it. They've got to get it off Monday morning. Of course, the minister's wife wouldn't want to see them finish up on Sunday. So they have decided they will work till midnight on Saturday. Well, here is my plan. Tomorrow (Friday) evening I can tell Matty I am going down to the store to sit awhile, and the minister can let on he has to talk to one of the elders, and John can tell his wife he's got to negotiate in the next county about those cows he is thinking of buying, and you can tell Molly what you choose, if she was counting on seeing you that night. And we can all get together down at the headquarters and we can finish them garments up. We can get there by half past seven, and we can work until eleven, without having the women suspicious. That is three hours and a



MRS. J. P. SIMMONS.

FREDERICK E. HAMLIN, Orleans.

Mrs. Simmons, who has just charged her husband with threatening to kill her, declares beauty is responsible for her trouble.

On the other hand, Simmons charges, his wife has tired of him, has ruined his business and has driven him into bankruptcy by her desire to have her own photoplay company.

While awaiting trial of the criminal court case, which will undoubtedly be followed by divorce proceedings, Simmons is continuing to act with his wife in a film they had started.

"I've appeared in all but the last few scenes and I might as well see it through," said Simmons.

uncle he understood the old man better than he had ever done before.

The quartet arrived Friday night at the bare little room over the store that had been set aside for the Red Cross headquarters in the village, and after Molly's uncle had picked the lock with a pass key, they soon set to work by the light of a steady oil lamp.

Knitting was not exactly easy for the old man, and the yarn caught on his calloused knuckles, but he set him-

## CONFESIONS OF A WIFE

"Well, run ahead and blow your money," said Dick, as he kissed me goodbye and sent me away on my shopping trip.

"I shall really be glad to get rid of you, for Jim and I are going to have a long business session and I expect that it is as if it should be—men must make the money while women spend it."

"Now look here, Oick, haven't you got out of that mid-Victorian age when all men thought that women were beautiful playthings? There is a psychology about clothes, my dear."

"Psychology, your grandmother," exclaimed Dick.

"Well, I believe that my grandmother had a soul, even if she did not talk about it much, and surely you, if you have thought about it at all, must acknowledge that there is a soul and spirit in dress."

"For the love of Mike, Margie, run along and buy your duds. If you don't you will keep me from doing what I want to do—to mull over a foolish subject which never interested me in the least. Dress, unless on a pretty woman has no charms for me."

Now I know I have changed, little book, for if Dick had made that remark to me five years ago, I would have gone away and wept. I would not have understood that Dick was impatient to get to his business and that he really meant to pay me a compliment in talking about a pretty woman in pretty clothes.

As it was, I walked up Michigan Boulevard, with a very contented feeling. Dick was well enough to put off the saint and become his old impatient self again. The sun was shining, I was in perfect health, and was going to buy some pretty rags for which I had a number of yellow backed bills in my pocket to pay.

I wonder, little book, if streets have a personality to everybody. They have to me—Michigan Boulevard always makes me think of youth. The Youth who is trying to put on old manners and airs. It tries to be so very sober with its great dignified skyscrapers

loom up on one side and masquerading as a middle-aged New York man in afternoon coat and top hat. But, alas, middle-aged and dignity finds out sudden vat Automobile Row—with its stair and brisk business bustle—that he has no place to go.

There is no place to saunter or to wear sauntering clothes when he gets into that part of the street that is devoted to selling motor cars. Here youth puts off all his mask of solid pompousness and sets out merrily in his most enthusiastic stride. Automobile Row is only youth slightly older than the one a little further down the street who draws attention to the grassy park and the sparkling water of Lake Michigan and seems to be always beckoning to the "boy-trying-to-be-old" on the other side to come over and play

with him in the park that fronts on the lake.

Not even on Fifth avenue, New York, do I get that feeling of buoyancy and never-ending youth that I do on Michigan Boulevard, Chicago. There is always an unexpected alertness and democracy about the people you meet. They have a haven't-I-met-you-before? expression that is almost irresistible. I am always expecting that at the next corner, I'll greet, joyously, all my hopes and ambitions coming to meet me with outstretched hands.

I never mind the playful roughness of the wind—I do not even mind the low clouds of smoke settling over State street just a block away, for State street is another story for future telling. Today I am glad I am alive and am one of the humming throng that consciously or unconsciously absorbs the youthful atmosphere of the beautiful street whose greatest charm is that it is still young, still enthusiastic, still believes in itself.

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—

**POLENTA.**  
(Polenta is an Italian dish, good and wholesome.)  
One quart brick of cold boiled mush.

Sauce for Polenta: Two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour, one cup strained tomato sauce, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon grated nutmeg, one-half cup grated cheese.

Cut the mush into half-inch slices, put layer to bottom of bakedish, cover with one-quarter of the sauce and one tablespoon grated cheese, then a layer of mush, sauce and cheese until dish is filled; place in moderate oven 30 minutes; sprinkle either with chopped green peppers or parsley.

Sauce is made as follows: Put butter in pan; when melted add flour, mix until smooth, then add tomato sauce and seasoning; boil three minutes.

self to work on an uncompleted muffer with a will, and soon was puffing away on his corn-cob pipe to the rhythmic click to the slow-moving wooden needles. The minister cut out pajamas and bed pockets with nervous haste, humming the quick measures of an old-fashioned camp meeting hymn; and John, who was portly and deliberate, stitched the pieces of heavy cotton into garments, with never a pause to relight his pipe. Sometimes Tom made himself useful by cutting under the direction of the minister, sometimes he sewed on buttons, and sometimes he filled John's pipe or relighted it, so that the wheels of the machine might run on without interruption.

It was about ten o'clock and the minister's song was at its loudest, the machine was buzzing almost as noisily. The air was blue with smoke and the four men were as intent on their work as though the evening's occupation had been a game of whist. They did not see the four figures that looked up toward the window from the street, nor did they hear, through the parson's noisy tale, the sound of four different sorts of footsteps on the stairs. But they did hear a key in the door, and because Molly's uncle heard his Matty's voice saying very positively: "I guess I'll find out who dared break into this room." He reached up to the lamp that hung from the ceiling, drew it down, and with one vigorous puff down the chimney, extinguished the only light.

Two or three screams followed in the darkness, and then much confusion. Finally, after what seemed to Tom, many minutes of groping about, he put his hand out and found Molly's hand stretched out before her. About that time Molly's uncle had found Matty and the minister had relighted the lamp.

It took a great deal of explaining to reveal the fact that the minister's maid on returning from the village had brought back the news that there was a light in the Red Cross headquarters. Of course, the only thing to think was

that burglars had entered. Then followed the assembling of the Red Cross leaders and the brave encounter in the dark.

"What in the name of love did you blow that lamp out for?" asked Matty, as she was inspecting the knitting her husband had been doing. "If it hadn't been for that, we wouldn't have been so frightened."

"I guess I didn't think," was the weak reply. "I was bound you shouldn't know what we had been doing—wanted it to be a surprise, so I blew out the lamp."

Of course, Matty found the knitting beyond criticism, though it wasn't very well along, and the minister's wife was perfectly delighted with her husband's work as a cutter. John's wife never saw such good machine stitching and had been untied. Parson, will you do Tom had wrought with so much pains.

Then Tom looked quizzically at Molly, and she smiled back to him.

"Let's tell them," he said, and then went on. "It's as good a time as any," he began, "to tell you that Molly and I want to be married. I'm leaving for the camp on Saturday, and we didn't want to be separated till the knot had been tied. Parson, will you do the honors? Molly and I got the license yesterday."

And there in the little Red Cross headquarters, with the work where it lay in the machine, the good old uncle gave, away his niece and Molly married her soldier.

**How Lobster Gets Food.**  
The lobster gets his food by following the suggestions of his long antennae, which sort over the articles in his immediate vicinity and inform him which are edible and which are not. He cannot see much and relies upon his sense of touch for dietetic information. He loves to fight, even in his wild state, not so much, it is thought, from cannibalism as from pure "meanness."

## MORE VICTIMS OF GERMAN KILL-TUR



More proof—if anybody thinks more is needed—of Germany's campaign to win the war by killing babies. German aviators who bombarded the hospital of Rosenfeld wounded this baby. The mother is sitting on the ruins of her home.

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## BITS OF STATE NEWS

Fall and winter plowing of all the war gardens of the state for next spring's planting would largely increase the production of the gardens and make their cultivation about half the work, in the opinion of James H. Stewart, state commissioner of agriculture, who already has started his efforts to increase West Virginia's food products next year, says the Charleston Mail.

In addition to these two advantages, fall or winter plowing will enable the gardener to get his planting done much earlier than if he has to wait in the spring until the soil has dried sufficiently to the plowing depth. With the garden already plowed, the commissioner points out, a very slight amount of work will produce a mellow surface for the planting of early vegetables long before the soil can be properly worked if it must be plowed or spaded immediately before the planting.

The exceedingly high cost of food products has been a material factor assisting Labor Commissioner Samuel B. Montgomery in enforcing the weights and measures law, according to information from his office. Because of the prices the people have

The people have begun to demand that every scale or measure used by merchant or vendor from wagon shall be up to the standard, and this demand, together with the activities of the county and city sealers and the state inspectors, has been instrumental in leading merchants to sell many products by weight instead of using the old measure that was more or less a guess.

**State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.**  
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. FRANK J. CHENEY, Notary Public.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of November, A. D. 1917. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.  
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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(ISN'T PANSY THE LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE?)—BY ALLMAN.

