

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Earning Her \$37.83.

By JANE OSBORN.

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 WHEN Stanley Ashton agreed to give thirty thousand dollars for the work of the ambulance corps by the student body of the college from which he some dozen years before had taken his degree, on the condition that the student body would raise a like amount, he little knew what a medley of unusual activities he was starting within the dormitories of that college.

"I know it's going to be hard for the students," he told the dean of the college when he made the proposal, "but the ambulance corps needs sixty thousand dollars if their work is to be worth while. I'm not a millionaire, and I guess it is as hard for me to get that thirty thousand dollars together as it will be for each of the students to do his or her share toward raising the difference."

The dean was figuring on the back of an envelope as Stanley Ashton was talking to him.
 "Yes," he said, having finished his little sum in division. "There are 703 students enrolled this year—about 400 girls and the rest men. That will mean about \$37.83 a student, as I reckon it. In my announcement I shall suggest that each student try to raise that sum. It will give zest to their endeavors if each student knows just what is expected of him."

So the announcement was made, and for the weeks that followed each student of the college went around more bent on extracting the sum of \$37.83 from his financial endowments—and most of the students of this co-educational institution were not possessed of an over-adequate allowance—than on securing passing grades in their class room work. Dances, athletic, theatricals—all the usual side interests of the college—were subservient to this desperate struggle on the part of the students, each to earn the allotted quota. The trouble was they were all doing it at once. Little efforts to extract the money from each other by blacking shoes, pressing clothes, darning socks, etc., were rather useless, since no student had the amount to pay for such services while each was saving his funds for the market, for who had money to buy fudge?

Margaret Benton achieved quite an honor for herself among her friends by announcing that she would give up her Christmas holiday vacation. She had received a check for \$20 from home to cover the expenses for her trip, and with her parents' sanction she renounced this pleasure so that she might thereby save the larger part of her quota. There was yet \$17.83 to be earned. By going without fudge supplies herself for three weeks she eked out her funds till she had but \$16.74 to be earned. Then she earned 15 cents by selling one pair of old rubbers, two old textbooks, the gold tips from two outworn fountain pens and a last winter's hat. Thirty cents she saved by walking downtown and then remained \$15.70 to be earned and there her fund remained.
 Her allowance was exhausted and

HERE'S OLDEST QUARTET OF KNITTERS



Four sisters all past 70, are knitting constantly for their younger relatives, serving with the U. S. Army in France. They are left to right, Mrs. J. W. Stark; Mrs. J. A. Northrup and Miss Lavilla Walker, both of St. Louis, Mo., and Mrs. J. P. Jones, of McAllister, Okla. They are third cousins of Lady Paget, of England and one of their forefathers was Lord Mayor of Bristol.

there was nothing to save, and every means of earning money seemed to be in use already by some of the 703.

On a certain gray day, when she had indulged herself to the extent of using 5 cents carfare to go to collect the pittance that the old-clothes dealer was to allow her for her old hat and rubbers, she sat crowded in the surface car—so crowded, in fact, that she could not help but hear the common sense of her.

"But what are you going to do about it?" the younger of the two asked. "I've done all I could to comply with the request of the Department of Agriculture. I had all my fields cultivated on our summer place, and then I have had to pay \$5 a day for a man to repair the hotbed frames, and now I've had the beds planted to green vegetables in an effort to do my bit toward keeping the local market supplied with green goods. I can't get anyone to transplant the seedlings. Did get a man for 30 cents an hour, but unless someone watched him every minute he soldiered."

Margaret heard the man sitting with her suggest that it was more satisfactory to contract the work. Then it didn't matter if the man did soldier. "But if there aren't any men to do the work, what am I to do?"
 Margaret had only a vague idea of what a hotbed looked like, but somehow the task sounded easy. She sat quietly beside the young man in the warm overcoat and allowed herself to be carried beyond the street where she should have got off to return to the dormitory. For several miles more she rode, until in a dreary country lane on the outskirts of the city the man signaled for the car to stop. He alighted and Margaret alighted, too. He turned to walk up the lane, and Margaret, with face averted, followed him at a distance. He went into the front door of a rambling, spacious and well-kept-up country house, and after standing in the dampness in the lane for ten minutes, Margaret rang the doorbell.
 It wasn't very easy but it had to be done. She asked to be permitted to do the transplanting, and named

as her minimum price—she insisted on contract work—\$15.70. The man, who had seated her in front of a cheery wood fire and stood beside her, smiling as she made her proposition, held out against the price. He said it wasn't worth it, and that he could ill afford to pay fancy prices. But Margaret was obdurate, and finally the bargain was struck. Margaret stipulated that she should be allowed to do the work when she chose. She realized that most of it would have to be done after lecture hours, and perhaps by the light of a lantern.
 By the aid of one of the men students in horticulture, Margaret gained a smattering knowledge of how the hotbed seedlings should be transplanted. She secured a lantern for her night work, and wearing under her long coat a pair of work boots, and now I've had the beds planted to green vegetables in an effort to do my bit toward keeping the local market supplied with green goods. I can't get anyone to transplant the seedlings. Did get a man for 30 cents an hour, but unless someone watched him every minute he soldiered."

PRACTICAL FROCK FOR DAILY WEAR



By BETTY BROWN.
 NEW YORK.—Use of silk and satin has revealed the error of the idea that only wool material was sufficiently durable and practical for daily wear. A heavy silk or satin in dark colors has proved a wardrobe stand-by for the well-dressed woman and a blessing in these days of the wool shortage.
 This gown is of very heavy flexible satin, simply cut and having for ornament only the flat collar and cuffs of creamy fillet lace and the military row of metallic ball buttons and loops down the front.

Margaret determined to continue there until 9 o'clock, and accordingly took up by the dormitory cooks at the direction of the kind-hearted house-mother. Margaret was sitting in her overalls, eating the sandwiches by the light of her lantern in the workshop for which her employer had given her the key when the employer, himself appeared at the door. At first his obvious amusement at her position and costume embarrassed her, but it was so good-humored that finally Margaret laughed herself out of it. He handed her a piece of her last sandwich. He watched her work and did not criticize. Then obviously only to have an excuse for lingering with her he worked with her, always under her direction, and assuming no knowledge of the work himself.
 "You are a robber," he told her, as he worked by her side. "It was a hold-up game for you to get so much, but it was you or no one, so I had to give in. By the way," he said, asking a question that had been perplexing him since her first offer to do the work. "It is unusual to find a young woman so in need of funds. Pardon my rudeness," he hastened to add. "If you didn't seem to enjoy the work so much I should be sorry that I had let you do it. There must be other more congenial, more remunerative sorts of work."

Margaret did not answer his question to satisfy his curiosity, and although they became well acquainted, in a measure, during the fortnight that followed, never again did the man inquire more into Margaret's identity. They did not even discover each other's names, for acquaintance in the usual acceptance of the word has very little to do with the acquaintance that is sometimes the precursor of a deeper attachment. On the last night of Margaret's work, when she had transplanted the last succulent head of lettuce and the last leaf of endive,

AN OPERATION AVERTED

Philadelphia, Pa.—"One year ago I was very sick and I suffered with pains in my side and back until I nearly went crazy. I went to different doctors and they all said I had female trouble and would not get any relief until I would be operated on. I had suffered for four years before this time, but I kept getting worse the more medicine I took. Every month since I was a young girl I had suffered with cramps in my sides at periods and was never regular. I saw your advertisement in the newspaper and the picture of a woman who had been saved from an operation and this picture was impressed on my mind. The doctor had given me only two more days to make up my mind so I sent my husband to the drug store at once for a bottle of Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound, and believe me, I soon noticed a change and when I had finished the third bottle I was cured and never felt better. I grant you the privilege to publish my letter and am only too glad to let other women know of my cure."—Mrs. THOS. MCGONIGAL, 8432 Hartville Street, Phila., Pa.

Your Soldiers' Presents

can be left at Hartley's store, where a large box has been placed for gifts for Red Cross shipment. Buy this gift NOW—be it ever so small it will brighten some boy's Christmas day. Enclose nothing breakable, and wrap and tie neatly and firmly, with sender's name and address within. Do not fail to send Christmas cheer to the men who FIGHT FOR YOU.

it seemed the most natural thing in the world for the man to tell her that he loved her, and for Margaret, standing there in her clumsy, baggy overalls, her hands loaded with the warm brown earth, to look quite frankly into his eyes and to tell him that she loved him, too.

"And now," he said, "tell me why and wherefore. Why did you stand here for \$15.70—just that and nothing more?"
 "Why did you hold out?" she retorted. "You were dreadfully stingy."

"A man has to be, when he has \$15.70 and no less than a million-aires."
 "Stanley Ashton!" she gasped. "Why I somehow imagined you were possessed and sixty with a beard and a diamond stud, and creamy boots. That's the sort of man I thought you were. Then we have been really working for the same thing. How little my \$37.83 looks compared to your \$30,000, especially when I've held you up for \$15.75."

"You aren't the plucky little girl who gave up her Christmas holidays for the fund?" The dean told me about that. It was far finer than anything I've done."
 And then, in spite of the muddy hands, Stanley Ashton folded the little parcel into his arms—those strong arms that had somehow struck Margaret when she was crushed down in the street car two weeks before, as arms it would be very nice to be folded into.

She Used to be Gray

The well-known society leaders' hair was gray, just like yours. But Mrs. B. heard of Q-ban Hair Color Restorer—how thousands had proved that Q-ban would bring a natural, soft, even, dark shade to gray or faded hair, and make it soft, fluffy and beautiful. Q-ban is all ready to use—a liquid, guaranteed harmless, 75c a large bottle—money back if not satisfied. Sold by Martins' Drug store and all good drug stores. Try Q-ban Hair Tonic; Liquid Shampoo; Soap.



Osgood's for Quality

Welcome News! Osgood's Coats Reduced One-Fourth

Any coat in our stock can now be had for just 25 per cent less than the marked price. This is our first Coat Sale this season and many women were waiting for the announcement, that's why we call this welcome news. Osgood's Quality Coats at a reduction is mighty good investment. As our advertisements always bring large crowds we would advise that for best selection, you try to shop in the forenoon.

Today the Assortment is Large; Tomorrow We Cannot Fore-See Sale Starts Tuesday Morning!

Osgood's for Quality

Guaranteed Dentistry

that has pleased hundreds of people and it will please you.
 Fillings 50c and up.
 Crowns \$5, guaranteed 10 years.
 Teeth cleaned 75c.

THE UNION DENTISTS
 Call Bell Phone 921-J.
 Office Over 5 and 10c Store, opposite Court House.

CONFESIONS OF A WIFE

An old man with white whiskers and a bald head seemed to have been talking with my appearance. And he continued:
 "And so, gentlemen, it seems to me that we should vote on this subject of consolidation. Of course, I know that we are all agreed to enter into this agreement."
 I rose to my feet. The man I took to be the chairman bowed and murmured my name. I could hear Dick breathing hard beside me.
 "Not having been present when the agreement was drafted or read, Mr. Chairman, I would ask if I might be permitted to hear it read."
 The chairman put the question. Some man in the back objected, said the time was short and he had to make a train, that Mrs. Waverly's husband had heard the agreement read and even made one of the amendments, and that he thought a vote should be called.
 "Bull-dozing methods won't do," I whispered to Jim, when the motion was carried, that the agreement should be put to vote.
 I rose and said:
 "Gentlemen, I've 'No' on this measure, not because I am against it but because I do not know whether I am or not, not knowing what it is. The Selwyn Book Concern is doing well just as it is."
 "The Selwyn Book Concern votes 'No,'" the chairman said, and then pandemonium broke loose.
 At last Jim made them understand that I held over eighty per cent. of the stock and the chairman finally read the agreement, which was to the effect that the different big book concerns in the country should form a pool, agree to sell only so many books at such a price and the profits to be apportioned among them.
 "By this method, Mrs. Waverly," the chairman concluded to explain, "we will all make about seventy-five per cent. on our investment next year."
 "Did any publisher here make less than thirty per cent. last year?" I asked.
 After a slight hesitation, the chairman answered:
 "I believe not."
 "Will not a race in the wholesale price of books make a great hardship with many children where the city does not supply free books?"
 "That, of course, I cannot say," answered the chairman, smilingly, as though the question was one of those foolish ones that only a woman could ask.
 "I think, gentlemen, I will still have to vote 'No' to that agreement. Dick's face grew red and then

as he rose and said:
 "I want it understood that I do not agree with my wife's altruistic notions in business."
 There was a constrained laugh and then Jim got up and said:
 "I agree with Mrs. Waverly. Every man in this crowd knows that at present prices we can make at least thirty per cent. net. I think this is more than a fair business proposition. I have only ten shares of the stock in the Selwyn company but my stock votes with Mrs. Waverly."
 Well, I don't believe, little book, there was ever a woman so thoroughly hated as I was that minute. The man who wanted to make his train got up and swore roundly at Dick for springing me on the convention.
 "You know very well that if you don't come in we can not make this agreement stick. I have suspected you and your plea of illness from the first and now I know it was all a frame-up to get us here and let us lay our cards on the table and then blink us. His woman has been trained for this show."
 Dick was on his feet in an instant and so was I. The chairman recognized me first and I quietly disclaimed any intention of "biking" anyone.
 "Most of all," I added, "the poor boy and girl who are struggling to get an education."

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(YOU'LL HAVE TO COME STRONG FOR THAT, TOM.)—BY ALLMAN.