

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

SPRING FASHION FOR VERY SMALL FOLK



By BETTY BROWN.

Little folk too must have their day in the fashion world and the designers of Fashion Art have planned a most fascinating spring wardrobe for little sister and her very small brother. Many mother fingers are busy in these late winter days with the skillful needle that turns the fairy pink and white and blue wash materials

suited for children's frocks into the costumes that make the youngsters bloom and glow like the human spring flowers they are.

The frock at the extreme left is of white lawn with a small pink suture and is combined with plain pink lawn and narrow bands of white embroidery. The second small lady wears a charming coat fashioned of blue dave-tyn and trimmed with soft collar and

cuffs of gray squirrel fur with a tiny muff to match. The hat is of black velvet with bands and ball of fur.

The only person of the masculine persuasion in this pleasant group is becomingly attired in blue linen rompers embroidered in linen floss of Bulgarian brightness.

Miss Schoolgirl wears a charming frock of blue and white striped gingham with the fashionable shoulder-

strap effect over a guimpe of white batiste smocked in blue.

The lovely young thing on the right appears in a wonderful little girl party gown that whispers of her future debut. It is of white net and tulle lace over a slip of pink silk and the three flourishes are pointed and piped in a bewildering manner and further embellished in pink silk rosebuds and baby blue ribbons.

campus meetings, the football games, and all other gossip. He offered to answer all questions about Glenwood men in service, sent sweaters and socks which the ladies of the faculty knitted, and did a hundred and one things to make easier the days of those who had answered the nation's call. The avowed purpose of the Bureau was to keep Glenwood men in touch with Glenwood and with one another.

Dud enjoyed the letters immensely; and one time in the late fall, when he happened to be in the college town, he dropped into the office of the War Bureau. Jim Hardy, the director, greeted him cordially, told him where their classmates were, how many Glenwood men had already crossed the ocean, how many were at the various camps, and who had won commissions.

"Even the co-eds are doing things," he said enthusiastically. "I have seventeen girls on the list of those who receive letters. They deserve them just as much as you men do."

Dud had thought a good deal of one girl during the past few months, and he didn't care very much about any others; but just to be polite, he assumed an interest he did not feel.

"Who are they, and what are they doing?" he asked.

"Oh, lots of things. There's Doris Baldwin, for instance. She has charge of 'Thore's who'."

Dud's eyes were popping out of his head and his hand had gripped the wrist of his classmate convulsively. The director of the Bureau looked at him wonderingly.

"There's Doris Baldwin, of the class of 1918," he answered. "What's the

big fuss about?"

"And you mean to say you know where she is?"

"Of course I do."

Dud rose suddenly from his chair and clapped the astonished Jim Hardy resoundingly on the shoulder.

"Jim," he announced jubilantly, "I thought you War Service Bureau was a pretty good thing before, but now I know it's the greatest thing ever invented. Where is she?"

"I suppose you mean Doris," Jim answered. "If you do, she's one of the ladies in charge of the Hostess House at Camp Dix. Where are you going?"

Dud was already half way to the door.

There's a train for camp which leaves this town in just five minutes," he said, "and I'm going to be on that train."

He caught it without the least bit of trouble, and when he reached the camp, the first thing he did was to make a beeline for the Hostess House. He found Doris there, waiting as if she had been expecting him for a long time, and in just two minutes he made right the misunderstanding of many months.

So it was that the War Service Bureau served two people in a way which was not mentioned on its letter-heads.

GEORGETOWN

Ben McElroy, of Morgantown, was called to Georgetown last week on account of his baby being very ill with pneumonia.

N. E. Fisher was a business caller at Morgantown Monday.

Sylvester Arnett was a business caller at Morgantown one day last week.

Ephraim Musgrave entertained Mrs. Fisher at dinner one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Arnett spent Sunday at Mr. and Mrs. James Arnett's.

Cora, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben McElroy, is better with pneumonia.

Miss Isa Clark entertained Mrs. Fisher one afternoon last week.

Mrs. Charles Hess has been in the hospital for several weeks seriously ill, having had an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Hess came home last Saturday morning for some more clothes and said she was better and doing as well as could be expected.

Elza Arnett, of Fairmont, spent Sunday with James Arnett.

Douglas Arnett, of Parker's run, was the guest of Jesse Arnett recently.

N. E. Fisher attended the quarterly meeting at Laurel Point Sunday and took dinner at Luke Brand's.

Hueing Groves was a Sunday visitor at Emery Snider's.

Mrs. Brown Barker is going to spend

the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emery Snider.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam McMurray, of Stewart's run, spent Sunday at Emery Snider's.

Eugene Arnett and a gentleman of Monon spent Sunday at James Arnett's.

Thomas Snider, son of Ed Snider, of California, is visiting relatives in this vicinity and Monongalia county. Mr. Snider is also visiting Emery Snider at present.

Dennis Thorne has returned home after spending a few weeks visiting his aunt in Indiana.

Mar Matheny, who has been ill with pneumonia, is better.

Rev. Chapman attended a quarterly meeting at Wadestown Sunday for O. D. King.

N. E. Fisher met with a sad accident with his cows last Wednesday night. His two cows fell on the ice on a hill side. One was injured so it died the next day and the other one was injured badly by bruises but think will recover.

Mrs. Chapman was visiting Mrs. Rachel Kerns near Hagans one day last week. Mrs. Kerns has been very bad with blood poisoning this winter. She ran a sewing machine needle in her finger but is improving very fast.

Ernest Kerns is working at Morgantown.

Miss Sarah Lough was a Sunday visitor at Emery Snider's.

Winnie Snider and Hueing Groves attended Sunday school at Arnettville.

Mrs. Abbie Welch, we understand, is laid up with tonsillitis at present.

The health of our community is fairly good with the exception of bad colds.

N. E. Fisher was a business caller at Fairmont one day last week.

Mrs. Cora Thorne and daughter, Thelma, spent one day last week at Henry Thorne's at Lowesville.

HEALTH HINTS

Contrary to the general opinion the recent army examinations have shown city youths to be stronger than their country cousins.

According to Dr. J. A. Nydegger of the U. S. public health service the percentage of men rejected as unfit for military service because of physical defects has been considerably larger among men from rural districts than among city residents.

The showing made by this medical survey is expected to awaken the country to the need for better medical care of children in schools, especially in the rural schools.

The United States is behind most

Osgood's for Quality

A New Spring Hat

Will go far towards dressing up the balance of your tiresome winter coat or suit.

A large number of handsome models were just unpacked.

You are bound to find one of these little beauties just suited to your style.

Some of these were just bought in New York, last week, by our Miss Kincaid who has returned from her Eastern buying trip.



inspection most of the rural schools have none.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED. L. T. Asks: "Does so-called intestinal poisoning have any effect on the nervous system?"

Yes, the nervous system is almost invariably affected by chronic intestinal toxemia.

STOMACH UPSET?

Get at the Real Cause—Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

That's what thousands of stomach sufferers are doing now. Instead of taking tonics, or trying to patch up a poor digestion, they are attacking the real cause of the ailment—clogged liver and disordered bowels.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets arouse the liver in a soothing, healing way. When the liver and bowels are performing their natural functions, away goes indigestion and stomach troubles.

If you have a bad taste in your mouth, tongue coated, appetite poor, lazy, don't-care feeling, no ambition or energy, troubled with undigested foods, you should take Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil. You will know them by their olive color. They do the work without gripping, cramping or pain.

Take one or two at bedtime for quick relief, so you can eat what you like. At 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

A NERVOUS WRECK

From Three Years' Suffering, Says Cardui Made Her Well.

Texas City, Tex.—In an interesting statement, Mrs. G. H. Schill, of this town, says: "For three years I suffered a most agonizing neurosis. I was unable to do any of my work."

I just wanted to sleep all the time, for that was the only ease I could get, when I was asleep. I became a nervous wreck just from the awful suffering with my head.

I was so nervous that the least noise would make me jump out of my bed. I had no energy, and was unable to do anything. My son, a young boy, had to do all my household duties.

I was not able to do anything until I took Cardui. I took three bottles in all, and it surely cured me of those awful headaches. That has been three years ago, and I know the cure is permanent, for I have never had any headache since taking Cardui.

Nothing relieved me until I took Cardui. It did wonders for me."

Try Cardui for your troubles—made from medicinal ingredients recommended in medical books as being of benefit in female troubles, and 40 years of use has proven that the books are right. Begin taking Cardui today.

NC-135

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The War Service Bureau. THE WAR SERVICE BUREAU. By MELVIN STEVENS. (Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It was late spring in the mountains, and Dad Embury was gazing questioningly into the clear blue eyes of Doris Baldwin. Somebody or other has told us all about a young man's thoughts in the springtime, so it seems hardly necessary to mention the fact that Dad was wondering whether or not he dared to tell Doris how much he cared for her. They hadn't known each other very long; only for two weeks, to be exact, but both were graduates of the same college, which makes all the difference in the world.

"It's just as if we had known each other for four years," the man explained. "So I want you to treat me as one of your oldest friends."

That had been two weeks ago, when Dad had arrived at the Smith farmhouse for a brief rest from business worries. It was just a coincidence that Doris happened to be the village school teacher, but the new arrival considered it about the luckiest thing that ever happened to him. For Doris's eyes were like the October sky on a cloudless day, and her lips matched the petals of a crimson rose. She had only been out of college a year.

Their two weeks together had flown on enchanted wings, and the time had finally come when it was necessary for Dad to go back to the city again. So he looked into the depths of the girl's eyes and became suddenly brave. "I love you," he said.

He had always thought that when he spoke those words, the girl to whom they were directed would open her arm and smile at him. But Doris did no such thing. Instead, she dropped her eyes and traced an aimless pattern on the floor of the porch. Then man could not see that her heart was wild with the joy of his confession; that her whole being quivered for the touch of him. He only knew that she did not come to him at once; and because his knowledge of girls was limited, he imagined that she did not care.

So, very quietly, he turned away from her and hurried upstairs to his room. On such misunderstandings, a world of tragedy is based. For the man believed that the girl did not wish to answer him, and the girl believed that the man, having spoken impulsively, regretted his action and escaped before it was too late.

He went away the next day while she was making a mockery of her geography lesson; and for a seemingly endless month he ate his heart out for her. And then, when he could not stand it any longer, he wrote her a letter, telling again of his love and asking her if she could ever care for him.

Dad in a week the letter came back with the announcement that Miss Doris Baldwin had gone from Mount Waverly and had left no address. And in the end of all that Dad could do, her whereabouts remained unknown to him.

When, having found business suddenly uninteresting, he applied for admission into the first series of officers' Training Camps and was admitted to Plattsburg early in the summer, where fifteen hours a day of drill and study kept his mind busy and his body strong.

In the course of three months he was graduated with a captain's commission and was assigned to Camp Dix, N. J. Then it was that he heard about the War Service Bureau of Glenwood College. The Bureau was established by a classmate of his who was unable to fight because of physical defects, and he decided to devote his time to the Glenwood men who had entered the service of the nation. Every week he sent a letter to the alumni and students of the college in the camps, telling them of the

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

I was very happy last night when I went to sleep and this morning when I woke I said of myself, "Margie Waverly, beware, when you wear a broad smile all night and wake up grinning, something's bound to happen."

However, I felt so good that I dressed in my most becoming dull blue crepe negligee, put a pink rose in my hair and went down to breakfast with Dick.

It was very pleasant meal—queer, isn't it?—but I don't know how everything seems so perfect when we are happy. The sun shone in the breakfast room windows and fell on the gleaming cooper urn. The toast was a wonderful brown, the coffee just right, the bacon beautiful and the eggs done to a turn.

And Dick did not read his paper. Instead he talked, and talked as though he found me an inspiring listener.

After breakfast he said he had planned a busy day and must be off. He kissed me goodbye in a rather preoccupied way, I thought, but I dismissed the notion by reminding myself of my extreme sensitiveness.

Then I sat down to lay plans for the day. I made up my mind I should have a little dinner party that night and the theater afterward. Not that Chad had decided to be his old self I thought it would be a good chance to get him interested in what was going on in the world.

I had planned the dinner, given the order for the day's supplies to the cook, when the telephone rang. It was Mother Waverly. She said she must see me, that she would be busy all day but would come in late for tea with me.

There was nothing for me to do but let her come, and so I made some changes in my day's program. Tea was waiting at five. Dinner preparations were well under way, for we had an eat early in order to get to the theater on time.

phoned. Mother Trent protested that she would not stay for dinner, but she slyly let drop the fact that Mr. Trent was out of town for a day or two and then I saw through her plans.

We waited dinner until a quarter of seven and then I ordered it served. Not a word from Dick.

It was a stupid meal and everything went wrong. We took Mother Waverly with us to the theater instead of Dick. The play was a bore. I had purposely chosen something light, having Chad's state of mind before me. It proved to be light in idea for the mind, though full of startles for the eye. Mother Trent registered all sorts of disappointment in a face that changed expression from a bad frown to a worse one.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THIS WAY OUT, OLIVIA.)—BY ALLMAN.

