

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Fifth Inter-marriage.

By JANE OSBORN.
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MS. Stewart's house parties were always admirably planned, and it was because every special companion in her house that the regular members of her kindred and acquaintance always accepted her invitations. For if truth were to be told there was nothing luxurious in her hospitality, and there was little amusement or entertainment save what the guests and the hostess could provide by their own wits, for the fine old Stewart mansion contained none of those short cuts to hospitality and amusement. If one wished to dance there was no phonograph to provide music—and the dancing could not progress unless one of the guests happened to know some dance tunes to be played on the old piano. There was no nearby country club and there were no automobiles in the Stewart stables. But despite these shortcomings Mrs. Stewart never worried of getting up little parties and thought nothing of filling her high guest rooms at a time, and the guests always came with enthusiasm. The secret of her success was that she was at heart a matchmaker, and though she did not think of every girl at her parties as a possible wife for one of the other guests, she always did think of them as partners for a country walk. She never invited a girl unless she was sure she could provide some nice young man who would find her society delightful, and never invited even the least promising of young men without making sure that there was one young woman in the number given enough to appreciate the fine points of his personality.

Mrs. Stewart even went so far as to make little lists of her guests on the backs of discarded envelopes—for she was filled with the spirit of old-time thrills as well as with the freshness of old-time hospitality. And in these lists she would pair her guests off, making sure, of course, that they would pair, and that there would be no three-handed affairs—no two men hanging at the feet of one young belle while one of the young girls went partnerless.

For the first party of the season she had planned to have all the guest rooms filled, and as four of them contained large double beds, this meant that she would have twelve guests. Most of them were young people who had already met at similar parties, some of them already engaged as the result of her careful planning. The only names on her lists that she had not been able to link up with any other names were those of Miss Nancy Marbury and Mr. Nathaniel Stobridge.

"There really isn't anything they can have in common," sighed Mrs. Stewart. "Miss Nancy is a college girl, and a perfect dance fan—and poor Nathaniel can't abide college women, is an anti at heart and the most indolent old dear that ever drew breath. He could be all day with a hammock under a shady tree with a daisy book of family records in his hands and an occasional renewal of coffee beverage at his side and think himself delightfully entertained—while to keep up with Nancy a man would have to take cross-country

WHITE IS FAVORED FOR EASTER



By BETTY BROWN.

That there is something particularly young and festive about the white costume is demonstrated by this delightful spring coat of cyster white raw silk. The coat is unusually long—an extravagance of style only permitted to silk in these days of wool shortage, and perhaps its greatest charm is its rich embroidery of conventional flowers in pastel blues, pinks, yellows, and green. The hat is of the white silk crowned with blue crepe and wreathed with small pink roses. For the spring bride this dainty costume is ideal.

tramps, play tennis madly and know all the new dance steps."

Mrs. Stewart tried to revise her list so as to pair some one off with Mr. Stobridge and have some one left over that would be congenial with Nancy. But the arrangement for the other guests was perfect. The affinity between each of the other two couples was inevitable. So Mrs. Stewart took the most recent letter she had received from Nancy and the letter she had from Mr. Stobridge accepting her invitation from her desk and read them through in search of some sympathy in common.

"I shall be mighty glad of a little rest," said Nancy in her letter, "for I have been working night and day for a month or more on the Marbury Family Record. Our family association commissioned me to get the data together and put it in shape for publication. You'd be surprised how interesting it has been and of course my work in college fitted me for that sort of research. What we were most anxious to show was that the Marbury family is one of the Stobridge-

Claridge connection. You have heard of them, I am sure. It is an alliance of a group of the most distinguished colonial families in the state and to prove our connection we have to show at least five intermarriages with either of the two families since they came to this country. Well, I have at last been able to find the fifth intermarriage, though it was not easy, as the Marbury records are fragmentary. Now that the record is practically complete I shall be delighted to come to your house party and take a little relaxation before sending the copy to the printer."

Mrs. Stewart had on first reading the letter glanced but hastily over this passage, as she was not herself particularly interested in genealogical matters. But now the mention of the Stobridge family—that to which the indolent Nathaniel belonged—caught her attention and then she recalled that Nathaniel himself had called more than casually in the study of his own and allied family records.

"Well, I'll get them started on genealogy and perhaps they can find enough in common to keep them amused for the week end." And rather reluctantly, for she still felt that the temperaments of Nancy and Nathaniel would be no more sympathetic than oil and water, she turned her attention to ordering the wherewithal to keep her large family abundantly provisioned, seeing that the old-fashioned four-poster beds in her guest rooms were newly made up with linen sheets and other things making ready for the house party.

Nathaniel had at first shown only a polite attention to Nancy when, on the first day of the party, Mr. Stewart proposed that they be partners for one of her nice little woodland strolls that were so important a part of the program for the other members of the party.

She could not fail to notice that conversation between them lagged as they wound their way after the others through the freshly leaved trees in the woodland. "And you aren't interested in tennis, either?" she heard Nancy say, laughing, to Mr. Stobridge—"really you are most hard to talk to."

"Oh, Nancy dear," Mrs. Stewart said suddenly coming up to them. "I forgot to tell you that Mr. Stobridge is almost as enthusiastic about genealogy as you are and he is one of the colonial Stobridges. But I know you have found much in common," she fibbed, "without discussing anything so dry as family records."

Thus having sowed the seeds of congeniality she sauntered ahead to watch over the interests of the other members of her little party.

"It is really most extraordinary," Nathaniel told his hostess that night as the party broke up to retire. "To find a young woman of Miss Marbury's type so seriously interested in genealogy. We've had a delightful time talking—perhaps I should say that I have and now I am impatiently looking forward to tomorrow."

The next day—Saturday—Mrs. Stewart was content to notice that Nathaniel and Nancy actually did continue their discussion and comparison of notes. "But don't you see how important it is to prove that fifth intermarriage," she heard Nancy saying

almost pleadingly. "Because if I don't my little volume of Marbury records will be almost useless. I was so sure that Hannah Jane did marry Nehemiah Stobridge. It was Nehemiah, I am sure, and the rest of the name was blurred in the family Bible. There was a Nehemiah Stobridge in that country that he didn't marry."

"Positively, my dear girl," she heard Nathaniel reply. "He was a confirmed bachelor. There always have been bachelors in the Stobridge family, and I am sure to type. It must have been some other Nehemiah."

That night after all the guests had retired, Mrs. Stewart heard low voices in the hall below and only slightly alarmed at a vague thought of burglars, she started to descend the broad stairs of the front hall. Then she stopped short. For there by the last dying glow of the fire that had been lighted to drive off the chill earlier in the evening sat Nathaniel and Nancy. Nancy had met him there to show him her records.

"You see, there is every reason to believe that it was Nehemiah Stobridge that my Hannah Jane married."

"But my dear little girl—" Mrs. Stewart's pulses began to beat fast for words like that are dear to the heart of a born match-maker—"my dear little Nancy, Nehemiah was an uptight body to her room and slept content. She forgot the discussion and disagreement about Hannah Jane and Nehemiah and thought only of those words of Nathaniel's."

It was two weeks after her little house party had come successfully to a finish and all her guests had departed that the most wonderful party she had ever attended, when she got a letter from Nancy.

"Nathaniel and I want you to know first," the letter began, "and I think perhaps you know which way the wind blew before your house party ended. Yes, we are engaged and we are so congenial. And this is how it happened. I just had to find that fifth intermarriage, and the idea struck Nathaniel first that we could do it—I mean provide a fifth intermarriage between the Marburys and the Stobridges. Only of course we would have done it any way—we just couldn't have helped it. And you, dear, are responsible for it all."

HEALTH HINTS

Infantile paralysis is a catching disease. How it spreads is not definitely known, but the disease may be taken directly or indirectly through a third person who has been taking care of the patient or who has been living in the same household.

In order to prevent the occurrence of this disease parents should observe the following rules:

Keep your apartment or house absolutely clean.

Go over all woodwork daily with a damp cloth.

Do not dry sweep the floors.

Screen the windows against flies, and do this early in the spring.

Do not allow garbage to accumulate.

Do not allow refuse of any kind to remain in the rooms.

Pay special attention to bodily cleanliness.

Keep children by themselves as much as possible if there is an outbreak of the disease.

Do not allow your children to be kissed.

Keep the family milk supply clean, covered and cold.

Wash well all food that is to be eaten raw.

A FELON.

Mrs. E. B. H. asks "What is a felon?" A felon is an inflammation of the periosteum or membrane which covers the bones of the fingers. It is due to infection.

ARE YOU STILL YOUNG AT HEART?

Then why look older than you feel? Don't let hair that is gray, streaked with gray or faded, exclude you from enjoying life.

You can keep the soft, dark, glossy color of your hair as long as you wish and do it in a harmless, natural way at little cost by an occasional application of Q-BAN Hair Color Restorer.

Q-BAN will not dye the hair, or give it an artificial look. It restores the natural dark color and gloss gradually and evenly. Q-BAN won't rub or wash off or stain the scalp, and does not interfere with washing or waving the hair. It is an excellent tonic and will complete eradicate dandruff. Easily applied.

Sold by all good druggists everywhere on Money-Back guarantee. Price 75c.

"Four Hundred" is Shocked

Member Enters Movies



HON. MRS. WM. BERESFORD

Despite the shocked surprise of other members of the "Four Hundred" the Hon. Mrs. William de la Poer Beresford, of New York, is becoming a movie star. She is a sister in law of Lord Decies, who married Helen Gould and when her husband joined the British army Mrs. Beresford took a principal part in "The Cross Bearer," which revolves around the Russian court, as a diversion. She found it interesting and is now going into other productions despite the disapproval of her friends.

MANY MINERS IN ARMY.
MARTIN'S FERRY, O., March 13.—More than 1000 of the miners employ-

VINOL MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG

Positive—Convincing Proof

We publish the formula of Vinol to prove convincingly that it has the power to create strength.

Cod Liver and Beef Peptones, Iron and Magnesium Pyrophosphate and Soda Glycerophosphates, Casein.

Any woman who buys a bottle of Vinol for a weak, run down, nervous condition and finds after giving it a fair trial it did not help her, will have her money returned.

You see there is no guess work about Vinol. Its formula proves there is nothing like it for all weak and women and for feeble old people and delicate children. Try it once and be convinced.

Crane's Drug Store, Fairmont. Vinol is sold in Maunington by the Prescription Pharmacy and at the best drug store in every town and city in the country.

NEVER HAD SICK SPELL SINCE SHE TOOK NERV-WORTH

Before That Mrs. Covey Had the Most Terrible Head-aches.

This entirely new statement was given to Marietta's Nerv-Worth drugist a short time ago:

Will S. Richardson:—I kindly thank you for recommending Nerv-Worth to me. I have taken two bottles and have had wonderful relief. Was troubled so much with headache and vomiting as often as every two or three days. Was so bad I would think I could not live. Was so nervous and could not sleep well. NEVER HAD A SICK SPELL SINCE I BEGAN TAKING NERV-WORTH. I trust that everyone who suffers as I did will be interested in this testimonial and will try the great tonic, Nerv-Worth. It certainly is grand.

Respectfully yours,
MRS. A. L. COVEY.
Crane's drug store sells Nerv-Worth in Fairmont. Your dollar back if this famous family tonic does not benefit YOU.

ed in the east Ohio coal fields are actively in military service, almost half of them having volunteered, according to the reports of Mr. Applegate, secretary and treasurer of sub district No. 5, United Mine Workers at the 20th annual convention held here today.

LUXBURG IN CHILE.
BUENOS AIRES, March 13.—It is reported here today that Count von

CATARRH
For head or throat
Cure by the
VICK'S VAPORUB

Osgood's for Quality

Osgood's Millinery Shop is thronged with shoppers all day long—

Gage Hats

They Tell the Style

Just now, they are showing the most wonderful collection of new spring hats.

Wonderful, because there is such an extreme large selection, more wonderful because the prices are so low, considering the styles and quality.

Many good lines are shown here in general—
But—Gage Hats—are featured in particular.

A look through the Gage section of Spring Hats will make you a Gage enthusiast.



THIS IS A WOMAN'S WAR AS WELL AS A MAN'S WAR

In every country at war women are performing the work of men in many occupations. They will sometimes do the heavier work for which they are supposed to be unfitted. It all depends on a woman's health and condition. If a woman is weak, tired and listless all the time, due to the weaknesses or diseases of womanhood, it will be impossible for her to take her place among the brave American women who are rendering aid in every way to the men at the front. This is the proper time for every woman to "put her house in order" and to gain in strength and energy.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach, liver and bowels—sugar-coated, tiny granules. All druggists. In vials 25 cents.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"We see you out very little, Mrs. Sullivan," Mrs. Bert said the honeyed tone, that I always distrust in a woman. "In fact I am quite sure I have never seen you to know you before. You were not a resident of this city when you and Mr. Sullivan were married?"

"No," answered Alice calmly. "There was a slight pause as though Mrs. Bert was waiting for Alice to tell what she came from, and then as even as she did not dare to push her questions further, she said, "That accounts for it. But we must see more of you now."

"I was wondering what Alice would say to this, for I knew that neither Alice nor Eliene would ever care that woman's home and was glad to hear Alice say, "Alice says, "I have never seen you from my baby, as I have to-day, at the earnest request of my friends, Mrs. Symonds, or Mrs. Waverly."

"I have always heard your little circles was most exclusive," Mrs. Bert answered with a smile, but I hardly thought it was as exclusive as that." "You must not call us exclusive, Mrs. Bert," I hastened to interrupt, "rather do I think we could be designated as a 'circle.' It is only that most of us are intimate friends of long standing, and however much we dislike what most people call society, we are always happy to be in the homes of our old acquaintances."

"Oh, you knew Mrs. Sullivan before she married, said Mrs. Bert, as though she had at last found out something tangible.

"Very well, indeed," I answered. "Alice looked lovingly at me and added, "Mrs. Waverly is and has been the best friend I have in the world." Mrs. Bert looked most interested and said, "Aren't you set up, Mrs. Waverly? I think I would give almost anything I possess to have some woman say that of me. In fact, I did not know that any woman on earth could or would make that statement as enthusiastically about another. Mrs. Sullivan has never told about you."

"Really, I am sorry for you, Mrs. Bert," I hastened to assure her. "You cannot have been training with your own set very lately. The old idea that no woman can be a friend to another woman is absolutely exploded."

"Perhaps," she said rather acidly, "but do you know I am afraid that I have not been looking for 'real' friends, I would never go to a woman."

"Perhaps that is the reason, Mrs.

Bert, why you have not, as you say, found any women friends," was Alice's quiet comment. "I have come to understand in the last year at least that you are very apt to get just what you ask for in this world. I know a woman whom, I believe, everyone loves who knows her. And yet the people who do not know her are apt to think that they would not like her. That woman is always asking for love, not in any sentimental way, but she is always trying to do things for you that will make you like her."

"Isn't that pure selfishness on her part?" asked Mrs. Bert.

"No, I don't think so," I answered, for it seemed to me, little book, that Alice had been describing me. "I think the woman who wants people to love her, does so because she loves all people, and likes to do for them. Quite a woman is a real democrat, and will take her own where she finds it, whether the one who offers her friendship is of her class, as perhaps you would put it. Mrs. Bert—or whether the one was scrubbing her floor, or manicuring her nails. I have always been very glad that love and friendship belonged to no class of society any more than to one sex."

"Good for you, Margie," whispered Alice.

WILL WARD OFF WAR THOUGHTS



By BETTY BROWN.

Who, gazing upon this creation of the designers' art, can think of war and rumors of war? Attired in this conception woman approaches to what some men would have us think is her highest duty—the duty of ornamenting her environment.

This bit of a bonnet is built, fold on fold, of the softest leaf-green chiffon and climaxed with a June rose and its sheaf of green leaves. With the bonnet is worn a long, loose, scarf of the green chiffon, swathed about the throat, and clasped close with a tiny cluster of roses. Almost this bit of costume art deserves the poet's ecstasy.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS.—(TOM'S TALK IS NOT VERY CONSISTENT.)—BY ALLMAN.

WELL, GET DANNY READY IF YOU WANT ME TO TAKE HIM OUT FOR A LITTLE AIR.

WANT YOU GO I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOME NEW THINGS I BOUGHT FOR HIM TODAY

LOOK, TOM, I HAD TO SPEND \$2500 ON HIM FOR THESE FEW THINGS—THIS LITTLE SILLY SWEATER WAS SEVEN DOLLARS—THE COAT TEN—I GOT HIM TWO PAIRS OF SHOES AND SIX PAIRS OF STOCKINGS.

GOOD NIGHT NURSE!! ARE YOU TRYING TO BREAK ME?

YOU'RE RIGHT SON—IT'S BUY-BUY-BUY AND PAY BILLS—IT TAKES MORE MONEY TO KEEP YOU GOING THAN IT DOES YOUR DADDY.

HELLO THERE, TOM! HOW'S THE BABY COMIN' THESE DAYS?

OH, HE'S FINE, GREAT! WISH I HAD THREE MORE JUST LIKE HIM.

BY-BY DADDY