

PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

In "King's Castles"
By NEWTON
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In college Yates Barlow had gone in for economics and sociology. When he was graduated and started in law studies, thought he did not dub himself a socialist, still he persuaded himself that in the management of the rather comfortable estate left him by his grandmother he would fall into none of those errors of selfishness that too frequently—as he was convinced—characterize the dealings of men of capital with those who labor for them. And although he decided to leave the management of the large up-town apartment house, pretentiously dubbed "King's Castles," that constituted one of his most remunerative investments in the hands of his father's office force until he had finished his law course, he made it perfectly clear that he sought no profits from the undertaking that might be made at the expense of fair play to the folk who worked under the spacious roof of the apartment house.

"Maybe there isn't any eight-hour law for women in this State," he said to his father. "Maybe there isn't—we haven't come to it in law lectures yet. But eight hours for all women ought to be asked to work, and I tell you right here that I'm not going to have any woman work longer than that who works for me."

The genial elder man looked up with a smile, the serenity of which rather annoyed Yates. "She is a nice little girl," he said, with an emphasis on the word that seemed to betoken that Yates knew to whom the pronoun referred.

"I guess at your age I'd have had the same ideas about working hours for women, especially if the only woman I employed happened to be eighteen and as fresh as a snow apple. She is a nice girl, isn't she?"

"If you mean Miss Sarter—yes. She seems to be a lot better than you usually get to tend an apartment house telephone switchboard. That's got nothing to do with the fairness of making her work nine hours a day or keeping her at the switchboard on holidays."

"But, man alive, she wants to do it," explained the father.

"No girl of spirit likes to show her unwillingness to do what she's got to do," pronounced the son with the air of one who felt that he possessed keen insight into feminine psychology. "Well, you've got a lot more sense than some boys your age," was the father's only retort. "If you take a fancy to a pure-hearted country girl like Abby Sarter instead of some empty-pated, over-dressed society girl, you're all right."

Yates had taken a fancy to Abby, but for some reason he did not like to have the fact taken for granted. He could not explain himself just why his father's remarks that morning proved so irritating.

As time went on Yates developed a keen interest in the management of his apartment house. He loved to think of the one who—his law course ended—he would take over the entire management of the place himself and not actually needing to net the largest possible income from it, strive to run the house along ideal lines. He even thought of putting the girl at the switchboard on a six-hour schedule, but somehow he never thought of Abby Sarter's continuing to sit at the switchboard when he put his plans in working order.

Meantime Abby Sarter sat at the switchboard in the corner of the spacious, many-mirrored, much-lighted entrance of Yates' uptown apartment house, for nine hours a day, and never thought of having a holiday other than Sunday. Sometimes she came in for a few hours even on that day



By Edmund Vance Rooker
—BLAME

It's true I carved my initials in the wood-work in the hall, It's true I made a charcoal sketch across the parlor wall, It's true I tied a rope between the porch-post and the door, It's true I rung the bell and laughed because pa got so sore, It's true I greased the steps when ma had guests the other night, It's true I asked the fattest one if such words was polite? It's true I filled pa's flask with ink—I 's'pose I hadn't oughter— And when he took a nip I said he'd better eat a blotter, It's true I took our next door dog and tied him to a cat, But 'twasn't me that made 'em fight. Why was I blamed for that?

It's true I lied about the glass Tom smashed at school one day, 'Cause Tom's pa is a tight-wad and I knew my pa would pay, It's true I stayed away one day and wrote my own excuse, Because I knew 'twould worry ma, when 'twasn't any use, It's true I promised teacher not to fight, I meant it, too, But when Dick knocked the chip off, why what could a feller do? It's true I worry teacher, but nobody seems to see, She wouldn't have a job at all, except for kids like me, It's true I opened teacher's desk, Yes, I put in the rat, But teacher let him out herself. Why was I blamed for that?

It's true I've done some things, and some I shouldn't, I suppose, But heck! the things I could have done—they never think of those: If I'd begun one-half the things I wanted to, I bet I'd never eat nor sleep, for I'd be working at 'em yet, It's true I make ma nervous with my "racket" and my "din," But she ought to hear the noises that I keep a-holdin' in, It's true I cause some trouble in the neighborhood, but gee! The troubles that I don't make are almost a-killin' me, It's true pa had to buy a house. He couldn't rent a flat Because I'm in the family, but—why am I blamed for that? (Copyright, 1918, N. E. A.)

CORN MEAL DUMPLINGS.

(A Tested Recipe by Mrs. S. J. Brobst.)

Two cups corn meal, one-fourth cup finely chopped suet, one-half teaspoon salt, one egg.

Put corn meal into bowl and add 1 1/2 cups of boiling water to moisten the meal, add the suet and salt, cover and let stand until cold. Add well beaten egg. Take one tablespoon of mixture and put on a small square of cheesecloth, tie, leaving plenty of room to expand. Put the dumplings in boiling water and boil slowly one hour. Remove from cloth and pile on shallow dish. Serve with milk and sugar, or maple syrup.

of rest. To Yates that entrance hall was not entirely satisfactory. He could see the cheap plaster behind the thin veneer of marble on the walls. The colors of the heavy plush rugs that lay on the tile floors looked cruder to him every time he saw them. The lights that blazed forth from the chandeliers and were reflected again and again in the long mirrors were glaring and smote his eyes offensively. Yet he knew that it was that spacious, garish hall that attracted tenants and made them willing to pay good rents for small apartments, and he realized that he would be benefitting no one but himself if he toned down the garishness to suit his own taste. He had no way of knowing at first how resplendent it looked to Abby—Abby, who basked in the indulgence of a dozen bright lights now, and in the days on the farm had known only the glow of a single oil lamp as she sat in the farmhouse sitting room. To her the entrance of the apartment house was the sum total of urbane luxury and elegance and the people who came in and went through the hall and were

ped and blatted with her in a rather shy but friendly way, asking vague questions about her work. After each of his chats with Abby, Yates Barlow was more than ever convinced that she was overworked. Not that she ever gave any indication of this state of affairs by anything that she said. But how could a charming girl like Abby, he thought, sit for nine monotonous hours making connections for thoughtless tenants, without feeling overworked?

Yates took to calling up the apartment on mythical business matters, just to make sure that Abby's voice sounded as fresh and unfatigued as ever. Then spring came. After a hard week at law school, Yates was getting ready one Saturday morning to motor out to a week-end house party in the country. The day was one of those warm and tempting days that sometimes come so early that they seem to be out of season. All his boyish hatred of indoor work made Yates look forward to the two days in the country with enthusiasm. And then he thought of Abby—country bred Abby—used no doubt to wandering about the fields and hillsides at will—tied to that monotonous switchboard.

"I'll stay home myself," thought Yates. "That girl certainly deserves a Saturday half holiday. I can't ask any of the elevator boys to run the switchboard, but I can do it myself, and I am going to." Yates concocted a hurried telephone excuse to his hostess and then with a light heart started uptown to King's Castles. He could visualize the happy smile that would come into Abby's eyes when he told her that she could take the afternoon off. He looked forward, too, with no small pleasure to the ten or fifteen minutes of instruction that he knew must take place while she showed him how to work the switchboard.

"And if I do make mistakes," he thought, "and the tenants get mad, nobody can fire me." He got up to the apartment house about eleven o'clock and found Abby as fresh and smiling as ever. "I have nothing to do this afternoon, Miss Sarter," he began, "and it's such a corking day, I thought perhaps you'd be wanting an afternoon off." So I thought I'd stay here and run this switchboard and you could have a little vacation. I don't just know how but I think maybe you could show me, couldn't you?" Abby looked at him in amazement. "Why, I don't want a vacation, Mr. Barlow. I couldn't possibly do anything that would give me as much fun as running this switchboard."

"But I mean a chance to go some place—out in the country, you know—or something like that," said Yates. "But I've lived in the country all my life, Mr. Barlow. And this—she waved her hand inclusively about the spacious hall—this is so wonderful. I should think just to own a place like King's Castles would make you happy."

Barlow looked at the girl before him with a new interest. For months he had been growing fond of her, but mixed with his liking there had been a feeling of pity that she should be forced to do unmonotonous work. Now he felt a new admiration for her. She was doing the work she liked and getting a full measure of happiness from each day at the monotonous switchboard. "Just to own a place like this"—her words rang in his ears. Well, why shouldn't she own King's Castles? He could give it to her for a wedding gift if that would make her happy. He knew now that it was Abby who could make him happy and perhaps he with King's Castles thrown in could make her happy.

"Well," said Yates, "let me stay with you this afternoon, anyway, and

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

As Mollie made her remark about marital troubles I must have looked surprised, for I knew that Mollie had never had any trouble in her married life except over her poor baby. Chad was one of the most desirable husbands I had ever known.

"Oh, you need not look so unconvinced, Margie," she continued, thinking my surprise was contradiction. "I have often thought if Malcolm Stuart had lived you would have discovered that our friend Plato hardly knew what he was talking about."

Platonic friendship—how Granny! "You would have had other to have stopped being the great friends you grew to be, or you would have dropped something much nearer, of that I am quite certain."

"I never was quite sure about you, Margie, but I have always thought you were the one love of Malcolm Stuart's fickle existence."

"Mollie, Mollie, how can you say this," said Annie in horrified tones. To me the thought of her "Miss Margaret" even entering into a platonic friendship was profanation.

I hoped, little book, that I was not blushing, for I am quite sure that even Mollie did not guess how nearly she had come to the truth.

Then I looked about at these dear whose friends of mine and wondered what each of them would have done, if I had gone away in the Lady Salvia. I am quite sure that although Dick was Mollie's brother, she would have sided by me, for although Mollie and I have never mentioned it to each other, I am certain she knew all about Eleanor Fairlow.

Single would have been heart broken to have had her idol shattered, but she too would have loved me still. Alas, of course, would have said my life was my own to do with as I chose, but Eliene I am not quite sure. True, she forgave Harry and proved herself a greater woman in that case than I could possibly be. But she made so big a sacrifice for herself, that I am almost ready to believe that she would think another woman should sacrifice with that love, if the world said that love was wrong.

Strange, isn't it little book, how we

ONLY POWERFUL MEDICINE WILL END RHEUMATISM

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It promptly opens clogged nostrils and air passages in the head, stops nasal discharge or nose running, relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, and stiffness.

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Louisiana and Georgia Financiers Testify.

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Among the countless thousands of prominent people all over America who have taken Tanlac and praised it for the benefits they derived from it, none are more enthusiastic than the two well known southern bankers whose statements follow:

E. J. Henry, president of the Hawkinsville Bank and Trust Co., Hawkinsville, Ga., says: "Last spring I was all wrong some way or other and couldn't get right. I took a bottle of Tanlac and began to improve. Two more bottles put me in good shape, and I felt perfectly well. A few weeks ago I took the grippe and was getting down and out again. I bought another bottle of Tanlac and I am well again. I unhesitatingly recommend Tanlac to anyone who is sick and worn out."

W. C. McElveen, cashier Bank of Hornbeck, Hornbeck, La., says: "I have taken five bottles of Tanlac and have gained fifteen pounds in three weeks. I think it is a great medicine."



Home Protection

Should the enemy attack our shores, as will find our fortifications ready to the invasion—and a warm welcome awaiting him. Whether victory results from the cannon's mouth depends on the men behind the guns. It only takes a knockdown blow to finish a man with shaky nerves, with headache or backache, bilious—with kidneys or liver impaired.

Rague has said, that "gout is rheumatism, and rheumatism is gout." If uric acid is formed in excess within the body it is passed on to the kidneys, which act as a filter to pass off this poison. If the excess is not excreted through the tissues. The choice sites for such storage are in the joints, muscles, etc., where the circulation is weakest, and where also the alkalinity of the blood is lowest. Consequently we must do everything to throw off this uric acid poison, and simple methods are best. Flush the kidneys by drinking 6 to 8 glasses of water between meals. A pint of hot water a half hour before meals.

Take Anuric (double strength) three times a day for awhile. Anuric assists the kidneys to flush out the uric acid poisons. During cold or rainy weather the circulation is apt to be sluggish and the blood stream retarded. If uric acid is present it is apt to clog the capillaries. This accounts for many acute conditions, such as headache, neuralgia, gastric disturbances, and dull mind. As the condition progresses, we often have lumbago, disease of the heart and arteries, breaking down of the kidneys, rheumatism and gouty symptoms. Eat less meat, drink more water, and take Anuric (double strength) after meals and at bed time for several weeks at a time, and you will be free from uric acid and the diseases that follow.

Anuric is a recent scientific discovery by Dr. Pierce, Chief of Staff at the Invalley Hotel and Surgical Institute, in Buffalo, N. Y. Send 10c to him for a trial package of Anuric, 50c for large package.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(WILBUR HELPS OUT.)—BY ALLMAN.

DO YOU RECOGNISE ME? I'M WILBUR—I SUPPOSE YOU WONDER WHY I'M WEARING THESE SMOKED GLASSES.



WELL, I'M WEARING THEM OUT OF SYMPATHY FOR ALLMAN—YOU WILL REMEMBER THAT TOM TOLD YOU YESTERDAY THAT ALLMAN HAD A PINK EYE—HE STILL HAS IT.



THE DOCTOR TOLD HIM NOT TO DO ANY WORK WHILE HIS EYES ARE SORE BUT HE HAD TO FILL UP THIS SPACE SOME WAY.



HE COULDN'T DO MUCH WORK SO HE DECIDED TO DRAW SOMETHING SIMPLE AND THAT'S WHY I'M HERE.

