A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Love My Dog, Love Me.

By LOUISE OLIVER.
(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

LAURA swam about a bit in the water of the lake, then climbed into her canoe and pulled up shore a bit to her favorite haven, where a little arm of water reaching around a breastwork of rocks, crossed a flat, sunny strip of beach.

In the canoe were a store of reinforcements, carnal and mental—candy and a novel— also a towel to dry her hair. Laura had lovely hair, of which she was justly proud.

There was only one thing lacking to complete her absolute contentment—her dog. She colored wrathfully when she thought of him, for she had very substantial suspicions that only the lake separated her from her pet.

Suddenly there was a sneeze almost directly over her head from the top of a rock. Laura looked up quickly and frowned. A man in swimming clothes was sitting there quietly watching her.

"It's just as well," said Laura tartly, "that nature takes a hand sometimes to announce new arrivals."

"Pardon me, fair mermaid, but you are the newcomer. I was here first."

There was nothing to say to this, and she decided to leave without further parley, when it occurred to her that as she had been coming to this particular little cove nearly every day for three months each summer for the last ten years, it was not for her to let a stranger route her now.

"You're a soldier, aren't you?" she asked.

"I have the honor."

"You belong to the machine gun battalion across the lake, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps then you can tell me what became of my dog."

Laura took a piece of chocolate and then looked him steadily in the eye, as impressively as a decidedly oblique eight feet would permit. Authority should never have to look up. Moreover, when Laura looked up with her chin tilted back, and the sunlight dancing in little spurts of flame on her hair, she looked more like a model of hope than anything else. Whatever it was, the young man quite refused to be terrified, although he almost forgot to answer, but for a different reason.

"Your dog! What kind of dog?"

"A Cairn. Not very big; white with brown spots, short hair."

"A Cairn," he said thoughtfully, "Let me see. It would be pretty hard to tell. We have dogs and dogs and then some, you see. All camps have. It's a sort of Mecca—seems to draw 'em like a magnet."

"I don't suppose there are many like Laddie," she remarked. 'Dad gave him to me for my birthday, and as I had my choice of him or another row of pearls for my pearl collar, you see what I've lost. Besides he was a splendid companion, such a good swimmer. Will you look when you go back and see if there is a dog of his description in camp."

"I certainly will. But how can I let you know if I find him?"

"I come here every day," she answered. "If you could bring him here."

"I might manage it," he said slowly. "But what if I miss you?"

Laura was thoughtful. She was about to say, "Then come to the house won't you!" But she decided it would be difficult to entertain an unknown soldier should he present himself there. Her mother would be sure to fuss too. That was one thing about soldiers, they all looked alike, but dear knows who they were!

"Oh, I think we'll manage to meet here," she said. "I always come at this time."

"All right. Tomorrow then," he said. "I must go back now. Good-bye," and diving into the deep water on the other side of the rock, he was gone.

The next day as usual, Laura paddled into the cove. And there was her soldier with a dog.

"Mercy! That's not my dog," she cried. "That looks more like an anteater than a dog."

"I hardly thought it was," he answered, crestfallen. "But it was the only one I could catch. Perhaps I'll have better luck tomorrow."

As usual, Laura had brought along some magazines and some candy. She offered him some of the sweets with an apology. "I don't approve of candy nowadays. But the boys insist on sending it to me from town. I've finally made them stop, but I have an accumulation of about fifty pounds. Some day, if I can get permission, I'm going over to your camp and distribute the whole thing."

"That will be splendid," he cried with enthusiasm. 'Not the candy so much as the visit. There's nothing cheers the boys up so much as a—a," he was going to say pretty girl. "As a nice looking young woman," he finished. "But I must go now. You see, I haven't much time to call my own. I'll try and bring your dog tomorrow."

But the next day it was the same thing. No Laddie! Instead a fox terrier, which barked incessantly.

"That's not my dog, either," said Laura. "Of course, he answers the description, but still a Cairn's a Cairn. You ought to know one when you see it."

"I must confess I don't," he answered, "but I'll try again if you'll let me."

Then the conversation turned to the war and his prospects of going across. Time flew fast.

For six days the soldier came with dogs, a different one each day, and never the right one.

"Mercy!" said Laura despairingly. "You can't go on all summer bringing dogs. I think I'll go to camp tomorrow myself. Dad got permission from the major and I'll go in my car and take the candy. I've some other things, too. I hope I'll see you there."

For Laura had decided by this time, after a week of this young man, that it was all right to say she hoped she'd see him. She really hoped very much that she'd see him, and she had determined to ask her father to speak to the major about him and have him over to dinner some night at Cairn Craig.

Good as her word, Laura did go to camp next day with a cargo of candy and tobacco, and was immediately taken to headquarters.

The orderly returned at once saying the major would see her.

Laura entered diffidently, wondering what she should say to the potentate in command. She had never talked to so high an officer before.

But the man who rose from behind the big desk was her own soldier of the beach; at the same time a Cairn that had been sleeping under the desk, sprang forward with a yelp of delight.

"So you're Major Denning?" said Laura rather stiffly, "and you've got Laddie, after all."

"Yes," he admitted, smiling quietly, "I've had him all along."

"I can understand your wanting to keep him, but I don't see the idea of bringing a whole menagerie over to me day after day."

"Suppose, my dear lady, I had taken Laddie over on my first trip; I could have invented no excuse to see you so often. The past week has been Utopia to me."

"Why couldn't you come to the house to see me? You are father's friend."

"I didn't want you to discover my identity until you had learned to like me for myself. I had hoped you did, a little. But I'm afraid I've made a mistake. I should have returned your dog the day he swam over here, and that would have been the end of it all."

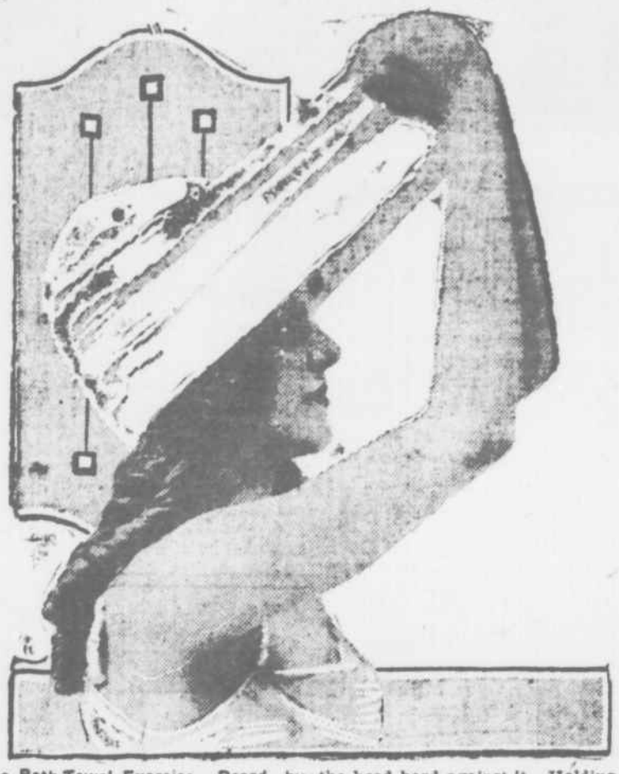
Suddenly Laura came over and touched his arm. "No don't be sorry. No one could possibly be cross at you after—after what you've said. And I'm glad I didn't know you were an officer—but just you."

He took her hand in both of his, "Laura, I've taken an awful fancy to Laddie; you can't have the heart to take him back without me now, can you?"

She sighed and looked away in mock resignation. "It seems to be a case of 'Love my dog, love me,' doesn't it? I suppose I'll have to take you both."

Then he gathered her up close in his arms and settled it all with a kiss.

FIGHTING DOUBLE CHIN YOUR BATH TOWEL AIDS



The Bath-Towel Exercise, Posed by Frances Jordan.

By FRANCES JORDAN.
Selected in a Government Competition as America's Prettiest Girl, Article No. 4.

I learned to use my bath-towel in my exercises from William Cromie's book, "Keeping Physically Fit." A bath-towel is not only necessary, but is a real weapon for fighting woman's natural enemy, a double chin.

Here is the way to use it.

Fold the towel until it is a band of about six inches wide.

Grasp the ends firmly in both hands (see picture.) and place it around the back of the head, leaning the head hard against it. Holding the towel firmly against the head, drop the head forward on the chest.

Pull the head backward, resisting, against the pull of the hands on the towel.

Now pull on the towel, resisting with the neck, until the head is again brought forward on the chest.

Change the towel band to the forehead and repeat the exercises, reversing the pull on the towel. This develops the back of the neck.

This exercise will relieve the tight feeling of overtired nerves about the head and face, as it stimulates the nerves, starts the circulation, and relaxes the muscles.

HOW TO CAN RASPBERRIES.

National War Garden Commission Recipe Tested by Biddy Bye.

Raspberries may be canned with or without currants. If currants are used, the proportion should be about 3 quarts of currants to 10 of raspberries.

Pick over and wash by putting into a colander and pouring cold water over the berries. Pack into hot sterilized jars without blanching and fill up jars with boiling sirup made of 1 cupful sugar dissolved in 3 cupfuls water. Adjust tops of jars and partially tighten them, and sterilize for 16 minutes. Re move jars from boiling water and seal immediately, inverting in place free from draughts to cool.

Government Pay For Stenographers

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 18.—The United States Civil Service Commission announces that through some misunderstanding an impression seems to prevail that the government has raised the usual entrance salary for stenographers and typists in the departments at Washington, D. C., to $1,400 a year. The Commission states that there has been no change in initial salaries for positions of this kind; the usual salaries at the beginning range from $1,00 to $1,200 a year, appointments at $1,200 being in the minority. The War department makes all appointments to such positions at not less than $1,100 a year, and agrees to promote to $1,200 a year after three months' satisfactory service. Appointments at salaries higher than $1,200 a year are rare, and the appointees must possess exceptional qualifications.

There is still great need for stenographers and typists in the government offices at Washington. Those who have had considerable office experience are most desired. The Civil Service Commission urges qualified persons to offer their services to the government. Full information may be obtained from the representative of the Civil Service Commission at the postoffice in any city.

HEALTH HINTS

Dry catarrh is a condition that often follows chronic "cold" in the head.

In this condition the lining of the nose, including the blood vessels, nerves and even the bone itself, undergoes a process of shrinking and wasting away.

A disagreeable odor is imparted to the breath from the decaying scab-like crusts which cling to the dry mucous membrane, but of this symptom the patient himself is unaware, having lost the sense of smell.

In this form of disease the throat often presents a dry and dark-red glazed appearance.

The treatment of chronic nasal catarrh is most satisfactory when in addition to the local treatment measures are instituted to improve the general health, for many of these cases occur among young persons who are poorly nourished and possess but little resistance to disease.

All abnormal or diseased conditions in the upper air passages require treatment at the hands of a competent physician.

Always remember that repeated colds even in summer result in impaired and lessened efficiency, if not in actual disease.

G. B. asks: "What is the harm of bathing just after eating?"

It halts digestion and exposes one to the danger of cramps.

:-: CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-:

Today again Pat wanted me to let him publish what I have written in your white pages, little book, and I actually grew cold as I thought of all the secrets and confessions I had given to you.

Someone said to me the other day, "I wish some woman had the courage to write for all the world of women just what all the world of women thinks but does not dare to utter."

I think perhaps I have done this, but I am afraid that only you and I little book, will ever know it. The whole thing is too near to me.

Perhaps some day when I am very very old and all this pulsating life of mine seems but a dream, which I dreamed so long ago that I have almost forgotten it, I can let you go out for strangers to talk about.

But now it would break my heart to be misunderstood, my poor little inconsistencies made to look like real character blemishes.

After Donna and the rest had gone last night I opened Dick's manuscript and read it with a new understanding, for all the while was ringing in my ear his voice, the voice that I had heard all that evening.

"I come to the great tragedy of our wedded life with reluctance, Margie," wrote Dick, "because I must write things that a man seldom tells, even when he stands on the very brink of eternity. But I myself, am somewhat in doubt of just what it all means—why we poor morials are made in this imperfect way and then tacitly supposed to lead perfect lives.

"Do not misunderstand me—I am not asking for mercy on the grounds that I was not responsible. That is a coward's plea, and yet I sometimes question just where human responsibility ends and fate takes up our lives and 'plays ducks and drakes' with them.

"Once in my life, Margie, I just drifted and once in my life I made a decision. Both times I made the great mistake and untold pain ensued not only for myself but for those I loved.

"I have told you that Eleanor Fairlow and I were childhood sweethearts. We had hardly been separated a day except when I was at college and she was away at boarding school, from the time we were six years old.

"Had I never met you, Margie, I should have married Eleanor Fairlow and probably gone through life never knowing just what love could mean—the thrill of its power, its strength and its glory.

"I know many men go through life without ever realinzing the dream and I expect some of them never even have the dream, dear.

"Love, I have come to know, Margie, is the soul of desire and until I knew you dear heart, I never realized that such an earthly passion as surged through me could contain a sacramental fire that a vestal must tend if my faith in womanhood was kept alive."

Oh Dick, Dick, why did you not say this, why did you not write this to me in the first years of our marriage?

Dear, it is the very poetry of love that my heart—every woman's heart—longs for in her lover.

Instead, you locked it all in your heart and presented me the conventional man's somewhat seeming contentious assumption that the idealization of love was purely a feminine prerogative.

That is my quarrel with fate, dear—our souls and bodies never seem corelated. One is always trying to fly upward and the other is chained to earth with leaden feet.

Sometimes I almost think that there should be two kinds of human beings, one kind that is all soul and one that is all body.

I. WADE COFFMAN VERY ILL.

CLARKSBURG, June 18.—I. Wade Coffman, clerk of the Circuit Court, is in a critical condition in a hospital of uremic poisoning, with which he was suddenly seized a day or two ago. It is feared that he cannot recover. Mr. Coffman is a widely known and popular official and is prominent in the Masonic order. He was formerly editor and owner of the Salem Herald.

Osgood's for Quality

We are subscribers to the Gage Brothers & Co. Weekly Hat Service

Gage Weekly Service Hats

Continue to arrive regularly and it is certainly is worth one's time to see them.

You know Gage sends these exclusive models to only one milliner in each city, and they see to it that these hats surpass in style, lest they lose their popularity.

..The best proof of their desirableness is in the fact that usually these ats are sold te very day they arrive—often we have requests for duplicates but we never furnish them, for part of our good service to you is Exclusivenes of Style.

The German board for clothing supplies has received numerous complaints regarding the holding of fashion displays. The Association of Textile Retailers announces that it considers such demonstrations as utterly undesirable, in view of the necessity of "stretching" all woven fabrics.

GOOD REPORTS PLEASES FAIRMONT

There has never been anything with the QUICK results of pure Lavoptik eye wash. One man's eyes were so badly strained he could not read without pain. TWO applications of Lavoptik relieved him. A lady had tried three different glasses for weak, inflamed eyes. ONE Lavoptik wash surprised her. We guarantee a small bottle to benefit EVERY CASE weak, strained or inflamed eyes. Martin's drug store.

LIVES 200 YEARS!

For more than 200 years, Haarlem Oil, the famous national remedy of Holland, has been recognized as an infallible relief from all forms of kidney and bladder disorders. Its very age is proof that it must have unusual merit.

If you are troubled with pains or aches in the back, feel tired in the morning, headache, indigestion, insomnia, painful or too frequent passage of urine, irritation or stone in the bladder, you will almost certainly find quick relief in GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This is the good old remedy that has stood the test for hundreds of years, prepared in the proper quantity and convenient form to take. It is imported direct from Holland laboratories, and you can get it at any drug store. Your money promptly refunded if it does not relieve you. But be sure to get the genuine GOLD MEDAL brand. In boxes, three sizes.

GET A GARDEN BOOK

By arrangement with the International Harvester company The West Virginian has secured a supply of books on gardening prepared by the experts of that great corporation's extension department These books tell how to start a garden, how to cultivate and care for it, how to kill the insect pests and how to meet every one of the difficulties that occur during the growing season, and at the end how to gather and store the produce. And throughout the instructions are made simple and easy to understand by many illustrations and diagrams. These books will be an invaluable aid to all gardeners, even the most experienced, and they will be a veritabe life saver to the beginners. They will be esspecially useful in connection with the gardening articles printed each day in The West Virginian. Prepared and sold in the ordinary way these little books would cost at least 50 cents. But the West Virginian secured them at the manufacturing cost and while they last as a contribution to the Grow a Vegetable Garden movement one copy will be given free to each person upon presentation of the attached coupon properly filled out:

GARDEN BOOK COUPON

Upon presentation at the publication office of this coupon properly filled out The West Virginian will give absolutely free one Garden Book.

(Name).....

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Out of town readers may secure them by sending 2c for postage.

Bumstead's Worm Syrup

A safe and sure Remedy for Worms. Stood the test for 50 years. IT NEVER FAILS. To children it is an angel of mercy. PLEASANT TO TAKE. NO SICKNESS. NO PHYSIC NEEDED. One bottle has killed 132 worms. All druggists and general stores, or by mail—25c bot. Est. C. A. VOORHEES, M.D., Phila., Pa.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Circulars free. All Druggists, 75c.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

No Advance In Price

MOTHERS Keep the family free from colds by using VICK'S VAPORUB

Keep a Little Body-Guard in Your Home

25c, 50c, $1.00.

For Itching Torture

There is one remedy that seldom fails to stop itching torture and relieve skin irritation and that makes the skin soft, clear and healthy.

Any druggist can supply you with zemo, which generally overcomes all skin diseases. Acne, eczema, itch, pimples, rashes, blackheads, in most cases give way to zemo. Frequently, minor blemishes disappear overnight. Itching usually stops instantly. Zemo is a safe, antiseptic liquid, clean, easy to use and dependable. It costs only 35c; an extra large bottle, $1.00. It will not stain, is not greasy or sticky and is positively safe for tender, sensitive skins.

The E. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, O.

BRIDGEPORT LADY PRAISES HYPO-COD FOR RHEUMATISM

Was Crippled So Bad She Could Not Walk Without Support.

SAYS IT'S FINE TONIC.

"I was suffering so bad with rheumatism and depleted strength, energy and appetite, that I could no longer walk without support, but now I have been so wonderfully helped by Hypo-Cod I want to praise it in hopes others may take the advice and test it too," remarked Mrs. Alice Ferguson, Stop 12, Bridgeport, Ohio.

"I was hardly eating at all; my appetite had become so poor and besides my stomach didn't take very kindly to food and consequently my strength had about reached the vanishing point. I guess my condition worried my son, for on the plea that he needed a good tonic he brought home a bottle of this remarkable medicine and induced me to start taking it and I am glad for he tells me it has strengthened him very much and it has helped me so much I gladly endorse it. I can get about the house and do the housework, eat so much heartier and feel so much stronger and better in every way I know Hypo-Cod is a good tonic," continued Mrs. Ferguson who joins the hundreds of others in the Ohio city just across from Wheeling where Hypo-Cod is such a favorite.

Hypo-Cod is not a mysterious remedy. Its elements are recognized by the profession and even the layman as splendid for such troubles as blood, stomach and lac of strength. Fresh extractives from Cod Livers, with the bad taste and smell removed. Good old malt, iron, wild cherry bark, wine and other as well known medicinal elements make it a really powerful medicine and yet even the smallest and frailest child likes it and waxes fat and strong.

In Fairmont Hypo-Cod is sold by Fairmont Pharmacy, Crane's drug store, Martin's drug store, H-H Drug company, Mountain City Drug Co. and Hall's Drug Co.

DOINCS OF THE DUFFS—THERE'S A BREAK IN THE LINE, TOM—BY ALLMAN