

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Fairy Wish

By HILDA MORRIS
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There was nothing outwardly romantic about Elsie Boggs. She was nearly thirty, with sandy red hair and spectacles. She lived alone with a querulous maiden aunt, and she had never so far as any one knew, had a lover. Yet her sandy red head was filled with dreams. Perhaps the new librarian, who handed out an annual of romances to Miss Boggs, guessed this fact. But the ladies at the aid society, the neighbors who saw her about her household tasks, and most of all Aunt Hattie, did not know that Elsie was forever dreaming of princes and warriors, beautiful ladies and good and evil fairies. Not that Elsie believed in fairies, of course. Still it was pleasant to imagine things as they might be if there really were fairies who could make wishes come true.

When we entered the war the ladies of the Sewing Aid Society, like the ladies of other aid societies all over the country, began to knit for the soldiers. There were strange things discussed at their meetings in those days other things than the new church carpet and the best way of doing up patches. Soldiers, hospitals, France—that far country of Jeanne d'Arc—and honor, glory, sacrifice. Even Stillville, remote in its little valley, was touched with the spirit of high adventure, and something of the spirit of romance.

To Elsie Boggs it was all like a page from one of her stories, preferably a historical one. She had thought romance a book-thing, of adventure, as belonging to past ages, yet here romance was coming to life before her very eyes, and changing the slouching boys she knew into erect young heroes in khaki, with a strange earnestness about their faces. Elsie threw her head, heart and soul, into working for the soldiers. No fingers were as quick as hers with the knitting needles. She was quite the town wonder. Sweaters, socks, helmets—she turned them all out with amazing rapidity. But since there was no longer time to read romance, Elsie had to make it up for herself.

For many years she had had a habit of wondering what would happen if certain conditions were thus and so, and now, quite suddenly, she caught herself wondering what would happen if the soldier for whom she was knitting a particularly fine sweater should learn that she had knit it, and if he should some day come to find her and she should be no longer red-haired and freckled, but as lovely as the young girl's head on a late magazine cover. He would make love to her, of course, and then—

Aunt Hattie's voice cut in upon this reverie. "I hear Bud Emery has enlisted." Aunt Hattie said as she came in from the street. "There ain't going to be a young man left in this town. I don't know what we're coming to!"

"Bud Emery?" echoed Elsie. "Well, he's not so very young. He used to be in my class in school. He's thirty, anyway."

"Too young to have his life ruined. But at least he hasn't any wife or anyone dependent on him. I never heard of Bud courting anybody."

"No I guess he never did," Elsie agreed. But even as she spoke she wondered whether the shy glances he had used to give her in school were not a kind of courting. Bud was painfully shy, but she had always felt, somehow, that he liked her. He had never liked any one else, apparently.

However, it would be difficult to imagine Bud Emery as a figure of romance. He was more freckled than she, with sandy hair that bristled fiercely all over his head. He ran a food store, and was believed to be comfortably well off. He lived down at the Palace Hotel and was notably unsocial in his taste. Elsie had always liked Bud; but no, even she could not picture him in any but workaday guise.

As Elsie went on with that extra fine sweater, a daring idea came to her. Never before in her life had she put one bit of her sentimental thought into action. Now she was possessed with a desire to label that sweater so that the soldier who got it could come to find her if he chose. Furthermore, as she worked she knitted into it what she tried to imagine was a fairy wish: a wish that he would want to find her.

The sweaters were destined for some far-off Red Cross station, so Elsie felt quite sure that no one she knew would ever see the slip of paper that she folded into this garment. It bore her name and address, and it might be that some time she would hear from the man who received it.

Elsie saw Bud Emery before he went away to camp, and tried to fancy how he would look in a khaki uniform. He was so big and shambling, so awkward and shy! It was hard to imagine him erect and trim, yet she knew that he would make a fine soldier; Bud Emery was true blue.

The weeks went by after she had sent away that sweater, and nothing happened. Perhaps it took time for the articles to reach their destination, perhaps her sweater had been lost on the way, or perhaps the man who got it had not noticed the slip or cared to write to her if he had. And so eventually, Elsie gave up thinking about it. After all, she was a red-haired old maid, and would be a sad disappointment to any soldier. She had been a fool to dream of romance. The army might make the men over but nothing could make her over. Her part was just to stay at home and knit.

And then, one day, there came a letter for Elsie. She rarely received letters, and this one was addressed in an unfamiliar hand, very large and black, almost as if a man had written it. She opened it with a fast-beating heart, and hastily scanned one page. "Camp Devens," it was headed. And strangely enough it began, "Dear Elsie!"

"Yesterday they gave us out some knitted things that the Red Cross had

GARDEN APRON SUITABLE FOR BOTH MARY AND MAUD



By BETTY BROWN.
Mary's garden seems to be growing upon her fascinating little apron. Even if one's name happened to be Maud, one would hardly take off this

fetching little article after visiting a garden. One would want to keep it on in order to put balls of yarn and socks for soldiers into those perfectly adorable flower-pot pockets.

sent around, and what do you think I got? A sweater with a little slip of paper inside it. I couldn't understand at first how your address had come there, until I realized that it must have been you, Elsie, who made that sweater. Isn't it funny that I should get it? I tell you I like that sweater, and when I think that you made it I like it all the more.

"Some people say that it is easier to write things than it is to say them, so maybe that is why I can say 'N.Y.' on paper, what I have wanted to say to you for years and years. And that is, Elsie, that I love you. You might have guessed it before, I should think, but you know how funny I am and afraid to talk much. But now I have told you that I shall never be afraid to talk to you again, that is if you will let me. I have 'leaves' next week and plan to come home for a few days, and I want to come to see you, so we can talk it all over. Let me know, Elsie, how you feel about this. Of course, I don't suppose you care for me, but maybe you could."

The letter was signed "Bud Emery." Elsie dropped it to the floor and stood staring straight ahead. Her eyes, behind their spectacles, were wide with dreams. Here was a soldier who already loved her.

She could meet him with no fear of disappointing him, for to him, perhaps, she was beautiful. Late that night, after Elsie had mailed her letter to Camp Devens, she sat alone at her window looking up at the stars. And the romance of the still night seemed to promise beautiful things. After all, romance was real, and more alive today than ever before. And perhaps she thought, there were even such things as fairies. For had not her fairy wish come true?

HEALTH HINTS

If you would avoid indigestion eat regularly.

Sit down to your meals at a certain hour every day. Arrange that meals are not more than five hours or so apart. Long fasts weaken the stomach, foster the tendency to overeat or they may destroy a good appetite. One type of indigestion attracts attention by the pain it causes. This is often severe and is felt hours after eating. Other symptoms are heartburn, thirst, nausea, belching of gas, headache and constipation.

The appetite is fickle. It may be very sharp or entirely absent. Those who suffer from this form of indigestion should avoid spiced foods. A rather more common form of indigestion manifests itself by such symptoms as loss of appetite, unpleasant taste in the mouth, coated tongue, belching of gas, nausea and vomiting, vertigo or dizziness, headache, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach with perhaps slight pain and constipation. Rarely are all the symptoms listed present at one time, but one or more of them is sure to be.

Avoid hot cakes, pastry and cereals if the latter are found to disagree. Plain boiled rice, baked potato, soft boiled or poached eggs, lean roast beef, broiled chop or steak will often agree when other foods cause distress. A tumbler full of hot water can be taken half an hour before meals with benefit.

Mrs. F. L. asks: "Is corn a more fattening article of food than wheat?" Yes, corn is much richer in fat than wheat.

Your Garden

Secure a goodly portion of your garden for beans. The country needs beans, especially the pea, or navy variety. They form a part of the ration of every soldier and sailor.

If possible grow enough beans for your own family this summer and to store away for winter use. A vacant lot put into navy beans should pay a fine profit.

The government suggests that the navy bean acreage, farms and gardens, be larger this year than ever before.

Children of rural schools of many mid-western states have been enlisted in navy bean squadrons, each promising to grow navy beans, the profit going to the children.

For navy beans spade or plow the ground as soon as possible, but do not sow until the weather and soil are warm, and all danger of frost is over. Hoe and rake ground several times, making the soil better for bean culture by warming it and killing off weeds before the beans are planted.

Test the seed, taking a few of those you buy and putting them between a piece of old flannel which is covered with a dampened flannel and put away in a warm place for a week. If 85 per cent start to sprout the seed is worth planting; if not, buy some new seed.

If the soil is heavy cover the beans about two inches. Light soil, three inches. Run rows north and south to take advantage of the sunlight. Have rows from 18 to 24 inches apart, the latter distance if you are going to use stand about 3 1/2 inches distant in rows.

Beans are ready to harvest when the pods are dry and the beans are so dry that the imprint of the thumb nail can barely be made on the surface. Cut off the vines near the earth, pile in sheltered place and thresh by hand or with a flail, beating the vines with a stick or carpet duster. The dust and small portions of broken pod may be blown out of the heap with an ordinary fan. There are bean threshers for gardeners and farmers who have large acreages.

But the patriotic small gardener should remember that it is not so much profit as war food he is after these war days.

VESTEE WITH TUNIC SKIRT



By BETTY BROWN.
A vestee with a tunic is the charming feature of this tan charmeuse costume. The design as developed is suitable for afternoon teas, but like most of the fashions of the day, it is adaptable for wearing at any function where semi-formal dress is required. Chiffon is used in its development and gold-ton thread in its decoration. A modification on economical lines could be managed with plain or figured foulard and chiffon.

Osgood's for Quality

Thursday—A Sale

For One Day Only

Osgood's Place on Sale About 50 Suits

Of every good style and material and every good color, including navy, blue and black.

A large rack full at one price—

\$14.75

The former prices were \$25.00, \$29.75 and \$32.50.



At Our Counter.

WAR SAVING STAMPS BUY

The same day, the balance of their better Suits are marked to sell from 1-3 to 1-2 price! Also substantial reductions on all Cloth and Silk Coats.

No Better Time to Buy Than Now

Good Suit and Coat News Here!

CONFESIONS OF A WIFE

"It is on a queer kind of plane Margie," wrote Dick in his manuscript, "that a man places his wife."

"You often told me how I seemed trying to make you over into something you were not and could never be, something that I would never have fallen in love with under any circumstances."

"At the time, dear, I did not realize that I was doing this and I expect I was often very grouchy when you said those things to me."

"But I know now that cosmic force is purely material. Nature is moved by law, not by spirit. A man weds with desire according to nature's great law. After he weds, nature has no more interest in him. It is then he must call upon his soul for happiness if he would find it."

"And here, Margie, is where the great mistake enters. 'Man does not call upon his own soul for happiness but he tries in a vague uncertain way to make his wife creep into a sort of emasculated being that is his idea of a feminine angel.'"

"Since I have been thinking much on this subject I have come to the conclusion, Margie, that man has two reasons for this: He may not be conscious of it, but I am sure he has them. However much he has desired his wife, however much he wanted the substance of the sacraments, down in his heart he wanted his wife to be satisfied with the symbol. Most men, although they will not acknowledge it even to themselves, are sure that only in this way—vicariously—can they transmit souls to their children."

"A man desires a sweetheart, he desires a wife, he lives with the mother of his children."

"All of which is splendid, my dear, and would make heaven upon earth if he would live up to this high standard, but unfortunately he does not. While she, in turn, becomes sweetheart, wife and mother, he remains only and always man."

"The men who wrote the marriage service had an inkling of this. (Do you remember our dear, it was a long time ago.) 'I pronounce you man and wife.'"

"You see they knew that after marriage a man was still a man, but a woman must always be a wife until she exchanged the state for that of mother."

"Margie, I shall never see my wife a mother, but I hope you will get great comfort from the baby that is coming to you."

"Oh Dick, if you only knew what comfort the baby that has come to me is. I do not think I could have stood the loneliness if I did not have a part of you in my arms. I smother his little face with kisses, dear, whenever I see that little crooked smile begin to creep to the corner of his mouth."

"And I laugh—yes, dear, I laugh as I catch him up to me, for I say to fate 'we, Dick and I, have outwitted you, in future years transmit a part of himself to the carrying on of human love, which is only human progress.'"

"I love all that you have written here, Dick, because I know that you are searching for a reason, a reason for all that life did to us good and bad. It is the question of the whole world since Time began."

"Why is it that 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all'?"

Even in that olden time when the book of Ecclesiastes was written men pondered on these things and we ponder on them today.

However much we think, however much we act, however much we struggle, however much we fight, "time and chance happeneth to them all."

Perhaps sometime, somehow, some where in the future some child of your child's child will be able to vanquish time and chance, but until then we will probably be always groping for the light of our ideals that flits down into the pit of our earthly mis-understanding.

AMERICANS KNOW A GOOD THING

Trust the People to Find Out What is Good for Them.

All over the country folks are learning, that after the long hard winter's pull, lack of green food and fresh air, they are usually run down, have no appetite, are nervous and in bad shape generally.

Spring to them is a season to be dreaded, their thin, watery, poisoned clogged blood and weak nerves rob them of all ambition or desire to work and takes the pleasure out of life.

For such men and women doctors are recommending Phosphated Iron which goes to the very root of all blood impurities and nervous troubles. They claim it helps purify the blood by making it over anew, while the way it relieves tired, fagged out nerves is almost too good to be true.

The confidence that the American people and prominent doctors have shown in Phosphated Iron, while remarkable, is not surprising, as it is one of those honest preparations that never disappoints. As a man said in recommending to his neighbor, "It's results that count, and you can bank on Phosphated Iron it is the 'goods,' everyone that tries it is a booster, it sure did put me on my feet when I was almost down and out."

Every man, woman and child that has thin, watery, impure blood, no strength, or appetite, weak nerves and is all played out generally, can come back strong, be a live one once again, enjoy restful sleep and get up facing the world with a smile if they will try Phosphated Iron, the red blood and nerve builder.

To insure physicians and their patients getting the genuine Phosphated Iron we have put in capsules only; do not take pills or tablets. Insist on capsules, Mountain City Drug Co. and leading druggists everywhere.

YOUR DUTY TO BE ATTRACTIVE

Have Pretty Dark Hair.

"La Creole" Hair Dressing is the original hair color restorer, and not a dye. Applying it to your hair and scalp revives the color glands of nature, and restores your hair to a beautiful dark shade or to its natural color. It is the only hair color restorer that will gradually darken all your gray or faded hair in this way. No matter how gray, prematurely gray, faded or lustreless your hair might be, "La Creole" Hair Dressing will make it beautifully dark, soft and lustrous. "La Creole" Hair Dressing will not stain the scalp, wash or rub off, and is easily applied by simply combing or brushing through the hair. Don't be misled into buying some cheap preparation.

USE "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING for gray or faded hair and retain the appearance of youth. Also used by gentlemen to impart an even dark color to their gray hair, beard or mustache. Sold and recommended by Crane's drug store, Fairmont, W. Va. Mail orders promptly filled upon receipt of regular price, \$1.20. "La Creole" Hair Dressing is sold upon a money back guarantee.

\$2 PAYS FOR 100 SHARES

By return mail, and also holds for 30 days 1,000 shares of Money Back Oil Company (at present price), now drilling in Wyoming on 16-well joint producing and refining agreement. Three producing wells guaranteed under money-back guarantee, issued by two national and two state banks.

MONEY-BACK OIL CO. 330 Foster Bldg., Denver, Colo. AGENTS WANTED.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—NOTHING SLOW ABOUT HER NEIGHBOR—BY ALLMAN.



"YOU TELL YOUR MA THAT WHEN SHE BRINGS BACK SOME OF THE THINGS SHE HAS ALREADY BORROWED I'LL LEND HER THE WASHBOILER."

"MY MA WANTS TO BORROW YOUR WASHBOILER."

"I TOLD MY MA AND SHE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT ALL SHE'S BORROWED."

"WELL, THERE'S A DAN OF FLOUR, A PECK OF POTATOES, A CUP OF SUGAR—A CAN OF COFFEE—SOME BUTTER AND SOME ONIONS—A PAIR OF SCISSORS, A DRIVER, A SPOON, A SCREW AND A—OF THREAD."

"YOU SHOULD HAVE WRITTEN 'EM DOWN—I MIGHT FORGET SOME OF 'EM."

"SHE OUGHT TO REMEMBER."

"MA SAYS IF YOU'LL LEND HER THE WASHBOILER TO CARRY 'EM IN SHE'LL BRING 'EM BACK TO YOU—"