

# FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

## THE DAILY SORT STORY

**The Double Scoop.**  
By IMES MACDONALD.  
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ALICIA RANDALL was twenty-seven. She had gone through many stages of development since her twentieth year. One of the most charming debutantes in her set, her popularity remained undimmed as new debutantes came dancing after her. She had survived a violent love affair attached to a spectacular engagement with a man who had been unworthy, and she had also survived the suddenness of its ending and the offensiveness of its publicity. Soon afterwards she had experienced the death of her father, who was dear to her, and the following financial crash which left her to her own devices for making a living. And she had made her living very creditably indeed, as the city editor of a certain metropolitan daily can testify, for within a few short years she had advanced from sub-sistering to the editorship of the Woman's Page, which position she adorned when Webster Rhodes joined the staff.

It is to be regretted that when this young man first came under her critical eye, Alicia Randall sniffed a very superior sniff. She was at that point in feminine life where she looked upon all men under ninety-two with suspicion—and upon those under thirty with scorn. She placed Web Rhodes at twenty-five, when in fact, he was nearly thirty, and mentally filed him away as a harmless impertinence, a mere boy. But Web Rhodes refused to stay filed. He sensed her attitude at once and laughed at her, and one morning he thrust his head in her office door and shouted disrespectfully: "Hello, Auntie! How's life?"

And in the days and weeks that followed he cheerfully rumbled up her dignity and tossed it into the ash-can of neglect, once entering her sanctum to place a kiss with much gallantry on the back of her outraged hand.

"How can you be such an impertinent kid?" she demanded angrily.

"You're lucky, young woman," he grinned. "The next time I'm planning to kiss you right-on-the-nose. Now, what do you think of that?"

When she laughed. How could she help it? It was impossible to stay angry at the ridiculous boy. However she avoided him as much as possible, for he took the most startling liberties with such an ingenuous charm that it was most disconcerting to the reserved Miss Randall, although she knew it was just the overwhelming exuberance of the spirit of his youth. No one could look into his clean, fine eyes without liking him instantly, and, in spite of herself, she could not resent his freedom as much as she felt that she should, for you see, Alicia was just a girl-woman, after all.

The first realization of her own attitude toward Web came on a day when she lunched with Amy Barlow, a girl of the old social whirl in which Alicia Randall had once moved. The luncheon was by appointment at Miss Barlow's request, and its purpose was soon evident.

"There's a very interesting young man on your paper named Webster Rhodes," began the stunning Miss Barlow. "Do you know him?"

"Though surprised, Alicia admitted that she did.

"What I want to know is this," smiled the irresistible Amy. "is he vulnerable?"

"I don't understand," sparred the puzzled Alicia.

"The point is this," explained Amy. "The election is but two months away, and you know. Father has gone to extreme lengths to make sure of the election of certain candidates. This Mr. Rhodes has something on father, which if published, would not only overturn his plans but probably involve him in the most disgraceful political scandal that this town's ever known. Mr. Rhodes has been 'approached' without success, and father has put it up to me. She arched her perfect brows with amused confidence in her own powers of persuasion.

Alicia was stumped. "You—you mean to—make him fall in love with you?" she asked.

"Not only that," condensed the charming Miss Barlow, "but I would even marry him if necessary. Father says he's rather a splendid chap."

"And you want me to introduce you, is that it?" murmured Alicia.

"Exactly," laughed Miss Barlow. "So it was that within two weeks the entire staff was 'on,' and when Rhodes entered the editorial office he would be greeted with cheers and loud laughter. 'And how,' someone would ask solicitously, 'is the charming news resting today?' or 'Love me, Webbie, and the world is yours!' or 'Nosh, old rooster, hold out for a stiff dower—and don't forget your best debts, boy,' or 'Webbie, dear, marriage is a hard life.'"

But Webster Rhodes only grinned good-naturedly and went on his way—usually with the fascinating Miss Barlow. She phoned him, she noted him, she smiled for him in her racing car. They drove together, lunched together, and he was entertained at the Barlow mansion whenever it was possible for him to be there.

Week after week of this followed, and Alicia stuck to her job with defiant eyes and tight-pressed lips. When ever she saw Rhodes he seemed just the same as always, but she seldom saw him now. He was ambitious—she knew that. Money, social position, a beautiful wife—all these things had been held out to him and he had fallen for them!

The election drew nearer and nearer, till it was but five days off—then four. The tension was growing every hour. It drew her back to her desk that night after dinner on the pretense of a press of work, but she did nothing but sit there and wait—she knew not for what. Eight o'clock came—nine—she opened her door and looked out into the big editorial room. She saw Rhodes enter, and noted that he looked tired and unkempt. The city editor leaped up at the sight of Rhodes and went forward to meet him. They talked earnestly for a moment as they

## SILK GINGHAM FOR DEMURENESS



Organdie and silk gingham are waging a summer fight for popularity and at last have decided to combine forces and appear in the same frock. Here a most charming frock is declared to the honor of both fabrics. Organdie is awarded the duties of the foundation frock and blue and white checked silk gingham shyly seconds its effort by furnishing a deep hem, a diminutive jacket, sleeve ribbons, and a fetching parasol.

walked over to Rhodes' desk. The city editor was jubilant about something for, as Web slumped down into his chair, his boss slammed him on the back and laughed encouragingly before turning back to his own work. While Web himself sprawled before his desk and put a fresh roll of copy paper into his machine.

Puzzled, Alicia shut her door and waited another hour, then looked out again where Webster Rhodes sat alternately glowering at his copy and writing in gin spasmodic spurts of energy. Finally he glanced up and saw her standing there. He beckoned and she crossed the room to stand by his side.

"Stick around a while longer, Alicia," he grinned up at her, "if you want to see the fun."

"That was all. He did not look at her again but went driving along at his story. And Alicia 'stuck around' till one o'clock in the morning, when Webster Rhodes finished his work with a sigh and sought her where she sat with her head in her arms on his desk.

She jumped nervously as she heard the door shut behind him. The drone of the heavy presses that jayped the building had almost lulled her to sleep. "Look," he said, spreading a damp copy of the morning edition before her.

And there across the front page was his scoop story of the Barlow election scandal. He had just that moment finished his follow-up story which would be printed in a later edition. In getting together his material and in making his investigations he hadn't slept for two days, and Alicia looked up into his tired eyes contritely.

"I—I thought you had—had fallen for Amy Barlow—and her—her—her scheme," she murmured.

"Who? Me? Not on your life!" he said, picking up her hat and jamming it down over her pretty nose. "Come on, let's eat. I'm hungry!"

A tear slid down from one of Alicia's downcast eyes.

"And when I'm hungry," he chuckled, as he gathered her into his arms. "I always want my dessert first. Two scoops in one day is not so bad."

He added, after the editor of the Woman's Page had been efficiently although not sufficiently kissed.

Inviting Theft.  
He—If I stole 50 kisses from you, what kind of robbery would it be?  
She—I should call it grand—Pearson's.

Absolutely pure copper may have a light gray color like that of most other metals, since it is found that copper which has been 10 times distilled in vacuo has only a pale rose color, while the yellow color of gold becomes much lighter under similar treatment.

## WAR SANDWICHES ARE WHEATLESS

BY BIDDIE BYE.  
A wartime sandwich is a difficult achievement. The common or garden variety of picnic sandwich was always built according to age-old specifications—a piece of meat or meat filling between two pieces of bread.

But nowadays, thanks to conditions imposed by war and Mr. Hoover, the sandwich is a changed object, for the bread must be wheatless, and the middle should be meatless!

However, a picnic without sandwiches would be as unthinkable as a doughnut without a hole, and once more the American housewife is required to invent something just as good and a little better than the original dainty. Here are two wheatless breads, a brown bread and a corn bread, both of which make excellent sandwiches. The corn bread sandwiches are delicious if the bread is baked fresh on a sheet of tin or a pan on top of the camp stove, split, buttered, filled with the sandwich mixture and eaten warm. Cold corn bread sandwiches are almost equally good.

The U. S. Food Administration recommends this wheatless sandwich bread.

**Barley Bread**—Sift together 2 cups of corn meal, 1 cupful of rice flour, 1 cupful ground rolled oats, 1 cupful barley flour, 8 teaspoonful salt. Beat 2 eggs thoroughly and stir into them 3 cupfuls of milk, 1-2 cupful molasses or corn syrup, and finally add the flour mixture. Beat, turn into greased pans, let rise 10 minutes, and bake an hour and a half.

As good filling for these barley bread sandwiches try cottage cheese mixed with chopped nuts or olives, sliced tomatoes and cream cheese, chopped hard boiled eggs with mayonnaise, or sliced cucumbers and mayonnaise dressing. Chopped raisins and nuts with mayonnaise makes a good sweet sandwich.

**Cornmeal Batter Bread**—Pour 1 cupful of boiling water over 1 cupful of granulated cornmeal and add to it 2 tablespoonfuls of fat, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, and 1-4 teaspoonful of salt. Allow the mixture to cool and then add 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder the beaten yolk of 1 egg, and 1-2 cupful of sweet milk. Beat well and last of all stir in the beaten white of the egg. Bake in muffin tins or on baking sheet pan. Use all measurements level. For cornbread sandwich fillings chopped olives sardines mixed with oil or mayonnaise or chopped pickle are delicious and so are hard-boiled eggs mixed with dressing, or chopped cucumber and spring onion with mayonnaise.

## Red Cross Employs Many in France

PARIS, July 25.—The department of Civil Affairs of the American Red Cross has just issued its report for the past month. It shows that it employed a staff of 1,873 persons, maintained fifteen civilian hospitals with a total capacity of 1,586 beds, and reached in some manner or another more than 249,496 civilians afflicted by the last offensive.

Thirty thousand Paris school children have been given supplemental foods such as special lunches, breakfasts, etc. A hospital and four dispensaries were opened during the month. Medical aid was given to 26,160 persons; 11,873 refugees were housed and 3,140 given employment. During first week of the May offensive, 35,000 refugees were fed in canteens established in the Paris stations.

Money donations to outside organizations totaled \$300,000; of which \$140,000 was appropriated for tuberculosis patients; \$35,000 for the care of children; \$96,000 for refugees; and the remainder for mutilated. The following has been distributed through the agencies of the department; 177,875 garments, 32,483 pairs of shoes; 43,380 articles of furniture and household utensils; 55,464 articles of bedding and household linen; 55,453 yards of cloth; 147,794 pounds of food; 4,535 hospital articles, and 1,000 unclassified.

## TRAIN RIDERS ARE FINED

Justice Musgrove Friday heard Earl Williams, Joe Tash and Pete Millich on a charge of illegal training riding on the B. & O. railroad. They were each fined \$1 and costs. Railroad Officer Hazelwood made the arrests.

## TO RETURN TO HOSPITAL

This evening J. T. Musgrave, a prominent farmer of Monongalia county, close to the Marion line, returns to Johns Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, after visiting his home and his son, Attorney L. C. Musgrave, of this city. He is undergoing radio treatment in Baltimore and is very much improved, enjoying better health now than he has had for several years.

## CHAMPION WAR GARDENER RAISES PRIZE GARLIC



Mrs. Emil Rain and her prize garlic (lower); garlic seeds the first and second year (top).

(By Newspaper Enterprise Ass'n.)  
CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 3.—Here's a sample of some of the garlic Mrs. Emil Rain, champion war gardener of northern Ohio, has raised in her backyard "truck farm." Besides the pile shown in the picture she has sold 600 pounds at 20 cents per pound this season but she modestly states that this was a very poor year for garlic and that last season she sold \$250 worth.

But it is not like the average garlic seen hanging in the market houses but it is about twice as large. This is

## CONFESIONS OF A WIFE

After Mollie had gone my spirits which had been keyed up so high by the nonsense of the old crowd and the adulation of Barclay Hill sank, I felt suddenly tired. Life loomed long and murky in front of me. I took out Dick's manuscript but I could not read just then the last few remaining pages, but I held it in my hands and at last I put my face down on it and wept.

I don't know what has come over me lately. I cry so often, not when anyone is around but when I am alone, I feel the tears start at times, over some silly little thought.

I heard someone coming to me from another room and hurriedly went into my dressing room. I did not want any of the servants to see me in tears.

I heard Senta, my boy's nurse, call me softly from the other room but I did not answer and presently I was very glad I did not for I heard Mrs. Trent's voice saying "I'll stay here until you find her" and then I heard her go across the room and my heart stood still for I remembered that I had left Dick's manuscript on my desk.

I heard Senta still fussing around and then I heard Mrs. Trent speak up in annoyance. "I said I would stay here until you found Mrs. Waverly, she is still about the house, is she not?"

"I think so," came the hesitating answer, "but Mrs. Waverly has given us all orders that no one should be left alone in her private sitting room."

"Girl, do you realize that I am her husband's mother?"

"Yes, Mrs. Trent, but Mrs. Waverly distinctly said 'no one.'"

I could hear the rustle and creak of Mrs. Trent's tightly corseted figure and I knew she was perfectly furious but I did hope that Senta would hold her ground and then I heard Mrs. Trent say "go" in such a tone of voice that I knew Senta could not stay much longer.

Senta fled and I heard Mrs. Trent walk over to my desk and pick up Dick's manuscript. I could not keep still any longer and I walked out and asked "May I ask why you are fussing



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her. "What could my boy have to say in his last few days that his mother might not know?"

"Give it to me," I said almost under my breath. Truly, little boy, I was afraid I would strike her.

"I do not see how Richard lived with you as long as he did with your vile temper," she said as she viciously threw the manuscript at my feet.

"Both my boys made mistakes—grievous mistakes in their marriages," she continued, "and I am perfectly certain they would both be alive today if they had married women who could have made them happy. John, of course, was younger and more impetuous and he took matters into his own hands and ended it all when things grew mortally unbearable. Richard was stronger, but to a mother's

**NOTICE**  
Patrons are kindly requested to note that my dressmaking rooms will be closed during the month of August. They will be re-opened the first of September, when I will be glad to see my former customers as well as new ones.  
GERTRUDE DOSIER  
Room 305, Masonic Temple

loving eyes and breaking heart it could be easily seen that he could not be as unhappy as he must have been with you and carried it on to the end."

"By this time I had found my voice and could speak in spite of my furious rage."

"Go out of my home and never let me see your face again." Just at that moment Senta returned and I said, "Mrs. Trent is going home," and she held the door open for her.

A splendid end to a perfect day, little boy.

The Mississippi Legislature passed an educational bill subject to local option, and applying to children between 7 and 16 year of age.

**NOTICE**  
My wife, Florence Deselm, has left my bed and board without a just cause. I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her. B. A. Deselm.  
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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(HELEN AND OLIVIA ARE VIEWED BY THE BOARD OF CENSORS)—BY ALLMAN.

