

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

SHORN LOCKS.

By BARBARA KEER.
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PERCY GROSSCUP, the handsomest man of the whole force, came jauntily into the room, smiled patronizingly at the stenographer and proceeded to the desk of his chief to see whether any collections had come for his department. His chief was out, but lying open and spread out on his desk was the following remarkable, but self-explanatory telegram:

"Don't let Grosscup go pay five thousand worth it appearance asset of office."
As his eyes devoured it and the sense of it soaked in he could hardly hold himself together. "Why, why—five thousand is twice what I asked for—They have at least realized what I am worth to them. Ah, Percy, you handsome dog—this means—"

and chuckling to himself, he ran his hand through his curly hair, a gentle flush overspread his face and, glancing slyly at the stenographer, he hurried out.

Getting into his coat, hastily catching up his hat and swagger stick, he hailed the down elevator. Smiling at his exultant countenance in its little mirror, he threw back his head to get a refractory curl out of his eyes, straightened his hat, and half audibly chuckled to his reflection—"

Appearances asset of office."
"Aw, wot's eatin' ye? Pretty Percy. Must be a kissin' bus, the way ye're lookin' at yerself!" sneered the elevator boy.

A bush spread over Percy's face at the howl of derisive laughter from the boy. At another time he probably would have given him a good shaking, but now he was busy formulating his plans which must be executed quickly, so he had no time to teach the boy manners to his better. That could be attended to later; there was other and pleasanter business on hand.

The telegram was as good as actual money. The firm was never known to go back on a pledge. He would go and bind the bargain with a little down payment on a certain bungalow that he had admired—and so had she—then he could speak of it as his; also he would have set aside for him a certain suite of living-room furniture in a down-town window that he had had his eyes on; then he would go and tell the girl and ask her to name the day.

It is quite wonderful how smoothly business runs when the man who has the price sets out to buy. He was as jubilant that he was almost beside himself, but he managed either to suppress the outward signs, or to grin behind his hand so as not to provoke any more such coarse and unfeeling remarks as those indulged in by the elevator boy.

Millicent Beauchamp lived with a widowed mother in a little cottage at the edge of town and helped out a small income by teaching primary music classes. She was a wholesome, modest girl with sterling womanly qualities. So when she saw Percy coming, she wisely decided that she would not run away to change her dress, but would meet him as she would any other caller at that hour in the morning. Very sweet and winsome she looked as she swung the door open and asked:

"And what brings Mr. Grosscup out so early? Do we owe that firm of yours anything? And were you afraid we'd move?"

Be it said to the credit of Percy that, despite arrogant egotism, he appreciated her worth, and for just a minute the question almost forced itself in his mind as to whether he was really good enough for her. He answered her laughing question.

"If you do owe us anything," he returned joyously, "that pink gingham dress would just about settle it." Then almost before he realized it, he was asking her to throw herself into the bargain.

"Are—are you proposing to me?" breathlessly asked Millicent. And Percy swept her into his arms to assure her at close range that he was.

The patter of staccato steps in the hall brought the people down to earth. Dismaying herself, Millicent in a hushed little voice half whispered: "It's mother!"

But Percy was in one of those exultant impetuous moods that carries all before it, and turning hastily, he caught Millicent's rather chubby little mother in an ecstatic embrace and, kissing her on the cheek with all the air of a happy, teasing son, repeated: "It's mother!" Then releasing her, a little ruefully, he begged pardon, neatly apologized and blamed his impetuosity, and the fact that he had not asked her consent at first, all to the pink gingham dress.

Mrs. Beauchamp, very much perturbed, and with two tears that threatened to overflow their banks in spite of much winking to force them back, smiled a little tremulous consent to everything, then hastened out to take care of the rebellious tears and left the young people to their wondrous occupation of planning a speedy marriage.

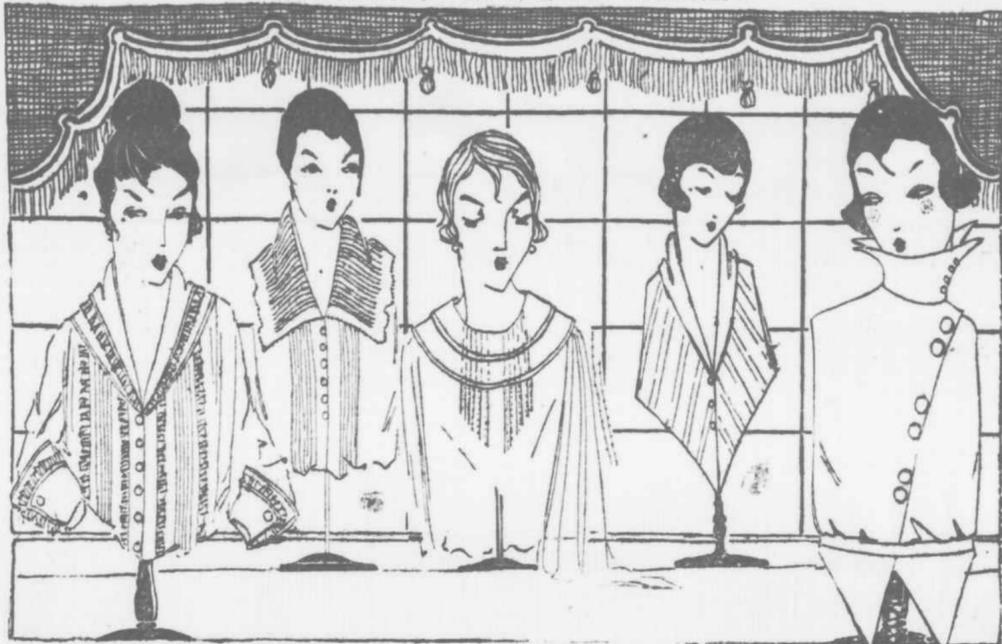
"Well, now that's settled, and I must get back to work or I might lose my job," said Percy apologetically, after relating his good fortunes and listening to unstinted praise of his unusual business ability.

Upon reaching the office he walked into his chief's presence and awaited the news.

"What, just got in? Late again?" asked his chief, as he jumbled his papers a little as though looking for something. He hated to tell Grosscup what was coming to him.

Picking up the telegram, he coughed slightly and said: "Mr. Grosscup, the president thinks that we can dispense with your services after the first of the month."

VERSATILE VEST IS SMART ECONOMY.



By LERTY BROWN.

One thing that "every woman knows" is that if there is one feminine garment more accommodating than another that garment is a fresh collar and a frilly vest.

This autumn of 1918 the vest is again coming to the front as an accommodation and economizer extraordinary. Sometimes, indeed, usually, it is a froth of crisp frills and dainty collar which transforms a simple tailored suit into the smartest of "tailleur costumes," and again it appears in a blaze of glorious color and dignified by the title of waistcoat.

But whatever its form or name it goes happily about its patriotic mission of conserving wool and adding

softness and light to the world of clothes.

Walk along Michigan boulevard, Chicago, or Fifth avenue, New York, some sunny summer afternoon and you are sure to see what our artist has sketched for us here—a row of very pretty maids diverting the feminine public with their display of the most delectable vests in fashiondom.

Most of these are of the frill family, though two achieve mannish severity by means of pique and linen crash and an uncompromising cut. The frills are for strictly feminine occasions for wear with silk and cloth suits to matinee or luncheon, and the masculine effects are for business or sports wear.

With these vests there are fascinating sets of cuffs to match, and sometimes the party is completed by a festive bit of a handkerchief.

The first vest at the left is a wonderful bit of handwork. It is fashioned of white organdie and trimmed with tiniest, pin tucks, and the small ruffles are edged with silk ribbon. The second vest is another confection of organdie but this time the vest proper is of corn-color and the collar, which is most thoroughly tucked, is of orchid blue and picot edged.

In the center is an unusual design which resembles a blouse more than a vest. The vest is of organdie, with two groups of fine hand tucking and there is a double circular collar of chiffon with corded edges. The next

vest at the extreme right is the most with a roll collar of plain white. The vest at the extreme white is the most individual of the group. It is cut from heavy white pique, and with its high, double pointed collar and cleverly placed buttons is the acme of tailored smartness.

if he were really seeing it for the first time. He was seeing what Percy saw. He turned to the stenographer: "Miss Smith, please show Mr. Grosscup how to read a categorical telegram, and punctuate it for him."

Miss Smith, who was sorry for Percy, looked appealingly at the chief who motioned her to bring the correspondence to his desk.

"You saw this before!" asked, or rather asserted the chief.

Percy could not trust himself to speak, but nodded his head. "Well," said the chief more kindly, "then it will be a pretty hard setback, when you see the real message. To save time and money, we have a sort of code. We heads try to keep so well posted that few words are necessary. And taking his pencil he punctuated the telegram, and as he read it, ran his finger over the corresponding question in a letter. "The message says: "Don't!" (Don't take on another stenographer).

"Let Grosscup go." (Getting more than he can or will earn till his hat gets down to normal. He ought to be called plain Bighead Gross—K. P. must have been the original name).

"Pay five thousand." (For house on Beecher St.)

"Worth it." (To pay \$200 to remodel front).

"Appearances asset of office." (So we are justified in paying that amount).

The stenographer had slipped out; she could not bear to see his humiliation. The chief really had a kindly heart, and he fumbled his papers some more without looking at Percy.

With a groan Grosscup sank into a chair, his hands before his face. Tears of mortification and disappointment were smarting his eyes. Once or twice he tried to speak, then he arose as if to go.

"Sit down, son; you aren't the first man to lose his job. You've got plenty of time to look around. We might even extend your time a month, till you get settled down somewhere."

"Get settled down somewhere? Yes, in that new little bungalow!" he burst out bitterly. Then he opened his heart and made a clean breast of the whole of the morning's business. He stopped short at the maddening thought, "What will she say? How can I ever tell her?" Then manfully he pleaded his cause:

"Just you name the figure that you can afford to pay me till my hat gets down to normal. I'll go out and tell the girl the whole story, then I'll marry her on the date set just the same, it she'll have me. I'll see if I can't come out ahead of this deal after all—I'd like to show you once what I can do."

"It mightn't be a bad venture," mus-

ed the chief, thoughtfully, "if you really mean it."

The curling lock fell over his brow, and feeling the look of half contempt that came over his chief's face, he pushed the lock back savagely: "Lend me a quarter till I go out and get my hair cut," begged Percy. "I'll show you whether I mean it or not!"

CONFESIONS OF A WIFE

"I will say this for you, Margie, you have always tried to live up to your ideals. You have never said anything that I can remember, for the mere sake of hearing yourself talk, and above all, you have had the courage of your conviction and said many things that I am sure you knew as well as I that your auditors did not like to hear. It has always been your sincerity that has appealed to me."

"Add to that, Donna, that I am not afraid to change my mind and you have given me the compliment that I like best of all."

"Are you going to refuse my friend, Barclay Hill, Margie?" asked Donna abruptly, changing the subject.

"He has not asked me, sir, she said," I hummed softly.

"That is only because you are not ready to refuse or accept him yet, Margie."

"So you are one of those people that think with George Bernard Shaw that a woman can precipitate or put off a proposal, Donna."

"Of course, and you not only think, but you know it is true from your own experience. How many proposals have you warded off since Dick died?"

"Do you think it quite seemly, Donna, for a widow to receive a proposal of marriage ten months after her husband's death?"

"My dear girl, there you are worshipping the symbol, that you just have been telling me is silly. I think that the time for a widow to receive a proposal is when she wants the man to propose. When she wants to tie him to her belt or wants to get rid of him, whether her husband has been dead ten months or ten years, has nothing to do with it."

"I confess I feel very sorry for Barclay, for I am quite sure you do not want him and I am sure you can see that he really is a very nice man, indeed."

"Yes, I can see that, but Donna, why are you tacitly inviting me to marry again when you have been a widow for many years with apparently no desire of changing your own name and estate?"

"That is true, Margie, I would hate to give up my liberty—I mean," she hastily added, "I think I am rather

selfish but I certainly do not feel that I can subjugate my whole life to a man again—at least, I have not seen one since Will died that has made me feel that great emotion that would make it any great pleasure to give up my life to him. Say what you will, Margie, when a woman elects to be married, whether she is sixteen or sixty, she elects to make marriage her business and housekeeping and the bearing and rearing of children are only incidentals to a business that makes more demands upon the individual than anything else in the world."

"And yet, Donna, it seems to be the only business that the world thinks any woman can do without the slightest preparation, or the slightest talent or inclination."

"Some day, Margie, we are going to change all this."

"How can we do it? We can not change sex. As long as the world lasts there will be men and women."

"No, my dear, Margie, we cannot change nature, but we can accept nature for exactly what it is and build up our existence on that basis. It is not necessary to glorify sex almost to the extinction of mind and spirit in woman."

"Which makes me think, dear Donna, of what a man said to me the other day, 'I love you, my dear, in spite of your brain.'"

"I love that, Margie, it is so masculine and egotistical."

T. R. Neer was a business visitor in Wheeling Tuesday.

There is more water in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure water-cure treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional treatment. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. "The Catarrh Cure" manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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METZ.

Ross Dye, of Steubenville, Ohio, was here Saturday calling on friends.

Gay Sturm while motoring on Campbell's run Sunday evening ran his car against a telephone pole and tore the top off his car and broke the windshield, but luckily no one was hurt.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Campbell were visiting friends in Grafton Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Alma Dye left Saturday evening to visit friends in Steubenville, O.

Simon Moore and daughter, Josephine, left Saturday to visit friends in Belmont, Ohio.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Dulaney, who was so very sick is some better at this writing.

Dr. Flowers was making profession-

al calls here several days last week.

Mrs. Charlie Harter and two sons, Karl and Marvin, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Campbell Saturday and Sunday.

Frank Campbell, of Farmington, spent the week end with friends here.

Mrs. Chester Brummage, of Augusta, Kansas, is here visiting friends.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(A LITTLE OF IT GOES A LONG WAY WITH HELEN)—BY ALLMAN.



His face and manner sobered Percy; who pointed to the telegram and said: "That doesn't sound much as if I were named."

The chief looked at the message as