

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

PLAYING TRUANT.

By HILDA MORRIS.
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DORIS hated Elmville, hated it only as a city-bred girl can hate a country town where she is lonely, overworked and discouraged. She taught the sixth grade in the Elmville school, a very unruly and wearisome sixth grade, and she spent her evenings alone in a little furnished room at the home of the local grocer. There was no one in the whole town whom she could call a friend, a really truly friend with whom to discuss such things as books and thoughts and longings. Sometimes Doris thought she would burst with the accumulation of thoughts which needed to be talked over with some one. Once she tried them on the fifth grade teacher, a nice girl fond of crocheting a minute, but the results were discouraging.

As spring came on, touching the hills about Elmville with a mist of green, a bridal veil of dogwood andowering "red-bud," Doris grew almost desperate. She was so lonely! All those lovely woods and hills and no one to talk with, no one to help her discover violet patches down by the river, no one to help her hunt for four-leaved clovers—

There came a day when Doris did an unprecedented thing. It was Monday, and a school day, but she did not go to school. One hears often enough of little boys and girls playing truant, but teachers—never!

Very few people there are who have not at some time experienced the desire to do some unprecedented thing, some sensational forbidden thing, like slipping out in church or sticking pins into the backs of perfectly respectable people who sit in front of them. Most of us resist these impulses, this is, we crown people do. Children more frequently follow them up with action because of an earnest desire to see what will happen.

It was exactly such an impulse that impelled Doris to turn down the road towards the woods. Instead of the street that led to the school house she had wished to do so a great many other mornings, but now, quite suddenly, she felt an overwhelming desire to know what would happen if she "slipped" school, also a desire to be alone in the woods.

It was a beautiful morning. Having set care aside with a recklessness that was wholly delightful, Doris went to the utmost. Little birds sang at her as if they understood and approved, flowers bloomed in her path as if they had known she was coming. Overhead the sky was cloudless blue. The breeze was freighted with fragrance. For an hour or more she wandered there, entirely happy. Then, wearied, she sat down to rest beneath a great oak whose freshly green leaves furnished shelter. Now inaction is always a time for thought, and as Doris sat there a cloud began to gather in the sky above her, also a cloud of misting began to darken her mood. What had she done? Here it was half-past ten o'clock, the morning's school half over, and the sixth grade was without a teacher! She pictured to herself the confusion that must be ensuing, the worried principal, the distraction of the other teachers. They could never forgive her, never. More than that, they would never understand. Why, she might even be dismissed at once, without that two months more of pay which she sorely needed. She must go back and offer some excuse.

Thus the penalty for being grown up. One cannot enjoy stolen pleasures. Would a school boy have been overcome with remorse, midway of his happy morning?

However, the day's enjoyment, for Doris was at an end. Already the sky was darkening for an April shower, and she started back along the path that she had trod so happily, hurrying stumbling, filled with fear of consequences. By the time she had reached the road the storm broke, a silver shower which treated her as though she, too, were a thirsty flower. She was quite drenched, and trudged along hopelessly bedraggled, her light mood ended in sodden despair. Oh, why did things always have to end this way? Why did happiness so seldom come to her? Why—

The sudden sound of a motor made her jump hastily to the side of the road, her face burning with shame at her sad appearance. Indeed there was cause for her to look ashamed; the motor belonged to Alden Powers, the richest and most influential young man in Elmville, the only Elmville man who had been to college, and the president of the school board which had hired her. How he would wonder who she was doing here at this hour! Apparently he did wonder, for he stopped.

"Why, Miss Evans! You are drenched through! Surely you are not going to walk into town in this shower. Let me drive you in."

His tone was quite imperative, and almost before she knew it Doris found herself seated beside him, feeling like the miserable truant she was. But strangely enough he did not ask her about school, he only looked at her a little curiously, with a quizzical smile on his brown eyes. He had known more of Doris than she thought, for fully she had passed his office window on her way to work he had grown used to watching for her. And this evening she had not come—

"This shower will soon be over," he said cheerfully. "Too bad to have such a beautiful morning spoiled. You are out of the woods, aren't you, Miss Evans?"

"Yes."

And almost before she knew it Doris was out of the whole miserable thing to him. It was strange that she could tell Alden Powers, but there was something about him that made her want to tell—something that made her feel that he would understand.

"I know how you felt," he

EVEN FIFTH AVENUE STOPPED, GAZED AT ENRICO'S BRIDE



It was their first honeymoon stroll. Naturally, being in New York, they chose Fifth avenue.

And even bored Fifth avenue stopped and gazed when Enrico Carnus, prince of tenors, an this bride of a

day gazed up the avenue on a shopping expedition. Carnus and his bride, formerly Miss Dorothy Park Benjamin, prominent society girl, started the New York social world when they were secretly married a few days ago.

engine. And as, about noon they drove back into town. The sight of the brick school house on the hill sent a chill of misgiving through Doris, despite her new-found happiness.

"Whatever will they say? What can I tell them?" she said. "They'll never understand. No one but you could understand!"

"I'll fix that up," he promised easily. "I'll drive you right around there and we'll see the principal!"

Just what Alden Powers said to the principal Doris never knew. Doubtless it was something about a stalled car, or a storm which had detained them. At any rate, no word of blame came to her, and strangely enough Doris found that she was treated with greater deference during the remaining two months of the teaching. But perhaps it was not so strange, either, since everyone knew that she was very soon to be Mrs. Alden Powers.

CONFESIONS OF A WIFE

"No, dear, do not speak yet," said Barclay Still, as I raised my head to answer, after he had told me that he loved me. "I want you to think it over."

"You and I are not boy and girl to be carried away with a great rush of emotion."

"But I love you, Margie. I want your companionship. I want to feel that some time in the future, you and I will sit by the fire and smiling at each other, say 'do you remember'—"

"It is useless to tell you that I am a wealthy man, for you have plenty of money, but, dearest girl, that is of course yours and your son's. Would it not be a comfortable feeling to know that if you and I had children, I would be able to give them also everything they wanted?"

"Ever since I first saw you, my thoughts have been always with you. I had thought my heart would never again be stirred as you have stirred it."

"Margie dear, Margie, let me take care of you. Let me love you all the rest of your life."

"I am going away now so that you can decide all by yourself."

"If we were both younger, I would probably take you in my arms and insist upon my answer this very minute, but you and I know that desire is not the only thing which insures a happy marriage."

"In fact it is the least of all the many, many things which go to make up marital content."

"You are a beautiful woman, Margie."

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CONFESIONS OF A WAR BRIDE

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Sins of the Fathers? It's the Wife That Pays for Her Husband's Sin.

I couldn't say a word, for a while, after Jim Jr. had told me he must choose between saving his father's reputation by marrying the girl or letting the scandal become ammunition in a big political campaign.

So far as I, a young wife, could judge, his mother's heart was doomed to break, either way.

"To have her upright and adored son belie her careful training and 'throw himself away' by wedding a cabaret dancer would be as fatal to her as to discover that her husband had supported the woman for several years."

"But oh! Jimmie! Did my Bob know before he went away?" I clutched Jim's arm spasmodically.

"Sure he did, Jane. You remember Dad's apoplexy came on a month ago in his office? Well, what you don't know is that Mary Thomas caused it. She's the 'queen.' The stroke took Dad after she told him what she was after and that nothing else would go. A week later when Dad got his speech back, he wired for Bob and asked him to put the case to me."

"What did Bob write you?"

"Not a darned word. He told Dad that the sins of the father were not going to be visited on this son, if he could prevent it. He didn't get soft a bit because Dad was flat on his back. Bob's stubborn as the dev— as the deuce—beg pardon, Sisay, but you must have found out by this time that when your husband thinks he's right he sets like glue."

"Didn't I know? Ought I not to know

and looked into my eyes until I felt my face grow hot. Then he lightly pressed a kiss on my lips and suddenly turned and left the room before I could say a word.

And, little book, such is the unreasonableness of the woman's heart that after a moment I began to laugh. In a moment I found myself standing before the great pier glass of the drawing room.

"And so you are being chosen for the Alice-by-the-fire role, Margie," I said to the figure I saw outlined in the mirror.

Lifting my green evening dress I made a low curtsy to my double, and then I danced a few steps, just to show myself that I was not as yet decrepit and ready to be placed on the shelf.

And then my thoughts were pushed

back into the past. "Do you remember," I said to the mirrored Margie, "how Dick took you in his arms, in that long ago, and smothered you with kisses and said, 'Oh, girl, why are you so sweet? I know I should not love you, but tonight this whole world—the world that you and I know, is filled with your provocative sweetness and all of me goes out in a great longing. The want of you, my darling, is unbearable. Come! you are mine— meant for me since the morning stars sang together.'"

I drew nearer to the mirror. Was I so different from that girl?

Mrs. Harvey McElfresh, of near Owen's bottle works, was visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnson, Wednesday.

Modish New Suits Youthful in Design and Line

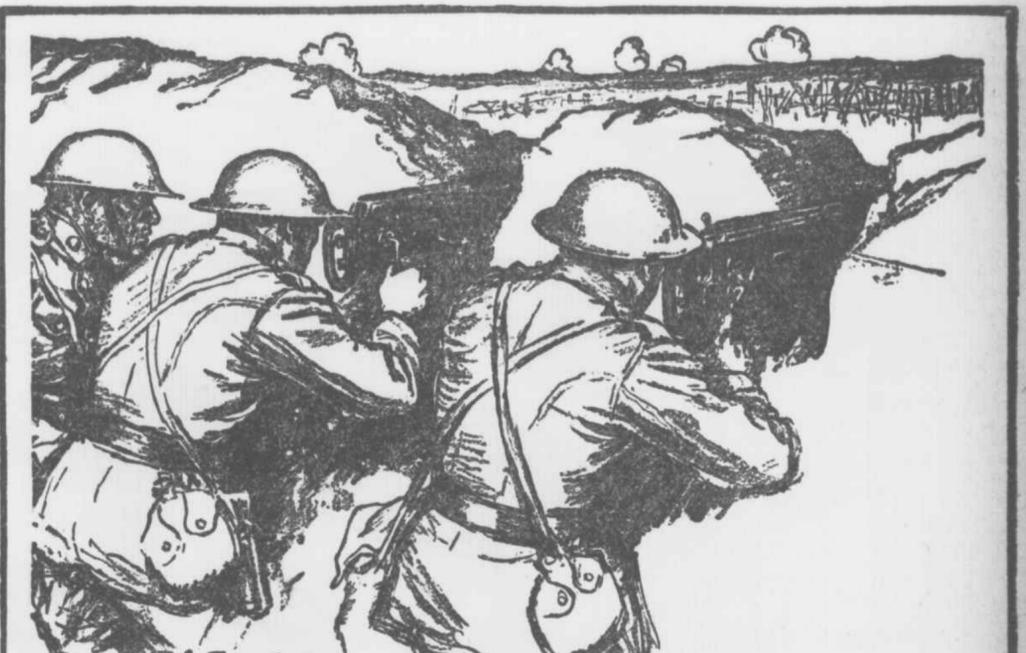


FIFTH AVENUE looked upon suits like this and found them pleasing, so Miss Manhattan has sent them to us knowing that you, too, will find in them youth and style.

They are simple in design, depending for their smartness on slenderness of line and perfection of detail. Their materials are good and their tailoring above reproach.

Come in and look over the Miss Manhattan styles—they reflect the personality behind our new fashion service—the spirit of youthful New York expressed in style.

Osgood's for Quality



Working men of America what did we promise our boys?

Just this: That every minute of the day, they are sacrificing themselves for the sake of Liberty and America—that we'd be back of them to the last ditch, to give them all the "tools" they need to lick the Kaiser.

There is only one way to make good on that promise—and that is for every last one of us to put in every minute of his working day where it does the most good.

And there are not just minutes but whole days lost every time a man changes his job. A man has to be found to replace him. He loses time in moving. He takes time to catch on to the ways in the new plant.

When a manufacturer needs more men, it is his duty to the country as a whole not to disturb plants that are engaged in essential war work, but to get the Govern-

ment's help in finding men who can be taken from less important work. This can be done through the United States Employment Service with 500 branch offices and 20,000 agents of its recruiting division, the United States Public Service Reserve. There is no charge—and the Service is now placing 200,000 skilled and unskilled men monthly.

Tell your labor needs to the local Examiner-in-Charge, local agent of the United States Public Service Reserve or to the Director General at Washington.

United States Employment Service U.S. Dept. of Labor W.B. Wilson Sec'y

This advertisement prepared for use of the Department of Labor



by the Division of Advertising of the Committee on Public Information.

CONTRIBUTED FOR THE WINNING OF THE WAR BY THE STEVENSON COMPANY

DIDN'T TAKE MRS. BROWN LONG TO GAIN 10 POUNDS

"I Hope Every Woman in My Condition Will Give Nerv-Worth a Trial," She Says.

The following entirely new endorsement is one of the most remarkable and convincing of the multitude of Nerv-Worth statements:

"I surely feel glad that I got the first bottle of Nerv-Worth. I had to almost give up my work, but since I have taken four bottles (of Nerv-Worth) I can work all day. I just felt as though I was worried to death all the time and had no appetite, and could not sleep at night and I suffered all the time with the back of my neck. I found out it was my nerves, entirely run down.

"I have gained 10 pounds since I began taking Nerv-Worth. I hope every woman in my condition will give it a trial, for I am confident that it will cure them."

"MRS. BELL BROWN, Berkeley Place, Martinsburg, W. Va." Crane's Drug Store sells Nerv-Worth in Fairmont. Your dollar back if this famous family tonic does not benefit you.

Neighborhood agents: Mathens & Co., Mannington, W.A. Moran Farmington, P. J. Yost, Fairview, Windsor Drug Co. and the Honaker Pharmacy, Monongah Johnson's Pharmacy, Shinnston; Grant Graham, Belington; W.O. Davis, Fallston.

AFTER SICKNESS

Mrs. Page Tells How Vinol Restored Her Strength and Stopped a Cough.

Brooklyn, Conn.—"Pneumonia left me weak, run-down and with a cough for which I doctored for six months without getting better. A friend from Virginia asked me to try Vinol. It healed my cough, gave me a good appetite, I sleep well and feel well and strong."—Mrs. Thomas Page.

Vinol owes its success in such cases to beef and cod liver peptones, iron and manganese peptones and glycerophosphates, the oldest and most famous body building and strength creating tonics known.

Crane's drug store, Fairmont; Prescription Pharmacy, Mannington, and druggists everywhere.