

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE WANTS OF ARLINE

Newspaper Syndicate.
By IMES MACDONALD.

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IT SEEMS TO BE human nature to feel that the other fellow's life or occupation is happier than your own.

The stenographer trips into her office and sits down to her typewriter with a sigh—she has a friend who is married and has nothing to do but take care of a "darling little apartment"—while that friend sits dejectedly at the little breakfast table after husband has gone to the office and wishes she could cast off the drudgery of her housework and once more enjoy the privilege of independence and a job.

The pretty little shop girl struggles wearily out of the "employees" entrance of the great store with hundreds of others on the way to the crowded car which is to take her to her drab and uninteresting home, casting envious glances at the girl in the magnificent limousine which has just slid up to the curb on the far side of the street. While at the very same time, the girl in the limousine watches the chattering shop girls who romp along in gay groups—such bright, dancing-eyed, light-footed things!

Such is the resiliency of youth that in spite of the long, tiresome hours of toil behind them, they troop out and along the street with a joyous abandon.

Arline Granger, sitting there in her car of splendor, envied girls like this. Hastily she slipped out of the magnificent furs which would have made her conspicuous, stepped to the sidewalk, and walked quickly up the street and across toward the entrance of the great store where she joined the throng of shining-eyed workers.

Just then George Bart turned the corner below and bravely braved the wave of femininity which poured toward him. The talented George wrote advertising copy for the Addington Company and was that very week the proud possessor of a raise in salary. Perhaps that's why he smiled, but it was not the reason why so many of the bright-eyed girls whom he met smiled back at him. They neither knew nor cared about his talent or his pay-check—never even hoped to see him again, but George was good to look upon and so they smiled. And so did Arline faintly when she saw him coming, for she also found him good to look upon. George caught Arline's expression and at that same identical moment he realized that she was different. Of course, the girls one loves are always different—but George didn't worry about that, he just smiled right straight down into her heart and when she would have turned away from him, George barred the way.

"Please," he said gently but firmly, "please don't be offended—but you shouldn't have smiled, you know."

She inspected him for an instant curiously. He really did look well-bred, and Arline had a sudden desire for adventure. "Did—did I smile?" she laughed, a little confusedly.

"You did," said George emphatically. "And how could I ever expect to see you again if I let you pass without a word? This is an awful big town to find anybody you don't know in."

"And is it so entirely necessary to your happiness that you see me again?" said Arline with a certain dignity that was more daring than dignified.

George looked at her earnestly. She was different. He was sure of it now. "Don't tease me," he said, walking aside beside her. And the reckless Miss Granger could never explain just how it happened, but it was probably because George was so persistent and a talented persuader—but anyway she found herself seated opposite him in a certain well known restaurant some two hours earlier than her regular dinner hour.

George accepted her culture as a matter of course—he took her entirely at her face value—and Arline's face value was exceedingly high. But she wouldn't tell him her name nor where she lived nor her telephone number. And after dinner was over he obediently took her to the subway and said good-bye—at the same time slipping into her hand his business card that bore the 'phone number of the office.

"In case you want to see me again," he said—and she slipped through the gate and entered the train and was gone.

A week later she did 'phone him. She had put it off as long as she possibly could, but George didn't know that. All he knew was that late that afternoon she again sat opposite him at a small table and smiled upon him in that delightfully cool manner of hers—and that was enough.

WAR GARBS ALL QUEENS IN CALICO

Whole regiments of "barefoot beaux" would be required to acquire properly the host of mid-summer "Queens in Calico!"

A material once so despised and rejected as to be relegated to the "below-stairs" region of mother huddlers and kitchen aprons, is now, by the fortunes of war, elevated to the place of honor in mid-summer wardrobe.

And the marvel of it is that no noble effort of the designers in the way of delicate colors and intricate patterns has been necessary to raise calico to its present high estate. Calico came right into the limelight on its own unpretentious merits. Indeed, the more old-fashioned its design, the calicoer its frank colors and quaint pattern, the more popular it became.

The old, old, OLD pattern of tiny white sprigs and flowers on a black background is one of the favorites. It conjures up visions of our country grandmothers in a frenzy of apple-butter making. And the mustard colored calico with tiny yellow and black flowers brings a mental picture of old Aunt Sally, stiff-starched and white aproned, knitting and rocking through long summer afternoons. Besides the black-sprigged and the mustard color there are grays, and greens, and blues, and pinks, in color effects that once we should have voted "rather awful," but which now appear, "too smart and quaint for anything."

So the girls and matrons of nowadays appear again in the gay cotton gowns of other days—but with such a difference—in price!

Mother and grandmother bought the best quality of calico on the market for eight and ten cents a yard. The present summer has seen such a demand for the precious stuff, and such a mighty increase in the price of all cotton materials that calico—plain calico of the eight and ten-cent quality, now sells at thirty cents a yard in the twenty-eight inch width and at thirty-five and forty cents a yard for yard-wide material. And



quite probably when you make your request for "something in calico," you will be informed that your shop's supply is sold out!

Calico gowns are most delectable if the material for the frock is combined with smooth linens of contrasting color, or with fluffy vests and collars of sheer organdie and batiste. Voile

CONFESSIONS OF A WAR BRIDE

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Agree to Send Tommy Six pairs of Socks—and Start a Custom! ...

As the small boys closed in and marched proudly behind the rookies, Dr. Ceretis turned to me.

"Mrs Lorimer, would you like to run down to the station and see them off?"

I looked around for Chrys, his "near fiancée," but remembered that this was her morning at the Red Cross headquarters.

"Of course I would," I exclaimed, jumping into his roadster as I spoke.

"So long," said Ceretis to Jimmie. "Flying schools interest me. Give me an hour or two of your time before you go back."

Hamilton Ceretis raced for the station and so we saw the boys come in. The girls of the Khaki Klub had just handed out cigars and fruit to a lot of artillery men going through from the west. The Khaki Klub is permitted to get wires in code telling when soldiers pass through, and noon of midnight, they go to meet all troop trains. They are as proud as movie detectives to be trusted with what looks like a real military secret. They just happened to be at the station as our recruits filed in and they had loads of cigars to pass as souvenirs.

Tommy was in the very middle of the crowd, nevertheless he seemed to

be dreadfully alone. Maybe he hasn't any relatives to weep over him.

Cerets kept aloof from the jam, as if he were just a shade too elegant to mingle with the run of common folks. Maybe it's his scientific sanitary education that makes him so exclusive. Whatever the reason, sometimes his attitude seems nice to me—and again, it doesn't.

From the place he had found for us on some steps I could see lonely Tommy and I called out impulsively: "Oh, Tommy! Have you got plenty of socks?"

It seems that women think of "socks" nowadays as nothing but those heavy woolen things we knit.

"No, Ma'am," Tommy called back, "not a single pair!"

"When I'll send you six pairs," I promised, "and a sweater, and a helmet, too!"

And seeing that the thermometer in our town stood at 104 degrees Fahrenheit that day, the crowd simply shrieked with joy. So we were all good friends and true democrats together.

"Anybody else need socks?" called out Lucy Searle, who was one of the canteen girls. Promptly twenty hands went up and within five minutes twenty girls in the crowd had promise to fill the order.

It took loads of courage for me to get Tommy's attention in that crowded depot, but the result surely proved a good little deed for victory. Once a woman has a husband overseas, it seems as if she just has to adopt every unattached and lonesome soldier boy she comes across.

"Sincerely, "MARGARET WAVERLY."

If the letter sounded very formal, little book, it was because I felt so deeply what I was giving up.

Honestly I wish I could accept him, for after all, we women are a sorry lot when we do not have some man around to pet and mother, even while we are pretending to be petted and cared for.

The old French adage, "search for the woman," when a man does anything bad, should be applied to any action good or bad that a man does, and in the same way we should search for the man when a woman makes a great success at anything.

I do not believe it possible for any man to write a poem, paint a picture, fight a battle, invent a machine, or do anything important in his life, unless in the background there stands a woman. Neither do I think that a woman can do any splendid piece of work without the cooperation of a man.

Sexes are equal and complements of each other.

This is the one thing that I have learned in my months of widowhood. A woman who has lost her husband, even though he may not have been the love of her life, is like a small boat out in a turbulent sea, with no one to help her steer aright.

Perhaps I ought not to send this letter to Barclay Sill, and yet, well, I am going to send it after all. I will stand the loneliness a while longer and then—what must come, will come.

It has been estimated that Noah's ark was 547 feet long, 91 feet broad and 54 feet high. Its capacity, according to Bishop Wilkins, was 72,625 tons.

Osgood's for Quality

Bischof Suits



Are featured here because of their individuality of style, their excellent materials, and wonderful workmanship and fitting qualities.

Many women who have worn these garments never fail to seek them out again when shopping for their season's apparel.

Right now we have ready a most unusually large assortment of beautiful

Bischof Suits

in every new shade and style, ranging in price from—

\$35.00 \$100.00

EAST SIDE NEWS

Home from Elkins. Mr. Alice Cotler and sons James and Robert of Vermont avenue have returned from Elkins where they visited Mrs. Cotler's mother Mrs. Henry.

Gone to Visit Husband. Mrs. Vaughn, wife of Dr. Vaughn of East Park avenue has gone to a convention in New Jersey, to visit her husband until he sails for France.

Moved to East Park. Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Higgs have moved from Fairmont Avenue to Mrs. Colebank's property in East Park ave.

Gone to Tennessee. Luther Boston who has spent the past two years in the city left Tuesday evening for his home in Tennessee. After a visit to his parents he will enter the U. S. Army.

At Watson. Mr. and Mrs. Allen Rager and Mrs. Herbert Rager spent Tuesday at Watson with the Hunscker sisters, and Miss Emma Lloyd. Wednesday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rager and Mr. and Mrs. Allen Rager were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Hutcheson and Miss Jessie Rager at their home in Diamond street.

Gone to Clarkburg. Mrs. William Hendricks of State street went to Clarkburg this morning to visit her friend Mrs. White who has been ill in a Clarkburg hospital and just recently returned home.

PERSONALS. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hayhurst are moving to Virginia avenue. Mr. Hayhurst has accepted a position with the mining machine Co.

Mrs. Myrtle Pough of Morgantown is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Ench Kirk in Maryland avenue.

Dale Huey of Mannington is spending this week with his aunts Mrs. C. E. Miner and Mrs. J. C. Blackwood.

A daughter was born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wolf in Morgantown avenue. She has been named Maxine. Mrs. Wolf was Miss Pearl Lyman before her marriage.

Mrs. J. L. Little of State street is at Weston this week attending the Methodist Protestant Conference.

Worthington

Water Supply Poor. The water supply for the town of Worthington has been very bad for several months and a meeting of the citizens of the town was held on Monday evening at Martin's store to consider the matter of the organization of a company to supply water for the place. It is proposed to take over the holdings of the Worthington Water company and install an electric pump at a pool of water which it is thought will be sufficient to supply the needs

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

TODAY'S CARTOONET

RECOMMENDED FOR BRAVERY IN ACTION No. 3.



Sat's Bear

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"Why, Mollie, that sounds a little bitter, you do not, cannot think that Chad would ever lose interest in you," I said.

"No dear, I do not think he will lose interest in me because I am always stimulating that interest. But if I did not love him so devotedly, Margie, I am afraid I would throw up that stimulation job as not worth the candle. It is a big job and one that most women must master and carry through if they would be successful wives."

"There, I have said much more than I intended about myself," continued Mollie. "Come over in your prettiest frock tonight and I'll let you have the conservatory in which to properly re-verse Barclay Sill."

"Thank you dear, I'm going to write it," I said impulsively, and then I stopped short at Mollie's merry laugh. For I saw that I had told her that I was going to refuse the "fine" man.

"Let him down easy, Margie," was her parting shot and it made me decidedly uncomfortable as I began my letter again.

"My Dear Mr. Sill: "I am sending you this little note not because I am a coward, but because I have thought over the question you asked me this morning and I think it only fair that you should be told of my conclusions as soon as I have found them."

"It is very hard for a woman to tell a man whom she respects and admires as I do you, that she is quite sure that this respect and admiration would not be what you, as a man, would want in your wife. As I write this, my heart is saying 'that is only a way of telling Barclay Sill you do not love him.' Dear Barclay, I do not know that I shall ever love again, and you will forgive me if I say that loving once had all the joy and all the pain that a great love can give marriage. I could not

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

bring myself to accept what you have tendered me, unless I could return it in kind. I am sorry, Barclay, very sorry, but I am sure you would not be happy with me under the circumstances."

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of the town. The water has been analyzed and is found to be perfectly pure. Another meeting will be held on Wednesday evening to perfect the organization.

A Son Born. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Homer B. Corbin on Wednesday morning, August 28th, a ten pound son.

Change of Residence. Lindsay M. Ball has removed his family to the George W. Koon property in Main street recently vacated by Arthur C. Martin.

Raising His Property. Chas. E. Parrish is having his dwelling house near Water street raised several feet which will place it out of danger from floods in the West Fork river.

PERSONALS. Terrence H. Shaver, of Barrackville, was the guest of relatives here recently.

Mrs. M. E. Terlick was shopping in Fairmont on Tuesday.

Mrs. May Vandevener, of Camden, W. Va., was visiting relatives here on Monday and Tuesday.

W. C. Minnear, of Hutchinson, was a visitor here on Tuesday.

Miss Irene Millan, of near Carolina, was visiting relatives here on Tuesday.

Artie Wood, of Fairmont, was calling on friends here on Tuesday.

Scott M. Sturm, of Briscoe, was a business visitor in town on Wednesday.

There is more starbuck 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 doctor pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only (constitutional) cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It 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.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, Etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

James Gorman, of Milwaukee, formerly a Northwestern engineer, wrote home to a friend that he was running the same old locomotive "over there in France that he used to run over here."

LITTLE GILBERT ALLENDER VERY MUCH IMPROVED

His Grateful Mother Gives All the Credit to Nerv-Worth.

If there is in your family or in that of your friend, a weak, nervous, unstable child, the following statement made to Marietta's Nerv-Worth druggist, should have your careful attention:

Will S. Richardson:—I am very thankful for Nerv-Worth. It has helped my little boy. He was under the doctor's care and they didn't seem to help him any at all. So I bought one bottle of Nerv-Worth and can now see the difference in him. He didn't have appetite and NOW HE CAN EAT ANYTHING HE WANTS TO. Age 8 years.

MRS. REBECCA ALLENDER, 203 Greene St., Marietta, O.

A host of Nerv-Worth buyers are using Nerv-Worth as Mrs. Alleander did. Not a bit of risk in giving reduced doses of Nerv-Worth to the little folks. It contains no opiates, narcotics, coal-tar products, no habit forming drugs.

Your collar back at Crane's drug store, Fairmont, if Nerv-Worth does not help you.

Neighboring agents: H. J. Matthews & Co., Mannington; W. F. Moran, Farmington; F. J. Yost, Fairview; Windsor Drug Co., and the Honaker Pharmacy, Monongah; Johnston's Pharmacy, Shinnston; Grant Graham, Belington; W. O. Davis, Philippi.

Fairmont State Normal School

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A trained faculty of specialists. Offers Regular Normal and Short Courses in preparation for teaching.

A Teacher Training School. Graduated one hundred and twenty-three teachers last year.

A fine body of students and active student organizations. If you think of preparing to teach, write for catalog and information.

JOSEPH ROSIER, President. FAIRMONT, WEST VIRGINIA.