

# FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

UP IN 248.  
BY R. RAY BAKER.

AGATHA MOORE took the little glass tube from the patient's mouth, scrutinized it, then jabbed it through the air a couple of times to send the mercury back to zero, wrote some figures on a pad, took the pillow at a more comfortable angle, replenished the hot water bottle and rearranged the flowers in the vase, smiling the while.

"Feeling better tonight?" she inquired, the bright smile broadening and being reflected in the wan face of the young woman in the bed and also on the countenance of the elderly lady in the nearby chair.

The patient nodded in answer to the query and said:

"Yes, considerably better thank you."

"That's just fine; I hope you continue to improve," said the nurse, as she opened the door and stepped into the hall. "Good night." The door closed.

"Always happy, isn't she?" observed the elderly lady.

"Always," echoed this patient. "She smiles every minute, and it certainly does help one to get well."

But once she was in the hall, Agatha Moore's smile vanished and was replaced by a worried frown. She hurried down the hall and knocked at a door bearing the number 248. Of the nurse who opened it she asked:

"How is he?"

The other nurse shook her head gravely.

"It's a question," she said. "He has a chance; but I'm afraid."

Agatha peered into the room, and her eyes glistened. Then she withdrew and walked briskly to the nurses' lodge, adjoining the hospital. In her room she hastily donned a coat and went down to the parlor, where she took a chair and rocked uneasily to and fro.

Agatha was confronted with a problem on which hinged her happiness. In ten minutes she expected Glen Wilson to enter the parlor in quest of her answer to his marriage proposal.

Agatha was very fond of Glen. Not only was he a very attractive young man, both as regarded appearance and personality, but he had a promising real estate business that was rapidly becoming more promising. She had formed his acquaintance at a dance in the lodge soon after she entered training, and a warm friendship had developed during the ensuing auto excursions and theatre parties. Finally Glen had asked her to be his wife, and she had told him she must take a week to decide.

The reason for postponing the answer was Stuart Franklin, who had been her sweetheart back in Hendersonville before she entered the hospital. There was no engagement, but there was an understanding between them.

On two vacations, while visiting at home, Agatha and Stuart had renewed their friendship and had discussed the future at some length; but still she had refused to listen to an "official and binding engagement," as she expressed it.

They had written regularly until recently, when Agatha had let the correspondence lapse. Then when vacation time came, she accepted the invitation of a friend in a nearby town instead of going home, as customary.

Thus things stood when a letter from Stuart announced his intention to come to the city in search of success. Agatha had not answered that letter.

Then came his proposal of Glen's. It brought to Agatha's mind recollections of events long past—hayride excursions, skating parties, Sunday picture-snapping expeditions and other incidents in which Stuart and she had participated. She had rarely cared for her home town sweetheart, she could not deny that. She cared for him yet, she also admitted, and she had neglected his letters not because she wanted to, but because she felt she must.

Glen offered more as a husband. It was one thing to be the wife of a successful business man and another to become united for life with a plodding small-town boy, no matter how much one might care for the latter.

Only yesterday Agatha had come to the conclusion that her only course was to accept Glen's offer of marriage, and she had planned the way in which she would break the news to Stuart when he appeared.

But that was before the events of to-day. Agatha was on duty on fourth night, but was unexpectedly summoned to "scrub" and report in the operating room to help in an emergency case. So she "scrubbed"; that is, she sterilized her hands by an energetic scrubbing with soap and a brush, and went to the operating room. A young man had just been brought in, suffering serious injuries received in a street car accident. His recovery was doubtful.

Now she was waiting for Glen, and she was supposed to have her answer ready. He came promptly, on time, and asked her to take a short ride with him. "So I can learn my fate in detail," he said.

The hospital was at the edge of the city, and a two blocks' ride took them into the country.

"Well, how about it?" Glen asked, as he slowed down in a tree-fringed road. "Do you become Mrs. Glen Wilson or does Glen Wilson continue to batch you?"

She cleared her throat and began with a counter question:

"Did you ever think you cared a lot for some one and then have something happen to prove your affection beyond the vestige of a doubt?"

He drove carefully across a railroad track.

"No, not that I remember."

"Then this is the way of it," she continued. "Had this been yesterday my answer to you would have been 'yes.' However, it appears to have been fated otherwise, for today something happens to convince me that I would have made a fatal mistake by accepting your proposal."

"This morning a young man, serious and earnest, came to me and asked me to be his wife. I had never known him before, but he had a very attractive appearance and a promising business. I had formed his acquaintance at a dance in the lodge soon after I entered training, and a warm friendship had developed during the ensuing auto excursions and theatre parties. Finally he had asked me to be his wife, and I had told him I must take a week to decide. The reason for postponing the answer was Stuart Franklin, who had been my sweetheart back in Hendersonville before I entered the hospital. There was no engagement, but there was an understanding between us. On two vacations, while visiting at home, I and Stuart had renewed our friendship and had discussed the future at some length; but still I had refused to listen to an 'official and binding engagement,' as I expressed it. They had written regularly until recently, when I had let the correspondence lapse. Then when vacation time came, I accepted the invitation of a friend in a nearby town instead of going home, as customary. Thus things stood when a letter from Stuart announced his intention to come to the city in search of success. I had not answered that letter. Then came his proposal of Glen's. It brought to my mind recollections of events long past—hayride excursions, skating parties, Sunday picture-snapping expeditions and other incidents in which Stuart and I had participated. I had rarely cared for my home town sweetheart, I could not deny that. I cared for him yet, I also admitted, and I had neglected his letters not because I wanted to, but because I felt I must. Glen offered more as a husband. It was one thing to be the wife of a successful business man and another to become united for life with a plodding small-town boy, no matter how much one might care for the latter. Only yesterday I had come to the conclusion that my only course was to accept Glen's offer of marriage, and I had planned the way in which I would break the news to Stuart when he appeared. But that was before the events of to-day. I was on duty on fourth night, but was unexpectedly summoned to 'scrub' and report in the operating room to help in an emergency case. So I 'scrubbed'; that is, I sterilized my hands by an energetic scrubbing with soap and a brush, and went to the operating room. A young man had just been brought in, suffering serious injuries received in a street car accident. His recovery was doubtful. Now I was waiting for Glen, and I was supposed to have my answer ready. He came promptly, on time, and asked me to take a short ride with him. 'So I can learn my fate in detail,' he said. The hospital was at the edge of the city, and a two blocks' ride took me into the country. 'Well, how about it?' Glen asked, as he slowed down in a tree-fringed road. 'Do you become Mrs. Glen Wilson or does Glen Wilson continue to batch me?' She cleared her throat and began with a counter question: 'Did you ever think you cared a lot for some one and then have something happen to prove your affection beyond the vestige of a doubt?' He drove carefully across a railroad track. 'No, not that I remember.' 'Then this is the way of it,' she continued. 'Had this been yesterday my answer to you would have been 'yes.' However, it appears to have been fated otherwise, for today something happens to convince me that I would have made a fatal mistake by accepting your proposal.'

"Well, how about it?" Glen asked, as he slowed down in a tree-fringed road. "Do you become Mrs. Glen Wilson or does Glen Wilson continue to batch you?"

She cleared her throat and began with a counter question:

"Did you ever think you cared a lot for some one and then have something happen to prove your affection beyond the vestige of a doubt?"

He drove carefully across a railroad track.

"No, not that I remember."

"Then this is the way of it," she continued. "Had this been yesterday my answer to you would have been 'yes.' However, it appears to have been fated otherwise, for today something happens to convince me that I would have made a fatal mistake by accepting your proposal."

"This morning a young man, serious and earnest, came to me and asked me to be his wife. I had never known him before, but he had a very attractive appearance and a promising business. I had formed his acquaintance at a dance in the lodge soon after I entered training, and a warm friendship had developed during the ensuing auto excursions and theatre parties. Finally he had asked me to be his wife, and I had told him I must take a week to decide. The reason for postponing the answer was Stuart Franklin, who had been my sweetheart back in Hendersonville before I entered the hospital. There was no engagement, but there was an understanding between us. On two vacations, while visiting at home, I and Stuart had renewed our friendship and had discussed the future at some length; but still I had refused to listen to an 'official and binding engagement,' as I expressed it. They had written regularly until recently, when I had let the correspondence lapse. Then when vacation time came, I accepted the invitation of a friend in a nearby town instead of going home, as customary. Thus things stood when a letter from Stuart announced his intention to come to the city in search of success. I had not answered that letter. Then came his proposal of Glen's. It brought to my mind recollections of events long past—hayride excursions, skating parties, Sunday picture-snapping expeditions and other incidents in which Stuart and I had participated. I had rarely cared for my home town sweetheart, I could not deny that. I cared for him yet, I also admitted, and I had neglected his letters not because I wanted to, but because I felt I must. Glen offered more as a husband. It was one thing to be the wife of a successful business man and another to become united for life with a plodding small-town boy, no matter how much one might care for the latter. Only yesterday I had come to the conclusion that my only course was to accept Glen's offer of marriage, and I had planned the way in which I would break the news to Stuart when he appeared. But that was before the events of to-day. I was on duty on fourth night, but was unexpectedly summoned to 'scrub' and report in the operating room to help in an emergency case. So I 'scrubbed'; that is, I sterilized my hands by an energetic scrubbing with soap and a brush, and went to the operating room. A young man had just been brought in, suffering serious injuries received in a street car accident. His recovery was doubtful. Now I was waiting for Glen, and I was supposed to have my answer ready. He came promptly, on time, and asked me to take a short ride with him. 'So I can learn my fate in detail,' he said. The hospital was at the edge of the city, and a two blocks' ride took me into the country. 'Well, how about it?' Glen asked, as he slowed down in a tree-fringed road. 'Do you become Mrs. Glen Wilson or does Glen Wilson continue to batch me?' She cleared her throat and began with a counter question: 'Did you ever think you cared a lot for some one and then have something happen to prove your affection beyond the vestige of a doubt?' He drove carefully across a railroad track. 'No, not that I remember.' 'Then this is the way of it,' she continued. 'Had this been yesterday my answer to you would have been 'yes.' However, it appears to have been fated otherwise, for today something happens to convince me that I would have made a fatal mistake by accepting your proposal.'

## CONFESSIONS OF A WAR BRIDE

CHAPTER 140. Copyright, 1919, by the Newspaper Enterprise Ass'n.

I Determine Not to Return to Bob, Then Wonder What I'll Do Next.

The street car was bound for the city's central depot. There I could slip into a corner, as if I were waiting for a train, and make some plan. Meanwhile my mind kept turning to what I had left behind. It was so much easier than facing what the future might hold for me. It occurred to me, for the first time, that perhaps the entire family was somewhat to blame for my present predicament. Perhaps we had all acted a bit too civilized throughout the tragedy of Bob's homecoming.

Why had we not behaved in the way of average human beings, without much self-control? What if I had thrown myself into Bob's unwilling arms, weeping wildly and shrieking that I was his loving wife? What if mother had torn her hair and fainted to prove the depths of her feelings? What if Daddy had stamped around in righteous, patriarchal wrath? What if Chrys had called Bob hard names?

Primitive human action might have aroused an answering vibration in the paralyzed cells of his brain. Altogether, we might have brought Bob's memory of me back!

But not one of us was given to emotional explosions. We women all abhorred hysterics. Even Chrys, with all her mysticism, was a perfectly poised young woman.

Therefore, it had seemed the most natural thing in the world for us to follow quietly mother's cue about shell shock when Bob met me. Not one of us had thought it a duty to puncture the queer envelope of forgetfulness in which my husband was living.

The chance for any such experiment had passed unheeded. But, although I was a runaway bride, paying a supreme price for our restraint, I did not regret the fact that we had been guided by reason rather than instinct.

ously injured in a street car accident, was brought into the operating room and I was detailed to assist in an operation that meant life or death to him. The young man was the one I was practically engaged to before I entered training.

"When I saw him in that helpless condition and when I listened to his mind wandering under the influence of the anesthetic and heard him call my name repeatedly, and when I looked back at the times we had spent together back in the old home town, I realized what he meant to me. Something just seemed to break down where my heart was and I had all I could do to keep from screaming when the doctor pierced the skin with the scalpel. I had seen many such operations and, while I had pitied the patients, I never before experienced the sensations that I experienced this morning in the operating room. Then and there I realized where my heart lay.

"That boy is back in the hospital, up in 248, probably dying, and I should be by his side. It is unlikely I will ever marry him, for the chances are against his recovery. But at the same time, I never could be your wife, for I have discovered my true feelings. I like you and I appreciate your kindness, but—that is all.

He turned the machine around and without a word drove her back to the hospital. He held her hand for a moment in his, then said good-by, and the car rolled away. She looked at the moon, which was bathing the landscape in a weird, alluring glow. A short distance away an auto horn gave vent to a warning blast. She entered the hospital.

Hurrying to the second floor she rapped on the door of 248.

"How is he?" inquired Agatha.

"Has been asking for you," was the reply. "The crisis is past. He will get well."

Reach Out for a Little Love.

Don't let yourself shrivel up. I met a woman recently who is allowing unlovely circumstances which surround her life to literally warp her. She is becoming such a chronic grouch that everybody who knows her stays away.

Instead of selecting a few nice things in life and making the best of those, she broods and graves and complains from early morning till late at night. Not satisfied with her own environment—she has convinced herself that all other environments are even worse. She hasn't genius enough to break away from the many obstacles in the path of her happiness but neither has she enough love in her heart to counteract these grievances. In fact she simply hates anything and everything which she would like to have but has not—the things which some people somehow get.

She resents suggestions from others—suggestions which she would like to follow but does not know how. And the main reason she resents them is because she did not think of them first. She is jealous even of ideas. If ever she does try to bring something different into her life, she won't give anyone on earth credit for it but herself.

For she has one of those almost incurable diseases—that of believing absolutely in her own way of thinking. So she drifts sadly, miserably on—never for a moment changing in the slightest her mode of living; sure she is right and knowing she is unhappy. She has reached the place now where she almost glories in her misery—turning it over and over in her mind and in other people's minds as a child does a piece of candy he hates to swallow because there won't be any more.

Let's Stop and Smell 'Em.

Is there anything prettier than a bowl of sweet peas at this time of the year? I noticed a number of them this morning in one of the florist's shops—all colors, pink, lavender, old rose and heliotrope—with their dear little faces tipped back under quaint tiny sunbonnets. Wouldn't it be nice if each morning we could all have a glorious bunch of the many lovely flowers which come from the hot houses in winter. Somehow the blooms which grow during the cold days are especially beautiful and there is nothing which rings more genuine happiness

Flowers Within.

I know of nothing when all is considered which brings more joy than the flowers within. It's so easy to let the world and all that goes wrong press on the best nerves in our bodies. You can't make a nerve which won't work both ways—a calamity—but it can't be helped. So why not use one's nerve energy in enjoying the many flowers of sweetness and gentleness which might grow in the garden of our hearts. But that garden is the hardest in all the world to keep weeded and watered and beautiful! It surely is—but it is well worth the time and effort spent upon it. Some people get along so famously in the world. They always have a pleasant word for everyone. They can always find something in others to admire and love and something besides which makes them gloriously happy. These are the rose gardens. What a pity it is that we have so many cabbages in the world.

Unless a shell-shock patient desires to get well, no treatment can cure him."

That settled it. Bob was ignorant of his own condition. He certainly did not desire me for a wife, and, until he desired somebody for a wife, there was no chance for me!

Well, I did not desire him for my husband as long as he could possibly stay away from me. The only love worth having would be a compelling love; an affection strong enough to drive him back to my arms. All or nothing! I could not compromise.

I knew perfectly well what Mother Lorimer would expect of me were I under her roof. I would have to act a role, something between that of a trained nurse for Bob and an old friend.

Doubtless Mother Lorimer must have been an excellent actress herself all through that dreadful Mary Thomas incident. She had had fled from her unhappiness, as I was doing. Her course had proved right for herself.

And I must choose my own path. It was my right as an individual. Then a voice within me whispered:

"Have you any idea what you are going to do next, Jane Lorimer?"

Evening Chat

Purple Mists.

We had a purple dawn this morning—did you see it? Instead of fog—just a thin veiling of mist covered insecurely the houses and trees about the city. With many yellow lights gleaming here and there like good sized buttons on this robe of morning, the effect was all and more that an artist could desire. Did you ever assemble in your mind the various colors which their shadings which you thought might be the right ones with which to paint a particularly beautiful picture? Haven't you longed for a brush and the ability to do it? Knowing full well that it was miles beyond you? If you have not, you have missed one of those delightful moments in life when a longing to create took full possession.

Reach Out for a Little Love.

Don't let yourself shrivel up. I met a woman recently who is allowing unlovely circumstances which surround her life to literally warp her. She is becoming such a chronic grouch that everybody who knows her stays away.

Instead of selecting a few nice things in life and making the best of those, she broods and graves and complains from early morning till late at night. Not satisfied with her own environment—she has convinced herself that all other environments are even worse. She hasn't genius enough to break away from the many obstacles in the path of her happiness but neither has she enough love in her heart to counteract these grievances. In fact she simply hates anything and everything which she would like to have but has not—the things which some people somehow get.

She resents suggestions from others—suggestions which she would like to follow but does not know how. And the main reason she resents them is because she did not think of them first. She is jealous even of ideas. If ever she does try to bring something different into her life, she won't give anyone on earth credit for it but herself.

For she has one of those almost incurable diseases—that of believing absolutely in her own way of thinking. So she drifts sadly, miserably on—never for a moment changing in the slightest her mode of living; sure she is right and knowing she is unhappy. She has reached the place now where she almost glories in her misery—turning it over and over in her mind and in other people's minds as a child does a piece of candy he hates to swallow because there won't be any more.

Let's Stop and Smell 'Em.

Is there anything prettier than a bowl of sweet peas at this time of the year? I noticed a number of them this morning in one of the florist's shops—all colors, pink, lavender, old rose and heliotrope—with their dear little faces tipped back under quaint tiny sunbonnets. Wouldn't it be nice if each morning we could all have a glorious bunch of the many lovely flowers which come from the hot houses in winter. Somehow the blooms which grow during the cold days are especially beautiful and there is nothing which rings more genuine happiness

Flowers Within.

I know of nothing when all is considered which brings more joy than the flowers within. It's so easy to let the world and all that goes wrong press on the best nerves in our bodies. You can't make a nerve which won't work both ways—a calamity—but it can't be helped. So why not use one's nerve energy in enjoying the many flowers of sweetness and gentleness which might grow in the garden of our hearts. But that garden is the hardest in all the world to keep weeded and watered and beautiful! It surely is—but it is well worth the time and effort spent upon it. Some people get along so famously in the world. They always have a pleasant word for everyone. They can always find something in others to admire and love and something besides which makes them gloriously happy. These are the rose gardens. What a pity it is that we have so many cabbages in the world.

Unless a shell-shock patient desires to get well, no treatment can cure him."

## "Most Popular Corn Food In America"

says Bobby

No wonder when you consider how rich and nourishing they are how different from the corn flakes people used to eat before they learned the best.

In Corn Flakes There's Nothing Like

POST TOASTIES

WE HAVE IN STOCK A FEW

CALORIC Pipeless Furnaces

(BURNS COAL)

Which we will install now for you and allow you until October 1, 1919, to pay for them.

This offer only good while our present stock of furnaces lasts.

A. L. McINTIRE

(At Marion Plaining Mill Co.)

PHONE 518.

It raises your cakes, biscuits and muffins just right—makes all home baking of that even texture and appetizing appearance sought for by all good cooks.

ONE POUND RUMFORD BAKING POWDER

RUMFORD THE WHOLESOME BAKING POWDER

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(SCARCELY FIVE MINUTES ELAPSED WHEN WILBUR DISCOVERED HE WAS INSULTED.)—BY ALLMAN.

YES, DANNY THEY'VE ALL GONE TO THE MOVIE AND DELEGATED ME AS NURSE GIRL FOR THIS EVENING—

MAHMA'S GONE ONE BYE

WELL, HURRY UP

NOW YOU STAY THERE—SOME ONE IS AT THE FRONT DOOR AND WILBUR WILL SEE WHO IT IS

NO, MR. DUFF IS NOT AT HOME

IS MRS. DUFF IN?

NO—THERE'S NOBODY HOME!

SO I OBSERVE! GOOD EVENING!

## Osgood's for Quality

An Early Showing of SPRING SUITS

Miss Manhattan, that creator of girlish garments (did you see her announcement in this month's "Vogue"?)

sent us an assortment of Suits that she claims are the essence of her Fifth Avenue clientele (and we believe her), for we saw the Suits and so would you, if you came here to look them over.

This season they are very modestly priced

\$39.75 to \$49.50

The Quick Way to Stop a Cough

This home-made syrup does the work in a hurry. Prepared, and serves about \$2.

You might be surprised to know that the best thing you can use for a severe cough, is a remedy which is easily prepared at home in just a few moments. It's cheap, but for prompt results it beats anything else you've tried. Usually stops the ordinary cough or chest cold in 24 hours. Tastes pleasant, too—children like it—and it's sure and good.

Four 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex in a pint bottle, then fill it up with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or use clarified butter, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup if desired. This you may use as a full pint—a family supply—lasts more than a small bottle of the home-made cough syrup.

And as a cough medicine, there is really nothing better to be had at any price. It's a right to the spot and gives quick, lasting relief. It promptly heals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and air passages, stops the sneezing, that tickle, loosens the phlegm, and soon your cough stops entirely. Splendid for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, famous for its healing effect on the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "4 ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded.

The Pinex Co., Ft. Worth, Tex.

GLAD TO TESTIFY

Says Watoga Lady, "As To What Cardui Has Done For Me, So As To Help Others."

Watoga, W. Va.—Mrs. S. W. Gladwell, of this town, says: "When about 15 years of age, I suffered greatly. . . . Sometimes would go a month or two, and I had terrible headaches, backache, and bearing-down pains, and would just drag and had no appetite. Then . . . it would last . . . two weeks, and was so weakening, and my health was awful."

My mother bought me a bottle of Cardui, and I began to improve after taking the first bottle, so kept it up till I took three. . . . I gained, and was well and strong, and I owe it all to Cardui.

I am married now and have 3 children. . . . I have never had to have a doctor for female trouble, and just resort to Cardui if I need a tonic. I am glad to testify to what it has done for me, so as to help others."

If you are nervous or weak, have headaches, backaches, or any of the other ailments so common to women, why not give Cardui a trial? Recommended by many physicians. In use over 40 years.

Begin taking Cardui today. It may be the very medicine you need.

Ask Your Grocer

AUNT JEMIMA'S PANCAKE FLOUR

"Pie in town, Honey"

Ask Your Grocer