

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Sally, the Coker's Daughter.

By BARBARA KERR.
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OME ovens, like mines, usually claim both parents and their children. Now and then one breaks away—one with visions, who chooses to live and die a coker. Sally, daughter of Old Man Winters, the old coker of Greenbrier, was born not only with a vision of what it would be like to live in the outside world, but from some forgotten ancestress she had inherited beauty of face and figure and a genius for being different, living above her surroundings and picking up, "the Lord only knows when" as her mother would have told you in her lazy, musical drawl. Little bits of civilization, crumbs of culture, which she wore and reveled in as though they were jewels.

The Greenbrier coke ovens were in a bend of the New river, and four miles below, on the opposite side, were the McSpadden ovens. Between the two there had long been a feud; boys were not allowed to call on girls of the rival camp. But love laughs at feuds, as it does at the smith who ought to keep it under lock and key. Sid Runey, of McSpadden, was in love with Sally Winters, though he knew that she was engaged to Bud Hickman, of Greenbrier. Sid, in a shy burst of confidence, had admitted to Sally that he also had the vision. Sickness in his father's family had kept him tied down, but some day he was going to live in Sally's world of books, papers and pictures. Since then there was a growing bond of interest between them.

They met at a dance in a mountain school house, and Sid, regardless of Bud's dark looks, had sought out Sally again and again.

Finally, to punish Bud for his low-down manners, Sally openly told Sid she could come to see her the next Sunday. Bud on first thought decided not to take her home, but he knew that Sally's company never had gone begging—he would wait and catch Sid in Greenbrier and thrash him within an inch of his life!

Sid had tied his horse to a sapling in front of the shack of a box house that squatted on its haunches against the mountainside, and was sitting on a bench on the porch, while Sally sat near him in a bran-sprinkled rocking chair, shiny with brilliant varnish and moving rhythmically to the conversation.

The rocking chair was the last word in the community on leisure; in it the woman of the box house could sit on her narrow porch and watch the railroad trains go thundering around the mountain, the sole and only daily diversion, the only visible tie to the wonderful world outside.

Sally held in her hand a magazine and some old-fashioned sheets that she had got from a traveler at the station and she was animatedly telling Sid what she had read when Bud sauntered up the path. Her face crimsoned with anger, but she would not begin the quarrel.

"Why, hello Bud!" she called, trying to make her tone casual. Then, after a side whisper: "Scuse me, Sid," she darted into the house, slipped her automatic inside her dress and returned with another chair before Bud reached the steps.

"I low I ain't much time to set I've just a little business with this here McSpad—I gotta slap his face," declared Bud as a preliminary to battle.

Sid jumped to his feet to put the rocker between them, but he was not quick enough to escape a right-hander, and Bud's knucks cut his cheek. He merely said in low, even tones: "I ain't armed. Cowards and low-down, craven thugs uses brass knucks."

Bud grabbed the rocker to fling it out of the way, when Sally screamed for him to put it down. Instead, he lifted it high above his head and sent it crashing off the porch down the mountainside, a wreck.

But unfortunately for him, while wreaking vengeance on this piece of feminine refinement, he disarmed himself. For Sally saw the shape of the revolver in his coat pocket, and while his arms were extended she had quick as lightning removed the gun, and Sid backed inside the door and barricaded it after him, as she motioned him to do so.

"Well, you—you tiger cat," grinned Bud in spite of himself as he faced his own gun and Sally's angry eyes that gleamed as steel blue as the barrel of it. "Which did hit come fust?" pointing to the wrecked rocker.

"It was mine!" panted Sally, the dry sobe splitting her throat. "I earned the money myself showing strangers where the mountain orked-flowers grow. It was for my own house."

"Now, I don't low any woman of mine is goin' to set dawdlin' in a rockin' cheer, watchin' the trains go by—she'll hev sumpin' else to do."

"Go, and tell her so, Bud Hickman. I'll not be me, Gitt!" And Sally leveled the gun at him.

"Oh, us Hickmans has tamed tigers—since your time, Sally ceter an' your sis's on my side." And Bud turned toward Sid's horse, but Sally's hand slipped off a twig at his side. She looked at his jump and profane exclamation. Bud had taught her how to shoot. With a shake of his feet Bud ran down the path and she knew that he would return with Greenbrier at his heels.

"Hurry, hurry, Sid," she implored. "I ain't ever run from a man yet. When I begin it won't be a Greenbrier—I'll go when you go along."

The reaction was sudden. Sally looked at the wreck of her cherished rocker and her hand for an instant clutched her throbbing throat. In that instant a picture passed before her mental vision. In it were the Hickman men, hard, maternal, hating "nice things" and the Hickman women, browbeaten, covetous and untidy, and never in her life before had she thought of a snuff stick in the corner of a woman's mouth so nauseated.

"Will you, Sally?" She looked for a

SIMPLE GOWN IN TWO SILKS



By BETTY BROWN.

An afternoon frock of satin and foulard is an every-season stand-by in the wardrobe of the busy woman. This soft gown of navy blue barre satin is draped with a simple over-tunic of foulard in the same shade of blue, with figures of beet-root red. A bit of hand stitching in coarse red silk thread outlines the foulard tunic.

full long minute into the tender, chivalrous brown eyes of Sid.

"I'll mean the parson this afternoon. Have you the price on you?" she asked crisply.

"Yes, and for another rocker—and one of these days, Sally, I'll take you over the mountain and we'll hev a front yard that ain't set upon edge again the mountain, but layin' stretched out and level and green with flowers in it. Won't you come?"

It was not what she had dreamed—a wedding dress made special in town; a real nice dance and no liquor, but a realy tony lap supper and the parson and everything just as regular as if she was over the mountain already—but one more glance at the rocker decided her.

"It's a go, Sid, but we've got to ride for it."

Sid brought his horse up to the porch while Sally got into her wraps, then she sprang on behind him. And though Bud did return with reinforcements and the mountain air was burned to a blue crisp, the McSpad had a good steed and the elopers a good start.

And Sally, in another rocker, sits contentedly on her little stoop and watches the train go by, knowing that soon it is to take her and hers over the mountain. But in the meantime old man Winters has forgiven them and the families of Greenbrier and McSpadden visit each other without let or hindrance.

COLDS OFTEN MEAN PNEUMONIA

Why take chances with your life and endure the harassing and worrying effects of a cold in the head or chest when you can get it quickly by calling at the drug store and securing a jar of KREWETINA? This wonderful ointment cures all inflammation, either internal or external, and kills pain quickly. It brings quick relief to colds, catarrh, bronchitis, tonsillitis, coughs, rheumatism, pleurisy, sore throat, quickly draws pain from burns, cuts and bruises and believes croupy children effectively. Put up in 25c size and sold at all drug stores. Make a mental note to get it on your way to or from shopping or work.

Have the Union Dentists

Fix your teeth prices reasonable. Work guaranteed. Office over McCree's 5 & 10c Store, Main St.

CONFESSIONS OF A WAR BRIDE

CHAPTER 141.

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I Met a Young Girl in Trouble and My Name Has a Magic Influence.

Romance, mystery and tragedies of the soul I had never associated with street cars but hereafter for as long a time as I may live, I shall know that the tremendous human emotions are at work at all times and in all places. People do not pick out their stage settings for human dramas. They enact their comedies, farces and tragedies in every nook and corner of the land, in palace and hovel, park and alley—even in street cars, without a thought of the background.

The jolt of the car at a crossing made me open my eyes. I had been the only passenger. The man and girl who entered took their places near the stove. That seemed to me a good idea. It had not occurred to me that there was any heat felt in the world outside of the Lorimer house.

I moved up and sat near the pair. The girl was rather pretty, somewhat shabbily dressed, and quite young. The man would call her "a chicken"—I could guess something about his vocabulary from the looks of him.

My own misery absorbed me and I dropped back into my sad meditation with closed lids. I did not hear a word of what the man said to his companion but I heard her frequent protest, "No! No!" in a horrified whisper.

Then I listened deliberately. The man's tone changed from wheedling to bullying.

"No! I tell you I don't want to!" was the girl's low wail. "Oh, I can't! I can't!" It was a queer situation. At first I did not get it, then I remembered stories Mother Lorimer had told about some of the morals court cases in which she has become interested. The full horror of the situation burst upon me.

I must save the child. The city's list of lost girls was one of its dishonors. A duty had been thrust upon me. For the first time since Bob's return, I smiled. Why, I couldn't even run away without running straight into a duty!

And this was going to be a mighty disagreeable one, I could see, for the girl was protesting with a heart-breaking sob:

"I can't! Do go away! Let me alone!"

I glanced at the motorman and conductor and decided that they were good and reliable citizens. Then I said quietly to the girl:

"If you are in trouble, come here. I'll take care of you."

The fellow turned and snapped like a vicious dog that feels itself unexpectedly kicked!

"You keep out of this!" His voice frightened me but I managed to hold a steady hand out to the girl and to repeat with a firm accent:

"I think you had better come right here and stay with me!"

"Whacha doin' yerself out alone at

this time o' night? A swell beauty like you?" Then he whispered to the girl, with a leer my way—"Don't trust her. She's—"

I lost the rest of his speech, but it had the desired effect on the girl. A new terror distorted her pretty face.

Impulsively, I pulled out a calling card and handed it to her.

"I guess you can trust me," I said. The man read the name over the girl's shoulder.

"Hell!" was his only comment. He pushed the child violently into a seat, hurried to the rear platform and dropped off from it into the darkness.

And I realized that I carried a name to conjure with! Everybody knew it. If I was to hide myself completely, I must part with it.

QUIET DELL. Joseph McCright returned home on Monday from Clarksburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcellus Lough, of Gladly Creek, spent Thursday at Rem Rudy's.

Mrs. William Hawkins was visiting her father, Amos Huffman, on Mudlick run, the past week.

Mr. W. H. Rudy called on Mrs. Wesley Lake Sunday.

John Henderson called on relatives at Gratton Friday.

Mrs. Ellen Rudy was visiting her son, George Rudy at Walnut Grove the past week.

John Rudy called at Samuel H. Linn's Sunday.

Miss Martha Linn was the guest of Mrs. Brady Meredith at Fairmont Saturday and Sunday.

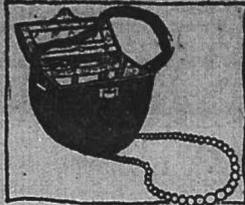
Mr. and Mrs. Avis Henderson were calling at Henry Linn's Saturday evening.

Misses Georgia and Mary Vincent attended church at Grassy run Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Rudy were Sunday callers at John Henderson's.

S. H. Rudy was at Arthur Allender's on Wickwire Thursday.

IT'S MILADY'S OWN KNIT BAG



(By BETTY BROWN.)

The canteen kit is this clever conceit in handbags. It's big enough to carry all a woman's essentials, and a little money and pocket handkerchiefs besides! Powder, mirror, lip-stick, smelling salts, etc., and other unmentionables, and a really good-sized mirror are included in the fittings. It's lined with purple silk, made of patent leather and trimmed with gold-plated fastenings. The chain of amber beads is not part of the bag, only something that adds ornament to the lady who carries the bag.

BEAUTY SPECIALIST TELLS SECRET

A Beauty Specialist Gives Simple Home Made Recipe to Dress Gray Hair.

Mrs. M. D. Gillespie, a well known beauty specialist at Kansas City, recently gave out the following statement regarding gray hair:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home for very little cost, that will darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half pint of water add one ounce of bay rum, a small box of Carbo Compound and 1-4 ounce of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost of the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray haired person look twenty years younger. This is not a dye, it does not color the most delicate scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

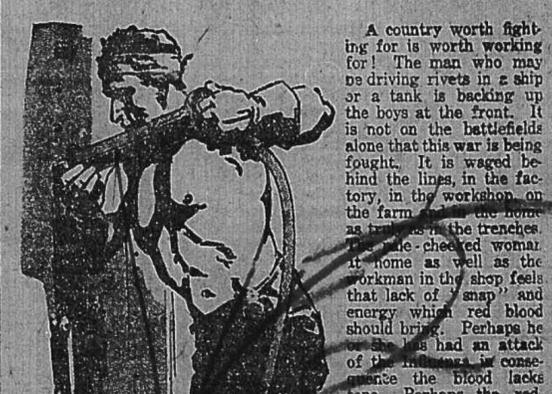
Do Not Get Careless With Your Blood Supply

Impurities Invite Disease.

You should pay particular heed to any indication that your blood supply is becoming sluggish, or that there is a lessening in its strength and vitality.

By keeping your blood purified, your system more easily wards off disease that is ever present, waiting to attack wherever there is an opportunity.

Our American Workmen



A country worth fighting for is worth working for! The man who may be driving rivets in a ship or a tank is backing up the boys at the front. It is not on the battlefields alone that this war is being fought. It is waged behind the lines, in the factory, in the workshop, on the farm, and in the home as well as in the trenches. The hard-worked woman at home as well as the workman in the shop feels that lack of snap and energy which red blood should bring. Perhaps he or she has had an attack of the influenza, or perhaps the blood lacks tone. Perhaps the red blood corpuscles are lacking. Build up the blood with an iron tonic tablet, called "Irontite," first discovered and made by Dr. Pierce. After taking this tonic tablet you have good red blood and an active liver, and you can face the enemy successfully—whether it is the germs of grip, a common cold or spring fever. America needs its strong men, and American men need to be strong. Then there is that blood-maker and herbal tonic which has borne the recommendations of many thousands of people during the past fifty years. It is called Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and can be had in tablet form at almost all drug stores at 60 cents a vial. It has the right combination of herbal extracts to bring "pep," vim, vitality and vigor to you. When you have taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery Tablets you will feel the red blood coursing through veins and arteries, and you will be surprised to find how easy it is to tackle every "job," every undertaking, calling for responsibility or efficiency. The man who takes this tonic tablet has iron nerves for hardships, and an interest in "the drive" grips him. Be sure and ask for Dr. Pierce's.

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

A LITTLE PATIENCE

SOMETIMES a telephone subscriber, when the called person does not answer immediately or the operator is a little slow in reporting, hangs up his receiver and abandons the call.

PLEASE don't do it. It means that the work already performed goes for naught. Perhaps the operator has reached the called person and is about to put him on the line. You hang up and she is obliged to report that there is nobody on the line. Often the other man thinks she called him in error.

In justice to the operator and to save time for yourself (for you usually call again) please remain at the telephone until the person called answers or the operator reports.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

Call 1105

If you want a tenant for your apartment or your furnished rooms; if you want to rent your home while you go to Europe to view the battle fields; if you want to take a lady boarder for companionship for your wife on lodge nights and, incidentally to help pay the grocer, a "Want Ad" in The West Virginian will attend to the matter for you at very little cost and practically no trouble to you.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(OLIVIA HAS A VERY BAD COLD)—BY ALLMAN.



"OH, WILBUR!"

"SAY, WILBUR, ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ME TO THAT DANCE TONIGHT?"

"I DON'T KNOW—I HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND YET."

"WELL, I WANT TO KNOW—IF WE ARE IT'S TIME FOR ME TO DRESS AND IF WE'RE NOT, I MUST PUT A MUSTARD PLASTER ON MY CHEST AND GO STRAIGHT TO BED!"