

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Land Came.

By ARCHEY CAMERON NEW.
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BOB WAKEFIELD loved to bring flashes of delight into Helen Gibson's fine brown eyes with frequent presents of flowers and candy, and he wasn't averse to letting the world know that nothing on earth mattered as much to him as the smiles of her pretty oval face and the kisses from her laughing red lips. And she felt happily sure of him until the Marley Heights Land company came into its gorgeous being!

With some trepidation, thoughtful of the responsibilities of his approaching marriage, Bob left a well-paying position to take up his duties as head salesman for that company. The lure of the letters he received was too much for him to withstand.

"A most brilliant opportunity for a wide-awake hustler," read the written enticements. "We will spend thousands on advertising, free bus rides, brass-band concerts and refreshments to bring prospective customers out to look at Marley Heights, the coming Utopia. The sales will be phenomenal. All you will have to do is to sign up the buyers."

Bob bit, and to be fair, for the first two weeks prospects looked wonderfully rosy. He did make money, more than he had ever made before, and his modest plans were gradually reshaped for an affair more becoming to his more prosperous circumstances. But there were two flies in his ointment. The company installed their development, built a pavilion for free movies, and made a new bid for night sales. Bob gritted his teeth and grudgingly arranged to be on hand three nights a week.

And on the remaining four nights, Helen slowly discovered a new cloud on their horizon of happiness.

"He seems distant," she confided, unhappily to her mother. "I don't believe he loves me—any more."

"Why?" asked her mother, eagerly concealing a smile. "He doesn't tell me so any more," pouted Helen. "He wouldn't even admit my dress was pretty. When I asked him he just grunted and told me not to be silly. I—believe he's got another girl."

"Maybe he's run out of endearing words," suggested that wise old lady. "Or maybe he's looking around a little now that he's making money. But I guess he's getting tired and jaded. Wait awhile and see."

So Helen waited, but as time drew on matters seemed to be getting worse. Even his presents grew fewer and his manner more reserved, until Helen could stand it no longer. "The question arose: Should she ask him about it? Nonsense, she mused, what would be the use? He'd deny it. She'd have him watched—that was it. And then she shuddered. What! Let anybody know how much she cared? Never! But realizing her need of an ally, she consulted her best friend, Doris Clayton, and Doris drew her father into the plan. Sure, Mr. Clayton would help her. He had an idea, he admitted, but it would take nerve. Helen assured him she had plenty of that. And so they got their heads together.

At 2:30 the following afternoon a party of three waited for a Marley Heights bus, at the end of the Eighth avenue line. Opposite them a huge sign eighty feet high blazed forth in golden letters the tremendous opportunity at Marley Heights, with its wide streets, modern sewerage, and its bound-to-rise value.

"Ugh!" shuddered one of the party, a slender young woman in heavy widow's weeds. "I hate to look at it. Suppose he finds me out?"

"He won't, my dear," Doris reassured her, "if you'll let me do the talking. He doesn't know me nor dad, and, besides, daddy will wait in the office. He knows Mr. Bartwell intimately—he's the manager."

Almost immediately an ornate limousine, labeled in smart gray lettering "Direct to Marley Heights," drew into view and an alert young chauffeur, in a respectful uniform, opened the door invitingly to Helen and her party. He then offered them a handsome box of chocolates.

"Something to regale yourselves with during the short ride," he told them smilingly. "Our company wishes its guests to be content." And he leaped into his seat and drove off. Every fifteen feet a huge sign greeted their gaze, proclaiming the manifold possibilities of this coming metropolis, Marley Heights. And then the machine entered a long court of honor—tall, white-painted columns—labeled "The Road to Wealth." And as it mystically warned of their approach, the strains of a brass band greeted them as they rolled into a large open space which the signposts called "The Square."

Helen's heart gave a little tug as Bob Wakefield, with a winning smile and immaculately groomed, hastened toward them. Helen and Doris met him, while Mr. Clayton turned toward the office.

"Welcome to Marley Heights, ladies," he greeted them oilyly, and Helen shivered—he hadn't been that nice to her lately. "Will you follow me?" And then, as he showed them over the vast tract, explaining volubly its many advantages, Helen started to grow distrustful of both. It seemed patent to her that Doris was flirting with Bob—her Bob.

"The greatest chance in your life, miss," Bob was saying. "You and your mother should locate here. You will pardon me, I'm sure, if I say it, but I'm only human. A pretty girl like you ought to do what she can to keep looking attractive. And what is more attractive than a pretty girl in a prettily home in a fine neighborhood?" He leaned closer to Doris, so that Helen barely heard him whisper, "I'd especially love to have you out here. I

SALVATION ARMY DOUGHNUT QUEEN REVEALS HER RECIPE



Mary Damont, Los Angeles girl who made and served thousands of Salvation doughnuts to Yanks during five great American drives, from Cantigny to the Argonne.

By MARY DAMONT.

I guess I've made more doughnuts than any other woman alive!

I used to think two or three dozen was "a batch." Now I've seen Yankee soldiers eat doughnuts during and after a big battle—and I know that "a batch" is not one doughnut less than five hundred!

The Salvation Army sent me to France as a "Doughnut Girl" soon after the United States got into the war. I was born and raised in Los Angeles, California, but when I got to France I discovered that all our own Yanks thought I was French and they began all their conversations "parlez-vous Anglais?" (Do you speak English?) and then looked astonished when I laughed and answered "Sure!" After they found out I was an honest-to-goodness American girl they came to our hut from all parts of the American training area "just to look at me" they said—and I'm not so much to look at either. I knew what they wanted and just kept on making doughnuts. There's a hole in a doughnut—and I believe there's an unfillable hole in a doughnut!

To make "Doughnut Doughnuts" of the kind the boys at the front like best I found the following recipe the very best. The quantities given will make a batch of five hundred doughnuts. That seems like a lot—but it isn't when you're feeding boys. We never thought of making smaller quantities. However, the ingredients

live here myself, and—well, you know." And Bob managed a well-simulated blush. Helen shuddered. What duplicity!

"But why," Doris further shocked Helen, "why can't you call to see me in town?"

"I'm so busy," Helen felt relieved to hear him. "I have so many people to sell to—such a rush all the time. But I'd love to have you and"—turning to Helen—"your mother out here."

"It's entirely too bleak," came Helen's icy outburst. "I'd die of loneliness! And as Bob looked at her strangely she took Doris's arm and turned toward the square. "Come, Doris," she whispered.

"But, ladies," Bob interposed anxiously, "you can't judge from present appearances. Think of the future—beautiful homes, attractive neighbors, fresh air, thirty-five minutes from the center of town—"

The remainder of his speech fell on empty ears, as Helen and Doris had turned and walked away. Bob looked after them a moment and then, stamping his heel into the earth, made a bee-line for the office of the manager.

"Im through, Mr. Bartwell," he announced, savagely. "Business is rotten and—"

"But, Mr. Wakefield," protested the manager, ingratiatingly. "It won't keep up that way long. We're spending thousands on advertising, work has started on three houses, in another week the crowd—"

"Will wake up!" Bob jerked out rudely. "I'm tired of all this glittering sham—why, there isn't a thing

can be reduced to make any number desired.

The girl making doughnuts at home has some advantages—over the girl making them at the front. For instance we usually had to make them in a dugout in some place underground, using any old oar as we could get together to make a table, and our utensils were often a wash-bowl, an old rusty stove and a bottle for a rolling pin.

I used the top of a baking powder can to cut out the doughnuts and the top of a shaving-stick can to make the holes.

Put a large pan on the stove one-third filled with melted lard and allow it to come to a boil. Put 24 large cups of flour in to a bowl, mix with it 20 heaping teaspoons of baking powder, 4 teaspoons of salt and 11 cups of sugar. Mix well and work in one cup of lard. Now, in another bowl break 10 eggs and beat up with 2 large cans of condensed milk and an equal amount of water, 4 teaspoons of vanilla extract and 4 teaspoons of cinnamon or nutmeg. Pour into the first bowl adding if necessary more water, and work until you have a soft, workable dough.

Roll out thin portions of the dough on your table, cut out the doughnuts and the holes with suitable sized cutters. The doughnuts are ready now for frying. Place them in a wire basket, lower into the boiling lard until they brown. Repeat this operation until all are cooked.

Real anywhere around here. Real values, bah! Three-thousand-dollar lots out of a cheap hundred-dollar acre! Real neighbors, bunk! A couple of dirty old hicks that didn't know any better signed contracts and I felt like a pickpocket. Courtesy—why, I've been making love to women, coddling children—just to make 'em buy, till I've been ashamed to tell my girl I love her. And I do love her. I idolize her. I—"

"Tell that to her," spoke up a heavy-set old gentleman with twinkling eyes, who advanced demlingly toward Bob, who regarded him in amazement. "She's right outside. But I'm interested in this land, so cut out the knocks. I don't blame you, but you've got better work ahead of you. Follow me."

And then Mr. Clayton led the astonished Bob to the limousine.

"Helen," he said, with a gleam in his eyes, "Bob wants to tell you something. Go over there in that grove with her, Bob."

"What's the use," yelled Bob Wakefield, leaping into the machine and grasping her in his arms. "I can tell her here. You're the most wonderful, darling, beautiful creature in the world. I love you so much that—"

"Are you sure, Bob," she asked, with a thrill in her tone, "that you mean that?"

"The dev—" and then he broke off his sentence against her starved lips.

The National American Woman Suffrage Association will hold its golden jubilee convention in St. Louis during the last week of April.

CONFESSIONS OF A WAR BRIDE

CHAPTER 144

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Mary's Remarks About My Situation Opens My Eyes To Many Things.

"You're a perfect little goose, Jane Lorimer! And it's high time somebody told you so!"

This shot was from Mary Thomas after she had put me to bed in a neat little room in her terrace and had brought me hot coffee and had listened to a long recital of my troubles. Then she hastened to add, as if she feared she had hurt my feelings:

"But, of course, my flat is exactly the one place in town where nobody will ever think of looking for you. So 'hide' here, my dear, as long as you want to!"

Certainly fortune had served me a good turn when she brought me face to face with the Queen of Smiles in the depot. No Lorimer would ever think of finding me under her roof. I seized her hand and pressed it.

"I'm awfully glad you were at the station. How did it happen?" I asked.

"Why, Tiny was leaving for a big mountain camp. I called at the 'Y' for him and his luggage."

"Isn't he cured yet?" I remembered that Tiny had come home because he was gassed.

"Almost, but the government will not discharge him until he is perfectly fit."

"And, when Tiny finishes his mountain-air cure then what?"

"Honestly, I don't know, Jane. Tiny thinks me the one perfect woman under heaven!" The girl caught her underlip sharply between her white teeth.

"Oh! I wonder if you nice, respectable women ever can appreciate all that your goodness means to a man? Why, it means so much that I know I'll never, never be able to tell Tiny—the truth—about myself!"

"Mary! Maybe we're both taking love too tragically," I said huskily. "I wonder if it is worth while. Certainly

neither Tiny nor Bob would ever agonize over it as we do."

"Mary," I said, handing her the breakfast tray and sinking back into the pillows, "I guess, if I'm going to go on living, I'll have to shut love out of my life. I'll have to keep my mind on something practical. I'll cultivate a tad, maybe."

"Hump! I can see you—raising canary birds!" After this awful attempt to be gay, Mary turned on me suddenly with: "Jane Lorimer you're plain dippy! If you're so awfully in love with your husband—aid so practical—act with a little sense! Win him back!"

"What?" I screamed, suddenly sitting upright.

"Jane, it's a perfectly grand idea! I wish I had as good a one to help myself with. Why don't you lead Bob Lorimer on to make love to you all over again? Why, maybe you could have another wedding too!"

I breathed hard, and then collapsed in a heap.

"Why, I never coaxed him on in the first place! I don't know how to," I murmured.

Mary threw up her hands in a gesture of disdain.

"Then you're a curiosity! You're the world's only living specimen of a girl who doesn't know how to pick her man and compel him to make love to her!"

"Anyway, Bob is going right back to France," I moaned.

"Then you'd better get into practice before he comes home to stay!"

I only shook my head, whereupon Mary fired her last bit of ammunition, and it hit me hard:

"Your Bob Lorimer is much too rich and good-looking to be let run loose. If you don't get him to make love to you, some other girl is going to!"

MID-WINTER MENUS

By BIDDY BYE.

A general, standardized plan for each day's meal greatly simplifies the whole problem of menu-making, whether the amount spent for the week's food is large or small.

The general plan for a breakfast menu for a family of modest means should include for each person 1 portion of cooked cereal, with 4 tablespoonfuls of milk or cream and 3 teaspoonfuls of sugar, two generous slices of bread and butter and milk to drink; cocoa or coffee with cream and sugar. Children should always have milk or cocoa. When the purse permits, fruit should be added to all breakfasts, and a simple egg, meat or fish dish be sometimes substitute for the cereal.

Lunch or supper should include fresh or cooked fruit, bread, butter and a beverage, with a salad or simple soup or vegetable, if it can be afforded.

Dinner, the main meal, should include a rich soup or stew, or a meat or meat substitute, with one starchy vegetable or bread, one green vegetable or salad and a simple dessert. A beverage may be served if desired.

Sunday.

Breakfast—Stewed apples, boiled hominy, with milk and sugar, toast, coffee or milk.

Dinner—Pot roast of beef, browned potatoes, gravy, fruit salad, waters, coffee.

Supper—Cheese and nut sandwiches, cocoa, dates with marshmallow filling.

Monday.

Breakfast—Stewed prunes, hominy waffles, syrup, coffee or milk.

Lunch—Creamed fish flakes, toast, coffee.

NEW WAYS WITH APPLES

By BIDDY BYE.

Apples, particularly the type known as "cooking apples," are winter dependables as nourishing and inexpensive fruits. Study new ways to make them palatable and interesting; new variations of sauce and baked.

Instead of sauce, pare and core whole apples. Stuff the center with stewed prunes, raisins or dates and top off with maple sugar and butter.

Add a cupful of water, cover tightly and stew over a low fire.

Another good apple dessert is to mix stewed and mashed apples with the grated rind and juice of one orange. Beat the white of one egg very stiff and dry and beat into the apple sauce. Serve with a sauce made

by beating together two tablespoonfuls of maple syrup or honey and one table spoonful of butter with the beat-



Again We Mention the New Millinery

We are enthused—so would you be—saw what a lovely selection we already on hand!

Uncle Sam must have recruited the Milliner designers—for not since the rifle War started were we able to have such exquisite Hats.

We presume the end of the War will bring these Wonder Milliners back to their professions again. Hence this extraordinary showing now!

French Apple Pie—Line a pie tin with plain pastry. Cover the bottom with a layer of apples sliced paper-thin, then cover with a layer of chopped raisins. Alternate layers until pie is filled. Add two tablespoonfuls of water and cover the top of the pie with a pastry lattice. Bake in moderate oven.

Caramel Brown Betty—Fill a greased pudding dish with alternate layers of bread crumbs and apple sauce, one inch thick. Bake half an hour and cool, then remove from mold. Serve with a caramel sauce made by dissolving two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch in one cupful of water and boiling slowly with one cupful of plain or maple syrup. Flavor with vanilla.

Mail Dispatcher Cook Is Back on the Job

Thomas E. Cook, dispatcher at the local postoffice has returned after an illness of two weeks. According to Postmaster Holt, everything is progressing nicely at the postoffice with few troubles so far in evidence.

Miss Kibel Rogers on the East Park route still continues as the only woman who delivers mail in Fairmont, though there are two women performing similar duties in Monongah. Miss Rogers does her work admirably, starting at nine in the morning and making two deliveries a day, with two hours for lunch at noon. Equipped with sensible shoes, she can be seen frequently as she walks energetically along the streets. She walks as though the work were quite the accustomed task of women and it was reported at the post-

DRIVE AWAY HEADACHE

Rub Musterole on Forehead and Temples

A headache remedy without the dangers of "headache medicine." Relieves headache and that miserable feeling from colds or congestion. And acts at once. Musterole is a clear, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It does not blister. Used only externally, and in no way, can it affect stomach and heart, as some of the medicines do. Excellent for sore throat, bronchitis, croup, influenza, neuralgia, congestion, pleurisy, pneumonia, lumbago, all pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frost-bite, fever, colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia). 30c and 50c jars. Hospital size \$2.50.

BAKER'S COCOA

An economy that is a pleasure to exercise. Drink a well-made cup of delicious BAKER'S COCOA. With a meal, and it will be found that less of other foods will be required, as cocoa is very nutritious, the only popular beverage containing fat. Pure and wholesome.

Booklet of Cocoa Recipes sent free.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd. Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(OLIVIA LEFT HER BOX OF CANDY ON THE TABLE)—BY ALLMAN.

WONDER IF THAT'S CANDY

OH GEE!

THAT'S NICE CANDY AND I LIKE CANDY

THE CANDY IS ALL RIGHT BUT MY TUMMY FEELS FUNNY

I'M THIRSTY AND EVERYTHING—GUESS I'D BETTER CALL MUZZER

MA!