

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

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THE FUTURE MRS. TEVIS
By ZONA FROST.
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PATIENCE leaned farther over the balustrade, and frankly listened. Not that she had ever intended to, but when one comes along unexpectedly and hears one's own name used freely and without warrant it is surely human nature to want to know what it is all about. Especially when matters have been at the high point of tension, they had at the Quintard's.

Old, Miss Rosetter was calling with her married daughter Milly, and Milly was not in favor of Patience, or her position in the home of her wealthy aunt. She had her own younger sister to marry off, and the marriageable men in the little summer colony at Larchurst were reduced to the minimum. Archie Tevis was the first prize and Patience had ignored him, with deliberated intent. Yet now she heard their names coupled in the gossip of old madame who ruled like an autocrat over the other fluttering girls and women of the resort.

"Well, I'm in favor of it," she said flippantly. "Archie's my nephew, and he needs balance and family ties, especially now when his father is getting younger every day. Have you seen Tooker lately, Mrs. Quintard? He's fifty-four to my certain knowledge, and he looks about forty or younger. Been on the other side all through the war, and it agreed with him. He's fit and handsome, and Archie can't hold a candle beside him, I think. If I were a girl, I'd make a straight play for the colonel."

"Is he back?" asked Mrs. Quintard, pleasantly. "I thought he was in Washington."

"Yes, he's opened up Everglades. Going to make a big stock farm of it. I believe. Crazy over the rural life after too much war. You tell Patience for me to overlook Archie and make Tooker fall in love with her. I'll help all I can."

And here Patience stole back upstairs, along the broad, cool corridor, and out on the upper porch. Here she sat in full view of the road, with roses and vines and honeysuckles around her and just as attractive in her white linen smock as she could be, with its knots of black velvet ribbon here and there and one perky bow, like a Chip, or a maiden's tribal feather, pointing upward from her brown hair.

Archie and his father rode horseback slowly, while the colonel lectured.

"You're twenty, sir and a cub. I've been here three years younger than you, and I'm leading their men through hell, and making good on it. You're affected with leisure and no definite aim in life, and now I hear you're had a serious love affair with Molly Quintard's niece. Who the devil is she?" "Here she is, dad," drawled out Archie, provokingly, but with a twinkle in his eye, as he nodded his head toward Patience on the upper porch. No danger that she would take the trouble to lift her head and speak to him. He felt he was quite safe and Colonel Tevis turned his handsome head toward destiny quite as fearlessly as he had ever looked in the face of danger.

Patience had seen them when they first rode down the hill road, but she had read her book deliberately until she felt the gaze of some one, not Archie, but a compelling gaze that forced her to meet it. And slowly she bowed her head as the two men raised their caps to her but not before she had felt the color rise to her cheeks. "Do you blame me, dad?" Archie asked daringly as he noted his father's silence. "Pretty impressive girl, isn't she?"

"Use a different tone," ordered the colonel, with a smile of intention. If she'll have me, Arch, I'm going to cut you flat. She was abroad a year ago with the Leslie Deans of Louisville. I met her in Paris at one of the Red Cross affairs, and if she's been at all decent to you, sir, I can tell you now it was on account of your father. She knows that she can be the future Mrs. Tevis whenever it pleases her to give me the least encouragement. She's the image of her aunt Molly at her age, and I never loved any other girl but Molly."

"Why not marry Molly now, and leave Patience to me," suggested Archie savagely.

"Because you're idle and not fit for any girl to marry. Go to work and quit this social game here, Arch, and I'll give you a chance to win her from me. Meantime, I give you warning." The next two months Larchurst wondered and pondered just what Patience intended doing with the colonel. He had become her most devoted admirer, or, as Arch put it more nearly, "Dad's got the inside track." Archie had gone to work daily in the city. Doggedly he had taken up the challenge to make good, but evenings he shared Patience's society with the colonel and when he groined at his work his father would laugh and tell him to quit if he liked. He was winning anyhow.

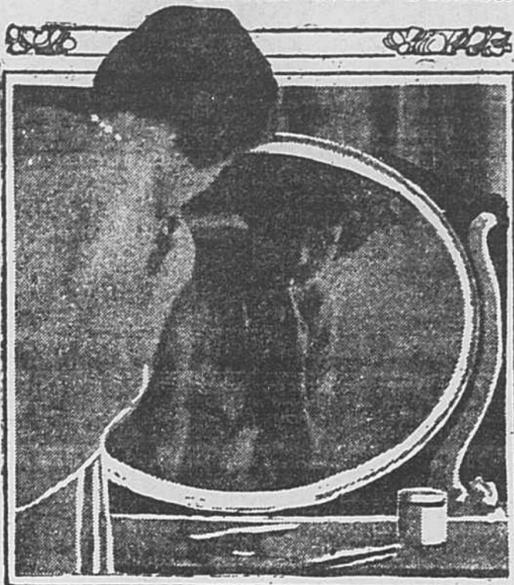
But he watched the boy keenly and saw that he was holding his own at the office game and had the makings of a good soldier in him, after all. The eighth week found Patience alone upon the upper porch. He was tired, after clinching two contracts for the firm that warranted a steady salary for himself and the surety of his place in the firm. But he had a determination about him that was new and his second proposal was different from his first.

"I'm not a bit blind," he told her. "I know dad's in love with you too, and that you can take either of us. I'm just the cub, I suppose; but, Patience, we're both young and even if we do fight and disagree and have troubles, won't it be worth while to start life together and build?"

Patience smiled up at him from the porch hammock, swinging on long iron chains from the roof.

"Last time you said you could make

"Girl of the Golden Apple" Says Be Careful With Cosmetics



By EDITH HYDE.
"The Girl of the Golden Apple."
Can a woman attain beauty by the use of cosmetics?

Certainly it is always a woman's duty to look her best—to be beautiful if possible—and it is sometimes necessary to assist nature a bit in this direction.

The beauties of the oriental harems were perhaps the originators of the use of cosmetics. But while they adopted these artificial methods of improving or enhancing beauty, they have never jeopardized health and beauty itself by using a coating of enamels and paints such as the supposed more "civilized" women of the occident have done.

The oriental woman will make a very simple and effective rouge from the petals of damask roses, crushed in white-wine vinegar. Another method they use is to dip crimson silk in spirits of wine and rub upon the cheeks, chin and ears.

It requires an artist's hand to put cosmetics on effectively. The average woman will do well to confine herself to the smallest possible amount of rouge lipstick or eyebrow pencil.

Many preparations are very dangerous; some are absolutely poisonous. Before using any cosmetic, the user should know exactly what it contains. Paints injure the skin and age it rapidly.

For the eyes, kohol may be used, after the oriental fashion. For the lips, a "stick" composed of cocoa butter and wax as a base, to which has been added oil of sweet almonds, honey of roses, and glycerine, and a coloring matter of carmine or eosine to make it more or less pink, is about as good as any.

Any woman who thinks she needs to use rouge, lipstick and eyebrow pencil had better consult her physician about the preparations she uses if she would be safe.

Confessions of a Bride

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I Find the Secret Conference Room of Conspirators.

I followed the black passage to my right until my finger tips touched the frame of a closed door. I opened it upon darkness but as usual there was an electric button at hand in the wall. By the light of several small bulbs, I discovered I was in an underground room about thirty feet square. It appeared to be only a huge storeroom. Having looked into the many rough boxes it contained and found them all empty, I was about to leave the place, but before I switched off the lights, a little scattered debris aroused me to a new and acute interest in my surroundings.

I investigated my clue and immediately I decided that I was standing in a club room or assembly hall. I was positive that the place was used for holding secret meetings although it contained neither desks nor chairs. And Bolshevick meetings they must be since the cellar was beneath Certes's garden.

How did I know? Because man is forever betrayed by his vices.

Tobacco ash was my only clue—and I needed no other. Tobacco ashes do not look all alike, and it was clear to me at a glance, that no one man would have knocked so many varieties of ash from his pipe, nor have littered the floor with such a large assortment of cigar ends and cigar stumps. Many men of many tastes in nicotine—and assorted sizes of purses—had smoked together in that cellar. Moreover they had been in council recently for, the dust had been brushed from the boxes where the smokers had perched, and the matches which littered the floor snapped with a brittle sound under my feet. They had not lain there long enough to soak up the moisture of the cellar.

"Oh la! la! There's a secret door somewhere around," was my inward

your father, hand over enough for us to live on until he passed along," she said. "You've grown more the past two months than you ever did all your life before. I'm going to say yes."

"Who'll ever break the news to dad?" said Arch gloomily, after the

comment. "No gang of conspirators would ever get together in a place with but one exit."

I made a survey of the floor and walls, but I couldn't find a break in them. "Then there's an opening in the ceiling—that's perfectly obvious," I thought. And I pried up some boxes and I found neatly hinged above the cross beams, the exit of which I had been so sure.

But all my strength would not budge the door. However, I didn't wonder at that when I considered the plan of the garden above me. I knew Certes's famous blue garden very well. Mother Lurmer was fond of it. I reckoned that the door I had discovered opened into the pergola walk.

Once mother had criticised Certes's pergola pavement when we were having tea in the garden. She asserted that it should have been of red brick with grass growing between, and Certes contended that his white flagging harmonized better with his blue flowers.

"It's well laid flagging—and most ingeniously drained," I thought, "for this secret meeting place would be a pond, just now."

Again I pushed upward on the slab with all my strength, I might as well have tried to raise the slab from my own tomb.

Thinking thus, of my grave and of the Belgian girl who slept there made my heart sink. I got down from my perch and scattered the boxes as I had found them.

Then I felt my way back through the tunnel toward the fountain. When I was within six feet of the alley door, I had a sudden need of courage.

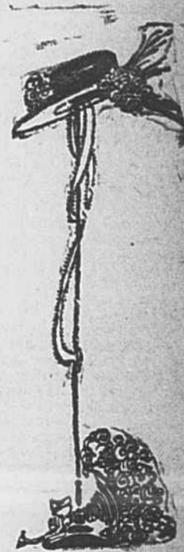
Without a sound and without warning, the alley door swung open. A great flash of sunlight filled the space below the fountain.

most wonderful five minutes of his life. "I just can't tell him that he's lost you dear."

"I will," said Patience laughing at him. We arranged the whole thing in Paris, Arch to see if we couldn't make you a real husband."

Osgood's for Quality

Announcing Osgood's Complete Millinery Showings for Easter



THE most wonderful and largest assortment of Hats we have ever been privileged to display is now prepared for Easter shoppers. Surpassing any previous gathering in our show rooms it affords remarkable latitude for selection, Exquisite pattern models from Henig, Rawak, Blue Bird, Gage, Reed, Waldorf, Phipps and Fisk—handsome, up-to-the-minute sailors from Rawak, Gage and others—"Mitzi" Hats, exclusive transparent Hats, large, small and medium Hats of every description. Embraced in our stock and now awaiting your approval are all these Hats—and then some more which are so new and different it is impossible to describe their attractiveness. The Osgood range of values assures something worth while at either a high or low figure.

\$3.50 to \$35.00

This is the Season's Greatest Hat Display and Embraces Exceptional Values for All

Children's Hats--for Playtime and Dressy Wear

SERVICABLE, easy-fitting, plain or fancy soft straws for everyday wear. Pretty ribbon bands or the new streamer trimmings; gay, springlike colors or black and dark blue.

\$1.50 to \$5.95



PRETTY little Hats for dressy wear. Made of very good straw silk chiffon, flowers, and ribbons. They are Hats to delight the heart of a child—and especially suitable for Easter.

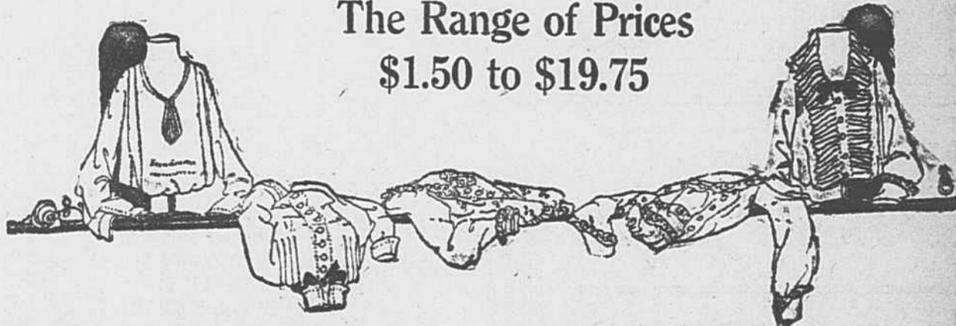
\$3.50 to \$7.00

New Easter Blouses--Charmingly Different

MANY are fashioned of daintiest, richest Georgette crepe in fascinating patterns and colorings. In our exclusive "Lucile" Blouses (copies of real French Models) one will find exquisite tricks of designing—frills, inserts of filet lace and embroidery—the popular peplum front—and above all, finest quality. In less costly Blouses of Georgette, or of dainty Voile, there are most attractive models which make a tempting appeal for favor.

Blouses for wear with the Spring Suits are being generously purchased and it is fitting to suggest your prompt consideration if you would have a new Blouse for Easter.

The Range of Prices \$1.50 to \$19.75



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM HAS AN IDEA!)—BY ALLMAN.



SURE I CAN BUILD A STALL IN ONE HALF OF THAT GARAGE! I'LL HAVE THE JOB DONE IN A DAY AND A HALF AS SURE AS MY NAME IS JOHN RECKEM!

WELL, YOU CAN START RIGHT AWAY

MEN - FORWARD.

WELL, TOM, WHAT ARE YOU HAVING DONE TO THE GARAGE?

I'M HAVING ONE HALF OF IT MADE INTO A BED ROOM FOR A GON.

TOM, YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU ARE GOING TO KEEP A GON? WHY, THE NEIGHBORS WON'T STAND FOR IT!

WELL, A GON IT'S GOING TO BE