

# FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Irving, Five

By IZOLA FORRESTER.  
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She was new to St. Mary's or she never would have asked to be placed in Irving, Five. Every nurse dodged duty there. Just the instant you opened the door, the rising, wailing clamor smote your ears, and if you had a ghost of an excuse, you fled then and there.

But Winona never "batted an eyelash," as Naylor said later to the laboratory doctor. Naylor was on duty day times, and when he entered the ward, just for the fraction of a minute, the wailing turned into a shrill cry of welcome.

"It's fierce in her—forty-seven beds, not counting the two 'coolers' for pneumonia, but it's a great old place if you can stand it." He looked at the new nurse critically. She was dark-haired, blue-eyed, vital-appearing and smiling.

"I'm not a bit afraid," she told him, "and I love kiddies, especially sick ones."

So she had stayed on, and Anthony grew to look upon her as something necessary to the ward, like the flood of sunshine that poured down through the high south windows, or the flowers sent in every day from Mrs. Addington Gray's greenhouses out on Long Island.

Timmie found out more about her than any one, possibly because he was her favorite out of all the children who came and went in the little white beds of the long ward. Timmie was not a temporary case. He was a chronic, and only the interest of Dr. Naylor kept him there on observation instead of sending him away to one of the "incurables," as the patients called them.

Timmie would limp up and down the ward with his spine brace bending him far back, and would make every child, who could laugh, wave back to him when he swung a little flag around his head and sang:

There's the sound of marching feet,  
Coming down our village street,  
And I know my Billie Boy is almost home.

When the pain grew worse after a treatment, Winona would take him up in her arms and pet him, and it was at these specially private times that they exchanged confidences. Timmie said he was awfully lonesome because everybody else had folks come to see him and he never had a soul. It seemed there wasn't any one to come.

"I ain't a home case, I'm from the Orphans," he said confidentially. When Winona told him not to worry, she was an orphan, too, and one reason why she had taken up nursing was because she didn't have any one who belonged to her, either, up at the big city on the lakes.

"We'll have to belong to each other, I guess," she said tenderly, and Timmie's arms tightened their grip around her neck as he agreed.

He told Dr. Naylor about it later when he was having an examination, and the doctor he glared sharply down at the desk here she stood taking orders from the head nurse. And just then came the daily load of flowers into the ward, and Timmie's brows drew together.

Why didn't Mrs. Gray ever come herself to see them? he asked. Flowers couldn't talk, could they? And Dr. Naylor explained with a little smile around his keen grey eyes that Mrs. Addington Gray was very busy, that she lived a long way from New York, and that he thought it very kind of her to send the flowers in every day.

"Did you tell her to send them?" asked Timmie with sudden suspicion, and the doctor acknowledged that he had, just when Winona came up with Timmie's two little glasses of medicine and caught the last fragment of their conversation.

Another bit of news Timmie told helped her to understand why the young house doctor was so beloved. Irving, Five, was named for his mother, Mary Elizabeth Irving, and had been endowed by her. They were awfully rich folks, Timmie added comfortably, but he never held that against the doctor.

"He's just real folks, like us," he added, and Winona smiled a bit wistfully. Two months at St. Mary's had brought a strange new joy into her life, and she hardly dared think that Toby Taylor was responsible for it. Then came a day when all unexpectedly Irving, Five, had visitors, Mrs. Naylor and Mrs. Gray.

Timmie coaxed Ella Kusick, a tall, thin girl of fourteen, to let him up so he could peek down at the street, and see the big dark blue limousine they had come in. And Mrs. Gray turned out to be very young and pretty, the ward agreed as she walked slowly up and down with Dr. Naylor.

"Will he marry her?" asked Timmie bluntly, when Mrs. Naylor bent over his chair. Twice he had been taken out in the blue-car with the doctor for a week-end, at his mother's home, and he felt he was a family friend. But Mrs. Naylor only smiled and pulled his curly head in a way he hated, and he was left in a state of indecision.

It was the next week that the specialist operated on him. They did not tell Timmie it was going to happen, but he guessed it from Winona's tenderness, and when he came out from under the anesthetic he called for her first. It was at night and she was on duty, but Dr. Naylor sat beside him still, watching every change and pulse beat, and there in the dimmed ward he heard Timmie's broken voice pleading for Winona.

"She's all alone like me, and no father or mother or any one, and I don't want you to marry my nurse."

"How do you know she'd leave me, Timmie?" Tony asked in a low tone. And Timmie, fearless under the gray cloud that was falling around him, told him he knew because Miss Dug-

## JUNE BRIDES LEARN TO COOK!

### "Make Your Meals a Picture"

Written Especially by OSCAR of the Waldorf.

Make your table attractive. Now that you have succeeded in attracting a husband you must learn how to keep him. Food may not be as important as love and kisses but it certainly comes next!

Therefore, your table must not only be filled with nourishing food, well cooked, but it must be attractive as well. In these days the dinner table must be a beautiful picture as well as an appetizing sight. Linen, silver, china and glass must be immaculately clean. The use of flowers, if available, of course adds a most pleasing note to the simplest meal.

Perhaps there was a time in the early ages of the world when hunger was always so keen that food in any form was welcomed and bolted. But civilization has changed things. Food must satisfy the sense of sight as well as those of taste and smell. Any good cook book will tell you dozens of ways of preparing specific dishes so they will be nourishing, but you must learn how to dress your table with them so as to make the table attract. In serving food care must be taken to have each dish brought to the table presenting an appearance of careful arrangement. There must never be a suggestion of overflowing of any dish, spilling of gravies, sauces, etc.

The proper use of color in meals is tremendously important. It is the thing that many housewives lack. The color of the various meats and sauces should be as different from each other as possible, from one course to another. For instance, if you serve a fish course and have for it a white sauce you must not follow with meat course with a white sauce also; rather have a brown sauce.

In serving vegetables, do not serve potatoes and cauliflower both white; but rather serve a green vegetable with a white. Half the pleasure of eating salads is the fact that they offer such exceptional opportunities for using various colors—particularly the fruit salads.

Then, too, a sprig of green served with the browned roast makes the dish much more attractive and appetizing.

Husbands who want to take dinner downtown often, as they express it, "just for a change," are often impelled by the lack of variety and color in their meals at home. The restaurant or hotel food seems more appetizing because it is served with some regard for the importance of color and variety, whereas the housewife often neglects the important point.

Make a study of color in meals; try out different combinations; think out color schemes in planning your meals and you will earn renown as a wife who "knows how to cook," and you will keep your husband at home after the "love and kisses" stage of your matrimonial experience has lost a little of its first fresh edge.

ton said she liked him best. "We both said we liked you better than anybody else in the world."

After the tired lids had closed and Timmie was sleeping safely, Tony rose and looked at his watch. It was 8:15. He went downstairs to the telephone booth, where no one could hear him, and called up the nurses' registry club, where he knew Winona lived. She was in. He smiled at the surprise in her tone when she answered him. Yes, he said, Timmie was all right; doing fine. Didn't she think it would be a good idea to take him out to Edgewood for about a month? And would she care to go with him?

"But I couldn't leave the ward," said Winona. "I'd love to, but—"

Tony's voice was low and just a bit confused. He thought it might be arranged. Unusual conditions and special need, he urged.

"Listen, I'm coming over for you in the car. Take anybody you want with us. I want to run out home. It isn't late. Just take about half an hour to make it. I want to tell you something."

It would have to wait until morning, she told him. And even Timmie would have approved of the change, his doctor made in the face of defeat. Then he would be over at once, and tell her there. But it was too late for her to see anybody. She was tired and going to bed right away.

"Then I'll tell you here," said Tony insistently. "I've promised Timmie he'll be married as soon as he can walk."

"But he's an incurable. How could you?" she said gaily.

"He'll be walking in a month," said Tony, happily. "That means August, Winona. I hate to talk over a house phone, dear, but this won't keep—"

"You'd better come over here and finish," said Winona, laughing anxiously. She hung up and looked out of the window. Up the street were the



"Make your table attractive. Food may not be as important as love and kisses, but it certainly comes next."—Oscar.

## Confessions of a Bride

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My Warning Fails to Prevent Me From Urging Jim to the Jewel Hunt.

"Better keep away from here, Game too dangerous for a girl." There was nothing cryptic about the note which the Hun dropped into my lap. I thought I caught its meaning at a glance. I presumed it had been dictated by Hamilton Certeis, although the writing was not his. It merely warned me to abandon the search as a losing prospect—or so I constructed it—and to leave the jewel trove to those who were determined at any cost to get it.

Lately, when one of the men was down in a shocking way, I realized that the warning had been intended for my personal safety. But I didn't flee from the vicinity of the treasure; that day, not did I keep away from it later.

The fisherman who had slipped the note into my lap paused, I thought, to observe its effect upon me. But then I noticed that a faint spot in the sky had caught and absorbed his attention. Presently to my own ears came the peculiar whirr of an airplane engine.

Planes were novelties to Chrys and me. In our city we had viewed them only by government favor during Liberty Loan drives. While the oncoming plane held Chrys intent I kept my own eyes on the fisherman. The look on his face, turned toward the circling plane, oddly suggested suspicion and antagonism. Side-slipping and swooping downward, the plane came nearer and lower—then flattened out and swept close to the sea like a giant gull.

"Wouldn't it be exciting if we were watching our own Jim perform?" remarked Chrys.

"Well, it might very well be," said I, my eyes still fixed on the fisherman. Did that man see more than we did, I wondered, in the pilot's acrobatics? Why was he so uneasy? Was he afraid of losing what the depths concealed that even a plane hovering almost

lights of St. Mary's, and in the fifth floor corner those of Irving, Five. She closed her eyes thankfully. Up there both Timmie and she had found "real folks" of their own.

## Evening Chat

Trees.

Today I saw a beautiful shade tree felled to the ground by a man with an axe and its long green branches loaded on a cart hauled away and dumped on an ash heap—there to wither and decay. It was sacrilege. Trees are to me such living breathing human things and it gives me acute pain to see them sacrificed.

What glorious shade they give us from the sweltering rays of the sun, what protection they give in times of a sudden shower—how they wait here and there the sweet winds as they come from the east, west, north and south sending them oftentimes where they would not go without some coaxing.

I believe if I were to be "transplanted" where I could not see trees or have communion with them that I would pine away and die such a need they fill in my life. I remember when quite a child I used to make frequent excursions into the country there to spend days and even weeks. I never left the parental abode without first bidding good-bye to all the trees and they were among the first to receive my greeting upon my return.

We had a number of trees a few years ago, which had lived the brief span of life accorded to this particular species and it became necessary for the safety of life and limb that they be removed. I recall how I hated the thought of seeing an axe sunk into these trees and actually hated the man who was engaged to do the work.

I had grown up with these trees and to me they were dear and devoted friends. When the time came that they were to be cut down I bled myself to other "pastures" feeling that I could not witness the slaying of my adorable companions.

Our family physician at that time—an old man now—used to tell us how these tall trees—they were Lombardy

poplars—served as a beacon to him when going his lonely rounds throughout the country—so plainly did they stand out on the horizon from many points in his journeys.

I remember how magnificent these trees used to be in a wind or rain storm. They would sway and bend until they almost swept the ground and we feared many times they would be snapped off by the violence of the storm but not so—they would right themselves and go on swaying and romping with the wind as though keenly enjoying the sport.

We built our home a few years ago and in order to save a cherished pear tree, cut down the dimensions of a porch we were adding to the house—and sad to relate a violent wind storm so wrecked our tree as to necessitate its removal a short time afterward.

There is a little town many miles from here where I have frequently visited and its main attractions to me always were two long streets which were shaded their entire length with magnificent oak and maple trees—trees that had stood the ravages of storm and wind for generations. One of these streets was the principal thoroughfare of this village and the other was its main residential street. Recently the little town began to put on airs and orders were issued that the trees all of them be removed—in order that the streets might be improved and that the town might have more the appearance of a city. Immediately a storm of protest went up from an irate public and meetings were called and law suits instituted, but to no avail—the edict went forth and the trees were slain.

One particular group of trees that had afforded me unusual pleasure and which had stood for generations perhaps, literally framing an old Virginia estate—were cut down the day before I was to leave for my home and I wished when I witnessed the wanton destruction that I had hastened my departure a few hours and have escaped the feeling of sadness that welled up in my heart at the sight of my adorable trees lying in heaps along the roadway ready to be carted away to the dump heap.

A Near Tragedy. A tragedy was narrowly averted last evening by the timely interference of a couple of young women. These young women were enjoying to the utmost the coolness and quiet of a summer evening, when suddenly the stillness was broken by the shrill cries of a number of robins, which came from a spot on the lawn where the shrubbery is dense. Knowing that the birds were in distress and needed assistance they hurried to the spot from whence issued the sound and imagine their chagrin, when there emerged therefrom an ugly half grown mottled cat bearing in her blood-thirsty mouth a young robin. Then the chase began—so determined were these women to rob the marauder of its supper even if the young robin could not be saved—over the lawn across the roadway and into a neighbor's yard they went goaded on in their mad pursuit by the frantic cries of the parent birds and the fainter ones of the young one. It was dusk and in the excitement of the chase the cat and its victim were lost sight of. Soon the low cries of the robin were heard again and investigation soon brought to view the cat with its pretty prey crouching on an elevated porch. Access was soon obtained to the porch.

One of the fair rescuers perhaps a little more courageous than the other pounced upon this cat and beat her unmercifully while the other gathered the badly frightened bird into her hands.

Throwing the cat to the ground the young woman listened attentively hoping to hear her bones crunch as she hit the ground but instead she bounded up as would a rubber ball.

Tenderly the bird was taken to the home across the way and placed in a hastily improvised nest and left for the night with no thought that it would survive, but joy to behold, when the box was opened this morning a pretty young robin looking none the worse for his experience chirped happily and contentedly. He was then placed in a latticed box and taken to a safe shelter where his cries soon attracted the parent birds who were over-

joyed at finding their baby whom they had mourned as lost. Soon he was on the wing and the members of this household were as joyous as was he over the happy ending to this near tragedy.

Bird lovers learn to know the distress cries of the native birds and upon investigation of the trouble it is almost a certainty that a cat will be found in the near vicinity from whence come the cries of anguish. There is no confusing the cries of distress of these feathered songsters with their usual songs and it is well to investigate the trouble when these distress calls are borne on the air.

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### Osgood's for Quality

joyed at finding their baby whom they had mourned as lost. Soon he was on the wing and the members of this household were as joyous as was he over the happy ending to this near tragedy.

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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM NEVER WAS MUCH GOOD ON HISTORY!)—BY ALLMAN.

