

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

ROMANCES of a SUMMER GIRL

By ZOE BECKLEY
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(Dorothy, aged 26, is spending the summer at Lively Beach, having staked her job and \$500 savings on the chance of winning a suitable husband during the summer. These are her letters home to Joan, her chum.)

Silversand Lake,
August Something

My very dear Joan:

Write me, dearest friend, your idea of rightness in marriage. I mean give me your advice upon what I have told Eric Walls to do, for I am not sure I have insisted upon the wise course.

"Gratitude and pity." I lectured him, you remember, "are not enough to marry on. Yet you must do it. You must stand by her and keep whatever promises you made."

"All right," he answered.

But, Joan, he looked like a man receiving a death sentence. What have I done to him—to them both?

I have always shuddered at marriages which were made at the point of a pistol so to say. Do you remember the little Wiggins girl who came to the good woman of Bentsville and cried, "But I don't want to marry Willie Mason NOW. I thought I loved him, but now I don't I never want to see him again!"

And do you remember how, following the light as they saw it, they insisted? And Mollie Wiggins' ended her perplexities in the lake?

I've been thinking all night of her. Wouldn't it have been better to have sent her away somewhere and helped her to a fresh start? She was a nice little thing, helpful and full of intelligence. But she had no mother or father; no one to teach her right from wrong. No one to take an interest or give her a good time. She thought Willie Mason was her friend, and she was eager and wistful—and grateful.

Isn't it something the same with Wallis and Mrs. Kymal? She befriended him when he needed help desperately. And he probably confused his gratitude with love. Perhaps gratitude is love, or a sort. But where there is no more than gratitude and pity left, is marriage right?

The trouble is that she wants it. She believes he loves her. There are people like that—who can believe what they want to believe. After all, Joan, perhaps her love for him is enough for two. Perhaps she can bring back the feeling he frankly admits he had for her when he was ill at her home in England during the war. . . . If not, perhaps she can be satisfied with less than love.

But can he? These dreadful problems are so individual. Eric's temperment is not the phlegmatic, easily satisfied sort. Would he not just have to turn against her if he married her under such conditions? And would he be able to disguise his feelings and not treat her cruelly? Oh, Joan, help me to undo what I have done—if I have done wrong—before it is too late!

I guess what I need is for a sense of humor to come to my rescue! Their affairs may not be as serious as I think. And perhaps they had best fight it out themselves. At any rate it is rather comic my faring forth to find a husband and ending up by marrying off the only likely man to another woman! Lots of folks will say, "Serves her right. She should wait for fate to come to her."

Write quick, Joan, and cheer me up.

DOLLY-DUMPS.



"But I don't want to marry Willie Mason now."

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Confessions of a Bride

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Love and Lightning Works a Miracle With My Bob.

I set my teeth in the back of my hand to keep myself from screaming, and stood as still as if I myself had been paralyzed by the lightning stroke. I dared not stir—I dared not speak. Seeing me in that blouse, in that veiled bridal dress, Bob must think me a dream-woman—a wraith of happiness.

A mere glimpse of me, revealed in a lightning flash, might disturb the delicate mechanism of his shell-shocked brain—and make him mad forever! More than once the doctors had warned the Lorimer family that Bob lived and moved on the verge of insanity.

Blackness like that of the tomb deepened about me and a great dread crept over me. Had the wish of many weary months come true—too late?

My man had come back to me—we were together once more in our own pretty home—in our own little room! Together! But perhaps with the barrier of death—

A soft glare of lightning broke through the torrents of rain. The room was illumined for an instant and then went black again. But upon my eyes was imprinted a dreadful spectacle: My husband had dropped upon the low couch and was stretched there, awkwardly, limply, with closed lids.

My shrieks filled the house. Were Bob and I united, at last, on the brink of the grave? I sprang to his side and caught his dear form in my arms, and my wedding veil enshrouded us together.

Scarcely had I moved him than my worst horror was over. He was not dead. He began to speak, but not to me.

"Buddy!" he whispered hoarsely. "Hear that poor devil scream? Let's help him!" Then he moved his hand automatically above his head from back to front.

Connecting the motion with his words, I caught the dreadful signifi-

cance of both. Bob was adjusting his helmet! His mind had gone back to the trenches! He was living over the moment of the explosion which had destroyed his memory of his wife, which had changed his life and mine for months.

The thunder rocked the house again. "Too damn near, that last one, Buddy!" Bob raised himself on his elbow and sat with head a little to one side in a listening attitude. In the blue gleam of the lightning, I saw that his eyes were still tightly closed. He was talking like a man in his sleep.

"The poor kid's gone west!" he said at last with a sigh and he seemed to wipe the sweat from his forehead. "Let's thank God he didn't suffer any longer, Buddy!" He dropped flat on the couch and his voice thrilled me: "Come on, now, son! Quick! Straight ahead!"

And then he turned to crawl—as an infant creeps—as the bravest soldiers must creep when shells hammer the earth close to them!

My heart seemed to stop its beating. Had that awful lightning stroke sent Bob wandering forever in the hell of battle? Had his sick brain been shocked into insanity?

"Not that! Not that! Oh, my love! My love!" I whispered between my sobs, and forgetting all prudence, longing only to shield him—to save him—I drew his head to my breast and pressed my lips upon his.

Then the simplest thing in the world happened. Perhaps we would discover that all miracles are just as simple, if we only had the facts about them.

The Daily Short Story

Will be found on page nine.)

Beginning Tomorrow Morning the Formal Presentation of Osgood Autumn Apparel

In Wondrous Assortments

A glittering, glorious galaxy of all that is new, fashionable and desirable in Autumn Apparel and Millinery will greet your arrival at our store. For this is the annual event—occurring each Fall—which brings together our greatest gatherings of things dear to the hearts of all women who would be charmingly and stylishly groomed.

We might hint of Suit modes fashioned as they never have been before—super-luxurious in their fabrics, fur trimming and tailoring; of Frocks designed for every conceivable need and illustrating the great height to which the art of fashion has attained; of Coats out-distancing all previous ideas of beauty; of Hats so gorgeous that they defy surpassing—but even then we would not tell you enough.

Adequate description of the exquisite Osgood modes for Autumn is impossible—there is but one way to fully appreciate their vastness, their richness, their variety, and that is to view them at your first opportunity.

Osgood's for Quality



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THERE IS ALWAYS A BRIGHT SIDE, TOM)—BY ALLMAN.



THE IDLE DOLLAR.
Every idle dollar in the pocket of the young person should become the dollar saved for future need. Dollars do not go as far as they once did, and after on, you are very likely to need more of them. The wise person takes advantage of every opportunity to place his idle dollars in a savings account promptly. This bank will pay you 4 per cent. interest on your savings.—The Peoples National Bank.

THERE'LL COME A TIME
When you will want a better Tire than you have ever before used. Then, if you are wise you will come here for one of the Gates Half-soled Tires which have been famous for years but were never bragged about. Come in today and learn all the details. Gates Half-Sole Tire Service Station, 216 Jackson Street.—Adv.

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Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-a-ce-a helps to keep Poultry healthy and to make hens lay. This is just the time of the year that your poultry needs a tonic. Try a trial package and note the change. 25 and 50 cents per package. The H-H Drug Store, Glenn B. Hamilton, Md.—Adv.