

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Picnics and Patriots.

By CONSTANCE SCUDDER.
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THE Fairfield family sat around the breakfast table. Mr. Fairfield was absorbed in a morning paper that bore the date of May 25, 1918. He spoke abruptly: "Mother, be sure and read the 'Watchman' column today. That man hits the nail straight on the head every time. And, Carl, that thing of yours for Memorial day will have to be called off. Seems there's been a notice in the papers that the committee of arrangements for the parade wants the loan of cars to carry the old vets. They need twenty. Memorial day is two days off and exactly four people have volunteered. Any one who owns a car and can get by without offering it after reading that article belongs in the slacker column."

Carl waited dutifully until his father had finished, but not an instant longer. "But I don't get you, Dad; I asked you a month ago for the car on that day and I've invited Grace Garfield to go with me and I'm to take four others. It's too late for me to back out now."

"Not another word, Carl," his father interrupted sternly; "you are to drive that car in the parade Thursday. The men in the factory have volunteered to work on the holiday to get out that rush war order and I can't do less. I am late now but I'll phone our name in before I leave."

The family kept quiet while Mr. Fairfield's voice sounded at the phone and until the front door shut behind him. Then Carl broke forth in that heart-breaking tone which only seventeen can assume: "Mother, I simply won't stand for it. We made all the arrangements a month ago for that picnic and father promised then I could have the car. It isn't fair. There are plenty of other people who can lend their cars for the parade. And after I was lucky enough to get Grace Garfield, when four other fellows were after her!"

Here Jane Fairfield, aged eight, interrupted. "I know Mary Garfield. She told me her sister was going to the picnic with my brother, because he had such a swell car. She's awful cross. Always shoos Mary out of the room when she has a fellow."

"Oh, plug up, will you, Jane? You make me tired, anyway. Mother, can't you make father see reason, somehow. I'd look a dud, now, wouldn't I, telling her I couldn't take her when the other fellows have gotten some one!"

Mrs. Fairfield looked perplexed. "You know your father's creed, Carl; every man, woman and child must be 100 per cent patriotic if the war is to be ended this year. The 'Watchman' preaches that in his column every morning, and father swears by him. Why don't you explain to Miss Garfield and ask her to go for a ride after the parade?"

That evening at the Fairfield dinner table, Carl set what was placed before him in sullen silence, taking no share in the conversation until Jane remarked, apropos of nothing: "Mary Garfield says her sister's awful mad at you, Carl—says you're an old stick-in-the-mud and haven't got any gumption, anyway, or you wouldn't let your father boss you around so."

Carl turned wrathful eyes upon his sister, muttering: "Just wait till I get you alone, smarty!"

Mr. Fairfield paused in his recital of how much work his men had turned out that day, to reprimand his small daughter, but there was a twinkle in his eye as he addressed his son: "Hard luck, Carl; your mother tells me you had captured the prettiest girl in the school for the picnic. Well, I had an eye for a pretty girl myself when I was young," with an appreciative glance at his wife, who at forty was still a handsome woman. "Plan a picnic of your own some day soon and you can have the car."

"Thank you, sir," answered the boy, but with the thought of his treatment at the hands of the fair Grace still ranking in his mind.

On Memorial day, promptly at half past six, we find the Fairfield family seated around the dinner table as usual at that hour. Carl looks very cheerful as he answers his father's questions about the parade and tells the names of the veterans whom he carried.

"Yes," pipes in the irrepressible Jane, "he wouldn't take me; said there wasn't room for any one but veterans. What was that girl in that you had with you, Carl?"

"I was going to tell about that when I got to it, you better-in," replied Carl in what he meant for a casual tone. "That was Natalie Burrows, old Mr. Burrows' granddaughter. She came out of the house with him when I called there and seemed rather concerned about his going. The old chap wasn't feeling very well. So I asked her to go along as there was room for me more."

"How does she rate—second prettiest in school?" teased his father. Mrs. Fairfield came to Carl's assistance: "Why, you know her, father; she's that pretty little girl in Mead's bookstore."

"I should say I do," exclaimed Mr. Fairfield; "the one with the red-gold hair! Go to it, son; if you father was a few years younger he'd cut you out." "She likes you," said Carl, his voice a trifle patronizing; "she told me so. You said I could have the car some day to make up for missing the picnic, so I asked her to go for a ride Saturday afternoon—that's the only time she has off."

Here Jane, who thought she had been left out of the conversation quite long enough, broke in: "Mary Garfield says that Burrows girl bleaches her hair; says her sister told her so when she saw her in the car with you this afternoon."

What Carl replied to this we won't set down here; suffice it to say that his paternal parent reproved him as sternly as was consistent with his age.

A year has gone by; a year fruitful

Sister Mary's KITCHEN

In the kitchen of her own home Sister Mary cooks daily for a family of four adults. She brought to her kitchen an understanding of the chemistry of cooking, gained from study of domestic science in a state university. Consequently the advice she offers is a happy combination of theory and practice. Every recipe she gives is her own, first tried out and served at her family table.

There are two questions regarding the family wash that I'm quite rabid about, the two "R's" ringing and rinsing.

If the soapy water is not wrung from the clothes it will take twice as much rinsing to finally get it out. Then too, if clothes are folded for wringing they will iron much easier. Try folding a kitchen towel and hanging it straight on the line. It won't need any ironing.

As to rinsing, unless clothes are rinsed carefully they will not stay white and clear. Soap left in delicate colored dresses will fade them and rot the fabric. No matter how much clothes are rubbed, if they are not well rinsed through several clear waters, they will look sort of yellow and grubby.

I have a little funnel-shaped washer to use by hand that is fine for rinsing. It is easy to use and does the work.

Menu for Tomorrow.
BREAKFAST—Apples, griddle cakes and syrup, coffee.
LUNCHEON—Creamed salmon on toast, sliced tomatoes, raisin pie, tea.
DINNER—Bean soup, stuffed pepper salad, brown bread and butter, floating island, waters, coffee.

My Own Recipes.
In our family when we have bean soup, we never want much more to eat. Beans are a whole meal in themselves and if every member of a family likes them meat is unnecessary.

CREAMED SALMON
1 can salmon.
2 tablespoonfuls butter.
Juice 1 lemon.
1 1/2 tablespoonfuls flour.

2 cupfuls milk.
1 1/2 teaspoonful salt.
1 1/4 teaspoonful pepper.
Pour juice from salmon. Remove skin and fat and any bones, keeping salmon in as large pieces as possible. Melt butter in a frying-pan, add salmon. Season with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Fry, browning salmon a very little. Add milk and bring to

of many great events and changes in the big outside world. As we look on in the Fairfield family, on a sunny morning toward the last of May in the year 1919, we find that the strained look has left Mr. Fairfield's face and that he eats his breakfast in a more leisurely manner. Mrs. Fairfield remarks in a relieved tone that she is not due at the Red Cross rooms nor the canteen that day. Carl has improved in appearance. He holds himself better, is better set up—they have introduced military training into the school he attends. "Father," he remarks, "I entered our car for the Memorial day parade. Do you mind if I drive it? The parade is going to be a dandy this year. They're going to have the two regiments that are over to the fort waiting to be mustered out, and all of the Forty-ninth they can get hold of."

"Certainly you may, son. Mother is in it, too, and Jane marches with the Junior Red Cross. I'm going to sit in the window and watch it go by, since I missed it last year."

"Going to take old Mr. Burrows?" asked Jane, with a grin.
Carl answers without any evasion: "Sure, and Natalia, too, if you want to know."

"Bring Natalia home to dinner with you, Carl," Mrs. Fairfield interposes; and the boy smiles his thanks at her.

True to her sex, Jane tries at her last word: "Mary Garfield says her sister says that Burrows girl is dead stuck on you; says she's because our father has a lot of money." Jane paused to swallow what was in her mouth before continuing; but Carl burst in: "Now you let up on that for good and all. Don't you ever mention that Garfield kid to me again; nor her made-up nippy of a sister, either—get me?" Evidently Jane did, for she remarked meekly, "I'd rather have Natalia for a sister, anyway. She lets me stay when you try to drive me out of the room."

Mr. Fairfield's hearty laugh rang out. "Guess you two are quits. Better call it off." Then, turning to his son, he asked seriously: "Sorry you gave up that picnic last year, Carl?"

"You bet I'm not, father," the boy answered. "Picnic are all right in their place; but they don't belong on the one day in the whole year given up to honoring our patriots."

"We need Used Furniture to supply our Old Stone, corner Jackson and Jefferson streets. You need New Furniture from our New Stone, 221 Monroe Street. Let us exchange. We also repair or store Furniture."

See Dunham First Co.
221 MONROE STREET
Next to Woolworth's

Confessions of a Bride

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Administrator's Suspicions Allayed But There Are Other Barriers.
The administrator of the hacienda maintained a beautiful balance. He was politely upon my side of every proposition I made concerning the child, nevertheless he was perfectly obedient to the orders of the absent hacendado. He agreed with me most amiably that the little one would be happier in the care of an American governess, then he found excellent reasons why I could not see her immediately.

I was interested in his serene evasions, but I didn't propose to permit the custom of letting tomorrow take care of itself upset the business I had in hand.

"The little girl ought to recognize the nurse you expect, I have cared for her many months. Take me to her. If she knows me, she will run to meet me. Let the child decide."

Being placed thus on the seat of Solomon proved too much for the old man's vanity.

He gravely assented. And the child was brought—a strange dark baby with jet black hair!

My heart fell—tears swelled up. I could scarcely see the soft violet eyes under the dyed lashes. But from the pretty red lips leaped Bab's particular system of baby talk:

"Ahzane! Ahzane!" In her variety of English, the meaning was "Aunt Jane."

The administrator was convinced, he was even moved to tears. He smiled as beneficently as King Solomon himself when I clasped that dear lost girl to my heart. He smiled again like an indulgent parent when the baby asked her first question—what had I brought her in my bag?

Fortunately I was prepared for that question, prepared also to reside in the hacienda and assume immediate control of my protegee. And most fortunate of all was I in finding that the administrator, having handed his charge over to me, promptly washed his hands of the whole affair.

So it happened that Bab and I wandered out, unwatched, on the great plateau which stretched between the hacienda and the town. Bab on her beautiful field that we walked over, and had seen many uses in its time, but the administrator could never guess what a fine landing field for an airship that great smooth field would make.

It wasn't far to the train but it was impossible for me to get there without attracting the notice of the populace. The field was exact as Jim, Jr., had described it—but where, or where, was a plant.

That night the manager thought to cheer me with welcome news. Dr. Curtis, the hacendado, would return on the morrow. A letter had come—he showed it to me. In order, I think, to prove that he could read. That was



Keep Fit For Success in Life

You can take your boy out of the market of things you like if you can't find him a good job. All boys are open to the same temptations. Uncle Sam took "babies"—those emblematic little fellows who are the backbone of the nation. Well-developed, well-set-up, and courageous men. Take the right way! Train yourself and your children to make proper exercise, drink plenty of water and keep the system clean. Your doctor will tell you that anything from a common cold or headache to the most serious illness may result from the obstruction of poisons in the intestines.

The best way to keep these poisons clean is occasionally see that the boy or girl, as well as yourself, has an internal bath. It may be with castor oil, or any of the many apple-alum and jalap, which is sold in drug stores as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

If a child starts with a cough and it persists, then a known local treatment for this condition should be taken. A well-known alternative remedy which has been on the market for a great many years, and which has been highly recommended by thousands of users, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This tonic compound is composed of an extract of roots and herbs, without alcohol, and has a soothing effect upon the mucous membrane, allays the irritation and at the same time works in the proper and reasonable way, at the seat of the trouble—the stagnated or poisoned blood.

Osgood's for Quality

Wool-Silk Hosiery For Ladies

Said a shopper at our counter: "I thought we had to go to the city for such hose."

Wool-Silk Hosiery will be worn this winter with low shoes.

—Says Dame Fashion.

Osgood's

have prepared a good stock of this new Hosiery.

They are full fashioned, of soft wool mixed with fine silk—very warm, but light in weight. Colors are medium and dark brown, and two shades of tan. Sizes are 8-12, 9-12 and 10.

Priced \$3.75 the pair— which includes the war tax.

KLIM

The Powdered Fresh Milk

Klim is dry milk. It is in powder form. The water has been removed. When the water is replaced you will have the highest grade of fresh milk again, that it was in the first place.

Klim will not sour or spoil, no ice is needed. You can use Klim today, and again next week or next month and always have good tasting fresh milk.

DIRECTION FOR USING KLIM

Klim Whole Milk requires 4 measures of powder to a pint of water, to give you the highest grade of milk you ever had, even if you had your own cow. The high grade milk costs about 18c a quart.

For double cream use 5 measures to a pint. Excellent cream for 36c a quart.

If you only want an average milk such as you probably have been using, it will require only 2 measures to a pint of water to mix a good average milk. The price on this milk will be 14c a quart.

M. SCHULZ,
Distributor for West Va.
423 Empire Bldg. Box 571
Clarkeburg, W. Va.

Klim skimmed Milk requires 3 measures of skimmed milk powder to a pint of water, and costs 12c a quart. This skimmed milk is used for drinking, cooking and baking, and makes things taste better than regular milk.

For a good creamy drinking milk with lots of nourishment and true building qualities, the skimmed milk and whole milk together. This combines the heavy skim milk and the light whole milk, to a very pleasing drink.

ECONOMICAL & CONVENIENT

Mix whatever amount you need. Only cream is needed for one cup of coffee, put a spoonful of water in the cup, add a little powdered whole milk, mix it and pour your coffee in the cream in the cup. There is no waste and it is clean.

You always have fresh milk in the house if you have a supply of Klim on hand.

PRICES.

A Trial Package (both milks) \$1.25.
2 1-2 lb. cans Klim Whole Milk \$1.85.

2 1-2 lb. cans Klim Skimmed Milk \$1.50.

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A year has gone by; a year fruitful