

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Advice To The Lovelorn.

By R. RAY BAKER.
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It is unlikely that ever another man held the unique position in a community that Richard Jerome occupied in Wakefield.
Vocationally Richard was a lawyer, and a good one. A generous practice had given him a financial status that might be termed comfortable, and of late years he had placed certain restrictions on his legal business which permitted many spare moments for his avocation, which was the mending of broken hearts.
The avocation paid Richard not a penny, but he performed the work with a gleam in his eye and joy in his heart; for he loved humanity and could not bear to see his fellows suffer when a way to alleviate their troubles was ready to his hand.
Never had a lovelorn young man appealed to Richard in vain, never had he failed in his assumed role of Cupid to "get the verdict." His almost uncanny insight into the ways of women gave him something akin to fame in Wakefield, although it was a fame that was spread by word of mouth and not by newspaper headlines and half-tones.
It began when Richard's chum, Anthony Brexton, came to him with tears in his eyes and wailed:
"It's all over, Dick. Will you please get me a bottle of carbolic acid or an equally deadly poison unless it is necessary. Remember, I am a lawyer. Why not let me advise you. My fee will not be heavy."
Anthony had laughed miserably.
"You advise in a love affair? That's funny, Dick. Why, you're a confirmed bachelor. You've never been engaged, never had a girl in your life."
"Maybe that will give me a better perspective in the matter," said Richard. "It won't hurt to try."
Then he had listened while Anthony unfolded his tale of woe, and when it was finished and the latter was huddled back in his chair chocking back sobs and looking like a child that had crept out of bed early Christmas morning, Richard had taken the case up complacently with:
"Your problem is easily solved. Isabelle thinks you have proved yourself faithless. She won't listen to your explanation. She's a fort and you're trying to storm her with shells that won't penetrate the walls. The thing to do is find a new method of attack. Put yourself on the defensive and wait for the garrison to make a sortie. Then capture the garrison. Now, this is my plan in detail."
A week later Anthony appeared again, radiant, jubilant. The scheme had worked.
Now, Anthony had a friend who developed heart trouble, and the friend went to Anthony for advice.
"Take it to Jerome; he'll fix it," was the advice he gave, and Richard proffered a prescription that healed the wounds. And so on, and so on, till Richard's reputation was firmly established.
Richard was not a youth in years, although he seemed one at heart, and most of his friends were at least ten years younger. Richard was nearly forty, and there were tinges of gray in his hair and some wrinkles on his forehead. He was not handsome, but strength of character was stamped on his face, and this attracted most people he met.
One day a young man came into his office with a listless manner and a heart that was not working right.
"My name's Fred Mania," he said by way of introduction, and cast a sour look out the window at a painter on a scaffold across the street. He had been living in Wakefield only a month, but during that time he'd fallen in love with the most wonderful girl in the world. He'd taken her about considerably and he'd tried desperately hard to win her, but she has not responded. He's not yet really proposed because I could tell the time was not ripe, but she knew what I was driving at and last night she told me I could not see her again. I knew Elmer Johnson at college, and when I told him my troubles this morning he referred me to you. It seems you patched up a little love affair for him about a year ago."
Mr. Mania did not offer to reveal the name of his ideal, and Richard did not press him for it. This middle-aged cupid was not curious or meddlesome. He simply advised where advice was sought.
"No doubt she's trying you out," he said. "Romans away from her; don't try to see her. That will keep her guessing, and before long she'll probably make it a point to meet you somewhere and find out if you really care. If she does it indicates one of two things—either she loves you or she's a flirt. If she's a flirt, you don't want her."
A few days later Mr. Mania was back, looking more woebegone than before.
"It doesn't work," he announced, dolefully. "I've done as you advised, but she might as well be dead as far as any effort she's made to see me."
It began to look like failure for Richard Jerome, love mediator.
"We'll have to try a new plan," he said after a pause, during which he resorted to the ancient corn-cob. "Call her up and tell her you've got to see her just once more. Then go to it. Tell her you're desperately in love, and that she must marry you. Be a cave man within reasonable limits."
Three days later Mr. Mania appeared for the third time, and this time he was wretchedness personified.

HELP HIM PROPOSE

SIMPLICITY, SAYS EVELYN GREELEY, A MUCH PROPOSED TO YOUNG WOMAN, OFTEN WINS A HUSBAND.

By EVELYN GREELEY.

Different fish are caught with different bait. Men fall in love with girls who show the characteristics that the lover likes best. Find out what qualities of mind and heart YOUR lover wants in a wife, and if you have them, SHOW HIM you have them.

If your man has a love for nature, for primal things, for the outdoors, for flowers, for the simple things of life, and you have the quality of "simplicity" that is the way for you to win him.

Many men like simplicity in the woman they want for a life-partner. They may play around with the "dressed-up" type of woman, but when it comes to asking a girl to marry, a great many men want a girl of simple tastes, thoughts, and desires—one who knows how to dress well without a millionaire's pocketbook at her disposal; one who likes a cottage better than a mansion; the open fields better than a conservatory; and field daisies more than hothouse roses.

Simplicity of dress, simplicity of manner; straightforward talk; unaffected demeanor—these are the things that will tell your lover that you are the girl for him.



you; but I've got to admit that for once I have failed as a heart doctor." They stepped toward the door. Helplessness in Mr. Mania's gait, while in Richard's there was an unaccustomed vigor. He opened the door and paused.
"I don't mind letting you in on a little secret," he said, and his eyes were bright. "I've loved that girl ever since the hayride, but—well, I have been a pretty good adviser in the love affairs of others, but when it came to mine—"
He placed an arm on the other's shoulder.
"I'm dead sorry for you, really; but you can't blame me for wanting a little heart throb of my own."

Sister Mary's Kitchen

If big sister feels inspired to have a Valentine party, she need only to remember that hearts are trumps and that to a mere man food means much, so charm his eye and tickle his palate.
A buffet supper of salads and sandwiches and fancy cakes and ices and of course coffee which has no ornamental value but satisfies the inner man, as an attractive FRUIT punch will not, will prove easy for the hostesses.

Let each man acquire a supper partner, either by choice of lottery, and then he may lead his "lady faire" to some secluded nook to wait for him to serve her with the choicest tidbits he can procure in the dining room. The hostess is relieved of all the details of serving and needs only to be on duty in the one place to see that each helpless creature gets enough of everything.

A large-sized supper plate will be most comfortable to use. Each plate might be served with salad in the kitchen ready for one sandwich and olives and nuts. Or the salad may be placed in a large salad bowl and each one serve himself. To save upheaval send the cakes and ices around on trays by a couple of small sisters, too young to be of the party, but old enough to be useful and interested.

Menu for Party.

Lobster salad, bread and butter sandwiches, nut bread, sandwiches, ripe olives, salted almonds, harlequin ice cream, nut macaroons, coconut kisses, coffee.

My Own Recipes.

The salad is so rich that the sandwiches need to be quite simple and have no highly flavored filling. As to the salad itself, it will save a great amount of work if one uses canned lobster. Of course it has not the delicate taste of perfectly fresh fish, but in preparing a large amount of salad the time and labor involved in removing the meat from the shell would be considerable and hardly worth while.

LOBSTER SALAD.

Equal parts of lobster and celery. 1-4 hard-boiled egg to portion. Pickled beets. Mayonnaise dressing. Mix fish and celery. Moisten with dressing. Arrange on lettuce and drop a spoonful of dressing on top. Garnish with crescents of egg and thin slices of beets cut in the shape of hearts.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING

1-2 teaspoon mustard
1-2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon powdered sugar
1-8 teaspoon pepper
2 egg yolks
1-2 cup olive oil
1-8 teaspoon pepper
3 to 4 teaspoons lemon juice and vinegar mixed
Mix dry ingredients. Add egg yolks and blend thoroughly. Add one-half teaspoon vinegar and beat with a Dover beater until smooth. Continue beating and add oil drop by drop. As mixture thickens thin with lemon juice and vinegar. Add more oil and alternate with the vinegar and lemon until all is used. If the oil is added too fast the dressing will curdle. If this happens a new egg may be beaten until thick and then the cruddled mixture may be slowly added to it. May-

CHILDREN

should not be "dosed" for colds—apply the "outside" treatment—**VICK'S VAPORUB**—YOUR BODYGUARD—30¢, 60¢, \$1.20

CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, 1920, by the N. E. A.)

It Was So Like Daddy Lorimer to Defy All Mexico.

Daddy Lorimer sat stiffly in a corner of the auto. For the first time in his strenuous life he found himself unable to cope with circumstances but from his defiant attitude I could see that his spirit had not been broken by the misfortunes of the week. His trials had been extreme: First I had disappeared in a most unaccountable way; Chrys had dropped out of sight just as mysteriously; then Bob had vanished!
Daddy had been forced to accept a single explanation for all of the cases and it was a plausible one. His children had been kidnapped by Mexican outlaws, a revolutionary gang at war with the Mexican government and having no connection whatever with the inhabitants of the hacienda! That was the lie he had been told. He had no idea that the man whose guest he was, his former business partner and best friend was actually at the bottom of the plot. Certain might conspire to upset nations but he would never harm his friend. So Daddy Lorimer believed.

Kidnapping, however, was the fashion of the day in Mexico. Naturally the Hon. James D. Lorimer might conclude that he himself was in danger of being carried off with a price on his head. It was so like him to remain on the ground. It was like him to defy all Mexico, those in authority as well as the 57 varieties of political power outside of the government. It was like him to remain where his dear ones had disappeared.

onaise should be thick enough to hold its shape.

HARLEQUIN ICE CREAM

Chocolate ice cream
Orange ice
Strawberry ice cream
These two kinds of ice cream and orange ice make a good combination. As it is rather a chore to make at home order the desert frozen in brick form from your caterer.

NUT MACAROONS

Whites 2 eggs
2 cups light brown sugar
2-1-2 cups hickory nut meats
1-2 teaspoon salt
Beat whites with 1 tablespoon water until stiff and dry. Roll sugar and beat slowly into whites. Add nuts sprinkled with salt. Drop from a spoon onto a buttered dripping pan about an inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven until a delicate brown.

There's the King of Hearts, but there's also the Knave of Hearts.

MARY.

Facing the Ordeal.
Caller (whispering)—What makes your husband look so pale, and nervous?
Mrs. Dibbs—Just before you came we drew lots to see who'd fire the cook, and I won.—Buffalo Express.

Woman's Weakness—How Cured

Lynchburg, Va.—"I was suffering with woman's weakness and a general derangement of the stomach and I was in a miserable state when I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery together. I was completely cured of these ailments and made strong and healthy by their use, and I felt like a different person."—MRS. S. SAMUEL LAYNE, 501 Johnson St.

For Young Mothers

Charlottesville, Va.—"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the grandest thing that ever came into existence for young mothers. I did not know of this during my first experience and as a consequence I suffered with my nerves, and for the last two months I was never comfortable. I cannot describe the comfort Favorite Prescription brought to me, mentally and physically, and I had practically no suffering—the only comparison I can give is that there was as great a difference as between black and white. I was also able to nurse these last two, which was impossible with my first baby, and it was this fact that caused me to lose him when he was only six months old. My two girls have always been healthy and strong and I am sure that my own health has been improved by taking this wonderful tonic at the time my system most needed it."—MRS. MATTIE GLASS, 917 West St.

Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., long since found out what is naturally best for women's diseases. He learned it all through treating thousands of cases. The result of his studies was a medicine called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This medicine is made of vegetable growths that nature surely intended for backbone, headache, weakling drains, bearing-down pains, irregularities, pelvic inflammation, and for the many disorders common to women in all ages of life.
Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package of Favorite Prescription Tablets.

precious pair. Archer and Spence he greeted also—of course he had known Bob's college chums for years—and then his eyes questioned the path we had followed.
Bob put his hand on his father's arm.
"Spence and I are going to find her," he said gently. "Believe me, Dad, if Chrys is alive, we'll find her. You are to escort Jane and Archer to the coast."
Daddy Lorimer made a quick gesture of dissent. Bob tapped his father's wrist to emphasize the remainder of the plan.
"Archer is out of it. He needs a nurse. For God's sake get him and Jane aboard the yacht as soon as you can. Morrison can't help you after he gets you to the coast. He has allowed to do it Mexico besides guarding the Lorimer line. We may need him to help us rescue Chrys, you know."
(To Be Continued.)

STOP ITCHING ECZEMA

Penetrating, Antiseptic Zemo Will Help You

Never mind how often you have tried and failed, you can stop burning, itching eczema quickly by applying Zemo. Furnished by any druggist for 35c. Extra large bottle, \$1.00. Healing begins the moment Zemo is applied. In a short time usually every trace of eczema, tetter, pimples, rash, blackheads and similar skin diseases will be removed. For clearing the skin and making it vigorously healthy, always use Zemo, the penetrating, antiseptic liquid. It is not greasy and it does not stain. When others fail it is the one dependable treatment for skin troubles of all kinds. The E. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, O.



SPRING HATS

Many Beauties Here Now—and Many More Coming

WE really have quite a time ourselves keeping up with the constant arriving of New Hat Modes for Spring. But we do know there are many beauties now in stock—designed for every requirement and correctly portraying the fashion trend for the new season. The two things considered of primary importance in the selection of millinery are assured to our patrons. Correct style is unquestioned because we receive our stocks from the foremost designers in the land—personal becomingness is also assured because we maintain such large assortments, from which every woman can choose to suit her individual taste.

\$7.50 to \$35.00

Osgood's for Quality

THE DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(HE WON'T NEED AN ALARM CLOCK NOW.)—BY ALLMAN.



TOM, GET UP RIGHT AWAY! I HEAR YOUR MOTHER UP!!
GEE, IT'S ALMOST DARK YET!
YES, HELEN! SHE'S UP AND HAS HER BED MADE ALREADY!

SHE'S NOT IN HER ROOM AND SHE'S NOT HERE BUT HER GRIPS ARE STILL HERE!
YOU DON'T SUPPOSE SHE WALKS IN HER SLEEP!

DANNY AND I HAVE BEEN OUT FOR A NICE LONG WALK—THE MORNING AIR IS WHAT THIS CHILD NEEDS!
MORNIN' DADDY!

WHY DIDN'T YOU OPEN HIS WINDOW?