

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A Question of Dress.

By EARL REED SILVERS

WISH I could take you over to the horse show in New York tomorrow night," said Jim Chaunters, speaking with the frankness of an engaged young man to his worshipping fiancée. "But I can't, I'm dead broke."

Elythe Merritt sighed resignedly. "If you only could," she suggested, "I would wear my green taffeta."

"But I can't," Jim looked off into the distance, pondering over the whim of fate which had given him a three thousand dollar income and a four thousand dollar acquaintance. "How much would the horse show cost us?" he asked finally.

"About twenty-five dollars," Elythe looked thoughtful.

"Nope! You'd better give up all hope," Jim smiled whimsically at his impromptu rhyme. "I've got just ten dollars to my name, and that has to last me for three days."

"And my dress is so pretty," Elythe sighed.

"Well, why not wear it to the club tonight?"

"I can't; it's an afternoon dress."

"What's it like?"

Elythe manifested a slight degree of interest.

"I'll let you see a picture of it if you care to," she said rising. "It's in the April 'Ladies' Star'."

Jim, who had looked at dresses before, finding escape impossible, resigned himself to his fate.

"Here it is," explained Elythe, opening the magazine and indicating one of three young ladies representing the very latest in spring styles. "It's of all-silk chiffon taffeta. The body of the waist is of taffeta fitted loosely over a lining. The back is made in a separate panel skirred at the waistline and brought around over the shoulders in front in a cape effect. The skirt is of taffeta with taffeta buttons, Elythe's voice droned on. "And—well, isn't that strange?"

"Isn't what strange?"

"Why on this very page is the pattern for Doris Howard's evening dress."

Jim's eyes opened wide. A picture of the country club bazaar as his sister had described it flashed before him. He started to say something, checked himself suddenly and assumed an attitude of indifference.

"Which one?" he asked.

"The one next to mine. My, but it's pretty!"

"Not so pretty as yours. You have a new hat to go with the dress, haven't you?"

"Yes! Would you like to see it?"

"All right!" It'll be down in a minute."

Elythe hurried up stairs; and as soon as she had disappeared, Jim seized the magazine he had laid on the table and looked long and earnestly at a picture of a dimpled young lady in blue satin, covered with silk net of the same shade. Then, hearing signs of activity from the room above,

FACTORY GIRLS DISCARD SKIRTS FOR BLOOMERS FOR SAFETY AND EFFICIENCY!



Girls wear bloomers instead of skirts in a big New York bakery. The scheme produces efficiency and is said to be the manager of the firm, who introduced the idea.

he hastily drew forth a pen-knife and cut picture and description of the girl from the printed page. He just managed to thrust the clipping into his pocket and close the magazine before Elythe reappeared, radiant in a new creation of gilded straw.

After supper that evening, before he took Elythe to the bazaar at the country club, Jim drew a slip of paper from his pocket and consumed fifteen long minutes in learning, word for word, the detailed description of a certain evening gown. Reaching the club, he wandered around with seeming aimlessness, gradually drawing his companion toward a certain ante-room, over the door of which were emblazoned the words, "The Great Dress Description Contest."

"What's this, I wonder," he said indifferently, having piloted Elythe to the scene of his proposed activity.

"It's a guessing contest," the girl explained. "Doris Howard has on her new evening dress. Any man who thinks he knows anything about dresses is given five minutes in which to write a description of it. The one who writes the best description wins the prize of twenty-five dollars."

"How much does it cost to try?"

"Three dollars."

"I ought to know a lot about dresses,"

the picture of dejection and the girl placed her hand impulsively on his arm.

"Never mind," she said softly. "I didn't want to go to the horse show, anyhow."

HEALTH HINTS

Fresh air is the best tonic in the world for tired nerves.

The curing properties are even greater if sunshine can be obtained at the same time.

But a daily walk in the open air will not build up the constitution if we come back to badly ventilated houses. We have to get the fresh air in our homes, also.

There are some dwellings in which the air always feels bad. The doors and windows are kept closed. The whole house is filled with the accumulated poison from the lungs of those who have lived beneath its roof.

Rooms of this kind are responsible for many cases of common colds. They are the breeding places of grip and pneumonia. Many cases of asthma are also the result of a bad atmosphere.

Open windows promote health.

Many people complain they can scarcely wake up in the morning, or that they arise with a headache. This is the result of poor ventilation in the sleeping room.

Become a fresh air crank even at the risk of being disliked. Better a fresh air crank than a hot-house invalid.

Avoid large crowds in closed or poorly ventilated rooms. Not only does the bad air lower your resistance, but you are in danger of catching disease from others.

Don't ride in a crowded street car when only going a short distance. Walk.

Keep the windows of your bedrooms open day and night, even in the middle of winter. You cannot overdo yourself with fresh air and disease cannot endure it.

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METZ ITEMS.

Mrs. James Grey was visiting at Cameron over Sunday.

Mrs. William Blodgett, of Mannington, was visiting at this place recently.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Campbell have returned from a visit at Fairmont.

Misses Birdie Ferrell and Gall Grant of Fairmont, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Ferrell the past week.

Arle Hibbs and family have moved from Dent's Run to this place.

Lawrence McConnell has returned home from a visit to Pittsburgh.

Andy Church, of Hundred, was calling at the home of E. L. Martin recently.

Willie Martin has returned to his work in Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Shackleford, of Burrington Hill, were calling on the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Campbell, over Sunday.

Lawrence Campbell, of Pittsburgh, spent Xmas with his family at this place.

Miss Esther Martin returned to Pittsburgh after spending the past week at her home here.

A. P. Haught, of Wadestown, was a business visitor here Friday.

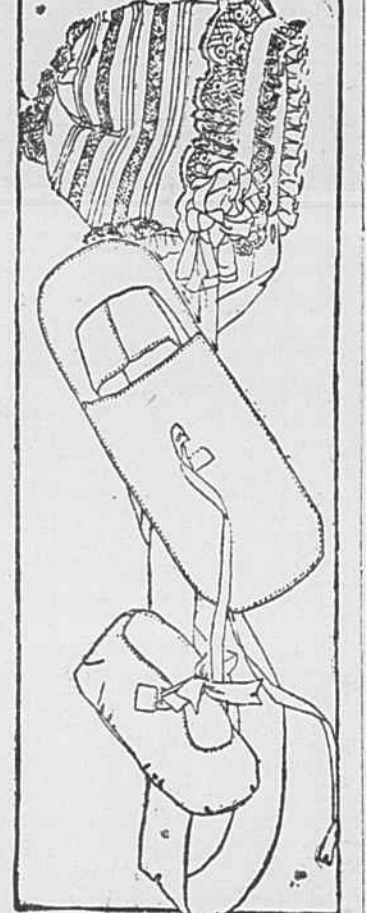
Mrs. J. B. Campbell has returned from a visit to Farmington.

William Choven, of Pittsburgh, spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Campbell.

William Haught, of Cameron, was in this place Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Curman, of

BABY'S BONNET FROM PARIS



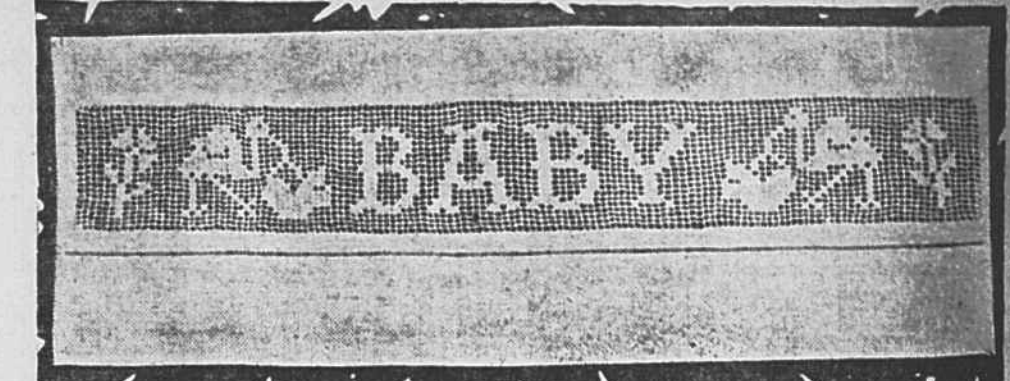
By BETTY BROWN

And now, little Miss Vanity, hold your head just so, until Dame Fashion puts on your newest bonnet.

It is made of ribbed silk with insertion of val lace and the upfaring ruffles are also of val. It is all in white, even the ribbon streamers.

The wee slippers are pale blue ribbed silk and the slipper case matches them in color. A famous man-milliner in Paris designed these dainty things.

CROCHET BABY'S COVERLET!



By BETTY BROWN.

Baby's basket must have a pretty coverlet, something to remind us that baby bunting has just arrived from Hazyland, and who has more right to appear on baby's coverlet than Mr. Stork? A pretty "stork" edge for the tiny basket sheet is made with one spoon of Richardson's R. M. C. Crocheted Special No. 50.

To those who want to crochet the coverlet the following formula will be useful. Make 71 ch sts.

First Row: 22 sp. 5 ch sts, turn.

Repeat for three rows more.

Fifth Row: 10 sp. 2 gr. 10 sp. 5 ch sts, turn.

Sixth Row: 6 sp. 1 gr. 5 sp. 5 ch sts, turn.

Eighth Row: 4 sp. 3 gr. 1 sp. 5 gr. 2 sp. 1 gr. 6 sp. 5 ch sts, turn.

Ninth Row: 7 sp. 1 gr. 6 sp. 1 gr. 7 sp. 5 ch sts, turn.

Tenth Row: 4 sp. 3 gr. 1 sp. 3 gr. 2 sp. 2 gr. 1 sp. 5 ch sts, turn.

Eleventh Row: 8 sp. 1 gr. 3 sp. 2 gr.

1 sp. 2 gr. 5 sp. 5 ch sts, turn.

Twelfth Row: 6 sp. 1 gr. 1 sp. 1 gr. 13 sp. 5 ch sts, turn repeat 1st row for three rows, then start the stork and continue as shown above.

When completed baste carefully, leaving a narrow space above the hem. Cut the material from the back and make a small hem. A baby towel to match may be made by omitting the storks and hables from each side, making the flower, then baby, then the flower again.

ECONOMY IN USE OF CANNED GOODS.

By BIDDY BYE.

Canned fish is commonly "prepared" by turning from the tin to the platter. Obviously, fastidious persons fail to find it appetizing in this form. The economical cook can increase the quantity of a fish dish as well as its attractiveness by taking a little pains to follow new recipes.

Salmon Loaf.

Mix one can of salmon with 2 beaten eggs and 4 heaping tablespoonfuls bread crumbs, using a silver fork. Season with 2 tablespoonfuls butter, and salt and pepper. Pack in a buttered baking dish and bake 45 minutes. Serve with an egg sauce, or garnish with slices of lemon and cucumber pickles.

Tuna Fish With Rice.

Heat one can of tuna fish in boiling water before it is opened. Boil one cup of rice. Thicken one cupful of milk with 2 tablespoonfuls of butter.

rubbed into 2 tablespoonfuls of flour. Remove the hot fish from the can and place in the center of a platter, surround it with the boiled rice and pour the white sauce over the fish. Garnish with celery, parsley, hard boiled eggs, or olives.

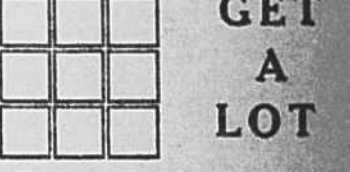
Lobster Chowder.

Mix one large can lobster with 2 cooked potatoes cut in dice, 2 slices salt pork cut in squares, 1 slice onion, and 1 cupful cold water. Boil 5 minutes, add 4 cupfuls milk, season with salt and paprika, thicken with 2 tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed into 3 tablespoonfuls of flour and add 4 or 5 split crackers before serving.

Sardine Sandwiches.

Remove the skin and bones from sardines. Rub the yolks of 3 hard boiled eggs to a paste with the fish. Season with lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper, and moisten with olive oil. Spread on lettuce leaves between thin slices of buttered bread.

PUZZLE



GET A LOT

Here are nine squares. Can you put a figure (no two alike) in each square so as to make a total of 15 by adding them up and down and crossways? As an advertisement we will send a lot at Atlantic City, Md., which has one of the finest beaches in the world, to any one (white race) solving this puzzle. Small fee for deed and expenses. Send your solution with 4c in postage for copy of prospectus to

THE ATLANTIC REALTY CO.,
206 North Calvert Street,
Baltimore, Md.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

It is astonishing, little book, how "mixed up" life is. All at once the sight of Dick's face as he was dancing, with me brought me around to the point where I must again, as the homely saying is, either "fish or cut bait."

I caught a glimpse of myself in one of the splendid mirrors in the dining room. From my enforced confinement in the house, my skin had lost all its tan and my neck and face struck me as being of a dazzling whiteness except where it melted into a hesitating rosininess of cheeks and a warmer kink of chin and throat.

I sighed, little book, for I thought it was only because I was so good to look at Dick's eyes rested on me with such tender and beseeching regard.

I tried to take my mind away from the rhythmic motion of my feet, to keep it clear from the somewhat confused notion I had of Dick this minute—Dick who was dancing better than I had ever known him to dance. Poor old Dick, he was so absurd in his egotism that he was almost lovable.

All at once, little book, I knew I had been analyzing him, myself and our relation without getting anything more definite than my own individuality. That was the one thing I had succeeded in disentangling from the duality that goes under the name of marriage.

"And they shall all be one flesh"—perhaps but can they ever be one spirit? It was not coldness or cruelty that made me think of this.

For here was the crux of the whole matter. Dick and I had never been if one spirit, could never be one spirit when he came to me that memorable night before our wedding at my call, he held the joy of life in his outstretched hand, and the smile on his face caused my throat to swell with sympathy.

Tonight he was here, the same gay and smiling Dick, with his hands stretched out to me again; the joy of life he offered me. But my throat did not swell nor breath come hard, instead a queer kind of acquiescence seemed to envelope me.

I wondered why conjugal love should ebb and flow. Tonight with Dick's arms about me, with the music of the lights and all the life about me—life I had been away from so long—I almost felt a recrudescence of my love for Dick.

"Aren't you tired, Margie?" Whispred Dick. "Do you know you are dancing better than ever, and I really believe I am not as awkward as usual."

"No, dear, I am not tired, and you

are dancing so well I almost think you have been practicing while I was ill."

And do you know little book I said this with no animosity at all. In fact I said it playfully as would have done if he had not been married at all. Was it going to begin all over again? Was I going to fall in love with Dick again? Was I going to forget all the things that had come between us?

To be alive is very easy. It is only living it that is complicated. Am I, Margie Waverly, who have been married almost ten years coming back to a second love affair with my own husband? Does love only mean a casual glance or a light touch?

As if in answer to my thoughts, Dick held me tighter and said, "Life is a joke isn't it, sweetheart? Just when you think it is all unhappiness, joy unrolls itself before you."

I shook myself a little in his embrace and murmured, "I guess I am tired, Dick. Let's find Mollie and Chad and go back to the hotel."

"Margie, Margie, if you would only always be as you are tonight, I'd never find any excuse to leave you," whispered Dick as we were putting on our wraps.

It's all very exciting, little book, but I still am in doubt if you can call it love.

hearing you describe yours all the time," said Jim thoughtfully. "I guess I'll take a chance."

He entered the room and was seated at a table with paper and pencil before him.

"Describe the dress and sign your name to the description," a pleasant voice advised him. "You're given five minutes."

Jim glanced at Doris Howard, who was standing on a slightly raised platform at the far end of the room. He scowled.

"That dress isn't blue," he muttered.

"But I guess she must have just changed the color."

So, smiling confidently, he set to work.

"This beautiful evening gown is of pink satin, silk net of the same shade and maize silk net bordered with gold spangles," he wrote. "The wide ruffle and pointed skirt sections of satin are mounted over a lining-foundation while the top of the bodice and sleeve sections are of gold net joined with the spangled guimpe. The skirt has a foundation of moulure lace, finished at the bottom with a flounce of lace."

His description finished, he rejoined Elythe outside.

"They wandered about from booth to booth, chatting happily until midnight arrived, when the various prizes were awarded.

"The great dress description contest," the president of the club announced, drew forth many responses, but by far the best description was given by our well-known fellow-clubman, Mr. Jim Chambers. This effort was a masterpiece." He paused.

Jim smiled broadly.

"What did I tell you?" he whispered to Elythe. "You can wear your new dress after all."

"But," the president continued, "although Mr. Chambers' description was a wonder, he described the wrong dress. Miss Howard's creation, the lattes in form, is of deep rose-colored taffeta and pale pink chiffon cloth, while the dress described by Mr. Chambers was of satin, covered with silk net and bordered with gold spangles. Therefore, while we feel that Mr. Chambers should receive honorable mention, the prize must go to Mr. Harold Janeway, whose description, although less flowery, was more exact."

When he had partly recovered from the shock Jim drew Elythe to one corner of the room.

"Didn't you tell me this was Doris Howard's dress?" he asked, indicating the crumpled piece of paper he had drawn from his pocket.

Elythe glancing at it, burst into a stifled roar of laughter.

"You foolish, foolish boy," she said, when she could control herself. "That isn't the one; you cut out the wrong picture and description. The right one was on the other side of my dress."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" Jim looked

DONGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM WAS INNOCENT, ABSOLUTELY!)—BY ALLMAN.



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