

:-: A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-:

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Benita's Choice.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BENITA lingered most provokingly and deliberately on the road home. There are times when home seems the very last desirable place in the world to go, and this was one of them. First of all, Grandmother Rollins had told her at least seven times that day to hasten her blessings one by one, and she could be surprised to see what the Lord had done.

From which it may be gathered that Benita was on one of her rebellious streaks. And, again, Tom had demanded to know, again and again, what in tinker alley, anyhow, Tom was fourteen and without understanding. Then, her mother had said:

"Benita, child, who does all you? You act bewitched. You drop everything you touch, and you haven't a decent word for anybody in the family."

Why should she have? thought Benita haughtily. Weren't they all against her? Wasn't it bad enough to have a name tacked on one like Benita Dusenberry, coupled with an artistic temperament, and then have a family without any of the finer instincts at all? Somehow she had never noticed the lack of those finer instincts until Jessica and her brother had come to stop awhile at the Three Pines.

When the Dusenberry fortunes had first fluctuated, they had taken the rambling old country home and turned it into a sort of wayside inn, catching the automobile traffic in the summer time, and seeking select paying guests in cold weather. In this class belonged Jessica and her brother.

From the first day of their arrival, Benita had realized the gulf that separated her from the rest of the family, and what it meant to find one's proper equation. That was Jessica's own term for it—"the proper equation"—and it meant being with people of your own kind who understood you. Benita had carried up some clean towels and a fresh cake of the oval pink soap reserved for guests, and stood dazzled and charged at the sight of Jessica unpacking her trunk.

"I make most of them myself," said Jessica, airily, "when I am in the mood. It isn't so much the finish one puts on gowns. It's all in the lines and the effect."

Wallace, the tall, fair musician brother, seemed to belong to Jessica quite as naturally as the artistic gowns. He was dreamy and aloof. He took long, solitary walks through the woods and roads, and came back to improvise marvelous airs on his violin. When one spoke to him he smiled and bowed, and looked wonderfully intelligent. Mrs. Dusenberry said, quite as if she had been speaking of King, the big sheep dog. Once when Benita had been hurrying over from a neighbor's with a borrowed meat grinder, she had met him, standing enraptured, gazing at something in his hand.

"Little girl," he had said, "can you tell me the name of this?"

"Adder's tongue," answered Benita, pushing back her hair, and trying to look as grown-up as she could. She thought everybody knew what plain, everyday adder's tongue looked like. She told Len about it when he came in to help Tom with the wood-cutting. Len was twenty and nearly six feet tall. He looked fearfully hearty beside Wallace. She only thought of him as Wallace. To his face she called him Mr. Farley, of course, but when

CHOICE FOR EASTER PARADE LIES BETWEEN THE ONE PIECE AND THE COAT SUIT!



TRIAL STYLES OF STREET COSTUMES

By BETTY BROWN
NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—Which shall it be, a one-piece dress or a coat suit? This is a question which grandmothers as well as debutantes will have to decide when selecting a costume for the Easter parade.

It's a hard choice. But the one-piece threatens to prove the best so far as general popularity is concerned. It has the charm of novelty and its effect is usually much more juvenile than that of a skirt and coat. However, the one indispensable feature of the average woman's wardrobe is the tailored street suit. The generous fullness of spring coats, and their collars and cuffs of remarkable size suggest the maternity rather than the debutante type of figure.

The one-piece dress of today's il-

lustration shows an unusually artistic arrangement of pointed skirt gores which extend above the girdle. These points cut the belt line and thus diminish the apparent breadth of the figure. Black facings and stitchings are employed to emphasize the main features of this excellent design.

The Japanese parasol was resurrected a year ago by a ceratille designer and it has proved the rage on Florida beaches this spring. It will probably reach, this summer, that stage of fashion known as "popular." The coat suit is a monotone in color except for its very conspicuous buttons. The placing of the buttons on the inside instead of the outside seam of the cuff is unique. The cap, a curious visored adaptation of the east Indian turban, is made of the material used for the collar facing.

od soul," she explained.

Benita was glad he had put it into words. After the dishes were finished she threw a cape around her and went out under the three tall pine trees in front of the house, to catch the mystical yearning herself. But Len came along from the barn, and stayed talking to her about the concert at the town hall next week, until her mother called her in. Also, he reminded her that they were engaged. Benita had put the thought from her for several weeks.

"I guess by Easter I'll have things

Paula," she said. "Some time I'll tell you of my experience. Like you, I fear I have to bless fate, instead of my own strength, and I did not have your great excuse. I knew I was in love. However, the result is the same. I know just what temptations a girl must resist and consequently I judge no one. Time, place, circumstances play such great roles in our lives."

"Yes, Alma," I said, "I have been wondering the last few days whether if Ruth had not come into my room just when she did, I would have opened that fateful door."

"I don't think you would, Paula," said Alma with conviction.

"Why are you so sure?" I asked.

"Well, of course, I can only judge by my own experience."

"But, Alma, you did not think you were in love?"

"No, dear, but I honestly thought I had to choose between selling my soul and starvation."

"And you chose starvation?"

"I don't know whether I did or not, Paula—sometimes I think it was the man who decided he did not want to buy my soul!"

settled so we can be married. I want to put a new 'ell' on the kitchen and plaster two rooms upstairs, and get a porch on the front of the house. Mother says she'll spend part of the time with Syd and part with Rose till we get settled down. Think your mother can spare you by then, Benita?"

"I don't know," Benita had said vaguely. "I think eighteen is plenty old enough to get married, and I won't be seventeen till next month."

Now had come this final day. Mrs. Brewster, Len's mother, had sent for her to help with some quilting.

"You might as well 'cause half of them are for you and Len," she said cheerfully. And all the afternoon Benita had quilted and listened to long accounts of this piece and that piece, and whose dresses they had come from back in the annals of Len's family. It was specially aggravating, since Wallace had been playing all the morning in the front room "The Maid of the Pines" and various melodies warranted to make one's heart hungry for art and inspiration, not patchwork quilts. All the way up the hill road Benita told herself she would break her engagement to Len the next day, and find what Jessica called the path to higher happiness. And then over the edge of the woods, just where the cemetery was darkening at nightfall she saw a rising column of smoke, followed by a spurt of yellow flame. It came from the house, she felt sure, as she broke into a quick, light run along the frozen road. She wondered if Len and Tom would be back from the wood lot by now. Maybe her mother and the little children were in the house alone. But then there were Jessica and her brother. They would help. At the turn of the road she saw the fire circling up about the old house, with the three pines standing in sharp silhouette against the light. A sharp stone in the road made her stumble and fall but she was on her feet in a moment and down the hill.

Then, just as she reached the gate, she saw Wallace. He went on the stone wall with his violin, quite like Nero. Benita thought later, drawing sweet strains from his violin, and Jessica was beside him with three suit cases packed safely.

"Where is mother?" Benita exclaimed.

"Oh, the young man who cuts wood is fighting the fire in the kitchen," Jessica told her happily. "Isn't it an inspiring sight? Wallace has a theme already, 'Gloaming Embers.' Do you like it, Benita?"

But Benita had fled around by the back way. Her mother was helping Tom draw buckets of water from the well, and soaking blankets and old burlap sacks to pass up to Len on the "ell" roof. The twins and Dot stood at a safe distance, watching, and Benita joined the bucket brigade with a curious rush of enthusiasm. The dear, blessed old house—it was worth fighting for, and wasn't it splendid to feel oneself a part of the family, all helping to save it? Several times when the flames and smoke hid Len from sight, she found herself praying for the safety of her Len, brave and fearless. And through it all, she wanted to laugh hysterically as the strains of the violin struggled to her from the garden wall where Wallace was playing the nocturne, "Gloaming Embers!"

It was nearly 9 before the last smoldering was extinguished. The fire had been confined to the "L," thanks to Len, and he stood eyeing the result proudly, smoky and begrimed, his arms bare. Benita was beside him. Over the pines rose the full moon. From air was keen and sharp with frost. Len glanced down at the slim figure beside him, and smiled, slipping one arm around Benita's waist.

"Hello, dear," he said. "We beat it, didn't we?"

"You were splendid," Benita answered, solemnly, "just splendid, Len. The whole house would have gone if you had not fought the way you did. I'm awfully proud of you."

"Even if I can't fiddle?" Len's blue eyes were twinkling. He had not been altogether blind to current events the past few weeks.

Benita snuggled closer to him with a little sigh of relief.

"I don't mind if it is at Easter, Len," she whispered. "I had a lovely time quilting today, and your mother's awfully dear to me. I don't like violin music, anyhow, not at fires."

And upstairs in the front room Wallace wondered what the young man who cut wood was laughing at.

Hard Task.

"You can't always tell the size of a man's head because he wears a six and a quarter hat," remarks the Nashville Banner. Not unless you have a good light and a microscope, anyway.

Worthy Prayer.

Prayer for worldly goods is worse than fruitless, but prayer for strength of soul is that passion of the soul which catches the gift it seeds.—George Meredith.

Osgood's for Quality

Have You Seen the New Spring Millinery?

For Day time wear, for Evening and Sport wear, and for all other occasions. Distinctly Exclusive and Beautiful Hats that will delight the wearer the long season through.

See Our Beautiful Blouses

Newest Frill Effects of Georgette, Crepe-de-Chine, Sports Silk and Voile.

\$2.50 \$5.00 \$7.50 \$10.00

New Georgette Dresses

For Day Time wear, made in the late Silkoutte and Barrel Skirt Style, in all the New Spring Shades.

\$15.00 \$19.75 \$25.00 \$29.75

HEALTH HINTS

Food is taken into the human body for the purpose of supplying energy for the movement of the body and its parts and to furnish heat to keep the body warm.

All food is capable of being used as body fuel and by far the greater part is so used. The standard of its value is the number of heat units it contains.

If too little fuel is taken into the body an insufficient number of heat units to operate it are received and it works inefficiently. If, on the other hand, too great an amount of food is taken the body becomes clogged and works just as inefficiently as if it had received too small an amount.

The most important thing is to remove promptly all the waste materials remaining after the food had given up its heat units. If too great an amount of this waste stuff is allowed to remain the fire of the body are in danger of being put out by these poisonous materials.

Many people eat great quantities of food without realizing it. This is due to the common delusion that candy, fruit, pop corn and other articles eaten between meals "do not count."

Another common oversight is to overlook such things as butter and cream, which may contain more actual food value than all the rest of the meal put together.

It is physical and not mental work which uses up the greater part of our food. A robust man engaged in active exercises in the open air may commit eating indiscretions which would be very harmful to the indoor worker.

There is foundation for the common impression that brainwork or expenditure of mental energy creates a special need for food. The brain worker often gains weight without eating very much. What he really needs is exercise to use up the food. If he will not take exercise he should reduce his food even below the small amount on which he gains weight.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED

L. T.—"What remedy would you suggest for a severe attack of grip?"
If you are aching much, go to bed and stay until the aching stage has passed. This is the remedy.

Convenience. It is a convenience to make several medium-sized bags of cheesecloth for putting vegetables in when they have been prepared and are to be put in the refrigerator.

GIRLS! MOISTEN A CLOTH AND DRAW IT THROUGH HAIR

IT BECOMES BEAUTIFULLY SOFT, WAVY, ABUNDANT AND GLOSSY AT ONCE

Surely try a "Danderine Hair Cleanse" if you wish to immediately double the beauty of your hair. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; this will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or any excessive oil—in a few minutes you will be amazed. Your hair will be wavy, fluffy and abundant and possess an incomparable softness luster and luxuriance.

Besides beautifying the hair one application of Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; invigorates the scalp stopping itching and falling hair.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

You can surely have pretty, soft, lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you will just get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and try it as directed.

Save your hair! Keeping it looking charming and beautiful. You will say this was the best 25 cents you ever spent.

"CELERY-MIST" RELIEVES HEADACHE QUICKLY

A single trial will convince you. Relieves headache in a jiffy. Pleasant and easy to take. Contains no opiates or narcotic drugs. Costs only 5c per package at all stores in city or country.

A DELICATE CHILD

Made Strong By Our Vinol.
Fayetteville, N. C. — "My little daughter was in poor health, delicate and so weak it made us very uneasy. I heard about Vinol and decided to try it and the results were marvelous. Her appetite improved, she gained in weight, and is now one of the healthiest children in town. Mothers of delicate children should try Vinol."—Mrs. Gordon Jessup.
"Vinol contains beef and cod liver peptones, iron and manganese peptones and glycerophosphates which make it a constitutional remedy which creates an appetite, aids digestion and makes pure healthy blood. All children love to take it. Crane's Drug Store, Prescription Pharmacy, Man-nington.

AN UNUSUAL COUGH REMEDY

NOT A DROP OF OPIATES OR NARCOTIC DRUGS IN OLD BLACK JOE COUGH SYRUP

Most cough remedies contain opiates in some form or another. They paralyze the nerves. They are dangerous. Not so with Old Black Joe Cough Syrup. It goes right down to the irritated spot that is causing the cough, loosens the phlegm and soothes the irritation. And not a drop of opium, chloroform or any kind of narcotic drug is in it. You can give Old Black Joe Cough Syrup to a child as well as to an adult with perfect safety. Every store sells Old Black Joe Cough Syrup. A big bottle costs only 25 cents.

:-: CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-:

"You can imagine my horror, Margie, when Earnest Lawton swore at me. I had not learned when a woman goes out to work with men, she can be sure she will encounter men who will one minute treat her as a woman purely on sex lines and the next moment turn off all politeness and decency and talk to her and fight her with a man's vocabulary and a man's weapons.

"Each moment the scales were dropping from my eyes in regard to Earnest Lawton. I saw how coarse, how absolutely selfish he was. To be even on the stage with him was torture, but I did not want to give up my part. I had gone in debt for my gowns and was slowly paying up. It would take at least four weeks more to do this."

"Besides, each night that I acted my role I found I was becoming surer of myself. I no longer poured out my soul to Earnest Lawton but I did pour out what little talent I had to make good with my audiences.

"I confess I was worried when I thought of what Earnest was going to do with the man who wrote the newspaper story about me. I worried a little about the critic too, for he seemed to have an uncanny understanding of the case. I wondered if everyone could tell I had been in love with Earnest Lawton.

"I spoke to Alma Huntington about it when she came to dinner with me the next day. 'Don't worry, my dear,' she advised, 'Tom Perry is one of the most influential critics in town and he prides himself on his expert psychology as well as saying just what he pleases. Earnest Lawton will never tackle him; for he knows he will get the worst of it in the end. The stories Tom could write about him would make good reading.

"It must make it rather hard for you though, if you care for Lawton, and harder if you don't. I can't see him myself, either as a man or an actor, but he has great vogue with the poor little rich girls who have nothing else to do but fall in love with actors, dancers and other more or less epicene specimens of humanity."

"Alma's interview with me was great, Margie. She said: 'Miss Paula Newton looks like a professional beauty, carries herself like a society girl, dresses like a Lucille model and acts like a human being.'"

"She did not say she was in love

with her art or the star, and probably because she evinced great interest in me and my work on a newspaper I thought her the nicest girl I had ever met off or on the stage.

"Earnest Lawton is to be congratulated on being a good picker, as Miss Newton told me he engaged her because he thought she looked the part. She not only looks but acts it."

"Oh, Alma," I said—for I had already begun to call her Alma, Margie—you ought not to have written that. Mr. Lawton will hate me more than ever."

"Then he does hate you. I have not been able to decide before whether he was desperately in love with you or whether he hated you most generously."

"After that, Margie, I told her the whole story."

"She listened without comment until I had finished and then she clasped my hand across the table—we were having dinner served in my room."

"We all have to pass through fire,

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(WILBUR DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS BEING KIDDED)—BY ALLMAN.



DID YOU WANT ME, MRS. DUFF?

I WANTED TO TELL YOU, MISS OVERDRAPE, TO LET ME KNOW IF WILBUR DISTURBS YOU WHILE YOU ARE WORKING.

P-S-S-S-T—MAY I COME IN? I WANT TO ASK YOU SOME THING

YES, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BE QUICK ABOUT IT

I WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT OUR ENGAGEMENT—YOU ARE STILL ENGAGED AREN'T WE?

YOU BET WE ARE

WHY THEN, DEAR, DO YOU INSIST ON KEEPING OUR ENGAGEMENT SECRET?

BECAUSE YOU SILLY BOY, IF IT WERE MADE PUBLIC, PEOPLE WOULD THINK I REALLY INTENDED TO MARRY YOU—