

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Mumps.

By SUSAN E. CLAGETT.

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"I CANNOT understand your reasoning. I am not a child to follow blindly where you would lead. There must be some better argument than any you've made yet before I give up a purpose that means so much to me."

The girl flared around upon him, her eyes flashing; yet she spoke quietly.

"It is useless, Dick. I have looked forward to such a trip, since I was a child of twelve. I never imagined it possible, and I consider myself fortunate to be included among the guests of the Neris. I know that it will be a costly trip, but I can think of no better way of putting the money to use. Of course I could invest it and go on longing for the fleshpots, but so far, life has been rather a bitter experience and I would like to have this year of travel to make up for it."

"If it weren't for the people you are going with," he said absently, looking at her with a full appreciation of her personality. "They are not your sort, too newly rich—and vulgar."

"Well, my wealth is newly acquired, too," she retorted, "yet I doubt if you would apply that ugly word to me. My ten shares of Bethlehem have given me no fortune, but they have added materially to an unexpected and pleasant prospect. My original investment is safe. You have seen to that, I am only going to use the profit."

Dick's eyes twinkled, but he replied gravely. "The money is, as you well know, my last thought. What troubles me is that in your new character of an independent woman you are slipping away from me."

She faced him open eyed, then turned abruptly toward the window. It was some minutes before she remarked irrelevantly:

"I have not told you, Dick, that I—"

"—I have hesitated. Then the words came with a rush."

"I have promised Perry Olcott to marry him when I return."

Richard Grahame's face whitened and he laughed a trifle unsteadily, but the reply to this announcement was the unexpected one.

"I think not, Helen. I will prevent that."

"How?" she asked curiously. To her surprise she felt no resentment at this arbitrary statement of his intention; she merely felt a curiosity as to his methods.

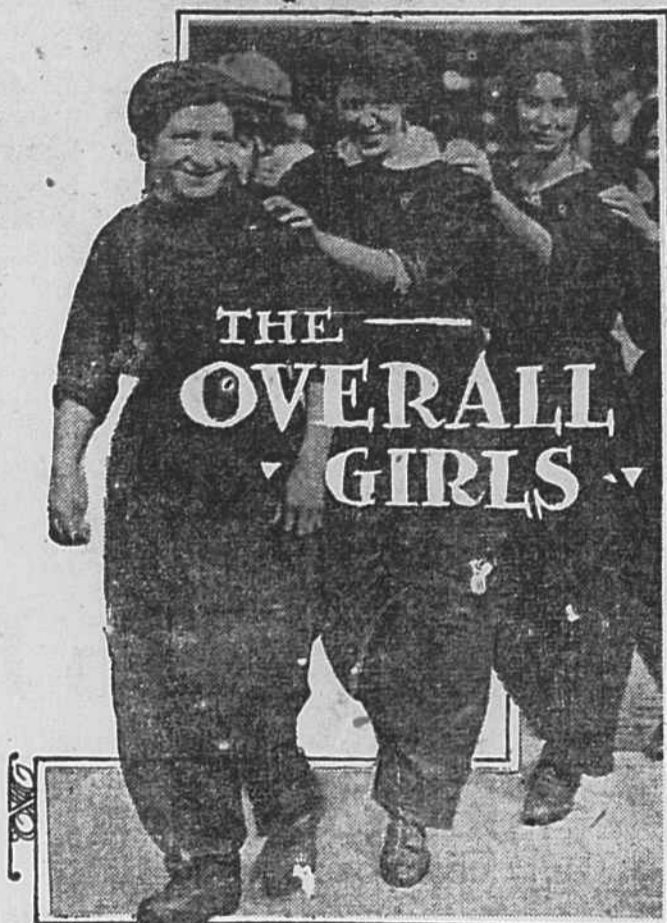
He ignored the question, apparently giving his mind for the moment to something else.

"It seems to be the hour for confidences," he said at last. "I have a little one of my own to make. I hope it will please you. I have accepted Mrs. Warburton's invitation. She was good enough to leave it open for a few days, and I have found that I can get away."

"A queer decision when you consider your attitude of mind toward the newly rich," she replied, an edge of sarcasm in her voice. "I presume you think you will have unusual advantages for espionage on board the yacht."

"Not at all. Like yourself I have always hoped for such a trip. As to my dissertation upon the newly rich, it was merely a family discussion between two. I meet all kinds of people in my profession and value them accordingly. I am a pretty good mixer, but I become particular when my

"GIRL IN OVERALLS" REVOLUTIONIZES GREAT BRITAIN; THREE IN 1914; THREE MILLION NOW



By MARY BOYLE O'REILLY.

NEW YORK, March 6.—On the night in London that war with Germany was declared, while eager recruits sang the anthems of the allies, a working girl wearing a long linen coat sprang on the plinth of Nelson's column to address the crowd in Trafalgar square.

"Men cannot fight alone," she cried. "War gives women work to do."

Another girl climbed up beside her, followed by another, each wearing factory overalls.

There were three that night—there are more than three million now. In a country swept of its young manhood, the Girl in Overalls is everywhere, working at everything.

In their uniform of preparedness, poor women and peeresses are one great sisterhood.

Critics laughed at women's wireless corps. Today crowds separate so Girls in the Overalls may pass with their stretchers to unload arriving trench trains.

Severe city men nod grave approval as the columns of fours experiment in handling a crowd; and soldiers just back from the front came to sharp salute at sight of girlish heads covered with the red cap of danger.

The Girl in Overalls set out "to do her bit." She wished to do one thing, and to do that well. Her one fear was to be tried and found wanting.

Surrounded by circumstances which women kind are in question. The puzzle to me is how you made their acquaintance."

"The usual way," she said carelessly. "At the Phillippe lawn fete, I believe. But I honestly like Celly Warburton even if she is not to the man or born. I know plenty of women who came into the world with the proverbial silver spoon in their mouths who

out precedent she has made few mistakes. Almost unwittingly she has solved the suffrage problem.

Radical and tory studying her self-forgetting service admit that hands trusting to cast a shell must be trusted to cast a vote.

Her frank practicality laid the ghost of Mrs. Grundy. The old gossip lies buried with the hobble skirt and the tango. Cramping conventionality is as dead as the doo.

Today well-born British girls do, as a matter of course, what no dowager of 1914 would dare to contemplate. Girl motor drivers scour the country unchaperoned, women police patrol darkened streets and more dangerous munitions areas; female farmers spade and plow for food bearing—and on one comment but to praise.

"We expect good wages for good work," the Girls in Overalls told the master munitions makers. "We shall not enter any trade as black legs."

That challenge won the trades unions. Old-time women workers, long handicapped by low wages lack of training, exclusion from the unions, saw trade unions relax their rules against the employment of women.

"After the war," says the Girl in Overalls with cheery optimism, "men and women must progress together—socially, industrially and politically. No one can now say that one-half the country does not know how the other half lives.

do not behave as well as she does."

"What a loyal soul you are, Helen! But we are drifting away from the trip, which is the main issue. You don't seem happy over the fact that I will be a guest on board the Neris. I'm sorry. I had hoped you would be interested."

"When I know that espionage has much to do with it."

"How you cling to that word! I ad-

circumstances you would not be apt to know about the private life of all actors and actresses."

"I looked at Ruth in amazement and horror and then I broke down and wept. 'Ruth dear,' I exclaimed when I could speak. 'I don't believe I can stay in this company much longer. I'm going to try to get something else to do. I don't care for the stage.'

"Nonsense," she remonstrated. "Don't you know you are doing better on the stage than you could do in any other business? Where could you possibly—without any training—earn sixty dollars a week but on the stage?"

"Only here does personality count for the highest efficiency. The thing for you to do, Paula, is to marry."

"That is what Aunt Rachel told me," I answered, but I revolted against selling myself even with a marriage ring."

"But must you always sell yourself to a rich man and fall in love with a poor one? Don't you think it possible to fall in love with a rich man?"

"Perhaps, Ruth, but I don't want to marry any man est yet. I want my youth, my girlhood's good times."

mit that you are an attraction, but you will not be the only guest who will have a long line of ancestors behind her. I can name one other with an equal number of grandfathers. To be perfectly frank the thought of her helped me materially in deciding that I could get away. I am looking forward with pleasure to exploring the ruins in Egypt and roaming about the wonderful Indian cities with such a companion."

Helen did not affect to misunderstand as to whom he meant. "I should not imagine Edith Schuyler one of that kind," she replied evenly. "She is more given to the thought of paint and powder than the temple at Thebes or the splendors of India. However, I may be mistaken."

"What cats the best of women can be!" Dick Grahame answered with a laugh.

"Oh, I have possibilities when I am aroused!"

"Possibilities? Aroused? What do you mean?"

"My dear Dick, do you think that I will stand quietly by and let my very best cousin become interested in a mere bundle of fashionable clothes? Why, I would rather marry you myself." She stopped, appalled by what she had said. "I forgot," she ended hurriedly.

He looked at her with eyes in which there was something more than a hint of amusement. "What was it you forgot? The engagement you mentioned a while ago? I wouldn't bother about that, Helen. It is as good as broken already."

The Neris was to leave her anchorage in the Potomac the middle of January. A few days before she sailed two things happened. One was a note that required some thought. What had occurred to alter Helen Livingston's attitude toward her engagement she could not have explained satisfactorily, even to herself. Perhaps it was an accumulation of small, unpleasant rumors about her fiancé that had been floating about the social atmosphere for months past or it may have been a realization that she had made a mistake that determined her. Whichever it was, it was with a feeling of relief that she looked upon her ringless left hand.

The other happening was a frantic ringing of Richard Grahame's telephone.

There was no answer for a long time. Then a muffled voice she did not recognize, and she asked again for Dick.

Her eyes opened with that answer, "For heaven's sake! Mumps? On

both sides? What a sight you must be!" she tried to keep the laughter from her voice. "I'm sorry, Dick, and the Neris sails on Wednesday. What on earth will you do? Will you be well enough? No? And you will miss seeing the moon shine upon ruined Thebes with Edith Schuyler? Don't be malicious! I'm not. I'm sorry. Sounds like it? Laughing at your disappointment? Of course not. How in the world did you catch them? You don't know? I wonder. I wonder. Dick, did you kiss any one when you were here last? Dolly? Then that explains it. The dear child has given them to me, too. You are laughing, you brute! For that I will not tell you a piece of news. No. Well, then, if you really want to hear it, I sent my engagement ring back this morning. You will give me another? What a dear! That was what I was hoping you would do when I called you up."

DAINTY GUMPE WITH SWEATER



GUMPE IN PLACE OF BLOUSE.

By BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK, March 7.—In spite of the favor given to the one-piece blouse and the coat-dress, the blouse still keeps a certain importance in every woman's wardrobe. But this week produces another rival in the form of an organdy gumpe with collar and matching cut frills.

The new gumpe is designed for wearing with sweaters and jersey sport coats.

Osgood's for Quality

Spring Fashions

As New as The Season Itself

Tailleur Suits

NEW adaptation of French Models; Mannish Modes that follow the straight and narrow way that marks the road to Fashion. Jackets are braid bound and cord-edge, large contrasting Collars and Comes in all the new shades.

\$29.50, \$35.00, \$45.00 \$67.50

Daytime Frocks

Straight and simple comes the indispensable frock for the light of the sun. Plaited skirts that cling, oh, so close, by reason of their weight of beads and heavy embroidery. Sleeves that started out in the regular way, but were slashed and draped until they have become things of beauty that make for joy. Crepe Georgette, meteor, taffeta and crepe de chine compete for favor in the feminine eye.

\$19.75, \$29.75 to \$45.00

Another Shipment in of the New French Blouses { \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.50

less than they should frequently suffer from circulatory changes. The exact effect on the heart of poisons developed by this mode of life cannot be precisely stated, but it is evident that it plays a definite role in causing degenerative diseases of the heart.

Most persons suffering from chronic disease of the heart maintain a fair degree of health for many years, under favorable circumstances. But when conditions are unfavorable the course of the disease is usually marked by periods of serious illness, when the heart, for the time, fails in its efforts to perform the work required of it.

The Association for the Prevention and Relief of Heart Disease has been formed in New York for the purpose of making a study of this disease and for bringing relief to suffering patients. The association recommends the vocational training in suitable trades of children suffering from heart disease and the adjustment of the adult heart cripple to some form of labor which is within his physical limitations. It has been found that under proper supervision and control those in a precarious state of health cannot only work and earn wages without injury to their hearts, but that the work is of actual benefit to them.

HEALTH HINTS

Heart disease is in a large measure preventable. Most cardiac cases can be avoided by proper hygienic living. The infectious diseases of childhood frequently lead to cardiac disease. So does rheumatism in later life. The removal of diseased tonsils, adenoids and the proper care of the teeth are the most direct and preventive measures against rheumatism. The value of out-of-door exercise and sufficient sleep in well-ventilated rooms cannot be overestimated as a preventable measure.

Adults whose activities are chiefly mental and who eat more and sleep

several hours after I get up. What causes this?"

Probably a catarrhal condition of tube leading from middle ear to throat. Nose and throat should be thoroughly examined.

AFTER THE GRIPPE

Mrs. Findley Made Strong By Vinol. Severy, Kan.—"The gripe left me in a weak, nervous, run-down condition. I was too weak to do my housework and could not sleep. After trying different medicines without benefit Vinol restored my health, strength and appetite. Vinol is a grand medicine and every weak, nervous, run-down woman should take it."—Mrs. Geo. Findley.

Vinol, which contains beef and cod liver peptones, iron and manganese peptonates and glycerophosphates, sharpens the appetite, aids digestion, enriches the blood, and builds up natural strength and energy.

Crane's drug Store, Prescription Pharmacy, Mannington.

Big G Is effective in treating nasal discharge, painless, non-poisonous and will not irritate. Believes in 1 to 4 days. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Parcel Post if desired—Price 25¢, or 3 bottles \$1.00. Prepared by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO., CINCINNATI, O.

York Mother Finds Ideal Cold Treatment For Her Little Boy

Nothing to Swallow—You Just Rub It On.

Mothers everywhere will be interested in the experience of Mrs. Chas. I. Smith, 623 West Gas Alley, York, Pa. Mrs. Smith tried the Southern remedy—Vick's VapoRub Salve, when it was first introduced in York, and writes—



RALPH I. SMITH (4 YEARS OLD)

"Our little four year old boy had a cough for about a week. We gave him everything we knew, and nothing seemed to do any good. So when we got Vick's VapoRub I rubbed it on his chest well for two nights and I have not heard him cough since. I think it is the best medicine I have ever had in the house."

Vick's VapoRub comes in salve form, and when applied to the body heat, the ingredients are released in vapor form. These vapors are inhaled with each breath, opening the air passages and loosening the phlegm. It's a real "Bodyguard in the home" against all forms of cold troubles. 25c, 50c, or \$1.00. At all druggists.

Keep a little Body-Guard in YOUR HOME! VICK'S VAPORUB SALVE

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"Sometimes, Margie," said Paula, "I think men are right when they say you can't reach a conclusion about any woman through what you know of any other. Do you know, Maude Lawton in some inexplicable way came to feel I had been to blame in the affair with her husband?"

"When Ernest Lawton found that his wife and little daughter were there he bowed very gracefully to the invitation. I could see he was making love to Maude as devotedly as he had to me."

"Ernestine fairly clung to him. Fader, as she called him, was to her childish mind a little tin god on wheels and she was not happy unless she was dragging him around at the end of her tiny pinafore strings."

"To give him what credit is due, he was really very fond of her and she amused him greatly with her childish prattle. She was with him everywhere and Ernest did not seem much put out when they were snatched out on the streets and the picture published in an afternoon paper with the title, 'The only real love of Ernest Lawton, the stage's most popular matinee idol.'"

"Do you know, Tina, you will spoil your father's business if you don't look out, he said. 'None of the pitty yaldies will look at him if they know he has a great sweetheart like you.'"

"Don't want pitty yaldies to look at fader," was her uncompromising answer.

"Great Scott," said one of the stage hands who happened to be standing near, "I wonder what that big stiff would do if the skirts didn't run after him. There would be no more hearts and flowers in his young life." Just then the man happened to catch a glimpse of me and he blushed and shuffled out of the way.

"I wonder if that man thinks I ran after Ernest Lawton," I said to myself, and then I felt my eyes grow wet for I knew that in some inexplicable fashion Ernest had made every one think I had done this. Even Mrs. Lawton, after first few days with her husband, took this view and looked upon me with more or less suspicion. It made Ruth perfectly furious.

"I don't care if she is my sister," she said, "I should think she had been through enough of these episodes of

Ernest Lawton's to know just where place the blame. But Maude is still so much in love with him she thinks he is irresistible to all women.

"It is queer, Paula, Ruth went on, 'the point of view some women take in regard to their husbands. Sometimes I think it is the maternal instinct that makes them regard the men whose names they bear as children. They never think they are to blame for anything. They seem to be always thinking, 'Poor boy, he was drawn into this by some great big man or some intriguing woman. If these terrible women would only let my poor weak husband alone he would be all right.'"

"Ernest Lawton has persuaded Maude to take this view of your episode, my dear, and not being with you as I have, she insists you must have known he was married. I know she forgets this was your first experience on the stage and that under the

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM IS ABOUT RIGHT) —BY ALLMAN.



BABY IS RECEIVING LOTS OF PRESENTS - WHO SENT THE BOAT, TOM?

THIS CAME FROM THE OLD SEA CAPTAIN THAT VISITED US A SHORT TIME AGO

OH, TOM, I ALSO HAVE A LITTLE PRESENT FOR THE BABY -

GOOD FOR YOU - WHAT IS IT?

I GOT A HOLD OF ONE OF THE NEW DIMES TODAY - THEY ARE A NEW DESIGN AND HAVE ONLY BEEN OUT A SHORT TIME - PRETTY DON'T YOU THINK?

YES, BUT I THINK THE GOVERNMENT IS TOO LATE WITH THEM

WHY TOO LATE?

BECAUSE YOU CAN'T BUY ANYTHING FOR A DIME NOW A DAYS