

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Won by the Clock.

By C. B. LEWIS.

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CLIP—slide—fall! That was May Palmer and she had fallen on the icy pavement on hands and knees.

"Higho! Got a fall, have you?" That was Joseph Farlow, a partner in a woolen house downtown. "Yes, I've had a fall," replied Miss May as she looked up.
"Did you ever fall on hands and knees on a hard stone sidewalk? How it hurts! Your hands are numb in a minute, and for a time it seems as if you had broken five kneecaps. You have simply got to have help to get to your feet again, no matter if you are a man or a woman. The victim had been to a house of an acquaintance only four doors from her home. When she left her house the sidewalk had been dry. Then there came cold drizzly rain and put a thin sheet of ice over everything. She left the neighbor's steps with the utmost confidence, and had made progress for a about ten feet when the fall came.

And Joseph Farlow was coming a long right behind her. He didn't have any rubbers on his shoes but was stepping along as briskly as a horse newly shod. He wasn't a man to let a little ice interfere with him.

"Come, now but I shall help you up," he said as he extended his arm. "There you are (but you can't take a step alone. Do you live anywhere about here?"

"Right there," said Miss May as she pointed at the steps. "I shall put an arm around your shoulder and you lean on me, and we go up the steps as easily as we walk a hall floor. Here we are, and I'll ring the bell for you. Good evening, madame. I've got to run for it or I shall be two minutes late at the store. See you again some time, perhaps."

Miss May entered the house to play baby for a while, and when she came to explain the accident to her father and mother the father replied with a laugh:

"Say I'll bet you any money that man was Joe Farlow. He passes along the street twice every day except Sunday. He is in business downtown, and probably this is the time in his career that he has let anything detain him for one minute. They call him the 'Human Clock' because he is always on time. If he is one minute late at the store there is almost a panic. Yes, it must have been Joe who helped you up, and you had better look out a little. Joe is a nice looking fellow, and he is making more money than any young man I can mention. I shouldn't object to having him for a son-in-law."

"Well, he didn't laugh at me, and that was good of him," replied Miss May as she went to the medicine chest to find a bottle of arnica.

Out of curiosity, of course, she posted herself at a window about the time she figured Mr. Joseph Farlow would be due to come along next evening. How would she know him? Why, do you suppose a strange man can lift a girl up on icy walk, and put his arm around her, and act as a post for her to lean against, and lift her up seven or eight icy steps, and hold her upright while he reaches out and pulls the door bell, without her being able to identify him if she ever sees him again? Of course she would know him, and, if he looked up at the window, she would dodge back.

Mr. Farlow came along. He was on time to the second. There was a smile on his face, as he passed the house, but he didn't turn his head to see if anybody was at the window. He knew there was and that he did not even give a glance was a mark in favor of Mr. Joseph Farlow.

Some days passed and Miss May started in her car one day to go to her dressmaker's. When the vehicle had traversed several blocks, some heavy trucks got the chauffeur in a pocket and he lost his head for a moment. He ran the machine into a grocery wagon standing at the curb, and there was a crash and a scream. Joseph Farlow was passing at that moment. He had gone to the grocery store on a business errand, and he had given himself just so many seconds to get back to his woolens. It is doubtful if the trumpet of an elephant or the roar of a lion would have made him halt, but the scream Miss May gave stopped him dead in his tracks. He saw her trying to open the door of the auto, and in three jumps he had the door open and was helping her out and saying:

"It's you again, is it? Well, your chauffeur is not up to the mark. You will have to walk the rest of the way. No ice this time, and you won't get a fall. By-by, I'm due at the store."

And off he went. Mr. Joseph Farlow, had more than one pedestrian got a dig from his elbows to make up for for lost time. Maybe it was a month later when Mr. Palmer, father of May, sat in his office one afternoon and young Mr. Farlow burst in and explained:
"Say, Mr. Palmer, I know you by sight and by name, though we never shook hands. You can ask any business man about me. I just called to say that I want the privilege of calling on your daughter. It has happened that I met her on two occasions, but we have not exchanged names. I am a very busy man, but I will try and spare ten or fifteen minutes some evening to call and make her acquaintance."
It was a serious matter, but Mr. Palmer could not help smiling over it. He replied that Mr. Farlow might call any evening and remain fifteen minutes or three hours if he would. If Miss May happened not to be at home they could talk over the state of the market and smoke a good cigar together. Mr. Farlow thanked him and rushed out so impetuously that he upset an employee who was coming in.
In about a week Mr. Farlow called. He didn't look at his watch as he sat down to see if he could spare fourteen or fifteen minutes, but he was soon so interested that he almost half

FUR FASHIONS FOR REAL WINTER



By BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK, July 27.—Fur on everything has been the summer rule. Even the chiffon hangings of a certain smart drawing room are bordered with fur. But judging from the vast number of pelts required for next season's garments, there is going to be mighty little fur left for the use of the interior decorators.

White fur, preferably fox and its imitations, will continue to beguile much money from the purses of fair women. And especially alluring it is when combined with black velvet or velveteen.

The Paris coat pictured today gives

a good idea of the way fur will be used on the finest winter garments. This model is also ornamented with broad stitching of heavy white silk, while the grille line is emphasized by a splendid knotted cord.

The black and white contrast has for its chief rival some splendid all-black combination of fur and cloth. A design which has that much desired "different" look is developed in castor brown velvet trimmed with skunk fur. This artistic suit shows huge fur revers below the waist corresponding to the collar revers, and the elbow cuffs which are a pronounced feature of first winter fashion show-

ings. Another clever note of this costume is the gathered fullness beneath the arms.

In line with the tunics and over-drapes which will swirl and swirl through the coming winter, is the panned coat, with a skirt cut into irregular lengths.

New coat materials are as soft as velvet and seem to require fur as a natural combination. Bolivia cloth is more luxurious than ever.

Wool in both plain and fancy weaves is used for both coats and suits. Broadcloth will also be a staple suit material, and it is the one material more than all others which seems to improve when adorned with fur.

RED CROSS WILL TAKE A TOUCH OF HOME TO SAMMY—HOW \$100,000,000 WILL BE SPENT

By MILTON BRONNER.

WASHINGTON, July 27.—The first money from the \$100,000,000 Red Cross fund will provide for the comfort and wellbeing of American soldiers, and France and in this country. The army and navy will do their part, but the Red Cross must supplement their preparations.

Henry P. Davison, Red Cross council chairman, told me this when I asked him his organization's first big job.

"The Red Cross has an eye to the tremendous demands a really big American army in France will make. Just one example. Red Cross supplies used to get across the ocean some now. Space was found on crowded ships. Through the generous cooperation of commercial steamship lines and foreign transport service all of the needed space has now been provided. But more than this—through President Wilson's personal interest and the co-operation of the shipping board, additional space will be provided when needed.

"When Red Cross supplies are landed they will not clutter up the already overcrowded French railway lines. The Red Cross will have its own land service—huge motor trucks using the splendid French military roads. It has already bought a fleet of motor trucks in Cleveland. We expect eventually to have many hundreds. These will carry our supplies from the French ports to troop depots.

"The Red Cross already has Major Grayson M. P. Murphy at work in France with a force. Hospital manned with Red Cross units are in service—the first units to carry the American flag to the front.

"But, just as important, the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. are arranging recreation centers. When English Tommies get a furlough they can run over to England. The French pullu can go home.

"But our Sammies can't. Well, we want to arrange so they can come to Paris, for instance, get a room in a club-house, with baths and clean beds, see American newspapers and magazines, and have the feel of home.

"The Red Cross is going to look after our men in the trenches too. We recently made a preliminary purchase of one million pounds of wool yarn. Red Cross chapters will knit this into sweaters and mittens. Red Cross workers are preparing one million comfort kits for our boys. Each costs close to \$2.

"At American cantonments, the Red Cross will be on the job. We will have warehouses at each, with supplies of blankets, etc. We will work there, too with the Y. M. C. A., in providing recreation centers. For instance, down at Ft. Ogelthorpe we have already provided a swimming pool and a home for convalescents. There will be a hundred things Uncle Sam doesn't do, that we shall try to do."

HERE'S WHAT SAMMY'S COMFORT KIT GIVES.

Mothers—Here are the contents of

SAVE THIS COUPON

AMERICAN FLAG COUPON

NUMBER 91

Present three of these coupons consecutively numbered at the office of The West Virginian with 98c cash and get a beautiful Flag 4 1/2 feet, with sewed stripes, guaranteed fast colors.

Realizing the need of every family in Fairmont and vicinity for an American Flag to display on patriotic holidays, we have arranged to supply a limited number of our readers at ridiculously small cost in spite of the fact that the price of flags has almost doubled in the last few weeks. All you need do is to clip 3 of the above coupons consecutively numbered and present them at The West Virginian office with 98 cents in cash and the flag is yours. Ten cents extra for mailing if not called for.

the comfort kits the American Red Cross is going to give each Sammy:
Khaki cotton thread.
Darning cotton for socks.
Five needles.
One darning needle.
One needle case.
Thirty extra buttons.
Thimble.
Pair of scissors.
Soap.
Safety pins.
Common pins.
Small comb and brush.
Toothbrush.
Toothpaste.
Shaving mirror.
Handkerchiefs.
Pocket aluminum drinking cups.
Playing cards.
Writing pad, envelopes and cards.
Lead pencils.
Pocket knife.
Shoe lace.

HEALTH HINTS

Diphtheria is a readily communicable disease, most commonly affecting the throat and upper air passages.

The disease usually begins with a sore throat and a feeling of great weakness. The appearance of the throat varies. Sometimes the back part of the mouth and throat are a dark red; frequently a greyish membrane forms in patches upon or about the tonsils or may nearly cover the throat and extend down the air passages to the lungs. There may be difficulty in breathing due to the partial closing of the passages by the membrane.

Fever, headache, chills and sometimes vomiting occur. These symptoms often increase in severity and great muscular weakness and stupor alternating with restlessness may develop. Later there may be paralysis of the muscles of the throat and interference with swallowing and with speech. Death may occur early.

Diphtheria germs multiply so rapidly in the course of 24 hours there may be many millions. Meanwhile they are producing diphtheria toxin, one of the most powerful poisons known which is absorbed by the body and causes the general symptoms of the disease.

The germs enter the body through the mouth or nose. They may be transferred by kissing, coughing or sneezing or they may be transferred to the lips by the use of the common drinking cup or other utensil or by fingers soiled by touching some object which an infected person has just used.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

F. S.:—"What are the symptoms of tuberculosis?"
Loss of weight, falling appetite, slight hemorrhage, chronic coughing.

All in the Same Boat.
A California court has decided that a woman was not insane just because she couldn't resist shopping bargains. It had to make this decision to be fair to all the other women.

CONFESIONS OF A WIFE

"Margie," said Paula, "I think most beautiful memories I have stored up in my brain cluster around the sea. As a child when I went abroad with my mother and father I remember sitting for hours watching the great waves pounce upon and gobble up the frothy white bubbles of 'the wake' left by the great steamship."

"It seemed to my childish fancy that the wondrous ocean god was avidly drinking an ice cream soda. I remember saying this to a young man who had become quite friendly with us during one of our voyages, as he stood beside me one lovely afternoon. I always remember the thrill I had when he said, 'Why, Paula, do you know you are a poet? It is too bad you will be a poor little rich girl when you know up, for if you did not have a great deal of money you might stand a chance of being a rich little poor girl.'

"When I grow up, I answered primly, 'I am going to marry a rich poor man who will write poetry for me to read, and we will go sailing about all the world's sunshiny seas in the boat I am going to ask my father to give us.'"

"What are you going to do when the storms come?"
"I remember, Margie, I was quite angry with him for suggesting such a thing. 'Why, don't you know, when you think out things for yourself you would be a goose to think of storms when you might think of sunshine?'"

"He stood looking at me a moment and then bent down to my steamer chair and placed his hand softly on my head. 'God grant your dreams come true,' he said.

"By one of those strange coincidences in real life, when I came up on deck after the boat had left the dock on my trip abroad for Emeline, I looked into the tired eyes of an old young man, who seemed vaguely familiar.

"I had been shedding a few tears in my cabin—no one had been at the dock to bid me goodbye.
"I quickly looked away from the man who smiled at me and was about to pass or when he said, 'Alas, poor little rich girl, have they broken your doll or your heart? Look out behind you and you will see the ocean god is still quaffing his ice cream soda with his accustomed gusto.'"

"I looked again. Mr. Arthur Rubin! I exclaimed, and then I stopped, for suddenly I felt I had made a mistake. This man was so much older than I pictured the friend of my childhood, and his mouth, which for a moment had held the sweet remembered smile, settled into a hard little line. The eyes lost their sparkle and became almost opaque in their effort to tell no tales. The raised and disclosed patches of white at the temples.

"Are you Mr. Arthur's father?" I asked.
"Instantly a shade passed over the still handsome face and he answered, 'No, poor little rich girl. I am afraid I am no relation to that Arthur you

knew so many years ago. Yet I still inhabit his body and answer to his name."

"I held out my hand. 'You still have understanding,' he said as he grasped it, 'but in some ways you, too, have changed.'

"I have changed, Mr. Arthur, I said, using the childish name I had always called him. 'I am no longer a poor little rich girl. I am only a poor little poor girl, bereft of the dear father, mother, friends and fortune that were mine when you saw me last.'

"He looked at me a moment and then asked, 'Are you traveling alone?'"

"Yes."

"Silence again. Then he lifted his hat formally and said, 'Good-bye, Miss Newton.'

"I felt the tears smart my eyelids. He, too, had cast me off because I was a poor little poor girl. Honestly, Margie, I never felt so forlorn in my life."

IT'S WORTH LOTS MORE THAN THE PRICE, SHE SAYS

St. Mary's User Writes Her Druggist Eloquent Nerv-Worth Story.

St. Mary's has taken kindly to Nerv-Worth ever since it was introduced there two years ago. Many thankful folks have endorsed it and willingly consented to the publication of their statements, as Mrs. Jas. Porter consented in this case. This is what she told the Nerv-Worth druggist at Marietta:

"Will S. Richardson—I do think your Nerv-Worth is such a good medicine and it has been quite a help to me. I've had such a nervous breakdown and I've been so bad with stomach and liver trouble, and so weak and nervous. I think your Nerv-Worth is worth a lot more than the price to me, and I hope, to others.

MRS. JIM PORTER,
St. Mary's, W. Va.
Your dollar bank at Crane's drug store, Fairmont, if Nerv-Worth does not do for you what it did for Mrs. Porter.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL EMBLEM

Do You Own One? If Not, Do You Want One? If You Do

THE WEST VIRGINIAN

Has Made It Possible for You to Secure One at Ridiculously Small Cost

These flags are splendid quality, heavy cotton bunting, 4 feet wide by 6 feet long, double stitched stripes and double hem. Guaranteed fast colors.

START CLIPPING COUPONS NOW

if you have not already begun, and bring them to the West Virginian office and get one of these flags before the supply is exhausted. Three consecutive coupons and 98c gets you the flag.

DO IT NOW

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(IT TAKES A LOT OF CONTROL.)—BY ALLMAN.

