

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Apple Blossoms.

By EARL REED SILVERS.
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THE scent of apple blossoms pervaded the orchard, bringing to Anna Smith poignant memories of a late afternoon three years ago when in that very orchard Edgar Gilliam had said his last good-by. The scene came back to her with startling vividness; the pink-white blossoms making a veritable power of each low-hanging tree, the moss-covered seat in the very center of it all, and Edgar standing before her, his sun-browned face suddenly white, a look of infinite pain in his frank blue eyes. Anna sank down upon the bench and covered her face with her hands.

She and Edgar had grown up together. Living on adjacent farms, it had only been natural that Edgar should drop over of an evening to sit on the broad porch of the Smith residence. Their relations had always been impersonal, more like brother and sister than girl and boy friends, and Anna had begun to look upon Edgar very much as if he had been her brother.

The Gilliam farm was one of the most prosperous in that section of the state; the Gilliams themselves were all that could be desired socially, and Edgar, as the only one and heir, was much sought after by the girls of the village. He was a tall, upstanding young man, with light, curly hair which invited stray fingers, and blue eyes which looked at one with a fearless frankness which was almost disconcerting.

But there had been a deep hurt in those eyes when he had last said good-by to Anna. The day had started off much as other days, but at noon Ned Howell had phoned over from the village and had asked Anna if she would go auto riding with him that afternoon. Anna, rather flattered by the invitation, had accepted. Ned had been East to college for three years and was spending his first vacation in his home town. He had come from Glendale a rather nice young chap, looking forward to college as a place for study and companionship. But during his freshman year he had found that study was only a small part of the life of the university, and he often drifted into the kind of companionship which is too often associated with undergraduate atmosphere. In other words, he had "fallen in with the wrong crowd and had become fast." His vacations had been spent mostly in fashionable seashore resorts, but after his junior year his father had insisted upon his return to Glendale, for a week at least. And so he had come back with his college pipe, his flauunting ties and his big red racing car.

Glendale hadn't known exactly what to make of him. The older people had looked him over rather dubiously and had suspended judgment; the young fellows who had always nourished visions of New York and Broadway took him up eagerly and listened open-mouthed to his tales of social adventure; men like Edgar had shaken his hand and marveled at his clammy grip, and had thereupon placed him in his proper category. But the girls, spying him first as he raced by the church in his car one Sunday morning, had instantly proclaimed that he was "wonderful," and had hoped in their heart of hearts that they might some time be his companion in that big red car.

Anna had first met him after prayer meeting. He had come in the car evidently in search of amusement, and had sat in the back seat, a bored expression on his willful face. Anna had glanced at him out of the corner of her eye and

Beauty Lessons From Life

TO HAVE BEAUTIFUL EYES

Take a Lesson from Jane Cowl, Says Idah McGlone Gibson.



JANE COWL

Fifth of a series of articles analyzing famous beauties of America.

BY IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON.
(West Virginian Beauty Expert, Author of "Confessions of a Wife.")

"Those eyes are too dazzling for daylight wear," said the man who sat beside me at the theatre.



MRS. GIBSON

where they will be seen this winter, for the beauty of the eye depends at last upon its expression.

Health, form, the way it is set in

had caught his gaze full upon her. She had flushed prettily and had turned her attention at once to the hymn book, but when the meeting was concluded and Ned had come up to her at once and had asked if he might see her home. Edgar, she knew, was waiting at the door, as he had done for the past two years, but she had nodded a happy acceptance to Ned's invitation and had passed Edgar with the barest smile.

Ned had taken her home in the car, but they hadn't gone directly to her house.

"We'll take a little spin," he had said. "It's much too early to go home yet."

And so they had rolled along the country roads while Ned told her of the life at college, of dances, football games and week-end house parties. He had been perfectly decent about it all, and although his glance had often searched her appraisingly, he had given every attention to the car.

"Perhaps you might be able to come East to one of the dances," he had remarked just before he left her. "I

the face, eyebrows and lashes, and last and most important expression, is the way eyes should be classified by the beauty connoisseur.

You can't have bright eyes unless you have health. Form can be made more exquisite if one sets oneself before a glass and shuts the eyes trying to illustrate certain emotions.

Never raise your eyelids until the white shows above the iris, and remember you can with a little practice say more with your eyes than with your tongue. One of the world's most famous beauties said, "Glances are the first billet doux of love." The modern man is apt to put it in this fashion—"The moment she turned those lamps on me I was hers."

Like all things physical eyes must have care. Wash them every day with pure lukewarm water. Add 20 drops of boric acid solution to one cup of water and use an eye-cup. Do not rub dry. Soften your lids until there is no more moisture.

Never sleep facing a window and avoid reading with your eyes facing the light.

would be pleased to have you come, you know."

She had been flattered, immensely flattered, at the implied invitation, and when he suggested that they take another ride the next evening she had readily consented. In the afternoon she had gone into the orchard to think about it all. And then Edgar had come. There had been a light in his eyes which she had never seen before, a huskiness to his voice which gave her a vague premonition that something was wrong. He had stood before her as she sat on the bench.

"What time did you get in last night?" he had asked abruptly.

She had looked up, surprised.

"Before 12," she had answered.

"Were you out riding with Ned Howell all that time?"

"Yes," Edgar had cleared his throat.

"Don't you know," he began calmly enough, "that Ned has changed a lot since he went away?"

"Of course he has; he's a college man now, and he talks of different things, and acts more like an easterner."

"I didn't mean that."

"What did you mean?"

"I meant that he fell in with the wrong kind of men at college; that he's used to girls who drink cocktails

Pears Make Many Delicious Desserts

Wash your jars; wash rubbers; test rubbers for quality. Set empty jars in pan of hot water and let boil for 15 minutes.

Select pears which are not too soft.
Peel pears.
Place in square of cheesecloth or wire basket, and lower for 15 seconds into boiling water.
Plunge into cold water.
Drain and pack rapidly into hot jars.
If packed whole, leave stems on, and place each layer stems up, letting the second row fill the space between the two stems, etc.
Fill jars with hot syrup.
Cleanse rubbers quickly in hot soda bath (1 teaspoonful soda to 1 quart water).
Put rubbers and tops of jars in position.
Tighten tops, not air tight.
Place jars on false bottom of wash boiler, filled to within two inches of tops of jars with water the same temperature as contents of jars.
Put cover on wash boiler; boil for 25 minutes.
Start counting when water begins to boil.
Remove jars.
Make tops air tight.
Invert jars to discover leaks.
If any are found change rubbers and boil again for five minutes.
Wrap jars.
Store in cool, dry place.

To Make Syrup:
3 pounds, 8 ounces sugar.
1 gallon water.
Boil until sugar is dissolved.
Strain out impurities.
Keep syrup hot.

DON'T MISS ANY STEP.
Cut this out NOW and save it. Watch for tomorrow's directions.

and stay out all hours of the night." "How do you know?"

"I've heard it, and I can tell that he isn't any good by the way he shakes hands."

Anna had idly plucked an apple blossom which hung near.

"I'm sorry you don't like him," she had answered. "I'm going riding with him again tonight."

"What!" Edgar's face had grown suddenly white.

"And he's asked me to go to a college dance this winter, and I'm going," Anna had continued.

It was then that the hurt look had come into Edgar's eyes. For a long two minutes he had been silent.

"I'm sorry," he had said finally. "I don't want you to have anything to do with Ned. But what I want doesn't make any difference, just the same. I'm not much at saying things, but ever since I was a little kid I've thought all the world of you. And I had hoped that in another year, maybe, you would promise to marry me, and—and that we could live on my place, and be together all the time."

She had looked at him wonderingly. "Why, Edgar," she said finally. "I never cared for you like that."

He had searched her eyes for a brief moment, and then had dropped his head.

"No," he had said softly, "I don't think that you do."

That was three years ago. Ned Howell had not come to take her auto riding; instead, he had gone away to visit a friend without so much as a word to her. And Edgar had left two days later for California to take charge of a farm his father had bought.

For three lonely years Anna had not heard from him directly, nor had she written to him. Each spring, at apple blossom time, it had seemed as if she could not bear it a moment longer. And this year, just ten days ago, she had swallowed her pride and had sent him a letter. It was only a note really, and ended something like this:

"If you still care as you did when you were a little kid, you might come to me near the old orchard bench."

She had written ten days ago; there had been plenty of time for him to come, and each afternoon she had gone to the bench and waited. It seemed as if he had forgotten.

Sitting now with her face in her hands, Anna reviewed the whole wretched affair. The scent of apple blossoms brought to her poignant memories. A single tear escaped from her tightly shut eyes and rolled down one cheek.

Suddenly a footstep sounded nearby

and a figure stood before her.

"Anna!" some one said.

She caught her breath sharply, hardly daring to look up. But when finally she gained the courage, Edgar, slightly older, but with the same frank blue eyes, smiled happily at her and held out his arms.

"I still care as I did when I was a little kid," he said softly.

Her Husband Stolen.
GUEST, N. C.—Ira Hawk got a divorce from his wife for incompatibility two years ago and married Myra Stone. The former Mrs. Hawk has now sued Mrs. Myra Stone Hawk for \$10,000 damages for alienation.

By BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK.—There is both style and comfort in this bodice and skirt.



She claims the real reason for the divorce was that her biscuits were always flat, and she has just discovered that Hawk's present wife had adulterated her baking soda with powdered pumice, thus stealing her husband.

LEMONS BRING OUT THE HIDDEN BEAUTY

Make this lotion for very little cost and just see for yourself.

What girl or woman hasn't heard of lemon juice to remove complexion blemishes; to bleach the skin and to bring out the roses, the freshness and the hidden beauty? But lemon juice alone is acid, therefore irritating, and should be mixed with orchard white this way. Strain through a fine cloth the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing about three ounces of orchard white. Then shake well and you have a whole quarter pint of skin and complexion lotion at about the cost one usually pays for a small jar of ordinary cold cream. Be sure to strain the lemon juice so no pulp gets into the bottle, then this lotion will remain pure and fresh for months. When applied daily to the face, neck, arms and hands it should help to bleach, clear, smoothen and beautify the skin.

Any druggist will supply three ounces of orchard white at very little cost and the grocer has the lemons.

BAD STOMACHS BUSINESS FAILURES

In this day of high efficiency more failures are due to disordered stomachs than to any other cause. Nothing undermines the body and mind so quickly as Stomach Trouble. It saps the energy and reduces ambition and vitality to a low ebb. Cathartics frequently aggravate the trouble. Overcome quickly your Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble with Mayr's Wonderful Remedy, as it reaches the seat of the disease. Millions have been restored by it. Let one dose of Mayr's Wonderful Remedy convince you today. For sale by Crane's drug store, Holt Drug Co., Prescription Pharmacy, Mannington, W. Va.

STYLE AND UTILITY



By BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK.—There is both style and comfort in this bodice and skirt.

The bodice is of dark navy blue, embroidered in the same shade. The skirt is of tan satin, and its plainness is relieved by the effective manner in which it is draped.

Save Breath and Ink.
Economy's the word—then why say "dehydrate" when you mean "dry"?—Boston Transcript.

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MOTHERHOOD WOMAN'S JOY

Suggestions to Childless Women.

Among the virtues of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the ability to correct sterility in the cases of many women. This fact is well established as evidenced by the following letter and hundreds of others we have published in these columns.

Poplar Bluff, Mo.—"I want other women to know what a blessing Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to me. We had always wanted a baby in our home but I was in poor health and not able to do my work. My mother and husband both urged me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, my health improved and I am now the mother of a fine baby girl and do all my own house work."—Mrs. ALLIE B. TIMMONS, 216 Almond St., Poplar Bluff, Mo.

In many other homes, once childless, there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice—it will be confidential and helpful.



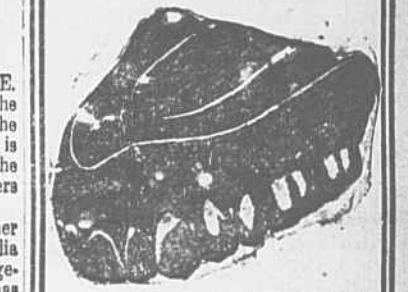
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CONFESIONS OF A WIFE :-

"Jack Van Rensselaer would not be at all reasonable Margie," said Paula, and pretty soon his mother awakened to the fact he was paying me more attention than was strictly in the bond of friendship, and so one morning after breakfast when Jack had fairly captured me away for a walk about the deck—she called to me.

"Mrs. Van Rensselaer could be very winning when she wished and I did not blame her for the disclosures at that time. After talking with me quite a while on trivial matters which meant only social amenities, while Jack stood by and glowered at me, she said: 'Just look at that boy, Miss Newton, one would think he was un- happy because this boat was not a flying machine.'

"Mother," expostulated Jack as his face became almost purple.

"Well, my dear boy, I am sure you need not be at all ashamed of your impatience. You know your sister and I started abroad with you much earlier than we intended simply because you were so unhappy so far from your sweetheart. You see, Miss Newton, Jack and Carlotta Mavis have been lovers ever since he was seven and she was five, but the affair never really culminated into a declaration. After Carlotta went aboard, however, Jack was so miserable and disconsolate in self-defense his sister and I packed up and took this boat much sooner than we had intended. I could see this morning he was growing morose and unhappy again, and I thought perhaps if I told you how much he was in love you could persuade him to talk about it yourself. Forgive a mother, Miss Newton, if she would inflict upon you a task that might bore you."

"Margie I laugh to this day when I think of poor Jack. He was the best imitation of a perfectly miserable man I had ever seen. I almost felt sorry for him, but I could not resist saying: 'My dear Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Jack (you will pardon my calling your son Jack) told me all about his love, two days ago. I confess it seemed like the usual old story, but now I am more interested.'

"Mother I will not stay here another moment while you discuss my affairs that you know so little about,

with a comparative stranger.' "Again I laughed lightly, as I said, 'My dear Jack, I hope after all you have said to me yourself on the subject of your great and enduring love you do not still call me a comparative stranger.'

"Paula exclaimed Jack in an agonized voice, 'please come away from the Matr and let me explain.'

"My dear Jack there is nothing to explain. Your mother has told me how beautiful and sweet and good is this dear little Miss Carlotta and you spent most of last evening telling me how deeply in love you were. What else was here to say?"

"I left them after this for the situation was too funny.

"You see, Jack was perfectly powerless to say anything without telling his mother he had been making love to me instead of telling me of his love for his childhoods sweetheart."

SAVE THIS COUPON

AMERICAN FLAG COUPON

NUMBER 108

Present three of these coupons consecutively numbered at the office of The West Virginian with 98c cash and get a beautiful Flag 4x6 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 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.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(OLIVIA MUST HAVE SOMETHING ON THE BOTTOM.)—BY ALLMAN.

