

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

WELCOME!

BY ARCHY CAMERON NEW. Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate. LD Gettysburg, after half century of comfortable, sluggish peace again took on martial aspect. Off in the direction of Clip's Hill, Little Round Top, and the other renowned parts of the historic battlefield, the last notes of "moss call" had just been heard, when the first of the town, hundreds of khaki clad figures wended their way down the road turning past the post office to the town square, where hundreds of lights, proclaiming their readiness for the evening, blazed their commercial welcome to the host. Some ran, some walked, some moved listlessly, as if merely to a goal where they might abide the time between mess and taps.

Among the latter were Corporal Arthur Ewing and Harry Adkins, of his squad, his inseparable companion. They stood in front of the window of the largest store in the square—the mecca for the thirsty troops—and gazed idly at the citizen populace, male and female, who strolled by, singly and in groups, the girls crossing their heads proudly away, as now and then a friendly smile crossed some soldier's features. And never a smile of welcome, never a cherry word of greeting reached the eyes of these two lonesome lads, who, a month before, had left their bright, cheery homes to defend their country's honor. It was as if a foreign legion had entered the town, their presence suffered, instead of acclaimed. And Ewing looked around at the lights and flowing streamers, with their printed lifeless greeting of "Welcome—U. S. A." then turned to Adkins with a growl.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

Los Angeles, little book, is one of my pet cities and California is my pet state. Nowhere are the skies so blue as in California; nowhere does the sun seem as golden; nowhere does the air have that "feel" of being laundered and hung out to dry. Someway when I get to this land of sunshiny afternoons I have a feeling of love for everyone. I feel as Jimmie used to say he felt after eating a salad of which he was particularly fond. When he had eaten as much as he could possibly hold, Jimmie would fetch a sigh of prodigious content and remark as if to himself, "I feel as though I'd like to kiss everybody."

When I awoke this morning I had this feeling of buoyancy and happiness which seemed to take in the whole world. But immediately the thought of Dick put fear into my heart. It was like the sudden cloud that shuts down over the mountains, rearing themselves up into the blue and gold and blackens for a moment the landscape. I rushed into Dick's room and found him awake. He looked up with a smile, "Haven't got the sleep out of your eyes, have you, Margie?" he said. "You look, with your burnished hair tumbling off your shoulder like a little girl's fairy tale."

Beauty Lessons From Life TO HAVE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD—

Take a Lesson from Frances White Says Idah McClone Gibson.



Frances White

This is the seventh of a series of articles analyzing the famous American beauties, written by IDAH McCLONE GIBSON, Beauty Expert of the Daily Blank, and Author of "Confessions of a Wife."

During the last year Frances White, who dances exquisitely and sings moderately well, has become the favorite of the New Yorker whose shibboleth is the Folies and Frolics. Frances White's great bid for favor is the size and shape of her head. It is of the modern size which is much larger than was consistent with the Greek idea of beauty, but she cunningly disguises this fact by combing her hair straight and flat at the side and then putting in into a very tight French knot.

She could not do this if her hair did not grow irregularly about her face—it will be seen by the picture that she has a pronounced "widow's peak" in the middle of her forehead. When a woman has thick dark hair, that grows as does Frances White's, and a youthful face, nothing can be more beautiful than to comb it straight back in this way. Many women make a great mistake in not studying the size and contour of the head. By studying one's face and head one can cover up defects as well as accentuate beauties.

Don't let anyone dress your hair in a fluffy mass if you have a large head. Don't part and comb your hair down over your ears after you are forty unless you have no objections to looking sixty.

Be sure and carry your head properly—do not stick your chin out aggressively or pull it in modestly. A good position for your head is to stand up with your toes and nose against a wall. "But I am too fat to do this," remonstrates a friend. Then reduce, if you would be beautiful, is my uncompromising reply.

door caused him to wheel around suddenly. diminutive, bright miss of about nineteen, little wisps of brown waving hair playing about her slightly bronzed, delicately tinted cheeks, frowned at him, and pointed at a bundle at his feet. It was his khaki uniform, and he now faced her, clad in somewhat wrinkled blue serge trousers and coat, busily pulling a refractory tie through his stiff white collar.

"I wouldn't," said the girl. "Don't be a deserter." "I'm not deserting," flared Ewing, two bright spots of color rushing to her cheeks. "I'm just taking a holiday for the day." "Why the chance of clothes?" she persisted, and she pointed again to the uniform. "Are you—ashamed—of them?" "No," came his proud reply, and his head shot erect. "I'm proud of them. But others are not—you're not. You shun those who wear them. So I'm going over to Abbotstown—as a plain man—just for a day. People will thank me then," he added, bitterly. Then a hot wave of resentment surging through him, caused him to add, "Why—why are we outcasts?" "I wouldn't say that," answered the girl, quietly. "But I'll admit we're not allowed to talk to you. So many of the soldiers are not gentlemen. One of them insulted a girl in town last week."

sitions for what? Don't think we're asking that. We're glad to go. We couldn't hold our heads up and be proud if we didn't. But we'll pull out of his town next Friday, and we'll be almost glad of it. For there's not a mother's son of us who wouldn't prefer the hottest, blindest curtain fire to the withering, snobbish scorn of you—you, that we're going to fight for. I'm tired of it. I'm going—I'll be back this afternoon.

Ewing started to leave the barn, his eyes straight ahead, when he felt a hand on his sleeve and, turning he saw that her free hand was hiding her face, down which the tears were freely coursing. Immediately he relented.

"Excuse me for being so rough," he pleaded gently. "I didn't mean to hurt you."

"But you have," she answered, through her tears. "Because it's the truth. But please—please don't do what you're doing. You—you'll be caught—and locked up in the guard-house."

"No danger of that, little lady," he answered confidently. "No one will see me."

"But they will," she persisted. "My father is home. He saw you come in to this barn. He's suspicious already. I—I came to warn you."

"You—you come to warn me!" he echoed wonderingly. "You risked that—for me? But, surely, your father wouldn't object?"

"Yes, but he would," she answered firmly. "He's a captain, Capt. Maynard, of the 8th Infantry. But tell me—what's your company?"

"Company L, 13th Infantry," he replied mechanically, still under her charm, then he added, "but why do you want to know, Miss Maynard?"

"I can't tell you, now," she answered, his eyes twinkling mysteriously, "but you'll know later. Now please change—will you?"

She reached out her hand, with a pleading look in her misty eyes, and he grasped it and held it soberly for a brief instant.

"I'll do it, Miss Maynard," he answered, quickly. "But tell me—will I see you again?"

"You may," she answered, with a bright smile, and in another minute she was gone. For a minute he stared after her, then started to change his clothes. A few minutes later a figure in khaki emerged from the barn, and with a wistful smile over his shoulder at a distant house, turned his footsteps back toward the camp.

A stalwart figure in khaki with a corporal's chevrons on his sleeve and a bright little girl of nineteen, whose wisps of curly brown hair were blown across her slightly bronzed, delicately tinted cheeks by the light, evening breeze, strolled side by side in the moonlight.

"Tell me, Miss Maynard," asked the soldier, "who got up this affair?"

"I did," confessed the girl, in a low tone. "I got the girls together and planned this dance as a farewell party to the 8th band the 18th. I had to coax papa a little. He said it was against the regulations, but finally he gave in."

"But how did you get the girls together?" persisted Ewing. "Why did they come?"

"Because they were ashamed," confessed them, as you made me. And they are trying to make up for it tonight." And as they reached the old barn, the scene of their first meeting, she turned to him and added, "Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Yes, on account of you," came his vibrant answer. "Miss Maynard—Margaret—you're wonderful. For me, a total stranger, you risked everything—first, your father's anger, then the

anger of your friends. I'll never forget it."

"But you're risking more—your life," she retorted.

"That will be nothing," he whispered, "if somewhere in France I can carry something to remind me of you, Margaret, will you risk—a kiss?"

End o' Season Clean-Up Osgood's for Quality End o' Season Clean-Up

End of season for us, yes, but end of season for you? No! Most emphatically no! We need more room. The carpenters on our new addition have finished, but the painters must start in! Besides every blessed express brings up New Fall goods, which crowds us more. Yes! the summer stocks must move! Note these prices and come today.

White Wash Skirts Reg. Price \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.98, \$5. Reduced to 89c, \$1.50, \$2.75, \$3.25. Wash Waists 50 dozen in White and Colored Voiles. Regular \$1.00 and \$1.25. 50c each. Cloth Wraps Choice of any cloth coat, suitable for immediate and early Fall. A good assortment to choose from. At Less Than Half Price!

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Pectin in Fruit Juice Is What Makes Your Jelly, Says Expert

(The most noted and most quoted work on jelly-making is a University of Illinois bulletin by Miss N. E. Goldthwaite. Both experienced housewives and beginners will appreciate the following excerpts from these authoritative pages.) By N. E. GOLDTHWAITE. Fruit juice consists largely of water in which are dissolved small amounts of flavoring materials, sugar, vegetable acids, and a substance called pectin. The pectin is the essential jelly-making substance. It is impossible to make jelly from a juice lacking pectin. Presence of pectin can readily be ascertained by adding to a given volume of the hot cooked juice an equal amount of grain alcohol (90 to 95 percent), mixing thoroughly and cooling; if pectin is present a gelatinous mass will appear in the liquid. Curiously enough, pectin frequently is not found in the juices of raw fruits. Yet the juices extracted by cooking are full of the substance. Thus the best and most economical method of extracting juices from fruits is indicated; cook them out.

into small sections (skins and seeds included), cover with water and proceed as in the case of very juicy fruits. Assuming the juice has been obtained from a naturally good jelly-making fruit, success or failure depends upon the proportion of sugar used. For most juices rich in pectin and fairly acidic, for the first extraction the correct proportion of sugar to juice by volume usually varies from 3-4 part to 1 part, or 1 to 1. Currants and grapes usually demand 1 part sugar to 1 of juice, while 3-4 to 1 is likely to be correct for juices from fruits to which much water must be added, such as sour apples.

Better err on the side of too little rather than too much sugar if jelly that "will stand alone" is desired. The total time required for the jelly-making process decreases as the proportion of sugar is increased. In currant juice, 8 to 10 minutes is sufficient for making jelly from the first extraction, while raspberries, apples and the like lay demand 20 to 30 minutes.

Jelly should be made as quickly as possible. No simmering for hours should be allowed. The object of adding the sugar hot (heated through) is that the total cooking process may not be prolonged by partial cooling. The time required for boiling after the sugar is added varies. Our jelly test is that point at which the boiling mass "jells," sheets off, or breaks off, as a portion of it is allowed to drop from the stirring spoon. When the jelly is just right to be taken off the fire, no time should be lost in removing it.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(SOMEONE IS WAITING FOR YOU, TOM)—BY ALLMAN.

Comic strip panels showing a woman talking to a man, a man in a bathtub, and a man in a boat. Dialogue includes: 'IF YOU ONLY HAD A BATHING SUIT NOW I'D BE GLAD TO MIND THE BABY SO YOU COULD GO IN THE WATER', 'OH I HAVE ONE THAT MR. DUFF GAVE ME', 'I BELIEVE THAT'S MR DUFF OUT THERE AND HE PROMISED TO TEACH ME TO SWIM', 'THERE SHE IS, HELEN—AND THAT'S THE BATHING SUIT TOM GAVE HER', 'I DON'T BELIEVE MRS. DUFF LIKED IT VERY WELL WHEN SHE FOUND OUT THAT YOU GAVE ME THIS BATHING SUIT', 'SO SHE KNOWS ABOUT IT?', 'I HADN'T BETTER GO IN YET—THERE'S STILL A LIGHT IN OUR ROOM'.