

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Learning to Speculate.

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MISS EDITH MANCHESTER'S father speculated in stocks and bonds and shared in notes and almost always made money at it. Ever since Edith was sixteen years old—and she had come to be twenty now—she had heard her father talk of his business until she was fairly forced to take an interest in it. Finally she became so interested that she read of finance in the daily papers. She often thought she read of opportunities in which she might have invested a few hundred dollars and have made great gains.

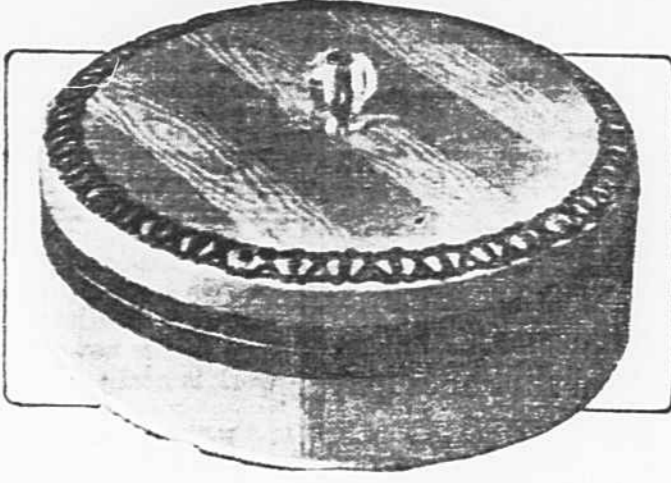
Miss Edith got a liberal supply of pin-money from her father, and when he had made a lucky strike he presented her with a fifty-dollar bill. She decided to save up a little money as she could and try her luck in the stock market. Her father would laugh at her if he knew her plan. So she kept it a secret. When the time came at last and she had five hundred dollars laid by she went quietly to a broker's office to make an investment. The broker was a fatherly looking man, and being told that it was her first speculation he said he would pick her out something that would be sure to win out. As a rule, he said, he did not care for female customers, as they always kicked when they lost; but in her case he would make an exception.

The Wild Goose Silver Mine had been plodding along with its stock at \$5, but there was something coming. He was not at liberty to tell just what, but he was sure the stock would take a long jump and she would get the benefit of it. She would not make a handful of money by only investing her \$500, but she would be learning how to speculate. For \$500 he would sell her a bond, and she could take it home and hide it safely away and say nothing to any one until the jump had taken place. Then she could bring it down to him and sell it back at the increased price.

It looked very simple and very good to Miss Edith, and she put down her money and went away with the bond. Two weeks thereafter she heard two men in a subway train talking about the Wild Goose Silver Mine. They said it was one of the biggest swindles ever worked off on the public, and that it was on the point of a collapse that would be known through the papers in a few days. They said plenty to inform the girl that she had been swindled by the broker. He had lied to her. Knowing that she was a novice at speculation, he had deliberately sold her a worthless bond and swindled her out of her money.

The girl's first impulse was to go to her father about it, but her second was not to do so. He would be sarcastic over her speculation for the next year. She had no big brother and did not want to call in another girl's brother. If anything was done she must do it herself. Her first move was to buy a horsewhip, and her next was to call on the broker again. If he refused to return her money, she would lay the lash on him and, as the meeting would take place in his office, the newspapers would not find out about it. She

COVERED BOX FOR CHRISTMAS



BOX IN BLUE AND GOLD

BY BIDDY BAY.

Boxes are among the requirements of every dressing table. New boxes follow the prevailing fad for upholstery effects in fancy work.

With patterns and a clip for the clever maker of Christmas gifts can perfect very lovely boxes of assorted sizes. The box pictured is one of a

set of three, the others being a square box for handkerchiefs and a long box for gloves.

Molre striped blue satin is used for the covering while the edges are finished with silk tulle.

Chints, wall paper, or ribbon applied to discarded stationery boxes make inexpensive but most acceptable gifts.

It was two weeks later when Mr. Henderson called and his call was made just after the girl's father had been asked: "Father, what stock would you advise any one to invest in just now?" "Why, the Wild Goose Silver Mining Company seems to be a good thing just now," was his reply. "How much of a good thing?" "You could have seen by the papers this morning that it had jumped to 105 and was still soaring. I think I shall go down and buy a big block of it."

Mr. Henderson had called to break the news to Miss Edith. They condoled and consoled each other, but it was too late. The young man had been horsewhipped and both together had been deprived of making a smart little profit.

Mr. Henderson made a third call soon. It was partly to tell Miss Edith that the Wild Goose was flying higher and higher and partly to get better acquainted with her. It seemed a good time to tell her father all about it and the story was told. He laughed uproariously and then said: "Why the broker you went to is one of the most honest of the lot. You couldn't say him to cheat any of his customers."

Then after some more talk the speculator went on to say: "Young man, I suppose I shall have to be a father-in-law some day, but I want to say to you right here now that my son-in-law must be one of the sort of keep himself away from Wall Street, and to keep his wife away as well."

And when Mr. Henderson and Miss Edith Manchester were wed a year later they had given up speculation altogether.

Christmas Suggestions.

A silver mounted English walking stick or a bicycle would make an appropriate gift for your friend in the penitentiary.

HEALTH HINTS

Where you live, in what you live and how you live, mean sickness or health loss or gain to you.

Dark rooms are costly in the long run. Plants cannot grow in dark rooms and neither can children. In order to keep well live in clean, well-lighted airy rooms.

Do not nail your windows down, even in winter time. Windows are made to let light and fresh air into the house. Keep your windows open from the top and from the bottom all the time—day and night. You will sleep well and stop taking colds.

Live in a house where there is a bath. If there is no tub where you now live, see that the next place you move into has one. Bathe every day. The man who bathes every day feels better and can hold a job longer than the man who does not.

Sinks and water closets should be kept clean. Pour hot water and plenty washing soda into them every week. If the walls and floors around and beneath them are of wood, paint the walls and floors with a light-colored paint. This makes the wood waterproof and helps to keep it clean.

Do not throw garbage into the yard

or courtway. Do not sweep the garbage filth or floor sweepings through a hole in the floor to fall underneath the house. Garbage draws rats, mice, vermin and flies, and these carry and spread sickness and disease. Put the garbage in metal cans.

Keep the can covered with a tight cover all the time so that the flies cannot get in. Put the garbage can on the sidewalk or alley and the city way on will call and take the garbage away.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Miss S. G.: "Am a waitress and am bothered with swollen ankles. What can be the cause of this?"

Probably from being on your feet for too long period of time.

Bumstead's Worm Syrup

A safe and sure remedy for Worms. Stood the test for 50 years. IT NEVER FAILS. To children is as sweet as honey. PLEASANT TO TAKE. NO SICKNESS. NO PHYSIC NEEDED. One bottle has killed 122 worms. All druggists and dealers, or by mail—50c a bottle. L. C. A. VOORHEES, M. D., Phila., Pa.

CONFERENCE TO BE HELD.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Dec. 8.—A conference will be held in Charleston next Saturday by President Frank B. Trotter, of West Virginia University, Dean John Lee Coulter of the College of Agriculture and the members of the State Board of Control and Board of Regents, to devise recommendations to be made to the forthcoming legislature on behalf of the university. The two boards will also

take up questions of business and educational policies of the university.

MORE RHEUMATISM THAN EVER BEFORE

Clergymen, Lawyers, Brokers, Mechanics and Merchants Stricken.

Our old friend R. rheumatism is having his inning this year, and a few words of caution from one who knows all about it may not be amiss.

Wear rubbers in damp weather, keep your feet dry; drink plenty of lemonade, and avoid strong alcoholic drinks.

If rheumatism gets you, or sciatica, and you have sharp twinges, gnawing pain or swollen joints or muscles, you can get rid of all agony in just a few days by taking one-half teaspoonful of Rheuma once a day.

All druggists know about Rheuma. It's harmless, yet powerful; cheap, yet sure, and a 50-cent bottle will last a long time. Ask Mountain City Drug Store or any druggist.

Croup Relieved in Fifteen Minutes

No need to dose delicate little stomachs with nauseous drugs or alcoholic syrups. Simply rub a little Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve near the throat and chest. The vapors inhaled loosen the tough, choking phlegm and ease the difficult breathing. One application at bedtime insures a sound night's sleep. 25c, 50c, or \$1.00.

VICK'S VAPORUB SALVE

Osgood's for Quality

The Shop of Useful Gifts

Osgood's for Quality



Furs!

The best article of apparel, the most appreciated gift is a set of good furs. Every new style in the most wanted pelts are here. We guarantee every piece you buy and exchange it after Christmas if not satisfactory.



Priced from \$5.00 to \$75.00 the Set.

Beautiful Waists

A good looking cotton waist packed in a Christmas box for \$1.00.

Better and more gorgeous waists in silk and Georgette, all new styles and colors, packed individually, priced from \$2.50 to \$12.50.

Suits, Dresses and Millinery!

Make handsome and appropriate gifts and right now these most wanted articles can be had at from 10% to 25% less than the regular prices. This is good reason why one should make selections early.

Coats! Sweaters

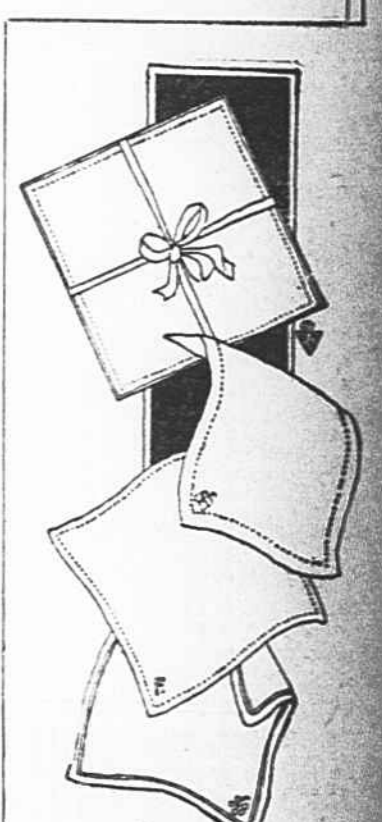
Winter coats hold first place in selling one can always find what they want here because we replenish our stock almost daily with new arrivals always priced low. \$10 to \$75.

Useful as well as beautiful is our wool and silk sweaters priced \$2.98, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$7.50 to \$10.00.

Handkerchiefs

A large table full of snowy white kerchiefs all prettily boxed at

25c
39c
50c
79c
\$1.00
the box



Hosiery

always an acceptable gift. New hose in effective checks, and stripes in all shades as well as black and white at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Purses

and pouch bags. Many styles to select from, made of leather, silk and velvet. \$1.00, \$1.25, \$2.98, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$10.00.

If it Catches You There 'ANURIC'

Will Quickly Stop It!



OH! MY BACK!

Simply to realize the importance of the oncoming kidney trouble, by its first symptoms, backache or throbs through the kidney region, is money in one's pocket as well as years of sickness forestalled.

No organ of the body is more easily deranged than the kidneys. Day in and day out their action is constant, in separating poisonous matter from the blood. Most cases of kidney trouble may easily be overcome by merely taking a little "Anuric" with the meals. Citizens daily voice their praise of the merits of "Anuric," the recent discovery of Doctor Pierce, of "Favorable Prescription" and "Golden Medical Discovery" fame. Here is a letter from Mr. WALTER CARLSON, who says:

"I suffered for four years with pain in my back. I tried everything there was but they all failed to help me. I even went to a doctor and he could not cure my backache—said it was in the kidneys. A friend of mine advised me to try a box of Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets, and so I did; I used two boxes and my pains were gone. I am not telling any lie, the pain in my back was something terrible. As soon as I would bend over to get something from the floor I thought my whole back would burst."

"I would advise sufferers to try two or three boxes of 'Anuric' Tablets."

NOTE:—Experiments at Dr. Pierce's Hospital for several years proved that "Anuric" is 37 times more potent than lithia in removing uric acid from the system, as hot water melts sugar.

Just ask for "Anuric" at druggists, or send Dr. Pierce 50c in true package.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(WHY NOT GET HIM SO ME DYNAMITE?)—BY ALLMAN.



:- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

The more human nature is revealed to me, the more astonished I am.

I expect I am the average woman except that the average woman does not always stop to analyze her motives of her feelings—and I don't think I would do so if my dear mother had not started me at this habit of talking to you, little book, without reserve.

You remember I recorded what she said to me just before she died. "Margie, my child, I wish you would always keep a diary. I know it is an old-fashioned habit, but I believe it is a great help to any woman who wants to know the reason why she does things and to keep her from doing the wrong things twice."

Little book—or rather one of my little books—I have not dared to read any of you for years. But it has always seemed to me that locked within your covers is the real me, the me that no other knows, not even myself. I mean this, paradoxical as it may sound, for sometimes no one, even the one who knew me best could be more surprised at the actions I have recorded here and the thoughts I have made plain to you than I.

For instance, this morning at 11 o'clock I was nearing that broken railing step by step and watching with fascinated eyes the incoming glittering green steam which was to swallow me up. I was so unhappy I was most willing to give up this world, when it seemed to me had been only a term of agonizing doubt and fruitless endeavor, and fly to something I know not of.

Tonight I am sitting here in my prettiest and newest evening gown waiting for Malcolm Stuart to come and dine with me. I have even powdered my nose in anticipation of that event and would you—could you believe it if I did tell you my own self—I smiled at the face in the mirror while I did so.

Eight hours ago I thought the inscrutable smile of death would be impressed on my stiffening lips.

And here, little book, is the queerest part of it all. I don't know just what has changed my outlook on life. I am sure Dick is just the same as he was this morning. The thought of him does not in any way change my ideas on the subject of living.

Neither does Malcolm Stuart in the flesh give me the warm feelings of comradeship that I got from his letters. He, too, I am sure, was disappointed in me and I doubt whether he will ever think of me as his little Lady Sylvia again.

It is so easy to be heroic—on paper. It is so easy to talk big. Why, lit-

tle book I believe no one in this whole world has any loftier thoughts than Margie Waverly, and you only, dear little confidant, know how far my actions have fallen below my ideal.

Here I am at the head of the road and I am just as undecided about when my path shall lie as I was back in the time when I thought life could hold nothing more to be desired than "to belong" to Dick.

I wonder what it would have meant if my trust in Dick had not been betrayed. I want to think, little book, that I would have settled down to a home full of children and a happy married life that would have had no history.

Honestly, little book, I have come to know that the childless married woman is of no good to herself or anyone else. Children to a woman mean hope of the future and constant interest in the present. Even when children are a care—even a disappointment—they are better than no children at all.

Nature does not allow any of her laws to be disobeyed, and the fruitful and multiply" is her first command. So, little book, I think whatever may be my personal inclination I shall return to Dick at the end of the summer and "start the kindergarten" that he wrote me about.