

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Solicitor.

BY LOUISE OLIVER

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FERDINAND Weigel put down the slip palls and turned around.

Carrie, breathless and flushed from running, put her hand to her throat. "Say, dad, you're awful deaf. I've been callin' and callin'."

"Hey? Well, what is it? Cribbees want to borrow the inate again? Tell them to walk to town. They lamed me last time."

"No, dad, it ain't Cribbees after the mare. It's Sam Karns. He's back from the city and he's solicitin'."

"What?"

"He's solicitin'."

"What's that? After somethin'?"

"Well, sort of. You come on down to the house, won't you, and talk to Sam? It's about a new buildin' in town. He's all dressed up and sittin' on the front porch. Hurry up, and come on, dad."

"All right, I'll be down. Darn those hogs, they make enough noise to bring on rain. Half the time I can't tell whether it's you or them yellin'."

Carrie laughed. "Well, feed 'em, dad, and they'll keep quiet. Now you be nice to Sam, won't you?"

"Just like some folks, I should say. Tell Sam to wait. I'll be down."

So Sam waited and was very well content. Carrie brought out doughnuts and elder that matched the rich deep brown of the woods across the valley. When she was just over the hill, she was making his last pause before his triumphant entry. It was Indian summer.

"When did you come back to town, Sam?" Carrie in her gingham dress with white collar and cuffs and a dress-up apron, was very pretty. Her hair, corn colored and wavy, touched off a complexion of roses and cream that reminded Sam of the big bisque loils in the city windows. Her eyes with their long dark lashes, were big and very deep gray. She breathed quickly and had a habit of putting her hand to her throat. Evidently the effort of overacting her father had been very unsettling.

"I came back last Tuesday. I'm running the emporium."

"Emporium! Oh, are you trying to be elected?"

Sam laughed. "No, it's not politics. I'm an organizer. That's a man who takes charge of things and makes things come that nobody else will both or with. When a town wants a new library or hospital or chamber of commerce building they send for me. Then I roll up my sleeves and go to work. I get a force of people who go around and talk, subscriptions, divide 'em up into teams and captains and give honors to the ones who get the most. And we have dinners every day where we meet and report. The old town here wants a library, so that's why I came back to get them what they wanted. Oh, I'm the man that put the 'g' in get, all right. We are after fifty thousand dollars."

Carrie's eyes were big. "Is that what you're solicitin' dad for?"

"Yes."

"He won't give much."

"Why do you think that?"

"Oh, because."

"You just wait and see. I'm after a hundred dollars."

HERE ARE TWO ADVANCE TIPS ON SPRING STYLES! FUR IS TILL TO REMAIN A GREAT FAVORITE!



Master style prophesies have arrived.

Here are two advance models for spring as worn by Bessie Barriscale, the Triangle movie star.

Miss Barriscale's street suit is of palest gray chiffon velvet bordered with monkey fur. Oh, yes, fur will

remain the favorite trimming for still another summer. The coat is hip length and the skirt is longer than the average for the winter.

Miss Barriscale's stunning silver and black restaurant frock ought to provide any girl with a dozen new notions for a spring wardrobe.

The Red Ridinghood cape is made of black chiffon banded with silver tulle. It extends to the foot of the skirt and fastens shawl fashion. The gown is also of black chiffon over silver velvet. The skirt is banded with black velvet to give it weight. The very broad girdle is embroidered with jet.

He pushed back his chair, crossed his knees and gazed awkwardly for his pipe. "What's the darned thing for?"

"A library for the county. Books, you know. Books. And then Sam gave a dissertation on the blessings of a library in a tone calculated to waken the nannies in Egypt."

"And he got the hundred."

"You darn you!" Ferdinand handed over the ink splattered check with poor grace. "Here's like them hogs out there. Keep at it till you get it."

"Good-by Sam," said Carrie, putting her hand to her smooth, snowy throat.

"Good-by, Carrie," said Sam, and then in a tone which Egyptian nannies could never have heard he leaned forward and said, "I've learned to know what beauty is since I've been away, Carrie, and you're the loveliest thing I've seen in that line ever." He pressed her hand gently and was gone.

A year passed. The trees across the valley had put on yellow bonnets and red and brown shawls about the signing night air. But the afternoons were warm and mellow. Ferdinand Weigel was going for the cows one day when Carrie called, "Dad, oh dad!"

"The old man turned. "Hey? Well, what is it? Cribbees want to—"

"No, it isn't the Cribbees, Dad. It's Sam Karns. He wants to see you."

"Who?"

"Sam, Sam Karns."

"Wants to build another library, does he. Well, tell him to go and talk to the chickens. I'm busy. What's he want?"

"I don't know," Carrie smiled and dimpled. "He said to tell you he's solicitin'." Carrie had picked up on her G's since reading books from the library and she had found out what "Shakespeare's contemporaries" meant. She had also read most of his plays, as well as a great many other classics. She had also discovered on her tri-weekly trips that nothing is as becoming to a girl as white tailored waists and a dark blue serge suit.

At the head of the hill Carrie and her father met Sam, who came up energetic, irresponsible, smiling. The old man had to acknowledge that his visitor was splendid looking but nevertheless he retained his scowl.

"How do you do, Mr. Weigel?" said Sam, pleasantly holding out his hand suspiciously.

"How do?" responded Ferdinand, solicitin' again, Carrie says.

"Yes, I am, Mr. Weigel!"

"What fer, now?"

"For Carrie. I want her this time."

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HEALTH HINTS

Is the "movie" show house in your city furnishing you with ample quantity of pure air?

There are many poorly ventilated show houses and occasionally one hears the remark, "I would like to see that picture, but the theatre is too hot and stuffy."

Prof. Whipple, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has the following to say on "movie" ventilation: "A moving picture theatre should first be provided with a good air intake. That is, if possible, the air should not be sucked in directly from the street. Sometimes it is impossible to get very clean air. In such a case what is obtained should be purified, presumably, by passing through a wall of water. It can, however, be fairly well done by passing it through cotton bugs."

Air which is too cold cannot be taken in advantageously. If you take it in much below 60 degrees it is almost certain to offend some person's bald head. This may be overcome, however, by warming the air with the proper machinery.

As air is passed into the theatre it must be made sure that the temperature of the clean air is below that already in the theatre in order that the warmer and less clean air may be naturally forced toward the top and exit.

In dealing with the air the proper relative degree of humidity, or quality of moisture, should be considered.

The air ought not to come into the theatre at a speed of more than five feet per second, and at least 30 cubic feet per person should be provided every minute.

The question of outlets for used air is important. The outlets should be so regulated as actually to get a good displacement of any and all parts where there are persons. Most important is the question of keeping the air moving in order to get rid of the heat put out by the human body.

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. Children simply will not take time from play to empty their bowels, and they become tightly packed. Liver gets sluggish and stomach disordered.

When cross, feverish, restless, see if tongue is coated, then give this delicious "fruit laxative." Children love it, and it can not cause injury. No difference what all your little one— if full of cold, or a sore throat, diarrhoea, stomachache, bad breath, remember, a gentle "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." We make no smaller size. Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup.

Health Questions Answered. G. H. F.: "What causes offensive breath? I am bothered in this way quite frequently and yet seem in good health."

It may be chronic rhinitis. Have your nose and throat examined.

ODD, ISN'T IT? WAITER, BRING ON MY APPLE SAUCE!

TEMPLETON, Mass.—Have an apple sauce egg? Ari Hawkes feeds his hens apple sauce and sells their eggs at \$1 a dozen. This places on the market the first genuine hen fruit ever concocted.

GUARD YOUR FAMILY IN SICK SEASON KREW-PINA IS BEST

The "sick season" is here. Colds, coughs, croup, bronchial troubles and neuralgia make winter a season to be dreaded unless one is prepared for the quick but dangerous attacks of these diseases that follow exposure to rough weather, draughts and ever changing temperature. You can't prevent these attacks, but if you have Krew-Pina in the house, you can get speedy relief from them. Prepare yourself in advance by having a 25-cent jar of this wonderful household remedy in your medicine chest, and use it on the first symptoms of the attack. Krew-Pina is a preparation combining the best of the old standard ingredients in such a manner as to obtain the most efficient results, and yet which does not have the disagreeable after-effects that frequently follow the use of strong mustard poultices and liniments that blister, leaving the skin tender and making the patient catch cold easier than before. Krew-Pina cannot blister the tenderest skin of an infant, and there is no more efficient remedy known. Martin's Drug Store and the Mountain City Drug Store sell this remedy in 25 cent jars, and are authorized by the manufacturers to give you money back if the remedy does not give complete satisfaction.

FAIRVIEW.

Mrs. H. W. Draxon was at Fairmont shopping Thursday.

Mrs. Josephine Raymond, of Fairmont, was at the National House Thursday afternoon to teach vocal and instrumental music.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Yost, N. B. Yost, Mrs. Charlie Engle and sister, Miss Bertha Wheeler, motored to Fairmont Thursday.

Prof. Marashleian's first sermon in songs was very much enjoyed by all who heard him in the Methodist Episcopal church, Thursday night.

Claude S. Jarvis is a business visitor at Wheeling.

Glen Hawkins has gone to McWhorter, above Charlestown, where he has located.

Mrs. Harris, missionary who gave a lecture in the M. E. church, South, Thursday night, was the guest of Mrs. C. N. Coffman at the parsonage while she was here.

John Phillips, of Fairmont, was a business visitor here Friday.

Miss Virginia Morris is a week-end guest of Miss Grace Ott at Fairmont.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Fairview, will be held at its banking room January 9, 1917, between the hours of 2 and 4 p. m., for the election of directors for the ensuing year and for transaction of other business.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Toothman expect to leave soon for Jacksonville, Florida, and other eastern cities on a visit.

Mrs. Florence Galleher was in Fairmont shopping Friday afternoon.

A. L. B. Dudley was a business visitor here Friday.

Mrs. Columbia Lowe has returned from Morgantown where she was visiting.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND Ladies' Aid Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 50 years known as Best. Sold Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

Just as I finished recording my decision of returning to Dick to "start a kindergarten," Malcolm Stuart was announced and I went down to dine with him.

All at once I found I was very hungry and I remembered I had eaten nothing since yesterday at noon before I met Pat and Alice at the station.

Little hook, I have lived years since then—so many, many years since yesterday that I rather expected to see myself wrinkled and gray. When I looked into my dressing table mirror I was very much surprised that I could still smile.

"Here comes the Little Lady Salvia again," said Malcolm Stuart as I stepped out of the elevator. "Do you know, Margie, you are a constant surprise to me. This morning out there on the pier you were like a pale wreath of unhappiness, your eyes the somber pools of agony, your mouth the stiffened line of despair."

"Tonight you come with all the glorious color that I love in your eyes and on your upturn smiling lips. Surely, fair lady, you must have been acting then or you are simulating that which you are not now."

"Think what you will, gentle sir," I returned, drooping a faint curtsy, "but a woman is very apt to act when she imagines she is about to solve the great secret—to embark on the great adventure."

"Then it was premeditated and not a sudden impulse. Shame on you, Margie. Where is your courage?"

"This morning it had gone flying away where I could not reach it, but I think tonight it has come back to nestle in my heart. I was acting neither then nor now. This morning the world seemed something to lose at any cost; tonight it seems something to hold at whatever price."

"Margie," he said, as I began to eat my melon with splendid and appetitive appetite. "I think it is harder to hold our possessions than it is to compass our desires. Most of us do not realize we must hoard with closest care everything we wish to keep. Sometimes I think that is the reason why some of us find anticipation greater than realization. We bring every gift of imagination to enhance our anticipations. We overturn our lives, our world, to make them come true, and then we sit back and accept the realization in a kind of apathetic calm that takes all the joy out of it."

"But you, my dear little lady, in the unexpectedness of your welcome make anticipation very cold and strange. I feel tonight as I sit here and look at you across this softly lighted, flower-bedeked table as though I had been having a bad dream, that no woman could possibly want to die at 11 o'clock in the morning and in the evening enjoy antichoke Hollandaise with the gusto you are now."

"You have not realized the full capacity of human motive yet, Mr. Stuart."

"Is that an intimation that I must call you Mrs. Waverly?" he interrupted.

"No, all my friends call me Margie and I can hardly refuse the savior of my name he wishes, can I?"

"Thank you, dear Little Lady Salvia," he said fervently. "What would you think of me, I wonder, if I told you the name I wish to call you I have never voiced even to myself?"

"Goodness, is it as terrible as that?" I asked.

"Quite," was his laconic and most enigmatic reply.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM FIGURES HE'S VERY LUCKY.)—BY ALLMAN.



HERE COMES OLD MAN WAD, THE MILLIONAIRE—I WISH I HAD SOME OF HIS MONEY—GEE, I'D JUST LIKE TO BE IN HIS BOOTS FOR A WHILE

HOW DO YOU DO MR. WAD—HOW ARE YOU TODAY? WELL, I SEE YOU ARE SPENDING A LOT OF GOOD MONEY FOR SILLY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

YOU ARE A WASTEFUL YOUNG MAN—I NEVER GAVE ANYBODY A CHRISTMAS PRESENT IN MY LIFE—AS A RESULT I'VE GOT MY MONEY AND A LOT OF IT, TOO

WELL, I CERTAINLY AM GLAD THAT I'M NOT THAT GUY—HE MUST BE ABOUT AS HAPPY AS ABOUT AS HAPPY AS A VAULT IN A GRAVE YARD—