

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Doing New York.
By LOUISE OLIVER
(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

TOM CRAWFORD jingled the change in his pocket and looked out at the snow the first of the season. He had had the same thought now that he had had when the first yellow buds on the maples in front of the house were swelling in the spring. Why was it that the seasons changed so fast and the year still not engaged to Martha? Any other chap would have been married to her long ago, but there he was as uncertain in his mind as ever about taking the step that would make her his forever.

The whole thing amounted to this: Tommy was never sure that he wanted Martha forever until some other fellow came along and threatened to carry out the program himself. Then he would rise like a gladiator, take a fall out of the enemy and monopolize Martha again for a while always, however, steering clear of the actual subject of marriage, but maintaining a proprietorship that he had no right to.

"I think," he said, with a shrug, "that I need a change. A week or two of New York will put new life into me. The girls there have dash and style that's diverting after a diet of quiet village maidens. Even Martha, pretty as she is, has about as much pep as milk toast, and although she's sweet and restful at times, this isn't exactly the time of year I feel as though I wanted a sedative. I'll just fix things up today for a much-needed vacation and take the train east tonight."

So he packed up, fixed things at the office so he could leave, and called Martha on the phone to say "good-by."

"Isn't it funny," answered Martha, when she heard the news. "I was just going to call you and tell you the same thing. I'm going to New York, too. Cousin Walter's wife sent for me to make them a visit, and I'm starting tomorrow. Wouldn't it be funny if I'd see you there?"

Now this was Tommy's cue to say: "Of course you will, if you give me your address." But instead he answered hastily: "Yes, wouldn't it; but I'm afraid I won't be so lucky. Every minute will be full to the limit; business must be attended to you know. But I hope you have a fine time. Little girl, and don't quite forget me while you're doing society."

His tone was tender, but mentally he was registering a sentiment something like this: "Poor Martha! Her New York won't be mine. Most likely she'll be left minding the baby up in a Harlem flat while Cousin Walter's wife goes shopping. But, anyway, what else could Martha do in a sporty place like New York? She's a mischief there, sure enough, even if she is the prettiest girl in this little town."

And with his mind firmly fixed upon the good time he intended to have with Brinton from Albany, whom he wired to meet him, he boarded the 8:30 express and forgot all about Martha.

But when he reached the hotel next morning he found a telegram from Brinton saying that he couldn't be present at the festivities on account



FEW FRILLS ON NEW COATS.

By BETTY BROWN.

This new model, from the studio of Mme. Allie Bailey, Fashion Art League of America, is much simpler and more elegant than the over-trimmed coats that were launched upon us earlier in the season—a hint to us that the graceful line will be more important than fussy trimming in the first spring coats.

of a wedding which happened to be his own and that he and his wife were going south on their honeymoon.

This was a damper because he had always counted on Brinton to steer him around. Brinton knew who everybody was, the latest stage favorites, the movie stars, which cabaret was the most popular at the minute, and the latest grasp in dances.

However, Tommy had a quality of character that had helped to build his fortune which was never to say die. So as he had planned to have a time in New York, a time he would have. He registered with a flourish, engaged a \$10 room and started in.

He tried to think of what he and Brinton had done in the mornings on their last visit to Manhattan; surely they had done something to choke in the time. He stood at a window in the lobby watching the crowds hurry past. What the deuce did every one find to do? Where was every one going in such a rush? What had he and Brinton done mornings before? Then he remembered. Why, sleep, of course. They never got to bed until 3 or 4, and they rose at noon. There were no mornings. Oh, those were good old times!

Well, he hadn't come to New York

The coat is made in green Bolivia cloth and skunk fur trims collar, cuffs and pockets. The black braid belt with green leather trimming and novelty buttons in green and black are sufficient ornamentation for this coat with the "military air." The English hat is black patent leather trimmed with dark green novelty ribbon.

tainly do his best to arrange to go. It was almost a week ahead.

And in the meantime it seemed that Tommy was due to collide with Martha and her friends everywhere he went. In dining rooms, theatres and restaurants he found himself fading into the scenery and making shady get-aways before his solitude should be discovered. But always he had time to see how far and away superior Martha was to any girl he had so far seen in New York. Others seemed to think so too, and Tommy's heart had many a jealous pang when he saw the number of men who paid her attention.

Then came the night of the dinner. Tommy found Cousin Falter's Harlem flat to be a very pretentious house near the park, and the affair a state ceremony largely enough to leave his absence and Martha's afterward practically unnoticed. They had slipped into the conservatory.

"You'll never guess how lonely I've been, Martha," confessed Tommy with a meaning he thought the girl little guessed.

"Poor Tommy!" sympathized Martha.

"And I can't have all these fellows monopolizing my girl this way," he went on. "I love you, Martha. Let's get married here in New York before we go home. Don't say you can't care for me dear," anxiously. "I'm crazy about you."

And if Martha still hesitated it was because she had known how it was from the beginning. And, if she cared to punish Tommy, now was the time. But to show how really superior she was to any other girl we know, she smiled up at him adorably, albeit a trifle mischievously, and said: "Yes, I'll marry you, Tommy, if you're not too busy."

FOR THE GIRL WHO DANCES



By BETTY BROWN

to sleep, so he sauntered out and ran into a policeman.

"What's worth seeing?" he asked, the usual question of the uninitiated.

"Well there's the Metropolitan Museum and the Bronx Zoo, the Botanical Gardens and the Aquarium. You might go to the top of the Woolworth building or take a boat around the island, or go down to Coney, though there ain't much doing down there this time of year. If you like to skate, the rinks are open."

But Tommy had turned on his heel. True, he had never seen any of these things, but he hadn't come 500 miles to see them this time, either.

The day passed in some way. He went to the Hippodrome in the afternoon and the opera in the evening. But "Lo Boheme" bored him and he left before it was over. He picked a cabaret at random, but he did not enjoy it. The people were all in twos or fours. He was the only one alone and he didn't know a soul. It seemed to him that every one was working most mightily to have a good time.

What was there about all this fool nonsense they liked? And the girls! Last time he had thought them stunning, but somehow they, too, had changed. So much paint, so little skirt, such queer coiffures and lack of restraint! The cigarette smoking which had been a bit of darddevilishness to him before had become so prevalent now that it lacked snap. Then he went to bed, the first minute he had enjoyed all day.

But Tommy was game. He had come to New York for a time, so a time he would have if he died in the attempt. The next day was a new round of solitary pleasures, varying little from the first, and the next was almost like it.

Then one day as he was walking along Fifth avenue two women came out of a shop and were climbing into a limousine when one of them cried, "Why, there's Tommy Crawford. Hello, Tom!"

And Tommy turned to see Martha beaming on him delightfully and holding out her hand. But it was Martha, this exquisite creature in clothes which quietly insisted expense.

"Cousin Mary, I want you to meet Tommy, Mr. Crawford. Come and get in and drive home with us, won't you? I'm dying for a talk. I've been having such a glorious time I'm crazy to tell some one all about it."

Tommy's lonely heart gave a few lurching thumps. How he wanted to accept. But he remembered his excuse of urgent business. "No, thank you," he drew out and she watched. "It's getting late and I have an appointment. But I'll ring you up and maybe you can spare me a minute again."

Cousin Mary mentioned a night for dinner, and after considerable reflection and deliberation Tommy murmured that she was very kind and he'd cer-

HEALTH HINTS

Three diseases of an avoidable or nearly avoidable nature are responsible for nearly a third of the deaths in the United States each year.

These are pneumonia, tuberculosis and heart disease. The first two are directly avoidable. The third is de-ferable or susceptible or postponement.

Heart disease occurs not only in the aged, but among adults of middle age and even among school children. Common infectious disease of childhood are to blame. Although generally regarded as but mild affections, these diseases are responsible for a large proportion of the weakened and in-

jured circulatory systems in childhood.

High nervous strain which attends our efforts to keep abreast of modern progress is a vital factor in causing heart disease in adult life. The tendency to overeat, excessive drinking and other excesses depending upon our surroundings also figure in the death toll.

Statistics show that tuberculosis has decreased 25 per cent. in the last ten years. It remains the predominant communicable disease, however. Widespread publicity on the methods of prevention of tuberculosis is responsible for checking the spread of this disease. The same results can be obtained in the case of heart disease and pneumonia.

Pneumonia is an infectious disease. Every means should be taken to preserve the bodily resistance by means of proper clothing by avoiding undue exposure and by seeking early medical attention when once the disease is contracted.

Colds, grip and other diseases of the respiratory tract often lead to pneumonia if neglected.

Latest figures show that 909,000 persons died of heart disease, pneumonia and tuberculosis in the United States last year.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED.
A. K.: "How can I get rid of a tape worm?"
Consult a physician and make sure that you have a tape worm. Then follow his directions.

GEORGETOWN.

Miss Isa Clark was the guest of Mrs. Della Fisher one afternoon last week.

N. E. Fisher attended the quarterly meeting at Morgan's Sunday night and reported a fairly good attendance.

Elbert Arnett, of Royal, spent Sunday with James Arnett.

N. E. Fisher was visiting at Philip Heck's one day last week.

Mrs. Ida Layman spent Christmas with L. N. Youst at Cool Spring.

Mr. Huenig Graves organized a literary society at Osbood Friday night.

Nim Neely, L. Ralphsynder, Leslie Neely, Iris Ralphsynder attended literary at Osgood Friday night.

Mr. Johnson, of Morgantown, is staying with George Robey.

Mr. George Robey who some weeks ago was injured in a fall, still continues on the sick list.

schel, entertained at dinner Christmas Miss Belle Morgan, of Georgetown. Mrs. Philip Lowe and children were visiting Mr. Musgrave at Fairmont a few days ago.

Suede gloves are the gloves of the hour. They come in such cheerful colors as pale yellow, tan and very light brown.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper, sealed with Blue Wax. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for GILL'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS. (Years known as Best, Satisfying, Always Reliable)
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Quality Purity Accuracy Safety

The four elements of successful medicines guaranteed by our label on your prescriptions.

Mountain City Drug Co.
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM MUST BE A SPENDTHRIFT)—BY ALLMAN.

WELL, TOM, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

WHY—A—THE FIRST OF THE YEAR IS ALMOST HERE AND I WAS WONDERING HOW MY CHANCES WERE FOR A LITTLE INCREASE IN SALARY

YES, TOM, I GUESS WE CAN GIVE YOU AN INCREASE—HOW MUCH DO YOU—HOLD STILL A MINUTE!!

UM—HUM—MY EYES NEVER FAIL ME—I DON'T BELIEVE YOU NEED AN INCREASE—SUCH A GAUDY DISPLAY OF WEALTH

THAT'S AN EGG SPOT ON YOUR VEST—ANY ONE THAT CAN AFFORD EGGS NOW DAYS DON'T NEED AN INCREASE IN SALARY