

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Little Jade Frog.

By ISABEL FROST. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

DIGGS had not noticed it at first, although he stood nearer to it than anyone else in the room. He was so interested in renewing his acquaintance with Leonie Verney that all inanimate objects escaped his ken.

He had only seen her once before—at Haskell's studio, around Christmas time. But she was a girl then. Slender, carefree, with a graceful, curving body, she had the lines of the Blessed Damosel; but instead of the latter's languorous, dreamy face, Leonie's was vivid and alert with animation. She loved to dress in dull green, green like the deep tones in jade, with curiously wrought metal girdles set in uncut gems.

As a rule, Diggs avoided instinctively, the bizarre in life. He had been brought up in a suburb of Boston, he came of good old non-conformist stock, and he was absolutely immune to the effects of Bohemia's far-east incense or erotic love ideals. But Haskell had told him briefly of Miss Verney's manner, and it had interested him immensely.

"Her father was a Chinese missionary at Hangchow. He was killed during the Boxer rising. Leonie was disgraced as a Chinese child by her Christian nurse, and hidden away in an old temple in the interior until the trouble was over. It was not until two years ago that she came to America. Her girlhood was passed in the orient, although of late years she had been with her own people in the American colony. She's a mizy queer little girl, but very interesting. Not at all your fluffy blond type, Diggs, so you're safe with her."

Diggs believed that also. The spurious forms of attraction had always roused him to a sort of nappy frenzy while with Leonie he felt only a curious, innate restlessness and contentment, as though the peace of the acaes unfolded him.

He was telling her now of the new Roman seats which he had just sent out to his garden at Greenwish, when suddenly he caught her looking over him intently at something on the mantel-piece. Glancing around, he saw the little jade frog. It was about two inches and a half long, and quite as wide, a puffy, arrogant frog, utterly unnatural and grotesque; its eyes were brilliant crystals and in its mouth it held a small crystal ball. It stood on a pedestal of three jade pediments, each smaller than the last, and engraved on the four sides of each were Chinese characters.

"What is it?" he asked, seeing that the girl really looked pale. "I don't know exactly," she answered in a low voice. "It is all too strange and horrible. I wonder whom the frog belongs to."

"I'll ask Haskell," he said. Haskell shook his head doubtfully when Diggs found him.

"You've got me, old man. I sun let these rooms when I got back from France, and that thing was here, it's Chinese, isn't it? There are some wonderful embroideries in that pearl inlaid cabinet in the corner. They probably all belong to Dr. Voy, the former tenant."

"What do you know about him?" asked Diggs. "Nothing, except that he has gone

THE COLLAR MAKES THE WINTER COAT



BY BETTY BROWN. NEW YORK—The collar makes the coat this winter.

The most modest is at least eight inches wide after it has been turned over and closed snugly about the throat.

The triple collar has just been introduced. It is really a succession of small capes and belongs to the classic redingote.

back to China for a short time. Very decent chap, for a Chink, a university fellow and specialist in therapeutics. Why?"

"I'll tell you later," answered Diggs, lightly. "Find out all you can about him meantime."

He carried the information he had gleaned back to Leonie. She said little, but asked him to call a taxi for her, as she was leaving early.

"I can't explain tonight," she said, as they parted. "Come tomorrow at 11 and I'll tell you all I know."

The morning mail brought a brief letter from Haskell.

"Wire from Dr. Voy announces arrival in Frisco Monday. He requests me to place the little jade frog in a safety deposit vault without telling anyone. Thought I'd let you know, asking him to wait until a copy of the prescription could be secured; then he got in touch over the wire with a certain civil engineer friend and college classmate who had spent some time in China. Wallace was perfectly willing to help him out, and though it made him a little late for his appointment with Leonie, he took the time

to carry the frog down to Wallace's office. After about an hour's study the latter gave him the translation. It ran:

"Whoso seeketh vengeance on his enemies shall ask the crystal ball for aid. Spirit of the sacred Hu Fwa, graciously list to the curses upon the foreign devils."

He carried the news to Leonie at once. She leaned forward eagerly, her hands tightly clasped.

"Oh, I was sure of it, last night," she said. "Mr. Diggs, you must help me. I know this doctor. He was a false friend of my father's. It was he who bore witness against him, and betrayed him into the hands of the Boxers. He has had me watched ever since I left China, but I never dreamed that the jade frog was in his possession."

"Why, you're not superstitious, are you?"

"I don't think so," she answered. "It was given to me by my nurse, who found it in the old temple where it was hidden. I used to play with it when I was a little girl. Lao San is dead, I am sure. When I came away, I left him in an old chest of my father's private papers and books at Hangkow, and now I find it here on a mantel-piece in New York. What do you think it all means?"

"Superstition, mostly," laughed Diggs, "but if you don't mind I rather think you need some one to look after you until we see what Dr. Voy has up to. I'll return the frog and let Haskell put it in the vault."

He took it out of his pocket and set it on the table in front of them. Leonie leaned forward and looked at the little crystal ball intently and she reached for it, her hand was unsteady, and it fell from her grasp to the floor with a crash. She gave a sharp cry of alarm, and knelt down among the

Diggs was before her. The fall had loosened a crecree spring in the pedestal. Inside it hallow there lay a folded sheet of nice paper with a hand-painted diagram on it, and small vertical lines of Chinese characters.

"I think the sacred Hu Fwa has given up his secret," said Diggs. "Let's call a taxi and run down to Wallace."

"No, no, I can read it myself," exclaimed Leonie, bending excitedly over the paper. After a moment she lifted her face. "Oh, this is too good to be true," she cried. "It tells how the treasures of the murdered Christians for hundreds of years past have been buried in the tombs under the temple. No wonder Dr. Voy wanted the buried treasure to further the plans of the revolutionists."

"But how did it come in his possession?" asked Diggs quickly. "A faraway look came in her eyes. She smiled bitterly.

"Lao San was the only one who knew of the chest. He probably murdered her. Oh, if you only knew of the tragedies hidden in the gardens in old China, I can never thank you enough for helping me. If it hadn't been for you I would never have found it out. Just think what it means to me to be able to turn this treasure over, in my father's name, to the cause that he died for."

Diggs felt the last remnant of his New England caution swept away, as he looked at her radiant, upturned face.

"Can you guess what this means to me?" he asked, huskily. "God bless the little jade frog."

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Dust in rooms is often quite as forbidding, containing specks of dried, dead skin, particles of clothing, mold spores, bits of furniture and decayed food.

Often all the evils of street dust are added to the mixture found indoors. If there is sickness in the house of a contagious or infectious nature, the germs of the disease also will be found in the dust and air unless great care is taken.

In an investigation of street dust one investigator recently put out culture plates in various parts of New York city. These plates, each 3 1/2 inches in diameter, were exposed for a period of five minutes.

In Central Park, near the street, 499 colonies of germs were collected. In a large dry goods store near Union square only 199 groups of germs were found, while on a street which was being swept a total of 5310 was found.

While these germs in the air are not necessarily harmful, yet accumulations of them on fruits or food are apt to produce disastrous results.

MONONGAH

Attending F. H. S. A number of local students attend the Fairmont high school each year. Among those who attended the first day of school yesterday were Raymond Salvati, Mathew Turkovich, Shelia Baker, Mary Turkovich, Tony Decario and Pauline Davis. Two of these, Raymond Salvati and Mathew Turkovich will graduate this year. Catharine Gaskins and Virginia Robinson graduated in the A. Brooks Fleming class of 1917.

Grading for Road. Most of the grading for the new road that is being constructed out Camden avenue has been completed. The Camden avenue road that is being built will connect Worthington with Fairmont.

School Starts Monday. Announcement has been made that the Thoburn high school will open on Monday, September 24. Last year the school had a total enrollment of 52, which number will be greatly increased when school opens next Monday. School will start in the usual rooms over the Martin Grocery store and will continue there until the new building is constructed.

Personals. J. R. Lake was among the Monongah business transactors in Fairmont this morning.

Mrs. Tony Chirno was in Fairmont yesterday evening as a social caller. Morris Silverman was in Fairmont yesterday afternoon attending to business.

Denzil Shaver was among the Monongah business callers in Fairmont yesterday evening.

Duff Morris was a social caller out of town yesterday evening. Ernest Riggins was among the local people in Fairmont yesterday.

Ora Spragg was in Fairmont yesterday evening as a social caller.

Miss Kate Price returned to her work this morning after a vacation of about two weeks. She is employed by the Universal Products Company of Fairmont.

"Most Royal Thing to Labor." Alexander the Great, reflecting on his friends degenerating into sloth and luxury, told them that it was a most slavish thing to luxuriate and a most royal thing to labor.—Isaac Barrow.

Klondike in Every Back Yard. What a supply of multi-millionaires we would have if people could find gold as easily as they find fault.—The Christian Herald.

HARDLY ABLE TO WALK

Grafton, West Va.—"I was very sick with kidney trouble and stomach trouble after typhoid fever. Could not eat anything without it would hurt me. Was scarcely able to walk for about fifteen months and was very weak and nervous. After taking one bottle of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I began to feel better, and after taking six bottles I can now eat anything I want and feel just fine. Am doing all my housework which I probably never would have been able to do had it not been for Dr. Pierce's medicine."—MRS. ENOCH SATTERFIELD, 12 St. John St., Grafton, West Va.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a tonic and builder that brings new activity to the liver, stomach and bowels in a short time, thus causing aliveness, indigestion and constipation to disappear.

Good blood means good health; good health means strong men and women, full of vigor and ambition, with minds alert and muscles ever willing. Any medicine dealer will supply you with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in either liquid or tablet form. Send Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free book.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser—a great doctor book—of 1008 pages, cloth bound—answers many important questions. Copy will be sent for 3 dimes (or stamps) to pay wrapping and mailing charges.

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated and easy to take in candy.

Have you Indigestion?

Your food will continue to disagree with you, and cause distress until you strengthen your digestive organs, and tone and sweeten the stomach. You can do this quickly and surely by promptly taking a few doses of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Their natural action relieves the stomach of undigested food, stimulates the flow of gastric juice, renews the activity of the liver and bowels, and strengthens the digestive system. Take them with confidence, for 60 years' experience prove that Beecham's Pills

Are good for the Stomach

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

Fall Opening and Style Show. Your presence is respectfully requested at our Fall Opening and Style Show. Thursday, September Twenty. Nineteen hundred seventeen. Two until five o'clock. Orchestral Music. Fashion Booklets. Osgood's for Quality.

Do You Always Insist on MARION ICE CREAM. MARION PRODUCTS CO. P.S.—This is your protection.

CASH DISCOUNT VOUCHER. The West Virginian Fairmont, W. Va. THE NATIONS AT WAR by WILLIS J. ABBOT. This book covers the entire history of the war up to the official announcement of America's entry into the great conflict. Contains at least 600 illustrations from photographs, maps and charts. 80 magnificent full-page color plates. Size 8 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches, 485 pages, beautifully bound in a rich blue art vellum. REGULAR PRICE \$3.00. But readers of this newspaper can clip and use this CASH DISCOUNT VOUCHER as \$1.50 towards the payment of this \$3.00, making a cash outlay of only \$1.50. As the cost of printing, paper and binding is constantly increasing we may not be able to secure an additional supply of books—SO ACT QUICKLY. We reserve the right to discontinue this special offer at any time. Those who do not use this Cash Discount Voucher must pay the full regular price of \$3. Present this CASH DISCOUNT VOUCHER with \$1.50 IN CASH at the office of this newspaper and secure the \$3. volume at once. MAIL ORDERS—Same terms as above. Be sure to enclose the Discount Voucher and 8 cents extra within 150 miles; 10c. 150 to 300 mi.; for greater distances ask postmaster amt. to include for 4 lbs. Address this newspaper.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"I wish I were able to get back in to the game," said Dick as we finished reading the newspaper clippings about Harry. Dick is getting very restless at times, little book, especially when we hear from home. He is getting better; however, very slowly and I hate to look ahead. Sometimes I wish we could live in this beautiful California if we were not so far from those we love.

Dick wants more than anything else in the world to get back to his business. After all little book, the one lasting love of a man's life is his work. I think if Dick thought he was never going back to the book business he would not want to live.

It is pathetic to see how he depends upon me. When I leave him I believe he watches the clock until I come back. Just now his whole life means "Marge," and that word is oftener on his lips.

Every day he tells me how good I have been to him—"Dear, I know no other woman could have lived with me all these foolish years of mine," he said last night.

"But you must remember, Dick dear, for one year at least it would probably have stretched almost any man's patience to have lived with me. You were always very kind to me, Dick."

"I was kind when you let me be kind, Marge. While I am lying here, almost as helpless as you were, I realized more than ever before how terrible it was for you."

"But, Dick, I think a woman stands such things better than a man, although I will say this, dear, you are a delightful invalid."

The old familiar crooked smile came to Dick's lips. "A case of the devil was sick and the devil a satyr would be," is it, Marge?" he said.

"I don't want you to be too good, Dick. I have never had any use for saints. You can't do anything but worship them and of all emotions, that which engenders worship is the coldest."

"Well, dear, I don't think there is any danger of your doing any worshipping in my direction. By the way, don't you think it is about time we were hearing from Mollie? I have thought about her a lot lately. Being sick, a man has more time for thoughts, you know. Why, when you and Mary and Eliene had your babies I did not think much about them and I confess I felt that you took Sonny's death before he really lived a little too seriously. But I can see now

just what it means to a woman to brood and plan almost a year for the child she is carrying under her heart and then be left desolate, her beautiful home all dead and scattered. I certainly hope Mollie will come through all right."

"So do I, Dick. For I think Mollie will make a fine mother and her child will have the best of care, both material and spiritual. You know, dear, that the mere fact of a woman bearing a child does not bring her the great material gift."

"You remember, Dick, that celebrated case some years ago when a very rich young man married a show girl and afterward shot the man that the girl said had been her betrayer?"

"Yes, I remember, Marge."

"I have always felt the mothers of those two misguided young people were also tried at that time and found guilty."

"But, Marge, one of those mothers was counted among the most respected women in her city. She was noted for philanthropy and good works."

"Yet she taught her son anything could be bought with money and a name was respected even if its bearer disobeyed all the laws of man."

HEALTH HINTS

Dust as it shifts about the street in its millions of particles does not have very harmful appearance.

When you look into the nature of this same dust, however, it takes on a different aspect.

What is street dust? A little of everything is one answer and an answer that comes very near the truth, especially in regard to the dust found in large cities.

In its particles will be found considerable dried sputum as well as the refuse from horses and other domestic animals.

AN INVITATION TO WOMEN

Women are invited to visit the laboratory of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. at Lynn, Mass., and see for themselves with what accuracy, skill and cleanliness this wonderful remedy for women's ailments is prepared.

Over 350,000 pounds of roots and herbs are used annually in making this famous medicine. The great bins of herbs, the huge tanks filled with the medicine ready to be bottled, and the bottling room where it is put up and labelled for the market, cannot help but impress them with the reliability of this good, old-fashioned root and herb remedy, which for the past forty years has been so successful in the home treatment of female ills.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM AND WILBUR OUGHT TO BE BACK IN SHAPE TOMORROW)—BY ALLMAN.

Comic strip panels with dialogue: HELEN, HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING TOM OR WILBUR YET? YES, THEY GOT HOME ABOUT AN HOUR AGO—THE WORST LOOKING SIGHTS I EVER SAW—WALKED MOST ALL THE WAY—I'VE JUST CALLED UP SOME PEOPLE TO HAVE THEM FIXED UP. I'M SO GLAD YOU ARE A BIG STRONG MAN MR. RUBWELL BECAUSE YOU HAVE A BIG JOB ON YOUR HANDS—I'LL SHOW YOU INTO THE NEXT ROOM—MR DUFF IS IN THERE. YOU SAY THEY WALKED ALL THE WAY BACK FROM THE SEA SHORE? MOST ALL THE WAY DOCTOR—THEY'LL BE READY FOR YOU IN A FEW MINUTES NOW—I HAVE MY OWN TOWELS AND EVERYTHING MRS. DUFF, SO ALL I'LL NEED IS SOME WARM WATER. RIGHT IN HERE MR. TRIM.