

# :- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A Fortnight of Phillippa.

By SUCAN SANFORD.  
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"If you don't like the company I keep—the door is not locked," Anne said defiantly.

Hayden swore inwardly. "It will not need to be locked—against me, Miss Burton. I bid you good evening," he said, rising, his hands stolidly at his sides. With a ceremonious bow he walked steadily toward the door. It burst open when he was two feet from it, thrusting him back in the room. As he straightened he saw fronting him a wildrose face, with star eyes, blue as the sky, now full of innocent concern, with red lips that cried, "Oh, have I hurt you? I am so sorry—it was very headless of me."

"Don't cry, Phil—Mr. Hayden was just leaving—else I should present him," Anne said with a smile of soft malice. Hayden stared. So this was Phillippa Sands, of whom he had heard such tales. An audacious flirt, even hinted at as co-respondent in a pending divorce, he had felt more than justified in begging Anne to have done with her—Anne, who was like a sister to him, only dearer.

"I believe in omens," he said, facing about. "Therefore, I shall not go unless you insist on it." His eyes asked for mercy. Anne was loth to grant it; it hurt dreadfully to have him say such things of Phil—Phil, whom she knew in her own heart to be as clean and honest as daylight yet unhappy dowered with a charm she was too innocent to comprehend. Men felt it—whether or no. Phil was specially deadly to the married, through being so refreshingly unlike the average matron, at the same time so full of child-like appeal.

"Stay—if your pressing business can wait," Anne said, as ungraciously as hospitality would permit. Phil opened her blue eyes wider than ever. She felt the spiritual tension. Had Anne quarreled with this big masterful sweetheart? He must be her sweetheart, since there was no one else—Phil could not conceive her dear, Anna unsuspected. She greeted him prettily, talked smilingly for ten minutes, then caught up a book and ran away, saying over her shoulder, "I came to get it—wouldn't sleep a wink tonight if I did not find out just how the end came. I know, of course, she is going to get him—after having him half way through—but I don't know how."

"May I apologize?" Hayden asked as her footsteps grew faint outside. Anne looked at him steadily.

"Why?" she asked. "Phil is—just the same. I told you she had been shamefully lied about. You stood in awe of Mrs. Grundy until you saw her."

"Are you jealous like those others?" Hayden hazarded. Anne laughed scornfully.

"I don't know how to be," she said. "Not of anybody. Least of all Phillippa. You saw how I resented your slurs. Still, I am a little curious."

"As to what?" said Hayden.

"Why beauty excuses," said Anne with a dry chuckle. Hayden flushed.

"It may reasonably excuse," he said. "And that with nothing ulterior. The sight of anything so charming makes one who knows life understand the instinctive jealousy that it wakes in the undowered. Phillippa, a born work-

er of charms, is also, and innocently, a born trouble maker. Knowing that, I am glad to find you big enough and brave enough to stand by her."

It was handsomely said. Coming from Hayden it meant everything. Anne smiled at him, but could not help saying, "you wouldn't trust me to judge for myself."

Hayden reached for her hand, pressed it between both his own and answered, "I think it was because I don't care to have you do anything for yourself. I'm so much bigger and uglier and rougher. I like to fend for us both. What do you say?"

"Nothing—until you have had a fortnight of Phillippa," Anne bubbled, her eyes dancing. "If it leaves you constant, then I shall never have misgivings. That is, of course, supposing I make up my mind to say 'Yes.'"

"We will tell her, of course," Hayden said with decision.

Anne shook her head. "Nothing to tell—yet," she said. "Besides, that wouldn't be fair. You both are so human you could hardly resist forbidden fruit."

## A PARIS FAVORITE



Marked favor will be given all-black costumes this winter. An authoritative photo sent to The West Virginian from Paris indicates the popularity of all-black even for girls. The gown is designed for semi-dress occasions, or informal evening functions. It is made of black tulle—and note that it is sleeveless—a feature of the latest as well as the most elegant of all Parisian evening gowns.

Note also the round neck, in this case cut rather high. This frock is typical of prevailing Paris modes—there is no particular feature to attract the attention, the entire thought of the designer was given to the general outline and the "ensemble" or effect of the gown as a whole.

ly activities, essential to a flesh and blood man.

"I am so glad it is like this—our last day!" breathed Phillippa, standing bareheaded beneath a golden maple, upon a grassy hillside, snubbing gratefully the winny air from lower lying vineyards and orchards. "Rain would have been tragic," she went on. "It always is—when you must bury something precious."

Hayden trembled violently. She faced him, looking full in his eyes. "Forgive yourself for loving me," she said clearly. "You never meant to do it—no more than I did—it came—all in a flash."

"Yes!" Hayden assented bowing his head. "But why talk of forgiving myself? If you love me—we can defy the whole world."

"Except Anne," Phillippa said softly. "And my conscience. Don't laugh—I have one. Could I ever be happy, knowing she sat in shadow?"

"She would not sit there—she is too fine, too strong. Besides, she left me free of her own choice," Hayden protested doggedly. "That proves her wisdom—"

"I shall not prove my treachery," Phillippa interrupted. "So it is good-by for always. I'm going early tomorrow. I shall never come back."

Hayden entreated, argued—she was firm. All his balancings and casuistry fell from him. Now at the pinch he knew it was Phillippa, Phillippa alone.

was his spiritual complement. He might have been happy enough with Anne but for his bird of paradise. He tried to take her hand—she eluded him and ran down the slope, never stopping till they came to the back gate of the garden. An adorable old garden, full of riotous autumn bloom, Anne had reason for showing it to visitors. They heard voices. Hayden was for going away, but Phillippa flung open the gate, darted through it and rushed upon her friend, crying: "Don't you dare cut roses for anybody, sister Anne—remember, I want all of them when I go."

"You are not going," Anne said, snuggling Phil in the hollow of her arm. "Instead you will stay—for my wedding. Yes—I am going to marry your uncle Mark," nodding at a man of middle age standing smiling a little way off. "Don't cry because we kept our secret—you'll have time enough to worry over it the rest of your life."

"I am—so—happy—I—can't—" Phillippa began. Hayden, behind her, looked at Anne and smiled: "I think we had better make it a double wedding," he said. Anne gave him a pitying glance. "I had no thought of anything else," she said. "I told Mark about everything an hour ago."

Appears in Ballet to Brighten Trench Life



LADY LOUGHBOROUGH, wife of a wounded Darkestones hero, as she faces the audience in the Swinburne ballet organized by Miss Lena Ashwell to raise funds to provide amusements at the front of soldiers.

## HEALTH HINTS

Rout the rat! It is responsible for plague and other infections. It causes an economic loss estimated at from \$35,000,000 to \$50,000,000 annually in the United States.

Rats eat almost all of the foods that human beings eat—fruits, vegetables, butter, cheese, eggs, and an endless variety of similar foodstuffs, enabling them to thrive almost anywhere that these products are available.

Ordinarily rats breed faster than they are destroyed. It is estimated that in most cities there are as many rats as there are people, and in the very thickly populated rural districts, it is said that there is a rat for every acre of ground.

Since they seek their food mostly at night, very few people realize the immense numbers of these rodents that are fed at the expense of the community.

The best way to destroy rats is to cut off their food supplies. This may be done by rat proofing buildings and keeping garbage in tightly closed metal containers.

They may be trapped and poisoned, but cutting off the food supply is the surest and most effective method of extermination.

Some idea of the expense connected with the maintenance of rats may be gained from the fact that a full grown rat consumes about two ounces of grain daily, from 40 to 50 pounds a year.

It should be as much a matter of course for a child to stand straight as to spell correctly. It should be as well informed as to the elements of

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## CONFESIONS OF A WIFE

I had a letter from Pat this morning, little book, saying he had kept many of the letters he had received from the readers of Paula's story in his paper.

"Some are comedies. Some are tragedies and some are just commonplace," he writes, "but they are all slices of life."

He is sending them to me and he says, "I think, Margie, you can make something of these stories, something other readers will enjoy."

You know and I know, little book, the one thing in all this world that can never be commonplace is life. If we think some one we know is living a commonplace existence, it is because we do not know about that person's life.

If we think our own lives are commonplace it is because we are either too stupid to appreciate it or, through egotism or selfishness, we fail to get the right perspective.

Nothing that is so full of possibilities as life can be otherwise than colorful. Some one has called death the great and eliminating one of the series we call life.

Pat also said something in his letter that disturbed me a good deal. "Alice is not very well, Margie," he writes, "and I am worrying a lot about her. Sometimes I think she would be better if she could get away for a little while—I don't think she is quite happy in having nothing to do. Sometimes I think I'll have to get sick so she can take care of me."

"She went over to see Mollie and her new baby this morning, and I expect to find neither Mollie nor the baby have been properly taken care of at the hospital when I get home tonight."

"Tell Dick I wish he were here to help us with Harry Symone's campaign. It was a dirty deal the other side dealt out to him, but I think we have at last made most of the people understand there is such a thing as a come back."

I am like almost all women in the fact that I would rather die than not put through anything I undertook. I am sure Budge has been hearing things, for he looks so queerly and has such a determined air.

"Yesterday Eliene came home crying and asked, 'Mother, is not Budge my very own brother?'"

"Yes, dear, I answered, too surprised to say more.

"Budge however did not wait for me to go on. He took up the cudgels immediately. 'Of course I am, Ellie. He exclaimed as he put his chubby arms about her as far as they would go. 'I'm your brother what the stock brought and I'm also your adopted brother, picked special by mover (when Budge gets excited he still substitutes v for th) to be your own brover and take care of you all your life.'"

"Wasn't that beautiful, Margie? But oh, dear girl, that is all there is beautiful about the whole thing. You would not know Harry. His hair has grown very gray and his mouth has grown thin and determined. I fear he will be ill if he doesn't win this election."

"Margie, Margie, I think everybody would be glad in this world if everybody could look ahead and see the consequences."

## SHE'S ONLY WOMAN FAIR BOSS IN LAND



Mrs. James Rainey is America's only woman fair boss. She is director of the woman's department of the National Farm and Live Stock show, under control of the New Orleans Racing association.

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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(BETTER GET IN, TOM.)—BY ALLMAN.