# A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### Gregory Fuller, Model.

BY OSBORNE JONES.

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THERE were twelve high-backed rocking chairs on the boarding house veranda, and in each of those chairs sat a woman, varying in age and figure all the way from the 6-year lassie, who sat bolt upright, with her chubby bare legs crossed crossed tailor fashion under her, as she laboriously plied the stitches of a wash cloth with her rosy fingers down, or rather up, to Mrs. Van der Hayden, who looked as we who have never seen a duchess at close range imagine duchesses of three-score and more all to look—portly and haughty and serene. She was knitting an aviator's helmet. All in all, there were twenty-four needles clicking, and, save when some one stopped to count stitches, there were half as many tongues gently wagging.

No wonder, then, that the two unattached males whom unkind fate had condemned to abide in the one boarding house in town preferred to smoke their pipes and read their papers on the wooden settle down by the gate of the old house. Except for the fact that they were doomed to share the same bench in this ostracism, there was little in common between Gregory Fuller and the other young man, who sought to entertain and inpress Gregory with his social conquests in his home town.

Still, when the young man went for a week-end to that home town, presumably to score a few more triumphs, Gregory felt doubly oppressed in his ostracism; and without knowing just how things stood between Gregory and Margery Drake—the little 20-year-old school teacher that sat up there in this third chair from Mrs. Van der Hayden and knitted sleeveless sweaters—you might have wondered why he did not seek some other place to spend his Saturday afternoon than down there on the hard wooden beach by the fence, with only a magazine and a pipe to console him. Down there at least he was unobserved, or thought he was, and he could be sure that Margery was safe. He had little reason to feel jealousy, for, except for his erstwhile companion who had gone home for the week end, Gregory was about the only eligible male in the community.

"Do you know, I think there must be something wrong with these directions." It was the shrill treble of Mrs. Jones—the angular blond lady with the bediamonded fingers who sat next to Margery. "I have followed them faithfully—bound off thirty-two stitches for the head, knitted five ribs, and then set on thirty-two stitches again, and will you look at the size of the neck?

Margery beside her compared her own nearly completed sweater with her neighbors. "Mine is just the same size. I took it for granted that the rules were right."

"But I can't get it over my head at all," exclaimed Mrs. Smith as she seized Margery's sweater and tried to pull it over her blond pompadour.

"Of course you can't," reproved the duchess, pausing as she counted stitches—"twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, with your hair done over a rat of course your head is larger than a man's."

"You don't suppose I do such a thing," grasped Mrs. Smith. "Though I will admit that my hair is very thick and that may take up more room. But even if my hair is full, don't you think a man's ears are big and would take the extra room in slipping it on? I always think men's ears are very big."

"I have noticed that Mr. Smith's ears are," agreed the duchess, still counting.

"If we could only try the sweater on a real man," sighed Mrs. Smith. "It's too bad my husband is a traveling man. He's the only husband in the house and he is away."

"But there are other men," suggested Mr. Van der Tayden.

"Not Mr. Fuller," gasped Margery. "Please don't let's ask him." She had seen at least eight pairs of eyes cast in the direction of the little wooden bench and its solitary occupant. It was too late and useless to protest for the portly Mrs. Van der Hayden had risen and beckoning with her large angular hand, she called: "Young man, Mr. Fuller, will you step this way;" and then, feeling that her word was law, she sank down into her chair again; "seventy-eight, seventy-nine, eighty," she counted on.

Gregory rose and came up the steps to the porch and, as the twenty-four needles ceased to click and half as many pairs of feminine eyes were leveled upon him, he felt the color risen his cheeks and under his collar.

"You are an average sized young man, aren't you?" queried the duchess as if she were asking a new gardener whether he could cut the grass.

"Well, then will you let these ladies try their sweaters on you?

Then the fitting process began and the only consolation that came to Gregory was the knowledge that Margery was blushing confusedly and because he knew that the first sweater that was tried on him was made by Margery's fair hands.

"Yes, I think his ears stick out a bit, too," commented Mrs. Van der Haydan, "but then I suppose the average soldier might have the same defect. I remedied the trouble in my boys—made them sleep in ear bonnets when they were little." Here she tugged regardless of Gregory's features and got the sweater over. Then taking it off again—"and now my good man will you wait a minute till I try this helmet on you. First, I must count the stitches to make sure I havent lost one."

"Would you awfully mind taking off your shoe," a quiet little lady in black piped up. "I'm not at all sure about the length of this sock.

Gregory was still obliging, and tried on several pairs of socks and then a pair of wristlets, and finally Mrs. Van der Hayden's helmet while his dark locks, usually lying as close to his head as a duck's feathers to its back, were disheveled and towseled, and he was limping wtih one shoe off, for the duchess had given him no time to put his shoe back again.

"It's funny we never thought of getting you to do this before," Mrs. Smith said cheerfully. "You have seemed so lonely down there. Oh, would you awfully mind holding my next skein of yarn? I can use the back of a chair, but I'm sure you would be lot's more intelligent about keeping out the knots."

"Thank you," murmured Gregory, and as he looked up at Margery's face he caught just the suspicion of a twinkle in her soft brown eyes.

Perhaps it took as much courage for Gregory to do what he next did as anything he had eevr done before in his life—for it does take more courage than some men possess to say the first words to the girls they love when some quarrel, groundless or otherwise, has broken the cord of their friendship. At any rate, when he had finished holding Mrs. Smith's yarn, he deliberately took a skein of the same sort of gray yarn from Margery's work bag, and there, before all the boarders, said to Margery. "Now, let me hold this for you. I am better than a chair; Mrs. Smith will vouch for that."

The rest was easy enough. Margery wound the yarn very prettily, and thanked Gregory with all her old winsomeness when it was done. There were more socks and sweaters to be tried on and more yarn to be wound for the other women in the twelve chairs. And so passed Gregory's Saturday afternoon.

Somehow he managed that evening to ask Margery to stroll around that block with him, and then they sat together on the little wooden bench by the gate.

"Thank fortune tomorrow's Sunday" Gregory said. "You won't have to knit then and perhaps I can get you to go up the river—a little picnic would be good fun this time of the year."

"But we can knit for soldiers on Sunday," insisted Margery. "Even Mrs. Van der Hayden says so. Her minister told her it made a difference."

"She's a cool proposition," Gregory murmured.

"Yes, there are always people like her in evry boarding house," replied Margery.

"So much the worse for boarding houses," was Gregorys rejoinder. "Somehow I feel that if it hadn't been for those women, especially that duchess, you and I would have made up long ago. But with their eyes on us, how could we. Margery, do you think my ears are so awfully big." Ti is with an emphasis on the "you" that indicated that no one's opinion but Margery's counted.

"Boarding houses are dreadful," Margery cooed after assuring Gregory that his ears were ideal.

"Then don't let's live in 'em any more. Let's get married and have a cottage of our own.

"Gregory, how lovely!"

Abou that time the portly duchess clad in her black china silk bath robe t'ptoed across the hall to Mrs. Smith's room. Mrs. Smith was removing the rt from her bountiful blond hair.

"It's done," exclaimed the duchess. "I knew it when he started to wind her yarn and they're sitting out on the wooden bench now. Well, I'm mighty glad. A boarding house is no place for young people like that anyway."

"It takes you to be a match-maker," sighed Mrs. Smith and then, as she brushed out the golden switch that she had just unpinned, "you were a wretch to tell them all. . . wore a rat. But I'll forgive you this time."

## FASHION THAT WINS ALL HEARTS

NEW YORK Oct. 12.—This three-piece set of beaver and velvet is the fetching creation of "Cupid," a hat designer, but indeed he must have been in league with Dan Cupid himself, for few masculine hearts and none belonging to the fair sex could resist the appeal of a pretty girl in this attire.

The hat reveals the latest mode in its size, and the graceful sweep of its brim. Large hats for winter is the decree of the milliners. This hat has a crown of shirred velvet, all bound round with two narrow bands of beaver, each of which is caught at the front with a tight little pink velvet rose.

The neck piece is a work of art in its skillful blending of velvet, which forms the scarf, the soft satin lining, and the fur which enriches the collar portion and finishes the ends with a band and a tassel.

"To complete the ensemble" as our Paris friends say, is a most delectable bag of velvet which matches the hat and scarf, with its own trimming of fur band and velvet rose.

Each day The West Virginian publishes one tested recipe prepared by Mrs. S. J. Brobst, Fairmont's foremost authority upon culinary art. Cut them out and save them. Today's recipe is for—

*MEAT SUBSTITUTE.*

*(Banana Cake and Jelly Sauce.)*

*One cup flour, 1 tespoon baking powder, 2 teaspoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup milk, 1 egg, 4 bananas.*

Sift the flour, salt, baking powder and two tablespoons sugar into bowl; add the milk and well beaten egg; mix well, skim and scrape the bananas, cut in half lengthwise then across. Brush bake pan with butter, pour in the butter, place the bananas on top and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Serve with jelly sauce.

*Jelly Sauce.*

*Two tablespoons jelly, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon cornstarch.*

Put water in sauce pan, bring to boil, and add the jelly and sugar, stir until dissolved ,then add cornstarch wet.

## :-: CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-:

"The story begins to get interesting" said Dick.

"Why is it, dear, that marriage never seems to get interesting until the introduction of tertium quid?"

"Marriage is interesting, Margie, but husband and wives cannot always get the perspective."

"Then yo uthink that the third person introduces the perspective as well as the prospective?"

"Anything in the nature of a pun, Mrs. Margie, is strictly prohibited. Read on, dear I am anxious to see if I sized up that man right. Up to date I have been a little sorry for him, tied to a selfish, extravagant woman. It seems to me that he has been pretty white so far. I am afraid I should 'flown the coop' long before. What does he say about the woman outside'?"

"Well, I will repeat the last sentence I read yesterday—'then all at once I woke up. I met the woman.'

"I shall never forget the first time I saw her," he writes. "She came into the magazine office to sell a story. She was very beautiful—a woman anyone would look at the second time, but aside from her mere physical beauty she seemed to radiate a spiritual quality that I have never found in any other person. Her smile was like a caress, her voice vibrant with that intangible quality which for want of a better word we dub 'personality.'

"After I knew her, I told her once that she had a man's brain and a woman's heart. She did not consider this as complimentary as I meant it, for she insisted that her brain was as feminine as any other part of herself. However, she had been able to eliminate from it all the silly little prejudices and affections that one finds, or at least I had found up to that time in every woman I had known. I have never known a woman so unaffected, so democratic, so just, never known one so loyal to her friends.

"Many people misunderstood her, because in their hypercritical brains there could be no conception of the frankness and utter generosity of a mind like hers. Her spirit was unquenchable. She did not know the word fear, except as an interesting psychological study.

"Of course, I did not realize all this at our first meeting, but I did feel a sudden interst that I had never felt in anyone before. I found myself after she had left the office picturing again and again just how she threw her head up in sudden gesture, while her smiling mouth opened to show splendid teeth which, like evrything else about her, gave the impression of perfect health.

"She was the sanest woman I have evr known and yet her imagination would run riot with a picturesque detail of emotion that I, with my colder temperament, could hardly follow. She was almost pagan in her love of beauty. 'A daisy on the river's brim' was never to her only a daisy. It was the 'open sesame' to the great content she got from common things.

"She loved ease, and yet I have known her to endure great privations and never complain. She—well, perhaps, I have said enough to show you that I loved her. It was a queer kind of attachment that grew up between us. I told her more about myself than I had ever dared acknowledge even to myself. She made me perfectly content when I was with her and absolutely at rest. The cares, the annoyances, the bitter side of life slipped away and left me in a soft glow of happiness.

"As long as life shall last I will remember our rambles together through red and gold woods of a perfect autumn. Somehow the wonderful, mature splendor of an autumn day always reminds me of her. It seems to say, 'I have lived and found life good, and now am putting on festive dress for the next great adventure.'"


## Feels 50 Per Cent Better On DRECO

**Coal Man Says Dreco is a Most Wonderful Remedy for Indigestion and Stomach Troubles.**

"I feel fifty per cent better than I have for fifteen years," says J. M. Goldsmith, a contractor of Asheville, N. C., in referring to his experience with DRECO, the new herbal remedy which is working near-miracles according to the testimony of many people the country over.

Mr. Goldsmith is in the coal business at New River, W. Va., and says that he has been a sufferer from indigestion and inactive liver for fifteen years past. He had doctors, took medicines by the score and almost despaired of ever getting better. He saw so many people recommending DRECO that he got a bottle, and says "I will say this for Dreco; it will do all that is claimed for it." Dreco is on sale and recommended by Boggess, Wriston's drug stores, Huntington, W. Va., Boremann & Co., Parkersburg, W. Va., Burke's Pharmacy, Clarksburg, W. Va., Crane's Drug Store, Fairmont, W. Va.

## Nature Needs Assistance In Keeping You Well

**A little help goes a long ways.**

If you would keep your body in a healthy and robust condition, throbbing with that splendid vitality that indicates freedom from all ailments, first of all see that your blood is kept pure. Any slight impurity that creeps into your blood will soon effect the well-being of your whole system.

A few bottles of S. S. S. will give just the assistance that nature needs in keeping the blood absolutely free of all impurities. This old remedy is a wonderful purifier and tonic, and has no equal for keeping the blood rich and pure. It builds up the appetite and tones up the entire system.

S. S. S. is sold by druggists everywhere. It has been successfully used for more than fifty years, and people in practically every state testify to its great worth. Write for booklets and free medical advice to Swift Specific Co., Dept. E Atlanta, Ga.

## VINOL MAKES CHILDREN STRONG

Any doctor will tell you that the ingredients of Vinol as printed below contain the elements needed to improve the health of delicate children and restore strength to old people.

Cod Liver and Beef Peptones, Iron and Manganese Peptonates, Iron and Ammonium Citrate, Lime and Soda Glycerophosphates, Cascarin.

Those who have puny, ailing or run-down children or aged parents may prove this at our expense.

Besides the good it does children and the aged there is nothing like Vinal to restore strength and vitality to weak, nervous women and overworked, run-down men.

Try it. If you are not entirely satisfied, we will return your money without question; that proves our fairness and your protection. Millions of people have been convinced this way.

Crane's drug store, Fairmont. Vinol is sold in Mannington by the Prescription Pharmacy and at the best drug store in every town and city in the country.

## PREPARE FOR THE CRISIS

Every mother awaiting motherhood should get in condition for the crisis.

There is just one thing to do—give nature a helping hand throughout the waiting period.

No time should be lost in beginning the use of the penetrating external preparation, "Mother's Friend". By its use during the period the muscles of the abdomen are made pliable and elastic; they can then expand with ease when "baby" is born and pain at the crisis is naturally less. Ask for a bottle of "Mother's Friend" at the drug store today and do not go a single night without applying it. Write The Bradfield Regulator Co., Dept. D, 300 Lamar Building, Atlanta, Ga., and they will send you a book of scientifically prepared, practical information, without charge. "Mother's Friend" is composed of such penetrating oils and other ingredients as to make it entirely indispensable to expectant mothers.

## Flag Special

Here is a special for Saturday that every good American will want to take advantage of. A good flag 4x6 fet, fast colors. Outfit includes a good strong flag staff and holder. The price

**Saturday Only $1.58**

**HALL'S HARDWARE**

## NOTE ADVANCE

| | |
|---|---|
| Sweet Milk, per quart | 8c |
| Sweet Milk, per half gallon | 15c |
| Sweet Milk, per gallon | 30c |
| Sweet Cream, per quart | 30c |
| Buttermilk, per gallon | 15c |
| Skim Milk, per gallon | 10c |
| Cottage Cheese, per pint | 12c |

**Marion Products Co.**

## PIMPLY? WELL, DON'T BE!

**People Notice It. Drive Them Off with Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets**

A pimply face will not embarrass you much longer if you get a package of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The skin should begin to clear after you have taken the tablets a few nights.

Cleanse the blood, the bowels and the liver with Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the successful substitute for calomel; there's never any sickness or pain after taking them.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets do that which calomel does, and just as effectively, but their action is gentle and safe instead of severe and irritating.

No one who takes Olive Tablets is ever cursed with "a dark brown taste," a bad breath, a dull, listless, "no good" feeling, constipation, torpid liver, bad disposition or pimply face.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil; you will know them by their olive color.

Dr. Edwards spent years among patients afflicted with liver and bowel complaints, and Olive Tablets are the immensely effective result.

Take one or two nightly for a week. See how much better you feel and look. 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

## The End of Your Corns

**Pain Stops at Once—Corn Lifts Off Clean.**

There is nothing in the world like "Gets-It" for corns. Just apply it according to directions, the pain stops at once and then the corn lifts off as clean as a whistle. No fuss, no bother, no danger. "Gets-It," you know, is safe. Millions have used it, more than all other corn remedies combined, and it never fails.

**Don't Waste Time "Hollering." "Gets-It" Never Fails.**

There is no need for you to go through another day of corn agony. But be sure you get "Gets-It." Accept nothing else, for remember, there is positively nothing else as good. "Gets-It" never irritates the live flesh, never makes the toe sore.

You can go about as usual with work or play, while "Gets-It," the magic, does all the work. Then the corn peels right off like a banana skin, and leaves the toe as smooth and corn-free as your palm. Never happened before, did it? Guess not.

Get a bottle of "Gets-It" today from any drug store, you need pay no more than 25c, or sent on receipt of price by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Sold in Fairmont and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by J. H. McCloskey & Co., W. R. Crane & Co., Fairmont Pharmacy.

## Scott's

Bracelet Watches look well and keep good time

Scott's

The HALLMARK Store


DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THAT'S THE BEST SHE COULD DO—(BY ALLMAN.