

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

BEAUTY WITH A TWEEL "JUMPING JILL" IS FUN

Fringed Gentian.
By GERTRUDE ROBINSON.
(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

CTOBER, and leaves lying in sudden heaps beneath the birches of Tawny Hill. Knee-deep in the rust-red welter stood Rosemary Damarel. Behind her Tawny Creek curled about the stepping stones on which the girl had just crossed. Before her was a mass of blue flowers. Ten minutes before Rosemary, on her way to the village to mail a letter to her father, had noticed the blue notes. Now, her arms full of the blue-fringed gentian, she rustfully heard five booming strokes of the town clock. The mail would close in fifteen minutes.

Rosemary tilted out on the stepping stones. Midway a gust of wind smote her in the face, tore her coil of gold-bronze hair loose and whipped it in her eyes. A second, and the girl had pitched headlong into the creek. She struggled up, waist-deep in the swirling water. Slowly, fighting the tug of the water, she was sucked toward the deep pool that eddied under the west bank. As the suction overwhelmed her, her voice shrilled to the meadow beyond where a young man was ploughing. In a minute something gripped her, gripped her first by the long floating rope of hair, then by an arm, and drew her forth from the sucking maelstrom.

The moment Rosemary felt herself dropped on the pasture land she sat up and hurriedly coiled her drenched mop of hair in a knot.

"Oh!" she complained, "but you nearly pulled it off my head, Lester Fordham!"

The young man shuddered. "It was the only way, Rosemary," he protested. "You know I can't swim a stroke."

Suddenly remembering her errand, the girl sprang to her feet and handed the man the letter.

"Scurry to the post with this, Lester," she begged. "Father must have it tomorrow."

Five minutes later she vaulted the pasture back into the road just as a black car came rumping along.

"Rosemary! Rosemary Damarel!" came an astonished voice. In a twinkling she was wrapped in a heavy coat and whisked hither as breakneck speed.

Half an hour later Rodney Duquette was waiting in a corner of the porch for Rosemary. He was junior member of the law firm in which Rosemary's father was senior member. He was not engaged to Rosemary, though he and her father were agreed on the matter. Rosemary herself had liked him in a friendly brotherly way since her father's city interests had brought them together a couple of years before. Nevertheless some instinct had impelled her to ask for the summer to make her decision to. "Look the summer is gone, and the man, as well as the girl, knew that she was no longer a candidate of her own hand. Rodney Duquette resolved upon a wretched wailing that should bring the girl's feelings to a fever, so he saw her come slipping daintily through the open porch door. A lavender-tinted muslin towel, with the broad-gold of her hair, her brown eyes were dancing with mischief. She well knew her would-be fiancé did not approve of her recent escapade.

After dinner Rosemary went driving with Mr. Duquette. She drove her own high-spirited horse, and her frank enjoyment of the exercise revealed to the man that she was quite unconscious of her own poorly concealed delight in her girlish chum. He decided that his only hope of success was to get the girl away from the atmosphere of her home. By the time they returned he had persuaded her to spend a fortnight with his sister in their camp in the Berkshires. But he took scant encouragement from her consent to the trip, for she sprang from the carriage with a cry of delight. On the porch sat a great blue bowl full of wonderful blue flowers, blue even in the dusk of the fall evening.

"My fringed gentian," she cried. "Lester has fished them out of the creek where I lost them."

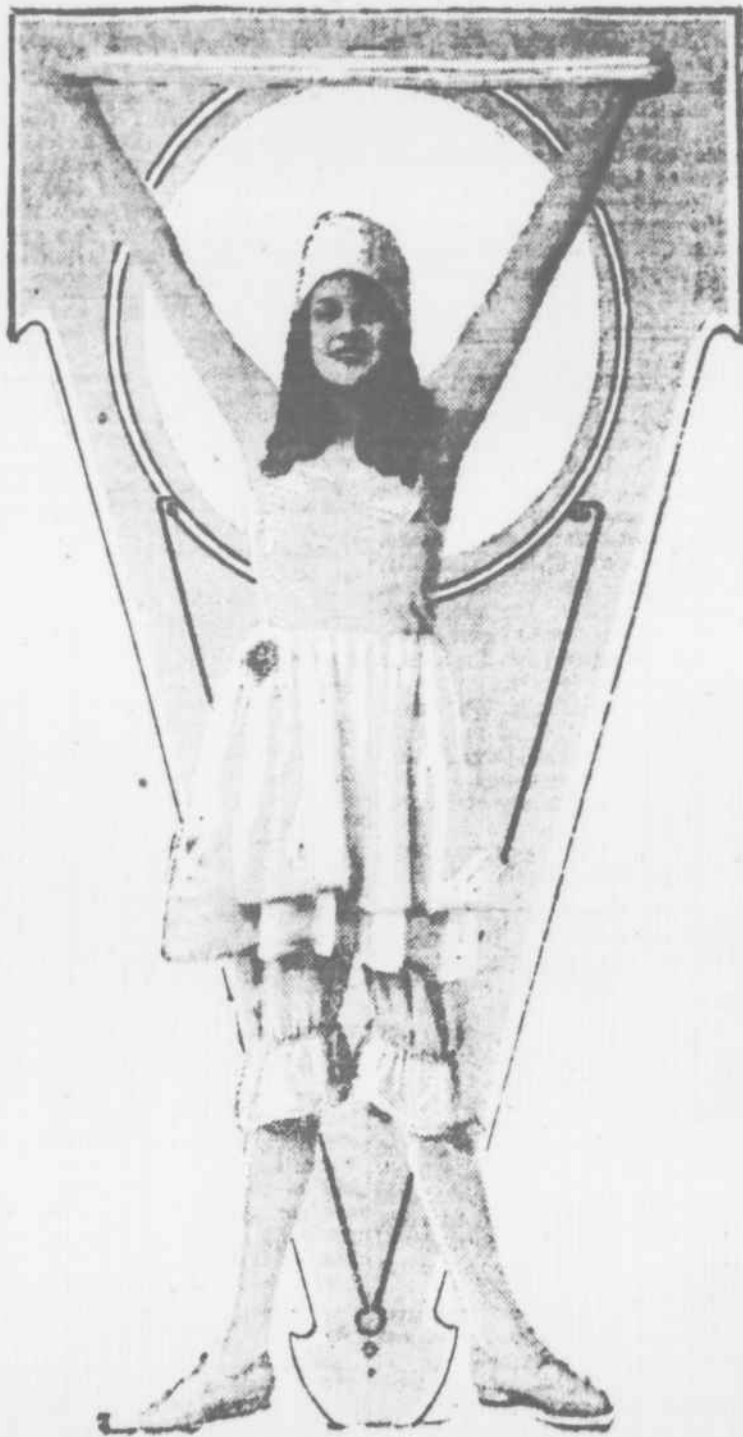
Rodney Duquette, in spite of his apparent adventure, left with a sense of futility. He realized she cared more for the clump of wild flowers than for the roses he had sent her from the city.

Rosemary was happy at the camp. She was a girl of the open, and abandoned herself wholeheartedly to the joy of mountain climbing, fishing and riding along pleasant country byways. She developed an innocent comradeship with the man almost too naive to please him. Nevertheless, the day before her return he put his position with her to the test. The girl listened to him quietly.

"Oh!" she cried remorsefully. "I have just been thinking of you as a good comrade. Let me wait till I am home and away from you. Then maybe I'll know. I'll write to you tomorrow night."

The man knew that her womanhood was at last awake in her and that she would decide, but how he dared not think.

The next day Rosemary went home. She felt strangely old and troubled. She dreaded writing to Rodney that evening, for she did not know how she should write. Finally she went to the woods to think out her problem. She followed unconsciously a familiar fragrance. Soon in a damp corner she found the source of the sweet odor she had never before associated with this place. Fringed gentians were there, dozens of them, holding up their glorious heads bravely in the rich, damp, new soil. In a flash she understood. Lester had transplanted them for her. She threw herself upon the ground and buried her face in their sweetness. Then she laughed. Under one of the plants lay a little red-bound book—Lester's note book. Nobody in the whole countryside but Rosemary knew that Lester earned his living in the winter playing in the symphony orchestra in the city, and found his joy writing nature poetry moments in the intervals.



"Jumping Jill," Posed by Frances Jordan.

By FRANCES JORDAN.
Selected in a Government Competition As America's Prettiest Girl.

Article No. 5.
One who dares do as many other girls with a bath-towel as with the wind people use in gymnasium classes. It can be held as tight as any band, and it will bend when you want it to.

One of the things I do with my towel is to play "Jumping Jill."

grabbing on his father's old farm. A relieved smile was creeping about the corners of Rosemary's troubled mouth. She would take Lester his book and ask him to help her settle the question she could not settle for herself. Lester had been in touch, her refuge from many perplexities all her life. She ran down the lane and across the road to the pasture. She knew just where she would find Lester. He would be pretending to spade up the clouds in the old mud-foot country boy. In reality he would be spinning a scrap of verse in his busy brain. She smiled whimsically to herself as she remembered the fun her friends were always poking at this would-be farmer son of their old associate, Squire Fordham. They thought of him as a back musician who placed out a precarious living on the old farm. Nobody dreamed that he played the countryman in summer for very love of the near-to-nature life. Rosemary had not even told Rodney the truth about him. She resolved to take Rodney to one of Lester's concerts the next winter. How amazed he would be!

An then suddenly, in the midst of her musings, Rosemary stood still in the rocky path. If she married Rodney, her newly awakened womanhood told her, her old comradeship with Lester would be impossible. And, after all, could Rodney Duquette possibly mean as much to her as this dear fellowship? She sat down in the path and buried her face in her hands. She began to realize what her old comrade meant to her, had meant to her all her unthinking life and must mean all the rest of her days if she were to be happy.

If—and then she knew she could never ask him the question she had meant to. She did not need to, in truth. It had answered itself. Presently some one came stamping up the rocky way.

"Bless us! What's all this?" stormed an amazed voice. She was conscious that Lester Fordham was

It begins in the natural head up position, except that you hold the towel stretched in your hand's hanging down in front. As you would hold a wand.

Give a quick jump to a stride position, reading the feet and raising the arms at the same instant. Return to position with another jump. Repeat this movement rapidly as often as desired. It is fine to restore circulation when chilly, and will induce perspiration in a minute or two. Therefore it should be a fine flesh reducer.

tending over her. "See here," he was demanding, "what is the matter? Why didn't you call me? You knew I would hear. Are you hurt?" Rosemary caught his hand and pulled herself to her feet. "Here," she laughed, "here is your little book. I was bringing it to you when I thought—" she hesitated.

"Thought what?" prompted Lester, puzzled.

"Thought what?" he repeated, as Rosemary stood tongue-tied, blushing.

"I thought," she stammered, wincing beneath the man's insistent gaze, "how perfectly awful—it would be—if I were going to marry Rodney Duquette!"

Lester Fordham caught her gently by her forehead chin and upturned her face until her honest, brown eyes looked into his.

"Rosemary Damarel, tell me the truth, would it be perfectly awful—if you were going to marry me?"

"You'll have to find that out for yourself," challenged the girl, her assurance returning. "only—I know I'm never going to marry anybody else in the world."

CANNING CHERRIES
National War Garden Commission
Recipe Tested by Biddy Bye.
It is a matter of personal choice whether or not the pits be removed from cherries before canning. If cherries are pitted care should be taken to save all the juice to be poured into the jars after the cherries are packed. A lady's glove buttoner is very useful in taking the pits out of cherries.

Can cherries directly after washing—or after pitting—and pack the fruit into hot jars as tightly as possible without crushing. Then fill the jars with hot cherry juice or sirup made of 1 cupful sugar to 3 cupfuls cherry juice or water. If cherry juice is available, it should be used.

Adjust tops and partially tighten them, sterilize for 16 minutes, complete sealing and invert out of draught to cool. Wrap jars in paper to prevent loss of color in storage.

Sweet cherries are not generally pitted, and a little lighter sirup is used than in the case of the sour fruit.

the home, the shopper, the dancer, the foot traveler, the man in the office, the clerk in the store, the worker in the shop, have today, in this great discovery, "Gels-It," the one sure, quick relief from all corn and callus pains—the one sure, painless remover that makes corns come off as easily as you would peel a banana. It takes 2 seconds to apply "Gels-It"; it dries at once. Then walk with painless joy, even with tight shoes. You know your corn will loosen from your toes—peel it off with your fingers. Try it, corn sufferers, and you'll smile!

"Gels-It," the guaranteed, money-back corn-remover, the only sure way, costs but a trifle at any drug store. M'd by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.

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

ECZEMA
We honestly believe CRANOLENE will cure any case of Eczema or other skin disease. Come in and let us tell you about it. Use one jar of Cranolene Ointment; if dissatisfied with results your money will be refunded. In jars, 25c. \$1 and \$2.50. Samples free. Address Cranolene, Box E. Girard Kansas.

Fairmont Pharmacy
Fairmont, W. Va.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Watson*

Invest in Thrift and War Savings Stamps Today!



Invest in Thrift and War Savings Stamps Today!



Feature Values in Dresses

Such a collection of beautiful dresses is seldom seen at this time. No matter what type of frock you plan to add to your Summer outfit, you will without doubt find it here; for in this showing are popular Summer modes in silk, tub silk, organdies, ginghams and voiles, in designs and colorings that sparkle with distinction. Values extraordinary.

\$5.00, \$10.00, \$15.00 and up to \$35.00

The Blouse Section Says "Something Special"

And looking here, you will find charming blouses of silk, voiles, batiste and organdies—all in the fashion of the day—priced at figures that indicate unusual economy. Choose from an exceptional large stock now.

\$1.00, \$1.98, \$3.50, \$5.95, \$7.50, 10.00

White Summer Skirts

A large assortment awaits you in every new style and material, all expertly tailored and fitted—\$3.50, \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00.

Special for Now, really worth \$2.50 at \$1.48.

June Sale of Cloth and Silk SUITS



June Sale of Cloth and Silk COATS

June Clearance Sale of Women's Suits and Coats

An exceptional lot of suits in silk and wool fabrics that would cost a great deal more to produce today than when we bought them. But, however that may be, it is our policy now, as ever, to close out all seasonal merchandise well within the season for which it was purchased. Many women who have felt they could not afford another suit this summer will welcome these unusual values.

Choose from a large stock in all sizes, colors and styles at 1-4 to 1-3 less!

Stop Corn Agony In Four Seconds

Use "Gels-It"—See Corns Peel Off! The relief that "Gels-It" gives from corn-pains—the way it makes corns and calluses peel off painlessly in one piece—is one of the wonders of the world. The woman in



KINKY HAIR MADE STRAIGHT SOFT, LONG, SILKY
You simply apply to your hair the wonderful cream Herolin Pomade Hair Dressing, which has the effect of straightening out curly, kinky, wavy, heavy hair, making your entire head of hair soft, glossy, silky, smooth, so you can easily handle your hair and use it up in any of the waters at jet, beach, or pool.

HEROLIN POMADE
is pleasantly perfumed. It is an up-to-date Hair Dressing of scientific merit. It makes sleek hair new liss and beautiful, stops itching scalp, restores and falling hair.

Sent for 25 CENTS by Mail HEROLIN MED. CO., ATLANTA, GA. Agents: Wash.—Wells for Terms.



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(HELEN DECIDES ON TOM'S PRIZE CLUB.)—BY ALLMAN.

