

# A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### A Study Monogamy.

By JANE OSBORN.  
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It was just before Philip Lewis's last college vacation that his celebrated old uncle, James Devridge, told him in his blunt, quaint way that—Philip was a lazy, loafing, worthless specimen of humanity, and utterly unworthy of being named James Devridge's sole heir, as had been that distinguished man's original intentions.

On the charge of never having done anything in life that he had not been made to do, Philip mentioned the fact, not at all boastfully but only in self-defense, that he had brought down various prizes for his amateur photography.

"Yes, but what value has it been—pictures of pretty girls and horses or something of that sort," muttered the old scientist. "If you could get photographs of birds that would do illustrate this book I've been working over, they might count for something."

"Give me a chance," challenged the nephew. "What sort of pictures do you want?"

"Read the manuscript and find out," was the uncle's answer. "The book among the birds of eastern North America. It is not a popular work at all. I doubt if you can make head or tail of it. It requires a scientific point of view, and that you don't possess."

"I'll try it," said the nephew, and the day after work at college was over he started off to a little cabin in the northern mountain country of New England, where his uncle had in years past done considerable observation of bird life, there to get the photographs the uncle had assured him he couldn't get. Philip was perfectly confident of his lenses and his camera and his photography. The thing that troubled him was knowing what sort of pictures to take. For the first three days of his stay in the woods country he read the duplicate manuscript his uncle had given him. Frankly he was not very much encouraged.

Then he yearned for a setup of his solitude, and with characteristic bluntness asked the old countryman who drove the stage that passed his door twice a day whether there were any nice girls in the neighborhood. "There is only one good-looking," said the old man, who seemed to have made careful observations, "and she's queer. You wouldn't like her and she wouldn't have anything to do with you, either. She lives alone in the summer in a shack in the woods next to yours. She's awful queer. But she do be good looking."

"How's she queer?" queried Philip. "Powerful queer—that's how queer. She sometimes sets a whole day at a time under a tree in the gully, and one day I seen her setting way up in the tip top of a tree. Well she was there when I went down in the morning and still there when I came home in the afternoon. Don't know how she got there, but there she was. And she goes around with opera glasses, just as if she thought there was a show going on, and she whistles and chirps to herself, and—well, there's no doubt but she's queer," concluded the old man with a significant tapping of the side of his own head, as if to indicate where the weakness lay.

Philip needed no further proof. He believed the old man had exaggerated the matter, but he had no doubt of the young woman's demerits. One day—his was still reading his uncle's manuscript, hoping to find a clue as to what his photographs should be—he saw the strange young lady, sitting not in the top of one of her own trees, but in the top of one of the trees very near to his own shack. He looked at her from the safety of his shack and then assuming a perfectly confident air and a cheerful whistle, ventured out and began to walk noisily about the tree.

"Oh, please tread softly," said the strange young lady. "I think they are settling here in this tree. If you disturb them they may go off again. Please go away, won't you?" Philip withdrew and did not return till later in the day, when the young lady descended very quietly.

"I think these are located," she told him. "They are in the next tree—two thrushes. I watched them in my own trees and then they came over here. I can watch them beautifully from this other tree that I was sitting in. I hope you don't mind."

"Why, please, were you watching just those thrushes?" he asked her, and she told him that if he would let her stay and eat lunch with him in his shack instead of having to tramp back the half mile to her own he would take time to tell him. It was in his little cabin dining-room over a rustic sort of luncheon that Philip prepared for them—coffee smoky of aroma, but delicious to the appetite, sharpened by woods air, sliced ham, dry biscuit and cheese—that the girl explained.

"Well, you see, I am making a study of monogamy among birds—that is, I want to get a little data that will be of some value in establishing the fact that thrushes either are or are not monogamous—that is, that they do or don't mate for life. Last year I worked hard all summer. I studied the birds from the tree tops and from under the hedges. No one knows how long I sat silently so as to not disturb them and I trapped some of them long enough to fasten little bracelets on their ankles. I know that if the same birds came back to these trees this year and mated with the same mates, then I would have some small fact to contribute to this great study. And now two of the birds with my bracelets have come back and I think they are the mates of last year. Once they get settled for nesting I can get closer to them and find out. You know, James Devridge, the greatest of all bird scientists and one of the greatest scientists of the day, has made a special study of this. I read everything he wrote, and I heard him lecture once. So said that he didn't have anywhere near enough data on the subject of monogamy and that anyone who would seriously set about it to collect it might as well be making a real contribution to science. So I made up my

## HELEN HOOKER, 13, WONDER ON TENNIS COURTS



Helen Hooker

By PAUL PURMAN.  
Thirteen years old and a wonder on the courts.

It seems almost impossible but that was just what Miss Helen Hooker showed New York tennis enthusiasts when she was in a recent tournament at the West Side Tennis Club of Forest Hills. The little girl went through two victorious rounds and a defeat against some of the best players and was eliminated only when she faced Miss Molla Bjurstedt, national woman champion in the fourth round.

Miss Hooker was unable to make much headway against the Norwegian girl, losing in straight sets, 6-0; 6-1, but the fact that she was able to win one game from the Norse flash gives an idea of the high class of her game. In the earlier rounds Miss Hooker had defeated Mrs. Lyle E. Mahan and Miss Gott and had taken a game by default from Mrs. Spencer Weaver.

Friends of the girl are already predicting a wonderful tennis future for her. Her game is equally good at the lines or the net. She combines speed and accuracy in her returns and her volleying is excellent.

"Here is a bargain," said Philip, draining the coffee pot for a last cup of coffee to offer to his companion. "I'll let you read that wonderful book if you'll tell me what it is about. And that led very easily to telling the girl the predicament he was in.

## GET A GARDEN BOOK

By arrangement with the International Harvester company The West Virginian has secured a supply of books on gardening prepared by the experts of that great corporation's extension department. These books tell how to start a garden, how to cultivate and care for it, how to kill the insect pests and how to meet every one of the difficulties that occur during the growing season, and at the end how to gather and store the produce. And throughout the instructions are made simple and easy to understand by many illustrations and diagrams! These books will be an invaluable aid to all gardeners, even the most experienced, and they will be a veritable life saver to the beginners. They will be especially useful in connection with the gardening articles printed each day in The West Virginian. Prepared and sold in the ordinary way these little books would cost at least 50 cents. But the West Virginian secured them at the manufacturing cost and while they last as a contribution to the Grow a Vegetable Garden movement one copy will be given free to each person upon presentation of the attached coupon properly filled out:

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lost no time in showing his uncle what he had been doing. There were hundreds of photographs that no eyes save those of Philip and Alice Gerry had ever fallen upon before. The negatives had been developed and the pictures had been printed in the shack. Of this detail of the process Philip was a past master. What amazed the uncle was that the pictures were so entirely what he wanted.

"They are the most wonderful pictures I have ever seen," said the old man, tears coming into his usually hard old eyes. "It is as if I had suddenly found you, my nephew. It has always been my grief that no one of my own has been interested in the work I do. But you must be interested or you could not have done these pictures. They are as good in their way as anything I ever did."

A little later Alice Gerry dressed in her usual treacherous attire, slipped into the shack and came straight over to the old man's side.

"I've always longed to meet you," she said with a timidity that indicated her admiration better than any elaborate compliments she might have expressed would have done. "I've been getting together a few notes to give you on my own observations. I have always wondered if you would accept them."

There was just a little disappointment in the old man's face as he took the girl's hands into his. "Then the pictures were not my nephew's work—and you, like the others who understand my work, will go away from me and leave me alone. I had hoped my nephew took the pictures."

"He did take them," the girl assured him. "He took every one and took most of them alone. I just showed him at first and then he became as enthusiastic as I—"

"And anyway," interrupted the nephew, who perhaps had never appreciated his eccentric old uncle as much before as he should have, "Alice is going to be your niece. We were just waiting to ask your blessing."

And in truly patriarchal fashion the white-haired old man stood and raised his hands in benediction.

## Husband in Camp Woman Protects the Home



MRS IRVINE DUGAN

If it comes to organizing a "Battalion of Death," like the Russian woman had, Mrs. Irvine Dugan, St. Paul, Minn., would be a good charter member.

When Mrs. Dugan's husband went to Camp Perry, Ohio, where he is a lieutenant in the engineering corps, he bought her a revolver and taught her how to use it with precision.

This was for protection during his absence.

The other night Mrs. Dugan was aroused by sounds downstairs. She took the revolver and tiptoed down.

There was a dull thud. Mrs. Dugan switched on the light. Louis Watson, a negro with a police record lay dead.

Every shot had taken effect. Police took Mrs. Dugan in custody, questioned her and promptly released her.

## What Doctors Use for Eczema

A soothing combination of oil of Wintergreen, Thymol, and other healing ingredients called D.D.D. Prescription is now a favorite remedy of skin specialists for all skin diseases. It penetrates the pores, gives instant relief from the most distressing skin diseases.

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## FORGET ALL FLOUR FOOD

By BIDDY BYE.  
Saving wheat doesn't always consist in substituting a different flour in bread, rolls or pastry. Sometimes it is cheaper and more convenient to substitute a different dish, to cook potatoes instead of pancakes for breakfast, or to omit the thickening from a stew. Sometimes it is better to serve an omelet than a wheat breakfast food with cream.

Recipes for an omelet, an unbroken stew and new ways of cooking potatoes follow. They are of foreign origin, but were sent out by the government to promote wheat conservation.

Help the government—help the allies—by trying them.

English Colcannon—This is a good way to use up cold potato and cold cooked cabbage. Chop up the cabbage and potatoes together, season well with salt and pepper. Fry this in a pan with some savory fat or drippings and serve on a hot dish. If the oven is sufficiently hot, the mixture may be baked, instead of being fried. In this case grease a cake tin, sprinkle with fine oatmeal, turn the mixture into the tin, and bake for about 20 minutes.

Italian Mutton Stew—The ingredients are: one-half cupful oil, 1 large onion, 1 tablespoonful concentrated tomato, 5 large potatoes, 1 large carrot cut fine, 2 pounds mutton, 1 cupful chopped olives, mushrooms to flavor, salt and pepper and 1 cupful canned peas if desired. Put the oil and onion in a saucepan and brown well. Add the concentrated tomato dissolved in warm water. Add potatoes cut in small pieces, carrot cut up fine, and mix all together, stirring for 5 minutes. Cut mutton in strips 2 inches long and 1-2 inch wide. Add to mixture and cover with water. Set on back of stove to simmer 2 or 2 hours. Add chopped olives and mushrooms and canned peas if desired.

Cottage Cheese Omelet—The ingredients are: Two eggs, 1-4 teaspoonful salt, 3 rounded tablespoonful cottage cheese, 1 tablespoonful chopped pimientos, 2 tablespoonfuls milk, 1-8 teaspoonful soda.

Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately. Add to the yolks the salt, the milk, and the cheese with which has been blended the pimiento. Finally fold in the stiffly beaten whites, pour into a hot frying pan in which has been melted about 1-2 tablespoonful fat. Cook the omelet slowly until the egg has set, place in the oven for a few minutes to finish cooking, then fold in center. Garnish with parsley. Other seasonings may be used, such as chopped parsley, or green peppers.

Belgian Baked Potatoes—Wash, pare and cut in pieces as for French fried potatoes. Lay potatoes on an oiled pan, season with salt and pepper and bake in a fairly hot oven until puffed, golden brown and mealy.

## BIG BANKING CRISIS

Neighbor—Got much money in your bank, Bobby?

Bobby—Gee, no! The depositors have taken off something fierce since sister got engaged. — Boston Transcript.

## SABBATH PREPAREDNESS

Old Lady—Does your father live in the fear of the Lord?

Kid—I reckon he does—leastways he allus takes a gun with him when he goes out on Sundays.—Gargoyle.

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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(OF COURSE WILBUR I S VERY HANDSOME)—BY ALLMAN.

