

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Hired Man.

By VINCENT G. RERRY.
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His labor problem was a serious one. Blanché was not to be trifled with. For over a week she had been trying to obtain help for her father's farm but without success. She had called at every employment bureau, advertised, interviewed men, old and young, but with no result. She was unable to persuade one man even to come out to look at the farm. A sensible truck farm did not require more than one man's attention. If it might just as well have required ten. Blanché did not want to have to wire her father to return from the rest of the world, had she not been so sure that the farm was being well taken care of. How was he to know that the farm had not in the meantime gone to ruin? "I thought even giving Blanché notice," she thought, "would keep things from going so pieces for a week but her strength would not hold out, she knew. A girl fresh from college couldn't rough it like an ordinary country girl. The farm was a hobby of her father's more than anything else. Just the same, the country needed all the food the land could produce that year, and Blanché wasn't going to let it go to waste just because her living did not depend upon it. In desperation Blanché inserted another advertisement in the Help Wanted column of the local daily paper and went back to the farm to await results. "Just let one man put in an appearance and he won't get off this farm until I have persuaded him to stay," she exclaimed, as she glared at the weeds in the plot at the front of the house.

The drive from the city had given her an appetite. A sudden craving for hot biscuit took possession of her, and for a few minutes her cares were forgotten as she rolled out dough. She didn't stop at biscuits, either. The very crisp kind of cookies she knew how to make were turned out next and then she tried her hand at a cake.

"Now, if there was only someone to help me eat them," she murmured, regretfully, as she viewed the finished products, set out in a row.

"Whew, those small goods!" Blanché turned quickly. There stood a young man inhaling the aroma of the cooking. An applicant to her advertisement—the man she knew it the minute her eyes lighted upon him, and hastened to correct him. A plan had suggested itself to her.

"Come right in, she invited, as she threw open the screen door that separated them. "You are just in time for supper."

The young man was arrayed in a linen duster from head to foot and was dust besmeared, but Blanché didn't mind that. He looked strong and able to work; that is what counted with her.

"It won't take me a minute to poach a fresh egg for you, and the tea is brewing now. I am so glad to have somebody to help me eat this baking up I bake often. If I had known you were coming I would have baked more. I am a dandy at strawberry shortcake but we can have those later on." The man was too surprised to speak, but Blanché would not have given him an opportunity to get a word in edgewise if he wanted to. Blanché showed him where to wash and placed a chair at the table for him. She poured his tea and waited on him, smiling and talking as sweetly as she could all the time. What hungry man wouldn't do justice to that supper? Blanché waited until he finished the meal before she mentioned the farm. The satisfied sigh he gave as he devoured the tenth biscuit told her that the time was opportune.

"Aren't you glad you came to answer my advertisement?" she said. "You'll really like it here, and the work is light. It is merely gardening, you know. Even a city man could do that. The meals you will like, I am sure. They will be as nice as this one—many of them nicer. This was a nice meal, wasn't it?"

"It certainly was," he answered enthusiastically. That was all the acceptance Blanché required.

"Then, come right out and I will show you where you are to sleep. We have a nice room out in the barn for our help."

The young man tried to offer a word of protest, but Blanché was on the way to the barn. He hesitated but a minute, and then followed.

It took two weeks to get the little farm back in to its original shape for a day or two the new man, who gave his name as Clifford Towers, was rather awkward at the work, but it did not take him long to grow into the way of it. It was a great encouragement for Blanché to get good meals ready and then watch the way Clifford enjoyed them. He never failed to compliment her on them either. He was a very pleasant hired man to have around and Blanché wondered what- ever she would do when he left. She just wouldn't think about it, that was all.

"If you can find a weed in that garden or a spot that hasn't either been hoed over, or hilled up, I'll work without wages," Clifford said as he came in for supper two weeks from the day he had arrived.

"It's just fine," Blanché told him, gratefully. "I believe I could let you have a holiday."

"I don't want one," he laughed. "I wouldn't miss one of your meals for the world. Let's go for a walk tonight. You don't mind walking with the hired man do you?"

"As if that would make any difference!" Blanché exclaimed, reproachfully. "We'll go just as soon as we finish supper."

It was a pretty country, and they found many things of interest on their walk.

"Why, there is an automobile in among those trees—a roadster!" Blanché cried, as she pointed in the direction of a clump of bushes.

"Sure enough it is!" Clifford cried in turn. They hurried to the spot and looked the car over. Clifford discovered the radiator needed water. Before Blanché could stop him he was on

his way to the house, and returned with a pail of water. "Jump in," he said as he started the engine. "We will go for a ride." "But the owner—" Blanché protested. "Won't know a thing about it," Clifford said with a smile that she couldn't quite understand. She got in the car and he took his place at the wheel. The hired man turned out to be a wizard at driving a car. He seemed to have perfect control of this one. After a long spin he drove into the gate at Blanché's farm. "I'll get out, and you take it back," Blanché said unhesitatingly. "What if the owner finds out?" "He has found out now," Clifford smiled. "I am the owner."

"You Blanché almost shrieked with surprise. "Yes, I was stalling out there two weeks ago and came here for water. You employed me before I had a chance to explain."

She was speechless for a minute but at last gasped: "If you are not a farm hand, what are you?"

"A lawyer," he smiled quietly, enjoying her surprise to the utmost. "It was some time before Blanché was able to think clearly. She wasn't quite sure whether it was the proper thing for her to faint, or not, but she wished she knew how to do so."

"You will be going away tonight, she said at length. "The joke has become tiresome to you."

"I'm going to stay right here, until your father gets back. I wouldn't miss one of those meals for anything," he answered.

"If you only would stay till father gets back, I'll do anything for you," Blanché said eagerly.

"Will you promise to come back to the city with me—to marry me?"

"That's a dreadful price you set on your work," she smiled, but the accompanying blush gave him hope.

A special trench may have to be dug in France for George Bell, a negro at Camp Clayton, if he is retained by Uncle Sam as a soldier. Bell is 7 feet 11 inches tall and weights 351 pounds.

Wage increases totaling more than \$200,000 have been granted to the lower paid workmen of the Dominion Steel Corporation at Sidney, Nova Scotia.

CONFESIONS OF A WIFE

"I have been wondering many times," "dear Margie, why a man can be so in love with the girl he is going to marry that he cannot stay a moment away from her and that the glory that comes to him with possession will evaporate slowly and surely as the days go on after marriage until he wakes up some morning thinking that everything with his marriage is all wrong. Pretty soon something else comes to take its place dear, but it is always minus thrills. I have often asked myself if a woman misses them. We men always go on the supposition that she does not.

"We are so egotistical and selfish, Margie, that we think we have all the emotions as well as all the brain.

"I have been trying very hard to analyze just how a man sizes up a woman since I began to write my manuscript," wrote Dick, "and I have come to the conclusion that why men call women mysteries and insist that they cannot understand them is because they simply ignore the obvious and invest them with all the different and disagreeing characteristics that each man's different ideals wish them to show. The trouble is that a man's ideals change as often as his politics.

"Most men you know, Margie, would have the woman who interests him a feminine thing with great capacity for emotion for him, but he wants her to be sexless to all other men.

"He wants her to be reasonable when bringing up his children and most illogically silly when his egotism must be flattered with a sense of man's superiority. It takes a clever woman to be this, Margie. A man wants his wife to be a saint and he always is afraid to let her go where she will have the slightest temptation for fear that she will prove to be human after all. He always seems to forget that saints are those who have known temptation and resisted; not

Ugly, Unsightly Pimples Are Signals of Bad Blood

Give Heed to the Warning. Pimples on the face and other parts of the body are warnings from Nature that your blood is sluggish and impure. Sometimes they form eczema, boils, blisters, scaly eruptions and other skin disorders that burn like flames of fire. They mean that your blood needs S. S. S. to purify it and cleanse it of these impure accumulations that can cause unlimited trouble. This remedy is the greatest vegetable blood purifier known, and contains no minerals or chemicals to injure the most delicate skin.

Go to your drugstore, and get a bottle of S. S. S. today, and get rid of those unsightly and disfiguring pimples, and other skin irritations. And it will cleanse your blood thoroughly. If you wish special medical advice, you can obtain it without charge by writing to Medical Director, 29 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Georgia.

HERE'S SUCCESS SECRET IN CANNING FOOD



Types of jars for home canning: 1 and 2. Quart and pint glass jars with metal screw tops, pint size top, glass lined. 3. Glass jar, metal top and flat metal spring. 4. Glass jar, glass top, wire spring bail.

By BIDDY BYE. The secret of successful food packing is scrupulous cleanliness and flawless containers. Better an hour of inspection of cans and jars BEFORE canning than days of disappointment and food loss AFTER the canned food has spoiled.

In home canning 2 types of jars are in most general use. They vary only as to top, being classified as metal screw tops and glass and spring tops. Crockery jars with spring tops are also often used, and tin cans are popular containers for vegetables.

To prepare glass jars to receive food they should be tested, washed and placed in cool water on the stove to heat. Keep glass jars in the hot water until ready to pack. To test metal screw top jars, screw on the metal lid WITHOUT a rubber. If the point of a knife can be inserted between lid and jar the jar may be judged defective. A second test is to adjust rubber and lid lightly on jar and pull the rubber out from its position. If, on release the rubber returns to its place between lid and jar the lid or jar is out of shape and should not be used. To test glass top jars place the lid in position without a rubber. If the top rocks on the jar when pressed with the hand it does not fit and must not

be used. Be sure the wire balls that hold glass tops fasten with a snap. Be careful to tighten such balls every year before using. Crockery jars should be handled the same as glass spring-top jars.

Extreme care in the use of rubbers is essential. The safest method is to use new rubbers each year. A good rubber will return to original size after stretching. It should fit the neck of the jar snugly and should be fairly wide and thick. To test fold the rubber between first fingers and thumbs. Press tightly. Turn over and repeat the fold in same places. If perfect it will show no crease or break after two or three of such tests.

When food is ready for canning be sure the jars are hot before packing with hot vegetables. Put rubbers and tops in place and half seal until after the cooking process. Hot jars should be guarded from contact with cold water, metal, or drafts or cold air. Cold jars should not be put in hot water or filled with hot liquids. Tin cans and tin lids should be carefully washed and scalded. Enamel lined cans are best for berries, cherries, pumpkin, squash, fish and poultry canning. To seal use melted solder with an iron made for the purpose, or by pouring melted sealing wax over the seams at the closing.

Corn, peas, beans and asparagus, now ready for canning, are the vegetables most susceptible to "flat sour"

THE YOUNGSTOWN TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES is prepared to accommodate a large class of students for the coming school term. The school is well equipped to give a thorough course in the required branches of Nursing, such as Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics and Pediatrics. A course in dietetics is given under the direction of a Graduate Dietitian. A graduate Nurse Instructor who has had much teaching experience and special education at Teachers College, Columbia University, has charge of the various branches in theory and nursing. The Hospital furnishes excellent Laboratory experience in all departments. Courses in Chemistry and Bacteriology are given by the Director of the Pathological Laboratory. All practical work and demonstrations are supplemented by comprehensive Lectures given by the Hospital Staff of Physicians and Surgeons. A Social Service Department in connection with the Hospital adds to the value of the course for those who desire to prepare for Public Health Nursing. Applications should be made in person or by addressing the Directors of Nurses, Youngstown Hospital, Youngstown, Ohio.

SHE COULD NOT STAND OR WORK

But Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health and Stopped Her Pains.

Portland, Ind.—"I had a displacement and suffered so badly from it that at times I could not be on my feet at all. I was all run down and so weak I could not do my housework, was nervous and could not lie down at night. I took treatments from a physician but they did not help me. My Aunt recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried it and now I am strong and well again and do my own work and I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the credit."

—Mrs. JOSEPHINE KIMBLE, 935 West Race St., Portland, Ind.

Thousands of American women give this famous root and herb remedy the credit for health restored as did Mrs. Kimble.

For helpful suggestions in regard to such ailments women are asked to write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

spoilage. To avoid this trouble can very fresh vegetables, gathered only five or six hours. Blanch, cold-dip and pack one jar at a time and pack in cooker. When cooked cool as quickly as possible without endangering container.

QUIET DELL

Misses Mary and Assey Rudy were visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Henderson's Sunday.

Those calling on Mr. and Mrs. Ben Rudy Saturday evening were Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Linn and children, Carl and

Lain, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Nixon, of Boothville, Mr. and Mrs. Avis Henderson and Lee Rudy.

Mrs. Ida Carpenter, of Fairmont, spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Eva Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Rudy were calling on relatives at Fairmont Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Rudy were calling on J. G. Henderson on Gt. Hwy. Creek Sunday.

Miss Jole Lake, of Gladly Creek, was visiting her aunts, Misses Mary and Assey Rudy, Sunday night.

Miss Elizabeth Linn, of Boothville, who has been visiting relatives here

for the past week, has returned to her home.

Miss Margaret Vincent was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Jacob Rogers, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Avis Henderson, Lester and Jole Lake were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Nuzum Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Boyce, of Grassy Run, called on Joshua Hawkins Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hartley were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Shaffer Sunday.

John Rudy spent Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. S. N. Linn.

Mid-Month List

Columbia Records

Al Jolson's Biggest Dixie Hit of "Sinbad"

"Rock-a-Bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody"—that's the line that gives this song its title, and that's the place the Solid South stands up and applauds. A Winter Garden hit sweeping North, East and West, as well as South. A2560-75c

Here's "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady"

—and every bit as sweet as her mother was before her. A song already nationally popular—with just such a dreamy lilt and cadence as made its namesake famous. Sung by Robert Lewis with an orchestral accompaniment in which the violins through the dominating melody of the new. On the back, "Bye-and-Bye," a beautiful song of golden tones. A2561-75c

Marimbaphone Band Breezes Through "Cotton Pickers' Ball"

A new kind of dance music! Full of dash and sparkle and the wild weird minors of monster marimbaphone syncopating neck and neck. As for the tune—this jazz-classic needs no introduction to dancers. A2550-75c

Y. M. C. A. Calls for 4000 Men

The following volunteers wanted immediately for overseas service:—500 Business Men; 500 Chauffeurs and Mechanics; 500 Physical Directors; 500 Social Secretaries; 2000 Hut Secretaries. For information, write E. D. Fouch, Y. M. C. A., 347 Madison Ave., N. Y.

New Columbia Records on sale the 10th and 20th of every month. COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY NEW YORK

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM PLAYS POSSUM)—BY ALLMAN.

