

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Piffles in Boots.

By Vincent G. Perry.
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NINA BELTON looked at the check in her hand and groaned. Three hundred dollars—and she had expected at least three thousand. To think that her hopes had been dashed to the ground in such a way. It was unkind of her Aunt Matilda to leave her fortune to her husband's nephew and leave such a paltry sum to her, her own niece. When she had been notified that she was one of the beneficiaries of the will she had packed her things for a vacation. Her days of hard work were over for a while, she decided, but now she could do nothing before her but long tedious hours in the office. Seven years was long to be a stenographer, and she was heartily sick of it. The very sight of a typewriter made her head ache. If the check had been for three hundred she would have been able to take a long vacation—a year at the least. Her aunt could just as well have left her three thousand as she had left her three hundred as over a hundred thousand dollars.

Nina had been so eager to see the check she hadn't read all the accompanying letter. When she started to read where she had left off, she cried out in dismay: "Your aunt has bequeathed her pet dog, Piffles, to you, and asks in her will that you be kind to him." Nina's voice pitched higher at each word.

"The very idea!" Nina exclaimed aghast. "A dog! What shall I do with it?"

Before she could decide upon an answer to this question a loud rap sounded on her door, and she heard a bark from the outside. Piffles had arrived. Nina signed for the box before she knew what she was doing and the expressman left her alone with the crate. One look at the little fellow, sitting eagerly at the slats on top, banished all Nina's fears.

"Piffles, you rogue!" she cried as she hastened to get a hammer to set him free. He was the most delighted dog in the world when given his freedom. He danced around his new mistress in glee.

"You are the cutest dog I ever saw," she said, picking him up and hugging him. "I always did love Boston terriers."

Piffles was given his supper and Nina had her own. She sat him up in a chair to view his good points. "It's just like the fairy tale, 'Puss in Boots,'" she told him, laughingly. "I'm just like the miller's son, whose inheritance was nothing but a cat and a pair of boots to spare. You'll just have to make a fortune for me, old Piffles in boots, to live up to the reputation of the original 'Puss.'" The dog wagged his stub of a tail to show his willingness.

"You'll have to find a rich husband for me—that is my only hope for a fortune now."

No sooner said, than the little dog ran to the door and whined to be let out.

Nina could scarcely believe her eyes. "He seems to be ready to start out on his mission right away." More in a spirit of fun than anything else, she opened the door and Piffles raced through the corridor, sniffed around the bottom of the stairs that led to the flat above and then bounded up. Nina whistled and whistled, but he did not come down. She was just about to start up after him, when she heard someone coming down. It was a man—the new tenant of one of the upper apartments, and he was carrying Piffles. The dog was attempting to lick his face and make himself generally agreeable.

"Is this your dog?" the man smiled, as he placed Piffles on the floor. "He seems to have taken a fancy to me."

"I just got him. Isn't he a dear?" Nina said, with enthusiasm.

"He is a valuable specimen, too. Do you take any interest in dogs?"

"This is the first one I ever owned. I don't know much about them."

"You must learn the proper method of feeding him. These little dogs require a special diet. I can give you some pointers," he offered.

"Won't you come in and do so?" Nina invited. "It is rather chilly in this corridor. He needed no second invitation, and even after the 'pointers' had been given he didn't hurry away until he had told her his name was Archie Kelland and had received an invitation to call again.

He called often—at first to see how Piffles was getting on, but after a few calls he didn't need any such excuse. On the first spring day that arrived, he suggested a walk in the park to give the dog exercise. It was a beautiful day, so they sat down on a bench to talk over the weather and many other beautiful things. So intent were they upon one another, they did not notice that the dog had wandered away. When they did discover it, Nina was frantic. She knew that Piffles had been stolen or run over. Some big brute of a dog had killed him or he was being tortured somewhere by some unfeeling foreigner. There wasn't a dreadful thing that could have happened to that dog that she didn't think of. Archie finally got her to listen to reason and persuaded her that the dog had gone home, but when they arrived there he was not to be found. "I wonder if he went to Aunt Matilda's. It is three miles out of town," Nina exclaimed, struck with the thought suddenly.

"That's just where he has gone," Archie assured her. "I'll get a car and we'll drive right out there."

Nina wasn't sure of the location, but after she gave Archie some idea of it, he seemed to know where to go. "My aunt did not like my mother, that is why I never visited her," she explained.

When the car drove up to the country home that had belonged to Aunt Matilda, they heard a familiar cry on the front veranda.

"It's Piffles!" Nina cried, joyfully, as she jumped from the car and bounded toward the house. "The sweet thing!"

Archie followed closely at her heels.

THIS FUR WRAP IS JUST THE THING



Both becoming and distinctive in its style. Surely nothing could be more attractive for the evening.

that pretty little girl in your arms. I whispered to her, "Why didn't you tell her to take me?" and she said you would never take a cross-eyed boy—and then, dearest, before I knew it, you had me in your arms and I felt something wet on my face as you kissed me."

"Now isn't that queer, Donna," I exclaimed in great surprise. "That almost a baby could think all this!"

"I am glad, Margie," Donna interrupted, "that I have never let you see him since. I sent him over to Dr. Vivot about immediately, and he certainly has one longer eye than you have now. There were some times that Dr. Vivot would not let me see him for weeks. The pain was so dreadful, but he was a little hero and now he is just a splendid little chap, and he talks so grown up. You see, he had a wonderful nurse who has grown to love him as much as I do. She talked to him as she would to a man, as she said he was braver than most men."

"Donna," I said, "we hardly know each other after all. I thought you had almost forgotten the boy, as you said nothing about him, and here you are all mother love which could only have grown to its capacity by constant thought and care of a child."

Y. M. C. A. NEEDS WOMEN FOR OVERSEAS WORK

Thousand of Them Wanted at Once for Work With Army.

One thousand women are wanted by the Y. M. C. A. to go overseas to work among the American Expeditionary forces.

This number should be sent abroad by September 1, according to Dr. John R. Mott, general secretary, who has just returned from an extended tour of the war fronts.

Dr. Mott reports that of the 40,000 workers with the British Y. M. C. A. in France, the majority are women. That means an almost equal number of men released for military service.

"The women we want must be willing to do the tasks assigned to them," said Mrs. F. Louis Slade, head of the women's overseas section, today. "They must be as willing to wash dishes as to be made divisional directors—more willing, for most of the women who go over for the Y. M. C. A. will just wash dishes, and do things of that kind. We want the kind of women who will give every effort they have, just as if they were soldiers. When they are tired out with long hours of chocolate-making and dish-washing, they must rest by writing letters back to the parents of the men they serve—to keep the home-folk cheered."

Women are needed in such numbers that bureaus have been established in Boston and in Chicago, as well as in New York, for enlisting women in Y. M. C. A. work. The Chicago office is now clearing 125 women a month for this overseas work.

Quantities of the bark of the South African wattle tree have been imported into the United Kingdom from Natal in recent years, but most of it prior to the war was exported to Germany and Belgium. Since then wattle bark has been utilized to a far greater extent by tanners in this country.

Nutritive Hypophosphites
NATURE'S TISSUE BUILDER.

Nyal's Nutritive Hypophosphite is nature's own tissue builder, flesh maker and health restorer, feeds the wasted tissues, heals the lungs, superior for rundown systems, growing children, the aged and for convalescents, great for coughs and colds. Easy to take, get a bottle today.

\$1.00 per Pint Bottle.

CRANE'S Drug Store

ONE-PIECE DRESS



Mildly with a sand colored georgette crepe combined with night blue satin makes this simple one-piece dress one of distinction and adaptability. The only trimming is a banding on the sleeve of head work suggestive of the ceremonial dress of the North American Indian. A double row of this same trimming lends the bias satin ruffles which form the skirt.

COTTAGE CHEESE IN BREADS AND PASTRY

By BIDDY BYE.

Cottage cheese, like the meat for which it is such excellent substitute, is best served in combination with bread—and by preference the bread should be crusty, crisp rolls, crisp crackers, or crisp toast.

One popular cheese and bread combination is the cheese club sandwich made by toasting 3 large slices of bread on one side only. Butter, and spread 2 of the slices thickly with rich cottage cheese, not too soft. Cut the toast diagonally before spreading with the cheese. If desired place crisp lettuce leaves and slices of fresh tomato and crisp bacon between the bread and cheese layers. Other combinations in such sandwiches may be made with sliced cold ham and mustard, with chopped fruits and mayonnaise dressing, with nuts, olives, or peaches or cucumbers or with a sweet sauce such as raisins, marmalade, or honey. Served for lunch or supper with a cream soup, tea or coffee, and fruit, these sandwiches form a complete meal. Brown bread and oatmeal bread, untoasted, lend themselves well to cheese sandwiches.

Osgood's for Quality

Echoes From Our July Clearance Sale

Where lots were depleted during last week's rush, the limited quantities remaining have again been cut in price.

Conserve the WHEAT and Thereby Help Win the War

It is, as usual, our object to clear the store of all Summer Merchandise, before the Fall goods begin to arrive, therefore—a trip to this store now is profitable to the woman who wishes to replenish her wardrobe for the balance of the season.

Most Conspicuous Are the Bargains
Suits Coats Dresses
Waists Skirt Millinery

Another good supper dish is made by spreading slices of stale bread thickly with cottage cheese in which is mixed chopped nuts and a few raisins, dipping the slices in beaten egg and milk and frying in bacon or vegetable fat.

A cottage cheese tart is a favorite. To make soften 1 1/2 cupsful of cottage cheese with 3 tablespoonfuls of sweet milk. Whip 1/2 cupful of rich cream until stiff, and add part of the cream to the cheese. Add slowly 2 teaspoonfuls of strained lemon juice and a little grated rind. Beat in 1/2 cupful of sugar, and fold in the whites of 2 eggs, beaten very stiff. Have ready delicately browned pastry cases made by baking pie-crust in muffin

tins. Fill the tarts with the cheese mixture, cover with whipped cream, and garnish with fresh fruit. If desired use the filling for 1 large pie-crust instead of for tarts.

SAVE MEAT.
One pound of cottage cheese equals in food and energy value:
8 1/2 oz. sirloin steak.
11 oz. rib beef.
10 oz. fowl.
5 oz. smoked ham.
6 oz. pork.
12 oz. veal.
Eat cottage cheese to save meat for fighters.
A mantel clock and savings bank are now combined.

PT and Berries
"Some food for a wheatless meal"
—says Bobby
POST TOASTIES
MADE OF CORN

The Itching and Sting of Blazing, Fiery Eczema

Seems Like the Skin Is on Fire. There is a harassing discomfort caused by Eczema that almost becomes a torture. The itching is almost unbearable, and the skin seems on fire with the burning irritation. A cure from local applications of salves and ointments is impossible, because such treatment can only delay the pain temporarily. The disease can only be reached by going deep down to its source.

The source of Eczema is in the blood, the disease being caused by an infection which breaks out through the skin. That is why the most satisfactory treatment for all so-called skin diseases is S. S. S., for "his remedy so thoroughly cleanses the blood that no impurities can remain. Get a bottle to-day at any drugstore, and you will see results from the right treatment. Write for expert medical advice, which you can get without cost, by addressing Medical Director, 21 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING

The Fuel Administration
The Press, and
The McCoy Coal Company
all Warn you to fill your bins with COAL now lest ye be COLD next winter
We now have teams and labor sufficient to supply your needs
When cold weather comes it will likely be different
Take advantage of last winters experience and be prepared
For your own comfort order your coal now

McCOY COAL COMPANY
117 MAIN STREET PHONE 129

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(WHY THOSE FELLOWS, WILBUR?)—BY ALLMAN.

