

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Burglar.

By GERALD ST. ETIENNE.
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It was exactly ten-thirty. For three hours Katherine Jeffery had been working without a stop at her typewriter. Not once had she raised her eyes from her notes. As she finished the last letter she put it with the others and placed it on the manager's desk ready for his signature in the morning. She looked at her wrist watch and discovered that she had finished sooner than she had expected. She sat down at her desk again and fingered the keys of her machine. She was tired, but it seemed good to feel their touch again after being away from them so long. She would find them monotonous again soon, though, she reflected. This new position she had was going to give her all the work she desired, if the two days she had held it were anything to judge from.

Night work the second day was a record for her. The salary was a large one however, and it would not hurt her to do a little extra work after the three months' vacation she had had. The thought of the vacation was a pleasant one. For eight years she had worked and saved for that one winter vacation at Long Beach. It would have been worth while to have saved twenty-eight years, she told herself, as she thought of the glorious time she had had. It had been exciting from the start, but the real pleasure had not come until after she had met Oliver Law. It seemed now that she had known him all her life. Of course, she didn't really know very much about him, except that he was a good-looking, amiable young man, with the kindest voice and the most charming personality. She would learn more about him later on, for he had promised to write to her and call on her when he came back to the city. It was odd that she had never met him before, but still it was not when she considered how large the city was. In just a month he would be back home, and then it wouldn't be long before she would give up office work forever, she felt sure of it.

The gloomy stillness of the office brought Katherine back to earth. She had been building castles for half an hour. The realization that she was the only person in that vast office building was rather a chilling one. Two of the other stenographers had promised to come back but had not done so. Apparently they preferred to have the work pile up. Katherine had not minded working alone. She had a key to the office. The thought of the dark corridor she had to pass through on her way out, at that late hour, caused her to put the cover on her machine and hasten into her coat. She was just slipping on her rubbers when she heard a sound outside in the corridor. Her heart gave a jump and she caught her breath. A slight cough told her that someone was there. A shuffle of feet told her that it was a man. In an instant she tip-toed over to the cashier's desk. There was no revolver here. She waited breathlessly. A key was inserted in the lock and the door opened suddenly. A man with a hat pulled over his eyes, entered the room, taking off his coat as he walked.

"Well," Katherine said as coolly as she could. "I have my hand on the telephone."

The man faced her in surprise.

"Katherine," he cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Oliver!" There was surprise and horror in Katherine's tone. "You a burglar!"

"But my dear—," he began.

"Stop! Not another word! Don't dare call me your dear. How dare you come here to rob this office?"

He laughed. The laugh seemed to kindle a spark of primitive rage in Katherine.

"You wretch! Don't you dare laugh!" she cried. "Don't you speak another word. I will not listen to you. The sound of your voice will make me feel nothing but repulsion for you. To think that I cared for a crook like you. To think that I thought I loved you and you allowed me to think it! You are a burglar, a common burglar, who came here to rob this office. You are a criminal. I will call the police at once." She took the receiver from the hook.

"If you call the police you will implicate yourself," he said with a smile that almost saddened her. "There are a number of people who have seen us together at Long Beach and it would be easy for me to make it appear that you were my accomplice."

"You can't!" she fairly hissed. "Such a threat!"

"I would not really do such a thing," he said. "I was only testing you. I love you Katherine, no matter what your opinion is of me."

"Love me! Then why have you done this?" Her tone had changed, her anger almost disappeared.

"Perhaps I was driven to it," he suggested. "This is my first offense."

"Driven to it," she asked tremulously. "Surely a man does not have to be dishonest. Oh, Oliver, were you too extravagant this winter? Why didn't I think of that? You spent a lot of money on me and I allowed you to do it because I thought you were rich."

"It would be awful to spend a term in prison," he muttered wistfully. "I could never get a start in life again. It would mean the loss of all my friends. Perhaps they would deal lightly with me because of my not having served a term. You have prevented me doing any damage here."

"I will not call the police," she pushed the telephone away from her. "Promise me this will be your last attempt at burglary."

"I promise," he declared, earnestly. "Can I see you home?"

"I am too nervous to go through the corridor," she said, doubtfully. "You can see me safely that far."

He did not leave her until they had reached her boarding-house. She would not allow him to kiss her in parting. She could not endure after the experience of the night. Katherine could not sleep that night. The thought of Oliver and his downfall kept her awake. She blamed herself for it all. She had taken too much for

NEW BEACH CAPES RETIRE BATHROBES TO LIMBO OF FORGOTTEN FASHIONS



LONG CAPES COVER MULTITUDE OF SHINS.

By BETTY BROWN.

Time was when the chic bathing costume was, metaphorically, the only pebble on the beach, so far as fashion was concerned, but this season the mere bathing suit has suffered a total eclipse by the bathing cape.

Aside from their real necessity and utility as a wrap to keep off chilly breezes, the beach cape is a garment of ravishing charm. Most of them are made of heavy silks, or lightweight silk and wool mixtures, lined with wash silk or rubberized silk, and ornamented with all sorts of cords, fringes, buttons, stitching and other lures of needlecraft.

For bathing costumes that are brilliant, and most of them are, the capes are chosen in subdued colors, as a background for the gay mermaid tints concealed like a crystal. For suits of modest hues a gayly lined cape is most effective. Many of the newest and smartest bathing costumes are of velvet, fresh milk.

Meat should not be served more than twice or three times a week and fresh fruits and vegetables should furnish most of the food.

SUNDAY.
Breakfast—iced cantaloupe, creamed codfish, baked potatoes, coffee.
Dinner—Broiled young chicken, cream gravy, new potatoes, new beans in butter, cucumber tomato salad, custard, coffee.
Supper—Brown bread, cheese sandwiches, olives, fruit salad, barley cut cakes.

MONDAY.
Breakfast—Fresh blackberries, molasses oatmeal, corn muffins, honey, coffee.
Lunch—Chicken salad (leftover) lettuce sandwiches, ice tea.
Dinner—Cream of corn soup, Pittsburg potatoes (cheese and peppers), string beans, lettuce salad, sliced peaches and cream.

TUESDAY.
Breakfast—Baked rice, milk and sugar, corn muffins, raspberries.
Lunch—Vegetable soup, oatmeal crackers, fruit gelatin pudding, tea.
Dinner—Round steak with onion stuffing, lima beans, carrot and pea salad, prune whip, coffee.

WEDNESDAY.
Breakfast—Fresh apple sauce, cornmeal cakes, sirup, cocoa.
Lunch—Sardine sandwiches, fresh radishes and onions, rice pudding.
Dinner—Baked halibut with cream sauce and green peppers, French fried potatoes, cream salad, raspberry wheatless shortcake.

THURSDAY.
Breakfast—Iced cantaloupe, cornmeal mush and berries, coffee.
Lunch—Cottage cheese, barley spoon bread, honey, iced tea.
Dinner—Mutton stew with vegetables, corn muffins, pepper and lettuce salad, fresh peach tapioca custard, coffee.

FRIDAY.
Breakfast—Blackberries with milk and sugar, scrambled eggs, rye toast, coffee.
Lunch—Salmon salad, cornmeal wafers, watermelon.
Dinner—Asparagus soup, corn pudding, oatmeal muffins, black raspberries and cream, coffee.

SATURDAY.
Breakfast—Plums, hominy grits, milk, eggs, coffee.
Lunch—Baked cauliflower and

LOYALTY MENUS

By BIDDY BYE.

Hot weather is a good time to reduce heavy cooking and heavy foods, both for the sake of the family health and the comfort of the cook.

It is a good time to employ the fireless cooker as often as possible and to serve many meals on the porch or lawn, using the chafing dish to prepare the one hot dish that lends balance to the summer meal.

On hot mornings try serving the cereal chilled and molded with fresh fruit and milk, instead of hot as usual.

Serve iced instead of hot coffee, or

CONFESIONS OF A WIFE

Do you know, little book, that women living in this generation—this time of great change in the mental and moral status of the sex—are living under a very hard dispensation? Men in this wonderful young world of America have been very quick to overthrow many of the traditions of the old world in regard to freedom of thought, liberty of action and the right to pursue happiness, each in his own way.

But it will take a much longer time for women to attain that splendid place in the world.

I know by your rustling pages, little book, that you are trying to say, "That sounds like a suffragist."

I wonder if I have ever told you that I am nothing of the kind. If the time comes when women are given the right to vote, however, I think it will pave the way to a larger and better field for feminine growth. All that I want, and I welcome anything that will bring it nearer, is a consciousness that woman has other prerogatives than those of sex.

Even Jim told me today, as we were talking over the business, that he was disappointed in me that day I asserted that I would "vote my own stock."

"It is perfectly silly, Margie, to go on the supposition that a woman knows as much about business and business methods as a man," he said, somewhat heatedly. "Why, do you know that statistics show that most women dissipate their husband's life insurance in about three years after his death?"

"Which just proves the point of my contention, Jim," I interrupted. "If a girl, or a wife, was educated in business as a man is, she would be perfectly capable of taking care of her money after his death. Remember there are men who fail in business, men who are not successful in anything."

cheese, fruit salad.

Dinner—Hamburg steak, creamed potatoes, peas and carrots in butter, corn gems, cherry pie, coffee.

Hard to Understand

That was a great shot you just fired. Well, I'm one of yours. Your grandpa is another.

Willie—Oh, then why is it that folks brag about them?—Pearson's

Will Bury Mrs. Hood At Mt. Hood Church

The body of Mrs. Harry Hood, of Clarksburg, daughter of Mrs. Ellen Straight of this city, whose death occurred yesterday will be brought to this city on Friday afternoon and at 4:12 will be taken to Mt. Hood where services will be held in the Mt. Hood church on arrival and the body interred in the cemetery there. The Rev. W. I. Center of Clarksburg formerly of this city will accompany the funeral party to Mt. Hood and conduct the services.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wineberg and the latter's sister, Miss Eleanor Straight, who were on a motoring trip through Pennsylvania were reached last evening at Gettysburg, Pa., and arrived home by rail this morning. Mrs. Wineberg and Miss Straight are sisters of the deceased.

The average human body, besides the carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen of which it is chiefly composed, contains three and three-fourths pounds of lime, one pound eleven ounces of phosphorus, three and two-thirds ounces of potash, two and one-half ounces of sodium, one and three-fifths ounces each of magnesium, sulphur and silica, and about one-sixth of an ounce of iron.

TAKE A LITTLE HYPO-COD BEFORE GOING TO MEALS

Many a Business Man Has Good Nerve. Vigorous Appetite and Splendid Digestion. Simply Because He Takes a Taste Before Lunch.

JUST A SPLENDID COMBINATION OF MEDICINES - STOPS BAD COUGHS AND COLDS TOO.

"I had coughs, colds and a tightening in my chest and would wake up nights coughing my poor head off, and had become so rundown I-headed a neighbor's advice and started taking Hypo-Cod, and I am so well and in such splendid shape physically I gladly endorse this medicine to everyone," declared Mrs. Jacob Kruck, 1168 Isabelle St., Wheeling, W. Va.

"I feel better and stronger than I have in years. I never wake up any more in the night coughing and sweating like I did, and it proved such a wonderful help to me and not only to me, but my husband, who took it as a



Last Chance To Buy Good Cotton Blouses At 89c and \$1.89

As the new prices on Cotton Blouses are continually going up, it will be impossible to duplicate such for at least one-third more than these prices.

All good styles and all sizes are here now. Buy them for present and future use.

Big Reductions on All Fancy Groceries for Friday & Saturday

- All Brands of Milk, except Carnation, per can ... 11c
- No. 3 Can Tomatoes ... 21c
- Early June Peas ... 15c
- Best Grade of Corn ... 17c
- 1 lb. Crisco ... 21c
- No. 3 Can Hominy ... 10c
- 5c Sunbright Cleanser, 6 for ... 25c
- \$1.00 Size Log Cabin Syrup ... 47c
- 50c Size Log Cabin Syrup ... 23c
- 25c Size Log Cabin Syrup ... 25c
- Old Reliable Coffee at ... 35c
- White House Coffee at ... 25c-30c
- Other Good Brands, Steel Cut ... 10c
- Rice, per package ... 10c
- Jello, per pck ... 18c
- Navy and Lima Beans ... 25c
- Yellow Pinto Beans 2 lbs ... 25c
- Black Eyed Peas 2 Lbs ... 25c
- Mothers and Armours Oats, Pck. ... 13c

MEATS

- Fresh Liver, Lb. ... 15c
 - Fresh Pork Sausage ... 22c
 - Fresh Spare Ribs ... 19c
 - Fresh Neck Bones 3 Lb. ... 25c
- All these goods are strictly fresh and the best ever, guaranteed every item. Will pay \$25.00 or any customer who will prove short weight in our store.
- We are still selling a medium pail Lard, net weight, 4lb. 2 oz. at \$1.75.
- Having done business in Fairmont for 4 years—and expect to remain further and do a legitimate business as before.
- We give our customers a square and fair deal all the time.

Star Cash Market

117 MAIN STREET Phone 233

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(HELEN'S CONDITION IS CRITICAL)—BY ALLMAN.



WHAT'S THE MATTER HELEN, AREN'T YOU FEELING WELL?

I'M ALL IN, TOM! I WAS DOWN TOWN TODAY!

OH, I MET DR. BROWN TODAY WHEN I WAS DOWN TOWN—

WHAT DID HE HAVE TO SAY?

THE DOCTOR SAID HE THOUGHT I WAS LOOKING RATHER POORLY—

HE DID? WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU NEED?

WELL, I NEED A NEW HAT, A NEW DRESS AND—

THIS WAY OUT!

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