

# FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### A STATE OF MIND.

By IMES MACDONALD.  
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WHEN Willard Brownly found himself in a new city where a new life seemed to grow up about him he discovered new talents which he never before suspected he had. And he succeeded, as men who are inspired succeed, until eight years afterwards he awoke one morning to find himself thirty-two years old.

"My birthday," he mused aloud. And he flexed the muscles of his arms and shoulders, rather proud to be so fit. That night in celebration he dined alone at a well known cafe, where he was struck by something that had not before occurred to him in his busy new life. All the world seemed to be paired off! Couple after couple, two and two, men and girls—everywhere! They were strolling in the streets entering theaters, stepping out of and into taxicabs, waiting for cars—but he was alone!

He was pondering the same thing the next morning while he was waiting for his stenographer.

"Miss Dean is ill today," a well-bred voice broke in on his reverie.

He turned to see Alice Shane, notebook in hand, standing just inside the open door of his private office.

"Nothing serious, I hope," he said. "Oh, no! I think not!"

"Then it doesn't matter," he said, as she seated herself opposite him at his flat-topped desk.

While he dictated he observed her closely. She had been in his employ for two years and he had never given her particular notice before. He had observed that her work was uniformly good—and that she was reliable. She had been a silent, efficient girl who had assumed one little duty after another, until her responsibility had become considerable. Twice he had raised her salary, but until this particular morning he couldn't have told the color of her eyes to save his life. But he could now, and her hair pleased him, too, and the clear smoothness of her skin.

During the fourth letter he noticed her wrists. Slim they were, only half as wide as his own. He marveled at that, and then her voice, he liked that very much, indeed. Suddenly he got curious to hear it and also to see her eyes—just to make sure he was right.

"What is your salary now?" he asked abruptly.

"Twenty dollars," she looked up swiftly, surprise in her eyes.

"You're having a great deal of responsibility of late, are you not?"

"Not more than I'm capable of," she said simply.

He made a note. "Twenty-five is none too much for a girl these days," he said half to himself.

In the middle of the sixth letter he got to wondering how old she was, and finally he decided that she was about twenty-three, but his pause was so long that she eventually looked up to find him studying her absently.

"What's the matter?" she asked her hand flying instinctively to her hair.

"I was just wondering what your mother was like," he answered vaguely.

She gave him one curious speculative glance and then—"I will give the matter my attention should the occasion demand," she repeated primly, transcribing the last sentence from her notes. He took the hint and finished his correspondence without further comment, but during the morning she was constantly in his thoughts, and he kept wondering how he could get past the reserve without being offensive. Then in the midst of his dreaming she returned with the letters for his signature.

"I wonder," he ventured, as he shuffled over the letters aimlessly. "I wonder if your mother would ask a woman chap like me out to dinner tomorrow?" The next day was Sunday.

She was startled, and a tinge of suspicion clouded her eyes.

"I hope, Mr. Brownly, you're not going to make it difficult for me to work for you. I can't accept the five dollar raise, if there's a social string tied to it."

"There are no strings," he said curtly. "and your assumption is unfair. Please bear in mind that I was not asking you out to dinner—I was asking myself in. That's all, I think."

So for the rest of the morning Alice Shane was in a brown study. What if she had been unfair—the possibility of it made her flush, and she decided to talk it over with her mother.

But Brownly was not to be discouraged, and late Sunday morning he started adventuring in his roadster. Finally he drew up in front of a modest apartment house, went in and pushed the bell-button under the name of Mrs. Clara Shane. Fortunately there was no speaking tube, so he caught the door knob eagerly, and entered as soon as the latch was released from above.

Up three flights, standing in the half open door he found Alice Shane. She was clad in a pink gingham morning slip that left her arms bare. Her hair was a bit tumbled and she was a very much surprised young woman, indeed.

"Why—why—I thought it was the fireman man!" and a dimple came dangerously near the corner of her mouth.

"Wrong," laughed Brownly. And a moment later he was shaking hands with her mother.

"You see," he explained to that pleasant lady, "yesterday, I asked to be permitted to come to dinner, and I grieve to report that your daughter was rude to me. Very!" he added severely, frowning at Alice.

"I wasn't," she denied. "I was just—surprised!" And she was fighting again delightfully.

In a few minutes he was standing in the kitchen in his shirt sleeves, smoking his pipe and watching the mysteries of the making of a salad, and all the while he kept up a running fire of humorous conversation, punctuated by little flurries of laughter and swift repartee from Alice.

"Isn't it fun to have a man around," whispered Alice to her mother when he had gone to refill his pipe. "It's so

## KIMONO TUNIC FROM JAP SILK



By Betty Brown

Fair Japan, the world's silk specialist, comes to the rescue of woolless Americans with offerings of the most delectable weaves and colors. No woman is going to weep for the loss of wool when silk is here to console her. This particular consolation is a tunic of sea gray silk, grape-like clusters in purple blues. It shows the influence of its native land in the kimono-like cut of collar and sleeve. A close-fitted skirt of gray satin is the frock foundation.

sort of—oh, natural, somehow!"

And then she got very red when her mother pointed an accusing finger at her. "Well, I don't care," said Alice, pugnantly. "It is nice."

And after dinner, while Alice was dressing, she wiped the dishes.

"Do you think she likes me a little?" he asked her mother hopefully. "You see, I'm planning to marry her."

Mrs. Shane smiled at his earnestness. "Love, you know," she said softly, "is either a state of mind."

"It's the best state I ever was in," he said boyishly.

Her eyes were misty and her hands were on his shoulders. "You are a dear boy," she said, "I can see that, but you'd have to be worthy of her."

And when they returned from their drive along toward evening, Alice burst into the room, warm-checked, bright-eyed, telling her mother breathlessly about the green hills and the little sights along the road. "Oh, I felt so selfish because you weren't with us," she sighed.

"I never before realized just how selfish that car is," said Brownly meaningly. "What we need is a family car, and I'm going to get one this week."

Mrs. Shane gave him a little significant glance and made for the kitchen. Alice attempted to follow, but Brownly reached out suddenly and caught her by the wrist. Defiantly, breathlessly, she tried to hold him off but he drew her relentlessly into his arms. In vain she looked about to her mother for aid, but Mrs. Shane had apparently abandoned her to her fate, so with a little sigh she gave in, while he kissed the uncertainty out of her eyes and a smile to her lips.

In the next room Mrs. Shane stood looking out into the gathering dusk with moist eyes. "It's just a state of mind," she murmured sadly, "but after all, such a beautiful state of mind."

How to Measure Wheat Substitutes in Baking.

By SIDDY BYE.

In all probability the use of wheat substitutes will continue and increase so long as war endures. In spite of this year's bumper wheat crop it will be necessary to increase our shipments abroad, and also to store enough seed and surplus wheat for years of possible crop failure.

Therefore, since we are to do our baking with less and less wheat it behooves housewives to learn at once the definite measurements of wheat

## WOMAN'S WAR WORK

### WAR EARNINGS—"EASY COME AND EASY GO"

By Wilona Wilcox.

Marcella pulled the pins from her collar and shook her curls about her shoulders. She was home from her down town job, and she liked to look like a real movie heroine evenings on the front porch.

Marcella was a high school girl doing vacation work in a real estate office. Having finished her coffee, on a Saturday night, she produced her pocketbook and proudly exhibited her trove.

"What! Ten dollars a week for a sixteen-year-old girl, and not a mite of experience!" exclaimed the Cross Aunt. "Why, I got only \$10 a week when I went to teaching at twenty-four, and I had an expensive college training!"

"Easy money, Marcella," remarked the Nice Auntie, who was known as the Thrifty Person of the family. "Remember, little girl, 'easy come and easy go!'"

Wherein is contained about all the wisdom which can be accumulated concerning woman's war-time earnings.

Easy money! Half educated and quite inexperienced young women are paid \$10 a week merely to learn some occupations. In every land where women are "pulling down" war-time wages, a severe criticism is made of their extravagance.

"I seldom sell a \$300 gown now. Society functions are off," says a buyer of dresses for a big store house. "But I sell dozens and dozens of the \$100 varieties. Women doing war work buy them."

"Women who have always had money to spend are shopping carefully, as usual," says a shoe salesman, "but those to whom high wages are a novelty are doing some mighty reckless spending. It's no trouble at all to sell three pairs of shoes to some girls!"

Women has always been known as the disburser, the spender, but now the war which crams her pocketbook provides her with the best of reasons for saving her wages.

With so many of the most eligible men gone overseas, what's the use of all this fancy and expensive dressing? Why not save up to buy clothes when Jack comes home again?

Better yet, why not buy Liberty bonds, and thrift stamps, to help Sammy and Jack end the war quickly?

The government itself pleads with women to give this assistance. The woman who works and saves as well is twice a patriot.

four substitutes which replace the wheat required in peace-time recipes. Here is the table of measurements prepared in the experimental kitchen of the United States food administration and the office of home economics. Each measurement given is equal in weight to one cupful of flour.

Barley ..... 1 2/3 cups  
Buckwheat ..... 7/8 cup  
Corn flour ..... 1 cup (sifted)  
Corn meal (coarse) ..... 7/8 cup  
Corn meal (fine) ..... 1 cup  
Cornstarch ..... 3/4 cup  
Peanut flour ..... 1 cup  
Potato flour ..... 3/4 cup

## THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM

Picture by E. W. Satterlee. Poem by E. W. Satterlee.



There was an ancient soldier-song,  
These warring times remind me,  
In which the verse is long and strong  
Of the girl I left behind me.  
But now the girl you leave behind,  
With mingled tears and laughter,  
Believe me, boys, she's not the kind  
To be behind hereafter!

For now the girl's behind the plow,  
Behind the bench and counter,  
Behind the whole big bloomin' row,  
And who shall dare discount her?  
Behind the town, behind the farm,  
She does her daily grind, and  
The still behind the soldier's arm,  
She's not one whit behindhand!  
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## A Sale Of Silk Skirts

A Remarkable range of silk skirts in stripes & plaids with belts & pockets trimmed.

\$7.50 Value  
\$4.89

## CONFESIONS OF A WIFE

Annie came over this morning looking very pale and worn. The boy has seemed to sap all her life; she has never been very well since he was born.

"He is the apple of his father's eyes, Miss Margaret, and I hope I'm going to live long enough to set him right," she said.

"What do you mean Annie?" I asked. "You see he is so much like his father that I know when he gets a little older they will fight like Kilkenny cats."

"Maybe not Annie," I said, trying to comfort her.

"Why don't you know Miss Margaret, that while as my old grandmother used to say, 'Irish are sometimes uncertain,' it is only sometimes; most of the time they are certain, and one of the things they are certain about is an irresistible desire to play life like a game and play it as though their hope of eternity depended on the result of each trick which they take from those they love best. An Irishman is either a fighter or a diplomat. Tim is a fighter and I am afraid the boy is like him."

"I wish Tim only cared for him in the same way he cares for me. I sometimes think it does not do to love a child too much."

"What do you mean Annie, I am sure that Tim adores you!"

"No, dear, it is the other way around I adore him. Why, Miss Margaret, I just set out to marry Tim Lafferty and he had just about as much chance as a mouse in a kitten's paw after I had made my mind up to marry him."

"Men, Miss Margaret, are poor creatures, the best of them, when they try to outwit a woman, and they are to blame for making us so quick to take advantage of them."

"You see, the only weapons we have is our wit, and we modern women have learned to use it in a way that would surprise grandmother Eve, could she see us when we are in full action."

"You know, Miss Margaret, that Tim was the best looking and likeliest man I had ever known and, although he did at that time drink a little too much, I determined to marry him—and I did."

"How did you do it, Annie?" I asked smiling. "You did not ask him, did you?"

"Yes I did pretty near do that very thing. You see I managed to let him find me in tears—you know how tears affect an Irishman—and after much coaxing because—well because—and then I cried again."

"You know the Irish are very quick to take a hint and Tim liked me and he hated to make a woman cry. But at that time Timothy Lafferty had

just as much idea of getting married as did a cat of lying.

"After we were married you remember Miss Margaret, I had a great deal of trouble and there was a time when to keep my courage up I had to whisper 'You chose this job, now is it you that will lie down on it?' And so I stuck to it and after the children came you know Tim settled down into the splendid man he is. But some times I wonder if I did right after all. Every man as well as every woman should have at least one fling at the kind of love that takes you off your feet. Tim never loved me in that way, and sometimes I worry for fear that it will get him when he isn't watching out. You know, Miss Margaret, that Tim is still young enough to see a pretty girl without glasses."

"Surely you didn't mean—"

"I mean nothing but exactly what I have said. Up to date Tim Lafferty hasn't the slightest idea that he does not love me as much as he is capable of loving anyone, but God help Annie Lafferty if she is alive when he finds it out."

Between 1878 and 1898, when the Spanish-American war broke out there were only 12 instances in which the torpedo had been used in actual warfare.

Eye Strain Curtains Efficiency

No person, old or young, can do his best work if he has to fight a case of eye-strain. This strain will sap his energies, cause his attention to waver, prevent concentration and hinder him greatly in whatever he undertakes. The wisest move such a person can make is to have us remove the strain by supplying a properly fitted pair of glasses.

A. B. Scott  
Optometrist and Optician with  
Scott's the Jeweler.

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(OLIVIA IS SOME VAMP IRE)—By ALLMAN.

