

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Mr. Charles's Washing.

By LOUISE OLIVER.
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JANE, rounding a corner in her roadster—a very muddy corner and full of puddles—heard a little boy yell. Just at first her heart stood still for she thought she had run over him, but on coming to a sudden stop and looking back through the curtains she saw a little boy very much alive, jumping up and down like a angry little Jack-in-the-box and shaking a grimy fist in her direction. Beside him on a small wagon was a wash basket full of clothes and she was not too far away to see the ominous black spots all over the snowy white cover.

"Just look what she done!" he cried to a sympathetic crowd. "She splashed mud all over Ma's washin' and I'll get a tickin'." You—you come back here and see what yer done."

Jane pulled up to the curb and got out. "Did I do that?" she asked. "Are you sure?"

"Sure as I am that I daskant go home and tell ma. She'd beat the tar out of me for spoilin' Mr. Charles's washin'. He's her most particular customer."

"That's too bad, little boy. I'm sorry. I hadn't any idea I was splashing so and I know just how you feel. Once I had on a new dress and a man whizzed past in his automobile just like that," she chafed her hands together, "and spoiled my dress forever. Those mud spots never did come out and I'm afraid I hate that man to this minute."

"Well, that ain't me. Look at 'em."

"And I don't want you to hate me like that, so I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Tell me how much it is and I'll pay you. Then I'll take the washing home myself after I've fixed it up."

"It's a dollar and a half."

"Here it is, then, and if you'll bring the basket over beside my car I think we can lift it in. You see, I do washing myself, and I know just how your mother would feel to see her day's work coming home again."

"You!" said Dickie. "You wash!"

"Why, yes. Why not?"

"But you're so pretty!"

"Thank you," she laughed. "Is that any reason why I shouldn't do washing?"

"I don't know," dubiously. "Ma and Mrs. Slagel and Mrs. Kelson and every one in our alley wears blue dresses and aprons, and you—you're all fixed up."

"Just sometimes, kiddie. You ought to see me when I'm busy. But you run home now, and don't you worry about the washing. I'll fix it all up. Good-by, now. I'm going."

"Good-by," he turned away as she started the engine, then came back. "Oh, say, will you give 'm this? Ma found it in one of his pockets an' it nearly got spoilt in the water. She dried it an' ironed it. Don't forget, now." He had out a bit of pasteboard.

"All right, I'll give it to him. Now good-by again."

She shoved it into her pocket and started the car. She had gone several blocks before she realized that she had not asked the man's name and address nor did she know any more about the

LATEST BLOUSE HAS POCKETS!



By BETTY BROWN

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—If you cannot get a pocket in your skirt you must at least manage to stick one somewhere on your blouse.

The latest spot is one where a pocket was never worn before, that is on each side of the front of the blouse just above the belt line.

They are funny little triangular affairs, too, which stick out decidedly just at a point where the figure is supposed not to bulge.

Another oddity in this fashion plate is the Chinese pagoda done in crewel on the front of the hat.

youngster she had relieved of his load. Suddenly she thought of the pasteboard. But to her surprise she saw her own features looking back at her.

"My picture! And in his pocket!" The little boy said his name was Charles. I don't know any Charles, not a single one. It's very odd. Well, I'll look over the clothes. Maybe his name's on some of the things. If it isn't I'll have to advertise. Wouldn't that be a circus? Found—a gentleman's washing. Same may be claimed by identifying property."

Jane took the washing to the Working Girls' Home, where she and a few of her friends showed the girls the dignity of labor by co-operating with them at their work. They did only very fine garments for very fine ladies who paid well for it and the money went toward the support of the home.

"Girls," called Jane merrily, "I've brought home something out of the ordinary; do you think we can do 'em?"

"Sure, Miss Jane we'd wash a circus tent if you'd bring it."

Now in his apartment on the other side of the town one Charles Armstrong was pulling out bureau drawers, rummaging through boxes and turning out pockets. "I'm darned if I can remember where I put that picture. Funny how things turn out. When they sent home my camera that girl's was in by mistake, and I haven't been able to get her out of my head for a minute since. And the day of the fire I splashed mud all over that same little girl and she's hated me ever since. I don't know her name and I don't dare to find out. I know she has me put down for a bounder and all my explaining wouldn't make things right. She always looks as if she would murder me."

He started to dress for dinner and dug through his drawer for a certain

MEATLESS MENU FOR LENT

By BIDDY BYE

The high price of eggs, potatoes and canned foods makes Lenten cooking this year far more difficult than usual. Eggs will not be used in this series of menus and recipes except when required as an ingredient in some made dish.

Lenten Menus For One Day
BREAKFAST—Sliced bananas and cream; rice gems; coffee or cocoa.
LUNCHEON—Apple slump, or corn starch blanc mange and milk; nut bread; tea.

DINNER—Cream of bean soup; corn meal cutlets; browned potatoes; peas; lettuce salad; coffee.

Cream of Bean Soup
Soak 1 cupful white beans over night; drain and boil in 3 pints of water; when tender, rub through a sieve and mix the pulp with the water in which the beans were boiled. Rub 2 tablespoonfuls of butter into an equal amount of flour and thicken 2 cupfuls of milk with the paste. Add

teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful onion juice, and a seasoning of pepper if it is liked. Turn the mashed beans into the white sauce, and boil 5 minutes, stirring to prevent burning. Serve with toast.

Corn Meal Cutlets
Make a well cooked corn meal mush and turn it into a bread tin which has been wet in cold water. When the mush is cold, slice it and dip the slices in bread crumbs; place them in a well buttered pan and bake in a quick oven until a fine brown color. Serve with syrup.

Rice Gems
Sift 2 1/2 cupfuls of flour with 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, and 1/2 teaspoonful of salt. Mix 1/2 cupful of milk with 3/4 cupful of cooked rice; add 1/2 cupful of milk and one beaten egg to the flour mixture; beat the rice into the flour and add 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter. Bake in well buttered gem pans.

HEALTH HINTS

There is a proverb to the effect that what is one man's meat is another man's poison.

One must bear this in mind in deciding what to eat. There is no greater mistake than that of blindly following the diet of others.

The Chinaman thrives on rice. The white man cannot live on it exclusively. There is a marked difference even among people of the same race.

Because our neighbor thrives on vegetables and bread is no reason why we should adopt the same diet. There is no general rule for eating.

Every person must find out what foods suit them best. Keep to those foods and avoid those which disagree with you.

Rich, highly seasoned foods are of course bad for everyone. There are certain kinds of plain articles of food which some people cannot eat. And a whole lot depends upon the cooking.

Bacon and eggs and toast are on the breakfast menu in many homes. But if the eggs are badly fried, the bacon swimming in grease and toast hot and soaked in butter the meal is going to be a mighty hard one to digest. It may make one feel miserable for the rest of the day.

Most people eat too much. A whole lot also depends upon the way the food is chewed. If the food is not chewed sufficiently it is swallowed in too solid a form to be acted upon by the gastric juices of the stomach. Indigestion follows.

ODD ISNT IT

In order that uncensored pleas for help from her neighbors in Zailiin, Kurdistan, might reach their American relatives, Mrs. Goldberg smuggled letters out of Russia in the center of loaves of bread.

"Why, yes. Miss Jane Cartwright lost one. Likely that's it. Yes, I have her address."

So Charles headed for Jane's. They recognized each other in an instant. "Yes, I have your clothes," explained Jane. "But the mud spots just wouldn't come out."

"Then we're even. I'm sorry I spoiled your dress."

"Will you tell me what you were doing with my picture?"

"Yes. I'm in love with it."

She reddened. "You make love as you drive a car. It isn't always the best way."

"I need some one to teach me patience. I'd be a very willing pupil. Won't you try?"

"I'll think about it," answered Jane.

JERSEY BLOUSE CUT TO CLING



By BETTY BROWN

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—When the figure is full and round enough to carry clinging garments, jersey cloth will prove the most desirable of fashionable materials.

The extremely low yoke seam adds to the close fitting lines of the blouse sketched above. It is a curious color harmony of old-gold silk jersey cloth, blue-gray silk, and gray and green braiding.

The skirt of jersey cloth also clings in spite of the liberal amount of fullness allowed in cutting.

TRY A WANT AD.

END INDIGESTION OR STOMACH PAIN IN FIVE MINUTES

"PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN" MAKES SICK, SOUR, GASSY STOMACHS FEEL FINE.

Time it! In five minute your sour, acid stomach feels fine. No indigestion, heartburn, or belching of gas, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, foul breath or headache.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in sweetening upset stomachs. It is the surest quickest and most certain stomach antacid in the whole world and besides, it is harmless.

Millions of men and women now eat their favorite foods without fear—they know Pape's Diapepsin will save them from such misery.

Please, for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and enjoy it, without dread of acid fermentation in the stomach.

Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which don't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement due to fermentation and acidity, at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest, surest relief known.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"Well, you are starting in all right, Paula," sneered Earnest Lawton the next afternoon as I passed him on my way to the stage.

"It was our first matinee in Philadelphia, Margie, and I noticed he had one of the morning papers in his hand."

"What do you suppose he meant?" I asked Ruth as she stepped into my dressing room between the acts.

"She looked at me in surprise. 'Haven't you seen the morning papers?' she asked."

"No," I answered. "Did that pretty little Miss Huntington have something nice about me in her paper?"

"Your pretty little Miss Huntington is on an afternoon paper. Is she going to have something nice about you?" inquired Ruth with almost a grin.

"I think so."

"Well, if she does, you can tremble in your boots, for Earnest is frothing at the mouth now at the notice you have in one of the morning papers."

"Let me see it," I said, for I saw she had a paper in her hand.

"As I read it I remembered what I had overheard at next table to mine the night I went on to play my part, not knowing whether I was going to turn out an actress or just a woman. The piece was headed, 'Still an Enigma,' and it went on to state that the writer had gone again to see 'The Woman He Chose' purposely to make up his mind whether I really had talent as an actress or was just acting a woman with more or less of the enthusiasm of youth for romance."

"When Miss Newton first came on the stage the other evening," he continued, "I was sure I was right in my first analysis. Earnest Lawton had added another to his long string of conquests and the girl was suffering from her first quarrel. Her whole attitude was one of hopeless endeavor utterly at variance with her part."

"Once I thought I saw Lawton say something in an aside to her, and she seemed to try to get in to the right tempo. That girl is either soul or body!" I said to myself—and then came the big scene. To my surprise and almost to the consternation of Lawton, I could see, she acted—yes, this time it was splendid acting—interpreting the part better than she had on the first night."

"Lawton could not pick up his stride and his characterization fell flat. Lawton has always been very lucky in his women's support since he has been a star. They have always seemed to me to play up to him without thought of themselves."

"He has been with his leading la-

dies and his ingenuos one of those men who are always getting and forgetting, for these many women who have supported him have strutted their little hour on the stage and then dropped out of the public eye. They were the kind of women who will always give and forgive."

"However, the young woman whose name is on the bill as Paula Newton is not that kind. I would hate to do her a wrong, for I am sure it would mean an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

"She is an actress, is Paula, and if Earnest Lawton does not look out the electric lights in front of the theatre will twinkle out some night the letters that spell Newton instead of Lawton. He is getting older and more blasé every day. She is piling up the energy and enthusiasm of youth."

"Welcome to our city, Paula Newton. If you have not yet added to the gaiety of nations you have accented the joy of staid old Quaker city."

"Tell your loquacious friend when you see him tonight," growled Earnest as he called me to the door of my dressing room, "that tomorrow I shall sue him for libel!"

"But I don't know him. I never saw him in my life," I protested.

"The hell you don't," was his sneering answer.



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THAT'S A PRETTY SURE SIGN, WILBUR.)—BY ALLMAN.