

# :- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### The Little Gray House.

By HILDA MORRIS.

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THE house was a very small one, standing lonely and deserted at the turn of the country road. Mildred came upon it early one morning in June when she was searching for a quiet place to read and dream. Mildred was a teacher, and she had come to spend her long summer vacation at Willow Lake Hotel. She was a slim girl, pale and pretty, with a soft charm that needed only rest and fresh air to make it bloom into real beauty. She was tired, however, desperately tired and lonely. The hotel promised to be less pleasant than she had expected. There were no young people, only old ladies who sat on the verandas with their knitting and embroidery, discussing bills and operations. Mildred wanted youth and jollity, or failing that, at least solitude for dreams. So armed with plenty of books and magazines she left the hotel every morning directly after breakfast.

The little gray house looked like a heaven peaceful enough for anyone. It was shaded by a huge oak tree, and the patch of lawn before it was green and smooth as velvet. A large "For Rent" sign decorated its front window. Mildred climbed the steps and peered in at the window. She saw a clean-swept room with painted white woodwork and an old white wooden mantel. There was a glimpse of a blue-walled kitchen beyond.

"Oh!" the girl exclaimed to herself. "I do want to see the rest of it. I wonder—"

She turned the knob softly and found that the door was unlocked, so she explored the quaint interior, growing more enamored of the place at every step. It was an old house, and its worn door sills seemed to speak of years of comfortable family life. The whole house was in immaculate order, as though just swept and garrisoned for a homecoming. It was the most peaceful house that Mildred had ever been in. It fitted her mood exactly, and she made a sudden firm determination to rent it.

It was not hard to find the man who had charge of it—he lived a half mile farther down the road. "That's the Gordons' house," he explained. "They're all dead now except one young feller that's moved to the city. He wants it took care of, and he'll rent it cheap to anybody 'll do that."

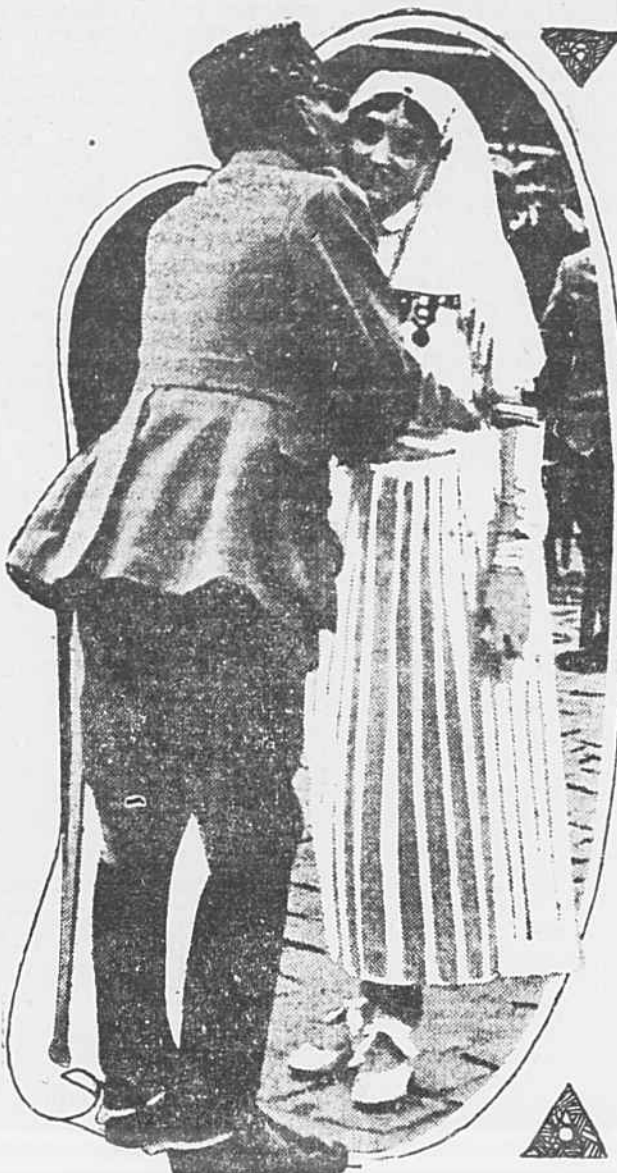
"Oh, I will take good care of it," Mildred assured him assured him. "I'll even paper some of the walls."

So she got the house for the absurd rental of \$7 a month—less than half the sum she paid for her stuffy room in the hotel.

Mildred had a little furniture, from the wreck of her own dead and gone home, in storage in the city. She sent for this, and set about the process of redecorating the sunny rooms.

First, she papered them with the help of a boy from the village. For the living room with its white fireplace she chose an old fashioned paper with a dim pattern of creamy gray, and the two bedrooms she made into cozy nests of rose and blue. She repainted the blue kitchen walls stain-

## ONE OF THE PERILS THAT MAKE WAR WORTH WHILE



A pleasant war job would be the post of official Red Cross decorator. The picture shows General Gareau decorating Mme. Naitre at the Invalides for her Red Cross services on the French front.

In the blue gown and thinking how lovely she was, how well she fitted into the cozy little room. He had missed her on the boarding-house; there had been no one smile at him across the dinner table or to play for him evenings in the dingy parlor. He was a selfish fellow and he couldn't help but be very glad that she was coming back.

"Why don't you move in yourself?" Mildred was saying. "You don't have to be in the city. There's a splendid light room upstairs you could use for a studio for your illustrations—or you could even commute if you chose. The trains are rather regular."

"I couldn't—now," he said. "It's rented. It's your house. There's just one condition under which I might live here. That is—"

"That you will stay here with me. Could you marry me, Mildred, even though I offered you nothing better than this little house, and love?"

"Oh, David!" she whispered. "I could. And nobody in all the world could wish any more."

## HEALTH HINTS

Direct infection from sick to well is chiefly responsible for the spread of most infectious disease.

Some, however, are contracted through water, food, milk and articles handled by the victims of disease. Ofttimes by coughing, sneezing, or spitting patients also spread disease.

The hands of patients and attendant are of utmost importance for they come in touch with the secretions given off by the body and most readily transmit any germs they may contain. It is most important that they be thoroughly washed frequently.

Control of infectious disease means the careful isolation of the sick from the well. Scrupulous care should be taken in the disinfection of the discharge from the body of the patient. It is necessary to have the sick

## Bumstead's Worm Syrup

A safe and sure Remedy for Worms. Stood the test for 50 years. IT KILLS THE EGGS. IT IS AN ANGEL OF MERCY. PLEASANT TO TAKE. NO SICKNESS. NO PHYSICIAN NEEDED. One bottle has killed 122 worms. All druggists and dealers, or by mail—25¢ a bottle. Est. C. A. VOORHEES, M. D., Phila., Pa.

mothers. They may be the beginning of measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, grip, diphtheria or infantile paralysis.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED. Mrs. F. G.: "Am warned that my feeling of ill heart is caused by indigestion and yet my stomach seems to give me little trouble. Can you advise me?"

Often indigestion is not recognized as such. It may result in headache, defective sight, heart burn, dizziness. It may only manifest itself by a general feeling of discomfort.

VISITED LAURALEE. Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Lynch and little daughter, Valera, spent the week end with Earl C. Lynch at Lauralee.

THE EDITOR ON COAL. There is little or no improvement in the local coal situation. Some of the mines are idle. The manufacturing institutions are suffering.—Moundsville Journal.

There will be an exceptional demand this winter for coal and Parkersburg is liable to realize this.—Parkersburg News.

The afflictions of the coal barons have completely eclipsed the woes of the ice man.—Montgomery News.

## Try to Banish All Rheumatic Pains

People who have been tormented for years—yes, even so crippled that they were unable to help themselves—have been brought back to robust health through the mighty power of Rheuma. Rheuma acts with speed it brings in a few days the relief you have prayed for. It antagonizes the poisons that cause agony and pain in the joints and muscles and quickly the torturing soreness completely disappears.

It is a harmless and inexpensive remedy, but sure and certain, because it is one discovery that has forced rheumatism and sciatica to yield and disappear.

Begin the Rheuma treatment today, and if you do not get the joyful relief you expect, your money will be returned. Mountain City Drug company always has a supply and guarantees it to you.

## Christmas Cards

Our complete line of samples are now in.

Stop in and give us your Christmas orders now, and we assure you delivery will be made.

Last year owing to the labor conditions, many orders were left unfiled.

## Three Generations of Women.

The young women of this generation, their mothers and grandmothers have proved from actual experience that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcomes the suffering caused by female ills and restores them to a healthy condition. This famous medicine contains no narcotics or habit-forming drugs—but is made from medicinal roots and herbs, nature's remedy for disease. If you are suffering from any form of female ills, it will pay you to give it a trial.



## NOTE ADVANCE

- Sweet Milk, per quart ..... 8c
- Sweet Milk, per half gallon ..... 15c
- Sweet Milk, per gallon ..... 30c
- Sweet Cream, per quart ..... 30c
- Buttermilk, per gallon ..... 15c
- Skim Milk, per gallon ..... 10c
- Cottage Cheese, per pint ..... 12c

## Marion Products Co.



## Beautiful New Suits

—It is not by mere accident that we do such a tremendous suit business.

—It is not for the sake of show that we carry such a tremendous stock of suits.

—It is because of such facts that the woman who seeks the newest in style, the best in material and who wants her suit perfectly tailored, comes here first, knowing full well that she can be pleased from an assortment such as ours. Not a color that is new, nor a model that is good, but what you'll find it.

\$15 to \$100

Each day The West Virginian publishes one tested recipe prepared by Mrs. S. J. Brobst, Fairmont's foremost authority upon culinary art. Cut them out and save them. Today's recipe is for—

### CREAM OF CELERY SOUP.

Remove the coarse branches from a stalk of celery. Cleanse thoroughly and then mince fine. Place in a sauce pan and add—

One quart of water, one onion chopped fine, one carrot cut in dice.

Cook slowly until the vegetables are soft. Rub through a fine sieve, and now blend—

Six tablespoons flour, one and one-half cupfuls of milk.

Place in a sauce pan on the stove and bring to a boil. Cook slowly for three minutes and then add the celery puree. Beat the mixture with an egg beater. Season with salt and paprika.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists.

## Don't Endure Itching Skin

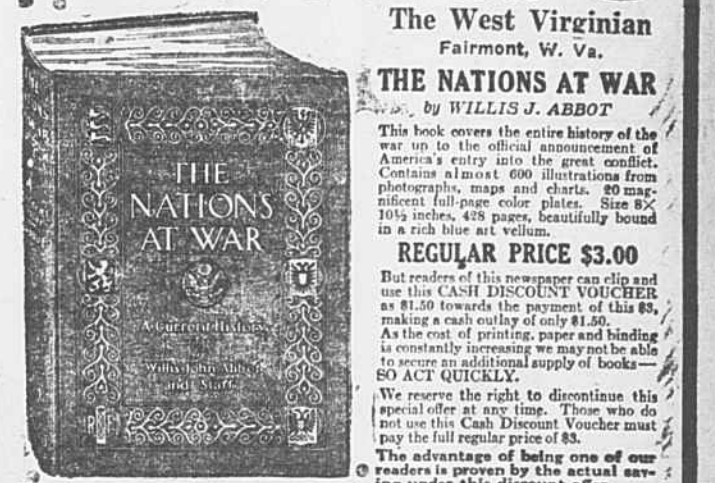
We urge all skin sufferers who have sought relief in vain, to try this liquid wash. The D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema. All skin diseases yield instantly to its soothing oils. Its ingredients, oil of wintergreen, thymol and glycerine, have been used by doctors for years in the cure of the skin. The liquid form carries these healing ingredients down through the pores to the root of the disease.

Druggists are glad to recommend this soothing, cooling liquid, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Your money back unless the first bottle relieves you. D. D. D. Soap keeps the skin healthy. Ask your druggist about both today.

## D. D. D. For 15 Years the Standard Skin Remedy

Mountain City Drug Company, Hall Drug Company.

## \$1.50 CASH DISCOUNT VOUCHER \$1.50



Present this CASH DISCOUNT VOUCHER with \$1.50 IN CASH at the office of this newspaper and secure the \$2. volume at once. MAIL ORDERS—Same terms as above. Be sure to enclose the Discount Voucher and 8 cents extra within 150 miles; 12c, 150 to 300 mi.; for greater distances add postmaster amt. to include for 4 lbs. Address this newspaper.

## ::: CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :::

"His story is told," remarked Dick at this point of the letter.

"That would be a good climax, Dick, for the end of a story, but this is real life and that is why it is so interesting," I answered. "Why, any man who could not convince a woman that he would not give the earth, the sun and the moon or even heaven itself for her does not deserve her."

"We were still riding across the great American desert on our way east, and you know, little book, I was reading these letters to Dick to interest him and break the monotony of the ride. Dick's interruptions to the story had been very interesting to me as they showed me a new Dick I had not known before. They also gave me a new light on the complex entity of man.

"You see, little book, Dick had never tried to make me think I was worth anything else in the world to him. Perhaps it was because I was so glad he even told me he loved me even asked me to be his wife that he did not need to make any other protestations.

But, little book, you can see that a man thinks he can convince a woman of anything. He can, little book, if she wishes to be convinced, but even then sometimes she has to come to the conclusion that he himself does not believe in the things he most wishes her to believe.

"I was thinking this and looking out of the window across the red and purple sands of the desert when I saw an Indian in a gray blanket riding a horse while back of him walked his squaw. 'Of what do you suppose that male has convinced the female behind him?' I asked, as we watched the picturesque figures.

"Just what every man has convinced every woman who has loved him of," I replied.

"And what may that be, pray?" "That he is the lord of creation and to do his will is an honor."

"The man in the story I have been reading did not succeed in doing this, Dick," I remarked. "Read the rest of his tale, Margie, I am rather interested in him. He seems to me to be the same kind of a blame feel that most men are."

"If that is the case, dear, you will be surprised to know that he strikes me as being somewhat different—in fact, I am sure most women cannot conceive of a man doing the things he did while loving another woman as he says he did and living in comparative happiness or at least peace with his wife."

there was a third?" asked Dick with a grin. "Well, I'll be darned. He certainly is some man."

"Let me read to you what he says"

"I believe at that moment, Mrs. Margie, when the only woman I have ever loved did me that if I could make her think that I disinterestedly loved her, she would go with me anywhere I wished, I was perfectly happy, for it seemed to me a very little matter to convince her of something that I believed so implicitly myself.

"For Mrs. Margie, I did love her. I do still love her and I cannot understand why she who had always been so big and fine should not have realized the complex soul of man better than she did.

"You see, Mrs. Margie, after that night at the restaurant where she gave me that wonderful promise, I did not see her for three weeks for she went to another city."

"I was like a man adrift on an ocean without compass. I drifted about here and there, but, oh, Mrs. Margie, I can't tell you how I missed her, and then one afternoon something happened—why do I call it something? It was the most tragic experience of my whole life, but for intervals I thought it the most beautiful."

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(OLIVIA HAS A GOOD UNDERSTANDING.)—BY ALLMAN.



GOOD NIGHT, MISS OLIVIA.

I ENJOYED THE EVENING VERY MUCH, MR. DOBBS.

OH, GEE, IT'S A RELIEF TO GET THAT SHOE OFF!!

DIDN'T YOU ASK THAT YOUNG MAN IN?

ASK HIM IN? I SHOULD SAY NOT! THAT CORN WAS ALMOST KILLING ME!

IF YOU'D GET YOUR SHOES LARGE ENOUGH YOU WOULDN'T HAVE A CORN.

NO, NOR A BEAU, EITHER.