

FACT, FASHION AND FANCY

Paragraphs That Are of More Especial Interest to Women

Health First.

Not all girls and women realize that unless they take regular and vigorous exercise they cannot be thoroughly healthy.

When you exercise you breathe quickly and deep. That means that your ribs expand and your lungs force out impure air and take in fresh air, which purifies the blood.

Regular exercise also does away with congestion, a condition that threatens people of sedentary habit. Sitting still a great deal causes the blood to overcrowd the blood vessels.

Finally, unless you exercise regularly your heart will literally forget how to work; the muscular tissue of which it is composed will grow flabby.

Besides all these reasons why you should exercise there is this point, exercise contributes substantially to an attractive personal appearance.

The deep breathing and the mechanical muscular work keep the blood stream active and pure—a condition that shows in fresh, clear coloring and general alertness—and the perspiration that you get rid of keeps the pores open and the skin clean and so eliminates the chances of an ugly complexion.

Nations at Odds Over Skirts.

How long is the skirt? The eternal question! It has been the query of several seasons—an eternity as far as fashions are concerned.

A dangerous question! Two nations at odds over the answer, fair France and the U. S. A.

France, the home of the brave and the free, sartorially speaking; France the mother of sons and daughters who have ruled fashion's variable waves and winds for so long, decrees—and arbitrarily—that the skirt shall be long.

Comfort? In, la! What matters that where chic is concerned?

Grace? 'Tis desirable and possible, almost always. But when—well why let a little thing like that stand in the way of lines that, unpleasantly accentuating one's lankiness as they may, are yet fully compensated for by their strict following of the mode, to the very end.

Cleanliness? Well, 'tis deplorable of course should one pick up a germ on the trail, but one's mind should be above matter, even in close dusty subways or the wind-swept street.

Common sense? Puff! What an old-fashioned notion! Now the skirt that winds and winds and winds itself about one's ankles, and takes upon itself the duties of a duster for the curb may have its good points, it undoubtedly has, but they are not sufficiently numerous nor weighty to induce America to adopt it universally and without reservations.

It is plain to be seen, even by the most casual observer, that the fair American is developing a strong sense of dress and a determination to express it in her own way.

Comfort—with the American woman—has come to be a thing to be considered at the same time and with equal interest as chic. She has proved to her lasting satisfaction that the two are compatible and combinable.

Grace? She does not lose herself so in the artistic interpretation of the word that she fails to see the ungainliness of too much length in the wrong place, on the street, for instance or on the field of sports.

Cleanliness? To her nothing is more non-appalling to contemplate than a grimy germ.

Common sense? She is cultivating it. That 'tis old-fashioned bothers her not a whit. 'Twas not long ago she learned that old-fashioned things are not so bad, after all.

Perhaps it is not just fair to mention it here, but 'tis said the American woman has a far prettier ankle than her Parisian sister, and so, why shouldn't she show it?

At any rate, the consensus of opinion as expressed in a meeting of representative women from every walk of life, held recently at the offices of that unifying student of fashion psychology, John J. Flaherty, in the Bush Terminal building, was that the long skirt in America is not to have things all its own way. It may queen it upon the ballroom floor, perhaps in the majority on formal occasions, but for the most part, it is to add inches as suits her fancy to please herself.

A Voice on the Mountain Top

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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Louise Salisbury sat a little apart from the merry crowd who were gathered on the roomy veranda of the Stafford cabin this first evening of Peggy Stafford's house party.

She was wondering just how she, a sober, serious music teacher, had the good luck to be included in this happy-go-lucky, carefree party. Of course, she had always known Peggy Stafford.

Now in the mountains, when the sun sets, it sets quickly—simply drops behind some peak and is gone. Suddenly, to her bewilderment, Louise found that she was being enveloped in twilight. Hastily she turned back, and was amazed to find that, while apparently there had been only one way to come, several trails offered themselves for her return.

Startled and realizing that she was on the verge of undergoing that dreadful experience, being lost in the mountains, she sat down on a lichen covered rock to recover her thoughts.

Lost in the mountains! Well, a search party would find her ultimately. She wished she had left word that she was going down into the ravine.

Hark! What was that? Was it the wind in the trees, or did she faintly hear a voice? Trembling a little with apprehension lest she was mistaken, she made a trumpet of her hands and called. Somebody answered. Again she called—again the answer, nearer. Then followed the rustle of trampled underbrush, and a dim form appeared on the edge of the precipice.

A moment later her hands were imprisoned in those of Bob. "The girls missed you and I had a hunch you were in the ravine. I've walked miles along the cliff calling."

Louise started to speak—choked—then managed to get out: "Nothing ever sounded as good as your voice!"

"It was 'a voice on the mountain top' for fair," he hummed. Then: "We must get back and relieve the anxiety of the others," he said. "But first, I am going to take advantage of this opportunity when I have you to myself to say something. I love you, Louise; I love you!"

"Why—why—but Peggy?" gasped the girl. "Don't breathe a word," he said, "but I'm hoping Peggy will be my sister. She is as good as engaged to my brother Tom, who is coming up in August."

Louise couldn't speak for sheer happiness. "You remember the next words of the song you sang?" went on Bob. "Let us all unite in love! How soon, dear, can we unite in marriage? My whole family are in love with you, as well as I, and there isn't a bit of us in wasting the rest of the summer."

So tenderly he looked at her that Louise capitulated utterly. Besides, what a choice she had to make! A furnished city room in August, or—Bob and the mountains! "I'll marry you whenever you say!" she promised.

up of the house party, Louise had an adventure which resulted very unexpectedly—to Louise. She had been trying not to feel envious as she heard the other girls telling their plans.

Despondently, she left the others at last and wandered down an overgrown path into the ravine which ran for miles, bisecting Glen mountain. Careless of distance she rambled on, never doubting her ability to retrace her steps in a place where a trail was more or less plainly evident.

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THE 1922 POLITICAL POT

Williston Paper Discusses Possibilities—Predicts Carter's Election.

If the reports that are getting more numerous each day are true, there will be no scarcity of aspirants for Governor Cooper's position next year.

An account in a well known South Carolina weekly, whose editor is in position to know the inside of some political dope, puts A. F. Lever, Williston G. Harvey and Henry Tillman, of Greenville, son of Senator Tillman, in the possibility class and states that there is a strong probability that either or both Senators Marion and Lancy will be in the race. There is considerable talk going the rounds now, mostly from Charleston sources, where the elevation of the governor would be most pleasing—that the next legislature will elect Governor Cooper to the supreme bench. The report that Senator Marion is grooming for the governor's race, may mean that he will not be a candidate for the vacancy on the supreme bench in which case the race would probably be between J. F. Carter and M. L. Bonham, and Carter should easily win. Aside from his age and other qualities that should commend him above General Bonham, this section of South Carolina is entitled to a representative on the bench. Governor Cooper will be foolish to allow himself to be run.

A. F. Lever, if he consents to make the race for governor, will be hard to beat. He is strong in every way.

When it comes to fitness there is no man in South Carolina better fitted for the next governor than Judge Mabel L. Smith. He spoke to a large audience in Augusta recently and words ring true as steel. Among other things he said: "The great and vital thing is the enforcement of law, and law can only be enforced if it is the sentiment of a community that it shall be enforced. The second factor in enforcing the respect for law is the certainty of punishment in the courts. This is your problem and mine to create a healthy public sentiment for law observance."

In a masterful way, Judge Smith scored those who professed white American boys and died in France and stated that denominational and family differences were forgotten when our boys marched against a common foe. It is his idea that this same combined effort on our part, and that alone, will suffice in the fight that must be made on those who have such a wanton disregard for the sanctity of human life.

If this state turns aside from law, and just as good governors as South Carolina ever had never opened a volume of blackstone, the name of Senator Christensen, of Beaufort, will almost certainly be presented. This section of the state has not had

a governor since Hayward and has no apologies to make for Nicks Christensen, a sound business man—Williston Way.

Medical Ethics.—The decision of the supreme court of Massachusetts declaring moral fitness to be a prerequisite to the proper practice of the medical profession is one that will generally commend itself. The written opinion of the court, giving adversely in the case of a doctor who sought relief from a summons to appear before the state board of registration in medicine and show cause why his certificate should not be revoked for alleged "gross misconduct in the practice of his profession" contains the following striking paragraph:

"Highly trained intelligence, combined with disregard of the fundamental virtues, is a menace. A physician, however skillful, who is guilty of deceit, malpractice or gross misconduct in the practice of his profession, even though not amounting to an offense against the criminal laws, will be thought to be pernicious in relation to the health of the community."

In laying down the further principle that mere intellectual power and scientific achievement without uprightness of character may be more harmful than ignorance, the court established a form of conduct which is a safeguard to the public and which at the same time no one will accept more readily than the great majority of physicians and surgeons themselves. They are the first to recognize that personal integrity is the solid basis on which the profession stands and that without it the greatest attainments deservedly count for naught. The decision will be a deterrent to the wrongdoer and will be a tower of strength to every reputable medical practitioner. — Washington Post.

—We might increase public revenues by requiring men to take out a license before lying about their gasoline mileage.

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HORSES

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JAMES BROTHERS

HORSES



Hastily She Turned Back.

come, my duties will begin in earnest," she had said mischievously, and Peggy had answered quickly: "Hush, auntie, nobody knows yet."

Next morning, just as the girls were finishing breakfast, a cheerful whistle sounded from the veranda and a tall figure loomed in the doorway.

"Top of the morning!" and Louise thought to herself that never before had she seen personified the very spirit of the out-of-doors. Tall, sun-browned, radiating health and optimism Bob Turner was certainly a youth to captivate any maiden. Lucky Peggy, she thought. Money—a piquant beauty—friends galore—this wonderful mountain cabin—and now Bob Turner! To some people came everything.

Peggy was leading him in by the hand and introducing him to the others, Betty Laurel, Kit Angel, Virginia Wales, Sally Tucker and Louise Salisbury. As Louise shyly advanced a slim hand, Bob held it for a second in his. "So this is the one who serenaded me last night," he said.

"How old! How old you know?" a babble of voices cried out the very thought in Louise's mind.

But Bob only shook his head and refused to answer. "I'm here merely as messenger boy," he announced. "Mother and the girls want you to come up this evening for a moonlight dance on the veranda. So long!"

That evening was to Louise the most wonderful time of her life—and the most miserable. Its wonder lay in Bob's sinning her out for dance after dance and begging her to sit with him on the top veranda step when the little home-made cakes and fruit punch were served. Its misery consisted in her fancy that Peggy's eyes followed her reproachfully, and in her own relentless judgment, which condemned a man who flirted with one girl when he was engaged to another.

Long she lay awake while the cool night breeze, laden with the fragrant sweetness of the pines, swept in through the window, fanning her hot cheeks.

Her last waking thought was one of determination to avoid Bob Turner in the future. Peggy should have no cause to regret giving her this wonderful month.

Louise, with a singleness of purpose, carried out her plan. When Bob called she was busy "writing letters."

Then, a few days before the break-

fast.

and except for that proportion of women who always have and ever will adopt Parisian modes, the fair sex "over here" will continue the wearing of the short skirt for general occasions.

Old Fashioned Rose Jar. It seems a great pity to let rose leaves go to waste; why not make an old-fashioned rose jar?

Any tightly-covered china jar will do, but it is better to purchase a regular Japanese or Chinese rose jar, which can be as inexpensive or costly as desired. The potpourri is made as follows—Take a large quantity of fresh rose leaves, dry them in the sun, turn over often, so that all get perfectly dry and crisp. Add sweet-scented geranium, lemon, verbena, honeysuckle, lavender, etc., all of which must be thoroughly dried.

After thorough drying, pepper the leaves with powdered orris root, cinnamon salt, about a tablespoonful of each will be required. Then add twenty drops each of oil of cloves and lavender, half that quantity of oil of cinnamon, and as much oil of musk as you feel entitled to spend on your potpourri. This is the most expensive item in the preparation. Mix all together and place in a wide-mouthed jar. For the first year or two the leaves should be stirred often. Keep the jar in a dry place, and each season you will be more delighted with its fragrance in the room, uncover the jar for a spell then cover it again. A very little of it on a warm (not hot) stove lid will scent a room quickly.

Sugar Savers. By using well ripened fruit for pies or pudding one will need only half the amount of sugar.

A pudding made something like gingerbread, only not so short, and steamed, will help out as a dessert dish during the sugar shortage. A sauce can be made with molasses or corn syrup, warmed a little and flavored with lemon or spices.

Sweetened and flavored gelatins can be had, which require only the addition of water.

Minute tapioca should be cooked in water as per directions on package and when done some heavy syrup left from canned fruit or berries may be added to color and sweeten. Serve with cream or custard sauce.

Ripe bananas sliced and served with cream require only a trifle of sugar to make a pleasing dessert.

During a sugar shortage housewives should not overlook the fact that raisins, figs and dates can often be used for sweetening material in pies, pudding, etc.

Pies and some cakes can be partly sweetened with syrup and molasses, or honey, maple sugar or syrup.

Boiled rice, either plain or with a few raisins in it, make a very acceptable dessert served with maple sugar.

Baked apples or apple sauce with a little maple syrup poured on, served with warm biscuits or fresh bread makes a very nice dessert.

A Bath in Bed. To give the patient a bed bath, the following articles should be beside the bed:

- A large pitcher of hot water. A large pitcher of cold water. A slop jar or pail. Two wash basins. A cake of soap. Two large Turkish towels. Two single blankets. A wash cloth and large sponge.

Turn the patient on his side with one of the blankets folded under lengthwise. One of the basins is used for the soaped water, which is applied with the wash cloth from the neck to the hip, including the arm. The other basin is used for the clear water and the sponge so that the soaped parts may be washed. The extra blanket is used to cover the upper side of the body all the time except when a leg or hip is being washed. The patient may be turned on the washed side and the operation repeated.

Kitchen Towels. The sacks which contain flour or other similar products may prove useful.

First, the sacks must be turned wrong side out and hung on the line to receive the cleansing of the winds and rains for a week or longer. Then they are washed with strong soaps and any good washing powder, and boiled and rinsed like other things. The color disappears entirely, along with the smell. They are now ready to be ripped open and hemmed.

This makes a square towel, but it is heavy and absorbent, not hard to wash, and bleaches fast. It is an addition to the towel supply which in most families would prove most welcome.

Real Affinities.—"Are you sure your taste and Robert's are congenial?" anxiously inquired the fond mother of the newly engaged daughter.

"Oh, yes, mamma," replied the joyous young thing, "we are both fond of Browning and lemon pie and motor-ing."

A Model. Madame X: Before he married her she was chief model in his dressmaking bazaar.

Monsieur X: I see. Before they were married he had designs on her.

Obedient slave: Jones pays the freight.

R. C. Brockington F. L. Hinant

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40 Acres—Seven miles from York, bounded by lands of J. E. McCarty, C. W. Carvill, H. G. Brown and others; 3-room residence, barn and cotton house. Well of good water; five or six acres bottom land. Buck Horn creek and branch runs through place. About 4-acre pasture; 5 or 6 acres woods, mostly pine and balance work land. About 2-3 mile to Beersheba school it is going to sell; so if you want it see me right away. Property of H. C. Farris.

602-5 Acres—41-2 miles from York, and less than half mile to Philadelphia school house, church and station. Four room residence, 3-story hall; 4-room tenant house; barns; 3 wells of good water, and nice orchard. About 8 acres in pasture and woods and balance open land. Act quick if you want it. Property of C. J. Brattonville—Property of Estate of Mrs. Agnes Harris. Will give a real bargain here.

144 Acres—Five miles from Filbert on Ridge Road, bounded by lands of W. M. Burns, John Hartness and others; 7-room residence, 6-stall barn and other outbuildings; two 4-room tenant houses, barns, etc.; 2 wells and 1 good spring; 3 horse farm open and balance in timber (oak, pine, etc.) and pasture. About 2 miles to Dixie School and Beersheba church. Property of Mrs. S. J. Berry.

33 Acres—Adjoining the above tract. About 3 or 4 acres of woods and balance open land. Will sell this tract separately or in connection with above tract. Property of J. A. Barry.

195 Acres—Four miles from York, on Turkey creek road, adjoining lands of Gettys, Queen and Watson; 2-horse farm open and balance in woods and pasture. One and one-half miles to Philadelphia and Dixie schools.