

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A Matter of Momentum.

BY ELSIE SEE.

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LMA, when do you start on your trip?"

"Tomorrow at nine Warren."

Warren Dean's car sped silently along the parkway to Alma's home and neither of them spoke again until the drew up at the curb.

"And when you have finished your book?" he asked.

"A month or so of rest in the mountains."

"And then?"

"Oh, another book, perhaps; that's the usual way, I believe."

"Alma, dear, don't think me unsympathetic. I'm as proud of you as success as you are, but some day the book of your own life must have its new chapters written in. I've asked you twice for the big role in that book, and I shall continue to ask you until you confront me with a rival more formidable than your embryo books."

Warren's eyes seached hers eagerly as he assisted her from the car.

"We've been such good friends that I truly wish we might be more, Warren, but unless I felt that we must be more it would be unfair to us both to give you the answer you want now," said Alma gently.

"Good-bye," said Warren, at the porch steps. "And remember that if you ever want me or need me I'll be waiting your call."

The next day, Alma set out for a little mountain village where she worked throughout the summers on her book. By September, the book was finished, and its first instalment as a serial was going into type for the November issue of a magazine.

Alma went from the village to a ranch, thinking she would have absolute quiet, but the ranchman's wife received so many telephone calls over the noisy party line and every spoken word penetrated the thin walls of the house so completely that silence was at a premium within the house. This did not annoy her greatly, though, for it was the outdoors she loved. Early every morning she was either tramping or climbing or riding horseback in the clear crisp air that hinted of frosts not far away.

Books, letters, and magazines reached her in each semi-weekly mail delivery, but Warren's letters had gradually become absorbed in her book she had scarcely noticed this, but now that she was idle and in a receptive frame of mind for news from outside, she began to take note of the thinness and fewness of his letters.

"Ah well," she said to herself one afternoon, "it's like a man to want to be everything or nothing, but I'll climb upon Eagle Rock with a new magazine for company and leave all men to their fate."

Somehow, though, after Alma had made the slow climb to the big rock the new magazine seemed only a mass of printing broke at intervals by illustrations. She sat watching the clouds pass below the highest point of a distant mountain, but her thoughts were of Warren. She had unconsciously been loosening a round rock with the restless movement of her foot, and was surprised when the stone suddenly bounded down the mountain side. It bumped along at first, but as it struck the protruding edge of a large boulder, it shot out and steadily gained in momentum until it landed in the sandy gulch far below.

Alma got up and looked about for another rock she could dislodge. She found one larger and rounder, which she loosened with considerable difficulty. Just as it was ready to be given a final push she remembered the schoolgirl custom of naming apple seeds and corners of rooms to determine whether certain youths loved certain girls.

"I'll name this rock for Warren," she said to herself, "and if it goes all the way down to the gulch he loved me; if it stops by the way he loved me not."

She gave it a push and it went crashing down among the aspens, but contact with some scrubby oaks checked its progress and when it reached the large overhanging boulder it was rolling feebly along. Just as Alma was ready to murmur "He loves me

not," the rock rolled over the edge of the big boulder and went on down with such force that it struck sparks from other stones as it drove surely and rapidly to the gulch below, where it embedded itself in the red sand.

"He loves me," even if he doesn't write," Alma laughed at her childishness, but the incident made her feel happy, and she descended the trail feeling strangely elated.

When she reached the ranch house a large touring car stood at the yard gate. Two women in uisters and veils sat on the rear seat, and the chauffeur was carrying water to quiet the rumbling of the overheated engine. Alma passed hurriedly into the house, and in the narrow hall she encountered a faint perfume which suggested a type of woman she did not like. Then she heard the shrill voice of the ranchman's wife trying to get telephone connection with a big hotel at a summer resort forty miles away. The voice came clearly through the thin walls into Alma's room. "Here they are, ma'am," it said, "here's the Elkton House."

"Please let me speak to Mr. Brown the desk clerk," said a woman's rich voice that had a familiar sound to Alma. When the woman spoke again Alma clapped her hand over her mouth to smother an exclamation. It was the voice of a woman she knew and disliked, but a woman famed as a bewitching widow. "This is Mrs. Atwill speaking, Mr. Brown. We lost our way and have just succeeded in locating ourselves. I'm expecting some friends from the East. Has Mr. Warren Dean, of New York, registered?" A brief silence. "No? Then he may arrive on the 7 o'clock train. If so, will you kindly tell him of our delay and say we shall be there not later than eight? Thank you."

Long after the automobile went puffing on its step way Alma sat staring at the ugly wall paper of her room, but for once she was unconscious of its ugliness. The grinding sound of a coffee mill came to her from the kitchen, an untelling sign that mealtime was near. Alma rose with a shudder and hastily undressed. She meant to be in bed, and feigning headache when supper was announced so that she could demand absolute quiet as the only means of escaping a noisy and detailed account of the visit of Mrs. Atwill.

The ruse worked well and Alma's palor and silence at breakfast next morning held off the story once more, but an hour in the cold outdoor air brought the color back to her cheeks and she was ready to laugh at herself for having spent a sleepless night. Seated under a big pine tree along a path that led to a deserted mining shaft, she looked out upon the autumn glory of the mountain sides. The dark green of the pines were lighted by the red and yellow of the aspens, but a wonderful blending of all three. Alma's back was toward the path, but she turned her head at the sound of footsteps.

"Good morning, Miss Mountaineer. Will you let a weary traveler rest under your tree?" said a well-known voice.

"Warren Dean!" exclaimed Alma, and by the time the name was pronounced she was standing and Warren was holding both her hands in his. There was a light in his eyes that made her lower lips tremble.

"The ranchman told me you had started up this path," said Warren. "You didn't call me, Alma, but I came in the hope that by this time you might want me or need me." There was silence for a moment, and there were glad tears in Alma's eyes as she looked up at Warren.

"Then you didn't come at Mrs. Atwill's call?" she asked.

"Mrs. Atwill? She's been almost killing me with kindness because of her interest in my military brother whose regiment is stationed at Fort Lyon near here. But I came craving kindness from you, my dear mountaineer. Have you found an answer to that question of mine?"

"I think I found it yesterday," she answered, and she told him of naming the rock and of her anxiety when it seemed about to indicate that he did not love her. "And suddenly it bounded over the boulder and as suddenly I knew that I loved you. It was a matter of momentum all around after that."

Hear C. J. Schuck, of Wheeling, and Senator Meredith discuss the issues of the campaign at Fairview tonight!

WIDOW WHO GAVE JEWELS TO BLACKMAILERS IS CHIEF WITNESS AGAINST SYNDICATE



MRS. REGINA KLIPPER

Mrs. Klipper of Philadelphia, widow and mother of two children, will be the chief witness in the trial of alleged blackmailers caught by secret service agents and said to have extorted \$1,000,000 from wealthy men and women.

Frank Crocker, said to be a member of the blackmail syndicate who turned state's evidence, told the au-

thorities he met Mrs. Klipper in a flirtation at a New York hotel.

It is alleged he contrived to get into her room and was there when two members of the syndicate walked in and demanded money for secrecy. Mrs. Klippe is said to have given them her jewels and \$500 and later to have been kidnapped to prevent her appearance at a trial.

LOCAL SOCIAL EVENTS

Golf Tournament. A golf tournament for women will be an event at the Country club Tuesday afternoon in which a large number of golf enthusiasts will participate. There has been much activity on the links during the fall weather and it is planned to keep up the sport as long as it is possible.

To Detroit. Mrs. S. S. Cochrane and daughter, Miss Rita, leave tomorrow for Detroit, Mich., where the latter will enter the Sacred Heart convent at Grosse Pointe. Louis Cochrane left this week for Pittsburgh where he is a student at Duquesne Heights University.

Hanes-Michael. Miss Lulu Michael and Clifford C. Hanes, both of Fairview, were united in marriage in this city last evening at the residence of the officiating minister, Rev. W. J. Eddy of the First Baptist church. Mr. and Mrs. Hanes will reside in Fairview.

At Central Christian Church. The choir of the Central Christian church under the direction of the director, Mrs. E. C. Rowand, will present a musical program at the evening church service Sunday in which the following will take prominent parts: Mesdames Rowand, H. S. Falcomer, L. N. Wetzel, Miss Eunice Minnor, and Dr. C. S. Fleming. The program will commence at 7:30 o'clock.

Communion Music. Special music will feature the Com-

munion service at the First Presbyterian church tomorrow under the direction of the choir director, Mrs. Charles W. Waddell. At the morning service two anthems will be rendered and in the evening the Presbyterian quartet composed of Mrs. Waddell, soprano; Mrs. Forrest Fankhauser, contralto; LaMar Satterfield, tenor, and Luther Randall, bass, will render several selections in addition to the anthems by the choir. The program for the two services is as follows: Morning service: Anthem—Come Ye Disciples; Dudley Buck. Soloists, Mrs. H. S. Falcomer, Messrs. Randall and Satterfield. Communion Anthem—Come unto me, George Nevins; Mrs. Forrest Fankhauser, contralto soloist. Evening service: Anthem—Nearer My God to Thee, Peake. Soprano obligato, Mrs. Waddell; anthem, Lead Kindly Light, Dudley Buck, Presbyterian quartette.

Returning From Wedding Journey. Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Fletcher, nee Osterholz whose marriage in Black River Falls, Wis., was an event of early September will return home tomorrow morning from their honeymoon trip. They have visited at points en route home spending several days in Chicago.

In Baltimore. Mrs. Nina Miller Thum and niece, Miss Helen Quarrier Miller have spent the last week in Baltimore. Miss Miller will re-enter Miss Maderia's school for young ladies in Washington, D. C., early next week.

a patient's cup or spoon, for the reason that you will pick up the germs from the place where his hands or lips have deposited them.

HEALTH HINTS

Do you know you might catch measles by merely shaking hands with a little victim of the disease?

Why? Because the child in blowing his nose or in holding his hand before his face when he sneezes or coughs, or in putting his fingers to his lips or nose or eyes smears some of the awtery matter from his nose or eyes or mouth on his fingers—a very little, perhaps, but enough to make trouble, for the germs of the disease are in these discharges.

When you shake hands with him or handle things he has handled you are likely to get the germs on your hands. That alone would not give you measles, remember, for the germs must enter, as a rule, into your nose or mouth or eyes.

But if the germs get on your hands they usually do get into your mouth or nose or eyes from your hands, unless you wash them right away, because you usually do put your hands to your mouth or nose or eyes or at least touch your fingers to your lips, many times a day.

You can also get the disease from the patient's towel.

Measles can also be contracted from

MONONGAH

Game Scheduled. Definite plans were completed during the latter part of the week for the baseball game between Parkersburg and Monongah to take place in Parkersburg Sunday, October 8. By this time it is believed that Trader the local twirler will have returned to the Monogah lineup. The Wood county boys have one of the best teams in the state and have been doing some excellent work during the past season. The local team is confident of victory and will take the best team available to Parkersburg in order to be sure of the game.

Bowling League. The curtain will be raised Monday evening from over the local bowling season when the first game of the recently organized Monongah Bowling association will take place. The new league will be composed of ten teams of three members each. Prizes amounting to \$104 will be given away during the series of 90 games. Last year a league was organized, which was distinguished for its grand success. The league this year is com-

posed mostly of local business men, and is expected to be the most prominent winter sport in local circles. The teams winning the first five places in the league will win prizes, besides several awards that will be given for individual honors. The schedule is being prepared by a local committee and will be published within the next few days.

PERSONALS. Mrs. Avon Reynolds, of Fairmont, was a visitor with friends in Monongah yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. King were among the out of town social callers in Fairmont last evening.

Mrs. Dr. Peck of Clarksburg, was a business caller in town yesterday.

Wayne Harden and Denzil Shaver were calling on friends in Fairmont yesterday evening.

Miss Berli Leonard, of Fairmont, was a visitor to Monongah yesterday.

George Peddicord was a business transactor in Fairmont Friday evening.

James Price and George Leiving were callers in Fairmont yesterday.

Mrs. Jennie H. Thomas and son, of Fairmont, were among the visitors in this town yesterday.

Mrs. Alvie Moore was a shopper in Fairmont yesterday evening.

Mrs. Syrus Thomas and daughter, Eva, of Shinnston, were shopping here yesterday afternoon.

Miss May Hawkins, of Fairmont, motored to Monongah during the weekend.

C. A. Honaker was a business caller recently in Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery Morris were calling on friends out of town yesterday.

Harry M. Hart, of Weston, was in town yesterday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Kline Koon, of Wades-

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

I have just realized little book, I am watching the mails like a girl who has a sweetheart in another city. But I am sure Malcolm Stuart never has thought of me in any way except as a human being that understands to him someone to whom he can unburden his soul. It is strange that since he has been writing to me, he seems to have gotten over the idea of wanting to see me and yet I think I understand.

From pacing that yack deck month in and month out, with no one to talk to except the captain, he has come to welcome the chance for self-expression as a prisoner welcomes an unexpected ray of sunlight in his cell.

I had been struggling I saw a kind of spirituality growing in his face, but this being obliterated by his freedom from worry. Today I know I can never care for Dick as I used to.

I know I shall always have a certain amount of comradeship with him, but it will only be mild and critical.

Little book, when I realized this, I felt sorry for myself. My love had meant more to me than to him. He had treated it lightly from the first. To me it had been the one great thing of my life and now, having lost it, I am all at sea.

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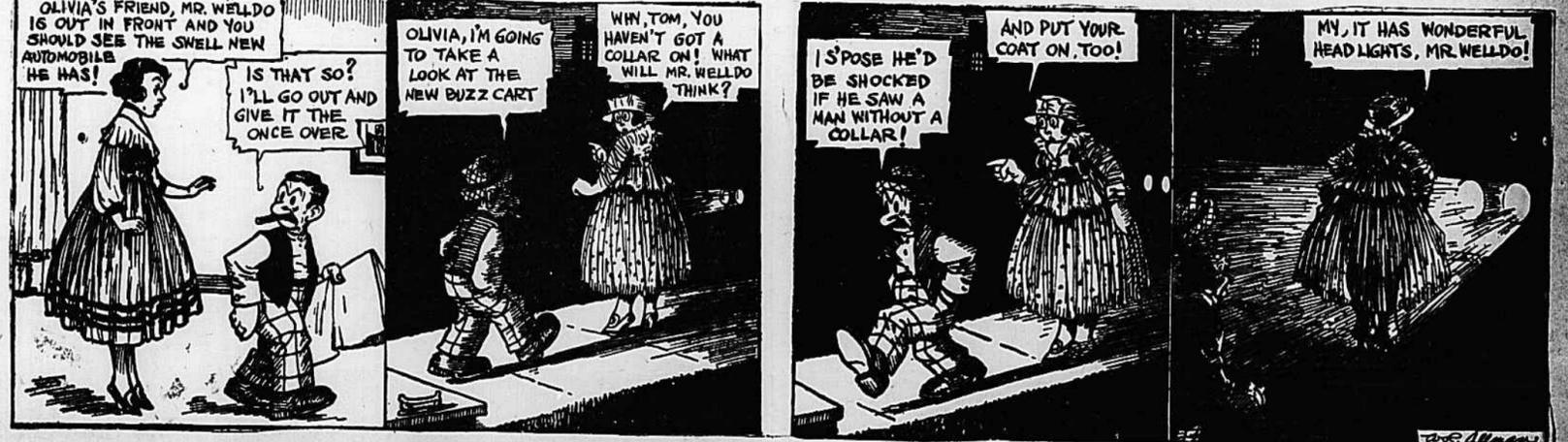
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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(WE NEVER SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.)—BY ALLMAN.



Victrola Ready Today New Victor Records for October Caruso sings the favorite "Santa Lucia." This charming barcarolle is one of the most tuneful of Neapolitan folk-songs. Its delightful rhythm is captivating in the extreme, and sung by Caruso it becomes a wonderfully beautiful number. Victor Red Seal Record 88560. Twelve-inch. \$3.00. Another splendid English record by Hempel The vocal arrangement of Rubinstein's lovely "Melody in F" makes an exquisite song indeed, and here it is superbly presented by Hempel, with a string quartet and harp accompaniment that is highly effective. Victor Red Seal Record 87250. Ten-inch. \$2. A brilliant vocal display by Garrison In Johann Strauss' waltz "Voice of Spring" this gifted soprano of the Metropolitan Opera has a composition which reveals admirably the purity of her voice, and its marvelous flexibility. A surpassing example of colorature work delightful to hear. Victor Red Seal Record 74488. Twelve inch. \$1.50. A beautiful operatic aria by Martinelli. Zimbalist plays a charming violin solo. Mizzi Hajos signs two of her new songs "hits." 67 others including 2 fine old sacred songs 2 charming concert numbers 2 superb orchestral symphonies 2 fascinating Hawaiian guitar duets 20 new popular song "hits" 2 splendid balalaika orchestra selections 4 excellent choral numbers 2 beautiful operatic selections. 2 exquisite violin solos 8 rollicking dance numbers 2 magnificent orchestral concert renditions 7 delightful instrumental solos and trios 2 humorous poems 2 brilliant marimba band records. Hear these new Victor records today. We will gladly give you a complete descriptive list and play any music you wish to hear. There are Victors and Victorolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$40.

"A Department Store" Hartlays Fairmont W. Va. Hartlays

ington, were here yesterday en route to Ritchie county to visit relatives. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Prichard accompanied their daughter, Miss Lucy, to Wheeling this morning. Miss Prichard is en route for a western visit.—Mannington Telegram. Miss Hazel Lydic, of Indiana, Pa., is the guest of her brother, W. I. Lydic and wife, in the Rhea Terrace apartment. Squire E. S. Amos, who has been confined to his home on Locust avenue for a week, continues very ill.

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Chas. Bartlett was a business transactor in Fairmont this morning.

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PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching blind of protruding piles send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial with references from your own locality if requested. Users report immediate relief and speedy cures. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. J. Summers, Box P, Notre Dame, Ind.

FALL IS THE BEST TIME to plant hedge shrubbery and shade trees. We can furnish you anything you want in the nursery line and plant it for you. We also furnish fruit trees, grape vines, etc. H W LEAMAN & TITHERINGTON Simon Addition

CHICHESTER'S PILLS THE DIAMOND BRAND Medical Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold Boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of Druggists. Ask for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills. 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE