

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

"In Search of a Towel!"
(By JOHN COSSBY.)
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JIMMY, blinking and blinded by the shower, reached for a bath towel. His fingers, clutching the first one with which they came in contact, gave it a jerk off the rack that very nearly loosened the tiling, but as it traveled from its resting place on the smooth glass bar toward Jimmy's newly laundered head the towel caught on a faucet of the bath tub and that, had Jimmy known it, settled his fate forever, for his Aunt Brewster had given him the towel and Aunt Brewster was his chief hope for the future.

"Damn it!" said Jimmy giving it a jerk, but the thing clung to the spigot with fiendish tenacity and all of Jimmy's swear words could not loosen it. Then he pulled with both hands and a desperation born of smarting eyes calculated to pull out the plumbing. Suddenly the towel, or rather the lace on the towel, let go and Jimmy didn't. Out he went over the end of the tub a clean smooth shot like a golf ball spooned out of a bunker, and he lit on the hard tiled floor.

Things were quiet enough for a minute but when the fireworks in Jimmy's head had subsided and he had cautiously tested every bone for breaks he swore again. "You blankety blank fool thing, you, with your silly blue roses and lace. Get out of here!" And hurried any apologies to the donor he hurled the cause of his troubles through the window and reached for another towel of sober white that lacked even an initial to adorn its sanitary ends.

We'll have Jimmy to dry and dress and rub his bruises, and follow the towel out of the bath room window on the sixth floor of the apartment hotel. It floated downward—hardly floated, either, for it was as wide and heavy as a rug—but it arrived at any rate at a certain point in the street over which a roadster was passing at the instant, and having a penchant for catching on things it caught on a button of the car's top and spread itself out luxuriously for a ride through the city.

All unconsciously beneath her gay canopy of lace and blue roses sat Eileen Brannon turning the wheel this way and that among the crowding vehicles of Fifth avenue. She saw people stare, laugh and point, but there was nothing wrong that she could see. But in front of "Anna Katharine's Shop" she stopped to investigate. What was attracting such attention? And then she saw the towel spread shamelessly over her natty little car. "For goodness sake, where did that old towel come from?" she cried, and as if to echo her words a voice behind her inquired:

"Where did you get that towel so blue?"
Out of the sky as you came through?" She turned quickly. "Oh, Charley, isn't it the limit! Where you suppose it came from? Get it down, will you, and I'll take it into Anna Katharine. These things are in her line and maybe she'll know something about it."

But Anna Katharine didn't except that there were weeks of work on the lace. "The towel is new," she declared, "never been used!"
"Then keep it!" offered Eileen. "Maybe some nice old lady will buy it for her college grandson."

In the meantime more things were happening to Jimmy.
Evidently he had got out of the wrong side of the bed. The postman brought some letters, and there was

THE NEW "LINE" IN ONE-PIECE GOWNS.



BY BETTY BROWN

Until Jack Frost comes, the one-piece frock with its becoming lines and graceful sash will have first place in the hearts and wardrobes of our countrywomen. Some of the models are so discouraging in their limps and longness that I gasped with delight when I caught sight of this wonderfully clever frock which Mandel Brothers brought from Paris, where

all women dress simply and practically now. It's made up in navy blue serge—can broadcloth or duvetyne ever displace serge? The sash is navy blue liberty silk. Delicate yellow and blue threads stitch the smocked yoke. The chin chin collar of raccoon, and the meek little raccoon that serves as a muff add heaps to the smartness of the "simple little serge dress."

one from Aunt Brewster. "I'm starting for Florida," she wrote, "and I'm stopping to see you for a day en route. I forgot to take off the pattern of the lace on that towel I gave you for your birthday. The Duchess of Roxshire started it for me when I was in England four years ago and I want to make some more. Besides there's something else I want to see you about that I can't explain here. Until Friday then. Affectionately, Aunt B."

"For the love of Peter Jones!" groaned Jimmy. "Can you beat it? Where in this nickel-plated frown do you suppose that towel is? Watkins, spread around three or four of Aunt Brewster's photographs, and dig up that balsam pillow and those bedroom slippers she made me. Then go to the street and see if you can see anything of a towel the fool thing you hung in the bathroom this morning with roses and lace on it. It dropped out and I'd hate to have the old lady miss it. She's coming to see us, Watkins. We'll have to sit tight."

"Yes, sir! Thank you, sir!" and Watkins departed.
Then some one rang the bell. It was Charley Blogett, he of the titulating rhyme.

"Hello, Charley, come in. I just need a tonic like you after a bally hoo day. Aunt Brewster's coming and as she carries my prospects around in her bank book we'll have to concoct some way to amuse her. Proceed, Charley!"

Charles gave up his hat and stick and lit a cigarette. "Poor Jimmy! Well, I've a story saved up for her that ought to help some." And he told of Eileen and the towel.

CONFESIONS OF A WIFE :-

I had hardly finished reading Malcolm Stuart's letter when Jim Edio was announced. For some strange reason the doctor said to me as he left the yacht: "I would see as many of my old friends as possible while I am at Atlantic City, if I were you, Mrs. Waverly, and I would try to make a new acquaintance every day."

I have seen no one, and as I cannot make new acquaintances as I am at present, I feel like a little girl with no one to play with and so I am going to tell dear old Jim to come up.

When Jim arrived he was so full of jokes and foolishness that I knew at once he had something serious on his mind.

"It is not necessary to tell me how I am looking, Jim," I said, "neither are you a bit interested in what I think of Atlantic City. You know I have always loved it. I know you well enough to realize you did not come here from Philadelphia to hear this kind of 'company talk.'"

"Out with it, Jim. What did you come for? You have something important to say. What is it?"

Instead of answering my question Jim remarked, "I asked Dick to come down here with me today, Margie, and he refused—said he was head over heels in work. Poor, old chap, I wonder if you know how hard he has worked to put the business on a stable footing since Mr. Selwin's death."

"Yes, Jim. I think I do. The last year with me I'll must have been hard for Dick than for me."

"I think it has been, Margie," said Jim gravely.

"But," I began rebelliously, "he had something to do. He could fight for business supremacy. He was not obliged to be just a log."

"Yes, I know, Margie. You and Dick have been sailing in a whirlpool a long while and neither of you has known whether the next hour would see you on the rocks or not."

I looked at Jim incredulously. "Did Dick tell you?" I asked.

"No," he answered simply, "but you must remember I have seen you and Dick together in the last year when no one else has been with us. Do you realize, Margie, how little you have had to say to each other at these times?"

"Well, you need not taut me, Jim,

with being out of sorts while I was a log."

"I'm not, dear Margie, I'm not. You used to talk to me. You found plenty to say then, but you and Dick were silent with each other. He always seemed weary and his voice never brought a ray of interest to your face as it did in the old days. Why, Margie, I used to sit and watch you then just for the delight of seeing your face light up when Dick spoke."

And then, little book, memory, like the ruthless hand she is, stretched me on the rack. As in a flame, I lived again that hour when my whole soul, my whole body, cried out, "Let me be long."

I gave myself to him and he threw me away. How could I, from the dust heap of all my loyalty and love, allow his voice again to lure my soul from my body?

"Don't, Jim. I can't bear it," I cried. Jim was surprised at my vehemence and tears.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(ALL DRESSED UP AND A LOT OF RUGS TO BEAT.)—BY ALLMAN.



WOMEN WIN THE VOTE IN CANADA



VANCOUVER, B. C., Nov. 3.—Votes for women carried at the recent provincial election. The fair sex in British Columbia is jubilant over the victory.

The shortage of men, owing to the war, gave the cause of suffrage a decided boost. Now women are preparing to wage political campaigns against the sterner sex for various positions, once the sole right of men. At the last meeting of the North Vancouver Board of Trade Miss Rose Peers was elected to membership. She is the first woman in Canada to be honored with such a distinction.

"Women have the same right and the same ability as men to deal with important questions," she declared. "Feminine opinion will prove valuable in many places throughout the province. It is well they have been given political recognition."

Brewster's," they explained to Charley, quite forgetting to let go hands and looking back at each other with interest that had evidently been compounded rapidly for ten years. "Isn't it strange how things come about?"

"Aunt Brewster is here!" went on Eileen. "I've just brought her from the station."

"But she was to visit me!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Fanny, isn't it!"

"But he doesn't want her since he lost the towel, so it's all right," put in Charley.

"Towel! I don't understand," answered Eileen.

"You see the towel you found was Jimmy's. Miss Brewster made it, and it nearly killed him when he was taking a bath and he threw it away in a temper, and you found it, and the shop sold it before we got there, and we came to you for help. Aunt Brewster mustn't know it's gone, for she wants it again."

Eileen put her hands over her ears. "Mercy, Charley, you've missed your calling. My brain's in an awful whirl! What's all this about the towel I found?"

"It's all right," said a quiet voice in the doorway. There stood Miss Brewster smiling, the towel in her hand. "Eileen told me of her find on the way from the station. I was interested, so we drove around to the shop and bought it. I recognized it instantly. But the mystery is cleared up now, and it's all right. The towel has done what I came to New York to do, to bring you and Eileen together again."

"The comedy is ended!" quoted Charley.

AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL

Did You Know That— Just because a bag can hold a dozen of eggs it is no sign that if it were filled with grape fruit there'd be a dozen?

An instrument has been patented for looking through flatrons. This instrument puts an end to the problem of looking through flatrons.

Up till 1701 mirrors were made with the reflecting side on the back.

Unsolved Mysteries. Why it is some fellows think that loud talking wins an argument?

Ye Olde Stuff. "I think I'll write a song—yeh?" "What'll it be about?" Oh, Something About Down South in Old Dixie-land!

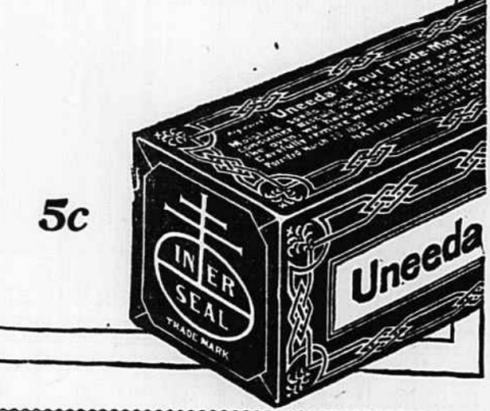
Fable. Once upon a time ye telephone pealed forth at an early hour after ye midnight. Ye man arose and answered ye phone and it was a call for him, instead of ye usual "Wrong number."

On account of the high prices of shoes, caused by the war, doormat manufacturers have raised the prices of doormats.

A Terra Haute scientist after 18 years of strenuous thinking, finds that the new stone that comes out of a stone quarry is old long before it is new.

Crush the taxating Democratic ring by electing the Republican county officers.

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