

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

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Somebody's Pal.

By ISABEL FROST.

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It was not that Three Arrows was naturally suspicious, but nature had placed it so exclusively, all by itself on the shoulders of Kaska Mountain, that it regarded strangers in the light of interlopers. Therefore, it kept one eye on Evelyn May from the moment she stepped from the river steamboat.

Another thing that did not add to her immediate popularity was her reticence. She absolutely refused from the beginning to take Three Arrows into her confidence. Whether she had come North drawn by the lure of gold, or merely from the love of adventure, no one could tell.

Slim Rogers sized her up at long distance from his point of vantage on the lean-to porch of Rafferty's shack. In Three Arrows he was accounted not only local sheriff, but also the final court of appeals on the standing of strangers. Slim had been rather idle of late. A pall of monotonous morality had fallen over the land immediately under his lawful guardianship. There had been no killings since Christmas, when Jone Ducks, from Nome, had jubilantly picked off two harmless salmon trimmers from a tribe down river.

The Golden Eagle had been doing a languid business, supported only by local patronage, and the citizens of Three Arrows were beginning to take a civic pride in preserving the peace. Therefore, Slim's occupation was gone, and he had the more leisure to observe Evelyn May.

It was this observation which annoyed Evelyn. She felt herself under suspicion and did not hesitate to show Slim that she was aware of his official scrutiny. She had taken up quarters at the only abiding place for transients, Mrs. Rafferty's lodging house and cafe. Mrs. Rafferty had ruled public opinion in Three Arrows for many moons, but even she was placed aloof from Evelyn's confidence. She would stand in the door of her kitchen after lightlessly turning fried eggs and bacon for her starboarder's breakfast, and try her best to glean some personal information.

"It's a long way for a girl of your age to be traveling alone," she said one morning.
"I love to travel," said Evelyn, pleasantly. "Is it very far up Kaska?" She looked from the window at her right hands at the great peak that seemed to touch the morning clouds.

"There's nothing to see when you get up there," said Mrs. Rafferty. "You want to go up or down the river if you're looking for sights. There ain't nothing up there but Indians. You wouldn't find pickings for a woodchuck."

Evelyn glanced at her with her first show of interest.
"Do you know woodchucks?" she asked, eagerly. "It's the first time I've heard the word since I came West and I guess there aren't any out here. We're both of us from Connecticut," responded Mrs. Rafferty. "Come from down East, do you?"

Evelyn retreated into her shell at once, and only nodded. From the corner of her eye she could see Slim's tall figure shutting the doorway.
"Better put me up a lunch, Mollie," he said to Mrs. Rafferty, trying to ignore the presence at the table by the window. "We're going up Kaska again today. Benson blew in last night, and they think they've struck a new scent."

Mrs. Rafferty bustled around, carrying deep lices of boiled ham as she talked.
"Well, I hope to the lord, Slim Rogers, that you never come within a mile of shooting at him. If ever a man deserved what he got, it was Lone Duck. He got so he thought he owned the whole river front. It was not just those two fellows from the salmon fishery. He'd about as hit more to his credit, Tom says, and then some. Did you hear what the fight was about? I mean the one with the kid."

Slim helped himself to a large cup of black coffee, knowing full well that he had an audience.
"They fought over an Indian girl, I see. Lone Duck came into camp drunk and started to beat her up. Billie had been prospecting around there for several weeks, and I rather think the Duck was afraid he had heard too much from Neonta. Anyway, he tried to silence him forever, and the kid got in first shot. Law's law, Mollie, you know. Nice citizens you women folks would make, wouldn't you, if you let every curly-haired, blue-eyed youngster get away with murder! There's nine of us going after

side of the story. I'd like to know it."
"Well, Dick," I said eagerly. "I have here some letters from a woman who might have been the very woman the man was in love with, if you call it love. Of course, I can't be sure that she is the same woman, but it is so much like the other side of the story that I cannot think it impossible for two life stories to be so near alike."
"I am going to read to you the letters of a wife first—a wife who might be the other side of this loveless love triangle of which the man who wrote the letter I just read you and the woman whose letter I am going to read, are the other two sides."

"You have left out the American beauty rose, Margie," said Dick with a grin.
"Simply because from these letters I realize that none of the people, the man, the wife or the woman outside—played any part in her life. She is only one of those insatiable egotists who much make every man who comes near her admire her—love her, if possible. She has probably forgotten the man by this time and is using all her magnetism on another of your sex."

Dick looked at me rather quizzically, and then he sighed.
"I do not mean to be a cad I do not mean to hurt any woman, Mrs. Margie," the letter continued toward the last. "I know that if I could have gone to Quito with the woman in my heart there might have been other American beauty rose episodes, but I also know that she would have been the one woman I would always hold in reverence and faith. She is the one woman who has never disappointed me, and I know whether I ever see her again or not her place will always be in my heart."
"Perhaps, it is better Mrs. Margie, that I should only hold her in my heart, but there is the irony of fate. Unwittingly she is punishing me for all my misdeeds, for I miss her voice, her wonderful originality of thought and her sane counsel so much that the hurt is almost physical."
"I expect you think I am a monster, but I want you to realize that I am only a man and a very unhappy one. And the worst of it is, there is nothing to do about it."

"This play, as far as the poor stick of a hero is concerned, is end," but I am just wondering how many others are in the same boat. You see, Mrs. Margie, we are very imperfect beings as yet. Although we prate about our wonderful intellect and culture and human insight we find that after all our heads are ruled by our emotions."
"The man who wrote that silly song in a musical comedy some years ago, I want what I want when I want it was probably saying a much truer thing than he knew. Please don't think that I am trying to exculpate myself. I am not. I am only trying to explain myself to myself as well as to you."

"Do you know Margie?" interrupted Dick at this point, "that man's story is real. I believe that every man who thinks at all, at times tries to explain, if not excuse, his actions to himself. I am mighty sorry for him and yet I think if that Quito thing had been carried through to its conclusion he would have been more miserable than he is now. He never could have lived up to that woman he asked to elope with him."
"But Dick, you must remember that the woman could not have had very great ideals. She had evidently fallen in love with him—a married man."
"My dear girl, that is just where you may be mistaken. Many a woman of the highest ideals finds her heart straying. Nobody knows her

SUBMARINE HATS NOW



MISS IRENE PATTERSON, of Seattle, Wash., displaying her new "Venus Hat" which came from the 1,600-foot depth of the sea.

The U. S. cableship Burnside, returning from a cable-repairing expedition in Alaskan waters, brought back a limited number of the submarine bonnets, and a few favored Seattle girls are now the possessors of the novel millinery.

The "bonnets," found clinging to a cable drawn up from the ocean bottom, are a fibrous growth of unusually delicate texture. The Alaska specimens are creamy white. A little touch of ribbon adds wonderfully to the effectiveness, the girls say.

When they get soiled, a dip into the ocean will clean them easily.

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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—

SUMMER SQUASH PUDDING.

One quart cooked squash; three eggs; one-half cup brown sugar; one teaspoon salt; one teaspoon grated lemon or orange peel; pinch of ground mace; one-half tablespoon butter or oleomargarine.
Mash the squash through strainer; add the well-beaten eggs, sugar and flavoring, mix well; brush custard cups with butter or oleomargarine and fill with the mixture; place in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Test same as cup custard by putting a silver knife in center. If it comes out dry, the pudding is done.
Serve in the cups either warm or cold.

USE YOUR PUNY POTATOES IN THIS NEW BIDDY BYE RECIPE

BY BIDDY BYE.

Good cooks know the value of cornstarch as a base material for custards and puddings, and wartime cooks should welcome the invention of a method of making potato starch which has the same culinary value as cornstarch. A National Emergency Food Garden commission pamphlet describes the methods of making potato starch.

1. Potato starch utilizes culls, bruised, poorly developed and otherwise useless potatoes.

2. It provides a healthful, appetizing food which can often be used as a substitute for flour.

The method of making the starch is as follows:

No equipment is needed except a cylindrical grater or sausage grinder, a pan to hold the potatoes, another pan into which the grindings may fall, and another into which the gratings may be emptied.

The potatoes should be thoroughly washed by scrubbing with a brush, but the skins are not removed. After grinding a dishpan half full of potatoes, pour over them fresh clean water stirring until the mass is saturated. Let this stand a few minutes and then skim from the top any particles of skin or other floating material, add more water, stirring well, and let it stand over night to permit the starch granules to settle to the bottom and all the pulp and peeling to rise to the surface for skimming off. Remove all water, pulp and skin and any dark deposit. Fresh water should then be poured on and the starch allowed to stand several hours. The process should be repeated until the starch is perfectly white and smooth. The process is hastened if pulp, starch and water are strained through cheesecloth immediately after the first rinsing.

GOOD WAYS TO USE POTATO STARCH.

BOILED CUSTARD: Beat 4 eggs and add 1-2 teaspoonful salt and 8 table-

spoonfuls of potato starch with a little milk and add to 1 quart of milk and cook in a double boiler until thickened. Pour slowly over the eggs stirring slowly. Again cook in doubleboiler for a few minutes, adding 1 teaspoonful vanilla just before removing from stove.

LEMON PUDDING: Yolks of 4 eggs, slightly beaten, 3-4 cupful of sugar, 2 table-spoonfuls butter, juice and grated rind of 2 lemons. Mix 8 table-spoonfuls potato starch in a little cold water and gradually add 1 quart of scalded milk. To this add other ingredients and cook in double boiler until thickened, with constant stirring. Beat whites of four eggs stiff and add to pudding. Pour in mold, chill and serve with whipped cream and sugar.

FRUIT BLANC MANGE—Take 1 pint fruit juice, sweetened to taste, and bring to a boil in sauce pan. Mix 3-4 table-spoonfuls potato starch with a little cold water, add to fruit juice, and pour into mold for cooling. Serve with boiled custard.

LADY FINGERS—Beat stiff the whites of three eggs, add 1-3 cupful powdered sugar and continue beating. Add yolks of 2 eggs beaten thick and 1-4 teaspoonful of vanilla. Cut and fold in 4 table-spoonfuls potato starch with which is mixed 1-8 teaspoonful salt. Use pastry bag to force batter into proper shape on tin sheet covered with unbuttered paper. Bake 10 minutes in moderate oven.

POTATO STARCH SPONGE CAKE—Take the yolks of six eggs and beat until thick. Add 1 cup sugar gradually and continue beating. Add 1 table-spoonful lemon juice and grated rind of 1-2 lemon, and whites of the eggs, beaten stiff and dry. When well mixed add to eggs and sugar 3-4 cupful of potato starch and 1-4 teaspoonful of salt. Bake 1 hour in slow oven, using a deep pan.

him today and Benson says he can lay his finger on him."

No one will ever know just what took place in Evelyn's mind at that moment. She rose from her table and went over to Mrs. Rafferty's side.

"Can't I help you cut these sandwiches? I'd love to help," she said. Whereupon it naturally befell that Mrs. Rafferty introduced Slim.

Never in the sheriff's twenty-eight years of life had he encountered such a subtle spell as that which lay in the girl's persona. "Didn't he think

COME AND CELEBRATE WITH ME JACK-O'-LANTERN JUBILEE

BY BIDDY BYE.

The invitations to a Halloween frolic are very important for they should put the guests in tune for the occasion.

A rhyme, written on a pumpkin or a cut from colored paper and enclosed in a small envelope is good, or, if the invitations can be delivered by messenger, it is a clever idea to write them on clean white corn husk leaves, and to roll and tie them with a bit of orange ribbon. Original verses are best. Here are two suggestions that may be used with the hostess' name and address written below:

Appear on Wednesday night at eight, As ghost or witch you should be seen To be in style on Halloween.

ALICE HARPER, 40 Chestnut-st.

Halloween is goblin night Bring your Jack-o'-Lantern bright And by the charms and tests of fate Each maid or man may find a mate.

MARGARET ARNOLD, 77 Grove Park.

If you wish to give a flippant or originally to your Halloween party call it by a new name and use the following verse:

Come and celebrate with me Jack-o'-Lantern Jubilee. Bring a pumpkin, large or small That cheerful fate may you befall.

HALLOWE'EN COSTUMES.

When you find a cute little Jack-o'-Lantern invitation for the night of Oct. 31 in your mail some morning, you experienced a little thrill of pleasure when you meet that well-known second thought, "What shall I wear to the party?"

Costumes for Halloween parties are so much more fun than even a brand-new party gown, for mostly they are

disguises, and what is more fun than to be mysterious?

Under the disguise, whatever it may be, it is a good plan to wear a tub frock, or at least a second-best gown, for Halloween parties are usually a romp and the fun should not be spoiled by the chance of a rip or a spill on a fine frock.

The ideal Halloween costume is the familiar sheet and pillow case, for it is easy to obtain, easy to manage when wearing, and can be quickly laid aside when the romp is over and the supper is served.

Crepe paper costumes of red and yellow, to represent autumn leaves are pretty for the large formal masquerade, and the brilliant shawls and turban of the gypsy fortune teller are always alluring.



CELEBRATE WITH ME!

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the view from Kaska was wonderful? He sure did. And when she begged for the privilege of riding up with him and the rest of the posse Slim was not the man to say her nay. They were going eight miles around the mountain. He told her she could ride until he asked her to turn back, and she agreed to obey orders. There is a witchery about Alaska scenery in June, and suddenly, without warning, the whole land throws aside its frozen cloak and blooms in splendor.

Slim had only known her for four weeks, but before they had reacted the timberline he had forgotten the vital importance of catching the kid, and was absolutely at the mercy of Evelyn May. It didn't worry him much. Benson had gone ahead with the other men. He could afford to loiter. When her pony stumbled and came up with a sprung knee, Slim welcomed the delay as a gift from the gods. He stood beside her as she sat on a great boulder, overlooking the country for miles, and even with her teasing, provocative blue eyes mocking his earnestness, he told her what life might be like if she remained in the Yukon country as the sheriff's bride.

"You'd make a wonderful pal for somebody, Mr. Rogers, but how about being a husband? We're all out strangers. You men of the North do your wooing rapidly."

"We've got to," said Slim, shortly, "or they get away. It's a fearful climate up here. A woman's got to have a doggone good reason or she'd never stay in it at all."

He stopped short. There came the sound of rapid firing above them, then the crashing, sliding grind of hoofs, as a horse and rider dashed recklessly down the mountain trail. Slim whipped his pistol out and aimed as the boy shot past them, but Evelyn's hands gripped his, and she buried her teeth in the wrist that held the revolver. It was over in a instant. The kid was out of sight, already, bound for safety, and Slim stood over a sobbing girl, looking at the blood trickling from his wrist.

Somehow his arm found its way around her shoulder, while she told him of her mission to Three Arrows. The kid was just her brother, thirteen years old, and the baby of the family back East. They had not heard from him in months, and she had come out alone to learn the reason.

"I'm sorry, Slim," she said, "that I hurt you. I didn't mean to. I suppose it's wrong to want him to get away when he broke the law."

Slim smiled peacefully; the head of Evelyn May leaned willingly against his shoulder.

"I guess he'd better put up a plan of self-defense and come back home," he said, "so as to be in time for the wedding."

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Osgood's for Quality

You Can Secure a Liberty Loan Bond At Our Booth

—by simply paying one dollar down and one dollar per week

No Trouble, no Red Tape Ask the girl at the booth to fill out the application that's all! Do It Now!

work. It would be far better than running the risk of infection from elbowing our way into crowded cars. We can go for days without food or water, but the moment air is cut off from our lungs we begin to struggle for that life-giving element. If it is not restored the person dies in minutes instead of days. From this observation we may get a true observation of the relative importance of air to life.

To maintain health, however, we must breathe air that has not just been robbed of its oxygen by reason of another person having used it.

We must breathe air free from poison given off by the bodies of those crowded in poorly ventilated places and particularly must we avoid air loaded with germs of grippé, tuberculosis, pneumonia and other diseases rife at this time of the year.

When completed to submit to evils of crowded street cars during grippé and pneumonia seasons it is well to have your doctor give you a prescription for a good disinfectant solution with which to rinse the mouth, nose and throat several times daily.

It has been demonstrated that there are many pneumonia sufferers from the grippé—so why take chances?