FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Starting Something in Pellton.

BY JANE OSBORN.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"YOU see, Mr. Pell, I'm trying to start something in Pelton," was the way Lucy Brown, reporter, "society" writer and second mate of the "Pelton Sentinel," explained her call at the old Pell homestead. "he idea is to send copies of the home town papers to the boys at the front and there are some hundred of our town boys who will be getting the "Sentinel". Now you know how it's been with the "Sentinel"—how it's been with, in fact. "There's never anything doing, and the boys over there don't want to read just behash of the news from the front that was stale to them a month before. They want to know what's going on in Pelton."

"But nothing is ever going on in Pelton," said Mr. Francis Pell indulgently. "Its a conservative little place that stopped getting excited over itself years ago. There's never anything doing in Pelton."

"No, that just it,' said Lucy. the color coming to her cheeks and the brilliance to her eyes at the thought that she was being understood. "Nothing ever happens in this place—but I'm going to make something happen so's to put Pelton on the map and make the boys want to get back to a real live, enthusiastic, human sort of place. I thought I'd begin by getting interviews with some of the local characters like you. I went up to see old Silas Snell yesterday. He's a hundred and three—all the boys know him—used to call him Crazy St. Well, he's got some bullets and things from the civil war and some old clothes he wore seventy-five years ago. I've persuaded him to put them on exhibition down at the bookstore, and I can make a story about that. Then there is Miss Hawkins that'ssalway kept the cent shop— used to see candy to the boys that are over there now, and she's promised to do something to make a story, and there's the potchese man and the old sexton—"

Mr. ePll was hardly flattered at being put in a class with these local eccentrics, and had Lucy Brown had as much tact as she had enthusiasm she might have made her appeal in another way. But the fact was that Mr. Francis Peall, whose ancestors had founded the old town, was uqite as much of a character in his way as was either the toothless Silas Snell or the little spinster who had "always kept the cent shop". Although scarce forty, and although no one had ever seen him counting out bags of money, nor had he ever been known to be crafty or shrewd in money matters, he was regarded as "the old miser." There were fabulous accounts of the extent of the Pell fortune which had once glittered large in the mind's eye of Pellton mammas, but had long since ceased to be regarded as in any way available.

So Lucy paid her first call on Mr. Pell and was very politely shown to th door after she had made herself quite clear, and she went away feeling as much confused and disheartened as she had some saven years before, when she went out on her first assignment for the big city paper. For Lucy was not a native Pelltonite. If she had been she would have known better than to try to make news out of anything that Francis Pell might be doing. But she knew he was one of the most gossiped about personalities in town. Failing to find anything more fertile for discussion about him, the women discussed the size of his grocer bills—though they were perfectly normal—or kept close track of his harmless old mammy housekeeper or the new coat of paint his house or the condition of his apple orchard. But these thing wouldnt make news items for the "Sentinel."

Lucy was rebuffed the first time, politely but effectively, and went away perhaps more upset over a certain gracious courtesy that Mr. Pell had shown her than because of the actual rebuff.

But Lucy had not been heporter for seven years for nothing, and once her cheeks had stopped tingling from that first call she decided to make another. She would get some sort of story out of him—that she determined. It was on her third call that Mr. Pell showed signs of weakening.

"You say you want me to do something to make a story about," he began cautiously, looking amusedly into Lucy's eager face and studying the nervous twitching of her still girlish lips. "What sort of thing would you suggest—not, of course, that I intend to do it."

Lucy chose to take him entirely seriously. "Make some gift to the town," she announced. "Every one thinks you have loads of money, but—"

"I know," smiled Mr. Pell, "they call me the old miser. It has always amused me. But I choose to keep my benefactions to myself. I will tell you confidentially that I have just sent a rather important cintribution to an astronomical observatory in Labrador that my father endowed, and the hospital for leper in Shanghai that my mother was interested in—"

"Pellton people don't care about that," interrupted Lucy. They want you to do something for Pellton, if it is only a drinking fountain for the stray dogs or a new curbstone around the town hall. Just think how the boys over there would sit up and read the "Sentinel" if you were to do something like that, and there would be presentation speeches and every one would turn out and there would be a big time—and then maybe if you did something like that they'd put you up for mayor and—well, you can see what a lot you might do to keep things going." Lucy sighed, and somehow her concern amused Mr. Pell more than anything she had done before. Sh had already proved immenely diverting.

Then one day Mr. Pell called at the "Sentinel" office to see Lucy, and that was enough to keep Pellton tongues wagging for a few days. He told her he wanted her to tell him exactly what sore of thing he might do for the old town.

Lucy that afternoon had been reporting a picnic given by the employees of one of the local factories. The place chosen for it was part of the old Pell estate, and because of a bubbling spring of water that flowed out from the shale there it had proved a favorite spot for picnics for some years past; and Mr. Pell had never objected, in spite of his reputation for miserliness. Children, too, from all over the neighborhood came with pails and bottle to ge this water, which seemed to be more quenching than ordinary water, and it was a favorite spot for pedistrians on hot Sunhays, who came there with little folding cups to quench their thirst at the Miser's Spring, as it was sometimes called.

Lucy had seen the picnickers drinking at the spring that afternoon, and she was ready with her suggestion. The thing to do was to give this tract of land as a picnic ground and put up a sort of a fountain of rough-shrewn rocks from the neighborhood around the spring so that thirsty folks might always quench their thirst there. And there should be a drain so that the water when it ran off should not make a bed of mud around the spring. Mr. Pell may have had some questions concerning this, but he agreed and within a few days he and Lucy were meeting occasionally in a secluded woodlawn path to discuss designs for the fountain and to plan the presentation. And all the time Lucy had visions of the big write-up it was going to make for the "Sentinel" and the surprise that people would feel when they learned about it. And Francis Pell—well, he still watched the eager working of Lucy's lips and the color as it came quickly when she became especially interested in the plans underway, and sometimes he laughed at her, too, but she had ceased to be netted by that.

The eve of the day when the announcement of the plans was to be made came at last, and Lucy had the first big sorty ready to send to the little "Sentinel" press. There was even to be a cut showing the design for the fountain. And it had all been kept a secret between Mr. Pell and Lucy, though people were beginning to wonder why there had been surveyors and workmen on the old picnic grounds of late.

The "Sentinel" was just going to press and Lucy was putting the last flourishes on the great announcement in the dingy little office long after other good Pelltonites had retired for the night. The owner-editor, an errand boy, the other reporter and a handful of compositors and pressmen constituted the entire staff, and they were too preoccupied with their tasks to notice the figure of Francis Pell as it passed quickly across the floor to Lucy's desk. He sat down beside her, laid a nervous hand on the copy she was still working on. "There's a hitch in our plans. I can't tell you own." But trust me. You mustn't make the announcement now." Then he went telling Lucy he would wait for her outside the little office and tell her more as he escorted her home as soon as she had finished her work.

"Its this way," he began. "Men from the water department have been feeling around lately, and today I got a notice from headquarters. That spring isn't a spring at all. It's a leak from the main. The water is just the same water every one has piped into their houses, and now they send me formal word that in future I'll have to have it metered and pay for it at regular rates. I don't mind paying the few hundred dallars it would cost a year, but no one would care about the fountain if it was plain city water, and they like to have the joke on the old miser. So we'll have to think of something else to do." They walked along in silence for a few minutes, Lucy's pretty lips working overtime trying to hold back the tears of disappointment. Two or three times Mr Pell tried to begin his next speech before he succeeded.

"I was thinking," he said, "in fact, I've thought it for a long time—ever since a little while after you came to me that first time—that I couldn't give the Pelltonites and the boys at the front from Pellton much more of a surprise than to get married. That would be a real piece of news, wouldn't it?"

"Yes—but," and the lips worked overtime. "I didn't know there was any one you—" Lucy couldn't get any further.

"There's you," said Mr. Pell simply. "How'd that be for starting something? We could run off and be married, and then when we come back we can do the other things, the curb around the town hall and the drinking fountain for stray dogs and cats and the picnic ground and anything else you say."

Lucy's mind failed to revole around the interests of the Pellton "Sentinel," and when she said that it would be "perfectly wonderful" she was thinking only of her own selfish point of view.

CONFESSIONS OF A WAR BRIDE

CHAPTER 37. CHAPTER

Copyright, 1918, by the Newspaper Enterprise Ass'n.

"You've Been a Good Little Girl—Keep Still — We're Almost There.

The men rowed swiftly and softly for a while, then with less effort and a careless splash of water. "Left," said the larger man occasionally, "left"—and I wondered by what ranges he could be steering. I recalled the landscape, I knew just how the sharp peak of the mountain would stand out against the sky but there could be no other guide except —at last I grasped it—the elaborate lighting system which outlined the upper verandas of the "Mansion"! The glow would make a perfect range beneath the mountain tip.

But that didn't in the least help me to decide where we were headed for.

Evidently I was not the most important thing my captors had to think about. Now, that I couldn't arouse pursuers, they ceased to discuss me. Nevertheless, I remembered that threat, "the sea is deeper outside the island." I fancy that a soldier "going over the top" feels much as I did then.

One question harassed me, irritated me: Blindfolde, gagged and tied, clad in a bathing suit and bathrobe, huddled in the bottom of a collapsible boat, headed for the open Atlantic, however di I, Jane Lorimer, daughter of a professor in a country college, arrive so close to sudden and dramatic death?

Yet fate and the war had wrought no less startling changes in thousands of quiet lives.

My husband, student, radical and pacifist before the war, was converted to the righteousness of battle and was gone to do his own proper share in cleaning up on the detestable Hun.

Tommy, the grocer's boy, when he acknowledged the receipt of the socks wrote that he was going to be transferred to the tanks because he wanted to be among the first to cut the Hindenburg line and to carry victory over the Rhine to Berlin! I had tried to picture Tommy navigating that historic stream in a tank!

And the beautiful and exclusive Chrystabel Lorimer was doubtless, at the very moment of my danger, waving Liberty Bonds before a street corner crowd from the altitude of a soap box! For once, I envied Chrys.

Everybody seemed to have made the most of duty—excepting me. And I, the very day Bob left, had vowed to be worth of my soldier, had promised myself to do my deed for victory! Now my chances were slipping away forever.

The thought of my husband stripped my camouflage of courage from me. I whimpered pitifully, like a child left alone in the dark.

At that the leader designed to consider e. He had been resting on his oars as rowers do, sometimes, when looking forward. He took the bandage from my lips. "Bob! Bob!" I moaned.

Then the big ma nannounced as if the news would cheer me:

"You've been a good little girl. Keep still two minutes more. We're almost there."

"Almost there?" I sobbed.

NEW PRICES 30c, 60c, $1.20

Exclusive Garment Shop Inc. Maker to Wearer

New Shop in Fairmont
AT YOUR SERVICE

YOUR FIRST DUTY IT TO BUY LIBERTY BONDS

Styles of Pretty Voile BLOUSES to select from at $1.

For Your Fall Suit, Coat Dress—See Us

A selection of crepe de Chine BLOUSES for $3.50

An exclusive style that is smart for your particular figure is here for your inspection at the price you wish to pay and a courteous force of sales ladies that are at all times delighted to show you, are at your service.

SUITS

Duvet de Laine, Serge, Silvertone, Broadcloth, Novelty Checks, Velour Oxford, Gabardine, Tricotine, in Many rich shades that are practical and beautiful and entirely new this Fall, at

$22.50 to $100.00

COATS

Broadcloth, Wool Velour, Cheviot, Pompom and Novelty Fabrics Are the Materials Most Favored in Beautiful shades such as Burgundy, plum, taupe, green, navy, brown and black.

$17.50 to $100.00

DRESSES

Jerseys, Serges, Tricotine, Satins and beautiful combinations in the most desirable shades.

$12.50 to $50.00

All Wool Slip-on sweaters with Sleeves Angora Collar for $5:95

Georgette BLOUSES That Are Charming $5.00 to $15.00

FAIRMONT AND CLARKSBURG

Exclusive Garment Shop

Osgood's for Quality

Suits of Rare Beauty
—In Styles of Assured Popularity

There is something distinctive about the trimness of the skirts in these suits of velour, broadcloth and velveteen. The finger tip and longer coat lengths carry an atmosphere of grace which is strengthened by the rich black, brown and gray coloring of the fabric.

Large asortments are here for the small women and girls.

Size 14 to 20.

Regular Sizes 36 to 44 and Stout Sizes from 46 to 54.
Prices $22.50 to $125.00

An Interesting Group of Women's Fall Coats

These recent arrivals speak eloquently of rich fur collars,, and fur cuffs; they bring new ways of beautifying a garment with buttons and trimmings.

In this particular group are splendidly tailored garments in velours, velvets and plushes.

The size range runs from misses to regular and stout ladies. Priced low—$19.75 to $100.

Your complexion is wonderful since

Resinol

healed that skin trouble

If you are suffering from some embarrassing skin eruption, what wouldn't you give to have some one tell you what this girl was told.

Pimples, blotches, redness, roughness, eruptions, or any skin blemishes prevent attractiveness, and repel friends as well as strangers, but Resinol Ointment helps to overcome these troubles because it contains the soothing remedies for skin irritation or inflammation.

Resinol Ointment aided by Resinol Soap tends to keep the skin healthy and increase its charms.

For sale by all druggists.

Resinol Shaving Stick is for men who want cool, soothing shaves.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(WILBUR DON'T WANT MUCH)—BY ALLMAN.