

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Impulsive Connie.

By GEORGE PHELPS.

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TWO old maid sisters and a mother, who insisted upon all gentlemen callers leaving at 10 o'clock sharp— isn't it a wonder Connie managed to keep a beau? But, then, you don't know Connie. Without exaggeration she was the sweetest little piece of femininity in existence, at any rate. It wasn't so much her looks, it was just her wonderful, impulsive personality that carried everything before her.

How Harvard was able to find an opportunity to ask her to marry him is more than could be told in a paragraph, but anyway, he did gasp it out one time when her mother had gone to bed with a sick headache and the sisters had fallen asleep on guard. It was a hurried consent Connie gave, but she had to have one eye on the sisters all the while.

When would they get married? That was the first big question that started the first misunderstanding. With visions of a long courtship that ended every night at 10 o'clock before him, Harvard urged speed.

"But I could never get married until Priscilla and Lucille are married," Connie told him. "Mother doesn't believe in the youngest daughter being married first."

"Good heavens!" Harvard was next thing to being stunned. "Why they'll never be married. They are on the shelf for good."

"They have both been engaged for fourteen years," Connie said, a little indignantly. "James and Charles call every Wednesday night. They have called ever since I can remember, and every Fourth of July they take the girls out driving."

"And haven't they married yet? Well I never!"

"But they are going to marry them. The girls have had their things ready for years and years."

"Let's elope!"

"Oh!" Connie put her hand over her mouth and half smothered the cry of alarm. One of the sisters stirred uneasily, but Harvard was not going to lose any time.

"Why can't we?" he demanded.

"Oh, because!" Connie was fairly shaking with excitement. The tantalizing answer so often used by woman had irritated Harvard, so she hastened to explain. "Can't you see? I want a wedding—a real honest-to-goodness wedding, with bridesmaids and flowers and presents and cake and things. I want to have a trousseau and a green trunk and things like that girls have."

"Yes; and if you wait until they are married you'll have them all and they will never be used." Harvard was aroused, so it was just as well one of the sisters opened her eyes and caught sight of him sitting close to Connie. She might have said something that would have brought an unpleasant answer had not the other sister awakened and found it was five minutes past 10. Her exclamation of horror was sufficient to send Harvard on a jump for his hat and coat. With two chaperones in the vestibule there was no chance to speak further on the subject to Connie.

Harvard had always wondered why Wednesday night was the night he was banned from calling on Connie but the next Wednesday night he pretended he had lost track of the days and arrived to size up James and Charles. Two Scotch tightwads, that was his first deduction, and he knew at once why Priscilla and Lucille were still on the shelf. On the way home he tried to work out a plan.

If some old uncle or somebody would only leave the twin sisters a fortune as bait for their long standing swains, he thought; or better still, if some uncle that had not been heard of for years would show up and offer a thousand dollars bonus to the sister who was married first. James and Charles would likely fall over one another to drag the sisters to the altar first. Why, they did have an uncle somewhere—an Uncle Ben that had not been heard of for years, he remembered. Why couldn't Uncle Ben show up!

"Look out!" Harvard was just in time to pull the old gentleman in front of him out of the path of an oncoming street car. The night was a stormy one and the old man's eyesight seemed defective.

"Thank you so much," the old fellow began. Harvard could feel him shaking under his grasp.

"Can't I help you home?" he offered. "The streets are slippery and the lights are poor."

"Thank you so much," the old man said again, but this time in a tone that gave consent. Harvard helped him along in silence. They stopped in front of the city's best hotel.

"I'm going in here," the old gentleman said, as he fumbled in his pockets. He drew forth a card. "Come to see me in the morning," he invited.

Harvard pocketed the card. He had no intention of calling on the old fellow, but when he was undressing that night and the card dropped to the floor he picked it up and looked at the name. "Benjamin Coles" was neatly engraved upon it.

Harvard laughed. The old man seemed to have come as an answer to his thoughts, but he had sense enough to know that this was not Connie's Uncle Ben. Things like that only happened in stories. Just the same it set him thinking.

In the morning he did make the call on Benjamin Coles. He came away smiling. Now for the race between Charles and James, he thought as he soured off to the office.

"Hello," it was Connie's voice over the telephone and Harvard recognized the excitement in her tone. "I must see you at once. I'm waiting at the drug store on the corner," she cried eagerly, and hung up the receiver before he could answer her. He hurried to meet her, for Connie excited was not the safest person to disappoint.

"Harvard, we must be married at once," she gasped breathlessly as soon as she saw him. "We'll get a thousand dollars if we do."

Harvard tried to appear surprised as she poured out the story of the letter

Confessions of a Bride

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I Begin My Fight for Bob's Love and Win the First Fight.

So my rival had begun her campaign! I had to give Katherine Miller credit for brains as well as beauty. I followed the crowd—it surged around the "Hostess House" and there, as I expected, I found Bob and Miss Miller at luncheon!

"I can't stand it, I can't stand it!" I whimpered as I rushed toward the edge of the cantonment where the taxis were parked.

"But you've got to endure," my common sense admonished me.

"Better finish what you've started. You know you usually do."

I went back to the hospital claiming my azelea, tore off its nice wrappings and returned to the canteen.

The plant was a blaze of glory. The women guests in the room exclaimed in chorus as I entered. After going through the form of an inquiry at the desk, I deposited my pretty posy in the middle of Bob's table where it would quite shut off his view of the flower face opposite him.

At sight of the blossoms my husband stopped talking abruptly. Doubt and perplexity settled in the lines of his face, he slumped down in his chair a little—and looked very stupid.

"Now see what you've done! Maybe he won't speak for a week, you fool," muttered Katherine Miller, in my ear. But she needn't have tried to add to my fright. I was horrified, terrified until my husband turned—and looked straight into my face. And something in the quiet, steady glance I gave him made him hold on to his ideas and he asked:

"Who sent it? I ought to know—but somehow—I can't remember."

"I think, sir, it was a standing order," I replied. "The florist was to duplicate it for you annually."

"Oh-h!" Bob said, absently, without taking his eyes from mine. Then he rose slowly as a man stands before a woman he respects, his gaze never shifting. He looked like one who is hypnotized. And my heart cried out for joy and I longed to throw myself upon his breast and wake the dead

from Uncle Ben. He was in the city, but was disappointed because all his nieces were unmarried, and would give a thousand dollars to the one who was married first, and perhaps an additional thousand if she was married right away. What were wedding presents and bridesmaids to two thousand dollars? It was an unexpected turn of events, but Harvard was equal to it. They hurried to get the license.

"Why, this is the third Miss Lamar I have made out a license for today," the justice told them as he affixed his signature. That knowledge only added to Connie's speed. They arrived at the nearest minister's in record time.

"You are the third Miss Lamar I have married today," the minister announced after the ceremony was over.

"Oh!" Connie could not hide her disappointment, but Harvard hurried her out before she could give it all away. "I was never so disappointed in my

cells in his poor sick brain. But such a shock might prove worse for him than an exploding German mine. It might prove fatal. I don't know. Except for my painted tan, I am sure I must have been quite pallid.

But Katherine Miller was almost as vivid in color as my red azelea.

"Go along," she commanded in a low tone. "I'm a nurse. I tell you you're hurting this man."

So I turned away, my heart divided between present grief and future hope. But before I had crossed the threshold of the room, heard Bob call:

"Send that girl back here!"

I didn't go—until a nice soldier boy spoke to me and jerked his thumb toward Bob. Then I went eagerly enough anxious to catch one more glimpse of my husband's face.

And Bob flipped me a coin—a silver dollar—and luckily I caught it very neatly, and then I saluted with a little swagger which made the people laugh. And this mad escape made me braver and I said:

"Please sir, I'd like you to give me just a little spray off the plant, sir."

The sound of my voice made my husband hesitate—then he pulled his wife together, broke off a bunch of blossoms and handed them to me. And I made my best ballroom curtsy and the people laughed gaily—and Bob stared! It was an old trick of mine—and one that he had loved!

Out on the grounds, by myself, once more, my heart sang for joy. In spite of my embarrassment, in spite of the discovery that Katherine Miller was on Bob's trail, I rejoiced.

And I kissed my precious portion of ruby-red blossoms. The azelea had robbed Bob's brain in some mysterious way.

The cells which held tender memories of his wife were not quite dry and withered.

"You're handicapped, Miss Miller" was my comforting comment. There's something deeper in true love than superficial beauty. Blonde skin, or dark, normal or insane, Bob and I—call to each other!"

life," she almost cried as they reached the street. "Just think, two thousand gone!"

Then Harvard had to confess. He had persuaded Benjamin Coles to write the letter so as to get the sisters married off. It had all been a frame-up. The old man was not her uncle at all.

"Why, he's at the house now, and he's kissed mother and everything," Connie cried in horror.

"The old impostor!" Harvard ex-

claimed, indignantly. "We'll show him." They fairly raced home. An odd scene presented itself there. Two sobbing brides in the arms of their mother and two newly married husbands arguing over the right to the \$2,000. Harvard demanded silence while he made the explanation.

"It was all a frame-up," he confessed, "but I am sure we all are going to be happy. Uncle Ben didn't write that letter at all, and the thousand dollar bonus was only a sell."

"Let Uncle Ben speak for himself," Benjamin Coles stepped from the back ground. "I did write that letter, and what is more, I am going to make good my offer in fact. I am going to give you, I am going to give each of my nieces \$5,000 each for a wedding present. You see, young man, we all make mistakes. I am Uncle Ben, as my sister here will testify."

"You dear old darling!" Connie, with all her impulsiveness, fairly swept him off his feet as she threw herself into his arms. "Can't you make it ten?"

"Indeed, seeing your husband saved my life last night, I think I can," he agreed, "and, young lady, I envy that young man these hugs."

RECEIVING MATERIALS.
The Domestic Coke Corporation receive several car loads of materials yesterday for construction on its new plant at the fair grounds. The cars were run over the Hickman's Run branch of the B. & O. and then transferred to the M. V. T. Company.

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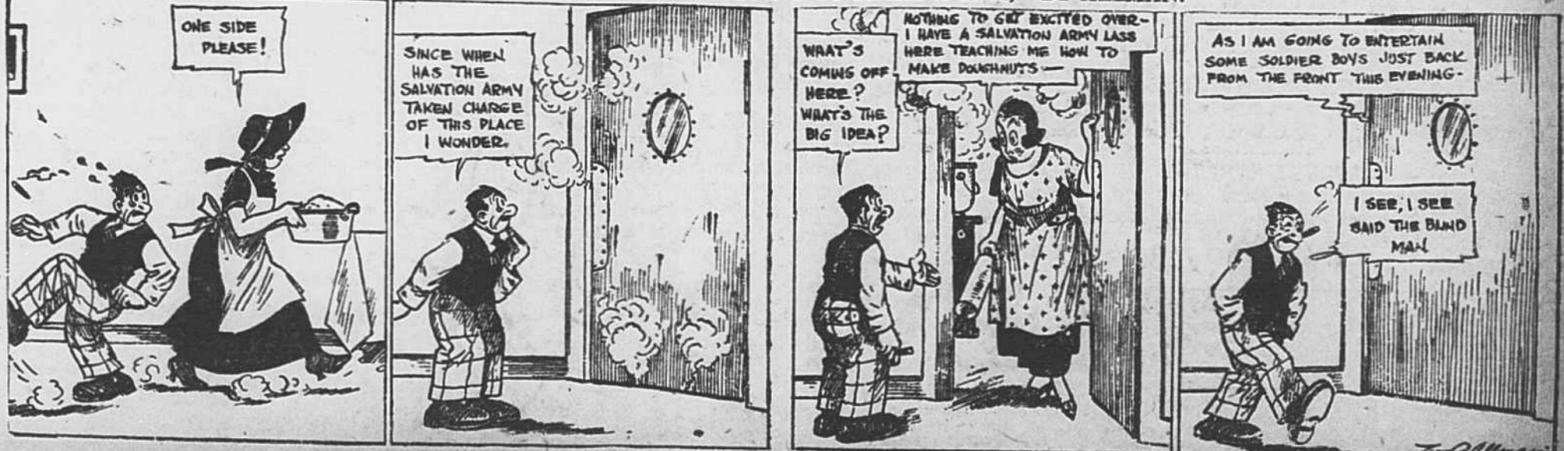
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QUESTION NO. 2. Is it the business corporation?
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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(OLIVIA IS GOING TO MAKE A HIT!)—BY ALLMAN.



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NOTHING TO GET EXCITED OVER—I HAVE A SALVATION ARMY LASS HERE TEACHING ME HOW TO MAKE DOUGHNUTS—

AS I AM GOING TO ENTERTAIN SOME SOLDIER BOYS JUST BACK FROM THE FRONT THIS EVENING—
I SEE I SEE SAID THE BAND MAN!