

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A Tent for Two.

By IZOLA FORRESTER.
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It was late when Guen arrived. She had hoped that Mrs. Bascomb would meet her at the station, or at least send down Alma or one of the boys. They must have received her card on the noon mail. She was tired and dispirited after the long trip up from New York, and it is not conducive to joy to be left on a dingy, barren wilderness of hills, with nobody to meet you.

But she knew her way around from the trip last year, and found a conveyance at the village store to drive her up to the Bascombs'. It was a long, dark drive of seven miles, but the boy kept her awake telling her the local news. Evidently the Bascombs were making money out of their tent and shack idea, the way he spoke of them. "They've got seven tents up there now, army tents, real ones, and had to put up two board shacks besides," he related happily. "And the season ain't even begun yet. Folks come up this time of year outer sentiment, my mother says. She says they get spring fever in the city and have to run away. Is that so, Miss Drew?"

Guen laughed. It was mostly habit, she told him. If you had ever been fortunate enough to become a paying guest at Rest Awhile Farm here on a spur of the Catskills, you would surely come as often as you could. He stopped at the two tall white posts that marked the entrance to the Bascomb lane.

"Guess it's too late for me to drive way up there, 'cause dad don't like the horses out so late. There ain't any light up at the house, neither."

"Oh, I can find my way," Guen said positively. "Bring up my suitcase and typewriter the first thing in the morning, won't you, Bennie? I've only got a few things in this bag, and I need the rest."

He was right about there being no light in the farm house, and yet it could only be about half past ten. The white shapes of the tent colony showed here and there along the winding lane and down toward the glen. She had asked for the same one as last year, because you caught the sound of the waterfall there and the pines overshadowed it. It was easy to find, too, because it stood alone just at the edge of the ravine. She would just steal in and not disturb any one until morning.

The flap was down and seemed to be fastened. She set her handbag down on the ground and began to fumble with it when all at once there came the quick switch of light from a flashlight inside the tent.

"Who's there?" called a male voice, and Guen gasped.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" she faltered. "This is my tent."

"I was under the impression it was mine," came the answer in somewhat of a growl. "Wait a minutes and I'll come out there."

Guen never stopped to argue the point. Catching up her bag she fled back along the lane to the house and rapped for admittance.

"Land child," laughed Mrs. Bascomb when she heard what had happened. "I suppose Pa got you both sort of mixed up on your dates. He's a real nice young man, run up for a rest. He always used to come here when he was a boy, and after the war, he wanted to get his grip back. I believe he was wounded a little bit. Anyhow, we got your tent, and he must have got your tent. I'll put you right to bed for the night and we'll fix it in the morning."

But in the morning, by the time she was up and out of doors, her tent was ready for her. Mr. Bascomb had hurried the former occupant out and was all smiles and apologies. She did not see her fellow boarder until the noon meal, when all members of the tent colony went up for lunch to the main house. He stood near the water fall by the screen door, laughing with Mrs. Bascomb, and Guen recognized even the turn of his head at that first glimpse.

And he was even telling about her, how he had met her down in New York before he had enlisted, and she had told him all about this resting place for tired bodies and spirits.

"I used to think often, over on the other side, that if I was ever lucky enough to get back, I was coming up here to rest awhile in one of those tents by the waterfall," he said.

Guen looked down at her plate. It was not adding how she had sent him away from the tent and tried to learn to be a worker and a fighter instead of just a dreamer. He was not telling them what she had already heard from their mutual friends, how he had won his war cross and had returned with many honors.

She had wondered if he would try to find her, or would only remember how she had sent him away from her tent and told him he was only a drifter. And now she had found him in her tent at the edge of the waterfall.

He followed at her side as she walked down the lane to the ravine, and she listened as he talked of his service abroad, of his trip up to Rest Awhile Farm and of how he had asked old Mr. Bascomb to put him in her tent until she arrived.

"I wanted to lie there and listen to the falling water just as you had told me you used to," he said. "I have thought of that when I was lying hidden in underbrush wounded and in the hospital, too, and all the way over."

"I wanted to show you you'd done some good." He hesitated boyishly over his words, and looked down at the falling veil of water in the ravine. "You told me once there were the waters of healing to you, Guen. Did you want to keep them all for yourself? Do you think I'd better go away?"

"Would you go if I told you to?" she asked teasingly. "You did before."

Pa Bascomb was coming along the lane with pails of fresh well water for his tenters, as he called them, but as he caught sight of the two he turn-

HOW SLOW TERRAPIN BEAT THE FAST DEER IN A RACE

By CHIEF TAHAN, Of the Kiowa Indian Tribe.

A race story, did you say, boys and girls? Well, now let me see. Oh, yes! now I remember all about it. Maybe you'll think this is the queerest race that you ever heard about, and perhaps it is.

Well, everybody knew that the Terrapin was very slow on his feet, but he was always bragging on himself. He was always saying how fast he could go if he ever tried very hard. One day he said to the Deer, "I can outrun you any time that you want to run."

"Huh!" said the Deer. Then without saying another word he lifted his head up high and stepped over the Terrapin, and he turned right around and stepped right back over him again.

The Terrapin didn't like that, and they had a long dispute as to which could beat the other. At last they agreed to have their race.

They agreed to run across four mountain ridges, and the one that should cross the fourth one first, should be the winner.

On the day before the race the Deer said to the Terrapin, "You know that you can't run and you can never win this race, so I'll give you the first ridge, and you'll have only three to cross while I go over four."

The next day all of the animal people were there to see the race. The Deer took his place ready to start. But the Terrapin had gone ahead toward the second ridge as they had arranged, and they could hardly see him through the tall grass. Pretty soon the Deer gave the word to start.

The Deer ran on down the mountain and nearly up to the top of the next ridge. But when he looked up again, there was the Terrapin just going over the top.

This surprised the Deer, and he made his longest jumps to catch up. But when he got to the top there was the Terrapin again away over the third ridge, just climbing over it.

By this time the Deer was getting tired and nearly out of breath. But he kept on going as fast as he could. Down the mountain side he went, and up toward the next ridge.

And there he was just in time to see the Terrapin climb over the fourth ridge, and so, win the race.

But it was easy the way the Terrapin did it, for all of the Terrapin's uncles and cousins looked just like him, and he posted one of them near the top of each ridge to wait till the Deer came in sight; then he would climb over it, and hide in the grass. When he came up he couldn't find the Terrapin, and so he thought the Terrapin was ahead.

The real Terrapin had placed himself on the fourth ridge so as to come out at the end of the race. So he won.

Next Story—How the Terrapin Got the Scars on His Shell.



Chief Tahan posed in full Indian dress, including war bonnet, his little friends in Fairmont might see how he looks.



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Confessions of a Bride

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Before we were married, before we were engaged, my heart had a painful habit of standing still whenever I met Bob unexpectedly. I am sure that every woman who has ever been in love has nearly strangled for the same reason. At the instant I came upon Bob in Central Park, the blood left my finger tips, fled from my cheeks, flooded my heart and stopped its beating. Katherine Miller faded from the picture. Mary drifted away into vagueness with the trees and the crowd. For an instant I seemed alone in the universe with Bob.

Mary's quick glance caught the sudden palor of my face. She seized my arm as if to steady me. She might have spared herself the trouble had she known that I was as stiff and upright as Lot's wife turned to a pillar of salt. Mary was acquainted with Bob, but she had never seen Katherine Miller; nevertheless, with a girl's intuitive sympathy, she thrust her pretty self between me and the sight that hurt me so.

"I don't understand what the complication is about Jane," she whispered, "but I presume we would better not lunch in the pavilion today. Evidently, that's where they are going."

"Let me see him! Let me see him!" I murmured then added, "but he must not see me! For him I am not yet risen from the dead."

I stepped aside and watched my husband. People passing before me served as a screen. At a glance I perceived the slight attention to anybody. He was listless, dull, unobservant. A restless involuntary lifting and wrinking of the brow accompanied his speech and told the truth about his unstable nerves.

Plainly his disease was gripping him hard! The best medical talent of the land had him in charge—and was failing to cure him!

I felt as if I were stifling. I thought my heart would never beat again. I almost hoped it never would!

But the pretty girl walking close to Bob seemed to be smugly satisfied with his condition. She was all smiles and placidity, "an excellent antidote," I told myself, "for any man's soul in distress."

Certainly I was far from placid myself at the moment. I longed to fling my arms impetuously about Bob's neck to rouse him from that dreadful dullness with my kisses. As if to make up for time lost, my poor heart began to beat furiously.

"I don't understand," Mary Thomas said again, not as if she were asking for an explanation, but rather to explain her own inability to help me.

"It's just another stupid human mistake Mary. We all make them sometimes. A little thing goes wrong in life—and we let it go! We don't take pains to cure the first symptom—and soon it's past all cure!"

Mary nodded. Truly she had more reason than I to know how far a small mistake can carry one.

"And pretty soon our whole world is upside-down and we've lost the path back to our happiness," I went on.

"Perhaps few of us know what happiness is—until we've lost it," Mary ventured. "When life is simple—and wholesome—and sweet, we're so bored!"

It was my turn to nod sadly.

"So we mess it up for the excitement of the thing," Mary continued. "And then—when it gets so complicated, too exciting we find it is quite unendurable—and we're bored again!"

"Never will I disturb the ordinary peaceful existence, provided I'm fortunate enough to get onto a humdrum plane once more," I moaned. "Why I'd consider canning tomatoes exciting—if I were canning them for Bob!"

"Don't blame yourself too much, Jane," Mary sympathized. "Blame your sex. Consider this: if a woman has been brought up to run a sewing machine at home, she is possessed to get away from home and run a typewriter! But if she's forced to earn her living with a typewriter, she'll howl for the privilege of running a sewing machine!"

W. E. Colborn was in Morgantown last week.

S. Edgar Dunlap of Clairton, Pa., has gone to Lancaster, Pa., after visiting with relatives here.

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THAT PICNIC SANDWICH

By BIDDY BYE.

Whoever plans a picnic lunch thinks first, last and always of sandwiches. Most of us do it out of a sort of habit—which is really a good sound instinct based on the fundamental food needs of our bodies.

It is impractical for us to carry on a picnic food in great quantity or variety—so the sandwich is the ideal combination of several foods.

In a sandwich we have the bread we need at every meal to furnish the necessary starch, the butter supplies fat, and the filling of meat or cheese, or nuts or a sweet filling completes the protein or sugar needed for the strength and energy. All are packed into a small, delicate package, easy to carry and suitable as the main part of the picnic meal. With fruit and something to drink added to sandwiches the picnic lunch is complete.

The first sandwich problem is "what kind?"

If only one or two persons comprise the picnic party their individual tastes may be consulted, but if a large party must be catered to it is wise to plan three or four varieties, including meat, cheese, nut butter and sweet sandwiches.

If the lunch is to be very simple a meat sandwich is advisable as it furnishes the maximum of nourishment. Meat or poultry of any sort may be used, either chopped or sliced thin, with a meat chopper find with bits of green pepper, or cucumber, or parsley, and mixed with a bit of mayonnaise makes delicious sandwiches. For sliced meat sandwiches spread the bread thinly with butter, fill with meat slices, and cover the meat with finely chopped celery or parsley.

Some picknickers enjoy raw meat sandwiches made by scraping raw beef with a silver knife, or using the very fine ground beef seasoned with salt and pepper and spread on buttered bread. Such sandwiches are eaten as they are—or may be deliciously toasted.

If a less substantial sandwich than meat is desired try the substitutes which are cheaper than meat almost as nourishing, and have better "keeping" qualities.

Cheese, in any of its many forms is as nourishing as meat. One-fourth pound of plain cream cheese is equal in food value to 1-2 pound of beef. The soft cheeses combine well with nuts or chopped pickles, or with chopped figs and raisins.

A simple cheese sandwich is made by spreading very smooth 4 table-spoons of cream cheese with 2 table-spoons of butter and the same amount of the fine chopped parsley. Spread on unbuttered bread.

Cottage cheese, pressed rather dry and then mixed with chopped ripe ol-

ives and chopped nuts makes a very rich and delicious sandwich.

Egg sandwiches are both nourishing and good, and simple to make. Hard boiled eggs, separate the whites and yolks, and chop the whites fine. Mash the yolks smooth with oil mayonnaise and season with salt and pepper. Mix in the chopped whites and spread on buttered bread. The plain egg sandwich may be varied by mixing in chopped nuts, or chopped green pickle or green pepper, or adding chopped pickles.

For those who like a sweet sandwich there is infinite variety afforded by the jams and jellies of the closet. Maple syrup or honey spread thinly on buttered bread is good, and chopped figs and raisins combined with nuts are a sandwich treat.

Candied ginger, or candied cherries chopped fine and mixed with a little mayonnaise make delicate sandwiches. So does orange marmalade.

The first essential in sandwich making is clean hands.

Every part of the food in the sandwich is handled and is taken directly into the mouth. It must be done daintily and carefully handled.

The materials for the sandwiches and the wrapping and boxes in which they are packed should be gathered together before the actual making begins. Mix and prepare the filling first and chill thoroughly before using. Use bread a day old and firm of crust.

Cut the bread slices 1-4 inch thick, and spread each slice very thinly with soft butter. Spread the filling evenly on one slice of bread and cover with the other. Trim off the crusty edges with a sharp knife. Each sandwich separately in oiled paper.

Never use anything but oiled or tissue paper to wrap sandwiches—oiled paper always preferred. Pack the wrapped sandwiches in a clean paper lined box or wrap in a fresh napkin or towel and pack in the basket well covered to keep out heat and moisture.

New Fruit Stand.

The White Cloud Restaurant is now closed for repairs, but will soon reopen with an up-to-date fruit stand, soft drinks, and lunch counter.

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WHAT TO EAT NEXT WEEK

By BIDDY BYE.

Summer's so warm—what does it matter whether you are a vegetarian or not? At least three days without meat through the week will be good for the whole family. And a little extra bother you may have anticipated for yourself in planning a good substitute is likely to resolve itself into renewed interest in concocting fresh food creations instead. There are so many ways of serving the growing vegetables and fruits in attractive dishes whose appearance alone is refreshing. These menus will help to wind up the month of June:

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST—Grape fruit, soft boiled eggs, toast coffee.

DINNER—Clam broth, real veal cut with tomato sauce and parsley garnish, new potatoes and peas, radishes, cucumber salad, pineapple ice, coffee.

SUPPER—Fried bananas, nut sauce and jelly, wafers and hot chocolates.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST—Raspberries, nut bread, cocoa.

LUNCH—Beer broth with macaroni, hot rolls, stewed rhubarb chocolate cookies.

DINNER—Watercress, olives, tomato soup, baked beans, hashed brown potatoes, asparagus salad, raisin pudding, coffee.

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST—Cream of wheat with raspberries, dandelion greens, graham rolls, iced tea.

LUNCH—Grilled sardines, potato salad, cookies cherry tapoca.

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST—Stewed apricots, fish cakes with tomato sauce, toast, coffee.

LUNCH—Tea biscuits, corn chowder, strawberry drops.

DINNER—Lyonnaise omelet, baked parsnips, radishes on lettuce salad, rice plant pudding, chocolate.

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST—Berries with grape-fruit, orange salad, coffee.

LUNCH—Boiled potatoes, sliced tomatoes, cream pie, iced chocolate.

DINNER—Cold slaw, broiled lamb chops, string beans, mashed potatoes, orange salad, coffee.

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST—Fried tomatoes with cream sauce, toast coffee.

LUNCH—Bass and tomato stew, muffins, rhubarb pudding.

DINNER—Baked bluefish, new creamed potatoes, baked macaroni, lettuce, fresh raspberry gelatin, coffee.

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST—Sliced bananas, milk toast, tea.

LUNCH—Baked tomatoes on toast, cold slaw, chocolate rolls.

DINNER—Clear tomato soup, asparagus omelet baked beans, brown bread, cucumber and nut salad, cherry shortcake, coffee.

Will Hold Outing.

Catechumen and young folks of Grace Lutheran church will hold a picnic at Loop Park on Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock.

EYES AND MIND.

The eyes have a potent influence over the mind—First by strain accompanying impaired vision, and again by the tax on the nervous system. No one knows like a nervous person these peculiar mental conditions. Our glasses relieve the strain by removing the cause. Let us examine your eyes. A. B. Scott, Optometrist & Optician, Cor. Jefferson and Main Sts. Phone 542-R.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(SWING THE BRIDGE, OLIVIA IS COMING THROUGH!)—BY ALLMAN.

