

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Opportunity.

By VINCENT O. PERRY.
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HARRY was just like thousands of other young men scattered about the world—he was full of ambition and longings, with a whole lot of ability that every one saw himself had to recognize, and even he had no idea of its extent. The ambition to be an actor had grown on Harry from the day he had seen his first play. Starting out with school boy recitations and ending up with college dramatics he had cultivated the taste for stage life. But there he was in Bloomstead, a clerk in the drug store, his small salary going every week for the necessities of life. There did not seem to be a chance in the world for him to get away from there, yet, anyhow he did not give way to that thought. "I have just got to get on the stage," he told himself more than once a day, "that's where I belong."

Of course like every other helpless young man with such ambitions, he wrote to every play producer he ever heard of, and poured out his story. Some of them answered him, most of them did not. "Forget it" was the underlying thought, though they went at it in a kindly fashion, enlarging on the discouragements of the notice. None of them did as he hoped: that is, write and say "Come right along. We will give you a chance to make good and we will pay you enough to keep you from starving and to buy your ticket home again if you don't suit." They looked on him as just a "moon-eyed rube." They forgot the days when they were longing for that chance when a helping hand would have put them on their feet. That's what Harry thought, anyway.

However, Harry was not going to be denied all the pleasure of footlights and applause. Amateur dramatics offered a little soothing ointment to his longings. As leading man and director of the Bloomstead Dramatic Society he was filling in all his spare time. The second rehearsal for "The Romance of Lillian" was scheduled for that night at the town hall, and Harry was losing no time in getting there. He had big hopes for this play. It gave him an opportunity for some real acting in the last act, and there was a vague hope that some one of influence in the dramatic world might hear of his success in it.

But at the town hall disappointment was lurking. Clarence Colbert, chosen leading lady, balked at the kissing scene. "Papa says if I am to be kissed in this play I can't be in it," Clarence told Harry with rural tartness.

"My mother thinks it would be awful to have kissing in it," one of the other girls in the case agreed. Right there an argument started that ended in Clarence's leaving in tears. The rehearsal was upset for the evening, and further rehearsals were postponed until a new heroine could be secured.

Poor Harry! He had never been so disgruntled as he was that night. What did these rubes know about art, anyway, he asked himself. The idea of Clarence balking at the kissing scene! As if a stage kiss meant anything! Where could he get another heroine? All the girls with any ability at all were in the cast already. But not there was that new arrival, the young lady from the city who was visiting the minister's wife. Would she take the part? There was only one way to find out, and Harry started out to put that one way into operation.

Ruth Hedley listened to Harry's plea and smiled kindly. The ambition of the young man before her could not help making its impression.

"Let me read your play," she said when Harry had finished. The young leader of the dramatic society handed over the manuscript willingly. As Ruth sat and read Harry watched her face. He had not noticed before how very beautiful she was. When she smiled she was simply glorious. Why Clarence was not in it with her!

Ruth finished the manuscript. "Read that last act to me," she handed the play over to Harry for compliance.

Harry started to read, his voice and expression gathering strength as the act proceeded. It was not a strong play, but Harry certainly made the best of it.

"Splendid!" Ruth applauded when he had finished. "Mr. Thomas you are a born actor."

"At last some one had recognized his ability. Harry blushed radiantly and buried out his thanks. Somehow this charming young lady left him bereft of words.

"Why not get a stronger play—one with more life in it and that will give you a chance to act?" Miss Hedley suggested. "I have the manuscript of one in my trunk that will be the very thing. I would be pleased to play the leading part in it."

"But it takes so long to write out the parts for the others," Harry decried.

"I can have typed manuscripts here from the city in less than a week," Ruth told him. "Are you on?"

"I sure am!" he declared. "We'll make these people sit up."

The people of Bloomstead certainly did sit up. Never had there been such a ruffian in their midst as the Dramatic Society made that fall. The rehearsals for the new play went off with record success, and the night for the performance arrived.

Behind the footlights in the town hall Harry was excited and his nerves were strung to the highest pitch. It was the first time he had been affected that way.

The many wonderful surprises were responsible for it, he thought.

To begin with, Ruth's presence and assistance with directing had made the Dramatic Society's "talent" come out to an amazing degree. Why, the coaching she had given Harry made him feel almost like a professional!

There was one thing that puzzled him: She was a remarkable coach, but her own acting could be improved upon in

many places, he thought. Sometimes she had a show, some of the fire she flashed in the others, but on the whole she kept her talent, if she did possess any, is restrained. Then there had been the scenery—real city scenery that arrived in time for the last rehearsal, a surprise arranged by Ruth. Was there ever such a girl as she? Harry was quite convinced there never was.

They were into the first act almost before Harry realized it. After the first line or two he forgot himself entirely, forgot everything but the part he was playing and the people that were acting around him. The roar of applause that followed the fall of the curtain brought him to himself. Would the applause never cease?

"They are calling us before the curtain. It was Ruth flushed and excited. Then it all came over him. Ruth had been acting as he had never seen her act before. Together they had made a triumph.

But the first act was nothing to what followed. Curtain call after curtain call heralded their efforts a great success.

When it was all over, Harry found himself in his dressing room, dazed by the wonder of it all. A light laugh at the door, and Ruth's voice brought his nerves back in place. Ruth entered followed by a portly gentleman.

My manager, Mr. Cuthbertson "Harry heard her say, as if it were in a dream. Suddenly it dawned upon him that Ruth was a real actress—a Broadway favorite, he could read it in her eyes. Of course she was; Mr. Cuthbertson soon let that out.

"This play you both handled so wonderfully tonight is the one Miss Hedley is to open the season in next month," Cuthbertson said, "and we want you to play opposite her. I have a blank contract here for your signature."

It was Harry's opportunity. A great blaze of light struck him between the temples, he felt himself wavering, and there was a choking sensation in his throat. Out into the air he rushed; he could not stand it any longer.

Ruth found him, sitting in the open rear doorway, panting and deathly white.

"Can't you see what a glorious thing it is for you?" she said—"the success you have dreamed of, everything you wanted in the world."

"But, it isn't! Harry had risen and was facing her with a sort of wild stare. "It is you that have meant more to me than anything and now I have learned to love you as just Ruth Hedley, the minister's wife's college chum. I would not dare to love so grand a person as Ruth Hedley, the Broadway star."

"And why not? Can't Broadway stars be loved? Can't they love, in return?" There was a light in Ruth's eyes that brought back Harry's courage.

His world had opened up to him—most of it was in his arms.

The Story Lady

"Where have you been, Peter?" asked Mama.

"Up to Mr. Ramsey's house."

"What were you doing up there?"

"I just went to see how him an' his new son was-a-gettin' along."

"Who is his new son?" Mama wanted to know.

"Ge Whiz! What is this, anyway? 'Zamination day?'"

"Peter, don't be impudent. Tell mother all about it. Mrs. Rennert was here this morning and had a great tale of woe to tell. She said that she promised her cousin on her dying bed that she would always take care of James Augustus, and he was perfectly happy with her, and you and a strange man came along and carried him off and she wanted to find out from me who the man was so she could get him back."

"Huh!" sniffed Peter, "she'll play whaley getting him back. I told Mr. Ramsey about James Augustus, an' we went to see him day before yesterday, an' he was a-sittin' out on the steps holdin' that big fat kid, an' it made Mr. Ramsey mad, an' Mr. Ramsey asked her if he was lots of help an' she said he wasn't worth his salt an' she guessed she'd have to put him in the 'Sylum an' James began to cry an' Mr. Ramsey asked him if he wanted to go home with him an' he said yes an' he give Mrs. Rennert a lot of money an' she signed a paper sayin' she didn't want James no more an' Mr. Ramsey took him home an' they have had a doctor already an' he says he c'n cure James."

Mama gave Peter a hug. Peter squirmed, but Mama held him tight.

"Do you suppose he will be happy?"

"Sure. He calls Mr. Ramsey 'Uncle Bob' but Mr. Ramsey is goin' to 'dopt him an' then he is going to call him

Father Bob. An' Mr. Ramsey calls him 'son'."

"Well, it seems very wonderful to me. Sometimes I think you are a very remarkable child."

"Yes," said Peter standing on his head on the porch railing, "an' sometimes you think I ain't."

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ROMANCES of a SUMMER GIRL

By ZOE BECKLEY
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(Dorothy, aged 26, is spending the summer at Lively Beach, having staked her job and \$500 savings on the chance of winning a suitable husband during the summer. These are her letters home to Joan, her chum.)

—42—
Sliversand Lake,
Wednesday night.

My own dear Joan:

We have had the talk, Eric Wallis and I. "If you only knew," he said when we were far away from everybody in a little cove of the lake in his canoe, "how I have wanted to tell you about—Mary Kymbal."

"From that first week down at Lively Beach when I was still only half-recovered from that hell-on-earth that was the war, and you rescued me from the guests of the hotel, I have been on the brink of giving you the story. I know you would understand and might help me untangle it."

"Why didn't you tell me? Was it fair not to?"

"Perhaps it wasn't fair to you. But the story was HERS."

"Ours, too, wasn't it?"

"Yes and no. For such stories are more a part of a woman than of a man. You know the old line: 'Love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence.'"

"I was a soldier in the thick of the fight. Dorothy—no one who has not been through that carnage dreams of what it does to you. It alters your whole viewpoint on life. It makes everything else seem small. Nothing else seems to matter one way or other, even love."

"It is horrible even to think back to those days. But Mrs. Kymbal has told you the story. It is her secret no longer. I must tell you my side of it—and let you judge—no matter how harshly you condemn me."

"I wonder if you can understand, Dorothy, the feelings of a man who has been reeking in the mud and horror of the front line, not seeing a decent woman for months, not having a mouthful of dainty food or a clean bed. Not hearing a word of anything but soldier talk and hospital clamor. Then suddenly coming to somebody's home in the loveliest part of England. Being clean and cared for and fussed over. Seeing a lovely woman with gentle voice, cultured speech and tender touch, at your side always—eager to serve you, ready with praise and sympathy."

"My whole being seemed to melt in gratitude. I was as weak as a child—and as happy. Thankfulness and love were in my heart. They went out to her. She looked to me like an angel, a goddess, everything that was beautiful and good."

"When I learned how unhappy she was, my heart yearned to her more than ever. If there was anything I thoroughly understood it was suffering. I had lived with tragedy. To stop the trouble in the world seemed the One Great Thing in life."

"Do you understand me, Dorothy? I did not tell myself 'This woman loves me. I love her; I much prove that I love her by helping her, befriending her.' No. For love in itself I tell you, was out of my thoughts."

"All right," his voice was a whisper, "if you say it."

"Here was some one who had helped me beyond the power of words to tell, and now she needed help. She became in my mind a part of the world's vast tragedy."

"I can't tell you exactly what the end of it was. There seemed to be no end. I got well and went back to the front. Gradually the months in which she had been so knitted into my life became blotted and blurred in the renewed struggle."

"She wrote—I got two or three letters filled with expressions of devotion and wild plans which I only half understood. I never realized she meant to leave her home, her—her husband—everything—and do the thing which she has done. I am not excusing myself. I loved her. Or thought I did—perhaps I still do, in a way that is half gratitude, half pity—"

"Oh, Eric," fairly burst from me out of the pain his words caused, "gratitude and pity aren't enough—and yet you must do it—you must stand by her and keep whatever promises you made."

He looked at me a moment like a man who has been shot and is going to fall—

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My head throbs too terribly, dear, to write more tonight.



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DOROTHY.

the judgment and the purse—not according to appetite.

Here are menus for a week in early September.

Sunday.
Breakfast—iced cantaloupe, cornmeal and wheat waffles, honey, coffee.

Dinner—Lamb flank, roasted, mint jelly, browned new potatoes, peas and carrots, orange ice, cup cakes.

Supper—Hot potato salad, peanut butter sandwiches, iced tea.

Monday.
Breakfast—Steamed oatmeal with cream and sugar, biscuit, canned or stewed dried fruit.

Luncheon—Minced lamb and cucumber sandwiches, buttered beets, milk, cookies.

Dinner—Cream of tomato soup, toasted cheese wafers, baked sweet potatoes, corn bread, fresh apple sauce and cream.

Tuesday.
Breakfast—Chilled grapes, boiled rice and cream, cinnamon toast, cocoa.

Lunch—Canned salmon, whole wheat bread and lettuce sandwiches, watermelon or cantaloupe.

Dinner—Baked spinach and cheese loaf, white sauce, creamed carrots, rice muffins, peaches and cream.

Wednesday.
Breakfast—Blue plums, scrambled eggs, toast, coffee.

Luncheon—Corn on the cob, string beans cooked with pork, ficed lemonade, cookies.

Dinner—Beef stew with carrots and onions, baked potatoes, corn bread, apple sauce, ripe pears.

Thursday.
Breakfast—Sliced peaches and cream, cream of wheat, toast, coffee.

Lunch—Stuffed green peppers, to-

A Delightful School Dress For Girls and Misses



JUST received!—All Wool Poplin "Superior Maid" Dress in sizes 13, 15, 17 and 19 youthfully designed and especially suitable for school wearing. Made with pleated skirt, wide belt neatly embroidered with points of red, sailor collar; red silk tie; color, navy blue. "Superior Maid" Dresses are sold here exclusively and are very good values at a modest price \$22.50

Osgood's for Quality

Confessions of a Bride

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I Play Ghost Myself and My Man Comes Home!

"And if Bob doesn't recognize me, soon, I don't care how soon they lay me out in my shroud!" So I said to myself, in the silly, sentimental way of girls when they are tired and nervous.

It had grown terribly dark while I was spreading out my wedding gown. A thunder storm was brooding, and the wind was stirring the tops of trees, in an ominous way. Yet it didn't make me nervous, for I have always loved a great storm. I wasn't at all afraid to be alone in my dear little room. But I was awfully sorry Mother had not arrived. I wanted her to see my wedding dress again.

Finally, the black threat of the storm broke in fury, and made a record for itself in the annals of the city. I realized, as I looked out upon the swirling flood in the streets that I was immersed for hours. I was rather pleased, for it was a comfortable prison, and from the window of the room I could see a great expanse of the suburb lashed under the storm.

As I turned from the window—I faced a strange little figure in glass. It was not Jane Lorimer, there in Jane Lorimer's own room, in Jane Lorimer's own house.

Away I rushed to my bathroom, and scrubbed off that abominable dark complexion and threw aside that horrid black bobbed wig. Then, to be entirely myself again, I put on my wedding dress. Mother could see it better so when she came to get me after the storm.

To myself, then, the real Jane Lorimer, visible now in the mirror, instead of as the pale ghost I had been watching a short while before, I made the sweeping curtesy that Bob had liked so much in the old days.

GET-READY FOR WINTER. With winter sure yeoming, it is the part of wisdom to put all your roofs in shape. There isn't anything better than the slate surface roofing that we are putting on a lot of houses. Call us today. J. Earle Davis, general contractor and job contractor, No. 70 Cleveland Ave., phone 470-R. Adv.

"I ALWAYS HAVE GOOD LUCK" Ask any housewife why she prefers Marigold Flour and she will say that she can depend on it. Being dependable, it not only eliminates chance of spoiled baking, but makes a quality loaf that the housewife is proud of. Get a sack from your grocer and have satisfactory bakings. Manufactured by Fairmont Grain and Milling Co.

IT IS OUR BUSINESS To dispense health-giving prescriptions in the proper way. Not a business we have learned in a day, but after years of hard work and careful study. We use pure drugs, compound them with accuracy and charge you an honest price for our services. Bring your next one to the Mountain City Drug Co., opposite Court House, Phone 1216.—Adv.

DON'T YOU MISS The pleasure you might enjoy by being the owner of an Eastman Kodak? If you are on a vacation—afloat or ashore—everywhere you go, you find something you would like to remember. Would not a photograph fill the bill? We have many different styles. Let us show you how easily they are operated. A. G. Martin Company.—Adv.

DAY BY DAY THEY COME. New "Society Brand" Fall Suits and other famous makes are reaching our stocks every day. They are wonderfully attractive and even though prices generally are high the remarkably reasonable prices here will be instantly recognized by our patrons. Stop and see some of the Fall Suits in rich shades of brown—they are going to be very popular. Delta's Leader Shop, 219-221 Madison St.—Adv.

ASK A RETURNED SOLDIER ABOUT THIS. Boys who have come back from "across" know what Cole's Hot Blast Heaters did in France. Hal's Hardware is selling this celebrated kind of fuel savers which are guaranteed to use 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. less fuel than ordinary stoves.—Adv.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(YES, PANSY'S VACATION IS OVER TOO!)—BY ALLMAN.



WELL, PANSY, I UNDERSTAND YOU TOOK A VACATION WHILE WE WERE AWAY. I'M GLAD YOU DID AND HOPE YOU HAD A GOOD TIME AND ARE FEELING FINE.

I SHOULDN'T FEEL ANY BETTER MISSUS DUFF IF I HAD A BIG DRINK OF GIN-TONIC.

I'M GLAD YOU'RE FEELING SO WELL BECAUSE I HAVE QUITE A LOT OF SOILED CLOTHES THAT WILL HAVE TO BE WASHED AND IRONED.

SAY, OLIVIA, THROW THIS STUFF IN THE WASH WITH YOURS, WILL YOU?

VERY WELL, MAM.

WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, A TRUCK HORSE?

THAT'S ALL, PANSY!

DAY'S ALL YOU MEAN DUFF'S EVERYTHING! EVERYTHING WHAT YOU OWN—DIS IS LIKE WASHIN' FER A RED CROSS PERAPE.