

# FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Broken Rules.  
By DWIGHT TINGLE SCOTT.  
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IN the year of our Lord nineteen eight, one who could wear a white vest and mix cold or hot exhilarating things and keep the customers smiling into the big mirror earned forty or fifty dollars a week; for some fifteen minutes of strenuous exercise within a roped arena, twenty by twenty, a certain husky athlete is reputed to have received fifty thousand dollars; men who could handle iron while it was hot were earning twenty dollars a day. During this prosperous era the efforts of the Rev. Horace Chitwood, whose "let not your heart be troubled" struck soothingly the deepest notes of mortal woe, and whose "what God has joined" set vibrating the most sublime chords of human joy, were appreciated by society at six hundred dollars a year, and he got that much—some years.

So when the Rev. Chitwood died he left a mortgage on the little home in a Jersey town, twenty-eight dollars in back salary, a determined widow and Little Chit.

"It is the only thing I can do well—and I had rather it would be here than elsewhere."

"Indeed Mrs. Chitwood, I have never forgotten those pious and that cake you made for the church supper and I remember my promise perfectly." It was the steward who spoke. He had once been a member of Rev. Chitwood's congregation. So Mary Chitwood became pastry cook at a big beach front hotel, and because school was out and because Mary Chitwood wanted him near, Little Chit became bellboy extraordinary out in front.

Here the small, active little figure, the rakish way he wore his cap atop of his sunny hair, his pink cheeks and that cherub like smile of his, soon made Little Chit an institution.

"What's all the excitement, sonny?" old Colonel Job, the hotel's most consistent cough, paused, slipped a handful of "coppers" into the lad's snug coat pocket and patted Little Chit on the head.

"Oh, haven't you heard, colonel? The Money Princess is coming today."

"Hub—that child in Chicago that there has been so much in the papers about?"

"Yes, sir, the real Money Princess and she is coming to our hotel today."

"Tell us about it, dear," prim old Miss Harvey, who spent the year round in the hotel and who had seriously wanted to adopt "her pink-faced cherub," drew Little Chit near to her chair.

Strange indeed how the hotel was agog. Ex-Presidents and Italian princess had come with less eclat. In one day the register had contained the autographs of Rudyard Kipling, Li Hung Chang, Jim Corbett and Harry Thaw, yet there had scarce been a ripple through "the great lobby."

"You see she is the richest little girl in the whole world. But she hasn't any mother nor father, nor even aunts or cousins," explained Little Chit quite seriously. "But she is coming on a private train with a lot of people who look after her and they have fixed up almost a whole third floor for them."

The honking of automobile horns, the chatter of bags upon the marble floor, the forward rushes of bellboys and porters; they arrived. The Money Princess herself was almost lost in the hubbub. Came her governess, came her nurse, came her music teacher, came her maid, came her housekeeper, came the eminent Dr. Louise Craig-Lackland, the child hygienist, came others and the servants of others.

Little Chit picked up a small black bag, trimmed in gold. He touched his cap and smiled. The Money Princess smiled back.

When they reached their floor again the hubbub of inspecting many rooms. Dr. Louise Craig-Lackland knew that the scientific principles of ventilation had been violated. She got out an instrument with a fan wheel and a dial. And of all things! The music teacher's room was done in salmon and lavender, the housekeeper had ordered roses—there were sweet peas in all the vases, the rooms faced the east, the morning sun would annoy—to be sure the ocean was inconveniently in that direction, too—could they make their apartments do?

Again Little Chit touched his cap and smiled at the small girl standing in the midst of all this commotion and looking very sweet and very lonely and very much like any other little girl of twelve might look who had long yellow curls and red lips and pink cheeks and blue eyes.

Again the Money Princess smiled back and opened a little gold mesh purse that hung from her graceful young arm.

"Not from you, princess." The Money Princess closed the bag. "You know," she said, "I like you, little boy, very much."

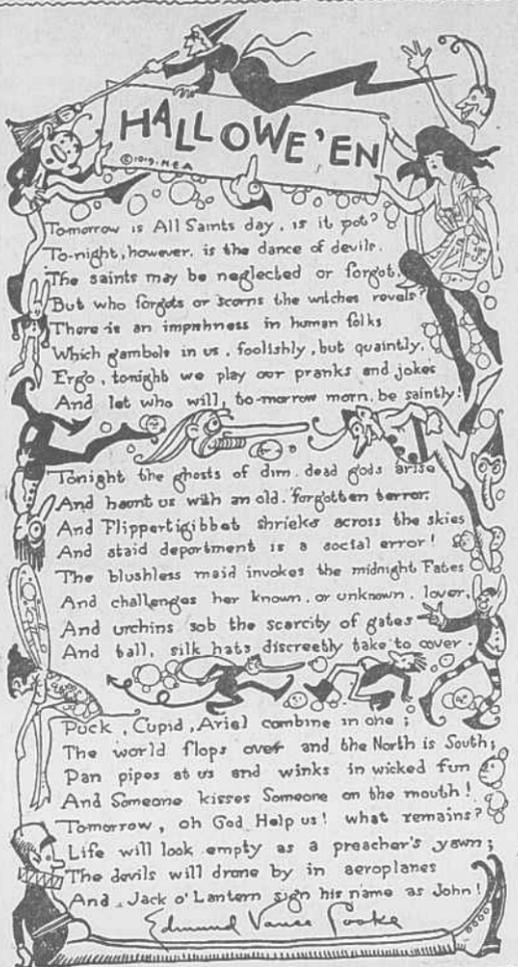
"And I like you, too, princess." It was a week later and Little Chit had just delivered ice water. Quite suddenly but softly the door opened and the Money Princess slipped into the hall. She put her fingers over her lips.

"Listen, Little Chit," she whispered. "I am running away from them." Little Chit stood transfixed.

"Did you ever," she continued, "have to eat food that had been all weighed out for you, and have to learn French verbs for an hour each day and practice old finger exercises every afternoon, and have that old Dr. Louise Craig-Lackland snooping around with a watch in her hand every time you went in bathing, and some one always warning you against playing with other children on the beach?"

Little Chit admitted that his life had not so far been complicated by any of these things.

"Well, I hate all of them, so I am



running away, and you shall go with me, Little Chit."

"Lock that door, don't let another soul in here."

"But, sir, he says they are from the Philadelphia detective agency and they have just come over on a special train."

"I don't give a whoop who they are; there is not room to breathe in here now and my private office wasn't built with the idea of accommodating all the policemen this side of New York."

The manager of the great hotel swung about in his chair and addressed impatiently a round-faced, matronly woman whose arm was about a fair-haired little girl clinging to her as though for protection from the excited group which ranged itself behind Dr. Louise Craig-Lackland. "Go ahead, Mrs. Chitwood." "That is about all, sir. I am sure no harm is done, that I can see. When Little Chit brought her home I should have come right over, especially when she admitted that she was out with her—her—"

Mrs. Chitwood cast about dubiously for a word. She dare not refer to the indignant group as servants, and parents and relatives they were not, "without her keepers' permission," cheerfully resumed the widow, noting with placid satisfaction the gasp of Dr. Craig-Lackland. "They were out all the afternoon playing on the beach, and her shoes and stockings were all wet. So I made her take these off while I dried them and then the poor dear child was so hungry."

"Yes," spoke up the Money Princess, quite suddenly losing her shyness, "you will not blame Little Chit's mother, nor Little Chit, either. I had a perfectly glorious time, so I did— all afternoon, and I had soup for dinner, soup with big yellow dumplings and chocolate layer cake and I am glad I didn't come home and have to eat four ounces of old farina and fruit and sterilized milk, and I wish I could stay right here with Little Chit and his mother and that all of you would let me be."

"Such impertinence," gasped the governess.

"It comes of her association, no doubt," indignantly declared the housekeeper.

"Boiled dumplings and chocolate cake at bedtime! You naughty, ungrateful child." This from Dr. Craig-Lackland.

That very night the Money Princess and her retinue left the great hotel. But as the last taxicab pulled away from under the porte cochere, a bright golden head protruded from the cab window.

"Good-by, Little Chit, remember our promise."

"Good-by, princess, I shall never forget you."

But rule seventeen as plainly posted over the head porter's desk told

## Confessions of a Bride

Forever and forever an airplane will be the most splendid sight in the world for me. I heard the whir of Jim's propeller and I gathered Baby Babs in my arms long before the delicate black beetle which was in his machine was silhouetted against the glare of the Mexican sky.

All the countryside seemed asleep for the hour of the fiesta was not yet over, yet the whole region buzzed in competition with the plane as it circled above the city. Then the "bus" swooped low over my S. O. S., then zoomed and was off into the clouds and for a fearful moment I fancied that the visitor was only come chance wanderer of the clouds and not my promised rescuer.

At last the aviator achieved his landing, but not before the whole town had descended upon us, by auto and mule and horse and burro and on foot. The entire city came out to the hacienda, as Morrison had predicted. And the 10,000 peons who had once worked on the ranch seemed to troop up from their graves, so closely did the crowd pack around the aviator.

Morrison pushed to his side and turned him around, so that I could see his face. He was crunched in a mechanic's leather overalls and coat and I missed the glorious silver wings a pilot in the air service wears above his heart. But it was Jimmy and being Jimmy was a guarantee that I was soon to be snatched out of that crowd. But how?

The aviator spoke some Spanish, of a variety which the natives seemed to enjoy, and in his own dialect he let it be known that he was bound for Mexico City, but he had been compelled to alight on this magnificent field to walk around his engine and attend to a little cough it had developed.

He cured the little cough with a little oil. He was a good-natured airman. Hearing that his was the first plane to stop at San Jose, he volunteered to take up a few passengers—for a consideration—a very small price.

pshaw, wasn't he an American and wasn't he an American, and wasn't the name on the card, Lieut. Horace Chitwood? What did she care about rules.

### Sister Mary's Kitchen

Dishes may be washed clean or dirty. And a dish cloth may be the proverbial "rag" or a respectable clean cloth.

If dishes are well scraped, piled in order, washed in hot, soapy water and rinsed in scalding water, half of the unpleasantness and drudgery of this thrice daily duty is done away with.

And the cooking pans and kettles should be washed and scalded and dried as carefully as the china. I have seen perfectly nice people wash the trying-pan and then wring out the dishcloth and "wipe" the pan!

I can stand dust in the house but greasy looking dishes and stained and sticky saucepans annoy me beyond words.

Menu for Tomorrow.  
Breakfast—Apple sauce, cornmeal pan cakes with syrup, coffee.

Lunch—Mock oyster soup, brown bread and butter, cottage cheese, current and red raspberry preserves, tea.

Dinner—Salmon croquettes, creamed potatoes, stuffed green peppers, cold slaw, bread and butter, canned peaches, cup cakes, coffee.

My Own Recipes.  
Cottage cheese is an easy and inexpensive dish to prepare. Almost everybody likes it and it has a very definite food value. Once a week is not too often to use it in some form, either with dessert or salad.

Conmeal Pan Cakes.  
1 egg.  
2 cupfuls sour milk.  
1 cupful white flour.  
1 1-2 cupfuls cornmeal.  
1 teaspoonful soda.  
1 teaspoonful salt.

Beat egg. Add one cupful of milk. Add one cupful of flour. Dissolve soda in milk and add to mixture. Add the rest of the flour and salt. Beat well. Bake in a hot well-greased griddle.

Bake Mock Oyster Soup.  
1 bunch salsify.

Morrison, buyer of coffee, paid the price and ascended to the cloudlands. But the pilot and passenger didn't stay up long—they couldn't talk at all in the ship, and I wasn't surprised to see them land in a distant corner of the field. They had time for a quiet chat before the crowd could surround them again.

Morrison was enthusiastic about his experience and several of the rich merchants clamored for a ride. But the pilot picked out the administrator of the hacienda (I suppose that Morrison had pointed him out) and offered him a free aerial excursion in return for the use of his field.

After a bit of urging, the flattened Mexican was securely strapped into the observers seat and the ship taxied out of the crowd and zoomed over the banana trees at the edge of the road.

The detective watched them rise, then sauntered slowly up to me. He had instructions from Jim—who hadn't even glanced my way. As it happened Morrison was able to speak to me without fear of eavesdroppers. The crowd had gone mad with excitement and apparently, the pilot had gone crazy!

He looped the loop, did the Immelman, ascended a great distance and came down in a falling leaf, side-slipped hundreds of feet, until I prayed that he would stop his antics. Last of all he did a barrel roll. And when he landed, his passenger had to be helped from the car. He was deathly sick and as helpless as if he had been tossed about in a storm at sea. He had to be supported to his quarters by his obedient but reluctant servants. He wasn't in shape to think of Babs, nor interfere with me!

The aviator was deeply grieved—but he cheered up a little at sight of an American girl! He doffed his helmet most politely, but spoke in the vernacular.

"You next! Sure! No stunts—I promise."

1 slice bread.  
2 cupfuls water.  
1 cupful milk.  
1 tablespoonful butter.  
2 teaspoonful salt.  
1-2 teaspoonful pepper.

Wash and scrap salsify. Cut in quarter-inch slices. Put in kettle with bread and water and cook slowly for an hour, adding water as necessary to keep two cupfuls. Heat milk. Add to cooked salsify. Season with salt, pepper and butter. Do not boil, but let simmer at the boiling point for ten minutes.

Stuffed Green Peppers.  
4 medium sized peppers.  
1 cupful bread crumbs.  
1-4 cupful nut meats.  
Tomato juice, water or milk.  
1-2 teaspoonful salt.  
1 teaspoonful butter.

Remove tops from peppers. Take out seeds and the white partitions. Parboil fifteen minutes. Drain. Mix bread crumbs, nuts, butter, salt and liquid. It will take about 1-3 cupful, depending on the dryness of the bread crumbs. Fill peppers with stuffing and bake fifteen or twenty minutes in moderate oven.

What has become of the provident housewife who bought sugar by the barrel?

"Didn't Jim do it?"  
"No, the cook did it herself."

"I think that I'll have to have a talk with Mr. Ramsey. Now you children must remember that this is a secret society and that you mustn't repeat what we talk about in here."

"No, we won't," said Peter, "but this morning teacher asked us how it happened that I knew that a fourth and a fourth was a half and I said it was all on account of K. and L. of the G. P."

"And what did she say?"  
"She said she didn't know what that was, but anything that taught me a little something was all right."

SOLOMON'S WISDOM.  
"Solomon was the wisest man."

"Yes. He had an enormous fund of information. The fact that he was also the richest would indicate that he took pains to get most of it in advance."—Washington Star.

Comes Apart for Cleaning.  
A sanitary hair brush has the bristles in a flexible pad which enables that part to be separated from the back for cleansing.

On the evening of October 31st or Hallowe'en from 7 to 11 o'clock Adams street or Main street will be turned over for the parades and frolics. All vehicular traffic will detour and avoid Adams street from Cleveland Avenue at South Side Bridge to Madison street. Street cars will be permitted to run as usual but other traffic will remain off Adams Street, between the points specified, between the hours specified.

Any action upon the part of any person tending to the defacement or destruction of property or injury to persons will be severely dealt with.

There shall be no gun thrown or any other sharp substance. There shall be no gun powder or like things thrown. There shall be no crackers or other explosives used. There shall be no so-called "ticklers" or feather top ticks used nor any other like device employed. Clean confetti may be used in the festivities in the proper manner. Dirty or picked-up confetti shall not be thrown. The police are instructed to arrest any person violating these regulations or doing an unlawful thing. Innocent fun is permitted but dangerous practices are strictly prohibited and the participants therein will be severely dealt with.

WILLIAM W. CONAWAY, Mayor.

## LUXURIOUS FURS

Friday and Saturday Will be FUR DAYS at OSGOOD'S

Wm. A Sniffen comes here for the week-end to present to the women of Fairmont the opportunity to select Furs from a stock, which, when added to our own, makes it one of the largest showings brought to Fairmont.

This Fur Show will include extremely handsome Fur Coats in the finest pelts, made up the latest winter styles; Fur Scarfs, Fur Muffs (separate) and wonderful Matched Sets.

Your inspection is Cordially Invited  
Osgood's for Quality

## 150 Elks Answered Annual Roll Call

One hundred and fifty members answered the roll call at Tuesday's meeting of Fairmont Lodge, 2224 Benevolent Protective Order of Elks. The lodge has a membership of 150 but the members are scattered all over the United States. Under the circumstances the representation last night was very large.

Next Monday night a large number of members will go to Mannington to Special trolley cars, leaving Fairmont at 7 o'clock. Mannington lodge will be presented with a loving cup for the lodge having the largest percentage of members in line for the parade incident to the State Elks' meeting here in September. State officers are expected to be present.

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## Hallowe'en Proclamation Proclicks Regulation

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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THESE ARE TIMES OF BRING YOUR OWN)—BY ALLMAN.

