

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A Feline Episode.

By WILL Y. AMES.

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MAIDA couldn't at all understand what the young man could be doing there, shot gun in hand and obviously hiding behind the bole of the sugar maple. Maida wasn't so very sporting a person; that is to say she wasn't one of those social headliners who are portrayed in the Sunday papers as riding steppes, navigating aeroplanes and stalking moose a good deal more skillfully than their brothers or their instructors; but she knew enough about such things to be aware that in June there was no such thing as game to be legitimately hunted. Besides, the young man wasn't gotten up like a hunter. He looked as though he had just stepped out of a couch hammock. He was bareheaded and wore neither coat nor waistcoat. He carried neither game nor bag of any sort of receptacle for cartridges. Moreover, unless Maida was much mistaken, the young man was on the grounds of the Halliday place, the country's show estate, of which she had heard enough and to spare during her three days in these parts; and the Halliday place was not at all the kind of place for hunting, but an elaborately cared for, pretentious, intensively groomed area of lawns, water courses and overcultivated autumn groves.

The young man, intently watching in the opposite direction, did not hear Miss Cortelyou's footfalls on the grassy path. His back was toward the road. But his attitude was one of intense expectancy and he held the gun lightly in both hands ready to throw to the shoulder. Maida Cortelyou stopped. She wanted to see what was on foot.

Just beyond where the young man stood there was a clearing, three or four rods across, beyond that a prim little thicket of rhododendron full of blooms. Toward this the young man was gazing. Just as Maida halted, there was a flash of gray and white out of the long grass, a commotion among the foliage and a riot of flutterings and frightened cries of birds. The gun went up and a nitrate shell went off simultaneously. On the ground at the roots of the rhododendrons something was spitting and snarling.

"Damn!" ejaculated the young man as he jumped from cover and hurried toward the laurels. Ten feet away he stopped, aimed hastily toward the ground and fired another barrel. The spiking and snarling stopped. The gunner stooped, lifted the quarry by the tail and turned around just in time to catch sight of Maida as she stood at the side of the road, a hundred feet away, observing him.

"Maida wasn't the kind of girl that any man ignores when she manifests the slightest interest in him or his works. So when Miss Cortelyou stepped up to the spindling iron fence that for a quarter of a mile lined the road, the young man just naturally approached that barrier from his side of it, still carrying the victim of his two smokeless shells.

"May I see what you shot?" asked Maida when the gunner had drawn sufficiently near.

"Certainly. That," holding up the creature.

"Just what I thought; but I could not be sure at that distance. A cat! a poor, harmless, baby cat! Well, of all the—say!" demanded Maida suddenly, "hasn't that cat a thin chain collar on? I think I know it."

The young man gingerly pushed back the fur from the neck of the dead animal. "Yes," he admitted; "there does appear to be a chain. It isn't yours, I hope."

"No, it isn't mine. It belongs to Mrs. Wetherell, who lives a mile or so up the road and with whom I am boarding during my vacation. I shall tell her. She seems to be a mild old soul so I suppose you will hear nothing from her. But for fear that neither she nor any of these other people around here may ever tell you their opinion of you I'll tell you mine. I think you're a cad, a mean, cowardly cad, who ought to be horsewhipped. I think any man is that who wantonly kills or mistreats dumb animals, particularly other people's pets."

Having delivered which verdict Maida Cortelyou with a delightfully heightened color, turned her back on the young man and started off down the road.

For an instant the young man stood watching her. Then he dropped the dead cat, setting his gun against a tree and vaulted the iron fence. He caught up with Maida before she had taken ten steps.

"I'm civilized to condemn any accused without a hearing," he declared as he caught up with the girl. You are highly civilized. Will you give me two minutes?"

"How long do you give the cat?"

"Four years."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I've been engaged in research work for the state bureau of ornithology, all directed to the subject of cats and the operations, for that length of time. That's what I want to talk about for two minutes."

"He was not such an ill-looking creature after all Maida thought—rather fine as to the eye indeed. "Very well" she condescended.

"There are 25,000,000 cats in America," declared the young man. "Half of them live in the country. Country cats kill an average of fifty birds a year, each—that's more than half a million birds. Most of the birds are insect and weed eaters. The birds of a single state eat 150 carloads of bugs every day. If the birds don't eat 'em the insects eat the crops. When the cats eat the birds the birds can't eat the insects. Only one country cat in five catches rats; and only a few catch many."

"How do you know all this?"

"I spent four years finding out. Cats carry tetanus; cats have rabies; cats communicate ringworm and other diseases to humans. And cats have been judiciously determined to be wild animals incapable of taming. Now in that laurel thicket a week ago there were seven nests of war-

Confessions of a Bride

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The Rescuers Plan a "Gas Attack" to Win Back Katherine Miller.

At the hotel, Bob remained silent and indifferent to my woes. That was masculine. I became independent and talkative. That was feminine. I spoke of Berghoff and the horrible end to which destiny had driven him—a snake killed by a snake—but I passed over the final incidents of that wretched morning. In short, I humored Bob's mood, although I didn't like myself for doing it. I was determined to let him depart without a settlement of our trouble. Above all, I wanted to avoid making an exhibition of my own unstable nerves. That I kept from crying, as I chatted, was a triumph, but one which really gave me little satisfaction.

I would have been much easier to have had a fit of hysterics, followed by a comfortable reconciliation, and to have sent Bob off with a hug and kiss, according to popular formula for domestic bliss.

To abide by the facts in the case was difficult, but honest, at least. No coarseness could alter the fact that my husband was doubting me wrongfully and that he was leaving me in great mental distress—to hasten to the rescue of an unscrupulous beauty!

The search-party went off on an evening train. I had expected it would look decidedly theatrical—a gang of ex-cowboys and ex-doughboys most marvelous to see. I was disappointed. Morrison's men looked like the other travelers who waited for the train. They appeared to be ordinary mining men who were running down to Mexico to look over a property.

I had to remind myself that they were far from ordinary. The ex-sheriff of Texas county, who was the guide, had worn the red triangle in France. The little chemist, dried up and brown like an old walnut, was a scientific genius. He came up to our parlor for a private talk with Bob, and with him came another remarkable person, a former A. E. F. sergeant, a giant football player who had infamous list of German captives to his credit.

Harrison, the chemist, said that they had just hit on a great scheme. He put it briefly:

"We'll smoke 'em out, Lorimer!"

"That's it! Gas 'em!" exclaimed Sergeant Grimes.

"Stupefy the bandits and then the

blers and three of chickadees. A cat claimed them all out but one of the chickadees nests—nearly forty birds dead. You can't break a nest-robbing cat of his vice because he's running true to his nature. The only way is the shotgun way. That sick old family tabby has been coming over here, a mile every day and murdering the birds wholesale. I hate to hurt an old lady's sensibilities—but now about those little chickadees? It was either the cat or them—and hundreds of other birds."

Miss Cortelyou looked at the young man with a new interest. "May I ask you are?" she asked.

"Hastings Halliday, state ornithologist since last month. That ridiculous place there is mine now. I'm going to turn it into a bird refuge. And I'm going to kill every cat I find on it. So of course I can't be a friend of yours, who is such an advocate of cats. But don't you think a fellow can be a champion of birds without necessarily being a cad?"

"Heavens!" ejaculated Maida. "I did say that, didn't I? Well, if you are one, so am I. Because I'm glad you killed it. And if you'll teach me how to shoot that gun I'll come over here and watch for more, if you'll let me."

"Honestly,"

In the Hastings-Halliday home, which is in the country among the birds, there is the typical singing kettle, the typical yellow sunshine across the kitchen floor, the typical ticking clock—but no cat.

The Story Lady

When Peter woke on Sunday morning he had an idea that made him spring out of bed and dress in a hurry.

"Mrs. Martin, I've got to go home right now. I forgot all about my Sunday school class. If there is no one absent today our class will get the big banner and a supper at the church."

So Mrs. Martin got Peter some breakfast and he started out with Pan. Lady Gwendolyn followed them

away with the girl! We won't have to fire a gun!" added Mack, the ex-sheriff.

"Naturally we ain't going to stir up trouble for the U. S. by shooting any darn worthless Mexican outlaws—not if we can help it. See?" said Grimes.

With a nod, Bob admitted that he saw, then he asked, with an anxious wrinkling of his forehead:

"But the young l— will be gassed too?"

"Not enough to hurt her. I'll take care of that," said Grimes. "As soon as her guards get drowsy, we rush in, pick the lady up, and get her out where she can breathe. See?"

At this Jimmy-boy, who sat with me in a corner, went off into a roar of laughter.

"Gosh! What bum luck for me not to be in on the stunt!" he said. "Say! You guys are going to contribute a new idea to the gas-making."

I've wondered what movie heroes and heroines were doing without liquor to knock out their enemies with. Never thought of gas!

"Boy, you'd of thought, all right, if you'd ever been put to sleep with it, like I was, said Grimes. Then he turned to Bob with a question, "What do you say, boss?"

"I'll take Harrison's judgement," answered Bob.

"Of course you understand were not planning to make a nasty German gas attack," Harrison replied. "We'll just put 'em into a drowse—nobody hurt. In the end, I assure you. Lorimer."

"Then go to it," Bob ordered.

"You can trust Harrison to turn his trick, remarked the guide, "but it ain't nothin' to what you've put on me and Morrison. Nothin' at all to findin' the gang and the girl. I sure wish we had an airplane for that."

Of course everybody looked at Jim. He answered with a shake of the head.

"Nothing doing," he said. "The old gas is cranky—falls when she pices—only a fool would risk a forced landing on a Mexican mountain range. Later he whispered to me:

"But I ain't get her tued up for a few lessons over some flat place here in Texas. If you're still set on learning, Sissy!"

to the big gate and Peter had to shut it in a hurry to keep her from following along the fence as far as she could.

Peter hurried along as fast as he could. A rabbit ran out of the road ahead of him and Pan took after it but Peter didn't stop. He saw a lovely bunch of winter grapes but he didn't dare to stop to climb the tree. He climbed a fence to cut crossbills and save time and tore his second best coat. A branch raked his cap off and rumbled his hair. He didn't dare go home but hurried on to Sunday school.

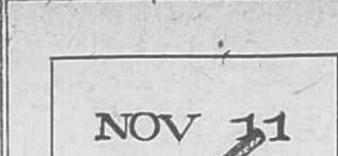
HELEN CARPENTER MOORE.

Sister Mary's Kitchen

A neatly and attractively arranged table goes a long way toward making any meal taste good.

If soup is served put the service plates one inch from the edge of the table, allowing two and a half feet from plate to plate.

Place the individual service silver at right angles to the edge of the table. The knife at the right of the plate with cutting edge toward the plate. Then put the spoons, the last one to be used next the knife and so on to the soup spoon. On the left-hand side of the plate place the salad fork, then the dinner fork and then



at eleven o'clock in the forenoon the thunder of arms ceased and marked the end of a tyrant's ruling. Fearless and undaunted the bleeding world at once began its rebuilding the time can never efface the horrors of four years' warring.

Today Osgood's pays homage to heroes who served until that last happy hour—and to those who passed the horizon before. This sacrifice was not in vain for behold! a new era of peace and plenty is at the threshold.

Millinery

OSGOOD'S Millinery is not judged by ordinary standards because it is so far above the ordinary in all its exceptional features. But you can so easily view the beautiful Osgood Hats any time you will stop in that it is needless for us to try to "paint the lily." Right now a great many are choosing from our advance models for holiday wearing.

\$7.50 to \$35.00

Blouse Week

THIS nationally important event is made doubly important in Fairmont by the specially priced offerings of Osgood Blouses. Handsome modes in white, flesh and dark suit colors in Georgette and Crepe de Chine and also several Fine Striped Silk styles are offered in two unusual groups for the week.

\$5.00 to \$8.50

Other Blouses Priced \$10.00 to \$29.75

OSGOOD'S--The Best Place to Shop After All

Osgood's Suits Will Suit The Most Critical Woman

STYLE is so apparent in their every line and QUALITY so marked in every inch of material that the most exacting desire is served by Osgood's Suits. Nor is it necessary for your selection to be limited for our stocks are plentiful in every range of prices and sizes. Our prices, by the way, are noticeably moderate—we have made a few re-adjustments of the various groups and women and misses who have postponed their purchase can now select a Suit representing an unusual measure of value.

\$29.50 to \$95.00



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the dinner napkin with hemmed edge parallel to the edge of the table.

Put the water glass at the right above the knife and the bread and butter plate above the folks, a little to the left.

Any small dish of jelly or pickles to be passed should be placed within convenient reach of some member of the family.

Menu for Tomorrow.

BREAKFAST—Pears, waffles and sirup, coffee.

LUNCHEON—Hard boiled eggs, in white sauce, oatmeal, macaroons, tea.

DINNER—Leg of lamb, gravy, mint jelly, mashed potatoes, green peas, romain salad, bread and butter, apple cream pudding, coffee.

My Own Recipes.

When I open a can of peas I turn them into a strainer and thoroughly rinse them under running water. Then I put the peas in a saucepan with salt, pepper and about a tea-spoonful of butter, and cook them over a slow fire 10 or 15 minutes. Put a cover on the pan to retain the steam.

EGGS IN WHITE SAUCE.

4 eggs.

1 tablespoon butter.

1-2 tablespoons flour.

1-4 cups milk.

1-2 teaspoon salt.

1-4 teaspoon pepper.

Cook eggs in water at the boiling point but not bubbling for 45 minutes. Plunge into cold water. Shell and separate the whites from yolks. Make a white sauce of butter, flour, salt, pepper and milk and add the finely chopped whites. Arrange toast on a hot platter and pour over the sauce. Crumble the yolks and sprinkle over the top.

OATMEAL MACAROONS.

(Government Recipe.)

1 tablespoon fat.

6 tablespoons corn sirup

2 tablespoonsfuls sugar.

1 egg.

1-2 cupsfuls oatmeal.

1-4 teaspoon salt.

1-2 teaspoon baking powder.

2 teaspoons almond extract.

Combine the melted fat, sugar and sirup, add the beaten egg and stir in the other ingredients. Drop from a teaspoon on greased pans and bake in a moderate oven about 15 minutes. This makes 25 to 28 cookies about 3 inches in diameter.

APPLE CREAM PUDDING.

1 egg.

3-4 cup of sugar.

2 tablespoons melted butter.

1 cup of sour cream.

1 teaspoon soda.

Beat egg, add sugar, butter cream with soda dissolved in it. Butter a deep pan and put in a layer of apples (sweet if possible). Pour the dough over the fruit and bake in a moderate oven about one half hour.

"A new broom sweeps clean." But

so does an old one if properly elbow greased.

Women worshipping at the shrine of the Swo Dagon pagoda in Rangoon crop their hair if a prayer of theirs has been granted and "present" it to their divinity by hanging it on a line at the top of the pagoda.

When you want to make flaky biscuit, delicious muffins and gems, real doughnuts and cake of fine texture—then you need

RUMFORD BAKING POWDER

THE WHOLESOME BAKING POWDER

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(BREAKING THE BAD NEWS GENTLY)—BY ALLMAN.

MRS. BROWN BOUGHT A NEW HAT TODAY

AS LONG AS IT WAS MRS. BROWN I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY—

GEE, THE HAT SHE PICKED OUT WAS A FRIGHT!

WELL, IF SHE PICKED IT, SHE'S GOT TO WEAR IT!

SHE PAID TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS FOR IT

WELL, SHE'S A VERY FOOLISH WOMAN TO PAY \$25.00 FOR A HAT!

I'LL SAY SHE IS—IF SHE HAD PUT \$10.00 MORE WITH IT SHE COULD HAVE GOTTEN ONE LIKE THIS ONE I BOUGHT—