

# FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### A Royal Thanksgiving Feast.

By R. RAY BAKER.  
(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Ralph Bloem was a determined, resolute, resourceful young woman, she was stumped. It seemed that she was destined soon to be a widow, if she had not already reached that stage in life's journey.

Yes, it was a gloomy Thanksgiving day, although the sun was shining blisteringly. Her husband had disappeared, and the chances were 100 to 1 against ever seeing him again.

She snarled herself for agreeing to this south sea honeymoon. Why had she yielded to Ralph's wishes to explore Kondo island when something inside her had persistently warned that she should not let him set foot on shore?

True, being an explorer's daughter, she had been as keen for the trip as had her newly acquired spouse, but events—one in particular—made her realize now that a three-room flat would be heavenly for a honeymoon and as a place to live and die.

She sat on the deck of the steam yacht Crystal and tried to reason a way out of the dilemma—a happy way out. One course would be to hoist anchor and steam away. But that would not be the happy way, because it would leave Ralph in the clutches of the cannibals.

Still, what was there for her to do? Take the five men that comprised the crew of the Crystal and invade the natives' lairs? No, certainly that was not the solution; not with the natives swarming the island jungle like flies in a pool of syrup.

The big event that converted her to the three-room flat idea had occurred the previous afternoon about 4 o'clock. They had just arrived at the island and Ralph had insisted on going ashore.

"There's absolutely no danger," he assured her. "I was here two years ago with your father and we found absolutely no traces of inhabitants. The nearest inhabited land is Gugo island and Plague island, which are populated with cannibals, but the nearest of the two is 100 miles distant. It's perfectly safe, Marge."

Margaret realized a sense of foreboding as her husband set off in the little boat with Samson Brown, one of the sailors.

"Better let me go along," she called after him, but he shook his head.

"Pretty hard climbing around in there," he replied, pointing to the vegetation which reached down to the water. "I'll be gone only a short time."

Margaret saw her husband land and help Samson draw the boat where the waves could not touch it; then they both disappeared into the forest. She sat on the deck and watched and waited, still harassed by that feeling of foreboding.

Perhaps an hour after the landing Margaret thought she heard a chorus of faint cries arising from the island, but she could not be certain this was not the product of nerves. She looked intently in the direction from which the weird sound seemed to emanate, but the forest was so dense that she could not have seen anything appertaining within twenty feet of shore. A silence that was complete, except for the lapping of the waves against the Crystal's sides, had settled over the island and its environs, and this inactivity did not tend to dispel the foreboding. She knew the men were playing poker somewhere below, but she hesitated to call and thus display her terror; for she was a girl who was proud of her lack of fear.

The sun was a half circle on the horizon when she saw Samson stagger out from among the trees and push the small boat into the water, leaping in. This action seemed to take the last ounce of strength, for he sank to the bottom of the stiff and lay there apparently helpless.

That was sufficient excuse for Margaret to sound an alarm that brought the crew of the Crystal stumbling and tumbling to the deck, where they at once comprehended the situation and set out in another boat to rescue Samson, whose craft was being tossed back on shore.

"What's happening? Where's Ralph?" breathed Margaret, as Samson was carried on deck, but he answered simply with a glassy stare and was taken to his bunk. He rolled his eyes queerly and opened and shut his hands repeatedly.

There was no question but that he had been through a harrowing experience, for his fatigue was due as much to fear as to physical exertion. The other men could not find as much as a scratch on his body. Presently he seemed to get a grip on himself and managed to articulate:

"Cannibals got him."

While Margaret steadied herself against the wall, growing deathly pale, he went on, talking laboriously:

"We spent some time getting our bearings before he sent me to find a spring of water, while he went in a different direction to dig up some relic your father left two years ago. I found water and was starting after him on the dim path he had taken when I heard unearthly screeching from direction he had taken. I hurried and soon arrived at scene of trouble. About fifty black men were dancing round him, shouting and singing, and he was tied to a tree with thongs. I knew I couldn't fight the whole gang, so hid behind another tree and watched for opportunity to cut him loose. It didn't come, for they took him off into the woods. I was scared most to death and didn't know what to do, but thought it best to return to the yacht and get help. Hope you don't think I did wrong."

Samson sank back in the bunk, sighed heavily and closed his eyes. All night he was delirious, and Margaret's condition was not much better. She realized the impossibility of sending the men ashore to fight the cannibals,

especially at night, but was determined that some action be taken in the morning. When morning came, however, the crew refused to go—all except Joe Larson, the cook, who said he'd be willing to wade a river of blood to help Ralph.

The idea of one man and one woman against hundreds of cannibals did not seem practical, so she sat on deck and thought, and thought.

"Perhaps Samson went crazy and dreamed it," she told herself. "Maybe Ralph will turn up all right. He's the most resourceful person in the world."

But the inactivity drove her nearly to distraction. Finally she told Joe to get ready and row her ashore. The others protested, saying she was taking her life in her hands. But she was determined.

"All right, ma'am," one of them said. "It's up to you. We'd be glad to go along and help, only the odds are too heavy."

She admitted, not to them, but to herself, that the case looked hopeless. "No doubt they're preparing Ralph for their Thanksgiving day feast, probably for the king himself," she thought, not stopping to consider that south sea cannibals paid no attention to proclamations by presidents of the United States.

Joe rowed her ashore and they followed a faint path into the woods. The underbrush was not so dense as it appeared from the deck of the yacht, and they made fair progress, presently arriving at a clearing. Here they paused, for the ground showed signs of a struggle, with numerous prints from bare feet.

She was kneeling to examine these prints, when Joe suddenly cried:

"Look out!"

The next instant she and Joe were the center of a howling, cavoring vortex of black humanity. Their arms and feet were tied and they were carried into the forest.

Swung across the shoulders of a black man, Margaret gave herself up for lost; but she didn't care much. "If Ralph's dead I don't want to live," she told herself, and hoped it would soon be over with. The only thing that made her shudder now was the thought of being served at the king's Thanksgiving feast.

After being carried about two miles through the jungle, the party emerged in an immense clearing dotted with bamboo huts, with an exceptionally large one in the center. The prisoners were placed in a hut on the outskirts and guards with spears stationed at the doors.

"They're preparing the fire to cook us," Joe groaned, struggling vainly with his hands. Margaret maintained silence.

Presently the black man who had been the leader of the captors appeared, cut the thongs from their feet and surprised the prisoners with these words of English:

"Now we take you to king."

In a short time they were ushered into the largest of the huts, in which was a rudely-constructed throne, about which were grouped several natives in fantastic costumes, made of skins and feathers. The captives were placed in front of the throne and the attendants at once began a chant, kneeling toward a door at one side of the raised seat of royalty.

The king appeared through the door, walking with a Broadway stride. He mounted the throne with a majestic mien and surveyed the captives. Margaret stared at him for a moment in astonishment, then threw herself at his feet, clutching the guards who sprang to stop her and clasped him in her arms.

"Ralph! Ralph!" she sobbed. "What can it—what does it all mean?"

She stepped back down from the throne and looked up at him, wonderingly.

He was clad like the natives only his attire was more fantastic and picturesque.

"It means," he said, simply, "that I pulled a few stunts in magic that showed the old king up and he lost his job—and I am now ruler of Kondo Island. I had to either be a king or be eaten by one, and it didn't take me long to decide. I'm about to resign, though, as soon as we have our Thanksgiving dinner—and a royal one it is. It's in the next hut."

She grimaced.

"Cannibal stew," she inquired.

"No, wild turkey. I ordered them prepared when messengers brought word that a white woman and man had been captured. Come to the royal feast—you and Joe—and we'll discuss a way of disowning this kingship."

## Confessions of a Bride

Copyrighted 1919 by the Newspaper Editors Association

Belief That I, Not a Ransom, Was Wanted By the Bandits, Terrorized Me.

If Don Manuel was not the handsomest man in the world, he was, at least, the handsomest man I had ever seen. He entered the cave as a prince might enter a drawing-room, kissed Katherine's hand then my own. He was so different from the coarse outlaw whom I expected to see that I could hardly reply in my best manner to his cordly greeting.

My tense muscles and strained nerves became normal for the first time since I had left my precious airplane. I was no longer afraid of losing either my life or my virtue.

Don Manuel had the long head of a Caesar or a Richelieu. He might have been almost any one of those illustrious personages of history who have loved power and political intrigue. For the sake of power over other men, he could control all of his emotions. Women had a place in his life—only when it suited him. He was not ruined by the influences which make the ordinary man a slave. That was why I was unafraid.

With true Spanish hospitality, which always amounts to fervor, he assured me of his pleasure in having me as his guest, spoke with vast delight of my sensational arrival at the camp, and regretted that he had not witnessed it.

Then he chattered softly with Katherine. I studied him.

He was no common adventurer. He was a leader of leaders. He had not come to Mexico solely for the purpose of holding up railroad trains.

Perhaps he had a dream of empire! Perhaps he desired—intended to rule all Mexico some day! More than one stupendous intrigue has hinged on Mexico, more than one nation has coveted the "treasure house of the world."

Don Manuel was not a bandit by trade, that was plain. He was a great adventurer—and he had the adventurer's luck!

I bit my lip to keep back an exclamation when the realization of the truth came to me.

Katherine Miller had been kidnaped in my place! I was a necessary part

in some mysterious political intrigue. I, the daughter of an American multimillionaire—was to have been seized and held in Mexico!

Hamilton Certels was back of it all! Whatever the plot might be, I had escaped from it only for a time. Chance had thrown me into the hands of the great adventurer who had failed to kidnap me. Certainly Dame Fortune approved the shining black head which almost touched Katherine's golden curls!

Don Manuel did not require money—he did not desire money, either for Katherine's ransom or for my own. Had that cry to me for a ransom been a ruse? Had I fallen into a trap?

What next? Would I be allowed to escape—to go north to the Rio next morning with Don Manuel's party?

I began to doubt it—and my terror grew with my doubt.

Snatches of the talk of the man and the girl floated to me. It concerned the trip of the morrow. Would the girl betray Bob's plan to gas the camp?

There was a chance—a good one—that she would not. She was a moron—an adult with the brain of a child.

Her interest centered in herself—in his flattery—in the plans for their elopement—and possible marriage. She had put aside my story as absurd when I told it. She believed the camp was too cleverly hidden to be discovered by Bob's men.

I certainly hope she had forgotten my tale. For I was willing to build a little on Bob's persistence and Morrison's ingenuity. And I didn't want Manuel to be alarmed—I didn't want any guards posted around the cave.

An Indian servant entered and spoke low to Don Manuel who nodded his reply.

"The guest I brought back with me," said Don Manuel to Katherine and me.

The Indian pulled aside the blanket which served as a portiere.

My muscles stiffened with a chill. Hamilton Certels, elegant and immaculate, stood out like a fine painted portrait from the background of that army blanket!

## HOULT

Moving to Hoult.

D. B. Yoder, an enterprising merchant is moving his household goods and mother from her former home near Piegah church in Monongalia county to Hoult, where he is occupying the house attached to the store, formerly occupied by Charles R. Hoult who moved to Fairmont some time back.

Queer Coincidence Averts Wreck.

The other night a long freight train backed into the Palatine branch here to allow a passenger to pass. They had backed pretty well up and took a run to get out and avoid striking on the grade. One truck derailed at the safety derail switch and ran on the ties, cutting and splintering them till it came to the switch of the Domestic Coke Corporation track where the wheels ran up on the frog at one side and the end of guard rail at the other and rattled automatically and the crew did not know that they were off the track. If it had not been for this the car would have been dragged through this switch and the main track switch making a serious wreck and tying up the main line.

Mr. Satterfield Better.

C. B. Satterfield is some better than when last reported. Mrs. Satterfield is little if any improved. The following visitors have come to visit them this past few days. Mrs. Cora Hall and son Fay, Mrs. Ella Shadwell, all of Fairmont.

Personals.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Barnworth and two children and Omer Burnworth of Fairmont were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. Liston Burnworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Beryl McOliver and little daughter of Fairmont were Sunday guests of Mrs. S. J. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Harold of Mcintana Mines were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Wilson.

Edna, Hazel and Grace Hoult are all confined to their home with tonsillitis.

Orphan asylums are unknown in Australia. Every destitute child is sent to a private family, which takes care of it until it is 14 years of age, and is remunerated by the government.

## Let Us Give Thanks

OUR hearts have leaped across many distances the past few weeks in anticipation of this happy Thanksgiving Day.

The close hand-clasps of familiar friends, welcoming smiles and genial hospitality—in a world at peace—make us thankful that such things can be and are. This organization rejoices in the pleasant business relations which we have maintained with our customers during the past year, and at this time we bid one and all a continuous welcome to our store.

Closed All Day Thursday.

### Good's for Quality

## Break Your Cold—Avoid the Flu

Do not fool with depressing, annoying colds this year. A cold today may lead to influenza tomorrow.

Dr. Brady says: "No one has yet discovered a positive method of diagnosing early cases of influenza from alleged colds."

Play safe. Kill your cold now. Turpo, the only turpentine ointment, has really wonderful qualities in relieving colds and congestions.

Turpo is an effective germicide, too, and doctors recommend the use of a good germicide as a flu preventive.

Buy a 30c jar of Turpo now—use it according to directions and secure quick relief from colds and coughs. Snuff a little Turpo up the nostrils several times a day and the flu germs will have little chance of getting a lodging and breeding place.

Go to your drug store now while he has a supply of Turpo on hand. Last year druggists could not supply the demand.



Try a Want Ad in The West Virginian

## The High Price Of Coffee

never troubles the users of

# POSTUM

Neither does the use of Postum trouble their nerves

## No advance in Price

Made by The POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Battle Creek, Michigan.

## COLDS

Head or chest are best treated externally with

### VICK'S VAPORUB

YOUR BODYGUARD - 30c, 60c, \$1.20

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM'S ALL OUT OF LUCK)—BY ALLMAN.

**PANEL 1:** TOM, YOU'D BETTER WEAR YOUR RAINCOAT TODAY, IT LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE RAIN. GOSH, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THAT OLD RAIN COAT—SURE I'LL WEAR IT!

**PANEL 2:** WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT—A FINE SPOT IN THE POCKET OF THIS OLD COAT! THAT'S JUST LIKE FINDING IT!

**PANEL 3:** I CAN'T GET OVER FINDING THIS FINE SPOT IN THAT OLD COAT AND HELEN NEVER DISCOVERED IT—WELL, I WON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT—

**PANEL 4:** WELL TOM, I SUPPOSE YOU'LL WANT TO KICK IN WITH A FIVE SPOT. YOU KNOW WE'RE TAKING UP A COLLECTION TO BUY THE SHIPPING CLERK A WEDDING PRESENT.