THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE DANGERS OF REPETITION

By H. IRVING KING.

The Ashtons lived in a brownstone house, in a brownstone street, in a brownstone district, which was an island of solid wealth and ancient respectability entirely surrounded by trade. Jack had a steam yacht, played polo and belonged to all the best clubs. In short there was nothing of which Jack Ashton really stood in need but a wife—and to the supplying of that deficiency he was now giving much serious thought.

Jack, after several narrow escapes from capture by designing mammas, had arrived in safety at the age of thirty. Now at thirty if a man is ever going to get married it is time he got busy. So thought Jack's mother and so she intimated to Jack. Secretly the old lady had picked out for her son Priscilla Higgins, daughter of Jeremiah Higgins, the banker. Priscilla was twenty-five and had not remained single for want of opportunities to marry. Needless to say, Priscilla was a beauty. She was tall and stately, had classic features, light brown hair, wonderful eyes and a fresh, fair complexion. Jack and Priscilla were just suited to each other and had known each other from childhood. That was just it—they had known each other from childhood! And therefore, while love for Jack had grown up in Pricilla's heart, Jack had come to take Priscilla as a matter of course, to regard her as a very dear sister.

So, in looking over the rosebud garden of girls for a wife, he never once thought of culling the fairest flower in the garden.

Old lady Ashton became impatient and one day said to Priscilla: "Priscilla, my son Jack is the biggest fool in New York. He has been in love with you for years and doesn't know it. There! You needn't blush so—and I really believe you are going to cry. Let's change the subject."

A few days later she said to her son: "Jack, why don't you propose to Priscilla? You couldn't do better. Don't you see the girl is in love with you? As for you, you booby, you have been in love with her for years and didn't known it."

"Why, mater!" exclaimed Jack: "Of course, I like Priscilla immensely, but I never thought——"

"Of course you never thought," retorted the mother. "Thinking is one thing nobody ever accused you of. There, go along with you—I'm out of all patience with you!"

Jack left the house in a daze. Yes, it was as his mother had said, he had been in love with Priscilla all along and had not known it. He fervently hoped that the old lady had been right in the rest of her statement—that part which referred to Priscilla being in love with him. Now, Mrs. Ashton had committed one mistake. She had repeated herself. In her talk with Jack she had used the same phrase about his being in love without knowing it that she has used in her talk with Priscillan.

And the statement so satisfactorily covered the situation that it stuck in Jack's head. So when he sought Priscilla to offer up himself and his grandfathers millions upon the altar of his love he closed a very creditable speech in the proposal line with "Oh, Priscilla—I have been in love with you for years without knowing it."

Priscilla, who had listened with blushing cheeks and eyes dim with tears of joy, went through an instantaneous freezing process. "It strikes me," she said with a forced laugh, "that I have heard that expression before. And what else, pray, did your mother say on this interesting subject? I suppose she also gave you to understand that I was not insensible to your fascinating personality?"

The tactless Jack stammered and blundered and made things worse.

"There, that will do," said Priscilla. "Never mind the rest. You have done your duty like a good son. It is quite refreshing, in these days, when parental authority is so little regarded ,to find a son who will implicitly carry out his mother's instruction even when the task imposed is so disagreeable as the present one. You can go back to mamma with a clear conscience—and pray calm any fears she may entertain of my dying for love of her charming son. I am afraid her natural, but rather partial, admiration of her offspring's superlative qualities has caused her to fall into a slight error with regard to the light in which he is viewed by other and less interested persons. Good day."

"Oh, that cruel woman!" sobbed Priscilla when she reached her room. "How she has humiliated me! She has discovered my secret and told Jack. She made him come and propose—he never would have done so of his own free will."

Priscilla and Jack both descended on Mrs. Ashton—Priscilla with tears and reproaches; Jack with implorations to set things right. Priscilla was the first to reach her. After listening for a while to that young lady's tale of woe Mrs. Ashton cried out: "I'd like to bump your silly heads together!" And then, assuming a calmer manner, continued: "I did not think Jack would be such a fool as to repeat my conversation with him—but it doesn't matter. The facts are just the same—he loves you and you love him and married you are going to be. Your idea that he proposed just because I told him to is sheer, blithering nonsense. I showed him his heart— that was all—and his heart did the rest. Something tells me that I shall soon receive a call from my more or less intelligent son. There's the bell now. Go into the back parlor, hide behind a curtain, listen and judge for yourself."

Priscilla began an indignant protest, but the old lady fairly sprang at her and commanded fiercely: "Go on!" And Priscilla went.

Jack came into the front parlor. You can imagine what he said to his mother—how he poured out his whole heart so that no one with a grain of common sense, listening to him, could doubt that his love for Priscilla was deep and sincere.

When he had calmed down a little the old lady cried out: "Priscilla, come here." Jack started to his feet with a gasp as Priscilla came in from her hiding-place.

"There," said Mrs. Ashton, "I ought to have you both taken to a lunatic asylum—but I won't. I'll simply leave you here alone together for half an hour." And so it all came out right in the end—"Years of joy for hours of sorrow."

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TO CONFER DEGREE.

Conferring a degree on a large class of candidates, the Fairmont lodge of the Orientals will act as host this evening to visiting lodge members from all sections of Northern West Virginia. A dinner will be served at 5:30 o'clock in the Italian-American Building, followed by a street parade and demonstration at 7 o'clock, headed by the Oriental Band. The ceremonies will be held from 8 to 11 o'clock.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

Comet-Legs Plots Against Twins

Comet-Legs tied his star to the top of a tree and climbed down to the place by a cave where Twelve Toes, the Sorcerer, and Light Fingers, the bad little fairy, were waiting for him.

Then Twelve Toes told him how Nancy and Nick had got the Fairy Queen's automobile back for her after Light Fingers had stolen it.

"And we can't do a thing," stormed Twelve Toes. "It's a magic automobile and I want it, but every time Light Fingers steals it for me something happens."

"If Light Fingers will come with me I think we can manage it nicely," said Comet-Legs. "I saw the Twins, only a few minutes ago. They had left the Milky Way and were coasting down toward the earth on a nice smooth, broad moon-beam.

"Come and hop on my star behind me, Light Fingers. We'll go up to Bluster-Gust Land, and if we are lucky enough to find the Weatherman away, we'll take his barrel marked 'Regular Pourdowns' and dump it all on the earth.

"It will make the roads so skiddy, the Twins will never get back to the Fairy Queen's Palace."

Light Fingers and Comet-Legs climbed the tree where the star was tied, and got on. Then the two of them whizzed away through the sky toward Bluster-Gust Land.

Mr. Sprinkle-Blow, the Weatherman, was out as luck would have it (or bad luck, you might say), and the two bad little fairies had everything their own way.

Down poured the rain and soon every road on earth was as skiddy as a skating pond.

(To Be Continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

Monk turned the keys, but all at once forgot his purpose and cocked his ears attentively to rumors of excitement and confusion on the deck. The instinct of the seafaring man uppermost, Monk stiffened, grew rigid from head to foot.

One heard hurried feet, outcries, a sudden jangle of the engine-room telegraph . . .

"Monsieur! monsieur!" Liane implored. "Open that box!"

The words were on her lips when she was thrown off her feet by a frightful shock which stopped the Sybarite dead in full career. The woman cannoned against Monk, shouldering him bodily aside.

Instinctively snatching at the box, Monk succeeded only in dragging it to the edge of the desk before a second shock seemed to make the yacht leap like a live thing stricken mortally.

The dispatch box went to the floor, Liane Delorme was propelled headlong into a corner, Monk thrown to his knees, Phinuit lifted out of his chair and flung sprawling into the arms of Lanyard, who retained sufficient presence of mind to disarm Phinuit before that one guessed what he was about.

Of a sudden the engines ceased, and there was no more movement of any sort.

Lanyard had no means to measure how long that dumb suspense lasted. It seemed interminable. Eventually he saw Monk pick himself up and dash out.

As if he had only needed that vision of action to animate him, Lanyard threw Phinuit off, so that he staggered under the threat of his own pistol in Lanyard's hands. He lingered for a moment, then apparently realizing his danger, faded away into the saloon.

With a roughness dictated by the desperate extremity, Lanyard strode over to Liane Delorme, fairly jerked her to her feet, and thrust her stumbling into the saloon. Closing the door behind her, he shot its bolts.

He went to work swiftly then, in a fever of haste.

Stripping off coat and waistcoat, he took from the pocket of the latter the wallet that held his papers, then ripped open his shirt and unbuckled the money belt around his waist. Its pockets were ample and fitted with trustworthy fastenings; and all but one, that held a few English sovereigns, were empty. The jewels of Madame de Montalais went into them as rapidly as his fingers could move.

Thus engaged, he heard a pistol explode in the saloon, and saw the polished writing-bed of the captain's desk scored by a bullet. A stream of bullets followed, one after another boring the stout panels as if their consistency had been that of cheese.

Lanyard stepped out of their path and hugged the partition while he finished stuffing the jewels into the belt and, placing the thin wallet beneath it, strapped it tightly round him once more . . .

Lanyard edged along the partition to the door, calculated the stand of the lunatic in the saloon from the angle at which the bullets were coming through, and emptied the pistol he had taken from Phinuit at the panels as fast as he could pull the trigger.

There was no more firing . . .

He tossed aside the empty weapon, made sure of Popinot's on his hip, approached one of the deadlights, placed a chair, climbed upon it, and with infinite pains managed to wriggle and squirm head and shoulders through the opening.

After that he had to work his way round, inch by inch, until it seemed possible to drop into the sea and escape hitting the screw.

Ten minutes later the fingers of one hand — he was swimming on his side—at the bottom of his stroke touched pebbles.

He lowered his feet and waded through extensive shallows to a wide and sandy beach

CHAPTER XXI.

Finis

The windows in his suite at the Walpole commanded a southward vista of Fifth avenue, whose enchantment was so potent that Lanyard, on the first day of his tenancy, thought it could never tire. Yet by noon of the third he was viewing it with the eyes of soul-destroying ennui.

Three days before, immediately on arriving, he had cabled Eva de Montalais.

"Mission successful," he had wired—"returning France by La Savoie in five days, having arranged safe transportation your property—please advise if you can meet me in Paris to receive some of your commands otherwise."

And to this, silence only!

When the telephone did ring—toward noon of that third day, he fairly stumbled over himself in his haste to reach the instrument.

"Yes . . . Yes, at once."

His callers filed into the room with cheerfulness of mien, Liane Delorme first, then Monk, then Phinuit, rather bleached of color and wearing one arm in a sling; all very smart in clothes conspicuously new and costly as the avenue afforded, striking figures of contentment in prosperity.

"It is a pleasure indeed," Lanyard gravely acknowledged their several salutations.

"Be that as it may," said Phinuit—"here is the happy family reunited and ready to talk business."

"And no hard feelings, Monsieur Phinuit?"

"We don't want to pull any rough stuff on you, Lanyard.

"Rough stuff, monsieur? You mean, physical force?"

"Not exactly. I've got a couple of friends of mine from Headquarters waiting downstairs this very minute, ready and willing to cop out the honor of puting the Lone Wolf under arrest for stealing the Montalais jewels."

"But it is possible," Lanyard protested, "you still believe I am a thief at heart and interested in those jewels only to turn them to my own profit?"

He stared unbelievingly at the frosty eyes of Monk beneath their fatuously stubborn brows, at the hard, unyielding eyes of Phinuit.

"My God!" Lanyard pronounced in comic despair—"it passes understanding!

"Now I, in my turn, have the honor to inform you that I have had relays of detectives waiting in this hotel day and night, with instructions to guard the doors as soon as you were shown up to my rooms."

"He's lying," Monk insisted, putting a restraining hand on Phinuit's arm.

Lanyard crossed rapidly to the hall door and flung it open—and fell back a pace with a cry of amazement.

"Madame! Lanyard gasped — "Madame de Montalais!"

She entered with a gladness in her face that was carried out by the impulsive gesture with which she gave him her hands.

"My dear friend!" she cried happily—"I am so glad! And to think we have been guests of the same hotel for three livelong days and never knew it. I arrived by La Touraine Saturday, but your message, telegraphed back from Combe-Redonde, reached me not five minutes ago. I telephoned the desk, they told me the number of your room and—here I am!"

"But I cannot believe my senses!"

With unanimous consent Jules, Phinuit and Monk uprose and made for the door only to find it blocked by a substantial form.

"Steady, gents!" he counseled coolly. "Orders are to let everybody in and nobody out."

For a moment they hung in doubt and consernation consulting one another with dismayed stares.

Grasping the situation, Eve de Montalais turned to the quartet eyes that glimmered in a face otherwise quite composed.

"But how surprising!" she declared. "Madame la Comtesse de Lorgnes — Monsieur Monk — Mr. Phinuit—how delightful to see you all again."

The civility met with inadequate appreciation.

"Nothing could be more opportune," Lanyard declared; "for it is to this lady, Madame de Montalais, and to these gentlemen that you owe the recovery of your jewels."

"But how can I thank them?"

"Well," said Lanyard, "if you ask me, I believe they would be most grateful to be permitted to leave and keep their numerous and pressing appointments elsewhere."

"I am entirely of your mind, monsieur."

Lanyard nodded to the man in the doorway—"All right, Mr. Murray"—and he stood indifferently aside."

In silence the three men moved to the door and out. Phinuit with a brazen swagger, Jules without emotion visible, Monk with eyebrows adroop and flaping.

But Lanyard interposed when Linne Delorme would have followed.

"A moment, Liane, if you will be so good."

She paused, regarding him with a somber and inscrutable face while he produced from his coat pocket a fat envelope without endorsement.

"This is yours."

The woman murmured blankly: "Mine?"

He said in a guarded voice: "Papers I found in the safe in your library, that night. You are unwise to keep such papers Liane. Goodby."

Lifting the flap, the woman half withdrew the enclosure, recognized it at a glance, and crushed it in a convulsive grasp. For an instant she seemed about to speak then bowed her head in dumb acknowledgement, and left the room.

Lanyard nodded to Mr. Murray, who amiably closed the door, keeping himself on the outside of it.

Eva de Montalais was eyeing him with an indulgent and amused glance.

"That woman loves you, monsieur," she stated quietly.

He succeeded admirably in looking as if the thought was strange to him.

"One is sure madame must be mistaken."

"Ah, but I am not!" said Eva de Montalais. "Who should know better the signs that tell of woman's love for you, my dear?"

THE END.

TO MEET MONDAY.

A meeting of the Billy Sunday Bible Study Class will be held at 7:30 o'clock Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Margaret Kelly, 727 Fairmont avenue, with F. J. Smith as teacher. Every member has been asked to take a new member to the meeting.

CANNON TO SPEAK.

At the meeting of the Christian Endeavor of the United Brethren Church on the East Side at 6:30 o'clock tomorrow evening, Fred B. Cannon will speak. Music for the meeting will be in charge of the Billy Sunday quartet.

FUNERAL ARRANGED

The funeral of Joseph Pascuzzo, 52 years old, of Monongah, who was killed by a fall of slate yesterday, will be held tomorrow morning from the Catholic Church at Monongah, and burial will be made at 11 o'clock by Carpenter & Ford.

Weak; Run-Down

Carolina Lady Got So She Could Just Drag—"Cardui Built Me Up," She Declares

Kernersville, N. C.—In an interesting statement regarding Cardui the Woman's Tonic, Mrs. Wesley Mabe, of near here, recently said: "I have known Cardui for years but never knew its worth until a year or so ago. I was in a weakened, run-down condition. I became drowsy—didn't eat or sleep to do any good; couldn't do anything without great effort. I tried different remedies and medicines, yet I continued to drag.

"I decided to give Cardui a trial and found it was just what I really needed. It made me feel much stronger soon after I began to use it. I began to eat more, and the nervous weak feeling began to leave. Soon I was sleeping good.

"Cardui built me up as no other tonic ever did.

"I used Cardui with one daughter who was puny, felt bad and tired out all the time. It brought her right out and soon she was as well as a girl could be. We think there is nothing like Cardui."

Do not allow yourself to become weak and run-down from womanly troubles. Take Cardui. You may find it just what you really need. For more than 40 years it has been used by thousands and thousands and found just as Mrs. Mabe describes. At your druggists. NC-142

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Due to the gratifying volume of business we are handling in our Rug and Carpet Cleaning department we are now enabled to reduce prices. Every housekeeper can have floor coverings thoroughly cleaned and renovated by our celebrated Seaman Beater process at decidedly little cost. For example—cleaning a 9x12 Domestic Rug now costs $3.00 as against our former price of $3.60. Other sizes are now cleaned at the rate of 25c per square yard as against 30c formerly. REMEMBER—we do not muss up your home or trouble you in the least. We call for your Rugs and Carpets and clean them in our modern plant.

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Cinderella Sally

By ZOE BECKLEY

WONDERS!

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

SALLY, an orphan girl, has won a prize in a newspaper beauty contest through the efforts of her friend,

MARTIN, a photographer. She is now an her way to New York where her prize entitles her to a tryout in the chorus of the Manhattan Frolics. She is accompanied by

MISS BENNET, a newspaper reporter.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

A faint hint of the life before her began on the train by which the "lady reporter" was taking Sally to New York.

The white perfection of the dining car linen, the gleam and order of the table silver, the busy waiters, the bland and well-dressed persons among whom they were traveling, the unnatural feeling of being served instead of serving, even the occasional curious glances of the passengers, made life seem thoroughly unreal to Sally, but deliciously so.

She had whispered, in answer to Miss Bennet's invitation to "order anything you like—anything": "Do you suppose they've got—oysters?"

The oysters arrived, cool and fresh, each in its half shell on a bed of ice. Sally gazed at them uneasily. Never before in her life had she seen oysters except in a stew, after they had arrived in sealed cans from the far-distant salt water.

Furtively she watched the reporter, furtively she copied her use of the proper knives and forks. Miss Bennet saw, without seeming to, and tried to guess from Sally's quickness in learning what the big city would do to her. It seemed to Miss Bennet Sally picked things up with astonishing poise and cleverness.

As the train approached New York Sally grew more nervous. Almost literally she drew nearer Miss Bennet, for whom she felt a swift friendship and a great admiration.

"Listen, dear," counseled the older girl, "think of things you don't understand as though they were a new-comer to your town. You won't be so scared of them then."

It was a big order to give a foundling from a small town, a girl who had actually worked as a servant and as a store clerk, to treat the great city thus. But Sally meant to try. Better to fail from over-boldness than he crushed under a sense of insignificance.

She would take a deep breath, try not to look too closely at what might frighten her, and do whatever she had to do with such concentration and sincerity that she would not think of anything else.

Towns followed one another faster, and grew bigger and bigger. When the train reached Newark, it seemed so huge to Sally that she felt it must be New York and reached for her imitation leather bag. Finally they did pull slowly into the great metropolis, so vast a place that no conductor announced it.

Sally clung to her near-alligator grip and would not let the red-capped porter take it, so lost she felt in the great, splendid cavern of a railroad terminal.

Surely it must have been built for a race of giants! And this was what Miss Bonnet had told her to treat as a newcomer in her town!

A taxi whirled them from the station. Sally turned pale at the whirl and thunder, the noise and wonder of the city, its juggernaut traffic, its tremendous accustomedness to itself.

Shopgirls chewed gum, so complacent were they, so scornfully critical—and these were the least of those before whom she would soon be placed in the glare of exhibition.

Sally's blood seemed turned to water . . .

(To Be Continued.)

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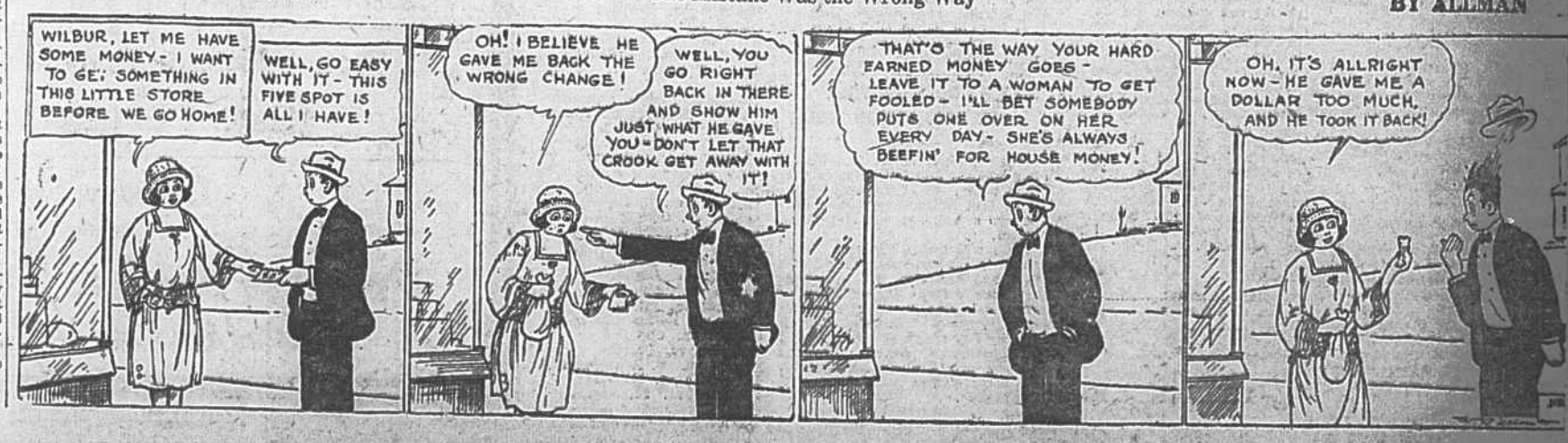
DOINGS OF THE DUFFS — The Mistake Was the Wrong Way — BY ALLMAN