

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Accidents Will Happen

BY CLARISSA MACKIE.
LUCIE gave one last defiant glance at her charming reflection in the cheval glass, turned gravely and went to her mother's room.
"Here I am, mother," she said quietly.
Mrs. Delmore, recovering from a badly sprained ankle, leaned forward on her couch. Her fine eyes were sad. In silence she regarded her lovely daughter, marked the lack of gaiety, the whole look about her pink lips, and decided that pale primrose was not quite becoming.
"You are lovely, darling," she said.
"I know what you are thinking, mother dear." (Lucie ran forward and fell beside the couch, her eyes hidden against her mother's white hair) "you are thinking that instead of being Eleanor's bridesmaid I should be wearing white and should be marrying." Her voice shook.
"Not Col. Happie—he's quite too old for Eleanor!"
The interruption had the desired effect. "No," laughed Lucie, hugging her mother, "but I did think you were grieving over my broken engagement. I am sure it is for the best and that Paul and I never could be happy together. I believe I hear the car; I must go!" She kissed her mother passionately, passed laughing for one more brief inspection and vanished from the quiet room.
"See cars! See cars!" murmured Mrs. Delmore regretfully, thinking of the two proud young hearts steered against each other.
Eleanor Gray's mercenary marriage to Col. Happie, who was years older than the "sparkling young bride, had been arranged by her ambitious mother. It was to be a splendid affair, taking place in a large, fashionable church. Lucie Delmore was one of the eight pretty bridesmaids who were to form part of the brilliant wedding party.
It was ten minutes past the hour set for the wedding when word went around that the bride was coming. The organ was playing softly, the guests settled themselves in their seats and prepared to look at the most talked-about marriage of the season.
Eleanor had rehearsed them all the night before. The colonel and his best man would wait at the altar, the bridesmaids would go forward on the arms of various ushers and they would form a lane through which Eleanor and her father would pass to meet the bridegroom.
The colonel's first marriage had been a military wedding, but this was to be without martial trappings.
Lucie Delmore waited pensively as the procession formed; then it was a shock to discover that she must walk up the aisle escorted by Paul Dare. After that her thoughts were chaotic. The slow, beautiful music, the soft rustle of satin frocks, the scent of yellow roses—then a sudden, frightened knowledge that something had gone wrong. Lucie and Paul had been the last of the procession of bridesmaids. Behind them should have been flower girls and a maid of honor, a bride and her father.
A faint murmur arose somewhere and was stifled. A hushed whisper went over the assembled guests. Some one hurried up to Paul and murmured discreetly—the murmur was passed on. The organ went on playing the wedding march, the clergyman in his white robes waited at the altar.
Lucie stole a troubled glance over her shoulder.
The aisle behind them was empty. Beyond the doors there was an excited buzzing of voices—the rest of the wedding party still delayed. Had some accident happened to the bride?
The dapper young man who had whispered to Paul Dare uptoad up a side aisle and whispered to Col. Happie. The colonel turned very red, and, followed by the best man, retreated to the vestry. The rector bent his head to listen to the message, looked flustered, hesitated and lifted his hand.
The music stopped, and as in a dream Lucie heard the rector's voice announcing that the marriage would not take place that day. She saw the dapper youth whispering to Paul again and saw him dart up the aisle once more. It was confusing and she could not look at Paul, for they were foes. What had happened to Eleanor?
Then the music began again—faster, dreamlike.
The rector, surprised the procession moved forward. Then the couples ahead of them separated and formed a short lane through which Paul guided her, at first dazedly, then alarmed, straight to the chancel rail, where the white-robed clergyman stood looking benignly down on the most surprised bride that ever came to be united in wedlock.
"Dearl beloved, we are gathered here—" The remainder was an other dream from which Lucie Delmore awakened to find herself the wife of Paul Dare. After it was over there was a wild confusion of questions and answers, explanations, and consternation, and finally Paul Dare found herself driving home, while Paul's arms were around her and Paul's lips were breathing forth sweet words.
It was a very tearful bride and a proud and happy bridegroom who faced Mrs. Delmore in her pleasant sitting room.
"Mother, you will never believe what has happened!" cried Lucie. "Something very pleasant, if you and Paul have decided not to quarrel any more," smiled Lucie's mother.
"Mother," said Paul, softly, and his voice lingered on the word "Lucie and I were married this morning. Forgive us for doing it in this way, but this is how it happened: We were half way up the aisle when Smith came and told me that Eleanor had disappeared—gone off and married young Palmer. He broke the bad news to the colonel, and Dr. Deems was just going to dismiss the guests when

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS



Many of the Fairy Queen's Little elves do ride in soap bubble cars

Buskins' Poem
"Do you know it, Buskins? Won't you tell us?"
"Of course I will," said the fairyman. "It goes this way—"
"An aboard for a ride in the soap-bubble car.
With walls of finest glass,
It is round like the moon and shines like a star,
And its passengers are first class.
It spins like a top and rolls like a ball
And can travel upside down,
It needs no track and no engine at all.
And its station is Soap Bubble Town.
The fairies ride 'round in his wonderful car,
All painted with purple and blue,
And blow kisses down to the earth so far.
Like folks on a journey do.
That's all," said Buskins. "Here we are!"
(To Be Continued)
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SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN
(Copyright, 1921, N. E. A.)
Old world housekeepers have many recipes and ways of doing things that we might well copy. Soup to them does not mean half a cupful of delicately seasoned, carefully strained and clarified broth but rather the main part of a plain family meal.
These dumplings, as we might

THE CONFESSIONS OF A POPULAR MOVIE STAR

Liver Balls
One-half pound liver, 2 eggs, 1 cup dried bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/4 pound pepper.
Parboil liver in boiling water. Put through fine knife of food chopper. Add bread crumbs, flour, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Mix well and add eggs well beaten. If not moist enough to hold together add milk. Drop from spoon into boiling stock. Boil twenty minutes. Serve in plates of soup.
The stock should be well seasoned and strained through cheesecloth, cooled and fat removed. Then reheat and when boiling drop in liver balls.
Noodle Balls
Two eggs, 2 tablespoons water, 1/2 teaspoon salt, flour, 1 cup raw chopped veal, 1/2 cup raw chopped pork, 1/2 cup raw chopped beef, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1 cup dried bread crumbs, 2 eggs, milk.
Mix meat with bread crumbs, salt and pepper. Add eggs well beaten and enough milk to make quite moist. Mix thoroughly and add parsley. Beat eggs slightly, add water. Stir in flour and salt until a very stiff dough is made. Knead on a floured molding board and roll very thin. Cover with a towel and let stand for half an hour. Cut in squares. Put a small spoonful of the meat mixture in the center of each square. Bring the corners together and dampen slightly with water to make them stick. Drop into boiling stock and rapidly for half an hour. Serve in plates of soup.
Ham Balls
One cup lean ham, 1/2 cup stale bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 2-3 cup milk, 1 egg white, 1/4 teaspoon pepper.
Cook bread and milk till smooth and paste-like. Beat white of egg till stiff and dry and add to first mixture. Put meat through the finest knife of the food chopper several times. Then pound to a paste.
Add with seasonings to first mixture. Shape between two tablespoons and drop in boiling stock. Reduce heat to prevent rapid bubbling and cook ten minutes. Serve in soup plates with soup.
Stomach Weak?
Strengthen your stomach and banish indigestion. M.I.O.-N. is guaranteed by H. & H. Drug Co. to do it or money back.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A POPULAR MOVIE STAR

My act with the leopards happened to be scheduled for a torrid morning.
It was staged under nets. Camera men—there were three of them—directors, electricians, a property man with steel mirrors, were enclosed with Mademoiselle Elsa and me.
Nobody was at all afraid of the cats. The nets were used only because the cats were too valuable to lose.
I went to work gleefully. I picked up the baby leopard, cuddled it and cooed to it, carried it around in my arms. The camera men stopped cranking, and Mademoiselle Elsa coaxed the big cat, Gaire upon the branch previously selected by Demaison.
The big cat was to be shot several times but there was only one moment in which I was to be alone with the two animals.
For a few feet of film, I was to pull the little leopard by its tail apparently in ignorance of its mother's arrival.
It was an adorable part. Never had I had so much fun in my life. When Gaire, the old cat, hissed, I did not care. She often scolded Mademoiselle that way.
All the movie people were collected outside the nets, wherein I worked with the leopards. Somehow Dick had found an excuse to get inside. He was standing by the side of Bangs, assistant director.
We took plenty of time for the act. Gaire was too royal a dame to be hurried. I glanced at her admiringly in a pause between shots while Mademoiselle Elsa induced her to crouch just where Demaison wanted her.
The big creature did not look particularly sleepy to me. I wondered if Elsa had decided not to

OSGOOD'S "Specials" This Week Only

THE final reductions for the season are now in effect. Merchandise of such interesting quality that the low prices quoted are doubly surprising will not remain on hand long so we urge your early choosing.

Suits at \$19.75 -suitable for Spring
A selection of our regular stock grouped at this special price merely for the present week. They are handsome models, without fur trimming, in turtroine, serge and velours.

Fur-Trimmed Suits \$39.75 -values to \$125.00
The former prices of these suits were many times the present selling mark. They are decidedly fine suits—made of richest materials and exquisitely fur trimmed. Less than twenty to be sold at this price!

Silk Plush Coats \$14.75 -regular \$35.00 values
Knee length models in sizes 36 to 44—full length models in sizes 40 to 48. They are made of very fine silk plush—coats that are always stylish and very serviceable.

Good Cloth Coats \$14.75 -values to \$39.50
Made of heavy all wool velours—some plain and some with fur collars. They come in black, brown, navy and light blue. They are excellent coats for cold weather.

Osgood's Dresses \$9.75 -values up to \$35.00
Some of these dresses were regarded as the finest obtainable even as high as \$35.00 earlier in the season. They come in wool and silk materials—they are fashionable and very well finished and are important bargains at this low price.

A Few Dresses at \$5.00
A limited number of odds and ends from our regular stock. Such dresses will serve one's everyday needs quite as well as higher priced garments. If your size is in the group you'll be fortunate to purchase it at this great saving.

Wool Skirts at \$3.95
Former prices upward to \$10.00 and these very same skirts will be just as useful at the low sale price as they would at their regular values. They come in plaids and solid colors—in both plain and fancy weaves.

Winter Hats \$1 and \$3.50
The remainder of our winter displays will go at these special prices—and we look for all to be gone by Saturday night. Some of these hats originally were priced as high as \$15.00 to \$20.00.

Cotton Blouses at 89c
A vast assortment of smart looking, very well made blouses that formerly were priced up to \$2.50 each. Thrifty women will be glad to purchase several at this saving.

Osgood's for Quality "The Best Place to Shop, After All"



A Seal Of Satisfaction To Every Home In This Town
WHEN you deal with trustworthy grocers, you have a feeling of security. You are sure of getting full value for every cent you spend.
Good food is a large item in your daily expense, it is also an important item in your health and that of your family.
There is nothing to be gained by dealing with grocers you do not know and cannot trust.
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Just as surely as a good sound bank protects your investment, a good reliable grocer protects your every purchase.
Good grocers sell you only merchandise they fully believe in and can recommend.
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They operate on a small margin of profit to save as they serve you.
You will find that a good Grocer is your Best Guarantee. Buy from him and help build up your satisfaction and your town as well.
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Look back. Money has been "tight" -scarce. The demand exceeded the supply—so money wages were, of course, high.
Look ahead. Soon the supply will exceed the demand for already money wages are declining. Our Preferred Shares offer a chance for the prudent investor to make his money earn nearly 8 per cent year after year. But he must invest now. The Company behind these shares is a safe, essential public-service institution—firmly established here. Write for investment literature—today
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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS Better Leave Bad Enough Alone BY ALLMAN
I DON'T BELIEVE I WANT ANYTHING TO EAT TONIGHT, DEAR - THE BOSS CUT MY PAY TODAY!
CUT IT? THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK FOR NOTHING!
HE CUT EVERYBODY IN MY DEPARTMENT!
WHY THE IDEA - WHO EVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING AND PRICES THE WAY THEY ARE? LET ME TALK TO HIM-I'LL TELL HIM SOMETHING
WHAT'S HIS NUMBER? I'LL CALL HIM UP AND MAYBE I CAN GET HIM TO CHANGE HIS MIND -
NO, DON'T! HE MAY CHANGE HIS MIND AGAIN AND FIRE ME!