

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Three Possibilities.

By R. RAY BAKER.

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HIS cigar tilted at an angle of 45 degrees, one leg swinging slightly in indication of contentment, Norman J. Haskell read from the front page with strong personal interest and satisfaction. Presently he folded the paper and laid it on a corner of his desk, while he leaned back in the swivel chair and meditated, and there seemed a tinge of gloating in the luster of his eyes.

His partner entered and interrupted the flow of thought.

"Afternoon, Marvin," saluted Haskell, as the stocky figure with the boyish face drew off his gloves, and, depositing them in the crown of his brown derby, hung the latter on a hook protruding from the wall.

This ceremony concluded, he approached the desk, rubbing his hands as though he had performed some neat business trick and was congratulating himself. Haskell shoved a nearby chair to a position at the corner of the desk on which lay the printed doings of the day. Stonewall began to seat himself, still rubbing his hands and smiling. Before he was settled, however, his hands had stopped their caressing of one another and the smile was superseded by an expression of astonishment. He was gazing at the newspaper.

"What's this, what's this?" he exclaimed with an air of wonderment. "What's this, I say? Here's a picture of the Marquis of Downberry, together with three young women—and one of them is Evelyn, your sister. Let's see. It says 'Marquis coming to America for Possibilities.' That means he's looking for an American bride, and Evelyn—can it be he's considering Evelyn?"

"It means just that," he admitted. "Evelyn has a chance of marrying into the royal family. It's a standoff between her and those two other young ladies whose photos are grouped around the marquis. He's coming on his steam yacht and expects to arrange a series of cruises during which he will make his choice. Won't it be great, Marvin, if Evelyn wins? Just think of it, that'll make me a third hunky-dorance-in-law of the king by marriage, or something like that, won't it?"

"Hmm," was Marvin's response, as he settled himself in the chair and continued reading.

Mrs. Jerome Rodney Haskell was beaming.

"Your great opportunity has arrived, Evelyn," she said to the slim young woman perched on the window-seat. Evelyn did not beam, but her lips permitted a flashing smile to form. Was it exultation showing in the girl's countenance? Mrs. Haskell never could quite determine the meaning of an expression on her daughter's face.

Mrs. Haskell felt she had a perfect right to beam. That very day she and her daughter, with a few of the other members of their set, would leave New York on the steam yacht of the Marquis of Downberry. It was the third and last "possibility cruise" the marquis intended making. Already he had conducted two such cruises, each of them having as a guest of honor one of his marriage prospects.

Ruth was the last "candidate." After this third trip on the blue marquis would make his choice, and of course an anxious world would be waiting breathlessly for his decision. It must be understood that the Haskell family were one of the foremost families of America, and Evelyn Haskell was a leader of the fashionable younger set and the cause of much heart burning and heart breaking.

Her mother had frowned on many of the suits for Evelyn's hand and had tolerated some of them, principally because her daughter had a propensity for getting her own way, but had always admonished the latter to wait awhile before choosing a husband, because she was confident "something worth while" was coming.

Mrs. Haskell and Evelyn had made several trips abroad, ostensibly to study art, although there were some prying persons who claimed there were ulterior motives in which prospective husbands with titles were concerned. Be that as it may, Mrs. Haskell was now basking in the sunshine of "I told you so" satisfaction.

The cruise was not to be an extended one. At no time would the party be more than thirty miles from New York. In fact, the yacht was expected to travel in a circle, spending two and possible three nights on the voyage. Various forms of entertainment were arranged, including dancing. It was intended that the marquis should have every opportunity to note the charms and likewise the flaws of the candidate for his love and lands.

The marquis was a rather droll looking young man who, strange to relate, was not equipped with a monocle. He had a very pleasing way about him, which was only natural considering the social education he had received; and he had an appearance that went with his personality. In fact, deprive him of his title and he would still make a very attractive-looking husband.

Mrs. Haskell took her beam with her on the cruise, while Evelyn continued to carry that little smile which might denote anything, but which surely must indicate happiness at being chosen one of the candidates from the marquis would select a bride. If she came through the "wedding-out" process as fortunately as her friends hoped she would, soon the portals of English nobility would open to receive her.

In the afternoon of the second day of the cruise Mrs. Haskell lost her beam. It was due to an incident that might have been serious had it not been for—but that's getting ahead of the story.

The party had just arisen from tea, when out of the distance came the out-pat-pat-pat of a gasoline motor. Division was welcome even on an oc-

Sister Mary's
KITCHEN

In the kitchen of her own home Sister Mary cooks daily for a family of four adults. She brought to her kitchen an understanding of the chemistry of cooking, gained from study of domestic science in a state university. Consequently the advice she offers is a happy combination of theory and practice. Every recipe she gives is her own, first tried out and served at her family table.

I never hang table linen on the clothes-line. I iron it right from the wash tub, as it were.

When I'm washing, I'm careful to fold the table-clothes and napkins straight and wring them as dry as possible. This saves a lot of work and handling of the clothes.

Then I put them through the ironing machine and they come out with a beautiful gloss and smooth, satiny finish.

Table linen should always be very damp to iron nicely and it is hard to sprinkle it to make it of an even dampness all over.

If one irons linen by hand it's a long, hard process, almost an hour to do a long heavy cloth. But with an ironing machine an hour will do the entire flat ironing.

Menu for Tomorrow.

Breakfast—Cereal with bananas, cornmeal muffins, coffee.

Luncheon—Stuffed baked tomatoes, potatoes with cheese, bread and butter, preserves, tea.

Dinner—Clear soup, pork tenderloin, baked sweet potatoes, fried apples, celery, bread and butter, date pudding, coffee.

My Own Recipes.

Until the sugar shortage is over, desserts will have to be sweetened with something else. Prunes, figs, dates and raisins all contain a large amount of sugar, and will "help out."

Stuffed Baked Tomatoes.

1 cupful dried bread crumbs.
1 small onion.
1 tablespoonful butter.
1-2 teaspoonful salt.
1-4 teaspoonful pepper.

Wash tomatoes. Cut a slice off the

stem end. Scoop out the seeds, and soft pulp. To the pulp add bread crumbs, onion minced fine, butter, salt and pepper. Fill tomatoes with stuffing, fit on tops and bake 20 minutes in a hot oven. Put a little water in the pan they are baked in and be careful not to bake them long enough to make the tomatoes fall apart.

Fried Apples.

6 apples.
2 tablespoonfuls butter and lard.
1 tablespoonful sugar.
2 tablespoonfuls corn syrup or maple syrup.
A few grains salt.

Wash apples. Cut in slices and core. Melt butter in frying pan, add apples and seasonings, cover and cook slowly for 20 minutes or until the apples are tender. Turn frequently to prevent burning.

Date Pudding.

3 tablespoonfuls butter.
1-2 cupful molasses.
1-2 cupful milk.
1-2 cupful white flour.
1-4 cupfuls graham flour.
1-2 teaspoonful soda.
1-4 teaspoonful salt.
1-4 teaspoonful each cinnamon and nutmeg.
1-2 pound dates.

Melt butter. Beat eggs, add molasses, butter, milk and dry ingredients mixed and sifted. Stone dates and cut into small pieces. Stir into dough. Put in a buttered mold, cover and steam 2-1-2 hours. Serve with lemon sauce or marshmallow cream.

This recipe will serve eight people, but the pudding will keep and it can be steamed half an hour to reheat it. Every cloud has a silver lining. Would that pocketbooks were clouds!

casion of this kind, and the men and women hurried from the dining room, thinking perhaps an airplane was about to pay them a visit.

However, it proved to be nothing more than a gasoline speedboat, which climbed out of the horizon and hurried toward the yacht. When it was only a few yards off, one of the young men of the yachting party, who was an ardent motor enthusiast, became so interested in endeavoring to identify the strange craft that he fell over the railing and sank to sight in the water.

"Look!" cried Evelyn, seizing the marquis by the arm. "Somebody fell overboard. I'm sure it's Jimmy Reynolds, and he can't swim a stroke."

"My word!" gasped the marquis. "What's to be done? Where's Benjamin? Find Benjamin, somebody, and have him tell the captain to stop the ship!"

The marquis was conscientiously excited. He got red in the face and gurgled, and finally when no Benjamin appeared he started off himself in quest of the servant.

Meanwhile the motor boat had arrived. The young man in control in the bow had sensed trouble of some kind, and the frantic gestures of the excited persons on the yacht directed his attention to an object in the water. It was Jimmy Reynolds, who had come to the surface after the first immersion.

Without hesitation, the young man threw out the clutch, called to some one in the stern to take the wheel, leaped to the gunwale of the boat and propelled himself over the side. A few brisk strokes and he had Jimmy Reynolds by the hair.

The marquis of Downberry must have located his Benjamin, and Benjamin in turn must have carried his order to the captain—or else the captain acted on his own initiative. Anyhow, the yacht had stopped. The rescuer, with the rescued in tow, at once headed for the yacht and soon was on board.

"Marvin!" cried Evelyn Haskell in a bystander's ear. "It's my brother's partner."

The next day Mrs. Haskell's beam returned, only it was at least doubled in intensity—if a beam may be intense. She rushed to her daughter's room and proceeded to hug her at least five times before she announced breathlessly:

"Evelyn, you win! The marquis has picked you for his bride. Just think! You're going to wed royalty!"

Evelyn did not appear excited. She was seated before a dressing table, combing her hair, and she continued with the task, although she did look up and smile. Surely it must be a

smile of exultation, thought Mrs. Haskell.

"Do tell," said Evelyn languidly. "That is very interesting, but, mother, will you be so kind as to send the marquis my heartfelt appreciation, and inform him that he will have to make another decision in favor of one of the other 'possibilities.' Just tell him this one is an impossibility. I'm going to marry Marvin Stonewall. Royal blood is all right, but I prefer an American—some one who can do things for himself. I thought the little cruise wouldn't do any harm, and I acted as hateful as I could so the marquis wouldn't pick me for his victim."

The Story Lady

Patty had a little trouble in learning to read, so Mamma had the doctor come and look at her and they decided to have her tonsils and adenoids taken out. Patty was very brave about it, and didn't get cross (ill) about the second day when she began to get very tired of laying still while the rest of the children were in school. She asked Mamma for her hand glass so she could see if she was still all swelled up, and Mamma gave it to her. She was so quiet that Mamma peeked in to see if she was still asleep.

"Mamma, I've got something that comes to play with me, but I can't make it stay. It keeps going home to its mamma. See, there it is now!"

And Patty pointed to something bright that was dancing on the ceiling.

Mamma laughed. "That's a sunshine fairy," she said. "I'm going to put you in the wheel chair now and show you how to keep her with you."

So Mamma fixed Patty in the wheel chair and wheeled out to the west window and showed her how to keep the sunshine fairy with her all the time. Patty played happily for a long time then Mamma heard her call again.

"She's gone clear off now and I can't make her come back at all!"

"That's because Mr. Sun, who is her papa went off to bed and made her go, too. You wait till morning and she'll come back and maybe I'll have a surprise for you."

"That's just it," grumbled Peter. Mamma makes it so nice for the fellow that's sick that the rest of us wish we were sick too!"

Helen Carpenter Moore.

Confessions of a Bride

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I Feel Very Small and Realize the Great Job Ahead.

San Jose proved to be an attractive town. It had the usual characteristics of a Mexican town—a plaza with a garden, a church at one side, an open market and an inn. All were done in high colors, and the beauty of the picture was extraordinary. Moreover the place was extraordinary in its cleanliness, compared to "the dirty Mexican town" I had expected to see. The population was cordially, but most politely interested in me, I couldn't fail to observe, as my cab traversed the short distance between the station and the hotel I ascribed it to the rumor of the hold-up, which was, I believe, the only rapidly moving thing to be discovered in Mexico.

It was a relief to turn into the patio of the inn, and to get away from the curiously attentive citizens, and it was equally a comfort to see Morrison, the "coffee merchant" get down from an ancient vehicle in the same patio.

I had not recovered from the nervous irritation which followed the hold-up nor from the shock of seeing the dark edition of Hamilton Certeis' ghost. The extreme politeness of the inn-keeper prolonged the process of obtaining a room and made it possible for Morrison to drift into the conversation. Backed up by his presence, I made inquiries concerning another American girl—Miss Miller—who ought to be somewhere in San Jose.

No such young lady had appeared at his hotel. Don Pedro shook his head. She could not be in San Jose or he would know, he asserted.

At last I was installed in a vast apartment having a ceiling twice the height of any I had ever slept under. I was housed, it appeared, in a portion of an ancient monastery or convent. And I felt very small and forlorn and helpless therein.

Why should I not feel weak and inefficient? A new duty had been added to the load I was carrying:

First I must find Baby Babs. And then I must hunt her mother! I didn't like her mother. Sometimes I positively hated her, nevertheless, she had been lured to what might prove a shocking fate by Daddy's diplomacy. The Lorimers were responsible.

Morrison wired Daddy at once, using a code which was supposed to cover the coffee business. Until we receive-

ed Daddy's instructions we decided to continue our activities to the rescue of Babs.

"The Curtis hacienda?" repeated Don Pedro, the inn-keeper, replying to my inquiry "Why, at the very edge of the town. The towers are visible from the church."

It was a great estate, and Don Pedro gave me its history. Ten thousand pesos had been attached to it in the old days. In that day the monastery had been built—and the church—and afterward, house by house, and street by street, San Jose had come in to existence. But the hacienda was there first—an original grant at the time of the conquest. The dukes of Riminez had always owned it until lately—very lately, in fact, since the armistice, it had passed to Dr. Curtis. But whether "Curtis" was a Mexican or an American or a Spaniard, Don Pedro would not say. He had a vehicle to take me to the hacienda at my convenience.

It suited my convenience to go at once. The administrator received me, the hacienda was away from home.

I had come from the States, I said gravely, to take charge of the little ward whom the hacienda had recently adopted.

It was a long chance—and I was amazed to see it win.

There was such a child, the administrator admitted and they had been expecting a governess for a week!

But it had been reported that the senora had been seized by bandits only a few days previous to my appearance. But reports? The administrator shrugged his shoulders and regarded me gravely. I might remain—if I would condescend to accept hospitality. The doctor himself would return in three days. He would decide whether I was the right governess!

From which wisdom I knew that within three days I must have Baby Babs in my arms, somewhere up toward the border.

And not even Morrison could help me. I must manage it alone!

The first step in the evolution of the automobile is said to be made by a French engineer, Joseph Cugnot, who in 1769 conceived the idea of transporting war material in a type of vehicle in which steam should be the motive power.

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cases of eczema and other skin eruptions. This wonderful remedy is one of the oldest and most reliable medicines on the market. It has been sold by druggists for fifty years. Get a bottle today and begin treatment that will get results. You are invited to write to-day for complete and full advice as to blood a thorough cleansing, and removing from it all traces of impurity. This is what S. S. S. has been used so successfully in hundreds of

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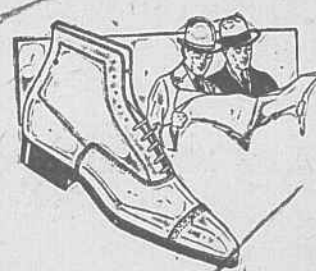
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