

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

The Girl From Goshen

By CLARISSA MACKIE

PETER BANCROFT surveyed the little party with critical blue eyes, and at last his good-humored face broke into a wide smile.

"She looks a fright," thought Adele as she looked about her French-heeled pumps—"those little-throated stockings are cheap looking, and there isn't a speck of powder on her face—"

"Everybody ready?" sang out Ben Hampton as his boat shot up to the pier.

"Get all the lunch baskets, sweaters, raincoats, etc. and so forth? The picnic ship there—you can't all go on one side, even if 'tis more sociable."

"No room for lunch baskets, eh? But 'em in the skiff stern and I'll trail 'em," said Peter Bancroft, and he (Bancroft) just sat there and kept your eyes on the skiff—I know that's tough luck when there's so many pretty girls about—all a-b-o-o-o-o-o."

"The good launch Fairy Queen puffed her way out of the harbor and off toward the long beach in the outer bay. Beyond Long Beach was their goal for the day's outing. Little Gull Island, Young Mrs. Fay was chaperoning them, and the picnic baskets would furnish refreshment after the bathing."

Mildred Fane, the girl from Goshen, and Peter Bancroft, and because Peter was so busy watching the skiff full of baskets that he could not talk to her she had rather a dull time. The other young people, however, were so merry over their own interesting affairs that Mildred wondered if she had not made a mistake in coming. But Adele had insisted, and Mildred had so longed for the day's fun. John Lorimer looked at the soft-eyed country girl and wondered what she was thinking about as her fingers were buried in her hair, while he and Mildred walked to the point where took a well-earned rest on the cool sands.

"And that," said Adele tragically, as she drew up for Mildred's wedding, "is the way I lost John Lorimer."

eleven hungry people, for "kind words butter no parsnips," as the old saying goes.

"We might forget it all until Ben comes for us and then we will all dine—heartily, of course—at the hotel," remarked Lorimer, who was longing for a swim. "It isn't much of a hardship to skip a meal now and then."

"Who ever heard of a picnic without food?" asked one of the girls mournfully.

"Let us make this the first one," he was adding, when Mildred stepped forward, blushing warmly under the fire of ten pairs of eyes.

"Wait a moment, please my cousin, Gregory Brown, has a cabin in the ship to skip a meal, now and then, and come and camp for days at a time, and there is usually a good supply of food—some canned things—and I believe he would not care if we catered and helped ourselves."

"Fine!" they all agreed, and forgetting the swim they followed Mildred to the cabin in the picnic ship. Peter forced a window and entered, opening a door for their entrance into a cozy interior. Mildred investigated the pantry.

"Plenty of salt codfish, potatoes, flour, lard, sugar, coffee, some butter—eggs, but doubtful! Tinned milk and fruit and vegetables. Call for volunteers in the kitchen!" She surveyed the crestfallen faces of the girls with merry eyes.

John Lorimer eagerly volunteered and Adele reluctantly followed his example. The others deserted shamelessly for the water. Adele watched her cousin so thoroughly at home in an atmosphere of domesticity. It was Adele who stood awkwardly by while Mildred managed the blue flame oil stove with a practiced hand; she deftly tossed biscuits together and put them into the oven; it was the Girl from Goshen who made a pie from dried peaches with a lattice-work top crust, even baking a "pic-crust-patty" for John Lorimer.

Those hours of intimacy as they prepared the delicious meal of cream, codfish and potatoes, fluffy biscuits, pickles and coffee, were worth days of casual social intercourse to Mildred and grave John Lorimer. He unobtrusively managed the blue flame oil stove and humbly waited upon her; then, when the meal was over he delivered the clearing up into the hands of the well-wed, happy, but resentful, pickles and coffee, were worth days of casual social intercourse to Mildred and grave John Lorimer.

"That," said Adele tragically, as she drew up for Mildred's wedding, "is the way I lost John Lorimer."

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