

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Laura's Heel.

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By JANIE OSBORN.

If you had happened to be buying shoes on a certain May morning in Dawson's smart shoe shop you might have seen a prepossessing young shoe salesman with his foot-stool drawn close to a bewitching young customer, and you might have thought that their conversation was more heated and more intimate than the purchase of a pair of shoes or so would usually warrant.

If you had overheard you would have got this:

"But I think it was extremely underhanded of you," from the girl. "You told me you were learning your father's business in every detail and I knew he was in the shoe business but I never dreamed that you were actually waiting on people, selling women's shoes."

"I shouldn't think you'd want to. And you didn't want me to know, I am sure, or you would have told me so right out. If I hadn't happened to walk right up to you before I even recognized you I never would have found it out. Of course I didn't know that your father was really at the head of Dawson's."

"I had thought to be ashamed of," said young Dawson, with considerable asperity—asperity that set very well on his well-molded, forceful features. "In my letters I did not go into details because I didn't know you would be interested. I told you that I would soon be promoted to the post of vice-president of the concern—with a quarter interest in the business, I told you what my income would be within a few months, I told you because I thought it only fair for you to know these things, in considering my proposal. Then followed an awkward pause."

Poor little Doris seemed to be blushing with intense embarrassment and there was nothing for her round blue eyes to do but to glance down at the white buckskin pumps that young Dawson had showed her before she realized that he was young Dawson at all. For Doris, in fact had been too preoccupied thinking of the letter of proposal that had come that very morning from young Dawson to notice the young shoe salesman who walked on her, even though he was as obviously good to look upon as was Dawson.

"Well, I suppose I might as well get the shoes anyway," she said lamely. "Yes I think that those will do."

"Not if I have anything to say about it," came from Dawson, and he was surprised at his own temerity. Perhaps he had a sort of caveman desire to subject the little blue-eyed girl to even more embarrassment than she already felt, to punish her in part for the opinion she had expressed concerning his present humble calling.

"I am going to have anything to say about what you do and don't do. I am never going to let your wear shoes like that—I guess I know from my experience here as salesman. Heels like that just ruin the shape of women's feet. Oh, perhaps they are all right for dances and parties, but you want these shoes to walk in. I wouldn't talk to any ordinary customer that way, but I've got to talk to you straight from the shoulder. Never imagined women tortured their feet the way they do, and it's something that every shoe manufacturer and retailer ought to know. That's why I'm glad I am spending these weeks selling shoes."

"But I think I have a right to buy the sort of shoes I wish. Besides you don't know how I am answering your letter." As a matter of fact, the letter was on its way containing an answer unequivocally in the affirmative. Doris had planned to get these beautiful shoes for a spring house party to which they were both invited the next week end. High heeled white buckskin pumps were essential to producing the picture that she contemplated.

"Look at the shoes you've got on now!" ruthlessly vent on young Dawson holding up a dainty high buttoned boot with exaggeratedly long pointed vamp and the extreme of high heel. "That's ridiculous. It'll ruin your health and I'll bet it's fiendishly uncomfortable."

"Doris did not relish this frankness. "I think I've stood all I am going to stand from you," she said. "You are taking a very unfair advantage of me to get down and say things about my shoes and my feet." She was trying desperately to tuck a little silk covered foot under an abbreviated skirt. "Please put my shoe back on and let me go."

The shoe was eventually buttoned up and Doris rose. "Forgive me, whispered the shoe salesman looking up pleadingly from his stool. "I only said it for your own good. I wanted to show you some of the sort of shoes I think a girl like you would like better. They're lots niftier than these. With your little foot they'd look wonderful, and they'd be much better for you."

But Doris was obdurate. She was miserable but she was taking a strange youthful feminine delight in torturing the man she knew well enough she loved to distraction. She knew she would be filled with fearful remorse as soon as she was home and had time to think of it, but now it gave her a strange sort of pleasure to torture him. She minced her way on her high heels out of the shop without even turning to bid him good-by and Dawson was left to gather together the array of high heeled white buckskin pumps he had got out for her inspection.

About a half hour later young Dawson was hurrying along the avenue, bent on getting to his room to see whether a letter had yet arrived from Doris and back again within the hour allowed salesman at Dawson's to lunch. His interview with Doris herself had left him without the slightest appetite for that repast. If she

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

(By Olive Roberts Barton)

Mrs. Leopard's Spots.

"Now that's what I call extremely stylish!" Mrs. Leopard was talking to herself, but Nancy and Nick heard. They were peeping, too, and saw a most amazing sight.

"Do you 'spose she's trying for the Jungle Beauty Show, too?" said Nancy. "All the animals here in Topsy-Turvy Land seem to have the craze."

"It looks like it," answered Nick. "Just see what she's doing now!" "Dipping her tail in a paint pot and painting out the spots!" giggled Nancy. "And putting stars and moons on instead. Look there! She's painted her ears and nose red and put on some dabs of white!"

Mrs. Leopard turned round and round, proudly looking at her reflection.



"Now that's what I call extremely stylish!" Mrs. Leopard was talking to herself.

tion in the pool. "That's a wonderful effect!" she purred contentedly. "Just what I wanted! Now I look exactly like the clown in the circus. I'm already the most graceful of the animals, and now that I have such beautiful colors, perhaps they'll think I'm a rainbow and give me the prize. Just wait until I tell the parrot, who so kindly loaned me his paints!"

But suddenly her smile faded. "What shall I do about my tail?" she exclaimed. "I've nothing to paint it with! I'll have to hunt another brush. And she thought a long time. "I'll have to borrow Mrs. Lion's tail to finish me, I guess," she said finally, and was off with a bound.

"Pride goeth before a fall," said the Magical Mushroom from Nancy's pocket. "I'll bet Mrs. Lion will tell her how foolish she looks, for Mrs. Lion is sensible!"

"Oh, well, let's hunt for Jocko," said Nick. "Come on Nancy, we can't stay here all day." And the little Green Shoes pattered away with the twins. They were going to have another adventure.

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had actually written a letter of acceptance then this little difference might be made up. He could hold her to her decision, send her five or six ten dozen if necessary, America beauties, ten pounds of the best candy and perhaps she might still be his.

Because of his haste he was especially annoyed midway of a busy block a crowd had gathered that stretched to the curb. Abstracted as he was his ears were not deaf to comments he heard.

"Smatter? Somebody hurt?" asked one of the crowd trying to push his way through for a better view.

"Naw," came the rejoinder from some one in a more advantageous place. "Lady stuck."

"What you mean, stuck?" came from the first.

"High heel in a iron grating," was the reply. "Wonder more don't get caught that way."

Then came a suppressed chuckle from the crowd. But young Dawson, had heard enough. Eager as he was to get to his rooms, he took time to push up to the crowd and, being of more than average height, he did not have to push very far before he saw the center of that good-natured gathering of lunch-hour pedestrians.

It was Doris, the dainty blue-eyed girl of his dreams and stuck she was with one high buttoned boot within the bars of a basement grating. A fat but obliging man was down on hands and knees trying to pry the shoe loose with a flat key. Some one was suggesting that they had better let him cut the heel off with his pocket knife, and others were suggesting that the lady unbutton her shoe and walk out of it, when it could be twisted about and loosened from the grating, but as the lady had no button hook, that suggestion did not meet the favor of the crowd.

"I have a button hook," interrupted Dawson's clear voice as he pushed his way boldly into the crowd.

"Salesman from a shoe store," snickered an observer. "They always carry button hooks in their pockets."

By this time Dawson's muscular arms were moving definitely from side to side with a definite aim to disperse the crowd. And the looters knew from the expression on his face that he meant business.

"Stand back," he commanded, "the lady will faint if you don't give her any air. Haven't you men anything better to do than to stand laughing at a lady in a predicament like this?"

"Serves her right for wearing those high heels," threw back one of the last to leave Doris and young Dawson. It was a simple matter unbuttoning the high shoe, and once Doris had stepped out of it Dawson easily worked the heel loose from the iron grating. But he did not wait to button it back on. He hailed a passing taxi cab and bundled the poor, speechless Doris therein, and, stepping in beside her ordered the taxi cab to go to the uptown home of his married sister.

"I can't take you to my own place, obviously, and just as obviously you

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

There is no reason why a house-keeper should not have "hours" the same as other business people do. Everyone who works figures so much time for a certain task and knows why if it takes longer than the allotted portion.

If a woman will work out a schedule and allow a reasonable amount of time for dishwashing and dusting and baking and recreation and make herself keep to it she will soon find that her minutes count.

It is not necessary to try to work against time, as it were, for a nervous strain is caused that is a hindrance. The time arrangement should allow ample time for the bit of work to be accomplished. But it is a fact that if one goes to the kitchen at 11 o'clock with the knowledge that luncheon is to be ready at 12, luncheon will be prepared in that hour and that will be all there is to it.

Menu for Tomorrow
BREAKFAST—Sliced pineapple, bacon, potato cakes, bran muffins and coffee.

LUNCHON—Toasted muffins, mar malade, radishes, rice soufflé, tea.
DINNER—Creamed flinon on toast, baked potatoes, potato cakes, water-cress with French dressing, cake and canned fruit, coffee.

My Own Recipes
Very often a dessert gives a large amount of nourishment. For this reason a heavy dessert is better if served for luncheon as the main dish. The toasted muffins act as a ballast food and satisfy the appetite. The radishes give some mineral and are also bulky, and the rice dessert gives the real nourishment.

RICE SOUFFLE
1 cup rice
1-2 cups milk
2 inch stick cinnamon
12 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon butter
3 eggs

Cook rice, milk and cinnamon in a double boiler till all the milk is absorbed. Cool, remove cinnamon and add sugar, salt and butter. Beat whites of eggs till stiff and dry and fold into rice. Bake in a buttered baking dish till a golden brown. Serve at once. A custard sauce may be made of the yolks of the eggs or the pudding may be eaten with sugar and cream. Use yolks of eggs for salad dressing.

TOMATO CAKES
1 egg
3-4 cup water
1 teaspoon salt
Paprika
2 tablespoons minced parsley
2-2 cups flour
3 tablespoons baking powder
1-4 cups canned tomatoes
1-4 cup grated cheese

Beat egg. Add water, salt, paprika and parsley. Add flour and baking powder sifted together. Beat well. Add tomatoes and cheese. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat in a frying pan.

They used to say some folks squeezed a dollar till the eagle screamed. But times have changed—there isn't a squawk left in the poor bird now.

CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, 1920, by the N. E. A.)

I am One of the Many Who Never Get Used to Marvels of Science.

All prudent wives encourage their husbands to display their wisdom. I suppose. Married life isn't composed entirely of tenderness and caresses. Domestic happiness must be conserved by common-place processes and the wife must do most of the conserving. Just by showing a little interest in a husband's point of view, a sensible woman can coax poor love across many a deadly dull hour.

On this theory, I invited Bob to keep on talking.

"Stupid?" I queried. "Why destructive people think themselves so clever! Yesterday the man who fixed the radiator laid a greasy wrench on my best blue damask sofa pillow! And there's no more blue damask to be had like it! He seemed such a nice smiling chap, I thought, until I discovered the horrid smear of grease after he had gone. Then I perceived why he was so pleased; he thought himself very smart because he had ruined my sofa pillow silly!"

Bob took up my theme.

"I saw the same kind of 'smartness' yesterday when I passed a corner of the Park. It had been seeded and fenced off. Two young men in front of me deliberately tramped down the low wire netting and took a short cut over the seeded plot. They laughed, too. They felt awfully clever because they had destroyed public property undetected! Silly fools!"

"I suppose they ought to know that public property is their own property," I ventured.

"Exactly! That fence will have to be replaced and paid for a second time out of the taxes! And the men who destroyed it will pay their bit. Nobody escapes taxes. Those chaps didn't own property, probably, but they smoke, and go to the movies, and drink soda, and pay taxes indirectly in other ways. Blind fools! Not to see that the general welfare is their own welfare," growled Bob.

When my husband gets too emphatic, I am accustomed to change the subject, I ventured:

"You wrote to Chrys about the letter from Daddy?"

"I wirelessed Chrys to make straight for Honolulu and to wait there for Dad."

"But Chrys is hundreds of miles out on the Pacific! And you wirelessed her as easily as you might phone to her in a down town hotel!"

I almost whispered my amazement. Suddenly occurred to me that I was one of the many who never get used to the marvels of modern science. I accepted phones and airplanes and the wireless and a million modern conveniences and luxuries without half realizing that they are miracles.

Indeed, I have often heard science knocked rather viciously by certain intellectuals, mostly friends of Chrys. It has been a popular amusement with one class of highbrows to

admit that science is the greatest product of civilization and then to claim that it has proved humanity's greatest curse, as perfected by the Germans and applied to the purposes of war. It's most remarkable achievements have been turned to the destruction of man, assert the critics.

In my own anger against the nation which made the war, I had often listened to this kind of caviling and it took the wireless message to Chrys, a message about our personal affairs, to make me perceive my folly.

I suppose I never think the telephone a wonder because I use it so often, but hereafter I am sure I shall look with awe upon an ordinary electric flatiron!

"Modern houses are crammed with wonders, all due to science. They make play of kitchen work," I mused. "How entrancingly interesting home life would be if we didn't take its comforts for granted so easily. My goodness! There's mystery and wonder enough shut within the walls of my own little house to keep me interested and occupied and happy! Life at home will get stupid only if I shut my eyes and fold my hands!"

(To Be Continued.)

IMPOVERISHED MEN AND WOMEN

Quickly Regain Health, Strength, Energy, and Ability by Taking 3-Grain Cadomene Tablets. The Very Best Tonic. Sold by All Druggists.

How to Have Red Lips!

The girl with red lips and pink cheeks may be thankful, for both denote health—vigorous, forceful, magnetic health, and while it may be impossible for some to attain owing to morbid states of health, yet a vast majority of seemingly healthy young women and men are almost colorless, because of a lack of red blood corpuscles. When the blood is improved and enriched with these red corpuscles, the weight increases and a beautiful tint appears on the cheeks, while the lips assume a healthy red color. Many physicians and beauty doctors prescribe three-grain hypo-nuagene tablets which are said to invariably increase the red blood corpuscles after a course of treatment lasting several months. The nervous system and general health also improve rapidly. The best apothecary shops supply this tablet in sealed packages.

Inflamed Nostrils Invite the "Flu"

"Make a Pint of Your Own Remedy," Says a Physician. It's Most Effective and Inexpensive

Sore, tender, inflamed nostrils and throat are just the breeding ground for germs. By no means neglect a cold in the head, catarrh, or that sniffing or snuffling, blowing and hawking up of foul mucous discharge. This advice comes "straight from the shoulder" of Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., a physician of world-wide fame and repute. If people would only stop to consider that the simple method he advocates was the best after all, then, by following his method, they would soon put out of existence menacing catarrh.

Obtain a small bottle of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy today from your druggist, empty the contents into a pint bottle and then add enough water, that has been boiled, to fill it.

Now you have a full pint of the finest gargle and nasal douche that can be obtained. Gargle the throat, and spray or snuff the liquid into the nostrils, two or three times a day, and we will guarantee that in less than a week your nose and throat will be as a babe's, not only that, but they are then in a healthy state and well able to destroy the germs that you are constantly breathing in.



"Elsie Janis" Blouses

NEVER were there more fascinating Blouses than these. Their newness is exceeded only by their richness and their richness only by their desirability—in other words, Blouses of finer quality and better value are not made.

We deem ourselves exceptionally fortunate in presenting such a widely varied assortment of "Elsie Janis" modes. They are developed of Georgette, Crepe de Chine and Tricolette in exquisite styles and in wondrous colorings. Vivid hues appear to be most wanted—stenciled patterns add novelty to many of the most clever models. We suggest your early viewing of them.

Osgood's for Quality

"Elsie Janis" Blouses Are Priced \$13.95 to \$39.50.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(IT WAS DIFFERENT WHEN D ADDY WAS A BOY.)—BY ALLMAN.



COME SHOW DADDY THE NEW COAT I BOUGHT YOU TODAY!
WHAT'S THAT, A NEW COAT?
I BOUGHT HIM THAT COAT FOR NEXT WINTER. THE MAN IN THE STORE SAID THE SAME COAT WOULD COST \$10 OR \$15 MORE NEXT SEASON.
THAT'S SOME COAT, KIDDO—TURN AROUND AND LET ME SEE THE BACK.

I WAS LUCKY I GOT IT FOR \$35.00 AND IT HAD BEEN MARKED \$45.00. THEY HAD A SALE ON TODAY.
\$35.00 FOR A LITTLE KID'S COAT, A BARGAIN!

SON, YOUR DADDY WAS PAST THIRTY YEARS OLD BEFORE HE EVER GOT AN OVERCOAT THAT COST \$35.00.

SEE WHAT I DO WHEN IT'S COLD, DADDY?