

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Younger Set.

By JANE OSBORN

GRACE! said Mrs. Gleason, pushing her small feet painfully into smaller dancing slippers. "Excuse me, Tom, for saying 'go!' but honestly I'd rather scrub floors than to go to that dance."

Tom Gleason looked sympathetically from his post before the chandelier, where he was struggling with the studs of his evening shirt. "I suppose we've got to go."

"Oh, I suppose so," said the young wife, now carefully brushing the collar of Tom's evening coat as it lay on the bed. "Housework and the twins are nothing to compare with what I have to undergo for the younger set."

"So the Gleasons, clad in their evening gowns, went to the country club, leaving the lumbering twins in the custody of the maid of all work, who also lumbered in her room on the third floor."

An hour later Jim Gleason tried the front door of the Gleason suburban home, found it locked and made an unceremonious entrance through a partly open front window. He took off his hat and coat and then his shoes, rummaged for and found a pair of slippers and a smoking jacket of his brother's in a downstairs hall closet.

"We heard all we needed," Jim laughed. "We heard enough to know that you and Tom are home folks after all. Somehow I think that what we heard is going to make a big difference in our lives."

Tom leaned toward Mabel and took her hand in his. "There's nothing like it, is there, little wife?" he said. "More than ever I can't understand the point of view of the younger set. There's my brother, Jim, could marry any day he wanted to. Earns more than I do."

"And there's Grace," continued Mabel. "She's independent, herself. She wouldn't have to wait for a man to make enough to support her."

"I guess they are different. They don't know the meaning of home. Here he went over to that dance on purpose to get them together, and they didn't even come. I suppose something more exciting kept them both. That dance at the club wasn't so dull, but honestly, Mabel, I was miserable every time I danced with any one but you and when I was dancing with you I was aching to be here before our own little fireplace with you at my side."

There would have been more of this sort of thing between the Gleasons if in spite of Jim's protecting arm, Grace had not missed a step on the stairway where Jim and she were standing. She gave a very little scream and clung to Jim as if the Gleasons' front stairs were the slippery side of an Alpine chamois. The Gleasons, fearful lest harm had come to the twins above, hurried to the hall and snapped on the electric light that showed Grace being upheld with rather unnecessary tenacity by Jim.

"We didn't mean to overhear you," said Grace. "But we did hear your word you said 'I'll be home'."

Mabel Gleason's face registered hauteur. She didn't know how it happened that these young people should be in her house clinging to each other on the landing of her stairway. At the moment she couldn't recall what she had said, but she remembered it was personal. She chose to cover her embarrassment by appearing offended.

"What do you say?" you've got your Magic Green Shoes on and can wish yourselves as small as you like."

"Of course," laughed Nick. "I'll be lots of fun. I've always wondered where the dandelion puffs traveled to."

"There's only one thing," warned Buskins. "We can't go together. As soon as this puff leaves its stem, it separates into a hundred tiny parachutes. Each of us will have to sit atop of a different one, but don't be frightened, they are all going to the same place and we'll soon be together again."

With that he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and put it into his pocket. Nancy and Nick weighed themselves almost as small as nothing at all and hopped up on the dandelion puff beside their fairy friend, each on a nice little parachute. No sooner were they nicely settled than a little breeze came along and gently, very gently, they were lifted up into the air and were sailing smoothly toward the far away clouds.

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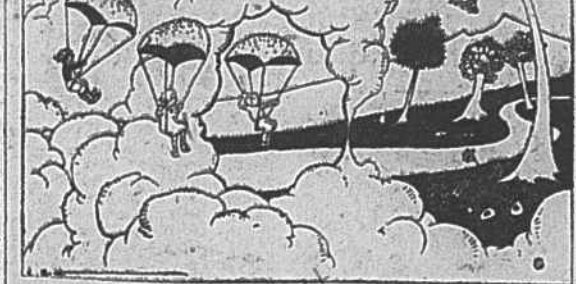
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ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

Parachutes



A little breeze came along and gently, very gently, they were lifted up into the air.

There was funny little old Buskins sitting on a lazy dandelion, smoking his pipe and asking the twins if they would like to go to Thisledown Land. You don't have to guess very hard to find out what the children answered. There, I know you've guessed already.

But a thought struck Nancy. "Oh, I forgot, we can't go, Mr. Buskins. We're not allowed near the apple tree since Nick ate a green apple and got sick. So we can't get to the magical elevator."

"Don't I know it!" nodded Buskins soberly. "That's why I'm here. You see there are more ways than one of getting to the Land-of-Up-in-the-Air. This dandelion puff was just about to start for that part of it called Thisledown Land and I thought we could be passengers."

"It is too bad you slipped Grace," she said, looking as if at her as she could, "because if it hadn't been for your little scream Tom and I should probably have said a good deal more that would have interested you."

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SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

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Use oranges morning, noon and night. They are rich in mineral salts which act as a tonic and aid to digestion.

Always wash oranges before using them no matter in what form they are to be served.

Orange Salad: Two oranges, 1 neuchatel cheese, curant jelly, shredded lettuce, French dressing.

Orange Pudding: Four good sized oranges, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cold water.

Orange Sponge: Four oranges, 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin, 1/2 cup cold water, 1/2 cup boiling water, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 eggs (whites).

Orange Fritters: These are awfully good to serve with roast duck or chicken. Three oranges, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons warm water, 1 egg (white), 1/2 teaspoon salt, granulated sugar, powdered sugar.

POLLY AND PAUL—AND PARIS

By ZOE BECKLEY

Polly and her husband leaned upon the rail of the great ship, whistle a-scream, slowly moved out from the pier. Grimy dock hands shouted, hung ropes and ran to and fro. Half a dozen tugboats their blunt noses pressed against the liner's sides, pushed and strained noisily to get her into mid-stream, headed toward the sea.

The little bride held tightly her man's arm. Her eyes swept the vanishing pier where not one familiar face smiled her a good-bye. She thought of her wedding four days ago in the pretty church at Lester Falls. Of her girl friends, flustering ecstatically about her, "en-rying her," the super-fortune of a husband and such a honeymoon! Of Aunt Sue, stern to the last, and full of warnings about "that wicked Paris," but affectionate and dependable. And of her mother, whose love she knew would follow her everywhere, through every joy and sorrow—though sorrow seemed too remote to think about now. She thought back to that gay dinner on the eastbound train. And of the darling drawing-room—the first Polly had ever seen—with their new bases in it and the Pullman porter grinning sympathetically at the rice that fell out of their hats.

Then there was the marvelous hotel in New York, with the room done in rose, and the shaded lamp, and Paul's flowers everywhere, and the bed turned down by the smiling maid who called her "Madame."

Polly could not shake off the feeling that she was in a dream and must wake up and find herself in the claphouse on Hill street, or typing away at stuffy old Cash's letters.

She squeezed Paul's arm and he promptly put it round her shoulders—and who cares what the passengers think!

"Look at it dear, that sky-line! How can buildings be so tall and not fall over? See the way the sun flashes on the windows, and, oh, Paul, look at that church steeple stuck in amongst those browned, about 10 minutes. Drain on brown paper and dredge with powdered sugar. Serve at once.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Easing It Over Gently

BY ALLMAN

WERE YOU DOWN TOWN TODAY, HELEN? YES, I WENT DOWN WITH MRS. LEE. I SUPPOSE YOU WENT TO THE MATINEE? NO, WE WERE SHOPPING AND SAW SOME OF THE PRETTIEST HATS THEY WERE JUST STUNNING! MY, I WANTED TO GET ONE! MRS. LEE BOUGHT ONE AND IT WAS JUST A BEAUTY! I DID GET ONE. I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T CARE!



We need used furniture to supply our old store corner Jackson and Jefferson streets. You need New Furniture from our new store, 211 Monroe street. Let us exchange. We also repair or store furniture. You will find a complete line of furniture, carpets, stoves, paints and wallpaper at our new store, 221 Monroe street. See Denham First Co., 221 Monroe Street Next to Woolworths