THE DAILY SHORT STORY

White Flannels and Lester.

By H. LEWIS RAYBOLD.

"HELEN, this has got to stop!"

George Sayles regarded his wife with worried eyes.

"You mean——?"

"Sally and—Lester."

"Oh," said his wife. "Sally. Yes. I agree with you. I'd much rather she went with that nice Weston Burgess, and I certainly have not encouraged Lester. But this afternoon I decided to let Sally see just as much as possible of him!"

"Helen!" Her husband looked startled.

But Helen returned his gaze serenely. "Yes, dear. The old hang the canary around the neck of the rat, you know. Let Sally see so much of Lester, she gets sick of him. Our going down to River Terrace for the summer will help a lot. Lester can come out over Sundays, you know."

Sally's father was silent a moment.

"All right," he agreed finally. "Desperate cases, I suppose! But you can't always calculate on the human element working according to formula!"

The following Saturday afternoon pretty Sally Sayles sat behind the steering wheel of her father's car waiting for the arrival of the train from the city. As it pulled in and emptied itself of bag-laden week-enders she picked out Lester and sounded the horn. Presently he was beside her and they were scooting down the winding road to the shore.

Lester was short and inclined to stoutness and much given over to what he believed to be "principles." He was strong for "reform."

"Don't you think I'm some driver?" shamelessly finished Sally, throwing him a glance from beneath the turned-up brim of her sport hat.

"Ye—s," said Lester, slowly, "only you know how I feel about automobiles. No one should own them while there are souls in the land that starve." Lester uttered this sentiment with a very exalted expression admirably adapted to appeal to the budding ideals of a young girl.

Dinner that night passed off pleasantly enough, as would any dinner of chicken and feather-weight biscuit and strawberry shortcake. But afterward, when Sally and Lester had pre-empted the cool veranda, Mr. Sayles found difficulty in restraining his impatience as, perspiring within, he was forced to listen to various lofty expressions of contempt of all existing conditions from the argumentative Lester.

"How long have I got to listen to that rot, and on my own front porch?" he demanded. But all he got for his pains was a frown on his wife's forehead and a hushing finger on her lips.

As June lengthened into July, the sight of Sally Sayles driving Lester home every Saturday provided too conspicuous a morsel of gossip to be passed up by the idle summer colonists. And Mrs. Sayles possessed too much of the social instinct not to know that it was being passed around that she was pushing that old Lester Corbin for her daughter Sally. Gladly would she have endured the knowledge had she been getting the results she was after.

"Apparently, the more Sally sees of Lester the better she likes him!" she groaned inwardly.

Then, late in August, Lester telephoned that he could not get down until Sunday. Sally got in her first game of tennis for the summer, playing with Wes Burgess, who had distinctively kept away since the weekly importations of Lester.

"I say, Sally," he pleaded as they walked slowly homeward from the courts, "let's manage a game every Saturday."

But Sally would not promise. "Maybe," she said.

Then when Lester failed to show up Sunday, Sally all but dissolved in tears. Mrs. Sayles alternated between anger at Lester and anger at Sally. A letter Monday, half way promising to be on hand for the water carnival, the big event of the season on the folowing Saturday, somewhat soothed the troubled waters until Saturday came and brought with it no Lester.

Sally accompanied her mother, who was to give out cups and various trophies, and sat beside her a silent spectator. It was during a pause in the events that Sally heard her name spoken by a woman standing just below the stand on which she sat. "Is that Sally Sayles over there?"

The answer came from some one she could not see. "Oh, no. If she's here she's probably with Lester Corbin."

"Oh," said the other thoughtfully, "you don't say so! Why he is constantly with that dumpy little Simpson girl, the one with glasses!"

When Mrs. Sayles looked at her daughter, Sally was nibbling at chocolate cream, her eyes fixed pensively on a smoke plume at the far horizon. As Mrs. Sayles walked home she reflected that her scheme had worked in a way, but how differently than she had intended! Sally had not grown tired of Lester—Lester had grown tired of Sally! She was afraid Sally would feel it acutely.

But that evening, sitting in the couch hammock with her mother, Sally gave a sudden little sigh. "Lester can't stand Wes, mother," she said. "Says these people that go around in white flannels, wast ing their time playing games—tennis, you know, and all—hold the world back. Do you know, mother, I wish he'd take a shine to—oh, somebody like that Simpson girl, the dumpy one with glasses!"

In the darkness Sally's mother smiled happily and longed to give Sally a little squeeze. But she refrained and, as a once familiar step sounded somewhere in the distance, rose. "You know, Sally," she said slowly, "Father and I like Wes very much. He—he had a long talk with us last night after you had gone to bed." She turned away as the gate swung open and Weston Burgess came up the walk, canoe paddle in hand.

"Sally," he began quickly as one who has something to say he wishes to get down with. "Your father gave me permission to tell you something. I hope—" he broke off and then went on more naturally. "I say, Sally, it's a ripping night on the water. Moon—and everything. Come out in the canoe?"

Sally nodded, looking very slim and adorable and, suddenly, rather grown up. "I'd love to, Wes," she said.

Inarticulate expressions of love and tenderness surged within him. He wanted to take her in his arms, but he would not—not just yet.

"Get your sweater," he said gently.

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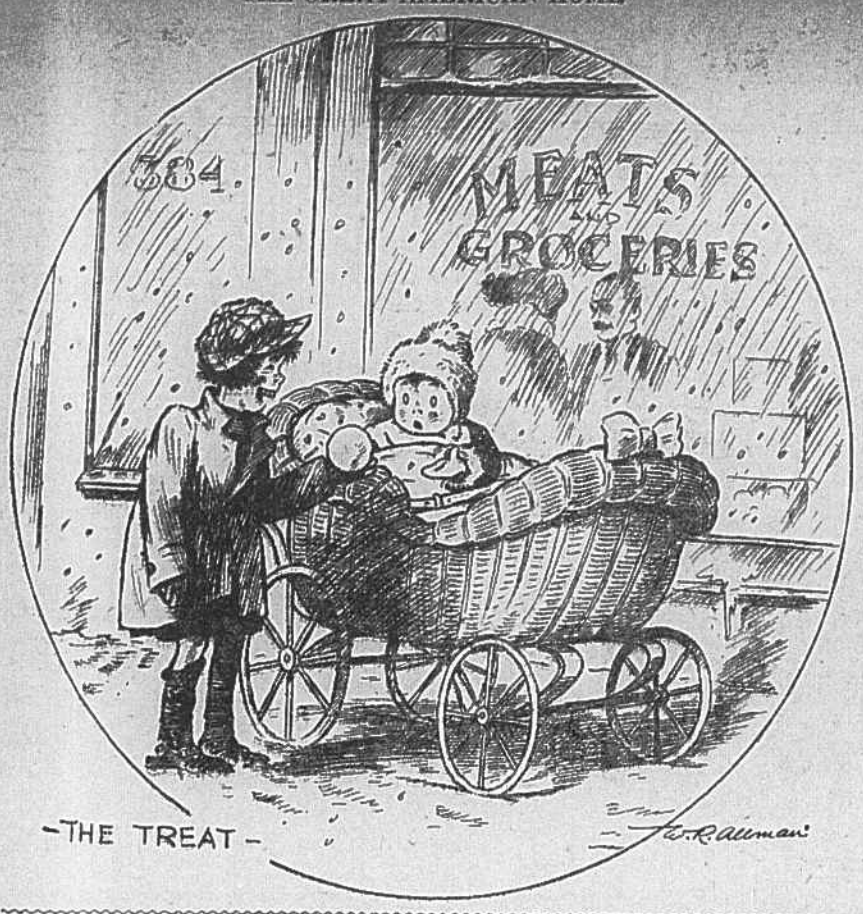
THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME



SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

(Copyright, 1921, N. E. A.)

The housekeeper who must rely on root vegetables during the winter time may welcome these recipes.

The winter root vegetables are richer in mineral salts than canned summer vegetables and every housekeeper should serve them often. Instead of plain boiled turnips for dinner tomorrow, try "turnips au gratin." There is more food value in the second dish than the first wholly aside from the "tastiness" of the dish.

Turnips au Gratin

Five cups boiled diced turnips, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1-3 cup coarse stale bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon minced parsley.

Put cooked turnips in buttered baking dish. Melt butter in sauce pan, stir in flour and slowly add milk. Season with salt and pepper and cook till thick and smooth. Pour over turnips in baking dish, sprinkle with bread crumbs, dot with bits of butter and cover with grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven till the cheese is melted and the whole top is a golden brown. Fifteen minutes should brown the top and melt the cheese. Serve very hot.

Turnips in Lemon Sauce

Three cups diced turnips (boiled) 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 1 egg yolk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon finced parsley.

Make the sauce so it will be ready to pour over the turnips as soon as they are cooked and drained. Melt butter, stir in flour, add water slowly, stirring constantly. Season with salt and pepper. When the sauce boils remove from fire and stir in the well beaten yolk of an egg. Add lemon juice and parsley and pour over hot turnips. Serve at once.

The preparation of vegetables for their sauce is important. Put all root vegetables on to cook in rapidly boiling water. Add salt the last half hour of cooking, one teaspoonful of salt being allowed for every four cups of vegetables.

Salt added after the vegetable is cooked does not flavor the finished dish as it does when the salt is cooked in. Do not cover root vegetables during boiling.

Another simple aid in the preparation of vegetables is a vegetable cutter. Turnips cut in neat dice or tiny balls taste much better than the same vegetable cut in "hunks"

Left-over vegetables can be most attractively worked up in salads if the vegetables are cut in fancy shapes.

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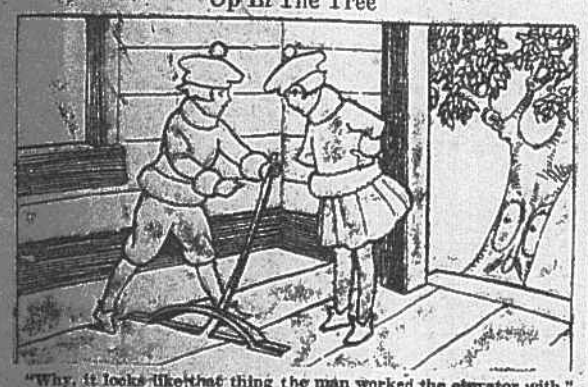
ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

Up In The Tree



"Why, it looks like that thing the man worked the elevator with," declared Nancy.

"Please, Green Shoes," said Nick excitedly, "take us up to the little playhouse at the top of the apple tree!"

Instantly the Twins were lifted to the cool, green, grassy ground and carried straight to the queer little house that had mystified them so long. Right in through the mysterious doorway that had given them much delight and terror.

"Oh, oh!" cried Nancy looking around in dismay. "It's empty!"

"Of course!" grunted Nick in his masculine manner. "What else did you expect?"

But secretly he was disappointed, too! Just why, he didn't know, but then, you know, there was the Cave of the Forty Thieves, and besides hadn't Aladdin found his wonderful lamp in an old well!

"What did you expect?" he repeated.

"Well," said Nancy, "I really didn't expect anything only—only—you see mother told me a story of Wendy who went to housekeeping in the tree tops and did spring housecleaning for Peter Pan and I hoped—"

"Here's something," Nick interrupted her suddenly. "What do you s'pose it's for?"

He had discovered an old iron handle and now wriggled it back and forth. A brake off an old farm wagon is what it was, fastened at one end to the floor, but Nick didn't know that.

"Why it looks like that thing the man worked the elevator with," declared Nancy, "in the big store in town where mother took us for hats."

"So it does," answered Nick, pulling it this way and that.

Nancy listened. "I hear something a buzzing," she said.

"It's the bees," said Nick. "They're after the honey in the blossoms."

But Nancy was looking out of the window. "Oh, oh! We're moving!" she cried. "We're going up. Look, Nick, quick!"

"Why," said Nick, "it must be an elevator after all! I wonder where we're going!"

(To Be Continued)

SHE HAD SUFFERED ALL OF HER LIFE

Huntington Woman Is Restored to Health After She Had Given Up Hope

"I know it may sound exaggerated to say Tanlac relieved me in a short time of a trouble that had followed me all my life, but that is just the way it is and I feel that I should give credit where credit is due," said Mrs. Climena Cartt, 405 Main St., Huntington, W. Va.

"As far back as I can remember, I had suffered from stomach trouble and nervous indigestion. I was under treatment for a long time but got no better, and during all these years I had been in poor health because of this trouble.

"I had long since given up hope of finding anything that would give me entire relief, and I started on Tanlac expecting nothing better than a temporary benefit. I haven't the words to tell the joy and surprise I felt when I realized that I had found at last what I had been needing. For the first time I can remember I can eat anything I please and I never have a trace of indigestion now. I have gained ten pounds in weight too."

Tanlac is sold in Fairmont by Crane's Drug Co. and druggists everywhere.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A POPULAR MOVIE STAR

Cissy was not permitted to be sentimental that evening. We talked shop. We were to go to the northern woods the following week. Demaison was going to work the exteriors for "Love Lorn". Cissy would motor up and leave his car at the last town on the mountain road.

We would go into camp near the top of the mountain. We would live in tents for a week. The company was going on a vacation as well as on location.

Cissy was distressed because Motherdear was not going with me. I explained that my grandmother was ill and Cissy laughed because the dear old lady was the only person in the world who agreed with him that my movie career was a mistake.

Cissy did not approve of the informally of camp life for me even with Mrs. Nandy among those present And then there were the leopards. They would be doped he said. They always were for the cameras. He didnt' expect me to be slain., Nevertheless, he regretted that Motherdear was not going along.

A week later we were all in camp except one of the "prop" autos which had lost its way en route. It had finally been located by phone and would come on the next morning. A phone wire had been strung in the forest by McMaster's order. He was to be with us. He had an unusual interest in "Love Lorn." He might have written it so jealous was he of it.

Camp life pleased me immeselv. Most of the grils were quratered in an ancient log cabin built years before for hunters. It had been converted into a neat dormitory. I did not want to hear the girls chatter and I did not want to sleep under canvas. Mrs. Nady was delighted to share my experience.

Our tent was at the end of the "company street." Across from us was a special shelter for Mademoiselle Elsa the animal trainer.

Her leopards created a great sensation with the movie crowd. Mademoiselle Elsa took them, one at a time ,on leash for exercise. But she was careful to get them back into their cage before dusk. The moon was full, the cats were made restless by the smell of the woods, said Elsa.

Some similar influence made the whole company restless, or silly. Our next play was to be "Love in Idleness." I told Mrs. Nandy that Demaison ought to shoot it right then and there I'd never beheld so much idle lovemaking in any film play as was openly staged in that camp.

Cissy was chivalry itself. We had agreed that he was not to get spoony. When we returned to town I would give him my decision.

McMasters was to come up the second day of the camp. Apropos of his arrival a bit of gossip circulated in the log cabin where the girls were quartered. It was started by one of the seamstresses, Mrs. Beatty. She was often at McMaster's shore farm. She hinted that a recent domestic unpleasantness had sent McMasters on vacation with the company.

(To Be Continued.)

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SONG

Sing ho to the holly,
The red cheeks of Molly,
The blue eyes of Polly!
Sing ho to the folly
'Neath Yule's mistletoe!
A kiss for the jolly
Red lips of sweet Molly
(I'll not forget Polly)—
Sing ho, holly, ho!

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Not Eating Is Some Task — BY ALLMAN