

Partners In the Dance

A Short Story

By MABEL McKEE

Sometimes just one of her crutches tapped out a slow dreamy waltz in perfect time to the music of the radio, but more often it was the two of them going up and down like twinkling toes. To the two middle aged men who were partners in a large accounting firm and who lived in the apartment below hers, there steps were like echoes from a happy past.

But to the dancing girl's parents they were like sharp blows on a heart. They had had the radio installed in her room right after the master surgeon had said she would never walk without the aid of crutches. "Its music will soothe her so she will not be so restless and so she'll forget dancing days," they told each other then.

Now the mother would say, "She's swaying when she taps her crutches and her eyes are dreamy. Do you think she's mourning for him and the days that are past or dreaming of dancing again?"

And her father would answer, "She's dreaming of him. That's the reason she tunes in from one station to another until she gets the tunes to which they danced."

To which they danced!

How well the girl who had been billed on the biggest vaudeville circuit as Dianne of the dancing team, "Dianne and Don," loved those tunes to which she and Don had danced. On the few occasions her mother left the apartment now to go to town she used her strong little crutches to take her to the trunk closet where a great black wardrobe trunk still bore the stickers of many cities, many steam-boat lines. And she would open its lid to look at the costumes it held. Sometimes she would talk to them while she adored them—the white net dress, the red Spanish one and the blue military outfit with its yards and yards of gold braid. Longest of all she would talk to it, putting the gold cap on her dusky curls.

You were Don's favorite," she would say. "That was the reason he composed the gay march for us to dance when I wore you and was his 'soldier girl.' He was always afraid I would slip on the steps. Oh," she would clutch the dress close in her arms. "Don't you remember how we danced up and down that stairway to storms of applause?"

She would then hobble back to her radio and begin turning the dials. Station after station would come. Music, waltzes and marches and jazz music she would hear but never the march Don had written though it had been popular when they were dancing down the golden stairway to the close of their act and to the thunderous applause of their audience.

The applause had been the greatest on the very night of their accident. They had been hurrying out to a midnight supper when the truck had struck their taxi and everything had turned into darkness for Dianne. She had come out of that darkness to this room and this life.

Don had been hurt too. Another hospital had sheltered him. But when she had been able to telephone that hospital they told her he was gone. "Gone without saying a word to me," she had sobbed to her mother, "and I thought he loved me."

He had not asked her to marry him, but he had said the night of their

greatest success, "Tonight, Dianne, I'm going to ask you something that will mean life or death to me."

But he had left the hospital and never come to see her who would never walk without crutches. Perhaps he was busy hunting another partner. No matter if a dancer went lame their act like the show had to go on. Dianne knew that.

"I mustn't be hurt for he never told me he loved me," she would twist her mouth bravely and dial another station.

The accident had been in May. The radio had come to Dianne's lovely room in the exclusive apartment where her attorney father and adoring mother lived in September. All October and November and half of December she dialed and the crutches tapped out the music of all their dances except the march for the golden stairway march.

And then one afternoon while her mother was hanging the first Christmas wreath to the chandelier she heard the gay, lilting tune Don had written. An orchestra was playing it softly. For a little time she listened, her dusky eyes and her face aglow, and then her crutches began to click, the fast steps of the professional tap dancer.

Even then her mother heard the click of other feet to that tune. Before Dianne jumped up, her face aglow, she knew that Don was the dancer at the studio. But Dianne's words did amaze her. "He's dancing it with one foot and one crutch," she cried. "Mother, he has only one good foot. Listen. The heavy tap—that's his foot—the light one—that's his crutch. It's just like mine. Wait, mother—I want to be sure what station I have."

A little more time passed and her crutches were again sounding—this time carrying her out into the hall and down to the telephone. Before her mother realized what she was doing Dianne was talking to long distance, was calling for the broadcast station at Lindendale—the station which had broadcast Don's dance.

Quietly the mother went over to the door and closed it. Breathlessly she stood in the room—waiting—waiting until the crutches again sounded in the hall, until the door was opened to a radiant girl who fairly threw herself into her mother's arms.

"Mother, he's coming tonight," she cried. "We're going to put on our act again for the radio if the stage doesn't want the team of Dianne and Don dancing on crutches."

"He didn't know I was lame. They told him I wasn't really hurt and he was going to hobble out of my life because he loved me too well to tie me down to a cripple."

Happily she dropped onto her lounge; breathlessly she turned the dial of the radio. A sad tune. Her dusky head shook indignation at that. A southern air. Another, more emphatic shake.

Fingers twisting at the dial—again and again. And then there sounded in the room the strains of a gay popular waltz. After it came a happy, tinkling laugh and after that laugh the sound of dancing crutches. Faster and faster they went—lighten and lighter.

Rehearsal hour had come again for Dianne of the "Dianne and Don" team of celebrated tap dancers.

(Copyright, 1931, International Feature Service, Inc.)

SLATS' DIARY

Friday—the preacher was at are house today for dinner and they was a tawking about married people getting a long with each another the preacher sed it was a offly goo. idea for I to say that the uther I was rite sum times or a cassionally and pa sed that ma all ways admited that he was in the rite when he admited he was in the rong. Saturday—well Blisters pa was rite about the dog after all, the dog had sum kind of a dog dieaze and Blisterses pa wanted to enockulate him with tiefoyd jermis so they did and they cured the 1st dieaze but

fragrance WAS BORN IN IT

KING COLE TEA

Clearer mountain air and a wealth of golden sunshine produced the quality that has been sealed tight for your enjoyment. Your grocer can supply you.

DELIGHTFUL—YOU'LL LIKE $\frac{1}{2}$ FLAVOR

the dog died of tiefoyd.

Sunday—well I had a offle disappointment this after noon. I layed down and tuk a Nap and dremp I was given a present of a freaser of Nevkter ice cream. But I dont like Neckter ice cream -o I had a grate dissapointmint.

Munday—Pa tuk Ant Emmy and ma to a musicke show up to the city tonite and when they got home Ant Emmy sed times must of ben offle hard becuz very few of the girls had enuff close to ware on their backs and etc.

Tuesday—Ezzy. Bleat got married last week and he sed his main die was becuz he was tired haveing holes in his socks and the next day his wife give him a sowing out fit and lernit him to mend his socks so he wont have holes in his socks enny more.

Wednesday—Jakes ant witch lives way down south died last yr. and left him sum munny and they have been haveing so mutch trubble trying to get it envested that Jake says sumtimes he is all most sorry she went and died.

Thursday—Henry Blitz witch is are butcher had had luck the uther day, he cut his hand and it was the hand witch he all ways wayed with the meat and now he has to lern to way the uther hand and I gess he is loseing munny. But he's brite and lerns pritty fast.

THE IDEAL GIFT

Six-year-old Junior was just at that place where life has to move pretty fast to hold a live boy's interest. It was Christmas time, and I, the fond auntie, wanted to give him the ideal Christmas gift. What it should be, I didn't know, but it must be worthy of such a bright, imaginative child, must be something which would really interest him and withstand the long, hard usage he would give it.

It seemed to me Brother did not take quite the proper interest in his son's play or else he did not understand the child mind, for he seemed to think any old thing would do for a plaything. So my gift must be carefully chosen—an ideal gift.

I chose it. Although I could not afford it, I bought him a beautiful train, one that would really go. I could hardly wait to give it to him and thought Christmas would never come. However, like all other mornings, it came, and Junior received the electric train.

He squealed with delight and settled down to play with it at once. He'd play with his other toys, then come back to his train.

In a few days, however, it seemed to me he played less and less with it and by the end of my visit he hardly ever touched it. Instead, he spent most of his time with a set of homemade blocks and a cheap little tin car which he played was a fire truck!

"Why, Junior, don't you like your electric train?" I asked in dismay. "Oh, sure," he answered indifferently.

"But you don't play with it," I said. "Well, it can't do anything," he explained. "It can't do anything 'cept go and it can't be anything but just a train."

"Sorry, Sis," Brother said, "but you don't understand children yet. Any child, especially an imaginative one, does not want toys to be too realistic or perfect. He prefers to make something himself or play with things he can imagine are something else he wants to. He wants to construct. Your beautiful electric

train leaves nothing for him to do; it is so perfect no one could imagine it being anything else except an electric train, and he would probably like it to be an airplane one minute and a string of weiners the next.

"When you choose anything for a child, the 'ideal' gift is something which requires the use of either his hands or his head."

Did you ever think about a magnifying glass for your inquisitive question-box son? Or did you ever consider a box of all kinds of cloth, lace, etc., a pair of blunt scissors and a package of safety pins for the five-year-old mother? And try a large scrapbook and some uncut pictures of animals or other objects of interest to be cut out and pasted in, or a scrapbook you have made yourself with blank pages after each picture-page and some tracing paper and pencils with which to copy.—Lorane D. Solberg, in National Kindergarten News.

FEW SIMPLE DECORATIONS ARE BEST FOR CHRISTMAS

"To me there is a delightful old-fashioned charm in a home which sends forth a Christmas greeting by means of a few simple decorations," writes Harriet W. Allard, director of The Household Searchlight home testing plant, in the December Household Magazine. "The stranger who sees the lights while passing, and the guest who crosses the threshold are alike influenced by the unspoken message." Mrs. Allard continues: Simplicity should be the keynote to the decorated interior. Whatever is done should fit into the plan of the furnishings, and become a part of them rather than interfere with the everyday use of the rooms. Decorations of this kind can be kept in place through the entire holiday week, and be ready to bid the Old Year good-bye, and welcome the New. The ancient tradition is to keep Christmas adornments up till Twelfth-Night, January 5." Evergreens, oak leaves, holly, or mistletoe may be found in almost every part of our land. Christmas colors of red and green, with a touch of silver, give beautiful effects. The Christmas tree has won a place in the hearts of us all, for which no other decoration can be substituted, but added to the conventional tree, these other simple decorations say only the more heartily: "Merry Christmas!"

How Come?

A colored woman went into a store to buy a collar for her husband. "What size?" asked the clerk. "I done forget de size," replied the woman, "but Ah kin jes' manage to reach around his throat wit' bof hands."

The Christmas Spirit

There are some poor benighted people who pretend to be bored by Christmas. I am sure it is just a pretense and the sorriest Scrooge of them all loves Christmas at the bottom of his heart. Who wouldn't have the Christmas complex? Mysterious whisperings, bright wrappings, and a gay festive spirit surrounding us. Christmas is the children's day. Let them have as much hand in the doing of things as possible. It is not the expensive presents that will be remembered in after years, but the traditions which each family has for its very own.

Let the children do the decorating. It may not conform to your idea of artistic standards. But what matter! Let them look over the tree decorations and decide what can be used and what must be discarded. There will not be much discarded. Not nearly as much as if you did it yourself. They treasure every sparkling ornament. What joy they will have in handling them. If you need new ornaments let the children do the buying. Have them do it early so that they can take plenty of time to choose. If there is more than one child, whatever you do give each one an equal amount of money to spend. What a time they will have comparing their treasures. The tree will mean more to them than ever, and they will have one more tradition formed. All through the year they will look forward to buying the ornaments for the tree.

Scotch Cake or Shortbread

1 lb. (4 cups) pastry flour
1/2 lb. butter
1/4 lb. (1/2 cup) brown sugar

Cream butter thoroughly and add sugar gradually, beating until a very fine texture and cream in colour. Add sifted flour and mix thoroughly. Do not add the flour all at once. Turn on a floured board and knead, working in as much flour as possible. Mould into desired shape. Prick with a fork and bake in a moderate oven of 300 degrees. I get best results by turning the baking pan upside down and baking on the bottom of it. In addition to this precaution, I put two layers of brown paper under the short bread. This allows it to bake very slowly without burning on the bottom. Some people prefer granulated sugar. Personally, I think that brown sugar makes the nicest flavoured shortbread.

Christmas Shortbread

Use the above recipe, but add 1 cup glace cherries (red and green), cut

in pieces, and 1/2 cup almonds blanched and shredded to the mixture before kneading it. Roll and cut with a very small cookie cutter, preferably a star-shaped one.

Mock Mince-meat

1 cup molasses
Pinch of salt
1/4 cup water
2 cups chopped apple
2 tablespoons butter
1/4 cup vinegar
1 beaten egg
1 teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg
1 cup brown sugar
1 cracker rolled
1 cup raisins

Mix the ingredients and cook until thick. Makes two pies and is preferred by many to the richer mince-meat.

Salted Almonds

Blanch almonds by covering with boiling water and letting stand a few moments until the skins are loosened and will come off easily. Melt a little butter in a dish. I usually use a pie plate and about two teaspoons of butter. Cover the bottom of the pan with almonds, being careful to have only one layer of almonds. Put in a slow oven until the almonds are a golden brown, stirring constantly. Shake salt to taste over them while hot. Keep tightly covered in a tin box.

Spiced Nuts

Use either blanched almonds or walnuts. Beat together just enough to mix them, the white of one egg and 2 tablespoons water. Dip the nuts in this and drain. Sift together one and a half cups confectioner's sugar, two tablespoons cornstarch, one-quarter teaspoon each of cinnamon and ginger. Roll the nuts in the spiced sugar. Spread on a tin so that they will not touch one another, and bake in a moderate oven until they are crisp and a light brown.

Christmas Candies Children Can Make

Fruit Balls

Put 1/2 lb. dates, 1/2 lb. raisins, 3 figs, 1/2 cup nuts through the food chopper. Shape into balls and roll in coconut or ground nuts. If the children to eat these candies are very small, the nuts may be omitted in the ground mixture. Any mixture of dried fruit may be used, sometimes I add prunes and a few drops of lemon juice. I would not be without this type of candy at Christmas time, because the smaller children can eat it to their heart's content, and one never has to say 'no' at Christmas time.

(Continued on Page Seven)

The West contributes this delightful

MAGIC



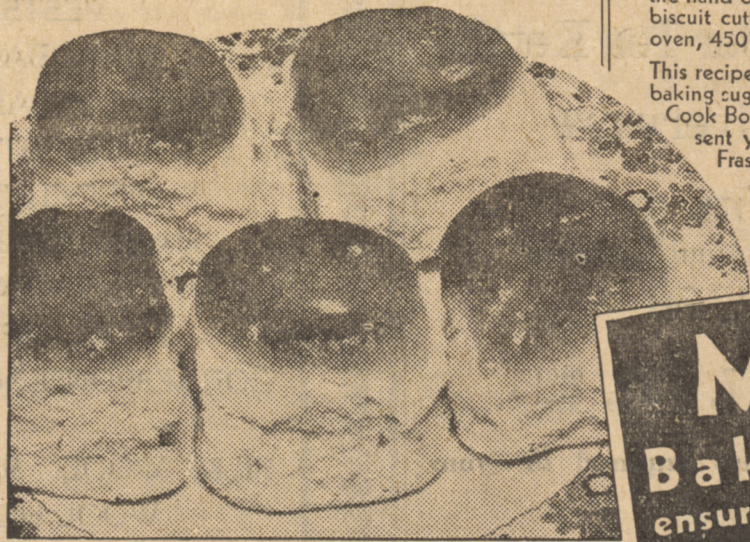
MENU

Sometimes it's difficult to think up new ideas for varying daily menus. Here's one that offers pleasing variety and combines healthful qualities as well. It was prepared by Miss Gertrude Dutton, Western Canada's best known cookery expert, conductor of the Better Cookery Section in the Winnipeg Western Home Monthly.

VEGETABLE DINNER

Scalloped Potatoes
Creamed Corn—Diced Beets
Cabbage au Gratin
Hot Tea Biscuits*
Apple Pie with Cheese
Chase & Sanborn's Tea or Coffee

Miss Dutton says: "I recommend Magic Baking Powder because I know from experience that its uniform leavening quality gives dependable baking results. Most baked dishes look and taste better when Magic Baking Powder is used."



MAGIC

Baking Powder ensures better baking results

Try Miss Dutton's Favorite Recipe for TEA BISCUITS*

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon lard
3/4 cup cold milk, or half milk and half water

Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the chilled shortening. Now add the chilled liquid to make soft dough. Toss dough on to a floured board and do not handle more than is necessary. Pat out with the hand or roll out lightly. Cut out with a floured biscuit cutter. Bake on a buttered sheet in a hot oven, 450° F., 12 to 15 minutes.

This recipe and dozens of other equally delightful baking suggestions are included in the New Magic Cook Book. If you bake at home, a copy will be sent you. Write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ont. Buy Made-in-Canada Goods.

A Complete Line of BAKERY SUPPLIES

Ask Your Grocer For THE FAMILY LOAF BREAD

MRS. A. E. GREEN Perth, N. B.



BE INSISTENT--GET THE BEST--ROBIN HOOD FLOUR