

## POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

By Zoe Beckley.

VIOLET RAND had been sulking since the morning she waylaid Polly and Barry coming home. Anger had obscured her vision. She had not foreseen the effect her behavior might have on Barry. He had not called. Nor telephoned. And to her messenger, monsieur was "out." Violet had her own code of pride and dignity and it prevented her doing more. So she stayed moodily at home, refusing herself to every-

On the night of the great festivity, July 13, when all Paris forgets its worries and begins its three-day merry-making, Barry's heart smote him.

She had her fine points, had Violet Rand—handsome woman, clever, too. Her feelings... What were her feelings anyhow?

He found himself in her street, passing her house. It was dark save for four windows, high up—Violet's. So VI was home, curious! A party maybe... Well, there was safety in numbers—Barry turned in at the entrance.

Violet herself opened the door—Violet in a defiant mood, trailing a gown of orange chiffon that rippled and darted like flames as she walked.

"However do you come to be in tonight!" The words were banal; he could think of nothing better to say. "Where should I be?" she flared. "Is that why you come—because you thought I'd be out?"

"Perhaps I came to ask about that very unpleasant scene of the other morning—" Catching a dangerous glance he altered his tone. "Look here, VI, why did you raise a row like that with little Mrs. Dawson?"

you look ill. You sound ill. What's up? Is anything wrong?" She said: "Oh, Marko, Tony's killed."

"Nona!" That came careering headlong, as though malignity, bitter and wanton, had loosed a savage bolt.

On the following evening he crossed to France, there to take up again that strange identity in whose occupancy his own self was held in abeyance, waiting his return. Seven months passed before he returned to that waiting identity, and he resumed it then permanently—done with the war. The tremendous fighting of 1917—his participation in the war—his tenacity of the strange personality caught up in the enormous machinery of it all—ended for him in the great break through of the Hindenburg line in November. On top of a recollection of sudden shock, then of whirling giddiness in which he was conscious of some enormous violence going on but could not feel it—like (as he afterwards thought) beginning to come to in the middle of a tooth extraction under gas—on the top of these and of extraordinary things and scenes and people he could not at all understand came someone saying:

"Well, it's good-by to the war for you, old man." He knew that he was aware—and somehow for some time had been aware—that he was in a cot in a ship. He said: "I got knocked out, didn't I?"

"Someone was telling him some interminable story about someone being wounded in the shoulder and in the knee. He said, and his voice appeared to him to be all jumbled up and thick: 'Well, I care a damn.' ... Someone laughed."

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## Cheer Up, Amateur, Scenarists! Stenographer Wins \$1,000

BY JAMES W. DEAN.  
NEW YORK, March 30.—Neil Marie Dace, 22, a stenographer, has just received \$1,000 from Hugo Ballin for a screen story she wrote.

Actors who play in motion pictures get far more publicity than the creators of the stories. Hence these three cheers and a tiger for Miss Dace. She is one of a countless number of stenographers and others in common pursuits who are seeking to and who actually contribute material for screen entertainment.

Most stenographers seeking a place in the movies want to desert their typewriters for make-up boxes. That, according to a popular conception fostered by press agents who tell about the past stenographical careers of present stars.

Some of the best screen stories of the day are the product of a steel puddler's imagination and an author's execution.

What the screen needs today is better stories. They are not likely to come from recognized writers. Most of the popular magazine writers of the day—they are usually our popular screen writers—with compass and rule. A plot to them is a geometrical figure composed of one or more triangles.

Stenographers and puddlers, sailors and seamstresses as a rule have more vivid imaginations than writers. Writers are sophisticated. Sophistication leads to monotony of thought.

The story of Neil Marie Dace's success is set down here to encourage other novices to submit their ideas to motion picture producers.

The maternal instinct in a woman is undeveloped. She loses her husband's respect. They separate. A burglar visits the woman's home. He boosts a child through a transom, to unlock the door for his entrance. The woman fires a revolver. The child is wounded. She takes it to a hospital and acts as his nurse. The maternal spark is fanned by her interest in the child she harmed. Husband and wife are reunited.

That is the gist of the story for which Hugo Ballin paid \$1,000. There is really nothing remarkable about it. However, it is as good as most of the plots upon which pictures are built. Had a recognized author written it he or she would have commanded a price of five figures for it.

"Look here, this is April, April, 1918. Well, old Sabre got knocked out in France just about five months ago, back in November. He copped it twice—shoulder and knee. Shoulder nothing much; knee pretty bad. Thought they'd have to take his leg off one time. Thought better of it, thanks be; patched him up; discharged him from the army; and sent him home—very groggy, only just able to put the bad leg to the ground, crutches, and going to be a stick and a bit of a limp all his life."

"Very well. That's as he was when I first saw him again. That was back in February. Early in February, two months ago. There was good old me down in Tidborough on business—and remembering about old Sabre having been wounded and discharged,

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blow into Fortune, East and Sabre's for news of him.

"Of course he wasn't there. Saw old Fortune and the man Twynning and found them in regard to Sabre about as genial and communicative as a malden aunt over a married sister's new dress. Sort of handed out the impression that he'd been out of the business so long that really they weren't much in touch with his doings. Rather rotten, I thought it, seeing that the poor beggar had done his best in the war and done it pretty thoroughly, too."

"Well, I hopped it over on the railway and walked down to old Sabre's. Found him a bit down the road from his house trying out this game leg of his. By jove, he was no end bucked to see me. And talk! He simply jabbered. I said: 'By jove, Sabre, one could think you hadn't met anyone for a month the way you're unbelling the sacred rights of welcome.' He laughed and said: 'Well, you see, I'm a bit tied to a post with this leg of mine.'"

"Well, old Sabre took me into a room on the ground floor where they'd put up a bed for him, him not being able to do the stairs, of course."

"Well, as I say, old man, I always rather liked his wife. I—always—rather—liked—her. But somehow, as we went on through lunch, and then on after that, I didn't like her quite so much. Have you ever seen a woman unpicking a bit of sewing? All ways looks rather angry at it, I suppose because it's got to be unpicked. The sort of flip the threads out, as much as to say, 'Come out of it, drat you. That's you, drat you.' Well, that was the way she spoke to old Sabre. Sort of snipped off the end of what he was saying and left it hanging, if you follow me."

"Mind you, I don't mean that he was cowed and afraid to open his mouth in his wife's presence. Nothing a bit like that. What I got out of it was that he was starved, intellectually starved, mentally starved, starved of the good old milk of human kindness—that's what I mean. Course, she may have had jolly good reasons. I daresay she had. Still, there it was, and it seemed rather rotten to me. I didn't like it. Damn it, the chap only had one decent leg under the table and an uncommonly tired-looking face above it, and I felt rather sorry for him."

"Presently he settled himself down and we began talking. He's got some ideas, old Sabre has. He didn't talk about the war. He talked a lot about the effect of the war on people and on institutions, and that sort of stuff. Devilish deep, devilishly interesting. I won't push it on to you."

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Neil Marie Dace, a stenographer, Hugo Ballin paid her \$1,000 for a story to be used as a screen vehicle for Mabel Ballin.

friends suffer instead, and when the final moment arrives the heroine is there to save him.

Looking at the story from the movie point of view, it is hair-raising. Looking at it from the novel point of view, when the mystery is solved, along about the third quarter of the book, there is little left but to learn just how the villains do their work and how Dryden defeats them and

wins the girl.

You know the plot—and you know only one solution can result, for the characters are clearly drawn and their part in the story fixed in the reader's mind.

It is the manner in which the author tells his story, the little twists in the solution of the mystery and the lovable character traits in Christine and John which make the reader

follow the story to the end, and when finished not stop to criticize the plot, but have pleasant sensation—the sensation which comes after finishing a story in which you liked immensely both the hero and the heroine.

Wash the shoots through several waters. Let stand in salt water for half an hour. Drain and pour over boiling water to cover. Let stand ten minutes and drain.

Put in a smooth stew pan, add just enough water to prevent burning and boil uncovered 20 minutes. Drain and reheat in white sauce. This is a very good supper dish and a good accompaniment for fish.

Scoke shoots are used, too, with a plain butter dressing or with a tart dressing such as is used with dandelion greens.

Another weed that was cultivated years ago is the sorrel. Most everyone knows the weed, but few housekeepers realize its food value.

Sorrel can be used uncooked as a green salad alone or in combination with other salad plants. Shredded cabbage and minced sorrel dressed with oil and lemon juice make an unusual salad that is surprisingly good.

The English have many recipes for sorrel borrowed from the French. These recipes are worked out for the Canadian housewife.

One cup minced sorrel, 2 table-

spoons butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1-2 edible weeds of sorrel, 1 cup vinegar, few gratings nutmeg, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 cups chicken or veal stock, 1-2 cup cream, 1 cup white sauce, yolks 3 eggs.

Wash sorrel and strip leaves from stems. Mince and measure. Melt butter and add sorrel. Cook five minutes, stirring to prevent burning. Add stock and let simmer 30 minutes. Rub through a fine sieve.

Return to the fire with the white sauce, salt and pepper, vinegar, sugar and nutmeg and cook five minutes longer. Beat the egg yolk with cream and stir into the soup. Do not let boil after the egg are added, but stir over a slow fire three or four minutes to cook the eggs. Serve at once.

Three pounds sorrel, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons cream, 1 teaspoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper and few gratings nutmeg.

Wash sorrel and strip leaves from stems. Put leaves in stew pan with just enough water to cover bottom of pan. Sprinkle with salt and cook gently 20 minutes. Drain well, the rub through a fine sieve.

Return to stew pan with butter and cream. Season with salt and pepper and nutmeg. Sift in the flour slowly, stirring constantly. Cook about eight minutes. Serve very hot.

Sorrel and dandelions are very good cooked together as the sorrel supplies just the tartness dandelion needs.

(Copyright, 1922.)

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

The Safest and Best Family Medicine

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