white of the prune blossoms. cook for the hired men-" Thinking. Thinking about lots of

Daphne was seventeen, a very young and appealing seventeen. Gray eyes as big as saucers, black fringed and flecked with amber. Hair as dense and dark as night. A sensitive red mouth. A faint line of freckles over a slightly tiptilted nose. A smooth white throat. Not at all the sort of seventeen you would expect to find all alone in a prune orchard on a glorious

But Daphne didn't know she had beauty. She had been a particularly plain, awkward child and had no idea she had outgrown it. For a perfectly normal seventeenyear-old growing up in the jazz age, the things Daphne didn't know were amazing.

It was partly because the Haines ranch was so far from town, and partly because Father was so .... so different from other people. While Mother lived he was a Sultan in mail order clothes, forbidding his women to go abroad.

Her father was an angry god with drooping gray mustaches that wagged when he talked, and a heavy gold watch charm that rose and fell, rose and fell, over an unbuttoned vest. He talked principally of expense. But now that he was married to Mrs. Garroty-Daphne always thought of the new Mrs. Haines as Mrs. Garroty, though she dutifully called her Mama-now that he was married again he didn't care where anyone went or how much she spent if she'd just coax for it.

Mama and her daughter Crystal had all kinds of lovely things because they didn't mind coaxing. but Daphne couldn't coax. It made her red and uncomfortable, just thinking about it.

Mama had even coaxed for "a woman" to do the work-think of that! But though three came, none to work. And if you ask me prune with a before-breakfast grouch stayed longer than a week. orchards are refined enough for "My mush, Daphne. And the milk.

"You can't keep help in this anybody—"
God-forsaken place!" Mama "Refined"

was calling from the house. She lav wide-eved, staring up at the sky, clutching the falling pet- little thing I want-" als in her small hot hands. All over the orchard they were be- dabbling at her reddened nose with Then-" She clutched her side Adelina, you are happy with me?

Clara valley. Soon the ground would be white with petals, blossom time dishes. Presently she sang, keep- She sank in a chair and buried to search hers, suspiciously, but scente dbeauty gone . . . . turned ing time softly with her feet. Old her face in her hands.

"And that's what I am!" she cried furiously, and sprang to her feet, "A prune!"

She turned, with swimming eyes her poor feet . . . . to grope her way to the kitchen

gray suit. His hands were on her to a sitting position, and reaching shoulders, he was tilting back her for her shoes. "Did you have a Ralph McKevitt. She knew it

To think of him stopping in the orchard, getting out of his car as if he had come to see her instead of Crystal . . . . Crystal . . . .

"Let me go!" she whispered, conscience stricken, All the ecstasy look at her when you-when of that one little moment faded, you-" leaving only the ache.

pulled her closer, laughing. "Did what a man will fall for. He did I hear you refer to yourself as a prune? Did I " 'No, I didn't say anything-"

completely sober, Miss—Miss— have a foursome, you know what what did you say the name was? McKevitt is my name. What did you—through! I knew she'd make you say your-" "Oh, please let me go, please."

"But you haven't explained about the prune. Now to my mind a prune, that is, a female prune, screen door clicked behind her knew she ought to laugh too, but she couldn't. She wanted to look up at him, wanted terribly to see him just once . . . to see if his eyes were blue or brown, and she couldn't do that either . . . . "Please—please let me go—"

Why-you're-you're beautiful!" he said, with a queer catch in his voice. His hands dropped to freshly drenched in dew. The very

Daphne crept up the back steps. Her cheeks were flaming. The with its accustomed familiar click. nobody had ever found beautiful. its accustomed familiar click. "Daphne!"

"What did you say, Crystal?" "For Pete's sake, are you deaf?" Crystal exploded, and Daphne has- time he comes I'll be worth looktily crossed the hall and came into ing at. the older girl's room, an apple green bower foaming with piness she reached under the pilgold lace, boudoir pillow and tat- low for the creased and yellowed

vously powdering her white neck. clear, it might have been any boy Crystal sat at the dresser, ner-"Here, you do the back, and the in football clothes, with broad back of my hair, will you? Little shoulders and fair, tousled hair. curls—around your finger—not But she knew it was Ralph. She too stiff! I've got the front all

Mrs. Haines, a living prophecy of what Crystal would be at 45. limped into the room and sank with a groan onto the green taffeta bed. "Golly, my feet hurt. That corn on my little toe-just like a boil-throb, throb, throb-"

say golly-it sounds so common-"It does, does it? Ashamed of

your mother? Afraid I'm not but her red face turned a shade swell enough for the McKevitts. redder and she said in a high,

She threw her hat on the bed, "No do all I could. But I'm through, matter what I try to do, you take I'm through—" Her voice broke. all the joy out of it. Nag, nag, nag-oh, I'm sick of it-"

ces, came up to the two in the help. My head's splitting and

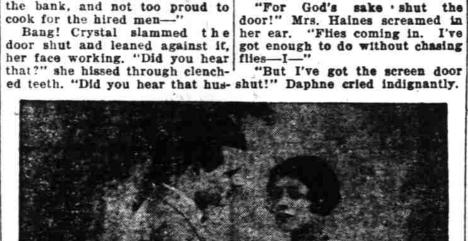
green room.

wholesale butcher business," Old arguments which went on behind Man Haines was saying, entertaining the young man from the city.

"and when he passed away my in red eyes and tantrums and she

mother kept the business going had learned to take them the way APHNE lay flat on her back just the same. A fine woman, Mr. the orchardists take unseasonal in the grass, squinting up at McKevitt. Done all her own work rain and wind, calamity to be a turquoise sky through the with fifty thousand cold cash in borne with. lacy green of the leaves, the waxy the bank, and not too proud to

> her face working. "Did you hear flies-I-" that?" she hissed through clench-



"Why-you're beautiful!" There was a queer catch in his voice. band of yours bragging he kept | "There aren't any coming in. You -you make me sick!" a butcher shop?"

"Well, he don't now," Mrs.

"Refined?" Crystal whispered considerate-" hysterically. "That old fool? I'm "Daphne! Daph-nee!" Someone sick of him, I tell you—I'm sick of having to kiss his ugly old bald it. I don't expect anything dif- as the others, poor kid-" head and lick his boots for every "High strung," she murmured.

ginning to fall, all over the Santa Crystal's powder puff. "Just like dramatically, "then a knife turns You don't think I'm just an old me when I was a girl-'

again Crystal had gone out.

go to sleep. She just lay down on Crystal's bed for a minute, to rest

When she opened her eyes it and the dishpan . . . About all she was good for, to wash dishes . . . door switching on the pink shad-ed lamp. "I musta dropped off for . . . . a man . . . . a big man in a a minute," she yawned, struggling good time, pet?"

"Yes—tell mama." with her eyes shut. . . . Ralph mimicked bitterly, and a lot of McKevitt! Her heart was burst- good it'll do you. You're a fine liting, bursting with love and tears. the old fixer, you are, Sleeping at the switch. Letting Daphne-' "Daphne? You don't mean-"

"Yes, I do mean-your darling husband's brat-" "But she-why, he wouldn't

"Wouldn't he?" Crystal laugh-But he didn't let her go. He ed wildly. "You never can tell nothing but talk about her all day. Them eyes, those hair. I'm about crazy listening to him. He "Now, now-I'm perfectly and wants to bring another fellow and that means. I'm through. I tell trouble. I told you to keep her out of my way. I knew she'd spoil my whole life. He says she's a beauty and he means it!"

Down went the gold head on the green coveriet. Her hiccoughing sobs shook the bed.

Mrs. Haines' heart almost stopped beating. Daphne . . . . . . a

CHAPTER II It was the most heavenly morn-

ing. Different from all the other mornings. Brighter, sweeter, more birds praised it. "Why-you're beautiful!" He'd

said that to her-Daphne-whom Crystal shouldn't care, she had so many . . . I'll ask Father for a new dress and I'll borrow a little of Crystal's lip salve, and the next

With a little sigh of sheer hapbit of newspaper that was her best picture of him. It wasn't very laid it lovingly against her cheek, and sank back into the pillows

. just for a minute. . . . When she opened her eyes again the bright sun was pouring in the windows, water was roaring in the bathroom at the end of the hall-it was late!

"Why didn't you call me?" she cried as she ran into the kitchen "Oh, Mama—dry up—and don't five minutes later. "I just woke

Mrs. Haines, frying bacon and eggs at the range, didn't look up Well, let me tell you—"

"Mama! I'm so nervous now.
If you begin that I won't go!"

hest. Nobody can say I didn't "But Mama-I don't under-

stand." As the door closed behind Daph-ne the sound of voices, men's voi-thing from you. I don't want any "Listen!" Crystal whispered, "She's been having a fight with Crystal," Daphne thought, withstraining her eass.
"Yes, my father was in the out much rancor. The mysterious

THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE

The eggs were burning. Daphns swept them off the fire, her young mouth set in a hard, red line. This was worse than the fighting, listening to Pather talk that way, with that queer throb in his voice

"I'll thank you to keep a civil tongue in your head!" he roared at her suddenly. "Your mother's sick woman.

"Didn't close her eyes all night. You might at least have helped get breakfast. Now pass me the bread and the butter-'

"You know I wanted to help!" Daphne burst out bitterly. "And don't know why you didn't let me, I notice you usually do. Idon't know what's the matter what's going to become of me-I don't-I don't-"

They let her rush out of the kitchen, down the back stairs, into

the yard. "Poor little woman." He patted her hand fatuously. "You're too sensitive. Let her alone, that's all. You can't do anything with that young one-regular wildcat. Got that from her mother." He stood up with a little grunthe felt his years in the morning -sixty-six-getting old, getting

"When I think of what you must have suffered with her mother. Well, I'm quick. I saw it the first time I set eyes on her. I said, 'There's a cold one,' I said and a hard one. She didn't understand that man'—"

"Bless you Adelina, bless you!" Old Man Haines' eyes were misty. "Well, no use crying over spilt milk," his Adelina cut in hastily, pulling away her hand and starting to stack the dishes briskly. 'By the way, Abner, I want to give a few little parties for Crystal this summer. We ought to let her hatve young folks, and you enjoy them, too, and the way the young girls take to you-" She laughed and poked him archly in the ribs-"Pou old sheik, you!" "Well, you don't have to worry,

Adelina, I'll always be true to you little woman-always-" She drew away again, sharply. "If you're going to San Jose you'll

"Is that the way you talk to along-" Haines returned reasonably. "He's your mother?" And there was "I know." He moved away repractically retired, he don't have Father pompous and bristling luctantly. Reached for his hat,

> And in the future, be a little more "And I'll have to get a few "Never mind," Mrs. Haines after him. "And a few things for broke in tearfully. "I'm used to Crystal-she's gotta look as well

ferent. I can bear it. I'm only "Oh, that's all right," the old a stepmother. It's only when she man mumbled benevolently. "I turns on Crystal that it hurts, want you to be happy, Adelina. in me. To think that after all man Adelina-with money?" Downstairs Daphne rattled the these years—so much love—" For a moment his eyes seemed

she kissed him soundly and would be over . . All this white Man Haines snored in the sun Instantly father was bending wagged a coquettish finger at into Prunes! . . . dried prunes room. It was peaceful in the house over her, his short, thick arms him.. "Silly boy!" around her fat neck. "Adelina- So he went away, content Mrs. Haines hadn't intended to darling-you aren't well. Last night-I knew you weren't-you

"Not really scrawny at all,"

Mrs. Haines thought bittery, sipand his eyes so bright and be- ping her third cup of coffee at seeching as if he were going to the kitchen table. Daphne's mouth was hard, but

"Mooning over McKevitt," the sion of liver or the extracts of when she's going to see him again and a lot of good that's going to do you, Miss!" A spasm of pain passed over her large red face. What if she couldn't prevent Mc-Kevitt from choosing Daphne.

Clothes. And looks. On these two things she had pinned her faith. On them her life's ambitions had been built. By them with everybody. Oh, I don't know she had achieved the place she now occupied, in the sun. Wasn't it her own looks, her

own generous curves, her carefully "touched up" yellow hair that had attracted Old Man Haines in the first place, made him desire her even before his thin, dark-eyed wife was dead? That had turned the stinglest well-to-do orchardist in Santa Clara county into a doddering old fool?

She stole another look at Daphne-at her flawless skin, her want, for it is true that the appedark satiny hair . . . oh, what a tite grows by what it feeds on and fool not to see it before. . . for what it feeds on. "That'll be about enough from

you!" she cried suddenly, getting to her feet. (To Be Continued)

SEATTLE, April 13 .- (AP)-Sportsmanship, educational values and love of healthful beauty instructions on gaining and reduchave replaced dumbells and calls- ing will give you more details. thenics that were the horror of Ask also for our article on the bloomered co-eds of the past, the Anemias. 100 delegates to the western sectional conference of American college women agreed here Fri-

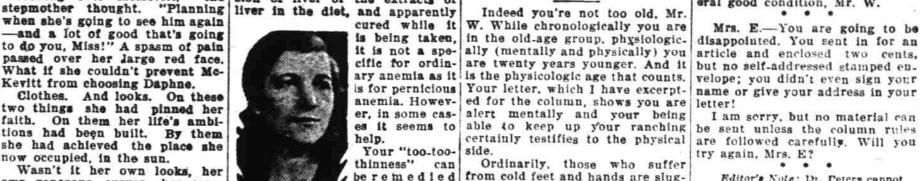
"There is an idealism of health have to hurry, you'll have to get and beauty in the women's physical education work today that with my work (ranching) and at never existed before," Majorie Miller of the University of Arihanging on the hook behind the zona told the other delegates. "It is true we strive for leadership. But in place of too strenuous com- also given nearly 10 boks to the things for the house!" she called spetition there is an ideal of city library, as well as an original after him. "And a few things for sportsmanship which does not drawing by Homar Davenport, seek to win but to play for the game's sake alone. "Modern women's athletics enport Memorial corner of the li-

gives the co-ed ideal health which brary. creates social poise and vivacity which just can't be feigned." educational values of the campus Fry of Salem. Mrs. Fry is well way to prove I knew best. I "On the way home I thought of athletics today.

GIVES TO LIBRARY SILVERTON, April 13-Mrs. S. Ives. E. Richardson has recently donated to the Methodist churhc, her Daphne was washing the break- grand piano. Mrs. Richardson has

# Dietand Health Author of "Diet and Health" and "Diet for Children"

Ordinary Anemia R .- While pernicious anemia is ly sleep well. Would hot foot baths will improve the circulation. her eyes were dark and dreaming. markedly benefitted by the inclu- help?



Ordinarily, those who suffer be remedied from cold feet and hands are slugsimply by in. gish physically from too little excreasing your ercise, so the advice is to take

diet, and more some strengthening daily exerrest and sleep, cises; but with you, I don't think tuly hunt Peters. Ms unless it is due I could advise that. Yes, you can to some organic take the hot foot bath, followed disorder which must be cleared up by a dip into cold water, or take also. Your poor appetite will event- alternate hot and cold dips. You nally become a good appetite if can massage the legs nightly. This you will force yourself to eat a will give you a little extra exer. little more each meal than you

caloric foods, especially egg yolks, T Gander's question, Gobbler | said, boy-'Once you make up for they are high in iron and fat: nuts, which are high in good protein and fat; cream, high in vitatein and fat; cream, high in vita-mins and good fat; and milk, high in vitamins, perfect protein and der," replied he. "That—that—fore the leader saw me. mineral elements. Also increase that"the foods containing the appetite-Gobbler stammered and stut-

It is better to take five or six had enough to call the Turkey who small meals a day instead of trying to take too much at one meal, soothingly: so get some of these foods in be-

now and you have learned a lesson, and, after all, that is worth something, Gobbler! You have found out it doesn't pay to be too trusting-you have said so yourself. We know all about your "For a couple of years past I being led with the flock to the have been troubled with cold feet slaughter. Gander saw you and and legs, also cold hands. It troutold us, and we were just getting bles me a great deal in connection ready to mourn your loss when you turn up safe and sound. How night also. I am not so old-in did you ever manage to escape?" the early 70's-and I have a long Gobbler chuckled. life expectancy from inheritance.

"I'll tell you what saved my

which will be placed in the Davsoon I got into an argument with

SILVERTON, April 13-Frien or west. Janet Blethen of Dominican will be pleased to hear of the birth

You want to increase the high

stimulating vitamin B.

Read the Classified Ads.

sary. I know that many think this is coddling yourself, defeating the purpose (even some doctors sub-

scribe to this notion), but I cannot see that suffering with cold Have a good appetite and general- feet and losing some good sleep I congratulate you on your general good condition, Mr. W.

cise which will include the hands. Don't hesita to take a hot wa-ter bag to bea with you if neces-

it is not a spe- ally (mentally and physically) you article and enclosed two cents, cific for ordin- are twenty years younger. And it but no self-addressed stamped enary anemia as it is the physicologic age that counts. velope; you didn't even sign your is for pernicious | Your letter, which I have excerpt- name or give your address in your

Mrs. E .- You are going to be

I am serry, but no material can es it seems to able to keep up your ranching be sent unless the column rules certainly testifies to the physical are followed carefully. Will you try again, Mrs. E?

> Editor's Note: Dr. Peters cannot diagnose, nor give personal advice. Your questions, if of general interest, will be answered in the col-umn in turn. Requests for articles must be accompanied by a fully self-addressed, stamped envelope and 2 cents in coin for each article, to cover cost of printing and hand-ling. For the paymplat or reduced ling. For the pamphlet on reduc-ing and gaining, 10 cents in coin, with fully self-addressed, stamped envelope, must be enclosed. Address Dr. Peters, in care of this

## MRS FLORENCE

tered, trying to think of something had turned traitor. Peter spoke

"There. there! You are safe

neck. It was a thought in time!" cried he. "Well, when that wicked leader invited me and some of my wild friends to go for a walk I fell in with the plan all right, but

would be wrong.

whether we were traveling east "The two of us just couldn't out looking back I walked and college, California, stressed the of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley agree, and finally I thought of a walked, and here I am. known in Silverton, and will be would walk the way I declared to what a fool I had been-looking remembered as Ethel Ives, be west, and if, when night came, for trouble and then falling into daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank the sun went to sleep in front of it as soon as it came along. For

"I remembered what you had market, of course!"

my comrade on the right as to

grew very angry, his wattles your mind you are going to do a growing red as fire. "I am thing, do it," and off I flew with-"A short way from the flock I



YOUR BROTHER WAS CARRIED OF

alighted on the ground and withme I would be right, but if he when I gathered my wits together sank to rest behind my back I I knew well enough

that leader had been bound-to

### By WALLY BISHOP



MUGGS McGINNIS





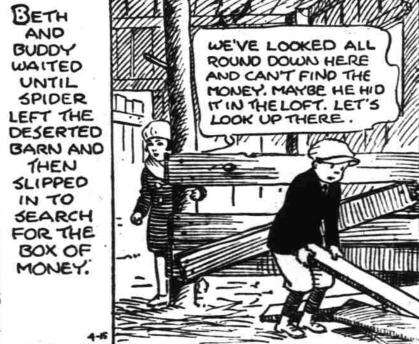






By Les Forgrave

### **Rig Sister**









#### Goofey Movies



NAC IS STILL SEARCHING FOR MAM'E MEOW, WHO WAS KIDNAPPED OVER A WEEK AGO .....

HE HAS JUST STOPPED AT A SMALL COT TAGE THAT LOOKS SUSPICIOUS. Copyright. 1929, by Central Press Association, Inc.







the appear in the Control of the Con

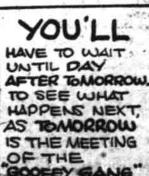












## By Neher

