

# Daphne by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

What Has Happened So Far  
Daphne Haines, 17 and lovely, finds life intolerable because of a nagging, jealous stepmother whose main aim is to promote a courtship between her own daughter, Crystal and wealthy, attractive Ralph McKevitt. Catching a fleeting glimpse of Daphne, the "prize" young man admires her. Mrs. Haines, fearing the rivalry of the younger girl, schemes to eliminate her from the scene. Daphne is dismayed when she realizes how completely these two calculating women have her father in their power, comforts herself by spinning secret dreams of a day when someone will really love her—a man, big, powerful, handsome like Ralph! A sordid quarrel is provoked between Haines and his wife because of the woman's reckless expenditures. Subtly, Mrs. Haines draws Daphne into the house, feeling the hopelessness of her situation, she determines to make her own way in the world, and leaves for San Francisco. With twenty dollars capital she seeks employment and learns it is hard to find.



Regularly she took her old seat in the employment office.

**CHAPTER VIII**  
THE late afternoon sun shone full on Daphne's face. It shone on her clear white skin with the faint line of freckles over the bridge of her nose. It deepened the dark circles under her wide gray eyes, betrayed the tremulous weariness in her lovely, un-painted mouth.

Mr. Gartz flung his watch chain, a large elk's tooth mounted in gold, and his pale tongue came out and licked his lips. "About the position," she began. "I was going by, so I thought I would come in again. You said that perhaps—that you might—"

"Well, maybe I could use someone," he said "if we could suit each other."

"I'm really a good stenographer," she broke in eagerly, "and I know I can take care of your books!"

He pulled his chair a little nearer. "But do you think you can take care of me?" His pale lips were smiling, showing stained yellow teeth.

A bell rang outside. There was a sound of hurrying feet, laughter. The millinery hands were going home. The girl in the black satin dress passed the glass door, struggling into a soiled white coat as she ran. A big fellow like me, having a little joke. Now we can talk nice. I got a nice position here for a good girl. Thirty a week. How does that sound?"

"Thirty a week! If she had thirty dollars a week . . . Oh, that would be wonderful," she cried, forgetting her fears.

"Sure," he went on, smiling at her benevolently. "I know how much a girl needs to get along when she ain't living home. You told me you was away from your folks, didn't you?"

She nodded.

"Yeh, thirty a week, that's what I pay, and if you need a little extra sometimes, you know where to come. I like to treat everybody right. Nobody ever said Harvey Gartz was stingy. A big brother in the ladies' silk lingerie line—a few samples now and then. And hats! Say—I got a line of fancy felts—come out and see. You pick out one you like—"

"But—" Daphne began, "but—"

He brushed aside her shyness with a large, fatherly gesture. "No ceremony. Come, I want to show you my French felt with the ribbon fancy. It would look good on you in purple."

He led the way and she followed lagging behind, not knowing what to do. He was middle-aged, and he looked so kind . . . and still . . .

"Here, you put on the purple one yourself. A little more to the right, over the eyes. Maybe I could use you for a model sometime. Look up at me—so!"

She looked up—just in time to dodge his pale lips and shield her face with her hands. She felt his

kiss, wet and loathsome on her neck.

"How could you!" she cried angrily, "how could you do such a thing?" Her strong, slender hand shot out, but he drew back quickly, more agile than seemed possible for one of his weight and years.

"See here," he panted, "is that any way to act? When I offer you honest work, that you should hit at me like a hussey? Do you want to get arrested?" he reached for her again, but she ducked and ran, knocked over a chair, found the door somehow and the stairs. She had gained the street and walked a block in the cool life-giving air before she remembered the little red purse . . . she had left it on Gartz's desk.

Her last five dollars was in it, there was no choice, she had to go back.

The wizened elevator man was still there. "Would you mind going up to the fifth floor and getting a red purse I left by mistake in Mr. Gartz's office?"

"I'll take you up, and you get it," he suggested. "I don't like foolin' around strange parties—"

"No—oh please—please get it for me. I'll give you fifty cents if you will—"

"Well—" he agreed without enthusiasm.

Daphne waited. There was the squeaking and jangling of the elevator, the bang of doors opening and closing up stairs. The sickly smell of the refuse from the market came through the openwork iron door from the elevator shaft, nauseating her. She waited in an agony of suspense and loathing.

After a while the car came back the little old man shook his head. "Everybody's gone," he said, "I can't get in. The janitor could mebbe, but he wouldn't let nobody take nuttin' out—"

"I'll come back in the morning at eight," she said. "Will you be here then?"

He nodded. "S'long." She had no money for dinner, and no carfare. "Well, I don't feel like eating anyway," she thought philosophically, "and the walk will do me good . . . oh, wait! I a fool to go back here for the job—I knew he was horrid—I just knew it—"

It was pleasant walking, in the cool of the early evening. At least the first half hour of it was pleasant. But it was such a long walk, up and down so many hills and the pavement was so hard.

It was half-past seven when she dragged herself up the front stairs and groped her way down the dark hall to her room.

money to pay for next month's rent. Daphne tiptoed back to her room, put on her hat and coat and began the long walk downtown. Twice automobiles stopped and men called to her, "Want to ride?"

"They looked kindly and gentlemanly enough. But so did Gartz! Daphne was taking no more chances. She walked doggedly on.

The little elevator man was waiting with the purse when she reached the building. "I thought you was going to be here at eight!"

"I guess I'm late," Daphne murmured. "Thank you so much."

"Well—say—I thought you promised—" he began in a querulous, cracked voice, full of disappointment.

"Oh—of course!" Daphne remembered the fifty cents she had promised. With a smile for the little old fellow she reached in the purse. "Why—why—" she faltered.

"Is anythin' wrong?" he asked anxiously.

"Let me sit down—" she whispered, feeling her knees give way beneath her. He gave her his stool in the elevator and watched her with growing concern.

"Say, you're sick!" he decided. "No—no—not sick—" "Well, then—you've lost some money out of that there purse. Say—if you think I took anythin'—" He bristled with outraged pride.

"Oh, no, no—" She laughed through the tears that she couldn't wipe away. "Of course not—here!" She handed him the fifty cents she had promised.

"Thanky," he beamed on her. "That's real nice of you. Money don't come too easy 'round here."

"No," she smiled back, "it doesn't."

"Good-bye!" he called after her. "Take care of yourself!"

She was still smiling, a little crooked smile, when she found her old seat in the employment office.

"You have a hole in your stocking!" the girl next to her volunteered.

teared. Daphne looked down at it without much interest. "It doesn't matter," she said.

Nothing mattered very much. Her five dollars was gone. She discovered the loss when she gave the elevator man the promised half dollar. The red purse held five cents now. Five cents and two postage stamps and a powder puff.

## HAZEL GREEN COMES TO SALEM WEDDING

HAZEL GREEN, April 18.—Edward Hashebacher and Miss Mable Erickson of Portland were married at St. Vincent De Paul church at Salem Thursday, April 11. Miss Grace Erickson, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. The groom was attended by his brother Ferdinand Hashebacher Jr. A number of relatives and friends were present.

A wedding dinner was served at the home of the bride in Portland to the bride party and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Hashebacher Sr. and son Fred Jr. and daughter Sophia and son Peter of this place and Mr. and Mrs. Lenore of Pratum attended the wedding and were guests at dinner in Portland. Mrs. Lenore is a sister of the groom.

Edward is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Hashebacher Sr. After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Hashebacher will live on a farm in the eastern part of Hazel Green.

George Zelinski of Oregon City is visiting his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Hashebacher. Mr. Zelinski sold his farm here 15 years ago to Edgar Johnson and moved to Oregon City. During his residence here he was on the school board.

# Diet and Health

By Lulu Hunt Peters, M.D.  
Author of "Diet and Health" and "Diet for Children"



Lulu Hunt Peters, M.D.

Arthritis Deformans  
Miss E.—Arthritis deformans is a most baffling disease, and very difficult to cure after it has started, although it can be arrested.

No, it is not inherited. In some cases it may be traced to infections, such as from carious teeth, or infected tonsils, or infections elsewhere in the body. Absorption of putrefaction products in the intestinal tract may also be a cause.

The modern treatment includes the treating of any infected spots in the body, diathermy—electrical heat which penetrates very deeply into the tissues—other electrical treatments and the ultra-violet and X-rays. Medications and vaccines are of value in certain cases. All the known laws of hygiene must be observed: fresh air and sunshine, right diet, sleep and rest, etc., and even exercises in some form—passive or active—to keep the joints from ankylosing (cementing together) from the inflammatory process, might express that.

I'll speak a little of the deficient diet in producing joint trouble. A deficient diet, especially one lacking in the vitamins, markedly lowers the tissue resistance of the joint coverings and of the mucous membranes. It lowers the tissue resistance of all the organs, but it is frequently noticed in these first. Now, a diet may be an overall one, as it is in those who are overweight, because usually, they eat too many starches, sugars and fats. This may dilute the vitamins,

thus making them relatively deficient, or it may derange the intestines so they are not absorbed. And it not infrequently happens that those who are overweight, as well as those who are underweight do not eat enough of the vitamin-bearing foods, especially fruits and vegetables.

It has been found in some patients suffering from so-called rheumatism and joint inflammation (arthritis) that there is a higher degree of sugar in the blood than normal, showing there is a disturbance of the regulation of sugar as there is in diabetes. These patients are markedly benefited by cutting out most of the starches and sugars, (starches are converted to sugar in the blood).

We have an article on the subject you may have.

"I have been Petersizing and have lost 15 pounds. As I have to watch my weight, and as I like popcorn, I would like to know if the popping kills the calories, I was told so."

No. Fat not one of 'em. Not infrequently I am asked if there are not certain procedures which will kill these pesky calories. The only thing I know of is thrice-boiling of vegetables, which is done in some severe cases of diabetes. Starchy vegetables are thrice boiled and the waters thrown away. This abstracts the starch and, of course, does lower the caloric value of the food. But it also lowers the vitamin and mineral element content, and is only done so the patient can have more bulk.

Many believe that toasting bread destroys its caloric value. (How many times have I heard: "I don't eat bread, only toast!") However, perhaps twice baking bread does, for recently some experiments have been carried out

on rats which show that twice-baked crusts of bread apparently are not absorbed so completely as ordinary bread, so it may be possible that it isn't in the human digestion, either. I cannot state positively, for no experiments have been made on man.

It is a good idea to eat the crusts and hard toasted breads, anyway, because they make us chew, and lessen the speed of eating. The F. F. F. (friendly fat fraction) are invariably speedy eaters.

Popped corn registers 100 calories to the one and one-half cups (one scant ounce). Care of the butter on it! That is 100 calories to the level teaspoonful.

Those who are in need of instructions on how to lose or gain weight may have our instructions by following column rules.

## PROBATE WORK NOW LARGER THAN USUAL

Probate work which usually comes into the county court is a fairly regular stream of more than normal quantity in Judge Siegmund's court Thursday. The inventory of Frank J. Mayo's estate was set at \$3500 by the three appraisers approved by the court.

Personal property in the sum of \$2563 was left by Benjamin H. Bailey, deceased, according to an appraisal filed with the court.

Judge Siegmund named as appraisers of the estate of Conrad Miller, deceased, A. B. Hornor, Mrs. Ruby E. Hornor and E. J. Richards.

Administrators of the estate of Fred Macke, deceased, have been named by the court. They are B. F. Giesy, Zene Schwab and Ralph Zimmerman.

Read the Classified Ads.

By CLIFF STERRETT

## POLLY AND HER PALS



## TILLIE, THE TOILER



## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



## BIG SISTER



## Peter's Adventures

WISE MOTHER WILD GOOSE  
TOMMY, you foolish gosling, come right back here this very instant! Don't try to play any tricks like that upon me again, either, for I shall catch you at them every time," quacked Tommy's mother.

Tommy, maybe a bit ashamed of himself—for he hung his head—looked over his shoulder to see if his mother meant it, and when he saw her looking at him so sternly he turned and slowly sailed back to her side, grumbling as he went, and the boy, by listening sharply, heard what he said.

"Want to keep me tied to your

tall all the time?" muttered he. "I am a big boy now, and yet you act just as if I had only yesterday cracked my shell. It makes me sick! Why couldn't I take a little swim by myself across the pond and back? You could watch me all the way over. Look! You can plainly see the other side from here. What could possibly happen to me, I'd like to know?"

"Almost anything could happen and at a moment's notice, Tommy," replied Mrs. Goose. "I do not know what any more than you do. But remember this—there are times in the life of a goose when it pays to use good common sense—and we geese have sense even if the rest of the world say we haven't. We know we are out of danger right here—for the while, at least—and if anything does happen I want to have the family together, not scattered all over the pond."

"Even if all this wasn't so, you have been taught to mind. If you, who came out of the shell first, do not set a good example to your younger brothers and sister, whom can I depend upon to help me to bring them up in the way they should go?"

"Wonderful mother, that wife of mine!" remarked Mr. Wild Goose, admiringly. "She'll have no more trouble with Tommy today. He will spend his moments taking care that the rest of the children don't steal out from under cover. She is like that all the time, so wise and gentle. Everybody loves her."

"Did the rest of your wives fly on?" asked Peter, glancing about. "What!" screeched Gander, so shrilly that the boy jumped. "What was that you asked me?"

## BIG SISTER

