

Daphne by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR
Daphne Haines, seventeen and lovely, finds life intolerable because of a nagging, jealous step-mother 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 rivalry of the younger girl, schemes to eliminate her from the scene. Daphne, 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 scolding quarrel is provoked because of the woman's reckless expenditures. Subtly Mrs. Haines draws Daphne into the brawl. Feeling the hopelessness of her situation, Daphne 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. Daphne has an unpleasant experience with a prospective employer and in her haste to get away from him, leaves a purse containing her last five dollars in his office. The wolf seizes perilously close. . . .



Daphne read the menu to make sure that coffee wouldn't cost ten cents.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER IX.
HAD Garz taken the five dollars to punish her, or make her come back to claim it? Or the black-satin girl, would it have been she? Daphne wondered, speculating upon the possibilities as she might have if it had been someone else's purse, some other girl's hard luck. Perhaps the money fell out earlier in the day. . . . but it didn't matter. "I'm glad I gave him the fifty cents, poor old fellow!" she thought with a faint glow of satisfaction remembering the elevator-man's pleasure. "It'll make a difference to him. I know he didn't take the money anyway."
"You could ink that place on your heel so the hole wouldn't show so much," the girl next to her said, pointing to the gaping hole in Daphne's stocking again. "I used to ink my leg when I got holes in black stockings. I always wear beige now—beige are better—a run hardly shows."
"But there's no beige ink!" Daphne giggled. Beige ink? What a crazy idea! She giggled again, hysterically.
The girl turned away, disgusted with her, and Daphne sank back into the half stupor that had claimed her. She sat there all day, rousing herself at intervals, to answer the questions that were put to her. No, she hadn't had any experience in a bank. No, she couldn't run a comptometer. No, she didn't mind working in a pickle factory. . . .

she reassured herself. "I don't feel a bit like eating. I never felt like this, when I was hungry before. . . . I wonder if I'm going to be sick. I feel so funny. . . . my head. . . . wonder. . . . what people would say if I sat down on the curb over there. . . . But I'm not really hungry!" She kept on walking, one foot before the other, counting the steps crazily. . . . eight hundred and . . .

ninety-nine, nine hundred, nine hundred and one, two, three. . . . After a while, without knowing or caring just how she got there, she found herself at the ferry, and then, far up the Embarkadero, at one of the wharves. It had grown dark, there were lights in the street lamps, lights twinkling in the shacks on Telegraph Hill, lights on the ferries on the bay. The hours between six and eight had slipped away somehow. . . . Miles and miles to walk, and she was so tired, she had walked so far. She'd ride home, spend that last five cents. You can't buy anything with five cents anyway, no use keeping it. . . . Yes, and if she did that she'd have to walk back in the morning. How long can you live without eating? Thirty days, forty days? How long can you hang around an employment agency without getting a job? Forever maybe. Besides her room rent would be up in six days, and then what? . . .



They All Got Into the Boat.

What do you do when you have no money, and no place to sleep? The Salvation Army. . . . Please, can I sleep in the jail? . . . What a idea! She laughed aloud, and the sound of her own laugh frightened her. . . . what if someone heard. . . . what if someone saw her standing there by the water so long. . . . They'd think. . . . She looked down at the dark water, lapping gently against the piles. A crate bobbed up and down, a few old oranges, a rotting cantaloup. . . . lap, lap, lap. . . . so quiet, and dark. "I've got to go home!" she whispered to herself. "I can't stay here any longer!"
A red roadster whizzed by, a (Continued on Page 24.)

ment they turned their backs, however, he jumped down into the midst of the little garden painted on the plate. It was no use trying to get rid of him, then. "Promise you won't pry into things," the others demanded. Knarf promised, "I won't," he insisted, "I won't at all."
"I'm worrying," he replied, choking a sob. "I'm worrying about whether I'll receive my birthday presents."
"And do you think you will?" cried Knarf before anyone could stop him.
The crocodile rocked his head. "No-no-no!" he shouted. "I'm sure I won't get a single one." Hereupon he burst into tears. Crocodile tears are by no means like ordinary tears. They are as large as watermelons. The boat shook wildly in the waves of tears.
"Stop crying!" exclaimed the shadows in alarm.
"Why don't you dry your eyes?" asked Knarf.
"I can't—" moaned the crocodile—"I forgot—my—handkerchief."
Then he gave such a violent sob that the little rowboat rose off the water and the shadows went flying clean out of the Chi-

"You're mistaken," said the crocodile, opening his mouth as wide as it would go. "I haven't a single tooth so I can't possibly chew you up. Moreover," he added regretfully, "I don't eat anything but crackers and milk." And he fetched a sigh.
He looked harmless enough, so they rowed over to him.
"What's the news you were going to tell us?" inquired the curious Knarf again. The crocodile brightened up a bit.
"Today," he announced cheerfully, "is my birthday."
"Congratulations!" cried Miji, Flor, Hanid and Yam. As for Knarf, he merely said: "How old are you?"
"I'm sweet sixteen," replied the crocodile bashfully.
"Sixteen!" exclaimed Yam. "You look older than that!" added Hanid.
"You look more like—" began Flor.
"—like sixty!" concluded Miji. "I worry a great deal," admitted the crocodile mournfully. It was plain he wasn't at all happy. Miji, Flor, Hanid and Yam shook their heads pityingly. Master Knarf did nothing of the sort. His curiosity wouldn't let him.
"What are you worrying about?" he asked.
"I'm worrying," he replied, choking a sob. "I'm worrying about whether I'll receive my birthday presents."
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Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

DURING THE WARM MONTHS YOUR HOUSE WILL BE AS COOL AS IT LOOKS

THE night of the dinner party was unexpectedly hot, and my hostess was handicapped by the fact that her dining room was so situated that it was always a very warm room. What to do? An electric fan might help some, but it couldn't keep everybody comfortable. So she abandoned the idea of trying to alter the atmosphere and decided on making people think they were cool.

Instead of the usual floral centerpiece, she obtained a large cube of ice, which was set on a silver tray, and surrounded by graceful sprays of ferns. Looking at that block of ice made one blissfully unaware of the temperature of the room, indeed everyone felt pleasantly cool and said so.

The appearance of a house has a good deal to do with what one feels about heat. A room cluttered up with things makes it seem stuffy and warm—even when really it is not. The old custom of swathing furniture and pictures in summer covers, and stripping the floors of rugs, did make the house look cool, although they also uglified it a good deal.

There are better solutions, however. A house can be made to look cool and yet be the most attractive in appearance. First thing to do is to remove objects that are not needed particularly. Most rooms that are lived in and look it, have too much in them—which is cozy enough ordinarily. But in summer too many objects are oppressive to the eye—not to mention the additional work they entail. Packed away they are a relief to the housekeeper, clear up the room, and when restored to their places in the fall will be welcome as new furniture.

nese-plate which wasn't at all what they deserved even though Knarf had been curious.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

IT was all Knarf's fault as usual. He simply couldn't control his curiosity. That's why Miji, Flor, Hanid and Yam—the other little shadow children with the turned-about names—didn't

POLLY AND HER PALS



By CLIFF STERRETT

"LIVE MODERATELY—CHEW YOUR FOOD"

There's a Dozen Health Articles in This Creed of the Venerable Oil Magnate, Says Dr. Copeland, Urging That We All Adopt It for Our Own.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States Senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

FREQUENTLY I am asked, "How in the world do you think of things about which to write?" To one who has not had the experience, it seems a difficult task to find subjects for health articles.

But really, it isn't difficult. One source of information is the public press. There is hardly an issue of a newspaper that hasn't an article about something with a health angle.

For instance, as I write, I have on my lap the current number of a Washington paper. On the front page is an interview with John D. Rockefeller, Sr. Among other things, I find these wise words from the wealthy sage: "I live moderately and I chew my food thoroughly."

There are a dozen articles in that statement. But the paper has more. On page 10 of the paper is the pronouncement of a well-known French surgeon, who says: "Criminals are nothing less than sick people." We must prevent crime, he states; we must "escape this state of barbarism in which men are living like primitive savages, believing that crime is as inevitable as a thunder or an earthquake." Splendid!

Let us return to Mr. Rockefeller's interview: "My health is good. My heart is all right; it gives me no trouble. I live moderately and I chew my food thoroughly. I have many friends. I have learned to enjoy life and I am happy. I thank God for the blessings He has bestowed upon me."

Please note what he does not say: "I have great wealth. I am one of the richest men in the world. I can dine sumptuously every day."
When he counts his blessings, Mr. Rockefeller names only the things that each of us can have. He did not think of money, beyond a pocketful of bright new coins.
He thought of health and friendships. These make it possible for him to enjoy life to the full. In many things I have not always agreed with this famous man. But in this philosophy of life I am in fullest accord.

Good health is better than great riches and friends are more precious than spun gold. If one were to follow the teachings of a single sentence of this interview he would find it to contain the essence of good health.

The law of health is this: To live moderately and to chew the food thoroughly. Then you will be well and cheerful, will make friends easily, and you, too, can enjoy life.

Answers to Health Queries
E. D. B. Q.—What should a girl weigh who is 17 years old and 5 feet, 4 inches tall?
2.—What should a girl weigh who is 15 years old and 5 feet, 4 inches tall?
A.—They should weigh respectively 125 and 110 pounds.

G. M. C. Q.—What do you advise to increase the blood pressure?
A.—Consult your doctor for treatment.

M. E. Q.—What do you advise for eczema?
A.—For full particulars send self-addressed stamped envelope and repeat your question.

M. M. B. Q.—What can be done for poor circulation?
A.—Poor circulation is due to a run-down state of health. Try to

TILLIE, THE TOILER

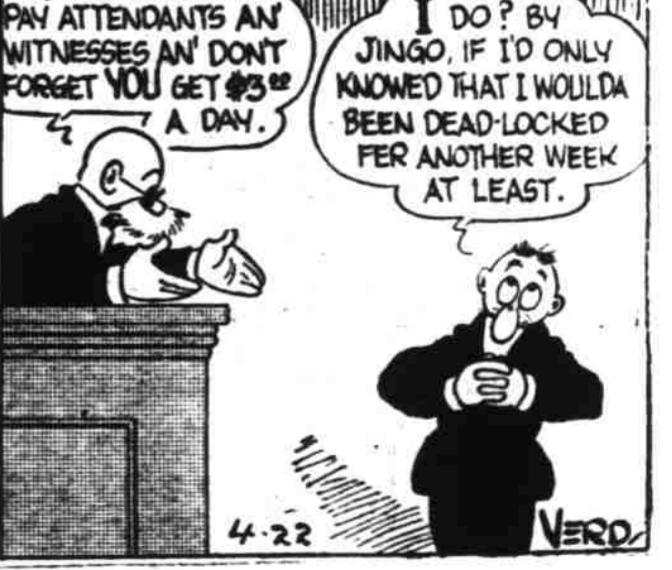
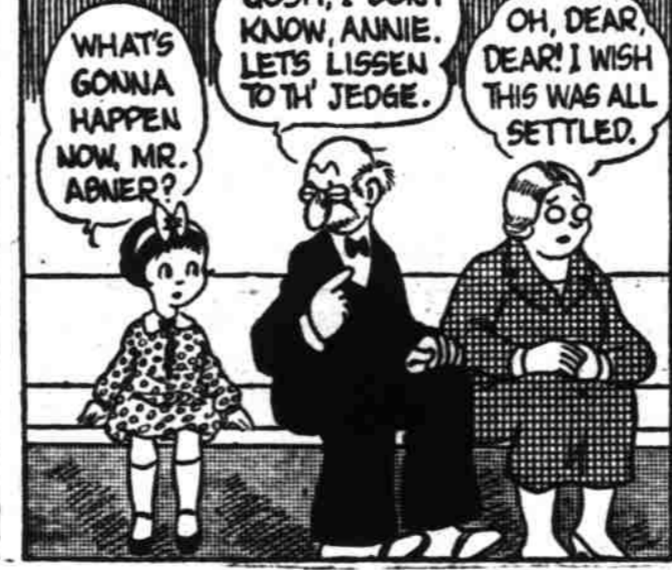


By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

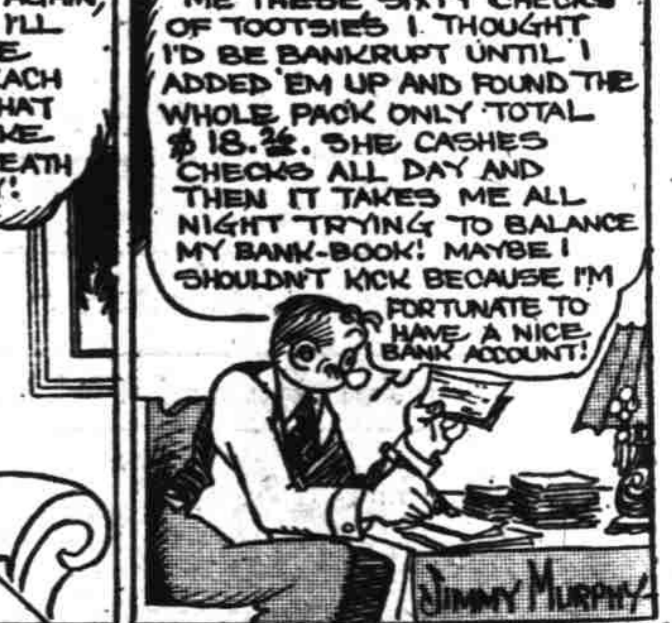
On Saturday our friend Obediah Long the one-man jury reported that he had disagreed with himself—the result being a hung jury. . . .

THE CITIZENS OF BROOKVALE FEEL LIKE HANGING OBEDIAH!



By VERD

TOOTS AND CASPER



By JIMMY MURPHY