

Daphne

by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR

Daphne Haines, seventeen 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 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 scolded quarrel is provoked between Haines and his wife 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 seems perilously close. Hunger seizes her and she walks the streets wondering what she can buy to eat with a nickel. She decides upon a cup of coffee. At the Java Inn, a cheap restaurant, a young man sensing Daphne's plight, buys her a plate of ham and eggs. His face seems vaguely familiar. On the way home in his car she discovers that her escort is none other than Ralph McKevitt, her stepfather's "prize" young man. Now life seems warm and rosy!



"I said I got a job!" she repeated.

NOW GO ON WITH THIS STORY

CHAPTER XII

THE strong smell of boiling coffee penetrated Daphne's consciousness. It was morning; old Mrs. Hinkle in the kitchen was preparing her favorite brew. Daphne knew that the old lady slept in the kitchen, on the hard, lumpy couch between the stove and the table. "Ah, some times I lay down here, 'gess it's good enough for me," she would mumble in her hoarse, guttural old voice if any of the roomers found her there. But they all knew that the others rooms were all ways rented.

Miss Viola, her daughter, the "Madame Hinkle" of the dress-making sign in the window, slept on the green plush couch in the parlor, and Daphne herself had what had once been the dining room, separated from Miss Viola's parlor by perpetually locked and closed folding doors of dark, varnished wood.

Mrs. Hinkle made coffee twice a day, before breakfast, and before dinner, in a tall blue agate pot with a tin cover. The rest of the day it simmered on the back of the stove, sending out its stale, old odor to mingle with the dampness of the halls, the old, dusty smell of unaired beds, yellow soap, boiled dinner and the sweet-sour messes that usually shared the place of honor on the back of the stove.

"With the privilege of the kitchen," Miss Viola said, when Daphne rented the room, but Daphne had never made use of the privilege. It was bad enough to hurry through it in the mornings on her way to the splashy, dark little bathroom which an absent-minded architect had forgotten until the house was finished, and then nonchalantly placed in a vacant spot on the back porch.

There was always someone in the kitchen. Sometimes it was one of the married women from the stairs, stirring something over the fire or, "washing out a little

something" in one of the laundry tubs on the back porch. Or Flora McCordle, the tall, blond girl, who had the hall bedroom upstairs and was also out of work. Flora had been disposed to be friendly, but her loud, coarse laugh and her easy ways with the married women's husbands had frightened Daphne away.

Old Mrs. Hinkle had been friendly too, looking up from her place at the oilcloth covered table to say: "There's coffee on the stove"—she pronounced it shovve—"help yourself Miss Haines, make yourself at home; ach, they all do."

And Daphne had wanted to accept, had wanted to give friendliness for the friendliness they gave her, but a tight, hard shyness held her back.

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it!" Flora's shrug seemed to say, and after a while Mrs. Hinkle didn't offer her coffee. "Some don't like it, aber it's good enough for me, she'd mumble, looking after Daphne with eyes hard and black as shoebuttons in her wrinkled old face as Daphne hurried by.

But this particular morning, the morning after she met Ralph McKevitt, everything was different. The sun was shining, chasing away the fog. A fresh, clear breeze blew through the open window, sweetening the stale air. Her own face, thin and pale as ever, looked different to her as she ran a comb through her hair and smiled to herself, thinking of Ralph. The worries had all slipped away.

"Good morning!" she called to Mrs. Hinkle. Her feet were almost skipping on the sticky kitchen floor. The smile that she gave the old lady embraced Flora too.

"She's got a job," Flora said when Daphne and her toothbrush had vanished behind the bathroom door.

The old lady nodded, dipping bread into her coffee, softening it for her toothless gums, and waiting, sharp old eyes on the door.

Flora waited, too, wrapping her faded Japanese kimono tightly about her thin body, dangling a slipped foot impatiently.

"Well, what's the good word?" she shouted when Daphne came back glowing and a little shivery from her cold shower. "Hot and cold water?" Miss Viola always explained to the roomers, but the cold would run.

to write society on a morning paper up in Portland, but it looks like somebody'll have to die before I get a chance here."

"Somebody's looking out for me, too!" Daphne hadn't meant to say that, it just slipped out.

"Oh!" Flora looked at Daphne with new interest.

"I just met him last night. I was feeling so blue and down and out and thinking I never would find anything, and now I'll bet I get something today. Doesn't it make you feel different to find a friend?"

Flora interrupted her with a nudge, and Daphne realized that the old lady was speaking. "I always got plenty of coffee. Some don't like it, aber it's there on the back of the shovve—"

"You ought to try it, it's fine!" Flora put in good naturedly.

"Oh—I'd love too!" Daphne murmured, with another beaming smile.

"Take a chair," Mrs. Hinkle grumbled, "don't stand up. You got plenty of time to drink it sitting down."

And there they were, Daphne and Flora McCordle and old Mrs. Hinkle all sipping coffee at the kitchen table, old friends.

Daphne's voice rang along happily telling all about the blue, lonely days, about the employment secretaries that thought she looked too young, and Mr. Garz, and the coffee house near the ferry, and Ralph McKevitt, who was an old family friend and bobbed up in the nick of time.

"Well, for heaven's sake!" Flora encouraged. "Can you beat that?" She believed it all, except the part about the "family friend."

"Heaven's, what does she take us for, rubes?"

But Daphne didn't know what Flora was thinking. She told it all out of her full heart, and only stopped talking when the kitchen clock struck eight and it was time to begin the search for work.

She rode downtown with Flora and paid Flora's cartage out of the ten dollars Ralph had given her.

"Goodbye, Flora called after her when they parted. "Good luck!"

"Good luck to you," Daphne called back. She had her luck already.

ready.

A great wave of pity for all the jobless girls sitting patiently on the benches surged over her as she came into the agency. All the jobless girls who had no friends, no Ralph McKevitt.

"There's no opening for an inexperienced girl in insurance," Mrs. Garrison, the woman in charge, said in her tired voice, with a doubtful eye on Daphne.

"I'm going to get it, I'm going to get it!" Daphne's heart sang, keeping time with her hurrying feet, all the long walk over to California street, to the fine brick building in which hundreds of other girls sat typing in the big, airy rooms.

"You might as well start right away," the handsome middle-aged woman who received her said indifferently.

A fat girl with a slight lisp explained her duties, with an eye on the clock. Girls in the big office yawned, looked out the open windows, whispered to each other, languidly powdered their noses. "Gee, what a long day!"

But it flew for Daphne. Flew on magic wings. Her first day's work in the job she had found all by herself!

"I've got a job today!" Her voice was quivering with happiness when she came to answer the telephone in the hall that night. She knew Ralph would call her, knew it was he, before they called her to the phone.

There was a flat silence at the other end of the wire. "I said I got a job!" she repeated a little louder.

"The devil you did! I thought you were going to leave everything to me!"

(To Be Continued.)

about names—inquired.

"I think she's well—in fact, I'm quite sure she's well," said Punch, looking around warily. He seemed to be in constant dread lest Judy should suddenly pop out. "I don't like to be talking about her behind her back," he confided to the children. "I once talked behind her back and there she was, looking at me all the time."

"If she was looking at you all the time," said Knarf, "you couldn't have been talking behind her back."

Mr. Punch signed. "That's just what I told her. But it didn't seem to make any difference, and she gave me a black eye."

"Well," he said, after a pause. "I suppose I'll have to tell you



"How is Judy, today?"

the whole story, even though—and he glanced around cautiously again—"even though Judy may pop out any minute. What happened was this. Just after she surprised me by looking at me when I thought all the time that I was behind her back, I said: 'If I had laid my eyes on you, this never would have happened.' And then all at once it occurred to me that if I could really lay my eyes on her, it would be a fine thing. For then I should always know where she was and when she was coming. That would be very comfortable for me, especially if I could always manage to keep my eyes on her. Well, I did actually lay my eyes on Judy. I laid them on top of her head."

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

First-Aid Cleaning

HOME dry-cleaning is becoming a lost art—fortunately—now that professional cleaners are abundant and moderate in their charges. And the safest way to cleanse most clothes is to let a reliable dry-cleaning establishment take the responsibility.

However, there are times when it is necessary to take out stains at home, and fresh fruit season is one of the times. They should be removed as soon as possible—after some time has elapsed it isn't so easy. One way to remove fresh fruit stains from any material is to pour boiling water over the spot. Sometimes this does not work. Another way is to cut a lemon in half, dip it in salt, and rub over the spot. But this can be done only with washable garments because the article must be washed immediately after this treatment.

If cleaning fabrics is difficult at home, it is made up by the fact with which other cleaning is now handled. Silver cleaning was a laborious job, and a whole lot had to be set aside for it. Now only the few large pieces have to be scoured and polished manually with special polish. The rest are beautifully and automatically cleaned simply by immersion in an aluminum bath containing plenty of boiling water, salt and baking soda. The silver is then removed, rinsed in clean, hot water and wiped dry. They are cleaned and polished thoroughly in this quick process.

A solution of vinegar and water or lemon juice and salt will clean brass or copper. They must be rinsed quickly in clean water and wiped dry. The part of the metal to four parts water and a few spoons borax will clean aluminum.

"Your eyes look just like shoe-buttons," remarked Hand, who was very good at spelling.

"Precisely, Judy answered off. "My, my," she said, "that never do. With that she said, "In fact, now that I think of it, they are shoe-buttons. But that's neither here nor there. I laid them on top of Judy's head. And then what do you suppose happened?"

As none of the shadow-children could possibly imagine, he went on.

"She walked right off with them, Judy did. Of course, I didn't see her, because I had no eyes, you see. Then she began to write a letter to her grandmother, 'Dear Granny,' she wrote. 'I am sending you a letter. Then she got stuck. She did not know what to say next. So she scratched the top of her head, the better to think. All at once, down came one of my eyes, right on the letter—in fact, right on the word letter. In fact," said Mr. Punch again, "right on the second letter which, as you know was an 'e'."

"That changed letter to litter,"

did it not?" declared Hand, who was very good at spelling.

"Precisely, Judy answered off. "My, my," she said, "that never do. With that she said, "In fact, now that I think of it, they are shoe-buttons. But that's neither here nor there. I laid them on top of Judy's head. And then what do you suppose happened?"

Mr. Punch stopped as the shadow-children were quite satisfied with himself, and a true story," he remarked, "that the shadow-children looked at him in a curious way."

"What, did Judy's grandmother say when she got the letter?" inquired Knarf.

"She didn't get the letter, she got the litter," Mr. Punch said. "Of course, all litter goes into the dustpan, and there's where it went. And now if you'll excuse me," said Mr. Punch, "I'll step down and see if Judy has a letter ready."

"Just a moment," cried Hand, "before you go. How could you see all that happened, when you didn't have your eyes?"

But Mr. Punch was gone.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

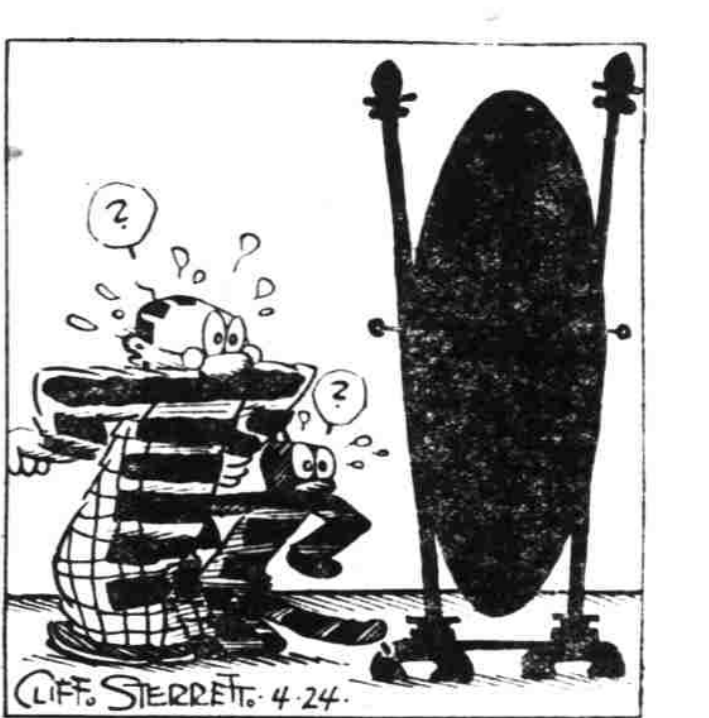
By Max Trell

Mr. Punch Tells How He Got His Black Eye

"How is Judy today, Mr. Punch?" asked Hand.

"Yes, how is she?" Mr. Punch and Knarf—the other little shadow-children with the turned

POLLY AND HER PALS



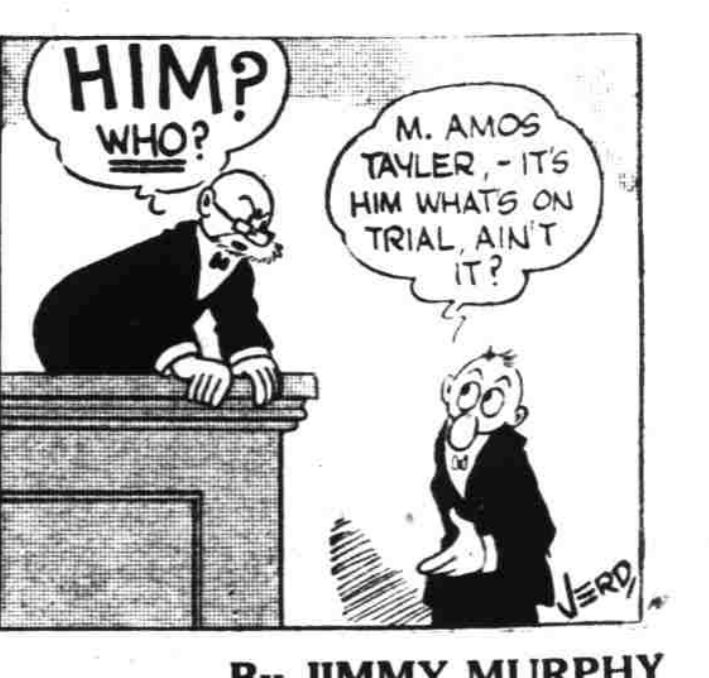
By CLIFF STERRETT

TILLIE, THE TOILER



By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



By VERD

TOOTS AND CASPER



By JIMMY MURPHY

KNOWING HOW TO FEED INFANT IS IMPORTANT

Dr. Copeland, Calling Attention to the String Test of Feeding in the Orient, Is Thankful that American Mothers Are Versed in Scientific Methods.

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

FORTUNATE indeed is the babe born in an enlightened land. With popular education and wide-spread instruction in the care of infants, the American baby is blessed indeed.

When we contrast the scientific feeding of our youngsters with what is done in certain lands, we must rejoice that we know how to care for the little ones. I want you to read how a recent writer describes the care of infants in one part of the Orient.

After a beautiful tribute to the mother love, telling how the child is idolized, the author laments the ignorance of the uneducated and uninformed parent. The mother "would never discipline the child, even though she knew the meaning of the word." Listen:

"She has not the vaguest conception how to feed him or develop him. Her idea of a sufficient meal is to tie a string around his little brown body and start him till the string bursts."

Isn't this terrible?

Thank God, the mothers of modern civilization are not limited in their knowledge of how to feed a baby. Neither are they bound by the blindness of tradition. Our mothers are eager to find the very best way to deal with their children and they are free to apply their knowledge. That is why the infant death rate is steadily decreasing.

I have often said that the degree of civilization is measured by the infant death rate. The mother determines the progress of the community.

I shall never forget the quiet and modest admission of the chief personal assistant to the Commissioner soon after I took charge of the Health Department of New York City. This good woman called my attention to a graphic chart, showing the infant deaths. The success or failure of your administration will be determined by what is added to this chart during your administration.

The full significance of this statement did not dawn upon me at once. But the more I learned of public health work, the more I became convinced that the way we care for the babies determines our humanity, our scientific knowledge, our real civic progress.

There is little more to say today. It is enough to add that the foundation of health is laid in the early



DR. COPELAND

years of life. The usefulness of the adult, the ability to think straight and to work hard, the physique to meet successfully the contests of life—all these depend on the mother wisdom applied in those early years.

From time to time, infant feeding will be discussed in this column. No American mother will depend on the breaking of a string as a test of sufficient feeding. She will know exactly what must be fed, how much must be fed, and what must not be given her baby. By the application of simple rules hygiene and previous infant will be strong.

Answers to Health Queries

"A READER." Q.—What will remove superfluous hair?

A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.