

Daphne by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR Daphne Haines, seventeen and lovely, is literally "at home" in her nagging stepmother, whose sole interest is in her own daughter, Crystal. The second Mrs. Haines is determined that Crystal shall marry Ralph McKevitt, a handsome young man of wealth. Ralph, one day admitted Daphne, whom he sees at a distance, and Mrs. Haines decides to permanently eliminate the younger girl, whose rivalry she secretly fears. She provokes a sordid quarrel in the household, and Daphne, realizing the helplessness of her position, leaves home to make her way in San Francisco. The quest for employment is difficult. She is almost starving when she encounters Ralph McKevitt, her stepfather's "prize" young man, in a cheap restaurant. He buys her a hearty meal and takes her home in his car. As weeks pass a nice friendship develops between the two. Ralph secures a good position for the girl, and when he kisses her in the moonlight she feels she has found paradise. The motley assortment of roomers at Daphne's house speculate "wisely" about her. One of the young McKevitt calls in his flashy car, but she finds two good friends in hard-boiled "Flora" and the love-starved little dressmaker called "Miss Viola." Back in the Haines home Crystal announces her intention of leaving for the city where she intends studying music.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XVI

THEY wrangled all through dinner.

"Oh, mama, shut up! My head aches!" Crystal groaned.

"I thought as much. Another convenient headache. I suppose you'll be too sick to help with the dishes. That's just the kind of thing I can do it—I can hang over the dishpan with my back broken and my poor feet—"

"I don't care where you hang! Hang any place you want. I know one thing though, I'm not going to spoil my hands in any dishpan. Not me. Why don't you hire a cook?"

"You know I can't get one to stay out here in the country! You know we can't afford to pay—"

"Can't afford! After all the talk about how rich—"

Old man Haines spoke up then. "I never said I was a rich man. I've spent a lot of money since I got married. I ain't going to hire no cook with two women folks in the house able—"

Crystal stood up. "You can count me out of your harem. I won't cook for any man, least of all you. I'm going to leave right now. Do you understand? As soon as I can finish packing!"

"Crystal, you don't mean it. Crystal, pet, mama don't want you to do anything foolish. Wait a bit and Papa will see you get a nice tresseau won't you. Abner? I don't want you going off this way. I'm getting married without anything—wait a little, pet—wait till—"

"Wait till I die—that's what I'd do if I took your advice. But I'm too wise. I'm going, and I'm not going to get married either. I'm going to art school and get

the career I ought to have had five years ago. Thank God it isn't too late yet—"

"I haven't any money for any art!" Old Man Haines bellowed, waving a chicken wing.

"I never asked for any. Thank God I never did!"

"Crystal, you wouldn't take money from McKevitt if you didn't marry him!"

"I'm not saying who's backing me!"

"Tell mama you wouldn't do that! Oh, Crystal, after the way I brought you up and worked so hard, wore my fingers to the bone—"

"As if it was my fault you weren't wealthy! Crystal finished with a flourish, and flounced out of the room. They heard her quick feet running up the stairs, moving quickly in the room overhead. Packing.

After a long time Mrs. Haines wiped her eyes, and followed Crystal.

"Nuthin' but a baby yell!" the mother thought. Love, overwhelming and agonizing swept over her. Love and terror. Terror of the cold, hard independence she saw in every movement of her baby's efficient hands. The tears gathered in her eyes again, she reached out, yearning arms.

"Don't go yet! Don't leave mama. I can't bear it, I can't, I can't!"

Crystal's face darkened. "I wish you wouldn't carry on. I am going. Your bawling won't keep me!"

Silence, except for the soft sound of silken garments folded, slapped down, one upon the other.

Crystal spoke. "That's done. I'm taking the two suitcases, and the small hatbox with me. You can send the wardrobe trunk when I get settled. I suppose you'll do that much for me?"

"Crystal, pet—tell mama—did Mr. McKevitt give you the money?"

"Some of it."

"Crystal!"

"Well, it's a good thing somebody cares enough for me to give me something. You won't. He didn't give me much anyway, just my tuition and a little more. He's doing it for art's sake—he thinks I can paint, even if you don't!"

"I just didn't want you to go . . . to go away . . . to get mixed up with Bohemians an'—"

"Mama! If you're off on that again!"

"Crystal, tell mama you wouldn't do anything wrong. I know you wouldn't pet . . . mama's girlie . . . That's all McKevitt done. Crystal? Just lent you a little money—"

"Mama, you make me sick drooling all over me. Yes, that's all—for the present!"

"Crystal!"

"Well, you drive me to it! What do you take me for, a sap? You don't have to worry about me, I can take care of myself, thank you. I'm not going to make a fool of myself over McKevitt, anyway he isn't the only man in the world. I'm going to look around before I leap. Plenty of others."

She shut her eyes. She was thinking of one of the others. Of one with dark, brooding eyes, the skin like velvet. One of mama's Bohemians. . . . Avery Woodward. . . .

After Crystal had gone Adeline cleaned her room and then limped downstairs and began to stack the dishes.

Old Man Haines laid down his pipe. For the first time in his life he picked up a dish towel. "Mebbe I could help some," he said, feeling foolish.

Adeline looked at him, not seeming to understand. "I keep my mind off things to work," she said, fixing him with her red-rimmed tragic eyes. Then, without any warning of what she was about to do she threw herself on the kitchen floor and lay there sobbing and screaming, insane in her grief.

It was the darkest hour of her life. All the years of pinching and grubbing, all the bright hopes, all the triumph of her second marriage, everything . . . for Crystal. For Crystal, who was to have everything she had ever desired, a sheltered home, a happy marriage, wealth, success, love. And now Crystal, grown hard and cold, not needing her any more, going away, threatening vague, primrose tinted times . . .

"I can't stand it," she shrieked. "I can't live without you!"

"Tut, tut," her husband said. "I didn't carry on like that when my girl Daphne left!"

Again her terrible, red-rimmed eyes were turned on him. He shrank from them, put up his

SENATE TAKES UP GOVERNOR INQUIRY

BATON ROUGE, La., April 27. (AP)—The spotlight of the impeachment investigation of Governor Huey P. Long was turned today on the state senate as the house of representatives adjourned as a grand jury.

Sitting as a high court of impeachment the senate received the final charge from the house and adjourned until tomorrow when Governor Long will be formally cited for his appearance before the senate for trial. The senate is expected to adjourn after a short session tomorrow to meet May 14 when the trial will begin.

The last charge carried several specific counts under the head of general incompetency, which was added to the seven charges already sent to the senate.

The house ignored the accusation that the governor attempted to plot the murder of a state representative because he opposed his legislative program although it received the evidence of H. A. (Balding) Boseman, former body-guard of the governor, who said the governor requested him to do

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trail

It was Knarf's fault, of course. He was always getting Mi, Flor, Hanid and Yam—the other little shadow-children with the turned-about names—into trouble.

On this particular day it seems that Knarf overheard the real children's father say: "It was all like a tempest in a teacup."

Knarf was mightily interested at once. "A tempest in a teacup!" he exclaimed to himself. Then he rushed over to the other shadows. "Let's look for a teacup!" he cried.

"What for?" demanded Mi, Flor, Hanid and Yam. "You don't know anything about teacups, that's plain. You find tempests in teacups."

At this the others burst out laughing. "Tempests in teacups! It was really very funny."

"Who ever heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Hanid. "I just heard of it," said Knarf. "Every single teacup that you can see has its own private tempest. If you don't believe me, I'll prove it to you by any teacup you find."

The others were so certain that Knarf was wrong, that they set off for the kitchen at once. There on the table they found a teacup. It was standing in its saucer right under the clock.

"Well," said the others to Knarf, "what's the tempest?"

"It's in the teacup," said Knarf, "right in the teacup."

"If it was," said Yam, putting her ear against the cup, "you'd hear it."

Knarf shook his head. "You don't hear tempests go!"

"If it was, you'd hear it!"

"It's in the teacup," he rejoined. "You see them."

Then they stood on tiptoe and tried to look over the edge of the cup. But though they looked and looked they saw nothing. This

wasn't at all strange, considering that the edge of the teacup was so high over their heads that they couldn't see beyond it.

"We can't see your tempest," said Flor at last.

This didn't please Master Knarf at all. He gave a spring and landed inside the cup. "Do you see a tempest now?" the others called over to him.

Now the truth of the matter was that he didn't see anything at all, except the inside of the cup. Instead of admitting this, he answered: "Of course, do. It's the nearest and proudest tempest that ever blew." Just to convince them, he started to whistle a song. "Do you hear it?" he cried boastfully.

When Mi, Flor, Hanid and Yam heard this they became so envious that with one accord they sprang into the teacup. You can imagine their disappointment when they saw the trick that the



"If It Was, You'd Hear It!"

Knarf had played on them.

They were on the point of springing out again when at once the clock struck five and the most extraordinary things started to happen. They heard strange noises all around them. A dark form appeared over the top of the cup. A dense fog descended on them. Then, worst of all, it began to pour. The water came steaming down. And the water was boiling hot!

"Help," cried the shadows, "help, help." They sprang out at last, Mi, Flor and Hanid and

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

The Perfect Hostess Entertains Her Week-End Guests

BEING a week-end guest is not a bed of roses, oblige her lunch. "I got back from the Browns' new country house this morning and I'm all in. Wild party? I should say not. Why, I've danced all night for three days running and I haven't been nearly so tired as this quiet weekend in the country with the Browns. Sure, they're nice people. I'm very fond of them, but—"

And then Lella aired her woes. Mrs. Brown, it seems, is the type of hostess who thinks her guests like to be shown around. That's how Lella spent most of her week-end—listening to the Browns while they took her to the country. By Sunday Lella had exhausted all her flattering adjectives and her ecstatic smile over the Browns' possessions—their gorgeous gardens, their magnificent views, their original decorative schemes, their fine dogs and their oh, so clever children. She'd have fled Sunday night if she could, but there was no train until Monday morning, and the last thing she had to do was to admire the tricky little roadster Mr. Brown drove her to the station in. "The worst of it is," she groaned, "dear Nell Brown was just natural and doesn't suspect how utterly bored I was, and how could I tell her?"

And what is one to do about the motherly hostess, who in sheer kindness, exhausts her guests? She plans every hour for them, is upset if they don't seem amused, and worries about their not having

Yam and the curious Knarf. Lucky for them that they did, for they were almost scalded.

"That's what I call a tempest!" exclaimed Knarf, when they were safe on the table again.

Then they saw what had really happened. Lella, the maid, was hurriedly pouring five o'clock tea.

ing sufficient wraps when they got out, or catching cold in drafts and other terrible things.

There are ideal hostesses—and probably even some ideal guests, and their chief virtue, according to most reports, is that they see each other alone as far as possible. The duty of a hostess includes a few thoughtful acts, apart from seeing that a guest is comfortably lodged. It begins at the invitation—what should be very explicit about such matters as expected to come and to go, and the trains he is expected to catch. Also what sports and entertainments are planned, so that suitable clothes are taken. Also, what other guests, if any, are to be present. Once having accepted an invitation, the whole duty of the guest is to fall in with whatever is planned and be agreeable about it. That's all.

One of the most delightful hostesses I know has the knack of to most reports, is that they see each other alone as far as possible. The duty of a hostess includes a few thoughtful acts, apart from seeing that a guest is comfortably lodged. It begins at the invitation—what should be very explicit about such matters as expected to come and to go, and the trains he is expected to catch. Also what sports and entertainments are planned, so that suitable clothes are taken. Also, what other guests, if any, are to be present. Once having accepted an invitation, the whole duty of the guest is to fall in with whatever is planned and be agreeable about it. That's all.

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By CLIFF STERRETT

POLLY AND HER PALS



WHEN 'NERVOUSNESS' BECOMES A DISEASE

If Condition Reaches This Stage It's Usually Because of Some Internal Trouble, and Medical Attention Is Necessary.

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

WHAT is nervousness? We hear so many women say, "I'm so nervous!" What do they mean and why are they that way? Women are more highly organized, more sensitive in their natures, than men are. They are more emotional, less restrained in giving way to their feelings. They cry easily. They suffer more.

I am not at all sure it would be good for the world to have them different. We need their enthusiasm, their readiness to express joy and sorrow, their tenderness, their warm hearts. It would be a cold and barren world without their many contributions to the common welfare.

But of course there are unfortunate women who have such emotional natures that they are in real distress much of the time. Their "nervousness" becomes a disease. This condition is serious enough so that its victim requires medical attention.

If the physical and mental state becomes so pronounced that sleeplessness and loss of appetite are daily experiences, it is certainly time that something should be done about it. Unnatural fear, worry, mental depression, jumping at shadows, headache, backache, inability to carry on in the accustomed tasks—these are distressing symptoms.

In analyzing the common expressions of nervousness, we must seek two sets of causes. One may be spoken of as the external causes—the surroundings, the financial and domestic conditions. All the external influences that work against happiness and tranquility of mind are included.

Generally speaking, these are temporary. Time heals many wounds of the heart and mind. Or else the crushed soul adapts itself to the miserable circumstances.

It is more than likely what we call the internal causes for nervousness are more serious. These have to do with the physical, the bodily causes for misery.

Studying these carefully, we find that they can be traced to the pelvic organs, the abdominal organs, or to a disturbance of the nervous system caused by the absorption of poisons generated within the body. Of course this is a very general statement, but it is not far from accurate.

Disease or congestion of the womb, the ovaries, or the bladder—some localized disturbance within the pelvis—here may be the cause of the which is disturbing the nervous system.

Wrong eating, insufficient food, excessive quantities of tea, coffee, causes. In consequence there is stomach or intestinal trouble. Or else the kidneys, liver, or other abdominal organs may be failing to work properly.

There may be abnormal teeth, infected tonsils, diseased throat, or fermentation in the bowel. Because of that condition, wherever it is, poisons are formed which excite brain and nervous system.

This is a brief outline, very brief indeed, but it may be helpful to some poor sufferer. It may point the way to proper treatment out of that may come relief of these dreadful symptoms of nervousness.

DR. COPELAND

can I do for broken skin on my legs and hips?

A.—For your age and height you should weigh about 124 pounds. If, if you mean that you are troubled with eczema you should correct your diet.

W. G. Q.—Do you advise treatment for dandruff? 2. What is the cause of measles?

A.—Yes. For particulars, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. 2. Measles are usually birthmarks, "mother's marks," as they are called. That is, the skin defect is present when the baby is born. Generally they grow larger as time passes.

A. G. M. Q.—Sulphuric acid in the urine a serious condition?

A.—No.

E. G. Q.—How can I gain weight? 2. What causes white spots on the finger nails?

A.—Proper dieting and deep breathing is the secret. You should eat nourishing foods and have plenty of sleep and rest. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. 2. Empyema, pneumonia, etc., cause this condition.

SARAH M. Q.—What causes a twitching on top of the forehead near the hair; is this serious?

A.—Nothing to be alarmed about.

L. S. Q.—Can tubercular peritonitis be cured?

A.—Yes, by removing the focus of infection.

H. C. H. Q.—What causes poor circulation?

A.—Poor circulation is due to a run-down body and poor health. Try build up your entire system and you will benefit generally.

MISS M. M. M. Q.—What should a girl weigh who is 24 years old, and 5 feet 3 inches tall? 2. What

TILLIE, THE TOILER



By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

THE BROOKVALE BANNER

NO. 34 PUBLISHED WEEKLY NO. 34

ANNIE ROONEY AND MRS. BOTTS— FOUND GUILTY!

ANNIE ROONEY AND MRS. BOTTS WERE FOUND GUILTY OF GRAND LARCENY BY JUDGE CUMMINGS LAST SATURDAY. THE JUDGE CLAIMED THAT THE EVIDENCE WAS SO OVERWHELMINGLY AGAINST THE DEFENDANTS THAT HE HAD NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER. THEY ARE TO BE SENTENCED ON TUESDAY.

THE CITIZENS OF BROOKVALE FEEL THAT A GREAT INJUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE ANNIE AND HER GRANDMA AND—



By VERD

TOOTS AND CASPER



By JIMMY MURPHY