

Daphne by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR To escape the nagging of a step-mother and the selfishness of her sister, Daphne Haines, seventeen and beautiful, leaves home determined to make her own living. She has a dreamy time in San Francisco and nearly starves until she encounters Ralph McKevitt, former friend, wealthy and handsome, whom her half-sister, Crystal, has decided to marry for luxury and comfort. Rather than love, she soon wins Daphne's affection and she is exquisitely happy until Crystal appears. Daphne, who spends much time with a doctor, meets a young man, Woodward, who promises to teach her wood of life and love and art. Unhappy because Ralph obviously has a new girl now, Daphne moons and dreams until she reduces her efficiency to a point where she loses her position.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XIX THE long yellow car was stopping, drawing up to the curb. And Daphne, horrified at her own temerity, stood staring, her heart in her eyes. "What if he had somebody with him? Some girl? I never waited to see him! But he hasn't." He said all this was saying, "Hello, Ralph!" in her company voice.

He was out of the car, reaching for her hands, squeezing them until they ached, "Daphne Haines! If it isn't great to bump into you like this! I've been thinking about you wishing I could get around to see you." They stood holding hands, looking into each other's eyes. "He does like me," she thought. "He does! He does!"

And then she was in the car beside him, and they were riding in the sweet, spicy smelling air. Other cars, other people passed. Great beds of purple and yellow flowers bloomed by the roadside, flickered in the sun and were gone. All about them the life of the park teemed, but they were alone in a Garden of Eden. Her left hand lay curled in his right, half hidden by the folds of her skirt, on the seat between them. He drove slowly, staring straight ahead, a look of curious content on his handsome face.

She stole happy, dazed glances at his lean, clean-cut profile. There seemed no need for words. No need to ask questions. She had him again, that was enough. When the park was past, and they had come to the sand-dunes marked by the ever changing winds from the sea, he sighed and said, "I guess you couldn't believe how much I've missed you. Wanted to see you every day . . . but one damn thing after another . . . couldn't get around to it." "I missed you too, Ralph. He shook himself uneasily. "I'm not worth missing."

"Why, Ralph! What a funny thing to say!" "No man is. Bums, all of us. Well . . . let's run down to the country and get a real chicken dinner, who do you say?" "I'm not very dressed up," she murmured self-consciously, looking down at the despised blue coat. He looked at it too, as if he were seeing it for the first time. "What's the matter with it. You always look beautiful to me. You always did, ever since the first time I saw you that day in the orchard with the petals drifting down . . . I couldn't get over it . . . thought you were the prettiest girl I ever saw."

She blinked the absurd, happy tears out of her eyes. He meant it, she knew he did. Automatically she straightened her wind-blown hair, pulled her nice blue hat closer over her eyes. She wanted, more than she had ever wanted anything before, to be really beautiful—for Ralph.

To think she had ever doubted him—that she had ever thought he was ashamed of her clothes! That night, sitting at the little

table in the Inn where they had come for Dixie fried chicken and beaten biscuits, light as puff balls, they faced each other in the candlelight.

"It's been wonderful, perfectly wonderful," she sighed, scrapping up the last morsel spoonful of her favorite chocolate ice cream. "We'll do it again soon," he promised. "Some day during the week, if you can get off the early."

Daphne smiled a little ruefully. "That part'll be easy enough. I didn't tell you, I lost my job."

"You did?" "Yes, they didn't tell me why. I'm afraid I didn't work very well. It was so monotonous, and I'd get to thinking . . . about other things . . . and not working."

"There was a long pause, and then she added, angrily, "You would think I'd have more sense! After the time I had getting it! I feel terribly about it!" "You needn't," he said smiling. "I told you I'd take care of you, didn't I?"

"Yes, but I can't let you. I'm still thinking about that ten dollar I owe you, and you're so worried about it, right in the middle of our day."

"But I have a job for you, Daphne—a job!" "Ralph! Not really—not really and truly!"

"No fooling. That's one of the things I wanted to see you about all week. That is, I haven't got it yet, but I know I can. I'll go in and check it for you tomorrow. You'll like it. It's the kind of a job I said you ought to have. Machine furniture, nice private office."

"But will they take me? After being fired?" "Sure. Leave it to me. I'll fix it. Sure, Sanderson and McMurtrie, biggest attorneys in this town. You'll be Greely's private secretary. The girl he had just got married and he gave her the bounce. He's a queer old duck."

"But Ralph—I don't know a thing about law—and to be a private secretary—" "This is different. Old man Greely is the senior member of the firm, and doesn't do much any more. He's about eighty. Since he'll fix it for you, he'll do anything I say. He used to be in with my dad. In fact he was a sort of guardian of mine after dad died. He . . . well . . . he has a kind of a hold on me yet, terms of the will you know . . . keeps the prodigal young man from spending all his money . . . but he's a great old scout, kind of a Tartar, but he usually means well . . . I'll fix it up."

And somewhat to Ralph's own surprise, he did. It was on Tuesday that he succeeded in finding the old man in his office.

"Look here, Mr. Greely, I know just the girl for you." Old John Greely's sharp blue eyes twinkled through his thick thatch of gray eyebrows, so shaggy and overhanging that he had to look through them as a Scotch terrier looks through his. Not interested, he grumbled, "Too old to get married now . . . seventy-eight coming December."

"I mean a secretary," Ralph grinned. "Oh! Why didn't you say so? Secretary. Hmm. You're placing quite a lot of good positions? Kinda philanthropic hey?" "I'm serious, Mr. Greely." "Yes, young men are always serious on such subjects. Prefer to see you a little more serious about the bond business, myself."

Too much running around, boy, not enough attending to detail!" He wagged a long, crooked finger at the younger man. "I've spoken of this before. What's this about the bank balances down again? Hey? What's that? I'm not dead, but I like folks to speak up!"

"I said things were dull, sir. I've had to wait for—"

"Never wait. Bah! Wait and starve. Not enough push to you, boy. Too easy going. Want to be more like your old dad."

"That's all right, Mr. Greely. I'm not dead, but I like folks to speak up!" "All right. Only don't bring her around."

"I wasn't going to. But why not? Didn't you like her looks?" "John Greely cleared his throat and spat. "What you're waiting for? Get to work Get to work!"

(To Be Continued.)

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trell Jim, Always Lagging Behind, Greatly Annoys His Shadow

WHEN you go walking with others, do you always lag behind? You make think it doesn't really matter if you do. But it does matter. And do you know to whom? To your shadow. Just hope that your shadow isn't treated as shabbily as poor Mij.

Mij's master, Jim, always managed to drop behind when he went walking. No matter how others pleaded with him to hurry he lagged in the rear. With him remained his shadow, for you see it was impossible for him to do otherwise. A shadow must always remain with his master.

Now the trouble arose in this manner. Flor, Hand, Yam and Knarf—the other little shadow-children—were anything but laggards. It bothered them to think that Mij had to stay so far behind them. "Come along," they would urge him. Then Mij would try his utmost to catch up. But he could go only as fast as his master. He felt exactly like a dog that is tied to a leash.

"Isn't there any way that we can help him?" asked Yam. "Sure there's a way," said Hand. "Let's try to think of it," suggested Flor.

So they all thought and thought. But the only thing they could think was how fine it would be if there were only some way in which Mij could manage to break

but would presumably be exchanged of notes between the five nations. These may possibly develop into a meeting of experts from the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France and Italy.

The main theme of these conversations will be the American suggestion for agreement upon a formula for estimating the equivalent tonnage of cruisers, destroyers and submarines by considering such factors as age, units, displacement and caliber of guns.

POWERS TO LIMIT DISARMAMENT TALK

Complete Tentative Agreement is Reached by 5 Largest Nations.

GENEVA, May 3.—(AP)—Complete agreement has been reached by the big five naval powers to refrain from detailed examination of the naval problem at the preparatory session of the preparatory conference for disarmament conference, it was learned tonight in responsible circles.

The American delegation declined to discuss the matter. From other sources it was learned also that the powers had agreed to refrain from appointing a naval subcommittee to work on the problem in the light of the recent American proposals.

The question of reduction of the fleets as a supplement to the Washington naval treaty will be adjourned at a date which will be left unfixed. Meantime the five powers will continue conversations on the naval problem. The form of these conversations was under discussion but not yet determined.

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The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

Potato Salad Ranks High as a National Dish

WHY potato salad is known as salad is a mystery, because it's usually served without lettuce. But it's the ubiquitous American food. It appears on all tables, occasionally, restaurants usually have it on hand, and no delicatessen or summer picnic could flourish without it.

Potato salad should be kept attractive in appearance—which is not easy. If potatoes are overcooked, or badly cut, the salad is likely to degenerate into a mushy and rather unappetizing dish. For this reason the potatoes should be cooked only until tender, then the water drained off and cooking continued for a moment or so until excess moisture has disappeared. Potatoes should be tender but dry.

Cut carefully into half-inch cubes. If a French dressing is used, pour it over the potatoes while they are still hot. If a mayonnaise or cream dressing is used, let the potatoes get cold before cutting, and mix then. Any potato salad is improved by the addition of other cold-cooked vegetables—such as peas, carrots, string beans. Not beets, these discolor the whole salad.

Potato Salad, French Dressing
3 cups hot boiled potatoes, cut in cubes.
2 tablespoons oil.
2 tablespoons vinegar.
1 small onion chopped.
1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

And what do you supposed happened to him? Just this: he stretched and stretched until he was yards long. You have seen shadows—your own, perhaps—five times bigger than their masters and mistresses. That's how Mij became.

Finally, when they all reached home, Mij was so tremendously big that he couldn't possibly get into the house. So he had to stay with his head against the wall as before. But they didn't let Mij go—no, not at all!

1 teaspoon salt.
1/4 teaspoon pepper.
1 teaspoon celery seed (if you like it).

Mound the potatoes in a large serving bowl. Mix the above ingredients and pour over the potatoes, stirring carefully so that they are well covered with the mixture, but do not break the potatoes.

Cream Potato Salad
3 cups cooked potatoes, in cubes, cold.
1 cup heavy sweet cream.
2 tablespoons chopped parsley.
1 tablespoon grated onion.
1 teaspoon salt.
2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar.
1/4 teaspoon pepper.

Mix the potatoes with the onion, parsley, salt and pepper and keep cold. Just before serving whip the cream and vinegar and fold into the potatoes.

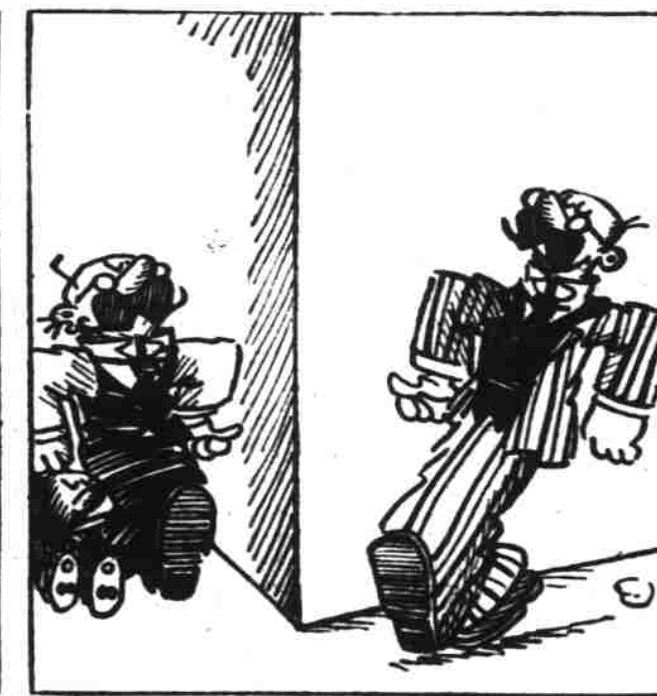
There is a potato salad which is really a salad, being served on lettuce leaves, but instead of cutting the potatoes, they are mashed:

Potato Balls Salad
1 cup mashed potatoes.
1/2 teaspoon onion juice.
1 teaspoon chopped parsley.
2 tablespoons cream.
1/2 teaspoon salt.
1/4 teaspoon pepper.

Form the potatoes into little balls, place on lettuce leaves and add 1/2 cup mayonnaise. Some sliced radishes mixed with the salad add to the flavor.

Chicken Potato Salad
2 cups of cooked potatoes, cold.
1 cup of cooked chicken.
1/2 cup of ray celery.
1 apple.
Mayonnaise dressing.
The chicken, potatoes and apple are cut into 1/2 inch cubes, and the celery as nearly as possible the same size, so that the salad has a pleasing, even appearance. This is a simple and delicious dish for a picnic, or a Sunday night supper in the warm days. Cold cooked asparagus tips may be added as garnish. This salad needs mayonnaise or cream dressing—French is too thin.

POLLY AND HER PALS



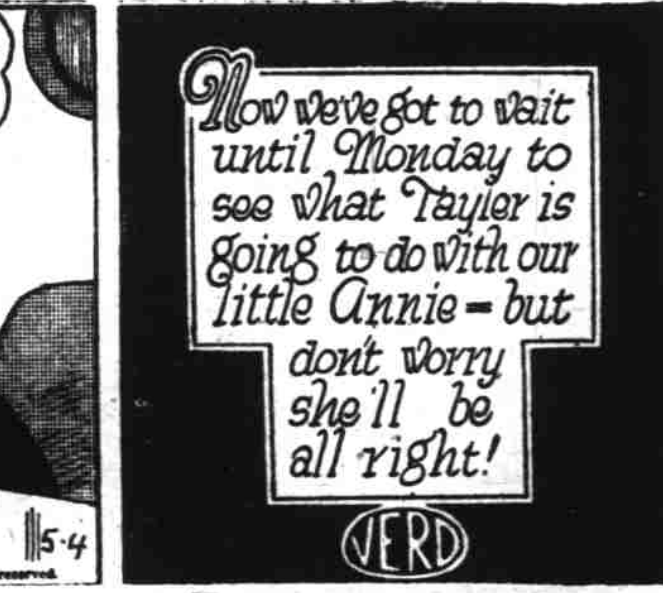
By CLIFF STERRETT

TILLIE, THE TOILER



By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



By VERD

TOOTS AND CASPER



By JIMMY MURPHY

POSTPONE OLD AGE BY ATTENDING DEFECTS

Keep Yourself in Repair, Urges Dr. Copeland, for the Troubles Which Seem of No Consequence Now Will Assuredly Take Their Toll Later On.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

As I meet persons advanced in age I am impressed with the idea that almost without exception they are stiff or lame. The muscles and joints do not function as they should. Why should this be? Is it because the machinery of the body wears out, or becomes "rusty," so to speak?

There was once a man who set out to lift a new born calf every day and then, he said, he would be able to lift it when it got to be a cow! Of course this is a vain hope. Human experience teaches that a day will surely come that, tug as he will, the man cannot lift the struggling calf off the ground.

It is almost too late to make an attack on old age after it has actually arrived. We must begin in youth to so govern our habits that we do not drop into the pitfalls that damage health. A mother takes the greatest possible care in regulating the feeding of her children. She insists that they shall have an abundance of sleep and exercise.

Why should such precautions be ended at eighteen or twenty? Is life less important after the period of youth has passed?

Really, when we contrast the care showered upon an infant or young child, with the absolute lack of care in later life, we see that the reason why old age comes so quickly, I think we can say truthfully that neglect has much to do with it.

The care given an automobile has everything to do with the useful service it can render. If the leaking valves and loose connections are given early attention it means that the life of the car will be extended materially.

Neglect of a leaky roof or undermining foundation will end in destruction of the building. This rule applies to everything in the mechanical world.

Certainly we should use just as good sense in the care of our bodies. If we fail to correct the little defects, it won't be long before they become bigger. In the end they will undermine the health and make us old-time before there is much to be done.

I can hardly resist giving a word of advice to young men I meet in a casual way. Many of them have decayed teeth, and other defects which could be removed easily. In and of themselves, they are of small consequence, but every such defect means that every day a little disturbance. This may be the

Answers to Health Queries

V. R. Q.—What will clear up whiteheads and pimples?

A.—Correct the diet by cutting down on sugar, starches, coffee. Eat simple, clean, wholesome, unspiced food. Stamp out your question.

L. N. B. Q.—What do you advise for hoarseness?

A.—I have tuberculosis; have not had fever for several months; does this indicate improvement?

A.—Try using a good throat spray.

Ed.—You. Copyright, 1929, Stimpson Printing Co., Inc.