# HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXIII LD Mr. Greely was in the garden, walking up an down the gravel path, hands behind him, smoking a pipe. When he saw them coming he stood squinting in the sunlight for

a minute, then hobbled leisurely down to the rustic gate, and gallantly held it open for Daphne. She took his hand, blushing furiously. "Ralph couldn't comeit was impossible for him to get away, so Mr. Winters . . . Mr.

Winters . .

The old man took Allan's hand, and pulled it up and down like a pump handle. "So Mr. Winters took his place, eh? Umm .that's good, that's good . .take the young lady in, Allan, and find Mrs. olby for her. So Ralph had to work, eh? He'll kill himself if he doesn't take a day off now and then. All work and no play . hmm . . . hah! Tell him I said

so, will you Daphne?" And then turning back to Allan, "I call her Daphne, Always call all my secretaries by their first name. Old man's privilege . . wonderful thing to be old . . . well, run along, run along—"

Then he began to walk up and flown again. "So that's it, eh? Hmm . .What's young McKevitt trying to do, throw over the only sensible female he ever had? For the blonde? Hmm . .fool!' "Allan Winters! What a nice

surprise, Allan and this is-" "This is Daphne Haines, Mr. Greely's secretary." Allan said, "Mrs. Colby, Miss Haines,"

The old lady who was really nearly fifteen years younger than her brother, looked like a museum piece. A stuffed lady, miraculously preserved left over from Victorian times. A little moth-eaten, a little waxy, but preserved, nevhair was an indefinite straw color, neither gray nor yellow.

She got up with a great rustling of petticoats, and took Daphne's hot little hand in her lifeless

brother has told me about," she said in her cracked, high voice. "Haines, Miss Haines, Mrs. Colby." Mrs. Colby nodded icily.

hearing. "John dear, my vinaigrette, in

the drawing room I think," "See if you can find her damn-

the parlor some place." buried his nose in a book. Allan that. Bright moonlight . . . went off to look for the smelling hmmm-hah!" last friend.

did I come here?

Mrs. Colby was knitting again ular old pirate, with a heart like click, click, click, "Thank a gold mine. Wait till you know you, Allan, you're very kind, Are him better." you quite comfortable there, Miss | They wandered along the de-Heinz? You're sure you wouldn't serted beach, pausing to pick up like to take your things to my opalescent shells, and bits of wet room? Would you like a glass of lavender seaweed. "Look, Daphne, water or a-" Her voice trailed a big crab under that rockoff. She was counting stitches.

mistakable wink. He said in a pelican, no it's only a gull, yet it hoarse stage whisper to Daphne, is a pelican-it is, Allan-look!" "mustn't mind Sister Anne . . . second childhood!"

than we imagine. I read the report of a surgeon who found 75 or 80 of these bodies in the

A tremendous amount of gall-

bladder study is being done by re-search workers all over the world. We shall know much more about the disease a few years from now than

we do at present.

There can be no doubt that severe pain is often associated with gall-bladder disease. It may take the form of terrific colic. The remark-

able thing, however, is that just as

severe pain may be met in persons who have had their gall-trouble cor-

There is an intimate relationship existing between gall-bladder, liver, the union of intestine and stomach,

discovered quite by accident.

AILMENT MANY HAVE

AND NEVER KNOW IT

Dr. Copeland Gives Information About Gall-Stones and Points Out That Very Often They Are Present Without Causing Disturbance.

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

ANY of our popular notions are decidedly wrong. For instance, we talk about gall-stones" as if they were something like

body knows that. But this is not the case with

gall-stones. As a matter of fact they will float

Mind you, I am not talking about kidney stones. These are actually mineral in their struc-

ture. But gall-stones are more like hard cheese

The white of egg is albumen. Imagine this to be cooked until it is quite firm. That is something like the material in a gall-stone. In short,

as I have said, these unpleasant companions are composed of albuminous material.

I am glad to tell you these things. I find that many persons are very much afraid of hav-ing gall-stones and would be worried sick if told

they are actually present.

As a matter of fact, there are thousands upon

Sometimes, unfortunately, the gall-

acts as a sort of cemest, to bind together the materials which enter into the formation of the so-called

These are a few observations ag-garding a very common ailment. Of course, if you think you have it, talk with your doctor. He will reas-sure you.

Answers to Health Queries

They are albuminous in their nature. Let

pebbles. You probably consider them as of that nature. But they are not stones. A real stone will sink in water-every-

me make this a bit clearer:

thousands of persons who have them and never know it. One great authority says 95 per cent of those who have gall-stones never have a symptom. It is safe to say this disturbance is much more common

found 75 or 50 of these bodies in the gall-bladder of a patient who had never been conscious of their presence. An operation was required, for something utterly unassociated with the gall-bladder and they were secretes a very thick mucus. This

gall-stones

than actual stones.



more distinctly!" were delicately rouged, her pale tled hands. "I'll see if Katle ."

Old Mr. Greely looked from Daphne, uncomfortably curled on the sofa, to Allan, bolt upright in "So this is Miss Heinz, my a straight chair, and back again. His gray mustache twitched. His bright old eyes twinkled under the bushy eyebrows. "It won't be long now. After dinner you young folks "I can get out of the house, go down heard the name, Allan, thank you. on the beach—go down and look It is my brother who is hard of at the reef. .Hell! Look at anything you like, you don't need me to tell you once you escape!'

Just before they ran down the ed old smelling salts, will you Al- stairs to the beach, Mr. Greely lan?" her brother rumbled. "In called after them. "No hurry about getting back! Tea at seven. The old man lit his pipe and Time enough to drive back after

And escape they did!

salts, and Daphne, left alone by "I just love Mr. Greely," Daphthe window, felt she had lost her ne giggled, a little breathlessly. "Ralph says he gets terribly Why didn't Ralph come back? drunk sometimes, and swears aw-Oh, if Ralph had only come in-fully, I don't believe it, do you? stead . . . if she'd only stayed "Don't ever let the old man home . . Why did I come? Why hear you say you don't believe it. He takes pride in it! He's a reg-

watch the old devil go!" Old Mr. Greely winked, an un- "Allan, I do believe that's a Allan and Daphne, who were

Mr. Winters and Miss Haines, per-"What's that, John. I didn't fect strangers, only this morning. understand you. You must speak They crawled out on the reef, pink of her cheek. He drew in his friend? breath sharply. "We'd better be getting back, the tide is turning, one before. Things she had hard-It's, a long way to walk." "Will we be marooned on the rocks? Allan, wouldn't that be ex-

He grinned, slipped an arm

And Daphne . .Daphne was think that . .did you say some-thing, too. She picked up a long, thing, Allan?" rope with it ecstatically, on the hard sand. "My, but he's nice, exactly like a big brother. I hope he likes Miss Yardley. I wish they'd get married and live near

He saw the dreamy look'in her eyes. His happiness was almost I was . .don't you see?" too great to bear.

CHAPTER XXIV T was a dream day to Daphne. A day that she afterward remembered only vaguely and disjointedly.

Mr. Greely clumping down to he gate with them, helping Daphne into the car with a gallant flourish. "Drive over the grade, Allan, the high-road to San Rafael . . . sure it's longer, lad this is a night for long

ty girl, and the full moon . . hmm? Hah! I'm telling you—" irive over the hills, while the dow! orange moon hung like a lantern Silence . .breathless .

Allan talk? Why was he so still? become a treasured friend if only the fiddle down to the bridge. the black jutting reef that was Finally she let herself speak of it be treated well. "Oh-dinner!" Mrs. Colby gath- full of fairy pools holding sea se- Ralph, and after that the words However, on this particular she did fall. But that wasn't all. said Hanid. ered her knitting, winding the soft crets at low tide . sea aneno- came rapidly and naturally. She evening Frank left his fiddle care- She fell right through one of the As they knew the words of the for the other shadows, they were ertheless. Her parchment cheeks pink wool around her skinny mot- mes, sea urchins, feathery sea- talked on and on. An hour-two lessly lying about on the top of F shaped openings and landed in- song they were all agreeable. They so alarmed that they rushed off

the black cloud of her hair, the knew he was a sympathetic lissun cast new glory on the delicate tener. Wasn't he Ralph's best

Things she had never told anyly acknowledged to herself. Her tongue was flying away with her . .the darkness, the intimacy citing? They'd have to get a boat of it—they two alone in the woods. . ."People don't believe in

love at first sight any more, I through hers. "No such luck, the water doesn't come up this far!"
He spoke casually. He even stopped and lit a cigarette, holding

the match until it ourned his fingers. Happiness, so poignant that it was almost pain, flooded his heart, his head, his whole being. "I've found her—I've found her—I've found her—l've found her l've fo

"No-but you are, you know-"Are what?"

"Beautiful." "Me?" Her delighted laughter rippled. "Oh, heavens, no-I'm much too little and black and white . . it was because he he liked me . .that he thought

(Continued on Page 10.)

# GOOD-NIGHT **STORIES**

- By Max Trell -Knarf Gets a Keynote-But

Not the Way He Wants It TERHAPS you have a fiddle. but it did fit the situation. In that case you must be cer-

in the black, star-powdered sky, put his fiddle away was because took the G string, which was the explained Hanid. he didn't care for it. That is thickest of all. Up and down they throbbing silence . . Why didn't most unfortunate, as a fiddle can slid, from the pegs at the head of Flor. "-that we sing something"

tled hands. "I'll see if Katie " weed drowned in the shallow watexcuse me, Miss Heinz, Alian,
John—" when a great difficulty suddenly.

They were all agreeable. They so alarmed that they rushed off
the plane. The plane The wind blew gently, lifting Allan didn't say much. But she shadow children with the turned- selves down through the same presented itself.



They Slid Down the Strings.

They sprang upon the bridge of poetry, to say in a loud voice. between two windows. The stand- effect. which only the shadow-children could hear, however,

It wasn't exactly the same kind of bridge that William Wadsworth Longfellow had in mind, of course,

Then they started to slide up tain to lay it away very gent- and down the strings. Knarf, who began Flor. "-when we have no string. He gave it a pluck. roads, with a good car and a pret- ly each night in its case. If you was light and agile, chose the E club?" concluded Mij. do not, you will find that it has string which was very thin. Mij been tampered with. And do you and Flor, the twins, took the A Knarf. And then the long, beautiful know by whom? By your own sha-string, which was a little thicker, The reason little Frank didn't Yam, who did not like to fall,

Poor Yam! Despite her care,

Swinging Brackets, to Save cause in the little country house-

was in perfect darkness, they re- cluttering the floor. turned to it. Although Frank did not like to play on it, they did,

"We stood on the bridge at mid-

As the clock was striking the hour-"

ling case is four shelves high and three feet long. Suspended six inches above it is a hanging book-NLY a limited number of obshelf, which takes care of three jects can be placed on the rows of books, and is only two floor, more's the pity. Be- feet wide. But the general design of book case and book shelves is or even the small city apartment alike and the two-pieces are good -we sometimes do need more fur- looking, whereas, the seven-shelf niture than the floor will accom- book case resting on the floor would have been disproportionate Which may be one explanation and unwieldly.

**Home-Making Helps** 

By ELEANOR ROSS

of the growing vogue of wall If you need a lamp in some corbrackets. What can't be set on ner where there isn't space enough the floor may be suspended from for a floor lamp nor a table on the wall. And as every room has which to rest a table lamp, try a two or three times as much wall swinging bracket. It may be about names. They waited until as floor space, a number of need- placed at any height desired, and Frank and the other real children ful things can be placed where swung two or three feet around were asleep and then when house they are most needed without any time, as needed. A small lamp of this sort in a foyer is If there isn't room for floor very attractive, , whereas, any book cases to house all the books, other type on floor or console tahanging book shelves suspended ble would dominate the small from the moulding will take care space too much. Ferneries, the fiddle just as the clock struck of the surplus nicely. A two-piece flower vases, bird cages -all the 12. This prompted Hanid, who book case that is very good look- charming decorative touches may was very good at remembering ing was made to fit that odd space be swung on brackets with fire

> opening. They found themselves "We can't sing without a keyin what looked to them like a note," said Hanid large room with two windows at "Where can we get a keynote" the top. The shadow-children were they asked. you must remember, only as high

as a pin. "Let's make this our club-room" suggested Knarf.

"What good is a club-room-"

"We can form a glee-club," said down to the others. "Does a glee-club make you hear it at all."

while Hanid took the D string and gleeful?" Yam wanted to know. "A glee-club makes you sing." "I suggest that we-" began on it with all his force,

added Mij. "Let's sing a song of sixpence."

"I know," cried Knorf at hist. "I will get it from one of the strings."

So he sprang back through the opening and ran over to the E

"Do you hear it?" he called "No," they replied, "We can't

Knarf plucked the string hard-

er. Still they didn't hear it. At length, in desperation, he jump+d At this there was a terrible

twang-and Knarf went flying down the hall, o t through the kitchen window and into a hedge. As

By CLIFF STERRETT

### POLLY AND HER PALS

#### THIS SIZE TWENTY CLERICAL COLLAR, WILL PREVENT FOLKS FROM DISCOVERING THAT IT LOOK LIKE ASHUR URL









TILLIE, THE TOILER



NO: I TOLD THE DID YOU GARAGE MAN I GET YOUR WOULDN'T PAY FOR CAR FIXED? IT, SO HE SAYS HE WON'T TOUCH IT BECAUSE THE ANDY STORE PEOPLE WHERE THE GUY WORKS THAT RAN INTO ME SAY IT WAS MY FAULT



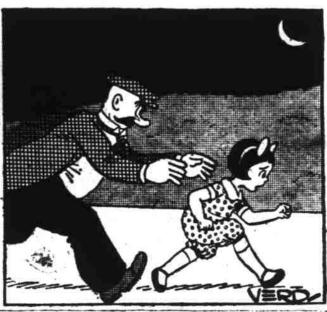


# LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

OH, GEE-NOW I CAN EXCAPE!







By JIMMY MURPHY

By VERD

## TOOTS AND CASPER









SPARE-RIBS, OLD BOY!

ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO NOW IS

TAKE LIFE EASY! YOU'RE FAMOUS.

YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT! YOU WON

THE PATTERFOOT DERBY, AND YOU

ALSO BEAT COLONEL HOOFER'S.

L. L. Q.—What causes dark cir-cles beneath the eyes? I am thir-The latest reports I have read indicate that the pain may really be
in the stomach or upper part of the
small intestine. All these parts of
the digestive system are so close
together that it is extremely difficult,
if at all possible, to be absolutely
sure exactly where the trouble lies.

There is an intimate relationship the union of intestine and stomach, and the pancreas, commonly called the "sweet-bread." The Ever and gall-bladder have at least one function in common, the removal of germs from the blood stream.

A.—This may be due to a circulatory disturbance, to an eye or ear condition, or to some intestinal disturbance. An examination will definite treatment can be prescribed.