

# Daphne

by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXIII

OLD Mr. Greely was in the garden, walking up on 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 come—it 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? Um, that's good, that's good... Take the young lady in, Allan, and find Mrs. Colby 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... bah! 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 down again. "So that's it, eh? Hm... What's young McKevitt trying to do, throw over the only sensible female he ever had? For the blonde? Hm... 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, nevertheless. Her parchment cheeks were delicately rouged, her pale hair 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 grasp.

"So this is Miss Haines, my brother has told me about," she said in her cracked, high voice.

"Haines, Miss Haines, Mrs. Colby."

Mrs. Colby nodded lily. "I heard the name, Allan, thank you. It is my brother who is hard of hearing."

"John dear, my vinaigrette, in the drawing room I think."

"See if you can find her damned old smelling salts, will you Allan?" her brother rumbled. "In the parlor some place."

The old man lit his pipe and buried his nose in a book. Allan went off to look for the smelling salts, and Daphne, left alone by the window, felt she had lost her last friend.

Why didn't Ralph come back? Oh, if Ralph had only come instead... if she'd only stayed home... Why did I come? Why did I come here?

Mrs. Colby was knitting again... click, click, click. "Thank you, Allan, you're very kind. Are you quite comfortable there, Miss Haines? You're sure you wouldn't like to take your things to my room? Would you like a glass of water or a—?" Her voice trailed off. She was counting stitches.

Old Mr. Greely winked, an unmistakable wink. He said in a hoarse stage whisper to Daphne, "Mustn't mind Sister Anne... second childhood!"

"What's that, John. I didn't understand you. You must speak more distinctly!"



It was a dream day for Daphne.

the black cloud of her hair, the sun cast new glory on the delicate pink of her cheek. He drew in his breath sharply. "We'd better be getting back, the tide is turning. It's a long way to walk being—"

"Will we be marooned on the rocks? Allan, wouldn't that be exciting? They'd have to get a boat to rescue us!"

He grinned, slipped an arm 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 burned 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—my girl!"

And Daphne... Daphne was happy, too. She picked up a long, slimy cable of kelp and skipped 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 us..."

He saw the dreamy look in her eyes. His happiness was almost too great to bear.

knew he was a sympathetic listener. Wasn't he Ralph's best friend?

Things she had never told anyone before. Things she had hardly acknowledged to herself. Her tongue was flying away with her... the darkness, the intimacy of it—two alone in the woods.

"People don't believe in love at first sight any more, I guess... It sounds kind of silly to say it, but I loved him the first time I ever saw him, on the football field when I was a kid..."

And then it was just as though fate brought us together, his coming to see my stepister, and finding me... Do you know what he said, Allan? He said, 'Why you are beautiful!'—And he must have loved me right then—to think that... did you say something, Allan?"

"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 liked me... that he thought I was... don't you see?"

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## GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trell

**Knarf Gets a Keynote—But Not the Way He Wants It**

PERHAPS you have a fiddle. In that case you must be certain to lay it away very gently each night in its case. If you do not, you will find that it has been tampered with. And do you know by whom? By your own shadow!

The reason little Frank didn't put his fiddle away was because he didn't care for it. That is most unfortunate, as a fiddle can become a treasured friend if only it be treated well.

However, on this particular evening Frank left his fiddle carelessly lying about on the top of the piano. The first to spy it was Knarf, his shadow, and Mij, Flor, Hanid and Yam—the other little shadow children with the turned-



They Slid Down the Strings.

about names. They waited until Frank and the other real children were asleep and then when house was in perfect darkness, they returned to it. Although Frank did not like to play on it, they did, you see.

They sprang upon the bridge of the fiddle just as the clock struck 12. This prompted Hanid, who was very good at remembering poetry, to say in a loud voice, which only the shadow-children could hear, however.

"We stood on the bridge at midnight As the clock was striking the hour."

It wasn't exactly the same kind of bridge that William Wadsworth Longfellow had in mind, of course, but it did fit the situation.

Then they started to slide up and down the strings. Knarf, who was light and agile, chose the E string which was very thin. Mij and Flor, the twins, took the A string, which was a little thicker, while Hanid took the D string and Yam, who did not like to fall, took the G string, which was the thickest of all. Up and down they slid, from the pegs at the head of the fiddle down to the bridge.

Poor Yam! Despite her care, she did fall. But that wasn't all. She fell right through one of the F shaped openings and landed inside the fiddle. She didn't mind it though. "Come down here," she invited, and they all let themselves down through the same

## Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

**Swinging Brackets, to Save Space**

ONLY a limited number of objects can be placed on the floor, more's the pity. Because in the little country house—or even the small city apartment—we sometimes do need more furniture than the floor will accommodate.

Which may be one explanation of the growing vogue of wall brackets. What can't be set on the floor may be suspended from the wall. And as every room has two or three times as much wall space as floor space, a number of useful things can be placed where they are most needed without cluttering the floor.

If there isn't room for floor book cases to house all the books, hanging book shelves suspended from the moulding will take care of the surplus nicely. A two-piece book case that is very good looking was made to fit that odd space between two windows. The stand-

opening. They found themselves in what looked to them like a large room with two windows at the top. The shadow-children were you must remember, only as high as a pin.

"Let's make this our club-room," suggested Knarf.

"What good is a club-room?" began Flor. "—when we have no club?" concluded Mij.

"We can form a glee-club," said Knarf.

"Does a glee-club make you glee?" Yam wanted to know.

"A glee-club makes you sing," explained Hanid.

"I suggest that we—" began Flor. "—that we sing something," added Mij.

"Let's sing a song of sixpence," said Hanid.

As they knew the words of the song they were all agreeable. They put their heads close together and were just about to commence when a great difficulty suddenly presented itself.

"We can't sing without a keynote," said Hanid.

"Where can we get a keynote?" they asked.

"I know," cried Knarf at last. "I will get it from one of the strings."

So he sprang back through the opening and ran over to the E string. He gave it a pluck.

"Do you hear it?" he called down to the others.

"No," they replied. "We can't hear it at all!"

Knarf plucked the string harder. Still they didn't hear it. At length, in desperation, he jumped on it with all his force.

At this there was a terrible twang—and Knarf went flying down the hall, out through the kitchen window and into a hedge. As for the other shadows, they were so alarmed that they rushed off to bed in the twinkling of an eye. And in the morning, little Frank found that his fiddle had a broken string.

By CLIFF STERRETT

## POLLY AND HER PALS



## TILLIE, THE TOILER



## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



## TOOTS AND CASPER



## By RUSS WESTOVER



## By VERD



## By JIMMY MURPHY



## 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 pebbles. You probably consider them as of that nature. But they are not stones. A real stone will sink in water—everybody knows that. But this is not the case with gall-stones. As a matter of fact they will float in water.

Mind you, I am not talking about kidney stones. These are actually mineral in their structure. But gall-stones are more like hard cheese than actual stones.

They are albuminous in their nature. Let me make this a bit clearer:

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 having gall-stones and would be worried sick if told they are actually present.

As a matter of fact, there are thousands upon 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 than we imagine.

Sometimes, unfortunately, the gall-bladder may be damaged. Then the germs enter the tissues and cause an infection of that organ.

The lining of the gall-bladder secretes a very thick mucus. This acts as a sort of cement, to bind together the materials which enter into the formation of the so-called gall-stones.

There are a few observations regarding a very common ailment. Of course, if you think you have it, talk with your doctor. He will reassure you.

**Answers to Health Queries**

**L. L. Q.—**What causes dark circles beneath the eyes? I am thirteen years old.

**A.—**Lack of proper rest and sleep. Indigestion or constipation may be at fault. Find the cause and treatment can be advised.

**R. H. Q.—**What causes dizzy spells?

**A.—**This may be due to a circulatory disturbance, to an eye or ear condition, or to some intestinal disturbance. As a general rule, to determine the exact cause and then definite treatment can be prescribed.



DR. COPELAND.