

# DAPHNE by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXV  
DAPHNE thought, "I won't run after any man—not even Ralph! If he wants to go to art balls with other girls, and lie to me, let him! What do I care?" And with her door locked, and her head under the covers, she had a good cry, and felt better.

Her eyes were only a little red the next morning, and long before Miss Yardley came to remind her it was lunch time she had thought of a thousand excuses for him, and stopped worrying.

Miss Yardley was much better listener than Flora. Daphne told her the whole story over their strawberry ice cream sodas and lettuce sandwiches, and when Miss Yardley sighed and said, "Aren't you the lucky thing—having two wonderful friends like Mr. McKevitt and Mr. Winters?" she felt popular and beloved, and, oh, so sorry for poor Miss Yardley, who hadn't any men friends at all.

The more she thought about it the more she wanted Allan Winters and nice Cora Yardley who had such pretty clothes and manners, and wasn't so awfully homely once you got used to her stick-out teeth and near-sighted eyes behind the dark-rimmed glasses, to like each other.

"Mr. Winters?" Daphne's voice was a little breathless, as she finally summoned courage to call Allan. "This is—Daphne."

"Yes!" He seemed so cold and business-like over the telephone that she hardly knew how to go on.

"I'm sorry that Ralph isn't in," he was saying, "I'll have him call you later."

"But it was you I wanted to talk to! I thought . . . we had such a wonderful day Sunday . . . perhaps we could . . . perhaps you'd like to . . . to come to a friend's apartment with me, and have dinner. It would be rather fun, cooking and everything. She's an awfully nice girl. . . . I but I thought that maybe you—"

"I'm afraid I'm too busy today, Daphne. We're doing some extra work here in the office. Thank you just the same. It was nice of you to think of me."

He was cordial enough, and she knew there was extra work going on in Ralph's office, there was no real reason for being hurt at his refusal. But she was hurt. She had counted on him so much, had been so sure of his friendship.

With Ralph it was different. Ralph was popular, and rushed Daphne was a man of affairs. You couldn't expect too much of Ralph. Even if he did love you, he had other friends, other interests.

But Allan . . . "good old Al," as Ralph called him . . . it did hurt hideously, when he failed . . .

She tried once more, the following Thursday, and once again when he came into Greely's office on business a few days later. But after seeing him, and talking with him there was no mistaking it. He had changed, he didn't want her friendship. He was embarrassed and restless, anxious to get away. "Well it was nice to see you again, Miss Haines. (Miss Haines! . . . after he'd called her Daphne all day in Bolivia) . . . "Sorry Mr. Greely isn't in. I'll have to be getting back to the office. . . . Goodbye!"

She watched his slight, shock-headed figure slip through the door, waited to hear the outer door close. Then she went angrily back to her work.

After that her manner with Miss Yardley was more diffident. She told her Allan Winters had changed—or something—since

Sunday—anyway, he wouldn't do at all.

"Isn't that just my luck?" Miss Yardley lamented good naturedly. "That's the way with the men. You can't count on them." She was five. It knocked her with in everything. . . . and everybody.

September passed, the leaves fell. There was a hazy, hazy autumn in the air, of sadness, and loneliness. Ralph came so seldom. "It isn't that I don't want to see you often, honey girl . . . kiss me? You do love me a little don't you? You better! If I ever get out of this mess I'm in I'll make it up to you—honey! I will!" he promised, holding her close, kissing her lowered eyelids.

And Daphne thrilling to his words forgave him for the broken engagements, the empty evenings. Forgive him for everything. Forgetting him for the day, and everything he failed to do . . . she didn't care, she'd wait . . . he wouldn't be rushed and worried forever.

"I wish I knew more about business," she thought, helplessly. "It's all over my head—all the business things that Ralph is fussing about, and Mr. Greely complaining. . . . he oughtn't to talk to Ralph the way he does—Ralph knows what he's doing!"

Her loyalty was torn two ways . . . why couldn't they get along? she thought, as she sat at the typewriter. Each day brought bitterness and bickering. Ralph was in and out of the office, flushed and angry, arguing with the old man. And Mr. Greely, grayer and gruffer than ever, snarled and cursed.

"That damn fool here again? My Lord, am I to tell nurse him forever? Well—I'll tell him to come in, damn it, come in!"

It was a fight about money, of course. Men were always fighting about money in the world. The told Ralph about one of the stormy sessions. "It makes all the unhappiness there is. My father loved money so much that he let Mother kill herself with overwork. To save it, and now my stepmother is spending it, and he's killing himself with worry. . . . Ah, Ralph, it isn't worth it. If Mr. Greely won't let you have more capital just do without it—what does it matter? It can't be worth all the fights—"

"Pull some of that argument on Greely," he said. "Make him see that he's good. . . . Make me to drink or suicide—or worse—if he don't loosen up . . . it's so damned unfair—to think my own father would put me in this position—make me dependent upon Greely for what's rightfully mine—Mine! Well, I won't stand it much longer. I'll hire the best attorneys in this town—I'll—"

"But John Greely is supposed to be the best there is—"

"Yes—and the crookedest! . . . Another thing, he's getting child-like. Daphne, I've got chances to make real money now. I'd be a millionaire in four months if I didn't have him on my neck. He'd see it if he were clearer mentally—he's getting senile!"

"Senile! Why Ralph he isn't—he's the keenest, quickest person I ever knew! He has a memory like a card index—you're wrong if you think—"

She stopped suddenly, frozen with terror. Old Mr. Greely had opened the door of his private office. He stood there, towering above them, looking at least ten feet high.

"If you have business to discuss you will discuss it with me, not my secretary, McKevitt!"

His voice was ominously quiet. He motioned Ralph to enter, with formal politeness.

The door closed behind them.

CHAPTER XXVI  
AND just as I opened the door I heard Mr. Greely say, "You got into this, now you can get out of it. Don't come to me," he said, "I'm no pawnbroker. Go to the bank and do things right! And I don't know whether I ought to tell you this or not—" Miss Yardley paused, and looked doubtfully at Daphne.

"Well . . . since you began, I think you ought to finish," Daphne murmured, torn between conscience and curiosity as to what went on behind that closed door.

Miss Yardley took another look around the law library, to make sure no one was lurking behind the bookcase. "Maybe I shouldn't have told you anything . . . but on account of you and Mr. McKevitt being such friends . . . It gave me such a shock. I never saw Mr. Greely so mad . . . believe me I left without waiting to say excuse me—"

"But what did Mr. Greely say, Miss Yardley?"

Miss Yardley fidgeted on her common-sense heels, looked down at her nicely polished finger nails, and then back at the flushed and trembling Daphne. "I couldn't repeat his exact words, but McKevitt's business must be in terrible shape. Evidently he has been buying on a margin—you know—taking a chance on stock going up, and counting on Greely to back him, and he's awfully mad, and he won't . . . And he said, when Mr. McKevitt said he knew what he was doing, that San Quentin was full of others that thought the same way . . ."

"Oh that doesn't mean anything!" Daphne almost laughed in her relief. "You know how Mr. Greely always talks—he exaggerates everything—"

"Just the same things must be pretty bad."

"Because Mr. Greely blew up? Cora Yardley, you know what a

temper he has! Didn't I see him put that life-insurance salesman out last week just because he—"

"I don't know anything about life-insurance, but I do know that Mr. Greely's temper is under better control than some people think. He only lets it fly when he has a reason for it, and he thinks it's going to get him something—"

"All right then, he's trying to bully Ralph into doing things his way—but that's no sign he's right and Ralph's wrong!" Daphne retorted.

"Have it your own way, I'm sorry I said anything. I'm sure it's nothing to me!" Miss Yardley got the last word after all.

After that there was a coolness between the two girls. Miss Yardley went out to lunch with Mr. McKevitt's secretary instead of Daphne, and Daphne was left alone. Not that she cared . . . she had lots else to do. There were two gorgeous, all ways to be remembered days, when Ralph met her at the Palace, and took her to lunch. Fun to wait for him in the Palm Court, with her little brown pumps toting straight out before her. ("Never sit with your legs crossed, no lady does," her stepmother had taught her), and her gloved hands folded politely in her lap. Fun to watch the debutantes, and the luncheon groups, and the business men, well groomed, and prosperous looking. Waiting for Ralph . . . the best looking one of all!

Gardenias for her at the flower stand. "Or would you rather have roses, or one of those orchids? Too bad they haven't any purple blossoms!" Ralph teasing her, buying everything for her, thinking of everything. Surely he wouldn't be in such good spirits, and spending so much money if Miss Yardley were right!

The yellow car was often at the Hinckle door in the evening now, and Mrs. Spellman and Mrs. Hilday, the light-housekeeping ladies from upstairs had something to talk about again. There were rides into the country, and dinners down town, and two shows, and a swim in the big tank near

(Continued on page ten)

## GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trefl

The Fleet-Foot Medicine Sends Yam Scurrying Ahead of Her Mistress

JUST because there are a good many bottles of medicine in the medicine chest is no reason why you should mix them all together. You expect, no doubt, that something remarkable may happen. To tell you the truth, something may happen—but probably at the expense of your shadow, to be perfectly plain.

It happened one day that Mij. Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children with the turned-about names—were watching the little real-children making a mixture of all the medicines in the medicine chest.

"We'll give it to the cat," said Frank, who was Knarf's master.

So they mixed together the cough medicine with a Spring tonic, a hair oil, a liniment for sprains, a nose spray and two sugar-coated pills.

Now you would imagine that this would be enough, for the mixture looked thick and black. But no, it didn't quite fill the saucer. So May, Yam's mistress, took out a big bottle marked: FLEET-FEET.

"What does that do?" inquired the others. May read the directions on the label. "It makes slow feet move fast," she said.

Just then Dinah fetched in the cat and set the saucer before her. Mistress Pussy took one sniff of this mixture and fled. As this wasn't at all what was expected of her, the real-children set after her, at once.

No sooner were they gone than the shadow-children ran over to the mixture. Being quite small, they had to climb upon the edge to see. As it chanced Yam slipped on a drop of the hair oil and with a splash landed right in the middle of the strange medicine.

Just at this moment, the real-children returned with their hats and coats on. Not being successful in the quest for pussy, they de-

clined to take their afternoon walk. As it was a bright sunny day, the shadows followed directly behind them.

At first everything went well. Then, all at once, Yam, who was always a well-behaved little shadow girl, instead of remaining behind her mistress as she ought, began to run ahead of her. A shadow cannot do a more extraordinary thing than this. The Fleet-Foot, you see, was doing its mischief.

"Come back, come back!" cried the other shadows, for they were



Yam Fell Into the Saucer.

afraid that the children would notice her odd behavior. Despite them, however, she ran farther and farther ahead. "I can't stop myself," she cried.

Mij. Flor, Hanid and Knarf tried in vain to draw her back. The more they pulled, the longer she stretched until she was as long as the steeple of a church.

To make matters even worse, a cloud at that moment passed over the sun. As shadows do not have to stay with their masters and mistresses when there is no sun, they all ran off—Yam first and fastest of all. The others couldn't catch up with her no matter how hard they tried. She was swifter than the wind. In a few minutes she was miles away from them. Then she disappeared over the horizon.

Fortunately, the cloud proved to be a rain cloud and sent the

## The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

The Health-Giving Vitamin C is in Tomatoes

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

MY grandmother steadfastly refused to eat tomatoes. They are of the deadly nightshade species, and she persistently regarded them as poisonous. It's curious that tomatoes like celery, stem from poisonous plants, but they happen to be among the most important vegetables in the diet. Indeed, tomatoes today are fed to small children because they are as indispensable to their health and growth as orange juice. Tomatoes are particularly rich in Vitamin C, and although there isn't very exact knowledge available on this particular element, authorities are agreed that we can't get on without it.

To get the perfect flavor of tomatoes and their maximum food value, go out in the garden, pick out a perfectly ripe one and eat it on the spot, without adding salt or pepper. Tomatoes, like corn, begin to lose flavor after picking, and so the sooner they are consumed the better. Unfortunately, most of us can't enjoy tomatoes in their more perfect state. But the next best thing is to eat them raw, as much as possible.

Buy only the best ones—with smooth, shiny, red skins, not so soft that they have begun to decay. Firm ones are right, and easy enough to obtain in season. Always remove skins of tomatoes—whether they are to be served raw or cooked. They are pleasant to eat that way, and more digestible. Gently drop the tomato in a pan of boiling water for one minute. Lift out and the skin can be pulled off easily. Place

real-children scurrying home so fast that they had no time to think of their shadows. But if they had missed Yam, it would have done them no good to look for her. She ran so far away that if she hadn't turned around just in time, she would never have come back.

the tomatoes where they will chill, if they are to be served raw, as their value is much improved by cold. Lukewarm tomatoes are not so good. They should be served or hot—one or the other.

When cooking tomatoes, either as soup or stew, add little or no water, and no salt. Soda is believed to destroy the vitamin content, and it certainly affects the flavor.

Stewed Tomatoes

One pound tomatoes, one-half teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon ginger, one teaspoon lemon juice. Put the tomatoes in a saucepan after scalding and peeling them. Cover the pan and let cook over a low flame. When tender, which will be about 15 minutes more or less, add the seasonings, cook a minute more and serve. Lemon juice and ginger bring out the flavor of tomatoes much better than pepper.

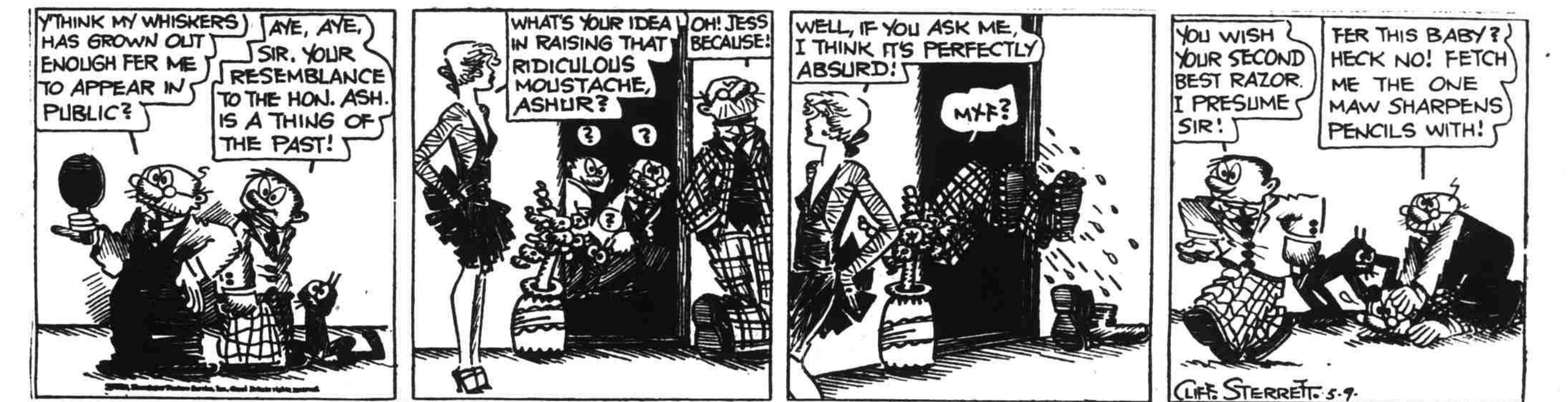
Tomato Soup, Cold

One pound tomatoes, one onion, one-eighth teaspoon ginger, one-half teaspoon salt, one cup thick sour cream, one tablespoon flour. Scald and peel tomatoes. Place in a saucepan with one cup of water and cook half an hour. Strain. Rub the flour smooth with a few tablespoons of cold water, then mix with the strained tomato juice. Cook for one minute, stirring constantly. Then set aside to cool. This soup must be served ice cold. Pour into cups, topping each one with a tablespoon or more of sour cream. This provides a very refreshing flavor. If sour cream is unavailable, then top with some whipped sweet cream, but in that case lemon juice should be added to the tomatoes during cooking.

Tomato Sauce

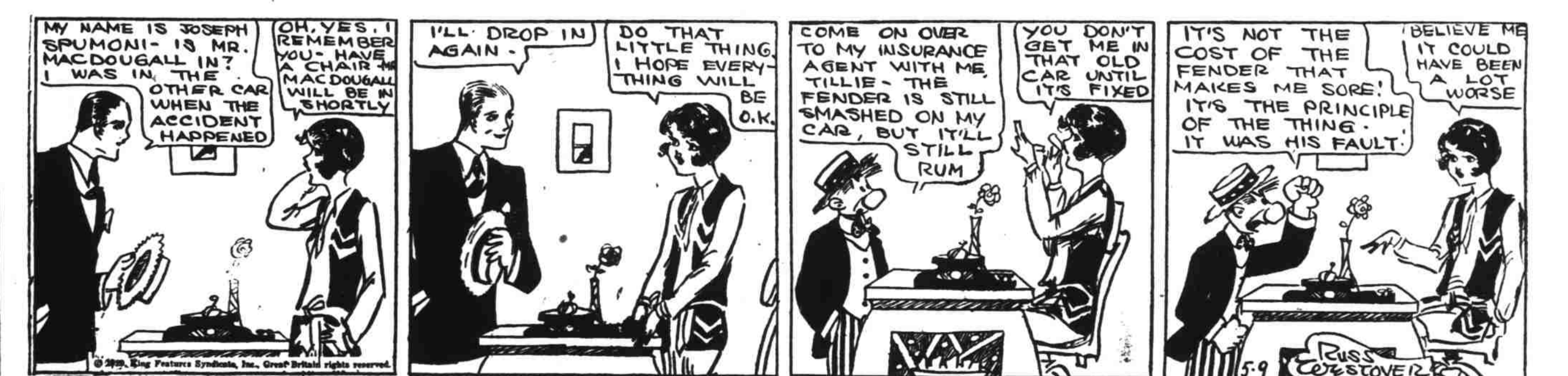
One pound tomatoes, one onion, two whole cloves, bay leaf, parsley, one-half teaspoon salt. Cook together for ten minutes. Strain. Add two tablespoons butter, and two tablespoons flour, and the tomato, stirring until the sauce boils.

## POLLY AND HER PALS



By CLIFF STERRETT

## TILLIE, THE TOILER



By RUSS WESTOVER

## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



By VERD

## TOOTS AND CASPER



By JIMMY MURPHY

## CHOOSE UNPOLLUTED WATER FOR BATHING

Be Sure that Your Swimming Place is Safe, Urges Dr. Copeland, for Contaminated Water May Cause Skin Infection or Dread Typhoid

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

BLESSED is the country boy born near an old swimming pool fed by the waters of an uncontaminated stream. City boys are far less fortunate. They must do their swimming in waters filled with sewage and germs of disease.

I am led to these observations by reason of an article I saw in the newspaper. It was an interview with the Director of Health Education of New York City's Department of Health. He was bemoaning the fact that the harbor waters about New York are badly polluted.

"Each year, with the advent of bathing," he said, "come new cases of eye and ear afflictions, skin troubles, and worst of all new typhoid fever cases. Since 1922 and up to the close of 1928, almost 500 cases of typhoid in this city were traced to bathing beaches, beaches proscribed by the Department, in which bathers ignored our warning."

It is too bad that so little attention is given by many persons to the dangers of contaminated waters. Not only are they willing to bathe in these waters, but travelers into the country frequently drink from springs and streams without knowing anything about the purity of the water. In this connection I quote again from the newspaper article in New York City. "And of the 3,448 other typhoid cases, the infection of which was not traceable, there is little doubt that many of them came from bathing in polluted waters."

With the beginning of the bathing season I hope everybody will give heed to the importance of selecting safe places for swimming. It is a dangerous thing to jump into an unknown and unexplored pool. There may be treacherous depths, snags of trees, or submerged rocks. Unless counsel can be taken of somebody familiar with this proposed bathing pool, it should be carefully explored before any dives are taken into the water.

But far more dangerous than the things I have just mentioned, are the possibilities of the presence of germs in the water. To get them into your system may bring severe illness and even death.

I am glad that many states and municipalities have passed laws prohibiting the reckless contamination of the water supply. The other day I saw a man almost frothing with anger because he was not permitted to establish a hazardous industry on the bank

of a noble stream, the waters of which were used for drinking purposes by a nearby city. It was a wise law that prevented such an action.

Bathing and swimming are desirable from the standpoint of health. But I beg of you not to go into the water unless you know it is free from contamination.

Answers to Health Queries  
O. N. Q.—What can be done for varicose veins?

A.—If the varicose veins are slight, bandaging or wearing an elastic stocking is often effective, but in most cases surgical procedure is necessary.

J. C. Q.—What causes head noises?

A.—Head noises are very often due to nasal catarrh which has extended to the middle ear. The underlying catarrhal condition must be corrected.