

# Daphne by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXX  
 "But I don't care if he isn't the right one—he's the one I want, Flora—nobody else."  
 "Have some sense!" Flora groaned, "get over it!"  
 "But Flora—"  
 "Good Lord, Daphne, keep still, let me talk. I'll tell you you aren't the only damn fool in love with the wrong man—the woods are full of them. Her voice dropped, her pale, light eyes—  
 "Fish eyes!" Miss Viola called them grew wide and dreamy, and indefinitely sad. "But we don't die of broken hearts—we go on living, going through the motions, pretending to have a good time. Maybe we do eventually, sometimes I think I do."  
 "He didn't love you?" Daphne asked timidly.  
 Flora studied her large, reddish hands. Bit off a hangnail. "Didn't look like it."  
 "He was an artist," she said finally. "I don't know whether he was any good or not, anyway he was poor. He did a little work for the paper I worked on in Reno, where we used to live. I never did tell you about home, did I?"  
 "It was a tall, white, handsome fellow, Pa was Irish and Ma was Swedish, that's where I get my Swede hair and my Irish name. Pa was a plasterer, good money, but he didn't always choose to work. So we had a couple of boarders."  
 "Believe me, no kids for me!" she said bitterly. "I saw too much! God how I hate kids, and no wonder, with me the oldest of six. There was a colicky baby yelling, and a couple of toddlers swinging on the gate with mashed potatoes and jam on their mugs. . . oh the devil! What started me on my family?"  
 "I started to tell you about the artist. . . but there isn't much to tell. I put in about four years of my life, loving him, and sneaking off nights to meet him, alone. Ma wondering why I didn't bring my young man home. . . And then he got a pretty good job on a paper back in Kansas City, and I spent six months watching for the mail man."  
 "When the big envelope came the whole family stood around watching while I opened it—that's the kind of privacy we had in our home—and there it was. 'Mr. and Mrs. Truman Barker—(I'll never forget the name) announce the marriage of their daughter Leona—to him, of course."  
 "I can see Ma yet, getting red in the face, and starting in to express herself, and me pulling myself together, pretending I didn't care, and knew all along. I did it so well I ate corn beef and cabbage for dinner, to show my appetite. I can still feel that corn beef going down—blump!" She caught at her throat, laughing, and pretending to choke.  
 "He married a girl he met there? Oh, Flora!" Daphne's arms were out, comforting, but Flora was herself again, laughing uproariously, beating the pillows—  
 "You're damn right he did. And went into a bank and stopped being an artist. I like to think of him behind a cage, getting bald and losing his shape. I hope he has twins, too—no, triplets!"  
 "Well, anyway, it showed me," Flora finished, "what a fool a woman can make of herself. Well, I beat it for the big city after that, and here I am, with a good job, and more dates than you can shake a stick at. There's nothing like a busted heart to make you break you—its sure made me—"

"I think it would break me," Daphne murmured, half to herself.  
 "Oh, rats, Daphne!"  
 "It would—"  
 "If you don't give me a pain in the neck! Listen—you aren't meaning to indicate that your happiness is all bound up in Ralph McKeivitt, and you don't care what a lemon he is—"  
 "I don't care how bad he is, or what he does—I love him."  
 "Even if he marries that Garroty girl?"  
 Daphne nodded, unable to speak.  
 "Oh, for Heaven's sake," Flora growled.  
 The battered alarm clock on the dresser ticked on and on, in the silence. "I suppose I had better go, and let you get some sleep," Daphne said finally.  
 Flora called her back, as she was opening the door. "Mind you I am all against this McKeivitt business, but if your fool heart is set on it—count on me! I'm a pretty fair fixer—of other people's troubles!"

And just as the milkman rattled the door of the kitchen, Daphne's eyes closed in their first troubled sleep, Ralph Iverson McKeivitt left Crystal's apartment on California street.  
 "Four o'clock. Damn the girl, getting me out of bed, and keeping me so late. . . I'll have to raise some real money in the morning!" He felt in his empty pockets. He'd given her his last cent.  
 "I have to see her oftener," he thought. "She's working too hard, poor child, and all alone here, without a friend. . . Good thing she has me, and not some other fellow. . . an innocent, trusting girl like that!"

Chapter XXXI  
 "I'm getting so I just loathe art school!" Crystal told Ralph.  
 And for once she spoke the truth.  
 This morning was particularly awful. She was trying to draw a foot. A silly, plaster foot. And why anyone wanted to draw feet was something Crystal couldn't understand. Heads were her specialty. Heads of pretty ladies, with flowers in their hair. Though she didn't mind sketching in a figure with shoes on, and hands hidden out of sight.  
 Art School! This was no more like the stories she had read about art school, than that charcoal smudge on the paper was like the ugly plaster foot on the pedestal. Where were the gay parties, where were the handsome men, and the life classes, and the sketching expeditions? Oh, yes, they had life classes, but you couldn't join them until you had had charcoal, and plaster casts, and you couldn't go sketching until you had elementary drawing—and who wants to be bothered with that?

"What have I got out of this? Nothing! Not even any parties. If it hadn't been for Avery Woodard I wouldn't have had any art life at all. This is no fun!" she thought disconsolately. "I'll go crazy if I have to do this much like a busted heart to make you break you—its sure made me—"  
 "I wish I hadn't fall-

en out with Avery, he understood how I could learn more from him in five minutes. . . he knows how I feel about color, and line, and drawing from life. . . She chewed on her eraser, lost in thought.  
 Miss Tompkinson, the teacher came and looked at her drawing. "Oh, Miss Garroty—this is all wrong!" she cried. And then with her crooked bit of charcoal she made black line on Crystal's drawing, ruining it completely.  
 With a smothered oath, Crystal tore it off the board and crumpled it into a ball which she threw on the floor and tramped under her sharp, high heel.  
 Miss Tompkinson, a sallow, elderly woman with a mop of frizzy, gray hair, watched her. "Really," she drawled, "you must cultivate patience. Patience, to an artist—tore it off the board and crumpled through clenched teeth. 'You look like an artist, you do! If you're one, I don't want to be one. And I don't want to draw any more bonyons and, and I won't either. So there!"  
 Two or three turned and looked at her, but no one paid much attention. With a contemptuous "Tut, tut," Miss Tompkinson turned away. "That's good," she told the little Italian girl at the next easel. "Splendid feeling!"  
 Feeling! For a fool! Crystal washed her dirty hands, and went home.  
 But it was lonely in the apartment. Lonely and quiet. She turned on the radio and tried to read. That was worse. How do people live without excitement?  
 She'd go to the head of the school tomorrow, and demand to be taken into the life class, or a sketching class anyway. She'd show this Miss Tompkinson!  
 In the meanwhile, she'd phone Ralph, and go for a ride. "I'm sorry, but he's occupied," the phone girl said.

"But I must speak with him. It's important! This is Miss Garroty."  
 "I'm sorry, Miss Garroty. I'll ask him to call you later."  
 Oh, damn! A whole afternoon, and nothing to do with it. Shopping? No, she couldn't even do that, for the little money Ralph gave her was needed for other things. Horribly expensive, keeping up an apartment. Too much for a girl alone.  
 She looked at herself in the mirror, and brightened a little. "I am a beauty!" she thought with satisfaction. "With a little luck I certainly ought to land something good. Other girls, not nearly so good looking have made brilliant matches of course most of them were in the movies, or on the stage. . . I don't care about that, I'd rather just be married. . . I'm just wasting my time on McKeivitt, what's he got? He isn't rich as real rich men go. He'd probably want to live here, or in some dinky place like this."

She looked around the apartment, that had seemed so luxurious when she first moved in. The gleaming floor, the bright silk curtains, the grand piano that was never used. . . Nice. . . but nothing really, no antiques or anything. When I think of what some girls have. . . trips to Europe, and ten-room apartments and saibles and real pearls. . .  
 But how are you going to meet these dispensers of saibles and real pearls? McKeivitt probably knew some likely prospects, but a fat chance of his introducing them! He never took her anywhere, except to a show, or a hotel to dine and dance. Never introduced her. (Continued on page ten)

was a cloudy day and they didn't have to remain with their little masters and mistresses, decided to go into the Chinese plate that stood on the dining room table. That was the advantage of being shadows, you see. The most that little real-children can do with a Chinese plate is to eat cookies off it. Still, even that is not so bad, provided, of course, that there are plenty of cookies.  
 On this particular day, the shadow-children jumped into the Chinese plate and started walking towards the little bridge that crosses the stream at the foot of the hill. When they reached the bridge, they made out, sitting under a willow-tree on the bank of the stream, a Chinaman, fishing. At least, it looked as though he were fishing, for he was holding a rod over the water.  
 They approached the Chinaman. He had a long pig-tail. "Hello," said Hand politely. "Sh-h," said the Chinaman placing his finger over his lips. "Sh-h, my name is Ting-aling and I'm fishing."  
 "What are you fishing for?" asked Yam.  
 Ting-aling gave this question grave thought. At last he said: "I'm fishing for fish."  
 "I think of what some girls have. . . trips to Europe, and ten-room apartments and saibles and real pearls. . .  
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tops from six o'clock to noon without discovering a single one." The shadow-children exclaimed in surprise. "But worms aren't found in tree-tops!"  
 "I guess that must be so," agreed Ting-aling with a doleful shake of his head. "I wonder where they are then."  
 Knarf quickly rolled over a few stones at the foot of the willow and hurried back with a fat worm. He gave it to the delighted Ting-aling, who immediately knotted it to the end of his line.  
 "Thank you ten thousand times," he said to Knarf. Instead of letting the worm sink under the water, however, he held it about a foot above the surface.  
 "Let it in the water!" cried the shadow-children.  
 "Oh, no," retorted the Chinaman, "the worm would only drown. And what good is a worm if it's drowned?"  
 "There didn't seem to be any good answer to this. So Ting-aling grinned wisely and dangled the worm over the water.  
 All at once a robin, who had been watching the worm from a branch of the willow, swooped down and snatched it off the line. The shadow-children were angry at the robin; Ting-aling merely smiled.  
 "That robin certainly doesn't know anything about fishing," he said, and dipped the dangling line into the water as before.



"Don't You Ever Use Worms?"

## The Home Kitchen By ALICE LYNN BARRY

**HOW TO PREPARE SWEETBREADS—THE MEAT DELICACY**  
 BECAUSE its name gives no indication of its nature, there are all sorts of rumors about sweet breads. I have heard admirers of the dish insist they are really "brains," and one enlightened diner whose favorite food is mushrooms and sweet breads had the delusion that they were a sort of vegetable!  
 Sweet breads are the glands of calves, and there are two kinds. One variety is the "pancreas" which secretes the digestive juices in the stomach. The other is the thymus gland, found in the throat and is more delicate of the two. Sweet breads have become an important item of diet in recent years, since scientists have traced so many of our physical and mental disorders to the imperfections of our glands. Also sweet breads properly prepared are so easy of digestion that they may be fed to children.  
 Because of its excellent nutritive value sweet breads ought to appear on the table frequently, served both to grown-ups and to children. It's the sort of meat that can be combined with other items, and is not necessarily served whole as a complete dish by itself. There are a great many ways of preparing sweet breads, both hot and cold. And it is a good buy in warm weather when one does not feel like preparing much meat and yet has to please those who enjoy a meal only with some meat flavors.  
 How to prepare sweet breads. Wash immediately and soak in cold water for one hour. Drain. Place in boiling water to which 1 teaspoon of lemon juice is added. Boil 5 minutes. Drain and put in cold water where it will become firm again. Remove fibers.  
 No matter how the sweet breads are to be prepared, this process must first be followed—and it really isn't as troublesome as it sounds. The simplest way to cook them, and wholesome enough for anyone, is to broil them.

**Broiled Sweet breads**  
 Cut the sweet breads in half lengthwise. Spread with soft butter and broil under a moderate flame five minutes—no more. Turn every few seconds, spreading with butter frequently to keep soft. Place on a hot dish and serve immediately. Season after cooking. Or send to the table accompanied by a sauce made of equal parts of lemon juice and melted butter, a little salt and pepper.

**Sweet breads and Mushrooms**  
 2 tablespoons butter  
 2 tablespoons cornstarch  
 1 cup hot milk  
 1 pair sweet breads  
 1/2 lb. mushrooms  
 2 eggs  
 1/2 teaspoon salt  
 2 tablespoons cold milk  
 Melt butter in saucpan, and the peeled mushrooms and simmer until tender. Dissolve cornstarch in cold milk, then add to hot milk and mushrooms. Cut the sweet breads into small pieces and place in pan and simmer for 5 minutes. Remove from fire, add beaten eggs and serve on toast. Or pour into hot patty shells.  
 Sweet breads may be creamed in this fashion with diced veal, or tongue, or chicken, and sweet peas.

**Sweetbread Salad**  
 Broil the sweetbread and set aside to cool. Cut in dice, and mix with any of the vegetables you would use in a chicken salad. Mound on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise dressing. Good combinations are, sweet breads with asparagus tips, or cucumber, or watercress, or thin slices of orange.

"The most important thing is to be patient," he told the shadow children, "otherwise," he said, and dipped the dangling line into the water as before.

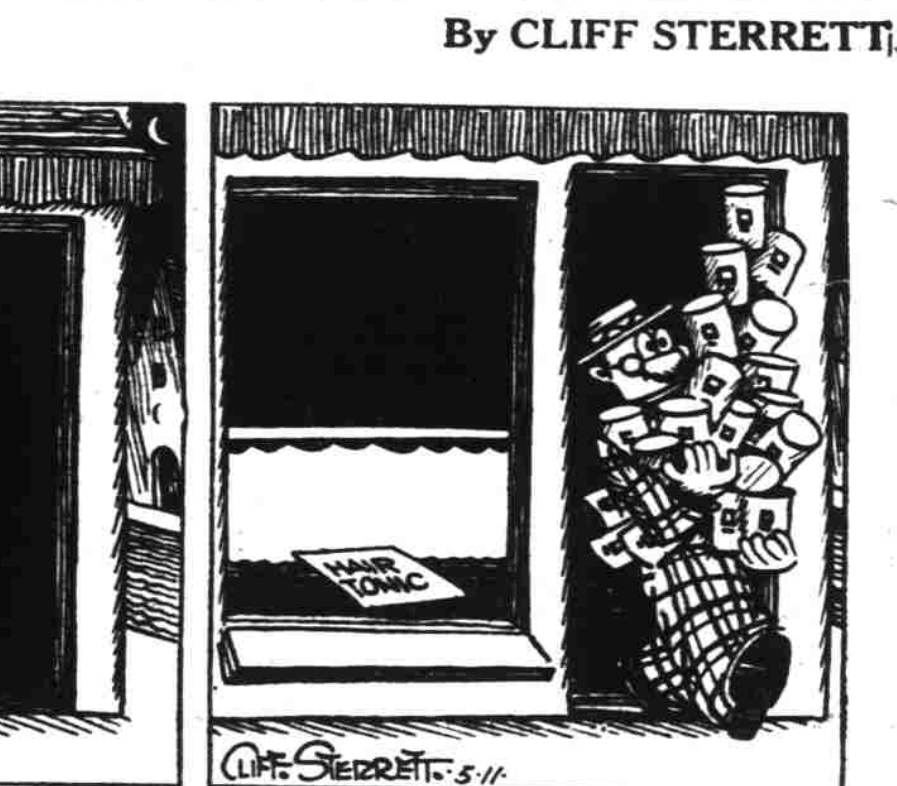
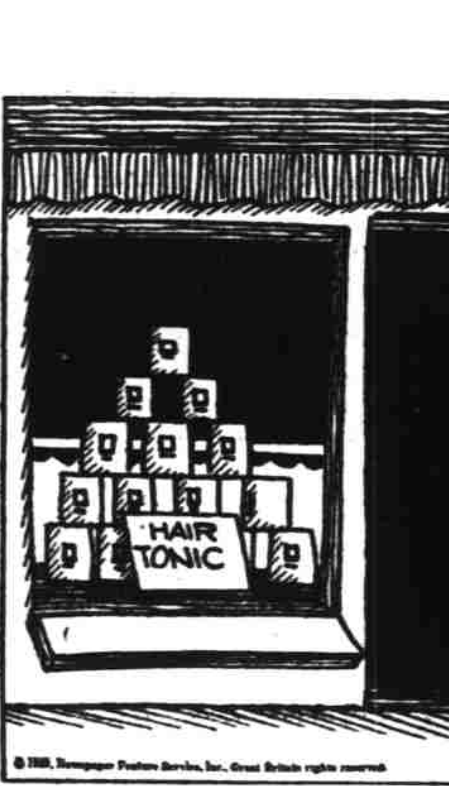
## GOOD-NIGHT STORIES By Max Trel

Old Ting-a-Ling Does His Fishing Without Hook or Bait. . . Flor, Hand, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children with the turning-about names—finding that it

## POLLY AND HER PALS



## GOOD-NIGHT STORIES



By CLIFF STERRETT

## TILLIE, THE TOILER



## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



## TOOTS AND CASPER



## TOOTS AND CASPER



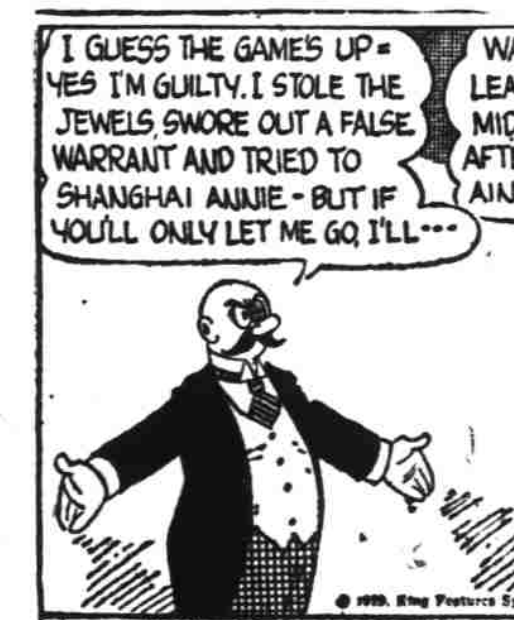
## TOOTS AND CASPER



By RUSS WESTOVER

By VERD

## TOOTS AND CASPER



## TOOTS AND CASPER



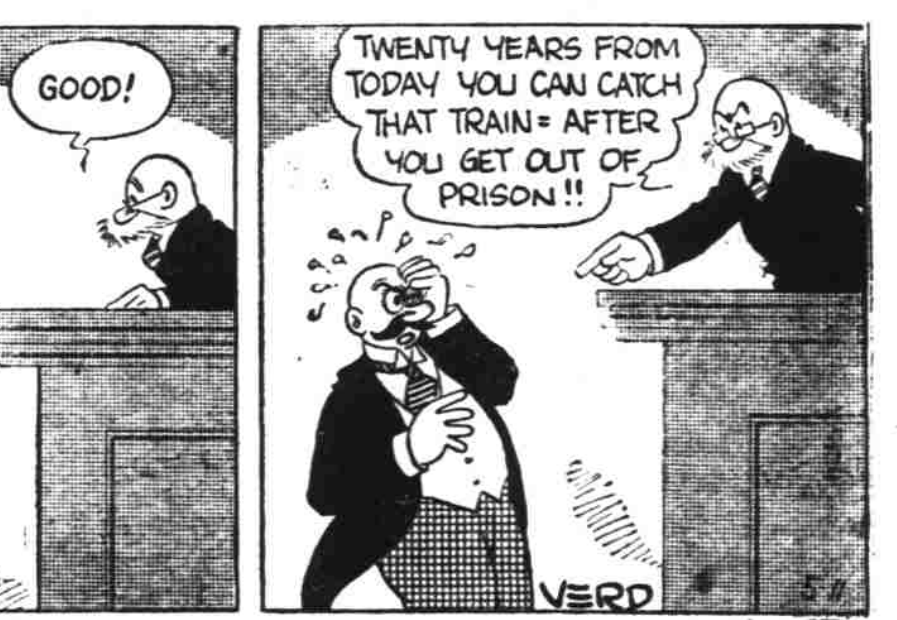
## TOOTS AND CASPER



## TOOTS AND CASPER



## TOOTS AND CASPER



By JIMMY MURPHY

## TOOTS AND CASPER



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## TOOTS AND CASPER



## TOOTS AND CASPER



## TOOTS AND CASPER



By JIMMY MURPHY

## LOWERED VITALITY AN INVITATION TO GERMS

Guard Against Fatigue and Keep the Body in Good General Health, Urges Medical Authority, in Pointing Out the Effects of Common Colds.

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

WHY is it so hard to shake off a cold? Why does the pesky thing hang on so long?  
 Well, in the first place, you never have a cold unless you are run down in health. Of course, I do not mean you never take a cold unless you are the midst of a terrible decline.

As a matter of fact, you have been unusually well for months, and then suddenly you develop a hard cold. But there must have been a few days when you were better par.  
 Loss of sleep is a real factor. Excessive fatigue is another. Tired people are always in danger if disease germs are lurking in the neighborhood. The worst of it is, too, those unfriendly germs are on watch in every neighborhood.

There appears to be some sort of a relationship between constipation and the onset of a cold. When there is fermentation in the bowel, with the bacterial growth that always accompanies it, there is direct lowering of the vitality. This permits the causative agent of the cold to break through the defenses of the body. The sneezing begins almost at once.

Following an infection of this sort there is more or less fever. The appetite declines, the sleep is disturbed, and, all in all, the victim feels mean and miserable.

These uncomfortable effects are added to the original state of lowered health. You can see why, therefore, you should regard the cold as much more serious than we are inclined to do. It is a mistake to disregard it or to let it run its course. But we are not the mucus which forms within the cavities, fills them to overflowing. That is where the tremendous quantities of mucus come from when the cold "ripens."  
 In these dark, warm places, in the jelly like secretion, the germs revel and multiply. If they happen to be pus-producing germs, there is danger of extension of their activities. Then the ears and bronchial tubes are in danger. There may be an ear-ache and even middle ear trouble. There may be bronchitis and it is

**Answers to Health Queries**  
 E. L. Q.—What should a boy weigh who is 18 years old and 5 feet 8 inches tall. I should a constant person eliminate bread and potatoes from the diet. I should one eat to make the teeth harder?  
 A.—For his age and height he should weigh about 125 pounds. I, yes, but you may add bran muffins to your diet. For other details send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. I. Try to eat lots of fresh green vegetables, fruits, eggs, etc.  
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