

Daphne by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

"Damn men!" she thought again, glaring at the newspaper lined up before her. "They're all alike. Selfish pigs. No matter how we treat 'em, it's too good for them!" And she had another angry revulsion of feeling, remembering the well dressed pair, who had nearly run over her in their smart yellow roadster as she was running for the car. . . .

Daphne had grown much thinner in the last weeks. She looked more than ever like a Rossetti painting, with her straight black bang and her wistful gray eyes, dark and dreamy. In her small white face, "Twice as attractive as that hard-boiled Garroty girl!" Flora thought loyally. "Not that that ass McKeivitt will ever see it. It's a good thing he was born with a gold spoon in his mouth. He hasn't ten year intellect. One of the Garroty girls ought to show even a boob like him what she's like."

And so absorbed was she in damning McKeivitt and Crystal that she rode three blocks beyond her street, and walked back in a towering temper.

Mr. Spellman, spite and span in his office clothes, saw her coming, and held open the door. "How's my little pal tonight?" His arm slid around her waist, and they bobbed up the stairs together, tall Flora looming a foot above him. In the darkest corner, just above the first landing he stopped, and whispered, "How about a little something of erubescence, just you and me? The Mrs. is going to her sister's lodge, won't be back till late."

Mrs. Spellman's voice, acridly sweet, came out of the darkness of the upper hall. "Talk to my hubby some other time, Miss McKeivitt. I'm waiting dinner, we're going out early tonight."

"So she thought I was trying to vamp him," Flora raged in her room, when she had flung the bundles on the bed, and slammed the door. As if it'd look at her bald-headed counter-jumper! The poor fish!

And then with a widening grin "Oh well, she's still a loving wife to him, I suppose. I guess it isn't any funnier than me making myself believe that girl back in Kansas City kidnaped my ex-husband, or poor old Daphne thinking the Garroty girl is running away with McKeivitt. . . . see, aren't women fools!"

So she kicked off her shoes, slipped into the ancient Japanese sandals that had lost a sleeve, and slammed down the stairs again her slippers flapping, to Daphne. Daphne, a book in her lap, was curled up on the ancient turkey-red couch, listlessly looking out of the window into the dark.

"Come up to my room, and have some supper with me!" Flora coaxed. "I want to talk to you anyway."

The younger girl hesitated, and flushed. "I wonder if I ought to. . . ."

"He didn't say whether it would be for dinner or not."

"You better come along and eat," Flora said briskly. "You can hear the telephone just as well upstairs!"

Old Mrs. Hinckle opened the kitchen door when she heard them talking. "Ain't you had dinner yet? I got some coffee, aber I guess Viola ate all the cake I had left from Sunday."

Daphne hugged her, laid her smooth white cheek against the old lady's wrinkled brown one. "Dear Mama Hinckle—you make it really home to us!"

And carrying the hot coffee up to Flora's room she said, "Do you know, Flora? Don't believe I would move even if I could afford to now! I'd sort of hate to go away from Mama Hinckle, and Viola."

Flora grimaced—"Sure—good as gold. Still it wouldn't take me long to pack if I had any place better to go. You're too soft-hearted, Daphne. Here, you help yourself to the potato salad, while I warm up the meat pie. I could live without light-house-keeping myself. . . . I wouldn't mind having an apartment like the Garroty girl has."

"Crystal! You know where she lives, Flora?" The fork flew out of Daphne's hand, clattered to the floor.

"Yes, I know," Flora said harshly. "I know a lot."

"But, Flora, you don't know Crystal!"

"No, I don't know Crystal, but I had a good look at her, and I know her kind. Saw her coming out of the apartment when I was going into the building to see some society dame that lives there—it's that kind of a place—"

"Crystal always had everything nice. Father always gave."

"I'll bet it isn't Father that's paying the rent there."

Daphne was on her feet, her cheeks flaming. Flora McArdle if you mean that Ralph—just like Ralph. . . . She floundered, lost for the right words.

"I don't mean anything, 'cause I don't know anything," Flora cut in gently, her heart aching for Daphne, "but just the same I'll bet McKeivitt is in deeper than we thought, and I wouldn't waste any more time on him, honey. I said I'd help you, but it's hopeless. At least it is for you. Some other girl like Crystal might get him—some schemer."

When Daphne didn't answer, she went on warmly. "He's two-timing you. I see him around town all the time with the Garroty girl. He only comes up here if you mean that Ralph—just like Ralph. . . . Get interested in somebody else. That Allan Winters for instance. You mark my words, he's going to amount to something, and he was interested in you. What did you do to scare him away?"

"I didn't do anything. He was not interested, Flora."

"Well, then, I'll find you one, My God. I'll give you the pick of my collection, that's the kind of friend I am. You come down to the office with me tonight, some of the late shift will be there. I'll introduce you to Steve Bromley—he's too young for me, but when you meet a few regular fellows you won't get so upset by the

to take me riding?"

"Of course I like to take you riding, but hang it, I like to park once in a while when I'm with a pretty girl—"

A pretty girl! Was that all she was to him, a pretty girl? Was that what Flora meant? She gulped. "We don't side all the time. We do park sometimes—"

He stopped the car, and kissed her, laughing all the while. "You'll be the death of me yet? When are you going to grow up? Never mind, that's one of the reasons I'm so crazy about you. I am crazy about you. Do you know that, Daphne?"

But for once she didn't thrill to his nearness, her heart was too heavy. "Pretty girl. . . . parking. . . . petting. . . . Crystal. . . . All the troubled thoughts shifted and darted about, forming kaleidoscope patterns of misery in her mind. . . . He meant it wasn't any fun coming to her house to call for her, and driving aimlessly around. . . . He didn't have to taxi Crystal around. Crystal had a place to bring him, a place. . . .

"I'm sorry I haven't a wonderful place like Crystal!" she burst out bitterly, and could have bitten her tongue. Thinking about it all evening, and then saying it that way!

But he didn't notice the bitterness. "Pretty nice, all right," he agreed warmly. "I like a place like that, it's kind of homey with all those nice comfortable chairs. That's what I said the first time I saw it. None of those antique effects for me. . . . say—I didn't know you two kids had gotten together! What do you know about that?"

"We haven't."

"You haven't? Then how did you—I mean how did you know all about her place? I thought it was funny she didn't say anything about meeting you. You know how Crystal is, right out with everything—no holding anything back."

"You didn't say anything either!" she said accusingly. "You never told me you were seeing her all the time. I—I just happened to find out, that's all!"

In the flash of a street lamp he

saw her tense white face, and thought with amusement. "The kid's jealous!" So he said, humoring her. "You told me not to tell the folks you were in town, so I haven't said a word. Well—naturally—I kept Crystal's little secret, too. She's here at art school, pretty near killing herself. They work 'em like dogs there, and it's a shame, too. Night and day. It isn't right. You know she isn't strong either."

Crystal not strong? Daphne fought a wild desire to laugh. But he was well started on his subject now. "I wish you'd let me tell her you're here. She's lonely I think, and nervous. You know how keen she is on that art of hers. And then her mother. . . . you don't mind if I knock the old lady a little, Daphne?"

"I don't like her, either," Daphne said honestly.

"Well, it seems that the old lady keeps writing Crystal all the time, telling her how hard up they are—"

"Hard up?"

"Yes, short of money. I didn't believe it at first, but I ran into a fellow at the bank the other day who was talking about some orchard land in that district. Seems that your father has borrowed a lot on it. I don't want to alarm you, Daphne, but from what I hear he's going to lose the property. Say, what's wrong with him, anyway? When I was a kid people used to hold him up as an example of thrift—Abner Haines who had three cents out of the first nickel he ever made and then all of a sudden he kind of went haywire—been spending money that way."

"He spent it on my stepmother," Daphne said hotly, "she never gave him a minute's peace, she was right after him every minute, she—oh well—no use talking about it!" She stopped, frightened at what she had almost said about Crystal. . . . you can't tell things like that, and still if you don't. . . .

"You don't know what it was like in our house!" she finished desperately, fighting temptation to

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

"Why are you not singing this morning, Mr. Canary?" asked Hand. The canary peered at Hand and at Mij, Flor, Yam and Knarf—the other little shadow-children who pressed up against the bars of his cage.

"I just caught a glimpse of the cat sleeping under the sofa," he confessed finally. "And I didn't think it would be quite—well, quite proper to disturb her. Let a sleeping cat lie, you know."

"Let a sleeping dog die— you mean," corrected Knarf. But the canary paid no attention to him. "You're not afraid of a cat, are you?" asked Mij.

"I don't like her, either," Daphne said honestly.

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"We Canaries Are Fine Fliers."

The canary tossed its head defiantly. "No, no, no—certainly not! We canaries aren't afraid of anything. We merely don't like to disturb others, that's all."

"You could fly away, couldn't you?" said Yam.

"Fly away from what?" demanded the canary suspiciously.

"From the cat," said Yam. The canary gave a satisfied chirp.

"Oh yes, indeed. We canaries are very fine fliers."

"Eagles are very fine fliers," said Flor.

The canary shook his head. "The trouble with eagles," he said, "is that they can't fly in a cage."

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

Stencils Help the Amateur Decorator

WHEN plain curtains are a bit too plain, and you want only a touch of color, try a little home-stenciling. It's very easy—anybody can do it, and you can select just the size and kind of pattern you want, and color to please yourself.

For cottage curtains, an unbleached muslin, with wide hems and conventional stenciled patterns are colorful, cool in appearance and yet very decorative. Monk's cloth, or any of the heavy basket weaves may be stenciled and used as hangings for doorways, or covers for couch hammock, or daybed.

Stenciled curtains are also most suitable for kitchen and pantry, and the same pattern can be used for window hangings, linings of closets, or covering for the breakfast table if there is a breakfast nook in the kitchen. In that way

you can get some other pattern than the inevitable tea kettle and ladle. No reason why conventionalized flowers or other pretty designs should not be used, so as to take your mind off kitchen jobs—rather than remind you of them. And if you have different colored tins as containers paint them over, then decorate with a uniform stencil, and at a small expense you can have your own good-looking set of metal containers.

Another novel use of stencils has recently become popular, especially in country and suburban houses. The painted floors are given a decoration of a wide stencil, and when well done it has all the effect of an attractive linoleum, at somewhat less cost. The walls, floors and woodwork are treated as one—given the basic colors, with the floor a slightly darker shade, but the same stencil repeated on floor and wood work.

Why you can't even put them in a cage?"

"You must have very strong wings," said Hand.

"That's just it," agreed the canary. "My wings are exceedingly strong!" And just to show how exceedingly strong they were, he spread them out, first one and then the other. "You don't find wings like these on eagles," he declared boastfully.

"But aren't you a good deal cramped in your cage?" inquired Hand.

"Don't you feel crowded?" added Mij.

"I do," said the canary. "But it's a good thing if I was left to fly around in this room, no one would be able to see me."

"Why not?" asked Flor.

"Because I should flit from corner to corner like the wind. You can't see the wind, can you?"

The shadow children had to confess that they couldn't.

"I should fly from the curtain-rod to the umbrella-stand. Then I should swirl around the chan-

delier. Finally, just to amuse myself, I should swoop in and out of the vase!"

The shadow-children gasped in astonishment. "My, my, what a flier you are!" they said.

"So you see that it is a good thing that I am kept in the cage."

At this very moment, in walked Inda, the housemaid, and opened the door of the cage, for she wanted to clean it, you see. Mr. Canary fluttered about in the wildest confusion before he found the door. Then, when he reached the outside instead of flying swiftly about as he described, he dropped clumsily to the inner window-ledge, where he stood, quite motionless.

The shadow-children were even more astonished than before—all except Knarf.

"He doesn't care to disturb the cat," explained Knarf.

"Oh yes, that's it—the cat!" said the canary nervously. "She can't fly, you know, and I don't want to get her jealous—no, I don't want to get her jealous at all!"

POLLY AND HER PALS



GOOD-NIGHT STORIES



Home-Making Helps



YOUNG FOLKS APT TO BE VICTIMS OF ACNE

Dr. Copeland Stresses the Importance of Thorough Cleansing of the Skin to Combat Eruptions— Look to the General Health

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

HEALTH is regarded as a most precious possession. It is natural that questions should be asked about what to do for this ailment or the other. Hundreds of letters come to me every week, asking for information regarding various diseases.

Everybody recognizes that imperfections of the skin are an evidence of impaired health. On this account, and also because there is a certain degree of embarrassment associated with the appearance of skin troubles, many persons seek a means of removal of these blemishes.

It seems to be the history of youthful development that at a certain time of life there shall be pimples and eruptions of the skin. It is too bad that this period coincides with that period when boys and girls begin to take an interest in social affairs.

Blackheads, red swollen spots, and hard lumps that never come to a head, ruin the complexion. The chin and forehead are the parts of the face likely to be involved. The shoulders and upper parts of the chest are other places where the eruption may appear.

The general term applied to all such disturbances of the skin is "acne." Acne is found wherever boys and girls are met. Beginning at the age of ten or twelve it goes on and on for several years. It is rarely seen after the age of twenty-five.

I want to be frank about it: In my opinion one of the neglected factors in the production of this disease is a lack of cleanliness of the skin.

Some skins are so made that they are not readily infected. The fine-grained, small-pored skins are pretty safe. If the skin is coarse-grained, oily, and possesses large, open pores, it is very liable to acne.

You can see that unless a skin of this sort is scrubbed clean with soap and water, it will be long before these big pores are filled with dirt. Within a short time the pore has become a breeding place of germs. There will be pus formation, inflammation, redness of the skin and the formation of an ugly pimple.

Neglect of the diet is another factor. Too many children are brought up on candy and starches. They eat excessive quantities of fat, nut sundries and hot biscuits. I need not tell you that this is a mistake.

Please do not think I have any objection to the food just mentioned. In their proper places and in reasonable quantities, they are quite all right. The trouble with young people, however, is that if they indulge excessively in these things they are likely to avoid fruits and green vegetables, milk and coarse bread.

The person inclined to have a bad skin should drink quantities of water. It is important to have the

TILLIE, THE TOILER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



TOOTS AND CASPER



Answers to Health Queries

A. M. M. Q.—What causes numerous fine blood vessels around the nostrils?

A.—May be due to a circulatory disturbance. Consult a skin specialist for treatment.

"A Reader." Q.—Can anything be done to keep one from growing taller?

A.—What do you advise for moles?

A.—No. . . . Moles may be made less noticeable by the use of the electric needle handled by an expert.

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By CLIFF STERRETT



By RUSS WESTOVER



By VERD



By JIMMY MURPHY

