

Daphne ^{by HAZEL LIVINGSTON}

He poured the drinks from his pocket flask, and brought one to her. "Drink it down. Now you'll feel better. He frowned his own at a single gulf, and more, and will begin to feel human."

"No more for me, Ralph. You know I never—"

"Nonsense, Crystal. This'll do you good. Or maybe you don't like it straight. I'll get some water—"

"Oh, no, no—I'll take it this way—"

"There! You begin to look better all ready!" He looked at her approvingly, and patted her arm pink cheek. "Why, you're positively burning up!" You've got a fever, Crystal!"

"It's nothing—I'm just tired—all worn out—"

"Well, there's a pair of us. He lapsed into silence again, hands in his pockets, and stared at her, starting straight ahead, listening, listening.

She thought of Avery's gossip. Financial troubles. The business tottering.

"Is there anything wrong at the office?" she whispered.

"Wrong? Nothing else but Crystal, I can't tell you the whole story, but briefly this. I'm so handicapped between that scoundrel old fool Greeley, and that taunting young fool Winters—"

"But you could at least get rid of Winters—"

He began to walk up and down. "You don't understand me, even if you do that. I've been carrying him for most of my life, and I'll have to go on. He'd starve if I threw him out. Besides, he worships me like a god—I couldn't turn on him. He means well. He'd give up his life for me, but damn it, he'd drive me to suicide!"

"Couldn't you place him somewhere else?" she suggested practically.

"I wish to heaven I had in the beginning. I may do that yet. He is a worker—just lacks initiative, and sense, that's all. He's a millionaire now. If I didn't have the two of them on me, now they've yelped so much that the talk is leaked out on the street, and they're about ruined the business. That's what your friends will do to you. Friends! Lord! When it comes to business I'd rather be left to my enemies. I can fight them!"

Crystal was surprised at the thrill that shot through her, as she watched him, the big blond giant, striding up and down, wearing his powerful arms, the muscles rippling under his tight tweed coat.

"Only he had money, lots of money if only . . . she clenched her shaking hands in her lap.

"Three million dollars, Crystal . . . do you realize that much money? Three million I'd have made, if they hadn't stopped me last June. Half a million on one deal alone. Do you wonder that I'm crazy? For two pins I'd throw up the whole thing—beat it off—play the market alone. I'd be rich in six months. Rich!"

She wet her dry lips. "But you need capital to start with—lots of money."

He whipped a wallet from his pocket, showed her a thick wad of bills. "Capital! I've got all I need. I've got enough to travel for a year or two, and get my nerve back, and still come back and put myself on the map. If I stay here in this dead outfit, I'll never have more than thirty thousand a year—and what's that? I am no piker. I don't want to live the simple life—I want—damn it—I want to live—"

He came and took her in his arms. "Excuse the oratory—I blew up—but it makes me so damn mad. If I didn't have you, I don't know what I'd do."

Her white hands played with his hair, she brushed his hot cheek lightly with her lips, the ghost of a kiss. Her heart was beating to Europe, a year of luxury, wealth

to come.

"And if I didn't have you—oh, Ralph—if I didn't have you—"

Ralph—If I didn't have you—"

he had released Crystal, who stood leaning against the high-backed Italian chair, apparently incapable of speech. But Adelina shrunk from the look she saw in her daughter's eye.

"I'm sure I didn't know I was intruding," she began apologetically. "I was going to surprise you, and I heard talking, so I waited a minute—"

Ralph, bright red to the roots of his fair hair, lit a cigarette with shaking hands. "You'll want to be alone, of course," he said, with all of his man-of-the-world air that he could summon. "So I'll be on my way. I'm afraid I startled you. Mrs. Haines. I—I thought it was a sneak thief at the door. I'm sorry. I've been nervous and on edge all day. Well, see you soon, Crystal. Good night, Mrs. Haines."

Even after he had gone Crystal couldn't find her breath. She had no words to tell her mother what her coming had meant. The end of her hopes most likely. One minute more and Ralph would have asked her to be his wife. One minute more, and her future would have been assured. A trip to Europe, wealth, position.

She turned on her mother with deadly calm. "I hope you are satisfied. Snooping, as usual, Ralph was proposing to me. I'd have married him at once. You drove him away, that's all."

Mrs. Haines, who would have given her right arm to see Crystal safely married to Ralph, blindly groped for a rocking chair and, finding one, sank gingerly on the end of the couch. Automatically she mopped her shiny face with a lace trimmed handkerchief and lifted her fat arms to draw the pins from her hat. That done, she began to feel a little better. And Crystal's calm reassured her. Things couldn't be as bad as she felt. She wanted her to believe.

"Well, don't worry, pet, he'll be back if I know anything about young men in love," she began gaily.

Crystal didn't answer. She hadn't moved since her mother came in. She sat on the edge of the big chair, staring into space, hugging her knees.

Mrs. Haines opened the small black bag she carried and laid a bright pink nightgown, an ivory comb that had lost a few teeth, and a small jar of preserves on the table. "Fig jam. I thought I would bring you some, I know how you like it."

Crystal groaned. Fig jam. When you're just lost the boat for Europe. She lifted her eyes, and studied her mother with ill concealed disgust. This painted, bloated-looking bleached blonde, bursting out of her clothes, coming here to ruin her life. . . . "Why don't you stay on the ranch where you belong?" she burst out bitterly.

"Tut, tut," Adelina said, reassured by the beginnings of a fight. "That's no way to talk to your mother. I won't have it, do you hear me, Crystal? Mama has a right to insist on respect—where's your bed? I hope it is a good one. I was always a hand for a good bed. You don't keep house very good, love; there's dust all over. I told you right along you better live in the 'W' and not take an apartment. I know how girls are. And another thing, pet, it isn't quite nice for a young girl alone. I know Ralph respects you and all, but I don't like him coming here to see you at night and no chaperone. It don't look just right. When you are married—"

"Will you get to the point and tell me why you're here?" Crystal cut in icily.

A shadow darkened the mother's face. "On account of the letter Daphne wrote Abern. I got to worrying. I don't sleep very good any more."

"You haven't lost any weight!"

"Don't talk to mama like that, pet. Mama knows you don't mean it but it hurts. Mama has so much to worry over . . ."

"I haven't anything to worry over. Nothing at all! Just Ralph, and the rent, and my work and—"

"Career!" she managed to form the words with her parched lips, and sense, that's all. He's a millionaire now. If I didn't have the two of them on me, now they've yelped so much that the talk is leaked out on the street, and they're about ruined the business. That's what your friends will do to you. Friends! Lord! When it comes to business I'd rather be left to my enemies. I can fight them!"

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CHAPTER XXXVIII

CRYSTAL shut her eyes. The door squeaked on its hinges, a slow, wailing sound . . . and it was the hall door, not the dressing room door.

Maybe it wasn't anybody, maybe it was the wind, the janitor, the landlord—maybe it wasn't Avery, Avery couldn't have slipped through the dressing room into the hall without them seeing.

She opened her eyes, her teeth chattering, clinging to Ralph for support.

The dressing room door remained securely shut. But teetering in the other door, against a background of white paint and pale landscape paper, stood Adelina Haines, her mouth gaping.

Crystal's face was ashen purple; her black velvet hat with the pink satin facing, was tilted rakishly over one ear. She had gained much weight in the last few months and flesh billowed almost obscenely under the blue foulard dress and the light tan coat that would not stay up.

It was Ralph who pulled himself together first. He said awkwardly, "Of course. I didn't know it was you, Mrs. Haines. I beg your pardon. I—I didn't know who it was."

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES
By Max Troll

Knarf's Search for Tomorrow Lands Him in the Middle of Next Week

"I wish it were tomorrow," said Knarf.

Mrs. Flor, Hand and Yam—the other shadow-children—looked up at him.

"Who do you wish it were tomorrow?" they asked.

"Because—because—well, I don't know just why, but I wish it were, anyway."

"It won't do you a bit of good to wish," remarked Hand, "because tomorrow can't come till today goes away."

"Why not?" Knarf demanded.

"Why there's no room for it. You can't have today and tomorrow at the same time. If you did everything that happened today would be sure to happen again tomorrow."

"That would be very monotonous," declared Yam.

"That's it, exactly," said Hand. "It would be very monotonous."

"But whenever is tomorrow?" asked Knarf.

Hand shook her head. "Nobody knows, except that it's somewhere close by."

At this Knarf got up and started to walk off.

"Where are you going?" cried the others.

"I'm going to look for tomorrow," retorted Knarf. He went straight to the cuckoo-clock hanging on the wall. The others followed him, for they were curious to know what he was going to do.

It was just one minute to half-past eight. Knarf rapped on the door of Cuckoo's house.

"Please wait a minute," cried Cuckoo from within, "and I'll open the door."

"Come in," she said, although it sounded like cuckoo. Knarf and

the others entered.

"Where's tomorrow?" Knarf asked as soon as the door closed behind them and Cuckoo ushered them into her parlor.

"Sh-h," said Cuckoo. Then she pointed straight down. "It's there," she said. "You take the stairway down to the first landing. But be sure not to go down any farther."

"Why not?" asked Knarf.

"You might get lost, or something else might happen—"

"Is tomorrow there now?" Yam inquired of Cuckoo.

"Oh, yes," said the bird, "it will be there until 12 o'clock sharp."

Then they all started down the stairs. It was quite dark when they reached the first landing. All they could make out were long heavy curtains. From somewhere came the sound of regular breathing, as though someone were sleeping. Only the sound was tick-tock, tick-tock, just like the clock.

"Where is tomorrow?" asked Miy.

"It must be down this way," cried Knarf, looking down what seemed to be another flight of stairs.

"Oh, you mustn't go there," cried Hand. "It's dangerous."

"Humph," said Knarf, "it isn't dangerous at all if you walk down slowly and on your tiptoes." And despite Hand's protests, he started off. "Come along," he



Home-Making Helps
By ELEANOR ROSS

"Upside-Down Meals"—Why Not?

JANEY's mother, and she's a very progressive mother, decided to make a luncheon instead of a four o'clock party in celebration of Janey's third birthday. All the children were to be fed the usual simple things they had for luncheon, and instead of a common little desert like custard or rice pudding, there was to be ice cream. No overeating—as there would be an after-luncheon children's party. No sick babies. Janey's mother was quite happy over her bright idea.

Unfortunately, however, just as the six small persons were seated around the gaily decorated table, it leaked out that there was to be ice cream. Five little ones went chasing green peas and spinach faster than ever. But Janey was seized with a brand new idea. "I want my ice cream now," she laid down her spoon, and smiled sweetly but firmly. Too firmly. Janey's mother used all the usual arguments, including a gentle threat of no green peas, no ice cream. But nothing worked. A and not wishing to spoil Janey's first party she finally offered to compromise.

"Would Janey eat her spinach and green peas if she had her ice cream first?" Janey would. And to the astonishment of the disapproving other mothers on the side,

whispered to the others. They all moved down, very slowly, step by step. It grew darker and darker. All at once, the steps ended and they went plunging downward. Down, down, down they went, through the utter darkness.

Suddenly they dropped into the middle of a big room light under a sign which read: "NEXT WEEK."

"Godness gracious," cried Hand, "we've fallen into the middle of next week!"

(Tomorrow: What happened to the shadow-children in the clock.)

WHY WE MUST HAVE OUR SHARE OF IODINE

Dr. Copeland Explains Why Foods Which Contain This Highly Important Compound Are Essential to Good Health.

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

In a letter received from a reader, the writer asked this question: "Will you kindly explain what iodine does to us?"

Scientists have studied the secretion of the thyroid gland. This is the gland in the neck which becomes enlarged in goitre.

In the secretion of this gland is a substance which has been named "thyroxin." It has been determined that this compound is essential to normal health. It acts as a regulator of metabolism.

Now don't be scared, please. I shall attempt to explain.

You know what a "thermostat" is. I refer to the clock-like mechanism, seen in the rooms of hotels, public buildings and even private homes where they have central heating—particularly where oil or gas is used for fuel.

The thermostat controls the dampers of the furnace or the inflow of the fuel. In this way, it regulates the amount of heat which flows to the given room. In every sense the thermostat is a regulator of temperature.

The fluids generated in the so-called ductless glands, of which the thyroid is one, contain what the learned men call "hormones." They have marked effects upon all the vital functions—the heart beat, the breathing, the action of the digestive organs, etc.

The changes which take place in storing up food in the body and in using this stored material to operate the body, may be referred to as the activities concerned in metabolism. This, too, is effected by the secretions of the ductless glands.

Now you begin to see how important it is to take food which will supply all the elements going to make up the essential thyroxin. The latter is a chemical compound, and iodine is absolutely necessary to its formation.

You will recall the newspaper stories about the trout up in Wisconsin where President Coolidge went last Summer. Some of the fish suffered from goitre. The President's doctor knew what to do—he proceeded to feed the fish with liver and with chemicals containing iodine. It is a remarkable thing that fish so fed will return to normal. Hatched

sea-fish fed to fresh-water trout will have the same happy effect. These experiments show how necessary it is to have a regular supply of iodine. It is just as important, far more important indeed, that human beings should have their share of iodine. We are afflicted just as the trout were, if we are denied a ration of iodine.

That is why we should include in the diet such articles of food as carry iodine. Sea-fish is one of these. That is why I have mentioned salmon in this connection. That fish contains iodine, essential to the proper regulation of the changes in our tissues. In a sense, you may say that iodine acts as thermostat, a regulator of our well-being.

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POLLY AND HER PALS



TILLIE, THE TOILER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



TOOTS AND CASPER



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