

# Daphne by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

**CHAPTER XLII**  
 "I tell you! But they're going to have an awful time keeping it quiet. You better not let on I told you, but, of course, you'd find it out here in the office. If you ask me, Winters'll go to jail."  
 "Winters? You don't mean Allan Winters? That Allan Winters stole... took..."  
 "He sure did. Mr. Sanderson says it amounts to about forty thousand all told. Maybe they'll give him the chance to pay it back."  
 "Forty thousand? Oh, nobody could possibly—"  
 "No, I guess not. I'd send him to jail if it was me, but Mr. McKeitt is an awful good-natured slob. They had to about give him the third degree before he'd admit Mr. Winters took it. He looks awful. Say, aren't you going to read your note?"  
 "She tore it open. It might be from Ralph."  
 "Dear Daphne," she read. "Your father wants me to tell you he does not want to see or hear from you, and will do his utmost to prevent any further contact. I feel sorry to have to tell you this, but with his health what it is, I would not risk him getting another temper over it, so please take my earnest advice and stay away. If he changes his mind I will be pleased to let you know myself when you are in the house. I feel sure you could afford to send a little something home it would be appreciated, because I am not equal to all the work now, and you know how he is, he don't want me to get help."  
 "Many the time I sat up sewing clothes for you, and since you are doing so in your position, like you said in your letter, I would be glad for anything. Crystal is not able to help yet, poor girl."  
 "After she and Ralph McKeitt got married I won't have to ask you. He had just proposed to her the day I was in town, so it won't be long now. Be careful who your friends are. I want to advise you like I would my own girl. Don't trust the men, you can't do it, dearie, the best of them is untrustworthy. I only hope he makes her a good husband."  
 "Your loving friend and step-mother."  
 "Adelina Garroty Haines."  
 "I hope I didn't inconvenience you by forgetting the letter," the office boy said anxiously. He was a very conscientious young man, and it hurt him to think he had failed in a duty. Besides he was upset by Miss Haines' alarming pallor. He was afraid that she was going to be ill.  
 "Oh, no!" she answered, fixing him with her great dark eyes, unnaturally large and brilliant in her small white face. "Not at all. I like getting it all at once. All the bad news, you know, and to his horror and amazement she put her head on the steel filing cabinet beside her, and burst into wild, uncontrollable laughter. "It's so funny—so perfectly crazy funny! First one, and then the other... thieves and liars, and my own father... and my step-mother telling me never to trust any of them!" He couldn't understand what she was saying, she was laughing so or was she crying?  
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consulting the index in a thick California volume.  
 "Mr. McMurtrie! Miss Haines she's Mr. McMurtrie, from the ladder regarding the painting boy with magnificent approval. "The condition of these top shelves is shameful," he said. "Do you ever dust them? Look at my hands! Covered with filth. If you can't be trusted to look after these things, Barney, we'll have to get someone else's desk and see water, and the crowded round tables. A longer line than usual, she noticed, and hardly any tables left. That was because she was later than usual, and she wanted to burst out laughing again, remembering why she was late, and what a silly thing it was to be pretending to dust, when you'd rather be dead and the very thought of food made you sick.  
 But she ate her dinner, or some of it, at least, and if she was ill, and her eyes were red on the street car coming home, nobody seemed to notice.  
 "Thank fortune for small favors," Crystal sighed when her mother was safely packed into the San Jose bus, and her fluttering handkerchief was lost in the out-bound traffic. And then, lest Ralph, who had driven them to the stage terminal, should find her lacking in daughterly affection she added, "It's a long go off my mind to have her going back home, because she isn't herself here in town. She just hates it, Ralph, I don't think she'd ever be happy away from that ranch. And besides—we don't understand each other."  
 "I know," he said sympathetically. "It's been hard for you, dear."  
 And that was the best she could get out of him, even after they were back in the dimly lit studio apartment, with the shades drawn, and the lamps lit, and her curly head on his shoulder.  
 "I'm so lonely," she sighed.  
 "So sick of the same old thing. I get so discouraged. Nobody seems to care whether I fail, or succeed or what!"  
 "I know, dear."  
 "Even you, Ralph—you don't

moving inch by inch toward the stacked trays. From chow-chow to ice cream the line wound its steamy, odoriferous way to the cashier's desk and led her to the crowded round tables. A longer line than usual, she noticed, and hardly any tables left. That was because she was later than usual, and she wanted to burst out laughing again, remembering why she was late, and what a silly thing it was to be pretending to dust, when you'd rather be dead and the very thought of food made you sick.  
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## HOOPER SEEKS ONE DAY'S RELAXATION

WASHINGTON, May 20.—(AP)—President Hoover today sought relaxation from his duties in a visit to his fishing preserve in the foot hills of the Blue Ridge mountains where he planned to spend the night in a tent near the upper waters of the Rapidan river.  
 The president departed from the White House before noon today and arrived at the preserve early in the afternoon. He was accompanied by Secretary Wilbur, Edward Lovrie, a political writer, and took with him his secretary, Lawrence Ritchey and his personal physician, Lieutenant Commander Joel T. Boone.  
 After arriving at the preserve the party inspected the arrangements for the night and spent the afternoon strolling about the land and resting. The president did not fish.  
 The party drove through Warrenton and Culpeper, Va., to Madison and the small village Criglersville, the nearest point to the preserve that could be reached by the large White House automobiles. From Criglersville lighter cars were used for part of the remaining distance after which they rode horses for 1 1/2 miles to the tents erected for their use.  
 What time the party would return tomorrow had not been determined when the White House

## GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel  
 Knarf's "Not Elephant Club" Loses Some Members  
 "WHERE'S Knarf?" asked Hanid.  
 "Mij, Flor and Yam—the other little shadow children with the turned-about names—glanced around the parlor. There was no trace of the shadow boy. At this they all scattered to search for him. When Knarf disappeared it was generally a sign that he was up to some mischief.  
 Hanid poked into the vases, Mij peered behind the picture frames. Flor crawled under the carpet and Yam looked in between the piano keys. All at once they heard Knarf's voice. He was singing. The words of the song ran as follows:  
 "Hey-diddle, ho-diddle, rub-a-dub-dub,  
 I'm the president of my club,  
 And treasurer and secretree—  
 For there's nobody else in the club but me!"  
 The found him at last. He was sitting inside his master's fiddle, which was lying on top of the piano. When he saw them he cried, "The clubroom's not open today. Come back tomorrow."  
 "But it is open!" said Hanid, sliding down through one of the f-shaped openings. The others followed directly.  
 "You can't stay here," said Knarf. "This club is for members only."  
 "In that case," retorted Hanid, "we'll all become members." The others nodded in assent. "We'll become members at once," they agreed.  
 "You can't become members at once," said Knarf. "It's against the rules. First you've got to stand in a corner and not think of an elephant."  
 was notified tonight that the president would remain overnight.  
 Mrs. Hoover did not accompany the president on the trip.

## The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY  
 THE Very Young Thing looked at the marketman suspiciously as she paid her bill. "And are you sure this is genuine fillet?" she asked.  
 "Absolutely madam," he smiled as he wrapped up the fish. Perhaps he understood what she really meant, perhaps he didn't. Literally he was truthful. What he sold her was "genuine fillet" sure enough. Fillet is merely a word meaning fish or meat in slices, minus bone or fat. And he had sold her a flounder carefully separated from skin and bone in two bright, firm slices. But what the Very Young Thing probably meant by her inquiry was, "Is this genuine fillet or sole?"  
 For sole is the preferred and more expensive fish. It is more delicate in texture than flounder, but apart from its reputation, many people don't regard it as worth the rather large difference in price. Furthermore, fresh flounder fillet, prepared in as elegant a style as sole, occasionally gives even an epicure. Yet you see the words "genuine fillet of sole" on bill of fare, sold at specially high prices, and one can never be quite sure.  
 The fish most often served in fillets are flounder, bass and haddock. And fillet is a very good way to serve fish. It does cost twice as much per pound bought that way, but remember that everything you buy is edible. There's no waste of bone, skin, head or innards. Many people who have a prejudice against fish—because of a secret fear of choking over a bone—begin to enjoy it immensely when it comes served in fillets.  
 Knarf smiled shyly. Then he began to count to himself. Hardly had he reached three when Yam came out of her corner. At four Mij and Flor joined her, and at five Hanid came out, too. All of them wore expressions of sorest disappointment.  
 "I couldn't think of anything but an elephant," confessed Hanid.  
 "Neither could we," said the others.  
 Knarf laughed in triumph. "You see," he cried, "you can't join my club."  
 "Did you have to stand in a corner and not think of an elephant?" they demanded.

## POLLY AND HER PALS

BY THE TIME YOUR COUSIN ELMER ARRIVES, PA WILL HAVE DELICIA MADE TO ORDER FOR HIM!  
 GOSH! I HOPE SO! I'VE WIRED ELM. THAT WE'VE PICKED HIM A PIP!  
 ID JESS AS SOON EAT AT INFANTS' UNCLE SAM'L!  
 'INFANTS' ME EYE! WE'RE GONNA EAT IN STYLE, SIS.  
 IF THAT AINT UNK OUT WITH A CHICKEN, I'M A ESKIMO!  
 LISTEN, AUNT SUSIE, I'VE JUST DISCOVERED SOMETHING THAT YOU REALLY OUGHTTA KNOW!  
 YEH? WAL DONT KEEP ME IN SUSPENSE, SPILL IT!  
 I CANT DO IT, DERN IT! I DONT HARDLY BELIEVE IT MYSELF, YET!

## TILLIE, THE TOILER

IS MY BROTHER NIFTY IN?  
 NO, HE ISN'T. THE BOSS SENT HIM OUT ON AN ERRAND.  
 DAD AND MOTHER HAVE BEEN WORRIED SINCE NIFTY STARTED WORKING HERE. THE KID HASN'T BEEN HIMSELF - HE DON'T TALK AND HARDLY EATS - THE ONLY THING HE'S CRAZY ABOUT IS HIS JOB.  
 WE ALL LIKE HIM HERE IN THE OFFICE.  
 IF HE'S BEEN ACTING QUEER AT HOME I REALLY COULDN'T SAY WHAT CAUSES IT.  
 I THINK I KNOW GOOD DAY.  
 YOUR GOOD LOOKING BROTHER, WALTER WAS HERE, NIFTY.  
 DAWGONIT! HE'S GOTTA KEEP OUTA MY AFFAIRS EVEN IF HE IS MY BROTHER.

## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

WELL, MARY ELLEN, IT LOOKS AS IF WE PICKED THE WRONG TRAIN, OR THE WRONG DADDY, OR THE WRONG EVERYTHING, 'CAUSE SOMETHING AINT RIGHT!  
 I'LL ASK THIS COP, HE MAY KNOW SOMETHING—ONCE IN A WHILE SOME OF THEM DO.  
 GOOD MORNING! THIS IS MISS ANNIE ROONEY, I PRESUME?  
 GOOD MORNING, AND ARE YOU MR. ROONEY, MY NEW DADDY?  
 OH, NO, MISS ROONEY, I AM YOUR NEW DADDY'S CHAUFFEUR! I'M TO DRIVE YOU HOME, AT ONCE TO ROONEY CREST!  
 IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK MORE INTERESTING FOR ANNIE EVERY MINUTE—SHE'LL MEET HER NEW DADDY ANY SECOND NOW!

## TOOTS AND CASPER

I CAN JUST PICTURE THE TWO UNCLE EVERETT SMILING AND HAPPY SUNNING THEMSELVES ON THE DECK, HAND IN HAND, AND WHISPERING SWEET NOTHING'S IN EACH OTHERS EARS!  
 IT CERTAINLY IS A RELIEF TO SEE UNCLE EVERETT SMILING AND HAPPY TOOTS! HE USED TO APPEAR SO SAD IT GAVE ME THE BLUES TO LOOK AT HIM!  
 AS THE HONEYMOONERS SPEED ACROSS THE BLUE ATLANTIC ABOARD THE GIANT LINER THEIR COUNTLESS FRIENDS THE WORLD OVER WISH THEM MUCH HAPPINESS AND GOOD LUCK!

## ADOLPHUS

Adolphus was a young man who had just graduated from college. He was a very conscientious young man, and it hurt him to think he had failed in a duty. Besides he was upset by Miss Haines' alarming pallor. He was afraid that she was going to be ill.  
 "Oh, no!" she answered, fixing him with her great dark eyes, unnaturally large and brilliant in her small white face. "Not at all. I like getting it all at once. All the bad news, you know, and to his horror and amazement she put her head on the steel filing cabinet beside her, and burst into wild, uncontrollable laughter. "It's so funny—so perfectly crazy funny! First one, and then the other... thieves and liars, and my own father... and my step-mother telling me never to trust any of them!" He couldn't understand what she was saying, she was laughing so or was she crying?  
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## CLEAR MIND, HEALTH DEPEND ON OXYGEN

Fullest Use of Breathing Machinery Is Essential If The Vital Organs Are To Function As They Should, Says Dr. Copeland—Breathe Deeply.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.  
 United States Senator from New York  
 Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.  
 YOU read in the paper every day about the need of fresh air and exercise. You are told they must be had if you would enjoy perfect health.  
 These are both essential to be sure. But they are not in themselves sufficient.  
 Let me explain: Fresh air without proper breathing is of little value. So it is with exercise. It must be the right kind of exercise, taken under appropriate conditions. Otherwise it will fail to accomplish its purpose. Today I want to talk about breathing—what it does for the body. No matter how much you eat, you cannot be well nourished unless you breathe correctly.  
 Do you believe that the breathing capacity bears any important relationship to goodness of character? The sure answer is "if true."  
 My friend, Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, statistician of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, studied 4,000 chest measurements to show the connection between breathing and delinquency in women. Dr. Hoffman is a conservative man and would be the last to make a positive conclusion in a matter of this sort. What he found is very interesting.  
 The investigations show that the breathing capacity of delinquents is distinctly less than in normal women. In women over thirty years of age, the delinquents have a chest expansion of three inches, as against four inches for normal women. Under thirty the normal women have an expansion of four and a half inches, at least a half inch more than the delinquents possess.  
 I am all the time preaching to you the importance of deep breathing. I have done this because of what it means to your physical well being. I have not thought of its relationship to morals.  
 It is easy to see, however, there may be a lot in Dr. Hoffman's idea. Unless the brain is well irrigated with pure blood it cannot operate as it should.  
 The nourishment of the body and the proper functioning of all the vital organs are dependent on the purity of the blood supply. The blood cannot be rich and capable unless the lungs give it an abundance of oxygen.  
 It is reasonable to believe, then, that delinquency which depends on wrong operations of the mind or on wrong impulses due to perverted stimulation of certain organs, might well come from shallow breathing. Eat simple food. Avoid constipation.  
 Begin today to breathe properly.  
**Answers to Health Queries**  
 M. L. B. Q.—What should a girl weigh who is sixteen years old and five feet tall?  
 A.—What can be done for pimples?  
 A.—For her age and height she should weigh about 100 pounds.  
 1.—Correct the diet by cutting down on sugar, starch and coffee. Eat simple food. Avoid constipation.  
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