

Daphne by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

It was the first real photograph that she had ever seen of him. The old, blurred newspaper prints did not count...

and we might have made a little noise—anyway, Spellman and Halliday banged on the walls, and Viola came up—

"Candy makes me sick," Flora said. Mrs. Halliday and Mrs. Spellman exchanged knowing looks.

Long days, dull days, busy days. Two whole weeks when Allan Winters and his black box had to be pushed aside for other things.

Viola was waiting for her when she dragged herself up the sagging front steps, after a half-hearted attempt at a solitary dinner.

"Oh nothing—just everything," Daphne said. How could she tell Flora?

And then, without any warning, everything happened at once. It was Amelia Beecher who brought Daphne's affairs to a hasty climax...

Half way up the steps Daphne turned. "Didn't you try to do anything for her?"

Flora decided, "and I'm going to bed, you better do the same. Tomorrow is another day."

Amelia was surprised at her own feelings. Imagine it! Falling in love with a penniless bum like Avery Woodward...

Daphne didn't wait to hear the rest. She was at Flora's locked door. "Flora! Let me in—Please! It's Daphne!"

That was just the beginning. Flora would not let her in, but she would answer the telephone, or to dress and see Mr. Webb when he called...

And then the next night, when she'd come home in high spirits, full of hope, planning Crystal's wedding to some middle-aged millionaire...

CHAPTER LV

WHEN Daphne had banged at the door for nearly five minutes, and was just about to give up...

"Who?"

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"Oh, no, I'd explain—"

"Well, just explain I'm in bed, and get rid of him, there's a love!"

So that was all Viola could get out of her, which was discouraging, to say the least.

"Oh, no, I'd explain—"

"Well, just explain I'm in bed, and get rid of him, there's a love!"

As if she cared, said Flora. And that, as Mrs. Halliday and Mrs. Spellman agreed, is no way to treat your fiancée, especially when he's given you a diamond as big as a house...

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Then he'll be here later," Flora said with conviction.

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Kevitt is going to be fool enough to marry the beautiful Crystal—

Long days, dull days, busy days. Two whole weeks when Allan Winters and his black box had to be pushed aside for other things.

Amelia Beecher was one of your old time snobs, who would have been surprised, annoyed, and faintly incredulous to hear that working girls had any feelings at all.

At twenty-eight Amelia was bored. So bored that she had decided it was chronic, and she would have to make the best of it.

would have to make the best of it. And then along came a second-rate, not very good-looking palatier, and her whole life changed.

She loved him, and he didn't love her. That much was clear to her. A most humiliating position.

Amelia's lip curled. "What did I ever see in him?" she thought contemptuously, and trailed over to him, all gracious smiles.

the earth. Then the real-children, having seen all they cared to see, graced off. But they forgot to do one thing. They forgot to replace the stone.

Knarf, who was extraordinarily curious, peered down the opening. "Hurry!" cried the other shadow, tugging at his coat.

They probably should have done nothing if Hanid had not fortunately noticed a spider's web stretched between two blades of grass a few feet away.

"Hello," she called to the spider, who came dashing out at once. "Will you give me a strand of your web?"

Home-Making Helps By ELEANOR ROSS

Cheer At The Window ONE good trick of many modern decorators is to employ the window as an ornate feature, rather than an object to be concealed with as much curtaining as possible.

Pots of flowers and flower-boxes are always pleasant, and some charming examples can be seen in transforming a drab window sill into a lively spot.

"Certainly not," said the spider angrily. "In that case," said Hanid, turning to go. "I'll go tell my friend Mr. Fly to keep as far away from you as possible."

like caviar, is an acquired taste. Then there are the miniature Japanese gardens, set in shallow bowls, with little bridges and snow-covered houses.

Bits of sculpture add a distinguished note to the window, and are especially suitable for the low-silled type.

At this moment an unforeseen thing happened. Miss May—Yam's little mistress—noticed the dandelion loop above, stooped down and picked it. Instantly the strand of web that Hanid had so carefully fastened came loose and the four shadow-children went tumbling down the dark tunnel.

CHAPTER LXVI

MELLA might have stuck it out if chance hadn't thrown them together at the Riegerman's tea.

Amelia's lip curled. "What did I ever see in him?" she thought contemptuously, and trailed over to him, all gracious smiles.



Hanid Tied the Strand to a Dandelion.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

Knarf Tumbles Int on Worm-Hole—The Rescue Squad Falls In, Too

POLLY AND HER PALS



By CLIFF STERRETT

TILLIE, THE TOILER



By RUSS WESTOVER

DAMP CLOTHES, WET FEET BRING CHILLS

Curb That Aversion to Rainy Day Apparel, Urges Dr. Copeland, for Sitting Around in Damp Garments, in Office or Home, Is Just Inviting a Cold.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

My part of the country we have had much rainy and disagreeable weather. I presume this has been true in other sections.

Long periods of rainy weather are often followed by frequent illnesses. And why?

Most persons have an aversion to rubbers and other rainy day apparel. From childhood we have to be watched, bribed and coaxed into wearing rubbers.

You dash from the subway station, or the elevated, or the street car, as the case may be, to your office.

Then you sit in these clothes all day. Perhaps the office isn't very warm. In summer there are really chilly days.

We all chafe under restraint. This is particularly true of the busy man who is forced to stay home and perhaps in bed, because he got his feet wet and caught cold!

There are as many remedies for a cold as there are doctors in the world. One of my doctor friends insists that the patient must stay in the house in a warm room, and if convenient, beside a hot stove or fireplace.

Answers to Health Queries

E. D. R. Q.—I am a boy of 14, troubled with pimples; what do you advise?

A.—First of all, correct your diet and keep the system clear. Avoid too many sweets and heavy, rich foods.

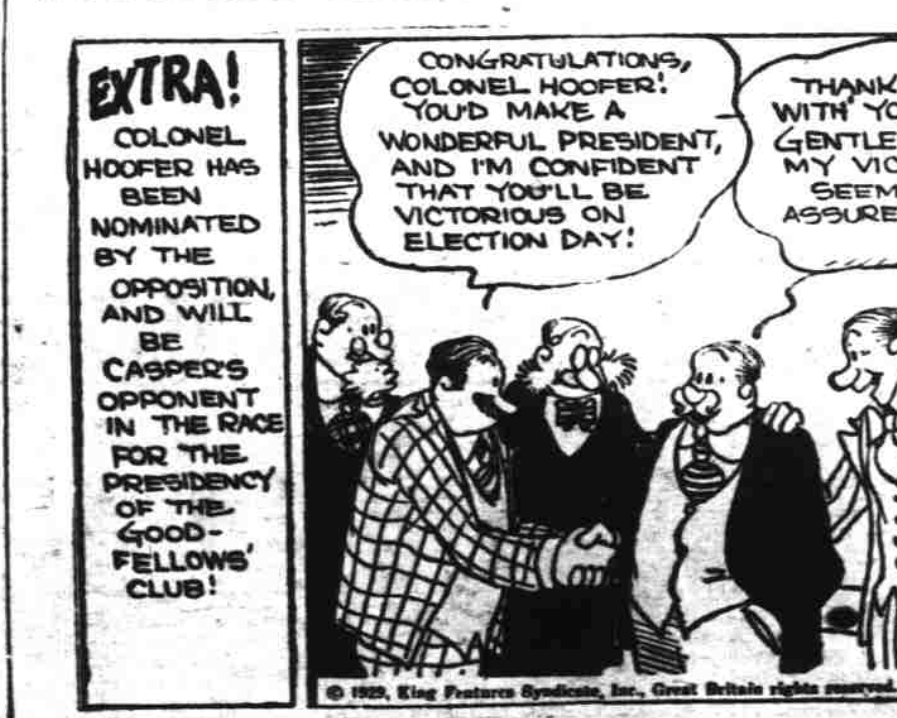
Water hot and fill the tub with water hot so you can stand. While

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



By VERD

TOOTS AND CASPER



By JIMMY MURPHY

By VERD



By JIMMY MURPHY

