man's tea.

he was quite a court jester, but

CHAPTER LVI

ever see in him?" she though'

Avery had forgotten her charms.

his hand. Amelia suptessed the

desire to laugh in his face. In-

here: and where did you get the

(Continued on Page 10.)

**GOOD-NIGHT** 

**STORIES** 

By Max Trell =

Hole-The Rescue Squad

Falls in, Too

nid, Yam and Knarf-the

"Look at the worm-holes," he

five little shadow-children

sherry?" she drawled.

large flat rock.

to him, all gracious smiles,

MELIA might have stuck it

them together at the Riegle-

that she had ever seen of him. The noise-anyway, Speliman and Hal- said. old, blurred newspaper prints did liday banged on the walls, and not count . . she studied it long | Viola came upand hungrily. The tears gathered in her eyes, spilled, unheeded down her cheeks. She was oblivious to them, oblivious to everything but the small, cheap photo- news if it catches up with megraph that she held in her shaking hands. Long minutes passed. It fice. After a long time she put the picture back with the others and turned the key in the box.

she dragged herself up the sag-

Viola's gray hair was all awry, perspiration. "I've been waiting Flora? for you, and waiting for you," she Flora McCardle. She's carrying on something awful in her room, she must be in some awful trouble-"

thing for her?' Viola's thin lips closed. A dull red suffused her already flushed room. face. "Certainly. I'm sure I almy best. But I admit I don't unis a respectable house. We hav- in the hall. en't ever had any trouble, and we

turned, "Didn't you try to do any-

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

CHAPTER LV

TATHEN Daphne had banged at the door for nearly five about to give up, Flora opened it above the stiff white collar. -quite casually-as if in answer to a first timid knock.

"Why, it's Daphne, Come on in. What's the grief. I see you've been crying," she drawled, the inevitable cigarette wabbling as she talked. And then as Dahpne hesitated, taken aback, she laughed and pulled her inside the door. "Never mind, I won't cross-question you. Besides, I know why see him?" you've come. Viola sent you. I've been disturbing the peace!"

"Viola did send me," the younger girl admitted, slumping into the nearest chair. She wanted to put her arms around Flora, to comfort her, but she didn't know how loveto start. You were always just! So that was all Viola could get too late to sympathize with Flo- out of her, which was discouragra's tragedies. By the time you ing, to say the least, "He'll get found out about them Flora was another girl," she told Flora, her old devil-may-care self. "Is heavily playful, it about Mr. Webb? she asked anxiously, noting that the engagement ring had been dropped into Mrs. Spellman agreed, is no way the litter of pins and hair pins on to treat your fiancee, especially a tarnished silver tray.

'Was I crying about Mr. big as a headlight. Webb?" Flora repeated going to the mirror and flopping pink le clumped upstairs to tell her powder on her ravaged, streaked face. "Mr. Webb-of Webb and Wunzer-I should say not. The Flora hissed through the keyhole very thought of him cheers me up. Is the poor fish downstairs now? Is that it?"

"Oh, no, Flora-oh no-" the poor idiot. I'll be after him the tears. stronger than ever, as I get my "I've seen better looking men." me up, so I brought them up here unopened to her.

have-"

"No, I suppose not. But I got cately. some bad news. Or it will be bad Some of my dear, dead past come to life, and in hot pursuit just the very sight of candy-" grew dark in the little private of- when I'm most occupied with the present ... So after the boys had him?" demanded the eminently thought despondently, "it's the gone I got to feeling sorry for my- practical Spellman. self, and the gin and all—maybe it was only a crying jag—" She Viola was waiting for her when laughed and added more powder into them, gossiping in the halls. to her tear-streaked face. "Never Whispers, Meaning looks, They ging front steps, after a half-hearted attempt at a solitary din-now. What were you fussing Flora, deaf or indifferent to what about?

"Well, it's a hell of a world."

morrow is another day."

The telephone rang. "For Miss nounced with dignity.

ne said, on her way to her own ably a new sugar papa-" Daphways try to help everybody. I do Flora went to bed every night Ralph picture in the locked black right after dinner and refused to box as she went about the dull

derstand Flora. Mama says if she answer the telephone, or to dress task of copying old papers next don't stop swearing she's got to and see Mr. Webb when he called day in the office. If Crystal mar- had had everything she wanted move, or everybody else will. This and waited, red and embarrassed ried someone else . . . anything from a French doll as big as her-"She's indisposed." Miss Viola

spectable caller.

it is I?" he'd begin, all embar- has gone back to Amelia Beecher. grows tiresome. minutes, and was just rassed, and mopping his red face That is, he's starting a new por- At twenty-eight Amelia was over and so did the shadows. They der, who came dashing out at along up to the other end. They

And romatic Viola would wheeze upstairs, hoping her old slippers wouldn't show, to talk to Flora to the keyhole.

"He's downstairs!" "Who?"

"Mr. Webb."

"Tell him I'm in bed. I'm "I did, but he says, could you

A loud snicker from Flora, " could not. If I did the Spellmans -would move-'

"Oh, no, I'd explain-" "Well, just explain I'm in bed and get rid of him, there's a

'As if I care," said Flora. And that, as Mrs. Halliday and when he's given you a diamond as

"Foolishness!" old Mrs., Hinck-"Dots no way to do, aber-"

"Go away, my head aches! So they had to send Mr. Webb away, and he looked so crestfallen, going down the front stairs in his neat tweed suit and careful-"Then he'll be here later." Flo- ly placed hat, that chicken-heartra said with conviction, "God save ed Viola could harfily keep back

nerve back . . . It's a good thing she said, "but never any more you weren't around a while ago. stylish, He's an elegant dresser, A couple of the boys from the and he sure has a good taste in paper dropped in on their way candy!" Viola could wouch for from work, with some news for that, for the ornate satin boxes he me, and they had a pint to cheer brought for Flora were all passed

# 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. United States Senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

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?



first appear.

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. Yet failure to protect the feet from wet often results in serious illness, or may produce conditions that show their effects in later

You dash from the subway station, or the elevated, or the street car, as the case may be, to your office. The distance seems so short it is hardly worth while to carry an umbrella. For hours afterward your clothes are damp as the

result of this exposure.

Then you sit in these clothes all day. Perhaps the office isn't very warm. In Summer there re really chilly days. Soon you find yourself sneezing and coughing and even having chills. Occasionally more serious symptoms de-

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! if you are unfortunate enough to take cold, do something about it. But do it as soon as the signs-

There are as many remedies for this is getting ready, take a tablea 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 drives his patients into the open air

Both doctors are successful, but I an wondering if it is not the rest and change which do the work, rather than the hot air or the cool air. Most of us do our work, during the closed-in season, in stuffy, poorly ventilated and perhaps dustry or smoke-filled rooms. To stay home in a sweet and clean place, or to get out into the pure air is a real treat anyhow and may have much to do with speedy return to bealth.

What you will do with a cold de-pends on your willingness to submit to the demands of time and com-mon sense. If you will do the sensible thing you can "break up" a how?

b home and fill the tub with foods or hot as you can stand. While Court

lowed by drinking a glass of hot in a warm room, and if beside a hot stove or Another doctor friend bed between blankets and stay there

spoonful of milk of magnesia, fol-

a full hour. By this time you will be sweating freely. At the end of the hour sponge off with alcohol or cool wa ter. Dry thoroughly and get into

Have the room well ventilated and settle down for sleep, staying there till morning.

Nine times out of ten you will get up, free from symptoms of a cold and ready for your regular duties. If not, loaf around for another day.

Answers to Health Queries H. D. R. Q.—I am a boy of 18, troubled with pimples; what do you

A .- First of all, correct your diet

"Candy makes me sick," Flora

Mrs. Halliday and Mrs. Spellman exchanged knowing looks. "Oh, Flore, you shouldn't "Well, I must say," Mrs. Halliday began-and let it rest there, deli- time in the world-"

> "Do you think?" "My dear, would anything else explain. I remember my sister, "Then why don't she marry

"Shh-Miss Haines-" Daphne was always bumping

they were saying about her, gos-"Oh nothing-just everything." sipped by the hour to Daphne her face flushed and shiny with Daphne said. How sould she tell about everybody else. People whom Daphne had never heard about, Strangers from Flora's whispered. "I wish you'd go quick Flora decided, "and I'm going to queer, upside-down world. She and see what's the matter with bed. You better do the same, To- seemed determined to give no all. The whole realm of them she ever it was.

> Sometimes she talked about ing out of the St. Francis yesterday could happen . . . anything.

same thing. I wonder if Ralph Mc-decided it was caronic, and she ings that led straight down into of your web?

Kevitt is going to be fool enough | would have to make the best of it. to marry the beautiful Crystal- And then along came a secondit's a cinch he wouldn't if he knew rate, not very good-looking paint-the truth!" er, and her whole life changed.

But how would Ralph discover the truth? And down would go Daphne's hopes all over again. She managed to be regally indif-Long days, dull days, busy days. ferent when after a hectic, clan-Two whole weeks when Allan Windestine affair they quarrelel and ters and his black box had to be he took himself off, bag and bagpushed aside for other things.

"It'll Reep," old Mr. Greely would mumble, "it'll keep. All the

Weeks since she had seen Ralph. Nearly two months since she had left the widowed Ade- that's the way with that classlina and Crystal after the funeral. worse than cooks-" "It isn't the things that happen that break your heart," she things that don't happen!" And then, without any warn-

ing, everything happened at once. It was Amelia Beecher who brought Daphne's affairs to a hasty climax, though she never saw Daphne Haines, and wouldn't contemptuously, and trailed over have looked twice if she did. 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 thought to her own trouble, what- dismissed with one impatient wave of her large, white hand. Amelia was surprised at her

Half way up the steps Daphne McCradle," Mrs. Halliday an- Crystal Garroty. "I saw her com- own feelings. Imagine it! Falling in love with a penniless bum like "Flora has gone to bed," Daph- with a little fat man. He's prob- Avery Woodward, whose hair was greasy, and whose manners were ne's spirits would soar. She'd per- vile, Still . . . didn't Queens take That was just the beginning. mit herself another peek at lovers from amongst the people? And ... . anything for a thrill. Thrills were few and far be-

tween for Amelia Beecher who self when she was three, to the And then the next night, when most elaborate coming out party explained, all flustered because she'd come home in high spirits, San Francisco had ever known, Mr. Porter Webb, himself, of full of hope, planning Crystal's when she was seventeen. After Webb and Wunzer, the Store that | wedding to some middle-aged mil- | that there | was | Gilbert | Barr | ed at sight of the eminently re- less, "Well, I hear that Avery Beecher estate down the penin-Woodward, that cracked pot, your sula, social dominance and all the "But surely—if she knows that dear sister was so crazy about, rest of it. Which eventually exclaimed.

having seen all they cared to see, walked off. But they forgot to do one thing. They forgot to re-She loved him, and he didn't place the stone. They didn't love her. That much was clear to think it was important enough. Nevertheless it was, as you shall her. A most humiliating position.

soon see. Knarf, who was extraordinarily curious, peered down the opening. "Hurry," cried the other shadgage, with her portrait only half ows, tugging at his coat, "come finished. "Yes, Woodward is away from there. The children gone," she told friends, "and right have gone." in the middle of my portrait—isn't

"I just want to look in," said it disgusting? We shall miss him, Knarf. "If you lean over much farther," remarked Hanid, "you'll

> fall in.' of all, Knarf did fall in. He was always doing the worst that could



Hanid Tied the Strand to Dandelion.

Knarf Tumbles Int oa Wormthough he were getting farther ed it to the little shadow-girl. and farther away. Finally it died NE afternoon Mij, Flor, Haout altogether.

"What shall we do?" in dismay. with the turned-about names- they cried. They probably should have done called after her.

were in the garden with their lit-Sells for Less, was in her hallway. lionaire, Flora would send all her Beecher, the biggest catch of sev- the masters and mistresses, when nothing if Hanid had not fortu-Even Flora's late indiscretion fad- air-castles tumbling with a care- eral seasons, the magnificent Knarf's master, Frank, overturned nately noticed a spider's web over.

The real-children came running trait of her, which amounts to the bored. So bored that she had looked at the curious little open-once, "will you give me a strand all helped, although they didn't the shadow-children in the worm-

# **Home-Making Helps** By ELEANOR ROSS :

Cheer At The Window NE good trick of many mod- Then there are the miniature Japernistic decorators is to em- anese gardens, set in shallowploy the window as an ornate bowls, with little bridges and sumfeature, rather than an object to mer houses, and even a tiny pool be concealed with as much cur- where you can keep a goldfish or taining as possible. Of course if two. Then we have our own miniaa window fronts on an ugly street, ture indoor gardens which, in corating it so that even if it does the gardens associations.

and in great variety-but cactus, cheerful touch.

"Certainly not," said the spider

away from you as possible." "Just a moment, my darling,"

The others gazed at each other very kind." Then she hurried off, darker. "Don't forget to remember me

stretched between two blades of ing for her. She quickly unlooped web that Hanid had so carefully grass a few feet away. She sped the strand of web. Then she be- fastened came loose and the four "Hello," she called to the spi-knot at the end and little knots all down the dark tunnel. know what the knots were for.

there's an excuse for keeping it some cases, are replicas of country heavily veiled, and with a beauti- houses-tiny evergreens, fine ful fabric. Nevertheless, as win- lawn, and even a doll's house of a dows usually are kept exposed to place at the end of a graveled admit as much air and sunshine path. Some charming samples Just then, to the consternation as possible, there are ways of de- were exhibited at a recent show of look out on an ugly vista, atten- Bits of sculpture add a distintion can be diverted from that to guished note to the window, and the attractiveness of the window are especially suitable for the lowsilled type. Some of the ceramics Pots of flowers and flower- now being turned out are excellboxes are always pleasant, and ent imitations of bronze and silthree little geraniums can work ver, and make beautiful and com-

like caviar, is an acquired taste.

marvels in transforming a drab paratively inexpensive decorative window sill into a lively spot. Cac. bits. A dainty miniature figure in tus is being used more than ever, window, supplies a charming and

turning to go. "I'll go tell my one end of the strand to the stem friend Mr. Fly to keep as far of a sturdy dandelion growing

my web as you wish." And to go first." show her she was as good as her "Help, help!" they could hear word, she unraveled an exceeding- and the others followed directly him calling from below. His voice ly long strand of her web and after. They saw now how wise it grew fainter and fainter, as after winding it up in loops, hand- was to put knots in the strand of Hanid took it gratefully.

"I won't," replied Hanid.

"You'll see soon enough," said Hanid. At length, when sufficient "In that case," said Hanid, knots were made, Hanid fastened close by. Then she let the end with the big knot down the worm-"Just a moment, my darling," hole. When it touched the bot-cried the spider in a changed tom, she turned to the others and voice. "You misunderstood me. Said: "Now let's climb down, I'll You may have as long a strand of go first."

She started down immediately web. It was just like climbing down a ladder. They went down "Thank you." said she. "You're and down. It grew darker and

At this moment an unforseen to your friend Mr. Fly," the spider thing happened. Miss May-Yam's little mistres-noticing the dandelion up above, stooped down and The others were anxiously wait- picked it. Instantly the strand of gan to make knots in it, one big shadow-children went tumbling (Tomorrow: What happened to

By CLIFF STERRETT

### POLLY AND HER PALS









TILLIE, THE TOILER









# LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY









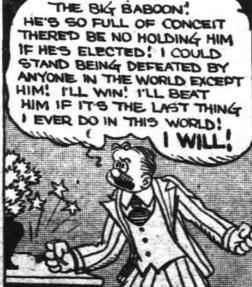
GOING TO BRIGHTEN UP A LOT OF DARK CORNERS IN THE TOWN OF BRIGHT CORNERS NOW ON! LETS GO LONG WITH

By JIMMY MURPHY

By VERD

CONGRATULATIONS, THANK YOU! WITH YOUR HELP COLONEL HOOFER! YOU'D MAKE A GENTLEMEN, WONDERFUL PRESIDENT AND I'M CONFIDENT MY VICTORY THAT YOU'LL BE SEEMS VICTORIOUS ON ASSURED! ELECTION DAY!





WHO WILL BE ELECTED: CASPER OR COLONEL HOOFER ' GET YOUR BETS DOWN NOW!

# TOOTS AND CASPER

COLONEL HOOFER HAS BEEN NOMINATED BY THE OPPOSITION, AND WILL CASPERS OPPONENT IN THE RACE FOR THE

PRESIDENCY

400D-

FELLOWS