

# Daphne by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

Axel Barton closed the trunk. The three little barons jumped on it, with whoops of joy. Flora watched them with shining eyes, and a queer, twisted smile. "And I used to hate kids," she said. "I never have any of my own. Now I'm starting out with three. Lord, doesn't life make fools of us?"

"Doesn't life make fools of us?" Long after Flora and her new husband had gone away and the house had settled to its Sunday quiet, Daphne sat in Flora's dismantled room, thinking about it.

When the loneliness had become unbearable she put on her hat and went out in the sweet summer day.

Along the quiet Sunday streets Daphne walked stopping to look in the shop windows, pausing to admire and notice prices—just as if she cared. There was a cross-fog in a furrier's window, prettier than the one she wanted so badly last spring. A blue dress in a sport shop... blue, her color, Ralph said. She had the money for it now, when the need for it had passed. A lot it mattered now whether she wore winter-before-last's coat, and last summer's hat.

"Thank heaven for work!" she thought, hurrying on toward the office. She could kill the long day working on Allan's papers... it would please Mr. Greely...

Mr. Greely was having his breakfast in bed. He liked leaning back against his pillows, balancing the morning papers against his bony knees, while he sipped the good hot coffee the one he brewed himself, and ate broiled herring swimming in melted butter. And, besides, it put off the unpleasant moment of meeting Sister Anne. Sunday, without the excuse of the office, was long enough at best.

On this particular morning, the morning that Daphne was on her way to the office, he enjoyed his breakfast more than usual. But he did not read the papers. Instead he reached for his wallet, which he kept in his vest pocket. And in the office, all unconscious of the struggle that was going on in Greely's mind, Daphne had made neat piles of Allan's most personal belongings, the contents of the little black box.

There were newspaper clippings in one pile. The things we keep are such a giveaway... but Allan's all pertained to another man. "Card Back on His Way to Recovery," Cardinal Captain Demon on Offense," "McKevitt for All American," Daphne laid them aside swiftly. She knew some of the most florid almost by heart. They were the same clippings she had once collected... stories of Ralph McKevitt, one-time Cardinal captain, the greatest halfback Stanford ever knew.

There were picture too... Ralph with a football under his arm, Ralph shaking hands with the coach, Ralph with the team, Ralph in action, tearing down the turf...

Daphne laid them face downward on a blade of grass overlooking the pond, when a small insect came crawling up a stalk that grew out of the water. After drying itself in the sun for a few moments, the insect started squirming around as though it were trying to get out of its coat. At last it did get out of its coat or something that resembled a coat, and to the shadow children's surprise unfolded a pair of tiny wings. The wings glistened in the sunshine for an instant, then spun rapidly and carried the insect off. The next moment, however, the insect returned to where the shadow-children were sitting.

"Please," it said timidly, "is this the world?"

"Oh, yes," replied the shadows. "This is the world."

The little insect appeared to be disappointed. "I thought it was larger than it is," it said.

"It can't be larger than it is," said Knarf.

"Oh, dear, I didn't mean that at all."

"It meant," said Knarf, coming to its rescue, "that it is smaller than it thought it was."

The insect nodded gratefully.

"What makes you think the world is so small?" Yam inquired.

"They all told me," it replied, "that the Atlantic ocean was exceedingly large and here I crossed it in half a second."

"That's not the Atlantic ocean," began Flor.

"—That's the pond!" broke in Mij.

The insect brightened up. "I'm glad to hear that," it said, "but where's the Atlantic ocean? I'd like to see it."

"You go over that hill," said Knarf, "and then turn to your left. You can't miss it. It's full of waves."

The insect thought for a little while. Finally it said: "I don't think I'll go today, thank you. I'd rather go to a May-party today. In fact, I have to go to a May party."

At this the shadow-children gave an exclamation of surprise.

"You can't go to a May-party any more," they cried.

"Why not?" faltered the insect.

"Because it's June now!"

"It's June!" cried the insect. "Why how can that be possible? I'm a May fly. It can't be June, you see, else I wouldn't be here."

"But it is here!" said Knarf.

"It's June wherever you look," replied Knarf.

What do you think you are—God?"

Bang went the door, off went Sister Anne in a huff. He heard her small, angry feet tapping on the stairs, and presently the sound of the motor starting in the driveway. She was on her way...

The old man lay back on his pillows, a little tired. "Terrible woman," he mumbled, "fright!"

He thought over her last words, chuckling softly. Gradually the chuckle faded, a pucker appeared between his bushy brows. He reached for Allan's letter again...

"Will you see to it that the contents of my desk in McKevitt's office are destroyed?" Allan had depended on him for that, and he, for reasons that seemed good and sufficient, had turned them over to Daphne Haines instead... juggling with Allan's future, deciding his fate for him... playing God!

CHAPTER LXI

SMALL beads of sweat dampened his forehead... he might at least have looked into it before he turned everything over to the girl... He reached for the telephone at his bedside...

"Number, please?" the operator asked.

For an instant he hesitated. Then he slammed up the receiver. "Hell's bells! I'll not back down now. I'll let 'er ride!"

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There were picture too... Ralph with a football under his arm, Ralph shaking hands with the coach, Ralph on the chair beside him, and adjusting his glasses, read three letters... ships and stacks of secret...

"I'll be awake now!" he said grimly.

Mrs. Colby took that as an invitation to come in. "It's after ten," she said, rustling into the room, and automatically straightening a crooked etching near the door. "Look at that! Put, tut! That girl gets worse and worse. She knows how I dislike a carelessly dusty picture. I found rolls of dust under the davenport in the drawing room... rolls of it... look, John—that big—"

Mr. Greely shut his eyes.

"John! Are you asleep?"

"How can I sleep. Why, don't you go to church if you're going, and quit nagging me, Anne? I gave strict orders to Henry that I was not to be disturbed, I'm resting."

"You're not coming to church?" Mrs. Colby cracked with indignation. She began to pull on her gloves, with nervous little rushes that threatened to part the seams of the immaculate white kid.

"No."

"Father Steele asked for you last week. It makes it very awkward for me to say I'm not going."

"Yes, sir," said Henry. "More coffee, sir?"

"No, thank you. I've had enough of this. So Henry poured it, and departed with the remains of the fish. The old man sipped his coffee, selected a large, very black, cigar from the box beside his bed, and puffed on it with immense satisfaction.

The gentle summer wind blew the curtains lightly, the sun made pools of ruby light on the red velvet carpeted on the floor. A pleasant day, a restful day.

Well, he could afford to rest, he thought complacently. He had done all that there was to do. It was in the lap of the gods now, and not much longer to wait. "We'll see," he mumbled, "we'll see!"

He fingered the three envelopes absent-mindedly, and a smile half humorous, half wistful, touched his thin, pale lips. The three letters were all in the same handwriting, all addressed to him. Two bore South American postmarks, and one, the oldest one, was postmarked San Francisco. He opened that one again and read it through.

It was very short, just a few penciled lines, scrawled on a sheet torn from a loose-leaf pocket note book.

"Dear Mr. Greely—

Will you see to it that the contents of my desk in McKevitt's office are destroyed. Everything, but particularly the contents of the small tin box. The keys are on the ring on top of the desk or somewhere around the office. I expected to go back and take care of everything myself. I hope that you will think of me far quitting this way. You can not despise me any more than I despise myself. Still I know that you will do this for me. Forgive my asking it, there is no one else.

Allan."

There came a tapping at the door, and Mrs. Colby's high, cracked voice calling, "John! Are you coming to church?"

The old man grimaced, and tucked the letters out of sight under the pillow.

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## GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

Miss May Fly Arrives a Day Late for a May Party

Mij, Flor, Knarf, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children with the turned-about names—were sitting one afternoon on a blade of grass overlooking the pond, when a small insect came crawling up a stalk that grew out of the water. After drying itself in the sun for a few moments, the insect started squirming around as though it were trying to get out of its coat. At last it did get out of its coat or something that resembled a coat, and to the shadow children's surprise unfolded a pair of tiny wings. The wings glistened in the sunshine for an instant, then spun rapidly and carried the insect off. The next moment, however, the insect returned to where the shadow-children were sitting.

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## The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

HOW TO PREPARE SQUASH—THE GREEN OF VARIETY

WHEN we were youngsters the word "squash" brought a vision of an orange-colored mixture of mashed potato consistency. Not always welcome, particularly as it was highly recommended as "good for you." We still have to put up with the fact that it's good for us—as are all the green vegetables—but this virtue is made bearable because squash can be such a very delectable food.

For one thing, it can be prepared in so many ways—boiled, fried, stewed, baked, stuffed. In addition, there are so many varieties, and although their flavor is somewhat alike—delicate and faintly sweet—the texture varies from a watery to a pulpy type. Summer squashes are now in season and not matter what kind you buy, be sure that it is firm to touch, with a smooth skin, and no wrinkled or discolored spots.

The long green squash, somewhat resembling an exaggerated cucumber with light green strips down its length, is growing in popularity in this country only in recent years. The Italians who call it "zucchini" use it extensively and prepare it in several simple and delicious ways. If you buy it when it is young and tender, it is not necessary even to peel it. The skin is soft and edible and adds a pleasant flavor. Merely wash and prepare in either of these ways:

**Fried Green Squash (Zucchini)**  
Cut in thin slices and wipe dry on a clean towel. Dip in beaten egg and fry lightly in butter or any shortening preferred, until light brown and tender.

looked very, very sad. "What can I do?" she sobbed.

"You can go on a June-walk!" cried Knarf.

The May-fly smiled through its tears. "Yes," it murmured, "that's what I'll do!"

## POLLY AND HER PALS

By CLIFF STERRETT

COME ON COUSIN ELMER WE'LL HOP A TAXI, AND GET UP TO THE HOUSE!

NIT! I WANNA WALK!

WALK ME EYE WE'LL GET A CLOSED CAB AND PULL DOWN THE SHADES!

AW, BUT, BOB, ELMER WANTS TO SEE THE CITY!

IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF ELMER SEEING THE CITY DELICIA!

NO?

NO, IT'S A MATTER OF THE CITY SEEING ELMER!

## TILLIE, THE FOLLER

By RUSS WESTOVER

OH, HOWDY DO, IS MY DAUGHTER TILLIE IN?

NO, SHE ISN'T, MRS JONES BUT SHE'LL BE RIGHT BACK. WON'T YOU SIT DOWN!

THANKS. YOU DON'T MIND MY TELLING YOU THAT YOU HAVE SOME DIRT ON YOUR UPPER LIP, DO YOU SONNY?

THAT'S A MUSTACHE I'M RAISING MRS JONES

HELLO, MUMSY IF YOU'RE READY WE'LL GO TO LUNCH NOW

MR. MELLONS IS GETTING TO BE QUITE A MAN NOW, TILLIE HE TELLS ME HE'S RAISING A MUSTACHE

NIFTY - YOU MUSTN'T PLAY JOKES ON MOTHER, RUN ALONG AND WASH YOUR FACE LIKE A GOOD LITTLE BOY

## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

By VERD

YES ANNIE, I JUST GOT A TELEGRAM THAT WILL TAKE ME OUT OF TOWN TEN DAYS, OR TWO WEEKS - WE BIG BUSINESS MEN ARE ALWAYS ON THE MOVE - IT'S A NEW STEEL PLANT I AM DEVELOPING, BUT I HAVE ARRANGED EVERYTHING FOR MY LITTLE ANNIE'S COMFORT WHILE I'M AWAY

I HAVE INSTRUCTED MISS VAN NORTON TO TAKE PERSONAL CARE OF YOU, AND IF YOU SHOULD COME IN TOUCH WITH SOME NEEDY CASES, MY SECRETARY WILL HANDLE THEM ALL AT YOUR DIRECTION

I KNOW YOU'LL HAVE A HUNDRED PER CENT ON YOUR REPORT CARD WHEN I GET BACK, AND I'M GOING TO MISS YOU VERY MUCH, BUT YOU WILL HAVE A BIG SURPRISE FOR YOU WHEN I RETURN... A GREAT BIG SURPRISE... SO GOOD-BYE, ANNIE!

I JUST CAN SEE MY DADDY'S CAR GOING OUT OF SIGHT. GOSH, MARY ELLEN, CAN YOU IMAGINE - I'M CELEBRATING A LITTLE BIT - TEN DAYS, OR TWO WEEKS IS AN AWFUL LONG TIME, BUT YOU CAN BET I'LL BE THE BESTEST KID IN THE WORLD, UNTIL MY DADDY COMES HOME!

OUR LITTLE FRIEND ANNIE SEEMS TO LOVE HER NEW DADDY MORE, AND MORE EACH DAY, BUT WHEN HE COMES BACK WATCH FOR THAT BIG SURPRISE HE PROMISED HER!

## TOOTS AND CASPER

By JIMMY MURPHY

ME? OH I WAS BORN IN DENVER, COLONEL HOOPER! WHY DO YOU ASK?

DENVER!! WHY THAT'S WHERE I CAME FROM, JOE! SURE, COLONEL HOOPER! I WAS BORN IN ST. LOUIS!

SURE, COLONEL HOOPER! I WAS BORN IN ST. LOUIS!

SO WAS I, EDDIE! WHAT A COINCIDENCE! AS ONE ST. LOUIS GUY TO ANOTHER - YOU'LL VOTE FOR ME, WON'T YOU?

I'M A NATIVE NEW YORKER, COLONEL! I WAS BORN IN THE BRONX!

BY JOVE! I WAS BORN IN THE BRONX, TOO! WELL - WELL! US BRONXERS MUST STICK TOGETHER, VOTE FOR ME!

WE HAVE A LOT IN COMMON, MAC! SO WAS I - YOU'LL VOTE FOR A BRAZILIAN, WON'T YOU, OLD BOY?

YES, I WAS BORN IN BRAZIL.

WHEN THE BALLOTS ARE COUNTED NEXT WEDNESDAY WHO WILL BE THE VICTOR?

## FEW POUNDS LOSS IS NO CAUSE FOR ALARM

But, Says Dr. Copeland, When the Weight Drops Steadily It's a Signal to Pay Strict Attention to Business of Getting Well—Watch the Diet.

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

NOT so very long ago I had a letter from a young woman who had become utterly discouraged about her health. In spite of all she could do, her flesh melted away and her mind became more and more despondent. Her weight was really about twenty pounds less than average at her age and height.

What advice can be given such a person? What could I say to you if you had similar symptoms? Suppose I try to tell you as I told her.

In the first place, you must have an abundance of fruits and vegetables. You need all sorts of green vegetables; lettuce, cabbage, endive, spinach, as well as tomatoes, peas, beans, and similar things. All the fruits, especially oranges, will do you good. An abundance of milk is a necessity.

I venture to say you do not breathe as deeply as you should. Your food will not do you any good unless you open the lungs and get a full supply of oxygen. You must practice deep breathing. Give yourself blowing exercises. It is not the blowing that does any good, but in order to blow you must fill your lungs with air.

These are general directions, but I am impressed with the idea that an outdoor life of some sort will do more good than anything else. Get out on a farm, wear a farmerette costume, and get close to Nature. Perhaps you can find a place on a chicken farm. It doesn't make any difference what you do, so long as you are in the open. Gardening, work in an orchard, anything that gives you a chance to use your muscles, and at the same time to occupy your mind will be helpful in building you up.

If you are in the condition of the lady who wrote me, I am sorry for you. But don't be sorry for yourself. Exert yourself in a physical way and keep away from the office work that is so annoying to you. With general improvement in your health, your nervous system will respond.

It is mentally depressing to be so physically. Nobody can do work if there is constant worry over health.

Sometimes it is necessary to make a regular business of getting well and strong. It is well worth while to do this. You cannot take chances on your welfare.

As I have said, don't sit down and feel sorry for yourself. Don't envy good health. Get out and acquire it for yourself!

**Answers to Health Queries**

P. E. D. Q.—What do you advise for talking baby?

A.—For her age and height she should weigh about 131 pounds.

A.—I would suggest frequent shampooing and the use of a good stimulation ointment.

DAVID L. Q.—I am a sufferer from dizziness, fainting spells, weakness for a few days afterward. What do you advise?

A.—Your trouble is probably due to biliousness. The diet must first be corrected.

MRS. E. T. Q.—What should a woman aged thirty, five feet two and a quarter inches tall, weigh? Also a woman aged twenty-three, five feet three and a quarter inches tall?

A.—They should weigh respectively about 125 and 123 pounds.

J. Q.—What should a girl weigh who is fifteen years old and five feet seven inches tall?

A.—For her age and height she should weigh about 100 pounds.