

DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE.

By ELENORE MEHER, N.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Joan's Story.

Doors opening and closing, familiar faces coming, others going. Sometimes we get up and shut the door, thinking: "There, now, they've gone! I'll just move this chair here and the table there and get comfortable once and for all."

So we do and have just accommodated our feet to a new chair, when, lo, they are again in the room where we dwell. They have not knocked nor have we answered, yet here they are at our very hearth, and whether we like it or not, our place is shoved about to make room for them.

Well—does any one own his own house? And who is the keeper at the door admitting without a whisper those others come to share our habitation?

It was months—many months since Denny had thought of Joan Lewis. The night of his first visit to Petra Channing he had recalled her, but there was no poignance in the memory—a pleasant elation followed by a transient regret. There was a finality in his thought of her as there was of Violet, of Queenie, of Sid. They were gone.

Now came this astonishing meeting—this pushing of the door—Joan returning.

The pleased elation he had felt walking along the street with her remained all the afternoon. Why, it was just as though she had come back after a week's absence. And she was warmer, not as lonely as she seemed to him before. It was startling—what eyes she had.

But this was the thing that stirred him; that sent him back to the office with a surging enthusiasm for work; that set him all at once with a boundless sense of power. It was Joan's eager faith that he was destined for greatness; that he had only to decide what he would have and it would be given him.

And she was right. Why, sure she was! He knew it himself.

"Yes, tell me about it—about what you've done," she urged, the magnificent eyes glowing. When he had talked, color came into her face. She said simply: "You will reach the star."

He wanted then most valiantly to strain out and grab it. Of course, Katy said things like that. She was always saying them, but then Katy thought he could do everything. Besides he expected Katy to believe in him.

It was a little different with Joan. She was a stranger to him—yet not a stranger—a deep friend, he felt very gay when he went home that evening. So he came bursting into the room with a bubbling, "Say, hello! Where's the world?"

He stopped short. Katy, sitting at the piano, her head buried in her arms, swung around. "Oh, hello, Denny. I thought you'd never get here. Never!" The listless tone sharpened, broke. Katy swung quickly back to the piano.

"Say—well, say Katy!" His throat dried. He put his hands on her shoulders. "What's up, Katy. Gee, you're not sick, are you?"

"No." She was crying, looking up, trying to steady her voice. "Oh, Denny, we have to go. We have to go. Oh, isn't that terrible—terrible!"

"Go where? What do you mean?" But it was just that they had to move. The Carletons were going to build a home for Pay on the ground where the old barn stood. They would have to leave the scarlet rambler and the fireplace and the dear view from the west window. They would have to find another home. And Katy it seemed that in all the world there could be no other home.

"Say, is that all? Is that all?" Denny was shaking with relief. Then he began to laugh. "Say, I'm glad. I tell you right out I'm glad."

When he had rattled off the thousands and advantages of living in San Francisco, when he had topped them off with: "Say, I can even run home to lunch now and then," Katy rubbed her hand across her eyes. Denny? You honestly don't care? Well, what do I care, then? Oh, I thought you'd just be crushed!"

He roared. "Crushed! Say, I'm not you, Katy-kid. Besides, I've wanted to move. We can go to a show now in the evening, and you won't be so much alone. That's worried me. I've just hated the idea of your being here all alone all day and sometimes in the night."

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HERE'S A PAGE that puts "U" IN HUMOR

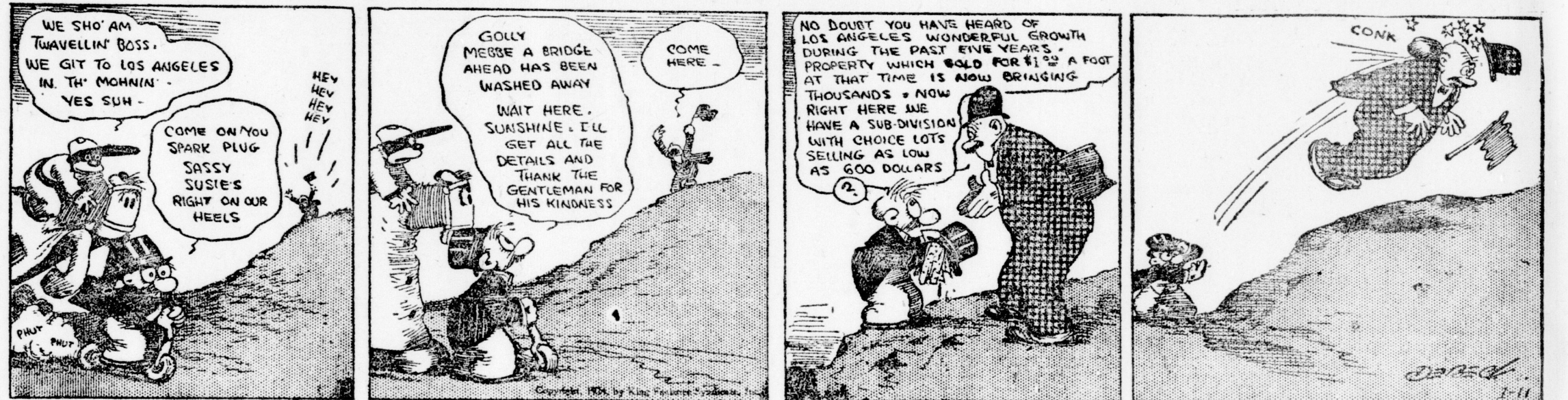
THE GUMPS—AND THAT'S THAT



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

And Now Barney Connects With One Big Pay Day.

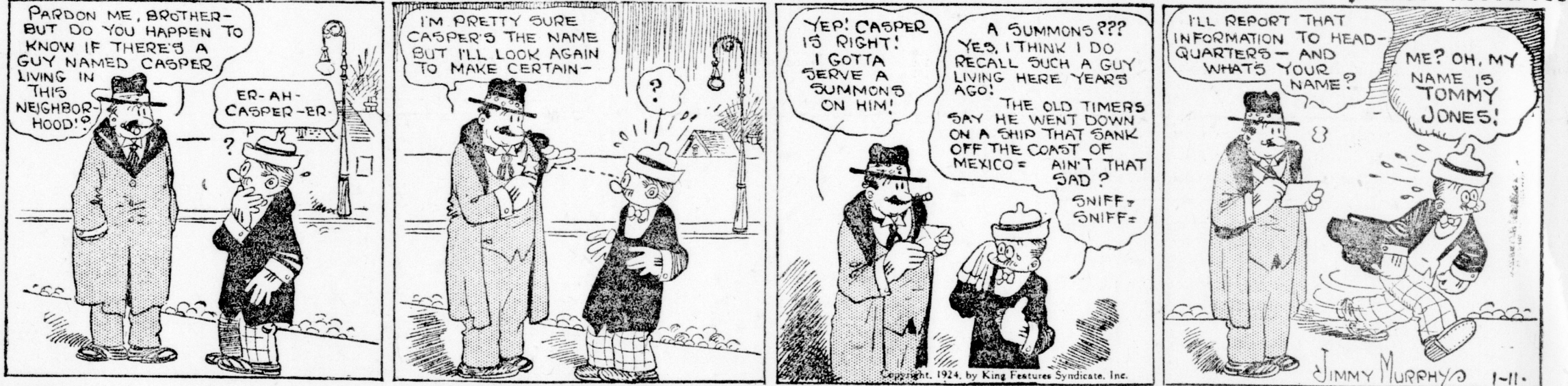
BY BILLY DE BECK



TOOTS AND CASPER

Well, It Does Look Like Casper May Have to Explain to the Judge

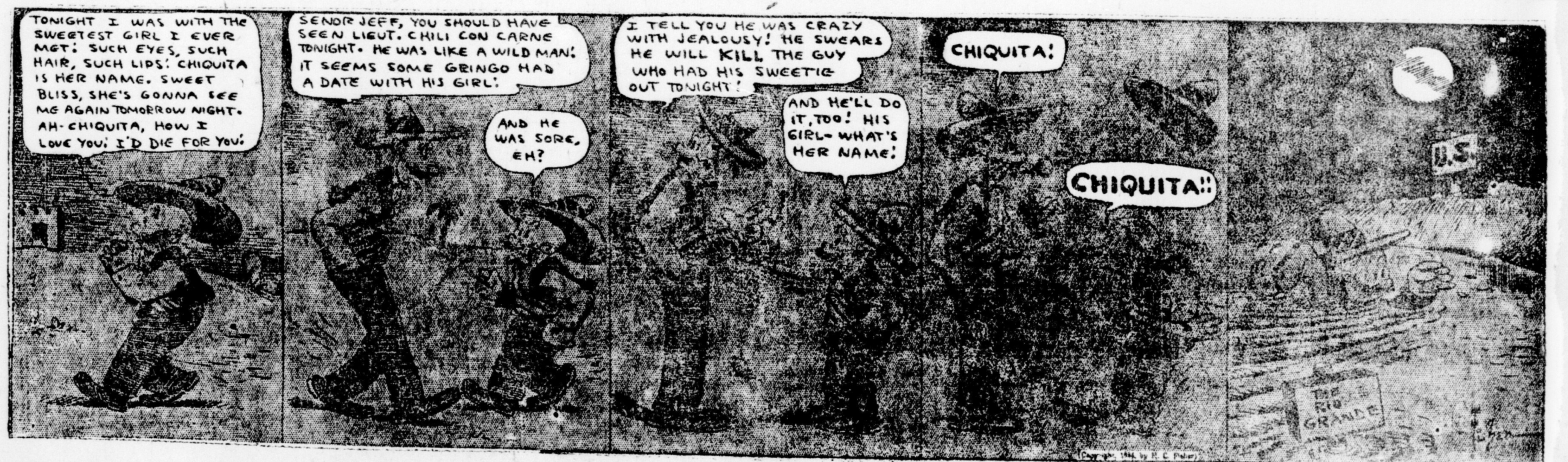
BY JIMMY MURPHY



MUTT AND JEFF

Love Is Great Stuff, But Life—That's Greater.

BY BUD FISHER



REG'LAR FELLERS

He's a Diplomat.

BY GENE BYRNES



Her Children Had Whooping Cough

This is one of the most dangerous diseases of children. It starts with fever and cough. The cough is at first short and sharp, but gradually increases in severity, and occurs in sudden spasms; vomiting follows, and sometimes there is nose bleed. The child turns livid in the face, the eyes appear as if they would burst from their sockets, and suffocation seems imminent, till relief is brought on by the "whoop."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will clear the bronchial tubes of the collected mucus and phlegm, and in this way ease the racking cough, and in a short time make it disappear.

Mrs. L. Ambrose, Sarnia, Ont., writes: "My little ones were both sick with whooping cough. I read where Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was good, and I only used two bottles and they were better. I had chronic bronchitis for three years, and tried everything, until finally I got Dr. Wood's. I would not be without this remedy."

Price 35c a bottle, large family size 60c. Put up only by The T. M. Burn Company Limited, Toronto, Ont. —Adv.

RED PEPPER FOR RHEUMATIC PAIN

Red Pepper Rub takes the "ouch" from sore, stiff, aching joints. It cannot hurt you, and it certainly stops that old rheumatism torture at once. When you are suffering so you can hardly get around, just try Red Pepper Rub and you will have the quickest relief known. Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers. Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you will feel the quick, tingling heat. In three minutes it warms the sore spot through and through. Pain and soreness are gone.

Ask any good druggist for a jar of Rowles Red Pepper Rub. Be sure to get the genuine, with the name Rowles on each package.—Adv.

