

Coloring Silk In Cocoons

MUCH interest has been awakened by the experiments at Lyons in feeding silk worms with leaves stained with various dyes in order to cause them to spin silk of corresponding hues. The experiments have been successful.

The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON.
Authors of "The Lightning Conductor."

Terry, Alone In New York, Decides To Call On Her Sister, Julia, and Takes a Taxi

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY:

Terence Desmond, (Terry)—Exquisite and convent-reared, unbelievably innocent, is forced to work as a cashier in her father's roadhouse while Juliet Divine, the stage name of her beautiful half-sister, whom Terry has not seen for years, lives like a princess and talks vaguely of a millionnaire.

Terence Desmond, their father, moody and selfish, formerly caretaker of an estate, is now the proprietor of the Blue Moon, a roadhouse. He is anxious to get Terry married and off his hands.

Mrs. Parmelee owns Silverwood, the estate of which Desmond was caretaker.

Betty Sheridan, her granddaughter, whose rudeness to Terry the latter will never forget, is the wife of Miles Sheridan, handsome and likable, who when Terry was a child furnished the money to send her to the convent, partly to atone for his wife's rudeness. To Terry he is always "the prince."

Eustace Nazlo, a wealthy Greek, unscrupulous with women, is impressed by Terry's beauty and her resemblance to Juliet Divine, the famous stage beauty. He invites her to go for an auto ride and on the way to New York he kisses her.

While Nazlo is arranging for a private dining-room at the hotel, Terry slips away. Nazlo is furious.

CHAPTER 14.

An Unexpected Visitor.
"The young lady had a letter in her hand," the doorman informed him. He had asked if she would like it posted, but she said "No, thank you," she preferred to go out herself. "Did you see whether she took a taxi?" Nazlo inquired, controlling his voice.

The man hadn't seen what the young lady did after she went through the revolving door. Others had come in about that time. He'd forgotten to watch for her return.

Nazlo's blood pounded in his head, and he had difficulty in concentrating. But he was a man trained to master emotion. He kept his eyes on the door, waiting for the girl to appear. He forced himself to face the question: "What would the girl be likely to do?"

There was one thing certain. She wouldn't have run away if she'd meant to come back. And it seemed almost equally certain that, as this was her first visit to New York, she wouldn't go wandering about the streets.

It seemed as if her one thought would be to get home. Probably she hadn't much money. No doubt, however, she would have enough for a ride in the subway, and the journey to Oldport by train.

Like a fool he'd told her among other things how easy it was to travel to New York from Long Island and back! Yes, she would run for home. That must be what happened.

Terry had made use of a convent letter which she had in her pocket in order to escape without rousing the door porter's suspicion. She was going to her sisters! She was going to find Julia.

She had no money at all. Nevertheless, while Nazlo was studying a time table, in order to head her off at the Pennsylvania station, if it could be done, the girl was in a taxi. She had not dared to get into one in front of the restaurant, lest she might be seen and tracked. But, having hurried round the corner and walked very fast for a block and a half, she noticed a number of vehicles

in front of a hotel. The girl had seen many couples arrive at the Blue Moon in such conveyances and knew that they were not private cars.

"Take me to the Ardhamont, on Riverside Drive," she said, half afraid, in her ignorance, that she might be asked to pay in advance. If she had been she planned to say: "My sister lives there. She will give me the money." But it was a relief that the man seemed to trust her.

If Julia were not at home, maybe there'd be a servant from whom she could borrow. But oh, it was too bad to be true that Julia should be away! She hoped desperately that it might not be so.

There was not only the difficulty about paying! She did not know what would become of her for that night unless she found Julia, or, indeed, for the night to come, for she felt that she could never go back to live with her father.

The drive seemed much longer than before, because the girl feared each veiled eye and knew that they were not private cars.

He might come now to suspect that she could never go back to live with her father.

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Will you please wait a few minutes and I'll bring you down the money, or send it," said Terry. The chauffeur made no objection to this proposal, and she was relieved.

Yet her voice trembled as she asked a negro in livery, inside the door, if he knew whether Miss Divine was at home.

"No, I don't know, miss," replied the man, staring, no doubt because of the resemblance. "I don't know, miss," replied the man, staring, no doubt because of the resemblance.

Terry had never seen an elevator, but she walked into the little room and was shot up and up, with appalling speed. The attendant was able to inform her that Miss Divine was in.

He had taken a gentleman to call on her about fifteen minutes ago. As he spoke, the smart-looking negro motioned toward a pair of sliding oak doors which at that instant flew apart, showing a tiny room, with an electric light and red velvet seats round the wall. In it stood an old negro in the same dark green livery as the first.

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A Magazine Page For Everyone

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'.



Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

DAT AR WELL-WINDLASS
KIN HIT YOU MO' TIMES
IN ONE PLACE AT DE
SAME TIME DAN A LOAD
O' BUCK-SHOT!!!!



expectin' you, was she?"
"No," Terry admitted. "I didn't know I was coming. I live in the country, a long way off. Oh, but I'm sure she'll see me! Do let me come in!"
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In Monday's installment comes news of an old friend.

"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE d'ALROY

On Shop-Window Women

A WOMAN is like a shop window. Unless she makes an ATTRACTIVE display NOBODY will stop To look in. So MANY WOMEN, Often the best, Have WONDERFUL treasures INSIDE their shops, But they have never learned How to ADVERTISE; And the world hurries by Never knowing.

Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse Decide To Turn the Old Tin Can Into a Fine Storehouse

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.
All that Nanny Meadow Mouse said about that old scarecrow for a place for a new home was true. Danny had to admit it. The only thing he could find to say against it was that it stood a little way from the grass of the Green Meadows, for, as you know, it was in Farmer Brown's cornfield. Danny always feels safest when he can make his little paths through the grass. But Nanny promptly pointed out that it would be just as safe in there because the broad, long leaves of the corn would keep them hidden when they were running to and fro. Nanny didn't waste any time. She started to work right away to make a place in the middle of the bundle of straw with which the old scarecrow was stuffed. She pulled out straw until there was a good-sized little room there. Then she brought fine, soft,

dry grass and lined it. Of course, Danny helped. But all the time he had a wistful longing for that old tin can. Once in a while he would mention it.

After the new home was completed, Danny and Nanny made their paths through the grass of the Green Meadows as they hunted for food. One day Nanny missed Danny. She found him looking rather wistfully into that old tin can by the fence post. At the sight of that old can a happy thought came to her. Yes, sir, Nanny Meadow Mouse had a happy thought.

"Do you know what we'll do with this?" said Nanny.
"No," replied Danny. "If we are not going to live in it I don't see what good it is to us."
"I do," said Nanny.

"What?" demanded Danny.
"It will make us the finest storehouse that ever was," cried Nanny. "We can put a lot of seeds in there in the fall and they will keep perfectly dry and always be right where we can get them."

Danny's eyes brightened. "That's so!" he cried. "I hadn't thought of that. Then, too, we will always have it to run to for safety if we should

be driven out of our home. I do believe we have found the best place in all the great world to live."

Nanny chuckled. "I know it," she said happily. "I know it. Just think of all the food we will have when this corn becomes ripe. We won't have to even hunt for it. Isn't it funny how things that seem about as bad as they can be turn out to be the best things that could have happened? If Mr. Blacksnake hadn't found our home in Redwing's old nest we wouldn't have found this new home. This will make us a much better winter home than that would have been. I never felt worse in my life than when I saw Mr. Blacksnake climbing up to that nest. Now I'm glad. I wouldn't have believed that Mr. Blacksnake could ever bring me good news. It is a funny old world, isn't it, Danny?"

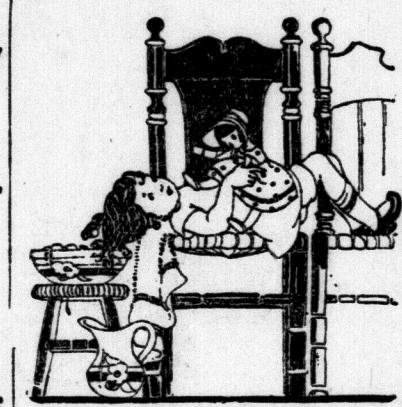
Danny agreed that it was.

The next story: "Fun in a Scarecrow."

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Mothers and Their Children



A Summer Shampoo.

One Mother Says:
My little girl made such a fuss about having her hair washed that shampooing was always a battle. The least bit of soap in her eyes was torture. This summer, when her hair needs such frequent washing, I am using a new plan. I place her across two chairs, allowing the hair to extend just over the edge of the chair into a basin placed on a stool beneath. It is easy for me to wash her hair this way, obviates the chance of getting soap in her eyes and has made the shampoo a bugbear no longer.

(Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.)

Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper if you keep on wearing that Egyptian dress of yours you'll get your picture on a cigarette pack and a letter to Miss Agnes Ardent, Trysting Trestle, Tennessee. Dear Miss Ardent.

I just received your letter telling about how your girl friend Catherine Carless who has just finished school where she got culture and learned how to greet a young man for the first time like the opening of a beautiful flower was out with your crowd the other night and she was telling all about the Italian opera she heard in the city and she spoke about this hero that is a very stout baritone with a tamoshanter on and how he sings a song to one who gets off and hasn't got any of.

You add that Catherine Carless your girl friend couldn't think of the name of this song and will find out what it is for you and send you the record of it, so you can put it on your phonograph and show her where she gets off and after looking through all our records of operas and playing most of them I was just able to give up on account of their being in Italian when I stumbled on this Italian opera record where the hero sings about something the heroine wants and he hasn't got in English which I am mailing to you today entitled: Yes We Have No Bananas.

Yours for authentic opera, THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM Per. D. D.

I was Greatly Benefited by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sydenham, Ont.—"I took your medicine before my baby was born, and it was a great help to me as I was very poorly until I had started to take it. I just felt as though I was tired out all the time and would have weak, faint spells. My nerves were bothered me until I could get little rest, night or day. I was told by a friend to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I only took a few bottles and it helped me wonderfully. I would recommend it to any woman. I am doing what I can to recommend this good medicine. I will lend that little book you sent me to any one I can help. You can with the greatest of pleasure use my name in regard to the Vegetable Compound if it will help others take it."—Mrs. HARVEY MILLIGAN, Sydenham, Ontario.

It is remarkable how many cases have been reported similar to this one. Many women are poorly at such times and get into a weakened, run-down condition, when it is essential to the mother, as well as the child, that her strength be kept up.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent tonic for the mother at this time. It is prepared from medicinal roots and herbs, and does not contain any harmful drugs. It may be taken in safety by the nursing mother.

Facial Blemishes
Sallow, muddy, roughened or blotchy complexions are usually due to constipation. When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus secures regular bowel movements by Nature's own method—lubrication. Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.

Nujol

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Sold only in sealed packets—dust-proof!

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED TORONTO

New Process For Tanning Leather

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused in American leather tanning circles by reports from Europe of the invention of a vacuum tanning process by Albert von Forselles, a Swedish inventor.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

COOKING TIMOTHY'S GOOSE

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD.

About all there was to Tim's act was Caroline. Caroline, the Marvelous Trained Goose—that is how she was billed. Even Daisy's song was incidental, merely serving to fill forty-nine seconds while Tim changed Caroline's costume in the wings. Yes, Caroline was the little money-maker in the Gordon and Gordon combination, and if Daisy hadn't had the influenza and been laid up in a hospital for several weeks the season's profits wouldn't have been so bad.

Fortunately they were booked some weeks ahead, and if they made good further bookings would doubtless open up. At least, that was the situation when Tim fell a victim to the same prostrating malady which had so weakened his sister.

"It's no use, kid. I can't go on today. Heaven knows whether you can manage alone. Just our luck, too, having that guy Winters follow us with his dog act. Can't figure whether he's sweet on you or has an eye on getting the goose or queering our act somehow." Tim tossed restlessly.

His sister Daisy tried to soothe him, but they both were too well aware of the various vicissitudes of a second-rate actor's life not to know that by no means the least of them was being stranded and ill and near-broke.

"I'll manage," Daisy assured him. "Don't worry—about Dick Winters, either. He's on the square." But at the very mention of Dick's name, Daisy flushed until she rivalled Tim's feverishness. Was it coincidence that Winters had played in so many theatres at the same time as she and Tim? Was he really "sweet on her," or was Tim's other cynical surmise correct?

She resolutely put the thought from her and rose to get the work of the performance would be doubled for her, and before that there was the cold-blooded manager to propitiate who would not be his own man, feeling one member of the Trained Goose act.

At the stage door, Daisy ran into Dick, who wondered if he was her imagination, or if, in the absence of Tim, he wasn't considerably more cordial and friendly even than usual. Dick wanted to see Tim, he said. "Let me know if there's anything I can do. How's Caroline? Any time Tim wants to sell the old girl, don't forget she's just my act."

But Daisy shook her head. "Haven't reached that point yet, thanks," she said. Somehow or other, Daisy staggered through the afternoon performance to the occasion almost as if she understood the circumstances and won many applauding hands. Buoyant, Daisy rushed home to report to Tim, only to find her brother tawling in a delirium that took no interest in either her or Caroline.

A hastily summoned doctor looked grave, feared pneumonia, urged a nurse for the next few days. After he had gone, Daisy sat quietly for a few moments, then silently gathered her resources together, determined to pull Tim through.

Recalling Dick's words, she called him by telephone in the lobby below, explaining how she could barely leave Tim for the time necessary to telephone, and she felt a great wave of relief sweep through her as Dick promised to cook right over. Tim, three days later Tim woke from his first refreshing sleep. Daisy sat beside him holding his thin, white arm, "Good old girl," he murmured and slept again.

Beneath Daisy's eyes were dark circles and her face was wan. There had been no work for Caroline the past few days. On the contrary, there had been bills for medicine, for the doctor, for the nurse, for extra hotel service. Daisy's pocketbook was flat and Tim's rifled pockets no longer jingled. Not near-broke now were Gordon and Gordon. Stony broke.

And the doctor had said Tim must have nourishing food to pull him through.

Daisy bit her lip and her eyes filled. At that instant the door opened, and Dick's head poked in. "How's Tim?" he whispered cheerily. "Better? That's good. Say, lend me Caroline, will you? She's no use to you right now."

Daisy turned away. What did he get, poor fellow? And how could she disclose to him their plight? Evasively she postponed the moment.

But it wasn't later—that dusky hour when the street lamps are lighted and one hears the feet of hurrying crowds homeward bound, and from the myriad kitchens are wafted appetizing odors of preparing meals.

Daisy stood irresolutely at the window. She could pawn her suit perhaps and depend on her old raincoat. It might tide them over until they were earning once more. As she turned to take it down someone knocked at the door.

It was not Dick, as she had hoped, but the bellboy with a tray—a heavily laden tray. Such a supper! Broth, for Tim, roast fowl with all its accompaniments for Daisy.

"De compliments of Mister Winters," said the boy and vanished.

Just as they were finishing the meal Daisy remembered Caroline. "I wonder what he wanted her for?" she said half aloud.

"Her?" Daisy asked Tim. "Dick borrowed Caroline," said Daisy.

"Dick Winters?" exclaimed Tim, who did not yet know that Dick had gone. "Well, then, our goose is cooked!"

At his words Daisy's hand flew to her throat, and she knew that Tim was right. "Goose is cooked! Oh, no, Dick wouldn't have—that sort of thing might make a good plot for a story, but in real life it's a disaster."

"Well, well, folks!" Dick's breezy voice burst upon them. "Some little benefit that was, thanks to Caroline! Stop your noise, Caroline! Here's the proceeds." In Daisy's lap he poured handful after handful of coins and bills.

After he had told them all about it Tim apologized. "I'm not a judge, you old man," he said. "Thought you were after Caroline."

"No," said Dick slowly. "I'm not after Caroline, and across Tim's best Dick's honest eyes and Daisy's shining ones met.

The new phaeatone process is as different from the electrolytic and other methods as night is from day. It actually removes the entire hair, roots and all, before your very eyes. It does this in just a few seconds, easily and harmlessly. Just try it! You can get a stick of phaeatone at any drug store, with directions, which are quite simple. There is no odor to it, no irritating or poisonous constituent—you could even eat it without the least injury. It will leave your skin as soft, smooth and hairless as a babe's.—Adv.

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If it were melted down would you drink it?

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