I Hear You Calling Me!

COUNTLESS millions of workers, a twenty-four hour day, no strikes and no stopping until the work is done. These are the laborers which modern science is engaging in ever-increasing multitudes. They are known as "yeast" and are used to make beer.

## THE STRANGER"

## A Gripping Story of Love Triumphant Over the Plots of a Master Criminal

## BY JOHN **GOODWIN**

### John Goodenough Finds It Time To Intervene Again and Visits Agnes Tallbois At Her Hotel.

CHAPTER LXII. An Offer From the Unknown.
"Agnes!" gasped Drummond, start-

able quietly and seated themselves at another on the opposite side of room where Ravelin signed to

back; Drummond and Agnes did not exist in their universe. That was

"Who on earth is it?" one of the spectators was heard to say.
"The Tallbois claimant," was the

Agnes had not moved. She was staring straight before her; the nap-thin fell from her hand. The gust of passion seemed to have left her rigid.

They she did a curious and rather incongruous thing. Seizing a water incongruous thing. Seizing a water incongruous thing. incongruous thing. Seizing a water snapped Agnes. "White man's talk carafe from the table, she poured for mine." She looked at her mother herself out a brimming glass and gulped it down thirstily. She looked eyes that made the old woman at Drimmond.

'Let us get out of this-quickly!" said Drummond between his teeth.
How he got her out of the room he did not know, but he found himself with Agnes in the outer lounge.
"What did you do it for?" he said about and blinking."

The Sarone Table in the content of the content o

ning to snap again. bounced, am I, because a guy spills coronet on her jet black hair, at-wine all over me? If they've any tending a state function at West-

said Drummond curtly, and walked Drummond, a smart, yet meek and submissive figure. She could not be she came after him.
"No, I guess we'd better go," she not.

rather mournfully, as they walked down the street together. "The society stock has slumped some. What do you think, Harold?" He looked at her in silence.

"After all, I'm Lady Tallbois of Knayth," she added hopefully. "I can get away with it. Do you reckon, Harold, you could put things right for me?" Yes," he said, smiling rather grimly, "I think I can."

You mean that! You can really do it?" she cried.
"There is still a brilliant opening for you," he said ambiguously. "You had better leave it entirely to me." Sure I will! You're a Harold. There's such a lot of things you're wise to that haven't come my

way. I'd be just lost without you. Fut I've had all the society I need for today—except yours. What shall we do now? Let's go to the pic-There seemed no end to the moods

of Agnes. Drummond stared at her in surprise, but saw she was entirely serious. He was too exhausted to offer any opposition, and felt it would

They went to the nearest cinema. sat demurely beside him in he darkened stalls, munching chocolates and watching the pictures. She reminded Drummond of some utterly vicious and unmeral child who has suddenly fallen upon a quiet mood for a few moments.

A semi-religious film was being shown, ending in the death-bed scene of a small girl under circumstances of pathos, which bored Agnes and made her restless. The adventures of a heroine chased by a motor load of armed "toughs" and afterwards leading from one skyscraper roof to another with the agility of a jack-rabbit, excited her so much that the

"Who sent you?" she muttered, do you come from—" She checked another with the agility of a jack-rabbit, excited her so much that the catastrophe at the Lombardy was forgotten as if it had never been. A clever and well-acted love scene subsequently made her slip her hand into Drummond's and press it convulsively and unconsciously, her eyes glued on the screen. He felt her warm breath on his cheek.

Drummond's earlier disgust, which had nearly overwhelmed him at the restaurant, gave way slowly to an odd fascination. The spell of her presence was upon him. With it was a secret amazement of himself. Drummond, in a sense one of the most fastidious of men, would have taought he was the last who could be attracted by this strange mixture of childishness, charm and cruelty. But the charm was there, and her

unusual beauty, the primitive appeal of her, blotted out the rest and mounted to his head like strong wine. Callaghan's orders were be-

"Sir!" he said, "if this lady is with you—!"

"Keep quiet and clear out," said together at a restaurant in Jermynd together at a restaurant in Jermynd street in the evening. It was late together at a restaurant in Jermynd street in the evening. It was late together at a restaurant in Jermynd street in the evening. It was late together at a restaurant in Jermynd street in the evening. It was late together at a restaurant in Jermynd street in the evening. It was late to his surprise, an offer to see her home, and it was late when a taxi set her down at Uxbridge's Hotel.

"Uxbridge's is a small but quiet and even luxurious private hostelry near Charing Cross. Agnes went up to the little private suite which had been engaged, and found her mother sitting and blinking by the fire.

"Why ain't you gone to bed?" asked Agnes roughly.

"What did you do it for?" he said in a stunned voice.

"He got my goat!" muttered Agnes. Her face relaxed, and she laid a hand suddenly on Drummond's arm.

"Tm sorry, Harold." she said with a catch in her voice, "I'm liable to fly off the handle like that. I guess it can't be helped."

Drummond was speechless. He felt as if he had been struck by lightning.

"I was just beginning to feel good," said Agnes plaintively. The fire seemed to have died out of her. "Where's them two girls and the lord—s'pose they've gone back on me."

"What did you expect?" said Drummond bitterly "Let us clear from here, before the management throws us out. We are extremely lucky that they have not done it already."

"Are we?" said Agnes sharply, her like the selection and blinking."

"Are we?" said Agnes sharply, her like the scientists have discovered fresh with a gilt-edged position to keep up," muttered Agnes, "having a give-by muttered Agnes, "having a give-by muttered Agnes, "having a give-by with the scientists have discovered fresh by the scientis

Presently she lit a cigarette and lay back with half-closed eyes, watching the blue smoke drifting. She saw and a little more sympathy, even if it half-closed eyes, watching shrewd calculation in my make-up and a little more sympathy, even if it half-closed eyes, watching shrewd calculation in my make-up and a little more sympathy, even if it half-closed eyes, watching shrewd calculation in my make-up and a little more sympathy, even if it half-closed eyes, watching shrewd calculation in my make-up and a little more sympathy, even if it half-closed eyes, watching shrewd calculation in my make-up and a little more sympathy, even if it half-closed eyes, watching shrewd calculation in my make-up and a little more sympathy, even if it half-closed eyes, watching shrewd calculation in my make-up and a little more sympathy, even if it half-closed eyes, watching shrewd calculation in my make-up and a little more sympathy, even if it half-closed eyes, watching shrewd calculation in my make-up and a little more sympathy, even if it half-closed eyes, watching shrewd calculation in my make-up and a little more sympathy, even if it half-closed eyes, watching shrewd calculation in my make-up and a little more sympathy, even if it half-closed eyes, watching shrewd calculation in my make-up and a little more sympathy. Presently she lit a cigarette and lay and more sentimental, to have less

office and had a brief interview with the outraged waiter. Then he joined Agnes outside.

"I expect I've torn it," she said seen no one enter. The man seemed precious good thing for you spoiled have materialized out of the seen ho one enter. The man seemed precious good thing for you spoiled to have materialized out of the empty air. He was remarkably tall; women are more intelligent with a sardonic have to be... We have to make intelligent women for a cheese support of the control of the contr face and brooding eyes, fixed in-

"See here, you crook!" exclaimed Agnes angrily. "What do you mean by coming into a lady's room? You don't belong to the hotel? How did you get here?"

"I have come," said Goodenough calmiv. "with a message concerning.

With every intention of summoning the police Agnes yet hesitated. She looked at the visitor. His light, compelling eyes kapt their gaze on

There was a haunted look in her eyes and she shivered slightly.
"Forget it," snapped Agnes con-

kick I'll go back to that room and talk to them! Hear me?"

"Then you will do it by yourself."

"No, I guess we'd better go," she muttered. "Don't you shake me, Harold. I couldn't stand for that."

"Go to the entrance, then," he said, "and I will follow you."

Drummond was well known at the Lombardy; he said a few hurried words to the management in the office and had a brief interview with office and had a brief interview with a little gasp, and grasped the chair lower gas and looked up with a slight start. There was someone with her in the room. Peer-law the form of a man standing opposite her chair, looking at her.

Agnes jerked herself upright with like all men—you are forever "guessing" instead of thinking... It's a

"Who are you? What do you wish—and, it:—the desired is achieved want?" she cried, staring.

He made no answer, but scanned think it out... Things don't happen her from head to foot with keen, in the feminine world—they are brought about!

Their attitude conveyed the impression that nothing whatever had happened. They did not even glance back; Drummond and Agnes did not even glance to this country. I describe that nothing whatever had happened. They did not even glance to this country. I describe the country of the country of

"Agnes," said her mother timidly

shrink. "Ain't you going up to bed?"
"Yes, carita," said her mother

THE MARRIAGE GAME

As Played to a Decision

you choose, as the stranger, and

calmly, "with a message concerning make any investigations you like—your claim to the Tallbois peerage; you will only waste your time. Let

The waiter staggered back, as amazed as if he had been shot. He came forward again, almost speechless with anger.

"Sir!" he said, "if this lady is with you—!"

"Keen guist and always and always and they dired together at a reseaurant in Jerusy 1.

turned in their seats and stared at this storm-center that had burst on the quiet water of the Lombardy. It was a terrible moment.

Hilda, Millicent Venacre and Lord Ravelin had risen from their seats; their faces became expressionless, their faces became expressionless, their faces became They left the

"He has been very courteous. I think he is better than those other friends of his. But that is not to

"the tongue you learned as a little

humbly. "Will you not go, too? You look so tired."
"I shall go when I'm ready. It

telligent reasons for a steady sup-ply of clean shirts for you... And tently on hers.
CHAPTER LXIII. CHAPTER LXIII.

It was John Goodenough.
"Who are you? What do you want?" she cried staring.

CHAPTER LXIII.

constant hot water... And your fresh razor blades... We can't just wish—and, lo!—the desired is achieved.

and a warning."

"You can give it to the police then." retorted Agnes fiercely, springing up and reaching for the bell push; "the station house for

"Take your hand away from that bell," said Goodenough quietly, "and

"Who sent you?" she muttered, of Agnes faded and she laughed herself in time.

The flush of eagerness in the face of Agnes faded and she laughed aloud.

you will only waste your time. Let

us come at once to the object of my

He seated himself opposite her as

"What, Agnes Tallbois, is your

though the room were his own.

visit to you."

# ETERNAL QUESTION

The Little Red School House.

Sarah—Hank Hawkins will remain seated. The rest of the school is spring.

Sarah—Spring.

Hank-I don't care.

you-even given some of my evenseem to get worse and worse! Hank-I-I try-Sarah-Your mind seems to be

Hank-No, m'am-it ain't wool Sarah-You made a fine show of yourself before the school today when asked you to compose a sentence! Sarah-You don't seem to be able keep your mind on one subject

Hank-Yes, m'am, I kin-Hank—Spring—Spring—Sp Sarah—Well, at this rate I'll have

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

THE NEW HOME IN THE LONG LANE.

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Johnny Chuck drew a long breath

of satisfaction when Polly Chuck

told him that they would make their

a settled feeling.

Safety first! Keep this in mind,

Sarah-Oh, then, compose a sen-

tence about an automobile.

Hank — Automobile—automobile—

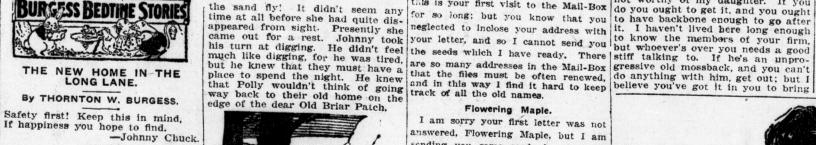
Sarah—And yet every day you a sentence about what your mind is don't you want a Mail-Box badge, Hank-Must 1? Sarah-Hank Hawkins, you're exasperating! Just when I begin to get

the window! Look at me! Hank—M'am! I can't say the sentence if I look at you.

Sarah—Look out the window then! Anything-only go on! Hank-I can't eat-I can't sleep-

Sarah-For gracious sakes! Sarah—Well, then, compose two sentences and you may go. I'll suggest a subject—how about spring?

Hank—And the sentence is: I love my teacher and if she'll get married to me I'll get pop to give us half his farm! Hank-And the sentence is: I love Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger



new home right where they then were. You see, Johnny was tired of roaming about. He wanted to get settled. It is fine to go roaming about for a while, but there is nothing quite like

Polly Chuck had stopped at the foot of a young tree growing close to the fence about half-way up one chief goal in life?" he said. "Is it side of the Long Lane that leads happiness? Is it position? Or is it from Farmer Brown's barnyard down noney? I have a reason for asking." to the Green Meadows. Johnny sat The girl sat and glowered at him without answering. He looked at her with extreme thoughtfulness.

"I think" he hold the satisfied; he wanted to find with extreme thoughtfulness.

"I think," he said, "eyeing her face, "that it is money. To your type it that a fouch of fear. There was no threat in his voice; he did not speak in a bullying tone. But he spoke as one who gives an order. It was many years since Agnes had obeyed an order. None the less she brought her hand slowly away from the bell and dropped into her chair again.

"Who sent you?" she with extreme thoughtfulness.

"I think," he said, "eyeing her face, that it is money. To your type it to admit to himself that no fault was a greater meaning than any-ton well satisfied; he wanted to find to admit to himself that no fault was to be found. He said to himself that Polly Chuck knew what was what in selecting a place for a home. Between the fence and the road down the middle of the Long Lane was a thick grown of the fence was Farmer Brown's corn-field. Of course, it was just berefield. fence was Farmer Brown's cornfield. Of course, it was just bare-brown earth covered with brown stubs of old corn stalks, but Johnny knew that later it would be planted. On the other side of the Long Lane was a big meadow, where there would be plenty of cover. Then, too, it not far up to Farmer Brown's bern-yard, and that meant that enemies were not as likely to visit them as if their home was further away. It meant that they would have plenty of

the best kinds of food, with less to orry about. "I suppose," said Johnny, "that you can to have our home right under hat little tree." "Of course," replied Polly Chuck.
"I am glad to see that you have some
common sense. There is just room
between those two spreading roots, and those will prevent any one from making the entrance any larger. This place was just made for us."

Without another word Polly Chuck began to dig.

began to dig. My, my, how she

the sand fly! It didn't seem any time at all before she had quite distime at all before she had quite disappeared from sight. Presently she came out for a rest. Johnny took his turn at digging. He didn't feel much like digging, for he was tired, but he knew that they must have a that the files must be often much like digging for he was tired, are so many addresses in the Mail-Box gressive old mossback, and you can't do not have backbone enough to go after it. I haven't lived here long enough to know the members of your firm, but he knew that they must have a that the files must be often must be o



So together they worked as only two Chucks can work when they set out to. And by the time jolly, round red Mr. Sun started to go to bed behind the Purple Hills they had that hole deep enough to feel reasonably safe in spending the night there.
"It is going to be a wonderful home," said Johnny Chuck, as they saft into any child, it

home," said Johnny Chuck, as they sat just outside it, resting. "I do to believe it is going to be the best it home we have ever had."

"I hope so," said Polly Chuck as she turned to enter it. "There ought to be plenty of good things to eat around here, and plenty of food is the first thing to think about."

Johnny shook his head. "You are wrong, Polly. Safety is the first wrong, . Polly. Safety is the first thing to think about.

"Well, I guess we will have both, then," retorted Polly as she disap-

The next story: "Bowser Finds the For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

(Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)



The four packages of honeysuckle Sarah—Thank Hawkins, I don't Hank—Automobile—automobile Sarah—Ves. m'am.

Sarah—Ves. m'am.

Sarah—Ves. m'am.

Sarah—What in the world is in of any description which we have had in the Mail-Box this year. I haven't did not help me out—not a bit of any primula at present, but will send you the castor beans. I am glad you for ourse; no use ask-you the castor beans. I am glad you will send you the castor beans. I am glad you her, of course; no use ask-you the castor beans. Can't you support the castor beans. I am glad you her, of course; no use ask-you the castor beans. I am glad you will be castor beans. I am glad you her, of course; no use ask-you the castor beans. I am glad you her, of course the castor beans. joining the Garden Contest, and

No Address. One of the Old Timers, who so kindyour attention you start gaping out of the other day, neglected to inclose ly sent me a package of seeds, just twenty-four hours to think it over?" the other day, neglected to inclose "All right, sir. I don't know how her own address, so I am unable to forward the perennial seeds which she asked in return. Will post them picked up the telephone and gave a immediately on receipt of a stamped,

addressed envelope. M. L. Many thanks for the recipe, M. L.

the first order arrives. Health, Please Notice. I don't like chiding you, Health, when this is your first visit to the Mail-Box do you ought to get it, and you ought for so long; but you know that you to have backbone enough to go after

Flowering Maple. I am sorry your first letter was not

answered, Flowering Maple, but I am sending you some seeds by the next Thanks to Budd. I had been watching every day for the omised cake of maple sugar, so I was

immensely pleased when it arrived. I am only sorry that I am a day or so

### late in acknowledging it, but you may be sure I enjoyed it. Will send your pin as soon as they arrive, and was very glad to have the extra money for the S. C. H. fund. Carpet Rags.

Have any of the readers some colored carpet rags for one of the Boxites who has commenced to hook a rug, and run hort of colors. She asks for dress goods or cotton rags, and I am sure someone can supply them. Postage will be sup-wied, and the address is in the Mail-Another Gift.

Geraldine and Daisy, through the kindness of their grandpa, have made the Mail-Box a splendid present a number of packages of Yellow Globe onion seed. The packages are large enough to produce two or three

bushels of onions, so I should like those of the Boxites who write for them to send a special contribution for the fund. We are all very grate-ful to Geraldine and Daisy, as this ought to go a long way toward raising the rest of our fund. I am sorry that there was a delay in answering our second Petrolea Reader No. 2, but unavoidable. Many thanks for recipes for Calamity Ann, and now

sational ice; but is it always necessary to speak about the weather? Try to find other topics in common as The proper form is: "Mr. So-and So (elderly person), may I introduce Mr. So-and-So (younger man)?" Introducing a young lady and gentleman, why not say: "Miss So-and-So, I would like you to meet Mr. So-and-So." There is no ironclad rule concerning introduction, and a tactful, pleasant phrase will always

for your questions:
Either one may break the conver-

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

OVER THE PHONE.

asks you for me, what'll you say?"

"What do you want me to say, daughter?"

"Oh, I—I think he's wonderful. I love him most to death, but he doesn't know it."

"I suspect he does, Myrtle," laughed Wilton. "Often you girls think you fool us when you don't. We're not altogether as stupid as we look, and sometimes you're not as clever as you think you are. So it happens

you fool us when you are stupid as we look, and sometimes you're not as clever as you think you are. So it happens once in a while that the only folks that are getting fooled are those attempting the deception."

"Oh daddy, you're teasing now. Of "Oh, you know what I mean, May I marry her?" course he knows I like him heaps and I oceans, but I'm perfectly certain he doesn't know I love him enough to

"Are you certain yourself that you "Oh, absolutely. I knew it the first second I ever saw him, and I've been

gle one."

old man gets furious if I'm five minutes late coming back from lunch. sight, er? Well, I never thought of him as a possible son, so I haven't whole life."

He was never a minute late in his whole life."

will keep, and you'll enjoy the paid much attention to him. Is he doing well in business? He's with the Sunset City Coal people, I believe."

"Yes, but he wants to get to be vice-president of something big. He's will you?"

"It will keep, and you'll enjoy the anticipation."

"Poor consolation, but I've get to but up with it. You won't tell Myrtle, will you?" worked there nine years and they're awfully stingy with their promo-

"Maybe it's his fault. I'll investigate and tell you more about it after-"I don't care whom you blame, but

"There, there, daughter, don't get not me!"
upset about it. I daresay you're "Your

club, and the friend was blissfully an extension of his, and I listened in unconscious of the fact that he was being put through the third degree. So much for Wilton's law training. As strangers are prone to do he made inquiry about a number of the husiness houses in town, and among position of vice-president. But maybusiness houses in town, and among them the Sunset City Coal Company. be I didn't walk the floor before he He asked no more questions about came in! It seemed to me six lifeit and showed no more interest in times, instead of a lttle less than an it than he did in the others. Nor hour."

ing fool questions. Can you support "No-no as I would like to. That

is, just yet-but I can make her comfortable. "Hmmm, suppose you give me I'll ever live through the suspense, but I guess I'll have to try.

"Is this Mr. Harrison?" he asked.
"Yes." "John Wilton speaking, Just Many thanks for the recipe, M. L. wanted to say one thing: you seem to be a pretty fine felllow and I adthe first order arrives arrives arrives wanted to say one thing: you seem to be a pretty fine felllow and I admire you and all that, but you can't marry Myrtle until you get a little further up the business ladder. If you don't deserve a promotion you're not worthy of my daughter. If you

By CORONO REMINGTON.

OVER THE PHONE.

"Daddy, if John Harrison asks—
asks you for me, what'll you say?"

"What do you want me to say
"What do you want me to say

"Yes, if she's willing."
"I'm absolutely the happiest man in America."
"Superlatives," laughed Wilton. "The worst is, the very worst is,". Harrison went on, "I can't get out to knowing it every second since—every tell Myrtle until this evening. The

"Not I. But why don't you phone "Phones are such unsatisfactory things."
"Not always. I've found them very

useful on some occasions. In fact, you mustn't put it on him. It's not his fault and he can't help it that he's still on a salary instead of being a big stockholder, as he deserves to be."

even more effective than a personal visit," laughed Wilton. "But tell me how you broke the news."

"I didn't. You did. It's the biggest joke." even more effective than a personal to over the phone this morning, and

right."

A few days later Mr. Wilton had a casual talk with a friend at the club, and the friend was blissfully an extension of the feet that he was to part of the governor of the feet that he was to part of the governor bon't. "Your father!"

was the well-dressed young man in the chair opposite him the only one who unknowingly testified for or against John Harrison that day.

As it happened, Mr. Wilton had made his investigations just in time, for that very evening Harrison, flushed and stammering, sat on the edge of a chair in the library and tried to state his case.

Hour."

"Time is not a thing of minutes or hours or days. It's a matter of events." said the older man.

"I never realized it as thoroughly as I did today," laughed Harrison, flushed and stammering, sat on the edge of a chair in the library and the boy doesn't suspect a thing.

Wonder whether he heard me tall him. "I thought that would bring the old chap around," he laughed to himself. "And the boy doesn't suspect a thing.

## Chronic Constipation Relieved Without the Use

of Laxatives Nujol is a lubricant not a medicine or laxative so cannet gripe. 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-

