Liquid Air Explosive

HEN liquid air, containing from 40 to 50 per cent of oxygen, is mixed with powdered charcoal it forms an explosive which is to equal dynamite in power and can be exploded by means of onator. It must be used within a few minutes after preparation.

A Magazine Page For Everyone

National Debt. Peculiarities

T seems hardly possible, yet there was a time when citizens of Britain gave voluntary contributions to reduce the National Debt. Hansard of 1797 records Parliament as encouraging such gifts. Within a year the suggestion had produced over £2,000,000.

ohn Goodenough's Personality Bewilders Joan and Philip-

with gray hair and dressed tweeds, was standing in the hat in hand. Joan stared at a faint thrill ran through her.

hn Goodenough, the footman

CHAPTER LXXL The New Landlord. mishment of the Mottisnd no echo in Goodenough ed to regard his arrival as natural thing in the world.

a brief nod of dismissal to nt, who at once retired.

my intrusion may be fore said to Philip. His attie entirely respectful, but exdignified. "A landlord should

place yours!" exclaimed ough bowed. ou know," said Philip rising, was that had taken your

y last opportunity."

ement, sir," replied the man ably. "A strange accident, A whim of fate, may I added, turning to Joan: cored I am that you should enant, my lady?"
call me that!" said Joan

ogize," returned Goodenough ively, "it was a slip of the I was unable, madame, to ed Philip, whose eyes, he

vill hardly make your forof them, at the present nid Philip, after a pause. is immaterial, sir. Believe all not lose. All I require is that my little place is in er myself extremely fortun-Mottisfont."

not know," she said faintly, u had left Knayth." ver taken service," answered inclining his head towards became impossible to me. I ave asked no better," he

was a slight frown on Philip' say you are going abroad?"

ive very shortly," replied ugh, "for the southern states where I have interests.

w himself together. I be permitted," to offer my most respectful ns to you, sir-and to you, To express my wishes for ppiness, and my hope that a brighter light begins to ove your horizon. For you rage, and your deserts are

viribus alas. de a bow to Philip, a deeper an, turned and was gone. ing like stupefaction settled Mottisfonts after he had n rose trembling lightly. this is amazing," she said. ve that this is an acci-

nade no answer. He looked erplexed, and his brow was

D AND RELIABLE REMEDY

DE THOMAS' LECTRIC

A Strange Visit ent paused, and looked em- | was that he said before he went?

that's what I like least about it."
"I don't understand."

more nor less honest, I suppose, than my neighbors. But that phrase runs through it all like a thread of gold through dark tapestry. It came earlier yet—and then it was a threat. Once, Joan, long before you came into your fortune, I had been with you, and returned to my chambers. There I found just ew, assure himself that his are satisfied and ascertain a penned message. Honest men are rare: If ever you fail Joan Ayre, look to yourself! I did not tell you at the do anything for them. This time. And I've heard the same thing by word of mouth-from the man

> Philip told her of his brief interdew with Goodenough, at Knayth and the curious things that the footman had said to him.

"Now," he said. "there has been mystery enough, Heaven knows, in your life of late, Joan. But the strangest mystery of all, to me, is that tall fellow. At Knayth he seemed the perfect man-servant. He's nothing of the cort. It's not common for footmen to quote aptly from the classics, is it? If he's not a Varyou save by that title-and sity' man, why I'm not one myself, that's all. In the social sense, too,

"There you are. And now he has more money than we. He is our landlord. I advertised for rooms under a box number—yet he knew of it. He must have watched me. I

normain after you had left, became impossible to me. I have asked no better," he ave asked no better," he has been a shadow in the background. He was at Knayth when you were tre." hint that it was his hand which returned those bank notes.

> himself if that were so?" exclaimed Joan. "Would he supply you with a clew, Philip-that is what you called it-if he meant us harm?" "One would think, Joan, he said

"I do not know," she said firmly, but I believe he is—our friend."

But I do not care to be the shuttle-

cock of contonding ruffians. I have mind to put the police on to this fel-"What could you charge him

"Nothing whatever as yet." Joan came across and laid her hands on his shoulders.
"Philip," she said with extraordinary earnestness, "I beg of you to do no such thing. I feel that this man is our friend, and almost the only friend

Philip smiled at her.

"Honesty gives wings to strength," translated Philip absently. He rose with an impatient exclamation. "And

"There's the clew that runs through it all—that connects this man with your disaster, Joan. Why am I always hearing that phrase! Is it a warning? You remember the slip of warming? You remember the slip of paper that came with the 20,000 pounds—'to an honest man'?"

"Of course I do—"

"What does it mean? I am neither more paralless honest I among the paralless

"When was that?"

he is a gentleman from his footsoles upward—and morally, I dare say, a beed Philip, whose eyes, he are fixed on him with searchhness and a strong trace of a said Goodenough, "and Goodenough, "and savings, which are not inable, I took on these rooms

able, I took on these rooms

The said Goodenough, "and savings, which are not inable, I took on these rooms

The cannot tell, Philip." He asked the to and I felt I should like to have

me to and I felt I should like to have him near me. All I knew of him before was he begged sixpence of me on the road."

it. He must have watched me. I took that advertisement to the newspaper bureau myself. Before we know hat we are doing, he has secured us as his tenants." Philip pactured us as his tenants." Philip pactured us as his tenants." Philip pactured us as his tenants." I am inclined to get out of here right away!" he said curtly.

"We will make a mistake Philip is

nected with those scroundrels who have persecuted you!" Would he build up a case agains

gazing at her, "that you were the counsel for his defense! Why? Who

"Our friend! For what purpose?"
"At the least, he is the enemy of Philip stopped short. Joan's recame upon him like a flash of For some time he thought the

g over, mentally, weighing the "There is something in that," he slowly. "Several things point to It may be you are right, Joan.

we have. My instinct tells me so. He would help us if we let him—even

Not being a charming young wom-an, but only a barrister, I prefer facts to instinct," he said. "Yet I an, but only a barrister. I prefer the devil strongly predominates. "Acts to instinct." he said. "Yet I "Most of us are such a mixture as wouldn't deny its value, and that a that. Philip. Has he ever harmed woman's judgment of a man is often you?"

better than mine."
"When John Goodenough is near me," said Joan quietly, "I have a curious sensation of being perfectly

in St-Michel

(ST. MICHAEL'S WINE)

This Medicated Wine brings prompt relief and permanent benefit in most cases of Loss of Appetite and Poor Digestion.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

THE STRANGER" A Gripping Story of Love Triumphant Over the Plots of a Master Criminal



THE MARRIAGE GAME As Played to a Decision Every Day By Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hatton

CAREERS. Her Play: Careers for women!
. . No wonder most married women laugh when they hear it. women laugh when they hear it.

. Oh, of course you menfolk are strong for careers for women—just so it is not your particular woman who is aching for a career.

Careers takes time and they require thought.

. And what married woman has time or thought to give to such a trifle as a career when there is a husband who must have buttons on his shirts and holes to



men-just so it is not your woman who is seeking a career! His Counter-Play: Nope, you have it all figured out wrong. A man can have a career and have a wife at the same time and they don't bump into each other. . . A wo-man is different. . . A woman can't seem to manage a career and at the same time interest a hus-

band. . A woman who seeks a career is going to give every bit of herself to that career—and even then the career turns around and makes focus at her the career turns around and makes faces at her. . . If a mar-ried woman could follow a career and at the same time keep buttons sewed on you were talking about, any man would be proud to ave his wife enjoy a career! The Referee: It seems to us that this is his day. (Copyright, John F. Dille Company.)

safe. I feel as though I were shielded from harm, Only two people have ever given me that sense, Philip. You are one, he is the other. I have it more strongly with him even than with you. And I will never believe with you. And I will never believe there is not good in that man, Philip."
"Good in him! Very likely. Few people would agree with you. But he has extraordinary eyes. That is a man, I believe, who is a mixture of angel and devil. And I should say

"Not that I know of. But-"Has he, do you think, ever helped ou-before you took these rooms of

Philip was about to deny it, when a strange memory came back to him.
"Strange you should ask that,"
he said pensively, "It was just
such a man as he, in height and build, who sailed into those street roughs that attacked me one night in the Temple Court months ago, and who laid two of them out. Whoever it was and it was too dark to see—I houldn't wonder if he saved my

"There, again!" cried Joan tri-umphantly. "Philip, let us keep these rooms, at least. I say we shall not regret it. And he is going abroad:

eared to convince him, and he con-

peared to convince him, and he consented to stay.

"You darling!" she said, and, kissing him impulsively, left the room.

"I hope I haven't made a fool's bargain," muttered Philip anxiously to himself: "it's the risk to Joan I want to avoid. As for me," he smiled grimly and thought of the shattered window in Highgate, "I'l take care not to sit with a lamp too near to me, even here in Covent Garden."

Joan, who had gone out into the little passage, heard a ring at the bell and opened the door herself. On the threshold, looking uncommonly emert and with rosy cheeks, stood Emmile. In a moment the two girls were in each other's arms.

(Copyright, 1922, by King Feature)

Inmself down until his head was at the himself down until his head was at the entrance. His eyes glistened more than ever. Would he find eggs in there. Perhaps he would get both Mrs. Drummer and eggs.

Lis eyes glistened more than ever. Then he put his head in at that opening, and his neck followed.

A moment later he drew his neck and head out, and there were both disappointment and anger in his bright unwinking eyes. He had found neither Mrs. Drummer nor the eggs in there. Perhaps he would find Mrs. Drummer and eggs.

"Lis eyes glistened more than ever.

"Lis eyes glistened more than e

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

knows I want her here when I ar-Charlie-She's usually waiting for you, sir. Mr. Crosby—Well, I guess about time I made a change!

Hurst seems to feel she owns this would be hard to replace!

Mr. Crosby—Hum! No one as you to think!

Charite—Yes, but I don't like

hear you speak about Miss Hurst the way you do, Mr. Crosby! Mr. Crosby-What? What business is it of yours? Charlie—I admire Miss Hurst;

fact, I have grown to— Mr. Crosby—You—you've grown Charlie-To love her. Mr. Crosby! Mr. Crosby—You—you've grown to love—to love Miss Hurst?
Charlie—Yes, sir!
Mr. Crosby—So this is what I've

een paying you for all this time, Charlie-Mr. Crosby-Just to learn to love y secretary and upset the efficiency the whole office!

Charlie—On the contrary, she has been an incentive in my work!

Mr. Crosby—Why—why, it's outageous! Young man, it's about time you were doing some serious thinking!

Mrs. Crosby and are going to be married, and we're going to Europe on our wedding trip. and then I'm to manage his business from his estate in the country! (Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger Company.) been an incentive in my work!

Mr. Crosby—Why—why, it's outrageous! Young man, it's about



MR. BLACKSNAKE IS DIS-APPOINTED. By THORNTON W. BURGESS. Disappointment is our lot

Far more frequently than not.
—Mr. Blacksnake. When Mr. Blacksnake started to climb that tree near the home of Johnny Chuck he didn't know that Drummer the Woodpecker and Mrs. brummer had a home up there, but he felt pretty sure they had. You see, he had seen the chips at the bottom of the tree. He climbed slowly, for he was in no hurry. And as he climbed he looked carefully on

all sides for a new hole in the trunk of the tree. At last he discovered what he was looking for. He saw the small round entrance to the he said so."

"To the southern states," said
Philip, thoughtfully. "What for, I
wonder?"

Woodpecker home.

Mr. Blacksnake's eyes glistened.
He climbed to a branch a little way
above that entrance, and then coiled

LEFT IN THE LURCH.

Mr. Crosby—Where's Miss Hurst?
I've rung for her three times!

Mr. Crosby—Bring me my letters off her desk, and get my appointment book.

Charlie—I'm sorry, sir, but her Charlie—I'm sorry, sir, but her crosby—Bring to rob me of my secretary, are you?

Charlie—I'm sorry, sir, but her crosby—Why, you young seeds.

confounded—
Charlie—I think Miss Hurst will
be back in a minute—
Mr. Crosby—What the devil does
she mean by going off like this? She
every detail of this office and that—

I ten years?
Charlie—Yes, sir—it's that loyaty in her that I admire!
Mr. Crosby—And that she knows
she mean by going off like this? She
every detail of this office and that— Charlie-I know all that, and it nium or double petunia, for Ima

> Charlie-You don't understand, Mr. Crosby, that when people are in think Miss Hurst love money doesn't count! Mr. Crosby—Sentimental nonsense!
> This is a business matter and I'll

settle it once and for all! Send Miss Hurst to me as soon as she gets back!

Charlie—Say, Miss Hurst, did the old boy have you on the carpet? You've been in there for two hours!

Charlie—What did he say to You? Did he—did he say anything your recipes. Miss Hurst-Yes, indeed-he spoke most affectionately of you. Charlie—Horest, did he? Say, he isn't so bad! What else did he say?

Miss Hurst-Promise to keep a Charlie-Yes! Gee, you've got me Miss Hurst-Well, Mr. Crosby and

finished this home. They won't stay away from it long. No, sir, they won't stay from it long. I'll just wait here until they come," said Mr. Black-snake to himself.

So Mr. Blacksnake colled himself.

as comfortably as he could just above the entrance to the new home of the Woodpeckers, and settled down to wait. He had an idea he wouldn't have to wait long, but he was willing to wait a long time if necessary. You see, he had considerable patience when the matter of a dinner is con-

Meanwhile Drummer the Wood-pecker and Mrs. Drummer were busi-ly hunting a dinner. They had gone over to the Old Orchard. Now that the work of building that new home was done they were quite willing to rest. They were very happy. There were no happier people in all the Old Orchard. They didn't say much, for that is not their way. But each knew just how happy the other was. And not once did it enter either head that it was possible for anything to be wrong at their home.

It took them some time to satisfy their appetites, for while they had been working they had not eaten as much as they would have liked. You see, they hadn't wanted to take the time to hunt for food. But at last their stomachs were full, and they were just making ready to start back home when they heard Sammy Jay screaming at the top of his lungs.

"Listen!" exclaimed Drummer



Thanks for the recipes, Begonia. am sending you the bulbs and a few

book.

Charlie—I'm sorry, sir, but her desk's closed and she keeps the book in the safe.

Mr. Crosby—Well! Of all the Miss Hurst has been my secretary for those who sent S. C. H. mites for Aunt Nannie's seeds, many, many responding thanks. The letters were numerous, so I am not acknowledging each one. Whis Hurst has been my secretary for There are still a number of packages with

makes me realize how wonderfully she would manage a home!

it's Manage a home—on thirty dollars a mind or double petunia, for Ima Tizer? I am sending you Erikum's address, Ima Tizer, but I am afraid all her primrose seeds must have vanished by this time. yould like to copy them. I am very glad to send you the seeds. Pine Hill Are you entering the garden contest with the rest of the Boxites? Many

thanks for the recipe, too. Aunt Margaret. You are very good to give such Miss Hurst—You mustn't speak large donation for our nospital, Aunt of Mr. Crosby so disrespectfully, Margaret. I am sending you the seeds and address you asked for seeds and address you asked for the seeds and the se

Was very pleased to hear from you, Diana. I expected you would be writing for a badge. They haven't arrived yet ,but should be here any day. When your work is finished, I hope you will write another nice long letter to, the Mail-Box. I can't tell you about the cook book, but I do letter to the Collegitation of the cook book, but I do letter to the Collegitation of the cook book, but I do letter to the Collegitation of the cook book, but I do letter to the Collegitation of the cook book, but I do letter to the Collegitation of the cook book, but I do letter to the cook book are ready under my belt." said Margaret. "It is pinned securely in my jewel has a under my belt." said Margaret. "Of course, I didn't show it to anyone—I wanted to come back and apologize. You must have been very angry!" once. Has she been waiting long? Otis Trunbridge laughed. Then he leaned over and took Margaret's bands in his, and as she did not take early uncomfortable."

So Margaret sitting in an attitude of patient waiting in an attitude of patient to the outer office.

"It is pinned securely in my jewel "of course, I didn't show it to anyone—I wanted to come back and apologize. You must have been very angry!"

Once. Has she been waiting long? Otis Trunbridge laughed. Then he leaned over and took Margaret's bands in his, and as she did not take you about the cook book, but I do hope Calamity Ann will be writing to

Neighbors. Dear Cynthia Grey,-Am returning

to your helpful circle, after an ab-sence of about five months. Where I have not seen a letter from her for a long while. I hope she will soon be able to write again. I was talking to Benvenuta yester-day. In fact, I see her nearly every day, as we are neighbors. Also, we have been friends for over thirty

years.
I see the W.P.B. with its mouth open, so will close, wishing you and the Boxites a happy and prosperous

ANOTHER MOTHER OF EIGHT. July is another of the absentees but so many are returning lately that perhaps we may hope to hear from her soon. I have put your name down for a badge. Was very glad to have the extra mite for the Calamity Ann.

to the Mail-Box, Osa. Many thanks for your mite. I am sending you the seeds Health.

If you will write to Health, O-Bee-Cee-Tee, she will send you the directions for making some pretty knitted scallops. I am sending you seeds and a cinnamon vine. There aren't very many rules to the garden contest, except that very naive.

"Because the people who usually seeds, and then at the end of the shot of their garden to the Mail-Box, a half dozen or so of the prettiest and most artistically arranged will be printed, so that everyone may see them. I the am sending you Hayseed's address. Perhaps you will have something to ex-

ANOTHER DRIVE.

By JANE OSBORN. "I'm so sorry-I've forgotten your

what you want me to lead," said Margaret Collins. "It doesn't make a bit of differ-

bid and I haven't a ghost of an idea

ence," with a bored sigh from Clara across from her. "No one plays decent bridge at these benefits." One or two hands went around.

"But it doesn't matter-I mean whether you have a good score or not," from Mildred at one side. "The not," from Mildred at one side. "The try Club dance two weeks ago?" committee hardly spent anything on the prizes, I've seen them—really not worth playing for. Pardon me, "Unfortunately," said Otis. "If you "Unfortunately," said Otis. "If you not worth playing for. Pardon me, Margaret, but did you play that ace?" "Yes, I guess so-"

"But you really couldn't blame the committee," from Irene, the fourth. They had to keep down expenses. They'd planned on raising a thousand dollars and thought, of course, they could get donations beforehand to amount to half the amount. Put down she did need a new hat; but of course she would never he able to stay in amount to hair the amount. The down of the Trunbridge for two hundred at least, and he only gave twenty-five. He said he was through with drives—vowed he'd never give another cent for a drive as long as he lived."

"I've heard he's usually so generous," commented Margaret. "And of

children's home."
"Still, I think it's just as important to plant trees in the parks—don't you?" from Irene, but no one an-swered. No one was especially inter-

ested.

"Of course, I don't know this Trunbridge person," from Margaret, as she was shuffling the cards at the end of the hand, "but I imagine that the person who went to get the donation didn't go about it right, Mr. Trunbridge has loads of money. The compitee ought to have sent the pretails. mitee ought to have sent the pre-tiest, youngest member in the or-ganization, and instead I'll bet that Mrs. Benson went. She couldn't wheedle a man if her life depended on it. I'll bet she argued with him, when what she should have done was

to vamp him."

"You don't know Mr. Trunbridge," said Irene with finality. "He's young and all, but he can't be wheedled. I'll wager that even you with all your southern ways, Margaret, couldn't get a donation out of him for anything in town, not even the hospital, now that he's vowed he'd never give to another drive. Trunbridges don't that he's vowed he'd never give to another drive. Trunbridges don't three days she started out to the Trunbridge mills, making an excuse to Clara that she was going for a

his office hours. From 9 to 12, she learned, he was to be found in his office at the Trunbridge Mills, the Trunbridge he had come to her and vanished by this time.

Pine Hill.

There are three very pretty tatting patterns in the Mail-Box now, sent by Pine Hill, if any of the Boxites would like to copy them. I am your large the source of a large proportion of the source of a large proportion of the source of a large proportion of the very large Trunbridge income. But he did not like to be disturbed. In fact, she was told, though he sometimes granted interviews to strangers the had a way of getting rid of unim-

minutes before 9. She thought that in this way she might give Mr. Trunstock of town—I suppose that check bridge opportunity to see her as he is being passed around now? wide verandas.

So Margaret was ushered into the them from him he put one arm pro-

presence of Otis Trunbridge, who mo- tectingly about her shoulder. tioned to a comfortable chair at the tioned to a commortance chair at the side of his deek as she approached. is my cousin. She told me of the He felt charmed by her prettiness, but just as much he felt shocked by the incongruity of a girl like Mar- I had told her how much I admired garet in surroundings such as the you at the last dance and had asked office of the Trunbridge mills. He for an introduction. She thought we hoped fervently that she had not might like to introduce ourselves, as brought a letter of introduction from we did. But the thing that made someone with a request for a job in me admire you so much was that

"Are you very vexed with me for garet's eyes. "Oh, I'm so happy, calling so early—when you must have she said, resting wearily on the strong so much to do?" she began with arm that protected her. "I feel like charming show of embarrassment. an awful criminal, and the more I "Why-why, no." stammered Otis, thought about it the feeling somehow that he ought to say myself and the more I admired you

anything I could do for you, I'll do Trunbridge. my best."

"I'm out begging," said Margaret confidentially. "I was asked to come see you about making a contribution, though goodness knows why they asked me—a stranger here in town—and you so busy and important."

Otis smiled, feeling compassion for the apparently embarrassed young

the apparently embarrassed young girl. "I'm very, very glad they did ask you." he said. "Why?" said Margaret, looking come are aggressive and bossy and not all like you.' Margaret dropped her eyes prettily.
"Well, you see, they're counting on at least \$1,000 from you. It's for the—
the J. O. L. P. drive—you know.
Don't ask me to tell you about it—

THE DAILY SHORT STORY didn't want to take his eyes off the vision so radiant before him. "How shall I make out the check?" he

BY JOHN

GOODWIN

"Oh, just 'Pay to the order of J. O. L. P.'" she instructed, suddenly feeling very guilty and showing it by a

sudden blush. "But do you want to make out the check now?" make out the check now?"

"Why, yes," said Otis. "Of course,
I'd like to have you come again, but
this is no place for you to have to
come." He had made out the check,
blotted it and held it out to Margaret. "I think I have seen you in
town before. You were at the Country Club dance two weeks ago?"

go out to the dance this week we shall need no introduction. This is introduction enough, don't you think?

You know my name—"
"And mine is Margaret Collins." Margaret suddenly let her thoughts hurry on, and showed her abstraction. she would never be able to stay in town after people knew what she had done, and of course this very attractive Mr. Trunbridge would never want to dance with her when he

ous," commented Margaret. "And of ourse this isn't like a hospital or a course this isn't like a hospital or a Otis very prettily when she left his ourse the course the course this isn't like a hospital or a Otis very prettily when she left his ourse the course th office. "Must I wait until the dance to see you again?" he asked, holding her hand a moment too long, loath to

let her go. "I am afraid so." said Margaret looked at the check she felt a sud-den wave of regret that ripened into remorse. She folded the check and tucked it safely into the little pocket of her sport blouse. And every time she thought of it that day she felt deeper degree of remorse. Before that long day was over she felt like a culprit. And all night long she was

to Clara that she was going for a country walk, but each time she Margaret.
"I'll bet you a new hat you fessing to Mr. Trunbridge. Finally, Seeds.

To those who sent S. C. H. mites for Aunt Nannie's seeds, many, many thanks. The letters were numerous, so I am not acknowledging each one. There are still a number of packages left.

Ima Tizer.

Have any of the Boxites slipe of leopard plant, umbrella plant, geranium or double petunia, for Ima Tizer? I am sending you Erilgungs.

Seeds.

"I'll bet you a new hat you couldn't."

"It's a go," was Margaret's quick "It's a go," was Margaretley." she decided to go home, and from the refuge of her own Southern abode to write a formal letter returning the check with profound apologies to Mr. Trunbridge. But Friday, the night of the country club dance, arrived, and Margaret had not gone home. She had made excuses to which Clara would not listen, and made covert inquiries as to Mr. Otis Trunbridge's place of business and his office hours. From 9 to 12, she before she had made up her mind

> times granted interviews to strangers he had a way of getting rid of unimportant callers before they had had a chance to state the object of their cand talk." She looked very frightened and was actually pale. Trunbridge led Margaret arranged to arrive a few her to a secluded spot on one of the

> passed into his office. Perhaps if he saw her, if she had a chance to look at him just a little appealingly, he would grant her interview. Margaret was right. Trunbridge arrived at 9 to the dot, and saw the lovely Margaret sitting in an attitude of patient weiting on a very straight chair in the same what you want to talk about." said Otis Trunbridge. "But I deserve the punishment. I was an ungenerous cad when I made that you wont to give to any more drives, garet sitting in an attitude of patient.
>
> "It is pinned securely in my jewel her under my helt" said Margaret.

"I must confess, too. You see, Iren one of the offices. A girl like that after you had got the check you simply couldn't didn't even tell Irene-or claim your

But Margaret did not keep him long bet. Were you sorry for me?" Quick tears of relief welled in Mar-

that he was vexed, just on general principles. Then he looked into those limpid eyes and added, "If there's to marry me, Margaret," said Otis "I do," was Margaret's reply, and

In Your Home?

in your home? If there is, you should not be without a box of Baby's Own

Is there a baby or young children

Tablets. Childhood ailments come at hand to promptly fight them. Baby's Own Tablets are the ideal screaming at the top of his lungs.

"Listen!" exclaimed Drummer. Prhaps you will have something to excited about something:

"Entract sounds as if Sammy is over near our new home, and he is very much excited about something."

Both sat still and listened. There was no doubt that Sammy Jay was much excited. Also there was no doubt that Fammy Jay was much excited. Also there was no doubt that he was very, very angry. What could it mean? Drummer looked at Mrs. Drummer. Mrs. Drummer mer looked at Mrs. Drummer. Sammy Jay certainly was over in that tree where their new home was.

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

The next story: "Mr. Blacksnake Decides to Give Up."

do, so that everyone may see them. I am sending you Hayseed's address. Don't ask me to tell you about it— am sending you know, of course—and it's a very deserving cause, I think."

On't ask me to tell you about it— bon't ask me to tell you about it— of course—and it's a very deserving cause, I think."

On't ask me to tell you about it— bon't ask me to tell you about it— of course—and it's a very deserving cause, I think."

On't ask me to tell you about it— bon't ask me to tell you show, of course—and it's a very deserving cause, I think."

On't ask me to tell you about it— of course—and it's a very deserving cause, I think."

On't ask me to tell you about it—
On't ask me to tell you a