Where East Meets West

THE "China" telephone exchange of San Francisco is unique. The building is of Chinese architecture, the operators are Chinese girls, and the Chinese subscribers call by name instead of by numbers The operators handle between 7,000 and 8,000 calls daily.

A Magazine Page For Everyone

The Chairman of the House Committee.

SO YOU ARE THE CHAIRMAN

OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ARE YOU? WELL YOU BIG BLANKITY - BLANK BLANK

BLANKITY BLANK -

A Real "Cave of Winds"

A RIZONA has a "breathing cave." Anyone standing near the opening can feel the air rushing out and if he waits long enough he can feel the current of air changing so that it is drawn back into the cave.

NEVER IS A LONG WORD.

By ROSE MEREDITH.

two happy years. "Is there somebody

"No - that is, not exactly," she

blushed furiously, "but one's ideas

"Sorry it has ended this way-

and she was looking cold and defiant

and rather frightened, all at the same

"No?" queried Jim. "Why bother

about whether a ring is new or sec-

ond-hand, when one does not question

love itself? Have you first love to

"I may never marry," haughtily.

Jim smiled his nicest smile, though his lips were white, and little crinkles

"Never, Dorothy?"
"Never! Men are—im—impossible.

He bowed and picked up his hat.

form. Mrs. Lane came into the room

Dorothy was staring at the door int

the hall, as though she could not be-

lieve that happines had passed out

"What is the matter, my dear?

"Dorothy! Never is a long word."

"You are so foolish to quarrel,"

of it and so out of her life.

Where is Jim?"

"So Jim says."

'Never is a long word," he remarked as he went away.

As the door closed after his erect

"That's up to you, Dorothy."
"Here is the ring, Jim."

someone else—some day."

offer any other man?"

came around his blue eyes.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE STRANGER"

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

IF YOU'RE A COMPETENT

OF THE UNITED STATES

AND LET'ER GO DOUBLE

CHAIRMAN I'M THE PRESIDENT

YOU BLANKITY BLANK BLANK

BLANK BLANK BLANK BLANK

IT MUST BE GREAT TO BE CONSULTED ON BIG AFFAIRS

BY JOHN **GOODWIN**

Illaghan Tells Vaille and Bell That Philip Has Proved To Be Clever, Amazing Peril.

CHAPTER XCIV. Mr. Callaghan's Error. ve I fallen so low," sneered Callaghan, "as to deserve the

made an impatient exclama-

heaven's sake, do not let us e!" he said. "We depend on hief; you have our confidence. re in a tight place, and if you get us out of it, what hope ace was pale and strained, his dark-rimmed behind the spec-

never approved this campaign st Mottisfont from the first," nued Vaille, "but enough of that. and of it is that we are cooped re; we have obeyed your orders, neither Bell nor I, it seems, can our faces. Who knows how use at the New Bailey may go? sont has set the police on us, have caught a tartar. They ot arrested him, as we hoped." Theophilus Bell groaned.

vas that accursed mystery of isoning that has done it," he "That was not Callaghan's do-nd he is not to blame. He d us of the danger as soon as ened. Chief, all our tempers edge, being shut up like this, aille and I are both confident ou will pull us through." ghan rose, and laid a hand stout man's shoulder.

ok here," he said gently, "I that things have not gone well. both of you I make my con-. I have taught you to ree as infallible. But it is human and I own to you that I have ared. My error was in not ng Mottisfont, crudely and he man is a far greater peril ever thought possible, and he iling this case in an amazing . I have underrated my ad-

exclaimed Bell, "as surely," exclaimed Bell, "as the Tallbois trial goes, things rking in our favor! From the of the case it seems to me ottisfont's position is hopeless; ome comfort from that." said Callaghan, picking up ning paper from the table, e wrong. Mottisfont has re-

himself surprisingly, and is hard. Here is the report of ond day's hearing." moved his chair nearer the and opened the paper. econd day," he repeated. "I

d it to you."
id so, the other two listening er attention. The Mottisfont account of the intense pubrest in it, was reported verevery question and answer may be condensed for pres-

trial, that morning, continued and they couldn't find thillp Mottisfont still in the they found him at last! box. The crown counsel's xamination began. This was by Philip's junior, Mr unger men at the bar, whom had briefed to support him.

cross-examined in the his own colleague. But no could be urged against it. ilip's replies were given under

ering McColl's questions, he t clear that no tittle of evi-onnecting him or his wife with with necklace existed at all: copy, and not the pearls es, was found by the police. it clear that there were two Endsleigh buildings to the flat, and that the flat's secured with an lock. The flat was lever lock. empty, when he and his would be quite a simple mat evilly disposed and skilful effect an entrance and he sham necklace.

to show that Philip had an se interest it was to over im, and that all the facts out to this enemy being he disreputable lawyer Bell, or ifederate Vaille. That these d been sought by the police dor to the suspicion by at isappearing and avoiding ar-That having exploited, for evidence of Joan's claim y possessed inner knowl-Tallbois family affairs, and heirlooms-such as the

p, on oath, told the story of he had made no earlier mend that it was a factor in deim to leave England. ilip Craik, the crown counseveral protests against uestions, but the judge up-ilip, and Sir Charles re-exholly failed to shake the

Philip's answers, and so strongly did he shine in contrast to his examiner, that the court was divided between

the last witness to be called by the prosecution-Mottisfont took charge gate house, to whom he had paid damages for the broken window and the bullet-hole in the wall, and who testified to these facts. The landlord had gossiped about the affair. which was by now common talk in

A Scotland Yard official then gave evidence, under Philip's questioning, that Philip had lodged a complaint of the blackmailing on behalf of his wife, giving big suspicions of Vaille and Bell- also that these two gentlemen were missing. The case was at this point adjourned till the morrow. There was a strong turn of the

"And that!" said Mr. Callaghan grimly, thrown down the paper as he finished reading, "shows you what we have to expect! Gentlemen, could it be worse? Mottisfont's method of de fending his wife is one that I never thought possible for him. It is to attack us, tooth and nail. And he has found a subtle and very perilous way of doing it, as you see!

The other two looked at each other

by tomorrow's hearing."

"I expect you are right," growled Vaille. "He certainly played the deuce with Agnes Tallbois, who was the strongest witness against him. wrung the truth out of her—a thing you could never do, chief. She found him a tougher handful even than that Dago lover of hers, Miguel Casas." "Miguel!" echoed Mr. Bell, thoughtfully; "by the way, what of him?" Callaghan made a gesture of im-

jerked his thumb towards the floor. "What! You mean-Callaghan nodded.

rough tool, and a slow one, that did he work for me. I have had the bare news of it, that's all, but I know it's The Dago disappeared and they couldn't find him. But-

was ended, and his ed Vaille, "one nuisance out of the way. I wish we could get rid of all our troubles as easily and safely Crude methods are often best. Did

ted situation, the defending us now. I promised Drummond he We are fighting for our

He stood up to his full height. "Vaille," he said, " you said a word ust now that is the key to the situa Crude methods are the best. fear Mottisfont far more than the our path clear to safety. He and his briefs, his papers, his plans—that he sits alone ever of a night in Endsleigh building.

startled eyes. "And that cursed brain of his that no man can fathom!" said Callaghan between his teeth. "If all of these went the way that Miguel has

"But can you do it, chief? you do it in time?" said Bell shrinkng.
"I believe I can," replied Callag-

fault, yet I am well served. I will He tapped the table with his

Tomorrow," he said very quietly, "Mottisfont, K.C., will fall to don his gown at the New Bailey. He will have joined Miguel in the shades. By midnight he shall rank among those who have been but are not." CHAPTER XCV.

Bailey as the dusk was closing in; his step was lighter, he held his head high and the fighting gleam was in his eyes. The sitting was ended and he had spent half an nour with Joan, always, of course with solah, always, of course, under supervision, Never had his mly humorous were many of courage been higher.

tide in favor of the prisoner, in pub-llo opinion, and Philip was cheered

Their faces were white. They liked

"All depends on what the third day up his sleeve that is going to play

"Oh, enough of that!" said Callagshould be cleared out of the way long ago, but now I should not care if he ere alive. I should not care if he had sent Agnes Tallbois by the road that he has gone himself! For things have come to such a pass that we can never get our grip on her again.

gone-it is our best chance!"

Trapped.
Philip Mottisfont left the New

laughter and intense interest.

He carried the jury with him. It was a masterpiece of policy.

As soon as he left the box—he was

his neighborhood.

by the spectators from the court when he came into the street. It was a day almost of triumph.

the report of the trial very little.

brings," muttered Callaghan, striking the table. "He will put his wife in the witness-box! And by his hand-ling of that job I foresee that he will weave us still more tightly in the net! I am convinced he has a weapon the deuce with us. We stand or fall

patience.
"Finished!" he said, curtly, and

days ago," he said; "it was

"So there's an end of Miguel," mus-

The other two looked at him with

an grimly, "though I lie here like fox at earth, with the hounds at

erves So Bad That She Would Sit and Cry

Mrs. Mary Hocking, Madoc, Ont., writes:-"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a wonderful lot of good. fered from general weakness and was so run down and my heart were in such bad shape that I would sit down and cry and not know what I was crying about, I also

used to have weak spells. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am real well now. I shall always keep a box of the Nerve Food in the house, and recommend them to my friends;

they are a wonderful medicine. (Mr. J. W. Vince, Druggist, of adoc, Ont., says: "I have sold Mrs. Hocking your Nerve Food,

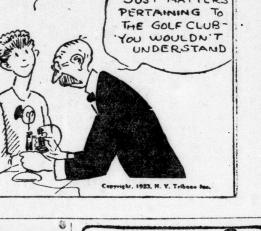
VE FOOD



WE'VE HAD SOME PRETTY MANHOOD TO RESIGN YOU POOR WEAK BLANKITY BLANK BLANK ROTTEN CHAIRMEN BUT YOU TAKE THE BISCUIT YOU LOW DOWN CHEAP BLANKITY BLANK BLANK BLANK BLANK BLANK BLANK







HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS By J. P. Alley

THE CHAIRMAN OF

ON THE PHONE -

IMPORTANT-

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE

BLANK BLANK-BLANK

MAKE YOU THE PRESIDENT OF

THE GOLF CLUB

NEXT

I THINK IT'S VERY

WEN YO' SPERITS GITS LOW-DOWN IT'S A GOOD THING T' GIT SKEERED RIGHT BAD ---- HIT



"It went well!" he said. "I have thrust in the wedge. If only I were in a position to demand a postponement-but no, that will not do. We must carry right on. There is danger still-there is hope!"

As he passed through the hall, a C. I. D. detective inspector, in plain blue serge, who had been waiting, came up to him. "Mr. Mottisfont," he said under

his breath, "will you be good enough to accompany me at once? "What for?" said Philip sharply, "I have something to show you,

of the greatest importance," said the detective, "it allows of no delay." "Have you a clew to the mar Vaille?" said Philip eagerly, "is that "No," said the C. I. D. man. None had taken care not to be seen himself.
of the police seemed to have much His father was still much bigger than faith in the quest on which Mottis-

something quite new. It's best not out of his way. Two or three times to talk of it here; it bears very he had seen Mother Bear. Once he strongly on the case you have in had started to go over toward her, He hailed a taxi, and gave the driver an address which Philip, as the got into the cab, heard with astonishment.

"The mortuary!" exclaimed Philip

"The mortuary!" exclaimed Philip

as they drove off. "What is this over the way Mother Bear had driven about, man? What have you to show him and his twin sister Woof Woof

"A dead body," replied the detective, and was thereafter silent. Philip stared at him, but as the seemed uncommunicative, he there now, for he enjoyed the freeasked no further questions. The thing was beyond him. They alighted a way he partly understood that presently at a plain-looking stone Mother Bear had driven them away building in a back street, where a silent warder, answering the C. I. because it was time for them to go out in the Great World. Still be D. man's ring, admitted them through Passing the deserted coroner's court, their guide unlocked the door

and the official entered it together They were in the room some lit-e time. When they came out again Mottisfont, strong though his nerves were, looked decidedly pale and shaken. The silent warder locked "No," said Philip. "I thought at

first there was something familiar about his face—poor wretch. Yet I am sure now that I do not know him. He is obviously a foreigner." im. He is obviously a foreigner." Every few steps he stood still to they were little ones, but he didn't look, listen and test every Wandering quite dare to. the C. I. D. man, "and his name is Miguel Casas. He has been mur-And now, Mr. Mottisfont, as our cab is waiting for us, we will

watching. He wanted to go over to it, but he didn't dare. He had about official, instead of answering, led him to the taxi. "Bow Street Police Station," he said to the chauffeur and they drove off.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

painting— MARY—To me this is the most in-

an hour that the poets and painters eceive their inspirations.

MARY—And then create their most glorious masterpieces. Oh, don't you envy them their thoughts?

RALPH—I envy their ability to express their emotions, but we ordinary

mortals sometimes have which are just as beautiful as theirs. MARY-I imagine it was at this our and in a setting just like this that Millet had the inspiration for RALPH-Yes can't you picture the wo figures standing with heads near that church steeple over

mere in the distance?

MARY—With bowed heads, repeating their evening prayer. I've often wondered what that prayer was. RALPH—One of the figures is a man, the other is a woman. What could their thoughts have been— MARY—Ever since I first saw the sicture I've wondered—have you thought about it, too?

evening has given me the inspiration.

DISCOVERY.

Hold judgment till you know all

Several times as he wandered about

in the Green Forest Boxer had seen

his father, Buster Bear. But Boxer

he, and Boxer thought it best to keep

Sometimes he would get to puzzling

away from the old home early in the

spring. He couldn't understand it

yet. He had no real desire to go back

dom of doing just as he pleased. In

One day he chanced over near the

old windfall which had once been his

been near there since Mother Bear

old windfall. He was very quiet

and see the old windfall. For a long

time he stood there perfectly still, ing cry. Then there was another just

-Mother Bear.

That may control another's acts.

THE ANGELUS. . MARY—Why, the clock in the vil-RALPH—How beautiful the sunset lage steeple is striking the hour—just RALPH—How beautiful the sunset is tonight! It is like a wonderful aluting—
aluting—
gelus! What a coincidence! RALPH-You asked what their

> MARY-And now I know what the woman's prayer was—
> RALPH—Tell me. It was—
> MARY—"We both thank Thee for
> Thy past blessings and for Thy work

> n ordaining that we should go hrough life together as 'man vife. Bless us both." RALPH-Amen! MARY—Amen.

RALPH-The sunset is fading dear. Our beautiful twilight hour of appiness will soon darken.
MARY--No, love! See, our evening star is risen and is shining brightly for us and saying that it will watch over us through the darkness of the night. before-but this Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger



I sent your recipe to Calamity Ann, Mother Pearl. I hope she got it in time. Am sure you would be disappointed not to have your name in the cook book. Why She Liked It. Dear Miss Grey,-Being one of the

for it before now. I think it is just lovely. I could not wait until I got home, as I had quite a lot of shopping to do, so as soon as I took the envelope from my P O, box I took out my badge, gave it the "O. O.," and pinned it on my dress and wore it home, and did not know I had it or ideways until on my way home I met friend who asked me what the leters were on my pin and told me did not have it on straight. I hope all the Boxites will like their badges. have had a very interesting lette

from "Yorkshire Rose," and hope to hear from her again in the near future. I am inclosing another mit as you sent me such a lovely lot seeds the last time I sent a mi Miss Grey, could you make use of some apron patterns in the Mail-Box to help swell the C. H. F.? If so I will send in a number of them Thanking you once again for badge. I remain. WHY GEE. It is nice to find that everyone (so far, at least) likes the badge. You

know, it was quite a responsibility to put on Cynthia Grey, choosing a badge that everybody would like long as you let me know you like it I am expecting a letter myself from some of the Yorkshireites. I would like the apron patterns. Those I had are all gone. Another Wee Boy.

you from my heart, SUSSEX.
What a dear, good soul you are to

Dear Miss Grey,-Will you kindly orward these beverage recipes to

Calamity Ann, if they are what she wanted. Have another wee boy since I wrote to you last. He was three onths old on the 7th, so with the other two babies under 21/2 years, my Bear shuffled off and disappeared time for letter-writing is limited. I spent today with Foreman's Wife and among the trees. hear from Avon quite often. Now my babies want to go to bed. I will be wanting a badge before long Merry Little Breezes were blowing MRS. REILLY.

toward Boxer. Congratulations, Mrs. Reilly. When Satisfied that all was well. Mothe ou get some snapshots of your wee babies send one along to Cynthia Bear shuffled off and disappeared Grey, and I'll enjoy looking at your among the trees. Boxer remained family. I have an idea the recipes for right where he was for some time Calamity Ann will be a few days late. after Mother Bear had disappeared but I sent them on to her, on chance out in the Great World. Still, he Then curiosity got the better of him. Sussex Sends a Mite. couldn't believe that that was the He wanted to go over to that old Dear Miss Grey,-Many, many

home. "I guess it is safe enough nov thanks for the beautiful badges. that she has gone," thought Boxer, You can never imagine the thrill home, and where he knew Mother and quietly stole out from behind the that went through my heart when Bear had spent the winter. He hadn't pile of brush. He felt a little pan-I looked at the little badges and what they stand for. No. I did not mind waiting. P icky as he approached the old windhad driven him away. Somehow he had felt it would not be wise to go fall, and he looked behind him with me tell you how much I think we back there. But being so near there every step. When he reached the owe to you. The kindness and back there. But being so near there every step. When he reached the this morning, he couldn't resist the entrance he sniffed, and of course he trouble you take over your Boxites wonderful. We also owe thanks temptation of having a look at the smelled the scent of Mother Bear. He to Calamity Ann and December was tempted to go in under that old Bride, but above all to you, for it about it. He put his feet down so windfall just to see the place where softly that he didn't make a sound. he and Woof Woof had lived when seems to me that without you w are nothing. Please accept thanks. Your kind letter arriving with the badge made me feel right down in the corner of my pocket to Again he sniffed rather noisily, and At last he reached a pile of brush was tempted to go in under that old from behind which he could peep out windfall there came a most surprissee if I could find another mite for the cof, and you will see by the in-closed that I did find it. Thanking

It, but he didn't dare. He had about made up his mind to go away when he heard a noise under the old windfall, and a moment later Mother Bear came out. For a couple of minutes she stood still, looking, listening and with her keen nose testing every with the standard of the standard of

like it. Boxer was so astonished that he held his breath. There were



"How many of them would have not loved?"

first to receive the C. G. badge, I feel strentions of Lydia Rockwood's cousin ashamed of not having thanked you with his fine car and his lavish expenditure of money, have quite turned my little girl's head," said Mrs Lane, slipping her arm around Dorothy's waist.
"Mother!" she protested warmly, but she did not deny it.
"Samuel Rockwood is nice enough, dear, but he is an exceedingly selfish man and I am afraid his wife would

Endure two country houses, yacht, a place in Florida, any number of motor cars, oceans of clothes!

"Weighed against the great love of a rising young architect," countered "Why not?" demanded Jim Blake, her mother dryly. Then she added in when Dorothy Lane refused to marry a speculative tone, "There may be some truth in what Mrs. Curtis told him after she had worn his ring for

me this morning: I hardly believed it

"Why-what did Mrs. Curtis say?"
"Nothing much, only that they ad mired Jim so much, and they were glad that Violet seemed to appreciate, him; she insists upon including him in all their invitations. I don't "Right," declared Jim crisply, "and I am glad you have changed your

mind now, and not waited until after we were married."

believe they know about your engagement."

"It is broken. But, mother, Violet "I knew you would feel that way," She said, relieved, and drawing off marry a poor man, and she could marry almost anyone—she is so lovethe modest diamond she was wearing, ly—" she paused, lost in thought, she proffered it. "I am sorry, Jim." "Perhaps she has changed

she proffered it. "I am sorry, Jim," mind, dear. Anyway, it is all right now for poor Jim. He is free, you say? But he might not change very readily—or forget, for he is so de-"What for?" He eyed her truculently, nothing loverlike in his atti-

voted to you, dear child."
"Don't mother—I sent him away!"
"Not your heart—that did not send him away, but your ambition banish He looked at it for a moment, hesi-"He is gone." Dorothy's voice was

tating; then he accepted it and slip-ped it into a pocket. "If you don't frightened now, and she clutched her mother's arm. want it-of course I may give it to The girl bowed her head and cried softly. "I thought so, but somehow, it seems lonesome without him. I "No nice girl would want to wear a ring that was bought for another." told him to go away—that I never wanted to see him again! Or some-thing like that — perhaps I said J There was a tinge of contempt in Dorothy's voice; all the softness had

disappeared from her charming face, would never marry. I said 'never "Forever is a better word, Dor othy," said Jim's dear voice from the doorway. "I made up my mind that you couldn't send me away like that, and so I came back, and I am going to stay forever and ever." By that time Mrs. Lane had slipped out of the room, and Jim had drawn Dor othy down to a low seat before the fire. "Dolly, will you be my suburban wife?" he whispered. "Poor and

happy as the day is long? "Forever and ever!" declared Dorothy enthusiastically. (Copyright, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Relieved Her of "Gone," said Dorothy, with a stiff little smile. "I never want to see him Headaches

Headache seems to be habitual with sighed Mrs. Lane, bending to stir the

want to marry him—I cannot make up my mind to settle down as a ment should be directed to the repoor man's wife and work in poverty, moval of the cause, and with the when all the other girls I know are having fun—and lovely clothes—and everything." moval of the cause, and with the cause removed the headaches will everything."

It is impossible to find a better married the man they did if they had remedy for headaches of every description that can equal B. B. B. act "Oh, I don't know, mother." ing as in ing as it does on every organ of the

Mrs. Douglas Riseborough, 280 Mc-Kenzie St., Sarnia, Ont., writes:-"Having suffered from severe headaches for a considerable length of time I decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and found that it helped me wonderfully. It relieved the headaches, and I noticed a decided im

provement in my health." Burdock Diood Bitters is a remedy she that has been on the market for the loved him very much she might en- past forty-four years, so you don't experiment with some new and untried medicine. It is put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, To

ronto. Ont.-Advt. Burning Feet, Corns and Callouses Halt Mrs. Doyer

On long hike from Boston to Los Angeles Reaches New York Where Foot Troubles Threaten To End

Strenuous Journey. Tells How She Outwitted Pains From Sore, Burning Feet, Corns and Bunions with **GYPSY FOOT RELIEF** A Wonderful Secret

From the Desert

AFTER shaking hands with Governor Cox, of Massachusetts and Mayor Curley, of Boston, Mrs. Bella Doyer and her fifteen-year old son started their long hike from Boston to nothing but jack-knives in their pockets and walking sticks for protection on their strenuous journey. Dressed in khaki uniforms. they reached New York City in good time, where Mrs. Doyer's burning feet, corns and the appearance of a redsore bunion threatened to halt intended record-making expedition. But hearing of the wonders performed by Gypsy Foot Relief, Mrs. Doyer obtained a box and anxiously put it to the test, for here was an aggravated condition of mediate relief, and she must make good her slogan of "reach-Los Angeles-by-foot-or-die!" How Mrs. Doyer succeeded is best told in her words in an interview, just before leaving New mile foot-trip. She said:-When we reach-City, in good

appearance. thought I would have to give up my or-die" program. Hearing about the wonders of Gypsy Foot Relief, I obtained a box and applied it that afternoon, and that night, and the next morning, and to my surprise, my feet felt as if ing and sches had ceased, the soreness had gone and the pains from corns and bunions had disappeared as if by magic. I started on my long hike again and now that I have some Gypsy Foot Relief, I am sure I will reach Los Angeles without any more foot troubles NOTE: - Gypsy Foot Relief, mentioned by Mrs. Doyer, is a secret from the desert. Ap-

pains from burning, calloused feet, corns, and bunions seem to disappear as if by magic! No bother to apply - no plasters-no powders-no soaking feet in medicated baths—no fuss! Simply apply it as directand walk, run or dance as long as you wish or work and stay on your feet as long as you like! So remarkable are the reports of Gypsy Foot Relief from different parts of the coun-

plied in a minute, relief comes

try, that the makers guarantee successful results in every case—or you get back the little it costs! It is sold in this burning, sore and city by all good druggists, including corns and a sore bunion coade their corns and a sore bunion coade their Standard Drug Co., and Standard Drug Co.