Motor Fuel From Acorns

I P to the present time no industrial use has been made of acorns, but recent experiments have shown that alcohol can be made from acorns by saccharifying the starch and converting it into alcohol.

A Magazine Page For Everyone

A Roadway Made of Glass

N the Yellowstone National Park there is a glass road. The clift through which the road was cut is of volcanic glass, jet black and quite opaque, with occasional streaks of red and yellow, and in the sunlight it gleams like a diamond.

THE STRANGER"

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

BY JOHN **GOODWIN**

Agnes Confesses She Has Found No Happiness In Being the Great Lady Tallbois of Knayth

The Senora Speaks. Lady Tallbois of Knayth stood gazing out of one of the many windows in her house in Grosvenor Square. laid his head on her breast as if he Her hands were clasped behind her, her dark eyes listless and dull.

Tallbois. What I've been through!" A little gulp rose in her throat.

"It's just been awful!" she whis-

pered. Drummond, sitting with a dejected air on the sofa, stirred uneasily.

"Oh, you needn't get scared," said Agnes with a shrug, "I ain't going to fly off the handle, Harold. I've no bois, "you began to find that it goat left to get—they've got it all, weren't so bad after all?" I guess. That trial just finished said Drummond beneath his breath. me. I hate myself!"

When he got you. . .

bois wearily, "I bear no grudge "you're speaking the truth now, Haragainst Mottisfont now. Not a cent. old; you've near forgotten how to He was fightin'-for his wife. And speak it this long time past. And I he fought, all out. I like a fighter. He was it! 'You'll find I'm not a from the first. And thenquitter,' he says to me. And he wasn't. That's a man for a woman to be proud of."

She was silent a moment. "D'ye know, I'm glad Joan got off," she said slowly, "yes, I am glad! I wrists in her slim, supple fingers, and never did me any harm. I'm glad, be-Harold. Suppose I wasn't Lady Tallcause it spoiled the graft of these yel-bois of Knayth, but just a poor little low cur-dogs, Callaghan an' his cheap skate of a half caste. Would crew!" There was no passion in her voice, but a dull, consuming bittervoice, but a dull, consuming bitterHe looked at her, faintly startled. ness and disgust. "Yes, I'm glad the little fool is safe, if only because it has finished that rattlesnake Cal- doubt me?" has finished that rattleshake Callaghan! He's down and out. I hope they'll find out enough about the beast to hang him! He made a catstant paw of me, to do Joan Mottisfont in guess you're not. Nothing of Philip Mottisfont shout you Heard!

vagely.
"He sure did. He led you on for "Kiss me, Harold." you hadn't been put wise to the neck-lace job. If I'd thought you were in it, Harold," she added, looking at him oddly, "you wouldn't be sittin' there with a whole skin. There ain't much kick in me now; I'we been wrung, kick in me now; I'we been wrung, I'll see you don't fail."

He caught her to him fiercely, and she gave him her lips. Then she freed herself.

"And now beat it home, kid," said Lady Tallbois, "an' cut out the worry. I'll see you don't fail."

Drummond who had to make her you hadn't been put wise to the neckmangled and hung up to dry. But there's just enough left that I'd kill ence of late, took his leave when the left that I'd kill ence of late, took his leave when the left that I'd kill ence of late, took his leave when the left that I'd kill ence of late, took his leave when the left that I'd kill ence of late, took his leave when I'd kill ence of late, took his leav any of them three if ever they came in my way again!" A faint gleam lit her brows knitted and the win-

face upon his arm, and a gasping sob and her mother stumbled rather than broke from him.

"I'm sick of it all!" he said hoarse- The Senora De Castra Tallbois was made me do the things he's made me do! He got a grip on me once, and he's never let go. I've done with him, whether he wins or loses—what-ever the price is to me." He trembled "And I'm afraid, Agnes-I'm afraid. Lord help me!"

Agnes looked at him wonderingly. Then she sat down beside him and laid a hand on his shoulder.

You're just a kid, Harold," she said gently, "an' not such a bad kid, I guess there's a white streak in you. And black or white, I love you. I girl, "instead of sitting there like a nothing can shake me. So just get this month past that I'm past caring. Mrs. Spite—I feel like a dead woman; there's I must speak! ain't goin' to let you go under. Your record, I reckon, wouldn't look well on be cruel to me.

time. You'd be what they are today But that's cut out. Don't take on so The worst's over!' She put her arms about him and

were a child. "I'm not a fool, Harold," she said er dark eyes listless and dull.

"If it wasn't for you, Harold," she game. Own up, for I'm going to hear said faintly, "I'd just wish I was it from yourself. Didn't Callaghan dead before ever I heard the name of set you on to get around me an' marso you could rob me for the good of him and his crew? Out with

> mond, though the words choked him 'He did. That is what I was to do.' "And though I made it easy, you ought it a heavy job, and reckoned

to hate the sight of me?" "And then." continued Lady Tall-

things. I feel like everybody hates "that in all the world you were the only woman who mattered to me "If I could only have saved you That I loved you, Agnes, cruel and from it, Agnes," said Drummond passionately, "that devil Mottisfont! passionate though you seemed, and every day you got those little hands of yours more tightly round my heart. And, well, I've got to love you. Agnes "Oh, Mottisfont," said Lady Tall"I know it," she said, nodding,

ove you, too, an' I need you a hear worse than you need me. I loved you "And then I got bitter and kicked hard," muttered Drummond, "against Callaghan and his crowd. I became rebellious, and he put the screw on me and life became more than I could stand.

didn't like her but the job was all lies the girl's wonderful eyes looked into lies all the way through! She his appealingly, yet with a gleam of

> "What a question, Agnes! Do you " Drummond smiled, "do you

He used me for a tool! There ain't Mottisfont about you, Harold! Who another such poison-plant as him on am I to blame you? Who are any of us to blame each other? We're too me face of the earth!"
"He used me, too!" said Drummond yellow a crowd. Never mind, I've got the goods-such as they are."

He caught her to him fiercely, and

her eyes, and died out. "But you're her brows knitted and the corners of in it pretty deep, Harold." Drummond had been staring before alone very long. In less than five minutes the door was thrown open and her mother strength a walked into the room.

"I'm sick of it all!" he said hoarsely, writhing in his seat. "I'm sick of the life I've led with that beast, Callaghan. Curse the day I ever methin! If you knew the things he's horner was askey ben forced. bonnet was askew, her face a livid, lemon yellow, and her three chins wabbled upon the collar of silver fox. harder than mine!" "Madre de Dios!" she said piteous-ly, "have mercy on me!"

"Well." said Agnes sharply, "what's got you? Have you seen a ghost?" "No less," muttered the senora, "and I do wish that were all." She sank into a chair and placed a shaking hand over her heart; her appearance startled even Agnes.

"Agnes," said her mother, "do not For the time comes But it ain't for me to say when I have to be cruel to you! And You ain't the crook those other three minutes since, which I think will be

Save Soap Suds

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Saves Soap. You rub the Bar Soap on the soiled parts and get immediate results with no fear of undissolved particles of Soap scattering through the

clothes. Bar Soap is the safest and

most satisfactory.

The saints give me strength to tell you, Agnes," she said, struggling for breath, "for your lot is

suddenly stepping across she sat Just listen to this-down beside her mother and laid a. Mrs. Spite—But, hand on her arm, "See here," she said very quietly, a hold of yourself and talk straight

shiver. "I will tell you everything. But Agnes, speak to me in your own tongue—in the tongue you learned as a little child; not in that jargon of the northern gringoes that you've side at said since you were a girl. Else I cannot collect my thoughts."

"Esta bueno!" said Agnes, drop-

breath.
"This first," she said, trying to meet her daughter's eye, "you a great lady,
Agnes--rich, titled, with all that ambition could ask. Tell me, the mother

Mrs. Spite-No. no! No
Sweet girl! My-my daughter! that bore you, this one thing. Has it brought you happiness?" Her voice was strained and pleading. 'Have you known one hour of peac or joy, or even pleasure, since this great heritage was yours?"

ing from it. first or last, but wretch edness and pain and peril." She rose to her feet. "Many's the time," she said slowly, "many and many's the time, I have wished I'd taken the hundred thousand dollars the stranger. offered me-or a quarter of it-and gone-gone right away for good and

So overwrought was the woman, so poignant the agony in her face, it



HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS By J. P. Alley

ONE REASON DEYS SO MENNY SLEEPY-EYED LOOKIN' FOLKS DESE DAYS, DAT AR RADIO BIZNESS KEEPIN' EM UP LATE AT NIGHT!



Lady Tallbois stared at her, then

"I will," said the woman with a

ping into Spanish, "only tell me dance to him! quickly." The senora struggled a moment for eloping with-

"None!" said Agnes with extraor-dinary bitterness. "I have had noth-

"What is this?" said her mother quickly. "I do not understand you."
"Never mind that; let it alone. It's Never mind that, let alone, it's too late now; what's done can't be undone. I've been a fool. There's a curse on this Tallbois heritage, and all the rogues mixed up in it" "You are right," said her mother. "I hope that curse may be lifted now. Heaven help you, Agnes! I wonder if you mean what you say."

THE ETERNAL QUESTION Mrs. Spite-Hello, is that you, Mrs. Well, I'm sorry, but I won't take

listen!

back a thing I said.

Mrs. Spite-But you've got

Mrs. Gab-I don't want to hurt

Mrs. Gab-You can't change

Mrs. Spite-I must speak!

Mrs. Spite-I must sp-

my daughter has a note for-

to you! I must talk--

to clear my throat-

daughter asking-

the nerve of them!

ing through our cut now-

Mrs.

ought to have a license instead!

Mrs. Spite-Mrs. Gab!

has a note from your daughter-

Mrs Gab-There's somehody way-

daughter's eloped with the Brown boy

Mrs. Spite-Centrali Central

Mrs. Gab- !!!!!

Spite-Asking forgiveness-

hear the train whistle blowing for the

Mrs. Spite-I've been trying to get ou for an hour-has your 'phone opinions of the Browns! been busy? Mrs. Gab—It certainly has not! I've peen right here by it for the last quarters of an hour-talk-Mrs. Spite-Get off the line, centhe this wire's busy! Mrs. Gab—Hello! Hello! Yes, for the last three-quarters of an hour your feelings, Mrs. Spite, but I can't

I've been talking to the manager ask your daughter inside this house if shout the miserable service an— she's married that boy miserable service an-Mrs. Spite-Mrs. Gab! neak right away! Spite-You know Harold

Mrs. Gab-Harold Brown? tainly I know him—and the whole worthless Brown family. Why— Mrs. Spite-Mrs. Gab! Let me tell Mrs. Gab-You don't have to me a word about the Browns! They-Spite-But I must-

Mrs. Gab-Why, that boy's mo-Mrs. Spite-But you must listen-Mrs. Gab-And as for his father!

Mrs. Spite-But, Mrs. Gab! I've go: to tell you-"if there's trouble come, let me hear of Browns is no better—just common it, and quickly. I've stood so much trash! Mrs. Spite-Mrs. Gab! Mrs. Gab!

Gab-Save our breath! There's nothing you can tell me about the Browns! Mrs. Gab-I know all about that

boy, too! Mrs. Spite—He—he's right outside at the station now waiting for a

Try to get Mrs. Gab's number again! for a train to get away? Good rid- her house-Mrs. Spite—But he isn't alone—he's

Sweet girl! My-my daughter Kate-

I'm afraid something— Central—Impossible just now-Mrs. Gab-Harold Brown waiting we're phoning Doctor Fisk to rush to Mrs. Spite-Yes, yes-Central—She was trying to get the president of the railroad, the gov-Gab-Eloping! I knew it! ernor of the state, the sheriff and the told Mrs. Sweet she'd better keep chief of police all on the same phone at once

Not the (Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger

FORGOT. By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Most often 'tis what you forget That causes you the most regret.

—Mother Bear.

Jealous, angry, bound to get even, Boxer, the half-grown young Bear, reached the foot of the tree in which the triplets, his little brother and two little sisters, were playing and having such a good time. For a moment he stood still and glared up at them. Then he stood up, dug his claws into the trunk of the tree and started to climb up.

So overwrought was the woman, so poignant the agony in her face, it was useless to press her; Agnes waited with unusual patience, seeing that her mother was striving desperately for the courage to speak what was in her mind.

Suddenly the senora's fat yellow fingers clenched upon the coverlet of the sofa, and the words came from her with a rush.

"Agnes! I am neither wife nor it was the woman, so poignant the agony in her face, it was useless to press her; Agnes there was a terrible sight, was mother and forgotten all about it. Boxer had forgotten all about it. Boxer had forgotten all about it. Boxer her had forgotten all about it. Boxer had forgotten all about it. Boxer her had forgotten all about it. Boxe

Now, three crying little Bears can make quite a noise. It was this that Boxer had forgotten. He had forgotten that they might cry out for their mother. He should have remembered it. He should have remembered the time when he and his twin sister, Woof-Woof, were about the size of these little cubs and had been fright ned in just the same way by their father, Buster Bear. He and Woof-Woof had done exactly what the triplets were now doing; they had

her with a rush.

"Agnes! I am neither wife nor widow of William Tallbois. You have no right to this great English fortune nor to the title you are known by! And the time has come when they will take it from you!"

(To Be Continued.)

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"Agnes! I am neither wife nor death that he meant them no that he meant them nor to the began to climb again.

But he was only half way up the woung and quick. He was on his feet before Mother Bear could reach bush some distance away. He knew that Mother Bear had heard those cries and was coming. For just a second more other two followed, and as they scrambled all three began to bawl.

Then one turned and began to climb again.

But he was only half way up the woung and quick. He was on his feet before Mother Bear could reach bush some distance away. He knew that Mother Bear had heard those cries and was coming. For just a second more other two followed, and as they scrambled all three began to bawl.

Then one turned and began to science when he heard a crashing in the bush some distance away. He knew that Mother Bear had heard those cries and was coming. For just a second more down, and he started down, and he started down, and he started down a lot faster than he had started up. The



former address, the letter would in sincere piety by contrast. So he had great kindness, and greater kindness Mrs. Gab—Well, the quicker it so glad you liked the way the bulb rimony. I know, because I drew up didn't know something else. He came for love. I found when you clutched marriage settlements that made the

Lovely Bronze Tulips.

Lovely bronze tulips, arranged in Mrs. Spite-My daughter Kate- and white blooms-thanks to Aunt my daughter has a note for—
Mrs. Gab—Has a note? Well, she with them on my desk. It was so thought to have a license instead!
Mrs. Spite—Stop! She has a note
Margaret I was able to start the week with them on my desk. It was so thoughtful of you to bring them, Aunt Margaret. I am sorry the badge have in sight—

"Ayres should be doing a joy dance—thanksgiving for deliverance."

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"Ayres should be doing a joy dance—thanksgiving for deliverance."

"Ayres should be doing a joy dance—thanksgiving for delive Mrs. Gab-Go ahead and talk-I

you one the minute they arrive. Flower-Pot Gardening.

Dear Miss Grey,-It is poor policy Mrs. Gab—Go ahead, but hold on at the attic because I always come on you were due to be the happy man— selves." to the line while I take a cough drop a pile of old newspapers and maga- that's why I sang as I did." zines, and get started reading and Spite-My daughter Kate there's where the housecleaning stops. But perhaps you won't mind Mrs. Gab-Well, the train is passbecause I found these hints in an old scrap-book, and you may print them Mrs. Spite-A note from your one at a time if you like, or all at once if you have room. We're a topheavy family, Miss Grey, living in an ng out of the window of the trainupstairs apartment with an attic, but no garden. And I have a natural bent for gardening, so you will see Mrs. Gab—Asking forgiveness? Mrs. Spite—Oh, Mrs. Gab, your the two don't hang together very well. Still, I thought I might have some luck growing one or two of Aunt Nannie's lilies in a flower pot. and I tried to tell you in time to stop Will you let me try?

CREOLE. Horse-radish and cold beef! A nice zestful sort of meal for a warm day, isn't it, Creole, so I am printing the horse-radish recipe first. "Gather the roots when the first green leaves appear above ground. Wash the roots, scrape off the skin, and then grate on a coarse grater. Pack the grated horse-radish into glass jars. In an enameledware saucepan heat vinega and salt in the proportion of one tea spoon of salt to one cup of vinegar Bring to a boil, skim with enameled ware skimmer, and pour the vinega prepared, it will last for months.

A New Variety.

We have added a new variety to the Mail-Box assortment of seeds, Boxites. Aunt Kate has sent in a quantity of scabiosa. I'll be glad to forward it to anyone who will send a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

crashing in the brush drew neares at a surprising rate. It was clean that Mother Bear was coming in . hurry.

Boxer let go and dropped. Yes, sir, he let go and dropped. He couldn't take the time to climb down. And it was well for him that he dropped just when he did. Just as he struck scrambled frantically as high as just when he did. Just as he struck they could and had bawled as hard the ground out from among the trees as they could. Mother Bear had plunged Mother Bear! Boxer had heard them and had arrived just in just, one glimpse of her as he scrambled to his feet, and that one glimpse

It was well for Boxer that he was young and quick. He was on his feet before Mother Bear could reach him a second time. Then how-he did

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

AN EXPERIENCE MEETING. Y MARTHA MCCULLOCH-WILLIAMS Noel Gray came up the drive chant-

ing loud and clear: "Huntsman, huntsman, blow your

Fox has got your goose and gone." With the last word he swept his hat in a wide flourish.

shook her head at him, saying: "It is "Ready for the question, Mr. Ayers?" You got here next the judge. Please history. You know as well as I that in this case it is the goose that has got the fox and gone," dimpling wickfine as flow silk, and a figure the perfection of round slender litheness. Naturally young fellows up and down Caney Fork pined to be seen in

her company, also to eat the fat and drink the sweet abundantly provided in the home that was her background. Noel was very much at home thererather more so than at his legal residence, where a thrifty stepr good things Susanna's folk, the Deans, preferred to eat or give But child of the house that he felt

himself, he never forgot his manners. Milly, Susanna's great-aunt and fairy left for prep school-godmother. The girl was so vivid, "And straightway was still so new and raw he blushed yourself." the sound of his own voice, and Judge Jameson, case-hardened in law was deadly angry so angry his pasand politics, whose substitute for religion was enlightened selfishness.

and goose problem?" Noel asked meekly, seating himself upon the meekly, seating himself upon the steps where he had a view of Sustrant—or I with the step where he had a view of Sustrant—or I with the step with the step where he had a view of Sustrant—or I with the step with the step where he had a view of Sustrant—or I with the step with the step where he had a view of Sustrant—or I with the step with the ste anna in profile. "It's important—or I wouldn't ask." Noel went on: "I came sharp and clear across the sunny morning. But Noel did not speak the words; he had no breath. It was Susann's voice—Susann's v appear to be one."

Explosive laughter sounded man's grip, the while she taunted:

Through it the judge rumbled: "You coward! You bad loser! For "Young man, your question insults very shame—you should let a better even your own limited intelligence. In man have his say fact, explanation is superfluous. Patently Mrs. Nelson is a goose of the gring, muttering as he sank into hist first water—I mean in the first weight—and ripe for the plucking. Broker Noel, I deserve it; it may make your Stacy, with whom she has eloped much against his will, is a fox—all "Now you're talking foolish," Su much against his will, is a fox-all Stacy outfit will give Caney Fork happiness we will more than forgive, honceforth a wide berth."

"I see," Noel commented. "Any let us, and forget everything but love." henceforth a wide berth.'

the nicest sort of a bouquet with red body want to do a war dance on me? love.

hove in sight-"Oh, oh — really — judge — you're quite wrong," Ayers gasped, his face have plumbed the deeps of myself." rivaling a cluster of young beets. for me to commence to clean house the wind blew that way. Thought strive to help others redeem themsaying: "Why, judge, I didn't dream of your forgiveness I shall henceforth

"Shut up, you puppy!" the judge roared, his countenance a brick-red that all but put the curate's out of

Black-eyed Susan clapped her hands softly, saying with sprightly malice: "As we have set up the confessional, suppose we all turn mad enough to speak truth on ourselves? Judge, you go first, in right of age and honors. Cross your heart—why did you come here this morning?" "To get ahead of that pulpit-prett who haunts you all day," the judge boomed. "I didn't agree to tell the whole truth, but the chance is too good to lose. I'm not afraid of him; he's merely an irritating excrescence

to marry you, no matter who objects.
Even Aunt Milly; she can give her
money to the heathen and be hanged
to them. But I've waited ten years for you to grow up, young woman, I'll wait ten more if I have to, but you'll have the devil's own time mak-

ing me do it."
"Open confession is good for the soul." Black-eyed Susan commented airily, turning a beautiful back to her elderly suitor and asking honeyedly:

"I—I couldn't! Not—not before all these people!" Ayers faltered, making got the fox and gone," dimpling wick-edly as she spoke. Besides the dimples and the black eyes she had red lips, a rose flushed brown skin that defied wind and weather; leaf-brown hair, least I haven't got cold feet, what-ever else I lack. Fire away, Susan: but you know without telling why I'm

"I don't!" stoutly from Black-eyed Susan. The judge growled and ground his teeth. "Girls like you ought to be drowned when they're babies," he muttered.

"But would you like the job of picking them out?" Susan asked de-murely. "Babies, you know, all lock so much alike." "They don't!" the judge thundered,

"I'll bet a hat you were a charmer at three days old. I can speak for ten Thus he was first favorite with Aunt days—saw you then—just before L "And straightway forgot me until so whimsically charming she harmon-ized colors and situations that in the

face of pallid personalities swore at eyed one half chanted. "You see, I don't believe that wait-ten-years each other. Witness the soft crimson story. In fact, all I believe about story. In fact, all I believe about you is that you're a magnificent lover, but able to love really nothing but The judge's eyes shot sparks-he

sion demanded an object. Lurching upward he caught Noel's throat in a 'Can she explain, judge? The fox strangling grip, saying hoarsely "Come out of this-away from here, my fine young cock, your comb needs

The judge fell back, almost stag-

hands groping to loosen the mad-

I can't find Belle under a city address in the Mail-Box. Just Ethel, but if you would like to write to her much against his will, is a load and but the cunning. She got the drop on him, so to speak, by learning expericinging to Noel, her face close to his mentally his manner of investments shoulder. "Think he would harm any-body who has done him kindness." all probability be forwarded. I am to choose between jail for life or matit because every package meant so much more for the fund.

I liked doing marriage settlements that made the him that there was love to draw him that there was love to draw him just told the tale—knowing well the homizon the depth and delight of our

> The judge sat, his head howed or his hands, hard, slow tears gathering. "Ayres should be doing a joy but not falling. A long minute he Rising, he took both their hands in a Noel made a feint of amazement, est of my fellows. In the redemption





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