FOR GET IT

MAY BE CHILDISH

BUT IM NOT A

KILL - JOY LINE

SOME PEOPLE

KNOW

I SAID

NOW LOSE

YOU CAN T

STAND IT TO

HAVE YOUR SHORT-COMINGS THROWN UP TO

YOU RE THE

MOST SENSITIVE

PERSON I EVER

ASHAMED IF I

TO ACT LINE THIS

OF MYSELF

WERE YOU

YOUR TEMPER!

## Loamy Soil Attracts Lightning

ATE inquiry has shown that lightning strikes loamy soil 22 times as often as chalk, and sandy soil and clay with intermediate frequency.

# A Magazine Page For Everyone

Somebody Is Always Taking The Joy Out Of Life.

OH FORGET IT

YES THAT'S

SHIRKING YOUR

RESPONSIBILITY

YOU NEVER WAN'

TO TALK OUER SERIOUS MATTERS

YOU - ALWAY!

## Largest Armory In the World

THE largest armory in the world is located in the Bronx and is occupied by the 258th Field Artillery of the New York National Guard.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

## The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON.

## The Years Roll On—Terry Grows Up and Miles Sheridan Goes Away To Fight In France

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY: Teresa Desmond (Terry), a beautiful mother the whole sum needed for imaginative child who worships "Cinderella's" schooling, in one big Juliet Divine, the stage name of her She rides in a gorgeous car and talks of a million-

Terrence Desmond, their father, duick-tempered and unreliable, was formerly a caretaker of a Long Island estate. Forced to leave the as she prayed, with eyes tight shut,

Julia's stepmother, fears "disgrace" praying!
in the latter's career.

One da

formerly caretaker.

never forget, is engaged to Miles Sheridan, a handsome, likable, had called Terry. "Rose and Ma young chap. His car breaks down and I think it's the image of you."

at the door of The Blue Moon, and the child's charm and anxious to the child's charm and anxious to the send for his fiance's past rudeness, supplies the wherewithal to send Terry to a convent for the What she saw was an enlarged next seven years.

#### CHAPTER VII. THE GRIM REAPER.

forty miles away, but after she was eyes smiled into the camera. 12 Terry did not go home for her holidays. Mother came to visit her in-

the child pleaded. Always she was mother and Julia wished the answered evasively, but the true rea-the girl's mind as on the stage" was the excuse, yet she grew older.

The Blue Moon Inn was popular and more heavily. His temper couldn't grown up!) it was more marked.

she sent presents and birthday tele-

were "knitting or something," Mary, slightly embarrassed, said yes, she supposed so. All the girls in the convent school knitted and sewed, and made bandages for the soldiers.

The only difference was that she'd Terry applied herself to this work with secret joy, almost with passion, because mother had read in some The November before Terry's paper that the "Prince"-Miles Sher-

happen to wear a scarf she had knitted?

## Cuticura Soap Vithout Mug

you ever tasted!

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batches by the CERTO process.

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CERTO is a pure fruit product-not a

It is sold by grocers everywhere. Recipe

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Book of 76 recipes wrapped with every

tine and contains no preservative.

The Prince had, it seemed, sent check soon after his adventure at the inn. Then, a few weeks later, he had married Miss Sheen, and there

estate through an escapade of she saw the dark face lit with its Terry's, he opened a roadhouse brilliant smile, as it had been when called The Blue Moon, with money he waved his hat for good-bye advanced to him by perhaps forever! She wondered if Tom Perrin, a prosperous friend of Betty Sheen (Terry hated to think Julia's.

of her as Betty Sheridan) prayed,
too? It was hard to imagine Betty

One day when Terry was 16, an older girl beckoned her to the garden seat, where three of the class ahead of hers were sitting together. Some-Betty Sheen, her spoiled, young granddaughter, whose rudeness to Terry, at Silverwood, the latter will plement.

"Look at this." said the girl who ad called Terry. "Rose and Mame The newspaper fragment had the meets Terry. Delighted with the child's charm and anxious to tween the leaves of a lesson book

snapshot of a beautiful young woman with a splendidly-developed yet slender figure generously shown in bathing dress. Her head was swathed The convent was not more than in a handkerchief-cap, and the big This alluring creature had a back

ground of sands and surf stead, but could never stay long; a few days at the most.

"Why can't I go home with you?"

"Why can't I go home with you?"

"Why can't I go home with you?"

"Terry bit back the cry, "Why, it's my sister!" she remembered that, for some unknown reason, father and

Terry felt vaguely that there Long ago at Silverwood the child with a rowdy crowd of young men had seen the resemblance: and now and women, and father drank more she had grown up (sixteen seemed

Altogether Terry portrait of Teresa, not Julia, Deswould have been glad not to return, if mother could have paid longer ment of the figure. The younger girl was already as tall as Julia, but she had the sword-like slenderness the the convent.

But Julia never came. Instead, boy.

"I wonder if Jule has war work to had the sword-like slenderness of a

do at that place by the sea, Palm Beach," she thought "Or maybe in in Europe, and America had joined. By this time a great war was going on in Europe, and America had joined. Women were eagerly helping, and when Terry asked mother if Julia yulia to answer, which she seldom or never did.

Julia hadn't changed her address

Julia hadn't changed her address since the day when she first motored seventeenth birthday the war ended tell that by some chance he mightn't happen to wear a scarf she had the convent whose peace had not Everyone was joyous on Armistica

knitted?

She might even have tried to get his address, so as to post him a scarf with a note "from Cinderella," if she hadn't felt sure she must long ago hadn't felt sure she must long ago forgotten.

It was the began to ask herself what would happen when the summer holidays came. The seven years' schooling specified and paid for by Miles Sheridan would be at an end. Would she dan would be at an end. Would she go home? Or, would mother have saved up money to keep her at the convent a year longer, according to a secret plan.

"At eighteen your character ought

to be formed, and you can go into to be formed, and you can go into the world to earn your own living," she had said. "That will be better than staying in a house like ours. You can find a good, quiet place as

#### IM GOING TU YOU ALWAYS ACT AS OF YOU IS THOUGH I WAS TRYING REEL UP AND SO CHILDISH TO NAG YOU WHEN IT DON GC BACK YOU ACT JUST IM JUST TRYING TO SPOIL MY LIKE A CHILD BE A HELP THAT GOOD TIME THE TROUBLE WITH GOING TO DO NOW

YES IT WOULD

BE IDEAL ONLY

FOR ONE THING

TO HAVE OUR

THE WINTER

CUAL IN FOR

ISN T THIS JUST

OF THE POOR

HOT CITIES.

GOSH THIS

IS MY IDEA

OF A VACATION

Hambone's

Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

- I AIN' JES' ZAC'LY

SKEERED WEN I'SE ROUN'

A GRAVE-YAHD BUT DEY

AIN' NO HARM IN WATCHIN'

steady hand. Her love, and she

It was on her lungs, and the doc-

day. Then, one morning, a telegram came for "Miss Teresa Desmond," the

"Mothr died suddenly, pneumonia. No time send for you. Funeral yes-terday. Get couple of mourning dresses my expense. Will send

dresses my expense. Will send money fare home. Wish you return for good next week, I need your help.

Will settle all expenses. Terence

Tomorrow's installment brings a sad change for Terry.

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many teas called Orange

Pekoe Tea.

cents.

she had ever received.

### Little Nanny Meadow Mouse Feels In Her Bones That Something Is Going To Happen

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

When Danny and Nanny Meadow louse had finished putting a roof on that old nest of Redwing the Black-bird they had the most comfortable nome they ever had owned. Inside they had a soft bed, and they had made that roof so that even in hard rain no water came through. Always when one of them came out it was with great care to make sure that o one was around. Danny poke his head out, look and listen carefully, then scramble down to the ground as fast as he could. Nanny climbed back to it without first makng sure that no one was about. So heir home remained a secret.

For a long time they lived in peace

and comfort. They made little paths out in the grass of the Green Meadows. The grass grew tall so that it overed these, and made little tun-lels of them. This just suited suited

Since then Terry had taken up typing and shorthand with one of the nuns who had had a business educa-Danny and Nanny almost forgot that it was necessary to always watch out. Peter Rabbit was the first one to discover them, and even he couldn't find their home, as you already know.

"I never was so happy in all my life," declared Danny one evening as he and Nanny were starting out to look for supper. "I always used to think that the only place for a home Mouse."

That is why I knew right away that this would be the safest home we have ever had. There is nothing like doing the unexpected to fool people. We have been left in peace so long that I just know something is going to happen soon. I feel it in my bones."

"Pooh!" said Danny Meadow Mouse. "Mother'll tell me at Easter what I'm to do," she thought.

But mother did not come at Easter.
She wrote a short letter in an unso disappointed, she had taken a bad look for supper. "I always used to "Poo think that the only place for a home Mouse. tor ordered her to lie in bed, but her little girl mustn't worry. After that a week passed without a word, though Terry wrote every

They Made Little Paths Out in the

Danny and Nanny. They could come Birds who build in trees and bushes and go as they pleased without being have more sense than I thought they and go as they pleased without being seen by watchful eyes.

The fact is, there were very few watchful eyes near there. You see no Meadow Mice had lived there before, and so Reddy Fox. Old Man Coyote and Hooty the Owl and Redtail the Hawk never thought to look there. Never in their lives had Danny and Nanny known such peace. It seemed too good to be true. They brought up two families in that new home, and sent them out into the Great World to make their living. In fact, it was so peaceful there that Danny and Nanny almost forgot that it was necessary to always watch out.

was on the ground or in it. But I wouldn't trade this home of ours for the best home of that kind that I The next story: "Nanny's Feelings ver saw. Not a single soul has Were Right.

## Dictation Dave By C. L. Funnell.

urgent letter here from Miss Romancie Fuss, Engagement Falls, men whom he had met at dippers and racked his brain for a clue. He had so often been guilty of forgetting young wo-some and am seriously contemplation. Romancie Fuss, Engagement Falls, New Hampshire, and I guess we better answer it dear Miss Fuss. We have your letter asking for the

name of a song that goes I am waiting Edgar waiting for the thrilling of your ring not the kind the doorbell ingles that don't get a girl a thing thoughts.

What I hope you'll gimme Edgar what I wish for when I sigh is a twenty carat diamond that will graph, and so knowing a smile swept was the eye and one copy of this song if we have it written for constrained to remark:

thoughts.

When Martha brought him his tea in the afternoon she glanced in apparent surprise at the large photograph, and so knowing a smile swept graph, and so knowing a smile swept would be a swept into her eyes that Jack Marvel felt into her eyes that Jack Marvel felt over. Your stories needed the human touch and late dight's causet. Drive the swept to the story of the same throughts.

"She is my best chum." Geclared Martha, "and she has posed for most of the big artists and only a week ago married a bank clerk. I felt that you needed someone in your life to love. Your stories needed the human touch and late late of the big artists and only a week ago married a bank clerk. I felt that you needed someone in your life to love. Your stories needed the human touch and late late of the big artists and only a week ago married a bank clerk. I felt that you needed someone in your life to love. Your stories had a late of the big artists and only a week ago married a bank clerk. I felt that you needed someone in your life to love. Your stories had a late of the big artists and only a week ago married a bank clerk. I felt that you needed someone in your stories needed the human to love. Your stories needed the late of the big artists and only a week ago married a bank clerk. I felt that you needed someone in your stories needed the late of the big artists and only a week ago married a bank clerk. I felt that you needed someone in your stories needed the late of the big artists and only a week ago married a bank clerk. I felt that you needed someone in your stories are the late of the big artists and only a week ago married a bank clerk. I felt that you needed someone in your stories are the late of the big artists and only a week ago married a bank clerk. What I hope you'll gimme Edgar what I wish for when I sigh is a wenty carat diamond that will of this song if we have it written fo he soprano singing voice paragraph Well Miss Fuss the title of this you have so expertly quoted "Oh," said Martha, "I always did like golden-haired heroines." song you have so expertly memory young girls have when comes to the words of songs like that is comma IF YOU'RE BIDDING Daisy.

JUST MAKE IT A DIAMOND and "Oh we are all out of this just now but stroked David's big head: "I would arms, suggest another favorite entitled DO have said she had very fair hair and "Wi YOU SMILE WHEN YOU'RE light blue eyes."
DREAMING OF ME which goes like Marvel watcher this dash when you talk of a garden of a cottage for two oh why look at "If me when describing such scenes and and why should I look back at you

which I think you will find equally suitable for summer evening singing send by return mail. Yours for honeyed harmony THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM

than a degree of depreciation of one's charms; there was a bit of hardness, too, but hardness seemed in many in-Jack Marvel sat in his flowerstances to be a co-partner of clever. bound summer house writing rather gloomily. He was a bit fed up with

ness and the face of Daisy held much that denoted cleverness. During the few weeks following it seemed to Marvel that Daisy had beome an intimate part of his life. Her photographs were laced prominently in his workroom. Certainly a girl tho sent a man so many photographs would, in all probability, present herelf in person in the course of time.

Martha went about her tasks as

isual, and in her heart smiled at the

gone off and married a bank clerk

"A bank clerk," sniffed Martha when she might have had Jac-Mr

to blush at her own lapse, but then

she always thought of him as Jack.

The sense of hidden romance had

turned Jack into a human being. So

human, in fact, that he found his

eyes watching for the bit of femininity

in the form of Martha, who daily

made her way down through the

David, the hound, had become s

devoted to her by this time that he

bounded away to meet her, and even

the sleepy Persian had taken to wak-

ing up long enough to receive the soft

about lovely womanhood-I wonder-

His musings were interrupted by

"I am sorry to disturb you, Mr.

know if you would mind her having

Marvel laughed, "Martha," he said, "I wonder what

"Oh!" gasped Martha, "you can't do that. Mr. Marvel-Daisy is married

touch and I-I-didn't expect Daisy to go off and get married before she

Marvel sat down. He felt stunned.

Martha felt a bit tearfu

"Martha," demanded Marvel, "what

"After all," mused Jack, "there is

aress of Martha's fingers.

omething wonderfully

Martha's sudden appearance.

your books to read.

banks of flowers with his tea tray.

ing forth their sweetly laden breath; the birds were twittering in the shrubs and there was the rhythmic munching of contented cattle in the sunny field behind the summer house. All seemed curiously alive—except change in Jack Marvel. She knew thing or two about what men required There was inspiration in in this happy old world, but she was in more or less of a predicament now anything and his copy was bleak and uninteresting.

And back in the kitchen, while pre- at the sudden news that her chum the original of the photographs, had

MARVEL AND HIS MAID.

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

life in general and didn't know just

Everything was gloriously alive in

the universe. The flowers were send-

paring his tea tray there, was one who understood. She was Martha, the neat maid, who under the guid-ance of Mrs. Armstrong, Marvel's nousekeeper, was learning the light Marvel." Martha had had the grace When she carried the tea tray down

to the summer house. Martha stopped on her way to pick a fragrant blos-som with which to adorn the tray. Marvel looked up from his desultory scribbling and smiled as Martha put his tea beside him. No one could help a momentary cheeriness when Martha was about, she was so sweet and sunny and perky in her snowy cap and dainty apron. Even David, the big hound, arose to snuggle his nose in her soft palm. The cat, being a cat, continued sleeping. "The lure of the sex." laughed Mar-vel, a trifle irritably, alluding to

David's undoubted affection for Mar-

"Animals are sometimes more human than men," said Martha with shy smile, and departed, It was following her trip to the arbor that Martha decided to introduce something in the nature of romance into the life of Jack Marvel.

Marvel, but Mrs. Armstrong wants to know if you would mind her having She felt that he required stirring up by a force more vital than his writer's imagination. If Marvel once to think I could take charge for once. loved a girl, and had her beside him I-can cook quite nicely and-would weaving her in and out among the golden threads of his romances, Marweaving her in and out among the golden threads of his romances, Marcha knew he would write better than he did.

Two days later Marvel's mail brought him the photograph of a most provely girl. On the back was written:

"Certainly," laughed Marvel, "but won't you be a bit lonesome all day in the big house?"

"Oh, no," said Martha shyly, "I am never lonesome when I have one of lonesome when I have one of

brought him the photograph of a most lovely girl. On the back was written: atom of an admiring public.

teas, but surely he could not have tost with," he indicated the numerous pic-one so beautiful escape without fur-tures about the den, "Daisy"? ther acquaintance. But not a vestige of a clue could he find. He put the photograph of Daisy up already.

He put the photograph of Darsy up on a shelf facing his desk, and, glancing at it from time to time, felt a curlous pleasantness stealing over his curlous pleasantness stealing over his careching the hotly blushing face.

constrained to remark: for my new "Type of heroine serial," and bent over his desk.

"She's dark," Marvel informed his Many emotions were crowding into maid, and cast a speculative glance at his brain. Martha was so close to "Oh." mused Martha, while she that he took her straightway into his

have said she had very fair hair and light blue eyes." "What about you needing someone to love?" he asked unsteadily. "How Marvel watched her tripping back about your being that someone who

head lingered in his senses. There followed numerous pictures of Daisy—Daisy mounted on a fine mare with a stunning riding costume

Daisy in smart street clothes and in for two mixed voices which we can the most ravishing of ball gowns. Jack began to study the face in real earnest. There was no small amount of conceit in the face, but that was no worse

met you."

and her voice trembled

up the garden path and a memory of the white fingers caressing David's head lingered in his senses. quite know what was the matter with me-Martha-tell me." ne-Martha-tell me."

But Martha didn't have to say anything-she was one of those

derstanding people who, by a mers lifting of the eyelashes, could tell Jack Marvel all the things he wanted

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#### Old Method New Method CERTO Process 23c per pound 2 lbs. Raspberries \$ .47 2 lbs. Sugar .22 20c per pound Ibs. Raspberries \$ .47 \$ .69 1/2 Bottle CERTO .20 Makes 3 lbs. Jam at 23c pound Makes 5 lbs. Jam at 20c pound This diagram explains itself. The CERTO process not only produces more and better Jam and Jelly but at less cost, in less time, and with less labor. The old method for Jam and Jelly making called for long boiling. The CERTO process calle for only one minute's boiling—thus the full flavor, color and aroma of the luscious ripe fruit are retained. The most delicious Jam and Jelly

## The Cure For Restlessness and Noise Is More Restlessness and Noise— Turn the Child Loose

Sonny is six years old and very lively. He loves to make a train of himself and shuff, shuff along the polished hall, clanking, ding-donging

Now he's the engineer, head out of the window and hand on the throttie and yelling "Fire up, you Jim!" Now he's the conductor, calling "B-oo-rr-d Right!" waving his curt signal to but to get out to play, none.

the engineer ahead. Now he's the When a child is troublesome be brakeman, waving his flag and yelling like mad, "Dan-ger-r-r! Flag! Danger-r-r-r!" train, no doubt about that.
"Sonny, stop that noise! That's

surely enough now. Keep still until find ways of expressing itself that I finish this letter, and I'll change will not be more comfortable for the your clothes so you can go out and Silence for a minute, perhaps two. Then Sonny begins to shuff-shuff softly up and down the hall. His

mother writes on busily. The train speeds up and the noise keeps up Soon it fills the house and mother calls: "Sonny, didn't I calls: "Sonny, didn't I tell you to stop that? Now step it this minute. Keep quiet until I finish. If you make another uproar I'l keep you in

all afternoon.",

The letter-writing is resumed and the stillness lasts for a few minutes. Then the low shuff-shuff begins and the train starts like a muffled freight, only to turn into the Chicago Limited making time around the curves.
"Sonny, come in here. Now s down where I can see you, and you'll stay in this afternoon. You'll lose your play for being so disobedient. I spoke to you three times. Now you can suffer for it."

Which is why we speak about it. He should not suffer the loss of his play, because he needs it quite as much as he needs his sleep and his

the noise was bound up in just that. keep him in and tell him to be quiet turn him outdoors at once? He doesn't need so much fussing

over. The loose overalls that he can slip on himself, and with a little assistance button or buckle take no time. If he were going to a garden party there might be some sense in having him dressed as a green and gold buttercup, though we doubt it,

cause he wants to exercise his body and his lungs, it won't mend matters He's a busy to try to make him sit still and kee quiet. That represses his energy, and as it must escape somehow, it wil herve-weary grown-up.

The cure for restlessness and nois

is more restlessness and noise is more restlessness and noise. Turn the child loose and let him have it out. To deprive him of his playtime is not healthy for his body or his mind. Nor will it prove healthy for the adult who tries it. (Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)





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