

Sleep With Head to the North

IF YOU want to live long sleep with your head pointing directly north and your feet due south. Such is the advice of a European doctor, who died recently at the age of 100. It was his habit to take a compass to bed with him.

"THE STRANGE"

A Story of Tangled Human Emotions
Told With Sympathy By a Great Writer

BY JOHN
GOODWIN

Hilda and Drummond Gossip About Joan's Affairs and Philip Mottisfont

"Charming—charming," he replied.
"It means the Little Lamb, you know."
"Little Lamb," murmured Drummond. Her eyes seemed to his positively gleaming. "Things seemed to be moving rather quickly, didn't they?"
"Yes. It's nearly the same in Spanish as in English," she pronounced in the Spanish fashion, alluringly.
"It sounds softer in Spanish," said Drummond.
"Softer—nothing!" Her face darkened. "I hate the damned language. I learned it as a kid, but I want to forget it! All that's behind me. It's Agnes with the hard Geo for mine. And soon," she added with a triumphant laugh, "I'll be Agnes, Lady Tallois. Ain't that right?"
"Not until you are a dowager," corrected Drummond with a smile, "say Lady Tallois."

"I see. Mommer will be the dowager. There'll be two of us then." "Not exactly," said Drummond, "your mother will still be Mrs. Tallois, for her husband died in the lifetime of the late peer. But the title descends to you."
"I'll make it hum," said Miss Tallois with conviction. "I'll get it. They tell me it'll be a mighty short while now. Say, it's real fine of you to put me wise to these stunts. You've been here at all, haven't you? It's like learning to eat cheese-on-salad, the way they do up north. I suppose I need training. I want to run with the right gait over here. Say, do you think I'll fill the bill?"
"Magnificently. You will be the social success of the year," said Drummond, without much inward faith in what he said. There are some dishes too highly seasoned even for London.
"All the same," she added, impatiently, "this yegg stuff has me peeved sometimes."

Drummond looked bewildered.
"It gets my goat," she insisted, "learning to put on starch. You wouldn't know me from an English woman now, but I guess I may break out sometime. I'll keep it up. There'll be money to burn, anyway. Why shouldn't I be just myself?"
"Why, indeed?" he said, hopefully.
"I shouldn't worry about it at all." "Ah, but I like being taught by you!" she murmured, "else I'd have turned it down long ago. I guess I'll keep right on. She's fed me out of the window at the spreading tentacles of London as the train reached the southern suburbs—elms, half-hidden in a country place, out to town again, an mighty glad I am to see it! Me for the streets! I believe I'd have gone mad another day in that dead alive country place!"
"It was dull there for you, I'm afraid," said Drummond, "but Mr. Callaghan decided it was absolutely necessary for you to come out here, in a quiet place for a while, where the newspaper man couldn't find you."

"Believe me," said Drummond earnestly, "publicity would be the worst thing possible for you, up to now. There were strong reasons against it. Callaghan, who has your best interests at heart, knows that, and so he arranged for you and your mother to stay at that little country house at Telgate, quite out of the way in a quiet place for a while, where the newspaper man couldn't find you."
"I guess I have to," replied the girl, suddenly. A shadow came over her face.
"But now we want you in London, and you can stay in our old quarters, Agnes, for everything goes right ahead from today. Your case has been put forward. And so I've told you the pleasant news. You'll never have to complain of being dull again!" he added.
"Good for you! I just live on excitement," she said, green with joy.
"That little house gave me the fanatics. Knayth was different. I liked the place. It's the real goods—like you run about. I'll make Knayth hump itself when I take hold. There's a lot of things I'll alter there."
"You've been to Knayth?" he exclaimed.
"Didn't you know that?" Agnes sniggered. She told him in pungent language of her day and night encounter with Joan Tallois. It lost nothing in the telling. Drummond looked amazed.

"That was not wise, Agnes," he said, gravely.
"Wasn't it? But it was just honey to me!" retorted Agnes. "I had to see the girl, and hand her the goods! She'd have held me off for keeps if it hadn't been for your crowd. Can't you guess how I hate her—the pink-faced doll with her staring blue eyes? She looked at me as if I were a nigger!" Agnes' white teeth clicked together and her dark pupils glared.
"When I don't like people, Harry, I don't like 'em," said Drummond. "By Jove!" said Drummond. "I wonder if that was the reason she cleared out?"
"Has she done that?"
"Yes. She has cut the whole thing, and gone back to the rift-riff she used to live with, somewhere south of the Thames. Callaghan told me. That's all he knows—he doesn't take much interest in her now. By the way, you have nothing to fear from her whatever; her lawyers are only putting up a formal defense to the case."

"Quit, eh? She told me she would, but I didn't believe it. Though, she knew she'd get no show, of course. I haven't done with her yet! So it's the sidewalk for her, is it?"
The girl chuckled. "Say—has she got a feller?"
"A what?" Oh—yes," said Drummond. "Mottisfont—the barrister, who won her case for the House of Lords. A well-known K.C. They were to have been married at St. George's next week."

"Guh! A swell, eh? Rich?"
"He would have been as the husband of Lady Tallois," said Drummond dryly. "A clever fellow. A climber. I'm afraid you've upset that little arrangement, Agnes. Your pink-faced doll, I use your own charming phrase—will be feeling somewhat lonely."

Agnes Tallois lay back against the cushions and laughed till her whole little body shook. Drummond looked at her curiously. The senora woke up. The train was slowing. Can't get at that's the best joke I've heard yet," she said with deep appreciation. "An' here we are in London. Get up, Mommer. See. I've won out. I guess I want to see what they're like. Why not today, eh?"
Drummond hesitated, as they stepped out on to the arrival platform at Charing Cross.
"There's no reason against it now," he said. "I'll see what I can do."

The girl and her mother passed through the ticket-gate, and Drummond, having given the luggage in charge of a porter, took them. It was at that moment he caught sight of a smartly-dressed woman buying a paper at a bookstall.
"Hilda Detchmere," he murmured. He turned to his companion.
"Agnes, here is precisely one of the people, you need," he said, "and a great friend of mine. Will you excuse me while I speak to her?"

"Sure," she murmured. She watched with interest while Drummond crossed the station and spoke to the girl in the silver fox coat.
"Well, Hilda," he said quietly, "have I made good? There is a little gap between us, I think, which you will not be sorry to have lost."

"Breath. They drew clear of Hilda under her eyes. She was grimly smiling at Hilda's eyes. "Yes, you have indeed, and you are wonderful! How did you know it? Was it your doing? But I must not ask you questions."

"At the moment," said Drummond, "I need your help, Hilda. One see in the newspapers. The case comes on shortly. It is an absolute certainty for you. What is she? Hilda asked Hilda quickly. "You have seen her?"
"She is here, in the station. May I bring her to you, Hilda? She wants to meet you. She's a very nice girl—she will suggest a little luncheon party."

"But you are precious!" said Hilda. "By Jove! It is just what I need. I'll see her." "Yes," said Drummond dryly, "she is, rather. I need your help, Hilda. One see in the newspapers. The case comes on shortly. It is an absolute certainty for you. What is she? Hilda asked Hilda quickly. "You have seen her?"
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"The Honorable Hilda Detchmere drew a deep breath. She would have given credit to be able to answer the question and say that she really did think. Charing Cross station was an inconvenient place in which to receive news so stupendous.
"And Mottisfont?" she murmured.
Drummond laughed.
"A little disappointing for Mottisfont. Kept well out of the way. What we should do, Hilda, in his place. Wise man, Mottisfont!"

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" said Hilda. She began to laugh, quietly, gently, in her most perfect, self-possessed manner. And then she looked straight before her, and seemed to become suddenly petrified. Drummond followed her gaze.
Joan Tallois herself, in a simple linen frock, was passing within twenty feet of the pair at the moment. She saw

"On my wedding tour," he answered. Hilda's face was colorless and rigid.
"On your—what?" she gasped.
"Joan Tallois and I were married this morning," he said. "I accept your congratulations. Thank you so much!"
And, raising his hat again courteously, Philip strode forward on to the platform as though the earth and the fullness thereof were his.

CHAPTER LX.
The Intrusive Dage.
"This," murmured Drummond, "is the ultimate limit!" From bewilderment and disbelief his mood changed to a bitter satisfaction. "The fool! He gave us trouble enough, but we're even with him now." He glanced at his companion. "Hilda! What do you think of this unheard-of effect—eh?" he said, with a chuckle.
"Can you realize it?"
Hilda Detchmere did not look at him. There was a strange expression in her eyes.

"I realize for the first time what I have lost," she said, "too low for Drummond to hear. He never knew Philip till now. A fool—but a splendid fellow! And the girl is unconquerable."
(To be continued.)
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A Magazine Page For Everyone

The Days of Real Sport.



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

HIS WINNING DAY.

Her Play—I wonder if it wasn't a woman philosopher who first said that experience is a poor teacher of men? My dear, don't glare so—you look like a savage as a bear! Really, I don't mean to be disagreeable, but it seems to me that men never profit by their experiences, especially in their choice and dislikes, their preferences and their aversions. And he will repeatedly swear that he hates fried parsnips, for example, when, as a matter of fact, he has never tasted them.... He refuses to experience by which he might learn. Surely, man is a queer creature!

His Counter-Play—Aw, you're only talking to hear yourself talk—to make a bit with the audience, you little fraud.... You make a great show of selecting a man's virtue—yes, we do have 'em—and dressing it all up in reverse English and reverse philosophy so you may pretend to be a devilish vice, or at least, a pallid weakness.... You say that a man repeatedly trusts a friend who betrays him.... Sure, he does! That shows only the natural fineness, the generosity of a man's character.... And you say that a man refuses to experience by which he might learn. That's not the idea at all.... A wise man refuses to poke an inquisitive nose into what his instinct tells him will be the worse for him—and that includes fried parsnips, too.

The Referee—He wins!

neither of them. The crowds, the noise, the bustling life around, did not seem to exist for Joan. There was a wonderful, dreamy happiness in her eyes, as she passed through towards the Dover boat-train.

Behind her came Philip, carrying a bag followed by a porter with a truck of luggage. Drummond and Miss Detchmere, after the first shock of amazement, glanced quickly at each other. Philip passed only long enough to toss a coin on to the bookstall and match up a paper. His eyes fell on Hilda, and he raised his hat.

"Philip," she ejaculated, as if speech was wrung from her, "where are you going?"
"On my wedding tour," he answered. Hilda's face was colorless and rigid.
"On your—what?" she gasped.
"Joan Tallois and I were married this morning," he said. "I accept your congratulations. Thank you so much!"
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THE ETERNAL QUESTION by Felice Davis

HOME BREW.

Peggy—John, you seem all excited! Has anything happened?
John—Yes—I've come to say good-bye.
Peggy—"Good-bye!" Why—
John—I've come before it is too late.

Peggy—"Too late!" Why—what do you mean?
John—You really can't be blamed for it.
Peggy—Blamed for what?
John—I remember the Welsh rabbit you made last night?

Peggy—Why, yes—and you ate two servings.
John—Well, just after I reached home and got into bed.
Peggy—Yes—yes?
John—I was falling off to sleep when I was stricken violently ill.

Peggy—Oh?
John—And when the doctor came he started to work over me—said I was poisoned.
Peggy—Poisoned?
John—Questioned me about what I had eaten.

Peggy—Did—did you tell him that I made you a Welsh rabbit?
John—And what I had drunk.
Peggy—You didn't tell him about my home brew that I gave you!

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.
Best be the understanding heart.
That seeks to take another's part.
—Johnny Chuck.

For once in his life Johnny Chuck was thoroughly glad to see Farmer Brown's Boy approaching. Yes, sir, he was glad. He hadn't the least bit of fear. You see, Farmer Brown's Boy had led Bowser the Hound away from the foot of that tree in which Johnny had been a prisoner. And so Johnny knew that Farmer Brown's Boy was a friend he could count on. The only thing that worried Johnny was the thought that perhaps Farmer Brown's Boy might not come away over to that tree again.

So Johnny watched anxiously as Farmer Brown's Boy came down the farwinded, where one of the old trees stood. Farmer Brown's Boy turned and headed straight toward him. Johnny looked down at Reddy Fox curled up in the bushes and almost grinned as he thought of the surprise that was awaiting Reddy Fox. You see, from where he was Reddy couldn't see Farmer Brown's Boy.

Now, Farmer Brown's Boy hadn't intended to go over to that tree. He had planned to go somewhere else. But when he reached the end of the Long Lane he looked over to that tree in which he had found Johnny Chuck that morning. Of course he merely glanced over his head rather than actually stepped over to that tree. Then he stopped and looked long and hard. It was quite a distance, and he couldn't see clearly, but it looked very much as if there was a brown mass in the very heart of the tree in which he had left Johnny Chuck.

"It can't be that Johnny Chuck is still up in that tree," muttered Farmer Brown's Boy. "It must be that someone else is up there. I believe I'll go that way and have a look. The nearer he drew the more puzzled he became. He certainly looks like Johnny Chuck," he kept saying to himself. "It certainly looks like Johnny Chuck. But what under the sun would he stay up in that tree for?"

Now, Farmer Brown's Boy has learned to walk so as to make very little noise. He was almost up to that tree before Reddy Fox suspected that he was near. Then a tiny twig snapped under one of his feet, and instantly Reddy Fox probed up his ears and jumped to his feet. He was so surprised that for a second or

two he stood motionless, staring at Farmer Brown's Boy. Then he whirled and was off like a red streak. The instant he moved Farmer Brown's Boy saw him.

"So that's it!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy, as he looked up at Johnny Chuck. "So that's it! That red rascal came along before you had a chance to get down this morning, and has kept you up there ever since. My, you must be tired! I guess it is a good thing I have come along this way. Reddy might have kept you there until you tumbled out of the tree. I know just how you feel. Now, I'm going over to sit down on that stone wall a little way off and if there is any wisdom at all in that funny little head of yours you will take this chance to get down."

So Farmer Brown's Boy went over to the stone wall some little distance away and sat down. He took pains to go far enough to make Johnny Chuck feel that he was safe to come down. He watched Johnny look anxiously this way and that way, and he smiled, for he understood just what Johnny was thinking. (Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story, "Johnny and Polly Are United Again."

Abbey's
EFFERVESCENT SALT
for Biliousness

Cynthia Grey's MAIL BOX

Already I have received a score of letters, which tell me that the Box-ites are so delighted that the Cynthia Grey badge has really come to stay. It was only to be expected that I should hear first from December Bride, and the second card I picked up in the same mail was from Lass O' Laughter. Of course, I expect it will be nearly a week before the first of pinners are received, but that is really not very long to wait for anything as nice as a Cynthia Grey badge. And now I shall expect to see my Mail-Box deluged with stamped, addressed envelopes containing fifty-five cents for the badge.

Seeds.
Was delighted with the seeds. One of the Old Timers, and will do the best I can for you in the way of some perennial. I will let you know how the demand goes for your seeds, and if I need more will call on you for them.

Barbara Allen.
Thank you for the poem and the cookie recipe, Barbara Allen. I am sure your next letter to the Mail Box will not be quite so brief. We have plenty of room for new members.

Knitting Directions.
Am pleased to forward the knitting directions so promptly to O-Bee-Cee-Tee, English Buttercup, and I am sending you Erikum's address so you may write to her. Many, many thanks for the mite.

I am sure you saw the announcement concerning the badge and will be writing me for one soon. Perhaps in her next letter O-Bee-Cee-Tee will let us know how she liked the pattern.

Lava at Last.
Dear Cynthia Grey:
I hadn't forgotten about my new found friend, the Mail Box, but it needed the inspiration of the badge announcement to stir me up to writing again.

I felt quite backed up to see that I had formed at least one Mail Box friend in the person of December Bride, as I noticed that she has been asking about me and very ungratefully I neglected to write to the Mail Box.

I have a nice secret to confess. I was in London just the other day and walked meekly past the shrine of our knowledge where our beloved Cynthia Grey sits, all primed up in her grey gown. At least they say, she wears a grey gown but I won't know whether to believe it or not.

I have my doubt whether anyone, even anyone as clever as Cynthia Grey, could remain all primed up and have shining, smooth hair and neat cuffs, and at the same time juggle with the huge pile of letters I am sure she receives in a day. But anyway I passed by the building and I peeked in the windows and one was a teeny bit open and I listened to the clatter of typewriters but I didn't catch even the most fleeting glimpse of a grey gown.

I think your idea of a garden contest is perfectly splendid, Cynthia. I am planning mine according to The Advertiser's gardening articles, which I am cutting out and pasting in a book to keep for next year as well. So about the middle of July you may expect to see your friend, Lava, framed charmingly in a garden of flowers, making a stab at first prize in the contest.

But I will wait eagerly now for my badge, Cynthia, and as soon as I receive it, I will write and tell you how wonderful I think it is and tell you some more of the things which I think about, but which as I said before, my long-suffering family won't listen to.—LAVA.

I wondered when the second "Explosion" was to come. Lava, as December Bride has been ever eager to hear from you and I began to wonder myself if your first letter was to be the last. I hope you will remember your promise when your badge arrives and let me know immediately what you think of it.

ermine or velvet, just for the joy of being beautiful!"
"You look prettier—to me," Linton too!" said a hearty voice from the corner of the piazza. Jim Foster stood there smiling broadly, his hands dirty, his face smudged, his eyes red—but to Sarah he was something betwixt a knight and an archangel. She knew he had been firing tobacco in the barn just across the turnpike—a job that tried out all that was in a man. She wondered, flushing faintly, just why he had come so opportunely. But not for long. He had stopped in front of Linton, saying as he smiled down at him: "Burr Preacher, lemme give ye warnin'. It ain't wholesome for widower men, still, as ye may say, in the gristle, to be exposing themselves too long to dangerous microbes. I've been looking at Sarah Sands. Of course, she's gone to your head; that's a little way she has. But there's no harm done if ye take a smoke in time. So run home and rest up, so ye can earn a hundred dollars by changing her name to Foster soon as I'm done curing tobacco."

All Sarah said to that was "Well, I never!"
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Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Flavor
Quality
Dental
Value
It has them all

DENTYNE
GUM
Whitens the Teeth

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