\$19,000 For Two Stamps

WHAT London stamp collector would pay \$19,212 for two stamps? Yet that is what a pair of two-cent British Guiana stamps of 1850 brought. The first adhesive postage stamp was issued in Great Britain in 1840.

A Magazine Page For Everyone

Insects That Are Eaten

66 NTO the garden to eat worms' has a literal sense among the Mono Lake Indians, California. They eat worms daily, which taste like linseed oil and look like a date. Insects in the caterpillar stage are a staple food among many native tribes.

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

Told With Sympathy By a Great Writer

"We were on that yachting trip of

me,' and you called me an ignorant

brute with nothing but my money to

recommend me and flounced away

And the next I heard of you you had gone into the uplift business."

"And so you followed me down."

"il's the same thing."
"Not at all; I came down here to gather material and 'atmosphere' for

"Yes, why not? I am of quite a

Now, after all, Patricia washuman

"Of course," said Warren in a

"Oh, well, of course," said Clifford

"I do," interrupted Patricia sharp-

cried Patricia, too angry

literary turn-even if my Greek is

Alf and Philip Fight It Out For the Hand of Joan Whom Both Love.

least," he said, "for anything that has happened. You are a brick Emhas happened. You are a brick, Em-Straight - loyal - honest. But what I most admire is your com- face darkening again. He took his

mon sense." He had gone before she could answer. It was more than an hour's ing, Mr. Blodmore, than I thought journey to Billiter street, Hackney, and the fog made it difficult to read the numbers over the houses. Philip next moment Alf was-upon him. walked into Mr. Samuel Taggart's He did not pay Philip the comnaturalistic emporium. The small pliment of testing him or looking for boy was dozing behind the counter, an opening. He led with a whizand Alf was placing covers over bird an opening. He led with a whiz-

he said harshly.

"I apologize for troubling you with my private affairs," said Philip.
"Tomorrow, however, Joan Tallbois and I are going to be married. I believe it is due to you to know this."

Ald could scarcely get his breath.
"Marry her?" he goid dizzily. "You."

The blow should have steadied Alf, but it did not the saw that Mot. Ald could scarcely get his breath. The blow should have steadied Alf, "Marry her?" he said dizzily. "You!" but it did not. He saw that Mot-

'and his eyes glowed red.

"I got only one thing to say to you," he said through his teeth, "Joan an' I get married in the morning Married!"

"Joan an' I get married in the morning Married!"

ing. Married!"

"It is obvious," said Philip, "that kind; his one desire seemed to be one of us is wrong."

to drive Philip into the wall and You're wastin' breath," said Alf finish him. To avoid those perpetu-"I got her word."

"Now that." he said pleasantly, seems to me an excellent suggestion." His hand slid to the top butten of his cost.

ton of his coat. Alf tore his jacket off and flung it down. In a few seconds they were both stripped to the buff. Alf tight-ened his leather belt.

"Strange," said Philip, "how much more simple sense there is in Lambeth and Hackney than in Mayfair r the courts of justice."
Alf advanced towards him.

afore I leave this room. You need it.

It'd be a good bit of work."

replied Philip, "but inconvenient for the survivor. Instead of a wedding the survivor. Instead of a wedding he would find himself in the Old for manslaughter. These Mr. Blodmore, are the disadvantages of the times we live in.'

He saw that the man was not himolf, the lust of killing glared from Alf's eyes. Philip reached down the set of hard and blackened four-ounce gloves that hung on the wall, and ssed a pair to his opponent.
"Mufflers?" sneered Alf. ferociously, "frightened, eh?"

"Consider, Mr. Blodmore, One of us is going to be married in the morn-ing. A bridegroom does not look well with black eyes and an enlarged ear. Imagine the scandalized face of the registrar."

insane fury in Alf's eyes relaxed a little. He stared and gave a faint chuckle. "Funny bloke for a lawyer, you

are," he said, runing his eye over Philip's superb proportions and rippling muscles. "D'you know who

"Do not blame yourself in the from Magdalen," said Philip, "but I "I'll show you the sort o' meat I'll make o' your kind!" said Alf, his place and put his hands up.

"Come in 'ere!" he said thickly, and turning, led the way to a wide, white-washed room at the back of the shop, lit by a flaring gas-jet. white-washed room at the back of the shop, lit by a flaring gas-jet. Would have sent a nginer had back against the wall. Alf became back against the wall. Alf became awafe of a cool, wary blue eye watching him above the guarding watching him above the guarding the second of the sec "Say what you got to say—quick!" arms. The eye annoyed Alf. He said harshly.

He looked around him for support.
"Then—she ain't lost her money after all?"

tisfont was smiling slightly, and at the sight of that face before him, which epitomized everything he hated after all?" said Philir reflectively, "how everybody says the same thing—and always with just the same emphasis. I begin to find it mand, was flung away. He came edious."

at Philip with fists driving like the
Alf looked at him with the air of
pistons of a racing engine, every dangerous beast about to spring, blow with the full force of the body

"Mine is the prior claim, Mr. Blod-but Philip's elbows and forearms "Mine is the prior claim, Mr. Blodmore. Do you care to listen while I tell you why?"

"Listen?" he said hoarsely, "to you? You swine. When you and your kid-glove crowd have done her down! An' even now you can't let her alone. I've wanted ter get you to meself like this—Gaw! how I've wanted it."

but Philip's elbows and forearms guarded his body, and though he seemed to swing and sway under the tornado of blows that beat upon his guard. Philip's footwork was marvelous. He did not attempt to reply till, forced back toward the wall. Philip side-stepped deftly, brought his right over in a terrific crossitit to the jaw. Alf's back and shoul-

knockout. Alf pressed in quickly and stood over him, when suddenly Philip, with a bent knee and one hand to the floor sprang up and ducked the "I reckon," Alf. said with deadly the stalled and covered himself despendent to be stalled and covered himself and covere "I reckon," Alf. said with deading the staned and covered minisen desperately against the slashing attack that followed, making a wonderful recovery. Two driving blows over the he was fully himself again and though Philip kept his feet he knew as he guessed from the first—that he was

a miracle could save him. effort, an attacking once more, drove Alf before him by sheer force. The younger man gave back. There were two chairs in a corner; neither of the lighters realized hours, least the control of the fighters realized how close they were upon them. Philip whipped his right for the mark with all his strength but struck low, flush under the belt. Alf turned white and staggered, his

"Sonny!" exclaimed Philip, drawing back quickly, "take your time."
"It's all right!" gasped Alf. "I guarded it down."

He gulped, recovered with uncom

pling muscles. "D'you know who you're against? Sam Taggart's nephew, that outed the Chatham Chicken in the fourth round!"

"So I believe. I remembered it as soon as I heard your name. I was runner-up for the amateur championship the year after I came down

"I find you much more interest

and Alf was placing covers over bird cages. He turned sharply.

"Mr. Blodmore, I think," said Philip quietly. "I shall be glad of a word with you—in private. My name is Mottisfont.

Alf's eyes grew hard as flint, his face flushed a dark red. For a moment he stared at Philip in silence.

"Come in 'ere!" he said thickly,

They met again in the center of the floor. For half a dozen seconds they felt round each other warily, arms bent, gloves almost touching Alf feinted ever so slightly to the body with his left, and loosed a right upper-cut that came under

It had all the appearance of a heart came through his guard before

outmatched and beaten. Nothing but The pace was too fierce to last. Philip rallied all his powers with an arms wide, and the chair catching him behind the knees, his shoulders

struck the wall.

he guiped, recovered with uncommon quickness, and came forward again immediately, gazing at Philip, "Gaw!" he said, "you're a Man! But you gotter go through it! " The stamp and whirl of the fight

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'



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

SINCERITY.

His Play: You have to hand it to the immortal bard—Shakespeare, you her alone. I've wanted ter get you to meself like this—Gaw! how I've wanted it."

He strode swiftly past, kicked the door to, turned the key, and flung it into a corner. Then he came back to Philip, his hands twitching suggestively.

"She might ha' been happy—long ago—if it hadn't been for you," he said thickly. Alf paused, and his lips drew back from his teeth in a savage snarl. "You dog! There's a savage snarl. "You dog! There's a quick way out o' this. I'll fight you are looked twice as dangerous, and his looked twice as dangerous, and his clear and keen as needle-points when he faced his adversary. And though there was dawning respect in them, he looked twice as dangerous, and his looked twice as dangerous, while in the back of their minds they



that way!

Her Counter-Play: Yes, dear, I've noticed. Men are different. Men are different in the sense that they imagine that all the sex is perfect and that every member of it is an Al specimen. So they regard one another with sincere admiration. Because they are admiring themselves.

That is the way in which men are different. Women are quite well aware of the weaknesses of the sex, and they are not afraid to acknowledge them. A woman who is honest enough to see and distinguish the

(Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

his heart. For full three minutes of fierce infighting, he received a terrible handling. The amount of punishment

gloves, bearing up under many a blow that would have broken and dropped a weaker man. His eye was unequaled yet the norm was a tree as he was, he was altogether too unequaled, yet the room was swimming about him, his face grey-white,
the breath all but broken from his
body. Even now he countered whenever there was a chance. Scarcely
able to stand, he made a gallant but

tree as he was, he was altogether too
plainly in sight. So his feeling of
triumph and relief gave way to a
feeling of worry, and this feeling
grew with every passing minute.
Now and then he looked anxiously
this way and that way, to see if all
up in the heart of Johnny Chuck. It

A flush hit on the mouth was the answer.

Alf shook his head, and springing in lashed a terrific right and left to the body. Philip reeled, and his arms dropped. Round came Alf's right to the jaw—the blow that Samuel Tagsart called a gift.

Philip fell as an ox falls under the pole ax, and lay still. Alf looked at him with twitching lips. Then, tearing off his right glove, he snatched the key from the table in the corner. As he came back across the room. Philip moved, staggered to his feet, half fell with his back against the door, and faced him.

(Copyright, 1922, by King Features

Alf shook his head, and springing in lashed a terrific right and left to the book at the was a foolish hope. Of course, lashed a terrific right and left to the book have a friend. But that was when he, Johnny, was where he could dive down into his home at the least sign of unfriend-lines. Now he must stay right where he was, and he knew that he would be at the mercy of Farmer Brown's Boy. Farmer Brown's Boy and Johnny Shook more and more with fright. The worst of it was there wasn't a thing he could do about it. He must stay right to hair sare gone. This is entirely harmless and seldom requires repeating, but to avoid disappointment.

(To be Continued.)

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Bitter Disappointment.

For Thin Waists

at beautiful Lake Louise will remember the multi-colorate the charming grounds of the chateau. The defect to the eyes of the visitor, less charming indeed.

But, I must close. I could write of ro hours about this charming lake and its surroundings. Wishing you be any surface about two minutes, then rub off, wash the skin and the hairs are gone. This is entirely harmless and seldom requires repeating, but to avoid disappointment.

All the Boxites, those who have visited the mountains, and those who have not, will, I am sure, enjoy your, less and seldom requires repeating, but to avoid disappointment.

All the Boxites, the must close. I could write the skin of ugity, hairy growths is as follows:

But, I was b

THE ETERNAL QUESTION Susie-Oh, Harold. There! and

Harold-You darling! Susie-I could hardly live through

Haroid-And I've just been watch-Susie-Isn't it wonderful to think that we're going to be married? It's wonderful! Beautiful!

girls in the world must envy me! Harold-Not half as much as all

Susie-Come, sit here in the twi-Oh, how you squeeze my Harold-I'm not hurting my beau

Susie-No, no-I like it! You're uch a wonderful, powerful man! Harold—And you're such a— Susie-Oh, let's talk about the



JOHNNY CHUCK'S FEELINGS By THORNTON W. BURGESS. Pity one who can but wait helplessness approaching fate.

-Johnny Chuck.

Johnny Chuck's first feeling when he was safely up in that tree and looked down at Bowser the Hound faulty characteristics of another woman is thus fitted to dissect her own character and find the flaws. If you call that insincerity—I don't mind a looked down at Bowser the Hound was one of relief mingled with tribumph. Bowser couldn't get him, and he knew it. He could afford to grin down at Bowser. He tingled all over The Referee: The lady is again the with the joy of having actually climbed a tree. More than once he had thought he could climb if he really tried, but until now he had never known positively that he could. But after a while the persistent barking of Bowser got on Johnny's nerves. Then when Sammy Jay and Blackie he took astonished Alf, who, he was the color of their voices to the race.

It was the difference between a man, fit, powerful and skilled, trained man, fit, powerful and skilled, trained feetly that, though he was safe from feetly that, though he was safe from the color of the man, fit, powerful and skilled, trained to the ounce. Every trick of ring-craft at Alf's command was brought into play. He was fighting with his head as well as with his wrought steel muscles—fighting with pitiless resolve. Not once did he make the least error.

This steed was at the same time a prisoner. So long as Bowser was at the foot of that tree, he must remain a prisoner. He couldn't leave, no matter how much he wanted to.

Now, Johnny Chuck is rather a retiring person. He doesn't like too the wants to be With drooping guard, Philip stood up to the smash and thud of the much attention. He wants to be much attention. He wants to be much attention.

"Get down—you!" hissed Alf between his teeth between the blows,
"down, an' under! An' when you're
down—d' hear me!—I'm going to
Joan You'll be 'ere but I'm goin' to
Joan—an' then——"

A flush hit on the mouth was the A flush hit on the mouth was the a long time Johnny had looked on inswer.

Farmer Brown's Boy as a friend. But Lohnny, was

Harold-Yes, and all about our honeymoon-to Paris and Egypt and Susie—And then the great big nansion we'll build! And all the seeding furniture inside!

Harold—And the yachts and the large plant will flourish. It is seeding you some everlasting seeds, Carla, and ever so many thanks for the S. C. H. fund contribution. I do hope your plant will flourish. It beautiful furniture inside!

eroplanes! And Rolls-Roycesand laces and china! wonderful! Beautiful!
Harold—And that I'm going to have
the sweetest, dearest, goodest little
girl for a wife!
Susie—Just think how all the other
Susie—Just think how all the other
Susie—And I'm raise nothing but blue-ribbon-winning dogs!
Susie—And every night we'll have dinner parties and balls and private moving pictures!
Harold—Yes, and I'll be president

of the biggest bank in the country! Susie—Oh, Harold, isn't love wonderful? Harold-Wonderful! Wonderful! Susie-Oh, grandma! We didn't

ee you sitting there! Did you hear This is Harold-isn't he wonder. Harold—No; isn't she wonderful? Grandma—Yes, my children, I heard. May God bless you! Some-

Susie—Oh, let's talk about the larvelous wedding we're going to Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger den of their very own, they will not

Farmer Brown's Boy was bound to ook up in that tree, because Rowser himself was looking up in that tree ill the time, and making it perfectly plain that there was someone up

like that. Never had he felt so help He couldn't run; he couldn't



ever there was a chance. Scarcely able to stand, he made a gallant but useless rally; a swinging hit on the law that staggered him, and Alf's left came home again o'er his heart. "Get down—you!" hissed Alf between his teeth between the blows.

"Get down—you!" hissed Alf between the blows.

"Then as Farmer Brown's Boy made no attempt to do anything to him.

Then as Farmer Brown's Boy the between the sight as its beauty but the him the heart of Johnny Chuck. It grew as Farmer Brown's Boy made no attempt to do anything to him.

Then as Farmer Brown's Boy the between the sight as its beauty but the him the heart of Johnny Chuck. It grew as Farmer Brown's Boy made no attempt to do anything to him.

The hard him the heart of Johnny Chuck. It grew as Farmer Brown's Boy made no attempt to do anything to him.

The hard him the heart of Johnny Chuck. It grew as Farmer Brown's Boy made no attempt to do anything to him.

The hard him the heart of Johnny Chuck. It grew as Farmer Brown's Boy the heart of Johnny

The next story: "Johnny Chuck's Bitter Disappointment."



eroplanes! And Rolls-Royces—
Susie—And all the fine linen and when I sent it off, that I wondered anxiously if it would survive. I hope Harold—And I'll raise nothing but garden contest.

our lovely province. So many of the seeds which I send out are perennials so that I expect those Cynthia Grey gardens which are planted this season will last for years, and another be anxious to relinquish it. I am sure you are planning on entering the Cynthia Grey garden contest, and I shall look for another letter from you

soon. I questioned everywhere until fin "I guess this is the end," thought tion, Phone, and the fact of the mat-Johnny, mournfully, as Farmer ter is that John died, as the result of mob violence, but as he was dying, the tree and looked up. If he hadn't been so badly frightened, he would to be presumed that she devoted hereafted to be presumed that she devoted hereafted to be presumed that she devoted hereafted to carrying on his work and his have had to grin at the look of sur- self to carrying on his work and his prise on Farmer Brown's Boy's face when he discovered who it was that was up in that tree. But Johnny was too frightened to grin. Yes, sir, he was too frightened to do anything course I will send you some seeds. course I will send you some seeds and thanks ever so much for the

shinplaster. Lake Louise.

Dear Miss Grey,-I noticed in your column that everyone is supposed to tell the reason why they chose their pen-name. I have chosen mine, be-cause I have not seen the name yet among the Boxites, and also because I shall never forget beautiful Lake Louise as I saw it last August. It is, indeed, a canvas painted by nature in one of her grandest moods. The lake is intense in color, but that color is never the same for two minutes in succession. There is the great sweep of the curve in front, the lofty snow-crowned mountain at the left, and the darkly-wooded slopes of St. Piran on the right, while between these two mountains, and rising apparently from the verge of the lake is Mount Victoria, with its huge benches of snow, some of them 200 feet deep. So it was that he discovered Farmer Brown's Boy coming down the out in dazzling whiteness, which is reflected in the lake below. As we caught the first glimpse of Victoria glacier, as we passed through the portico of the C. P. R. hotel, and the

has one glory of the sunshine, anothe of the sunset, but always beautiful, and always indescribable. Anyone who has traveled through the Canadian Rockies and sojourned

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

a novel.

"You! write novel?

Patricia was rich, handsome and arned. She had a dazzling com-She had a 'dazzling complexion and a scattering of Greek. With all these advantages it would naturally be expected that she would have many suitors. That such was have many suitors. That such was not the case was due to the fact that Pat, and come down to earth—and there was a palpable sign out warning fortune hunters off the premises and when she met a really eligible young man she bored him with her erudition. So Patricia decided to go erudition. So Patricia decided to go erudition. So Patricia decided to go in for uplift work and joined all sorts here."

"And so you here."

"I beg pardon—ran across you

Patricia's money was her own-inherited under the will of a rich old uncle who had amassed a fortune in copra or bamboo or some other tropical and disreputable commodity of the South Sea Islands, so her parents exerted little or no control over her. They would not have done so in any case, for Patricia was a masterful person. Just now her interest was centered in a mission on terest was centered in a mission on disgust with herself at her foolish the lower east side, where human derelicts were put into drydock for physical and spiritual repair before being launched again on the devious and treacherous currents of the sea of life. One night during a function at the mission house Patricia noticed a stalwart young man whose apa stalwart young man whose appearance suggested ships and seas, you can't blame her. the hymn the superintendent had just announced. She pointed him out to heroine of the story." the superintendent, who had been on the lookout among the flotsam and the lookout among the lo jetsam for material out of which to fashion a sort of secretary and handy "Oh, well, of course," s man, and after the exercises derelict "if you object-Mark Straight was towed before the official mentioned for examination as ly, "and furthermore I have severed official mentioned for canination as to his seaworthiness. With a few my connection with this establishminor repairs it was decided that Mark might be rendered serviceable and he was established at a desk in hope, Mr. Warren, that you will have every success with your book. If he salvage are the salvage. the executive office of the saivage you stick to your usual method of

establishment.
Patricia, as chief patroness of the tion the work ought to be unique, at establishment, was frequently brought into contact with the young man and into the work ought to be unique, at into contact with the young man and treated him, it must be owned, with a hauteur which was entirely out of place in the patroness of an institution where kindness and human sympathy were supposed to be the rule of cation toward its heneficiaries. The of action toward its beneficiaries. The the room. Clifford Warren also sailed young man accepted all Patricia's on the Cassenova on the 16th. Now it arcasms and snubbings without com- is absolutely impossible for two persarcasms and snubbings without complaint, appearing to take a deep, but purely academic interest in all her varying moods.

At last, one day when he and Pathalast, one day when he and Pathalast, one day when he and Pathalast, and day as Clifford, and Pathalast.

At last, one day when he and Patricia happened to be alone in the office, she suddenly said to him, "Well, Mr. Warren, hasn't the masquerade about been played out?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the young man calmly; "I haven't accomplished all I came down here to do yet. So you have known me all along?"

Cassenovia was about midocean when one day, as Clifford and Patricia, back to him: "Were you really going to write a book, Clifford?"

"I was," replied the young man, "but I have given up the idea."

"Very sensible of you," retorted Patricia, "and shows a juster appreciation of your own limitations of your own limitations."

"I have," answered Patricia. "A I had given you credit for. May I

object. "I am quite aware of that, Mr. Clif-

in the Cynthia Grey shaved-off mustache and sailor ask what brought you to such a reasonable state of mind?"

Gardens.

ood of you to send us more, you knew that I recognized you begin to such a reasonable state of mind?"

"Well, you see," drawled Clifford, "you would not let me make you use the begin of the begin of the begin of the begin of the beginning of t

another mite, Elmiraite. You will remember that the Mail-Box has two objects in view, in distributing the seeds. One, of course, is to swell our seeds. One, of course, is to swell our as you did not give me away. another mite, Elmiraite. You will remember that the Mail-Box has two

"Well, yes, to be frank with you,"

heroine of the book; so instead of
writing a love story I decided to live

hospital fund to as great a sum as long as you did not give me away. suggestion of a tremor in her voice, can possibly be managed, and the You see, I came down here with an "is to be the heroine of this unwritten romance? "Why, the same person I had ford Warren," snapped Patricia, "but picked out for heroine of the written

ciation of your own limitations than

your object will not be attained. Have one," said Clifford with calm assur-Clear as Crystal— The absolute purity of

GREEN TEA is reflected in every cup. The most delicious GREEN TEA in the world. JUST TRY IT



Clothes a Good Color

To have Clothes perfectly cleansed and good color, the Soap must remove all the visible and invisible impurities. SURPRISE will do this thoroughly.

"I Had Terrible Backache From Kidney Disease" Mrs. M. A. McNeill, Canean Sta., N.B., writes:

"I was troubled for years with terrible backache, resulting from kidney disease. At times in each month I remained in bed. the pain was more than I could stand, and to walk was almost impossible. I used about \$50.00 worth of other medicines, but with little results. Now I am completely better, after using only five boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills