

Perfumes in Religious Ceremonies

A TREATISE on perfumes has been found written by a Greek scientist more than 300 B.C. Perfumes first were used only in religious services, and were consecrated to this use.

The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON.
Authors of "The Lightning Conductor."

Hartley Phillips Puts a Proposition Before Juliet Divine Concerning Miles Sheridan and the Plot Thickens

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY:

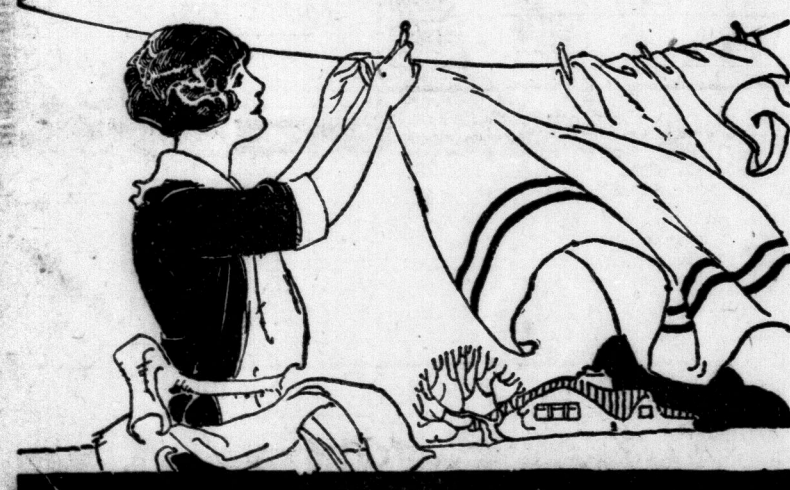
Who's Who in the Story.
Terence Desmond, (Terry)—Exquisite and convent-reared, unbelievably innocent, is forced to work as a cashier in his father's roadhouse while Juliet Divine, the stage name of her beautiful half-sister, whom Terry has not seen for years, lives like a princess and talks vaguely of a millionaire.
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Mrs. MacNichols owns Silverwood, the estate of which Desmond was caretaker.
Betty Sheridan, her granddaughter, whose rudeness, to Terry the latter will never forget, is the wife of Miles Sheridan, handsome and likable, who when Terry was a child furnished the money to send her to the convent, partly to atone for his wife's rudeness. To Terry he is always "the prince."
Eustace Nazio, a wealthy Greek unscrupulous with women, is impressed by Terry's beauty and her resemblance to Juliet Divine, the famous stage beauty. He invites her to go for an auto ride and on the way to New York he kisses her.
While Nazio is arranging for a private dining-room at the hotel, Terry slips away. Nazio is furious.
Terry takes a taxi to her sister's apartment, and begs the maid to let her see Juliet.
Hartley Phillips, a member of New York's four hundred, is calling on Julia and Terry has to wait. Phillips announces that he wants Julia to do a favor for Miles Sheridan.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Doubtful Compliment.
"Oh!" breathed Julia. She sat up straighter among her cushions. But she had spent enough time on the stage to call herself an actress, and she didn't show her slighter emotions unless she chose.
Her thought traveled back, upon a road seven years long. She had heard all about the adventure of the broken-down motor car, and the "Prince's" generosity to "Cinderella," his name for Terry. Also she had often seen Mrs. Miles Sheridan's name in the society columns since the wedding before the war.
She had been interested because of the link with old Mrs. Parmalee and Silverwood. But "Oh!" was the only word she spoke.
"Sheridan and his wife haven't hit it off very well together," Phillips continued. "I'd like to tell you a few things about that connection. Miss Divine, if I can do so in strict confidence, I must say I've always heard you spoken of as a thoroughly good sport, a person with whom one could be—safe."
"By giving up a few weeks of your valuable time to—scheme I want to propose to my friend, you would earn—become possessed of—a large sum of money."
Julia smiled faintly. She had the secret pleasure of knowing that she would very soon "become possessed" (as this man put it, in his floundering attempt to save her feelings) of so very large a sum that never need trouble about earning another dollar.
She meant to spring this fact upon Hartley Phillips by and by, but even though poor little Terry awaited her, she was enjoying the situation too much to end it quite yet. "How large a sum?" she asked lazily.
"What do you call large?" Phillips hedged.
"A hundred thousand dollars isn't to be sneezed at."
"Good heavens! I should think not!" The man stiffened. "I'm not talking in any such figures as that, my dear pretty lady. Ten thousand dollars, or—(seeing the beautiful face harden)—possibly twice that sum—would be the limit."
"And what am I to do for you, or your friend, for twenty thousand dollars?" Julia coolly wanted to know.
Phillips hesitated. "The money's absolutely yours for the taking," he prefaced. Then added sharply, "Will you treat what I said as strictly confidential?"
"I will," promised Julia, her intense curiosity triumphing over the temptation to snub the "grand gentleman."
"Very well, then, I'll trust you. My great friend, Miles Sheridan—whom I've known since I was a big boy and he was a little one—is in heavy trouble. He's the best fellow in the world, and his wife ought to be devoted to him."
"But she's been spoiled—had too much of her own way all her life, and since her marriage she's lost her head."
"Deceived her hubby?" Julia frowned. It pleased her to hear of women in a world apart from hers, who "went wrong," "kicked over the traces."
"Well, yes, I'm afraid she did."
"Was it that Italian, Prince di Silvano, who came over on some military mission after he got wounded in the war, and liked America so much he's been playing around ever since?" Julia coolly wanted to know.
Hartley Phillips dared not order the impertinent mix to mind her own business. "I dare say you've heard some gossip," he admitted. "But Mrs. Sheridan's conduct is neither here nor there—between us. It's Sheridan I came to talk about. He—"
"I've happened to meet the prince,"

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A Magazine Page For Everyone

And Then He Gave Up Golf.



Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

OLE 'OMAN 'LOW I AIN' NEVUH GOOD TO HER KEPN WEN SHE REACH FUR A SKILLET ER SUMH — EN DEN I JES' GITS GOOD TO 'ER!"



that's all." Julia broke in, looking reminiscent. "Awfully handsome fellow. Rather fascinating. I don't much blame Mrs. Sheridan."

"Sheridan is handsome and fascinating, too, in his different way," Phillips hurried on.
"Ah, but a husband!"
"Yes," drily. "That was against him. Anyhow, he doesn't want his wife talked about more than she has been, if he can help it."

"Her grandmother, Mrs. Parmalee, who brought her up, was good to him when he was a boy and he promised the old lady on her deathbed, I believe, that he'd always stand between the girl and trouble. What he wants is to give Mrs. Sheridan cause to get a divorce from him."

"I begin to see light!" said Julia. "The big idea is for me to flirt with him. Well, that might have appealed to me once, but it doesn't now. I have my own reasons. I'm not taking any thanks!"

"You don't understand what I mean yet," Phillips argued with flattering eagerness. "I'll tell you exactly what I do mean, without beating round the bush. Sheridan has a steam yacht. She's named after the old place where he used to stay as a boy—Mrs. Parmalee's place—'Silverwood.' He bought her to please his wife who thought she'd fancy yachting, but she hates it like poison."

"All the same, Silverwood's a fine craft, warranted not to make the worst sailor seasick. If you'll take a trip with Miles Sheridan, stopping at several well-known ports en route, where there'll be plenty of people who know you both by sight, not only will you be paid twenty thousand dollars, half in advance if you like, but you'll be safe from—from what you called 'flirtation.'"

"Mr. Sheridan wants to have everyone talk about the trip, and he wants to be seen about with you. But apart from appearances, he won't have anything to do with you, Miss Divine. Frankly, the less he sees of you the better."

"Oh, indeed!" Julia said. She had enhanced her complexion a little—a very little—with powder and rouge for the last four or five years, but she flushed so hotly at Mr. Phillips' "frankness" that her natural color burned through the false roses.
"Oh, indeed!" Mr. Miles Sheridan paid me a beautiful compliment! I wonder you had the cheek to come and make such a proposition! And I don't wonder he didn't care to come himself!"

With tomorrow's installment a new life begins for Terry.
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"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE DALROY.

On Lying

The way SOME WOMEN LIE
Would make ANY man
Sit up.
The modern woman
Lies very GRACEFULLY
And without compunction.
In cases of DIRE necessity,
Men also have been known
To lie.
But, on the whole,
They DON'T do it very well.
Because, at heart,
They don't ENJOY it
As much as women,
And SOMETIMES they stumble,
Especially if it is
A MARRIED lie.
For what sounded STRONG
On the doorstep,
Sounds WEAK in the bedroom;
Because the face of "THE WIFE"
Is STERNER than
The face of the door-knocker.
Also it seems harder
And makes more noise,
And the poor man thinks:
So this is HOME,
And wonders why
His ONLY thought
Had been to get there.

Danny Races for Safety When He Chances To See Black Pussy, Farmer Brown's Cat

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.
There is such a thing as being too safe. Yes, sir, there is such a thing as being too safe. It is a good thing to have to look out for danger at least once in a while. Those who don't have to are apt to forget that there is such a thing as danger.

This is the story of a boy named Danny who was with Nanny Meadow Mouse. Since he and Nanny had made their home in the old scarecrow in Farmer Brown's cornfield, they hadn't been in danger once. Of course none of their enemies ever thought to look for them in such a place as that old scarecrow. So day after day, and night after night, they played about and went and came as they pleased. At first, Danny had kept a sharp watch for possible danger as he had been obliged to do all his life. But as the days went by he thought of danger less and less often, and finally not at all.

Early one morning he ran over to the Green Meadows which began just beyond the fence that bounded Farmer Brown's cornfield. Danny had gone to get his breakfast. He was busy eating a blade of grass when he happened to look behind him he saw the grass moving as if someone were creeping through it very softly. It was just pure good luck that Danny had looked back when he did. Through the grass stems he saw something black. It was Black Pussy the Cat from Farmer Brown's house.

Danny dropped his piece of grass and started to run. Black Pussy's ears were just catching the faint sound of Danny's footsteps, for instantly she sprang. She all but landed on Danny's short tail. Danny squeaked with fright, and my, my, my, how he did run! It didn't seem as if those short legs of his could move so fast.

Now it is probable that if the grass had been short I would have no more stories to write about Danny Meadow Mouse. But the grass was tall, and

"I've got to get there. I've got to get there," he kept saying over and over to himself as he ran.

He was so frightened to do anything but run. But he knew he must get to a safe hiding place soon. Then into his head popped the memory of that old tin can at the foot of a fence post on the edge of Farmer Brown's cornfield. If he could reach that he would be safe.

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Mothers and Their Children



Their Own Photograph Concert.

One Mother Says:
During the summer we keep our photograph on our shaded porch, where the children play it has their own photograph concert.

It was a good deal of bother, however, to have them running to me to find records for them, as they were too young to read. They could not remember the names of the pieces, but designated them by "the one with the bells," or the "tunny one." I cut pictures from magazines (usually colored ones) that suggested the name of the record and pasted them in the center. For the "Spring Song" there was a cherry tree in blossom; for "The Soldier Chorus," a row of tiny soldiers. Now they select their own records without any trouble.

(Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.)

Australian rabbit fur is supplanting wool in felt hat making. The fur is considered much superior to the finest merino for this purpose, and millions of rabbit skins are used annually.

Toward the end of winter, Elizabeth went to the country to visit her aunt and while she was gone the house seemed to the old man almost unbearably lonely. Each day was like a week, and when at last she came back he was so happy to see her that he could scarcely keep the tears out of his eyes. "Weeping now like an

Magna Charta as a Shrine

LAST year 14,000 persons inspected the Magna Charta, the famous charter of British rights in the British Museum. Heavy green blinds are kept over the precious parchment to prevent deterioration.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE BACK NUMBER.

By CORONA REMINGTON.

"Why, grandpa, you here!" exclaimed 18-year-old Elizabeth Wheeler, as her grandfather walked into the dining-room. "Thought this was your morning out," she went on to explain.

Old man MacNichols sat down at the breakfast table and tried to act naturally, but Elizabeth's keen, sympathetic eyes did not fail to notice that his hand shook as he raised the coffee cup to his lips.

Elizabeth's mother, hearing her father's voice, put a flushed face in the doorway leading from the kitchen and stared at the two.

Mr. MacNichols laughed nervously. "Fact is, children," he tried to speak lightly—"I'm a back number. Had to give up my job. Won't you tell me, 'Oh, grandpa!' came from both in a chorus.

"Why, why, you're the youngest man I know," said Elizabeth, springing up and putting her arms around her grandfather's shoulders. "I know, child. That's the way I feel, too; but the railroad says I'm old, and that settles it."

"Oh, oh, it's cruel!" Mrs. Wheeler cried out. "And you've been such a wonderful conductor. How could they do it?"

"It's life, Mary. We've got to face it." He tried to be philosophical and treat the matter lightly, but it was always a heavy little dark cloud that hung over her grandfather's head. Mrs. Wheeler felt lost, baffled; she didn't know how to cope with the matter and longed for her husband. If only he were home he'd know just what to say and do—he always did.

After breakfast Jim MacNichols, or Cap'n Jimmy, as he was affectionately called by his friends, went up to his room and stared at himself in the mirror. Was he old? Did he look old? There was a weary little dart in his mouth that he had never seen there before and a thousand wrinkles seemed to have appeared overnight.

Strange, he had never noticed all that before; those marks of age simply weren't there before. That was it, they were not lines of age, they were lines of discouragement. The railroad had practically told him that he was a back number—no good any more. Of course, that wasn't the way they had said it, far from it.

He had earned his rest, he had been a faithful servant and they were going to retire him on a pension. Those were the things they had written. But what was the difference? Words didn't always conceal thought.

As the days dragged by MacNichols grew more and more depressed. He wandered about the house hunting for something to do. He went hunting around Mrs. Wheeler in the kitchen and dry the dishes and try to pass the potatoes, but inwardly realized with disgust that she could do it all so much better than he.

He was probably in the way and she merely tolerated him in the hope of cheering him up. He felt their sympathy and chafed under it. They were pitying him for him! He was not accustomed to needing anyone's sympathy.

Several times he slipped off uptown and tried to get a job, but nobody wanted him. He was too old. And he didn't know how to do anything except punch tickets and sign train orders.

He never told his family of his fruitless pilgrimages nor of his gnawing unhappiness and discontent. It could only worry them and they couldn't remedy it. Besides, they would pity him the more. After all, it was a life cut with the old and on with the new.

He remembered with a peculiar pang of sympathy that he had stepped into an old man's shoes when he got the run on Thirty-eight over twenty years ago. It was just history repeating itself, but it was hard, infernally hard.

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Dictation Dave

By C. I. Funnell.

Sit down Miss Hopper if you think there's enough goods in that white skirt of yours to risk it and take a letter to Mister Nathan Noes, Manager Dingding Hardware Company Bluebell Pa. Dear Snooty colon dash paragraph.

I got your letter asking if this scow-pollo solution really makes people tell the truth comma do we sell it comma how do you give them a shot off it without them feeling it dash and if I think it will do any good to send you some so you can find out if your wife Agnes paid the junk man to cop off that old green suit of yours you always go fishing in or whether he walked and swiped it like Agnes says he did period paragraph.

Well Snooty if you mean scopolom it does the trick all right and we got some in our drug department and what difference does it make whether the subject feels it or not after it is in them comma but between friends I want to warn you its a mighty dangerous chemical for you to have around the house after the yarn you old Agnes about why it took you 3 days to buy one gross of saws in the city last time you was to see the Wallicki Beach Millies and got away with it and if you take my advice you will forget your green fishing suit and fish in the blue one you been wearing for the last two years and give a little serious thought to the clothing bargains in our front window. Yours truly, a natural verger, THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM Per.....D. D.

