### Japs Invent Petroleum Substitute

JAPANESE inventor of Tokio has patented a substitute for petroleum produced from fish and vegetable oil. It is claimed that the new oil differs little from natural petroleum.

## A Magazine Page For Everyone

There's At Least One In Every Office.

WHAT'S

WITH IT-

IT'S A NICE

TIME TO

GO AWAY -

AH-H-H

NEU' MIND

NEU' MIND

THE MATTER

JUST WHEN

EUERYBODY

LAST OF

WHIZ!

TAKE A YEAR OFF

IS RETURNING

HOME . . THE

WHY GO AWAY AT ALL ? YOU'RE NOT

GOING TO ENJOY IT

A PICTURE

OF CONTENT-

Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

MENT ISN'T HE

AUGUST! GEE

THE WORST

THE SUMMER

THE WORST

OF IT

I'VE GOT THE

FIRST TWO

AUGUST -- I'LL

BE GLAD TO

TRADE YOU

WEEKS IN

I ALWAYS GET

TIME OF

### Tea For Prevention of Typhoid

T has been found that the typhoid germ, in pure culture, becomes greatly diminished in numbers by an arrange culture. greatly diminished in numbers by an exposure of four hours to tea. After 20 hours it is impossible to recover it from cold tea.

# THE MILLION-DOLLAR DOLL Another Whimsical Romance By C. N. and A. N. Williamson

WHEN TOO YOU

TAKE YOUR

VACATION

HE WOULDN'

BE HAPPY

NOTHING

IF HE HAD

TO KICK ABOUT

Hambone's

Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

I SUTHY IS LUCKY: I'SE JES' FIXIN' T' AX

A NIGGUH T' HAVE A

HOT-DAWG".WID ME JES"

NOW, EN DE PO-LICE

COME LONG EN 'RESTED

GEORGE ?

THE LAST

TWP WEEKS

ISN'T-THAT

THE LIMIT ?

I-NEVER GET A

VACATION AT A

DECENT TIME

OF THE YEAR

IN AUGUST

### Terry's First Landmark—a Lord, the Stage and a Millionaire

### CHAPTER 1.

Desmond and her story without some knowledge of her childhood and her upbringing. Those years would have explained her to Sheridan. But, if he had understood in the beginning, or near it, the story would

In the memory of most children there are milestones with blank stretches in between. Teresa Desond's first landmark was in June, just before her seventh birthday. There was an old rose garden at Silverwood. All the rose trees were

old and the paths of broken pavingstones were seamed with moss and weeds. To reach the garden across the lawn you had to wade through tall grass-for the place needed four thin arms. or five gardeners, and had none; but the roses were Terry's friends. She played that they were fairies by night and flowers by day. Wonderful Sister Julia, who was like a princess (one of those princesses you saw in Sunday Supplements when Father had finished) had brought her books about fairies; Terry had learned to about fairies; Terry had learned to read those books without being taught.

On this

garden, wondering if Julia would cess than ever! And she looked sure come from New York for the birthwhen up the drive from the

gate flashed a motor car.
Such a thing had never happened before in the fire years (they seemed like All Time) since Terry came to live at Silverwood. Many cars passed along the road, and Terry's spirit flew after the beautiful ones, leaping on board to whirl away into Ad-But a car inside the gates -s splendid blue car with glittering windows-what could it mean?

At first the child stood still, peering through a screen of roses. Then it occurred to her that she might run to the house. Would Father be

He and Mother were caretakers at silverwood, but in Terry's eyes they conversation of grownups. were the master and mistress. There was an old lady, Mrs. Parma-

lee, who stayed in some far-off country called Europe, and Father and Mother had been asked by her to selflive at Silverwood. But she never -nobody came except Juliaso the place was Home. Father was like a lord, and ofter

said to Mother and Julia that he would have been a lord in Ireland Terry couldn't understand. It had to do, apparently, with

marriage-or rather, a marriage that ought to have happened and hadn't.
Still, if Terrence Desmond were not a lord in Ireland he was at Silverwood! You had to obey him, or but I can't yet, and I never dare hope things were disagreeable for every-table by the disagreeable are every-aire! He'd marry me if he could."

Father had a summer cold today, and was keeping to the house. You a divorce, then?" had to be careful about making a "Nothing doing with her, and I noise or doing anything he might not like, for if you forgot, he burst out telling him that. Oh, I'll climb highfrom a black silent mood into one of er than Tom Perrin! He's a stephis red rages.

dued, had sent Terry to the rose but—he's not the first. How do you garden, with a piece of bread and think I've lived the way I have, with sugar, and the whispered advice, things costing what they do? It's "Best not come in till supper-time." But since then the beautiful car had happened. The child was drawn to clothes and car, and see what I can

gray with silver buttons, the front seat of the car.

prise, and he stared hard at her.

"'Gosh' isn't a nice word," she in-

tinuing to stare. "But I got a shock, reflective. Perhaps he too was thinkseein' you. You're the livin', miniature image of my young lady. She doesn't "Well, I've had my say!" Mother

heard the word "chauffeur." For her,

meant. She wished to ask, but something sensitive within her forbade questions to a stranger about Julia. Besides, the child's attention was caught in another trap. Julia had ents for the kid." in a motor car! It was magical! And the front door stood open.
And the front door stood open.
That was strange, too. No one ever a real good time, because she was

darted up the steps of the porch Terry would rather have had a doll

and into the house. Then, before she could run across the hall to the No one would believe in Terry passage, leading down to the basement (the family lived in the base-

ness!" it roared. Father's voice! And he never spoke like that except to Mother-Mother, who was so small, so meek, yet seldom gave in, really,

voice came from the drawing-room and now Terry remembered that the shutters were open. The door of the room was a little open, too. The child peeped in, and saw three figures in a

There was Mother, her tiny figure almost overwhelmed by a mass of white calico covers taken from the brocade furniture and piled onto her

yet terrible. Both were

aught.
On this day Terry was in the rose

Julia be her sister if mother wasn't Jule's mother too? Terry stared at Jule. What was there different about her, beside the clothes which were so much grander than anything she had worn before? Why—her hair had turned from black to red, as red as Terry's own! It was true now, as that man had said; they did look alike, if a lit-tle girl could look like a big one.

"I only repeated your own words, Mary replied. "If I'm not her mothe I've always tried to act as a mother

"Oh, cut it out, Ma! Anyhow, haven't disgraced either of you," Julia broke in. "My name's Juliet Divine Nobody knows who my people are. And the way I'm fixed I don't want them to know. If I told Tom Perrin that my father and mother were caretakers in an old lady's house on

"You ought to bless him," said

ping-stone. Now do have a little horse sense! Tom's my biggest catch

"Well, by gosh! Who are you, I wonder?" was the strange greeting she got from a smart young man in she got f r buttons, who sat on when Jule and Father had their f the car. "rows." If Mother interfered Father Terry gazed at him in pained sur-turned against her and took Julia's

"med him.
"Sorry!" remarked the youth, conlionaire." Father looked suddenly

"Her name's Mary Desmond," Terry and get about my business, anyhow. "Some house!" the guardian of the ning, and expecting dinner, there's hair turn red? (Terry had never all I can handle, and more. ard the word "chauffeur." For her, was the owner.) "Sure your ma cover off the last chair, and was at and

on the stage, I expect."

Miss Divine! On the stage! Terry didn't know what being on the stage er been kissed before.

used the front door.

Terry forgot that Father was in new check book had bought an out-

## **Touch of Indigestion**

Your Food will Feed you

Until your various digestive organs are in order your food, instead of properly nourishing you will be liable to clog and poison your system. Your blood will be poor and impure and your nervous system thoroughly run down. Take immediate steps to secure the healthy activity of stomach, liver, and bowels. To this end you should

# **Beecham's**

Sold Pills
in boxes

ment) a voice stopped her. "Damn you, mind your own busi

Everything was queer today! The scene of confusion.

There was Father, towering giant-like, red-haired, black-browed, hand-

"Nobody asked you to interfere!"
Terrence Desmond bellowed at Mary "Jule's my daughter, not yours."

This puzzled the child. How could

surprise Jule with a hug, but instinc held her back. She did not know that she ought not to listen to the

should. And to see her disgrace her-

Long Island-

"Curse Tom Perrin!" bawled Ter-

"I may do better some day,

the house as iron filings are drawn do for you all!"
"My God—to hear my daughter talk

look old enough to be . . but sighed the words on a long breath. you never know! Say, who IS your "You've told me to hold my tongue. Mother?"

Well, I've had my say. Mother by saying so. She put her arms round the beautiful, big girl's neck, thanked her, sniffed her heavenly per-

They were coming to Silverwood. Terry was thrilled. This was the most exciting day of her life. She was going away, perhaps bewere they coming? Oh, Julia hardly knew. The old dame had telegraphed to Ma. Hadn't Terry seen the boy bring the message? Well, he had brought it, and Ma had begun "one of his moods," and that she had fit for Miss Teresa, from hat to been warned to keep at a distance. So there! have had a dell the motor car turned up. It was jolly

worked. Terry couldn't remember what he has taken for his own.

almost forever.

Julia offered to take her for a rible child?

Spin" in the blue car, which would represent the spin with the wing thing and you picture what is going to become of him by and by.

Perhaps he is, but you see/he was when he was little and his empty

body'll have to fly round and ge things ready. I'll be better out of

Mrs. Parmalee and Miss Sheen!

tle, so pinched, and so harassed.

These happenings would have been But.

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In tomorrow's installment Betty

### Peter Rabbit At Last Discovers Danny Meadow Mouse—Thinks He Is His Ghost.

By THORNTON W. BURGESS. Peter Rabbit tried to forget Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse, but he

couldn't. Every once in a while the thought of them would pop into his head as he scampered about through the Green Forest, on the Green Meadows and up in the Old Orchard. It seemed to him that he missed them more and more. He hadn't the east little doubt that they had been

Early one morning Peter happened along on the edge of the alder thicket just above the Smiling Pool. It was a long time since he had been over there. It was a very long time. In fact, he hadn't been there since early in the spring when he paid his respects to Redwing the Blackbird on nis return from the Sunny South. He wasn't paying particular attention to anything as he scampered along, lipperty-lipperty-lip. The fact was in a hurry to get to the But just as ne was passing that ader thicket he caught a glimpse of a little gray form disappearing in the grass. Peter stopped abruptly. That little gray form had had a short tail. Peter knew that no one but a Meadow Mouse has a tail like that. Meadow Mouse has a tail like that.

ing about millionaires.
"Well. I've had my say!" Mother sighed the words on a long breath.
"You've told me to hold my tongue, Terrence, and I will. I must hurry and get about my business, anyhow. With the ladies arriving this evening, and expecting dinner, there's and I can have been and expecting dinner, there's and I can have been and the stage? And what had made her hair turn red?

Meadow Mouse has a tail like that.
"It must be that one of the children of Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse are living over here," said here of Danny and Nanny."

Peters and out what happened to Danny and Nanny."

Peter sat down and kept perfectly while he was keeping in the stage? And what had made her hair turn red?

Was Jule on the stage? What was the stage? What was happened to Danny and Nanny."

Peter sat down and kept perfectly while he was keeping in the stage? And what had made her hair turn red?

"It must be that one of the children of Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse are living over here," said here of Danny and Nanny."

Peter sat down and kept perfectly be the was keeping in the two bright little perfectly still he was looking sharp-lated than new clothes, though hers were old; but she would not hurt Julia dren of Danny and Nanny."

Peter sat down and kept perfectly be the tone of the children of Danny and Nanny Meadow here, said here of Danny and Nanny."

Peter sat down and kept perfectly be the that one of the children of Danny and Nanny Meadow here, said here of Danny and Nanny."

Peter sat down and kept perfectly be the that one of Danny and Nanny Meadow here, said here of Danny and Nanny."

Peter sat down and kept perfectly be the that one of Danny and Nanny Meadow here, said here of Danny and Nanny."

Peter sat down and kept perfectly be the that one of Danny and Nanny.

"What is the was looking sharp-lated the heavening of Danny and Nanny."

Peter sat down and kept perfectly be the that one of Danny and Nanny.

"What is the matter with your eyes, still be the that one of Danny and Nanny."

Peter sat down and kept be was

doesn't live in New York?"

"No. It's my sister who lives there." the door before Terry could move and let her pass. If Mary could have and let her pass. If Mary could have the child explained. "She comes to see us."

"I guess she's come now," said the man. "But her name's different from yours. That'll be because Miss Divine's on the stage, I expect."

"Hello, kid!" she cried, her sullenness gone. Picking un the small sign.

"I guess she's come now," said the man. "But her name's different from the stage, I expect."

"Hello, kid!" she cried, her sullenness gone. Picking un the small sign.

"That's my sister who lives there."

"The door before Terry could move and those tiny paths. The grass was so tall that those paths were almost like little my shost?" Then Danny Meadow those paths were almost like little my shost?" Then Danny Meadow the had seen that little gray form disappear.

At last he chanced to look at the visit a bit, but Mrs. Parmalee and visit a bit with the could have made those tiny paths. The grass was so tall that those paths were almost like little my south have those paths were almost like little with those paths. The grass was so tall that those paths were almost like little my south have made those tiny paths. The grass was so tall that those paths were almost like little with the door before Terry could move the could have made those tiny paths. The grass was so tall that the cleave what he was average with the could have made those tiny path

visit a bit, but Mrs. Parmalee and entrance to another of those tunnels. The next story: "Danny Meadow in the grass. A pair of bright eyes Mouse Explains Things."



Smiling Pool to call on Grandfather were watching him. They disap-He had some questions he peared at once, but Peter had seen Frog. He had some questions he peared at once, but reter has exampled to ask Grandfather Frog. who is accounted very old and very wise. He had seen the living image of But just as he was passing that alder Danny Meadow Mouse! Yes, sir, he had seen the living image of Danny

hair turn red?

"Ch, the stage is a sort of place where you dance or sing, or walk on and show yourself," said Julia.

"That's what I do. But I'm going on these paths. The grass was so tail that little voice. "Did you think it was there are the series was almost like little works?" Then Danny Meadow Mouse!" exclaimed "Danny Meadow Mouse!" exclaimed didn't believe what he was saying.

"That's what I do. But I'm going on the series was so tail that little voice. "Did you think it was there are the series was almost like little my chost?" Then Danny Meadow Mouse!" exclaimed "Danny Meadow Mouse!" exclaimed "Carny Meadow Mouse!" exclaimed "Danny Meadow Mouse!" exclaimed "Carny Meadow Mouse!" exclai

### The "Clutcher" Is One Shade Worse Than the "Gimme"—He Is a Terrible Child.

boy bring the message? Well, he had brought it, and Ma had begun to tear around like a wet hen, before the motor car turned up. It was jolly selfish of Madam not to give longer notice, but there it was! And Julia must go.

She might, instead, have stayed and helped, but that didn't occur to her. Julia was not a girl you could imagine working, and if ever she had worked. Terry couldn't remember

By ANGELO PATRI.

The "clutcher" is one shade worse than the "gimme." At least the "gimme" bestows a shadow of recognition of one's rights. He makes a show of permitting one to release the thing he covets, but the clutcher makes no bones about it. He reaches and lays hold and holds on and nothing but force will part him from what he has taken for his own.

Julia offered to take her for a "spin" in the blue car, which would have been wonderful, but Mother wouldn't hear of it. "Terry's old enough to help me, and I need all the help I can get," she said. After that, Julia went at once. Father (half sullen, half admiring) shutting her into the car; and Terry would have crief if Mother hadn't looked so little, so pinched, and so harassed.

them.

Nobody did. Perhaps his mother tically clutching to fill his great was one of the people who say: "O, now, let him have it. You're a big topy; and he's the baby. See. Now; cate, Inc.)

worked. Terry couldn't remember the time. It was two years since Julia had gone to New York and had become a mysterious princess. Terry knew it was two years because Mother had said so, and two years was was the like the said so, and two years was was the like the said so, and two years was was the like the said so, and two years was was the like the said so, and two years was the said so, and two ye

clutch to him would never, never fill These happenings would have been But, of course, somebody should the emptiness. But, of course, have noticed that he was getting that way, and gravely and sweetly loosened his curling fingers and put something that couldn't be clutched, a bouncy ball, for instance, into the might really have.

So he will would never, never file emptiness. But, of course, have noticed that he was getting that sweetly loosened his curling fingers and put that he must learn to let go, so that he might really have.

So he will walk the earth forever his course, somebody should the emptiness. But, of course, have noticed that he was getting that sweetly loosened his curling fingers and put that he must learn to let go, so that have noticed that he was getting that sometimes that he must learn to let go.

### THE DAILY SHORT STORY

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS "Wonder what's up now? Some-thing devilfsh. I bet four-pence-ha'seat were singing loudly a song unfit for decent hearing. Essex Tody and Ruel Crane, the singers, had a natural affinity for filth. Therefore, Elizabeth hated them soundly. She had perforce to see and hear them daily unless she chose to face starva-Jobs were never plentiful in harmed." Underhill—and this special winter, with all manner of work at slack tide, there was not one to be had.

She had no reserves—of money or vital force. There was still ten dollars to pay upon her mother's funeral expenses. Once free of debt—she did not let herself think further but strode determinedly toward the tiny cottage, the only shelter she remem-

Hurran: Good sport, Elizabeth:
Her mother, silent and dour, had
yet worn the look of being crushed.
She had, almost never told her
daughter anything of the past. One
Sunday when they had walked a far
way and sat down amid grassy fields
she had said reflectively. "I hate
grass—it took my husband from me.
He was mad about it—so mad he
He was mad about it—so mad he
He was mad elicited to the field of the letter—it bewildered her He was mad about it—so mad he went away—and never came back."
"Didn't he tell you why?" Elizabeth had asked breathlessly.

There had been nothing else. Only

Elizabeth had found a faded envelope, bearing a law firm's stamp and addressed boldly, "Phillip Surtees, Esq."

It had lain flat at the very bottom the letterhead—a phone num of her mother's battered trunk, which there. Cau She had called herself Mowry at

the big steel mills where she was

taken her place through a brief illness she had begun to climb the ladder of monotonous toil. She had climbed surely—at eighteen, when her mother had died suddenly, she had made her place secure, earning her captors. She knew she was safe ever done.

Elizabeth was not even handsome yet had somehow a look of race that marked her worthy of young Toby's consideration. Grandson and heir ultimate, he, of course, bulked big in all mill concerns, double as much Miss Hopper send this letter to all as his chum, who represented the our customers that bought any of Crane interest in the firm.

Both had tried out Elizabeth after those fuzzy Persian rugs and carpets and to everybody on our books that has babies you can tell because and been met with uncomprehension and been met with uncomprehension so blank it had baffled and angered they order our juvenile joy rattle so blar child chariot baby carriage or bubbles them. of blis nursing bottles and see if we !

It was late April-still a glimmer can't sell some of those vacuum of daylight showed when she opened cleaners we have in stock dear her door and stooped to lift a letter madam colon paragraph.

from the floor—it had been thrust in was "airplanes." In glancing over our books today since she left that morning.

In glancing over our books today we find that your home has recently been gladdened by the addition of one of our rampant rainbow Persian rugs or a roll of imported carpet or a baby or both which we hope is giving perfect satisfaction otherwise you are welcome to bring it back and get your money comma and with this the season of sultry suns we feel the season of sultry suns we feel the river—to the dandlest roadthat you will welcome any news that tells you how with less labor you can increase the comforts of your home keeping in better condition your

rug carpét or baby as the case may be period paragraph.

This brings us up to our sylvan suction vacuum cleaner which is ideal for your rampant rainbow rugs if you have one or your carpets if you have not beth asked coolly, though in deed she you haven't picking up threads dust and dirt with equal facility before the beth gote them with its powerful her hands—she was half draged, her was without significant or against his breast and said to the infuriated father: "Come away, sir. She has only fainted. We must get her away without scandal."

"What's that to you, you pinwhell they were reckless enough for anything. They caught her arms, her hands—she was half draged, her wife." suction that can plainly be felt a foot away from the nozzle and as we have a few of these in stock we to side of a smooth asphalt road. have selected you from our list of Toby was at the wheel with a we have a lew of these in stock we have selected you from our list of enormous customers change that Miss fourth man beside him. Elizabeth sa

enormous customers change that Miss Hopper our enormous list of customers to offer you one of these sylvan suction cleaners complete with all attachments at a special price for three days only including patented nozzel for renovating dogs of fleas. nozzel for renovating dogs of fleas.

THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM.

Her mind, her soul, revolved about the letter clutched so tight it was Limited, Toronto

sensed it meant salvation for her else everlasting damnation. She knew what had brought it-her own letter thing devilish. I bet four-pence-ha'penny," Elizabeth muttered, shaking
her fist after the car whirling past

The pair on the front to promise something—what she could not guess.

supposing you to have such a thing-to see that I am taken home, un-

"We're open to bribery. What's of-fered?" Crane flung at her. She looked at him level-eyed, answering: "The pleasure of my company—dancing, flirting or playing at flirtation. You smile? Think I don't know it? Let me show you. Also on my word of honor, I will not try to escape nor make trouble over this--outrage" a smile disarming her last word.

"Hurrah! Good sport, Elizabeth!
Knew you just needed a bit of waking up to be a bit of all right," Ruel

reading the letter—it bewildered her beyond conscious planning. Philip Surtees, by his attorney, was telling her that he would go anywhere, do anything to find Elizabeth Mowry, for ing years and years. She glanced at the letterhead—a phone number was

Cautiously she crept to the instrument, shut the door of its cell behind her and said guardedly but clearly to the person answering: "Tell Philip among the obscurest and lowest paid of typists. She had worked well, but listlessly, as though aiming only to roadhouse outside Milltown. Elizabeth works the day is the statement of the control of the get through the day.

When Elizabeth at twelve had in danger of—worse than death." "Norn speaking, we'll be there." came back. She stood trembling so violently the receiver fell from her

wice what the elder woman had until after midnight; whatever dange loomed was most imminent upon the homeward way. She had not faith in any of the oung roughs; to revenge themselves for fancied slights they would stop

at nothing. Yet she danced with them each in turn, laughed at their drunken witticisms, ate heartily of some few things, but drank nothing, not even water. Her head must be The revel gave no sign of slacking, but Toby and Crane began to be

glassy eyed and yawning. She danced deliriously with any partner that effered. Anything to gain another inch of time. Then came

In the confusion Elizabeth managed

rug carpet or baby as the case may other fellows-and they haven't our against his breast and said to the

be my wife." (Copyright, 1923, by McClure News-

phalt road, eel with a lizabeth sat a unknown gle, did not om contact spoke here shrinking, of them.

Chase's Ointment free it you mention this paper and send 2c, stamp for postage. 60c, a wor all dealers of Edmanson. Bates 4 Comments for the content of the con

