The SANDMAN STORY

FOX AND MR. BADGER

YOUNG FOX had never had a real home. He had lived in the tall grass near the marsh, where the ducks were often to be found, ever since he was old enough to take care of himself.

But one day he thought it was time to take to the woods and find a home, so he started out tenement hunting.

Of course he did not mind at all looking in at every place he found. There was Mr. Badger's home; he looked in at that, but it happened that Mr. B. had not got up, so Mr. Fox decided not to tarry there.

Mr. Old Rabbit had left his door open, too, and in there Young Fox looked, but as Mr. Old Rabbit was

still in possession, Young Fox looked further:

"Oh! I'll find some one away from home or some deserted home before long," thought Young Fox as he trotted through the woods.

It did not matter to him at all whether the house was vacant for good or not if only it was vacant when he got there, for Young Fox did not like to build a home; it was too much work.

He went into Mr. Bear's house, but he went right out as soon as he could, for Mr. Bear looked well able to dispute with him, and Young Fox did not want trouble—he wanted to live in the woods.

"Now this looks nice to me," he said as he came to a place where there seemed to be no one at home, and after looking around Young Fox decided to stay, so he locked the door and pulled down the shades and went to bed.

Now this place happened to be the home of another Mr. Badger—a very peaceful fellow—seldom away from home in the daytime, but this being a cloudy day he had gone for a stroll.

When Mr. Badger returned and found his door locked, he began to wonder who was inside, for as he peeked in at the keyhole, he could see that the key was in the lock.

Now Mr. Badger had been locked out before, so he just got a ladder and climbed up to the chimney and slid down.

Young Fox was asleep and making a noise about it, and Mr. Badger tiptoed to his bedroom and looked in and there in his very own bed was Young Fox, fast asleep.

First he opened the door wide and then he went to the bed and gave Young Fox a hard shake.

"Let me alone," he said, opening one eye to make sure it was not Mr. Dog.

"Get out of my bed," said Mr. Badger; "this is my house."

"Possession is nine points of the law," replied Young Fox.

"Do you see these marks, my badge?" said Mr. Badger, pointing to the black stripe on each side of his white head.

"Yes, I see them," said Young Fox. "All your family are white-headed, all old, I suppose."

"I'll show you," said Mr. Badger, and with a spring he was on the bed and took hold of one of Young Fox's ears, which was sticking up.

"Oh! let go of my ear!" cried Young Fox, jumping up and trying to shake off Mr. Badger, but it was no use; his teeth were fastened in Young Fox's ear for keeps.

Young Fox ran to the door and out in the woods crying and jumping, but still Mr. Badger clung to his ear, and not until he was quite a distance from the house did he let go.

When he at last unfastened his jaws he called after Young Fox, who was running: "That is why I got the badge, because I have the finest set of jaws in the world, and if ever you come around here again, I will show you how long I can hold on with them."

(Copyright.)

FOR first time other day I go veesit basaball game. I aska one guy een leetle cage how moocha costa and he say, "One buck granda stand and feefty cents bleacher." I geeva one dolla and go eenside. I no see somating only plenta cheecken wire and beega fence on other side.

Preety soon one guy come out weeth a dog muzzle on da face and boxa glove one hand. I aska feller wot seet nexa weeth me whosa dat guy. He says de catcha man. Nother guy weeth leetle boxa glove show up and dat man who seet by me say he ees peetcha man. Well, da peetcha man and dat catcha man ees no ver gooda friens.

Da peetcha man gotta somating hard hees hand. He spit on eet, wind heem up and trow lika devil at dat catcha man. But da catcha man no getta sore. He jusa make stop weeth boxa glove and trow back easy. Plenta times dat peetcha man trow at dat catcha man for mebbe try knocka hees block off, I dunno.

Preety soon one guy come out wot's all dress up lika for go some place. I aska dat feller wot seet nexa me whosa dat guy. He say, "Aw, wot's matter you aska too moocha question—he ees umpire man." Well dat umpire man and da peetcha man maka friens and stay een sama crowd. I feegure eef dat umpire man and peetcha man maka fight weeth da catcha man I jumpa through da cheecken wire and geeva help. I lika dat catcha man.

But nother guy come out weeth beega long stick. He smasha dat ting wot da peetcha man trow and den losa hees head. He runa lika devil firsta one way and other way and fall down when getta only half way from where he start. Da umpire man yella "Safe!", so louda he can. But he ees craze een da head or meestake. Dat guy almost breaka hees neck when fall down for way ees looka to me. But I dunno—

Wot you tink?

—o—

Instruction for the Young.

Yells from the nursery brought the mother, who found baby gleefully pulling Billy's curls.

"Never mind, darling," she comforted. "Baby doesn't know how it hurts."

Half an hour later wild shrieks from the baby made her run again to the nursery.

"Why, Billy," she cried, "what is the matter with baby?"

"Nothing, mother," said Billy, calmly; "only now he knows."—Tid-Bits.

"Off Agin, On Agin"

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

(Copyright.)

YOU KNOW IT!

Were one to paint a sky as blue
As some blue skies I've seen;
Were one to paint the trees the hue
Of strong and vivid green
That "evergreens" in winter wear,
The critics all would say:
"That artist sure was on a tear,
To smear things up that way!"

Were one to tint the soil as red
As in the South I've viewed it;
Were one to paint, when day has fled,
A sky as God has hued it—
The critics would arise and shout:
"That painter man's a nut!
His things are daubs—we'll throw them out!
For him, Art's doors are shut."

* * *

FINNIGIN FILOSOFY

Some people arre accused av stalin' their wise remarrks fr'm other people. But whin we hear their line av talk we arre surprised to see what poor selections a thafe kin make!

* * *

Human Relationships.

Teacher—Have you any brothers?

Little Girl—One, teacher. I'd 'a' had two if my Cousin Charley hadn't died.

* * *

HER URBAN IDEA.

Little city-bred Lisabeth Scroggs
Went to visit some farm friends at Boggs.
When asked, "Where is Willie?"
She answered, "Why, silly,
Don't you hear him out paging the hogs?"

* * *

Can't All Be Beautiful.

Every notice how ugly so many people are?

—o—

CROSBY'S KIDS

CAROL HOLLOWAY

Charming Carol Holloway, the winsome "movie" star, high school and academy trained, went to New York to go on the stage. She was promptly acquired by a leading picture producing firm, and now is regarded as Screenland's premier equestrienne.

—o—

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

PRETTY TEETH

TOO much emphasis cannot be laid upon the fact that the teeth must be given daily brushings and must be looked after by a good dentist once every half year. Poor teeth will spoil the best shaped mouth, will ruin a smile. Teeth neglected so that they have to be pulled, cause hollows in the cheeks, and lines around the mouth, where the hollow gums shrink. Teeth that grow in wrong, or were neglected when young, often cause badly shaped chins. Children and babies who are allowed to suck their fingers usually grow up with protruding lips, badly formed jawbones, and receding chins.

The receding chin and protruding teeth combination give a look of stupidity to the face that takes away any other good looks. A good dentist can remedy this, frequently, by gradually spacing the teeth so they grow straight instead of outward. In other cases, where the jaw is badly formed and the teeth are jagged, small wedges are put between, spacing the teeth away from each other, and so giving them room to grow properly. A few old-fashioned dentists still use gold

The Charm of the Mouth Depends Upon the Teeth.

wires and screws for this, but this form of discomfort is done away with by more modern practitioners. These use soft wedges, taking them out and replacing them frequently.

For general care of the teeth, two daily brushings should be the rule. Teeth decay and yellow because food particles collect, sour, form gases and eat into the enamel. Diseases of the gum result from neglect. Gum shrinking can be avoided in most cases if the teeth are brushed up and down as well as crosswise.

(Copyright.)

—o—

Most of the products of Hawaii are raised by irrigation.

—o—

What the Sphinx Says.

By Newton Newkirk.

"FAILURE is SUCCESS to those who understand—the world's successes have first been failures—those who never TRIED have never been anything, and never will."

SCHOOL DAYS

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE FISHING OUTFIT.

You may talk of stylish raiment,
You may boast your broadcloth fine,
And the price you gave in payment
May be treble that of mine.
But there's one suit I'd not trade you
Though it's shabby and it's thin,
For the garb your tailor made you;
That's the tattered,
Mud-bespattered
Suit that I go fishing in.

There's no king in silks and laces
And with jewels on his breast
With whom I would alter places.
There's no man so richly dressed
Or so like a fashion panel
That his luxuries to win
I would swap my shirt of flannel
And the rusty
Frayed and dusty
Suit that I go fishing in.

'Tis an outfit meant for pleasure,
It is freedom's raiment, too;
It's a garb that I shall treasure
Till my time of life is through
Though perhaps it looks the saddest
Of all robes for mortal skin,
I am proudest and I'm gladdest
In that easy
Old and greasy
Suit that I go fishing in.

(Copyright by Edgar A. Guest.)

—o—

Mystery

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

ONE of the most powerful Incentives in human life is the Mystery that is locked away as a sort of Core, buried within every Thought every Aspiration, every Action.

It is the Mystery, that you cannot understand, yet which exists in your Friend, that makes that friend interesting; it is the force of Mystery in your business that keeps you constantly at it, and for which you sacrifice and tirelessly work.

It is the Mystery, all wrapped up in every manifestation of nature—it is the Mystery that hangs like a dense fog about the very thought of Eternity that makes it fascinating. It is the element of Mystery entering into every avenue of conscious life that makes life really wonderful.

It is the inspiration of Mystery that is able to immediately fire and warm your efforts and make your fondest dreams attainable, if you will but stop long enough to recognize this force and make it save you. Periodically stop and consider for a moment this factor in your Success.

The two great Poles of life itself are bounded by Mystery—from Birth to Death, about the only really unmysterious thing in life is this—that Success and Honor and Happiness, surely follow Work well performed.

—o—

Fish Acts as Pilot.

The most famous of all fish is "Pelorus Jack," a grampus which regularly piloted ships into Pelorus sound, New Zealand, and was finally, after about thirty years' service, protected by a special act of parliament in 1904. Never before has an individual fish attained such honor. There have been rumors of his death, but from the latest accounts he seems to be still in existence.

—o—

Portuguese Soldier Is "Tony."

The cordiality of the relationship between the British soldiers and the Portuguese may be taken as finally cemented by the fact that the latter now have a nickname. They are known as "Antonio," which is being shortened to "Tony," a fit counterpart to "Tommy," showing that the rapprochement is consecrated and complete.

Mother's Cook Book

Yes, count me a lover of Earth
With its tears or its mirth;
Its wine that is bitter or bread that is sweet—
With the pink apple trees and the brown honey bees,
With the far purple lands,
And the warm golden sands—
And its queer little, love-hallowed things
That are sacred as archangels' wings
Or the stars that are seven!

—Louise Bowman.

Baked Mackerel.

Take two medium-sized fish, split and remove heads. Put into a buttered dripping pan, dot with butter and pour over one and one-third cupfuls of rich milk. Bake twenty-five minutes in a hot oven.

Ginger Drops.

Beat one egg; add one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of sifted flour, and one-half cupful of melted shortening. Dissolve one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda in one cupful of sour milk, add three and one-half cupfuls of flour and a tablespoonful of ginger. When all the ingredients are added, add one tablespoonful of molasses. Drop from a spoon onto a greased, floured dripping pan. Bake in a moderate oven.

Mexican Potato Salad.

Mix one tablespoonful of flour with one tablespoonful of melted butter or bacon fat, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of chili powder and one cupful of vinegar; cook until smooth. Cut potatoes into small dice, add finely chopped onions to season, then the dressing and serve.

Panned Tomatoes.

Select firm, even sized tomatoes, cut in halves, dip in flour and put cut side down in a pan in which has been melted two tablespoonfuls of butter. Cook over a hot fire until brown; remove the tomatoes to a hot dish and mix in a pan of sauce made of two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cupful of milk and one teaspoonful of chili powder, with one-half teaspoonful of salt. Boil ten minutes and pour over the tomatoes.

Bread Sticks.

Remove the crusts from slices of stale bread, cut in strips five inches long and one-half inch wide. Roll in melted butter and brown delicately in the oven. Serve with salad or with cheese, in place of crackers.

Good Cakes for the Family.

A good fruit cake which may be kept six months and a square of which may be iced when it is to be served is a good economy.

Escalloped Noodles.

Prepare noodles—the home-made kind are much better for this dish: put a layer of noodles in a baking dish, add a white sauce, using broth and milk, season well and cook until smooth. Put a layer of the sauce over the noodles, another layer of noodles and finish with buttered crumbs. Bake until the noodles are well done. Chicken broth or veal broth are especially good with this dish.

Nellie Maxwell

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

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Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

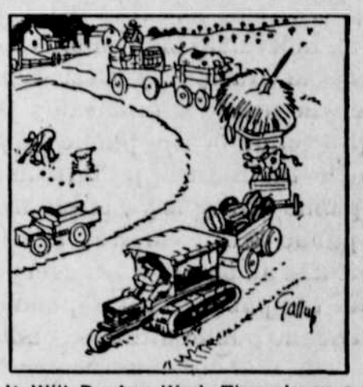
THE FARM TRACTOR

THE farm tractor is an automobile which is minus the joy rider attachment. Nobody ever tried to take a joy ride on the corrugated iron seat of a modern farm tractor without having his spine caved in farther than the entrance to the grand canyon of Arizona.

The mission of the farm tractor is to jerk four 16-inch stirring plows over a cornfield without showing any spavins, ringbones or other signs of wear and tear. For many years the American farmer was obliged to rely upon the obedient but sway-backed work horse whenever he wanted to plow corn, and whenever the horse became indisposed or short of breath he had to be laid up for repairs and tinkered with by a veterinary surgeon at $2 per tink. Every once in a while a horse would die by leaning up against a bolt of lightning or as a result of eating something which was not intended for his stomach. This made farming almost as expensive as feeding Russian prisoners in Germany.

The farm tractor will do the work of six horses when it is hitting on all cylinders. It does not have to be harnessed, hitched up or bedded down, neither does it stop in the middle of a furrow on a hot day to remove a blue bottle fly with its rear hoof. It will do any work there is on the farm except washing dishes and making beds, although these attachments will probably be put on later.

Owing to the difficulty of securing horses which will not die in an offhand manner or give out at the knees in the middle of the afternoon, the farm tractor is bound to be more popu-



It Will Do Any Work There Is on a Farm Except Washing Dishes and Making Beds.

lar than the candidate for congress who decides not to run again. It makes life easier for the farmer and sweetens the lot of the petulant hired man, therefore it has come to stay.

(Copyright.)

—o—

Last Night's Dreams —What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM OF FALLING?

THIS is one of the standard or typical dreams and one over which the scientists have expended a vast amount of "gray matter." They are generally dreams of peculiar vividness. Lucretius—55 B. C., the celebrated Roman philosopher, in his work on psychology speaks of this dream and Cervantes in "Don Quixote" makes the innkeeper's daughter say that she has many times experienced this dream and awakened to find herself as weak and shaken as if she had really fallen. Some think that the classic myth of the fall of Icarus into the Icarian sea originated in a dream of this kind by some ancient Greek.

Havelock Ellis is inclined to attribute this dream to purely physical causes. He thinks it may be due to the fact that our respiratory action (breathing) becomes depressed and at the same time the outer nerves of our skin are reduced to a state of insensibility so that the skin becomes abnormally insensitive to the contact and pressure of the bed "and the sensation of falling is necessarily aroused."

Freud, on the other hand, regards the dream of falling as purely psychological. It is a dream repeating impressions from childhood. "What uncle," says he, "has never played falling with a child by rocking it on his knee and then suddenly stretching out his leg, or by lifting it high and then pretending to withdraw the support? Again all children have fallen occasionally and then been picked up and fondled."

The mystics accept the dream as one of direct symbolism. If you dream that you fall from a height and pick yourself up quickly you will attain to honor and riches. But if you stay where you fell troubles and losses threaten you. To wake up before you strike bottom, as many dreamers do, would appear to save the day for you, though this is not quite so fortunate as to dream that you pick yourself up after the fall.

(Copyright.)

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Honors Even.

The Offender—Dreadful sorry I ran you down. And I must say it's awfully decent of you to say nothing about it.

The Victim—It's all right. I'm just as much ashamed of being run down by a pre-war flivver as you are to be driving one.