

# The SANDMAN STORY

## PUSS AND THE INK

PUSS had a pure white coat and she was very proud of her fine looks, so proud that her friend Toby Dog called her vain.

One day when everybody was out Puss ran upstairs and began to look out for a nice soft place to take a nap.

She selected the sofa in the library, and was just about to jump up on it when something on the big desk attracted her attention. Some one had



left a plate there and Puss thought there might be something to eat on it.

But the plate was empty, and Puss was about to jump down when she suddenly caught sight of herself in a mirror standing on the desk.

Puss stood up and stretched herself. She turned her head to one side and then the other, while she admired her pretty self.

"My tail is much longer than the Puss's next door," she thought, swing-

ing her tail over her back rakishly.

Then Puss sat down in front of the mirror and began to wash her face, then licked her coat and all the time she kept her eyes on the mirror, wondering why she had not found it before.

Now Toby Dog had seen Puss go upstairs, and wondering what she was up to, he followed and arrived at the door just in time to see Puss switching her tail in front of the mirror.

Toby softly stepped back and peeked around the side of the door frame, and when he was tired of watching he decided he would frighten Puss and see her jump.

So just as she was standing up to stretch Toby bounded into the room with a loud bark.

Puss jumped and tumbled over, scratching and clawing as she tried to save herself from tumbling off the desk.

When Puss tumbled over she upset the bottle of red ink and not only did she get her feet red but the end of her tail, and as she ran out she rubbed against Toby and daubed him red as well.

When their mistress came home they were both punished for getting into mischief.

Puss was rather proud of her red spots; they set off her white coat. But poor Toby crawled out of sight; he was quite ashamed.

"I'll keep away from her after this," he said. "She is so vain she can't see how funny she looks. Cats are of no use, anyway, only to get us dogs into trouble."

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## Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

### PRETTY NOSES

OF ALL parts of the body, the nose and the chin are the hardest to change.

Of course, one can keep the skin of the nose as fine and clear as the skin of the rest of the face, and score a point over many women with well-shaped noses. For the most classic nose in the world will look coarse and ugly if the skin is oily and full of blackheads.

It is a pity that most reputable physicians have neglected the simple treatments that can overcome nasal



Great Care Is Needed to Keep the Nose Pores Clean.

deformities, feeling that such treatments are below their dignity. The result has been that a few doctors advertised themselves as featural specialists and made great fortunes, and that the inevitable trail of quacks and fakes came into the field, making money from badly informed people and selling instruments or courses of treatment, none of which were any good.

In babyhood, a poor nose may be molded into perfect proportions, while the bony part is still soft. The royal children of Persia are put under the care of trained men, who mold the nose into correct shape, as no one with a bad nose is allowed the throne. Even in maturity, a slight difference may be made in the nose by massage.

If the nose is actually deformed, there are specialists and sanatoriums where the deformity can be treated. A product called neoplasine is used, a combination of paraffin and white petrolatum. This, when sterilized, can be injected into living tissue, where it hardens and becomes covered with tissue matter, which holds it in place. Concave noses, noses where the tip has been indented in some manner, in cases of receding chins, or destroyed tissue.

For convex noses, a bit of the bony framework is removed, an operation more difficult than the neoplastic one. In any case, the operator should be the best obtainable, for a poor doctor might do more damage than good.

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EF I go out on da party at night I hava swella time. But next morning I gotta trouble wake up. Eef I losa da sleep I losa da pep. And eef I losa da pep my boss tella me I losa da job. Eef I stay home from da party I losa da fun. So you see ees alla same as da poker game—too moocha lose and no moocha win.

Lasa week I foola da boss one time alla right. I smash my alarm clock and keepa right on sleep. I tella da boss wot happen and he say I could no helpa da accident. So I still gotta my job.

But every leetle while my boss ees smarta guy. I no tink I can foola heem every day. I feegure eef I breaka dat clock once more he tella me no show up on da payday. And I no wanta losa my job.

I wana go on da party other night so I feegure out nother idee wot I tink ees gooda one. My clock never been out late and he always feela good een da morning. He gotta plenta pep and ring lika devil when I wanta keepa right on sleep.

So I taka dat clock on da party weeth me. I feegure mebbe eef he stay up late one night, too, he no gotta moocha pep next day. Me and da clock getta home late. I was sleepy and I feegure da clock was sama way. I tink he no ring een da morning and eef he no ring I gotta one more excuse for stay home.

But dat son-of-a-gun of a clock gotta too moocha ambish. He stay out almosta whole night and he ring jusa same nexa morning. I no feela good, but I gotta go to work when he waka me up. I tink when dat clock getta leetle older mebbe he losa da pep nexa day; eef he stay out late.

Wot you tink?



## Left-Overs

LILY WANDELL

(1926, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The usual series of parties for an engaged couple began, Cam generally in the background watching Deborah out of the corner of his eye. How she basked in the continual sunshine of admiration! It thrilled him to think that he had won her. She was new in town and immensely popular, and he had always been too engrossed in following his vocation of a professor to bother about social affairs. But Deborah, with her brilliance of a woman in full bloom, had shaken him out of his retirement.

A very young girl, too short for Cam's taste, had seated herself on the other end of the sofa. Cam glanced at her and decided he did not like her. She was too small, her hair too straight and black, her skin too dark and her eyes, slanting like an Oriental's, black and large, and her lips being small and painted very red. She smiled faintly, almost timidly.

"I'm your neighbor," she ventured. He did not like her voice either. It was low-pitched and throaty. Deborah's was clear and distinct.

"Neighbors?" then smiling at the settee. "Oh, I see."

"That was not what I meant. I am visiting Mrs. Ingram, who lives next door to you. I've seen you loads of times."

It sounded slightly reproachful, and Cameron Daw, being of a sensitive nature, felt then and there called to make up for his seeming incivility.

Later, before the party was over, when she expressed a desire to go home, Cam accompanied her the short way, simply as a courtesy to Mrs. Ingram, to whom he felt indebted for many little neighborly kindnesses. Somehow or other he got talking about stars to the girl, and when he returned to the scene of festivity the guests had left, including Deborah. He was amazed; he had had no idea that he had stood more than an hour explaining the solar system to a slant-eyed girl. At any rate he went home congratulating himself that he was engaged to Deborah and not to Mrs. Ingram's young visitor, poor little thing. He felt sorry for her, she seemed so forsaken, a little different from other girls. Even her name, Vashti, had a heathenish sound, quite in tune with those dark almond-shaped eyes and painted lips.

The next day he lingered near the party fence. This had nothing to do with his neighbor's guest; he was interested in a vine growing there, a troublesome vine that needed no end of tying and adjusting. And after he had fussed with it for quite a while, Vashti did appear and came over to see what he was doing. She might have been a hardy little brown plant herself, as she stood there in wood-colored skirt and sweater, adorned by a single splash of red, a ripe berry, her painted lips.

He explained the vine to her, all about its botanical family, and similar wild vines that grew in nearby woodlands. He suggested that after his classes they might look for some.

It was not on this walk, but during their second or third jaunt, that he learned about Bobbie. Vashti in confiding whispers told him all about the quarrel that had occurred the day before his sister's party. Bobbie, it proved, was a senior, and from Vashti's description, very hard-hearted and unforgiving. He was not taking any steps to make up; he seemed to take a malicious enjoyment seeing her lonely and forsaken. Vashti wanted to know what to do about it.

"Let's stir him up to action," suggested Cam boyishly, "make him see the green-eyed monster—frighten him and then—" he stopped a moment and added slowly: "I'm sure Deborah won't mind." It did not sound very positive.

"Who on earth is Deborah?" giving the name a funny little twist.

"Why, surely you know. Miss Heath? I'm engaged to be married—" Vashti interrupted with a delicious laugh. "I'll not be fooled! I don't believe for a moment that you would marry a left-over!"

"Vashti!" cried Cam in a shocked voice, "really you don't realize what you're saying! Left-over! Deborah's not more than thirty-two or three, quite a bit younger than I!"

"But quite a bit too old for you!" mimicked the girl, laughing, and then, with appealing sweetness, "I'm sorry though!" And Cam did not know whether she meant that she was sorry for him or for her rude remark about left-overs.

He explained to his fiancée over the telephone about his obligations to Mrs. Ingram and the very nice opportunity he had of reciprocating by helping her to entertain her guest. He hoped Deborah would understand. She said she did perfectly, and reminded him of one or two dinner dates and about making a list for the wedding invitations.

Cam found himself squirming out of different social engagements. His fiancée was very sweet about his seeming neglect; he almost wished she would be a little huffy and more exacting. But she was very busy herself with dressmakers and shopping, and all sorts of showers and luncheons. Nevertheless Deborah was bound to notice how things stood; she was clever, though, and refrained from nagging, and went on with gay preparations.

As for Cam, he wondered why he

had ever insisted upon so short an engagement period. Here was his wedding coming off in less than two weeks! He could not believe it; it could not be possible. He did not like being hurried like this; he wanted time to think. Think about what?

Then and there he determined to fight the thing out. Why be a coward and lie to himself? Why procrastinate? He was wildly in love with little Vashti and, what was more, he was ready to admit it—to the world, if necessary. Deborah was so sensible—he thanked God for that—he could talk the thing over with her. Tonight was a dinner dance; he could talk to her then. He could not bear to meet her and act the hypocrite. So he wrote her a letter releasing her from her engagement to marry him and sent it over to the Heath home by a special messenger. Then, feeling wonderfully relieved and light-hearted, he hurried out to the garden and robbed all the June bushes of their floral offerings and took them next door.

Vashti, in old blue and gold, her lips unpainted and her cheeks aglow, met him in the big Ingram library. "I'm so glad you've come," motioning a place for him on the davenport; "I've had a wonderful yet difficult afternoon. I've been fighting with myself! Struggling with my mean little self—"

"Vashti!" he interrupted, taking one warm little brown hand within his own. "I've been doing the same—and everything is all right, darling!"

She nodded, smiling. "I'm so glad for myself I mean. You see, I just couldn't stop thinking of Bobbie one minute, and I'm afraid making him jealous did not work at all. So I just stopped lying to myself and fought it all out this afternoon, and I decided that the silly old quarrel was all my fault, and that I would sit down and write Bobbie and tell him so, and say I was sorry! And I did, too, and sent it to him by special messenger. Don't you think that was the best and bravest way?"

Cam clutched the little hand tighter for a second, then he got to his feet. After mumbling a few sentences he left without saying what he had come to tell her. Vashti did not notice anything amiss; she was too occupied planning her own happiness.

In September, just before the fall term, Professor Daw returned from an extended tour of the Canadian Rockies. He looked and felt very fit. Fresh glacier breezes had blown all mental inebriation from his mind, leaving a flow of thought as clear and fine as a mountain stream.

Very briskly he walked the avenue to the Heath place. He had not bothered to telephone.

The maid at the door shook her head to his question in astonishment. "I thought everybody knew, sir, that they left yesterday."

Cam was terribly disappointed. "Did she leave an address?" he asked hopefully.

The girl smiled. "Not that I know of, sir. Honeymoon couples don't as a rule."

"Honeymoon! Married!" Then wildly distracted: "To whom, to whom?"

"Mr. Bratthers, sir. Some people called him Mr. Bobbie."

In this university town the Ladies' Civic society has placed neat green cans for rubbish at certain corners. Before one of these receptacles Cam stopped, drew from his pocket an unopened letter addressed to himself in large backhand characters, and on the back of which was a large monogram, the most prominent letter "V" standing out boldly. He tore the envelope carefully in strips and threw it into the depository. He did not care for left-overs.

## BELOVED BY ALL PARISIANS

Solemn and Sacred in Memory Is the Square Known as the Place de la Concorde.

"The spot where France weeps," the Place de la Concorde, is one of Paris' greatest showplaces. Thousands died there in the blood of madness of the French Revolution; the allied enemies of Napoleon held a solemn Te Deum there in 1814; in 1871 the hated Prussian encamped in the beautiful square; later the same year it was the scene of fierce and bloody conflicts between the Versailles troops and the Communards, who had erected barricades at one of its entrances. Since 1871 until recently the statue dedicated to the city of Strassbourg had been continuously draped in mourning, and known as the "Lost Sister," keeping Alsace-Lorraine alive in the minds of Frenchmen.

It is a place of lovely fountains and statues. Originally it was intended as a center of commemoration, where statues and monuments might be erected to celebrate the memory of great Frenchmen and their deeds. There are in it now eight colossal statues, representing eight principal cities of France—Lille, Rouen, Nantes, Bordeaux, Brest, Marseilles, Lyons and Strassbourg. There is now talk of erecting in it some immortal conception of the present conflict and its victorious outcome.

### Efficiency Complication.

"You mustn't ask the telephone operator the time of day when your clock stops."

"Why not?" inquired the new subscriber.

"Because it takes up too much valuable time."

"But it takes up more of everybody's time when you get the wrong number once or twice before you can call up a friend or a jewelry store to make the same inquiry."



## POULTRY

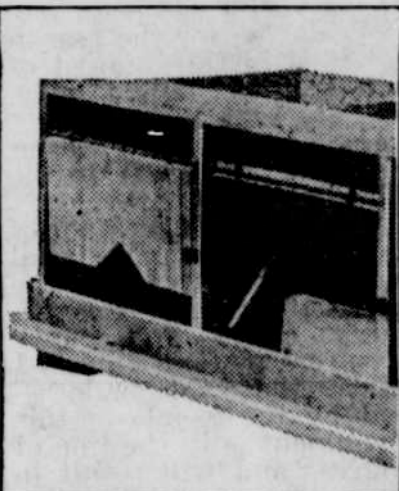
TRAP NEST IS VALUABLE AID Enables Owner to Ascertain Just Which Hens Are Laying—Requires Much Attention.

The purpose of trap-nesting the flock is to ascertain which hens lay, either for determining what record they make, or for identifying their eggs during the hatching season so that pedigree records are possible. Trap-nesting requires a considerable amount of attention, but is a valuable aid in developing a flock of poultry along lines of breeding for egg production.

A trap-nest is a laying nest so arranged that after a hen enters it she is confined until released by the attendant. One trap-nest should be provided for each four hens kept in flocks of 50 or more, while more trap-nests are necessary in smaller flocks. The hens are marked with numbered bands and a record is kept of their egg production. The nests should be visited at least four times daily, and preferably much more often, frequent trips being especially necessary when the hens are laying freely and during hot weather.

The trap-nest may be attached to the underside of the dropping board with the front facing the pen, and arranged so that it can easily be removed, or it may be placed on the walls of the pen. If the nest is placed under the dropping board, the latter will serve as a top for the nest, and the rear of the nest may be of wire to allow good ventilation in warm weather. If the nest is placed on the wall, slats or wire should be inserted from the front of the nest to the wall at a sharp angle to prevent the hens from roosting on the nest.

Of course, it is essential to make the nests as attractive and cozy as possible, and this is accomplished by providing them with plenty of clean litter, as often as a new supply of straw is needed. Furthermore, in particularly objectionable cases it pays to clean all the litter from the floor of



A Good Trap Nest for Hens.

the house, in order to break the hens of laying promiscuously wherever they desire. By removing the straw and bedding, the floor of the house is not so attractive as a nesting spot for the hens and pullets, and hence they are forced to seek the trap-nests.

## BLUE OINTMENT KILLS BUGS

Equal Parts of Poison and Vaseline Applied to Fowl's Body Is Effective.

Body lice on fowls can be quickly and effectively eliminated by the blue ointment treatment. Get your drugist to mix equal parts of vaseline and blue or mercurial ointment. A piece the size of a pea rubbed on to the skin below the vent will kill both lice and nits. Do it this spring and fall but don't overdo it nor use it on chicks under three months old.

## PLAN FOR BETTER CHICKENS

Fall Is Good Time to Obtain Few Puredbred Fowls—Get Hens That Molted Late.

This fall is a good time to buy a few purebred hens if you are planning to go in for better chickens. Select hens that have not molted by the middle of October and you will probably have a group of good layers. Next spring they can be mated with a purebred rooster from a high producing strain and your foundation flock is under way.

## STUDY OF MARKET DEMANDS

Poultry Raiser Should Know What Color of Eggs and Meat Will Bring Best Prices.

Every poultry raiser should make a study of the market demands. A uniform color of eggs and flesh in poultry is desirable. A mixed flock will not produce uniform eggs or meat, and eggs from such a flock are not desirable for hatching.

## FURNISH HENS FRESH WATER

One of Common Causes of Digestive Troubles Among Poultry Flock Can Be Prevented.

Unclean drinking water is one of the common causes of digestive troubles in poultry during hot weather and the important point is not so much to save labor as to furnish those birds with a supply of pure fresh water at all times.



## POULTRY

BEST HOUSES FOR CHICKENS Several Plans and Arrangements Between Two Extremes Which May Suit Conditions.

In the manner of housing fowls there are two systems widely different in their extremes. At one extreme is the colony plan, which consists in placing small houses for small flocks far enough apart to obviate the necessity of fences, thus giving free range with but little mingling of the different flocks. At the other extreme we have the continuous house. This kind of house consists of a series of separate pens, under one roof, opening directly into a hallway in the rear, or having doors between the pens without the hallway, or opening into a hallway and also into one another. There are several plans and arrangements between these two extremes which may be built to suit varying conditions.

The advantages of the colony plan, according to poultry specialists in the



Colony Houses Allow Flocks Free Range.

United States department of agriculture, are, first, small flocks on free range; second, no expense for fencing; third, there is less need for scrupulous attention to cleanliness and providing regular supplies of animal and vegetable feed during summer months. This plan, however, has the following disadvantages: First, extra cost of labor in caring for fowls in stormy weather, when it will often be difficult to get around to feed and care for the fowls regularly; second, houses built on the colony plan, if built as well, cost more than a continuous house of the same capacity, for partitions, which may be constructed largely of wire netting, are much cheaper than two end walls; third, the colony plan allows only about 100 birds to the acre, while the continuous-house system, with suitable yards, allows 450 to 500 birds to the acre.

## ROOSTS FOR LITTLE CHICKS

Difficult to Keep Youngsters Clean if They Are Permitted to Roost on Floor.

It is often advisable to teach the chicks to roost when eight to twelve weeks of age. When they are allowed to remain on the floor it is difficult to keep them clean and to keep them from crowding. If wide roosts—three to four inches—are used there is but little, if any, more danger of crooked breasts than if the chicks are allowed to remain on the floor.

The chicks can generally be taught to roost by putting the perches near the floor and placing with them one or two old hens or older chicks that are in the habit of roosting. If this plan is inconvenient or does not prove effective, the chicks may be placed on the perches after dark for a few nights, until they have learned to go there of their own accord, say poultry specialists of the United States department of agriculture.

## TEST OUT BROODING SYSTEM

Greatest Loss Is Due to Chilling Received While Being Transferred From Incubator.

Chickens are usually left in the incubator from 24 to 36 hours after hatching, without feeding, before they are removed to the brooder, which should have been in operation for a day or two at the proper temperature for receiving the chickens, say specialists of the United States department of agriculture. A beginner should try his brooding system carefully before he uses it. After placing the chicken in the brooder they can be given feed and water. Subsequent loss in chickens is frequently due to chilling received while taking them from the incubator to the brooder. They should be moved in a covered basket or receptacle in cool or cold weather.

## CULL OUT ALL LOAFER HENS

Reason Why So Many Flocks Are Unprofitable Is Because of Presence of Nonlayers.

Lack of proper culling thus far has proved to be, in the majority of cases, the principal reason why a poultry flock is not profitable. Forty per cent of the hens in the average farm flock today are nonproductive and should be sold or eaten. It costs about \$2 a year, taking the country over, to feed each hen. If she does not produce more than that amount of eggs she is unprofitable.