

# The SANDMAN STORY



## YOUNG HEIFER'S VISIT

IT WAS late in the summer and the young heifer had wandered off for adventures.

The young heifer thought she was quite big enough for that. She was no longer a baby calf. She was almost a full-grown cow.

Ah yes, she was big now and she was strong and she was wise and she knew how to take care of herself. And adventures would be such fun!

To wander and then to wander some more would be very, very delightful. It was a good old world, so full of interests, so much to see, so much to discover.

Now the young heifer belonged to a farmer who owned a good many animals. He was very fond of all of his animals. He had cows and he had sheep and he had pigs and he had hens and roosters. Oh, there were

And she thought that she would go in the direction of those sounds and listen. This silence about her was beginning to make her quite nervous.

So she went in the direction of the sounds, even though she was tired, and even though she hated to walk any more. But it would be worth the extra walk and the extra tired feeling if she could be where there would be companions.

On and on she trudged, poor, weary young heifer that she was. And at last she came to another farm. There were none of her own family about, but their were animals of her own kind and friends she could feel at home with, and it was happiness to be there. Everyone welcomed her, a little shyly at first, but she was welcomed.

It was a joy to the heifer to be welcomed.

There was a new farmer here, one she had never seen before, but he, too, was nice to her. He seemed surprised at first to see her, but he treated her as one of the family in no time at all.

Day after day she stayed upon this farm, and the days went into weeks as days have a habit of doing of which they've never broken themselves. And the weeks went into months. Yes, two months had gone by since the heifer had gone off for adventures. But she had not forgotten what her own family looked like. Nor had she forgotten what the farmer's wife and the farmer's son and the farmer's daughter looked like. And one day they all appeared upon the new farm.

"Yes," said her new master, "I couldn't understand it for a long time. And then I knew she must have wandered off from some other farm. She must have come a roundabout way for there we nearer farms than yours."

"I thought at first she had come from one of those nearer farms and went to find out. But she hadn't and then I couldn't imagine where she had strayed from."

"It was good of you to take her in and give her a home and now be willing to give her back to me," the heifer's real master said.

"Well, she made herself so at home that we began to feel she belonged to us."

The heifer went back, though, to her old home. It was good to be back and yet she had been treated well while she had been away. But oh, it was fun to feel such an unusual heifer—to have been away on a two months' visit. No other heifer could say as much. She didn't care to go again, but she was glad she had had such an unusual experience.

(Copyright.)

## Eleanor Boardman



"She Goes to War"—meaning Eleanor Boardman does—has been brought to the films. Miss Boardman will be remembered as the star of "The Crowd," which her husband, King Vidor, directed. The picture shows Miss Boardman as she appears in the war feature.

## For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

BY COMMON consent camping ranks first among the sports especially to lovers of the out-of-doors. On almost every road one travels he can see, secluded among trees in the woods, groups of white or brown-colored tents. An organization of Boy Scouts has come from a week-end hike; or a number of friends have chosen this method of recreation, thus finding relaxation from the heat and strain of a week's work in the crowded city. Perhaps the tents may indicate to an interested spectator that a group of business men, intent on a brief vacation, have selected a time for their favorite sport—fishing in the crystal clearness of cooling waters. Or, the tents may be the property of a number of campers who, having said farewell to the congested centers of population, have chosen this method of spending the summer months in preference to seaside resorts or foreign travel.

During the last few years summer camping has received serious consideration from benevolent minded persons who have made it possible for many of the dependent classes, especially children, to receive the benefits of a few weeks spent in the out of doors. Summer camping has become thoroughly organized to such an extent that now hundreds of children in almost every city receive not only the physical benefit of a few weeks of camp life, but at the same time are taught many of the arts like nature study, basket weaving, dramatics, etc.

Camp institutes, however, require not only financial support but also trained leadership and instruction. While the former may be furnished by liberally minded citizens, the latter are provided through the services of many of the most gifted and talented young people from our colleges and universities. These splendid young people give about two months of their summer vacations to this work, receiving as their chief reward the rare privilege of having had a share in the work of making possible a few weeks of real pleasure to underprivileged children as well as the opportunity of instilling into their minds thoughts which may effect their future character and life. Summer camping is making a definite contribution to a better citizenship and should receive most hearty support.

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

## SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"A girl who jumps at conclusions always startled when the boy and gives a hoop."

## An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

By the BARONESS ORCZY

Copyright Baroness Orczy  
WNU Service

### STORY FROM THE START

The Scarlet Pimpernel, known during the French revolution as the most intrepid adventurer in Europe, is at Turner, in a house party given by Sir Percy Blakeney the latest adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel, the rescue of the Tournon-d'Agénay, is being related by Sir Andrew Ffolkes.

### CHAPTER I—Continued

"And that was when the gallant Scarlet Pimpernel interposed!" Lady Alicia put in with a sigh. "He knew M. le Tournon d'Agénay and his family were being taken to Paris."

"I believe he had had an inkling of what was in the wind some time before the arrest. It is wonderful how closely he is always in touch with those who one day may need his help. But I believe that at the last moment plans had to be formulated in a hurry. Fortunately, chance on this occasion chose to favor those plans. Day had broken without a gleam of sunshine; a thin drizzle was falling, and there was a sharp head wind on, which fretted the horses and forced the driver to keep his head down, with his broad-brimmed hat pulled well over his eyes. Nature, as you see, was helping all she could. One can imagine the surprise attack. Vague forms loomed suddenly out of the mist and the sharp report of a pistol, twice in quick succession. The horses, sweating and panting, fell into a foot-pace, dragging the heavy coach up the steep incline, through the squeaking mud of the road, and came to a violent and sudden halt on the crest of the hill at the first report. At the second they reared and plunged wildly."

"The whole thing was, I am assured, a matter of a couple of minutes. It was surprise and swiftness that won the upper hand, for the rescue party was outnumbered three to one. Had there been the slightest hesitation, the slightest slackening of quick action, the attack would of a certainty have failed. But during those few minutes of confusion, and under cover of the mist and the vague grayness of the morning the Scarlet Pimpernel and his followers, down on their knees in the squeaking mud were not merely fighting, you understand? No! They were chiefly engaged in cutting the saddle girths under the bellies of eight fatigued and plunging horses, and cracking their pistols in order to keep up the confusion. Not an easy task, you will admit, though 'tis a form of attack well known in the East, so I understand."

"At any rate, those had been the chief's orders, and they had to be carried out. For my part, I imagine that superstitious terror had upset the nerves of that small squad of revolutionary guard. Hemmed in by the thicket on either side of the road, the men had not sufficient elbow room for a good fight. No man likes being attacked by a foe whom he cannot well see, and in the melee that ensued the men were hindered from using their somewhat clumsy sabers too freely for fear of injuring their comrades' mounts, if not their own; and all they could do was to strive to calm their horses and through the din, to hear the words of command uttered by their lieutenant."

"And all the while," Sir Andrew went on, amidst breathless silence on the part of his hearers, "I pray you picture to yourselves the confusion; the cracking of pistols, the horses snorting, the lieutenant shouting, the prisoners screaming. Then, at a given moment, the Scarlet Pimpernel scrambled up the box seat of the chaise. As no doubt all of you ladies know by now, he has the most wonderful hand with horses. In one instant he had snatched the reins out of the bewildered Jehu's hands, and, with word of mouth and click of tongue, had soothed the poor beasts' nerves. And sudden he gave the order, 'Ca va!' which was the signal agreed on between himself and his followers. For then it meant a scramble for cover under the bell of mist and rain, whilst the gallant chief, whipped up the team, which plunged down the road now at breakneck speed."

"Of course, the guard, and, above all, the lieutenant, grasped the situation soon enough, and immediately gave chase. But they were not trick riders, any of them, and with severed saddle girths could not go far. Be that as it may, the Scarlet Pimpernel drove his team without a halt as far as Molay, where he had arranged for relays. Once well away from the immediate influence of Paris, with all its terrors and tyrannical measures, the means of escape for the prisoners became comparatively easy, thanks primarily to the indomitable pluck of their rescuer and also to a long purse."

"It was in the midst of his perturbations that he bethought him of his friend, Armand Chauvelin. Now, I am sure you are quite aware of the fact that that same friend of his was under a cloud just now; that he had lost that high position he once held on the committee of public safety, for reasons which had never been made public. Nevertheless, he had reasons for knowing that in the matter of tracking down spies Armand Chauvelin had few, if any, equals; and he also knew that for some unexplained cause Chauvelin would give several years of his life, and everything he possessed in the world, to get his long, thin fingers round the throat of that enigmatic personage known as the Scarlet Pimpernel."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Still He Fools Some People

"De long talkin' man," said Uncle Eben, "is mighty liable to be reelin' more on cough drops dan on ideas."

Mencken—Well, what did the editor say of your last contribution of free verse? Blencken—He was very encouraging. He said that my poems were equal to Poe's except for the absence of any rhyme, rhythm or meaning.

### Where They Lacked

Blencken—He was very encouraging. He said that my poems were equal to Poe's except for the absence of any rhyme, rhythm or meaning.

### Nothing Left for the Court

Blencken—He was very encouraging. He said that my poems were equal to Poe's except for the absence of any rhyme, rhythm or meaning.

### Where They Lacked

Blencken—He was very encouraging. He said that my poems were equal to Poe's except for the absence of any rhyme, rhythm or meaning.

### Nothing Left for the Court

Blencken—He was very encouraging. He said that my poems were equal to Poe's except for the absence of any rhyme, rhythm or meaning.

### Where They Lacked

Blencken—He was very encouraging. He said that my poems were equal to Poe's except for the absence of any rhyme, rhythm or meaning.

## Wit and Humor



### GET DOWN OFF A SWAN

McTavish went into a Glasgow antique shop to buy a pair of antlers that had taken his fancy.

After considerable haggling the dealer cut the price in half. But McTavish still wasn't satisfied.

"Heck, mon," he complained, "are they no' awfu' dear?"

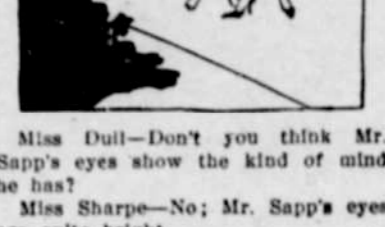
"Of course they're off a deer," roared the man man behind the counter. "Did ye think they cam' frae a rabbit?"—Tit Bits.

### Carbolic Acid Advised

Oswald (writing a letter to his friend)—Dear Bob, you know I love Louise, but her father objects to our marriage, and if she can't be mine, I'll surely have to commit suicide. What do you advise?

His friend answered—Carbolic acid, old man.

### HAD BRIGHT EYES



Miss Dull—Don't you think Mr. Sapp's eyes show the kind of mind he has?

Miss Sharpe—No; Mr. Sapp's eyes are quite bright.

### Fame and Photography

The joy of passing fame is done. For the elusive present. Photographers a man will shun When he cannot "Look Pleasant."

### A Valve Needed

"Yes, I like the room but the neighbors can hear everything we say."

"Well, I shall be pleased to hang a heavy tapestry on the walls."

"But then we can't hear what the neighbors say."

### They Play the Part Well

The Girl—What is your opinion of those girls who imitate men?

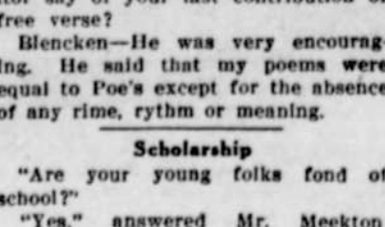
The Man—They're idiots!

### One May Well Ask

Griggs—I see people are living a great deal longer than they used to.

Griggs—Well, what else is there to do?

### FAILED AS A MODERN



He—She's so delightfully old-time and sensible in her dress.

She—Yes, she was a complete failure in the modern rig.

### Mary Had a Little Car

Mary had a little car To take her eggs to market, But she had to leave it ten blocks out To find a place to park it.

### Easy

Hawker—Buy a paper barometer, madam, only a penny each. Lady (after buying one)—How does it work? Hawker—Just put it on the window sill, and when it's wet you'll know its raining.



## A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

## PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Find Classic Old Jeat to Be Founded on Fact

According to historic lore a sardine once blocked exit and entry of the famous harbor of Marseilles. It is one of the most hoary of stories worked on visitors to that famous city. But now it seems that that classic jest is true after all, writes a London Morning Post contributor.

It was a corvette, La Sardine, that fought in the French revolutionary wars. Toulon was being besieged by the French, held as it was by a British fleet and army, and to prevent the latter from effecting a diversion at Marseilles, La Sardine put herself in the mouth of the harbor and was scuttled by her captain's orders. So at least says the learned Abbe Marius Rocher, who has unearthed the fact from the dust of the past and communicated it to the Academy.

## Mosquito Bites

MANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not satisfied. All dealers.

## Mules Scored Victory

Driving along a Kansas City (Mo.) street, Glenn Hakes met a team of mules. The mules were driverless, obstinate, and in the middle of the street. It was impossible to pass them, and in the hope that the animals would instinctively step aside, Hakes stopped his car. Not so! The mules advanced steadily and the only alternative was to back the automobile. At this the mules quickened their pace, and soon there was a peculiar race in progress. Then Hakes backed into the courthouse driveway, the mules still following. The marathon was ended only when Hakes' car was up against the courthouse wall.

## More Experience

Blinks—It cost me \$25 to learn a car won't run if the gas tank is empty. Jinks—How did that happen? Blinks—The garage man tore the car down trying to locate the trouble before he thought to look at the tank.

## Accidentally an Arkansas lady cured fits

in a valuable dog with Russ Ball Blue. Many others now use it. Never fails, she says.—Adv.

## Insure Against Divorce

Insurance against the risk of divorce is a novel innovation made by a Parisian company. Husbands and wives may take out a joint policy covering both against a change of affection, the amount paid in the event of a decree varying with the amount of the premium paid.

## No Coeds for China

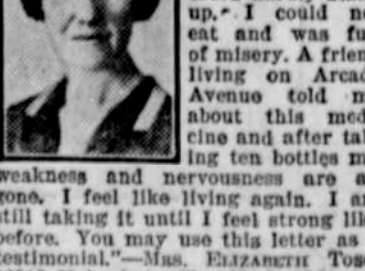
The Chinese province of Hunan has tested coeducation and decided that it does not work. An order issued by the provincial commissioner requires all schools to abandon teaching girls and boys together.

## The Secretary's View

Some men are just funny little boys playing at the popular game of getting.—American Magazine.

## RECOMMENDS IT TO OTHERS

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helps Her So Much



Cleveland, Ohio—"I sure recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman in the condition I was in. I was so weak and run-down that I could hardly stand up. I could not eat and was full of misery. A friend living on Arcade Avenue told me about this medicine and after taking ten bottles my weakness and nervousness are all gone. I feel like living again. I am still taking it until I feel strong like before. You may use this letter as a testimonial."—MRS. ELIZABETH TOSQ, 1413 Hale Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

## SAWS

By Viola Brothers Shore

### FOR THE GOOSE—

EVERY time you feel jealousy you're weakening your own position. And every time you show it, you're stren'thenin' somebody else's.

Maybe the reason women are so crazy to marry the men that deceive them is outa revenge.

The way to be happiest in marriage ain't always to do what'll make you the most happy; or him the most happy; but what'll make the both of you the least unhappy.

The reason women stand for so much from bad men and impose on good ones is because it's much easier for a woman to be generous than just.

### FOR THE GANDER—

Every place where you got a latchkey ain't home. But no place is home where you ain't got a latchkey.

It's better to be the best member of a poor family than the worst member of a good one.

But it's better to be the dumbest in a smart family than the smartest in a dumb one, because then at least you ain't bored to death.



## REVENGE IS SWEET



Woolly Caterpillar (to chilly Bug)—You're the fellow who laughed at me

## Why We Do What We Do

By M. K. THOMSON, Ph. D.

### WHY WE HAVE CONCEPTS

WHEN I use the word "book" you know what I mean. Yet, it does not have quite the same meaning to all. To the small child a book means something with leaves in it that makes an agreeable noise when he pulls and tears. Later he learns that a book has colored pictures of all kinds of funny looking animals. By and by it dawns on him that some books have queer characters under each animal that tell what to call the outlandish creature. It is a moo-moo, a ba-ba, or a bow-wow.

When a child is ready for school he learns that books are to be read and studied. There are large books and small books, thick books with no pictures. Perhaps some day he works in a book store or a library. That is still another approach. His experience with books increases his interest in them. It may be that he writes a book himself. This gives him a peculiar relation to the name book, which is not unlike the father and son relationship. Perhaps he owns a private library and goes in for collecting rare and valuable books. By this time he has become a connoisseur in books, a book lover.

This is merely illustration of how our concept grows with experience. The same principle holds regarding all the objects to which we give names. Hence the difference in our taste and comprehension. We do not like the same things because our experiences are different. We dislike certain objects for the same reason.

We have concepts in order to think and talk intelligently. A concept is made up of memory images of things we once experienced through one or more sense organs. The meaning of any concept is determined by the richness of our experience regarding that particular situation or thing.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### Gone Wrong

"Jones!" said the schoolmaster sternly. "You have again been caught in the act of flagrant disobedience. Your example to others is most injurious. In short, sir, you are going to the devil. Come with me!"

Yorkshire Post.

### He Was Only Sparring

Judge—A few minutes ago you swore that you were only sparring with the plaintiff and that was what injured him. Now we have proved that you struck him over the head with a blunt instrument. Why did you lie?

Prisoner—It was telling the exact truth, your honor; it was a piece of spar I hit him with.

Proceeding With Caution

Angeline—I'm afraid I'm not a very good cook, but I'll try ever so hard after we're married.

Edwin—Better try now, before we're married. Try it on your folks and let me know how it comes out.

### Has Found Way

Mrs. Naylor—Your lodger isn't very talkative, is he? Mrs. Nextdoor—No, sir, but I've to open all his letters to find out anything about him.—Pathfinder.