

# The SANDMAN STORY

## ABOUT BIDDLE, THE CAT

"YOU have often heard of Biddle Birdsall, the cat," said the Sandman, "and I have one more story to tell you of Biddle."

"Only one more?" asked Nick and Nancy together.

"Yes," said the Sandman, "this is the story of Biddle's last adventure, and it is a true story just as all the animal stories that are told are true stories."

"As you know, Biddle was a real cat. He belonged to a little girl named Gertrude. She had tried to say 'Kitty' when she was a very small girl."

"And 'Biddle' was the best she was able to do. So they had always called him Biddle."

"He was a tiny kitten when Gertrude was a baby. He had wandered to the house where Gertrude lived

when he was only a silly, playful little kitten. "He liked to sit in a big chair which was always called Biddle's chair, and there he would sleep—though when the family told visitors of the wonderful things Biddle did he always half-blinked his eyes and listened to what was being said about him."

"His family had moved from the house where they had lived for a great many years. They had gone to another house in the same town and Biddle had waited until the last of the furniture had been moved before he went along, too."

"He was quite willing to go with them. He knew they must go. And he made himself quite at home in the new house—his old chair was there and the family were there and if he felt sad at all, he made the best of things."

"He grew older and older of course and with age came great feebleness. But he was very happy and very contented."

"He was petted a great deal. Old age was as nice as youth, he had decided."

"One day he acted rather strangely. He seemed to be thinking very hard."

"Suddenly he got up from his chair. Suddenly he moved, though for a long time he had always moved very carefully, very slowly."

"With a tremendous spurt he had jumped up and had bounded out of the house with all his one-time youthful sprightliness."

"He dashed across the street and out of sight."

"In a little while the telephone rang. The people who now lived in the house where Biddle had once lived were telephoning."

"'Biddle is here,' they said. 'We heard a cat purring and found him outside the door. He seemed to want to come in. He ran right into the study and sat on the desk—just where you once told us he always used to sit, and there he is now. We thought you might worry about him as you said he never left the house these days.'

"An hour passed. Biddle had sat on the desk all that time, taking in all the dear familiar walls, the dear familiar glow and sparkle from the fireplace. Suddenly his energy seemed to have left him."

"Wearily he got down and dragged himself home. He went back to his old chair. Yes, he was an old, old cat and his days would not be many more. But he had seen his old home again. He had made one last splendid spurt and it had carried him through."

"Biddle had had his last adventure."

(Copyright.)



Wore a Little Collar With Many Bells.

and as he seemed to be a little wily kitty, Gertrude's mother and daddy took him in and gave him a comfortable home.

"Biddle was always called Gertrude's cat for he arrived only a little bit later than Gertrude had arrived."

"Biddle was a very remarkable cat. He was devoted to the family and he did many very clever things. He always wore a little collar with many bells upon it so as to warn the birds that he was about, and would catch and eat them if they were not careful."

"Gertrude had thought that was only fair to the birds and she was quite right."

"In time Gertrude grew up. She was almost a 'young lady' now and Biddle was getting to be a very old cat."

"Oh, Biddle didn't care much about adventures as he once had. He didn't care to wander and play as he had



Charming Dolores Costello, featured "movie" player, tips the scales at 107 pounds. She is five feet four inches tall, has light hair and blue eyes. She was born in Pittsburgh. Her father was a "movie" star, and her mother played in pictures. Dolores started by playing child parts in the pictures with her father. "The Glad Rag Doll" and "Madonna of Avenue A" are among her latest pictures, with "Hearts in Exile" the very latest.

## For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

### COST OF CRIME

In a recent report of the crime commission of the American Bar association the statement is made that crime in the United States last year cost upwards of thirteen billion dollars. "Twelve thousand murders were committed, fifty times the number recorded in Great Britain. Thirty thousand criminals are at large in New York and ten thousand in Chicago." To visualize thirteen billion dollars is a severe tax upon the imagination.

is a sum large enough to solve our problem of poverty if adequately distributed. No single individual fortune is so large an amount. It is larger than the combined benevolent budgets of all our churches. It would go a long way toward creating moral prosperity if used for educational purposes.

Is the moral sentiment of the country at the breaking point? Why such flagrant disregard for moral values? Why is crime so rampant as to cost thirteen billion dollars? There can be but one answer. Disregard for moral values and disrespect for law. The moral security of a nation can rise no higher than the character of its citizens. Proper respect for law is a virtue. It can be attained only through struggle, enlightenment and education. Much money is spent annually for the punishment of crime, upkeep of prisons, asylums, etc., but how much for organized efforts to prevent crime, to enlighten public conscience, to cultivate a deep and vivid appreciation of moral values? On the contrary far more money is annually spent for the punishment than for the prevention of crime.

Moral security, like international peace cannot be forced by legislation alone. There must be a status quo, a state of mind, a national conscience, a public opinion, a citizenship which not only desires but demands respect for law and obedience to moral norms.

Indifference to crime is our most serious national offense. We simply do not care. We leave the problem to the police force and the criminal courts. On the contrary the responsibility for the moral condition created by crime is chargeable direct to the individual citizen.

When we spend more money in cultivating, through organized efforts, an adequate appreciation of moral values and respect for law, we shall spend less on punishment of crime and on meting out justice to criminals.



Not good in the long run—bills.

# An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

By The Baroness Orczy

## CHAPTER V—Continued

Nay, more! There were many who positively asserted that in some unexplainable way the whole of the Deseeze affair was connected with the capture of the English spy who was known throughout France as the Scarlet Pimpernel. This spy had been at work in the district for some time; every one knew that it was he who had dragged those de-devant traitors and aristos, the Tournon-d'Arenays, out of Citizen Lauzet's clutches, and Citizen Lauzet was now having his revenge. He would capture the Scarlet Pimpernel, catch him in the act of trying to effect the escape of the Deseeze family, and thus earn the reward of ten thousand livres offered to any man who would lay that enemy of France by the heels.

Lucky Lauzet! Thus to have the means of earning a sum of money sufficient to keep a man and his family in affluence for the rest of their lives. And besides the money there would be the glory, too! Who could gauge the heights to which a man might rise if he brought about the capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel? Well, Lauzet would do it! Lucky Lauzet! He would certainly do it, asserted some; those sort of men always have all the luck! There were even those who asserted that the Scarlet Pimpernel was already captured and that Lauzet had got him. Lucky, lucky Lauzet!

"You don't suppose," one man declared, "that anything would be known of the affair unless it was already accomplished? Lauzet is not one to talk till after a thing is done. No! No! Believe me, my friends, Lauzet has already got his ten thousand livres in his pocket!"

He was a wizened little old man from over Lanoy way, and now he dolefully shook his head.

"And to think," he went on, "that I might have laid that English spy by the heels myself, if I had had a bit of luck like Lauzet."

A shout of derision greeted this astounding assertion.

"You, papa Sargon?" one of the crowd ejaculated with a loud laugh. "You, laying the English spy by the heels? That is the best joke I've heard for many a day. Will you tell us how that came about?"

And papa Sargon told the tale how he and his wife had a visit from a squad of soldiers who told him that they were after a band of English spies who were known to be in that district. The soldiers asked for a night's shelter as they were weary after a long day's ride. Papa Sargon had made them comfortable in the big barn behind the cottage; but the next morning, when he went to see how they had fared in the night, he found the barn empty and the soldiers gone. And papa Sargon remained convinced in his own mind that for the better part of a night he had harbored the most bitter enemies of his country, and if he had only guessed who those supposed soldiers were, he might have informed the local commissary of police, and earned ten thousand livres for himself.

Now, this story would not perhaps have been altogether convincing to unprejudiced ears, but such as it was, and with everything that had occurred in Moisson these last few days, it aroused considerable excitement. It went to prove that the Scarlet Pimpernel was not nearly so mysterious or so astute as rumor credited him to be, since he almost fell a victim to papa and mamma Sargon. It also went to prove to the satisfaction of the company present that Citizen Lauzet had been sharper than papa Sargon and, having come across the Scarlet Pimpernel through some lucky accident, he had laid hands on him and was even now conveying him to Paris, where a grateful government would hand him over the promised reward of ten thousand livres.

This notion, which gradually filtered into the minds of the company, did not tend to make Citizen Lauzet any more popular; and when presently most of that same company adjourned to Leon's for refreshment, there were some among the younger men who wanted to know why they should not have their share in those ten thousand livres. The Scarlet Pimpernel, they argued with more enthusiasm than logic, had been captured in their district. The Deseeze family who were in some way connected with the capture were citizens of Moisson; why should not they, citizens of Moisson, too, finger a part of the reward?

It was all wild and illogical, and it would have been impossible for anyone to say definitely who was the prime mover in the ensuing resolution which, by the way, was carried unanimously, that a deputation should set out forthwith for Mantes to interview Citizen Lauzet and demand in the name of Justice, and for the benefit of Moisson, some share in the money prize granted by the government for the capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel. Subsequently, both papa Sargon and a drover from Alincourt were held to be chiefly to blame, but as papa Sargon properly remarked, neither he nor the stranger from Alincourt stood to gain anything by the wild goose chase, so why should they have investigated it?

He that as it may, soon after mid-day meal, half a score of young stalwarts climbed into the cart of the drover from Alincourt, and the party, full of enthusiasm and of Leon's excellent red wine, set out for Mantes. They had provided themselves with a miscellaneous collection of arms; those who possessed guns brought them along, then they borrowed a couple of pistols from Leon and two more from old Mitau, who had been a soldier in his day. Some of them had sabers, others took sickles or scythes which might be useful; one man had a saw, another took a wood chopper. All these things would be useful should there be a fight over this affair, and most of them hoped that there would be a fight.

The first disappointment came on arrival in Mantes. Here at the commissariat they were informed that Citizen Lauzet had been gone these last two hours. He had ridden away in the company of his friend who had come from Paris some two days previously. The general idea prevalent at the commissariat was that the two men had ridden away in the direction of Paris.

The second disappointment, a corollary of the first, was that the diligence with prisoners and escort had started on its way less than half an hour ago. It seemed in truth as if the plot thickened. Lauzet and his friend from Paris gone, the diligence gone! No one paused for a moment to reflect how this could possibly mean anything in the nature of a plot, but by this time spirits were inflamed. Unaccountably inflamed. Every one was so poor these days; money was so terribly hard to earn; work was so grinding, remuneration so small, that now that the idea of the capture of the English spy with its attendant reward had seized hold of the imagination of these young hotheads, they clung to it tenaciously, grimly, certain that if they acted quickly and wisely, and if no one else got in the way, they would succeed in gaining the golden prize. A competence! Just think on it! And with nothing to do for it but an exciting adventure. And here was Lauzet interloping! Snatching the prize for himself! Lauzet, who already drew a large salary from the state for very little work.

All this had been talked over, sworn over, discussed, commented on, great length all the way between Moisson and Mantes, in the rickety cart driven by the drover from Alincourt. He was a wise man, that driver. His advice was both sound and bold. "Why," he asked, pertinently, "should a man like Citizen Lauzet get everything he wants? I say it is because he has a friend over in Paris who comes along and helps him. Because he has money and influence. What? Was there ever anything seen quite so unjust? Where is the English spy, my friends? I ask you. He is in this district. Our district. And what I say is that what's in our district belongs to us. Remember, there's ten thousand livres waiting for every man who takes a hand in the capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel. Ten thousand livres! And Citizen Lauzet, with that stranger from Paris, is even at this hour riding away with it in his pocket."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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**Slightly Astray**  
They say now that an error of 85,000,000 years was made in computing the age of the dinosaur eggs found last year in the Gobi desert, Manchuria, by Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews of the American Museum of Natural History. While the explorer at first estimated them to be only 10,000,000 years old, other physicists, geologists, and paleontologists employing the latest scientific methods, have now helped Doctor Andrews to make a new estimate of the age of the eggs at about 85,000,000 years.

**Russ Bull Blue** delights the housewife. Makes clothes whiter than snow. At your Grocer's.—Adv.

**Former Senator Owen** of Oklahoma was condemning an attack that had been made on a statesman.

"But, after all," said Mr. Owen, "our friend vindicated himself, and so—and so it's like the story."

"I have no sympathy," said a big, husky chap in a smoking car, "with the man who beats his wife."

"A little fellow coughed nervously and said in a shrill little voice: 'A man who can beat his wife, sir, has no need of sympathy.'"

**Historical Hypothesis**  
Teacher—What would Washington have done if Lafayette had not answered his call?  
Bright Pupil—I suppose he'd have waited in the telephone booth and got his nickel back.—Montreal Star.

**Smart Black Hens**  
Little Girl—Black hens are cleverer than white ones, aren't they, Mummy?  
Mother—Why, dear?  
Little Girl—'Cos the black hens can lay white eggs, and the white ones can't lay black.—Humorist.

**It's Gone, Anyway**  
Freddy—Grandpa, did you once have hair like snow?  
Grandpa—Yes, my boy.  
Freddy—Well, who shovelled it off?  
—Pathfinder.

**And That's That**  
"Do you have any trouble with 'shall' and 'will'?"  
"No; my wife says, 'You shall,' and I say, 'I will.'—Christian Herald.

It's the alimony that enables some men to figure in a divorce suit.

**Wait and See**  
"I hear you are not going to marry Mr. Newcomer after all. Why is that?"  
"Oh, Newcomer thinks his position isn't good enough and mother thinks he is too old for me. My aunts think he is too good-looking to make a satisfactory husband, and my Uncle Jim says he has heard rumors about him. My cousins tell me he is a flirt, and I—"

"Yes, and you—what do you think about it all?"  
"Oh, I think I ought to wait until he asks me."

## Dear Editor:

I'VE been thinking about the little things that affect a man's prosperity. Take sand now. You know golf courses used to buy sand for players to tee up the ball. That was a steady business; you rarely ever heard of anybody using the same tee twice.

But then some one invented wood tea, and now the sand consumption is cut way down.

Think of some perfectly good sand plant being shut down for lack of golf club business!

The only bright spot is that hotels and office buildings maintain air jars filled with sand to catch cigar butts. But that can't represent much business to an up-and-coming sand bank. I doubt if a good man could keep up his interest just in supplying sand for those things.

—FRED BARTON.  
(Copyright.)

## SMILES



GABBY GERTIE

"A girl may express her individuality but pa usually pays the freight."

## THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

### YARROW

IN MANY parts of this country and Canada the yarrow is used by young persons for purposes of love divination. The custom varies in different localities, but nearly all are accompanied by a rhyming incantation. One way is to pick a sprig of yarrow, put the stem up the nose and say: Yarrow, yarrow, if he loves me as I love he, A drop of blood I'd wish to see.

If blood appears the diviner is loved—otherwise not.

Another way is to place a sprig of yarrow under your pillow when, if your love is returned, the one you love will appear in your dreams. In England they say that in order to make this charm work, the yarrow must be gathered, in the case of a maiden, from a young man's grave. In folk-medicine yarrow is recommended for the ague, and it really does possess slight tonic and astringent qualities.

Just why the yarrow should be supposed to have power in matters of love divination is not very clear, but such power has been ascribed to it from the earliest times and is an outgrowth of northern mythology. The "young man's grave" in the English version of the yarrow superstition, the fact that in the older forms the yarrow plucked must be the first one found in the spring, and that in many of the formulas the idea of blood appears, makes it highly probable that the plant was in some way connected with Balder the Beautiful, the young Norse god who was slain by the blind god Hodur. Several points in Professor Frazer's work on the Balder myth tend to confirm this supposition.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### Steps to Popularity

Before you start along the road to popularity, you must have four things packed ready to take with you: 1. Unselfishness, a willingness to forget self in the interests of others. 2. Sincere friendliness toward people of all ages. 3. Ability or willingness to adapt oneself to be at ease under various circumstances and with all people. 4. An unassuming manner.

### Perfect Accident

Judge John V. Brennan tells of an incident in his college days when he was a member of the campus dramatic organization at the University of Wisconsin. Judge Brennan was cast as a Confederate colonel in a Civil war play. A friend was playing the role of a Union spy. During a tense moment in the play, the friend burst into the room from a door at rear of the stage, tripped over a

cleat on the floor and fell headlong on the stage, his side ending with his hands in the footlights. Not a ripple of laughter came from the audience. The play continued. Afterward, the friend, in the throes of a bitter mortification, sat back stage bemoaning his blunder. A member of the audience came up to him and said: "Great work, Jim. That fall was perfect. I'll bet you practiced it a long time."—Detroit News.

Not good in the long run—bills.

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