

The SANDMAN STORY

ABOUT MOTHER OCEAN

PETER GNOME came back to Fairy-land one evening just as the stars were coming out and as Mr. Moon was peering down over the tops of the trees.

"Oh, such a splendid trip as I had," he said.

All the Gnomes and Brownies and Elves and Fairies wanted to hear about it.

"First of all I went where it was quite warm. I wandered down to have a look at old Mother Ocean and there I saw, on the sand, the loveliest sand house I have ever seen. It was rather wet and it stuck together beautifully. I must say, and on the top was a little thatched roof made out of seaweed.

"It was a beautiful sand house."

"Mother Ocean told me of some boy



"It Looked as Though They Were Having Gull School."

who said he had seen a big map, but he had no idea of how much space she took up until he took an ocean voyage and kept on going and going and still was on the ocean.

"He said, so Mother Ocean told me, that the 'Open Sea' was certainly very enormous, and it certainly meant something. For it was certainly open and nothing got in its way.

"And she said the boy seemed to be surprised that so many boats went on the ocean and yet, when they were out at sea, they saw hardly any—and only one or two as they were leaving.

"Mother Ocean was amused that the boy didn't begin to realize her great and enormous size until he took a trip with his family crossing the ocean.

"Then down by the bay (I wore my invisible robe—my suit which is made so human eyes can't see me), I watched some children playing among the stones.

"They were playing 'Castle' and days of long ago, and it seemed a beautiful game. They shrieked and

squealed with great delight over it.

"Then I went along the street of a little town and the street was named Shoe Lane, but all the children playing along the street were bare-legged!

"They were playing by a narrow river stream and they were playing with a ball which constantly kept falling in the river.

"They really seemed to enjoy seeing it go in for the fun of getting it out, and they would lean down on the bank and try to kick out for it.

"Oh, one child wore shoes, but she went in the water just the same and when she drew her feet out she would jump up and down and try to push the water out. I was dreadfully afraid she would get cold, but it seemed these were to protect her feet which had hurt on the stones the week before.

"Then I passed by a long, long row of gulls sitting on the narrow ridge around a long building, and on the fence in front of the building was another long row of gulls.

"It looked as though they were having gull school and as though when some one sat on one leg that they were doing this to let the teacher know that they were putting up a hand to show they could answer the question.

"Other gulls I saw flying so beautifully with their feet tucked neatly under them and I heard one say to the other:

"With all their great ideas and inventions if a boat rocks the people rock too, but we are not bothered by a rough sea passage as our wings carry us where we wish to go."

"Then I saw an elephant in the zoo and it was a holiday. He was giving the children rides. And there was always a line waiting to climb upon his back. It was certainly his busy day, I said to myself.

"And again I passed by Mother Ocean. Only she was very rough and angry and I said to myself it was a good thing the Wave children didn't mind.

"Certainly real children could never stand so angry a mother. It was raining hard, too. I couldn't imagine that the ocean needed rain. She didn't have any crops to think about or any garden. And she had all the water she needed. But still it was pouring.

"I passed by a house and took a peep in the window where some children were having a party and they had their dolls with them. The dolls were dressed in all kinds of costumes and one in a party dress sat beside a doll in a calico jumper and I was glad to see that there was no foolish snobbery in the doll world.

"And then, on my way home, I saw a beautiful rainbow, which I thought was a lovely ending to my trip."

immense sums of money, some as high as hundreds of thousands of dollars, are paid for famous paintings and other works of art. These valuable treasures, either through bequests or purchases, ultimately find their way into art galleries where the public, for a small admittance fee, may see them.

The question naturally arises: Who really owns the picture? The person who has sufficient money to buy it, or the art gallery to which it is bequeathed?

Real possession of an object is not necessarily gained by purchase. One person may hold a title deed to a piece of property, but the person who really owns it is the one who is able to appreciate its beauty. For a certain price one may gain admittance to a famous opera or an evening's program by a great orchestra. The price paid for a seat, however generous, is no guarantee of an evening's enjoyment. On the contrary the performance may be very tedious. Like art, which conveys a message only to the person who has eyes to see, so music speaks a language only to those who have ears to hear.

Who owns all the beauty in the world? Not the person who because of his wealth may own a deed of possession, but the one, who through the cultivation of the sense of the beautiful is able to appropriate it; he is its real possessor.

The golden poppy is God's gold. The gold that lifts, not weighs us down. The gold that banks not in the town, but sings, laughing, freely spills its hoard far up the happy hills; Far up, far down, at every turn,—What bargainer has not got to burn!

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For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

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WHY WE DO WHAT WE DO
by M. K. THOMSON, Ph. D.

WHY MEN DRESS

A SHORT time ago it was reported that a bishop speaking to a group of ministers advised them to raise mustaches because he thought it was the only mark of distinction between a man and a woman.

In matters of dress the chief distinction is that women spend more time and money on them. The National Retail Dry Goods association was recently told that the average man spends \$85 a year on clothes, while the average woman spends \$236. Judged by this standard, clothes are about three times as important to a woman as they are to a man. And yet most women admit that they haven't a thing to wear—when they are invited out.

Women are also more exclusive in their taste. No woman will wear a hat that is exact like another woman's hat. What man would think of wearing a hat that is the only one of its kind in existence? Women have common aversions, men have common likes. Women make greater use of dress as a means of expressing their personality in the unusual and distinctive.

A man's chief motive in dress is to be conventional, inconspicuous. It makes him feel more at ease and less self-conscious if he knows that his clothes pass muster. During the World war the men in the trenches were encouraged to shave every day and to look to their clothes as a means of increasing morale and self-respect.

Except in the case of the dude and the dandy the average man would rather be a little under than a little overdressed. Note how hard it is to get a man to attend a full dress affair. No man quite gets over his boyhood aversion to too much finery. The "regular fellers" never doll up. It is not considered manly to carry the thing too far. A well dressed boy suffers unspeakable humiliation at the hands of the gang. He never forgets it.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Dear Editor:

A CHAIN store friend of mine sent me the announcements of a prize contest to his managers by air mail. That's putting an extra thrill into the selling of beans.

Sign on a roadside barbecue: "50, 500 sandwiches sold here last year." And everyone left a grease spot, judging from the looks of the place. Our itinerary is as flexible as restaurant Jello, but we still expect to get to the Gulf this season. Wasn't it General Grant who was willing to stick to his job all summer?

A newspaper man has just told me he gained 30 pounds by drinking buttermilk every night. Wonder if my doctor has heard of that idea.

—FRED BARTON.
(Copyright.)

Using Forest Resources

The American Tree association is concerned over the increasing use of timber in our various industries and predicts a famine unless a progressive reforestation program is adopted. A country that has developed as rapidly as the United States has in the last half century must indeed look to the preservation of her timber supply. Our population is increasing at the rate of approximately 1,000,000 a year.

—Sacramento Union.

Build on Boot Hill

"Boot Hill," near Dodge City, Kan., one of the country's most famous cemeteries, will become the site of that town's new city hall. On this hill in the '70s and earlier were buried the unfortunate who were too slow on the draw. It was then a community where every man was a law unto himself largely.

Grass and flowers and a new building to house the city's government,



Fifi Dorsay recently wooed from the stage to Movietones, and gives every promise of becoming a star in the "talkies." She has a role with Will Rogers in "His First Conversation Picture—"They Had to See Paris." Fifi came here a few years ago from France, when she became an instant hit in "The Greenwich Folies." Later she was in vaudeville. Bridge is one of her hobbies; she likes swimming and reading.

CHAPTER IX

Discomfiture

There was nothing for it now but to allow Charles-Marie to drive the cart back to Mantes, since its owner had probably seized an opportunity by now of taking to his heels. Poor Ruffet was worn out with the excitement of the past half-hour, and bewildered with all the mystery that confronted him at every turn. Vaguely he felt that something sinister lurked behind this last incident rectified to him by Charles-Marie, but for the moment he did not connect it with the possible maneuvers of the English spies. He thought that chapter of the day's book of adventure closed. It would be an extraordinary piece of luck if in the end they should still come across the Scarlet Pimpernel.

Charles-Marie had not waited to hear the whole of Charles-Marie's tale. Throughout all the adventures which had befallen him this day, he had seen the hand of his enemy, the Scarlet Pimpernel. Now he no longer had any doubt. Almost at the first words uttered by Charles-Marie he had jumped to his feet, all the stiffness gone out of his bones; and despite the darkness, the mud and the rain, he turned and ran up the slushy road, round the bend beyond which he had heard the fight a quarter of an hour ago. To Lauzet he had shouted a curt, "Come!" and Lauzet had followed, obedient, understanding like a dog, only vaguely scenting danger to himself, danger more serious than any that had threatened him during this eventful day.

Charles-Marie ran through the darkness with Lauzet at his heels. Despite the cold and rawness of the mist, he was in a bath of perspiration; though his veins were on fire, his teeth chattered with the cold. Lauzet, behind him, was panting like an appalled steed. Soon he felt with a groan by the road side. But Charles-Marie did not give in. Stumbling, half dazed, he went round the bend of the road; then he too fell, exhausted, by the roadside, exhausted and trembling as with age.

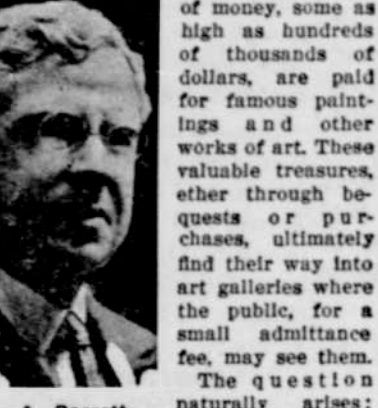
The scene which greeted his aching eyes had finally unnerved him. There, on the crest of the hill, he saw three horses tethered to neighboring trees, and beside the horses, bound to the same trees, three soldiers with their hats pulled down over their eyes. Of the diligence there was not a sign. Charles-Marie stared and stared at this scene. He had not strength enough to rise, though his every nerve ached to go up to one of those pinnacled figures by the trees and to ask what had happened.

Thus Ruffet found him five or ten minutes later. He came with his soldiers and a lantern or two. Charles-Marie could not do more at first than point with trembling finger straight out before him, and Ruffet and the men swinging their lanterns came on the spectacle of the three men and the three horses tied to the forest trees, the animals, calm as horses are wont to be when nature and men are silent around them; the men inert and half-conscious.

"Question them, Citizen Captain," Charles-Marie commanded feebly.

The men's statements, however, were somewhat vague. It seems that after their comrades had gone off, some with their captain, others with the prisoners, the three who were left behind busied themselves at first with their horses, examining the saddle girths and so on, when one of them spied something moving underneath the diligence.

"It was getting dark by that time,"



L. A. Barrett.

Urmia. For years and years it has been becoming saltier and saltier, probably exceeded in this respect only by Karabagas, the salt water annex of the Caspian sea. No fish live in it.

World's Largest Stones

In the ruins of the famous temple of the sun god, built by the Roman emperor, Antonius Plus, at Baalbeck, Syria, are the largest stones ever used. Some of the great stone blocks are more than sixty feet long and nearly twenty feet square on the end. The ruins still can be seen a few miles east of the modern city of Beirut.

Poverty and Wealth

Nons is poor but the mean in mind, the timorous, the weak and unbelieved; in soul is wealthy but the selfishness of none, who is satisfied and flowered over.—Tupper.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



Age of a Doughnut

According to some pundits, the doughnut was invented in France 400 years ago. The only thing that makes us inclined to believe they may be right is that once in a while we get hold of a doughnut that cannot possibly be less than 400 years old.

—Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review.

An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

By the BARONESS ORCZY
Copyright Baroness Orczy
WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"Never mind about your mother aw. What happened after that?"

"He said to me, 'You go and get on the seat of the cart which is up the road. It is my cart. You can drive it back to Mantes and leave it and my horses at the posting inn, where they know me. I'll look after these horses for you, and when the fighting's over I'll drive the diligence to Paris. No one will be any the wiser and I don't mind a bit of a fight, can do a bit of fighting myself.' Well," Charles-Marie went on dolefully, "there didn't seem much harm in that. I could see he knew all about horses from the way he handled them; but I'm no fighting man, and when I was engaged to drive the diligence from Moisson to Paris I was not told that there would be any fighting."

"So you turned your back on the diligence, like a coward, and crept along here—"

"I didn't creep, citizen. I followed you when—"

"Parli! Ruffet broke in with an oath. "Another of you that will not escape punishment. If I had my way the guillotine would be busy in Mantes for days to come."

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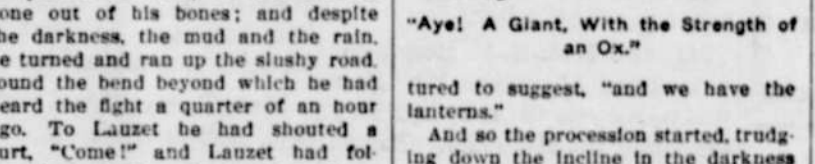
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"It was getting dark by that time,"



"Aye! A Giant, With the Strength of an Ox."

tured to suggest, "and we have the lanterns."

And so the procession started, trudging down the incline in the darkness and the rain; Chauvelin and Lauzet, Ruffet and his corporal with a couple of troopers carrying the lanterns. Two hours later they reached Epone, hungry, tired, splattered with mud up to their chins.

At Epone Ruffet's courier lost no time in recounting at full length the adventures that had befallen him and his comrades. Thus the story was all over the district by the time the laborers of Epone had gone to their work the following morning, and the chief of section in the department of Seine et Oise, Citizen Lauzet, became the laughing stock of the countryside, together with his wonderful friend from Paris. Late that same day a horseless diligence, which at first appeared deserted and deserted, was discovered half a dozen kilometers to the north of the forest of Mezeres, in the mud of the stream that runs southward into the Seine. A group of laborers going to their work were the first to see it. It had been dragged into the stream and left axle deep in the water behind a clump of tall reeds. The laborers reported their find to a patrol of Ruffet's troopers, whom he had sent out to scour the countryside. The wheels had sunk deep into the mire, and it was only after a great deal of exertion that laborers and soldiers together succeeded in dragging the coach over the flat bank upon firm land.

"Truly, fate has been against us," Lauzet sighed dolefully. "Satan alone knows where the English spies and the prisoners are at this hour."

"Well on their way to England," Charles-Marie remarked. "I know 'em. With their long purses and their impudence, they'll work their way to the coast, aided by foris and traitors. Such fools and traitors," he added under his breath, "as helped them last night in their latest adventure."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Persia Has Salt Lake Larger Than Dead Sea

Five thousand feet above sea level in Persia is to be found a huge, salty inland lake. It is known as Urmia and is 2,500 miles around, covering an area of 1,900 square miles, and boasts of some 56 islands. It is among the highest bodies of salt water on the globe.

Ninety miles long by some thirty wide, it completely dwarfs the Dead sea, something like a mile and a quarter lower in level, and contains a greater percentage of salts in solution.

Urmia is fed by a number of small streams and is the catch basin for a considerable area, but as it has no outlet whatever except evaporation the salt that comes in stays in. Constant leaching by the streams brings in a continuous supply of salt, and given enough, this results in a salt lake, for while the evaporation takes care of the water it must leave the salt behind.

And this is what has happened to

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IN CABINETS

The best American cabinet makers—famous for sound design and sterner workmanship—are cooperating to meet the demand for Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio in fine cabinets like these.

Find New Composition Helps in Tree Surgery

A composition somewhat like putty in its consistency has been recently found of value in filling broken or splintered woodwork. It has several advantages over putty and other materials designed for this purpose in that the woody composition may be cut, carved and treated as wood, whereas this cannot be done with putty. By some modification the same idea has been successfully applied to the purpose of filling cavities in trees caused by rot, but because of the constant motion of the tree trunk this has a tendency to break away from the sides of the cavity and in order to hold it in place it is necessary to insert metal strips. The wood composition does not do this and really acts to a great degree like the wood of the tree trunk, contracting and expanding in the same manner, so that it is quite durable. The material was that used by a Philadelphia tree surgeon who gave the new filler a long and severe test before making any announcement of the discovery.

Saved From Octopus

Attacked by an octopus while swimming in Akarua harbor, New Zealand, T. Vangioni was saved when a friend dived in and beat the brute off with a club. Vangioni had dived deep when the octopus seized him and held him in its terrifying grip until beaten off. The man was on the point of collapse when rescued.

Scarlet on the Bench

Scarlet was the "judicial color" throughout the Middle Ages, and those dignitaries of the church who were entitled to sit as Judges in England during the Thirteenth and Fourteenth centuries wore robes of that hue.

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FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drug stores. Hilsco Chemical Works, Patuxent, N. Y.

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