

The SANDMAN STORY

ABOUT THE COLD WAVE

ANOTHER cold wave was due to arrive, and this time it came. It came hurrying in from the west to the east, having a fine chilly trip along the way.

The trees swayed and creaked, the shadows played with the snowdrifts.



Anyone Could Tell It Was Really Winter Outside.

And rivers and lakes all smilingly let the ice cover them over. Snowflakes came along and waved their hands to their friends. Others said: "What is this?"

And the snowflakes said to themselves: "Don't they recognize a snow storm when they see one, or do they forget our faces as they do people's faces and remember that we look familiar but don't know just who we are!"

Anyone could tell it was really winter outside by the way everything and every one looked and felt. But it was splendidly cold, and the cold wave, breezing along as it did, was enjoying itself hugely.

Sea gulls were seeking shelter in the coves. They sat on pieces of ice and drifted along with the river tide, but then they, too, disappeared.

Then the snowstorms began flying over the pavements—then the pavements would be quite dry as the snow swirled above and landed or drifted somewhere else—and then more snow came swirling around.

The swirling snow had to hurry—it had a number of engagements to keep and it was acting much excited about them, not being able to settle down in any place thinking of the numbers of places still to be visited.

Oh, it was most interesting weather. And then at last the cold wave grew tired of all the land and it went out—blew right out to sea where it joined the cold waters of the winter ocean and the cold air and wind that blew above it so that storms raged over the sea and the weather was very, very cold.

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SIX CYLINDER SENTENCES

By DR. JOHN W. HOLLAND

Move on, or be moved out. Difficulties are what make life and golf interesting. The Sunny Side of life's road is not always the Money side. The quiet possession of religion is better than loud profession. Old adage: "Matrimony always falls when it is made a matter-of-money."

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Dear Editor:

IT NEVER seems right for people to send a half-hour in a town and then send sassy postcards with wisecracks on them about the natives. After all, the postmaster has a tender heart and it makes him feel bad to read sarcastic comments about his town.

No matter if the food is bad and the town needs six coats of paint, visitors ought to hold their opinions to themselves if they can. If I find a town so terrible that I must write about it, I at least enclose the remarks in a sealed envelope.

We shouldn't make fun of the small towns. After all, if you and I hadn't had smart fathers we might be living in big towns ourselves.—Fred Barton.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"Men are supposed to be attracted by silk-clad calves, but they're not by a darned sight."

Need Not Know English The immigration laws do not require that an immigrant must know any English before he can be admitted into the United States. They merely require that the immigrant must be able to read and write some language. It does not have to be English.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Sponge Apartment Houses Sponges, sometimes as big as barrels, serve as submarine apartment houses for shrimps, worms and small fish. These creatures have their definite locations in the sponge cavities which they have adapted to their particular needs.

Nugget of Wisdom It is well to have visions of a better life than that of every day, but it is the life of every day from which elements of a better life must come.

Chester Morris



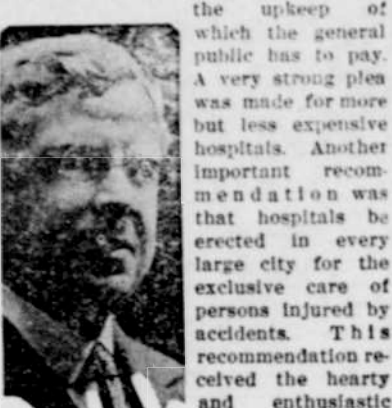
This popular film star plays soldier, and not a crook in his next picture. Morris has killed himself and most other principals in all his recent pictures, beginning with "Alibi." Morris is a native of New York. His parents were actors. He previously had much stage experience.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

PUBLIC HEALTH

AT A recent convention of the American College of Surgeons, which was attended by over three thousand physicians and surgeons, a number of important questions were discussed in which the public should be deeply interested. The opinion was definitely expressed that the present high cost of medical care in hospitals is not justified, that hospitals are furnished at too great a cost, for the upkeep of which the general public has to pay.



L. A. Barrett, of Industries and officials of insurance companies. The possibility of government control of medicine as it is related to public health was seriously discussed. The character of our future citizenship demands not only that every child receive an elementary education, but also that every child be well born and be kept in a state of normal health.

In order that the reforms suggested at the convention be realized it will demand of all physicians an unselfish attitude of heart and a very high idealism of spirit. A physician whose financial income is entirely dependent upon fees received for his services may justly inquire, if the time has not arrived for the public to recognize the fact that the art of keeping people well is worthy of an honorarium as helping them to get well after they become sick.

With a stated income thus guaranteed to the physician the medical profession will have solved a vexing economic problem. (© 1939, Western Newspaper Union.)



Cambridge. A little pond, where the children skated, lay between the two places. The boys, of course, were noisy, which was not liked at home. But dictionary making is not like poetry and the dignified Worcester, disturbed, frequently came down and chased the children off his end of the pond, ordering them, in words not to be found in his dictionary, to keep their racket at home. Perhaps dime novels did ruin some youths. Something would be sure to.

Adrift With Humor

BRIGHT SALESMAN

"I am an advertisement canvasser. Have you any small wants I can advertise?" "Certainly not. My servant should not have admitted you. I have told him repeatedly that I do not see canvassers."

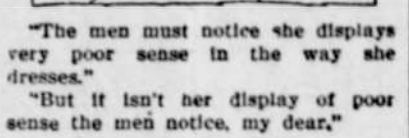
"Then dismiss him and advertise in our paper for a better one."—Faun, Vienna.

Underworld Battle "I shall call the police!" exclaimed the burglar.

"That's what I meant to do," said the woman whose jewels were in jeopardy. "What hope have you, if the police arrive?"

"I shall accuse you of attacking me and trying to take possession of my hard-won loot from previous jobs of the evening."

NOT THE DISPLAY



"The men must notice she displays very poor sense in the way she dresses."

"But it isn't her display of poor sense the men notice, my dear."

No Reciprocity I tried to laugh at trouble.

But met the same old humor. That Old Man Trouble never has the slightest sense of humor.

Fair Enough All 'Round "What did you promise the delegates that just called on you?"

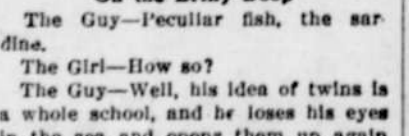
"Everything they asked," answered Senator Sorghum. "And when votes were mentioned, they promised everything I asked. Then we all retired to think it over, leaving everything looking like a stand-off."—Washington Star.

Self-Preservation Mr. Meeker had crawled under the bed when he heard the burglar. He held his breath and waited. Then, after a long pause, he felt some one trying to crawl in beside him.

"I that you, Henrietta, dear?" he whispered.

"No," was the answering whisper. "I've just had a look at her. I'm the burglar. Move up!"

ARGUMENTS OF FORCE



"Did his arguments strike you with much force?" "Sure did—he's got hard fists."

Word Magic The orator is often sent To show mysterious tricks, And what appears as sentiment Proves only politics.

On the Briny Deep The Guy—Peculiar fish, the sardine. The Girl—How so? The Guy—Well, his idea of twine is a whole school, and he loses his eyes in the sea and opens them up again in a can.

From the Mouth of a Child "Grandma, close your eyes once." "Why, my child?" "Because papa says, 'When grandma closes her eyes we'll get a big bag of money.'"

A Training Stunt The Guide—That statue represents the disk thrower. Disk throwing was quite an important event in the Olympic games.

Mrs. Hiram Offin—I wonder if that's my kitchen maid is practicing when she should be washing the dishes? "You'd never think this street used to be a cow path, would you?" "Oh, I don't know; look at all the calves on it."

Idealism "I always say my wife and I have now reached the 100th married state." "What do you mean by the ideal married state?" "Well, my wife no longer worries about the shape of my nose, and I no longer worry whether she does or not!"

Made Her Face Long Mrs. Blabface—That new hat makes your face look short. Mrs. Styles—That's strange; it made my husband's face look long.

GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston
Illustrations by Irwin Myers
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WNU Service

CHAPTER VI

Life is no bowler of roses for the schemer of schemes. Ellen Tolliver was not the first to make that discovery in actual experience. There could be no actual question but that she had figured the family future along the most pleasant as well as profitable lines, and yet it grew increasingly difficult to hold her recalcitrant subjects to the designated stars. Take Miriam, the sensible twin, for instance, frivolling away the precious hours of her life out at Pay Dirt in the company of a mere can grocer.

And there was Marjory. Hiram Buckworth remained a pleasant and comradely member of the household, cheerfully paying ten of his fifteen dollars into the general coffers every week, and obviously counting this not so much a hardship as a privilege. Miss Jenkins liked him, Mr. Tolliver liked him, the members of the church liked him. All the young daughters of all the influential members developed a strange assiduity along lines of religious activity. On the surface, things seemed to progress with a sweet serenity which should have been highly satisfactory to everybody concerned.

But Ginger Ella, casting about her with keen eyes that saw everything, and a keen mind that suspected even more, knew intuitively that all was not well, not in the church, where were heard vague murmurings, in definite suggestions, and were seen strange and significant looks, nor in the parsonage itself, where Hiram Buckworth looked too often, and too long, upon the slender white hands of Marjory Tolliver. This was a bad sign, one of the very worst. Hiram Buckworth was good looking. Marjory had always been man-made. The situation held all sorts of horrible possibilities. Ginger renewed her vigilance.

Hiram Buckworth, good looking, brilliant young student, had delictately chosen the ministry as his life work. She tossed him a scant respect for that choice, which, although it accorded him a high mark for character, it no way entitled him to a permanent place in her plans for the family's future. Being a seminary man, with special study at Oxford, he would begin perhaps at a thousand dollars, or twelve hundred if he was lucky, and would progress upward, slowly, perhaps as far as two thousand, twenty-five hundred, possibly; he was so very good looking. If he married, he would insist, according to time-honored Methodist parsonage statistics as figured by Ginger, become possessed of a minimum of three children.

Small good would be one of his estates to the impoverished and needy Tollivers. Encouraging him was a deliberate throwing away of their one resource. It was the willful choking of their oil well. It was the burning of their life-bonds. Ginger reconnoitered carefully. She did more than reconnoiter. She sounded. She was all present, all pervasive, all-observing. If Marjory and the young minister inclined for a stroll in the moonlight, Ginger inclined also. If they sat in the shade of the rambles on the veranda, Ginger sat with them, bored, but unyielding.

Had she washed dishes all these years merely to save the fair hands of Marjory for the dishes of Hiram Buckworth and a minimum of three? The attic saw little of Ellen Tolliver during these days. She met the postman, thanked him warmly for the letters he gave her, and flew to the attic. The dimes crashed into the dolls' trunk, and Ginger returned to her veranda vigil.

In a way considerable disappointment attended the accumulation of funds for the blind. Rarely did she receive more than five contributions in a day, a stingy fifty cents. Lovely daughters cannot be sent to finishing schools, shabby parsonages cannot be done over, suffering eyes cannot be operated on by expensive surgeons, upon a paltry five dimes a day. Not that Ginger frowned upon her receipts, far from it. It was only that she had hoped so greatly.

In the three weeks of Mr. Tolliver's illness in the country, he had acquired a thick coat of unaccustomed tan, and five full pounds in weight, with such an increase of strength, enthusiasm, and ambition, that he was inclined to feel ashamed of his continued illness. Word from town that a special committee from the official board wished to meet him at the parsonage on Thursday evening for a discussion of important church matters, gave him real pleasure.

Eddy Jackson drove him in, with Miriam, and feeling, with his usual tact, that the family would like to be alone for a few hours of intimate reunion, he pleaded important business, and left them, promising to return for them at eleven o'clock. And after their modest supper, they sat, the three girls and their father, in the pleasant old living room and waited for the coming of the committee.

"They want that last two thousand raised," said their father, smiling, "and so do I. But I am sure the people will contribute it of the own free will, in gratitude, on the day of the dedication."

Presently came Joplin Westbury, alone, ill at ease, but obviously a man with his mind made up.

"Well, Brother Tolliver," he said, "it's good to see you again. You are looking better. Eyes any stronger?" "I think so, yes, I am sure of it. I feel much better. What hour was it pointed for the meeting? Isn't the rest of the committee late?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, the rest of the committee is not coming. Brother Daves was called out of town on business—late this afternoon, and Brother Macklen is in bed with an attack of acute indigestion. Not that I believe a word of it myself. They just backed out, that's all."

"Is the meeting postponed, then?" "Well, no. You see, I was the chairman anyhow, and I can do as well without the committee. We'll just have it out by ourselves."

"The girls rose quickly. 'We'll run upstairs if you will excuse us,' said Miriam."

"No, don't go," said Joplin Westbury quickly, evidently not at all desiring to be left alone with his gentle, unassuming pastor. "You stay right here. It's a family matter, as you might say, and we'll just have it all right out in the open."

Mr. Tolliver sat very still, a rigid figure against the faded blue velvet of the big chair, his head bent forward.

"You see, we had a meeting of the official board Monday night."

"You did! Why, I could have come in for it."

"Well, we just had it by ourselves. In fact we've had several. Well, there's no use beating about the bush," continued the embarrassed official.

"You see, Brother Tolliver, that while all our people like you, and like your work—like your whole family, in fact—still— Well, you can see that a blind man can't run a church—not rightly—not a fine new church like this one of ours. Now that we've put so much money into this new church, we've got to get in the crowds to fill it up, and help pay the expenses. And a blind man—"

Mr. Tolliver did not move. "Yes, Brother Westbury. Go on," he said gently.

"Well, you see how it is. And since the Congregationalists have started to hold meetings of their own work—like your whole family, in fact—still— Well, you can see that a blind man can't run a church—not rightly—not a fine new church like this one of ours. Now that we've put so much money into this new church, we've got to get in the crowds to fill it up, and help pay the expenses. And a blind man—"

He smiled at her again. "Dear Ellen," he said gently. "If only those slim little hands could carry out the kindly projects of that eager little heart, we should never want for much for this world."

"Oh, but this time I really mean it—I mean—I am quite sure—" The disclosure of her hopes trembled at the tip of her tongue—her eyes grew rapt and luminous. But her sisters, so used to her daring dreams, and her extravagant promises, paid small heed. Their thoughts were upon the sordid reality of the present moment and its disappointment.

"It's a good thing the wedding is over," said Marjory. "Ellen would never get home, if she had suspected this."

"Boarding Mr. Buckworth will help out quite a little," said Miriam. "As for us, as long as we stay at Pay Dirt, we're simply gorging ourselves among the fishpots of Egypt."

Ginger shook the rapture from her eyes, closed her teeth firmly upon her secret. The time had not come for her triumphant pronouncement.

"I'm sorry—I didn't mean—I was stammered nervously. You mean nothing wrong. You are quite right, of course, Brother Westbury. It is all true. A blind man would only be an encumbrance—in a new church like that, I should have resigned before—but I kept hoping I would recover. And I had my family—"

"Oh, you'll be taken care of, Brother Tolliver, don't you worry. You won't be allowed to suffer, you nor your family either. Just you remember that. It's all down in the 'Discipline.' The conference will take care of you."

"How soon— When do you—"

"Well, now, Brother, we figured we would just keep you right along until conference, on full salary and everything. And you can just rest up in the country, and let this young Buckworth do the preaching. We like him first rate. And we want you to preach the dedication, we're absolutely unanimous on that—nobody but you for the dedication, for as you might say, it's your church. That is, you understand, you raised the money and all."

"Yes, I see. Thank you very much." Awkwardly, the trustee made his good-bys and hurried away. He did not look back. Miriam walked with him to the door, shook hands with him. She even smiled. Then she slipped back and joined the hushed little group.

"Father," begged Ginger, in an anguished tone, "don't be shocked—please don't. Remember what the doctors said."

He put out his hand to her, with a sad smile, and she crushed it between both of hers.

"You see, there is no hope," he said. "They were only pretending that I had a chance."

"No, father," contradicted Miriam sweetly. "No, they were not pretending. They said you had a chance, and they meant it. They said the only way was for you to become so strong and well that your eyes also would grow strong and well. They did not deceive you. You did have—you have not a chance. I asked them a dozen times, and they told me honestly."

"And as far as money goes," cried Ginger, more cheerily, "I have quite a few little secrets of my own. It is two months till conference. By that time, old darling, I shall probably be able to take care of you myself."

He smiled at her again. "Dear Ellen," he said gently. "If only those slim little hands could carry out the kindly projects of that eager little heart, we should never want for much for this world."

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Hard to Picture Orient Without the Date Tree

For untold ages the date has been a staple article of diet in the Orient. It is said that a half-pound of dates and a half-pint of milk make a sufficient meal for a person of sedentary habits. The date needs milk to round out its food balance. An intensely hot climate and plenty of water are necessary for the production of dates. As an old Arabian saying goes: "A date palm must have its head in fire and its feet in water." Some believe that when Adam and Eve lived in the Garden of Eden, they subsisted very largely upon the date. In fact, that part of Mesopotamia which produces to this day the best dates is regarded as the probable site of the Garden of Eden. Archeologists, in making excavations in this region, have uncovered ruins thousands of years old, among which have been found broken sculptures of the date palm, together with references to the use of its fruit as a food.

Science has evolved drugs that will put one to sleep, but just what it is that brings natural sleep is as great a mystery today as it was to the cave-man who curled up on his rock mattress, with his flowing beard spread over him for a quilt.

It is a commentary on human nature that we are more particular about our food than we are about regular hours of sleep, yet it is a fact, definitely established, that it is possible to live much longer without food than without the benign embrace of Morpheus.

ences to the use of its fruit as a food. According to an old, old Arabian story, after God had created Adam, some of the south winds were blown toward him and he molded it into a date palm. The leaves were set in a feathery crown at the top the same as He created man. So it is only natural that the palm should be as nearly perfect a tree as Adam was a human being.

Made Store a Shrine The secret of a little general store in an English village, shuttered and closed for forty years, was disclosed on the death of its owner. Flaxius Josephus Wilkinson had left the store absolutely unaltered since the death of his father. Calendars and papers of forty years before were found, and on the counter was a pair of old-fashioned scales. There was also a yardstick that had evidently been used for measuring cloth, and the medicine bottles, tea canisters and jars were the old man had left them—even the jacket of the old shopkeeper still hung on the wall. Few persons knew of this remarkable instance of a son's devotion to his father's memory. The son had been left comfortably well off, but he carefully dusted and swept the little store and lived for many years in the house adjoining it.

Another Cause for Wonder One wonders what the merger experts will do for a living after all the industries have been merged.—Harpsburg Telegraph.