

# The SANDMAN STORY

## BILLY GOAT & MR. FOX

MR. FOX was lazy; that his wife knew very well, but she had made up her mind that he should help her with her spring housecleaning if she had to starve him to it.

"You won't get a bite to eat," she said one morning, "until you clean my carpets and rugs. Now go to work, if you want your dinner, Reynard."

Out in the yard the rugs and carpets went with a bang and back to her work went Mrs. Fox.

Reynard got up slowly from the ground where he was sitting under a tree and sighed, for he knew it was work or no dinner.

He pulled the carpet on the clothesline and hung the rugs beside it, and just then Mr. Coon ran by, calling out



that a flock of young turkeys were in the wood, and off ran Reynard with him.

One of Mrs. Fox's rugs happened to be a big goatskin, and as it hung on the line swinging in the wind, Billy Goat happened to pass by and see it.

Billy Goat gave a look at the rug and shook his horns. "If I could find the one who did that," he said, "I would avenge my poor relative. I wonder who lives here!"

Billy Goat looked around and not seeing anyone he took the goatskin and started to run away with it, but he had only gone as far as a clump of bushes when he saw some turnips which Mrs. Fox had in a basket in the yard, and Billy changed his mind. He hid the skin of his relative be-

hind the bushes and very cautiously tiptoed up to the basket and ate up every one of Mrs. Fox's turnips.

He felt pretty sleepy when he had finished this big meal, so instead of running home he crept behind a rock some distance from Mrs. Fox's house and went to sleep.

By and by Reynard came back from his run with Mr. Coon and as he did not wish his wife to see him, he dodged behind every rock and tree as he came near his house.

"Well! If there isn't Mrs. Fox's nice goatskin rug away over here," said Reynard. "It must have blown off the line; now, isn't it lucky I came around this way?"

Reynard grabbed the tail of what he thought was the rug, but it wasn't the rug at all; it was Billy Goat, asleep, with his head in the grass and his horns quite hidden.

Reynard dropped the tail almost as soon as he touched it, for Billy Goat jumped and turned on him.

"Oh! I thought you were my wife's goatskin rug!" he said as fast as he could talk.

"Oh! You did, did you?" said Billy Goat, lowering his head. "So you are the fellow who brought my poor relative to his sad end?"

"But let me tell you about it!" said Mr. Fox, as Billy Goat butted him over and over on the ground.

"I'll use all the butts that are needed to explain this situation," said Billy Goat. "I am the fellow who put the other 't' on that 'but' you want to tell me about. I know all about it."

Poor Reynard limped home, holding his back and sides, as he groaned with pain, but Mrs. Fox would not listen to anything he said. "If you had stayed there and done the work you would not have a lame back!" she said.

She made him clean the carpet and find the goatskin rug, which Billy Goat, in his hurry, forgot, before she gave her husband his dinner, and all through the woods could be heard the groaning of Reynard as he worked, but not a bit of sympathy did he get from Mrs. Fox.

(Copyright)

## ALICE JOYCE



Among the favorites on the "movie" screen is dainty Alice Joyce. She has met with success after success. Playing double roles is one of her specialties and has won her a warm place in the hearts of the patrons of the silent drama.

## Off Again, On Again

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN  
(Copyright)

**PERPETUAL DISSATISFACTION.**  
The man who has to stay at home finds that not to his liking. The "drummer" always on the roam, is sick and tired of hiking.

It isn't that the home is bad, The road's no such a lemon; It's just that what we've always had is what we're always condemnin'.

'Twould sure be finer, would it not, And give the world a rest, If each declared that what he'd got Was just the very best?

**Couldn't Stand Everything.**  
A man had just walked under a ladder.

A girl spilt the salt and threw none of it over her left shoulder.

A boy had just kicked a black cat that crossed the road.

Providence pulled down its veil, "My face won't stand any more fly-ing into," it said.

**EXPLAINED.**  
"What is meant by the newspaper headline, 'Lemons save doctor's bills?'"

"It means that those who save their money instead of paying their bills are regarded by the attendant physicians as lemons."

**OIL VOIL.**  
From rugged Maine to Golden Gate this photo-reel stuff is unfurled. And every Jit-show in the land has "the best movies in the world."

**Oil Stoves.**  
One time in a careless moment Luther Burbank, the well-known double-crocker, conceived the unique and mischievous idea of crossing the glow-worm and the skunk.

The result was an oil stove. The hybrid inherited its heat from the glow-worm and its aroma from the skunk.

When one retires in a fireless, radiatorless, registerless room away from home, they sometimes put one of these kerosene, air-cooled consumers in with him for company.

Any time he wakes in the night he knows the stove is there, because he can smell it.

He is glad it doesn't make any heat, for smells smell worse in a warm room than in a cold room.

They say there are oil stoves that warm one. But we have not seen all.

## CROSBY'S KIDS



## Mother's Cook Book

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech, is that fine sense which men call Courtesy! Wholesome as air and genial as the light. Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers— It transmutes aliens into trusting friends, And gives its owner passport round the globe.

—James T. Fields.

**What to Do With Leftovers.**  
One of the ways of disposing of leftovers is not to have any; but even in the best-managed households there is bound to be some foods left over. We do not wish to be niggardly, nor yet so profuse in our providing that there is any great amount of food left over.

A small dish of corn which has been served as a vegetable may appear again in the form of a few fritters as a garnish for a dish of chicken which was just enough to go around. The corn is saved and the chicken is thus sufficient.

**Fish Balls Baked.**  
Take one cupful of cooked rice and one cupful of flaked cooked fish, one egg well beaten, a tablespoonful of strong cheese, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Form into balls, place in a buttered pan and bake a delicate brown. Serve with slices of buttered toast.

**Salmon Salad.**  
Any bits of left over salmon, if mixed with coconut, adding a few string beans or chopped pickle and any good dressing, make an appetizing salad. Use lettuce as a border or garnish to the platter of salad.

**Sour Cream Filling.**  
For a layer cake, take thick sour cream—not too sour—whip and add chopped raisins and a few coarsely minced nuts, a little powdered sugar; mix all together, add a few drops of any flavoring extract and spread over the cake. Sour cream cooked with equal parts of brown sugar until thick, to which is added a few nuts, makes a most delicious cake filling and frosting. Sour cream may be used in any salad dressing which calls for sweet cream, making a dressing equally good. Most boiled dressings, as well as mayonnaise, are improved by the addition of cream; sour cream whips as well as sweet and takes the place of sweet cream.

**Brown Betty.**  
Place alternate layers of chopped juicy apples, with bread crumbs, in a buttered baking dish, having the crumbs at the bottom. Add cinnamon or nutmeg with a little brown sugar and bits of butter over each layer. Finish with crumbs and bake for an hour, covering the dish at first. Serve with a hard sauce.

**Nellie Maxwell**  
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## Bents

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

**YOUR Bents are your Advisers.** Bents are just Tendencies. Every one has them. They are born with you. Wise people are those who listen to their Advisers—who consider their Bents. Each one of your Bents should be carefully considered in silent Conference. And that Conference should be Personal and Serious. For—

Every Man, sooner or later, may BECOME what his Bents ARE.

Neglect not a Sluggish Bent that is within you, but as Master over it, cultivate and educate it to do your bidding. Become what you are FITTED to become. Exert every faculty and use every ounce of energy to this end. It is good sense to believe that you know your own Bents better than anyone else. And you have the assurance ever with you that—

Every man, sooner or later, may BECOME what his Bents ARE.

Franklin followed his own Bents and became a World figure, instead of following the Bents that his Father seemed to see in him in desiring him to become a Clergyman. You will need no advisers if you will but stop long enough to search out and look your Bents squarely in the face. And if you follow your Bents Courageously and without discouragement, you will then be able to feel to the full, the truth of how blessedly Happy is the man who has FOUND his work.

**Shorter and Uglier.**  
"Those laming eyes," sang Spencer. Those "lamps," say we moderns.—Boston Transcript.



## SCHOOL DAYS



## Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L RANN

### CONTRACTING PARTIES

THE contracting parties is a title given to young people who take each other for better or worse and are obliged by the law to sign an agreement that they will stand hitched.

The marriage contract is not written out in full like a farm lease or a life insurance policy, hence the contracting parties do not become fully acquainted with its provisions and the fine print until it has been in operation for some time. It is very easy for a husband to live up to the marriage contract so long as his wife is willing to provide for both and allow him to rest up. One reason why so many marriage contracts are shot full of holes within nine months after the officiating clergyman has been paid off is because



"Some wives object to maintaining a rest resort for a calloused, slab-sided husband."

some wives object to maintaining a rest resort for a calloused, slab-sided husband who knows what woman's sphere is and wants her to stay where she is put.

If more young people realized that married life under present conditions is something which should be tackled only after meditation and prayer, there would be fewer contracting parties unbling up to the ferns and smilax in pongee silk and the conventional black. The young man who takes a contract to support and provide with real food a husky and voracious bride, on \$25 per week, should step-out and take a look at the price of process flour and beef liver before launching his bark on the matrimonial sea. There has been more senselessness among contracting parties who forgot to figure the grocery bill as a liability of the business, during the last few months, than ever before in the history of the world.

On the other hand, no young man and woman should refuse to become contracting parties if they have health, some sense and are not afraid that they will be worn by work. There is nothing nicer than married life, when both parties live up to the contract without trying to slip in a joker now and then. (Copyright.)

**Extreme Care.**  
"Old Pettybone is mad on the subject of prevention. What do you think he did the other day when he reproved that young fellow with a bulldog looking face and the latter made a biting retort?"

"What did he do?"

"Took the Pasteur treatment."

**Heavy Odds.**  
"How did you happen to lose that asset?"

"The preponderance of evidence was against us."

"Huh?"

"We had only two pretty witnesses and they had six."

## Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

### DID YOU DREAM OF SATAN?

THE mystics are not entirely agreed as to the significance of a dream of the devil. Some declare that simply to see the devil in a dream signifies that you will be very fortunate in life; others that it is a warning of temptation. Still others declare it to signify that evil influences are at work against you and that you have false friends. These two latter omens may be accepted without discrediting the first one; for a man may be very successful in life in spite of temptations and secret enemies.

Those mystics who put the very worst construction upon a dream of the devil admit that if you dream that you are fighting him successfully good fortune awaits you. If you dream that he overcomes you, look out for dangers ahead. To dream of satan also is a sign that you will shortly go away from home for an extended period. To the maiden it means that her departure from home will be because of a happy marriage in all probability. But if it is not a happy marriage which takes her from home it will be some other pleasant or profitable occasion. But in any event remember in your dream the Scriptural saying: "Resist the devil and he will flee from you."

A dream of the devil often cited by the scientists is that of the famous Eighteenth century composer, Tartini. When he was only twenty-one years old Tartini dreamed that the devil suddenly stood before him. The idea occurred to him to hand satan his fiddle and see what he would do with it. To his surprise the devil took the fiddle and began to play a piece of inexpressible loveliness. Tartini was elated, transported, uplifted and awoke with the music still ringing in his ears. Seizing his violin he attempted to reproduce what he had heard. The result was "The Devil's Sonata" which has delighted so many generations. "It was the best thing I ever wrote," said Tartini in after years, "but, oh! how feeble, inadequate and inferior compared to the sonata I heard the devil play." (Copyright.)

## Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

### REWARD.

Don't want medals on my breast,  
Don't want all the glory,  
I'm not worrying greatly lest  
The world won't hear my story.  
A chance to dream beside a stream  
Where fish are biting free;  
A day or two, 'neath skies of blue  
Is joy enough for me.

I do not ask a hoard of gold,  
Nor treasures rich and rare;  
I don't want all the joys to hold,  
I only want a share.  
Just now and then, away from men  
And all their haunts of pride,  
If I can steal, with rod and reel,  
I will be satisfied.

I'll gladly work my way through life,  
I would not always play;  
I only ask to quit the strife  
For an occasional day.  
If I can sneak from toll a week  
To chum with stream and tree  
I'll fish away and smiling say  
That life's been good to me.  
(Copyright by Edgar A. Guest.)

When a man is as stubborn as a mule it is just as well not to talk behind his back.

## Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

### LONG LASHES

LONG, thick eyelashes are to be desired not only because of their own beauty and the added character they lend the eye, but because they afford so much protection to the eye itself. They sift the dust from the air, minimizing the chances of getting painful particles into the eye, they shade the eye from strong lights and protect the sensitive nerves of sight. Long lashes are comparatively easy to acquire. The first thing to do is to



Long lashes are one of the greatest attributes of beauty.

clip the lashes back a trifle, using fine embroidery or manicure scissors with the points held away from the eye. This is a delicate task, better done by some other person. Yet, if you lean close to the mirror you can do it yourself. The lash on both the upper and under lid should be clipped. This will make them grow in longer and thicker, too.

The eyebrows, too, will benefit by clipping, but this is something most women would hesitate about, as the short hairs would show more readily than on the lashes. Vaseline is about the best thing to use as a tonic, and is always the chief ingredient of expensive preparations.

The lashes should be clipped back once a month for at least three months. By this time, in connection with the use of a tonic, they will have sufficient stimulation to grow thick and long.

(Copyright)



**LONGA** time ago I heara one man say, "everyting ees come my way now." Lasa week one my neighbor move way from da place where he leava nexa door, so mebbe da sama ting happen weeth me, I dunno.

Dat neighbor when he leave da house he forgotta cat wot belonga weeth heem. Now I gotta cat een my family. But I lika dat cat preety good and eef he no skeedo I feeda heem beefa steak so longa he leeva nine times.

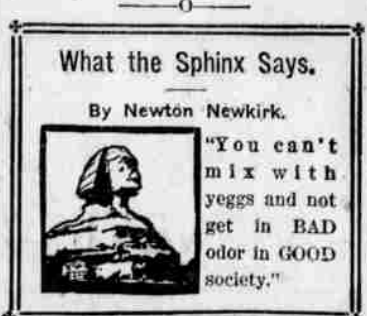
One my frien tella me ether day he was Tom cat. I dunno eet before, but righta queeck I gotta greata idee. I dunno wot was a Tom cat, but eef he ees dat kind I lika Jerry cat, too. I feegure eef I gotta Tom and Jerry wotell I care for da prohibbish.

But ees somating wrong weeth dat cat. Everytime I scratcha hees head he getta hees back up. He sleep alla day and make love alla night weeth hees girl. Mebbe he tink he gotta night shift job eef my house, I dunno. And dat son-of-a-gun talka too mooch lika phoneograph. When he no maka love weeth hees girl he go to lodge on da back fence. And I tink every cat een town belonga weeth da same lodge. He talk and fight and maka more noise alla night as da fire crack.

One time I heara bouta man wot was raisen dickens alla hees life. But dat man no gotta somating on my cat. He gotta nine life and I tink he try do somating weeth da whola bunch every night alla one time.

Wot you tink?

**Unanswerable.**  
Billy's little pal, Harry, had been fighting with the new boy, and, getting the worst of it, had run away. "Don't be a coward," advised Billy. "Go back and lick him."  
"He's bigger than me," blubbered Harry, "an', besides, he's given me two black eyes."  
"Well," roared Billy, "he can't give you any more, kin he?"



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