

The SANDMAN STORY

WHY MR. FOX MOVED

MR. FOX had a great many neighbors with them all. He was sly and clever, like all his family; but this time he overdid the matter, as you will see.

Mrs. Squirrel had a new family of little squirrels, and as soon as Mr. Fox heard this, over he went to call on her. "Oh, what handsome babies!" exclaimed Mr. Fox when he saw the new squirrels. "Your children are the handsomest in the woods, Mrs. Squirrel. You may be sure of that," he told her.

Now, it happened that on his way home he was called in to Mrs. Rabbit's house to see her new babies, and Mr. Fox told her that her children were by far the prettiest he ever had seen, "the very prettiest in the woods, Mrs. Rabbit!" he told her.

The next day Mr. Fox heard that some new little possums had been brought to Mrs. Possum by the stork,



so over ran Mr. Fox to call, "for," said he, "the best way to keep on good terms with my neighbors is to praise the children to their mothers."

He told Mrs. Possum that her children were the prettiest in the woods, and when Mrs. Coon sent for him to

see her new babies Mr. Fox told her the same thing.

Mrs. Porcupine and Mrs. Badger also received a call from Mr. Fox, and were told that no children in the woods could compare with their new babies, so that each mother thought her children the prettiest babies, for not one told to the other the nice things Mr. Fox had said.

All would have gone well with Mr. Fox if Mrs. Squirrel had not been anxious that every one should know that her babies were considered the prettiest and proposed that they should hold a baby show and have Mr. Fox for the judge.

To this, of course, all the mothers agreed, for each one was sure her babies would get the prize.

Mrs. Squirrel frisked over to Mr. Fox's house to tell him the news.

"Of course," she said, "it will be a great disappointment to the others when you tell them that my children are the prettiest, but it cannot be helped. Some one must have the prettiest babies, and any one with half an eye can see that mine are far ahead of all the other wood children."

Mr. Fox smiled a sickly smile when he heard this and said, of course, he would be proud and pleased to be the judge, but as soon as it was dark that night he took his valise—he did not stop for a trunk or his household goods—and out of the woods he went, far away over the hills, and never did he show himself there again.

Well he knew what would happen to him if he went to that baby show and picked out the prettiest babies, and he did not intend to take any such risk.

When Mr. Fox did not show up, Mr. Owl was called upon to judge, but being a very wise bird he told the mothers that he could not see well enough in the daytime to give an honest opinion, and so the mothers went home each sure that her children were the prettiest babies in the world. (Copyright.)

Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

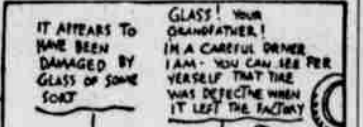
THE TIRE GUARANTEE

THE pneumatic tire guarantee is a mournful attempt to satisfy people who object to buying new tires every time they run over a beer bottle. This guarantee does not cost anything until the man who owns it tries to collect a new casing on the strength of a nine-inch blowout caused by driving over a pickle jar. It then assumes a threatening aspect, and has to be mollified by paying the list price, with express both ways added.

When a new tire is bought for cash, it is guaranteed against various forms of disease, any one of which may sap its vitality and cause it to pop open in some unexpected place. It is also understood that the owner is to prop it up occasionally with air. It is difficult for a four-inch tire to carry 3,800 pounds of installment-plan automobile and seven robust passengers on 60 pounds of air, without giving way at some vital spot and spilling an entire evening for all concerned. If an adjustment is not made at once, on the basis of a new casing and tube, the local dealer will lose one of the best time customers in town.

The tire guarantee does not protect the man who allows the insidious sand blister to crawl into the casing through a stone bruise and eat its way down to the demountable rim without interference. There are two ways to treat the sand blister. One is to have it vulcanized by some leisurely artisan, and the other is to open it up with a jack-knife and wait for the grand finale with a tight grip on the steering wheel.

Some tires are guaranteed longer than others, and will last for several years if not driven to excess. The best way to preserve tires is to drive slowly around the block once a week and then put the car to sleep on stilts over night. When a catalogue house tire has been run 15,000 miles without



tries to collect a new casing on the strength of a nine-inch blowout caused by running over a pickle jar.

a puncture, it either proves that the owner stole it from a truck or is a massive and ornate liar. People would have less tire trouble if they paid less attention to the guarantee and more to the short, crisp warnings of the tire tester.

The best kind of a tire guarantee is a mixture of plain mule sense along with the ability to dodge between the three-cornered rocks which strew the highway. The man who sets his brakes at 80 miles an hour and starts his car with a jerk that would dislocate the neck of a prize wrestler doesn't need a guarantee so much as he does a guardian angel. (Copyright.)

OTHER day leetle girl aska me: "Pietro, you know how play tennis?" I say no can play anything only phoneograph and da pinocchio. Sometime try play da poker but no make success. She say: "Well, I lika teachu you how play dat game leetle bit, huh?"

When she say gonna taka me down where da court ees I say no wanta go. I been court one time and ees cost me ten bucks maka too moocha hurry weeth da fleever. Anyway we go een place wot ees greata stuff for keepa da cheeken. Greata beega fence alla round weeth leetle one eend da meedle—smalla fence ees sama stuff usa for catcha da feesh.

She say "I geeva you racket, Pietro, for play weeth." I aska "wot's matter we gotta maka racket for play desa game?" I say too moocha noise maka me excite, so mebbe besta way ees play weethout da racket. She say, "Alla right, I am gonna serve." I say eef she serve I drenk eet, I tink mebbe she gonna serve somating weeth leetle keek een. I dunno.

She getta one side da fence and I getta other side. She knocka ball straighta my head and say, "Love feef-ateen." I say feefateen to many for love one time—no can do. She knocka one more ball and say, "Love tirty." I no say somating, but I feegure ees greata man eef love tirty all one time. Nexa ball she say, "Love forty." I dunno wot's matter dat girl! I tink eef love two, tree gotta hava plenty ambish, but for love forty ees too moocha job for one man.

After knocka two, three more ball my frien holler "Game!" Right back I say, "Betta your life—anybody whosa love feefateen or tirty or forty one time gotta be game. Mebbe gotta be twins or Mormon to play dat game. I dunno. Wot you tink?"

Wifsy May Faint. Jones—Hello, Doc. I wish you would go right on up to my house. Doctor—Certainly. Anything serious? Jones—Not yet; but there may be. I've just sent up a load of coal.—Judge.

To stand for truth and honest toil, To till my little patch of soil And keep in mind the debt I owe To them who died that I might know My country, prosperous and free, And passed this heritage to me.

I must always in trouble's hour Be guided by the men in power; For God and country I must live, My best for God and country give; No act of mine that men may scan Must shame the name American.

To do my best and play my part, American in mind and heart; To serve the flag and bravely stand To guard the glory of my land; To be American in deed, God grant me strength to keep this creed. (Copyright by Edgar A. Guest.)

KATHLYN WILLIAMS



Kathlyn Williams has the distinction of being the first person to star in a "movie" serial, and her work will be remembered by scores who appreciated her good work. She is no stranger to the stage and has appeared under leading managements. Miss Williams is one of Screenland's most talented and beautiful stars.



Editor's Note—Pietro's misconception of the word "love" is apparent to those who are familiar with tennis. The word, as applied to that game, is commonly used in keeping score, and is equivalent to "zero" or nothing.

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SCHOOL DAYS



Play Ball! Copyright.

Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM OF TREES?

"METHOUGHT that I had wandered far in an old wood," says Tonyson in his "Dream of Fair Women," and Dante begins his wonderful dream of hell in the "Divine Comedy" with "In the midway of this mortal life I found me in a gloomy wood astray."

To dream of trees, or of being in a wood, is a very common occurrence to many people while to others such dreams are extremely rare. Freud in his dream theory has what he calls a "dream censor" and many, if not most, of the other scientific investigators accept the Freudian theory in this respect. The theory is that when we leave our days of early childhood, which are entirely "unmoral," we begin to accumulate a sense of shame, morals, proprieties, conventions, etc., which sense becomes woven into our conscious being. Even in sleep this sense is strong enough to assert itself and so acts as a check upon the more daring processes of the dream thought which, in order to get what it wants to express past the censor, is obliged to make use of symbolism.

This may be true but if so we all, even the best of us, have had dreams in which the censor was evidently on strike or asleep at the switch. A dream of trees or woods would seem innocent enough but the extremists would explain it as something "put over" on the censor.

With the mystics this dream is one of the oldest and most widespread of prophetic visions. With certain modifications it is held to be a most auspicious omen to dream of trees. If they are in leaf or flower success in life, a happy marriage and many children await you. If already married look for success in business. If a sailor you may expect a good voyage. If you climb a dream-tree you will go far on the upward road, and if you pick fruit from one you will receive a legacy. But it is bad luck to cut down dream trees or to see them leafless or blasted.

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Off Again, On Again

By STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

THOSE WINDOW ENVELOPES. Where'er they hand my mail to me I look it over, quick, As anxious as the dove, to see If fate has played a trick And sent me one with windowed side, The address showing through. I've always groaned when those I've spied— They tell me something's due!

It may be from the grocer man, It may be from the plumber; It may be from the lovely tan, Top-coat I bought last summer. But whatsoever goods 'tis for, It makes me shudder still— Those things with that transparent door Always contain a bill.

And so I look the letters o'er With fear down in my throat, One may be from some grouchy store Down in the busy mart. Such cowardice may be a sin, But I admit it still— Those envelopes with windows in Always contain a bill!

FINNIGIN FILOSOFY. Nearly everybody in th' wurld wud be honest if he thought th' other feller wasn't gittin' ready t' do 'im.

HOW IT STARTED. There was a young fellow named Riker Who, when asked of his girl, "Do you like her?" Said, "I'd give her my life!" Then his friend started a rife. By sneeringly saying, "You pliker!"

Trying on His Patients. A western doctor, carrying a patient to a hospital in his car, managed to stall his engine on the railroad track in front of an approaching train. Both doctor and patient jumped from the car and ran away like jackrabbits. The stalled-on-the-track system may be introduced into materia medica or immateria surgica, almost any time, now.

Can It Be? Dear Offagin—Is it a fact that some of the Bulgarian officers refused to fight against Serbia and Russia because they called them the Balkin' states?

FINNIGIN FILOSOFY. Minny a bonehead out av office is brighter than a smart man in th' office—t' hear th' bonehead tell ut.

Whence Came His Fear. "Why won't you go with us to the ballet?" asked his roistering companions. "Because my father always used to chastise me with orchard switches, and I've been afraid of peach limbs ever since," replied the thoughtful young man.

And they wondered for days and days what he could have meant.

NOT WHITTIER'S. Of all mad words from bookkeeping men, The maddest are these: "Who's had this pen?"

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

GOOD CHEER BEAUTY

A CHEERFUL mind helps digestion—and helps in the acquiring of beauty. A sour-looking face is never lovely, the expression of bad will destroys even the prettiest features.

The woman who is systematically going about the task of improving her



A Smile of Good Fellowship Goes a Long Way Towards Beauty.

looks, must keep a cheerful and unworried mind. For one reason, the very expression of happiness will create an impression of prettiness, and will add much to her charm. (Copyright.)

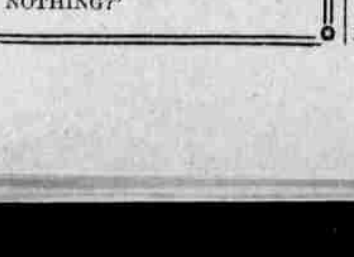
May Be Warmer Next Winter. A tabulation of the wintry weather for about 50 years past shows that an unusually violent winter is usually flanked on either side by a very mild one.

Division of the Day. The scheme of dividing the day into two parts of 12 hours has existed since the time of Hipparchus, 150 years B. C.

What the Sphinx Says

By Newton Newkirk.

"It's said there is nothing in this world to be had for nothing. How about advice?—or do you consider that NOTHING?"



Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

A PATRIOTIC CREED. To serve my country day by day At any humble post I may; To honor and respect her Flag, To live the traits of which I brag; To be American in deed As well as in my printed creed.

To stand for truth and honest toil, To till my little patch of soil And keep in mind the debt I owe To them who died that I might know My country, prosperous and free, And passed this heritage to me.

I must always in trouble's hour Be guided by the men in power; For God and country I must live, My best for God and country give; No act of mine that men may scan Must shame the name American.

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Mother's Cook Book

Look to the human wrecks about us; lo, About their indigestion how they blow; And lay the blame on Coffee, crystal clear, Or say the Crisp Hot Muffin is their Fool.—Myrtle Reed.

Breakfast Meats. For those who enjoy something for breakfast rather than the popular bacon or ham, the following dishes will be suggestive:

Corned Beef Hash a la Delmonico. Take equal parts of cold corned beef and cooked potatoes; cut fine; season with onion, salt and a little butter; add pepper and chopped green pepper; spread the hot hash on thinly sliced toasted bread; slip a poached egg on each and serve sprinkled with salt and paprika and minced parsley.

Sunshine Cake. Take the whites of eight eggs, the yolks of six, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of flour, salt, vanilla and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat the whites until frothy, then add half of the cream of tartar and finish beating. Add the sugar gradually, beat about five minutes, add yolks and fold in the flour. Bake in a slow oven 40 minutes.

Beef Balls. Put one-half cupful of milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter in the frying pan; when it boils add one cupful of mashed potatoes, one cupful of chopped beef, salt, pepper and a well-beaten egg; stir and remove from the fire. Let cool, and when stiff shape into cakes; egg and crumb them when well chilled, then fry in hot fat for three minutes.

Frizzled Beef. Take very thinly cut dried beef, cover with cold water to which a pinch of soda has been added, and bring gradually to the boiling point. Drain; add a lump of butter and cook until the edges of the beef curl. Serve on slices of buttered toast with poached eggs laid over the beef.

Calf's Brains. Soak the brains in cold water, parboil; remove all membranes; throw into cold water, drain, wipe and chill. Dip in melted butter and broil. Serve with melted butter and lemon juice, garnished with parsley.

Parsley a la Creme. Fry bacon as usual, crisp and brown. Place on a platter in the oven. Make a cream sauce, using the bacon fat instead of butter. Pour over the bacon, sprinkle with minced parsley and serve at once.

Ham Toast. Take half a cupful of cooked ham, finely minced; add half a teaspoonful of anchovy paste, a bit of cayenne and mace. Add one-half cupful of milk and an egg, well beaten. Stir until thick; take from the fire and spread on dry buttered toast. A poached egg may be placed on each if desired.

Who's Who. By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

THERE is one thing that you possess, Oh Human Being—you who read this little Talk—with which the arbitrary selection ability of Blue Books, and close corporation Club Committees has nothing in common. It is your personal power of Character secrecy.

Most of the people we think we know, we don't. So that our judgment runs cross-grain. And often our little people are in reality the world's big people and our big people are the world's little people.

It is the big, silent element, which, when fully realized inside a man's Soul, gives dignity and calm and makes him fit and clean and great—courageous in the face of danger, calm and duty.

Who's Who? Why! You are. And the name of the man who cuts your clothes as well as the name of the woman who washes them, may be there. And there will be a glory thrill for the patient and plodding, the shut-ins and uncomplainers, as they see their names in simple Gothic bold.

Who's Who? YOU! Most certainly YOU, who in the consciousness live and express the best that is in you—openly and unafraid—and glad of the realization of your secret power the chance.

MILITANT MARY. The month of brides again! Well, I'm discouraged, I CONFESS, But I'll hope on. Hope's like a cat—IT HAS NINE LIVES. I GUESS! (E. FitzHugh)

