

The SANDMAN STORY

THE IMPATIENT ROBIN

ROBIN had started too early from the South that year. His little wife told him so, but he would not listen. "I suppose you want all the nice locations to be taken when we arrive," he said to her.

So they arrived one morning, and though the sun was shining, the air was chilly, and poor little Mrs. Redbreast sat shivering on a limb of a tree, huddled against the trunk, while her lord and master sat on the end of a branch singing lustily.

"What did I tell you?" said Robin. "We are not a bit too early; and now let us find a home."

It was some time, however, before the warm spring days came, but they did, and with them the blossoms and the leaves, and then the fruit began to grow—cherries and apples and berries and all the things that the robins like to eat.

Robin was impatient. He wanted a nice cherry pie, and when his little wife told him the cherries were green and hard he began to scold.

"My mother used to make the best cherry pie I ever ate," said he, "and I know she used to use them when they were hard, because I used to stone them for her."

"Stone them!" exclaimed Mrs. Robin with wide-open eyes. "Whoever heard of stoning cherries for a pie? My mother never did. What did she do with the stones—make a soup?" inquired Mrs. Robin in rather a sarcastic tone of voice.

"Yes, she made a soup, now I come to think about it, and that cherry-stone soup was the best I ever ate," replied pert Mr. Robin, thinking that was a clever idea.

"Well, will you make a cherry pie today?" he asked.

"But, Robin, the cherries are not fit to use yet," pleaded Mrs. Robin, fluttering about at the very thought of such a thing.

"All right, I'll make one myself," said Robin, bristling his feathers. "I can make a pie as well as anyone."

"All right, make one," said Mrs. Redbreast; and off she flew.

When she returned late that afternoon everything was covered with flour—even Robin's bill and wings—and a strong smell of something burned was in the air.

"I made that pie all right," he said, nodding his head toward the pantry,

"but I did not say I could bake one. I guess it is a little overdone, but the inside is all right, I am certain."

On the pantry shelf stood a pie almost as black as Johnny Blackbird's coat, but Mrs. Redbreast did not make any remark. She looked around the kitchen and asked: "Where is the cherry-stone soup, Robin? I declare I am quite hungry for some."

Robin rubbed his bill and stood on one foot and then on another. "Well, I do not seem to remember about that soup, after all. I guess I was mistaken. It was applecore soup she used to make instead of cherry-stone," he said.

"I am glad there is one thing I can make that your mother did not know about, for if you once had tasted cherry-stone soup you would never forget it," replied Mrs. Redbreast.

"Now, you fly out and sit on a limb and sing a while, and I will call you like to eat."

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AMERICAN FOOD MAKES RUSS CHILDREN SMILE

But it is a Tantalizing Sight to the Older Folks in Petrograd.

Cases of American milk, bags of American sugar and flour and boxes of American cocoa are a tantalizing sight to Russians as they are moved through the streets of Petrograd. All the population is envious of the children who are given food which money cannot buy.

The American relief administration offices in Petrograd are besieged by foreigners and Russians who want to buy food and are anxiously awaiting the time when warehouses may be established in Petrograd, where food drafts may be exchanged for American products now stored here by the child feeders.

One does not have to be in Russia many days before he begins to understand the great affection with which Emma Goldman is reported to have regarded the little store of American tinned goods which she brought with her to Sovietland.

Every can of tinned American milk is a letter from home and a tin of bully beef is almost as welcome. American army biscuits taste better than angel food and army jam smacks of heaven.

Where everyone is his own steward and cook, as is the case in Russia now, prepared or partly prepared foods are indispensable. The markets afforded no wood nor coal. There is no hard alcohol.

Cooking is confined largely to little oil stoves which are so demonstrative that a novice feels as if he were palming a hand grenade.

Cafes are few and far between. They are still very small and offer little variety in their menus. Most of them do not open until 11 a. m., and close at 8 p. m. Their coffee and tea are chiefly imitations. Their sweets are saccharine. Sugar is nearly \$1 a pound in the open market.

MASK WORN AT TABLEUX BY BRITISH SOCIAL MENTOR



This grotesque mask, worn by one of the leading British mentors of society at a recent charity tableaux, caused consternation and fear among the patrons of the affair. Only after the lady had removed the mask showing that underneath it was the beautiful face of the wearer, was order restored.

WOMAN RAISES DOGS

Mrs. Moses Has Farm Which Produces Malamutes.

Mrs. Mary Moses of Skagway, Alaska, conducts a dog farm, her specialty being Eskimo malamutes, which she breeds and trains for the market. This market is not very large, but is sufficient to enable her to get a good living from her efforts. It is the food nor the watchdog adviser who wishes a team of dogs for the wintry trails of ice and snow of the interior.

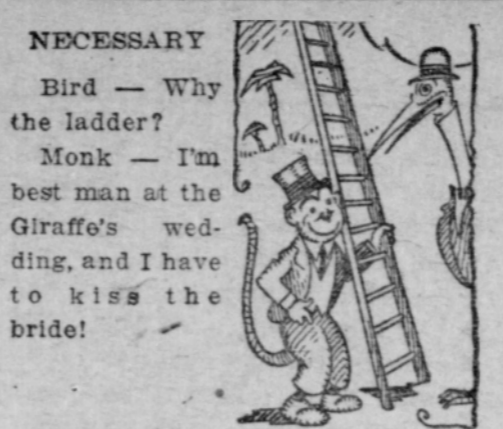
If a hunter decides to range to far regions or make a journey to operate a long-trapper detachment upon, Mrs. Moses' line of traps depended upon to supply can be dogs desired.

The difficulty of training dogs is not understood by ordinary Indian winter trips that they do not understand in English. For dogs are needed that will be given by a white man.

Mrs. Moses has been supplying to demand. When she gets through the education of a Moses trained dog, it is not nearly so ferocious as she brought up in an Indian village. She feeds pemmican and dried fish to her dogs.

In the last twenty years she has supplied dog teams for explorers, mail carriers, boundary markers, trappers, motion picture companies, and one occasion furnished the dogs that made a round trip to the Arctic barrens.

Trained mushers are worth from \$100 to \$200 each.



NECESSARY
Bird — Why the ladder?
Monk — I'm best man at the Giraffe's wedding, and I have to kiss the bride!

THAT SETTLED IT.
I see Brown's wife has an automobile. I thought he was opposed to the idea.
He was, but she was opposed to his opposition.

—Series No. 1—
OUR HOME TOWN

Not so long ago the United States brought back from England the remains of a man and erected a monument to his memory. All that man ever did to deserve such honor was to write a few simple lines, "Home, Sweet Home."

Home is where the heart is, and the home town is where the home is. The home town is what we, who live in it, make it. When you trade with us and we trade with you, all of us are building the finest home place on earth. But when we send away for the things we can buy at home, we are helping other people to build their towns.

If all of us sent away for all the things we need, who would support our schools, build our roads, improve our streets? But why ask such a question? There would be no town, and so no need for streets, roads or schools.

Suppose you look around the old home town and see if you can get what you want at the price you want it.

Lincoln said: "The money we spend abroad is gone, but the money we spend at home comes back to us." Think it over.

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JESSE S. COTTRELL



Jesse S. Cottrell of Tennessee, the Washington correspondent for several prominent newspapers in the South and West, has been appointed by the President to be United States minister to Bolivia.

An attachment invented by a California fireman enables two men to raise a heavy extension ladder in less time than ordinarily would be required for six men to do the same work.

MICKIE SAYS



Experimenters have found that the electrical resistance of the human body is less if a person is not in good health, and greater in summer than winter, holding the muscles tense also increasing it.

The Ashland Winter Fair December 7-8-9-10. 60-cod

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