

The SANDMAN STORY

SAVING THE SEEDLINGS

OUTSIDE above the ground it was beginning to be warm and sunny, but under the earth, where lived Mr. Mole, it was still chilly and dark.

Old Mrs. Earthworm was just beginning to stretch herself, for she was hungry, but thinking that it must be rather early for the young seedlings to be in condition for her to enjoy she turned over to take another nap.

But the seedlings were nearer ready than Mrs. Earthworm thought—already their little legs and arms were reaching out and above to get to the light and old Mr. Root, who had weathered many a summer and winter, was warning them to be careful.



"The first thing you know you awake your enemy, Mrs. Earthworm," he told them; "keep quiet and do not kick out with your little fibers or she will be upon you with her whole family and you never will see the light."

But the seedlings were young; this was their first season and they did not know Mrs. Earthworm, nor did they fear anything, for, of course, they did not know as much as old Mr. Root, so they paid no attention to his warning.

If Mrs. Earthworm had not made her bed so close to that of the seedlings it might not have happened, but she did, and by and by the seedlings got so squirmy and reached out so far with their little fiber legs and

arms that they tickled Mrs. Earthworm, and over she flopped.

"What was that?" she said, wiggling and stretching herself. "Well, if I haven't overslept; here it is time I was up and eating; come, come," she called to her family; "get up, the seedlings are almost ready to go out and there you are all sleeping."

In a few minutes all of Mrs. Earthworm's family were nipping the legs and arms of the young seedlings who now were really frightened and calling for help.

Old Mr. Root could not help them; there was only one who could and that was Mr. Mole and Mr. Root knew where he lived; it was not far from his home, and he managed to send him a wireless message telling him of the poor seedlings' troubles.

Mr. Mole jumped out of bed and ran through his tunnel, for he had known about the family of Mrs. Earthworm and intended to get them as soon as they awoke; but he, too, had overslept that morning.

In a few minutes he was on the scene and not many of the Earthworms escaped, for Mr. Mole is quick and sure and very fond of Earthworms.

When the last of their enemies had disappeared the seedlings thanked Mr. Mole and told him that they never would have had a chance to see the light if he had not come to their rescue.

"That is all right," replied Mr. Mole; "it was no trouble at all, and any time you see one of those fellows just call on me."

"How did you know where to find him?" the seedlings asked Mr. Root, for they knew he had sent the message that brought help to them.

Oh! I know all about his habits and he makes his fortress near me, so all I had to do was to send him word he was wanted," said Mr. Root; "you take my advice and don't let your legs and arms reach out so far; you are sure to tickle one of that Earthworm family and you see what happens when you do."

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Hospital Room No. 14

By WILL T. AMES

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Miss McClintock, the businesslike Canadian supervisor, found Nurse Padgett coming out of the diet kitchen with a breakfast tray destined for room 14. "Nurse," said the supervisor in her impersonal military manner, "you are relieved. Go to the dormitory now and at seven report to Night Supervisor Henry. You are to take Nurse Bourdette's place in the women's free ward; she is called home by the sudden illness of her mother. I will take the tray—who is it for?"

"Room 14. Very well, supervisor," Superfluous conversation between nurses and supervisors was discouraged in the hospital, particularly any discussion of explicit orders. So Nurse Padgett, surrendering the napkin-covered tray, marched like a soldier down the long corridor and the long stairway and straight to her tiny room in the detached dormitory.

Evelyn Padgett was in the last year of her training course. As she sat at her window abstractedly gazing out over the city, spread clean in the morning light on three sides of Hospital Hill, it occurred to her that her new detail carried with it something very like an honor, for Malda Bourdette was head nurse in the women's free ward, and a two-year graduate—and never before since Evelyn had been in the hospital had a trainee been left in charge of any ward, even in any emergency.

"I suppose I ought to be grateful to old McClintock," soliloquized the girl. Then she proceeded to demonstrate her delight by doing something that three-year trainees are supposed to be all through with—she began to cry, quietly but earnestly.

For ten days Nurse Padgett had been taking care of Hugh Norris, otherwise and professionally designated as room 14. Hugh had brought back from France, a sliver of shrapnel mixed up with the muscles of his neck. Later the sliver had been acting queerly, and Norris' doctor had decided that it had best come out of that before it made serious trouble for the ex-soldier's vertebrae. So there had been an operation, with much subsequent fussing with bandages, etc., and with the collateral hunger for codding which every big boy marooned on a bed of convalescence experiences.

Ten days is not long in the viewpoint of a geologist or of an antiquarian society. But in the St. Michael salient, or in the life of a lad and a lass, it can work stupendous changes. Yesterday Room Fourteen had said:

"Nurse, do you know whom you remind me of? Well, it's my mother—her picture when she was a girl." And he had been very serious and earnest about it, too, though as a matter of fact Evelyn resembled that long-gone mother not at all.

Evelyn's heart had jumped right up into her throat when Room Fourteen said that, for the girl doesn't live who can't analyze the meaning of this particular compliment. She had laughed lightly and replied: "Does that mean you want sugar on your bread and butter? Well, you can't have it unless the doctor says so."

And she got herself quickly out of the room with the luncheon things— but in the long, deserted corridor she hastily kissed the corner of the napkin he had wiped his lips with.

And now Room Fourteen would be going out, certainly inside of a week—and what chance was there of Bourdette's returning within that time? None, of course. She would not be able to see him again. The rigid hospital discipline would prevent that—and even if this were not so, how could a self-respecting girl go throwing herself in a patient's way without genuine reasons in the line of duty? If only Malda Bourdette's mother had taken some other time to be ill!

At this thought Evelyn sat up very suddenly and very straight. Malda had no mother! She was an orphan and herself had told Evelyn that she had not been on speaking terms with her stepmother for two years. There was something queer, then, about this sudden absence of Nurse Bourdette.

Nurse Padgett's little head all at once became a perfect whirl of exciting speculations, as the result of which, after she had thought and thought till almost noon, Evelyn took her courage in her hand and went to see the supervisor.

At one o'clock Miss McClintock wired a certain Mrs. Georgiana Bourdette in a neighboring state: "Is your illness serious enough to require presence of daughter?" At four came this reply: "Have no daughter. Wouldn't let Ida B. touch me if I was dying."

At 4:30 Miss McClintock, stern and inquisitorial, sat in her office with Nurse Hatburton, the prettiest girl in the training personnel and the most troublesome that had ever managed to remain for a third year in that institution. They had been cioseted for 15 minutes, and now Miss McClintock was summing up, like a judge. She said: "So you admit, nurse, that you know the patient in room 14 by sight, and—with your usual susceptibility—were, as your kind of girl calls it, 'crazy' about him; that on three different occasions you sighted your own work and tried to induce Nurse Padgett to let you substitute temporarily for her so that you might become acquainted with this patient; that

Padgett refused each time; that on your mutual half day out you and Nurse Bourdette discussed Nurse Padgett and your interest in room 14; that Nurse Bourdette declared she did not like Nurse Padgett because she was 'too fussy and strait-laced,' and would like to help you get her out of room 14's service and get you in; that Nurse Bourdette finally announced that she had long been determined on an extra vacation and that she might as well go now as later, inasmuch as there was a shortage of graduate nurses and Nurse Padgett would be sure to be assigned to her place in the women's free ward and the regular routine of assignments would give you room 14 and the rest of Padgett's patients. Have I stated the case correctly?"

Tearfully a very penitent trainee admitted the truth of the indictment.

"Very well. Go to the dormitory. I will submit your case to the superintendent. Ask Nurse Padgett to come to me, please."

Miss McClintock was military and businesslike and could be cold and stern, but she had a magnificent sense of justice. To Evelyn she said:

"Your surmise was correct, nurse. Conspiracies among the personnel cannot be permitted to regulate the course of events in this institution. For that reason you will resume your former detail at once. Other arrangements will be made for the women's free."

Nurse Bourdette's week off was ilimitably extended, so far as that hospital was concerned. Nurse Hatburton's half days off were spent within the institution's limits for the rest of her training service—and she regarded herself as a lucky girl.

And as for Nurse Padgett and Room Fourteen—why, what in the perfectly natural, uninterfered-with order of events would occur to a man who solemnly compared a little, rather snub-nosed brunette to a stately, aquiline blonde mother, finding them alike—and a girl who secretly kissed the napkin his lips had touched? If there is any scintilla of doubt, be it known that the wedding announcements bore the date of the day following that year's nurses' graduation.

FRUIT'S WEIRD BLOOD STAIN

Peculiarity of the "Mike Apple" Which Is Grown Only in One Spot in Connecticut.

Science having failed to explain the "why" of the "Mike apple," local superstition and legend have undertaken the task. The Mike apple is grown only in Connecticut, and was first noted in 1716 on a farm near Norwich. At that date it was discovered that all the apples in a certain orchard had, somewhere in their heart, a red fleck as brightly crimson as a drop of blood. Chemical analysis failed to show any difference between the red spot and the rest of the apple. Ever since, trees planted from the seed of the Norwich orchard have retained the spot.

Legend declares that Micah Road, the owner of the orchard, suddenly changed from a happy-go-lucky young farmer to a sour, suspicious, unpleasant chap. History proves that he died in an asylum in 1728. At the time he changed in his attitude toward the world an apple tree in his orchard bore red blossoms instead of white. This, taken in connection with his attitude, aroused the suspicion of his neighbors, who remembered the disappearance of a young peddler following his stopping all night at Road's home. The orchard was dug up, but nothing discovered. When the apples ripened that fall the red spot appeared, and the passing years have failed to eradicate it from the fruit.

Ingenious Smuggling Device.

There is a gentleman in Toronto, formerly associated with the United States secret service, who wears a curious ring that figured in many a smuggling exploit. It is in the form of a scarab, but opens and reveals a cavity just large enough to carry a one-carat diamond. It was worn by a purser on an Atlantic liner, who smuggled in a valuable diamond on every trip.

He was content to carry just the one stone and in the course of years built up a modest fortune as a result of his operations. The band of the ring springs apart so that the smuggler could divest himself of it on a second's notice if he feared arrest. Thus he would escape the smuggling penalty, for the American law provides that it is necessary before a conviction can be made to find the smuggled goods actually on the person of the accused. —Toronto Mail and Empire.

A Humming Bird in a Garden.

Have you pleasure in a garden? All things thrive in it most surprisingly; you can't walk by a bed of flowers, but besides the entertainment of their beauty, your eyes will be saluted with the charming colors and curiosity of the humming bird, which revels among the flowers, and licks off the dew and honey from their tender leaves, on which it only feeds. Its size is not half so large as an English wren, and its color is a glorious shining mixture of scarlet, green and gold.—Robert Beverley.

Carefully Explained.

She—How do you mean, she is burning the candle at both ends?
He—She is running her high powered car on dividends she expects from her wildcat oil stocks.—Life.

Suited to the Job.

"What is the man you just employed doing in the hose department?"
"I think it is very likely he is stocking up."

POULTRY

MITES CAUSE OF SCALY LEG

Application of Crude Petroleum to Legs With Brush or Dipping Is Best Treatment.

Two species of itch mites attack fowls, one of which is the cause of scaly leg. While this mite commonly remains on the feet, burrowing through the scales and causing their enlargement, it also attacks the comb and the neck. A crust of loose tissue is formed above the burrows, and intense itching results from this mining habit. When scaly leg is left untreated the feet of the birds often become badly distorted, and in some cases the fowl can scarcely walk or get to the perch. Sometimes terminal joints of the toes are lost.

As the mites are transferred from one bird to another, scaly-leg fowls should be treated promptly and should not be introduced among clean birds. Investigations made under the supervision of the United States Department of Agriculture show that carbolineum or crude petroleum used on the roosts doubtless will aid in preventing the spread of the scaly-leg mite from one fowl to another. Applying crude petroleum to the legs with a brush or dipping the legs into this oil is very effective. One application usually is sufficient, but if the scales are not largely shed off after a lapse of 30 days the treatment should be repeated. Kerosene oil is applied by some farmers in the same way, but is less effective than crude oil. In using either, care should be taken not to get the oil on the upper part of the leg or on the feathers. A less severe but more laborious treatment consists of soaking the feet in warm soapsuds until the scales are loosened and then greasing the feet and legs with sulphur and lard, or lard containing 6 per cent crude carbolic acid.

The other itch mite, commonly called the depluming mite, is a very small creature which burrows into the skin near the base of the feathers. The intense itching sometimes causes the fowls to pull their feathers until they are almost naked. Dipping of all fowls of an infested flock in a tub of water containing about two ounces of flowers of sulphur and one-half ounce of laundry soap to each gallon



Continuous Selection for Health and Vigor Will Insure Flock That Will Produce Fertile Eggs and Strong Chicks Capable of Making Quick Growth.

of water will give complete control. The fowls should be completely submerged and the feathers ruffled so all parts of the body will be reached by the liquid. Care should be taken to keep the dip stirred during treatment so as to keep the sulphur in suspension. In case a flock has lice as well as the depluming mite, three-fourths ounce or one heaping tablespoonful of sodium fluorid should be added to each gallon of water in the foregoing mixture.

GIVE CHICKENS EARLY FEED

Excellent Plan to Have Some Grain Scattered in Litter Ready for Their Breakfast.

If there is a reasonable amount of litter on the floor and the house is rat-proof, it is a practical plan to feed so that there will be some grain left in the litter overnight. This will be an inducement to the hens to get to work as soon as it is daylight. That's one practical and inexpensive method of prolonging the day. As a rule, hens like to go to the perches rather early in the evening on cold days, but they will be down at dawn if they know that they will find something to eat. See to it that some grain is there in the litter ready for them. This is an easier and pleasanter method than getting around to do the feeding before daylight. If the hens loaf on the perches until broad daylight one of two things is wrong: Either the house is too dark or the hens are overfed. Either condition is readily corrected and it will be dollars in your pocket to do so.

SORT OF PULLET TO RETAIN

Fowl That Is Well Matured, Has Strong Constitution and Lays Early Is Valuable.

No matter what the breed, if the pullet is well matured, has a strong constitution, begins to lay early and is of good size and shape, she is valuable as a future inhabitant of the poultry yard. Cull out the poor birds.

MAE GIRACI



Of all the kiddies who are playing before the camera little ten-year-old Mae Giraci is believed to be one of the most fortunate, for this screen lass is "doubling" for Priscilla Dean in a characterization that shows Miss Dean as she looked at the age of ten. Little Mae started work in the "movies" at the age of six. She was born in Los Angeles and is of Italian parentage.



WELL, I been deesa place longa time now and I gotta plenty deesgust for lasta me twenty-fiva year. For longa time I wanta see deesa Washtown, United S. A., but now I no wanta see any more. So I feegure I leava town nexa week and no come back.

But I wanta tella you somating. Een deesa place ees too moocha job and no moocha work. Everybody gotta poshish but no ambish. I meeta pienta people and aska where he work. Mosta da bunch tella me he worka for Uncle Sam. And only ting gotta do here for holda some da job ees seet down and waita for da payday.

Uncle Sam gotta greata beega family but he gotta wronga idee. One my frien gotta beega family, too. But when some hees keed getta beeg he go out and maka da leeving.

But Uncle Sam gotta pienta keed wot seem lika never getta beeg. Da Uncle he gotta keepa dat bunch so longa he leevae. Eef he no maka some go to work preety queeck mebbe he ees broke before ees olda man.

You know wot's matter here ees too moocha seet down and no moocha work. Eef deesa bunch could maka da egg every time he lay round lika de cheecken we could buy da eggs feefteen cents a dozen.

And eef all da swevel chair een dees town gotta beeg sama time Uncle Sam losa da whole family. Wot you tink?



Can You Beat It?

Customer—That pound of evaporated peaches you sold me did not weigh over 14 ounces.

Grocer—Well, mum, I didn't guarantee 'em not to go on evaporatin'.—Boston Transcript.

And Lessons Are Expensive.
"Can you recommend a good book for a beginner at bridge?"
"Certainly. I don't know of any book that will be more useful to you than a checkbook."—New York Sun.

HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. LURIE

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

'AGGRAVATED' AND 'PROVOKED.'

"I WAS so aggravated that I almost became ill," said a woman to whom something vexatious had happened. She was guilty of an error of speech which is quite common, and which is condemned by all authorities on English. The word "aggravate" is derived from a Latin word meaning "to increase in weight," and in English usage should be employed only to mean "to increase in gravity or severity, to become worse." Therefore, it is correct to say that a disease or a misfortune may be aggravated, but not the person who has the disease or is subject to the misfortune.

But this is drifting somewhat from our subject. It is to be borne in mind that "aggravated" does not mean and should never be used in the sense of "angry," "vexed," "exasperated," "irritated," etc. In the sentence with which this article began any of these four words, or a word of similar meaning, should be substituted for "aggravated."

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TOUCHING GLASSES.

IN THE days of the "code of honor," when duelling was as formal as the opening of a peace conference, it was the custom to drink a glass of wine before fighting. To make sure the wine was not poisoned (Those were the good old days!) each contestant poured a little of his wine into the glass of the other. The custom survives in the form of touching glasses before drinking.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Banks.

MOTHERHOOD.

IF ALL the world were void of good I'd still be full of gratitude for Motherhood—
The loving eye, the smiling lips,
The touch of tender finger-tips,
The sacrifice of self that we
The Sons of Earth may stronger be.
The constant care, the constant thought
For helplessness in trial caught—
While Motherhood remains the ring
Of Joy shall thrill the songs I sing.
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Chinese City Up to Date.

Trucks of the Shanghai (China) fire department are soon to be equipped with wireless telephones. The improvement is expected to enable the department at all times to keep in touch with its men while fighting fires.

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

"DOROTHY"

ONE of the quaintest and most whimsical of origins is that from which Dorothy sprang. Theos and Zeus, father of the gods, were identical terms in ancient Greece. From Theos came many masculine names and one feminine, Theodora, which signified "gift of God" or "living gift." Curiously enough, the reversal of the name or Dorothea was speedily accomplished, and though absolutely incorrect, gained more prevalence in the Western world than Theodora has ever achieved.

The beautiful legend of St. Dorothea helped to give her name widespread fame. It is the story of the Cappadocian maiden who sent the roses of Paradise by angelic hands as testimony of the joy she was reaping. Dorothea became a patron saint in Germany and England straightway adopted her name because of Massinger's powerful drama. Dorothy was the next step in her evolution and Dolly became a popular diminutive. Indeed, so common was it in usage that it became the generic term for wooden children or puppets in the time of Elizabeth Stuart, and hence our own "dolly," or doll, beloved of the small girl.

Dorothy became a Puritan name at the height of the reign of the house of Hanover, and was used by Mrs. Dorothy Cromwell and other Roundhead daughters. France called her Dorothea, while Germany preferred the original Dorothea, and Italy omitted the aspirate and made her Dorotea. England and America favor Dorothy, with its fluffy diminutive Dolly. Russia, by some mysterious translation, claiming that the patroness of Daria was an Athenian lady martyred with her husband Chrysanthus at Rome and buried in a catacomb which was opened in the reign of Constantine the Great. The modern Greek rendition of the name is Thorothea.

Dorothy's talismanic gem is the diamond. It is said to afford her protection from evil and bring her great happiness. As the old legend goes: "The Evil Eye shall have no power to harm Him that shall wear a diamond as a charm."

Saturday is her lucky day and 2 her lucky number, while the flower assigned to her is the daisy, signifying innocence.

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HOW IT HAPPENED

Why didn't you marry that girl?
Another woman—
an came between us.
Huh.
Just as I started to propose the telephone girl cut me off!