The SANDMAN STORY

THE RED APPLE

ON THE side of a fruit cart sat the red-cheeked apple and a big yellow pear. Of course the pear was not as bright and handsome as the apple, but it was modest and did not brag as did the glossy apple.

"Oh, dear me," sighed the red apple, "I do wish some fine lady would come along and buy me; I really am far too handsome to sit on this rickety old fruit cart in the dusty street. I do declare I am all covered with dust now."

"You should be thankful, Miss Pear, that your gown is a mixture of yellow

"Reached Over and Took the Apple."

and russet, it will not show the dust; such colors as mine are hard to keep looking fine."

"I expect, though, you do feel dowdy in that faded looking dress, and I do feel sorry for you, my dear, because a beautiful red dress like mine is always so much admired, but as I said before, yours does not show dust and mine does."

"Oh, I do not mind the color I wear," said the pear, "I am sure someone will come along and buy me soon and I shall go away from here; perhaps, in some handsome fruit dish I shall be placed. Yellow mixes well with all colors."

"Oh, yes, I know common colors like yours are needed to set off others, but of course, my dear, you cannot expect too much, and if some one comes along looking for handsome fruit I shall be the one to be chosen.

"I expect soon to be away from here. No one can resist my bright red, so glossy and smooth. Here comes a lady now, she will be sure to take me, so I will say good-by, Miss Pear. I do hope you are chosen sometime soon and won't have to wither sitting here on this old fruit cart."

But the lady did not select the red apple. Instead she took the yellow pear and other fruit as well, but not the handsome red apple.

"Well such taste as some folks have," said the red apple when the lady had gone. "She will be sorry she left me behind when she gets home. That dull old pear and the others will never make a pretty dish of fruit. She needs me to give tone and color to the fruit dish."

"Perhaps the lady wants to eat the fruit," said a big yellow grapefruit, "and if so, my pretty red apple, she wants something sweet and not sour like you. Don't you know that you have only looks to recommend you? Why, I heard the fruit man saying you were as sour as—as—"

"As you," snapped the red apple. "I have heard that you are so sour folks have to put sugar on you."

"As sour as a lemon, was what I intended to say," replied the grapefruit.

Just then an old horse hitched to a wagon standing nearby reached over and took the apple in his mouth and vain red apple had just time to say before it disappeared: "Oh, what a fate for one so beautiful as I, to be eaten by an old work horse, when I should have graced a table."

Thomas Meighan

Popular Thomas Meighan, the "movie" star, was born in Pittsburgh. He had much stage experience before becoming a screen player. Mr. Meighan is married to Frances Ring, who was formerly a talented star of the stage. He is six feet one inch tall, has dark brown wavy hair and blue eyes and weighs 180 pounds.

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"BAFFLE"

WHEN, in the literature of today, it is necessary to use a synonym for "defeat" or "foil," the word "baffle" is a recognized equivalent—but the origin of the verb presents an interesting study in ancient customs and medieval practices, for it was formerly applied to a particular species of physical punishment. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "King and No King," a cowardly soldier recounts his experiences by saying "They hung me up by the heels and beat me with hazel sticks so that the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled felon."

"Baffling" in the days of chivalry was the name given to the ceremony in which a perjured or recreant knight, either personally or in effigy, was hung up by the heels, his escutcheon blotted, his spear broken in two and either his body or his likeness beaten by the bystanders. This pleasant little pastime is described by Spenser, who writes in the "Faerie Queen":

"And after all, for greater infamy
He by the heels him hung upon a tree,
And baffled so, that all which that passed by
The picture of his punishment might see."

The accepted meaning of the word today is therefore figurative, rather than literal—an echo of the days when knighthood was in flower.

SCHOOL DAYS

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

COURTSHIPS

IT WAS not long ago suggested in England that the clergy ought to open a school for courtship. The suggestion was made quite seriously, as it was pointed out that many young people meet clandestinely because they find no sympathy at home. The man who made the suggestion seemed to think that this condition could be remedied by the methods he suggested.

Really it seems as if the trouble usually lay with somebody else beside the young man who is doing the courting and the young woman who is being courted. It usually lies with an unsympathetic family. Nobody, perhaps, can blame the family. It is utterly unpleasant for the tired father to come home from a hard day at work to find that he must leave the family living room that evening free to his daughter and a young man who wishes to be his future son-in-law. It is far easier for father and mother, big brother and little sisters, to disport themselves comfortably about the family living room—and then for the young girl and her swain to meet at the street corner and spend the evening at a moving picture show.

If there is a reception room or parlor or drawing room, well and good, for that may be put at the disposal of the daughters of the family, and may be made inviting to their friends. Courting days don't last forever. And remember that the sacrifices you may make now will be well repaid in the greater happiness and chances for a successful marriage that your daughter will have later on.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

DO YOUR BEST

YOU cannot by any newly conceived process hope to get the best and apply it to the best use, unless you give the best.

The studious scholar stands at the head of his or her class simply because he or she gives the best—the closest attention, the deepest thought and the hardest work. Concentration is wearisome, but it produces effective results and yields enduring rewards which can be attained in no other way.

In art, literature, business and in the crafts, those who become conspicuous for their skill, give their best energy in perfecting themselves, and as a result they hold the foremost place in their respective callings, command the most respectful consideration and win the highest recompense.

Life to those who give their best wears a different aspect from that which is so dimly seen by the heedless, heading for no particular port, lacking the ability to judge the direction of the wind or energy to study the charts.

Close application, holding constantly to one specific course, working hour after hour without every little while pausing to scan the clock, cannot in their state of indifference be done.

Such persons in their reflective moments may be annoyed at the progress of their rivals, but the annoyance lacks strength to shake them from their lethargy.

Any continuous exertion calling for excellence, is too violent, too wearing to body and mind to be tolerated.

So they remain passive, and when the frequent ugly moods come upon them they censure the fates for their pitiful plights.

How then, can such humans who habitually and generally from choice travel among the irresolutes and the grumblers, blame others for delinquencies which are obviously their own?

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

WOLF AT THE DOOR

THIS isn't a fable. The wolf that figures in it is a wolf you've often heard of. He's the widely celebrated wolf-at-the-door.

Most men work all their lives to be rid of him. When he is gone they stop working—and, too often, back he comes. Only a few get rid of him forever. And the sense of security that takes his place is considerably more dangerous than the wolf could possibly be.

Most of us need the wolf in our business. When, of a morning, we glance out of the window and see him sitting hungrily on the doorstep we take more interest in our day's work. When we are on the job the thought of him keeps us hustling. And by keeping hustling we put our brain in condition, which helps a lot with the next day's work.

The wolfless man is a worryless man, and a worryless man isn't much use in the world.

The man who knows he can't be fired helps very little around an office or shop. Necessity did not limit her family to the one child—invention. She is the mother of effort, of achievement, of energy, of industry—a very goodly brood of children.

If Thomas A. Edison had made a competence before he was thirty it is possible that he would have kept on working, but we doubt it.

It is true that men long past all fear of the wolf are still doing important work, but they got the habit of work when the wolf was leering at them as they left the house for the job. The habit persisted.

Poverty is an ugly thing which we all should avoid. But the very avoiding of it stimulates ambition, brings out such talents as we may have and opens our eyes to our own possibilities.

In the South Sea Islands the natives don't have to work. The breadfruit supplies their food and kills their ambition.

Winter, which we associate with our friend the wolf, forces men to step lively on the road to competence. And the highest achievement is to be found in the temperate zones, where there is winter enough to keep men thinking about the coal supply and not enough, as in the Arctic regions, to keep them in the house all the time.

Don't be afraid of the wolf. He is evil to look upon, with his red eyes, and his lolling tongue, but he is one of the best friends you have got.

Mother's Cook Book

Every addition to human knowledge is an addition to human power.

Success treads on the heels of every right effort.

MEATS THAT ARE DIFFERENT

THOSE who are fond of liver will enjoy another way of preparing it.

Liver Baked With Vegetables.

Take a pound and a half of calf's liver, dredge with seasoned flour and add to a hot pan in which a tablespoonful of drippings has been cooked with a sliced onion and one cupful of celery. Lay the liver uncut in the pan and cover with two slices of bacon, season with a teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of pepper and bake closely covered for half an hour. Add six small potatoes pared and halved. Recover and bake until the potatoes are done, remove the lid and brown the bacon. Dish up the meat, add two tablespoonfuls of flour to the liquid in the pan; stir smooth, add one-half cupful of stewed, strained tomatoes; season well and serve the sauce in a separate dish.

Emergency Pudding.

Take a pint of thick breakfast porridge, farina or any similar preparation, to it add one cupful of milk, heat and add an egg white stiffly beaten. Cook a minute to cook the egg, add two cupfuls of fresh berries mixed with a cupful of sugar and crushed. Pour into a mold; do not mix the fruit. Serve hot or cold.

Custards of various flavors are all acceptable dishes for children, easy of digestion and nutritious. Junkets, jellies of gelatin and sago and taploca combined with fruit and served with cream and sugar are all good.

Cold Sliced Lamb With Onion Sauce.

Slice three large onions and lay them in the bottom of a saucepan, add the juice of half a lemon. Lay the cold sliced lamb on this and cover tightly. Cook for an hour over slow heat. Add one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful each of curry powder and flour, salt and pepper to taste and one-half tablespoonful of worcestershire sauce. Cook five minutes and serve.

Nellie Maxwell

"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

MYRTLE

MYRTLE is both a floral name and an appellative growing out of ancient Greek mythology. The fragrant white-flowering shrub which adorns so many trim gardens is the modern product of the evergreen which bloomed on the Hellenic hills and occupied a place of honor in the gardens of Olympus.

The ancients believed the myrtle to be sacred to Venus, goddess of love, and the superstition carried over into new-world nomenclature, so that the fortunate possessor of the name of Myrtle is thought to possess the secret of love and attraction. Certainly, if she wears a sprig of Venus' symbol above her heart, she will be irresistible, according to the ancient belief.

Despite the charming fancy which accounts for its derivation, Myrtle is more often regarded as a floral name by etymologists. Its greatest vogue is undoubtedly in England, though of late years it has attained great popularity here, unfortunately losing much of its dignity in transit.

The emerald is Myrtle's talismanic stone. It promises her success in love and protects her from a deceitful lover. The gift of prophetic vision is said to come to the wearer of the emerald. Tuesday is her lucky day and 6 her lucky number.

He Was Cautious.

Police Justice (to witness from the country)—What is your name?

Uncle Hi—No, ye don't! I know your game, b'gosh! You'll git my name an' soon's as I git out o' here some other rascals come up an' ask me how Mandy and the children is, an' how I left things down to the corners. I know your game—green goods! I ain't a-goin' to tell you my name, b'gosh!—Boston Transcript.

An Eye to Economy.

Hub—I shall put these railroad bonds my uncle left me into a safety deposit box.

Wife—Don't, Jack; put them into a car and save all that box rent.—Boston Transcript.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE FRIEND OF EARTH

I AM the friend of God's green earth.
I know full well its wondrous worth—
An overflowing treasury
Of blessings rich it is to me,
Its light, its dark, the gifts each day
Hath scattered on my mortal way.
And while I am its guest I'll sound
Its joys in gratitude profound,
As doth become a visitor
To some most gracious, kindly shore.

MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a Man Like This Proposed to You?

Symptoms: Very, very slender, tall, pink oval face, fair hair, fair moustache waxed to Woolworth tower dimensions. Trousers creased to cracking point, ankles showing delicate lines, hands slender, nails exhaling a radium halo—always prattling of his ability, the car he is going to have when he gets his next job (he is now a salesman in Foppey's Ladies Hosiery Shop). You met him at a dance and he is a slick article in his evening armor. He knows how to order a perfect supper and glories in his artistry. He impresses you with his grasp of what a woman wants.

IN FACT

He is a womanly soul.

Prescription for His Bride:

℞ Love small spaces, one room and bath for you for life.

Be a good valet.

Absorb This:

A MULTITUDE OF TAILORS CANNOT MAKE A MAN

The Friendly Path

By WALTER I. ROBINSON

THE ROUGH SPOTS

DON'T be afraid to bump the bumps. It's not usually those who tramp easy paths who gain most in life. Much of the real fun comes through climbing the rocky routes.

Anyone who has been so fortunate as to have spent some time in the hills and valleys knows what we mean. Soft beds under pine groves on level places are inviting spots to rest after difficult tramps over mountains. But no one would wish to remain in the shade of pine forests as long as he lives.

The true lover of nature hears the call from beyond ever urging him to the stately hills or the peaceful meadows where cow-bells tinkle and sparkling brooklets rush onward, ever singing their merry songs. The pine groves are beautiful and inviting. It is delightful to lie on a soft bed of fir under the singing boughs.

Isn't this just as true of most of the quiet, restful places all along the pathway of life? Men and women constantly hunt for the comforts of peace and plenty in a land of dreams. Yet once they are privileged to enjoy them, they still look beyond for more of the activities which make the world move.

Things do not always turn out as one wishes. But the pleasure of honest endeavor is the best of fun. And no person ever honestly attempted to gain anything worth the effort who didn't gain much benefit from battling the difficulties, whether he won or lost.

Nothing but folly leads men and women always to expect success and happiness by the easiest paths.

YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—the Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm

MONEY IN THE HAND

INHERITANCE of money being always interesting, especially to those who look forward to receiving a legacy, it is well to note what the hand has to say on the subject. Signs of the acquisition of wealth in this manner are observed in various ways. For example, note whether the top phalanx of the finger of Jupiter (the forefinger) bears on the inside, toward the other fingers, a deep vertical line. If the same finger has a number of short, horizontal lines crossing the bottom phalanx, it is also the sign of the inheritance of money.

Next, inspect the rascette, or bracelet, at the wrist. If there is a well-marked small cross there money will come to the fortunate possessor of the cross through inheritance.

Of all the signs of the inheritance of money, however, the strongest is a line running from a star on the mount of Venus (the ball of the thumb) to the middle of the plain of Mars, the "hollow" of the hand. This indicates a large inheritance through the death of a near relative.

WE WERE NOT SATISFIED

By GRACE E. HALL

CAN you forget the myriad things
That made the cycle of those years:
The witchery of tender springs,
The autumn leaves, the tears,
The gray mists blurring out the view,
The somber scenes across the way,
The unsaid things we sensed and knew
Each passing day?

Can you forget the mystic thread
We wove on fancy's magic loom
Into those days that now are dead—
Dead as that first spring's bloom?
We watched the gray doves come and go,
Stood at the window while the rain
Tapped with a ghost-touch soft and low
Against the pane.

The hours were commonplace, we said,
And wished for scenes some other where,
We saw the sunsets, gold and red,
Watched snow-clouds fill the air;
Heard song birds in the trees above,
Had all God's gifts, and yet
We were not satisfied with love—
And now—regret!

Has Anyone Laughed At You Because—

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

You Like to Putter in the Garden?

The world after all is a garden and it is from the garden that we get our wheat and water and all the things we civilized people must have to exist at all. Ever since the world began masses of us have been gardeners and farmers. You love the smell of the earth, it strengthens you. You get something stimulating from outdoors, from helping things to grow, from watching them develop. You like the garden for puttering rather than an ill-smelling garage. You like the garden, it gives you healthful exercise and brings you near to God—whether you realize it or not.

SO

Your get-away here is:

You belong to a noble line of earth's beautifiers.

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that the largest-sized gun uses half a bale of cotton at every shot, and it seems more humane than bullets.