

The SANDMAN STORY

THE INNOCENTS

NOW Mr. Rat was rather young and he did not know that he should look well around before he ran out of his home under the barn floor in the daytime.

And Mr. Puppy was also young and he did not know that when he saw a rat he should not begin to bark and jump about.

One morning when Mr. Puppy was asleep on the floor of the barn near the door he happened to open one eye suddenly, and there in the corner of the barn was Mr. Young Rat, nibbling corn.

Up jumped Mr. Puppy and barked, jumping about on his little legs as



though he were standing on hot coals.

Mr. Rat stopped nibbling and ran back of a barrel, where he peeked out, but when he saw it was not the big dog he began to run around the barn.

Mr. Puppy at first only barked, then he decided it was something to play with, and around the barn he ran.

Over the barrels and over bags of grain they went. Mr. Rat always far ahead of Mr. Puppy, and just as he came to the door Mr. Rat ran cut in the yard.

After him went Mr. Puppy. Across

the yard they ran. Under the gate went Mr. Rat, and under went Mr. Puppy, and down the road they ran until they came to the woods and there Mr. Puppy lost him.

"Oh, dear, I am all out of breath," said Mr. Puppy, and down he dropped and went to sleep in the sun by a big rock.

When Mr. Rat found out no one was chasing him he ran out from under a bush and looked around. "Tired him out," laughed Mr. Rat when he saw Mr. Puppy asleep.

So off he ran for home, and when he reached the barn there was Mr. Puppy's mother, and he had just time to slip into his hole before she caught him.

Mr. Young Rat got a good scolding from his mother when he tumbled into the house for letting Mrs. Dog see where he lived, and Mr. Puppy was well scolded by his mother for barking and playing when he should have caught Mr. Rat.

The next day when Mr. Young Rat poked his nose out just to take a look around, Mr. Puppy spied him. "Come out here and let me catch you," he said.

"Oh, you can't keep awake long enough to catch me," said Mr. Young Rat, jumping back in his house. "I saw you sleeping by the rock when I ran home."

"You never will see me asleep again," said Mr. Puppy, jumping at the tip of Mr. Rat's nose, which he missed.

"We are going to move," called Mr. Rat from inside his house, and though Mr. Puppy watched and ran around the barn and scratched to get under he never saw Mr. Young Rat again, for that night when it was dark he, with his mother, ran down the road to a barn where there were no dogs and I expect he lived to be a very old Mr. Rat.

(Copyright.)

ETHEL CLAYTON



Ethel Clayton, one of the popular "movie" stars, finds her greatest recreation in reading. She has a carefully chosen library in her Hollywood (Cal.) home. Last year she made a trip to the Orient, spending several months in Japan and China, and this summer was booked with her mother and brother, Ronald, for an extended vacation in Europe.



I MAKA meestake deesa morning and show up for da work. And da boss he maka meestake and show up, too. He geeva look wot day ees on da calendar and tella me go home.

When nobody 'tse show up for da work I tink mebbe was out late and no gotta ambish deesa morning. But da boss tella me was no trouble lika dat. He say today was da Labor day and nobody work. He tella me I cau go home and hava da vacash.

I dunno somating bouta Labor day. I tink every one was da labor day eef you gotta steady job. I no tink today was moocha deefrence—jusa plain Monday, September six time.

But he say een deesa country one day every year ees beega celebrash and no work. He say da union taka da vacash and maka member pay da fine eef he go to work. And when da union queeta work, da boss say, everybody else no work, too.

Da boss tella me I no losa da wage and can go home and maka da celebrash. Righta queeck I tink da Labor day was greata stuff. So I go home and feegure out smarta idee.

I no tella my boss, but I am gonna finda guy wot maka da calendar. I tell a heem eef he maka tree hundred and sexxaty four Labor day every year and jusa one day for lay off ees greata stuff. We go to work on da lay off day and lay off on all da Labor day. Da boss forgetta deesa morning was da Labor day before he geeva look at da calendar. So weeth jusa leettle change een da print mebbe he forgetta every day. I tink I am pretty smarta guy alla right.

Wot you tink?

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

STEAMING THE SKIN

"CAN you tell me," runs a letter signed Roberta, "whether steaming the face is really good for it or not? I once had my face covered with blackheads and pimples but have cured these by dieting and using daily enemas for a month. It left my skin full of noticeably large pores, though, and I want to reduce these to normal invisible size as soon as possible. Will steaming really help me?"

Steaming will, if the face is rinsed immediately after with cool water and rubbed with a piece of ice for a few moments. Daily massages will also help, for anything which promotes



The Skin Should Not Be Steamed Too Often.

the activity of the skin tends to remove its blemishes.

The face should not be steamed more than twice a week and then gently, for about ten minutes. If the skin is muddy or blotchy a massage with healing cream into the open pores is advisable, but if, as in Roberta's case, only the fineness of the skin is desired, the face should be wiped off with a soft cloth, to remove the oil steamed out of the pores, then it should be rinsed in cool water to close the pores, and finally, rubbed with a piece of ice to close them completely. The action of opening and closing the pores tends to shrink them and in time they will return to their normal size. Everything takes time, of course. Nature, intelligently assisted, will overcome and cure most abnormal conditions, but nature works slowly.

(Copyright.)

Idiosyncrasies of Ice.

"Never mind," exclaimed the illogical optimist; "there will be plenty of ice next winter."

"That's the trouble about ice," replied Mr. Growcher. "There is always a shortage when it is needed and a surplus when it is not."

Off Again, On Again

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

(Copyright.)

IN CONFIDENCE.

I would not speak in bitter tone,
But Brown is such a stupid pup!
His collar-button's made of bone,
And so is he, from that place up.

Jobs.

Jobs are what everybody is supposed to have or to want.

The job a man has is hardly ever the one he wants, after he has got it. He knows of another job that beats his all hollow.

Another fellow has it.

It is easier work and pays better, and the dub who is holding it down—well, how he gets by is more than anybody can find out.

Must have some kind of pull, he reckons.

This job the man has would be all right if the hours were different, if the pay was raised, and if the boss wasn't unreasonable.

Only last week the boss refused to take this man's advice about something.

Stubborner'n a mule!

Like to know how that guy got to be boss, anyway.

Some fellows have all the luck.

He gets to do the kind of things he wants to. If the man had the kind of things the boss gets to do—ah, there would be the snap!

But catch that boss letting him do them! The boss knows very well if he let the other fellows do those things awhile they'd get hep to those things he has, and wouldn't have any respect for him at all.

Huh! Guess yes.

O well, some people get it mighty nice, but others have to work.

When an employee says Work with a capital, he means his own job.

When he says it in lower case, quotation marks around it, he means the snap the other fellow has and thinks is work—bah! What's he know about work?

The permanently unemployed and unemployable are those who cannot be fitted with a job.

There is something wrong about every job they get.

People who are inclined to be frank about it, think the main objection on the part of some folks to a job, is that there is work connected with it.

But of course this may be wrong.

FINNIGIN FILOSOFY

If yez find anny trouble lovin' other people, use on thim some av what yez have been wa-astin' on yerself.

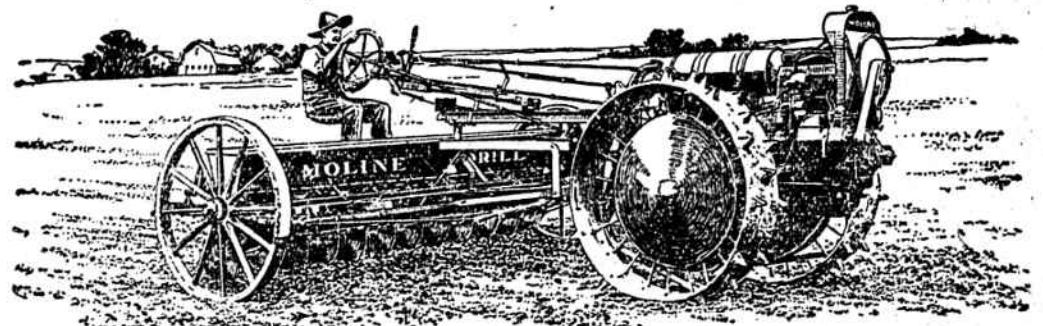
What the Sphinx Says

By Newton Newkirk.



"Some men, in order to be well spoken of, are obliged to do the job themselves."

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