

The SANDMAN STORY

BILLY GOAT & MR. FOX

MR. FOX was lazy; that his wife knew very well, but she had made up her mind that he should help her with her spring housecleaning if she had to starve him to it.

"You won't get a bite to eat," she said one morning, "until you clean my carpets and rugs. Now go to work, if you want your dinner, Reynard."

Out in the yard the rugs and carpets went with a bang and back to her work went Mrs. Fox.

Reynard got up slowly from the ground where he was sitting under a tree and sighed, for he knew it was work or no dinner.

He pulled the carpet on the clothesline and hung the rugs beside it, and just then Mr. Coon ran by, calling out:



that a flock of young turkeys were in the wood, and off ran Reynard with him.

One of Mrs. Fox's rugs happened to be a big goatskin, and as it hung on the line swinging in the wind, Billy Goat happened to pass by and see it.

Billy Goat gave a look at the rug and shook his horns. "If I could find the one who did that," he said, "I would avenge my poor relative. I wonder who lives here!"

Billy Goat looked around and not seeing anyone he took the goatskin and started to run away with it, but he had only gone as far as a clump of bushes when he saw some turkeys which Mrs. Fox had in a basket in the yard, and Billy changed his mind.

He hid the skin of his relative behind the bushes and very cautiously tiptoed up to the basket and ate up every one of Mrs. Fox's turkeys.

He felt pretty sleepy when he had finished this big meal, so instead of running home he crept behind a rock some distance from Mrs. Fox's house and went to sleep.

By and by Reynard came back from his run with Mr. Coon and as he did not wish his wife to see him, he dodged behind every rock and tree as he came near his house.

"Well! If there isn't Mrs. Fox's nice goatskin rug away over here,"

said Reynard. "It must have blown off the line; now, isn't it lucky I came around this way?"

Reynard grabbed the tail of what he thought was the rug, but it wasn't the rug at all; it was Billy Goat, asleep, with his head in the grass and his horns quite hidden.

Reynard dropped the tail almost as soon as he touched it, for Billy Goat jumped and turned on him.

"Oh! I thought you were my wife's goatskin rug!" he said as fast as he could talk.

"Oh! You did, did you?" said Billy Goat, lowering his head. "So you are the fellow who brought my poor relative to his sad end?"

"But let me tell you about it!" said Mr. Fox, as Billy Goat butted him over and over on the ground.

"I'll use all the butts that are needed to explain this situation," said Billy Goat. "I am the fellow who put the other 'I' on that 'but' you want to tell me about. I know all about it."

Poor Reynard limped home, holding his back and sides, as he groaned with pain, but Mrs. Fox would not listen to anything he said. "If you had stayed there and done the work you would not have a lame back!" she said.

She made him clean the carpet and find the goatskin rug, which Billy Goat, in his hurry, forgot, before she gave her husband his dinner, and all through the woods could be heard the groaning of Reynard as he worked, but not a bit of sympathy did he get from Mrs. Fox.

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ALICE JOYCE



Among the favorites on the "movie" screen is dainty Alice Joyce. She has met with success after success. Playing double roles is one of her specialties and has won her a warm place in the hearts of the patrons of the silent drama.

Pained Virtue.

"Jinks has no idea of honesty."
"What's the matter?"
"He's never returned me the umbrella I borrowed from Jabbs."

PROBLEMS FACING STRICKEN WORLD

Shall Chaos or Reconstruction in Europe Follow the Great World War?

SOME LIGHT ON BOLSHEVISM

Movement Not Anarchistic, as So Many Seem to Think—Probably is Best Described as "Consistent Socialism."

Article XIII.

By FRANK COMERFORD.

If I were asked to name the principal cause for the growing unrest my answer would be bolshevism. The most universal attitude of big business toward Russian bolshevism—an attitude adopted by most of the governments of Europe—has been, and is, Kill It; don't waste time examining it; it isn't worth trying to understand; no good can come out of it; it must be fought; it isn't entitled to a trial. Reams of paper have been used to assail it. Captains of industry and government officials have vied with each other in making assault on it. Many of those who oppose bolshevism are indignant if you ask them what it is and why they oppose it. They characterize it, attack it, resent it. Great heat has been shown in discussing it, without throwing any light on the subject. Absurd lies have been told about bolshevism. Later these unnecessary and stupid lies have been exposed, with the result that suspicion has been bred, unrest fed. The effect upon the workers has been to increase their hate for their employers and destroy their already weakened faith in government.

Whether bolshevism is right or wrong, whether it is a good thing or a bad thing, it is at least a definite political plan, capable of being examined, measured, weighed and tested. It is few of the things it has been called. It is entitled to a hearing on its merits. It cannot be howled down in abuse.

Bolshevism Not Anarchy.

Those who lead the campaign against it frequently and confusingly define it as anarchy. If there is one thing that bolshevism is not, it is anarchy. Much controversy will be avoided, many differences of opinion dissolved if we come to a fair and open understanding of the bolshevik program. One of the great misfortunes is that we form opinions without information, rush to judgments without understanding, then stubbornly close our minds. Much of the discord and strife of life in big things, as well as in little matters, is due to this habit. Anarchy is not criminal lawlessness, notwithstanding the fact that this is the popular misconception of the term. Say "anarchist" and the average man or woman to whom you say it looks frightened, thinks of a bomb-thrower, a dynamite, a firebrand. Such a man is not an anarchist; he is a terrorist, a criminal, a destructionist, a murderer. Let us call a spade a spade and we will understand each other better.

Anarchism is an old and respectable philosophy. The anarchist is an individualist. He is in favor of a free life for the individual. He is opposed to turning over the individual's power to the state. He argues that great power delegated to government limits the growth and freedom of the individual. He dreams of an ideal state in which human beings will be so perfect they need no law. His doctrine is an enlargement, an exaggeration of the idea that the government which governs least governs best. He isn't a lawbreaker. He is a law abolisher. He reasons that when murder leaves the human heart there will be no occasion for laws against killing; that the statute against murder is only printed words on the page of a law book, utterly and entirely without meaning, or existence, to the man who is incapable of killing his fellow man. He says that we should develop our artistic and moral sides and by evolution gradually repeal one law after another until all law disappears. It is pure idealism—it is a movement toward perfection. It is the millennium. It is poetry. Kipling wrote its constitution when he wrote:

And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working,
Each in his separate star,
I shall draw the Thing as he sees it,
For the God of Things as They Are.

Merely a Beautiful Dream.

Few people will contend that this theory is anything more than a beautiful dream. Probably the first and greatest of the anarchists was the great Greek philosopher Zeno, from Crete, the founder of the stoic philosophy, who died 270 years B. C. It is disturbing to find dynamiters called anarchists, and in the same breath heard included some of the greatest idealists that have ever trod the earth. The very mention of the two types in the same class gives respectability to the totally ugly, depraved, ignorant, lawless criminal.

I went to a standard authority for a common-sense definition of bolshevism. I was in Prague on my way toward the bolshevik front. I spent an afternoon with President Thomas

G. Masaryk of the new Czecho-Slovakian republic. He is a Slav. He knows Russia. He was in Russia during the revolution and at the beginning of the counter-revolution which put bolshevism in the saddle. He has written of Russia and is accepted as an authority on the subject. I asked him, "What is bolshevism?" His answer was: "Bolshevism is consistent socialism."

Bolshevism is an old, untried theory of government. Its object is to secure a greater production and a more just distribution. Socialism says that men are without motive for efficient work today because they do not get a fair share of the things they produce; that the way to stimulate production is to adopt common ownership. Under such a plan, they say, every man would be working for himself, in the sense that all would be working for the state, and that as all are an equal part of the state their interests would be common and mutual. The socialist says that by working and doing as much as he could he would be helping to shorten the workday, because if all the people of the world were at work they could produce an abundance of everything necessary for the world's happiness and comfort, every one would have all he needed, no one would have more than another and it would be to the interests of each individual to work to shorten his own workday.

The program of socialism promises to destroy all private ownership. There will be no such thing as private property. No one will own land, the land, the factories, the railroads, the mines, everything, will be owned in common. The state will hold the title to everything, manage everything and distribute the product. This plan abolishes profits, rent and private capitalism.

Money and Capital.

To understand this doctrine it is necessary to clearly know the meaning of the word "Capital." Many people confuse the word "capital" with the word "money." These words have totally different meanings. Money is the metal or paper used by a government to make easy the exchange of products. Without money the world would go back to the barter system, in which the man who had corn traded it for meat, clothes, and the other things he needed. Capital is the unconsumed product of labor. In other words, all of the food, cloth, clothing, machinery, etc., in the world is its capital, just as a man's capital is the food he has in the cupboard, the clothes he hasn't worn out, the money in the bank which represents a power to buy. It is the surplus. It is the reserve.

Plato, the great Greek philosopher, was one of the first of the socialists. In the republic of Plato we find a defense of state socialism. From Plato to Lenin men have been urging communism as a cure for the ills of the world, as a remedy for wrong, as a means of realizing exact justice.

Modern socialism dates from the "Communist Manifesto," published in 1848, by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. Their outline of the socialist plan seized upon the thought of the world. Since that day it has been gathering the dissatisfied of the world and grouping them in a class, developing what they term a "class consciousness." Back of it has been an insistent, uninterrupted propaganda which has reached every corner of the globe. Billions of leaflets, pamphlets, tracts and books have been circulated. Millions of speeches have been made. Drawing rooms have been thrown open to it, highbrows have professed the faith, lowbrows have thundered the creed from soapboxes on the street corners. It has flourished best in Europe. It has furnished prime ministers. Its voice today in the parliaments of Europe is not a whisper—it is a shout. In the new governments which have come out of the war it is a militant, dominant factor.

The bolshevism of Russia is pure socialism—literal communism. At this moment I am not writing of the methods of the bolsheviks. First, I want to make clear and simple their plan. Bolshevism is an effort to put into practice the doctrine preached by Plato, programmed by Marx.

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Advocates Trial of Hun Leaders.

If Hindenburg and Ludendorff are guilty of offenses against humanity they, and not some of their underlings, should pay the penalty. It would be a farce to let them go and to convict their subordinates; and it would be a farce to try to impress the German people with the inviolable majesty of international law while fearing to try leaders who are in position to arouse a public clamor in their behalf. By all means let Hindenburg and Ludendorff be among the first to answer. They stand as heroes before their followers and no lesson would be more impressive to those followers than the spectacle of their leaders brought to book.—Exchange.

Showing Kaiser's Viciousness.

The Germans, in setting fire to the Louvain library, totally destroyed not only the printed books numbering from 250,000 to 300,000 volumes and nearly 1,000 manuscripts which the library contained, but also the famous university halls, thus destroying in three days that which had taken five centuries to build up. Only once before in history has such a disaster been inflicted upon the world, when in A. D. 643, the Caliph Omar, with blasphemy only equaled by that of the kaiser, destroyed the library of Alexandria in the name of God, and that is of very doubtful authority.—Chicago Evening Post.

TENSE PRESSURE ON HER HEAD

"My Sides, Back and Head Pained Me Just All the Time," Says Alabama Lady, Who Took Cardui and Got Well.

Uniontown, Ala.—"After the birth of my baby, I came near dying," writes Mrs. Maude Felts, of Uniontown. "I was in an awful condition. . . . It just looked like I would die.

"I couldn't bear anyone to even touch me, I was so sore, not even to turn me in bed. My sides, back and head all pained me, just all the time.

"We had the doctor every day and he did everything he knew how, it looked like. Yet I lay there suffering such intense pains as seems I can't describe.

"Finally, I said to my husband, 'let us try Cardui' . . . He went for it at once, and before I had taken the first bottle the . . . came back, the soreness began to go away, and I began to mend. The intense pressure seemed all at once to leave my head, and before long I was up.

"I took three bottles and was well and strong and able to do my work. I believed Cardui saved my life. . . . I cannot praise it enough for what it did for me."

If you are a woman, and need a tonic—
Take Cardui, the Woman's Tonic.
—Adv.

Foresight.

"This seems to be a case of near-love."

"What kind is that?"

"A beautiful young creature promised an elderly millionaire unbounded affection if he would first settle \$100,000 on her to insure that love's labor would not be lost."—Birmingham Age Herald.

LIFT OFF CORNS WITH FINGERS

Doesn't hurt a bit and costs only few cents



Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius.—Adv.

Those Girls.

"Of course you all talked about me as soon as I left."
"No, dear, we thought you had attended to that quite sufficiently."—Boston Transcript.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Human Dynamo.

"That actress is a dynamo of energy." "Yep; perpetual motion."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" is not a loogie or "syrup," but a real old-fashioned dose of medicine which cleans out worms or Tapeworm with a single dose.—Adv.

The wise man never boasts because he has never been in jail—yet.

Fortunate is the bride that marries the best man at her wedding.

Beauty Chats

By Edna Kent Forbes

LONG LASHES

LONG, thick eyelashes are to be desired not only because of their own beauty and the added character they lend the eye, but because they afford so much protection to the eye itself. They sift the dust from the air, minimizing the chances of getting painful particles into the eye, they shade the eye from strong lights and protect the sensitive nerves of sight.

Long lashes are comparatively easy to acquire. The first thing to do is to clip the lashes back a trifle, using fine embroidery or manicure scissors with the points held away from the eye. This is a delicate task, better done by

some other person. Yet, if you lean close to the mirror you can do it yourself. The lash on both the upper and under lid should be clipped. This will make them grow in longer and thicker, too.

The eyebrows, too, will benefit by clipping, but this is something most women would hesitate about, as the short hairs would show more readily than on the lashes. Vaseline is about



Long lashes are one of the greatest attributes of beauty.

the best thing to use as a tonic, and is always the chief ingredient of expensive preparations.

The lashes should be clipped back once a month for at least three months. By this time, in connection with the use of a tonic, they will have sufficient stimulation to grow thick and long.

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CROSBY'S KIDS



LONGA time ago I hear one man say, "everything ees come my way now." Lasa week one my neighbor more way from da place where he leeva nexa door, so mebbe da sanna ting happen weeth me, I dunno.

Dat neighbor when he leave da house he forgotta cat wot belonga weeth heem. Now I gotta cat een my family. But I lika dat cat pretty good and eef he no skeedo I feela heem beofa steak so longa he leeva nine time.

One my frien tella me other day he was Tom cat. I dunno eet before, but rigtha queeck I gotta greata idee. I dunno wot was a Tom cat, but eef he ees dat kind I lika Jerry cat, too. I feegure eef I gotta Tom and Jerry wotell I care for da probbish.

But ees somating wrong weeth dat cat. Everytime I scratcha hees head he getta hees back up. He sleep alla day and make love alla night weeth hees girl. Mebbe he tink he gotta night shift job een my house, I dunno. And dat son-of-a-gun talka too nooch lika phonograph. When he no make love weeth hees girl he go to lodge on da back fence. And I tink every cat een town belonga weeth da same lodge. He talk and fight and make more noise alla night as da fire crack.

One time I hear bouta man wot was raisen dickens alla hees life. But dat man no gotta somating on my cat. He gotta nine life and I tink he try do soma ting weeth da whola bunch every night alla one time.

What the Sphinx Says.

By Newton Newkirk.



"You can't mix with yeggs and not get in BAD odor in GOOD society."

When one retires in a fireless, radiatorless, registerless room away from home, they sometimes put one of these kerosene, air-cooled consumers in with him for company.

Any time he wakes in the night he knows the stove is there, because he can smell it.

He is glad it doesn't make any heat, for smells smell worse in a warm room than in a cold room.

They say there are oil stoves that warm one. But we have not seen a