

The Sandman Story

by Martha Martin

EUGENE was very polite. He really did have such good manners. They were not the manners of some one who is being polite because he has been told he simply must be polite, but they were the manners of some one who enjoyed being polite.

So Eugene was asked to write an essay on good manners and on courtesy, which means being polite and civil.

And this is what Eugene wrote: To be polite is the opposite to being rude. Most of us have lots to do. We work and play hard. In these days there is the telephone, the automobile, the flying machine, and things move along at a fast pace.

"Sometimes it would seem as though we go so fast that we haven't time to be polite. We rush hither and



Eugene Tried to Explain in His Essay.

thither, millions of us like ants in great ant hills—though we call our great ant hills cities and towns.

"It is easy to become cross and to let our temper be ruffled and to get cranky and all such things if we begin to think how this one did so and so to us and how some one else was not as pleasant as possible.

"But the thing to think about is that there is such fun in being courteous.

"Oh, that is the whole point. And once you get into the habit of being polite you will wonder how you ever thought it was so easy to be cross.

"If you will only think of the fun there is in being polite you will get into that habit.

"Good Habit is as willing to be your friend as is Bad Habit.

"Just try it out. Try it out in school, at home, everywhere. Let grown-ups try it and let boys and girls try it.

"If you go around with a chip on your shoulder or a bit of temper hanging about you some one else is going to feel unhappy, and then, perhaps, cross.

And so it goes!

Sometimes, too, if you will start in being cheerful early in the morning it will make every one else cheerful, too, and if you don't feel so very cheerful, then keep your feelings to yourself, for they're not nice to share with anyone.

"Pretend you are an automobile. Pretend you have put yourself into the high gear of courtesy and have given a bit of a step on the accelerator of pleasantness. (The accelerator makes it keep on going.) And then the motor of good will and good spirits will go thrumming along so contentedly.

"It's fun to try and a trial costs you nothing!"

This was Eugene's essay. Now you know Eugene had been taking a good many automobile rides and that was why he had spoken in automobile language, but he had tried to explain it in his essay so that those who did not know about automobiles would understand.

And Eugene's essay was liked because he really believed what he said and acted it out.

He wasn't a goody-goody, but he was a good little sport and every one liked him.

He hated to see people who were mad at each other and not on speaking terms, especially because he knew how much they wanted to speak to each other and yet how they kept from doing so because of pride.

He always tried to make each go a little more than half way and then they were sure to meet and fix it up.

So Eugene was polite because he was friendly and pleasant, and those were the best manners to have because they were the kind which wouldn't wear off.

They were the kind that really stuck—in bad weather and in good, at all times!

And Eugene was made the captain of the ball team in school, which just goes to show you that really good manners won't hurt anyone.

But they must be real! Not just "put on" and not just "for show."

They must be the real kind that every one likes—not just grown-ups, but every one of every age.

For the good manners that come from a friendly nature are the very best manners to be had!

(Copyright.)

Marion Davies



Charming Marion Davies, the "movie" star, is here shown in her summer hat. Miss Davies' dainty pastel beauty is peculiarly suited to large picturesque hats. The model shown, worn by her in "The Red Mill," is of corn-colored horsehair, bordered with net. A narrow band of velvet ribbon separating the net from the hat is its only trimming.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

MIND VERSUS HEART

THE scientific age in which we are living argues that practical results are the only test of truth. If a theory works it is true, if it fails to work it is likely untrue. A theory becomes a fact only when it can be explained. An attempt is being made these days to force everything into the crucible of science.

The cold and proved facts of science are one thing and when confined to their respective spheres offer no cause for grave concern, but when science demands that its testimony be considered final upon realities to which it has no vital relation, a very different problem arises.

The attributes of personality and emotions of the heart transcend all the claims of science. A mother's love, paternal pride, the innate sense of justice and of fair play, the inherent desire for success and the fear of failure—what does science know about these things? A fact in the cosmic world may be proved true by scientific research, but the realities of personality are not to be found at the end of a syllogism. Many of the most important facts of our daily life cannot be forced into the crucible of science. The practical application of the findings of science may make possible many of the comforts and conveniences of a house, but science has nothing to offer that will contribute to the spirit of a home.

The realities in life upon which civilization and the progress of mankind depend lie wholly outside the field of science. Many times are we obliged to say—we can neither define nor analyze these realities, but experience has demonstrated their value.

If ere when faith hath fallen asleep I heard a voice, "Believe no more," The heart stood up and answered, "I have felt!"

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LOOKIN' for your mother-in-law to side with you against your husband, is walkin' in back of a hen expectin' to pick up ostrich plumes.

If a perusal is nothin' else it's a tonic for your self esteem.

The saddest thing in the world ain't the woman that no man desires, but the one that knows it.

FOR THE GANDER—

It's never too late to kiss.

And a kiss in time saves nine situations out of ten.

If a woman says she don't want to be kissed there's always the chance she meant it.

The reason most women refuse to kiss a guy is because they don't happen to be attracted by the idea. And that's the one reason no man can believe.

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SAWS

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—

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FOR THE GANDER—

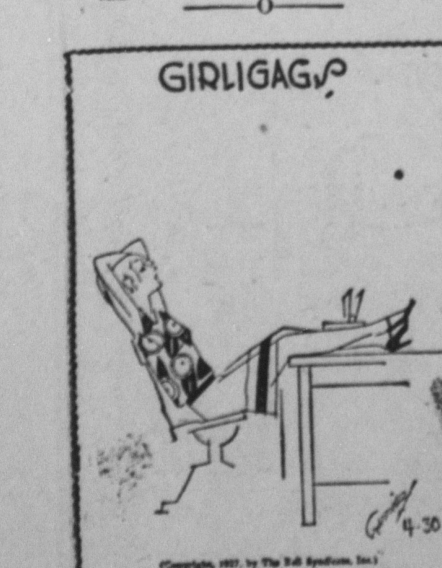
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GIRLIGAG

"You may smile and be a villain," says our stenographer, "but you can't growl and growl and be a saint."

How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"THE SCARLET LETTER"

IT IS probably through the medium of Hawthorne's famous novel by that name that the "scarlet letter" has become a symbol, in figurative speech, of a woman's badge of shame, the stigma of lost chastity. For the character of Hester Prynne of the "Scarlet Letter," who was forced by the narrowness and the prudery of her day to wear on her breast such a humiliating emblem, has become one of the immortals of literature, familiar even to those who have not read the book.

For the origin of the scarlet letter, however, we must go back beyond Hawthorne's fiction to the source from which he derived his material for the book. For it had its beginning not in literature but in life. It was a real punishment inflicted by early New England moralists upon flesh and blood Magdalenes.

From the colony records of "New Plymouth," dated June, 1671, we find the following prescribed for any female Pilgrim who might have dallied from the path of virtue:

"To wear two Capital Letters, A. D., cut in cloth and sewed on their uppermost garment on the Arm and Back; and if any time they should be found without the letters so worn while in this government, they shall be forthwith taken and publickly whipt."

Although there is here no reference to its color, this is the "scarlet letter" that has survived in modern speech.

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THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

THE MOON'S CHANGES AND THE WEATHER

THERE is probably no superstition more firmly believed in, at least by agriculturists and dwellers in the rural districts generally, both in this country and in Europe, than that the conditions of the moon's changes govern the weather. Here are a few American ideas on the subject: The moon changing in the west denotes fine weather during that moon. The moon changing near midnight is a prophecy of fine weather. The weather of the new moon governs the first quarter (or first half) of that moon. The weather of the new moon governs the month's weather.

No less a person than Sir John Herschel, the celebrated astronomer and physicist, was so impressed by the common belief with regard to the influence of the moon's changes on the weather that he made an investigation of the matter and, pronouncing the truth thereof, constructed an elaborate table giving the relations between the luna changes and the weather, supporting his conclusions by a wealth of scientific lore. For a time that seemed to settle the question. Then something caused Sir John to go over his work again. He found that he had based his conclusions upon insufficient data, and after investigating again came out with a statement that his former conclusions had been all wrong. There was no connection whatever between the moon's changes and the weather except a slight tendency to clear weather at the moon's full. The theory of a relation between the moon and the weather was relegated once more to the list of superstitions regarding the lunar orb which are relics of moon-worship; echoes of the days when Isis waved her lotus scepter by the waters of the Nile.

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Scraps of Humor

THE TEMPTATION

"Whatever induced you to marry me, anyway, if I'm so distasteful to you?" he asked fiercely.

"I think it was the ads," she replied.

"The what?"

"The advertisements. The household bargains, you know. I thought it would be so lovely to go to the department stores and buy ice picks for only 9 cents and 25-cent egg beaters marked down to 15, and so on. Of course I had no use for that sort of stuff as long as I remained single."



HOPELESSLY LOST

"Would you believe it? That girl follows all the beauty hints she reads."

"Well, she certainly is a long way behind them."

No Great Change

The mummy, 'mid adornment great, To murmur did contrive: "I am as useful in this state As when I was alive."

Salvage Work

In the middle of the channel swam the fair contestant suddenly dropped below the surface. When she finally reappeared her manager was frantic. "Great heavens, girl!" he cried. "I thought you were drowned! Why did you dive there?"

"There's a rock down there I parked my gum on last year," answered the swimmer calmly.—Pathfinder.

Athletic Attainment

"How has your Josh been doing at school?"

"First rate," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "I kind o' think he'll make his way in congress. One of the professors speaks mighty well of him."

"Which one?"

"The professor of boxing."—Washington Star.



WOULDN'T JIBE

He—Wonder how we'd get along in double harness?

She—What! A deer and a jackass?

Help in Need

I have no use for lawyers. That I have I won't pretend; I admit, though, one comes handy. When a felon needs a friend.

Just Thrown Away

Discouraged Jim—Mother, I will not try again for the conduct prize. Some other fellow always gets it.

Mother—Don't give up; try, try again.

Jim—I'm through, mom; it's a clean waste of goodness to go on.

That's Something

First Spinster—Is it true that you're going to be married, Miss Antique?

Second Old Maid—No, but I'm thankful for the rumor.

Worse Still

He—I made an awful mistake just now. I told the man I thought the host must be a stingy old blighter, and it happened to be the host that I spoke to.

She—Oh, you mean my husband.

The Present Day

Jim—What did the jury do to the chief of the precocious Hommerbilt necklace?

Ned—Found him not guilty, but advised him to return the necklace.

Children Cry for



Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Wm. H. Fletcher* Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Uncle Eben

"Giddap, mule," said Uncle Eben. "You's a good deal of a comfort. Even when you kicks, you shows dat yoh propellers is in good workin' order."—Washington Star.

The Well-Kept Secret

"Mabel was married yesterday and they're keeping it an absolute secret."

"Not really? How do you know?"

"Positively—she told me herself not an hour ago."—Life.

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I should be killed!

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Write for free booklet on killing house and garden insects. If unable to get Bee Brand Powder or Liquid from your dealer, we will supply you direct by parcel post at above prices.

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Bee Brand INSECT POWDER OR LIQUID