

The Sandman Story

by Martha Martin

ABOUT WITTY WITCH

OLD WITTY WITCH was such a friendly soul. Everyone in Fairyland loved her and to her delight the Fairies brought back messages to her telling her how much she was liked now by many, many children.

Witty Witch had felt sad that so many wrong ideas had gone around about her at one time. She said that children thought there were dreadful people known as witches and that they would do all sorts of horrible things.

Of course Witty Witch was so named because she was so jolly and because she was always thinking up good ideas for parties and because

wanted to give a supper party. Witty Witch had said she would like every one to come at twilight that very day.

Witty Witch busied herself in getting ready for her supper party all that day. Oh, how much she did prepare! Woodland salad and woodland ice cream and woodland lady fingers and woodland fruits and nuts. It was a magnificent supper and she spread a great table of moss outside her cave so that there would be plenty of room. And as twilight appeared so did all the guests.

Witty Witch welcomed them all. Old Mr. Giant came, too, and many of the smallest fairies climbed upon his shoulders and knees and settled themselves there for the evening.

Witty Witch was dressed in a new frock of old gold with a big lace shawl about her neck and shoulders. On her head she wore a great tall hat of lavender, and everyone said she had never looked so well before.

"I have something I've been thinking of for some time," said Witty Witch. "I have heard, from time to time, people speak of ghosts. I've heard them speak of haunted houses and of all such things. I have seen that if they did not altogether believe in them, still the thought of ghosts made them rather nervous."

"Now as all of you know, I do know about such things. I've had such a time trying to do away with gossip and such!

"But it does seem so wrong that people and children should be frightened by something that doesn't exist. There are no ghosts. There never were any ghosts. There never will be any ghosts.

"If people say they have seen them, it has been in bad dreams when they did not know they were asleep. But ghosts do not come in bad dreams these days. No, the Dreamland King has seen to that.

"The Dreamland King, of course, can't be around attending to everything all the time, and sometimes Old Bad Dreams gets in a bad dream without the Dreamland King noticing, but he has seen to it that ghosts do not ever come in dreams.

"And dear me! The thought of ghosts frightens people, and that seems such a pity when there is nothing, absolutely nothing of truth about ghosts.

"So send these true messages out for me, Breeze Brothers and Fairies: There are no ghosts at all anywhere, at any time. Sounds can be made by creaking woodwork, but ghosts cannot make sounds when there are no such things as ghosts to make them!"

And all promised to deliver Witty Witch's messages. Then they had the magnificent Woodland supper and ended off the party by singing lovely songs.



"I Have Heard, From Time to Time, People Speak of Ghosts."

She was merry and witty and such good fun. But this day Witty Witch asked the Breeze Brothers to come about and take some messages out for her. And the Breeze Brothers said they would be delighted to do as Witty Witch asked.

"I want to give a little talk," Witty Witch said, "and perhaps the Fairies and the Gnomes and the Brownies and all of the others will come. For some of them can help with the messages and then after my talk I want to have a big Fairyland supper party. I haven't had one in ever so long."

So first of all the Breeze Brothers went about and took Witty Witch's message that she wanted to give a talk and that she wanted to send forth messages, and that after the talk she

Joan Crawford



Joan Crawford, the motion-picture actress, is noted for her beautiful brown hair. She is a recent addition to filmdom, having been signed by a prominent producing firm direct from the musical comedy stage. She has the leading role in "The Gray Hat."

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

KILLING AN IDEA

THE hardest thing in the world to kill is an idea.

You can destroy the man who has it; you can reduce his brain to dust and his body to ashes, but his idea, if it is a right idea, will live on and thrive despite your efforts.

The crucifixion did not kill the idea of Christianity.

The burning of Joan of Arc did not wipe out the truths she stood for.

John Brown's idea did not die with him on the scaffold.

The imprisonment of Bunyon did not kill his idea; it rather helped to strengthen it, for in his cell he wrote his great "Pilgrim's Progress."

The threats of the greatest powers in the world, while they made Galileo deny with his voice the truth of his theory that the earth revolved around the sun, did not change or kill his idea, for under his breath he whispered "E pur si muove" ("It does move though").

On the other hand a wrong idea is sure to die.

Nothing is eternal except the truth. The false promise destroys both argument and conclusion. The false idea eventually kills itself. All error is self-destructive.

There is a right and a wrong way to kill a bad idea. The wrong way is to kill the possessor. The right way is to prove the idea itself is wrong and then it dies of itself.

Witchcraft was not obliterated by the burnings of Salem. It was wiped out by the proving of the truth that there is no such thing as witchcraft.

When you encounter an idea, in some one else or in yourself, that is wrong, combat it with reason, with logic, with common sense. Treat it, not as if it had no right to exist, but balance it with truth and the right will win.

The greatest support that wrong ideas have ever had was violence.

The human soul somehow or other leans to the aid of the abused even if it be in the wrong.

Normally man wants to see everything and everybody have a fair chance, a square deal, an opportunity. The surest way to give a wrong idea added support is to treat it unfairly.

Give the right half a chance and it will annihilate wrong and wipe error out of existence. It is stronger than iron bars. It is more potent than the scaffold. It is the only thing with which to fight and win.

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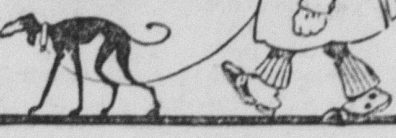
THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says the "movies" are extraordinarily popular, but they can never entirely take the place of the legitimate drama.

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Current Wit and Humor



GOT THE LONG END

"George and Herman, you'll both stay in after school and write the name of your birthplace 50 times," said the teacher to the two bad boys. School over, the boys settled down to their task. The teacher, looking down the rows of desks, saw Herman in tears. Why, what's wrong, Herman?" she asked.

"It isn't fair," replied the boy through his tears. George was born in Erie and I was born in Conoquenessing. He's almost through—"The Pathfinder."

DUMB AND SATISFIED



"Jack is having a lot of trouble with his neuritis again."

"Well, say what you please, but my sweetie's flivver is good enough for me."

Supply Equal to Demand

There's much material for fame. We'll still be celebrating. When we have cheered one honored name. Another stands in waiting.

"H" of a Time

Director Bob Hill sauntered into one of the fashionable clubs one afternoon between ideas and proceeded to make himself comfortable in the barber's chair. The barber clipped and clipped at Bob's bushy locks and Bob fell asleep. He suddenly awakened as the barber said: "Anything hon the 'air, sir?"

"I'm not interested in radio," muttered Bob as he tried to turn over.

Oh Suds

Bill—What is Bob so pleased about?

Harold—He's got an idea for an invention that will make him a millionaire.

Bill—Well, what is the big idea?

Harold—A cake of flying soap for shower baths.

DIDN'T FILL THE BILL



"I am wedded to my art."

"Your wife doesn't seem to have the artistic temperament."

No Such Luck

The fool and his money are parted full soon. Could the fool and his auto be. Oh, what a boon!

Ever Thoughtful

"In a little while we can go to the North pole by airplane."

"Yes," answered the jovial realtor. "When we get through selling warm Florida sands in winter we can make a jump and sell Arctic snowbanks in summer."—Washington Star.

Not Only That

Burglar—I beg your pardon, sir, but I mistook your house for mine, owner—Yes, and I should say you've done the same with my goods.

Those Husbands

Vera—My husband was furious when I asked him for a two-seater. Yvonne—Was he? My husband is different. I asked for a seven-passenger and he never said a word.

Vera—Did you get it?

Yvonne—Of course not.

Her Fault

Wife—Doesn't your conscience hurt you for telling these lies?

Hubby—Why should it? You don't believe me.

Monarch is the only nationally advertised brand of QUALITY Food Products and is sold only through the men who own and operate their own stores.

"And at the foot of the rainbow they found the treasure—Monarch Cocoa and Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter sandwiches. 'So much better than gold,' they exclaimed, 'for we can't eat gold—and we're so hungry.'"

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Feminine Appeal in Mind's Many Changes

Man is to blame for woman's habit of changing her mind so often, declares Supreme Court Justice John Ford of New York in an article in Liberty. "Since the beginning of time," Justice Ford asserts, "woman has been the victim of man. She has been pursued, abused, and ill-treated by the big, hulking brute, man. Being weaker, physically, she has had to use guile to protect herself and her offspring. Generations of practice have made her instinctively the master of man."

"Man is her game," Justice Ford continues, "and she knows how to handle him. Not the least of her attractiveness to the male is the very thing of which some of the males complain: her changes of mind. The unexpectedness of her is a wonderful cure for monotony. No married man can complain of monotony in his wife's thinking."

Indians' Vanity Shown by "Fake" Ornaments

The ancient Indian chiefs whose bones lie buried in Ohio mounds were not above making and wearing artificial jewelry when the natural materials were not readily available. Investigation of the relics of the so-called "Hopewell Culture," by Dr. H. C. Slettrone of the Ohio State Archeological and Historic society, has disclosed a number of bone ornaments accurately and artistically carved in imitation of bear teeth. Bear-tooth necklaces were highly prized by these long-buried people. They accompany many of the more important burials. Only the long, tuslike eyeteeth were used, and the larger ones were frequently inset with river mussel pearls as big as peas. Most of the teeth are of the common black bear, which ranged throughout North America, but frequently specimens are found of undoubted grizzly bear origin, which must have come by primitive trade routes from as far away as the Rocky mountains.

More Grand Canyon Wonders

Telescopes will soon be used to allow visitors to the Grand canyon to inspect the latest geological discoveries in the depths of nature's great gully. Scientists are at work unearthing fossil footprints and other geological wonders in the Grand Canyon National park. Visitors will be taken to the actual sites, but an observatory situated on the canyon's rim will allow a preliminary introduction to the various discoveries.

Motor Chariot Races

All the thrills and spills of the ancient Roman chariot races are being duplicated in England by the use of motor cycles instead of horses to pull the lumbering vehicles around the track. The chariots are equipped with glass windshields, and girls, as modern "charioteers," hold ornamental reins attached to the male drivers of the gasoline steeds.

Map to Cover an Acre

The great topographic map of the United States is less than half completed despite the fact that the work has been in progress for a generation. When finished and assembled into one sheet, the map will cover considerably more than an acre of ground.

Sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.—Shakespeare.

And He Couldn't

Wife (with newspaper)—I notice, dear, that a post-mortem examination is often made in murder cases. What does that mean?

Hub—A post-mortem examination, my dear, is intended to allow the victim to state verbally his own testimony against his assailant, and is taken down in writing.

Wife—Thanks, darling; and you won't look down on me, will you, because I haven't your education?

He said he wouldn't.—Boston Transcript.

What so tedious as a twice told tale?—Pope.

SAWS

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—

A LITTLE incense now and then is relished by the best of men.

What you nibble out the ice box you can't put on the table.

Practice makes perfect but sometimes impromptu beats even perfection.

FOR THE GANDER—

Pick out a wife by usin' your ears—not your eyes.

Pick a Jane, if you wanna, that's got flashes of wit. But be sure to pick one that's got flashes of silence.

If you got a dull wife, a radio'll tide you over the great, open spaces. But a Wanderin' Jaw can talk down a whole symphony orchestra. And usually does.

(Copyright.)

What Does Your Child Want to Know?

Answered by BARBARA BOURJAILY



DOES IT HURT A FLOWER TO PICK IT?

I do not think so, for we know plants cannot suffer pain—because they have no realm of nerves as we have in our brain.

(Copyright.)

How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"APPLES OF SODOM"

WE ALL know of Sodom as one of the four cities of antiquity which, according to the Bible, were destroyed because of their wickedness. And the expression "Apples of Sodom" is familiar in writing and in rhetorical speech to signify something that is filled with disappointment and bitterness.

The reference is to the "Apple of Sodom" or "Dead Sea Apple" which, according to ancient writers, grew near the Dead sea and was described as beautiful to the eye, but when tasted, filling the mouth with ashes.

Antiquarians and students of ancient literature regarding "apple" as figurative and making an effort to track this to its source have offered the explanation that the "Apple of Sodom" was a glossy red gall growing on dwarf oaks, beautiful and rich in appearance, but filled with an intensely bitter substance.

(Copyright.)



Giant Silkworm

Some caterpillars are handsome. The largest of our giant silkworms, the Cecropia caterpillar, says Nature Magazine, is a beautiful creature, often measuring four inches when full grown. Conspicuous fleshy protuberances or knobs that are illuminated with vivid colors, such as coral red, yellow, and blue, adorn the body, itself a delicate bluish green.

Pa Buzz has a hot breakfast

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Ants Bed Bugs Roaches

"The yellow can with the black band"