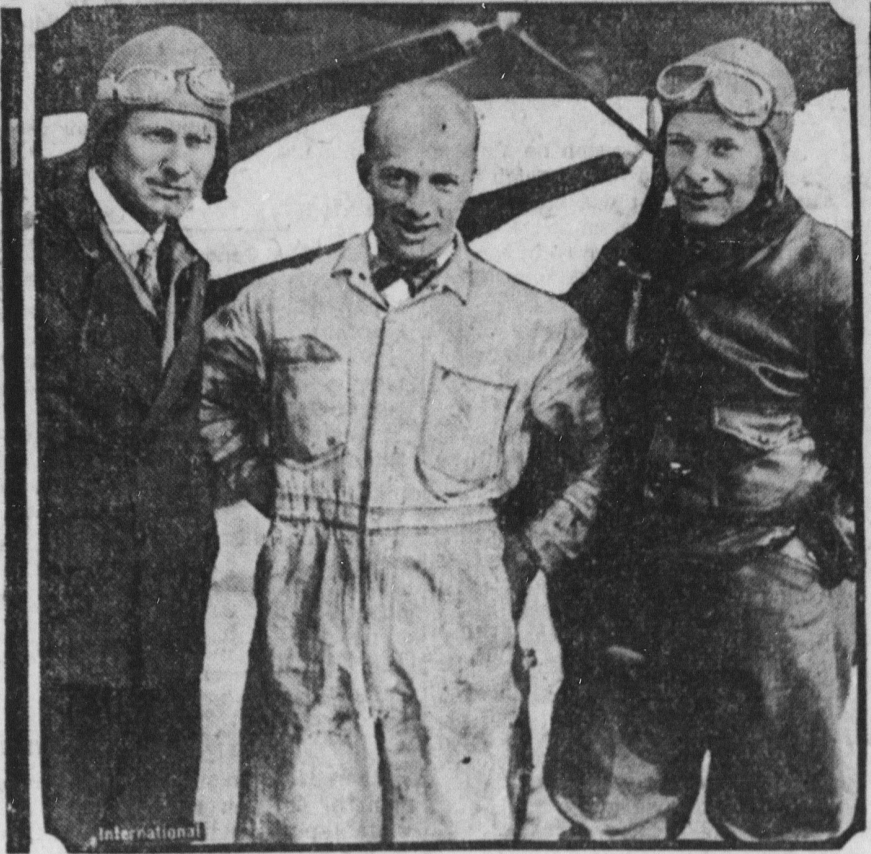


To Fly to South Pole



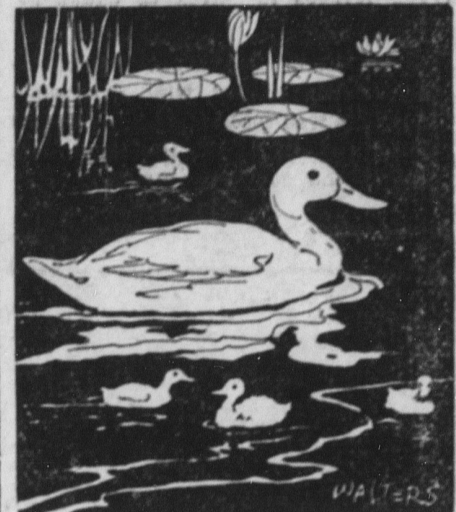
Berni Balchin, Ted Soreuson and Floyd Bennet, three members of the South pole expedition of Commander Byrd.

THE SANDMAN STORY

"QUACK, quack," said Mrs. Duck.
 "Quack, quack," said Sir David Duck.
 "Quack, quack," said the little ducklings.
 "Now you know how you must sleep, don't you, precious ducklings?" asked Mrs. Duck.
 "Yes, Mother Duck," answered the little ducklings. "Yes, quack, quack, we know."
 "And we will show you, Mother Duck, so you will see that we know."
 "That is right, quack, quack," said Mother Duck.
 "That is right, quack, quack," said Sir David Duck.
 So the little ducklings showed Mrs. Duck and Sir David Duck and all the other ducks how they would be able to sleep in the water, which was what Mother Duck wanted to know.
 "Quack, quack," said Mother Duck, "you all know your lesson well, and it delights Mother Duck's heart."
 "You do, indeed, know your lesson well," said Sir David Duck. "You are good, bright ducks. No one could complain of you."
 "I should say not," said Mother Duck. "No brighter ducklings ever lived."

"Every time I see you waddle I think of how beautiful you are."
 "Ah, yes, you're mother's beautiful ducklings. And though some may say you're not beautiful, I think you are."
 "And that is all that I care about. What do I care what some other creatures think? I don't have to carry their thoughts about with me."
 "I have my own thoughts, and my own thoughts tell me that you are beautiful."
 "And these thoughts of mine are what I keep with me. Yes, quack, quack, my ducklings are very beautiful."
 "You are smart, too. I'm indeed proud to think how you have learned

bright and a very good mother, and that your children are very bright and very good children, but I think all of you are absurd."
 "Quack, quack, what in the world, or the barnyard, do you mean?" asked Mrs. Duck.
 "I cannot understand it. Not for a moment can I understand your strange speech."
 "Well, I suppose if you understood it for a moment you would be able to understand it for a longer time, too," said Sammy.
 "I will explain to you, however. I do not think you're bright and I do not think you're a good mother. Neither do I think your children are bright, nor do I think they're such good children."
 "I should think you'd teach them that the most important thing in the world is food and that the brightest thing a creature can do is to grab all they can."
 "And if the children were bright of their own accord they would be practicing such lessons instead of the absurd one you've just taught them."
 "Quack, quack," said Mother Duck. "I'll have you know, Sammy, that I do not teach my children to be pigs I teach them to be ducks, and ducks they are. I'm thankful to say."
 "You poor duck, how foolish you are," granted Sammy. "But I am glad that there are people with little sense—it leaves more food about for those who think of it appreciatively."
 (Copyright.)



"You All Know Your Lesson Well," Said Mother Duck.

Do You Know What You Want?

By JOHN BLAKE

NOT long ago I listened to a conversation between a young man who wanted a job on a newspaper and the editor to whom he applied for it.
 "I don't think you want this job," said the editor.
 "But I am certain I do, sir, positive," returned the applicant.
 "Do you know anything about newspaper work?"
 "Not much."
 "Do you know that it means longer hours and more intensive application than any other kind of work?"
 "I didn't, but even if it does I still—"
 "Do you know that the same expenditure of intelligence and energy in many other professions will bring you greater returns—that unless you have unusual good fortune you must, on a newspaper, work for a salary—and probably a small one, all your life?"
 "No sir, but even if this is true I—"
 "Do you know that in a city where there are big opportunities for thou-

sands of lawyers and doctors and merchants, there are only dozens of big opportunities for journalists?"
 "Are you trying to discourage me?"
 "Yes."
 "Then you have no position for me."
 "I didn't say that. Come back here in a week, and tell me if you still want a job."

 The boy has not come back. He probably will not come back. Which proves that he really did not want to be a journalist.

And what counts still more is their determination. . . .
 There is the great driving force that counts more than anything else. It is almost an axiom that the determined must win.
 They can even win over those better qualified who lack determination. For the qualified are sometimes temperamental and easy to discourage, and that is always a fatal quality.
 (Copyright.)



"A smooth tongue," says Meditative Meg. "Is more to be feared than a rough-neck."

The Country Road

By Douglas Malloch

THE country road climbs up the hills
 And ambles down the vales.
 To the left you hear the whippoor-wills,
 To the right the nightingales.
 The country road is cool with shade
 And calm with rural joys,
 Unsullied by the shouts of trade,
 Untouched by city noise.
 At least that's how it used to be,
 This sweet and peaceful land,
 But now beneath the maple tree
 They've built a hotdog stand.
 A filling station lifts its head
 Above the verdant grass,
 And where the spreading chestnuts
 spread
 The air is full of gas.
 The roadside of another day
 Is now another kind,
 For picnickers have passed this way
 And left a mess behind.
 The roadside that was strewn with flowers
 Is strewn with empty cans.
 Though nature made the lovely bow-ers,
 The other marks are man's.
 A Sunday paper blows around,
 Some cake is drawing flies,
 It looks more like a battleground
 Where Mother Nature dies.
 And, if I sought some tidy spot
 To build me an abode,
 I'd seek it up an alley, not
 Upon a country road.
 (© 1928, Douglas Malloch.)

SAWS

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—
 WHAT right has any of us got kickin'? We got our lives to live, ain't we? And that's more than Cleopatra's got.
 Try to make friends with a snobbish woman and she'll step on you. Try to make friends with a snobbish man and she'll try to make friends with you.
 FOR THE GANDER—
 Hard things to hide is love and chicken pox.
 There's fire in a match, but it don't show till you strike it.
 Lots of times a man flatters himself that he's give up a vice when it's really the vice that's give him up.
 (Copyright.)

The Fleeting Minutes

By F. A. WALKER

THERE is one thing that you cannot buy from the greatest merchant in the world. A minute of time. One second is as unobtainable as the whole of eternity.
 Yet thousands of men and women go through life wasteful not only of their own precious moments, but wholly regardless of the value of other people's time.
 The great trouble with too many is that they put no value at all on time. They watch the hands of the clock go round with as little regard for the fleeting hour as for a passing wind.
 For a spent dollar another may be earned to take its place. For the lost friend another may be gained. But for the four that is gone, for the minute that is wasted, there is no supplying a substitute, no replacement. It is gone forever.
 It was TIME, not guns nor generals, that won and lost at Waterloo. And Napoleon was not alone among the great generals who were defeated by the clock.
 "Give us time," said a great scientist, "and we can solve every problem the world offers us."

We can heap up wealth. We cannot store away one moment.
 We can gain power and assemble armies. We cannot go one second back or forward from the present.
 Yesterday is as if it never existed. Tomorrow is as useless today as if it were a century away.
 Frederick the Great had a maxim which he borrowed from the wisdom of Seneca; "Time is the only treasure of which it is proper to be avaricious."
 Every man and woman should be stingy of every moment. And they should recognize the value of every other person's time.
 Life is composed of only two things: Time and effort. One is useless without the other. Both should be as nearly 100 per cent productive as we are able to make them.
 Try as best we may, the end of life will find us with many things undone.
 No man ever wholly completed the task allotted to him. There is a reasonable excuse if into our use of time no waste creeps.
 (Copyright.)

the lesson of sleeping in the water so as to keep in the same place even as you sleep.
 "I am proud to think of how very, very quickly you have learned this lesson."
 And Mother Duck looked very proud and happy. Sometimes she was called Mother Duck and sometimes Mrs. Duck. Of course Mrs. Duck was what she had been called but she quacked so proudly about the beauty and the brightness of her children that most of the barnyard creatures, as well as her own ducklings, began calling her Mother Duck, too.
 "Grunt, grunt," said Sammy Sausage, "you may think you're very



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Good Food Dishes

By NELLIE MAXWELL

Ridicule is like a blow with the fist: wit like the prick of a needle. Irony like the sting of a thorn, and humor the plaster which heals all these wounds.—Aron.
HERE are a few good and simple desserts which will not be found difficult to prepare nor a strain on the family purse:
Betsy's Pudding.
 Take one cupful each of suet, brown sugar, raisins, currants or chopped prunes, grated carrot, grated potato and one-half cupful of ground orange peel, one lemon peel, one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves. Mix well and steam three hours.
Bread Crumb Pudding.
 Take two and one-half cupfuls of bread-crumbs, one cupful of sour milk, one-half cupful of shortening, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of any kind of preserves, one cupful of sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste. Steam two and one-half hours. Serve with any desired pudding sauce.
 When making lemon pie, remember not to add the lemon juice until the cornstarch and egg have been well cooked, as the acid with the heat has a tendency to thin the mixture.
Almond Delight.
 Make a rich pastry, line a pie plate and fill with the following: Blanch

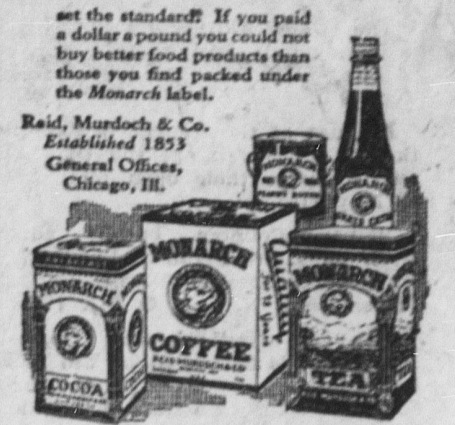
and chop fine one cupful of almonds. Put a cupful of granulated sugar into a frying pan with one teaspoonful of water, stir and cook until the sugar turns a golden brown. Turn this at once into the pastry shell before it cools. Beat three eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a pint of milk. Pour over the crust with the almonds and bake in a hot oven at first, to cook the pastry, then lower the heat. Cover with a meringue or with whipped cream and serve.
Raisin Pie.
 Cook one package of seeded raisins in one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water for five minutes; pour into this one cupful of sugar that has been well blended with four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Cook until smooth and thick, remove from the fire and add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of grated lemon rind, the juice of an orange and a tablespoonful of the orange rind grated, one cupful of walnut meats. The nuts may be omitted if desired. Bake between two crusts.
 (© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)
Fatal Defects
 Many a man gets "cold feet" before he has gone very far with his undertaking, and, strange though it may seem, he finds himself in "hot water." Usually he has failed to "count the cost."—Grit.

Congressional Medal Presented to Lindy



America's highest award, the Congressional medal of honor, was presented to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh by President Coolidge at the White House. With them, in the picture, are Vice President Dawes, Speaker Longworth, members of the cabinet and leaders in the house and senate.

MONARCH QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS



Beasts of the Jungle
 The African wild buffalo, according to Martin Johnson, is one of the most dangerous customers on the trail—"a cutthroat from the word go." The zebra is silly and stupid, "a first-class rowdy." The leopard is a killer, "the gunman of the forest." The giraffe he calls "the creature that God forgot." The elephants are "the fine, upstanding, middle-class citizenry of the jungle." The rhinoceros is "always fighting, always grunting, always looking for trouble."
 "I don't believe the average rhino has a friend in the world, even among his own kind."—Detroit News.

Grim Relic Now a Font
 Near the Fiji village of Suva where reigned "King" Cakobau before he gave his island empire to Queen Victoria as an expression of good will, is a grim relic. It is a heart-shaped stone on which Fijian warriors in their unregenerate days smashed out the brains of their captives in war. The stone, which has a depression in the top, now is used by the reformed natives as a baptismal font.

Switzerland's "White Coal"
 Although the United States is proud of the fact that its homes are more modern than those of most other countries, it remains a fact that 42 per cent of the homes of the nation are not yet served with electricity. Switzerland leads the world in per capita consumption of electricity, mainly because, with so many waterfalls in the tiny republic, there is power in every back yard, so to speak.

Needs
 "You have studied the needs of your constituents?"
 "I have," answered Senator Sorghum; "and very successfully. At each election I have managed to convince them that they need me."

How Much Water Should Baby Get? A Famous Authority's Rule

By Ruth Brittain



Baby specialists agree nowadays, that during the first six months, babies must have three ounces of fluid per pound of body weight daily. An eight-pound baby, for instance, needs twenty-four ounces of fluid. Later on the rule is two ounces of fluid per pound of body weight. The amount of fluid absorbed by a breast-fed baby is best determined by weighing him before and after feeding for the whole day; and it is easily calculated for the bottle-fed one. Then make up any deficiency with water.
 Giving baby sufficient water often relieves his feverish, crying, upset and restless spells. If it doesn't, give him a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria. For these and other ills of babies and children such as colic, cholera, diarrhea, gas on stomach and bowels, constipation, sour stomach, loss of sleep, underweight, etc., leading physicians say there's nothing so effective. It is purely vegetable—the recipe is on the wrapper—and millions of mothers have depended on it in over thirty years of ever increasing use. It regulates baby's bowels, makes him sleep and eat right, enables him to get full nourishment from his food, so he increases in weight as he should. With each package you get a book on Motherhood worth its weight in gold.
 Just a word of caution. Look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on the package so you'll be sure to get the genuine. The forty-cent bottles contain thirty-five doses.

For Barbed Wire Cuts

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.



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