

The SANDMAN STORY

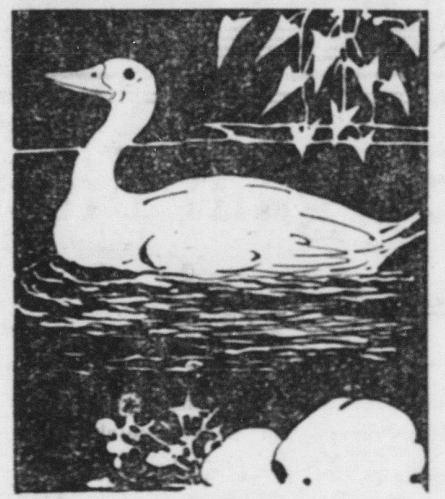
ABOUT THE LUCKY DUCK

"QUACK, quack, quack-quack," said Mrs. Duck. "I never knew how lucky I was until yesterday. I always thought I was a busy duck. But I'm not nearly so busy as little Sadie is."

"One of Sadie's friends came around to see her yesterday and she said: 'Come on, Sadie, come on out and play.'"

"But Sadie called back and said: 'I can't come for an hour, anyway. I've the beds to make and I promised to help wash the dishes.'"

"Well, I thought to myself, I'm a lucky duck. I don't have to make beds and I don't have to wash dishes. Of course I would have a nice place to wash them in, here in the



"Then It Is Much Nicer to Live in a Brook."

brook, and I could use pleasant weeds as dish rags, but still I'm glad I don't bother with all such things."

"I agree with you, quack, quack, quack-quack," said Miss Duck.

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Duck. "It is so much simpler to have no dishes at all, but just eat as one goes along."

"Now, when a cow is taken to some other place and has to go in a wagon and then on a train in a stupid small place, after having been in the lovely meadow, I say to myself: 'Poor cow. You've known better days.'"

"I've seen the trains go by the station at the far end of my brook."

"And I've thought to myself how lucky I was, not to be a cow. Then it's much nicer to live in a brook than anywhere else—even than in a palace."

"Of course, Bessie, the farmer's old horse, is very lucky. You know Bessie is quite old and doesn't have to

work any more. She has been retired. Bessie is allowed to wander anywhere she likes around the farm. She is a wonderful horse, for she goes down the paths and the walks, but never steps on the lawn or the grass anywhere except in the meadow. The farmer adores her and all the members of the farmer's family adore her.

"But, just the same, I think I'm a very lucky duck. It gives me delight to think how lucky I am."

"Now, I must go down to see Miss White Duck at the end of the pond. I said I'd have a drink of brook water and a bite of bug with her this afternoon. Were you invited?"

"Yes, yes, indeed," said Miss Duck. "I'd almost forgotten. I was so interested in what you were saying."

"Ah, you flatter me, but it is most delightful, too. Well, I suppose we must be off."

So the two ducks started for the end of the pond and there Miss White Duck was waiting for them.

"Quack, quack, good afternoon, Duck ladies," she said.

"Good-afternoon, quack, quack," said Mrs. Duck.

"Good afternoon, quack, quack," said Miss Duck.

"Horrid weather we've been having lately, quack, quack, is it not so?" said Miss White Duck.

"Terrible," said Mrs. Duck. "Quack, quack, terrible."

"Horrible, quack, quack, horrible," said Miss Duck.

"And yet, come to think of it, it hasn't been so very bad," said Miss White Duck.

"No, come to think of it, it might have been much worse, quack, quack," said Mrs. Duck.

"True," said Miss Duck. "Quack, quack, it might have really been bad. They had their brook water and several insects a-piece, and after they had chattered some more about the water and the insects Mrs. Duck said she'd have to be getting home to her family."

"Such a lovely time as I've had; thank you so much, dear Miss White Duck."

"I, too, have had a beautiful time," said Miss Duck.

"And Miss White Duck said: 'Quack, quack, it has been such a pleasure to see you both. Do call soon again. Just drop in any time. Any time at all.'"

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Duck, as she reached her special home section. "It is my delight that I am a duck. I have such a ducky time, quack, quack."

(Copyright.)

How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"CUT-THROAT"

TO BE a cut-throat one need not necessarily cut throats. Nowadays the term is used to describe trenchery of any kind, whether or not this is accompanied by physical violence. It is the sense of trenchery rather than the particular medium by which it is carried out that we mean to express when we refer to some one as a "cut-throat." However, it is in its literal sense that the term had its origin.

Coined by that great master of words, Will Shakespeare, the word is over three hundred years old. Its earliest recorded use is found in Macbeth, said to have been written in 1606, in the following context: The murderer enters who has been commissioned by Macbeth to put Banquo out of the way. Macbeth asks, "Is he dispatch'd?" to which the murderer replies: "My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him." Then Macbeth says: "Thou art the best of the cut-throats!"

(Copyright.)



GABBY GERTIE



"A girl sometimes does get credit for looking smart, if her tailor isn't."

Why We Do What We Do

By M. K. THOMSON, Ph. D.

WHY WE ENJOY THE COMICS

IF WE do not enjoy the comic strips in the daily newspapers there is something wrong with us. We should consult a doctor at once. Comics serve a very useful purpose in the lives of busy people.

We like comics because they are so deliciously absurd. A little shaver no bigger than a minute is forever making wise cracks. Some poor devil is in hot water all the time.

The comics reveal to us the absurdity of taking life too seriously. We recognize in them certain fundamental truths that apply to our own lives. These comics are really caricatures. We see ourselves and our neighbors. We get a big kick out of picturing some awkward friend of ours in the predicament of the comic actor. We enjoy sympathizing with ourselves in the perpetual hard-luck role. The very exaggerations bring out these traits all the more forcibly.

Most of the comics involve a story. The story part is in itself fascinating. It arouses our curiosity. We are anxious to know what happens next in the love episodes of our mock hero, the extent of hard luck he may have or how he is coming out with his ridiculous business adventure.

The great celebrities of the more popular comics are better known than many historical characters. If we should run into any of them on the street we would recognize them at once.

The comics furnish a real outlet for what they are—a lot of nonsense mixed up with a great deal of homely truth, a caricature of our mistreated selves and our ridiculous neighbors, a little relaxation in the midst of a busy day with its cares and worries, and all the too sober realities.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Tea Drinking

In Russia it is customary to place a lump of sugar in the mouth and let tea trickle through it. A newly married couple in Burma exchange a mixture of tea leaves steeped in oil on their wedding day as an omen of matrimonial bliss. In Japan every artisan or laborer going to work takes his rice box of lacquered wood, a kettle, a tea caddy, a teapot, a cup and his chop sticks.

(Copyright.)

Davey Lee



Cute little Davey Lee, now four years of age, and starring in "Sunny Boy," his third appearance in the "movies," soon is to appear in another vitaphone picture, "Say It With Songs," in which he will play opposite Al Johnson. His other pictures were, first, "The Singing Fool;" second, "Frozen River," with Rin-Tin-Tin. Davey has fine seal-brown hair, perfect teeth, blue eyes shaded by long brown lashes.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

RESPECT FOR LAW

When the street light is set at the red color instinctively the average motorist wishes it were green and in the absence of any apparent danger of being caught some will take the chance and drive past the danger signal. This may be regarded as only a slight offense but when practiced in more dangerous situations may prove perilous to human life and property.

What moral right permit his train to pass a red light signal, or the pilot of a ship to disregard the light house signals? By no possible argument can he claim the moral or legal right to place in jeopardy human life entrusted to his care.

This tendency to disregard law or to claim the right to disobey it seems to be a common characteristic of many people. To such persons only the discovery of a wrong constitutes a crime—"innocent until discovered" is their guiding principle. The application of this principle unfortunately concerns other persons than themselves, for when applied to the social life of any community, it is dangerous in the extreme.

There was never a more lawless age than the present. The crimes which go unpunished and even undiscovered are too numerous to mention. Everywhere we see evidences of a deliberate disrespect for law. Against such a state of public opinion have gone forth, from both pen and press, many strong protests; but none more vigorous and denunciatory than the words of President Hoover in an address to the Associated Press. President Hoover said that the present disrespect for law is "the dominant issue before the American people"; that "obedience to law is vital to the preservation of our institutions and that the real problem is to awaken the moral sense." In other words, President Hoover recognizes that obedience to law is fundamentally a moral problem and no citizen has the moral right to refuse this respect and obedience. Mr. Hoover also emphasized the point that if law can only be upheld by police enforcement the future of our democracy is in serious peril. Obedience to law then becomes a duty as well as a privilege of citizenship, for it is true of society as it is true of an individual—obedience is liberty, disobedience is slavery.

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ARTIE

His Adventures in Love, Life and the Pursuit of Happiness
By GEORGE ADE

Artie Goes Calling on Her

"LET'S walk out a little while and let the breeze blow on us," said Artie, when the conversation had begun to droop.

He had found Mamie on the front stoop with her father and mother. It was the first warm night of early spring, and three people all along the street had come into the open, the older ones to sit around the doorways and the children to romp on the sidewalks.

There was a carnation in Artie's buttonhole and he clicked a walking-stick on the uneven sidewalk. The smell of pipe smoke, the balm of the cooler evening air and the awakened cheerfulness of the street, which he had never before found so lively, harmonized with his own feelings. There was a spring song going in his heart, and when he came to the Carroll stoop it strove to find utterance in words.

"Ain't this a made-to-order place?" he asked, removing his hat. "I see all you good people are takin' it in."

Mamie arose to greet him, and said something in a low tone to her father. Artie knew what it was.

"Stay where you are, Mr. Carroll," said he. "I'll grab off a place here at the end."

"Father was so warm he just took off his coat and came out here to enjoy his pipe," said Mamie, by way of explanation.

"I don't blame him. Wouldn't you rather have a cigar, Mr. Carroll?"

"Well, I don't mind. Have 'y' another?"

"Sure thing. You needn't be afraid of that one. It's got real tobacco in it. How are you tonight, Mrs. Carroll?"

"I'm all right now, but this afternoon I thought I'd keel over. Wasn't it warm?"

"It was all of that."

Then there followed some more commonplace remarks about the weather,



"Be a Good Fellow When It Comes to Droppin' in the Ice Cream."

and at the first opportunity Artie suggested taking a walk.

While Mamie was in the house putting on her hat, Artie said: "You've got lots of kids up this way."

"The German family in the next house has nine," replied Mrs. Carroll. "Do you want to get by me, Mamie? Look at the new hat on her."

Artie laughed and Mamie gave her father a playful slap on the arm.

"It's a hun," remarked Artie.

As he followed Mamie down the steps and away toward the corner he somehow felt, because of the silence behind, that Mr. and Mrs. Carroll were watching him and asking themselves whether he was what he pretended to be. On more than one occasion they had shown a liking for him. Certainly they had trusted him. He realized keenly, and for the first time, that they had been kind to him beyond anything he deserved, and with this realization came the resolve that he would never do anything to cause them to change their opinions.

"I'm afraid the old folks 'll think we're givin' 'em the shake," said he, as Mamie slipped her arm within his.

"No, no. They don't mind."

"I guess they're wise enough to tumble to it that I don't come rubberin' around this neighborhood every two or three nights just to see them."

Mamie laughed and put an added pressure on his arm. The street-lights leaped into balls of flame and Artie felt himself rising into the air. What more could he ask? And yet, as they passed the corner, he was beaming foolishly and had lost his voice.

He had something to tell Mamie—something which would be significant; something to warn her of the supreme question and prepare her for it.

They had come into the business street, where the trolley cars ran and the light was plentiful.

"A little more weather like this and we'll be hittin' the park," he observed.

"I'll be glad," she replied.

They walked in silence for a few moments and then he said, "Mamie, I've got some good news."

"For me?"

"Well, I s'pose—you may be glad to hear it."

"What is it?"

"I got a boost in my pay."

"Oh, that's lovely."

"I'm gettin' thirty-five a week now."

"Now I'm jealous. All I get is eighteen."

"Say, Mamie, I'm sore to see you workin' at all."

"I had to do something when I got out of school, and they didn't need me around the house. I wouldn't mind it if I had a nicer man to work for."

"Who is the main guy up at your office—the bad news I spoke to the day I come up to see you?"

"Yes, that's him."

"I got it in good and hard for them fellows. Do you know, Mamie, this town's full of a lot o' two-by-four dubs that's got into purty fair jobs and it's made 'em so swelled up that you want to take a crack at one of 'em the minute you see him. I'll bet that guy up in your place don't know nothin' on earth except how to hold down his measly job, and he got that doin' all the mean work around the place. It does me lots o' good to call one of them lads down. If I ever go up there again and he makes any play at me I'll come back at him so strong that he won't know what landed on him. Them fellows is counterfeits. They have to put on a horrible front so as to cover up what they don't know."

Mamie laughed, and said: "You've got him sized up just right."

"I'm workin' for a square guy," continued Artie. "He's all right. I used to give him all kinds o' hot and cold roasts, but since he went to the front for me and got my salary whooped I've got to be with him. I'll tell you, Mamie, he's this kind. If you'd go up to Morton tomorrow and say: 'How about it; can you take hold and run the earth for a year?' he'd put on one of them dead-easy smiles and say he could do it without turnin' a hair. He's got the nerve to tackle anything. He don't know nothin', but he don't need to as long as he can make suckers think he's all right. There's Miller I've told you so much about. He knows more about the business than Morton ever wanted to know, but Morton draws more kale just because Miller ain't got the face. So I've got wise to this fact: No matter what you've got in your hand, play it as if you had a royal flush for a bosom



When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Irons in Africa

Although the use of household electrical appliances in the Union of South Africa is not widespread, the electric iron has become popular and is used by nearly all housewives living in a city where current is available. The natives, however, continue to use the old-fashioned iron.

Mosquito Bites

HANFORD'S

Balsam of Myrrh

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

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE

Place anywhere, DAISSY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Best, clean, ornamental, convenient and cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal. Can't spill or tip over. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed.

Send upon receipt of 10c to your dealer.

DAISSY FLY KILLER

HAROLD SOMERS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Practical Progress

Uncle—Well, Fritz, how is the French getting along?

Fritz—Fine. We translate nice little sentences like "My uncle always gives me a lovely birthday present," or "Uncle is sure to bring me something nice today."

Pertinent Question

Millionaire—Every shilling I have was made honestly.

Candid Friend—By whom?

If a child is seen and not heard, some one is sure to punch him up to get him to talk.

It May Be Urgent



When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done, for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.



Memory Data

A recent study made by the psychology classes of the University of California has yielded some interesting data on childhood memory. "While the average age at which the students could call upon their memories for impressions is 3.57 years for girls and 3.30 for boys, some of the subjects were able to recall incidents that befell them as early as 6 months, 1 year and 6 months and 2 years." The majority of the early memories were of unpleasant events. The women recorded 42.6 per cent unpleasant and 35.2 per cent pleasant. The figures for the men were 53.2 per cent and 25 per cent, respectively. The remainder was of various degrees described as doubtful or mixed.

Advancement in Fiji

The Fiji Islanders are forsaking their spears and war clubs for automobiles, of which they have nearly 1,100, according to the Commerce department. Automobile registrations in this far-off island have increased from 100 in 1918 to 1,074 at the end of 1925.