

The SANDMAN STORY

ABOUT THE OTTERS

"NOW, now," said Mother Otter, "we must all pay attention."

"Mother means," said one of the Little Otters, "that we children must pay attention to her. She doesn't mean that she must pay attention to what we say."

"That is what mothers always mean, I think," said another wise Little Otter.

But they could not talk any more now. Lessons had begun.

First of all there was the lesson of diving without splashing.

"Of course," said Mother Otter, "when it is playtime you may dive



"Eat the Eels From the Tail," Mother Otter Said.

and splash all you like. But you must also know how to dive without splashing so you can fool your enemy."

So Mother Otter taught her children the diving-without-splashing lesson, which is as important a lesson in Otter school as spelling is in regular schools.

After they knew their lesson pretty well for the day Mother Otter taught them how to catch frogs and how to get off the frogs' skins after they were caught.

In Otter school that was as important as it is for people to learn how to use a fork and how bad it is to eat with a knife!

The next lesson was in eel eating. That was just as important a lesson

in Otter school as reading or arithmetic is in regular schools.

"Children, Otter children," said Mother Otter, "do this right. Eat the eels from the tail just as the trout must always be eaten from the head."

At first they found it as hard to do as you might find it to get an arithmetic sum right. But the lesson had to be learned.

Mother Otter was a strict teacher. She didn't allow any fooling.

Then they had a lesson in how to wander far from home and come back another way so as to deceive their enemies who might be trying to trace them home the way they had gone out.

They had a busy time with lessons, and then they took trips and learned to explore, to find out where the best rivers and banks were to be found, and how they could travel and what they could eat along the way.

They learned not to be too fussy about their food. "If you only eat a few things," said Mother Otter, "and those few things give you out you will have trouble. So learn to eat many kinds of food and you will live long and get strength."

They learned all their lessons well—these smart young Otters, but every evening when lesson time was over—for Mother Otter was quite strong for night school—they played.

Such a scrambling and a tumbling and a playing and a scampering and a frolic as there was, and Mother Otter joined in their play, too.

She didn't sit off and read and knit and say:

"Children, don't make such a noise. You tire my poor head."

No, she was just as fond of playing with them as she was of teaching them. And before they went to sleep Mother Otter sang them the Otters' Bedtime Story-Song which goes like this to the accompaniment of a splashing sound:

Go to sleep, Little Otters, my dears, Drive away all your fears, fears, fears, If you learn the Otters' wise ways, You'll live for days and days, And nights and nights and nights, So drive away your frights.

Go to sleep, Little Otters, my dears, Play when you can, play drives away tears, And playing makes you cheery, Keeps you from being weary, And when all is said and done, There's nothing just like fun!

Go to sleep, Little Otters, my dears, Go to sleep, Little Otters, my dears, (Copyright.)

How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"POET LAUREATE"

FROM our school days most of us have sensed romance in the title of "Poet Laureate," which is conferred upon only one poet in England to be held by him until his death, when the next Poet Laureate is chosen.

The term "Laureate" comes from "laurel" and the reference is to the old custom at the English universities of presenting those receiving degrees in poetry and rhetoric with a wreath of laurel. This was originally an ancient custom, the Greeks being known to have so crowned their popular poets.

The title was first conferred in 1670. The early Poet Laureate was an officer in the greatly beloved king's household, whose business it was to compose an ode for the king's birthday and other important occasions. The modern title however is purely honorary.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"What one hears on the air may be hectic rather than static."

Something to Whisper About
Fable—Once upon a time two cars collided on a highway and the drivers conferred thereafter in whispers.—New Castle News.

Helen Chandler



Blue eyes, blonde hair, five-feet-three, and a bit of fragile beauty weighing 102 pounds—that is Helen Chandler, new recruit to the "talkies" from stage fame. Miss Chandler was born in Charleston, S. C., and she was educated at the Academy of Our Sacred Heart, and other educational institutions. Her first stage appearance was at the age of nine, and she was being featured before she was thirteen. She lives at Santa Monica.

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

HORSE CHESTNUTS

WHEN you carry a horse chestnut in your pocket to cure or ward off rheumatism, it only shows that you have not quite outgrown the tree-worship of your ancestors. That trees were the abode of supernatural beings, if not gods themselves, was a belief common to all our European progenitors and the lingering remnants of it are frequently found in modern superstitions. It existed in such strength even down to classical days that ancient Jupiter of the Roman capitol was nothing more nor less than an oak tree.

In those old days certain trees were supposed to exert a beneficent influence upon certain diseases. Thus the ash as a tree-god cured hernia and its leaves were a specific against the bite of serpents. In some parts of England today there is a custom of passing a child afflicted with congenital hernia through the growing ash in expectation of a cure; and there is a New England superstition that a snake will not crawl under an ash tree.

The chestnut tree god apparently specialized in rheumatism, for it was the true chestnut that was originally carried as a rheumatic antidote, and according to the American Folk-lore society, that custom is still "somewhat general in the United States." But in New England and the Middle West the horse chestnut is the thing: probably because it is called a chestnut, looks like a chestnut—especially like the chestnut of southern Europe—and being larger than the true chestnut (Castanea) ought to be a more powerful appeal to the chestnut tree god.

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Dear Editor:

A FURNITURE dealer today gave me the lowdown on the economics of the country.

"Our trouble is all due to wartime prosperity," he said. "A lot of people got into business who hadn't any right to be, and they've kept themselves going with forced sales."

"The farmers had the water squeezed out of their holdings right after the war, but many business men are still feeling the pinch."

I hope to live long enough to hear a politician make a speech about how all of us can make money. But maybe the business men will get along better if politicians just leave them alone. FRED BARTON.

(Copyright.)

Round the World for Rugs
A valuable collection of oriental rugs, which entailed adventurous journeys around the world for the collector, is in the St. Louis Art museum. They were a gift from a millionaire and are valued at \$250,000.

MOLLY'S WONDERFUL INHERITANCE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

ALL day long Molly Lathrop had worked, cleaning her already immaculate house. It was now only six o'clock and her train left for Chicago at ten-thirty—four long hours before she could go to the station. Her bag was packed, the square black bag that had not been used since she had made that trip to Chicago seven years before. Her neat little black hat, purse and gloves were on the hall table. "Gray Puss" had been taken over to Little Desmond's by Lettie's small freckle-faced son who was extraordinarily fond of Molly's pet. Four long hours and not a thing to do.

She wandered from room to room. The Fremont Chronicle was on the table and she tried to interest herself in its pages, but it was futile. She wished she might lie down and sleep for she knew there would be no sleep for her on the train that night. Had the telegram come last night instead of this morning she would have taken the day train over. But it had come at six o'clock this morning and the day train went through Fremont at 7:07 a. m.

The kitchen was shining in its cleanliness. There was a roaring fire in the big kitchen range and Molly suddenly bent and pushed the damper over the oven. A moment later she emerged from the pantry with a bread-board under her arm and a mixing bowl and a bottle of sour cream in her hand.

For the next two hours she worked busily making cookies. It was strange making cookies this late afternoon and every time she moved, the yellow telegram in her pocket crackled, the telegram advising her of the death of Weston Lathrop, her husband. It was very brief, very noncommittal. A dozen times that day she had paused in her work and unfolded it. It was signed Dandron & Eaton, attorneys, and stated that Weston Lathrop and Mrs. Lathrop had been killed in England. Papers in his possession and also in the office of the Chicago attorneys, had requested that she be notified. That was strange, too, because she had not seen him in seven years, since the day she met him in Chicago and told him he could have his freedom to marry the woman for whom he had deserted her after seventeen years of married life; since she had told him she would not interfere in any plans he might make because she didn't want to hold him if he didn't want to be held.

The telegram also requested that she appear in the office of Dandron & Eaton, Chicago, on a certain day to discuss a matter which could only be settled with her assistance, inasmuch as the late Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop had no relatives with whom to communicate.

Making cookies—sour cream, spices, brown sugar—Weston's favorites—and he was dead! It was hard to believe that the man she had loved, still loved, was dead. And there was so little by which to remember him, except memories. They had lived in her old home, inherited from her parents. He had brought little into it, but had taken much when he took himself out of it. She lifted her hand to her lips—the hand that bore the narrow gold band placed there on a June day so many years before.

It was nearly eight o'clock when she placed the last cookie in the big crock which stood on the lower shelf in the pantry. It was nine when she finished her light supper and washed the dishes. Only Mrs. Desmond knew she was going away—on a business trip that could not be postponed, but she could return the day after tomorrow. It was dark when she locked the door and hung the key behind the right pillar of the porch. The station was almost deserted and she slipped into the Pullman unnoticed by the few townsfolk who loitered on the platform.

All through the long hours of the night Molly Lathrop lay thinking of the days that stretched behind her; of the days to come. The last seven years had been very lonely, but the years ahead seemed interminable. There had always been the sweet uncertainty that perhaps some day Wes would come back to her, and although the heart in her was crushed, she knew she would welcome him back. Now he was dead. She raised herself on her elbow many times and watched the countryside slip past. Sickly street lamps threw out a murky glow in the strange little towns that slumbered in the night stillness. How many of those little homes contained the happiness that had once been hers? How many knew the heartaches that she knew? And if only she had something definite, something tangible by which to remember those happy days before he went away—there was plenty to bring back the long days and the cruel hours of the night after, but so little, so little—and then they were rumbling into South Chicago and Molly Lathrop was the first off the train, a neat, timid little figure in the great bustling railroad station.

At ten o'clock she appeared in the offices of Dandron & Eaton and was ushered in almost immediately to the presence of Mr. Dandron. He read her a statement that Weston had prepared before leaving for England, advising that in the event of his death Molly Lathrop of Fremont should be notified.

Mr. Dandron folded it carefully and then from his safe he took a sealed envelope. This he handed to Molly.

"It was to be given to you—in the event anything happened. It will probably tell you something. Unfortunately there is no money left as he was very unfortunate in his investments. This trip to England was one last effort to establish a footing there—had lost everything, his wife's fortune included. The child is alone in the world—penniless."

Molly leaned forward in her chair and brushed a hand over her eyes.

"Did you—did you—say—a child?" Mr. Dandron did not try to conceal his astonishment.

"Why, yes, a boy—five years old—Weston, Jr. He is due here right now. They placed him in a school before they left and I asked the principal to have him here by eleven o'clock. Do you want to read your letter while we are waiting? We will have to discuss what will be done about the child. Poor little chap!"

Molly's hand shook as she tore open the envelope. She started to read, but tears in her eyes blinded her. She brushed them away and walked to a window back of Mr. Dandron's chair. Then she read the letter, pitifully brief, pitifully precious, in which Weston told he loved her, had always loved her, asked her forgiveness—that it had been a terrible mistake and that was all.

And then the door opened and a woman came in leading a fair-haired boy by the hand. Molly took a step forward, caught the back of Mr. Dandron's chair and stopped. The boy was watching her. She held out her hand to him and he smiled. She held out both hands and went to her knees and the boy, his big brown eyes—Weston's eyes—happily alight, came toward her. As her arms went about him Mr. Dandron and the woman left the room.

"—and a big yard. Weston dear, and a dog, which shall it be—a collie or an alreadale? And we have a cat—you and I, I call her Gray Puss, a great big fluffy cat. You will love her. And there is a hill to slide down on in the winter and a pond—and just before I came away I made a big crock of cookies, crispy, spicy ones that all—boys—like. Oh, we are going to be so happy, you and I—and I am going to start right now calling you 'Sonny.'"

The door opened again and Mr. Dandron was looking down at them, smiling.

"That is fine! Just as I hoped it would turn out, Mrs. Lathrop. But, as I told you, there is no money—no inheritance."

Molly Lathrop looked over the disheveled blond hair of the boy at her knee and laughed. She held up a letter that was crushed in her hand. Her other arm encircled the boy's shoulders.

"No inheritance, you say? Why! Who—could—wish for a richer—a more wonderful inheritance—than these?"

Childhood Delighted in Mystery of the Stars

Children naturally love the stars. They feel the mystery and beauty of them long before they become aware of the mystery of the things on earth. But unless your child is able to pick out a few of them and call them by name they remain to him simply pricks of light in the dark dome of heaven.

The young child does not want to know about light years, nebular hypotheses or the revolutions of the earth about the sun. But if you go walking with him in the warm evening of spring he will be charmed to follow your pointing finger as it traces for him the biggest, brightest constellations.

Show him the Big Dipper, the crooked W that is Cassiopea, the Lady of the Chair. Teach him to read the North star that lies midway between the two. The Milky Way, Orion, with his brilliant belt and sword; the Seven Sisters, the Little Dipper, all these you can readily teach him to recognize.

Later on he will want to know more. He will wonder why the moon is different every night; why it is that some stars are so bright and others are so faint. He will ask you what the Milky Way is made of; how big are stars and how far away.

If you yourself know little about the stars to begin with, so much the better. You will be less likely to overwhelm him with your information on a subject so vast as to be rather terrifying. You can buy a little stardfinder at small expense and from it find the constellations if you have forgotten them. It will pay you in terms of pleasure and companionship with your child to familiarize yourself with one of the many books about stars which have been written especially for children.—Kansas City Times.



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 goes 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.

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Norway Celebrates in 1930

In 1930 Norway will celebrate the ninth centenary of the coming of Christianity, together with the anniversary of the death of King Olav II, who died in the struggle against the opponents of the new faith. Celebrations will take place in all parts of the country but the principal ceremony will be held at Trondheim, an old royal residence and the seat of an archbishopric before the Lutheran reformation. The work of restoring the cathedral has been proceeding for a long time. It was built on Olav's tomb. The completion of the work will coincide with the celebration of nine centuries of Christianity in Norway.—Translated for the Kansas City Star from the Journal de Geneve.

Hen Paid for Trip

A story of a hen that laid an egg while flying a mile in the air sounds like nature faking, but one at Mays Landing, N. J., did it, although it cannot be said that it flew on its own wings. Instead of that the hen was sitting in a basket carried in an airplane. The hen belongs to young Jack Brogan, to whom was given the opportunity to make a flight. He wanted to take his hen along and it went in a basket and soon a fresh-laid white egg was found in the improvised nest. The boy was more pleased with his first ride in an airplane.

By letting nature take its course, man would never have had apples bigger than walnuts.

AGENTS

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