

The SANDMAN STORY

ABOUT TWO-YEAR-OLDS

EVERY one is, at one time of his or her life, two years old. Every one reaches that age not at the same time as every one else, but after having spent just the same length of time in the world.

No one who has been in the world years can ever be two years old again. Nor can anyone who has only been in the world a year and a half suddenly, over night, become two years old.

There are no handicaps in this race. No one is allowed to be ahead of one's time. But every one can get as much into the time as possible—some more than others.

Peggy was two years old. It was just as much of an event in the family as though no one else had ever been two years old. That made it so nice. Yet Peggy's brother had been two

from one room to another—all because it was her birthday. Oh, but she liked being sent from one room to another.

It was exciting. They sent her away in such an interesting way.

Even Deborah was very seldom as busy as that. Deborah used to take her walking in the afternoon. How she loved taking hold of Deborah's hand and going down to the great wharves and watching the boats, and the nice round island right out in the water.

Peggy talked to herself and to Gyp, the little stuffed dog which had belonged to Peggy's brother. Peggy could talk now. She had been saying more and more words every day. But when she wanted to have a really good time she talked a language all her own. It was just right for play-talk. No one could understand her except grandma, and grandma was very wise.

The other would say: "What is the child saying?"

Then Peggy would use real words. But grandma would say:

"That's all perfectly good play-talk and Peggy and Gyp understand it—and I believe I do, too."

Grandma really did know more than anyone—even more than her mother and her daddy and her brother.

Her brother came rushing toward her now. He was dressed in funny old clothes, with a big hat which come down over his head. He carried a brass bell which looked like a man no matter which way you held it. The man had no back. If you turned the bell around it was the same man facing you at the back as it was the other way.



In the Center of All Was a Cake With Two Candles.

years old right in their very own family. He was almost ten now.

But Peggy was two. And every one in the house was shouting about it. There was Becky, who was busy in the kitchen talking to herself now.

Becky didn't talk much in the very early morning. If you spoke to her she mumbled. And her mouth looked funny, too. It went in and looked queer and her lips looked thin and rather long and were pressed tightly together.

"You mustn't ask her why she doesn't talk to you when she first gets up," Peggy's mother had said. "She's sensitive about her teeth."

Peggy puzzled over that. Why was Becky sensitive about her teeth at one hour and not at another? Sensitive, it seemed, meant the same as being hurt in a person's feelings.

Now Becky was talking.

"Bless her darlin' little heart, I just guess I will make her a cake."

Peggy knew she wasn't supposed to hear this, and yet she was sent

Her brother rang the bell. Then the others came along, all dressed up, too. How jolly and funny Aunt Alice looked. They knew how to dress themselves up, all right. The procession had started with Peggy and her brother leading the way, ringing the bell and shouting:

"Little Peggy is two years old, Two years old today!
We wish her happy returns—we do,
On this her Natal Day!"

Her brother whispered to her that Natal day meant the same as birth day. She sat in a big chair before the birthday table now with ribbons and flowers about it.

In the center of all was a cake with two candles burning so gayly. And such presents!

Best of all was a big cloth cat which sat up very straight, and he made friends with Gyp at once. That was lucky.

Oh, it was such fun to be two years old!

(Copyright)

John Breeden



This handsome chap, endeavoring to reach stardom in the "movies," is to be seen in "Masquerade," a Motion picture production. Breeden is a millionaire in his own right. He stands five feet eleven inches, has dark brown curly hair and clear gray eyes. His early ambition was to become a locomotive engineer, but he got over that when he went to Vienna to study music. He went on the stage there and returned to America with the intention of becoming a star.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

EXPERIENCE

EXPERIENCE is a very valuable asset in life for the following reasons: First: It is a test. William James, the late psychologist of Harvard university, coined the phrase, "The Pragmatic Test." It may be high sounding, but its meaning is very simple. The test of truth is experience. We know the value of a certain fertilizer because of the application we have made of it to the particular soil we are responsible for cultivating. Information of a new discovery may reach us from some person in whom we have confidence, and for that reason we accept the statement as true; but our faith passes into knowledge when we personally have made the experiment. If we are not able to make the experiment we must accept the statement of others; this is faith. When our experience tells us it is true, we possess a knowledge which no one can take from us. In very many ways, common place and ordinary, experience is the test of truth. A statement should not be denied, until we know from experience, it is not true.

Experience is a teacher. Many persons fall in life because they refuse to learn from experience. Every person makes mistakes. No one is infallible. The first mistake is usually pardonable, but there is no reason why the same mistake should be repeated the second time. Continuing to do the thing, which experience has clearly taught was a mistake, is most futile. If experience has taught me that a bee stings, I deserve to be stung if I deliberately subject myself to that danger again. The lessons which experience teaches are most valuable, because from them we learn our sources of strength as well as of weakness.

Experience is a valuable legacy. Would it not have been a wonderful thing if Lincoln could have had a successor? It seems strange, but true, that no person can continue another person's work in the sense of doing it just as the other person would have done it. We can, however, build upon another's foundation, because in his work he has left us his personal experience. The most valuable heritage we can ever leave to our children is not money, but an experience expressed in character and ideals.

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L. A. Barrett.

Community Building

Industrial Center Made Into City of Gardens

Essen, the city of smeltingstacks, the iron and steel center of Germany, has been converted into a city of gardens by a system which has aroused the envy of many other towns and made it the antithesis of the general conception of what a mill town looks like.

Careful city planning has been partly responsible for this result, but a farsighted policy by Alfred Krupp, founder of the famous steel works, is also entitled to much credit. Decades ago Herr Krupp set aside comfortable one-family houses for his workers, and the city has been laid out in such a way that the mills are confined to one section, business houses and office buildings to another and residences to a third.

In this third section gardening has become the favorite family sport. The municipality has encouraged this by setting aside tracts of land and any citizen can lease a plot with a tool shack on it for a ridiculously low rent. There has grown up a wholesome rivalry as to who among the 480,000 inhabitants can produce the best flowers or vegetables.

A garden fair was laid out in a tract of 57 acres. Some 70,000 rose bushes, 30,000 dahlias, uncounted thousands of other flowers and shrubs in profusion were planted there. Artistic skill was used in the grouping, but the scientific gardener's craft also was used to create an object lesson for other cities.

Ugly Wayside Stands Should Be Abolished

Signboards are not the only nuisances which may destroy the beauty of a scenic route. In the western states, where distances are great between towns, it is almost necessary that there be wayside stands where motorists may purchase supplies en route. Many of these stands are ugly shacks, hastily thrown together for summer use only.

In 1923, during a visit to the national parks, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was impressed with the need of beautifying American roadsides, especially those leading to the national parks. Accordingly she organized a contest, with an annual prize of generous proportions, for the most attractive wayside stand. She also established a plan board of architects, which will furnish plans and designs for wayside stands without cost. This is an entirely new approach to the problem—one which appears to be effective in several areas. I note from reports of state highway commissions of several eastern states that they believe the tendency is in the direction of more attractive and well-kept wayside stands.—Horace M. Albright, in the Saturday Evening Post.

Proper Tree Protection

Not long ago a tree lover in Missouri took out \$500 in insurance on a fine old tree that stands in his yard. He values that tree highly.

But there is another form of insurance that probably would be of more real benefit to the tree. That is an investment in the tree which will insure its longer life and make it possible for the tree to withstand the elements against which it must fight for existence.

Many trees are structurally weak. Usually the greatest danger is with trees which have sharp forks. The upper branches get heavier and heavier as the tree grows older. Finally the weight is too much and during a storm, or even on a still day, the branches will snap or the fork split down, leaving the tree disfigured and permanently ruined as a thing of beauty.

Duties Before Architect

"The architect is a citizen who is respected in his community, who uses not only his brain but his eye and his hand, and he has numberless opportunities to help bring the kingdom of heaven to help upon earth," says Frederick P. Keppel, president of the Carnegie corporation.

"He can do it by the creation of beauty, by participation in community enterprises such as town and regional planning and the development of parks and parkways. He can do it by seeing that the elements of the art are not neglected in the schools.

"He can do it by organizing groups of people to create objects of beauty, and there are many more groups of this sort than is generally realized."

Beautify the Highways

"Make Missouri Beautiful" wouldn't be entirely satisfactory as a slogan for beautifying the paved highways that now cross the state. Missouri is beautiful, but its roadways might offer opportunity for beautification. Trees may be planted and at many points, flowerbeds laid out. This example should induce thousands of private property owners to beautify their own frontage.—F. H. Collier in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Ready to Help Buy Home

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In a shop at Nantucket, says the Boston Globe, come New Bedford (Mass.) girls noticed what looked like a cherry stone set on a base like that of a collar button. They inquired what it was and were told it was a spoon holder, and when they looked incredulously, the proprietor of the shop removed the cherry stone from its base and shook out of it two dozen silver spoons. Each spoon had an unmistakable bowl, yet one which would hold no more than a microscopic drop of tea. The novelty was the work of a Nantucketer whose keenness of vision and skill in handicraft excited admiration and wonder.

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That Was That
"I think you should show your parents some respect and ask them if you can do things before you do them," said her dad sharply.

"Be a waste of time, dad," retorted his modern daughter, "you'd say no and I'd do them anyway."

Class Distinction
Sailor—Man overboard!
Wife of the Man in the Water—Par don me a gentleman. My husband is a first-class passenger.—Pearson's.

Man's emancipation brought more murders, so does woman's.

How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

LORD AND LADY

ASKED to guess at the origin of the words "Lord and Lady" one would choose an exalted derivation. But the mill of research grinds on—let the chips fall where they may! What disillusionment to the bearers of the titles to learn that a "lord," from the Anglo-Saxon "hlaford," was originally simply "keeper of the loaf," "hlaford" meaning literally "bread keeper." And since the original lord of the manor fed his tenants at his board or from his board, since he was their only source of supply, the name was not inappropriate.

"Lady," too, it is interesting to note, has a similar derivation—the "giver of the loaf" or mistress of the household.

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THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

DIVINING BY TEA GROUNDS

TELLING fortunes by means of the fragments of tea leaves remaining in the cup after the tea has been drunk is a polite form of sorcery with which we are all familiar. Doubtless you can think of at least one woman of your acquaintance who is particularly expert at it.

Having imbued your tea, turn the cup upside down in the saucer and whirl it around three times. Turn the cup right side up again and examine the leaf fragments clinging to bottom and sides. There lies your future.

In this magic we have a double-header—a combination of two ancient systems of divination, hydromancy and ceromancy.

Hydromancy was much practiced in ancient Egypt. A bowl or cup was filled with water and a selected person, generally a young boy, gazed into it until he became hypnotized and "saw things" when the hypnotist magician interpreted what the boy thought he saw. It was the same trick which the strolling magicians of North Africa perform today by means of a drop of ink in a boy's hand and which many travelers have witnessed. When Joseph sent his messengers to find his silver cup in Benjamin's sack he instructed them to say: "Is not this my lord's cup in which my lord drinketh and wherein he divineth?" Hence the mystic qualities of the cup.

The signification of the tea leaves is an echo of ceromancy which consisted of dropping melted wax into water and divining by the forms the wax assumed in cooling.

Ceromancy is a very old art but tea was only introduced into Europe in the Seventeenth century, yet the primitive mind, still subsisting in man, at once seized upon the tea grounds as a means of foretelling the future as that same mind had seized upon the melted wax some thousands of years before.

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SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"Strange—it makes a girl soar when the boy friend asks her to fly with him."



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