

The SANDMAN STORY

SKATES FOR CHRISTMAS

OF ALL the things that Bobby wanted or had ever wanted or would want, skates were at the head of the list.

He had had a pair several years, but they were the kind which he had to strap on his boots, and they came off just when he wanted to go fast, and they never helped in the least.

Some of the boys had been given skates the year before and it really made them skate faster and better.

Yes, Bobby wanted skates, or rather he wanted skates and boots. He wanted the skates that would be fastened on the boots.

Then he could play hockey. He felt quite sure of that.

So long, long before Christmas he



Long Before Christmas He Wrote a Letter to Santa.

wrote a letter to Santa Claus, and this is what he said:

"Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

"My name is Bobby, and I live at 52 Elm street. It is the street between Chestnut and Oak.

"We have a great many trees in our town, and lots of the streets are named after them. We have flowers, too, and one street is named Geranium street.

"But there aren't any flowers now, and there aren't any leaves on the trees, or anything.

"I don't mind that, though. Do you?"

"I think trees and flowers are all right, but you can't have them and winter, too, and winter is too nice to miss.

"That is if one has nice skates.

"And now I'm getting to the point of my letter.

"I have horrid skates. They won't stay on or anything, and if I try to

go after another fellow a skate comes off, and first thing you know, Santa, he has made a goal.

"I would give anything for a good pair of skates—ones that come on boots. You know the kind. You gave them to Billy last year. But I'm his age this year, and I'm hoping you'll be so kind as to give them to me.

"If you want to know about lessons and all that stuff, I got good marks on the whole. One or two weren't much, but you wouldn't expect them all to be good, would you?"

"But the skates would be fine. And when I made a goal I'd think of you. I don't want anything else at all—I mean if I can have the skates. I hope it will be all right with you and that you have a pair to spare. I hope you have a good Christmas and a nice plum pudding. Do you eat plum pudding, too?"

"Maybe you don't get back in time. But perhaps they save you some. I should think you'd have a whale of an appetite going over the country as you do and out in the cold and all.

"I hope we have ice for Christmas—that is, of course—well, you know what I mean.

"But a cold Christmas is great, isn't it, Santa? I like the cold weather, and I bet you do, too. You never stayed away from our house even three years ago when the thermometer went way, way below zero and the pipes froze.

"And the plumber was having his Christmas, too, or trying to, when every one telephoned him and begged him to come to their house first. I felt sorry for him and I gave him one of those big oranges you had put in the toe of my stocking. They were fine oranges, too.

"Well, I must close, as maybe I've written too much already.

"Your loving friend,

"BOBBY."

"There," said Santa Claus, as he read the letter, "I knew when I was fixing up the skates-and-boots list that some one else would want them for Christmas.

"I've got the pair for Bobby. I hope he wins plenty of goals, and won't it be fun if he thinks of me once in awhile when he's out in the crisp, cold air, skating over the smooth ice!"

"It looks as though there'd be ice in his part of the world for Christmas, too.

"Yes, it looks very much that way."

And Santa chuckled as he wrapped up a fine pair of skates and boots for Bobby.

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How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

'ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE'

A SEARCH for something that cannot be found, a useless effort, an impossible cause, a hunt for something that will probably not be attained, is spoken of as "a wild goose chase." The reference of the elusiveness of success in a chase of the wild goose, is, of course, obvious. But there is more than that to the story of the phrase.

The modern phrase "on a wild goose chase" owes its origin to a story told of that skillful sportsman, Charles I. of England. Charles liked his hunting, and according to the story, a similar fondness on the part of the nobles sometimes interfered with his enjoyment. It irritated the king, on the trail of his quarry, to find other hunting parties beating through the wood and sometimes crossing his path.

On one occasion when he was particularly desirous of getting rid of them, an idea came to him. He published among the nobles an offer of a prize to the one who could capture the greatest number of wild geese. Off they went to the seshore, and the king had the woods to himself!

And so though the object is not literally wild geese, a not unfamiliar method of getting rid of a nuisance today is to send her "on a wild goose chase."

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Abundantly Financed

Historic records show that Aristotle was rich in his own right and had an appropriation from Alexander the Great amounting to more than \$4,000,000 to devote to research work and intellectual pursuits.

Why We Do What We Do

By M. K. THOMSON, Ph. D.

WHY WE FIND FAULT

WE FIND FAULT because we don't want to pay.

The pay may consist of actual cash, recognition of superiority on the part of another, or an apology. All of these come hard and we prefer to find fault as a means of getting out of paying.

If you are too enthusiastic in your praise of the good job the plumber does for you he is likely to raise his price a little or slight his job. Contractors find that if they appear to show too much appreciation all sorts of demands are likely to be made for extras on the assumption that they are making a lot of money. It seems to be the wise policy to grumble a little. Criticize the job and the plumber will be glad to get a fair price. Give the impression that you are losing money on your contract and the other fellow is more likely to be reasonable in the thought that he has given a sharp bargain and is getting something for nothing.

Football coaches practice the strategy of underestimating the ability of their team to guard against overconfidence and unfaithfulness in training.

We find fault partly because we think we get more for our money. We find fault also because we hate to give the other fellow credit. Finding fault is one way of discrediting another person and raising ourselves by comparison. The fault-finder is a critic and the critic assumes the superior role. At least he feels more important to himself by this practice.

We find fault frequently to cover up a mistake of our own. It is a means of shifting the blame to somebody else. An apology is humiliating. Fault-finding and shifting the blame is a means of bulldozing.

Not infrequently genuine dissatisfaction and disagreement with the views or methods of others leads us to find fault.

Finding fault is a common practice. With some it is a matter of getting out of paying something, with others it is a chronic attitude—a matter of habit and temperament.

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Citizen's Duty

The whole duty of citizenship is to care most for the things that are most worth caring for, and to care least for the things that are least worth caring for.—Prof. John McCann.

Gloria Swanson



Gloria Swanson's singing and talking voice recently was heard for the first time over the radio, over a coast-to-coast hookup. She sang songs rendered by her in "The Trespasser," her first all-talking picture.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

A TRUE STORY

A YOUNG man walked into the office of the president of one of our schools of technology carrying a bundle under his arm. Upon placing it on the table, he inquired if all the windows were shut and the doors locked. Being assured that this was the case, he proceeded, with great care, to open his precious bundle which represented many years of hard work and the expenditure of all the money he possessed.

The president of the school at once recognized that the article presented to him was a very important invention in the field of electrical engineering. He suggested inviting into the conference the head of the department in the school, but was immediately approached by the young man with words, "No this is mine, no one can ever have it but myself!"

After meditating on the advice given him by the president of the school the young man returned. This time the windows were permitted to be opened and the doors unlocked. The head of the department of electrical engineering was permitted to examine the invention. He recognized that it was of rare merit and if it could be manufactured and put to popular use would be of practical value. The young inventor was persuaded to trust to others his invention with the result that before many months he had the satisfaction of seeing the product of his skill made in large quantities, and from which he received a royalty which proved to be a substantial income.

This true story suggests an interesting paradox. The only way we can have anything is to first give it away. If the young man had decided to keep his invention all to himself he might still have it wrapped up in a bundle and still be carrying it under his arm; but when he was willing to let the public have it he received his reward. When we keep to ourselves whatever we possess, we lose it, and when we give it away, it is returned to us many fold more.

This rule holds true in the field of human virtues as well as in economic values. We possess whatever we give away; we lose whatever we try to keep.

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SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"When a girl has a heavy date she may be said to lean toward obesity."

HUNGRY?



In the days of yore the Puritan maiden served the Thanksgiving turkey just as millions of modern maidens will do it this year.

Figuring the Nation's Leading Cereal Crops

Let us set out to visualize the gigantic proportions of our crops, that we may the better appreciate the reason for thankful hearts. Start with corn, wheat, and oats, the three leading cereal crops, providing foods for man and beast, prosperity for country and city alike. Manhattan Island, on which New York city stands, contains 27 square miles of land surface. Should we empty these three largest grain crops over these 14,038 acres the gathered grain would cover the island to a depth of 120 feet—everything under ten stories would be buried beneath the avalanche of breadstuffs!

Or, let us suppose we lumped it together. Make a bin, if you please, and our three great cereal crops would fill a titanic measure one-half a cubic mile in dimensions. If it were set up on Broadway, this half cubic mile would tower seven times as high as the Woolworth building, and the bin would be twenty city blocks long by ten blocks wide. To grow the wheat alone required a field as large as all of New York state, and the billions of bushels of corn were grown on a field as large as New York, with New England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

And so on right down the column, nature has been most kind to American country folks. Surely, a far different situation confronts us than that which faced the fathers of Thanksgiving. Contrast this against that first harvest, and we should the better appreciate the reason for our thankfulness.—Earl W. Gage, in the Michigan Farmer.

CHAMPIONS BOTH



Expressing Our Gratitude

Gratitude must have an object. It must recognize the source of the debt. It must express a feeling toward something exterior to itself. If our favored position and condition are due to our own efforts then we owe nothing, have no reason for gratitude, and there is no object to which thankfulness can be directed. Or if this is a material world and nothing else, if life is merely a mechanical process, there is nothing outside of ourselves to which we should be grateful. And if we are machines, automotons moving about in rigid obedience to physical stimuli, any sense of gratitude to anything, or for anything, is only a mechanical reaction that has neither meaning nor value.—Exchange.

Cause for Thanks

Lord, thou hast given me a cell wherein to dwell; A little house, whose humble roof is waterproof.

Lord, I confess, too, when I die, The pulse is thine, And all these other bits that be There placed by Thee.

All these, and better, thou dost send Me, to this end— That I should render, for my part, A thankful heart. —Robert Herrick.

Thanksgiving

For the bounteous harvests thanks may be given. For the purpose of our day thanks may be given.

Our abundance is amazing. Our grain and oil and gold run into billions. The physical impossibilities of yesterday are the accepted facts of today. We sail under the water and into the air in ships.

In a material sense we have wrought prodigiously. A billion-dollar trust is an ephemeral thing compared with the creed of democracy. Like a wizard's flux, that creed has resolved unnumbered men of scores of conflicting races into the type of manhood hall-marked American.

Idea of Thanksgiving

Inherent in All Ages

This week brings the day we dedicate to turkey, cranberry sauce, football, and the giving of thanks. Perhaps the matter of giving thanks has been permitted to slip a little into the background. It may be what historians would call a trend of the times.

Well, there is sound precedent for this mingling of football and prayer. The humanities, if you can call them that, have always intruded upon days of devotion.

When Pope Gregory I, a sensible man, sent Augustine to convert the Anglo-Saxons, he directed that some Christian festival be substituted for each heathen feast. But, he instructed his missionaries, much in the pagan manner of celebration must be allowed to remain, "to the end that, whilst some gratifications are outwardly permitted them, they may the more easily consent to the inward consolations of the Grace of God."

By such tolerances we have the Yule log, various diverting Easter customs, and other pleasant practices that in the beginning were not Christian at all.

Thanksgiving, too, has a mixed background. There is nothing distinctly American in its origin. Man has always had the thanksgiving habit.

HARD TO UNDERSTAND



"You say Jack couldn't play the Thanksgiving game because he was back in his studies?" "Yes! He flunked in economics."

"Hub! Well, he took me out one night and I thought he was the most economical man in the world."

November Fields

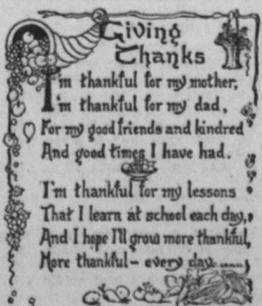
November fields lie brown and serene beneath a black, gray sky. But time records another year in centuries gone by when pilgrims knelt in silent prayer. Of thanks for harvest's yield, And blessed the soil that was so bare in a November field.

November fields were red with blood beneath dark clouds of war; Then came a calm o'er Flanders mud— Stilled was the cannon's roar. Grim men bowed heads in silent prayer And scores of hate were healed, When hope was born from out despair On a November field.



Service to Humanity

It is much to be desired that in rendering homage for the blessings which have come to us, we should earnestly testify our continued and increasing aim to make our own great fortune a means of helping and serving, as best we can, the cause of all humanity.—Warren G. Harding.



Unnumbered Blessings

Once in a while, it may do us good to be thankful, not so much for the particular fortune that has come to us as individuals, as for the general blessings that are showered down impartially on all of us. Sunshine, moonrise, the feel of rain on one's face; the sight and the scent of earth, green in the spring, dun-coated in the fall; the sound of birds in the morning, the sight of young stock gamboling in pasture—these come even to the poorest. Let us be thankful.—Wallace's Farmer.



Don't neglect a COLIC

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat—that so often leads to something serious—generally responds to good old Musterole with the first application. Should be more effective if used once every hour for five hours.

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



Rough on the Farmer

Topkin—Recently a biplane was used to pull a plow.

Popkin—And I know what the farmer said: "By heck, I never took jumps a rod long since I tried to hold in that brindle calf."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Yellow streak in a man is never mistaken for a heart of gold.



Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take. Any drug store has the genuine, prescription product.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

So It Seems

Ida—Fashions may come and fashions may go, but there's always a demand for cosmetics. June—Yes. Women can't go wan forever.—Pathfinder Magazine.

My business is to teach my aspirations to conform themselves to fact, not to try and make facts harmonize with my aspirations.—Ruxley.



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A New Exterminator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks. K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Comstock process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 578 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials.

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