

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

"RASCAL RAT" By DADDY

CHAPTER V The Ghost Cat

RASCAL RAT grinned at Peggy and Billy, knowing that he had them in his power.

"Get ready to fight my four fierce rats," he chuckled to them. "I want to be amused and that will make a fine show."

Peggy and Billy knew it would be a fine show for the rats, but it wouldn't be a fine show for them, nor even a fair show, for now that they were alone the four fierce rats could tear them to pieces before they would have a chance to fight.

But Billy had a plan to avoid the fight and save Peggy and himself. "Did you ever hear the story of the ghost cat with a bell around its neck?" he asked Rascal Rat.

"No," chuckled Rascal Rat. "Is it another story about some one chasing some one else around the tree and around the tree and around the tree?"

"No," said Billy. "It's a story about a ghost cat with a bell on its neck who chases a big fat rat." "said Billy, and he winked at Peggy.

"Eek!" said Rascal Rat with a little shiver, for the thought of a ghost cat chasing a big fat rat sent a chill wriggling down his back. "Eek!" squeaked the other rats. "We want to hear the story of the ghost cat that chased the big fat rat." They were very curious about the story, as most folks are over ghost stories.

Peggy knew that Billy wanted her to keep the minds of the rats upon the story while he worked out his plan to escape. So she started in:

"Once upon a time there was a big fat rat who lived in a dark, gloomy strawstack near a barn. He began in a whisper, knowing that ghost stories sound more scary if told in a whisper.

"It was a very old thief of a rat, who stole the farmer's grain and the farmer's chicks. The farmer set traps for him, but the fat rat was too wise to go near them."

"Eek!" "Hurray!" for the wise old rat," chuckled Rascal Rat. "But the fat rat had one fox who caused him a lot of worry and trouble—that fox was a cat, a big, bold, fighting Tom cat. Peggy's whisper sank lower and lower and grew more and more tense. The rats huddled close together."

"And don't forget that the cat had a bell on its neck," whispered Billy, who had gone behind the strawstack.

"Yes, the bold black Tom cat had a bell on its neck that jingled and jangled wherever he went," added Peggy, watching Billy out of one corner of her eye. He was busy doing something with the thing about he had found in the straw. What it was she couldn't make out.

"The bold black Tom cat hunted the rat night and day. He lay in wait for him at the corner of the barn; he surprised him in the path to the strawstack. Again and again the bold black Tom cat almost had the fat old rat in his claws, but each time the bold would jingle or jangle. They gave the fat old rat warning, and away he would go into the nearest hole."

"This went on until one day the cat trapped the rat on the old windmill tower. It was a very high place, and the cat went up until he reached the highest point of the windmill. After that time the bold black Tom cat, with the bell jingling and jangling, "Up up the wing of the windmill, far above the earth."

"Then there came a puff of wind. The sails of the windmill spun around and off flew the rat. He flew and he flew, but landed on top of the strawstack and wasn't hurt a bit. But the cat, who for the bold black Tom cat. He jingled in the horse trough and was drowned."

"Hurray!" said the fat old rat to himself. "Now I am free of that cat and its jingling bell. I can steal the farmer's corn in peace."

"So he scurried away to the corncrib, and he was just nibbling at a nice yellow ear of corn when 'Jangle, jangle, jangle, jangle'—a bell jangled. It was the bold black Tom cat. He jumped and he jingled, and he jangled down the path to the strawstack and again he jangled and he jangled as he jumped away to the nearest hole. 'I'll get you yet, jangle, jangle!'"

"The rats sat in breathless silence as Peggy whispered this story. They glanced back over their shoulders into the windows. Even Rascal Rat had lost his saucer look and his grin. Peggy went on with her whispering story.

"Back into his hole went the fat old rat, but the same ghostly sounds followed him. 'Meow, meow, meow, meow,' jangled. 'Meow, meow, meow, meow,' he cried into the house, then followed him there. 'Meow, meow, meow, meow,' jangled. 'I'll get you yet, Meow, meow, meow, meow!'"

Peggy's voice trailed away to silence, not a sound was heard in the case. The rats scarcely dared to breathe. "Listen!" whispered Peggy suddenly.

AN EVENING WRAP OF SOFT CHIFFON



By CORINNE LOWE

On to the South. As more, chiffon to it, too! For the southern resorts there have been prepared all manner of soft fabric frocks and wraps—the sheers and halimets and most delicate of creations. Particularly exquisite are the wraps of such inspiration. Made of layers of chiffon or tulle or georgette, in colors which blend as well as anything that could be turned out by Aurora, they provide one of the easiest of systems for looking more beautiful than you are.

The above creation illustrates in its color the charm attained by many of these wraps. It is of dove gray chiffon draped over rose-chiffon, and the collar is of gray fur. In form as well as color, too, it is arresting because of the fact that the fur band becomes on the left hand only a deep cuff. The edges of the material are piped.

Every shivering rat crouched down, listening with both ears.

"Meow, meow, Meow, meow!" a ghostly voice wailed. Then abruptly there was a noise that made the rats jump nearly out of their skins. Jangle! jangle! It was a bell.

"The ghost of the bold black Tom cat," shrieked Peggy, and at that every rat squealed and scampered and tried to fight his way out of the cave.

"Good," whispered Billy to Peggy. "Our trick is working. We will escape."

"Jangle, jangle, jangle!" rang the ghostly bell.

"What do you think of that ghostly bell? What is it?"

"What a trick do you think Billy has played on the rats?"

"Why did he want Peggy to tell a ghost story? See if you can guess."

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

Just Common Sense

"Just suppose," she was saying, "that I were going to die and made a last request. You would do anything for me, wouldn't you? And it would be too late. Now I'm living and you can make me happy by doing one little thing that will remove an eyeglass, take a thorn from my side. Will you promise?"

"What is it?" he asked warily.

"Seventy cents a week," she answered. "Fifty for a pressing, twenty for two shines. You know I'm unhappy when I see you in a bumpy suit and dull shoes. It's ruining my life! Such a little thing to you—such a big thing to me."

"Now you know," he answered, "if I were going to die and made a last request, you would grant it, wouldn't you? But it would be too late. Now I am alive and I ask you to do one thing to make me happy. Stop nagging me about my clothes. You know it isn't the cost of a regular pressing or a shine. Sometimes I just can't be bothered. I never professed to be particular about those things when you married me, and it would ruin my life to have to stop and worry about them now. Your nagging spoils my happiness, kills my peace, and will drive me to drink—anything. Such a little thing to you—such a big thing to me!"

"I—I suppose there is a lot in the point of view," she remarked, "but, after a moment she beamed. 'I've got it. We both feel the same about the importance of our own side of the thing. Now let's stop and figure out which way would mean more happiness for both of us.'

"Take your side first. I could make up my mind not to bother you about your clothes any more. Your careless nose would still hurt, but for your sake I could get callous to it. I suppose, I could let you go on in complacent sloppiness—and have the satisfaction of being a martyr. I would gain that and you would gain the negative joy of being left alone."

"Now take my side. You could get into the habit of paying attention to what I say. It would be a nuisance at first, but soon it would become natural. Then I would have the positive joy of seeing you well groomed as you would have gained the satisfaction you admit you get out of being so well taken care of. We would both be gaining positive happiness, to say nothing of what it might mean to you outside of looking like the man you are instead of like a hobo."

"Gasp! he grinned. Men are reasonable, you know. 'You're completely floored me; guess you're right, all right. When do I begin?'"

"And here, it seemed to me, was a cure-all for the disagreements that come to all married couples. Figuring out to whom the matter really counts more may work in some instances. But frequently both will insist. 'Such a little thing to you—such a big thing to me.'"

want to use a face cream you have to start a frantic search about the house for a cloth with which to remove the cream. Which brings me to the cold cream handkerchief! I want you to know about them. They are soft, thin sheets resembling a very fine absorbent cotton. One uses a sheet once, and then throws it away. You can see the many advantages of this. Two dozen of them may be had for twenty-five cents, and you will be delighted with their convenience and usefulness.

Don't be deceived by the spring weather. With spring weather come spring winds, that shake doors and rattle windows and cause general disturbance. So, of course, you will want some little wooden window wedges. Some windy night when the breeze is trying its best to make your window or door chatter you will be glad that you had a supply of little wedges to insert in the cracks, and keep sashes wedged in packages of sixteen for ten cents. It would be a good idea to have a supply on hand.

For names of shoe address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut or Main 5000.

Her New Pipe A Baltimore cigar dealer tells of a handsomely groomed woman who visited his shop the other day and asked for a "mild" pipe, declaring that the pipe she was smoking had become too strong.

"I see this cold cream before retiring," advises the maker of a delightful face cream that we feel sure would be perfectly fine to use. But the minute you

HUMANISMS : of Personages in the Public Eye. Inner Lights on Lives and Whims By WILLIAM AHERTON DU PUY

Frank R. Willis, recently appointed to fill out Mr. Harding's term in the Senate, is probably one of the best spellers in the world.

Some years ago, when he was a member of the House, the National Press Club challenged Congress to a spelling bee. The men of the press, being in a way professional spellers, expected to have things pretty well their own way.

Secretary Houston, then of the Department of Agriculture, himself a schoolmaster, gave out the words. They were a rare selection of contorted and unspellable terms such as no newspaper man ever used in writing a story.

The journalists were mowed down. There remained on the floor two men—

The banker asked the amount, signing his desire to pay. This was gratifying to the bankrupt printer, but he did not know the amount of the charge. If you will come down to the shop I will look on the door jamb and see. I wrote the amount down on the door jamb. But when they reached the shop preparations were under way for a new tenant and the woodwork had been painted.

Edwin T. Meredith, secretary of agriculture, was expatiating upon the unbusinesslike methods of printers and publishers of papers, work with which he has had much experience.

In a certain small town, he said, the publisher of a paper went broke and had to close up shop. A few days later he met the local banker on the street and the latter was reminded that the bank owed a bill for a printing job.

MESH BAGS \$1 REPAIRED

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A. E. MOSS Jeweler and Repairer

Three "Invisible Guest Days" THURSDAY—TODAY—SATURDAY February 10, 11 and 12. Entire Receipts of Cafeteria Will Be Given to the Herbert Hoover Fund for Relief of Starving Children of Europe. Horn & Hardart Bkg. Co.

Do You Know "Loue"? Advertisement with large question mark and stylized text.

VOCALION Phonograph advertisement featuring an image of a gramophone and text describing the product and the Vocalion Shop.

Hello, Children! I am JACK and here's my JINGLE BOX and every day I'm giving away to the children who are 14 years or under, a prize of \$\$\$-TEN DOLLARS-\$\$\$.

"Honest-to-goodness Buckwheat" advertisement for Hecker's Buckwheat cereal, featuring images of the product and a griddle.