

# The SANDMAN STORY

## YOUNGSTER'S LESSON

YOUNGSTER wasn't a little puppy. He was past that age, but still he was a young dog and had many things to learn. Mrs. Old Dog, his mother, tried her best to teach Youngster the things that a useful dog should know, but Youngster thought he knew enough.

If his mother told him not to run after the master when he started off with a gun he did not pay any attention, and often got a whipping from the master for not going back when he told him to.

Then, too, Youngster would jump up on folks when they came to the farm, and Mrs. Old Dog told him many things never to make friends with strangers, and besides with your own friends it was very bad manners indeed to jump and put muddy paws on people's clothes.

One day his mother told him that he must be very careful not to go back



He Saw a Strange Dog.

of the barn, for the master had placed a trap there for Mr. Fox to step on when he came to visit the barnyard.

But Youngster let this advice go in one ear and out the other, as he did much of the other warnings that his mother gave. He began to play and forget all about it.

Youngster had heard a great deal about Mr. Fox, but no one had said how he looked. He thought of course he would know this bad fellow when he met him, and of course Youngster intended to catch him and show his mother and the master how smart he

## YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies - the Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm

### ILLNESS SHOWN IN THE HAND

A NERVOUS complaint, left as the aftermath of an illness, is indicated in the hand by a branch rising from a black spot on the line of life. Inspect the mount of the moon for a spot that is marked clearly, and note whether the skin of the hand is dry and covered with a network of lines. In that case, disease of the nervous system, of varying degrees of seriousness, may be suspected. If the nails are moderately long, but wide and bluish in tint, there is danger of nervous prostration.

An island on the line of the head, with the third angle of the triangle (the intersection of the line of health and the line of life) badly formed, and with small lines cutting the line of life, is an indication of neuralgia.

If the nails are short, flat and thin, and of triangular shape, and if all the principal lines of the palm are poorly marked, a disposition to paralysis is to be feared. And if there is a star at the end of the line of fate, with a star also at the end of the line of life in both hands, you may prognosticate death by paralysis.

A Little Nation.  
"What's the population of your country?"  
"Five million."  
"Why, you maintain an army of 600,000 men."  
"Well, we have to provide some diversion for our king. He doesn't care much about golf or motoring."—Birmingham Age-Herald.



was in spite of all they said about him—that he was a silly puppy and did not seem to learn a thing.

It was late in the afternoon one day when his mother was sound asleep and some of the hens were sitting under bushes in the shade that Youngster began running around the barn chasing a rat.

When he got behind the barn he forgot all about the rat, for there, looking at him from behind a barrel, he saw a strange dog. Youngster barked.

"Hush! I know where there is a bone," whispered the stranger. "Come over here."

Youngster wagged his tail in a very friendly manner and ran up to the stranger. "Where is it?" he asked, thinking the newcomer was a most generous fellow.

"Right under that pile of grass and leaves and twigs," was the answer. "You will have to walk right on it and paw it over, but it is under there somewhere, I feel sure."

Youngster did not wait to hear any more. He ran straight to the heap and began pawing, while the stranger looked on with great interest, for it was Mr. Fox, you see, and he wanted to find out for sure if there was a trap set for him, and if so he must go around the other way that night when he came to call.

Youngster had not pawed long before something snapped and held him fast by one front paw, and it hurt so that Youngster's cries must have been heard for a long distance.

"Just as I suspected," said Mr. Fox, and with a bound he was off, for Mrs. Old Dog and all the hens and chickens and Mr. Rooster came running around the barn to see what in the world had happened.

The master came, too, and he opened the cruel trap and set Youngster free, but the paw was very painful for some time, and while he sat in the sun holding it up, his mother told him many things which went in at both ears and stayed there, for when he recovered Youngster was a wise dog and never gave his mother or the master cause to call him a silly puppy again. But it took a very painful lesson to make him wise, don't you think so?

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## THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

### THE FRIENDLY BOW

THE truly gracious woman is never niggardly with friendly bows. She does not save such form of recognition for persons she meets socially or for persons whom she has met formally. Especially in a fairly small community she makes a point always to say good morning to the sales people she deals with and if she meets in the street a salesman or saleswoman with whom she has had frequent business dealings she greets with a bow. This she does whether she is alone or with others.

Some people I know of think that this is a lowering of dignity. The fact is that it is just the opposite. If you pass frequently by the stand of a certain traffic policeman you should make it a habit to bow to him in a friendly manner. In a very small town where the street railway system consists of a few cars and a handful of conductors and motormen it is customary to bow to the conductors whom you have encountered day after day. Men and women with gracious manner always speak or bow to the elevator attendant who daily takes them to the floor of their place of business.

The fact is that right through your day as you go about your own town be it small or large there are dozens of occasions when you should bow in a friendly manner. There is the little woman huddled on the corner from whom you buy your evening paper, the tea man who brings the tea, the vegetable peddler. These people you do not know socially. You may even feel quite superior to them. But it does not mean that you should fail to speak to them or to greet them with a sincere bow of friendliness when you see them.

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## Spelled It All.

Ethel—Stella's marriage was a failure.

Clara—Yes; I understand her husband's wealthy father married again.

## A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

### THE VOICE OF CHEER

WHEN days are dark, and winds are chill, And life seems stark with pressing ill, Deep in my soul I seem to hear A voice unroll that sings of cheer, And lights the way through which I grope Unto a day of peace and hope.

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## WHY CLAIM WAS NOT VALID

Colored Gentleman Insisted That His Wife Had Obtained Him "Under False Pretenses."

During a recent session of a Kansas justice's court a negro was summoned before the bar to answer his wife's charge of non-support. He was of that solemn, "intellectual" type which avidly absorbs every high sounding word without absorbing its meaning.

Several cases were ahead of the negro's and many legal phrases were uttered in his hearing. Plainly he was more interested in these than in his own predicament. Finally, his name was called. He arose with great dignity and advanced to the bar of justice. His wife stood in glaring readiness to accuse him. The justice began to question him.

"Is this woman your wife?"  
"Well judge, youah honoh, suh, I'll tell you about dat. You see—"  
"Is she your wife?"  
"Well—no suh."  
Following this denial it was necessary for an officer to interpose and save the defendant from his accuser. Finally the Amazonian war cry resolved itself into an intelligible protest to the justice.

"That man's lyin'. I got a stiff-accate."  
"How about that?" demanded the justice sternly. "She says she has a certificate of marriage."  
"Yes, suh, I speets she has. But often she has here's how come she's got it; One time I went to a party at her house. The refreshments was older and maybe it had some raisins or something like that in it. I didn't cognize anything I did. Ifen I was married I don't know it, but when my brain clouds rolled away about two days later that woman was callin' me 'husband.'"

"Then you claim you are not legally married to her?"  
"No, I wouldn't go so far as to claim that, youah honoh, not belin' in full possession of the legal jurisprudence of the case. But this is what I do claim, and he placed the index of his right finger against the palm of his left hand, imitating a lawyer he had observed a few minutes before, "this is what I do claim: I means that woman obtained me under false pretenses."

### Ragtime for Penguins.

Captain John Cadwalader, of Vancouver, British Columbia, who has just returned from South Georgia after a two years' hunt for whales, told the writer of a remarkable gramophone concert he gave in the Southern seas, with thousands of penguins as his audience.

"One day," he said, "I took my gramophone into the open and began to play it. There wasn't a penguin in sight, but within a minute of the first record being started hundreds of birds appeared and walked in their slow, stately gait toward me.

"Very soon I had an audience of thousands. Several king or crested penguins sat within a few feet of me, and the ordinary species formed a number of circles. They listened with almost human interest to the music, and the lilt of ragtimes sent them shuffling and swaying.

"When my concert was over the penguins rose, bowed gravely as if to express their thanks, and walked off."

### Forgot to Remove the Cork.

Bobby, age two, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Brown, of Columbus, Ind., has definite ideas as to just what he likes and does not like, and he can express them clearly for one so young. He is fond of apples, and his mother gives them to him frequently, always, carefully to pare them and remove the core. Recently he asked for an apple, and his mother peeled one for him but forgot to remove the core.

Bobby took the apple and laddled off to play, but returned in a moment, with the apple in his hand. He had not taken a bite of it, and was regarding it with a puzzled and not altogether appreciative expression.

"Don't you like your apple, Bobby?" questioned his mother. The youngster handed the apple to her, pointed to the stem and replied, "Well, mother, you forgot to take the cork out."

### What Happened Next.

Two of us were standing on a street corner holding an unflattering discussion concerning a certain fellow who always hung around us and "buted in" generally.

"Enter the object of our talk. Quickly we switched the conversation and, as the fellow was particularly disgusting to me, I soon left.

"That evening I called for my friend and, despite his facial contortions, which, although I did not understand then, I know were meant as warnings, I blurted out, "Can you beat how that doggone pest hangs around?"

Consternation and embarrassment are mild words to describe my feelings when out from behind the portiere stepped the "doggone pest."—Chicago Tribune.

### A Lapse of Memory.

The different conventions held at Winona Lake make it imperative to use all available sleeping material.

Mrs. P., after filling her cottage to overflowing, remembered an old wooden bedstead that had been stored away. She got it out, and, after cleaning it with coal oil, she decided to make an absolutely clean job of it, so she struck a match to it, expecting the coal oil to burn off.

She stood there, too surprised to utter a sound, as she watched the entire bedstead go up in smoke.—Idaho Statesman.

## WHITE ONES

By ETHEL M. RICE

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Mandy replaced her iron on the stove and turned toward the opened window. "For the land sakes, Silas! If here don't come all the white hens!"

Her husband looked up from his newspaper, to share in amazement at the feathery procession coming up the walk.

"My gorry!" he cried. "I must have left the henhouse door open! Where in tunket do you s'pose they've been now? Makes the third time that's happened in the last two weeks! My gorry, I wonder whose garden they've been into! Ezra!! Ezra!!"

"Yes, pa, I'm comin'."

Silas waved toward the feathered tribe. "Shoo them hens back into the henhouse in a hurry, son, and bear in mind that we'll be just as healthy if you don't take pains to spread the news that they've been out walkin'. Do ye hear? And, say; hold on, Ezra. I guess you'd better light that little oil stove and there; it rained in a bit last night, and it's made it kind of wet. Don't let it burn more'n twenty minutes, mind ye. And watch the wick, Ezra, watch the wick; see that it don't work up; you most set the hull place afore last time. If ye can't look out for it any better this time, son, 'pon my word, I'll lick ye."

One hour later Ezra lay stretched on the grass, oblivious to all save the "Adventures of Scout Bob in Wild Man's Cave." My, but it was interesting. The boy could almost feel cold shivers chase up and down his spine as he read. "Softly Bob crept into the cave, dragging with him the can of oil—"

"Great jumpin' Jimmies! The oil stove!"

Bob and his adventures ceased to exist for Ezra, as he tore off in the direction of the henhouse. One glance was enough to convince him of the error of his ways. The wick was indeed "worked up"; the hot air was thick with soot; the walls hung with it, and not a white hen was to be seen—every gasping one of them appeared in garb of deepest mourning.

Ezra groaned. "Gosh! What'll pa say? And him so proud of them pure white feathers. And what'll I get! Oh, gosh!"

At 5:30, after one and a half hours of ceaseless labor, all signs of the recent smokeout had disappeared—with the exception of the hens, who still wore their dingy plumage. The boy looked them over doubtfully.

"I'll tackle you after supper," he promised.

But the best laid plans of mere man do not always carry, and before supper was half over Silas put in a worried appearance.

"Mandy, we're up against it!"

Mandy gulped down her swallow of tea. "Up against it! Up against what?"

"Well, I'll tell ye. I just met Sam Pike up the street here. You know old man Marner that bought the Newbury farm about two months back—the feller that forgot to pay me for the grain I sold him? Well, Sam says he's mad enough to lick the hull town. Claims somebody's bunch of hens has got into his garden two or three times and raised ruction with it. He don't know yet who owns 'em, but he's got Officer Ryan on the job, and they're going to make trouble for somebody. It kind of listens, Mandy, as if that somebody was me. Ryan's always seemed mighty friendly to me, but at the same time duty is duty, and I—my gorry, here they come now!"

Silas drew himself up with all the dignity of his five foot nine.

"Evenin', gentlemen. What can I do for ye?"

Marner came directly to the point. "Own my hens, Mr. Lewis?"

"I do."

"What kind?"

"Purty good ones."

"I'll thank you to lead us to those hens of yours," the officer told Lewis.

Silas reached for his hat. "Why didn't you explain what you wanted in the first place?"

Silas threw open the door. He gasped, choked and finally managed to gulp: "Gentlemen, them—them—them's my hens."

Surprise and defeat showed on the faces of the two men.

"Humph!" grunted Marner. "I understood your hens were white, Mr. Lewis?"

"They was—that is, they used to be—I mean, I used to keep white ones."

"Well," said the officer, "I guess we may as well move on, Mr. Marner. Sorry to trouble you, Lewis. You see, we're particularly interested in white hens just at present—white ones, you understand."

Part way down the walk he turned and retraced his steps.

"By the way, Lewis, you'd better fix the latch on that henhouse door; them hens of yours are apt to get out some time when you're not lookin'."

Silas' eyes twinkled, and the corners of his mouth stretched into a grin as he turned to the scared-looking boy in the background.

"Ezra! Come here! Come here and shake hands with your dad. I—I guess I won't lick ye this time, Ezra."

Experienced.  
Cholly—Is Miss Blank in?  
Mild—No, sir.  
Cholly—Just ask her again, will you? She may have changed her mind.—Boston Transcript.

# COAL

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## MIGHT HAVE SHORTENED WAR

English Soldier's Scruples, Which Did Him Honor, Prolonged Fighting in South Africa.

A military correspondent of the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian writes: "In a life as replete with adventure as was that of Christian De Wet during the Boer war, there were said to have been countless occasions when the Boer hero went near to death. The nearest occurred in 1901, when the guerrilla leader, at the height of his fame, was extricating his raiding column from its affair in the Cape Colony. He was headed off by several of the pursuing detachments. From one of these a couple of very young British cavalry troopers had been sent on a forward patrol. They stopped at a wayside store and stabled their horses in a back shed.

"When the Boer commando came through in haste the woman of the store, who was friendly to the two English boys, sent them up into the garret above her shop. Here they crouched with their rifles at the ready while the scouts and the main body of the commando went through. Then a Cape cart came along and drew up at the store to elicit some information. In it were seated Christian De Wet and President Steyn.

"The corporal recognized De Wet from the pictures he had seen, but though his finger was upon the trigger his heart failed him. As he said in cross-examination afterward: 'I had not the heart to shoot a man in "civies" in cold blood.' This lad's natural scruples probably prolonged the Boer war by eighteen months. Of such incidents is history made."

## VICTORY OVER SWEET TOOTH

Woman's Fierce Battle With Appetite Can Only Be Understood by Those Who Know.

It was a hard struggle, but she won. For as much as five minutes she stood there struggling in full view of the homecoming crowd moving through Thirty-fourth street, says the New York Sun. Perhaps she was noticed, particularly because there was so much of her to struggle. Certainly more than 200 pounds.

Everybody understood what was the matter. She said it with her sad and longing looks as she stared into the window. She was not young and everything about her appearance was quite conventional, except the expression of her face, which had a droil droop about the mouth and chin and a defeated expression in the eyes.

Five minutes she stood and looked into first one window and then another. She started to enter the shop, but turned back. But she stood outside and looked some more before she gathered up the courage to go on.

What was in the window? Just candy. Beautiful big pieces of soft fondant, shining white, dawn pink and pale spring green. And a whole tray of taffy, gleaming and golden as amber. There are those to whom such things mean nothing, but every shape of fondant, every chunk of taffy, meant something to her. As she stood there she seemed to count those pieces over, one by one. But she gave them up. She won her fight. She went on without spending so much as 10 cents.

## Dr. W.H. McBride

DENTIST

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