

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF OLD DOG SPOT

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XX.

Spot Goes to Town.

The boys had to step lively that morning, for Farmer Green's family didn't want to be late for the circus parade in the village.

There were many other teams on the road, and almost nobody to be seen working in the fields. It seemed to Johnnie Green as if everybody had made up his mind to go to the circus.

Half way from the farm to the village Farmer Green stopped the boys at a watering trough. Johnnie jumped out of the carriage to uncheck them, so they could drink. And there, beneath the carriage was Old Dog Spot!

"Spot's followed us!" Johnnie Green cried. The old dog whisked out from between the wheels and frolicked about Johnnie. He didn't act at all guilty.

"Well, I never!" said Farmer Green. "I certainly shut the barn door after I shoved him inside."

"Spot gave a few short, sharp barks, as if to say, 'Yes! But you forgot the window that was open.' He had scrambled through the window and overtaken the carryall before it reached the gristmill.

Well, what could Farmer Green do? They had come too far to send Spot back home.

"We'll have to take him with us now," said Johnnie Green's father, "though he'll be a nuisance because the village will be crowded today."

As soon as the boys had had their drink the party started on again. And Old Dog Spot was content. He did not mind the dust that the boys' heels kicked up as he followed beneath the carriage.

Once a surly dog ran out from a farmhouse and tried to reach him. That made Spot somewhat uneasy.

"I don't want to stop to fight this fellow," he thought. "If I do, I'll be left behind."

Luckily Farmer Green cut in at the strange dog with his whip and bade him be off. Spot grinned as he sneaked away, yelping.

At last they entered the village. Main street was thronged with people. Carriages and wagons of all sorts lined the road on both sides—glistening buggies with red ribbons tied in bows about the whip stocks.

Johnnie Green had never seen such a gathering—not even at the fair. "The whole county's here!" he exclaimed. "I hope we'll find a good place to stop, where we can see the parade."

They did. Farmer Green backed the boys into the last open space in the gutter. And Johnnie was greatly relieved.

The crowd made such a roar, with its talking and laughing, that Old Spot cowered under the carryall and almost wished he had stayed at home.

THE GUMPS

SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE



WHY ANDY GUMP— CUTTING UP AGAIN OR YET? I DON'T WANT TO ASK YOU IF HE IS STILL OUT OF TOWN—



YOU'RE A BASCAL— I CAN SEE THAT— THE FIRST TIME I SAW YOU I SAID TO MYSELF TO KEEP THAT MAN HOME WOULD BE JUST LIKE TRYING TO KEEP A WOLF IN A CANARY BIRD'S CAGE—



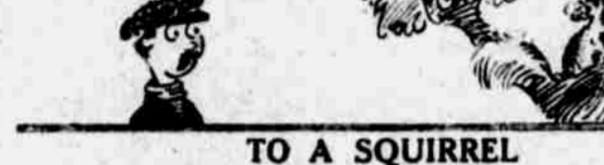
PULL UP A CHAIR AND SIT DOWN— I WANT COMPANY—



WHAT DO YOU EXPECT A MAN TO DO? DO YOU EXPECT TO MAKE A ROBINSON CRUSOE OUT OF HIM? LOCK HIM UP IN A HOUSE THAT'S SO LONELY THAT EVERY TIME HE SIGNS IT'S JUST LIKE HALLERING BOO! INTO A CAVE? YOU'VE GOT ME WRONG— I'M JUST A PEACEFUL OLD MARRIED GUY— THAT'S ALL— BUT THESE BRIGHT LIGHTS DON'T HURT MY EYES EITHER— I'M JUST ONE OF THESE KIND OF GUY THAT CAN RUN IN THE MUD OR ON A FAST TRACK— I'M JUST A DERBY GUY— THAT'S WHAT I AM—

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE



TO A SQUIREL

(On observing one make off with a golf ball.)

If you garner that pellet for forage If you fancy, in squirrelish delight, You can keep it all winter in storage And have it for dinner some night.

If the famous notion you cherish That some day you'll master the swing And even develop a fairish adeptness in swatting the thing, You are doomed to a swift disillusion.

If you dream—so resplendent and fine— Will be shattered in utter confusion Like mine.

So you'd better relinquish your treasure, And scuttle away to your den, It will bring neither profit nor pleasure To squirrels, any more than to men.

The glad hand that you hold so dear, You will find are a lot fitter fodder For you!



FIFTY-FIFTY

Charlie Chaplin has gone to England, but we shall soon have Lord Curzon over here.

THE RIGHT WORD

When you watch the sad patience with which little children serve their parents, you know why school teachers are called terms.

THE GLAD HAND

Now that wages are going down it is pleasant to see how prices come up to meet them.

Jack and Jill

"Marion Steele was here to call this afternoon," said Jill, handing her lord and master a generous helping of the cabinet pudding.

"Hugh," grumbled Jack, "Marion Steele was the girl he had asked to marry him when he was a freshman in college at the tender age of eighteen, and he never heard her name mentioned even to this late day, without an absurd feeling of self-consciousness."

"She's awfully smart looking now—a-days," went on Jill, taking secret delight in Jack's discomfort. "Doesn't look a day over twenty."

"Well, she isn't a female Methusalem, exactly," said Jack with a sign of spirit. "Marion can't be over twenty-five."

"I have always wondered why it is that Marion doesn't get married," she said. "Goodness, she's had fellows enough."

"But the trouble with Marion is, she's becoming sort of cynical," said Jill. "She's all filled up with a lot of nonsense about the double standard of love and morals among married folks. Really, hon', the way she talks makes me dizzy."

Jack silently passed his dish for a second helping of pudding. Jill rattled on.

"Marion said today that women are so honest with men that they are easily imposed on."

"Crazy cat, no," dimpled Jill. "Marion said that every woman is honest in her love affairs even if she might not be so terribly scrupulous in other affairs. But on the other hand—"

Holding a Husband

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife"

The Message Made's Father Received From Hugh Grandland.

Tim Chester vaulted the old rail fence beside which I had drawn my car and disappeared in the tangle of lushes that lay behind it.

Obediently, I bent over my wheel, waiting patiently and was soon rewarded by seeing drive past me the bent figure of the woman—

Your instinct is sadly misleading. For the point on the dimple faced pill is certain to make you exceeding—

Ly ill. If your purpose is not dietetic. If you're dragging it off to your hole To gratify something aesthetic.

That lurks in your little wild soul. You'll learn that your plans have miscarried. For the bloom disappears from the cheek Of the brightest of golf balls, when buried.

A week. If the famous notion you cherish That some day you'll master the swing And even develop a fairish adeptness in swatting the thing.

You are doomed to a swift disillusion. Your dream—so resplendent and fine— Will be shattered in utter confusion Like mine.

So you'd better relinquish your treasure, And scuttle away to your den, It will bring neither profit nor pleasure To squirrels, any more than to men.

The glad hand that you hold so dear, You will find are a lot fitter fodder For you!

What Dicky Know.

I nodded my head, for I could not speak because of the awful uncertainty I felt that the woman who had passed me knew something of my baby's fate.

"I believe you will hear from Major Grandland very soon," he blurted out. "I think he's on the right track."

"I nodded again, hopelessly, for what avail to me was the right track, when I was in a room which I had been killed by this brutal man who had had him in his power. I turned my car around and drove back to the farm with no consciousness of driving—my one thought the longing to creep into the shelter of my father's arms."

Curiously enough I never thought of going to Dicky. There was no feeling of wrath against him—indeed, no feeling of any kind. I had longed so intensely for his support on the day my baby disappeared, that when he finally appeared after long hours spent with Edith Fairfax—I had learned that they had been taking a long motor trip that day by themselves—it was as if a door had shut between him and me.

As I entered the living room, I saw Robert Savarin, my father and Dicky in close consultation. They started as they saw me, and I sensed that I had been the subject of their conversation.

"Where is it?" Dicky said hoarsely, and I guessed his anguished wish to see the last thing our baby had played with.

"I have it," I returned jealously, and was struck by something tense excited in the faces of all three men.

"I have just come from Lillian," Robert Savarin said. "Of course, no one has breathed a word of this to her, and on the pretext of having Marion near her, I took the child to the hospital on the morning after Junior's disappearance, and have kept her here in a room near her mother's, where she can see her occasionally, and so I've been able to keep my hands in ignorance of your trouble. But Lillian—I don't like the word, but I must use it—psychic. She is convinced that some grave danger is threatening you which we are keeping from her. And she made me come over to make sure that your husband knew certain things concerning—"

Dicky came over to me as if there were no one else in the room, and seized my hands.

"Oh, girl, girl!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me that in that first summer Grace Draper tried to drown you? Do you think I'd have let her set foot in the same state with you?"

WHY—

Does Sugar Dissolve More Readily in Hot Water Than Cold?

While apparently the simplest of chemical operations, the dissolving of sugar, salt or any similar solid in a liquid is, in reality, one of the mysteries which science, with all its advances, has been able only partially to explain.

Obeying his injunction, I bent over my wheel, waiting patiently and was soon rewarded by seeing drive past me the bent figure of the woman—

Your instinct is sadly misleading. For the point on the dimple faced pill is certain to make you exceeding—

Ly ill. If your purpose is not dietetic. If you're dragging it off to your hole To gratify something aesthetic.

That lurks in your little wild soul. You'll learn that your plans have miscarried. For the bloom disappears from the cheek Of the brightest of golf balls, when buried.

A week. If the famous notion you cherish That some day you'll master the swing And even develop a fairish adeptness in swatting the thing.

You are doomed to a swift disillusion. Your dream—so resplendent and fine— Will be shattered in utter confusion Like mine.

So you'd better relinquish your treasure, And scuttle away to your den, It will bring neither profit nor pleasure To squirrels, any more than to men.

The glad hand that you hold so dear, You will find are a lot fitter fodder For you!

What Dicky Know.

I nodded my head, for I could not speak because of the awful uncertainty I felt that the woman who had passed me knew something of my baby's fate.

"I believe you will hear from Major Grandland very soon," he blurted out. "I think he's on the right track."

"I nodded again, hopelessly, for what avail to me was the right track, when I was in a room which I had been killed by this brutal man who had had him in his power. I turned my car around and drove back to the farm with no consciousness of driving—my one thought the longing to creep into the shelter of my father's arms."

Curiously enough I never thought of going to Dicky. There was no feeling of wrath against him—indeed, no feeling of any kind. I had longed so intensely for his support on the day my baby disappeared, that when he finally appeared after long hours spent with Edith Fairfax—I had learned that they had been taking a long motor trip that day by themselves—it was as if a door had shut between him and me.

As I entered the living room, I saw Robert Savarin, my father and Dicky in close consultation. They started as they saw me, and I sensed that I had been the subject of their conversation.

"Where is it?" Dicky said hoarsely, and I guessed his anguished wish to see the last thing our baby had played with.

"I have it," I returned jealously, and was struck by something tense excited in the faces of all three men.

"I have just come from Lillian," Robert Savarin said. "Of course, no one has breathed a word of this to her, and on the pretext of having Marion near her, I took the child to the hospital on the morning after Junior's disappearance, and have kept her here in a room near her mother's, where she can see her occasionally, and so I've been able to keep my hands in ignorance of your trouble. But Lillian—I don't like the word, but I must use it—psychic. She is convinced that some grave danger is threatening you which we are keeping from her. And she made me come over to make sure that your husband knew certain things concerning—"

Dicky came over to me as if there were no one else in the room, and seized my hands.

"Oh, girl, girl!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me that in that first summer Grace Draper tried to drown you? Do you think I'd have let her set foot in the same state with you?"

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

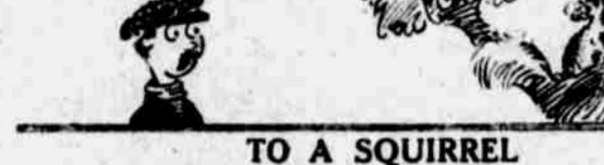
Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.



WHAT DO YOU EXPECT A MAN TO DO? DO YOU EXPECT TO MAKE A ROBINSON CRUSOE OUT OF HIM? LOCK HIM UP IN A HOUSE THAT'S SO LONELY THAT EVERY TIME HE SIGNS IT'S JUST LIKE HALLERING BOO! INTO A CAVE? YOU'VE GOT ME WRONG— I'M JUST A PEACEFUL OLD MARRIED GUY— THAT'S ALL— BUT THESE BRIGHT LIGHTS DON'T HURT MY EYES EITHER— I'M JUST ONE OF THESE KIND OF GUY THAT CAN RUN IN THE MUD OR ON A FAST TRACK— I'M JUST A DERBY GUY— THAT'S WHAT I AM—

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE



TO A SQUIREL

(On observing one make off with a golf ball.)

If you garner that pellet for forage If you fancy, in squirrelish delight, You can keep it all winter in storage And have it for dinner some night.

If the famous notion you cherish That some day you'll master the swing And even develop a fairish adeptness in swatting the thing, You are doomed to a swift disillusion.

If you dream—so resplendent and fine— Will be shattered in utter confusion Like mine.

So you'd better relinquish your treasure, And scuttle away to your den, It will bring neither profit nor pleasure To squirrels, any more than to men.

The glad hand that you hold so dear, You will find are a lot fitter fodder For you!



FIFTY-FIFTY

Charlie Chaplin has gone to England, but we shall soon have Lord Curzon over here.

THE RIGHT WORD

When you watch the sad patience with which little children serve their parents, you know why school teachers are called terms.

THE GLAD HAND

Now that wages are going down it is pleasant to see how prices come up to meet them.

Jack and Jill

"Marion Steele was here to call this afternoon," said Jill, handing her lord and master a generous helping of the cabinet pudding.

"Hugh," grumbled Jack, "Marion Steele was the girl he had asked to marry him when he was a freshman in college at the tender age of eighteen, and he never heard her name mentioned even to this late day, without an absurd feeling of self-consciousness."

"She's awfully smart looking now—a-days," went on Jill, taking secret delight in Jack's discomfort. "Doesn't look a day over twenty."

"Well, she isn't a female Methusalem, exactly," said Jack with a sign of spirit. "Marion can't be over twenty-five."

"I have always wondered why it is that Marion doesn't get married," she said. "Goodness, she's had fellows enough."

"But the trouble with Marion is, she's becoming sort of cynical," said Jill. "She's all filled up with a lot of nonsense about the double standard of love and morals among married folks. Really, hon', the way she talks makes me dizzy."

Jack silently passed his dish for a second helping of pudding. Jill rattled on.

"Marion said today that women are so honest with men that they are easily imposed on."

"Crazy cat, no," dimpled Jill. "Marion said that every woman is honest in her love affairs even if she might not be so terribly scrupulous in other affairs. But on the other hand—"

Holding a Husband

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife"

The Message Made's Father Received From Hugh Grandland.

Tim Chester vaulted the old rail fence beside which I had drawn my car and disappeared in the tangle of lushes that lay behind it.

Obediently, I bent over my wheel, waiting patiently and was soon rewarded by seeing drive past me the bent figure of the woman—

Your instinct is sadly misleading. For the point on the dimple faced pill is certain to make you exceeding—

Ly ill. If your purpose is not dietetic. If you're dragging it off to your hole To gratify something aesthetic.

That lurks in your little wild soul. You'll learn that your plans have miscarried. For the bloom disappears from the cheek Of the brightest of golf balls, when buried.

A week. If the famous notion you cherish That some day you'll master the swing And even develop a fairish adeptness in swatting the thing.

You are doomed to a swift disillusion. Your dream—so resplendent and fine— Will be shattered in utter confusion Like mine.

So you'd better relinquish your treasure, And scuttle away to your den, It will bring neither profit nor pleasure To squirrels, any more than to men.

The glad hand that you hold so dear, You will find are a lot fitter fodder For you!

What Dicky Know.

I nodded my head, for I could not speak because of the awful uncertainty I felt that the woman who had passed me knew something of my baby's fate.

"I believe you will hear from Major Grandland very soon," he blurted out. "I think he's on the right track."

"I nodded again, hopelessly, for what avail to me was the right track, when I was in a room which I had been killed by this brutal man who had had him in his power. I turned my car around and drove back to the farm with no consciousness of driving—my one thought the longing to creep into the shelter of my father's arms."

Curiously enough I never thought of going to Dicky. There was no feeling of wrath against him—indeed, no feeling of any kind. I had longed so intensely for his support on the day my baby disappeared, that when he finally appeared after long hours spent with Edith Fairfax—I had learned that they had been taking a long motor trip that day by themselves—it was as if a door had shut between him and me.

As I entered the living room, I saw Robert Savarin, my father and Dicky in close consultation. They started as they saw me, and I sensed that I had been the subject of their conversation.

"Where is it?" Dicky said hoarsely, and I guessed his anguished wish to see the last thing our baby had played with.

"I have it," I returned jealously, and was struck by something tense excited in the faces of all three men.

"I have just come from Lillian," Robert Savarin said. "Of course, no one has breathed a word of this to her, and on the pretext of having Marion near her, I took the child to the hospital on the morning after Junior's disappearance, and have kept her here in a room near her mother's, where she can see her occasionally, and so I've been able to keep my hands in ignorance of your trouble. But Lillian—I don't like the word, but I must use it—psychic. She is convinced that some grave danger is threatening you which we are keeping from her. And she made me come over to make sure that your husband knew certain things concerning—"

Dicky came over to me as if there were no one else in the room, and seized my hands.

"Oh, girl, girl!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me that in that first summer Grace Draper tried to drown you? Do you think I'd have let her set foot in the same state with you?"

WHY—

Does Sugar Dissolve More Readily in Hot Water Than Cold?

While apparently the simplest of chemical operations, the dissolving of sugar, salt or any similar solid in a liquid is, in reality, one of the mysteries which science, with all its advances, has been able only partially to explain.

Obeying his injunction, I bent over my wheel, waiting patiently and was soon rewarded by seeing drive past me the bent figure of the woman—

Your instinct is sadly misleading. For the point on the dimple faced pill is certain to make you exceeding—

Ly ill. If your purpose is not dietetic. If you're dragging it off to your hole To gratify something aesthetic.

That lurks in your little wild soul. You'll learn that your plans have miscarried. For the bloom disappears from the cheek Of the brightest of golf balls, when buried.

A week. If the famous notion you cherish That some day you'll master the swing And even develop a fairish adeptness in swatting the thing.

You are doomed to a swift disillusion. Your dream—so resplendent and fine— Will be shattered in utter confusion Like mine.

So you'd better relinquish your treasure, And scuttle away to your den, It will bring neither profit nor pleasure To squirrels, any more than to men.

The glad hand that you hold so dear, You will find are a lot fitter fodder For you!

What Dicky Know.

I nodded my head, for I could not speak because of the awful uncertainty I felt that the woman who had passed me knew something of my baby's fate.

"I believe you will hear from Major Grandland very soon," he blurted out. "I think he's on the right track."

"I nodded again, hopelessly, for what avail to me was the right track, when I was in a room which I had been killed by this brutal man who had had him in his power. I turned my car around and drove back to the farm with no consciousness of driving—my one thought the longing to creep into the shelter of my father's arms."

Curiously enough I never thought of going to Dicky. There was no feeling of wrath against him—indeed, no feeling of any kind. I had longed so intensely for his support on the day my baby disappeared, that when he finally appeared after long hours spent with Edith Fairfax—I had learned that they had been taking a long motor trip that day by themselves—it was as if a door had shut between him and me.

As I entered the living room, I saw Robert Savarin, my father and Dicky in close consultation. They started as they saw me, and I sensed that I had been the subject of their conversation.

"Where is it?" Dicky said hoarsely, and I guessed his anguished wish to see the last thing our baby had played with.

"I have it," I returned jealously, and was struck by something tense excited in the faces of all three men.

"I have just come from Lillian," Robert Savarin said. "Of course, no one has breathed a word of this to her, and on the pretext of having Marion near her, I took the child to the hospital on the morning after Junior's disappearance, and have kept her here in a room near her mother's, where she can see her occasionally, and so I've been able to keep my hands in ignorance of your trouble. But Lillian—I don't like the word, but I must use it—psychic. She is convinced that some grave danger is threatening you which we are keeping from her. And she made me come over to make sure that your husband knew certain things concerning—"

Dicky came over to me as if there were no one else in the room, and seized my hands.

"Oh, girl, girl!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me that in that first summer Grace Draper tried to drown you? Do you think I'd have let her set foot in the same state with you?"

Where It Started

Cancellations.

The word "cancel" comes from Latin cancellus, meaning a lattice-work, because of the use of crossed lines to mark out an entry, making a result like a lattice or grill. Thus "crossing out" means literally what

PHOTOPLAYS.

EMPIRE

TWO SHOWS IN ONE

COZY REVUE, Miniature Musical Revue; THREE BUDDIES, Novelty Singing and Musical Act; MITCHELL & MARKHAM in "The Wings of Coney"; ARTHUR & HENRIETTE, Comedienne Act; Photoplay Attraction, "The Mountain Woman"; Featuring "Pearl White."

'Hurricane Hutch'

The Pathe Serial Supreme

FOLLY TOWN

NOTE REDUCED PRICES

NOTE REDUCED PRICES

NOTE REDUCED PRICES

NOTE REDUCED PRICES

NOTE REDUCED PRICES

NOTE REDUCED PRICES

NOTE REDUCED PRICES

NOTE REDUCED PRICES

NOTE REDUCED PRICES

NOTE REDUCED PRICES

NOTE REDUCED PRICES