

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF OLD DOG SPOT

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XXIII.

Spot Sees the Show.

Old Dog Spot was bewildered. When he crawled under the canvas he had not dreamed that he was entering the main tent of the circus. He saw so many strange sights that he didn't know whether to bark or to crawl away and hide somewhere. Yet among all those people he felt very lonely. He couldn't see anybody he knew.

All at once the handsmen began to play louder than ever. They seemed to be trying to burst their horns—or themselves. And men in flowing robes, each one standing in a sort of little two-wheeled cart and driving four horses abreast, came

Spot sent the surly fellow yelping into his master's yard. He was tearing past the place where Spot was standing. It was a race! And if there was one thing that Spot liked more than another it was a race of any kind. He gave a few delighted barks and ran after the galloping horses.

Spot followed them twice around the big tent. And just as he felt into a jog—for the race was finished—he heard a whistle that gave him a great thrill. He stood still for an instant. Then he dashed toward the nearest seats.

A moment later he was fawning upon Johnnie Green, who sat in the lowest row and seemed as glad to see Spot as Spot was to see him. Lying between Johnnie's feet, Spot watched the rest of the show. At last the circus moved. The green family with Spot at their heels, went back to the place where they had left the bays and the carryalls. And in a few minutes more they were on their way back to Pleasant Valley and home.

That morning everybody on the road had seemed to be in a great hurry to get to the village. And now, late in the afternoon, everybody was in just as great a hurry to get away from it. Farmer Green kept the bays at a spanking trot, only pausing to let them breathe now and then on the hills.

Spot, however, was not in such haste that he didn't stop and give a good trouncing to the dog that had rushed out at him earlier in the day. Spot sent the surly fellow yelping into his master's yard. Then he rushed down the road to overtake the carryall.

But to everybody's surprise, when they reached home old dog Spot was missing. Johnnie Green couldn't help worrying when he looked under the carriage and failed to see his pet. "He'll come back," Farmer Green said. "Probably he's stopped somewhere to chase a rabbit or something. He'll be along after a while."

But after the cows were milked Old Spot was still absent. And after the family had eaten supper he had not appeared. Bedtime came. Still no Spot.

Johnnie Green felt very sad when he went upstairs. He felt even worse when morning came. He had hoped that Spot would be in the yard, begging for his breakfast.

Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

Foke Early appeared at his front yard gate last evening in such a



sober condition the dogs liked to of bit him.

If people along the rural mail routes were placed in alphabetical order it would be a lot easier on the mail carriers.

There is so much interest this summer in moonshine stills the proprietor of the one on Gander Creek has decided to set aside Tuesdays and Fridays of each week as visiting days for the public.

WHY—

Do Flowers Droop in a Heated Room?

While we are accustomed to thinking of flowers as becoming flaccid and lifeless shortly after being brought into a heated room, this is by no means always true—as evidenced by the size and beauty of the blossoms in a greenhouse or conservatory, where the temperature is maintained at a high point. The difference lies in the fact that, in the first case, the flowers have grown in the open air and are then brought into the heat of the house and, in the second, they have been accustomed to a fairly high degree of heat and have become acclimated to it.

Garden flowers or wild flowers need plenty of fresh cool air in order that they may be kept for even a few days in full possession of their original beauty. If placed in a heated atmosphere, the heat naturally tends to withdraw some of the moisture from their stems and petals and they thus become drooped and lifeless. In fact, there are some flowers which thrive best if their roots or bulbs have been exposed to a freezing temperature for a short time, and, as a general rule, a temperature just short of freezing is beneficial to the majority of flowering plants, with the exception of those which have been accustomed through years of growth to a tropical climate. The drooping of flowers in a heated room, therefore, is not due primarily to the temperature, but to an unaccustomed change which alters the supply of water which the blossoms receive and thus robs them of a portion of their life.

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The Most Original Picture in Years



A Sharp Angle in Rupert Hughes' Latest Picture. As Fish, Vanity Fair's Famous Artist, Might Do It.



LOVE'S ARCH ENEMY

"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," was Harley's early morning motto. Phoebe, being in the clinging, or post-honeymoon, period, could never completely reconcile herself to the fact that Harley's embraces were now on a time-schedule basis. When he rushed off to the office in the morning, Phoebe usually rushed to a couch and dissolved in tears. This is the first, and sometimes the most dangerous of all the kinks in love's highway.

Violet is the color prescribed by oriental superstition for wear on this day. It is particularly recommended for those who suffer from nervousness or insomnia.

The oak leaf is a symbol of good luck today. Its presence indicates hospitality; hence it is particularly fortunate as a decoration at social functions.

Parents' Problems

Should children come to the table when there are guests to meals? Ideally, the presence of guests should not upset a household's normal arrangements. Children should come to the table, as usual, or remain away, as usual. Obviously, children do not belong at a formal evening dinner party. Moreover, dining-tables are not indefinitely extensible, nor are modern dining-rooms elastic. For this reason, if for no other, at company-times children may have to shrink into the invisible.

Dangerous Curve Ahead! Starts Saturday AT THE SUN

Jack and Jill

Jack came home from the office at the accustomed hour, but not in the accustomed manner.

He was laden like the proverbial pack-mule. "What in the world have you there?" cried Jill.

"Hush," said Jack in a mysterious way. "I'll tell you later."

"You look as if you had swallowed the canary," laughed Jill. "What is the big secret?"

"I brought a home-brew outfit today—cheap," said Jack.

"Jack!" Mr. Jack couldn't tell just

what Jill thought of it—whether it was a cry of joy or one of horror. "Well—what of it?" he demanded stoutly.

"Home brew! Not—liquor?" "Oh, no—just some good old beer."

"But, honey, you don't like beer." "Who doesn't like beer? What are you talking about?"

"Why, I never knew of you to take a glass of beer all the time, I've known you, and that's more than six years."

"Go on." "Really, honey—" "Sure I like beer."

"Our own mother told me last summer that you didn't know what the taste of beer was."

"Go on—what does mother know about it?"

Jack disappeared into the cellar immediately after the dessert not even waiting for the coffee. Jill heard strange noises issuing from the cellarway. There was a rattle of tinware and presently she heard Jack

building a fire in the little iron stove in the laundry.

"Honey," she called from the top of the stairs. "What is it now?"

"How long does it take to do it?" "Do what?" "Make the beer."

"Oh, just a little while to cook it and then we put it away to keep— settle—and get a little kick in it."

Jill shivered at the callous wickedness she had discovered in her husband.

It was midnight before he came up to bed. He was still grimy in spite of much scrubbing and scouring of his hands and he was tired. He fell asleep with the innocence of a babe.

At breakfast, however, he was his own cheerful self.

He spread out the morning paper after giving Jill the inside section.

"Well, what do you know about that?" he cried.

"What is it, honey, another cut in the price of clothes or something?" "No," said Jack slowly. He reared and presently left the table and she heard him clatter noisily down the cellar stairs. It was half an hour before he returned.

"Well," he said ruefully, "I guess we'll have no home-brew."

She asked the question with her eyes. "I just dumped it," he said. And he handed her his section of the newspaper. She read where his finger indicated: "Man and Wife Poisoned by Home Brew—Both Near Death."

"Oh, Y wasn't it lucky you saw that?" cried Jill. "I never cared for beer, anyway," said Jack with a little yawn.

With opening of a clinic in Trenton, N. J., that state now has six rehabilitation clinics for those physically handicapped in industry.

Barker Makes a Gigantic Spot Cash Purchase of 1,000 Suits

Positively the finest tailored, richest fabric Suits that have ever been offered in this store at anywhere near these prices.

Men, Take Your Choice of These Two Lots

Two Pant Suits —at 34⁷⁵

Hand tailored, two-pant suits, cleverest possible patterns, styles of the hour, all sizes. Shrewd buyers will select two or more of these suits.

This Season's Best \$60 and \$65 Values

One Pant Suits —at 29⁷⁵

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—that "down-in-Dixie" flavor

Piedmont

The Virginia Cigarette

—from down where the good tobacco grows

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5,940 Strictly High Grade Shirts

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Main Floor—West.

Sale Opens Promptly at 9 A. M. We Advise Early Shopping

Jewel, Flower, Color Symbols for Today

By MILDRED MARSHALL. Since this day belongs to Venus, the lapis-lazuli, symbol of faithful love, is both the talismanic and natal stone. This lovely blue gem, which is so nearly a sapphire, was believed by the ancients to be a cure for melancholy, the melancholy that arises from disappointment in love. It was a much prized stone among the Egyptians; indeed, it was known as a "vamp" gem, and history records that Cleopatra and other famous sirens favored it greatly as an ornament.

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