

THE SANDMAN STORY

By Mrs. E. A. Walker

SNOWBALL PERFORMS.

One day, while Snowball was in the city, he saw a sign which read: "See Prof. Anastasius Papadopoulos' trained cats."

"Trained cats!" said Snowball. "I wonder what they can do? I'll go in and see."

The thing that pleased Snowball the most was the cat that walked across the stage on its front paws while its hind feet were raised in the air and steadied by a little stick which the professor held.

"If I could do that," said Snowball, "I should be the most wonderful cat in the neighborhood. They are very smart kittens," said Snowball, as he went out, and all the way home he wondered how he could practice the wonderful things he had seen without Kit and Puff seeing him until he was able to perform perfectly.

The next day, when Kit and Puff were asleep in their basket, Snowball went to the barn. He walked on his hind legs and found that he could walk very well, or he felt sure he could if he had the music, but to walk on his front feet with his hind legs held up high was a very difficult thing to do, he found.

He clawed the line sharply with his front paws and buried his sharp claws in it, then he drew one hind foot very carefully from the post, but just as he put it on the line it swung and poor Snowball turned over and fell to the ground.

He landed on his feet and looked around to see if anyone saw him. He saw no one, and he felt that he might try turning a somersault, said Snowball, "one of the professors' cats did that, but the post is too high to tumble from, and I do not think I will try rope-walking, either, but stick to the other tricks."

All the tabbies and kittens for miles around were invited to see Snowball in his wonderful three-act performance. The barn floor was filled and some of the younger kittens climbed into the hay loft.

Kit announced that Snowball would first perform his wonderful act of walking on his hind legs. Snowball came from behind a horse blanket curtain, which was hung in front of a stall. He was dressed in his red sweater. He ran up the post and very cautiously put one paw on the line. It moved in the most unsteady manner. "If it were flat," said Snowball, "it would be easy, for I can walk on the top of a very narrow fence."

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The stick and it was stuck fast to his fur. They had crippled him that they might be in front of the curtain alone to receive the applause and congratulations of the audience.

DECORATING A GIRL'S ROOM

Furnishings Should Be Kept Simple and of Such Material That They May Be Easily Cleaned.

The decorations and furnishings in a girl's room should be kept simple. The curtains, hangings, dresser scarfs and pin-cushions, even the toilet articles, should all be of such material that they may be cleaned easily.

BOYS DEMAND GOOD STORIES

Give Youth Plenty of Books, Let Him Read and Browse and Have His Fill of Adventure.

To say that boys do not demand adventure stories and that they shouldn't have this demand supplied would be ridiculous, Walter Pritchard Eaton writes in the Woman's Home Companion.

HOW TO MAKE A RABBIT TRAP

Illustrations Given of Three Contrivances That Will Interest Boys During Winter.

L. W. Frank of Pleasanton, Kan., sends the description of three rabbit traps to Farmers Mail and Breeze, that boys will be anxious to try this winter.

Only Christmas reveals just how many fascinating feminine longings are brought to the light of day, and the delight of everybody, when thoughts turn to ribbons.

A pretty boudoir cap of plain wide satin ribbon and a fine net lace is shaped to the head by shirring over cord. It is trimmed with a crushed band of the ribbon with bows at the front and buckles covered with little ribbon roses in several colors.

What in the world can the attraction be to cause a sober, intelligent man or woman to deliberately select a stranger as the repository of their confidence and their money?

There are very few readers of this publication who have not done exactly this thing. There are very few persons living in the country, away from the centers of population, who have not preferred to substitute the shadow of the substance by sending their money away from home when they wanted to buy something.

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The Demi-Season Blouse



Now is the demi-season of our discontent—the poet did not say—when there is nothing new in blouses for winter wear and nothing certain about those for spring.

When Thoughts Turn to Ribbons



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Confessions of a Mail Order Man

By Mr. M. O. X.

WHAT YOUR MONEY HAS DONE FOR ME.

You can't possibly realize what it meant to a pleasure-loving and self-satisfied man of mature years to realize that you, my beloved contributor of the past, had prospered and comforted out in the small towns and in the country, were getting up early in the morning and were out in the cow barns milking, and out in the fields plowing, planting, harvesting, shocking wheat or husking corn while the frost fell and crack and while the chillblains burn and throb so that you could send your quota of coin to the concern that paid me the dividend that permitted me to lie abed in the morning until my servant came and told me that my coffee or chocolate was ready and that my bath had been fixed so that I might make the toilet of the morning luxuriously and with befitting pleasure and comfort.

Dear reader, all this was done with the help of YOUR money—the money that you sent to the big concern that in our friendly crack and securities, I acknowledge that when you awakened and aroused yourself to a feeling of anger and honest indignation—for which I did not blame you in the least, because you had been a long and steady contributor to my idleness—then send me on the hip and I was compelled to seek some other method of subsistence, although it did go hard with me to be compelled to go to work after so many years.

But you must not be too hard on me, because I had merely taken advantage of the existing conditions, had cheerfully and joyfully taken your money, I had written you such optimistic and jollying letters that you quickly and generously responded by sending the cash with your orders and we had taken the money and we figured out a cent just what you would stand a "touch" was made. You must acknowledge that we did not fall to yield you consistent and advisedly because I had succeeded in exacting the toll which made us prosperous.

The people are awakening to a realization of their condition, and the inhabitants of the small towns and of the rural districts are beginning to raise their heads and to look toward the future of their communities, by sending their money away to the big mail order houses in the cities.

We hear all sorts of recriminations and hard words addressed to the people in the villages and on the farms who send their money away to the mail order houses in Chicago and elsewhere, but the masses have considered it their privilege to do as they please without regard for the interests of their communities.

The country merchant pays his taxes and he tries to do a business with his fellow men that will permit him to pay his taxes regularly and also give him a living profit on his sales.

In many cases he gives you credit, and he carries some of you for months and even years on his books. Do you appreciate it?

You run up a credit bill with your local merchant, and during the lean months you take full advantage of his friendliness and his hope that you will remain a customer when the prosperous months come around.

But what do you do? As quickly as you get some money in hand, so that you can pay cash for your necessities, and a few luxuries, you send the cash away to one of the city mail order houses, and buy from strangers, rather than from the man who has helped you your extremity and who has trusted you when you were in need.

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Which goes to show that human nature prefers, at times, to trust in the unknown rather than in that with which we are familiar.

But, when you come to think of it, there is a responsibility dealing with our own fortunes, and the fortunes of those who will follow us in this life, which does not permit us to always follow our inclinations. We must think for the future as well as for the present.

We live in a community together with a lot of neighbors. We meet them in connection with our everyday affairs, and we have opinions that differ with our neighbors. There is no one subject in the whole world upon which we all agree, therefore it is but natural that we have many differences.

We can condone the differences of opinion and decline to enter into controversies, or we can argue whenever we have the chance, and engage in constant strife.

Which is the best way to get along? The man who argues all his life has little time for other affairs.

The man who declines to become involved in worldly discussions has plenty of time to attend to his own business.

And in this world it is the man who attends to his own business who prospers.

This life is made up of disputes and arguments. You can argue with your best friend until you become a pest and an unwelcome visitor. You can spend your time discussing the affairs of others until, no matter if you win your argument, you will discover that you have made yourself unpopular.

Unpopularity is not an asset in the business of life. It never paid a dividend. It never brought in any wages. And it is strictly your business to try to make the best of everything in your community, to help create harmony, to "boost" your home town all the time and to help those who can help you.

Harmony creates peace, and peace engenders prosperity. Your town wants peace and harmony, especially between the people and the merchants. It is peace and harmony that make business good—that add a value to your own house and lot.

Envy walks hand in hand with malice down every village street, and when this pair appears on the street the white dove of peace flutters into a corner and hides.

His Criticism Was at Fault. English General Had Much to Learn of the Geography of the United States.

The European has grown so accustomed to sneering at the American for his ignorance of European affairs, especially since the outbreak of the war, that we have grown to take the matter seriously, with a new thought of the even more gross ignorance of things American on the part of Europeans.

Yet that such ignorance is common in Europe, even among the educated, is a matter of no doubt.

8 KILLED AS MOB BATTLES POLICE AT YOUNGSTOWN, O.

Business Section of Town is in Flames.

STRIKERS RIOT AT MILLS

State Troops Rushed to Scene—Six Thousand Persons in Mob That Attacks Steel Works—Factories Destroyed by Fire.

Youngstown, O., Jan. 8.—Eight persons were shot and killed and twelve wounded, ten business buildings and two buildings of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube works were burned and a mob of 6,000 people battled with private police at the plant last night as the day shift at the mills in East Youngstown left work. The fire is not under control and threatens the whole East Youngstown business section.

Two Regiments Ready. Two regiments of the Ohio State Guard have been mobilized by order of Governor Willis and Company K of Alliance has been ordered here at once.

The fire companies which attempted to check the flames in the East Youngstown business district were beaten off by the mob. Many shops were fired, but the firemen got back safely to Youngstown.

All of the injured persons were taken to hospitals here. The most seriously injured were: Mrs. Helen Toth, shot in neck, may die; George Getz, shot in right lung, may die; George Ofas, shot through chest, may die; James Solich, shot through back, may die.

Police Are Helpless. East Youngstown, which has a population of about ten thousand, is the scene of wild disorder. Police, being helplessly outnumbered, made no effort to control the mobs which surged through the streets and threatened to burn down the town. Most of the residents are foreigners.

The trouble started early in the evening, when the day shift, among whom were said to be a number of strike-breakers, left work. The mob, composed of both men and women, formed at the entrance to the mills and fought and looted as the workers left the plant. A number of the workers were stoned and beaten.

Announcement by the Republic Steel and Iron company, the Youngstown Sheet and Tube company, the Brier Hill Steel company and the Youngstown Iron and Steel company that they would grant a wage increase from 19 1/2 to 22 cents an hour failed to bring peace. The men on strike demand 25 cents an hour.

SENATE GETS MEXICAN DATA. Every Item of Information Requested by Fall Resolution to Be Carefully Supplied.

Washington, Jan. 8.—A justification of the administration's acts in the Mexican situation intended to silence the republican criticism has been prepared by the state department and placed in the hands of democratic leaders in congress.

Every item of information requested in Senator Fall's resolution adopted by the senate is to be carefully supplied. The senate will be given a detailed account of the recognition of Carranza and the reasons therefor. An explanation of the occupation and evacuation of Vera Cruz in 1914 also will be furnished in accord with the Fall resolution.

BRITISH SUBMARINE IS LOST. Warship Grounds and Sinks After Dutch Cruiser Saves 33, Who Are Interred.

London, Jan. 8.—The sinking of a British submarine off the coast of Holland was officially announced. The crew of 32 was saved by the Dutch cruiser Brabant, which answered distress signals. Afterward the crew was interned in Holland's naval barracks at Amsterdam. The loss of the submarine was due to the fact that it grounded on a spring a leak, having taken the wrong course off Noordhinder. Its name is not given, but it is said the boat was sunk off the Island of Texel.

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by these old-fashioned doses.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children, all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Advt.

English Women With the Armies. As far as can be ascertained, there was a group of English women wearing khaki and other tunics. The first to do so was the Women's Voluntary reserve, about six thousand in number, who drill and help at canteens. The second is the women's reserve ambulance, about three hundred in number. These are to some extent recognized by the war office. They have been permitted to have O. H. C. S. on their cars and they work in various military hospitals. They meet the troop trains every night and motor about twenty-five men to the Y. M. C. A. quarters.

CURED OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE. Mrs. A. L. Crawford, Medfield, Mass., writes: "Dodd's Kidney Pills cured my Bright's Disease, and I am healthy and strong today and have been blessed with good health ever since my cure. When the doctors pronounced my case Bright's Disease, I was in such a serious condition that they could not do anything for me. I kept getting worse. My limbs from my ankles to my knees swelled and my eyes were so swollen that I could not see. At last hope I thought I would give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. I gradually improved and kept on taking them and they cured me thoroughly."

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Do not buy cheap imitations. Tablets for Indigestion have been proved. 50c per box—Advt.

Surely Did His Best. A philanthropic man visited a penitentiary and was permitted to see a few encouraging words to one of the prisoners.

"I am afraid my poor man," said the philanthropist, "that you didn't make the fight that you should have made to save yourself."

"Oh, yes, I did," was the quick rejoinder of the prisoner. "I did my level best."

"I am afraid not," retorted the philanthropist significantly. "Had you struggled just a little harder you might have been free from today."

"I couldn't have done any more, mister," persisted the prisoner, sadly shaking his head. "It took seven cops to take me to the station house as it was."

Circumstantial Evidence. "Jimmy," said the fond mother to her smart nine year old, "what became of that fruit cake I made for you as a treat yesterday? Did you eat it?"

"No, mamma," answered Jimmy, with a grin; "I gave it to the teacher instead."

"That was very nice and generous of you, Jimmy," complimented his mother. "And did your teacher eat it?"

"Yes, I think so," answered Jimmy. "She wasn't at school today."

Spared. "My boy," said the elderly millwright, at the end of a lecture on economy, "when I was your age I carried water on a yoke across my shoulders."

"I'm proud of you, dad," answered the glided youth. "If it hadn't been for your pluck and perseverance I might have had to do something of the sort myself."

LACK OF MONEY. Was a Godsend in This Case.

It is not always that a lack of money is a benefit.

A lady in Ark. owes her health to the fact that she could not pay in advance the fee demanded by a specialist to treat her for stomach trouble. In telling of her case she says: "I had been treated by four different physicians during 10 years of stomach trouble. Lately I called on another who told me he could not cure me; that I had neuritis of the stomach. Then I went to a specialist who told me I had catarrh of the stomach and said he could cure me in four months, but would have to raise his money down. I could not raise the necessary sum and in my extremity I was led to quit coffee and try Postum."

"The results have been magical. I now sleep well at night, something I had not done for a long time; the pain in my stomach is gone and I am a different person."

"Every time I had tried to stop coffee I suffered from severe headaches, so I continued to drink it, although I had reason to believe it was injurious to me. But when I had Postum to shift to, it was different."

"To my surprise I did not miss coffee when I began to drink Postum. Coffee had been steadily and surely killing me and I didn't fully realize what was doing it until I quit and changed to Postum. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum cereal in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.—sold by Grocers.

SUPERIOR GAME FOR MEMORY

Players Contribute Names of Something to Eat, Beginning With A and Ending With Z.

The best place to play this memory game is at the table; somebody begins by saying, "I had for dinner an apple;" the next persons say, "I had for dinner an apple and a beet;" the third declares he "had for dinner an apple, a beet and some celery."

Not a Joshua.

Charley and Nancy had quarreled. After their upper mother tried to re-establish friendly relations. She told them of the Bible verse, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Japan's forests are being cut away at a rate of 1,000,000 acres a year.

something to eat beginning with the next letter of the alphabet in order, and he must repeat everything that has been mentioned up to that point in the game.

Velvet Blouses.

Among the dressier blouses those made of velvet are holding a very prominent place. As the material is very heavy, it is usually combined with chiffon, lace or Georgette crepe. In some instances the velvet is used to form bill effects. Other blouses are all velvet except for the sleeves. Many chiffon blouses are trimmed with bands of velvet in harmonizing or contrasting color. At any rate one's wardrobe will not be complete this season unless one has a blouse showing some signs of velvet about it somewhere.

Trinkets of Rock Crystal.

Rock crystal jewelry is the latest fad. The square, oval or pear-shaped crystals are carved in cameo effect and are set in rings of silver. Through small holes at top and bottom of the setting are run black silk cords which meet in a tassel beneath the ornament, which is worn as a pendant over a dainty blouse of indestructible voile or pussy willow silk.