

THE SANDMAN STORY

By Mrs. F. A. WALKER

DISCONTENTED ANIMALS.

The cat was sitting in the barn doorway, sunning herself. She licked her paws and rubbed them over her face...

"I don't see that you work very hard," said the cat, who had become fully awake. "You sleep a good bit yourself. I have this barn to keep clear of mice and rats and the house also, and if one little mouse happens to get into the house the cook says that cat is getting too much to eat, and then I am given short rations for a while. I cannot even look admiringly at a chicken without being suspected of wrongdoing. You are a very fortunate dog."

"Now, isn't that just like a cat," replied the dog. "I would like to know who is responsible for the safety of things around here if I'm not. The doors are locked at night, and I am left on guard in my house in the yard."

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not nice and creamy. I am led to the slaughter house and made into beef. You talk of a hard life, you do not know what it is. Just then the farmer came in. "What is all this noise about?" he asked. So they told him. "Very well," he said. "I will have you all changed into the animal you wish to be; now think it over." After a while he asked the dog what he had chosen to be, but the dog had decided to remain as he was. Then he turned to the cat, but she had run out; she did not care to be any larger than she was. And the hives and cow had also decided to remain in their present condition. "Well," said the farmer, "if you are all satisfied, do not let me hear any more complaining."

CANDY ETIQUETTE IN JAPAN

It is Not Considered Good Form to Partake of Sweets on Street—Children Observe Rule.

But with all that, they have their niceties about eating. Homer Crox writes of the Japanese in Leslie's. One day as I was going along the street I saw a candy man sitting on a stool with his candy fashioning delicacies with his two flying thumbs. Taking a ball of candy mixture he would give it a few pinches, a twist, dab on a red spot and there would be a fish. Taking up another ball he would give it a few twists and he would have a radish. Half a dozen of these he would put into a thumb-made candy plate, the size of a chocolate wrapper, and sell for half a cent. Buying a plate of tiny delicacies I gave it to a girl, expecting to see her do it in good old American fashion, but instead of falling on it greedily she made a courtly bow and tore down the street as fast as her wooden shoes would let her. I looked after her in astonishment, thinking that this upset every child theory I had and determined to try it again. So I waited until the two flying thumbs had molded another delicacy and proffered this to a second child. Down the street she flew, too, her walnut knot of hair wobbling excitedly. When I bought the third delicacy I gave it to a child that was weighed down with a baby on her back and followed after, while she bobbed down the street, the baby's head rolling heavily. I found her sitting on the floor, eating the strappy fish and candy radishes with many delighted sucts and appreciative grunts. Then I understood; it was not polite to suck on the street, but under her father's gray tie the roof it was the height of form to dispose of the sweets with all the gustatory gurglings that her delighted soul wished.

Right, But Wrong.

"A train leaves London, traveling at thirty miles an hour," began the master, impressively. "Half an hour later another train leaves the same station, traveling at fifty miles an hour. Where will the second train run into the first?" The class thought and thought, and judging by their faces, the problem in mental arithmetic was beyond them—all save one, young Tommy Smith. He jumped to his feet, waving his hand wildly. "Yes, Tommy," said the master, encouragingly. "At the back end of the rear carriage," said Tommy.—London Tit-Bits.

Didn't Know Sheep.

"Now, Tony, if there were nineteen sheep in a field and seven jumped over a wall, how many would be left?" "None, Miss Steve." "No, Tony. Think again. There were nineteen sheep and seven jumped over the wall." "Well, Miss Steve, I think I know what you mean; but really, Miss Steve, you may know arithmetic, but you don't know sheep."—Educational Times.

Flies Without Wings.

What kind of bat flies without wings? A brickbat.

Corduroy Featured in Winter Wraps



Besides fur-fabrics, which gave chance for a welcome variety in separate coats and jackets to be worn with cloth skirts, corduroy has increased its popularity for this purpose. Like fur-fabric it is more effectively used as a wrap, with skirt of a plain material, than in suits, and it makes a handsome full-length coat for either street or dressy wear. Its adaptability to many purposes is explained by its manufacture in many colors and of cotton as well as wool or silk. The quieter colorings are chosen for utility coats, the bright hues for sports coats, and the richer qualities provide wraps for evening. The last are almost always furnished with big fur collars and cuffs. An effective model in a corduroy short coat is shown here. It is in taupe color with collar and cuffs of the material, and even the large flat buttons covered with it. The skirt is of the heavy, glossy woolen cloth known as "kitten's ear," matches it in shade, and it seems that no other color is so beautiful in these fabrics. But in the better qualities Russian green and warmer brown have nothing to be desired in harmony of color and material. They are very fine in corduroy. The coat pictured is a loose-hanging garment with a little definition giving the waist line by a sash of the corduroy drawn through narrow straps of it, that are sewed to the coat. The sash ends are finished with small silk tassels. A coat of this kind in any of the reserved or staple colors may be worn over dresses in almost any color. Forecasting Short Jackets. Short jackets will be worn this spring. Styles tend more toward the 1840 and 1850 periods. Skirts will be longer and ruffled and waists will be tighter.—Paris Letter to Harper's Bazar.

Advance Styles for the Small Boy



For the small boy recently arrived at the dignity of blouse and pants nothing radically new has made its appearance in the suits designed for spring. It is in little details of finishing and an occasional minor change in construction that novelty may be found. Those who wish to get the sewing for spring under way are safe in making up his washable suits and play rompers of the usual fabrics. Belted blouses and bloomers, or straight pants, are made of colored chambray or linens. Sometimes they combine a color with white, more often a plain and a striped pattern, and just about as often two colors, in the same suit. These serve, with his rompers, as in past seasons for his daily wear. White linen suits fill in his needs for more pretentious dress, and these or velveteen suits bespeak his best efforts to do honor to formal occasions. Rompers that look trim are made of chambray or serge, with straight pants and long, plain body, cut in one piece. They open down the back and at the waist line and have a belt for the material that buttons in front. It is slipped through narrow straps of fabric stitched to the body of the garment. The neck is round and split a little way down the front. It is finished with a narrow sailor collar and the sleeves with cuffs. A small patch pocket at the left side and two short straps across the split at the neck, fastened with a button at each end, give a bit of snappy finish. A velveteen and a linen suit are shown here. Both are made with straight pants and belted blouse. The velveteen is plaited, with slashes under the plaits through which the belt is slipped. The shallow V at the front of the neck is filled in with a white dickey, and the small sailor collar, wide cuffs and belt are all of linen. The linen suit for midsummer is cut on the simplest lines, with sleeves and blouse in one piece. It is easy to make and reduces the work of laundering to the minimum.

Impatience under a burden only makes it heavier.

History of Flint Working. Although the wrought flints found in great numbers in Egypt have been discussed in various isolated papers, no detailed survey of them has as yet been accessible to students. This want is now being supplied by Professor Petrie in the first part of an elaborate survey of the subject in Ancient Egypt for 1915. Flint-working, he points out, began in archaic times, and gradually blossomed out into the grand style of the splendid forms characteristic of the Chellean and Acheulean periods, which no later work has surpassed. The Mousterian and Aurignacian ages reflect the decadence of European man in the third glacial period. In this paper the Egyptian and European forms of implements are carefully and with abundant illustrations correlated. This survey, when complete, will be of great value to students of prehistoric antiquities.

Long Popular in England. The custom of drawing mates, or valentines, was an important function in the homes of English gentry as far back as 1478. On St. Valentine's day an equal number of young men and maidens would meet, write their names on billets, and draw for partners. The fortunate valentines gave balls and other entertainments to their mistresses—who were their cavaliers' billets mesantime—and in other ways devotedly wooed them. Genuine love affairs, of necessity, sprang from this rapprochement, and the result was many a happy marriage.

Unreasonable. Mrs. W.—My husband is so very unreasonable. Mrs. B.—Most husbands are. What did you do? Mrs. W.—He fixed a fishhook in one of his pockets because he preferred to suppose that I robbed him at night—and then he blamed me because he forgot it was there.

Wanted the Used One. Elaine (at the neighbor's)—Is it true that you got a new baby? Newpup—Yes, dear. Elaine—Then won't you please let me have the old one?

Defeated. "Tommy, you should not fight with that Jimson boy." "I know it, ma." "That's right." "But I didn't know it before I hit him."

An Old Valentine by Margaret E. Sangster Jr.

I WANDERED to an attic where lacy cobwebs swayed. Where sunbeams, dusty golden, were dancing as they strayed; And as I crossed the threshold with footsteps soft and slow, I felt the hidden presence of ghosts of long ago.

I saw a wooden chest there with rusty lock and key, And when I knelt before it my dreaming eyes could see Initials twined together and carving almost hid By scratches, deeply graven upon the polished lid.

I knelt beside it, silent, and opened it with care; I felt as if some girl-soul were standing by me there; For dainty garments whispered, and perfumed laces swung. Of morning and of springtime, when all the world was young.

I saw a folded paper, all yellow with the years. Perhaps the print of kisses, perhaps the mark of tears Had touched it once—for, fastened with bow of faded blue, It whispered through the ages a message, "I love you!"

I laid it gently from me and closed the chest with care, And breathing through the stillness I heard behind me there A murmur—half a love word, and half, perhaps a sigh— The phantom of a heart-beat of many years gone by.

ROMANCES END IN "CUPID'S MORGUE" Many a Token of Affection Finds Its Way to the Dead Letter Office.

Every Year Thousand of Valentines Fall to Reach Their Destination Because of Carelessness on the Part of Those Who Send Them.

THE failure to dot an "i" or cross a "t" helps to fill "Cupid's morgue" and often places in jeopardy the real romance of many a man and maid who go through life thinking that the anonymous outpourings of their hearts were not appreciated, or that the intended recipient lacked intuition. Thousands of these votaries of St. Valentine lose out every fourteenth day of February and wonder why, little thinking it was only the slip of the pen in addressing the valentine to the chosen one that caused it to go astray and reach "Cupid's morgue," as it is called at the dead letter office at Washington.

Or it may be the lost valentine was sent to a "Nixie post office," which sounds like a place for only mysterious letters which are sent to little brownies, pixies and fairies by small boys in the country. Thousands of station on the railroad, and not a post office at all. In this case it is left at the nearest post office, and if the addressee fails to claim it the valentine then reaches "Cupid's morgue" at some one of the sixteen division headquarters in the country.

When it reaches the morgue, if it bears a written message, every means is resorted to find for whom it was intended, for Uncle Sam has a lot of sentiment, so sometimes by the postmark and a wonderful astuteness in unravelling the secret intentions of people who characterize the clerks in the dead letter office through whose hands it passes, the fair one or gallant is never signed—for that is their mysterious charm—it takes a kindred feeling and the cleverest sort of detective work to unravel the mystery of their destination. In the event of failure, he who thinks these messengers of sentiment and love are ruthlessly destroyed or sold at auction in one of the several dead letter sales which take place each year is mistaken, for the great mass of valentines, with some exceptions, what is one's loss is another's gain, and while a trifle belated reach a happy destination where they are thoroughly appreciated.

On the 14 of February all over the country the mails increase about ten per cent, and while this is not as large an increase as Christmas and Easter, it is very noticeable, requiring a longer time to sort and deliver the valentine matter. The special delivery and parcel post service help to facilitate getting out the mails on this day, and the latter is particularly interesting in the variety and uniqueness of the articles it carries as souvenirs of the celebration.

With each year styles change, and the old-fashioned, large, lace paper valentines in the embossed envelopes of the last century, and the fancy cards in pasteboard boxes which used to be sent and were such a trial in the stamping machine, have now given place to thousands of post cards, while books, candy, flowers, fruit and other articles requiring careful wrapping come by special delivery or in the parcel post.

There is no live stock of any description carried by parcel post except by accident, though there is under discussion at this time a plan looking toward an extension of the service in this direction, that the farmers and country people generally may have the benefit of sending their live poultry, and perhaps game to customers direct.

However, on last Valentine day a sprang from this rapprochement, and the result was many a happy marriage. Unreasonable. Mrs. W.—My husband is so very unreasonable. Mrs. B.—Most husbands are. What did you do? Mrs. W.—He fixed a fishhook in one of his pockets because he preferred to suppose that I robbed him at night—and then he blamed me because he forgot it was there.

WEDDED LOVERS' VALENTINE. When daffodils began to blow, And apple blossoms thick to snow Under the town and breaking mold— 'Twas in the spring—we kissed and sighed, And loved, and heaven and earth delighted. We were so young and bold. Alas! we are not now so young, Yet love to us hath safely clung. Despite the sorrow, years and care— But, ah! we have not what we had, We cannot be so free, so glad— So foolish as we were.

Its Origin in Doubt. Many hold firmly to the belief that the celebration by the youth of both sexes of St. Valentine's day has some connection with the Roman saint Valentine, the bishop or presbyter who was beheaded in 279, during the reign of the Emperor Claudius. But this is doubtful, though, according to Wheatley, St. Valentine "was a man of most admirable parts, and so famous for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing valentines upon his festival took its rise from thence."

Be this as it may, the association of this lovers' holiday with St. Valentine, though accidental, may have had its origin in his wise.

The Wrath of God

By REV. J. H. RALSTON Secretary of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT—For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness.—Rom. 1:18.

What are the good tidings of great joy as announced by the angels to the shepherds? To say to men today that God loves them? Yes, but only announcing that part of the Gospel the preacher is acting cruelly, he must announce that there is wrath with God. Many years ago the bishop of the central diocese of New York said to a class of young men about to enter the ministry: "The truth is, half of God's word is law. The Gospel without a promise of retribution is emasculated. It is not only a theological mistake, it is not a Gospel." The text proclaims that there is wrath with God, and there are scores of Scripture passages speaking of the wrath of God and many of them are in the New Testament.

What is the Wrath of God? When the ancients saw the mountains that are now the witnesses of the wrath of man against man rocking and reeling, they said the gods were mad. But we cannot so think of the wrath of God. That wrath is real indignation against its object, and this indignation carries with it the idea that the object of the wrath will be the subject of God's opposition. The wrath of God is always based on justice and reason that take into account the rights and prerogatives of men as moral agents. Yet, God's own character for holiness and justice will be vindicated whatever may be the impatience of man with such a statement. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"—no limitation or modification.

The Wrath of God Against All Sinful Men. We know God hates iniquity and all evil deeds, but it is a more serious matter for us to note the proportion of scripture testimony that the wrath of God is against sinful men and logically so. Sin is an abstract thing, and cannot be in itself the subject of the execution of justice, but the sinner can be. Jesus told Nicodemus that the wrath of God abode on sinning man. Paul told the Ephesian and Colossian Christians that the wrath of God would come on the children of disobedience. He told the Thessalonians that the day is coming when God will be revealed from heaven taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Wrath Provoked, Slow in Development, and Fearful in Visitation. There are three things concerning the wrath of God that should be carefully noted. First, the wrath of God can be provoked or called out. The Israelites provoked the wrath of God repeatedly and plagues broke out on them. In the second Psalm men were urged to kiss the son lest he be angry, and they perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little. The wrath of God will never be manifested without the positive act of man calling it out, or provoking it, and one of the strongest evidences of the love of God is that his love has been frequently provoked and was manifested in wrath. The wrath of God is slow in its development. "The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy." One of the minor prophets teaches almost exactly the same thing, saying: "Turn unto the Lord your God, for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness." Thirdly, the wrath of God is fearful in its visitation. The time comes when kindness, merciful indulgence and longsuffering are at an end, and the most terrible judgments fall. This was illustrated in the destruction of the race by the flood, by the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, by the plagues on Egypt, by the wholesale destruction of many of the enemies of Israel. Not less fearful, indeed rather more so, will be the awful visitation of God's wrath in the future as indicated in 2 Thessalonians 1:7-9.

Thank God there is a refuge, for as Paul teaches by the Holy Spirit, that being now justified by the blood of Jesus Christ, we shall be saved from wrath through him. If ever in the history of the world the attention of man ought to be called to the wrath of God, it is now when the wrath of man against man—man so glorified by himself as to be almost a god—is manifested with a bitterness and hellish hate as never before. In the awful experiences in the war-pierced regions there is something of the wrath of God.

Men have forgotten God and he is making himself known in wrath. John the Baptist are needed to urge men to flee from the wrath to come. Praise for Works of Fiction. The most influential books and the truest in their influence, are works of fiction. They repeat, rearrange, and clarify the lessons of life, disengage us from ourselves, constrain us to the acquaintance of others, and show us a web of experience, but with a single change—that monstrous consuming ego of ours struck out.—R. L. Stevenson.

Be not too early in the fashion, nor too long to it; nor at any time in the extremes of it.—Lavater.

It is only persons of firmness that can have real gentleness. Those who appear gentle have, in general, only a weak character, which easily changes into asperity.—La Rochefoucauld.

Meet the first beginnings; look to the budding mischief before it has time to ripen to maturity.—Shakespeare.

I know of no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise, and closing it with an exception.—Steele.

Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day. Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, feel well. With a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath. Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentation, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatism; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any store that handles drugs which will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.—Adv.

Matched the Excuse. "Lend me a fiver, old man; I'm clean broke." "Why don't you pawn that ring you are wearing?" "What? My own ring?" "Couldn't do that; it's a souvenir of a deceased brother." "Well, my money is a souvenir of a deceased father."

Bad Risk. "Broken your New Year's resolutions yet?" "Every one of them. I wish I had the doggone things insured."

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.

Spain has opened an aviation school near Madrid in which the government aids those receiving instruction.

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