

THE SANDMAN STORY BY MRS. F.A. WALKER

FOX TELLS ANOTHER STORY.

"I wish Mr. Fox would tell another story," said Jack Rabbit, as he prepared to go again to the hillside and consult the source of wisdom upon which he had now come to depend very much.

"That story which he told me recently of the mouse and the frog was very interesting, and it illustrated so well the fact that so many of us seem bound to make ourselves uncomfortable by binding ourselves to persons and things unsuited to us. I shall certainly try to make him tell another story today."

When Jack Rabbit got to Mr. Fox's house he did not find him at home; but, knowing that unless something very important detained him, he would soon be there, he sat down to wait.

And as he waited he saw on the ground beside him a great number of ants, which were rushing about and hurrying in all directions—at least that was the way it seemed to Jack Rabbit, although he thought they must know what they were doing, else they would not be working so hard.

He was busy watching the ants, when, all at once, he was surprised to find Mr. Fox standing right beside him and saying: "How do you do this morning?"

Jack Rabbit was rather ashamed to be caught watching the ants, and started to make some explanation of what he was doing, when he was stopped by Mr. Fox, who said: "Don't excuse yourself for watching the ants. There are very few of us animals who could not learn more than we already know from these little insects, for they are very wise, and do many things much better than even men do them."

They are systematic and methodical; they know the rules of war and forms of government; they can lift more than their own weight and carry it a long way; they care for their sick, and provide for their future, and, above all, they have a sense of gratitude, and after I have got some of this dirt off my paws and washed my face I will teach you a bit of wisdom by telling you a story of an ant that was first told years and years ago by a wise old fox in Persia, whose stories have been retold by many another fox who was not so wise."

Jack Rabbit was delighted to think that Mr. Fox was going to tell him another story without his even having to ask him, and he was very impatient while Mr. Fox was washing his paws and face and getting off some of the dirt, which, I fear, had got on them while he was digging a hole under the fence which Farmer Wilson had recently built around his chicken yard.

Finally, however, he completed his bath, and he had scarcely got to the door of his house before he began his



Saw on the Ground Beside Him a Great Number of Ants.

story. "You see," said Mr. Fox, "that with all their other accomplishments the ants are not very good swimmers, and one day an ant, having ventured too near the edge of a brook, fell in, and was in great danger of being drowned. He called, in a feeble way, for help, but there seemed to be no one to hear him, and he had almost given up hope when the current of the brook carried him under a tree, upon a branch of which a dove was resting."

"The ant, seeing the dove, thought to himself: 'Here is one last chance; I will call as loudly as I can, and if the dove does not help me I shall give myself up as lost.'

"So he called as loudly as he could, and the dove, hearing him, looked down, and when he saw what the matter was, plucked a leaf from the tree and dropped it into the water just beside the ant. Though fast losing strength, the ant managed to crawl upon it, and the breeze, blowing the leaf to the shore, he crawled upon dry ground and was saved."

"Now a good many animals and a good many men would have said to themselves: 'That leaf fell off the tree, and I do not owe the dove anything for saving my life,' and would have at once forgotten the act of kindness. But the ant did not do this. Instead, he said to himself: 'Some day I will have a chance to repay the dove.'

"It was not long after this that a hunter, going through the wood, saw the same dove sitting on the branch of a tree, and determined to kill it. The dove, intent upon watching her nest, did not see the hunter, and so did not fly away; but the ant, watching the hunter while he loaded his gun, knew that the dove was in danger, and determined, if possible, to save her. He ran as fast as he could toward the hunter, and reached him just as he was making ready to fire. Scrambling as fast as he could up the hunter's leg, he reached a bare place above his stocking just as the hunter aimed his gun, and, biting him

as hard as he could, he made the hunter miss his aim, and the sound of the gun alarming the dove, she flew away to a safe place."

"Well," said Jack Rabbit, "that was certainly a fine thing for the ant to do, and particularly as it is not likely the dove ever knew why it was the hunter missed his aim."

"Indeed," said Mr. Fox, "it was all the more credit to the ant that he performed the kindness without expecting the whole world to know of it. And the whole story," continued Mr. Fox, "furnishes proof of the lesson that even the smallest sort of a kindness is profitable to the one who does it."

"And now I am going in to take a nap," said Mr. Fox, "for I have had a very busy night and morning doing a kindness to Farmer Wilson's chickens. He had built a fence so tight that there was no way they could get out of their yard; but I have dug them a nice hole under the fence, and I think one or two of them will get out by tomorrow morning."

TO START BOY IN BUSINESS

Shetland Ponies Are Easily Kept and Require But Little Grain—Do Very Well on Hill-sides.

A good way for a boy to start in business is by raising Shetland ponies. A very well-bred mare can be bought for \$125 to \$200, the latter figure being for a pure bred.

Starting with a mare in foal, a boy can, in the course of five years, if he has no bad luck, find himself in possession of enough animals to start him on the highway to success.

It is always best to buy registered animals for breeding, but if crosses are used with a registered stallion one can in time breed up to a very high standard. Shetlands are very easily kept. They require but little grain, and will do very well on rocky hill-sides where there is fair pasturage.

They need shelter in bad weather, of course, but an open shed, wind-tight on three sides, leaving the south side open, will be all that is necessary. A good wire fence is required to keep them in bounds, as Shetlands are extremely curious and somewhat restless, and will manage to get over, under, or through the average farm fence.

If handled from birth they are very easily broken, and at three years old will be ready to ride or drive. Pure-bred Shetlands find ready sale at prices ranging from \$125 to \$200, and exceptionally fine specimens bring even higher prices.

FRENCH BOY DISPLAYS PLUCK

Cuts Planks for Floor for Trench While Within Thirty-Six Yards of Enemy—Enemy Astonished.

A patient in the American ambulance hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine tells the following story of one of his comrades:

"We had been living in the trenches for days with the water above our ankles. At that time our trenches were only thirty-six yards away from the German trenches, so that we could hear the enemy talking and whistling, and, indeed, we often called across to them."

"One day, young P., who was a hot-tempered chap about twenty-one years of age, threw down his shovel and said that he wouldn't work in such a nasty hole another moment, and that he had rather die once from a German bullet than live another day in the trench. Anyhow, he was going out to chop some wood for a floor and let the Germans shoot him if they wished."

"Thereupon P. calmly crawled out of the trench, walked to a woodpile in full sight of the Germans, and began making planks from the wood. He worked a whole hour, for the Germans were so much astonished at his audacity, and so delighted with his pluck, that they made no attempt to stop him."

"When he had finished the needed pile of boards, P. calmly carried them into the trench, and the men made a good floor of them."—Youth's Companion.

RIGHT BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

List Prepared by Literature Committee of Mothers' Congress—Bible Is Placed Second.

(By MARION V. HIGGINS, Colorado Agricultural College.) "Some books are lies frae end to end."—Burns.

If you agree with "Bobbie" Burns, you may want to consult the circular published by the United States bureau of education on "1,000 good books for children."

- This list was prepared by the literature committee of the Mothers' congress and is planned for use in communities not so fortunate as to have a children's librarian or to supplement the work of a children's librarian. The table of contents given below shows the aim and scope of the circular: 1. Picture books and stories for the youngest reader. 2. Bible. 3. Education and life. 4. Natural history, science and animal stories. 5. Stories of foreign lands. 6. Our own country. 7. History, myths and legends. 8. Biography. 9. Stories. 10. Poetry. 11. Books for occupation and amusement. 12. Key to publishers.

CAP and BELLS



EDITOR EXPLAINS AN ERROR

Indignant Citizen Objects to Being Called "Greedy Jobber"—Copy Read Plainly "Robber."

"See here," yelled the indignant citizen, as he entered the office of the editor of the Daily Whoop. "What do you mean by this article in yesterday's paper?"

"What is it?" asked the editor. "What is it?" shouted the indignant citizen. "Why, you refer to me as a greedy jobber."

"That is too bad," replied the editor. "It is a typographical error, and I am sorry it appeared as it did."

"O, very well," answered the indignant citizen. "I accept your apology. I don't know how that fool linotype man came to set the word 'jobber,'" added the editor. "I wrote the word 'robber' very plainly."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Feminine Logic. Mrs. A.—Yes, Belle is married at last, and do you know her husband is the very man who proposed to her ten years ago.

Mr. A.—She ought to have married him then.

Mrs. A.—Oh, my dear, he was really quite too old for her at that time.

Getting the Highest Bid. "I could have done better than to marry you."

"A common cry among wives, my dear. You women shouldn't blame us men for your lack of business acumen. To assure yourselves that you have married as well as possible you should invite sealed proposals."

What Base Uses, Etc. The new roomer was disappointed. "I thought the rooms were all finished in hardwood," he hinted.

"They used all that in stuffing the mattresses," rejoined the one who had lived there four years because he was always behind with his rent.

Almost a Faux Pas. "I notice in the paper," gasped the Washington hostess, "that Senator Geewhiz was not re-elected to the next congress."

"What of that?" "And I was just about to ask him to dinner."

The Hero. "There's a burglar in the house," she said in frightened tones.

"What of it?" asked her more or less better half from beneath the blankets. "I have never yet uncovered myself for any man," he added with due hauteur.

WHAT HE DISPLAYED.

Lady of House (to tramp who has just jumped over picket fence)—You've got a tremendous nerve to come over that fence.

Tramp—Not only nerve, madam; I think I displayed considerable ability as well.

She Knew the Business. Aunt—Your bride, my dear boy, is wealthy and all that, but I don't think she'll make much of a beauty show at the altar.

Nephew—You don't, eh? Just wait till you see her with the bridesmaids she has selected.

Like Trouble. "Jim, you had better not go into this spelling bee."

"Why not?" "Because, with your limitations, you'll find yourself in a hornet's nest."

ENGLISH LEARNING TO SHOOT

At Match for Boys, Assembly Is Amazed to Hear Youngster Call on Father for Bull's-Eye.

"Young Astor," said a Chicago editor, "has just given \$100,000 to the British Red Cross. I congratulated him on his ardent last month in London, but he said, with a laugh, that such ardent was common all over England."

He said that all over England they were learning rifle shooting in their patriotic ardor now. There was a rifle shooting match not long ago in the village of Combe Martin for boys between fourteen and seventeen. It was astonishing how many boys took part in the match—the prize was a substantial one—and some of the seventeen-year-old youngsters had astonishingly mature faces.

"As one of these urchins was in the midst of a very brilliant display of rifle shooting, the assembly was amazed to hear a little boy in the front row yell:

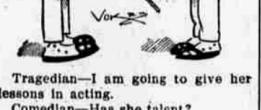
"Gon on, father! Hurray! Give us another bull's-eye."

Smooth Oratory. "He's a smooth politician, all right."

"In what way?" "Didn't you notice in his speeches he never referred to the workingmen's humble cottages?"

"No; what did he call them?" "Always he said: 'You in your modern bungalows.'"

BEST REASON.



Tragedian—I am going to give her lessons in acting.

Comedian—Has she talent? Tragedian—Well, she has money.

Who Is to Blame? Mr. Geedon—Do you remember, Joe, where I put my cigarettes the other night?

Joe—No, I don't, sir. Mr. Geedon—These servants! They never remember anything!—Santiago (Chile) Successor.

Nothing to Him. "Did Blabson's love affair have a happy ending?"

"I presume so. I saw his former fiancée the other day and she must weigh at least 200 pounds."

"Do you suppose that makes Blabson happy?" "At least it doesn't make him unhappy. You see, she didn't marry Blabson."

Just So. "The first of our line, Sir Higgleddy Piggledy, founded the family fortunes with a grist mill he ran."

"When did he run this grist mill?" "Back in 1560 or thereabouts."

"Oh, yes. I've often heard that those were the times when knighthood was in flour."

Mutual Help. "Say, old man," quoth the farmer, "I wish you'd train my son to be a lawyer in your office. There's nothing in farming."

"I'll do it," assented the lawyer, "provided you'll take my son on your farm. There's nothing in the law."

A Nickel-Plated Romance. "They say Mayme married the meanest man in town."

"I should think so. Why, where do you think he took her for a wedding tour?" "Where?" "On a round trip to a jitney bus."

Dangers of Delay. "Learn to do one thing and learn to do it well," remarked the ready-made philosopher.

"Yes," answered the pessimist; "but by the time you have done that somebody not quite so conscientious has got the job."

Advertisement for Castoria medicine, showing a bottle and text: "Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA. What is CASTORIA? Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend. GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of Charles H. Fletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years The Kind You Have Always Bought THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY."

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THOUGHT BOSS WAS RIGHT

And Many People, When They Read This Tale, Will Agree With Plain Opinion Expressed.

A young real estate man met an acquaintance of his wife who was in the lumber business the other afternoon. After greetings and a trifling invitation extended and accepted, the real estate said to the wood salesman—just to make conversation: "Well, how's the lumber business?"

"I don't know. The fact is I resigned from my job last Saturday."

"Is that so? Didn't you like the work?" "Well, I liked it pretty well."

"Wasn't the salary big enough?" "Well, it was a pretty good salary. But the boss insulted me."

"How did he insult you?" "He said I was a fool."

"And you quit just for that? Didn't get fired or requested to resign? The boss called you a fool and you up and left a good job?"

"Yes." "Well, by gosh, the boss was right."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When He Asked Father. The Dear Girl—Well, did you succeed in making papa toe the mark? The Young Man (sadly)—Yes, but I was the mark.

Dangerous Game. "Why did the police break up the children's game over there?" "Please, your wushup, they's was playin' 'I spy.'"

Firm Basis. "Let us cement our friendship." "Then we had better do it by taking some concrete action."

When you see a young man carrying a pink parasol for a girl it's a sign that they are not married.

Many a man who feels sure one minute feels sore the next.

Some Refreshment.

Rear Admiral Fletcher during the maneuvers of Newport told a story at a garden party.

"The navy is as abstemious from ethical reasons," he began, "as old Stinger was from miserliness."

"Old Stinger was entertaining a boyhood friend one evening at his shore cottage. After a couple of hours of dry talk, the old fellow said gently: "Would you like some refreshment—a cooling draft, say—George?"

"Why, yes; I don't care if I do," said George, and he passed his hand across his mouth and brightened up wonderfully.

"Good!" said old Stinger. "I'll just open up this window. There's a fine sea breeze blowing."—Detroit Free Press.

Girls as Grocers' Clerks. The London municipal school, where girls may learn in six weeks to become grocers' clerks, has been successfully launched in the western part of the city, with a class of 30. The girls will be trained in all routine work of assistants in grocery and provision stores. Tuition is free, and pupils unable to support themselves during the six-weeks' course are granted \$3 a week from the prince of Wales fund.

Cheering for Mr. Silmpurse. Mr. Silmpurse (foeling his way)—Your charming daughter tells me that she is an excellent cook and housekeeper.

Old Lady (calmly)—Yes, I have had her carefully taught, for I have always held that no lady who does not understand housekeeping can properly direct a retinue of servants.—New York Weekly.

Tit for Sack. "So Bob didn't bag the heaviest?" "No; she gave him the sack."

Even in being wedded to his art, many a man marries in haste and repents at leisure.

GOT OUT OF HIS DILEMMA

Truly a teaman, as He Remarked to Himself, Had Profited by Night School Education.

Fritz, the teaman, was in a perspiration (for it was the hottest four o'clock in the morning in 11 years), and a dilemma (for he only had one small block of ice left, and there were still ten customers left unserved, each of whom took a ten-cent piece).

"I know!" Fritz cried to himself. "I know a way out. I didn't go to night school for nothin'!"

And he cut the block into ten tiny pieces and put one piece in front of each of the ten gates.

Then climbing over one of the fences, and filling a bucket full of water, he poured water over each of the tiny ten, so that each was in the middle of a puddle.

Clever Fritz! "What, you don't? Well, let him explain it himself, then: "Haw, haw!" chuckled Fritz. "Now when they find the pieces they'll think the ice went and melted on 'em!"

Shortly afterwards ten good housewives opened their gates and got a slant at the tiny ten.

You know the rest if you never had it happen to you.—Detroit Free Press.

It Depends. Motorist—How much are chickens today? Farmer—Dinner or damages?—Judge.

Tired of Him. He—I always pay as I go. She (yawning)—I don't think you'll ever become bankrupt.—Judge.

She Heard Anyway. "Do you tell your wife everything you do while she is away?" "No; the neighbors attend to that."

The pessimist is convinced that even the cup of joy is a trick cup, with a false bottom.

Advertisement for Post Toasties cereal, showing children eating and text: "Any Time—Post Toasties. These Superior Corn Flakes are not only a delicious breakfast food—they make an appetizing lunch at any hour of the day. And how the kiddies do enjoy them! After play time—for lunch or supper—the crinkly brown flakes just hit the spot. Post Toasties are made of choicest selected Indian Corn; steam-cooked, daintily seasoned, rolled and toasted to a delicate golden-brown. Post Toasties reach you all ready to serve—just add cream or milk. Little or no sugar is required as pure sugar is cooked in. Also mighty good with any kind of fruit. Ask your Grocer. Post Toasties—the Superior Corn Flakes!