

THE SANDMAN STORY

RIVER AND FOUNTAIN

ONCE there was a Little River running near a beautiful Fountain in a garden.

In the sunlight Fountain throwing its stream of water made wonderful colors and it sparkled and splashed as it fell into the big basin beneath it.

"Oh, how beautiful it is," said the Little River looking up at the Fountain.

"How I wish I could sparkle and make beautiful colors as it does in the sunlight."

The Fountain tossed its waters higher and splashed louder when it heard the Little River's lament.

"I am sorry for you," it said, "for it must be quite dull down where



you are, and very tiresome, too, running on as you have to over the rough stones.

"The world is very beautiful up here and as I dance and splash every one who comes this way stops to admire me. Yes, I pity you and I do not wonder that you admire me and wish you could be in my place."

The Little River did not dare reply to the Fountain. It was too far above it, and as all the Fountain said seemed true to Little River, it ran along

about its work, still wishing it was beautiful.

That night when all was still and the water at the Fountain had been turned off, a big tree, swaying over the river, spoke to it.

"Little River, I heard you complaining today that the big fountain was very beautiful and you wished you were like it," said the Tree.

"Oh, yes, but I am only a lowly little river and can never hope to be like the lovely Fountain," replied Little River.

"Yes, the Fountain is beautiful," said the Tree, "but do you not know that it is your water that supplies the beautiful Fountain and if you were not here there would be no Fountain?"

Little River almost forgot to move, it was so surprised. "It cannot be true," it said. "I never could get up there; you must be mistaken."

"It is true," said the Tree, "the water that sparkles and flashes at the Fountain comes from here. It is true that some man-made power forces it to the fountain bed, but the water comes from you, Little River, so do not envy the Fountain any more for without you the Fountain would not be beautiful."

The next morning, in the sunlight the Little River ran so swiftly over the rocks and stones that it almost jumped from its bed. It was so happy, and the big Fountain looking down upon it wondered how it could seem so joyous.

But though the Fountain was as beautiful as before, Little River was never again envious for was it not from it that the Fountain got its beauty?

Little River never stopped to tell the Fountain what it knew. "I could not be any happier," said Little River, "and it might make the Fountain sad to know that its loveliness came from a lowly little river."

SCHOOL DAYS



Oh, daddy, just look— look at him! All these lovely curls! Oh— you! I could simply shake the very gizzard right out of you! Monkey! Skinned rabbit! Imp! — Peeled onion!

Why Dick! Ain't you ashamed of your self? Gettin all them these curly curls cut off! I've a good notion to whale you, Dick—

Fly time Copyright

If Women Only Knew

Women who seem to have more leisure, who do not spend most of their time cooking food and washing dishes, say that the only way they do it is because they have an "Ideal" Fireless Cook-stove. It is easy to provide the family with even better tasting meals.

"Ideal" Fireless cooked food is famous for its palatability. The most experienced cook can have perfect results with the "Ideal" Fireless Cook-stove because it has the famous water-seal heat-lock which makes cooking results absolutely certain, the automatic pressure valve, special formula insulation, automatic valves, seamless aluminum compartments, several times the usual thickness and durability. These features insure the vastly superior results.

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Last Night's Dreams — What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM OF FIRE?

IN REGARD to dreams about fire the mystics are not entirely agreed. They all seem to agree that simply to dream of a fire is a favorable omen, but some of them attach unfavorable meanings to different circumstances which may arise in connection with the dream fire. Many of them predict that if you dream of a conflagration in which your house or your place of business is burned down, you will have many business troubles, but will come through them all right. Others say that if you see a fire in which the burning houses have fallen down it is a most favorable omen and not so good a one if the houses still stand. The consensus of opinion is that to see any fire and not get burned by it denotes health, fortune and happiness. To burn yourself in your dreams is not a favorable prognostication, but to dream that you touch the fire and are not burned, a most favorable one. Most authorities agree that while to dream of fire is a promise of good luck, it also means that you are likely to have a quarrel with a friend, though some declare that you must see the fire start suddenly to be sure of a quarrel, and all agree that the dispute will be over a trifle. If you extinguish the fire, a surprise is in store for you. To see a sparkling fire on a hearth or in a stove, denotes plenty of money. If a woman builds a fire without any trouble, she will be happy and have many children.

If she has difficulty in making the fire burn, the omen is the reverse. The scientists regard the fire dream simply as a reminiscence from our nursery days when we were warned not to play with matches and schedule this dream as one of the typical or standard ones.

As the scientists don't entirely agree with the mystics, and the mystics don't entirely agree among themselves with regard to the significance of dream-fire, it would seem to be a case where each of the rest of us was entitled to his own opinion.

Memories

BY GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

IT IS the faculty of Remembering and constantly calling to mind what has gone before, that makes it possible for us to tread forward. It is what saves us from becoming fossilized. It is what enables us to throw off the decaying shell of Self and to renew our strength in Effort and Enthusiasm and in Achievement.

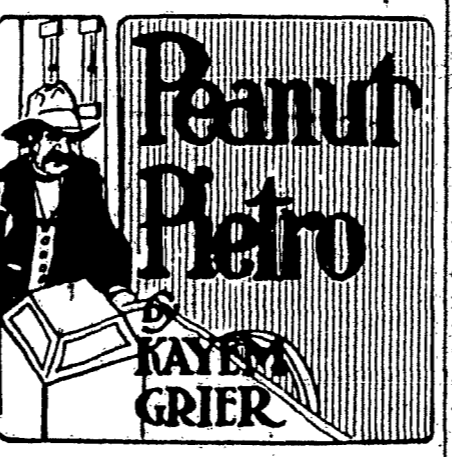
All that you now have of the Old Year are its Memories. How are you going to use them?

Every single life has its Stumbling Times. Every single life has its Climbing Hours. It is the Memory of the thrilling moments, that fairly made our whole consciousness glow with power and satisfaction, that make us feel we are worthy as fighters in the game and as aspirers for a portion of the Joy of this world.

All that you now have of the Old Year are its Memories. How are you going to use them?

Why not resolve here and now that you will just let slide, silent from you, every unpleasant memory of the past, gathering up and tying securely to you the while, every Pleasant Memory that the past has given to you? Make them spurs and incentives to make you bolder, braver and bigger. For—

All that you now have of the Old Year—and Years—are its Memories. How are you going to use them?



Peanut Pietro

FOR little while other day I feogure mebbe I am gonna hava plenty goods luck. One thing happen so I gotta leetle chance losa my boss. Lasa week he buy new automobile and lasa night he aska eef I likka maka ridu weeth heem.

Only ting wrong ees he dunno how to drive. He aska me, "Pietro, how you likka teacha me wheech way driva dat car?" Well, somatime I likka da boss and other time I ho likka ver good. Lasa night was bouta feefy-feefy.

You know my boss ees gotta pipe wot maka smell worse as somating dead. So I tink eef he smasha da car and breaka hees neck ees tougha luck. But eef he jusa breaka dat pipe I feegure ees greata stuff. Anyway, I tella heem alla right and we go for da ride.

Seema like he dunno wheech ees front wheel from da backa one. He wiegles on da street like he gotta St. Vitte dance en both hands. One time I say, "Geeva her da gas, Boss." Rights queeck he getta excite and aska wot calla "her" for. He say he forget to aska eef was dat kind when

WHAT THE SPHINX SAYS

By NEWTON NEWKIRK

How human it is to remember those who owe us and to forget those we owe."

He say eef ne any on female car he gotta fight weeth hees wife.

He wanta driva low gear and I say, "Wot's matter you no putta een high and maka run better?" He say eef stay een low gear we no gotta so far to fall eef ees tip over.

Other time when wanta go fast I say "step on eet," and he say, "eef I step on eet, Pietro, mebbe breaka somatig so ees no go any more." I feegure weeth my hooss ees jusa plain case likka nobody home.

Wot you tink?

Chicken Skin Digestible.

By feeding a diet containing from 65 to 67.5 per cent of chicken skin, Dr. T. F. Koltman and H. A. Shonle proved that it was as easily digested as meat, eggs or milk. In their report to the Journal of Biological Chemistry (Baltimore), they say they prepared it by rolling into balls and frying.

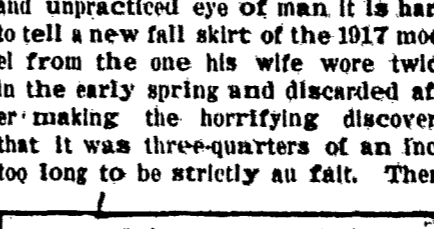
Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

THE FALL SKIRT

THE fall skirt is a neat garment which looks a good deal like the spring skirt, but costs more, owing to the European war, which has caused a great scarcity of everything, except campaign bunk.

The fall skirt was gotten up last February in the heart of Paris, France, and sent over here to be sold to women who do not care to look like any of their neighbors. To the dull and unpractical eye of man it is hard to tell a new fall skirt of the 1917 model from the one his wife wore twice in the early spring and discarded after making the horrifying discovery that it was three-quarters of an inch too long to be strictly au fait. There



nothing more depressing than a new skirt which is only 75 per cent au fait and folds carelessly about both ankles, instead of tilting back rakishly and blinding the innocent bystander in both eyes.

Great care has been taken, according to the fashion periodicals, to make the fall skirt so long that it can be worn to church with perfect propriety. By actual measurement it will reach to the top of a 12-inch boot, which will prevent anybody from tripping on it. In fact, it is estimated that it is going to be harder to trip over one of the new fall skirts than it is to escape the strident voice of the café piano player.

The fall skirt will be made of anything that costs more than it did last winter, but will not be guaranteed against defects of workmanship or material. Stripes will be worn a great deal by women who would look better in some solid, neutral tint like black taffeta. The nervous, high-voiced Scotch ploid will also be favored by wives whose husbands have learned to suffer in silence.

Owing to the increasing hardness of the American woman, the fall skirt will have the same kind of lining as the silk stocking, but the latter will contain a trifle more material.

Discarded After Making the Horrifying Discovery That It Was Three-Quarters of an Inch Too Long to Be Strictly au Fait.

Nothing Better for Beauty Than a Steam Bath Every Week or So.

glow and color only perfect cleanliness can lend, and making one feel young and fresh as never before.

In some ways the bath has been the salvation of Turkey and Greece. Their women lead sedentary lives, spending their time dressing, eating, and sleeping. This condition is changing as the countries are waking up to modern culture, but the general fact is still true: Lives spent like this mean that great layers of flesh accumulate, that the skin becomes clogged, the system sluggish, the brain and liver torpid—the whole being desires only more of the useless laxness. But the Turkish woman attends the bath every week, where she is steamed, scrubbed, massaged, lathered, and rinsed with hot and cold water, till her skin is free from every impurity and her whole system is rejuvenated and refreshed.

If you cannot take regular Turkish baths, get a cabinet and take steam baths at home.

Tincture of benzoin—not a patented article at all—is a good astringent. Wash the face with hot water and liquid green soap, rinse with hot, then cold water and put a few drops of the tincture in this last rinse. It simply closes the pores.

Gleamy Prospect.

"I hope," said the newly-made widow, wiping away a tear, "that poor dear Thomas won't be ranged with the goats instead of the sheep."

"Of course not," replied the consoling friend. "Thomas was a truly good man."

"Yes," sighed the widow, "but he would keep butting in."

Self-Centered.

"You have always been one of these skeptical people," remarked the reproachful friend.

"I must admit," replied Mr. Growcher.

"You even said the flying machine would not be a success."

"Well, so far as my own comfort or peace of mind is concerned, it isn't."

The Social Instinct.

"You don't seem to take the same interest in your work that you did at first," remarked Farmer Cornmeal.

"I take as much interest as ever," replied the hired man. "But what's the use of my tryin' to do so much work that I'll get unpopular with the rest of the help?"

Not the Reason.

Church—It is said that Naples is one of the few European cities where rents have remained very low.

Gotham—Oh, then it wasn't the high rents that made Vektivius so hot?

Salt Too.

First-class Scout—Most things go to the buyer, but some things don't.

Tenderfoot—What do you mean?

First-class Scout—Why coal goes to the cellar.—Boys' Life.

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

STEAM BATHS

IF EVERY woman who thinks that her regular bath is keeping her skin clean, could see the amount of dead cuticle and dirt and oily matter that the massage in a Turkish bath place gets out of the skin of a "clean" person—she would certainly become a regular patron of these bath places.

Turkish baths are beyond the reach of most folks, unfortunately, since only the larger towns possess them. And the home steam cabinet is the only substitute. Yet even this home method will open the skin as an ordinary bath never could, and free the pores of all the clogging waste matter in them; leaving the skin free once more to breathe, carrying off much waste matter, giving one the



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Differing Again.

"Bagley promised me he'd take me home to dinner with him some time."

"Promised! If you'd ever been to his house you'd have known it was a threat!"



Daisty "meep" answer, "I'm taking a vacation in London, considered by many as the most beautiful woman on the continent, as well as on the globe. She will go to the 'movies' soon for a return abroad."

Off and On Again

THE CURSE OF GOOD CHANCE

I wanted to die. And best damn too. The more you know, the more you know. Me into life.

NOTHING SCARY

"Why wasn't I?"

ing. Book of little things into complete at the beginning of the century.

"Why appalling? Didn't ever have any kind of life at your house?"

SELECTING APPROPRIATE

"Why do you call it 'self'?"

"Because I'm the only person who understands everything."

Their Long Life

About the only Bible verse especially successful was found in the fifteenth verse of the first chapter of Proverbs: "If thou be a stranger shalt surely prosper."

FINNIGAN PHILOSOPHY

There ain't much difference between our best work and worst work except in our imagination.

Try This on Your Mother

"I notice that Grandpa is a little fat."

"That's because he's been spreadin' the butter butter on cold pancake."

CROSBY'S

