

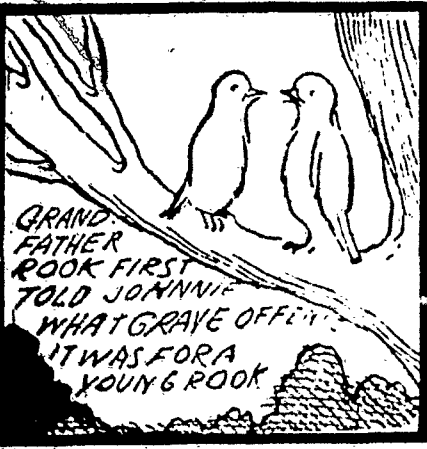
JOHNNIE SANDMAN STORY

JOHNNIE RUNS AWAY

OF COURSE, you know that the Rook family is a very exclusive bird family. They think a great deal of their family tree, or trees, and will not allow a young Rook to go away from those trees.

Now, young Johnnie Rook thought all this fuss about keeping with the family very silly, and one day he decided he would build a nest in a tree close to a field where there were plenty of grubs and also where he could occasionally have a taste of vegetables.

Johnnie Rook does not destroy very much; he might help himself to a potato or a little corn once in a while, but he is of enough value to the farm-



er destroying worms, so he can afford to give the Rooks a few vegetables in payment.

Of course, Johnnie Rook did not say a word to any of his relatives about moving away from the family trees. He just quietly one morning went away and at night time he did not return.

Old Grandfather Rook was the first to discover Johnnie's absence when he was counting noses before he went to sleep.

"Where is Johnnie?" he asked. "Watch him tomorrow when you see him and find out where he is," commanded Grandfather Rook.

The next night at bedtime every Rook knew what had happened; John-

nie had stolen away to another tree and made a nest for himself. "Let everyone be at that tree in the early morning," said Grandfather Rook, as he tucked his head under his wing. "Be up early, every one of you."

There was very little noise in the trees the next morning and silently Grandfather Rook led all of the family to the tree by the field where Johnnie had made a new home.

"But when they reached there they were far from quiet; such a chattering Johnnie never had heard before. He poked his head out, but he did not have a chance to get out of his new home by himself—he was helped by a dozen or more bills giving him sharp digs.

"Sit on that branch," said Grandfather Rook in a cross voice, "and we will hold a court; but, first, some of you take care of that nest."

Poor trembling Johnnie had to watch his nest pulled in pieces before his very eyes, but what they were to do to him interested him much more for the family looked very cross.

Grandfather Rook first told Johnnie what a grave offense it was for a young Rook not to respect his family trees and to go away by himself and then every one began to chatter.

"Pick him hard," said some. "Beat him with our wings," said others, while others cried, "Death to the deserter!"

Poor Johnnie almost fell off the limb where he sat with fright and his feathers shook with his trembling.

What would have happened to Johnnie he never knew, for at that moment Grandmother Rook spread her wings and flew to a branch above the others.

"Give him one more chance," she said; "he is very young and I am sure he did not know how terrible it is for one of our family to go by himself."

And so after a great deal of arguing and chattering it was decided to give Johnnie another chance, which you may be sure he was very glad to have.

He flew back to the family trees, and from that day there was no more loyal Rook in the family than Johnnie. (Copyright.)

HAS AN EDUCATIONAL VALUE

Good Newspaper is Very Much More Than a Mere Purveyor of the World's News.

The newspapers are made up by men trained in bringing together all the most important of the world's happenings and condensing them so that you can grasp them with little difficulty.

If yours is a good newspaper, it is interesting, for nothing is really news that isn't interesting. Read it carefully. It is your history of the most interesting of all the periods of the world's history—the times in which you are living.

You can get an excellent education by reading the newspapers attentively and following up the suggestions that come to you while reading them.

If you do not read them, and read them carefully, you will always be rusty and behind the times, though you have taken all the degrees the greatest university can confer.—John Blake in Chicago Daily News.

GET VALUE OF EACH MINUTE

No Man Has a Right to Waste His Own Time or Steal That of Another's.

Life is composed only of two things, time and effort. One is useless without the other. Both should be as nearly 100 per cent productive as we are able to make them.

Try as best we may, the end of life will find us with many things undone.

No man ever wholly completed the task allotted to him: There is a reasonable excuse if into our use of time no waste creeps.

For the man who wastes his own time or steals another's there is neither excuse nor valid reason.

Put a value on every minute. Be as anxious and as certain to get that value as you are to gain the worth of your dollars and your dollars.

Remember that once a minute has passed by it is gone forever.—F. A. Walker in Chicago Daily News.

GOLFER NOT "WHOLLY" BAD

Player Makes Ingenious Defense of Those Who Insist on Using Links on Sunday.

"Chick" Evans, the brilliant golfer, was talking at a golf club dinner in Chicago about Sunday golf.

"The prejudice against playing golf on Sunday," said Mr. Evans, "has practically disappeared, but in New England there are still clubs where the game is not permitted on the Sabbath.

"To deprive the modern player," continued Mr. Evans, "of his Sunday golf—the only day in the week that some men can play—is a great hardship."

Smiling, the great golfer added whimsically:

"And as a matter of fact, doesn't the golfer remember the Sabbath day and keep it 'holey'?"—Los Angeles Times.

For the Sake of Realism.

"You are worth a million in your own right, are you not?" the aspiring young author remarked to the beautiful actress he had somehow managed to meet.

"Why, yes," was the coldly surprised reply.

"Ah! then will you marry me?"

"No."

"Of course, I didn't expect you to," he said with a little sigh.

"Then why did you ask me?"

"Why, I've a character in my latest story who loses a million dollars in the market, and I was just trying to find out how a chap would really feel losing such an amount."

Victim of Necessity.

"Senator," said that statesman's private secretary, "a delegation of lady lobbyists insists on being seen."

"Bless their hearts!" cried the senator, in his most cheerful manner, "tell 'em to line up on the capitol steps and I'll guarantee they'll be seen by no less than half a dozen press photographers. As for me, I'm busy and positively cannot see them."

"That's what the senator wanted to say."

As a matter of fact, he grumbled aloud, put aside a batch of important papers, and weakly said, "Show them in."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Yukon Riches.

It is estimated that in the last thirty-five years, that is since the discovery of gold in the Yukon, \$200,000,000 of the precious metal has been recovered, and it is predicted that within the next quarter of a century another \$200,000,000 will be given to the world in the form of silver from the Mayo area where there are indications of rich finds.

Married Life.

"I gave my husband no cause for fault finding."

"That's a mistake. A little fault finding keeps 'em occupied."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Difficulty Is Surmounted.

Mr. Jenkins—I think a woman should not spend more on clothes than on rent.

Mrs. Jenkins—Well, then we shall have to pay a higher rent.

Raising the Price.

Mother—Johnny, will you be quiet for a bit?

Johnny—I'll do it for two bits. —Lewgwan.

Mother's Cook Book

I wander'd lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden daffodils; Beside the lake, beneath the trees, Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. —Wordsworth.

WHAT TO HAVE FOR DINNER.

PLANNING the family meals is not a task to be spoken of lightly, for it means much thinking, planning and economy. A nice dish which will be liked by the family and will be asked for again is:

Codfish Chowder.
Take two thick slices of salt pork, cut into small cubes and fry until brown; add one-half dozen potatoes sliced, three small onions also sliced, cover with boiling water and cook until the vegetables are tender. Add two cupsful of shredded salt codfish and one quart of hot milk; cook for five minutes, add one-half dozen milk crackers softened in boiling water and serve at once.

Soup From Bones of Fowl.
Remove all bits of meat from the bones of a fowl. Separate the bones at the joints and crush with a hammer; add all the bits of skin, pieces of neck and the feet which have been scalded and skinned. Cover with cold water and set over the fire. Melt three table-spoonfuls of chicken fat, slice into it an onion, three stalks of celery and a scraped carrot, add three sprigs of parsley, a blade of mace, cover and let cook, stirring occasionally until softened and yellowed slightly. By covering the dish the vegetables will steam in the fat and their own moisture. Add to the bones with a cupful of left-over canned corn and simmer partly for an hour; remove the bones and strain through a fine sieve. This broth may be used in making almost any variety of soup. By the addition of salt, pepper and a small can of tomato soup, a particularly good tomato soup results.

Banana Salad.
Slice one-half dozen bananas and chop one cupful of walnuts fine; add a little salt and mix with enough mayonnaise dressing to make the salad of the right consistency; add one cupful of freshly-roasted peanuts, and serve on lettuce.

Caramel Rice Pudding.
Pour one-half cupful of washed rice into boiling salted water. Stir with a fork to keep the grains from sticking; cook until soft. Pour into a colander and rinse with cold water. Cool. Beat the yolks of two eggs until light, add one-half cupful each of brown sugar and raisins, one-fourth teaspoonful of vanilla, a dash of cinnamon and one cupful of nutmeats. Bake until brown. Cover with a meringue, using the whites. Serve with cream.

Nellie Maxwell
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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I madly bought an ugly hat— Excuse me while I shed this tear. I'm cursed with poverty, you see— I've got to wear the thing all year.

No Cabarets for Him.
Farmer (contemplating trip)— reckon there's a powerful lot o' sights to see in New York.

Don't Pick Out a Printer Blindfolded

Get the One Who Can Help You Sell Your Goods

We have the ability to help you sell your goods and we can do this at a reasonable cost to you.

Economy and standardization are the watchwords here. We use Hammermill Bond, the standard, economical, business paper and we turn out a grade of printing that brings results for our customers.

LET US SHOW YOU

THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good

By JESSIE ROBERTS

LECTURE-TEACHING

IN PARIS, when our soldier boys were on leave and seeing the sights of the great city, it was common to meet an American girl taking a bunch of the boys through one or the other of the museums that make part of its glories. They made these trips interesting by telling stories about many of the famous pictures and statues.

Anna Curtis Chandler is doing something of the same sort in her Sunday Story Hour for children in the Metropolitan museum in New York city. She confines her work to the lecture hall, however, and illustrates what she says with stereopticon slides. But there is an idea here that might be carried out in many of our smaller cities and towns. There are often excellent little museums in such towns whose contents, if they were brought to the attention of the young people, and the older ones, too, would add immensely to the appreciation and understanding of art and beauty in a community, as well as to the knowledge of the history of art. A clever girl who wished to do this sort of work would have to take a course in art history. She would need to understand the different periods, to know the masters. She would be able to find much interesting material on which to build her stories, much human interest, too. Working with the co-operation of the curator, and advertising her talks in a way that would attract her fellow-townsmen, she might make a real success of this now little-worked form of lecture-teaching.

(Copyright.)

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"SALARY."

ADMITTEDLY a necessary part of everyone's diet, salt, was formerly much more of a luxury than it is at present. Deposits of it were comparatively scarce and the commodity was distinctly high-priced. It was for this reason that salarium or "salt money" was included as part of a Roman soldier's pay—much as, in the sixteenth century, "pin money" was given to wives for the purchase of pins, then made by hand and quite expensive.

From his allowance of "salt money" the word "salary," as applied to payment for services rendered, was gradually evolved, and it is to the same source that we owe the common colloquial expression that a person "is not worth his salt." Owing to the fact that salt is now obtainable for a few cents a pound, this phrase is understood to mean that a person is practically worthless. But, a few centuries ago, it was understood to mean that, while not much above the average, the person referred to was worth at least something.

(Copyright.)

The Comforter.

An Irish farm laborer was being tried for stealing a watch. His employer testified that he had found Pat an honest fellow, but other evidence was against him, so he was sentenced to jail.

As his wife left the court in tears a woman friend stepped up to comfort her. "Oh, now, Katherine," she said, "don't take on so. Just think what a splendid character Mr. O'Malley gave Pat. Sure if he hadn't stolen the watch we would never have known what a fine, honest fellow your man was."—Boston Transcript.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A HIGH STANDARD.

THE highest standard man can raise is just to try with all his might to be the thing both day and night. That boy of his is SURE he is. (Copyright.)

A Good Score.

"What is considered a good score on these links?"

"Well, sir," replied the youthful cad, "most of the gents tries to do it in a few strokes as they can, but it generally takes some more."

On Top.

"I don't care what you say about the De Styles, they are certainly the cream of society."

"I guess you're right. At any rate, the milk of human kindness appears to be beneath them."

Benefit of Physical Training.

Dr. Dudley A. Sergeant, leading exponent of physical training, has said from consultation with the records which were commenced at the time of the world's fair at Chicago, that our college men are two inches taller and nine pounds heavier than they were at that time. This is due to physical training.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

By A. WINGATE.
(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Ashley sat at the desk in his den. He had not yet actually settled down to work, for the door stood ajar and he was still exploring his portfolio and setting papers in order before him.

Voices floated down the staircase, his wife's subdued, his son's deep and vibrant. Ashley's lips expanded in a satisfied smile.

"Have you thought, Gordon, of the effect this will have upon your father, and perhaps upon your prospects?" Mrs. Ashley asked.

"Yes," answered the young man. "I have yielded to father in choosing business instead of a profession. In this I cannot yield."

"He will be disappointed," the mother said gravely.

Gordon laughed shortly at this mild statement.

"I am a man now, mother, and this is a matter in which one man may not command another. I love Alice."

"We've played together summers down at Wheatfield ever since we were kids, and I always liked her best," he finished, boyishly.

His voice changed to a harsher tone. "Father is ruining his life and ours," he said, sternly. "Everything that is his is touched by the blight of his perversing temper. It is wearing you out. I can see it. Marjorie's happiness was sacrificed to his ambition. Dick was forced into un congenial employment. We've all kept in for your sake, but some day there'll be a mighty smash. There never was a man who thought himself omnipotent, since the days of Nebuchadnezzar, that the Almighty didn't humble him."

At the look on his mother's face, he added, contritely:

"Forgive me, mother, I shouldn't have said it."

They moved away.

Ashley sat motionless. That merciless indictment from Gordon, his hope and pride! It was a full half-hour before he arose, closed the door and locked it. He dropped into his chair and laid his head upon his folded arms.

"Allie Betty Kent down in Wheatfield!"

That must be Alice Elizabeth's daughter. In the days when Wheatfield had been his home, Alice Elizabeth's name had not been Kent, but Courtney.

After a few moments, he raised his head, unlocked a drawer and took out a box. From the box he drew a shabby pocketbook, and from this, in turn, a tiny, yellowed silk bag. He untied its string and shook the contents out upon the blotter—a circlet of braided sweet grass, dry and brittle, and a gold ring set with a small diamond.

He remembered the day he had braided the grass and measured Alice Elizabeth's finger.

They sat under the maples on the river bank. The sun sent golden shafts of light through the trees to fall upon her yellow hair. She had insisted upon having the braided ring to keep and had made the little silk bag for it, the very evening he had placed the diamond on her finger.

He remembered, too, the evening nearly two years later, when she had given them back. He recalled fragments of the conversation.

"You have grown so hard."

"Nothing matters except having your own way, and it does not matter that your way is not always right."

"I do not dare to risk life with you."

"Please try to change, or I fear you will some day be a lonely, wretched old man."

His hurt had been deep. He could not destroy the rings, but had hidden them.

Thirty-five years, and he had not changed. If tonight were any criterion, he was on his way to the lonely, wretched old age she had prophesied.

A rap sounded at the door. With the pitiful diamond still clasped in his hand, Ashley unlocked it.

Gordon came in, his shoulders squared. "I wasn't sure you had come home," he said. "Are you too busy to listen to me for a few moments?"

Ashley pushed back his papers.

"Go ahead," he said, gruffly.

Gordon came straight to the point. "I'm engaged to be married, father. I thought it best to tell you."

Ashley was silent. Gordon stumbled on. "It is Allie Betty Kent. She lives in Wheatfield, where we used to go summers." He waited, tense, for the expected outburst.

"In Wheatfield," mused his father. "Must be Alice Courtney's daughter."

"She is," answered the young man. Relieved, he sat on the corner of the desk and picked up a circlet of dried grass that lay there, nervously breaking it to bits and laying the bits upon the platter. Ashley winced.

"Probably better than you deserve," he growled. "See that you treat her well. Now clear out."

Gordon went. "Dismissed with a blessing," he remarked in helpless astonishment.

Left alone, Ashley swept the bits of dried grass into the waste basket. He put the diamond away, closing the door with a bang.

"Perhaps," he said to the four walls, "I shall not need so large a dose of grass as Nebuchadnezzar."

SCHOOL DAYS



SCHOOL DAYS

