

THE SANDMAN STORY

CALLA LILY'S COUSIN

ONE day little Jack-in-the-Pulpit was telling the wild flowers about him how wonderful was the world in which they lived.

"Just think," he was saying, "how fortunate are we to be out here growing in the light and fresh air when all those flowers we can see through the big glass windows have to live inside and never breathe the clear, crisp air."

"And here we are close to this stream and those poor hothouse plants have to wait until some one brings water to them. We should be very thankful for all our comforts."

Right near the window of the conservatory, which was what Jack meant by the big glass windows, grew a stately Calla Lily in a big pot. She often looked out at the modest wild flowers that happened to be growing near the little stream which ran along by the conservatory.

Often the wild flowers had nodded to the hothouse flowers and some of them had bent a little in answer, but



Jack-in-the-Pulpit, was telling the flowers

not the stately Calla Lily. She pretended she did not see them or their friendly nod.

And there was a reason for this, for Calla knew that Jack-in-the-Pulpit was a relative of hers—distant, to be sure, but still he was related—and if one stopped to look and compare Calla and Jack they would see at once a family resemblance.

Calla's dainty, waxlike cup resembles Jack's greenish-brown pulpit, and



A dog's life.



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FRANK P. BROWN
The Utility Business Paper

THE BIG DEAL

BY RUBY H. MARTIN

It was part of Lorne Drake's work as a lumberman to stay at the little stands beneath the curved pulpit. And that was the reason Calla Lily did not nod or notice the little wild flowers that were always blooming from an upturn of that some one would know that she was a lumberman's daughter.

"They will be sure to tell it to some of the flowers standing near the door of the door open."

The truth of the matter was that Jack knew nothing about the stately relative growing inside the hothouse and if he had he would have pitted her, for he was quite happy and satisfied growing out in the air and light and would not have changed places with Calla for all her beauty and stately bearing.

He loved the woods and the moist spot where he grew and his friends that grew about him.

There were the fickle, late-coming wind-flowers; though they never tarried, Jack was always glad to see them and hear their prattle of the sights they expected to see, and their farewell flutters as they sailed away always made Jack glad he did not care to roam, as they did.

There were the wild Lilies-of-the-Valley; they were friends of Jack's also, and he felt they had much in common, for their name was as long as his; there were the birds and the trees, too. Jack was happy in his wild home and gave no thought to high-toned relatives.

But if Calla Lily had but known it there was another Jack not far from the one she could see from the window, of whom she had more to fear, for he bore much more striking resemblance to the stately Lily than the other Jack.

This second Jack-in-the-Pulpit had a green white, growing in a very much like Calla's, but white cup, and it sometimes you saw in the place where the stately Calla grew and you look you may be fortunate enough to find this other Jack-in-the-Pulpit, a white pulpit, though this is not so common a variety as the dark-colored Jacks.

But you can be sure both Jacks would rather live in their stately homes in the woods than in the glass house where their stately cousin Calla Lily lives.

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Uncommon Sense

JOHN BLAKE

MARRY 'FOR KEEPS'

IF YOU have a capital of a thousand dollars, and only a thousand dollars, you are likely to be a little particular about investing it.

You invest your capital of happiness, which is all you have, and all you ever will have, on the first pretty face you happen to see.

The average youth devotes more care to the selection of a suit of clothes than he does to the selection of a wife.

When his marriage turns out unhappy, he wonders why he happened to have had luck, or cynically observes that you never can trust a woman.

About 90 percent of the labor and expense of the divorce courts could be avoided if young men and women would expend a little serious thought about the most serious business of their lives, which is getting married.

Neither man nor woman can so skillfully disguise their true nature as to deceive anybody who is really so earnest about investing his capital of happiness where it will pay dividends for all time.

Nobody ever falls in love over his shoulder at first sight; he hasn't time to think over the seriousness of picking a wife before he sends for the best man and engages the minister.

There is no source of unhappiness in the world so prolific as marriage, chiefly because nobody ever appears to think that it should be entered in any way save by accident.

If the reformers who cry out against divorce, when it is too late, would spend the same amount of time and energy trying to teach people to find the right kind of mates, there would be less divorce, less scandal and more room in the newspapers for instructive news.

WHY?

IS THERE SAND AT THE SEASHORE?

THE presence of the sand, white, yellow, and brown, along the edge of the sea dates back originally to the formation of the earth itself. At this time, millions of years ago, the land and rocks which now form what we know as "the crust of the earth" was a molten mass, in which was a large proportion of the element known to science as "silicon."

This silicon was burned and, in combination with the oxygen which surrounded everything, produced the substance known as "silica" or "burned silicon." A large portion of this was deposited on the surface of the earth, and when the world cooled, it formed a sort of crust or granular deposit, to which the name of "sandstone" has been applied.

When the oceans were formed, the action of the water in constantly wearing away this sandstone broke it up into tiny particles and formed the sand as we see it today. The reason that this appears in large quantities on the edge of the ocean is because the motion of the waves and the tides constantly sweep it up from the bed of the sea and deposited it on the beaches, where it remains silently to testify to events which happened long before the memory of man.

Has a Right to Bite

What shall be the penalty for a stolen kiss? Froude tells of a celebrated case three-quarters of a century ago, to-wit: "In 1837 Mr. Thomas Sever, and brought an action against Miss Caroline Williams, who had bitten a piece out of his nose for his having tried to kiss her by way of a joke. The defendant was acquitted and the judge laid it down that when a man kisses a woman against her will she is fully entitled to bite his nose if she so chooses."—Allanquise Sentinel.

Cypress Lumbering

Not many years ago owners of cypress swamps regarded their property as practically worthless. Cypress lumbering was attended with peculiar difficulties because of its swampy growth. The green logs could not be moved with oxen or mules because of their great weight and the softness of the soil. And often the logs were so saturated with moisture that they would not float. Sometimes only about 15 per cent of a cut could be gotten to market. Finally lumbermen began to girdle the trees six months or a year before cutting, which resulted in a great saving.

Now the lumbermen drain the swamps before cutting. Swamp drainage is an important part of modern cypress lumbering. Massive machinery also is used. In the overhead cable skid method the logs are brought in by a carrier traveling over a powerful cable suspended between two trees, usually about six hundred feet apart.

POSTAL IMPROVEMENT WEEK IS OBSERVED

May 1 Sees Inaugurated First General Campaign of Kind in Service.

Without the Postal Service, business would languish in a day and be a standstill in a week. Public opinion would die of dry rot. Sectional hatreds and prejudices only would flourish, and narrow-mindedness thrive.

It is the biggest distinctive business in the world and it comes nearest to the truest interest of a greater number of men and women than any other institution on earth. No private business, however widespread, touches so many lives as often or directly as the church reaches into so many souls, suffers so many pains, has so many human beings dependent on its ministrations.

Postal Improvement Week has been set for May 1, by the Postmaster General. This is the first general campaign of its kind in the postal service for several years. Business and their organizations large and small, the mail, newspapers, printing, advertising, and the entire population of 220,000,000 postal workers are to be enlisted in this country-wide campaign of interest in postal improvement.

Your help is vital. Address your letters plainly with pen or typewriter. Give street address. Do not omit name of State, don't abbreviate. Put your return address in the upper left hand corner of envelope. Put on the back and always look at the address before dropping in the mail to see if it is properly addressed. This way the use of the mails for your business will be the greatest and efficiency of mail matter.

If you have any complaints of poor service make them to your postmaster. He has instructions as to how to write and report to the Postmaster.

COURTESY

It would be a good idea to postage stamps on letters. POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT says it to be used by the postmaster and complete list of postage stamps.

POSTAL IMPROVEMENT WEEK, May 1-7, 1924.

THANK YOU

WITHOUT STREET ADDRESS YOUR MAIL IS DELAYED AT OFFICE OF DELIVERY

The Dead Letter Office has been in existence ever since Ben Franklin started our postal service. Even then people addressed mail to Mr. Ben Franklin's "Ahab's Cove" and our postal boys had to throw it away.

Perhaps they had some letters up in the garret, made a pile full of 'em, but then it was Ben Franklin's idea to have a place where to address letters to John Bull, New York, N. Y., or Chicago, Ill., instead Uncle Sam can locate him, which is just as incomplete as was Ben Franklin's idea.

The Postmaster General wants you to put the number and street in the address of every letter.

Trinidad Col.

How do you expect the Postal Clerk to know whether you mean Trinidad, California, or Trinidad, Colorado? ALWAYS SPECIFY THE NAME OF THE STATE IN FULL IN THE ADDRESS.

MORE BUSINESS IN GOVERNMENT

This apt phrase was used in President Harding's first message to Congress and applies particularly to postal management where postmasters are being impressed with the fact that they are managers of local branches of the biggest business in the world.

HERE COMES A STRANGER

Let's make our post office look neat. Mr. Postmaster, straighten up the rural letter box. Mr. Farmer, flip up some. Mr. Rural Carrier, flip up some. Mr. Rural Carrier, flip up some. Mr. Rural Carrier, flip up some. Mr. Rural Carrier, flip up some.

HUMANIZING THE POSTAL SERVICE

There is no unimportant part of our service. It is a part of human units and their cooperation is the key to its success. In its analysis, postal duties are human duties performed for human beings and friends and should be performed rather than as a mere routine. Formed for an efficient postal service, Postmaster General

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

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