

The Sandman Story

Martha Martin

UP IN THE SKY

"I don't know how I can help being naughty," said the King of the Clouds.

"I should say that was true all right," said Old Man Weather as he laughed.

"Well, you help, me, too, you know," said the King of the Clouds.

"Of course I do," said Old Man Weather. "And I get abused for it, too. Ah, yes, my friend, I do not get so much praise when I play with you. In fact, I am scolded more than you are."

"One hears far more scolding about the Weather than about the Rain itself."

"Well," said the King of the Clouds, "it is quite worth the scolding."

"Yes," Old Man Weather agreed, "it is."

"Well," said the King of the Clouds, "it was fun last night. My children

"We've all been having a frolic, certainly, even though we've been naughty."

"You were certainly naughty," said Old Man Weather. "How many umbrellas did you and your family blow inside out?"

"I didn't keep count," said the King of the Clouds. "Mr. Wind helped us do that. Oh, he is fine in that game."

"Yes, you're a splendid pair for naughtiness when you get started and then you have all your families to help you."

"Well, well, to think only the day before the river nearby was so calm and the opposite shore looked so near to those who were on the other side, and the river and the shore were talking about boats and fishes and one thing and another."

"Then the day before that everything was so bright and clear and the colors were so blue along the river and it looked as though it were never going to rain."

"Well," said the King of the Clouds, "I must say that I didn't know two days ago or a day ago what I was going to do. It was one of those lovely parties one gets up on the spur of the moment, which means that they're parties suddenly begun."

"Yes," said Old Man Weather, "and people were out in their fine summer clothes and their good hats and their best shoes and you surprised them—and didn't stop as though Prince Shower were managing things."

"Prince Shower is different from you, King of the Clouds."

"Yes," agreed the King of the Clouds, "he is. Prince Shower gets rather tired of doing anything for very long at a time."

"I'm different from that. Very different, indeed. And if you say I gave the people a surprise party, too—well, that, too, adds to my naughtiness and I was thoroughly naughty."

"You were, you were, but Old Man Weather is to blame, too, and so is Mr. Wind."

"What's that?" whistled Mr. Wind. "What's that you say of me, Old Man Weather?"

And when he heard what it was that Old Man Weather had said, instead of being angry he was proud and stuck out his chest and puffed and blew with great pride.

Then the King of the Clouds and Old Man Weather and Mr. Wind whistled this song:

Sometimes we three are ever so bad, but it makes us feel happy and gay and glad.

(Copyright.)



"It Was Fun Last Night," Said the King of the Clouds.

and grandchildren ran races all along the streets—dashing so hard and so fast—and rushing along.

"People said we were coming down in sheets. Of course we weren't. We don't need any bed linen. But we were coming down good and fast and the races did become exciting."

"Then some one said it looked as though all the rain were trying to get somewhere, for we were hurrying along so fast—just skipping wildly over the pavements."

The Hotel Stenographer

By Joe Fulkerston

"THAT was sorrowful Sadie," sighed the Hotel Stenographer. "Who's she?" asked the House Detective.

"She is my penance," answered the girl. "She is a lecher. Somehow she got to leaning on me and I am afraid to jump from under, lest she fall."

"She is the original hard-luck kid. If some guy hired a thousand girls, and only needed nine hundred and ninety-nine, Sadie would be the one to lose her job."

"She has worked in the five-and-ten, manicured, beauty parlor, cashed, ushered in a theater, cashed, grieved, clerked in a flower store, solicited magazine subscriptions, sat for bait in a rubber-neck wagon, been a companion to an old lady, sold orders for photographs and took a correspondence course in moving-pics, are acting."

"Every one of these jobs she lost. I never knew any of the people she worked for, but she has never been able to find any boss not a cruel-hearted tyrant who always imposes on Sadie. She always quits because of the way they talk to her. I'm beginning to believe what they said is 'Get your hat and coat and beat it.' I wouldn't work for a guy who talked to me like that, either."

"But Kelly, all jobs are not bad. Some of em are good. Three moves are as bad as getting fired. If a person can't hold a job, it is the fault of the person and not of the job. Any old job is worth just what you make it worth, and people who hold a lodge of sorrow because they never have any luck and wanting somebody to help 'em, are on the wrong side of the door. The side which has PUSH printed on it, lets you in, and the side that has PULL on it, lets you out. People who work the push side are holding all the good jobs. If I do not get to work typing the letters that salesmen gave me this morning, I will be out of a job myself."

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Drain Tile Long Known

The use of drain tile began many centuries ago in France, but its manufacture became a lost art. Drain tiles were first used in England in 1810 and introduced into the United States in 1827 by John Johnston, who used handmade tile on his farm near Geneva, N. Y. The first drain tile machine was imported into this country in 1843.

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

STANDING BY THE TABLE

IN RURAL New England people seated at a table, eating, object to having another person pause and stand beside the board even should he only pause for a second to say some necessary word. As a rule it is a stranger with whom this action is deemed especially objectionable. The writer discovered this by making the aforesaid "break." On inquiring subsequently as to the wherefore of the objection, some people said that it "is very bad manners"; others that "it brought bad luck," and still others could only say that it "is one of the things that isn't done." The idea seemed surprisingly widespread among a certain class of people, a general feeling that, for some unknown reason, such an act should be always avoided.

It was evidently a real superstition which was thus stumbled upon. Its origin is obvious. It is a survival of the idea of primitive man with regard to shadows, an idea which is found today existing in full force among savage and backward races and can be traced in many popular superstitions among civilized peoples. Our primitive ancestors regarded a man's shadow as a vital part of himself—a sort of "astral body," an "exterior soul." To have a person's shadow fall upon one was a sort of projection of the shadower's personality upon the shadowed. This projection was, as a rule, considered to be malevolent in its effect. A person pausing by a table at which people are eating is liable to cast his shadow over both food and eaters—which is bad, especially if he is a stranger, for with the ancients, strangers and enemies were synonymous terms. Hence the superstition mentioned above, one of those survivals which have outlasted for long centuries all knowledge of their origin and meaning by the people who still cherish them.

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Young Man's Burden

To get on in business, and in society, and lay up something for a rainy day, a young man must carry life, accident, fire, windstorm, burglary and liability insurance. Five clubs, water on both shoulders a high head and any of his wife's near relatives who would be a disgrace to the family if left upon their own resources.—Louisville Times.

SCHOOL DAYS



THE FUTURE INVENTOR OF WAR MACHINES Copyright

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

THE POOR MILLIONAIRE

A MAN with many millions died the other day.

He was far from his native country, far from the real sources of his wealth, and with all his riches far from being happy.

This is what he said before he died: "My life was never destined to be quite happy. It was laid along lines I could not foresee. It left nothing to hope for, with nothing to seek or strive for. Inherited wealth is a great handicap to happiness. It is certain death to ambition."

If you read Plutarch's writings, and everybody should read them, you would be interested in his story of Alexander the Great, who was the son of Philip of Macedon.

When Alexander was a boy he was told of the great success his father was having in a war, of which he fought many. "My father will leave me nothing to do," was his comment. But when he arrived at age and began his own undertakings he so far outstripped his father's accomplishments as to entirely overshadow him.

That possibility rests in the hands of every young man who inherits great wealth. But the great majority of rich men's sons are not Alexanders. They are willing to spend, but not to earn. To distribute, but not to collect. To tear down, but not to build up.

But the son of the poor father has no other thing to do, if he does anything, but to build, to create, to construct.

It is a great advantage to the poor boy to have an outlet for his ambition.

It is a splendid thing that he has open fields for the exercise of his imagination. It is greatly to his benefit that he has to struggle to get on. Muscles that you do not exercise wither and become useless.

An imagination that isn't working dies of inactivity.

The poor boy can imagine a thousand things that the rich boy will never think about. His view is not obscured by blinding wealth.

The poor boy can work, and work is the greatest blessing in this life. No man intent on his work, interested in the results, is ever long unhappy.

If you have health, ambition and persistence you have all that is necessary to the greatest success that was ever attained. Never mind about the money. That will come in due time.

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THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says the scientists have discovered dinosaur tracks made 10,000,000 years ago in Arizona and she wonders how the creature compared with the dinosaur of the present day.

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The Hotel Stenographer

By Joe Fulkerston

"THERE are no secrets between my wife and me," boasted the House Detective.

"That's tough, Kelly," answered the Hotel Stenographer. "That's mighty tough on somebody."

"Either you are not very nice people or you never have any fun in your lives. If you were both so slow that you never did anything before you were married that you did not want to tell, you certainly must have led a mighty bum existence. No kisses in the back of a taxi, no sly hug on a straw ride, no holding of hands in the 'movies,' must have been a mighty stale life."

"If you both did all the things which normal humans do and told each other all about it after you got married, you were a mighty poor pair of sports, and it was tough on the people with whom you did these things."

"When I get married, Kelly, I shall either keep my mouth shut to my man about what I did before I met him or else lie to him like a lady. It can't be any fun for a man who loves a woman to hear the details of the other man who kissed his wife before he came on the scene. So if he is fool enough to insist on her telling him, there is only one thing for her to do as a good and dutiful wife who wants to make her husband happy, and that is to do what you and your wife did, lie to each other."

"Even so, Kelly, it is hard for a woman to tell a man she never had a sweetheart till he came on the scene and let him get the idea that he alone kept her from being an old maid. The best way is to lie to him till some time when you get mad at him and then tell him the truth just to take him down a peg like your wife will do to you some day."

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GIRLIGAGS (Copyright)

"When a fellow tells me I am getting more beautiful," says Cynical Sue, "I wonder if he means I am getting thick-skinned."

Ban on Fortune Telling

Under strict orders from Signor Mussolini fortune tellers and fortune-telling cards have been banned throughout Italy.

Watermelon is African

The watermelon is a native of Africa. It was early taken to India, as seems indicated by its having a Sanskrit name. It reached China about the Tenth century A. D. It has no name in the ancient Greek and Latin languages and was probably not known to these peoples much before the Christian era.

New Spring Footwear

YOU WILL LIKE OUR NEW SHOES

We are receiving new shoes daily in snappy, up-to-the-minute styles that will instantly win your admiration. As it is impossible to describe the variety of styles we give you a cordial invitation to come in and look them over. Let us fit your feet properly and give you style, quality and price at the same time.

It Tickles A Sewing Machine Needle

To go through such lovely patterns of dry goods as we are now featuring in Spring's newest fabrics and weaves. All the new colors and color combinations are to be found here. Take the time to come here and carefully look over (but don't overlook) the new things we have bought for you. There's delight and satisfaction in home-sewing, and economy when our prices are far under the real value.

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CORN, fine quality crushed sugar, 3 No. 2 cans for	25c
BAKED BEANS, Campbell's and our own, 3 cans for,	25c
CORN MEAL, water ground, per pound,	3c
HOMINY GRITS, per pound,	3 1/2c
MORTON'S SALT, per package,	10c
COCOA, 2 pound can	25c
OCTAGON SOAP, 4 large cakes,	25c

COFFEE

8 O'clock Pound 37c.	Red Circle Pound 42c.	Baker 1 lb Tin 47c.
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