

Why Boys Leave Home

By JOE ARCHIBALD



The SANDMAN STORY

ABOUT THE LOON

BILLIE BROWNE had always wanted to talk to the bird known as the Loon or Great Northern Diver. He had heard the expression "as crazy as a loon" and he knew it was always used when people did silly, crazy things.

He wondered if there was any truth in the expression or how it had started in the first place.

So he decided he would call upon a loon.

On his way there he wondered just how he would talk to a loon.

It was rather a difficult thing to go to a creature and say:

"Look here, old chap, they say a person is as crazy as a loon when that person has been behaving foolishly. Is it true? Are you about as crazy and foolish as a creature can be?"

Yes, it would be extremely difficult to say that, and yet that was just ex-

actly what Billie Browne wanted to find out.

He puzzled and he puzzled as to the way he would begin the conversation. Perhaps he would start in by saying something about foolishness and then say, as though it had just occurred to him:

"By the way, they tell me you're a bit foolish yourself."

He would not be able to say this in such a way as to make it sound as though he had just thought of it.

Then he wondered if he could talk about crazy things people had done and add:

"I don't suppose you've ever done anything silly have you?"

But he was afraid that might not do. That might sound as though he



"Are You So Restless Then?" Billie Browne Returned.

had meant the conversation to lead up to that very subject—as was really the truth!

He didn't know what to do. And even after he saw the loon he did not know what to say. He decided to himself he would wait awhile and see whether the loon seemed sensitive or "touchy" or whether he appeared as though he would not mind what was talked of between them.

The loon did seem very nervous. He was. Billie Browne soon saw a most marvelous diver and he did his marking with great ease and masterfulness.

"You'll forgive me if I'm a bit restless," the loon said. "It's my disposition."

Billie Browne was delighted. Here was the loon introducing the subject himself!

"Billie needn't have spent so much time worrying and puzzling over what he might say."

"Are you so restless then?" Billie Browne returned. "I suppose your family all have the same kind of a disposition?"

Billie had long ago discovered that once a creature was started in talking about himself, there was no effort about making him continue.

"Yes, we have much the same disposition divided up among the members of the family," the loon said.

Billie smiled to himself. The loon spoke as though dispositions were divided up as homes and gardens might be divided.

"You see, we have always been restless. But we're not crazy when we're free."

"We're pretty foolish at times. Now and again. But it is when we're put in close quarters that we go crazy."

"Yes, we go plain crazy—or fancy crazy if you prefer to speak of it in that way."

"Do you not keep us in the zoos because we go crazy, lose our appetites and all our energy?"

"We wouldn't mind, perhaps, if we had quantities of room, but quantities of room means to be free."

"It is when we have been in zoos and when we have gone crazy that people have seen us and have said: "See those crazy loons. How very, very crazy they are."

"So we have the reputation of being crazy. Crazy as a loon has become quite an expression."

"But I must go for a dive and swim. Billie Browne said. "Good, you called," as the signs at either end of the town say to the automobile people who've come a-visitin'."

And Billie Browne went home with his question answered without having had to ask the question.

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It always seems that men delay, it always seems that women wait. And, if a season or a day, returning ships are always late.

(By Douglas Malloch.)

ALWAYS LATE

By Douglas Malloch.

I WATCH the ships sail past the town, and past the pier, and past the light.

The night will very soon come down, and, oh, it will be dark tonight. This house will have an empty chair, that house will have an empty bed—

There always are the women there with eyes of mist and hearts of lead.

Yes, youth will proudly sail away, and think how fine a ship she is; I think about a mother gray, perhaps a little wife of his.

Not all the countries he shall find are worth their waiting months or years, Are worth the sorrow left behind, a sweetheart's sighs, a mother's tears.

And there are sailors on the land, as there are sailors on the sea, Who do not seem to understand how long a wait a wait can be. Not all the world of waiting wives must wait upon the shore Until some wanderer arrives, until some husband seeks his door.

And so I say to you, O men who sail the land or sail the foam, As soon as God will let you, then, if God will let you come, come home.

It always seems that men delay, it always seems that women wait, And, if a season or a day, returning ships are always late.

(By Douglas Malloch.)

Why We Do What We Do

By M. E. THOMSON, Ph. D.

WHY WE ARE NEVER SATISFIED

NONE of us is completely satisfied.

Before we get what we want we think we are going to be thoroughly happy, but always there is something ahead of us that we are looking forward to.

Complete satisfaction means stagnation, death and decay. There is no greater spur to achievement than the desire to reach a notch higher in the social scale, in one's profession, in expanding a business, in making money, or whatever it is that we are striving for.

We are never satisfied, because we live in an imperfect world. No matter how far we may have advanced, there is always room for improvement.

The average man thinks he would be satisfied if he could run a hundred yards in ten seconds. But the athlete who can run it even a little under ten seconds is all the more eager to run it just a little faster.

The more we have the more we want, the more we can do the more we want to do.

Dissatisfaction is a mark of ability and ambition. It is often the mark of progress. The man who aims at a target on the ground close by may hit it with ease while the man who aims at the sun shoots much higher although he will miss his target by a big margin.

There is less chance for perfect satisfaction for a man of skill and ability than for the poor fellow who has nothing and can do nothing. The English philosopher, James S. Mill, went further than this psychological truth when he said: "It is better to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied; it is better to be a Socrates dissatisfied than a fool satisfied."

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Luana Alcaniz



Charming Luana Alcaniz is a native of Madrid, Spain. She moved with her parents to New York at the age of two years, but later returned to Spain, where she received her education. Later the family returned to New York and Luana entered vaudeville. She is a recent addition to the screen, and her first assignment is "On the Make." Luana is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weight 108 pounds, has dark brown hair and green-gray eyes.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

BE YOURSELF

MOST persons are imitators. We all like to follow the crowd. The appeal of the popular seems to be the line of least resistance. "Everybody is doing it" has become the accepted explanation of present-day conduct. We like to follow the fashions. In proportion that we do so, do we become imitators of some other person's ideas. Somebody or a group of persons starts a fashion to wear a certain kind of garment in a certain way with definite size and shape that everybody does the same.

"Why? Because it is the thing to do regardless of the fact that such a fashion may not be particularly becoming in our special case. Our own taste may dictate an entirely different style, but we do not have the courage to make the venture, because it is not the fashion. We want to be like the crowd. We very seriously desire to follow the crowd. We dare not be ourselves."

It is interesting to note how a certain type of amusement catches the attention and patronage of the crowd. It has become popular because the public supports that particular amusement with its enthusiasm and gate receipts. When popular amusement begins to wane, as it is sure to do if given time enough, we wonder what in the world we saw in it. Our disillusionment leads us to conclude that we really never did find any enjoyment in it, we did what the crowd did, and that may have brought us a sort of satisfaction for the time being, but nothing of permanent value.

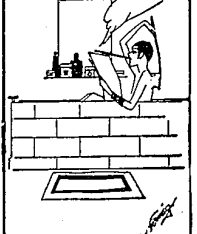
While the easier way is to follow the crowd, the harder way is to go contrary to the crowd. We dare not be ourselves. It seems almost impossible to be original.

To do a certain thing because you know it is right, to live in a certain location because it appeals to you, to wear a certain garment regardless of prevailing styles because you like it, to say what you think regardless of popular opinion, which is mostly likely to differ with you, to refuse to appear artificial by using facial cosmetics—is to dare to be oneself. Being original may not win popularity, but it will win real friends who will believe in you and trust you. The most valuable possession you have is yourself. Why sell it to the crowd? Let your own self be true and it must follow as the night the day—'thou canst not then be false to any man'.

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GIRLIGAGS



"Money may or may not be the root of evil," says Soliloquizing Lily, "but there often is a lot of dirt attached to it."

Through a Woman's Eyes

By Joan Newton

THE RIGHT TIME FOR A GIRL TO MARRY

"WHAT do you consider the right time for marrying?" one of our readers asks. And with that she sends me a recent editorial giving statistics gathered by a life insurance company on the probability of marriage at various ages.

"A girl's chances of marriage fall off sharply after she reaches the age of twenty-five, while the young man's chances increase for a time after that age," we are told. "The twenty-year-old girl has a better chance of marrying within ten years than the young man of the same age. By the time each reaches the age of twenty-five, however, the tables are turned, for the young woman has less chance as years go by and the young man more chance to take the marital vows."

"We don't know what the moral of this should be," the editorial continues, "other than the obvious advice for girls to marry when they get a chance, and young men to take their time and be cautious."

We can subscribe to the latter part of that moral for girls as well as men, for they are no less in need of advice to be "cautious."

But it is a dangerous and a vicious "moral" that would advise girls that at the right time for them to marry it is as soon as they have the chance! Most we laude that old saying, "Marry in haste, repent at leisure!"

The right age for a girl to marry is when she meets the right man—no, not by any means when she has her first chance, unless the two events happen to take place at the same time! Of course, many a Mr. Wrong originally looked like a Mr. Right, and we have even heard of cases where a girl married without love and later learned to love the husband with whom she lived happily ever after!

But to give ourselves the benefit of the doubt in this lottery in which, it has been said, "Every woman marries a stranger," a girl should at least be positive at the time that the man upon whom depends the whole future trend of her existence is the right man, and not merely the first man who has asked her. There have no doubt come times to some single women when it seemed to them that almost any husband would be better than no husband at all. But if those women only knew it, they were living lives of joy and delight compared to women who felt themselves crucified by marriage to the wrong man.

To know for certain that a man's true name is Right-For-You is something that no mortal can tell you. Heaven has been known to go wrong, and heads, too. But if a girl wants at least to give herself the "breaks," the right time to marry is when the man who to her is Mr. Right asks her.

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Mother's Cook Book

Thank God for rest, where none molest, And none can make afraid, For Peace that sits a dainty's guest, Beneath the homestead shade!

—J. G. Whittier.

THE VERSATILE TOAST

WITH a good electric toaster, or a long fork and a grate fire, one may enjoy such a dainty's guest, of good things. It is surprising what a number of dishes may be based upon toast as a foundation.

Toast as toast, well buttered, with a bit of marmalade, conserve or jelly and a cupful of tea makes a most satisfying meal. Toasted sandwiches never lose their appeal; a finger of toast with a small cooked sausage placed upon it and accompanied by a slice of nicely fried apple, is another meal worth serving. Rarebit mixtures, grated cheese mixed with cream spread on sandwiches and toasted brown, are always enjoyed. The following are a few of the thousand dishes one may serve with or on toast:

Chicken Marango.

Cut up a poached or stewed chicken into sections, try to hot bone. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour, then fry until brown. Cover with the following sauce and cook ten minutes: Take one-fourth of a cupful of melted butter and one-fourth of a cupful of flour, mix well, add one and one-half cupfuls of chicken broth or water and chicken jelly, if at hand. Add one cupful of canned tomatoes, a small onion chopped and dried brown, one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, a dash of cayenne and three or four slices of crisp brown bacon. Lastly add one cup of mushrooms, root all together with the chicken five minutes and serve with toast points as garnish for platter.

Toast, So Good.

Spread well-browned toast with butter and grated maple sugar, sprinkle with cinnamon and serve with tea.

Toast and Oysters.

While the oysters are cooking prepare the toast, butter, and cover with oysters and serve. A pint of oyster milk will serve six persons. Cook in butter until the edges curl, add a cupful of cream, and when the oysters are cooked and the cream bubbling, pour over the prepared toast. Crisp curls of bacon may go with the oysters, making a most tasty dish. Serve with a cupful of good hot coffee.

Neely's Mac well (© 1919, Western Newspaper Union.)

SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



SHE HAS HEARD THAT—

If you should happen to drop a pair of buttons—giltie, beware—step on them before you pick them up or old jinx will cut your good luck in two.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"A sport sweater you originally disliked often grows on you as you wear it."

Dear Editor:

IT DOESN'T take much to satisfy some people, and that's a fortunate thing about life.

For instance, a young fellow I know used to work in a store, but he did like it. Now he has a desk job, at the same pay. But he calls it a promotion because he can sit down to his work.

Another friend worked and saved for a new home for just one purpose. "I'm going to build the kitchen so small that we'll have to eat in the dining room," he said. Wrong again; now he eats in the breakfast nook.

It's all right to be modest in your expectations, perhaps, but I believe in having plenty of ambitions and keeping them asserted. Then if only part of them materialize, at least I've got something—Fred Barton.

(By the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Accounting for the Two According to a writer, three out of every five persons stops acting ability. The other two, it appears, go on the stage—London Humorist.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

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THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

MARKS ON HADDOCK

AMONG the fishermen of the Atlantic coast from Newfoundland to Sandy Hook—if not indeed farther south than the Hook—there is a saying that the black lines along the sides of the haddock is due to the fact that the fish was once seized by the devil's finger and thumb; but slipped through and escaped, retaining the mark made by the infernal digits.

And, as a matter of fact, the pictures and drawings show that in the dim ages of obscure antiquity, a deep significance was attached to a combination of the hand and the fish. A hand grasping a fish was a favorite and powerful "charm" and is met with in southern Europe in the form of an amulet today. Just what the esoteric significance of the hand grasping the fish was is obscure—but there was one.

And as Eusebius remarks "there is hardly a custom or occult practice of the ancients which may not be traced somewhere or somehow among their modern descendants." The primitive mind seeks an explanation of everything, even the markings on a fish. In explaining the markings of the haddock the hand and fish superstition naturally asserts itself. The marks are black—it was the devil's hand that tried to grasp it. And furthermore we have the superstition reinforced from Norse mythology in which Thor tried to catch Loki, the god of destruction, when Loki was in the form of a salmon; but Loki slipped through his fingers and the salmon still shows the marks of the struggle in its tail.

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NUTTY NATURAL HISTORY

By HUGH HUTTON

THE APPALACHIAN OWK

TRAVELERS often catch sight of this solitary bird of prey, soaring from some lonely crag overlooking a tobacco field. It is the chief enemy of the snake, which is found in abundance along the well-frequented highways in this district. When an unsuspecting snake is sighted the owk dives headlong at it and carries it off in its strong talons to its lair to cool off.

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How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"ALIVE AND KICKING"

THIS is an expression that slips off our lips, leaving us unconcerned as to its intrinsic and original import.

At first sight, this phrase would seem to imply simply a certain state of animated existence; however, turns upon the interesting discovery that the turn of the expression "alive and kicking" is a direct allusion to the child in the mother's womb after quickening.

That is how it started.

(By the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

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