

### Veronica's Dreams Come True

By JOHN FRANCIS

VERONICA MARVIN had two golden dreams. One was of becoming a distinguished dramatic actress. And the other, far superior even to the first, was a dream of winning the love of Robert Aswell. To Veronica, Robert Aswell was the handsomest man in the world and the greatest actor in the history of the theater.

Now they were in the same company, Aswell as the star of "An Episode of the Crusaders," and Veronica as the make-up woman. A romantic drama of years ago, "An Episode of the Crusaders" employed a large cast, of whom many members were extraneous. Most of these knew little or nothing about the art of make-up, and as Veronica was an expert in this line, she had been engaged to do the work.

Veronica had had her chance as an actress three seasons before, but stage fright had made her miff her opportunity. She was unable to secure a part since, although she was heartbroken over her failure, she would not leave the theater. She did anything, everything, just to stay in the world she loved, the world of make-believe.

At every performance, Veronica stood in the wings, watching her idol play his part. She memorized every line spoken by Mary Ellington, who played the role opposite Aswell. Veronica murmured the lines because her golden dreams included glorious moments in which she was playing Mary Ellington's role, and Aswell was holding her in his arms.

If the handsome star ever had seen Veronica about the theater he gave no sign of it. He had brushed her with his sword as he passed her backstage one night, but he had not said a word.

Mary Ellington was an excellent actress, but she was a victim of moods and whims. When an idea suddenly occurred to her that she would rather do something other than act, she would forget all about the play in which she was appearing.

Veronica was just turning into the alley which led to the stage door of the theater, when she heard a man's voice say:

"Come on, Mary. You understand you can play your part, and you can be enjoying yourself on our party."

The actress hesitated only a moment. Then she answered:

"Let's go. I don't feel like playing tonight, anyway."

Veronica hardly could believe her ears. To think that an actress would give up the opportunity to play opposite Robert Aswell, even for one night, just to go on a party. Just then an idea popped into Mary's head. As the idea took a definite form, Veronica murmured to herself: "Oh, I couldn't." Then she said: "I could, and I'm going to."

Veronica hurried through her task of making up the supper, and then rushed into Miss Ellington's dressing room, locking the door behind her.

Mary Ellington was nearly a half inch taller than Veronica, but otherwise they were built about the same. Both Mary and Veronica had big eyes, dark hair, and deep throaty voices.

Veronica waited in the dressing room until the call boy knocked at the door and announced that it was time for her to go on. Nervously, she opened the door. But her nervousness was gone and she was determined as she was called to the wings, just to time to help her cue line.

Making her entrance, Veronica spoke the lines she had heard Mary Ellington speak six nights a week for six months. And nobody seemed to realize that it wasn't Mary Ellington who was speaking. That is, nobody realized it until the scene in which Aswell took her into his arms and said: "I love you."

It wasn't stage fright that got Veronica then, but she stammered as she answered:

"And I love you, too."

As she spoke the leading man drew her closer to him, and whispered: "Who are you?"

Veronica answered in a whisper during his next speech.

When Veronica spoke her next lines Aswell whispered:

"I don't know how you got out here, but you're great."

Even the bored ushers, at the rear of the theater, commented on the excellent performance given by "Miss Ellington" that night. So well did Mary do her make-up job and so beautifully did she play her part that none of the other members of the cast suspected that she was not Miss Ellington until Aswell told them at the end of the play.

Veronica's first dream came true when Aswell augmented his announcement by telling the other players:

"And I may as well say now that Miss Marvin is going to continue in Aswell's role."

And her second dream came true when he smiled down at her and said softly:

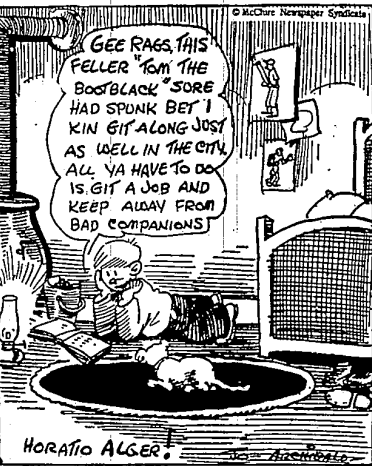
"I'm afraid you will have to take supper with me, Miss Marvin, so I can rehearse you. You mustn't stammer when you say, 'And I love you, too.'"

#### Hidden Alarm

The politician who publicly points with pride may be secretly viewing with alarm as far as his own prospects are concerned.—Boston Transcript.

### Why Boys Leave Home

Illustrated by JOE ARCHIBALD



HORATIO ALGER.

### SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



SHE HAS HEARD THAT—

If a girl is so surprised when her skirt unexpectedly appears as to let out a hoiler, it signifies that she will soon be twirling his solitary on her orange blossom finger.

### NUTTY NATURAL HISTORY

#### THE POP-EYED YOOK

FOR our lesson today we have before us a mono-chistic, rapidly vibrating blend, a native of the Hawaiian Islands found principally in the vicinity of Waikiki. Its classification is difficult, but is generally supposed to be related to the West African Tom Tom and Jersey Kowbell. It differs from monkeys in that it cannot learn anything new, and, having no ears, its singing is incredibly off key. The



yoos are carried as pets by the amorous youth of our country, but many are cruelly annihilated annually by irate parents and neighbors.

Two filberts and a broken half of another one are used for the head, body, and skirt of this creature. The feet are split peanuts and the hands split beans attached to the body with toothpick arms and legs. A spaghetti tail, macaroni monkey cap, and popcorn eyes and nose complete the construction of this curious beast.

#### The Answer

A septuagenarian millionaire had married a show girl of eighteen summers, and Secretary Frank Fleming said at a dinner of the Dutch Trust club in New York:

"This marriage will end unhappily. The septuagenarian bridegroom will do all he can to please his bride. He'll be as regular at night club as he was regular at prayer meeting in the old days, but—but—well, it'll be like the story."

"An aged husband was dressing for a champagne supper. He said to his girl wife:

"I don't know whether to wear a dinner jacket or a champagne wrapper for this champagne supper, Lulage. What is the correct form for a man over seventy?"

"Chloroform," Lulage answered.

#### Elephant's Brain Heavy

The brain of an adult elephant weighs about eight pounds.

### OUR ART

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THOUGH lesser worth wins greater fame,  
The mediocre wins acclaim  
Withdrawn from art, denied to beauty;  
Shall some one sing a poorer song,  
Shall some one cut some marble wrong,  
Some painter lightly do his duty?  
No, every man who loves his art  
A hundred times shall break his heart  
Before he ever hears applause,  
Shall break his heart and be content,  
For men who beauty would invent  
Serve not themselves but serve their causes.

And so I say to you who sing,  
Or write, or paint, or anything,  
Though fame comes late, and  
Thoughts are brittle,  
Give every task your finest touch—  
Our art, that matters very much,  
Add you and I but very little.  
(© 1931, Douglas Malloch.)

### Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

#### AREN'T WE ALL CHILDREN?

THE frequency of fire alarms in a Kansas town almost had driven the fire chief to a nervous breakdown.

Seven alarms in succession calling the firemen to the same house had so wrecked the spirit of the department that the state fire marshal was called in.

His investigation disclosed that a woman had turned in the alarms because "it was so thrilling to see the fire wagons." In three instances she had set fire to her home.

The poor woman's fate will doubtless be either jail or the insane asylum.

And for what?  
Just for exhibiting the sort of childishness that other adults exhibit every day—in different ways.

Certainly it's childish to get a thrill out of seeing the fire engines go by. And we all know that every child would at certain points in his career have set fire to the house if mother hadn't hidden the matches. But is childishness a crime?

It is, what about the king of Bulgaria who takes every chance he can to drive a railroad train? Just a big boy, we would call him.

What about the grown man who like to play soldier so much that though they have never seen a battlefield, they dress up in military or military-looking uniforms whenever they get a chance, and seriously appear that way in public?

What about men who have never been inside a college who will dress up in cap and gown and go solemnly through the ceremony of accepting honorary degrees from universities? Why they are just playing school, that's all. And the people who cheer the degrees are enjoying playing school with adults for a change.

And what about the man who collects stamps, or autographs or any of the other kinds of acquisitions that go back to the first babies—which they collected at the same time—that and the countless other hobbies from small-boydom which we dignify with the name of hobbies?

And what about competition in work and in play, the desire to "come out first" and what about fighting over cards and such things as football games and rooting and cheering and being "fans"?

Why, we're all just children together!

The only difference in the case of the woman who sets fires in her house and kept sending in alarms is that her particular hobby happened to be a bit dangerous and got her into conflict with the law. All she needs is to change the nature of her hobby.

### SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



SHE HAS HEARD THAT—

A minister should never, no never, be allowed to drink coffee at the widow breakfast, for if the old man, trouble will do the bride's footsteps during the first year of her married life.

# The SANDMAN STORY

## BOY WHO LOVED TRAINS

DANNY was sitting upon the floor, building a huge house out of blocks when he heard a train whistle. With a jump he was up, the blocks were knocked over, and he rushed across the room, climbed right over his mother's lap and was looking out of the window.

Nothing in this world was so important to Danny as a train.

He had been on trains three times, too. Three different times he had



By Going to the Window He Could See the Smoke.

taken trips with his mother and his father. And the last two times his little sister Elaine had gone along, too. The first time Elaine had not gone because she had not yet arrived in the world.

But even though he had been on trains, he jumped up every time he heard the whistle in the distance. Then he could see from his window the smoke curling up from the engine, and he could hear the noise of the train.

He couldn't see the train from the house, but by going to the window he could see the smoke and he could hear it better, he felt quite sure, by being a little closer to it.

When he had traveled on trains he had gone with his daddy down to look at the big engine when the train was stopping any place for any length of time.

Sometimes it stopped for just a mo-

ment or two, and no one got out. Some people complained of the train and said it made so many stops, but Danny couldn't understand such people.

They had talked to the engine driver. He was sitting up in the engine looking out of the funny little side window—or opening. Danny wasn't quite sure what it should be called, and when he said to the engine driver: "Do you call that a window?" the engine driver had said:

"Call it anything you like, young fellow. You won't be hurting my feelings."

The engine driver had told him about the lights and the signals and what trains they would pass and how the locals stopped along the line to pick up the people who were only going short distances.

The engine driver had told him many things, and Danny felt as though, with a little more help, he could almost run the train himself.

In fact, the engine driver had said: "Why, you're learning in no time at all, all about it. I wouldn't be surprised to hear you were running a train before many years are past."

Danny thought it would be sooner than that.

Elaine hadn't taken the least interest in trains. She had sat inside in her mother's lap and hadn't wanted to go out at all.

But then she was only a little girl. But he loved Elaine. There was that time when his mother and daddy had gone to a party, and a lady had come in to stay with them. Elaine had not liked the strange lady and had cried when she came into the nursery. So Danny had told the lady that he would look after Elaine, and he had promised her just loads of candy and ice cream as soon as he got some money, and he had rocked her a little so she had fallen to sleep.

He had been called a little at seeing Elaine cry. He was very, very devoted to Elaine.

Only she didn't care much for trains. That he couldn't quite understand.

He went back to his blocks when the train had gone by, and somehow he didn't build a house this time. He started in building a freight yard in which he put his trains. That was the best idea he had yet.

The very best yet.

### How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

#### "THE GAME IS NOT WORTH THE CANDLE"

WE HAVE had a colorful phrase, one which is current on everybody's lips and which is universally used to convey the idea of attempting something, which, either because of the risks involved or the returns in prospect, will not be worth while.

The origin of this expression is quite intriguing.

It goes back at least three hundred years to a time when candlelight was still the prevailing method of illumination.

Then, as now, of course, people enjoyed their various gambling pastimes.

However, candles cost money and many a game would be played in which the stakes were so slight as to make the winnings less than the price of the candles used.

So it was that the expression arose. "The game is not worth the candle," which, of course, has broadened in application, though retaining in large part its original significance.

### THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

#### THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

#### MUGWORT

PEOPLE versed in the lore of "roots and yarbs" will tell you that a wreath of mugwort about the head of a child protects the child from malaria; and many say that a bunch of that herb hung up in the house is a general preventive against sickness. This belief in the magic virtues of mugwort prevails not only in the United States and Canada, but is common all over northern and central Europe, besides being known in China and Japan. But in continental Europe, whence we inherit the superstition, the mugwort, in order to be effective, must be gathered on midsummer eve—the eve of St. John's day. In fact, in France for this reason, the herb is known as "St. John's wort." In some places it is gathered on midsummer day instead of eve—but the idea holds that it must be gathered at midsummer. The midsummer part of the superstition, which is the key to it, appears to have been lost in crossing the Atlantic.

The mugwort superstition is a remnant of sun-worship. Mugwort was one of the plants supposed to become inoculated with the power of the sun-god when he reached his apogee of height and power in the heavens. In Europe bunches of mugwort gathered at midsummer are supposed to be a charm against witchcraft, and German peasants put bunches of the plant among the corn to keep off rats and mice. The old Germans, when they built their midsummer fires in honor of the sun, used to cast offerings of mugwort into them, thus casting away all ill luck.

It is a curious fact that in China bunches of mugwort gathered at the same time as in Europe—midsummer—are hung in the house for the same purpose they are in Germany—to keep the witches away. And in Japan, when a house has been robbed in the night, if they can discover the footprints of the thief they put mugwort on them to "cast a spell" on the culprit—to "make his feet sore," they say. Mugwort, then, is a plant beloved of the sun-god and its superstitions are a survival of sun-worship.

Washington Cathedral Measuring from the exterior of the spire to the western entrance, the Washington cathedral will be 634 feet long. It will have a total of 71,000 square feet. Its central tower will be 282 feet high and the western towers will be 195 feet high. The foundation stone, laid in 1907, was brought from Bethlehem and is engraved with this inscription: "The Word Was Made Flesh and Dwelt Among Us."

### SMILES

GABBY-GERTIE



"What you confide to your diary with your fountain pen will eventually leak out."

The novel orange was introduced into California from Brazil in 1872.