

The SANDMAN STORY

SKATES FOR CHRISTMAS

Of all the things that Bobby wanted or had ever wanted would skate faster and better than the skates on the head of the list.

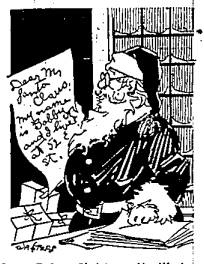
He had had a pair several years, but they were the kind which he had to strap on his boots, and they came off just when he wanted to go fast, and they never helped in the least.

Some of the boys had been given skates the year before and it really made them skate faster and better.

Yes, Bobby wanted skates, or rather he wanted skates and boots. He wanted the skates that would be fastened on the boots.

Then he could play hockey. He felt quite sure of that.

So long, long before Christmas he



Long Before Christmas He Wrote a Letter to Santa.

wrote a letter to Santa Claus, and this is what he said:

"Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

"My name is Bobby, and I live at 23 Elm street. It is the street between Chestnut and Oak.

"We have a great many trees in our town, and lots of the streets are named after them. We have flowers, too, and one street is named Geranium street.

"But there aren't any flowers now, and there aren't any leaves on the trees, or anything.

"I don't mind that, though. Do you?"

"I think trees and flowers are all right, but you can't have them and winter, too, and winter is too nice to miss.

"That is if one has nice skates.

"And now Mr. getting to the point of my letter.

"I have horrid skates. They won't stay on or anything, and if I try to

go after another follow a skate comes off, and first thing you know, Santa, he has made a goal.

"I would give anything for a good pair of skates—ones that come on boots. You know the kind. You gave them to Billy last year. But I'm his age this year, and I'm hoping you'll be so kind as to give them to me.

"If you want to know about lessons and all that stuff, I got good marks on the whole. One or two weren't much, but you wouldn't expect them all to be good, would you?"

"But the skates would be fine. And when I made a goal I'd think of you. I don't want anything else as all—just what I can have the skates. I hope it will be all right with you and that you have a pair to spare. I hope you will have a good Christmas and a nice glad holiday. Do you eat plum pudding, too?"

"Maybe you don't get back in time. But perhaps they save you some. I should think you'd have a whole of an appetite going over the ocean as you go and out in the cold and all."

"I hope we have ice for Christmas—that is, of course—well, you know what I mean.

"But a cold Christmas is great, isn't it, Coach? I like the cold weather, and I bet you do, too. You never stayed away from our house even three years ago when the thermometer went way, way below zero and the pipes froze.

"And the plumber was having his Christmas, too, or trying to, when every one telephoned him and begged him to come to their house first. I felt sorry for him and I gave him one of those big oranges you had put in the toe of my stocking. They were fine oranges, too.

"Well, I must close, as maybe I've written too long already.

"Your loving friend,

"BOBBY."

"There," said Santa Claus, as he read the letter, "I knew when I was fixing up the skates-and-boots list that you'd be in it, and I would want them for Christmas.

"I've got the pair for Bobby. I hope he was plenty of goals, and won't be in the run for it he thinks of me once in awhile when he gets out in the crisp, cold air, skating over the smooth ice."

"It looks as though there'd be ice in his part of the world for Christmas, too."

"Yes, it looks very much that way."

"And Santa chuckled as he wrapped up a pair of skates and boots for Bobby.

John Wayne



His style of walk, his football playing and his general makeup applied to a motion picture producer and resulted in his being assigned to the biggest role in "The Big Trail." Previous to this he had been in a key job and his acting had been confined to playing football on a naval cadet team in the picture "Salute." Wayne is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 198 pounds, has dark brown hair and gray eyes.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY

A BOB ten million women in America are engaged in industry. The past decade has witnessed a very large increase, so that at present one-fourth of the total number of persons employed are women. Women have entered business offices as secretaries, typists, bookkeepers. An opportunity has also been open to them through the introduction of labor-saving machinery, most of which is now operated by women.



L. A. Barrett.

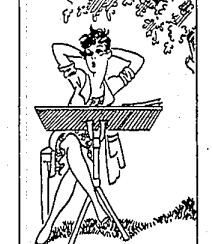
The professionals are also welcoming women to their ranks—physicians, lawyers, judges, public accountants, etc. The result is a touch is also clearly discernible in modern architecture, advertising, business, etc. Journalism, buyers for large merchandising firms. The motion picture business, like the theater, could not function without the services of women.

In the recent report of the director of the census bureau, the question is seriously raised whether women will compete by imitating man's way in business and professions, or will she introduce methods of her own, which are different. Will she revolutionize business and politics? This is a very interesting speculation.

Another reason why women are welcomed in industry is that her wages in many cases much lower than her brother's. Just why this is so remains a question of justice. If she does the same work with the same degree of satisfaction to her employer, why should she receive less pay? Why discriminate? When a sufficiently large number of women are employed to make organization possible, perhaps such discrimination will no longer be possible.

Some interesting problems have arisen as the result of the employment of women in industry? What effect will it have upon society? Will it tend to destroy the home? Will it result in fewer marriages or more divorces? Will the condition ever arise in our country as it did in France, which caused Napoleon to exclaim, "What France needs is mothers."

SMILES



GABBY GERTIE

"The girl who makes funny faces and strips in shady places knows where to draw the line."

Why Boys Leave Home

BY JOE ARCHIBALD



THE WALK FROM THE LONESOME PRAIRIE

Mother's Cook Book

Children are much nearer the inner truth of things than we are, for when their instincts are not perverted by the superior wisdom of their elders, they give themselves up to a full vigorous activity. There is the kingdom of heaven—Frederic Froebel.

SEASONABLE-GOOD THINGS

CRANBERRIES are so well liked as an accompaniment to meats, that they are served often. Sometimes make sherbet, again a frappe, or a jelly and candy, a few to serve with the winter candy.

Cranberry Jelly. Wash four cups of berries and cook covered, with two cups of water until they burst their skins. Press through a strainer, removing all the seeds, then add two cups of sugar and stir until well dissolved. Cook ten minutes or until the mixture jells when a bit is dropped on a cold dish. Skim and pour into molds.

Cherry Cranberries. Take one cup of cranberries, one-fourth of a cup of water and cook until their skins burst. Cover with two cups of sugar and place in a slow oven to bake until the cranberries are thick like candied cherries.

Data Dreads. Cream one-fourth of a cup of butter and mix with one cup of brown sugar and mix until creamy, add one well-beaten egg and one-fourth of a cup of rolled oats which have been lightly browned in a hot pan, add one and three-fourths cup of flour, one teaspoonful each of salt and cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg, one-third of a cup of milk, best well and add two-thirds of a cup of chopped dates. Drop by small spoonfuls on buttered baking sheets and bake about fifteen minutes. This makes about three dozen cakes.

Color in dishes, in foods, interior decorating or in confections, is an important factor in our comfort and our enjoyment. When flowers, china, well-prepared foods appeal to the eye, the digestion of that food is enhanced in a great degree.

See Marie Maxwell (© 1931, Western Newspaper Union)

SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



SHE HAS HEARD THAT—

If a girl takes command of the kitchen and entirely prepares the dinner all by her lonesome—give thanks, sweet cookies—for it's a sign that you will have a home of your own before another year.

Furnished Rooms Were Wonderful

By GENEVRA COOK

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate) (WVU Service)

CLIO THORNLEY, vivid and modish in a costume of black and white, sat in a Seventh avenue subway, wedged in between a tired mother with two pale children and a whimpering baby and a swarthy Italian with fierce mustache and fierce eyes. Above her Jimmy Burton averted lithely, holding to a leather strap.

"Suddenly he bent his head, and said, close to her ear, 'Gee, Clio, you look so darling sitting there. Just like a flower.'"

In spite of the fact that her answering smile was half a frown, she bent on his honest brown eyes smiling into hers. "Gee, Clio, if you'd only marry me—Clio!"

"Fifteenth street!" shouted the guard.

As they pushed through the crowd, Clio glanced at Jimmy with scorn. "Marry you, Jimmy? And live in three furnished rooms and half a bath, and wear funny clothes, and go to a movie once a month, ride all my life in the subway? Why, you couldn't even afford to get a taxi to propose to me!"

Jimmy was silent. As they reached the row of dingy red brick apartments where Clio could distinguish the entrance of her home from the one where Jimmy lived with his Aunt Sally only by the number, and by a cracked red vase in Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's window on the first floor, he said wistfully: "Well, but Clio, we could make a home out of even three furnished rooms—if we loved each other."

"Love isn't enough, furniture, Jimmy," said Clio, wisely slipping the latchkey into the door. "Good night! It wasn't long after that, that Clio, invited in, to play bridge with Aunt Sally and Jimmy, found the fourth to be a carefully pink-and-white girl with wide baby blue eyes and a slight limp, who had a room in the apartment above. Her name was Elsie Jane Wright; like Clio, she had a position in Macy's; and her chief occupation just now was the adoration of Jimmy Burton.

"Jimmy's Aunt Thilly thinks it's the most wonderful thing in the world to have a home," cooed Elsie Jane across the table. "I think, too, but of course you don't like homes, do you, Clio?"

Jimmy looked out of the window. Clio could feel the eyes of Aunt Sally across the table. "I think, too, but of course you don't like homes, do you, Clio?"

"I think," she said, "that it's perfectly marvelous to have a home when you can afford one. A real home, with an upstairs and a downstairs all your own, and a yard with a garden, and period furniture, and oriental hangings, and Persian rugs. Something that you could furnish beautifully, and really call it home!"

Elsie Jane widened her blue eyes in a sort of sorrowful wonder. "Just think," she said in her soft baby tone, looking up at Aunt Sally, "how much Clio's missing. Why, I think the tiniest little furnished apartment is the cutest thing." She turned to Jimmy, smiling up into his face. "I love them. Don't you?" Clio couldn't be sure, but she thought that for just an instant his eyes met.

The next few weeks lengthened for Clio into what seemed like years. There was a succession of bridges, with Elsie Jane often serving the lunches under the tutelage of Aunt Sally. Elsie Jane in a frilly apron. Jimmy never repeated his error of proposing in the subway, because every night when they went home, Elsie Jane was there, too. And at last, on one poignant day when the first breath of spring was in the air, Clio rode home alone.

Well, she thought, if Jimmy wanted Elsie Jane, he must have her. Because, of course, Jimmy must be happy. Clio was very clear on that point. And if he and Aunt Sally couldn't see through the flimsy pretense of fudge and hand-embroidered dish cloths to the soul of Elsie Jane, who only wanted to be babied and supported by Jimmy—Clio fought back tears that stung at her eyes, and clenched her white hands till they hurt.

Suddenly she was aware of voices calling her name. It was Aunt Sally and Jimmy and Elsie Jane.

"I'm just telling them," cooed Elsie Jane. "I'm going to work in the household lines—so I can learn about them—uh—sheets and pillowcases and things."

She looked up at Jimmy, blushing.

But Jimmy was looking at Clio. He didn't even answer Elsie Jane. He was saying: "Gee, Clio, when you read is the rier?"

Then Elsie Jane was crying: "Oh, yes; well all go!" And then Aunt Sally and Jimmy said: "Gee, Clio, you look so darling sitting there, just like a flower."

And Clio was whispering back: "Oh, I don't care what they're furnished with, Jimmy. I don't care whether they're furnished at all—if only they're furnished with—you!"

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

BURNING LOVE LETTERS

"DON'T burn your love letters you," your lover won't marry you. It is a superstition which has been handed down and which may be responsible for the mass of cloying correspondence which is so often produced in breach-of-promise suits. The superstition, however, has its origin in far-sightedness for the time when "his love grows cold" and is not designed to strengthen the bonds of love through legal proceedings. It is based on quite another idea—the idea of the magic, a primitive theory which plays an important role in the world of folklore.

By contact the love letter imbues a certain amount of the "magic" of the writer, and by contact imparts the same to the recipient of the missive. A connecting current, as it were, is set up between the lovers. In more senses than one, the love letter is a "live wire."

Besides this contagious magic there is in a letter what is known in mystic lore as "the name of names"—that is, a certain magic power which is supposed to reside in a name, written or spoken. Among many primitive peoples today persons are known by a nickname, their real names being kept secret lest some enemy should get possession of them and work them harm through that medium. And among savages there is no closer binding force between two people than the exchange of names. By this exchange the parties exchange identities. In a love letter the name of the writer is likely to appear, and so having the name—written by himself—the recipient is able to hold through it a binding force over the writer. Now, if you destroy all this you naturally weaken or destroy the magic forces which bind to you your lover—and you lose him.

Awkward

A weak-looking little man called in a physical culture expert for advice as to how to strengthen his arm muscles. The expert gave him a chart of exercises, and said as he noted them: "All these exercises for increased strength must be done in front of the open window."

The little man looked doubtful.

"That's rather difficult," he said. "You see, I want the increased strength first so that I can open the damned window!"

Blacks Have Old Ideas of Personal Adornment

There should be a good market for cosmetics and chewing gum in Africa. Not only are the women possessed of an urge for personal beautification, but the men are, too. They anoint their bodies with outlandish and perfuming mixtures to improve on nature and give themselves color and gloss. A favorite is a low-grade fat obtained from the bodies of cows, horses or goats and mixed with earth, with which "cold cream" they smear themselves from head to foot. Others use fish oil or vegetable oil. The natives of southwest Africa smear their hair with a similar mixture and make an Egyptian-styled coiffure.

The gum and tobacco chewers of America have their counterpart in Africa. The habit is betel-nut chewing. "There are more than 10,000,000 blacks in Nigeria, almost every one of them a betel-nut chewer," an American Druggist article says. "The effect of the practice is dramatic, although as a spectacle it is no prettier than that afforded by the rows of gum chewers in a subway train. However, the betel-nut stains the teeth of the chewer a deep red, thus destroying the principal beauty of the native."

Beethoven Proud of Piano

In 1818 Beethoven received a present of a splendid piano from some English makers and beside the keyboard the leading British virtuoso had scratched their names. John Haven Schaufert writes in the Outlook. Beethoven was delighted. In his most elegant French he wrote a letter of thanks, promising reward to the artist who had written the name. He then presented to the divine Apollo the highest offerings of my spirit!

When told it was out of tune he replied, with the characteristic assurance of the deaf: "That's what they all say. They would like to tune it and spoil it; but they shan't touch it!"

London Police Weapon

A wooden truncheon, or staff, made of cocus wood, 15 inches long, with a leather strap to secure it to the wrist, is the traditional weapon of the Metropolitan police of London. Revolvers are kept only at the stations, to be issued in the final case where there is reason to believe that encounters with armed criminals are likely to occur. Mounted police have longer truncheons. The Metropolitan police officers provide their own, which are to be used only in extreme cases, and whenever used by a constable must be submitted to the station officer for subsequent inspection.