











# The Sandman Story

PIGS AND POETRY

"WE MIGHT as well make the best of it," said Miss Ham. "Squeal, squeal, we might as well make the best of it."

"What should we make the best of?" asked Grandfather Porky Pig.

"Tell us, Miss Ham, grunt, grunt; tell us, Cousin Ham."

"Yes, tell us, squeal, squeal; tell us, Miss Ham," said Brother Bacon.

"Grunt, grunt, tell us, Miss Ham," urged Sammy Sausage.

"Please tell us," said Sir Percival Pork. "Grunt, grunt, please tell us, Miss Ham."

"Yes, squeal, squeal, please tell us, Miss Ham," said Sir Benjamin Bacon.

"We want to know, grunt, grunt, we want to know," said Mrs. Pink Pig.

"Yes, and you must tell us, squeal, squeal," said Mrs. Pinky Pig.



"Squeal, Squeal, We Want to Know," Pinky Pig Said.

"You surely must, grunt, grunt," said Pinky Pig's mother, and Pinky Pig said:

"Squeal, squeal, we want to know."

"Well, grunt, grunt," said Miss Ham. "You don't give me a chance to tell you. You grunt and squeal and won't give me a moment in which to tell you anything."

"Squeal, squeal," said Brother Bacon.



"If THAT guy doesn't shake his dogs, Kelly, please pinch him and put him in the freless cooker," said the Hotel Stenographer.

"What you want that bird jailed for?" laughed the House Detective.

"He is a traveling salesman stopping here in the hotel," explained the girl, and for some reason he thinks I am as beautiful as the rainbow after an April shower, as fascinating as a loose tooth, and as bright as a beach by moonlight.

"That's very intriguing, Kelly, if he would just say it and be on his way, but he spent three bucks with me yesterday dictating his orders to his house and he thinks with those three dollars he has bought an interest in the firm. He wants to take me for an automobile ride and with good roads everywhere, enticing to long rides, any girl who goes riding with a man may expect to come into a clinch with him before the evening is over.

"You got to love a guy to go automobiling with him in the winter, Kelly. It would be about as easy for me to love that chap as it would be to whistle and yawn at the same time.

"What's wrong with him?" asked the House Detective.

"I can't keep my eyes off his neck," explained the girl. "He wears a low collar, showing an Adam's apple sticking out an inch. Every time he swallows it runs up and down like an elevator. I expect to hear him gurgle 'Going up' or 'Going down' and it distracts my attention. I don't see why people who have a stylish stout Adam's apple do not wear high collars or a muffler anyway. Watching one of 'em running up and down their neck is like looking at an X-ray picture of a stomach digestion, or a liver doing whatever a liver does when it is doing what it is intended to do.

"Show him out, Kelly, before I swat him. He makes me as tired as a man explaining why he argues with his wife."

(Copyright by the McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

**Airplane Without Motor**

A new type of glider, or motorless airplane, is under construction in Berlin. It is intended to imitate as closely as possible the structure and soaring action of large birds such as the albatross, and has as one of its features joints in its wings, which permit radical changes in the positions of the outer half of their length. It will be much larger than the earlier gliders, comparing in size with the average motored monoplane.

**Luxemburg Farms**

Luxemburg is a country of small landowners and of farmers tilling their own holdings. The total area of land devoted to agriculture is about 500,000 acres, and of this amount 430,000 acres are farmed by resident proprietors. Individual farms number 40,000, of which 15,000 are less than 1 1/2 acres in extent, 9,800 are between 1 1/2 and 6 acres, and 7,000 others are less than 12 acres.

con, "we will give you all the moments you want, if you will only not ask us for food. I do not mind, however, if you ask the others for food, but do not ask it of me.

"Ask me for moments if you will and I will give you all the moments you want."

"How absurd you are," said Grandfather Porky Pig. "Why, I would not even bother to say that I didn't want to be asked for food.

"She could ask me if she wished. That wouldn't mean that I'd have to give it to her.

"That wouldn't mean anything of the sort."

"Oh, yes, I understand," said Miss Ham. "But I must tell you what we've got to make the best of and that is that we've finished dinner and can't find anything in the Pig Pen, so it looks as though we'd not have anything more to eat until supper time."

"That's no news to us," said Grandfather Porky, "and to think that you got us so excited about such a horrible thing that was not worth getting excited about."

"Grandfather Porky is right," the other pigs grunted. "Grandfather Porky is right."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Ham. "But I was going to suggest that as long as we couldn't eat and had to make the best of it we might make up some poetry."

"What!" grunted all the pigs in amazement.

"Yes," said Miss Ham, "Pigs' poetry would be lively, I'm sure, and it could go down to fame."

"We don't know about it going down to fame," said Sammy Sausage, "but it would doubtless go down into the mud along with our snouts."

"Well," said Miss Ham, "as you're all so foolish, I will show that I am superior and I will make up a poem. Here is it:

I'm a pig.  
I don't dance the jig.  
I am not so neat,  
But I do love to eat!  
And food I will greet,  
And consider it sweet.

"Queer sort of poetry," grunted Brother Bacon, "but it only goes to show that pigs' poetry cannot amount to much, so there isn't any use in trying to make poems."

"Correct," squealed the other pigs. "Correct!"

(Copyright.)

**How It Started**

By JEAN NEWTON

"BUGABOO"

"BUGABOO!" one child says coming on another playfully from behind. And then he has his bugaboo or special fear with which one can subdue him if he is in a recalcitrant mood. It may be that the sandman will get him, or just the policeman on the corner!

The term, however, is not limited to the parlance of children. It is not uncommon to read in newspapers, in legislative reports, for example, that the threat of certain action on the part of one faction in politics was a mere bugaboo held over the heads of their opponents.

The word is a combination of the interjection "boo" with the now obsolete "bug," meaning a goblin or specter. So "bugaboo" is an imaginary object of fear.

(Copyright.)

**As Told by Irvin S. Cobb**

**QUESTION AND ANSWER**

REV. FATHER F. P. JOYCE, lately a chaplain in the regular army but now retired, as a result of having been gassed in service overseas with the A. E. F., stands sponsor for this one:

During the great fire in San Francisco a mounted orderly from the Presidio was riding along Mission street at a smart trot. A woman ran out of a house waving her apron at him.

"Oh, Mister Soldier! Mister Soldier!" she called, "Where can I get some milk for our baby?"

Without drawing rein the cavalryman saluted as he answered:

"I don't know, ma'am; this animal I'm ridin' is a horse."

(Copyright by the McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

**Sparrow Finds a Way to Get Meal on Auto**

Berkeley, Calif.—The irrepressible English sparrow has learned to make the automobile contribute to its bill of fare.

According to ornithologists' observations in such widely separated regions as Illinois and California the resourceful birds have been making a practice of collecting toasted grasshoppers and other insects that have become wedged in the fronts of automobile radiators. In central California large numbers of sparrows were observed "working" the front of car after car parked along the streets, says H. S. Swarth of the department of zoology of the University of California.

In spite of concerted drives to head it off, the indomitable sparrow's march across the continent has proceeded unimpeded and the rowdy ragamuffin has ingeniously turned to its own advantage the machine that, by eliminating the horse from the streets, had deprived him of an important source of food.

**Claims Sea Record**

Swansea, Wales.—Miss Anna Dale, an immigration inspector, claims the marine travel record of all time for passengers with a total of 1,500,000 miles.

## BREST-LITOVSK MAY BE RECONSTRUCTED

American Funds Offered to Rebuild Polish City.

Washington.—American funds have been offered for the restoration of another war-ravaged European city—Brest-Litovsk, Poland, according to a news report from Warsaw.

Brest-Litovsk, which is famous for the separate treaty which representatives of Soviet Russia and Germany signed there, today consists of a fine railroad station and practically nothing more. Buildings which housed 50,000 people were laid waste and the large refugee population lives principally in caves and huts.

"Before the war Brest-Litovsk was one of Russia's most important trading centers and fortresses on her eastern borders," says a bulletin of the National Geographic society from its headquarters in Washington.

**Center of Communication Web.**

"Complete restoration of Brest-Litovsk would mean recreating a city busy with buying, selling, carrying and transferring the products of a large agricultural region. Railways from Odessa, Kiev, Moscow, Warsaw, Vilna and East Prussia intersect at the lonesome new railroad station. But Brest-Litovsk is more than a rail center. It lies upon the inland waterway from the Baltic to the Black sea. A canal east of the city connects the Mukhovets river and the Pripet river, which are, respectively, fingertips of waterway arms reaching from the north and south toward each other. Thus the city is served by a well-nigh perfect system of communication, extending in all directions.

"Brest-Litovsk lies 100 miles due east of Warsaw. Normally half its population was of Jewish blood, and it long has been a Jewish stronghold. It never developed an industry, but depended instead upon commerce. During the Sixteenth century the synagogue of the city was regarded as the first in Europe.

"Grains, hides, soap, wheat and timber were the staples of its extensive trade. The lumber in which it dealt was floated in great rafts down to Danzig. Flax, some of which went to Ireland and Belgium to make Irish and Flemish linen, was extensively grown in the country surrounding the town and formed another important article of its trade.

"The familiar geographic reason for the existence of a town, namely two rivers meeting, gives Brest-Litovsk its excuse for being. The navigable Bug and Mukhovets rivers join and at the point of confluence once stood the city fortress. Older fortifications were east of the city and covered four square miles. The defenses were the pride of Russia.

"But the World war showed what history had been reporting for years; that Brest-Litovsk was far from invulnerable. It was first mentioned in ancient documents on the occasion of its capture by a Polish monarch in 1020. Next Casimir the Just of Poland built a tight castle. Princes of Galicia, Volhynia, Lithuania, grand masters of the Teutonic Knights, Tatar chieftains and kings of Poland held and stormed the city in turns, and going out from it gathered spoil from the countryside.

**Climax of Russian Tragedy.**

"All of Brest-Litovsk history, however, records no such high moment as it experienced late in 1917. Things looked black for the allies. Russia, which had been holding Germany on the east, had collapsed internally under the pressure of war. Kerensky, who still espoused the allied cause, was soon displaced by the Soviet regime. Germany had driven deep into Russian territory. With this setting the last act of the Russian tragedy took place in Brest-Litovsk, which by that time had degenerated into a war camp and nothing more.

"At the headquarters of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, Soviet representatives signed a separate peace with Germany which put the entire burden of carrying on the war on England, France, the United States, Italy and their allies."

## BE TRUE TO YOURSELF

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

BE WELL content with what was sent,  
What gift your God may leave you.  
Be glad, my lad, for friends you had,  
Whatever friends deceive you.  
The hills will lose the green of spring,  
The months the chills of winter bring,  
But earth's the earth through ev'ry-thing—  
Be glad although they grieve you.

Keep on your way through green or gray,  
Whatever winds assall you—  
Oh, you be true the winter through,  
Whatever treasors trail you.  
For I would rather lose a friend  
Than be the one myself to bend—  
Oh, keep on faithful to the end,  
Whatever friends may fall you.

And, after all, when shadows fall,  
When long the years behind you,  
Let not one blot, one darker spot,  
To other blessings blind you.  
If you can look within your heart  
And find no stain of evil art,  
Though lars lie, though friends depart,  
There peace you still will find you.  
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

### HENYARD MAGIC

IN SOME parts of the South, it is believed that if a bright fire is kept burning upon the hearth it will prevent chicken cholera among the hens. In some sections of the country there is a superstition that the throwing of a handful of stones upon a fire while it is burning brightly will prevent the chickens from being carried off by hawks. There is another means of preventing the ravages of hawks upon the chicken yard and that is by waving a lighted candle over the eggs when a "setting" is placed under a hen. Chicks hatched from those eggs will be safe from their enemies of the air. This latter superstition is quite common in England and is sometimes found in rural districts of this country and Canada. The same may be said of the belief that it is unlucky to set a hen after dark and the one which says that no good will come of a setting of eggs sold after sunset.

All these superstitions are directly traceable to the connection between the cock and the sun in all the old mythologies. The cock was an emblem of Mercury because of his supposed vigilance but was also regarded as a "solar animal" and as such sacred to the sun-gods Osiris, Serpis, Jupiter and Apollo. Therefore, we protect our henyards by sun worship. The fire upon the hearth is the imitative sun. When we throw stones into it to keep off henhawks we do a little "stunt" in sympathetic magic. The stones represent the feathered depredators which we thus consign to the flames and the sun-god does the rest. The candle waved over a setting of eggs is an imitative sun and the eggs are thus consigned to the care of the sun-god whose sacred bird is the cock. Setting a hen after dark or selling a setting of eggs after sunset is bad luck because the sun-god no longer is in the sky to protect them from evil influences.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says this country has been paternalistic long enough and it's high time the women were getting their reforms through and filling some of the new federal offices themselves.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

**Degrees of Poverty**

People reckon themselves poor as they lack money, yet there is a greater poverty. Many men and women go through the world unaware of the beauty, the goodness, and the glories in it. Such people, though they have money, are poor indeed.—Grit.

## The Barrier to Accomplishment Extravagance.

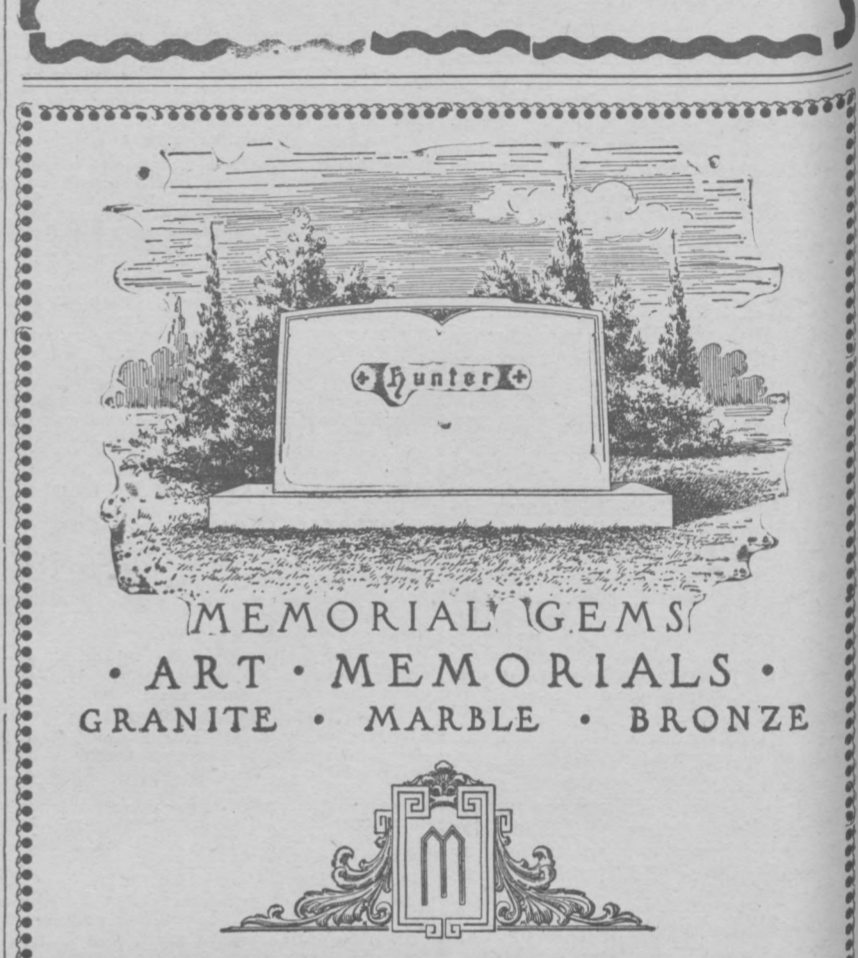
Extravagance has ruined the chances of many capable men. It proved a barrier too difficult to overcome.

If you really desire to accomplish something worthwhile, stop your extravagance and get right down to regular savings. It's the best way.

Your savings account here will make you think of a brighter future with purpose in it, and the means to accomplish that purpose.

**4 Percent Paid on Savings.**

**TANEYTOWN SAVINGS BANK**



**MEMORIAL GEMS**

• ART • MEMORIALS •

GRANITE • MARBLE • BRONZE

**CONSULTATION • INVITED**

**JOSEPH • L • MATHIAS**

WESTMINSTER • MARYLAND

**MARK EVERY GRAVE.**

## New Victor Records.

"Washington Post March," Sousa Band  
 "El Capitan March," Sousa's Band  
 "There's a New Star in Heaven Tonight," (Valentino)  
 "An Old Fadinand Picture," Dalhart  
 "She Knows Her Onions," Hoffner's Boys  
 "It Won't Be Long Now," Hoffner's Boys  
 "I Can't Set Over a Girl Like You," Billy Murray & Aileen Stanley  
 "Who Wouldn't," Billy Murray and Aileen Stanley  
 "Six Feet of Papa," Aileen Stanley  
 "Looking at the World Thru Rose Colored Glasses"

All the New Dance Records received every week. Call and hear them. We sell the Wonder Machine, "The New Orthophonic Victrola". A trial will convince you.  
 All the latest Sheet Music.  
 We can furnish all kinds of String and Brass Instruments at a saving in price. Call and see us.  
 All kinds of Strings and Accessories. Violin Instruction.

**SARBAUGH'S**

**Jewelry and Music Store.**

TANEYTOWN, MARYLAND.



**BETHOLINE**

"THE WONDER MOTOR FUEL"

THE combination that thousands of satisfied motorists recommend

**REXOLINE**

**MOTOR OIL**

**SHERWOOD BROS., INC.**

Originators and Manufacturers  
 Baltimore, Md.



