

THE SANDMAN STORY

MR. FOX FOOLS MR. DOG

MR. FOX was cornered—or perhaps it would better explain it to say he was in a fix, for he had been silly enough to run into his den when Mr. Dog was chasing him—a thing he seldom did unless tired out or wounded.

But Mr. Fox was neither. On this day, when he was so foolish, he just happened to be near his den, and thought he was far enough in advance to enter without being seen.

Mr. Dog, however, was bright-eyed that morning, and he spied the end of Mr. Fox's tail as it disappeared in the doorway, and he made straight for it.



"Fooled," said Mr. Dog to himself as he went along.

Mr. Dog barked loudly and began to make the earth fly; but, fortunately for Mr. Fox, Mr. Dog was a very large creature and could not possibly get through his doorway.

Mr. Fox, of course, had more than one door to his home, but what was the use of going out when Mr. Dog was all eyes and could see him?

Mr. Fox shivered every time Mr. Dog sent out a loud bark, which would tell his master he had something cornered and to come quickly with his gun.

"He will have me in deep trouble if something is not done to stop him," thought Mr. Fox, and then he pricked up his ears, for an idea had come to him. He might be able to escape from his den without being chased, and as he looked at the farm where Mr. Dog lived: "The hens there are old and tough; so I shan't go there any more, and if Mr. Dog is waiting for me he will have a long wait."

But Mr. Fox was far away, looking down from a ridge where he was resting, on the farms around, and he said, as he looked at the farm where Mr. Dog lived: "The hens there are old and tough; so I shan't go there any more, and if Mr. Dog is waiting for me he will have a long wait."

"I am sorry you cannot get those fine bones the dog at the farm below

you hid in here, Mr. Dog," said Mr. Fox from inside.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Dog, stopping in his work for a second. "What did you say about bones?"

"I said the dog at the farm house below you had made this a hiding place for his bones," said Mr. Fox. "I can see five beauties without looking around at all. But you cannot get them, Mr. Dog, because you are so big, and I can't push them out to you because you are so impolite when you meet me."

"I'll get in, then, and get the bones, and you, too," replied Mr. Dog.

"Well, if you go on barking the other dog will hear you and come on the run. He dug this place, and buried the bones. Of course, if you are smart enough to dig and get in you will have a feast. You wouldn't eat me, you know, Mr. Dog, after you caught me, so why spend your strength and time barking and chasing me?"

Mr. Dog was all over his desire to get Mr. Fox out of the hole. All he wanted now was to get those fine bones, and he went to work with a will, digging.

Not a sound did he make but deep breathing and a few chuckles as he thought of the bones he would find as the earth flew thickly around him.

Pretty soon he had quite a good sized hole, and making a plunge with his head, Mr. Dog went in up to his shoulders, but not a bone did he see, or Mr. Fox, either, for as soon as he heard Mr. Dog digging hard and his barking stopped, out went Mr. Fox by the back door, and by the time Mr. Dog was in the den he was miles away.

Mr. Dog came out looking very much crestfallen and covered with earth. He gave himself a good shake, and without looking around he trotted off home.

"Fooled," he said to himself as he went along. "I might have known better than to trust that sly fellow. There is no use looking for him today, but I will catch him yet, and when I do, let him look out. That is all I have to say."

But Mr. Fox was far away, looking down from a ridge where he was resting, on the farms around, and he said, as he looked at the farm where Mr. Dog lived: "The hens there are old and tough; so I shan't go there any more, and if Mr. Dog is waiting for me he will have a long wait."

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IT WAS A TRUE TEST

By MILDRED GOODRIDGE

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union)

"DOCTOR, he has agreed!"

"Very good. I will telephone the sheriff at once and make all the arrangements for the test."

Perhaps few mortals have been in the peculiarly strained and unnatural situation of Doris Hemingway. She was of the world's obscure and humble, and scarcely the heroine or even understudy for the upper crust romance. There was, however, beyond the modest patient exterior a soul of rare worth. It shone out now in her eager, anxious eyes.

The somber looking, thoughtful physician who proceeded to a telephone closet and was busy there for a minute or two, was Prof. Alpheus Woods. He had made a name and a fortune in his profession. Now he was a faddist. At least so standard sources designated him, for he had written three extreme books on "Hereditarily leading up to the audacious claim that he could extinguish the criminal instinct in man, woman or child by a simple surgical operation, and make of the most vicious mentally warped assassin or thief an honorable, trustworthy citizen.

A month previous Professor Woods had interested the criminologists and the local jail authorities by asking that they find a subject for his test. It was intimated that any professional criminal in custody who would submit to the operation should receive his liberty.

It was not so easy to find self-confessed criminals who would run the risk of a dangerous operation. The majority claimed to be inherently innocent as lambs, and trusted to the lawyer rather than the surgeon to win their freedom. At length Professor Woods found a typical case—Robert Tyler, burglar, a man who freely admitted that the impulse to rob was an irresistible influence of his nature.

The world had badly mistreated this man. A keen schemer had wrested a fortune from him through the slippery deviations of the law. In desperation Tyler had set at work to get even with the law. He had been appealed to in the matter of the Woods' test. He had wavered, declined, but now to the satisfaction of Professor Woods a pleading-eyed girl had appeared at his office to announce that she had prevailed upon Robert Tyler to undergo the operation.

"I have phoned the sheriff," announced the professor, returning to his seat. "I have no doubt that Tyler will be placed in my charge within the hour."

"Oh, sir," breathed the girl fervently, "do you think you can cure him?"

"I have made my system a life study," declared her host, with dignity and assurance.

"Listen, sir," went on Doris, earnestly. "Mr. Tyler is not the desperate criminal the world adjudges him. He is reckless, he is tempted, but he has been plundered, crushed down, in poverty until he believes all mankind his enemy, but I—ph, yes, I know him. At heart he is a hero, a martyr!"

The professor regarded the soulful eyes of this fair young pleader curiously. There was no mistaking her sincerity.

"You are his relative—a sister, perhaps?" he ventured.

"No, sir, I am—that is, I love him!" confessed Doris. "Thief as he is, under a long sentence, I would marry him tomorrow were he free. I, like myself, am an orphan, and like him, I have tasted the bitter dregs of poverty. He risked his life to save me from a burning building. As might the highest gentleman in the land, secretly, nobly he saw that I was cared for when I was ill. He loves me; I know it, but he would refuse to let me share of a convicted thief. Oh, sir, save him!" pleaded the girl pathetically, bursting into tears. "If you would do that, we would go away to some place where we are not known, and I would slave for him, to make him once more a man among men."

"My poor child!" spoke the professor brokenly, placing a trembling hand upon the bowed golden head. "For your sake I will exhaust all my science in trying to save this man's body and soul."

And so the honest enthusiast had his chance. For a week Robert Tyler lay under his care. The surgical operation applied to the cranium, current with a vigorous medicinal treatment. At the end of ten days the professor announced that the test had been completed and Tyler was a free man.

The newspapers were full of the experiment. The professor proudly hoped, and Doris prayed, and that very night the professor discovered that before he had left his home Robert Tyler had burglarized one of his cabinets, and had disappeared with two watches and a small amount of money.

Gradually the incident of Robert Tyler and the professor's great curative system faded from public view. Two years later the professor received a package addressed in delicate feminine handwriting, containing a sum of money equivalent to his losses through the burglary.

Three years after that Professor

Woods, on a western trip, passed Sunday at a thriving little town in the heart of the Rocky mountains. Strolling about casually in the afternoon, he came upon an open-air service meeting. The preacher talked from an improvised platform, near which was seated a lovely, peaceful-faced lady with a child in her arms, evidently the wife of the speaker.

Such rugged yet earnest eloquence Professor Woods had never before heard. And then he stared marvelously as he recognized the man as Robert Tyler and the woman he had known as Doris Hemingway.

His surprise was heightened, as at the end of the meeting the speaker looked directly at him with the words: "Will Mr. Woods please remain for a few moments' conversation?"

Professor Woods advanced to meet the exhorter as the audience dispersed. As he neared him he traced the old familiar lineaments of that expressive face, but toned down, softened, the eyes clear, thoughtful, sincere.

"Do you remember me?" spoke Tyler, extending an eager hand.

"I can never forget you," replied the friendly hearted professor. "My first and last experiment in anatomical reformation ended with you."

"And cured me, sir," pronounced Robert Tyler gravely. Perhaps not directly, but the results, the effects materialized."

"You surprise and interest me," murmured Professor Woods.

"I went back to my old ways, as you know," narrated Tyler, "but it availed me nothing, for I caught a severe cold where the operation had not healed up. I lay in hiding and misery for a year. This dear woman," and he motioned toward Doris, "worked for me, slaved for me through one helpless year. Then we came West, and then—I saw the true light and I am a changed man."

"It is a wonderful, a glorious word to report!" said Professor Woods with deep feeling. "The secret of your great transition—"

"Was love, such love and devotion that came as a blessing," and Tyler cast a fond glance at the smiling little woman advancing towards them. "Yes, it was love—love, and the baby!"

Old Rothschild Bank Building Still Stands

Although no Rothschild is now in the banking business in Frankfort-on-the-Main, where the foundations of the far-flung financial establishment were laid in the Eighteenth century, the old bank building still stands on the corner of the Fahrstrasse, near the entrance to the old ghetto, as a perpetual reminder of the past. The following description of its present state was written by Max Osborn in the *Vossische Zeitung*:

"The house was used for the banking business from top to bottom until the death of Baron Wilhelm Rothschild in 1901. Then it stood empty, was used during the war for charitable purposes and two years ago was presented to the city by Baroness Mathilde, Wilhelm's widow, the last of the Frankfort Rothschilds.

"The room occupied by the heads of the firm and the manager remains just as it was. At the window two beautiful writing desks, opposite to each other, for the all-powerful ones themselves, but—separated by green screens! For the last two Frankfort Rothschilds, Baron Wilhelm and his brother, Mayer Karl, could not see each other in a figurative sense, and didn't care to do so in reality.

"Near by was the conference room, somewhat more elegant. In a corner is the safe. It is not a piece of armored steel, but a decorative bit of iron furniture, so pleasingly shaped, with its plainly done iron bands and nails and stamps, as to make the ugliness and shapelessness of its descendants in the wide world doubly annoying. And this safe holds a secret. It cannot be opened! The magic word that sets the combination of eight letters that decorate the keyhole has been lost."

Blanders in the Bible

There are two grammatical errors in the Bible: "Whom do men say that I am?" (Mark 8:27), and "A fool's wrath is heavier than them both" (Prov. 27:3). Of misprints, the Bible has had plenty; and some of them give their names to highly prized editions—the Vinegar Bible, the Wicked Bible, the Whig Bible ("blessed are the peace-makers" and the rest; and one or two have been found even in the modern authorized version. We all know, too, the fundamental pun of the Bible—"Tu es Petrus." I do not think the Bible contains any split infinitive; but there is an unblushing bull in "Isaiah": "Then the angel of the Lord went forth and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and four score and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses."—37:36.—Prof. W. L. Phelps in Scribner's.

Facts About Mistletoe

In its article on mistletoe the latest edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* says: "The mistletoe is parasitic, both on deciduous and evergreen trees and shrubs. In England it is most abundant on the apple tree, but rarely found on the oak. The sowing is effected by the birds wiping their beaks, to which the seeds adhere, against the bark of the trees on which they have alighted. The mistletoe, so extensively used in England at Christmas, is largely derived from the apple orchards of Normandy; a quantity is also sent from the apple orchards of Herefordshire."

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Time for a Change.

Vegetarian's Husband (timidly)—Do you know, my dear, I really think we ought to have a bit of meat once in a while. Three times last night I caught myself whinnying!

Poet Laureates.

The naming of a poet laureate is an English custom. The United States has never named one, and as far as it is possible to learn does not contemplate using the custom. Several of the states have poet laureates.

Well, Isn't It?

A doctor, on being charged in an English police court with having obstructed a funeral by leaving his motorcar in the main street, replied that "it was his duty, if possible, to stop funerals."

Thought and Action.

The greatest events of an age are its best thoughts. It is the nature of thought to find its way into action.—Bovee.

Gibbon's Inspiration.

In the church of Ara Coeli in Rome, on October 15, 1764, Gibbon, as he sat musing on the Capitol and the Forum, conceived the idea of writing "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Flag Regulations.

The flag is raised at 8 o'clock in the morning and lowered at sunset in the United States navy. This is in accordance with a naval regulation. In the army the flag is raised at sunrise and lowered at sunset.

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Live Primitive Life.

Among the "bushman" of Africa there are no wedding ceremonies. The men make the clothes and the women build the huts. The moon is an object of worship with them.

Liked the Number 13.

Living in a house numbered 13, a London miss had 13 children attend her at her wedding on October 13, and the reception was held at 13 Mansfield street.

Famous Lion.

The Lion of Lucerne, work of Thorwaldsen, was executed in 1821 in memory of 20 officers and 760 soldiers of the Swiss guards, who fell defending the Tuilleries on August 10, 1792.

Tripolitan Bride Marked.

In Tripoli, when a girl marries, her husband brands her, as a sign of ownership, with a cut on the nose or a figure burned into her cheek or forehead.

Debt Adjustment Final.

Washington, D. C.—The American debt commission considers the British debt-refunding settlement as closed. It is believed unlikely that any move will be made by the British government looking to a revision of those terms, even should another nation be granted more liberal treatment in a debt settlement.

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P. N. U. No. 1, 1925

Through the Glad Eyes of a Woman

By Jane Doe

THE YEAR IN THE BUD

I love January first!
In December—how far away appears
spring.
But on the first day of the new-born
year—how near!
Just a few more moons, and lo!
"The daffodils begin to peer,
With their yellow daisy heads;
Just as the first white-crowns
Appear,
Some come to show their heads;
The snowdrops and the haws
Begin to peep or show their heads;
The daisies now begin to peep,
And first the crocuses, in
the garden.
The sweet primroses, now show
their heads;
And then the tulips and the pansies,
And hyacinths in a row;
The oxlips and the primula
flowers
Brought hither to the garden;
All these with seeds fresh-blown,
And winter's snows upon them;
The daffodils begin to peer,
With their yellow daisy heads;
Just as the first white-crowns
Appear,
Some come to show their heads;
The snowdrops and the haws
Begin to peep or show their heads;
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flowers
Brought hither to the garden;
All these with seeds fresh-blown,
And winter's snows upon them.

AGLORIOUS bit of sunshine

greeted me this morning.
La, la! But it put the thrill of the
gay springtide into me—so soft and
gentle and magic it was!

The moment Old Sol started cold-
shouldering a lot of bad-tempered-
looking clouds and beamed on me, all
the memories of previous springs
crowded in on my mind.

I smelled apple blossom in a Con-
necticut orchard. I saw the blue skies
and red earth of England's Cornwall.
I heard birds singing in a bit of woods.
I listened once more to a bee-loud
glade.

And I remembered there was once a
man who said it would give him
greater joy to find a buttercup in a
field than a golden coin.

Oh, lovely spring!
Heavenly season of renewed hope, vig-
or and faith.

"Oh! thou, who say'st thy love heart
ne'er
With verdure can again be spread;
Oh! thou who mournest them that sleep
Low lying in an earthly bed,
Look out on the reviving world
And see new hopes within thee bud!"

And I love also that feeling you get
as you hang up the new calendars,
and scrap the old, with a "And that's
that" and resolve to start life all over
again and see if you can't make a bet-
ter job of it. . . .

You know the feeling, I bet.
I like to look back on the years.
The green, salad years. The more
sophisticated years.

I like to wonder what I shall be like
when I'm finished goods.
Not that anybody's finished goods
until they're dead.

But we can put the "quality mark"
on ourselves long before that, can't
we?
I don't know how it is with you, but
I'm never really comfortable with
myself when I indulge in this sort of
retro- and introspection, this mental
stocktaking.
Well, here's to the year in the bud.
A good health to it.
And to us.
Which comes to the same thing.
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"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name in history;
meaning; whence it was derived; sig-
nificance; your lucky day, lucky jewel

SYLVIA

PERHAPS the most poetic of all
feminine names is Sylvia. Its
origin dates back to mythological times
when there was a deity called Sylva-
nus, a name derived from Sylvia,
meaning wood, or forest. Sylvanus
was the protector of husbandmen and
their crops. He was generally por-
trayed as an old man with cypress tree
in his hand. Just before the Christian
era, Sylvanus became a Roman proper
name and indirectly from it is de-
rived the masculine Sylvius, through
the old legend of the son of Aeneas and
Lavinia—born in a wood—and hence
called Aeneas Sylvius.

Sylvius was the name given to a
member of the Piccolomini family,
who afterward became the pope, Syl-
vius and Sylvia became the favorite
names for shepherds and shepherdesses,
Sylvia's translation being "living in the
wood." From its popularity in the
time of pastoral romance, Sylvia be-
came a poetical name for a country
maid and had been much used in Eng-
land as a village Christian name.

Certainly the poets loved to write
odes and comments and roundelays to
Sylvia whose simple virtues and rustic
beauty they exalted in lyrical ex-
travagance. Indeed Sylvia became the
class name for rustic maidens, just as
"Jane" has been slangily adopted as a
synonym for any woman today.

Sylvia, simplest of rustic names, has
for her talismanic stone, the simplest
of gems, the turquoise. Set in gold,
it will protect its wearer either riding
or walking, so the legend goes. It is
the Persians' national stone and they
believe that to see the new moon re-
flected in its blue gleaming surface is
sign of good fortune. Holly is Sylvia's
flower, Saturday her lucky day, and 2
her talismanic number.

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of Cure



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