



THE SANDMAN STORY

by Mrs. F. A. WALKER

JACK RABBIT GETS WELL.

Jack Rabbit continued to improve after Mister Fox came to visit him in his burrow...

When they got to the door of the fox's house, he said: "Come right in and sit down..."

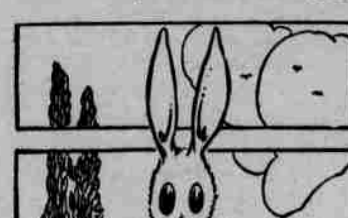
"Well, well," said the fox, "I am certainly glad to see you and looking so well, too..."

"The fox was thinking of the meal of green vegetables which the rabbit had set out for him..."

"But," said the fox to himself, "that would be an unkind thing to do to the rabbit since he has been ill..."

"They are the finest I ever ate," he said to the fox, as he finished the last of them...

"I would not overdo," said the fox, "and you had perhaps better take two or three days to apply the lesson I am about to tell you..."



AMUSING PASTIME FOR BOYS

Any Number of Players May Engage in Game of Duck on the Rock—How it is Played.

All boys and girls have played ducks and drakes at some time or another. The game is too well known to describe here...

Should a player miss he must be careful to pick up his stone again lest the sentry touches him before he can return to the mark from which the stones are thrown...

That, then, is the lesson I am to apply," said the rabbit. "Well, I will see how well I can do it..."

All the way home he did not see a thing which furnished any sort of an application of the wisdom that the fox had told him...

What an unhappy boy," said the rabbit, "and I because he is discontented with what may be the best that his father can afford..."

A few hours after Jack Rabbit thought he would go over to where the cap lay and take a look at it, and just as he got near to the cap he thought he saw something in it move...

"What are you doing here?" said Jack Rabbit as soon as he recovered from his surprise...

"Why I have found the finest nest in all the wood," said the bird. "I had hunted for days and days for bits of string and cloth with which to build my nest, and then this morning, right here, under this tree, I found a nest all built for me..."

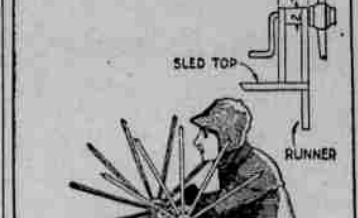
best home for my children of an, bird in all these parts. I cannot understand how anyone who owned so fine a cap as this would ever have thrown it away...

PROPELLERS FOR HAND SLED

Two Medium-Sized Buggy Wheels Made Use Of to Transmit Power—Pointed Nails Help.

Desiring to propel my hand sled with power transmitted by cranks and wheels, I set about to procure the necessary materials...

The hubs were plugged with pieces of wood, whittled to tightly fit the holes. A hole was then bored exactly central through each plug for a one-half inch rod...



Sled Propelled by Wheels, Pointed Nails Doing the Pushing.

Mechanics. The heads were then removed and the nail ends sharpened. The hubs were plugged with pieces of wood, whittled to tightly fit the holes...

Two pieces or blocks of wood two inches square and four inches long were used as bearings. These were bored centrally through the long way, to receive the one-half inch rod just loose enough to make a good bearing...

They sat and gossiped the news of the wood for an hour or so before Jack Rabbit, rising said: "Well, I think that it is about time I was going for the walk home is pretty long one and I have to go rather slowly..."

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RICHEST TRIBE IN AFRICA



Mask of the BACHOKE MEDICINE MAN

DISCOVERING a vast new diamond field which the smartest and widest awake of men in the diamond mining business didn't know anything about...

Knowing nothing of the dire events that befell wealthy Rome or Greece the Bachokes, nevertheless, followed in the same path...

Whatever may be said as to the morals of the Bachokes in their relations to pipes, women and song it cannot be said that their immorality extends to the culinary line...

The Bachokes of the great tribe of the Bantus is the name of the new tribe that Mr. Rapp and his party discovered. It is all in one the richest, the laziest, the most immoral and the most interesting of all the tribes of interior Africa...

As thoroughgoing as David Belasco are these savage black physicians in creating the proper sort of atmosphere for the effect they wish to produce. Clad in beads and feathers, surrounded by horrific ghost chasers and spirit placators carved out of wood...

The medicine he distributes after properly blessing it depends upon the fee he receives. The sufferer with rheumatism, may for a few beads or a chicken by a pair of carved field mice to wear at his belt as a protection against the pains...

As was the case with many another modern fortune the wealth of the Bachokes was founded upon the misfortune and exploitation of their fellow men. The Bachokes were the original slave traders. They were at the source of the evil. Upon them it fell to attack the weaker tribes in the interior of Africa and to take captive all that they did not slay or leave dying of wounds...

Through their slaving operations the Bachokes came to roll in wealth. It is a poor Bachoke indeed who cannot wear at least three strings of blue and red beads, buy very costly and powerful spirit medicines from the medicine man, keep a wife or two to

Where the White Man Found the Moose Jaw. This, it is said, accounts for the town's queer name. Little Incident That Led to Most Peculiar Cognomen Being Given to Canadian Town.

An interesting story is told as to the origin of the name "Moose Jaw," as applied to a town in Canada. Many years ago, so the story runs, a pioneer with his team of oxen and "prairie schooner," while passing along the banks of the river, was obliged to camp at this point in Saskatchewan on account of an accident to his cart...

There is a distinct difference between power and endurance. The average woman seems to have quite as much endurance as the average man; but in actual physical power she is entirely outclassed. In a series of experiments to determine this point, it was found that the average energy a man can develop is one-fifth horse power, that of a woman only half as much. The machine for making the tests is a bicycle mounted on a fixed frame, and geared to a brake wheel. The person under test works the pedals, and the point at which the friction of the brake causes the machine to stop indicates the horse-power he has reached.

Very Careful. "I say, Jane, let's walk out and have a little tea-tete." "Good gracious, William, you know I never touch anything the least bit strong."

"Some call the New Jersey election a triumph for the cause of suffrage." "Well, no doubt that is the natural result of reading constantly those Russian victories."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BOY'S DEFINITION OF DESERT

Mother's Suggestion That It Was Place Where Nothing Would Grow Leads to Amusing Reply.

A fond mother was assisting the little boy the other evening in the mastery of his geography lesson, and coming to the description of a desert, which formed part of the lesson to be memorized, she quoted the words of the text-book to the effect that it was "a barren tract."

The little fellow repeated the phrase after her, but his air of mystification showed that he hadn't the slightest idea of the meaning conveyed by the group of words, and the better to reach his understanding, she endeavored to simplify the description by defining it as "a place where nothing would grow."

The boy's face brightened with the light of awakened intelligence, and the mother, proud and expectant, put the question: "Now, Johnny, what is a desert?" Prompt came the response: "Pa's bald head."

Three of a Kind. William Travers Jerome, the New York lawyer, said of a certain charge the other day: "It was a coincidence, a strange coincidence, an almost incredible coincidence—like the stuttermaster's tale, you know."

"A stuttermaster in a restaurant said to a waiter: "Bring me a p-p-plate of beef." "The waiter, who also stuttered, answered: "W-w-we're out of b-b-beef, sir." "The guest, thinking he was being mocked, rushed at the waiter to knock him down, but another patron interposed hurriedly. "D-d-don't hit him," he said. "He's not mocking you. He stutters the same as I d-d-did before I was c-c-cured."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Jelting Romance. "Yes, my husband is a veteran of the Spanish war. He was at Siboney, San Juan, in many battles." "Ah, you must have passed many sleepless and apprehensive nights, thinking of him on the battlefield. Tell me of them. I can make a romantic story out of this." "I fear I can't be of much help to you. I didn't meet my husband until about ten years after the war."

Joys of Matrimony. His Wife—I met an old acquaintance today, Mr. Meeker. You remember he was your rival for my hand. Her Husband—Yes; I hate that man. His Wife—Why, you shouldn't hate him because he used to love me. Her Husband—Oh, that isn't the reason. I hate him because he didn't marry you.

Common Sense. "You say this picture is worth \$5,000, and yet you are offering it for ten." "Yes." "Something wrong here," declared the policeman. "I'll have to take you in." "Nothing wrong, officer," interposed the dealer. "He's the artist."

Likely Place. Katherine is employed in a newspaper office. "Have a cough drop," she said. The other girls each accepted a lozenge. "Got a cold?" they inquired. Katherine nodded. "Where'd you get it?" "In the circulation department, of course."

Dramatic Enthusiasm Nowadays. "My daughter says there's a splendid show at the theater this week," said the nice old lady. "She liked it, eh?" asked the other old lady. "Yes, very much. But from the way she raves about it I'm sure there must be something immodest about it."—Exchange.

Her Point of View. Said He—Miss Tallman's clothes always look so neat, don't you think? Said She—Yes, considering that she has so little to dress on. Said He—Why, I was under the impression she was quite wealthy. Said She—And so she is, but she's awfully thin, you know.

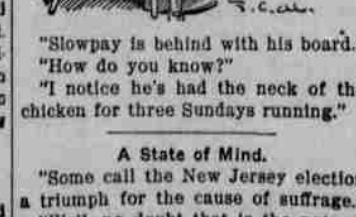
The Reason Why. A quick-witted newspaper man in the city was asked lately by a friend, "Why didn't Adam take out a marriage license?" "I suppose," answered the newspaper man, "that as long as he went about Eve, he found the bureau was closed."

OUR BOARDING HOUSE. Her Preference. Sunday School Teacher—You must grow up to be good. Don't you want to be looked up to? Little Emma Wayup—No; I'd rather be looked around at.—Judge.

The Autocrat. My father is a captain in the army," said the little boy in blue, "and whatever he says the men have to do it." "That's nothing!" retorted the boy in the red sweater. "My old man's a janitor."

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"Slowly he behind with his board." "How do you know?" "I notice he's had the neck of the chicken for three Sundays running."

Odd Dream Adventure.

"Talking of dreams," said the jolly-faced man, "the other night an incandescent bulb burst in our bed room while I was dozing and dreaming that I was driving my auto along a country road. On hearing the explosion I got out, and when I woke up I was under the bed flanking the springs with my wife's manicure set."—Boston Transcript.

The Call of the Links. "Jock, mon, I'll go ye a round on the links 't the mornin'." "The mornin'?" echoed Jock, dubiously. "Ay, mon, the mornin'. I'll go ye a round if ye like." "Ay, well!" said Jock. "I'll go ye. But I had intended to get married 't the mornin'."—Boston Transcript.

Worse Trouble Averted. "They fight like cats and dogs." "Then you don't think it was a fortunate marriage?" "Oh, yes, in a way. If they hadn't married each other, each might have married someone else, and made four people unhappy instead of two."—Boston Transcript.

The Very Latest Chart and Instructions in Palm Reading. Parak Publishing Co., 328 Chamber Commerce, Portland, Oregon.

Was She Motherless? "We have just learned that Adam was the first man," said the Sunday School teacher to the infant class. "Now if Adam was the first man, can you tell me who was the first woman?" And the little chap at the end of the row declared confidently: "His mother!"—Philadelphia Record.

They Surely Do It. "I don't see why everybody is so down on the war contractors. Don't they merely performing a consistent duty?" "How so?" "Well, what good is a censor unless he incenses the people?"—Baltimore American.

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Lost, Not Gone Before. An elderly gentleman was observed acting rather nervously in a department store and the floorwalker approached him. "Anything I can do for you?" "I have lost my wife." "Ah, yes, mourning goods two flights up," responded the floorwalker. —Boston Transcript.

Qualified. "Mr. Redink," said the boss, severely, "you got off yesterday afternoon under the plea of being sick. I saw you afterward going to the races, and you didn't appear to be at all sick." Mr. Redink was fully equal to the occasion. "You ought to have seen me after the second race, sir," he said.—Puck.

Practical Lessons in Hypnotism 285 Page Book. Contains full instructions for development and practice of Hypnotism. Truth of this wonderful Science. \$1.50. Parak Publishing Co., 328 Chamber Commerce, Portland, Oregon.

Misunderstood. "You will understand," said the elocution teacher, "that when I wave my hands in the air and move my lips without being heard, I am giving a picture of profound mental anguish." "I'm glad to know that," answered the pupil. "I thought you were giving an imitation of a traffic policeman." —Washington Star.

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In Safe Hands. "I hear there is a movement on foot to weed out all unscrupulous lawyers at the Plunkville bar." "We investigated and found there are no unscrupulous lawyers at the Plunkville bar." "Who investigated?" "Us lawyers."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Increased Consumption. "Why do you insist that people are not like they were in your youth?" "When I was young," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "I burned the midnight oil. My boys burn gasoline 24 hours in the day."—Washington Star.

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The Only Way. Peddler—I have a most valuable book to sell, madam. It tells how to do everything. Lady (sarcastically)—Does it tell how to get rid of a pestering peddler? Peddler (promptly)—Oh, yes, madam! Buy something from him.—Bisming Age-Herald.

A Literary Rarity. "How did you happen to buy this boot and shoe journal?" "I didn't have a girl on the front cover." The novelty of appealed to me.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Do you believe in telepathy? "I shouldn't like to see it carried to an extreme," replied Miss Cayenne. "If everybody could ascertain what everybody else is thinking about, so few of us would be on speaking terms!"—Washington Star.

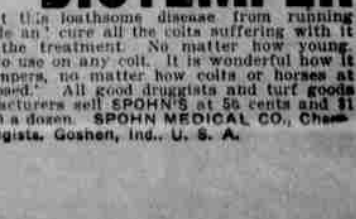
Cool. "Say, old man, will you lend Burrows a five dollar bill?" "Is he really in need of it?" "Rather. He wants to pay me with it."—Boston Transcript.

One of the Ways. She—An agent was around today with a machine for aerating bread without the use of baking powder, and I bought one. He—Well, of all the ways of blowing one's dough!—Boston Transcript.

Let William Do It. "That son of yours is a likely lad, Sam. Why don't you let him join in and help us to end the war?" "What! my boy, Bill? Naw, naw. What I say is that there kaysner, 'er started the war, let 'im finish it 'iself!"

Reverse Influence. "So you voted for prohibition?" "Sure," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop. "For years every ticket I voted for has been defeated. So I didn't take any chances."—Washington Star.

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SPONH'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

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