



THE SANDMAN'S STORY

By Mrs. F.A. WALKER

THE ENCHANTED MOUSE.

One day the wife of a poor man caught a mouse in a wire trap. She took it to a pail of water to drown it...

"Good madam," it said, "I am an enchanted mouse and have in days gone by been a prince. I hope some day to come into my own again. Give me life and you will never regret it."

"That I will," said the mouse, "and promise to keep the other mice away also."

So the wife opened the trap and the mouse ran into a big hole in the wall.

"What are you doing?" asked her husband, who came in at that moment. When the wife told him what the mouse had said he was very angry.

"Very well," said the mouse; "close your eyes, turn around three times and then open your eyes and you will have the wish."

The wife did as the mouse said, and when she opened her eyes she did not know



"What Do You Want of Me?"

where she was; everything was so beautiful, but her husband came and took her by the hand and led her through the large rooms.

"I shall never be comfortable here," said the wife, "it is for too grand for me."

But even this did not satisfy the husband, and one day he said: "I should like to be an emperor and rule a country; go to the mouse and ask him to grant it."

rather live in the comfortable home you first gave us, but my husband is ambitious, and would rule."

"Close your eyes," the mouse said to the wife, "turn round three times and then open your eyes."

When she opened her eyes there in a comfortable chair sat her husband smoking his pipe.

The wife told her husband what the mouse had said and as he was afraid of being without a full pipe, he never bothered his wife again and lived peaceably ever after.

MECHANIC CHOKES A HAMMER

Half-Hearted Artisan May Be Sized Up by Grip on Handle—Be Positive and Earnest.

You may tell a good deal about a mechanic's efforts and purposes by the way in which he handles his tools. You may size up a half-hearted artisan by the grip on his hammer handle.

If he takes it near the extreme end he means business and hits the nail a substantial blow; if he grips it up near the hammer head, making you half expect the poor thing will open its iron jaws and gasp, why then you may be sure of a tyro and a shirker.

TEACH POULTRY IN SCHOOLS

Younger Generation Kept Interested and More Efficient Poultrymen Are Brought Forth.

In every school district in Oklahoma there has been a poultry association organized through the efforts of the State Poultry Association.

The teacher gets information regularly from the central body, and poultry topics and poultry literature are furnished the school through the central organization. By this means the younger generation is kept interested and more efficient poultrymen brought forth each year.

This is all done in a state that is far behind our Missouri valley states in production of farm products. This idea might work out for good results in many of our own rural school districts.—Twentieth Century Farmer.

WEED WATER PIPE MATERIAL

Large, Hollow, Straight Stalks of Common Cow Weed Used by Boy on West Virginia Farm.

A boy of fourteen, on a West Virginia farm, has piped water from a hillside spring to the house a hundred yards away and the total expense was less than 50 cents. He used the large, hollow, straight stalks of common wild cow weed, over an inch in diameter and each five and six feet long, fitting the little ends tightly into the big ends after wrapping the latter with twine to keep them from splitting and also wrapping the centers and painting the outsides with asbestos black.

CROKINOLE IS SKILLFUL GAME

Soreness of Fingers May Be Entirely Overcome by Putting Propelling Digit Against Carom.

A great many persons do not thoroughly enjoy the skillful game of crokinole for the reason that their fingers become sore from shooting. To overcome this entirely put the propelling bent finger gently against the carom, or nearly so, and there will not only be no sting to the finger in sudden contact with the carom, but the direction of the shot may be far better controlled. Let the finger nail meet the exact center of the carom edge for absolute accuracy.

He Understood.

"I don't see why horses are afraid of automobiles," said Dick. "Well, I do," replied his ten-year-old companion. "They look like buggies a-going without horses."

"What if they do? That is no reason," replied Dick. "Now look here, Dick! You know you'd get scared if you saw my suit a-walking down the street and me not along to make it go."

Something Like It.

Bobby was rehearsing the patriotic lines he was to speak at the Sunday school Fourth of July celebration. "It—it—oh, yes—it gtimeted well for our great and glorious—"

MOSLEM "HOLY CITY"

MECCA ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

Remarkable Spot to Which Every Mohammedan Is Supposed to Make at Least One Pilgrimage During His Lifetime.

Not far from where Arabian lands now form a battleground for Turk and Briton stands the Mohammedan holy city of Mecca, toward which turn countless thousands of Moslems every day at the time for prayer, says a bulletin of the National Geographic society.

Mecca, the native place of Mahomet, is the principal city of the Turkish vilayet of the Hejaz in Arabia and is located a few miles back from the coast of the Red sea, Jidda being its seaport and the landing place of nearly all its pilgrims who come by sea.

Specimens of the sort of mystic productions we mean have been appearing in a Philadelphia newspaper. They seek to convey, not advice, but stimulating messages. The goal is not merely moneymaking, but "man building."

The man is to be built very much after the fashion of a Hindu ascetic wrapped in contemplation of his inner self—except that here the concentration of his gaze upon his own faculties is to be under expert direction. His mentor stands at his elbow to shout in his ear from time to time:

"Live in the 'I will' atmosphere; 'Eliminate doubt and 'It can't be done'; 'Keep a true focus on the world'; 'Sell to yourself first; 'Keep your dynamo working."

We have no wish to decry these solemn views of business. Earnest and even fierce preaching of energy and determination may serve to stir up those qualities in some laggards. And it has always been true that exalted motives are a good thing for even lowly work.

But there is, clearly, a novel element in all this modern injunction to salesmen to lift themselves by their own moral bootstraps. It links itself with the vague ideas current about occult, psychic powers dormant in man.

Sometimes, it is believed, they may be awakened and used for healing disease, sometimes for unrolling the book of fate, sometimes for piercing the veil of death. The singular thing is to find all this order of thought—or emotion—seized upon in the endeavor to enable people to sell more buttons and tape.

Golf for the Insane.

Much amusement has been created by paragraphs and others over the use of the game of golf as a means of quieting insane patients. It is a fact, however, that excellent results are obtained in this fashion. Swinging golf clubs against an innocent little rubber ball apparently takes care of the energy that might be expressed in violence that not only does serious damage to property but retards recovery on the part of patients. Here is the testimony of Dr. Gahagan, superintendent of the state hospital for the insane at Elgin. It is an excerpt from a letter written to Doctor Zeller of the state board of administration:

"I wish to report excellent results on the golf links. Several of the most disturbed cases on the C wards—who are principally engaged in personal assaults, breaking windows, etc.—have been taken out and have fairly quieted down as the result of fresh air and diversion gained on the golf links. I wish especially to report our friend, Eddie Maxwell, who has written you on many occasions. Since Eddie has had access to the links he has been very docile and thankful for the liberties given him. While Eddie was in the ward you will remember that on various occasions he was guilty of most violent conduct."

Dinner Cost \$150 a Plate.

A dinner, costing \$150 a plate, it is said, was given in the presidential suite of the Biltmore one night recently in honor of Louis C. Wallick by John McE. Bowman and other hotel men, to mark the close of the successful winter season. Mr. Bowman sent the invitations out several days ago, it was said, and many of the 25 diners came from other cities.

Saying that the dinner was private, Mr. Bowman refused to give out a complete list of the guests. It was said that when a dinner costs \$150 a plate only a small part of that amount is spent for things to eat. A dinner costing more than \$250 a plate was served in the Savoy in London a few years ago, one man said in speaking of the Biltmore party, but the proportion spent for food was small.

At the end of the dinner a silver punch bowl, inscribed with his name, was presented to Mr. Wallick, and 25 woman guests came in to hear the speeches.—New York World.

When the Dean Remonstrated.

The Manchester Guardian says this is a true story from the front: Two Tommies wandering on a part of the line with which they were not familiar found on many of the trenches neatly painted signs displaying the names with which their occupants had labeled them. They came to a trench marked "The Deanery." "Elo," exclaimed one of the Tommies, "hit 'er ain't a d— deanery!" At that instant a head popped out of the trench and the chaplain retorted: "Yes, my man, and I'm the d— dean, so please moderate your language."

Women Now Belong.

For the first time in its history the British Royal Astronomical society has admitted women to membership.

HER IDEAL AT LAST

MODERN MAIDEN'S SEARCH FOR "TRUE MAN" REWARDED.

Willing to Delight in Any Foolish Fad or Frenzied Fancy She Might Want to Pursue—Drew the Line at One Thing.

The modern young woman gazed critically at the modern young man. "You are sure," she said, "that you wish to marry me? Nothing could alter your decision?"

"Nothing." "In case I should accept you, would you be willing to fill in at any time at one of my dinner or bridge parties—I mean, of course, when I really need someone?"

"I should be delighted." "You will, I presume, permit me to go away in the summer time and spend as much money as I please at any place which my fancy dictates?"

"Certainly." "In case I should desire to roam over Europe alone, you would have no objections?"

"None whatever." "It is necessary for me, in order to maintain my position in metropolitan circles, to become hysterical over all the latest fads. This means that I will probably have literary freaks, bohemian impossibilities, suffragette caucuses and other highbrow functions in our house at any time. You would welcome all of these, would you?"

"With open arms, for your sake." "I shall, of course, have to indulge in the latest and smartest effects in clothes, no matter what the extremes may lead to. I trust that this would not disturb your serenity or make you express in any way any feeling of shame?"

"Impossible! You can go as far as you like." "Suppose that I should become eugenically inclined?"

"It would be my great pleasure to praise your efforts." The young woman moved a trifle nearer. "Just one more question," she said. "Will you go to the opera with me at the matinees every Saturday afternoon?"

Then the young man got up, folded his arms sternly and replied: "Never! I love you dearly, I am willing to make all kinds of a fool of myself and to do anything that any metropolitan husband is obliged to do in these halcyon days, but I'll be eternally frizzled if I lose my self-respect to the extent of attending the opera with any grown woman in daylight."

"Answered like a hero!" she exclaimed, clasping him fondly in her arms. "It is the one thing that I didn't want you to do. Oh, how grand it is to feel at least that I am marrying a true man."—New York Sun.

Activities of Women.

The women of Japan are generally hard workers. Woman school teachers in Germany number over 30,000. Japanese drama was founded by a woman, a priestess of the Temple of Kitauka.

France now has more than a million more women and girls than men and boys. A large auto truck concern in the West employs a woman to run their demonstrating truck, which has a capacity of five tons.

Woman conductors in the London tramway cars are proving so successful that it is a question as to whether they will be retained indefinitely. Rev. Ann T. Allenbach, an ordained minister and a graduate of Columbia university and the Union Theological seminary, has formed in New York a new religious cult, which is known as the First Woman's Christian Community church.

New Ways to Make Money.

When it comes to thinking up new ways of making money you have got to hand it to the people of the East side. A woman over there has just been sent to jail for making fish with aged and chastened expressions look like fresh caught. With one paint brush, a tin of red paint and the skill of her good right hand the lady can turn the most discouraged collection of last year's cod into the lifelike semblance of fish just pulled out of the river. One look at the carmine gills would tell anyone not possessing a keen sense of smell that the fish were fresh and wholesome. A board of health inspector who confiscated the woman's merchandise declares there are many modern painters of still life in that section of town who make it pay.—New York Times.

Mill Saw Reveals Honey.

Escaping the notice of all the camp hands who fell and bucked the tree, a hollow white fir yielded more than fifty pounds of choice honey when cut into by the sawmill band saw. The honey was not discovered until the combs had been severed and a considerable quantity had escaped through the log carriage.—Westwood Dispatch to the Sacramento Bee.

Two Humorous Errors.

The error of the newest Chambers biographical dictionary in which it is said that from 1898 to 1900 Roosevelt was "president of New York" reminds the Philadelphia Public Ledger of the fine old typographical error that crept into one of Horace Greeley's editorials. "There is no barn in Gilead," asserted the editorial, Greeley having written, "There is no balm in Gilead."

MANY CASES

OF STOMACH AND BOWEL DISORDERS are traceable to delay

Moral — — —

== TRY ==

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters At the first sign of trouble

Recklessness.

We ought to be contented With conditions as they come. Fate can't be circumvented And you've got to suffer some. We'll miss the wintry blowing When the sultry sunbeams dance And July is fiercely glowing— But I'd like to take a chance.

Every hope is a delusion

When it once is realized. Wealth that comes in great profusion By the prudent is not prized. They declare in language pensive That our sorrow we enhance By an idleness expensive— But I'd like to take a chance. —April Century.

When the Worm Turned.

"Your honor," declared Officer McPherson, "I heard an awful yellin' back in the wagon yard, and when I got there this man was beating his wife." Judge Broyles turned sharply on the prisoner, a tall, gaunt farmer, with clay-colored complexion. "Is this true? Were you beating your wife, sir?" the judge demanded. "Yes, your honor."

Otherwise Engaged.

"I used to think I'd like to make a name for myself," said Mr. Chuggins. "Then I got interested in an automobile." "What difference did that make?" "Hadn't time to think about names. Was doing well enough to keep track of my numbers."—Washington Star.

Practice and Theory.

"Who wrote that article on how to support a family of six on \$10 a week?" a friend asked Woggles, the editor of the Ladies Household Friend. "Bingham, one of our best men," said Woggles without a smile. "We pay him \$5,000 a year."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Matrimonial Ideas.

"Why do you object to my marrying your daughter?" "Because you can't support her in the style to which she has been accustomed all her life." "How do you know I can't? I can start her on bread and milk, same as you did."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Lookout.

"The ship of state is getting into troubled waters." "That's so. I only hope it won't have to be piloted by a tug of war."—Baltimore American.

Kelly Pool.

"Here's your pill," said Mrs. John to her husband, who was suffering from grip. "All right," said John, winking from a dose. "I'll go you one more game, but this is positively the last."—New York World.

"I DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE"

"Feel Like a New Person," says Mrs. Hamilton.

New Castle, Ind.—"From the time

I was eleven years old until I was seventeen I suffered each month so I had to be in bed. I had headache, backache and such pains I would cramp double every month. I did not know what it was to be easy a minute. My health was all run down and the doctors did not do me any good. A neighbor told my mother about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took it, and now I feel like a new person. I don't suffer any more and I am regular every month."—Mrs. HAZEL HAMILTON, 822 South 15th St.

When a remedy has lived for forty years, steadily growing in popularity and influence, and thousands upon thousands of women declare they owe their health to it, is it not reasonable to believe that it is an article of great merit?

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