

FEATURE DEPARTMENT

Section Devoted to Attractive Magazine Material

THE SANDMAN STORY

YESON DAN

ONCE there was a little brown elf or gnome named Yeson Dan. And when you have read this story, see if you can tell why he had this name— for before he ran away one night long ago his comrades called him Just Dan.

The brown elves live deeper in the earth than the goblins. They take care of the seedlings and the roots and, if they attend to their work, in the spring up come the vegetables and flowers to the top of the ground.

But if these gnomes all had done as Yeson Dan did, run away to look for something on the top of the earth, very soon there would be nothing at all but brown soil, for even the grass roots

under a bush and, holding a foot in each tiny hand, he watched the goblins at their play.

"It is more fun being here than under the ground where we gnomes live," mused Yeson Dan. "I wonder if they would let me join them in their sports if I stay above ground until tomorrow night. I wish I had a red cap. Nobody ever would notice this dull looking brown suit I am wearing."

Just then it occurred to him that he had been sent to look at the flowers and vegetables and the meadows. "It will take me a long time to do all that," thought Yeson Dan. "Now how can I go back tonight?"

"Besides, I want to find out where the goblins get their red caps, and I can't do everything in one night."

"Come with me," whispered Frisky Breeze, who had lingered a minute beside Yeson Dan and heard the wish; "I know a lot of things that no one else knows."

"Do you know where the goblins get their red caps?" inquired Yeson Dan. Frisky Breeze fluttered the leaves on the bushes and replied, "I can find out anything. Come along and let us frolic."

Taking Yeson Dan by the hand Frisky Breeze away, brushing the tops of the goblins' heads so that they almost lost their caps.

"You said you could find out anything, but it seems to me you don't know where to go," said Yeson Dan. "I am tired, and besides I must go to the garden and look about. I have to go back and report to the chief gnome."

"Oh, dear, what shall I do," said Yeson Dan. "I can see the daylight running along the sky, and I have not done my work and I can't get home."

Yeson Dan curled himself up and went to sleep, but when he awoke he found Frisky Breeze had gone. He was quite alone on the mountain-side. It was growing dark and now he could not get back to his home.

Three days after the visitor had sunk, Joel Vaughton and one of his comrades were fitted into their suits and lowered down to the wreck. Vaughton had long ago got over the stinging in his ears and the sickness that is first incurred by divers, and he was steady as a rock when he was lowered cautiously on his rope. Looking down he saw the deck of the visitor looming up beneath him. Already it was covered with weeds and green with slime. As his feet touched the boards he gave the signal to stop lowering, and, slowly and cautiously, made his way to the forward hatchway, tugging care to lay his rope and supply-pipe in such a fashion that they might not become entangled in the stray wreckage, of which there was a great quantity.

His inspection of the forward part of the ship showed him that it was in no condition to be raised. The bow had been shattered by the contact with the reef, and the grinding had worn away the entire planking of the forward deck. He returned slowly to the stern of the vessel and climbed over the remains of the rail down to the sandy bottom. Then he walked along the stern of the ship, keeping a sharp lookout for any damage done in that direction.

As he did so he beheld a sight that, cool veteran as he was, caused him to utter a cry and to step quickly backwards. Staring at him through the porthole, his face livid and sunken, his eyes bloodshot, but gleaming with excitement, his hair matted over his forehead and his lips moving in what must have been outcries or entreaties, was a living, breathing man. Vaughton, at first, thought that his senses had left him, and he turned away to gaze when he next looked around. But none—the pale, excited face was still there, and this time the hand was beckoning wildly to him and the eyes supplementing the movements. Then, as soon as he realized that he had attracted Vaughton's attention, the man disappeared, only to show himself again with a sheet of paper covered with writing. This he held up against the porthole, motioning Vaughton to approach and read it. It ran as follows:

HELP!!!  
When the ship sank I went down with it, locked up in this water-tight compartment. Have had hardly anything to eat, and the air is giving out. I cannot last an hour more. If you open the door, however, I shall be destroyed by the water which will rush in. FOR PITY'S SAKE, HELP ME SOME WAY!!!  
I AM STARVING FOR FOOD AND AIR!

The words were written in a fairly legible hand and Vaughton had no trouble in making them out. But the question was, what to do. How should he save this man? There seemed to be no means of doing it, unless the entire ship were raised, and this, as he had seen by his inspection, was impossible. Then, suddenly, another plan flashed through his brain—a plan that was, really, the first thing that should have occurred to him. Why couldn't he man the surf before his breath gave out? He, himself, could take down a rope and tie it around his body while the

men above hauled him up by it as quickly as they could.

Vaughton motioned to the man, who had been gazing anxiously at him, and nodding to assure him of his assistance, gave the signal to be hauled up. As soon as he was above the surface and had been stripped of his helmet, he told the men, as briefly and as quickly as he could, the strange sight that he had seen. A long rope was secured and Vaughton wrote out his plan on a piece of cardboard, so that the man might understand exactly what was to be done.

Then he dived down a second time, taking with him the extra rope. He found the man occupying the position he had left him in, only staring upwards, watching for the help that he knew was to come from above. Vaughton held the sheet of cardboard close up to the porthole, and, as the man comprehended, his face lightened up in comprehension. Then, upon a signal from Vaughton, the prisoner threw open the door of the compartment, and, quick as a thought, was bound around the waist with the rope. The sign was given to the waiting men above, and he was hauled up as fast as human sinews could do it.

The stranger reached the surface in an unconscious state, but was soon revived, and, after having eaten all the sandwiches that were to be procured, he showed great willingness to tell his remarkable story.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

By GORDON ARTHURTON

(By Short Story Pub. Co.)  
IN JUNE, 1902, the United States steamship Visitor sank on a reef off the southern coast of Florida with all on board. Half of the passengers were saved by efforts directed from the land, and the bodies of half the remainder were found. But one-fourth of the people of the Visitor lay, undiscovered and unburied, in the waters of the Gulf.

A few days later divers were sent down with a view of raising the steamship if she were found to be in good enough condition. Among these divers was one Joel Vaughton, a hardy, worn veteran with scars of the Civil war on his body and the signs of toil and vaughton on his rough, honest face. Vaughton was forty-five—possibly a bit over. He did not know, but he remembered existing in '93 as sixteen years of age. He had not, brilliantly so many luckier ones had, but he had fought hard and well. No opportunities had been given him of leading a desperate charge or of capturing an enemy's flag. He had been twice wounded, at Bull Run and at Gettysburg. The surgeons had decided the last time that he was to die, and they had given him up. But he had determined to live, and live he did. He was discharged from the hospital just in time to join Sherman in his march to the sea. After the war he drifted around doing nothing, and yet doing everything. There was no occupation that he did not try his hand at, and there was none that he tried longer than a week. Finally he drifted south, and in '82 started farming on a small scale. This evidently proved the exception to the rule, and he stuck to it for seven years, making a modest income. But it was too monotonous, and he had had the excitement which hitherto had never failed him, and in '89 he discovered the work that suited him. He became a diver, with his sound heart and his good lungs, and he made a success of it almost immediately.

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"I was sleeping," he said, "at the time the ship foundered, and it was by a miracle that the door of the water-tight compartment was closed, else I would not be here to tell the tale. You may wonder at the fact that I slept so soundly that the hurry and confusion on the decks did not awaken me. I will answer that simply by telling you that I regularly roll off my bed at night and never wake up. When I did wake up, however, imagine my astonishment, upon gazing out of my porthole, to find that I was entirely surrounded by water—water to left of me, in front of me, above me, and to right of me. At first, as you may surmise, I could not realize what had happened. Then, gradually, it dawned upon me. This I was at the bottom of the sea. This idea was immediately strengthened by the sight of a couple of lazy fish, swimming up and down in front of my porthole. I believe that no one has, hitherto, equalled my adventure. No human being that I have ever heard of his lived for two days, clear in his ordinary costume, at the bottom of the ocean, except, of course, in a submarine boat. Well, to continue: About the second day I realized that my supply of air was giving out—the compartment was not very large—and I became oppressed in breathing. It was lucky that I was the only one down there to use up the air. Finally, it occurred to me that divers might be sent down to the ship, and I prepared the sign that I showed at the porthole. If it had not been for your timely assistance, I should have been a dead man by this time."

Whitney has received the credit through the years. However, the cotton gin was invented by the wife of General Greene. She gave it to Whitney and he patented it.

Who invented the loom? A woman invented the loom that weaves every stitch you wear. Her name was Mrs. Jacquard.

Who invented the sewing machine? Ask any schoolboy and he will answer "Elias Howe." Elias Howe did take out the patent in his own name; but his wife invented the machine. Howe struggled for 14 years trying to work it out and failed. Finally Mrs. Howe decided if something were not invented pretty soon they would starve to death. In two hours she invented the sewing machine. Howe acknowledged it to Russell H. Conwell during the Civil war.

Who invented the mower and reaper? A West Virginia woman invented them. Mr. McCormick, in a confidential communication published some time since, so reported. After McCormick and his father had failed a woman took a series of shears and fastened one sheaf of them rigidly to the edge of a board. Then she attached a wire to each movable shaft and by pulling one way she opened the series and by pulling the other she closed it. The mowing machine is a lot of shears, and a woman used her own tools to cut man's hair.

Who invented the great iron squeezers that lay the foundation of all the steel mills and millions? A woman invented them, according to the statement of Andrew Carnegie—Los Angeles Times.

Admission to the Bar  
Admission to the bar is formal recognition by a court that a person is qualified to practice law in that court. A lawyer may be ever so able and yet if he is not admitted to the bar in a certain state he cannot practice his profession there. Usually a person is admitted to the bar upon examination and by motion of a lawyer who has known him for some time. The qualifications for admission to the bar are different in different states.

General Timing  
"That was a very fine sermon," said an enthusiastic church member who was an ardent admirer of the minister. "A fine sermon and well timed, too."

Brother Williams.  
No doubt dar's money in de river bank but mighty few people will take de fisherman's word for it.—Atlanta Constitution.

What Really Happens.  
Politicians aren't actually read out of party; they are merely kicked out from under the plum tree.—Detroit News.

Favorite Economy.  
The kind of economy that everybody favors is the kind that does not prevent his getting what he wants.

Still Alive in Pictures.  
A naturalist says the American eagle is becoming extinct. We should worry so long as they continue to strike off good copies of it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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Edmund Lowe



Edmund Lowe, a popular leading man in the "movies," was born in San Jose, Cal. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, has brown hair and dark eyes. He has been seen in some of the most prominent productions.

If he had minded his own affairs, instead of trying to find out something which did not concern him, he would not have been lost nor would he have neglected his work.

"He shall be named Yeson Dan from now on," said one gnome, and all the others took up the cry, "Yeson Dan, Yeson Dan."

In vain did he plead that his work, Frisky Breeze had taken him from his work, but it was no use. Yeson Dan must be his name, the Chief replied, because he had tried to find out where the goblins got their red hats, a secret which they did not wish known.

And now have you guessed why he was named Yeson Dan?  
(By the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Your Health By Andrew F. Currier, M. D.

DIABETES

IN THIS disease the common opinion prevails that its chief symptom is sugar in the urine, this latter being enormously increased in quantity. But there is a variety in which, though the quantity of urine is large, there is no sugar.

This variety often occurs after middle age, but it is not infrequent in children, and it may occur in a family, generation after generation.

In such families there is usually a highly developed nervous system with tendency to excitability, hysteria, brain tumor, and other nervous disorders.

It may follow injuries to the head and may be preceded by the form of diabetes in which there is sugar in the urine.

It may also be produced by excessive use of alcohol, worry, emotion, and infectious diseases of different kinds.

This is intense, and the great volume of urine passed is as colorless as rain water.

It is also marked by constipation, indigestion, dry skin, excessive flow of saliva, headache, slow pulse, dizziness, vomiting, and loss in weight.

In the second variety the urine is abundant, has a sweetish odor and is somewhat sticky in feeling.

Its specific gravity is high and its content of sugar large.

Sugar is the product of the digestion of starchy material in the small intestine, when acted upon by the secretion of the pancreas. It is absorbed from the intestine, carried to the liver and thence is carried over the body by the blood and distributed to the cells, where it is decomposed and used to produce heat and energy.

But it can be utilized in this way only to the extent of one or two parts per thousand, and if the blood contains more than that, it is transported by the blood to the kidneys, which eliminate as much of it as they circulate in the urine, the remainder circulating with the blood as a poison.

It is more common in men than in women, may be hereditary, and often occurs in those who are fat, who have gout, or who are intensely nervous.

It may follow grippe, typhoid, and other infectious diseases, and may be caused by worry, grief or injury, especially to the head.

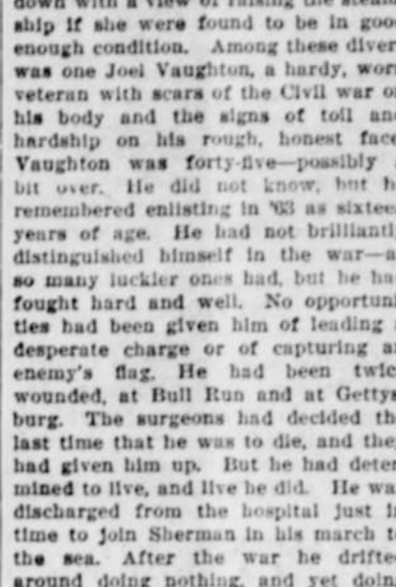
Diet is usually more important than medicine, and it often happens that some of the sugars and fats of the diet may be refused with advantage.

Such fruits as oranges, peaches, apricots and prunes are usually allowable.

Olive oil and cod-liver oil may be used, also meat, fish, oatmeal, coconut milk, cream and butter.

It must always be remembered that this disease is not to be treated by any rule or formula, but by the individual requirements of each patient.  
(By George Matthews Adams.)

VERY NATURAL



He—Now watch him take the dip.  
She—He used to dip so gracefully as a dancer that it comes natural to him.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

LIVING  
WHEN hurricanes arise, imposing me,  
I think of sailors tossed upon the sea  
Who, eager, seize on winds of every sort  
And on their wings ride onward into port.  
I think upon the mills that swiftly spin  
Amid the fading tempest's screaming din  
And from the trials of the stormy morn  
Gather the strength with which they grind the corn.  
(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

To Clean Steel

Steel that is rusty can be cleaned with a cut onion and left for the day. Afterward it can be polished, either with emery powder and paraffin, or with a paste made with brickdust and turpentine.

American Clothespins

Anywhere in the world, no matter where, the chances are that the clothespins used in hanging out clothes were made in America.

He threatens the innocent who spares the guilty.

"That's natural. He comes from Ireland, you know."

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News of the Churches

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Strait-Tex Hair Refining Tonic  
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Medium; medium hair to good.

Strait-Tex Hair Grower  
25c per box  
Not only promotes growth of the hair, but makes it soft, pliable and lustrous. An excellent conditioning oil.

Gloss-Text Brilliantine  
50c per bottle  
Makes the hair soft and glossy and keeps it in good condition without leaving it oily or gummy.

Strait-Tex Herbs  
\$1.00 per box  
Is a vegetable preparation that actually straightens and restores the original color to gray or faded hair. Color permanent—positively will not rub off, no matter how often the hair is shampooed. Three shades: Black, Brown and Chestnut-Brown.

Kokomo Shampoo  
40c per bottle  
Is made from pure coconut oil; cleans the scalp and roots of the hair in a natural, healthy manner.

Bronze Beauty Vanishing Cream  
50c per jar  
Is a soothing, greenless vanishing face cream that will not grow hair.

Bronze Beauty Lemon Cream  
50c per jar  
Is nourishing, softening and stimulating to the skin; is filled with a triple strength of oil of lemon—making it a mild, bleaching cream.

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Are successfully used on dry or oily skins. The shades: High Brown and Bronze Glow are favorites.

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