

The Sandman Story

THE POWER OF OBERON

THE Fairies as everyone knows do not like to be out in the daytime or at least in the sunlight, but one day they had to be out to undo the work of King Oberon, who is very jealous of the power of the Fairies and never loses a chance to display his powers of magic charm.

King Oberon is called the King of the Fairies, but he really has little to do with ruling and has power only during the hour between the night and day.

One night the Goblins capering about came across King Oberon sitting under a leaf in the woods waiting for the charmed hour when at his command all things would be under his control.

"Could you change us into big spiders with lots of legs?" asked one Goblin.

"Of course I could. Nothing easier," replied King Oberon. "Why do you



wish to become spiders?" he asked. "You can be lions just as well if you like."

"Oh, no, we'd rather be spiders with lots of legs so we can run fast," said the mischievous little fellow. "We want to frighten the Fairies at their feast in the dell."

This pleased King Oberon very much, but he did not tell the Goblins that his power lasted only a short time, and that they might have to remain spiders until the next night unless they returned within the magic hour.

So the Goblins called all their brothers to be right on time when the

magic hour came around and King Oberon changed them all into spiders which scampered to the dell as fast as their legs would carry them.

The little Fairies and their Queen were sitting around a cobweb tablecloth spread upon the ground eating fairy food when all at once from the tree and bushes dropped those naughty spider Goblins right in their midst.

Up jumped the Fairies crying out with fright and away they ran, hiding under all sorts of things to escape their tormentors.

But the Goblins were not satisfied with frightening the Fairies once; they ran this way and that, trying to find them and send them flitting about like so many scared little butterflies.

When the Fairy Queen saw the spider Goblins looking for the Fairies she knew that some charmed spell was upon them and when she touched one with her wand and that did not change it to a Goblin she knew that it was King Oberon's work, for she could not undo his work until his hour was over.

So she whispered to all of her Fairies telling them not to be frightened, that it was the mischievous Goblins and that they would be sorry little fellows if they could be kept in the dell until the magic hour of King Oberon's power had passed.

So the Fairies pretended to be very much frightened and the Goblins intent upon their pranks and thinking it was great fun stayed until the sun was up.

They scampered off in a hurry when they saw the light, but, of course, King Oberon had gone home long before.

"Oh, what shall we do?" moaned the Goblins, for in their spiderly forms they could not give the magic signal, the three knocks that opened the door to their homes inside the moss-covered rocks.

And there the Queen and her Fairies found them, for they followed them soon after they ran, well knowing what would happen and if anyone begged hard to be helped out of trouble those mischievous little Goblins did when they saw the Fairy Queen.

They promised to be good, they promised never, never again to go to

Alice Calhoun



One of the most rapid flights to "movie" stardom on record is that of Alice Calhoun. Her entire screen experience covers a span of only three short years. Yet, in that brief period, her beauty and talent have carried her to the heights to which many young women aspire. Miss Calhoun is a Cleveland girl. This is one of her latest pictures.

King Oberon to be changed into any form and they told the Queen she was the most powerful among the magic folk, and they thought King Oberon only a pretender and not at all a king.

With one wave from the Queen's wand and those of her subjects, the Goblins received their own forms again, and as soon as they had thanked the Queen and the Fairies they ran with shamed faces for their homes, while the Fairies and their Queen flitted off to Fairyland and were soon in their beds fast asleep. (Copyright.)

SECRET PANELS IN THIEF'S HOME

Plunder Hidden Behind Wainscoting in Various Rooms in Detroit Robber's House.

DODGES MANY TRAPS

Is Caught in the Act of Robbing Policeman's Home and is Hit on Head by Brick While Shooting at Police—Old Offender.

Detroit, Mich.—In Fred Lemhagen, forty-two, who was felled with a brick and captured while firing his revolver at Patrolman William A. Emling and the latter's brother, Eli, when they surprised him in the act of robbing the patrolman's home, the old-timers in the police department recognized an old acquaintance.

They said they remembered Lemhagen as the burglar who had terrorized the East side over a period of several years prior to 15 years ago, but since that time he was believed to have "gone straight."

His Peculiarity.

When he was lodged in Receiving hospital, under police guard, suffering from a severe laceration on the head and possible fracture of the skull from the brick, the veterans of the force said they remembered Lemhagen's peculiarity in the burglary line during his career almost a score of years ago. Inspector Schuknecht went in person at the head of a squad to search Lemhagen's home.

They found a false panel in the linen chest covering a cubby hole, which disclosed \$87 in bills when they slid the panel aside.

Behind the wainscoting in various rooms of the house they found pockets for plunder drilled and cut into the walls and out of them they took a cigar boxful of rings, wrist watches, men's watches, cuff buttons, pencils and one revolver.

Jewels Scattered About.

The jewelry was scattered about in small consignments, two or three rings or other pieces of jewelry being found in the various "woodpecker nests" that Lemhagen had made to hide his plunder.

Rings and diamonds were found in half a dozen other recesses.

Police declare they are satisfied Lemhagen is the "East side burglar"

"What's in a Name?"

Dr. MILDRED MARSHALL

FACTS about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

MARJORIE

MARJORIE, sometimes spelled Margery, is one of the many popular derivatives of Margaret, which has gained a place of its own as a separate name. Since it was evolved from Margaret it necessarily signifies "pearl" and was taken from the Persian term for the jewel.

When Margaret was subjected to the influence of other countries and became Marguerite in France; Mar-



gherita in Italy and Spain, the Scotch favorite was the lilted name of Marjorie. Margaret Ethel took it to the land of the thistle and seems to have contrived to make it, almost the national Scottish name. Margaret gained vogue in England through the famous Margaret of Anjou, Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII, and her granddaughter Margaret Tudor.

But the oldest of all derivatives is Marjorie. Bruce's daughter is perhaps the most famous of the Scottish women so called. It was readily contracted to Maizie—who does not recall "proud Maizie" of the ballad? The surname Marjoribanks was derived from the barony of Ralio granted to Marjorie Bruce on her marriage with the high steward of Scotland. Margery also flourished in Scotland where the little poem originated:

"My sister Margery, gentle May,
Took all my little bones away."
May is an endearment evolved from Marjorie and Margaret. Edward Stedman wrote a poem combining the two names which runs:
"One can never quite forget
Eyes like yours, May Margaret,
Eyes of dewy violet.
Nothing like them, Margaret,
Save the blossoms newly born
Of the May and of the morn."

Marjorie's talismanic jewel is the pearl. Old superstition has it that she will be blessed with good fortune and will win great love. Monday is her lucky day and two her lucky number. The daisy is her flower. (Copyright.)

Beware of Boil on the Lip.

A boil on the upper lip seems a trifle, but it is really extremely dangerous. It calls for the greatest exercise of judgment on the part of the surgeon, for death is likely whether the boil be let alone or whether it be lanced. And death usually comes within two or three days.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE TRODDEN WAY

THE Brook through turmoil finds the Sea.
In stress of Tempest grows the Tree.
Before the golden harvest yields The harrow scars the patient fields.
So why should you and I complain
If we must walk the path of pain
E'er we achieve the distant peak
Where lie the treasures that we seek?
(Copyright.)

YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—Weak Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm

THE HAND OF A MUSICIAN

WHEN the lower joints of the fingers, and especially of the finger of Saturn, the middle finger, are well knotted, it is a mark of skill in musical composition. Skill in execution of music is indicated by finger tips that are well padded.

Some authorities on palmistry hold that a very good sign of skill and talent—perhaps even genius—in music is indicated by a finger of Jupiter (or forefinger) that is bent or curved; in rare cases, even to a degree approaching the semi-circle. This mark or sign is accentuated and strengthened if the finger of Mercury, the little finger, is also bent in similar fashion. This shows a good musician of any sort, but especially a pianist. If only one finger is bent, some hold, it is a sign of a person who simply has a great love of music, while the bending of both fingers means a performer of music.

A short, sharp vertical line on the mount of Apollo, at the base of the third finger, is held to mean, invariably, skill in music. If the line of fortune (running from the line of life toward Mercury) leaves the line of life at a sharp angle, it means love of music. (Copyright.)

The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

GOOD FORM IN DRESS

YOU may have read recently of a clergyman who sent a bride home from church because of what he considered the immodesty of her dress, and another well known divine assured the women of his parish that he would have them refused admittance to church, if they came clad in the extremes of fashion.

Whether the styles of dress that these priests referred to were actually immodest depends on the point of view. But that they were inappropriate to church is unquestionable. To be dressed always in good taste does not necessarily mean that you must never indulge in the more extreme forms of the fashion, but that you should wear them never where they might give offense. For instance it is now in most localities perfectly customary for women young and old to wear low necks and short sleeves

at evening entertainments. In fact in this country young, unmarried girls habitually wear lower evening gowns than their mothers—though among well bred French women, unmarried girls are not so privileged.

Now since this is customary it is not in bad taste, because it attracts no undue attention and causes no misjudgment.

The same thing holds true in regard to bathing costumes. Had women worn the sort of bathing suits that they do now ten or twenty years ago, they would have been hooted off the beaches. But times have changed and our bathing costumes have changed most emphatically. It does not mean that we have grown more lax. Doubtless the tightly laced, exaggerated figure of two decades ago would give more offense to the modern taste than the rather abbreviated bathing costumes. It is all a question of what we are used to. (Copyright.)

Failed With a Brick.

who has perpetrated job after job within a radius of a mile of his home, dodging dragnets and plans laid for him. He made a clean "getaway" with thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry and cash. He is a carpenter and locksmith. His home is in the fashionable Indian Village district.

ACID THROWN UPON NURSE

Disfigured for Life, New York Woman Accuses Woer She Discouraged.

Brighton Heights, N. Y.—Miss Rose Bessaye, twenty-eight, a nurse in the office of Dr. Ernest Kutcher, dentist, will be scarred for life by acid, thrown over the right side of her face and shoulders. At the hospital it is said the acid did not injure her eyes.

The police took up the search for James O'Brien. Miss Bessaye told the police she answered a ring of the rear doorbell and saw O'Brien standing there, holding a bottle. Then the acid was thrown upon her. She screamed and O'Brien fled, she asserted. Not a word was said by either. She said O'Brien had paid attention to her, but she had asked him to cease calling.

Pastor Indicted for Slander.

Fort Meyers, Fla.—Dr. George W. Benn, pastor of a large church here, formerly of Columbus, O., has been indicted by the Lee county grand jury on three charges of defamation. He is under \$2,000 bail. The minister is alleged to have impugned the character of the daughter of a physician. Doctor Benn says he will have no trouble in proving his innocence.

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MOTHER!

Clean Baby's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"

Millions of mothers depend upon genuine California Fig Syrup to clean and freshen baby's stomach and bowels. When the little one is constipated, has wind, colic, feverish breath, coated tongue, or diarrhoea, a half-teaspoonful promptly moves the poisons, gases, bile, souring food and waste right out. Never cramps or overacts. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Babies love its delicious taste. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has full directions for infants in arms, and children of all ages, plainly printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Comparison Urged.

"Is that you, John?" asked Mrs. Dubwaite over the telephone. "Yes," said that gentleman. "What's the nature of the touch?" "Is your fashionable stenographer there?" "Yes. What about her?" "Nothing. Just look her over and then see if you can't come home to your own wife in a cheerful frame of mind. I've just bought myself a new outfit."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Cuticura Soap for the Complexion. Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Toiletum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

Leisurely. "Can your husband follow a tune?" "Yes, but he is usually some distance behind."—Life.

Might Help. "We need laws with teeth." "Let's send a few dentists to congress."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores. Advertisement

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