

THE SANDMAN STORY

MISS FLOPEARS' SCHOOL

ONE morning Mrs. Fox said to her husband: "Miss Flopears Rabbit is a very nice school. She teaches them such nice manners, I think I will send little Reddy to her, for he is getting old enough to learn how to behave."

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Fox. "But I do not want that young fellow to be with me he actually tried to catch a chicken. He is a smart, youngster. Takes after his pa, I think."

"Perhaps he does," replied Mrs. Fox. "But he needs teaching, and Miss Flopears, I am sure, is the one to do it."

And so little Reddy Fox was sent to Miss Flopears Rabbit's school to learn polite manners.

Miss Flopears daily taught them how to behave at the table and she taught them how to approach a garden filled with nice green things and how



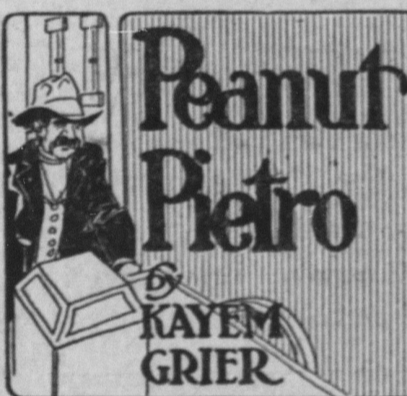
to hide under a bed of cabbage, but not a thing did she teach about catching ducks or chickens.

In fact, she did teach her scholars not to jump in the path of a hen or duck when they were out walking with their families.

"You must never be rude," she told them. "Always be polite, and step aside to let others pass."

All this did little Reddy Fox learn, and never a thing did his parents know about it only that he no longer grabbed for things at the table and ate his food without dropping it.

But one morning Mr. Fox awoke to the fact that Reddy Fox was quite



LASA week I almosta pretty near gotta lay off for da wacash. I feela swell een da head, but one foot ees go on da bum seecia I been vesaid dance lasa week. Before dat dance I feela fine, but nexa day I no gotta more comdash as Jack Wealdard after two, tree round weath Jessa Dempsey.

Somebody steppa on my toe and dat foot ees go seock lika been een da wreck. I tink was Billebevek dance. We makta fox Trotzky, Russian go-roundski and everybody was Lenine on my seock toe.

But was greata orchestra een dat place. Somatime he sonda so good and other time da tune gotta too moocha garlic—maka too strong. One guy act lika he was gonna craze. He gotta leette stick een one hand and I tink he try braka somatime. He sweengna dat stck so harda he can but he no smasha anything. I dunno eef he was fraid for hit somebody or was jus bum shot.

But was too many people dance one time een dat place. Mosta one could dance on ten cents piece and have five cent left. I finda place on da floor bouta so beeg as da quarter and was getta long fine. But one guy tink he was mebbia bouta ten cents shurt for place to dance and he come over try borrow from me.

So harda he can he jumpa on my toe wot ees seock. And I no getta more keek een dat foot now as da near beer. Before my toe ees go on da bum I no gotta moocha use for da sheemle dance. But I makta da mind up now I never go any more dance where I mova da feet so longa I gotta dat corn.

Wot you tink?

Coercion.

"Don't you think the world owes you a living?"

"Yes," replied Plodding Pete. "But the world is a tough old creditor. I find I have to hand it a few wallops with a pick and shovel to convince it."

What the Sphinx Says

By Newtgn Newkirk



"A sharp answer kindleth a fire on the domestic hearthstone where Peace should roost—and both sides of the house should boost."

grown up and not one hen or duck or even a chicken had he ever caught.

"It is time you were taught something besides manners," said his father. "Today you will come with me to watch by the path that leads to the duck pond. We will see how much you have learned at Miss Flopears' school."

Mr. Fox hid himself and Reddy Fox behind some bushes and waited for Madam Duck and her children to come along for their morning swim.

"Now," said Mr. Fox, "here they come. Now let me see what you can do."

Mr. Fox got back out of the way to let his son have a chance to do all the catching, but what was his surprise when out from the bushes stepped Reddy and very politely said: "Good morning, Madam Duck; I hope you have had a fine swim."

"Quack!" went Madam and away she waddled, followed by her whole family, while Mr. Fox, who thought this was some new way Reddy had been taught at Miss Flopears' school, expected to see his son capture the finest duckling of the lot.

But Reddy Fox had been taught to be polite and not chase the animals he met, so he calmly walked back and lay down beside his father in the bushes.

Mr. Fox was too astonished to chase Madam Duck. He just took Reddy Fox by the ear and walked him home. "A fine son we have, madam," he said to his wife; "and now that Miss Flopears has taught our son to be polite I'll see if I can teach him to get his living."

Every night he took Reddy Fox over the hill to the farm to hunt, and somehow Reddy did not think about being

Beauty Chats

By Edna Kent Forbes

PRETTY ARMS

UP TO the age of eighteen or nineteen, a girl need not worry if her arms are too thin or too fat—unless they are an extreme of either condition—for up to that time the body is maturing, and may easily be too fat or too thin in itself. And the arm gains or loses in proportion to its weight. Most of the men who sit by

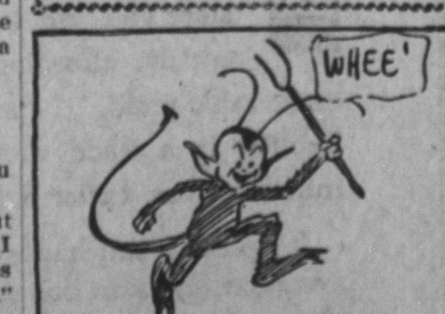


Every Young Girl Wants Pretty Arms to Show Off.

scales and weigh you free if they cannot guess your weight within a few pounds, take hold of the arm and feel its size before stating the weight.

The best way to have beautiful arms is to exercise them. Massage and creams may help some, but exercise is certain to develop the lovely lines so

CROSBY'S KIDS



THIS IS HOW WILLIE ACTS IN SCHOOL WHEN HIS GIRL'S LOOKING



BUT WHEN HE'S KEPT IN

polite at night at all, and before long he could bring home as fat a duck or turkey as his father.

"No son of mine shall ever go to Miss Flopears' school again," said Mr. Fox. "She may be able to teach those garden-truck methods to the rabbit family, but a fox needs only to see a fat turkey or duck or hen to know what to do. Nature is the best teacher. No more schools for our sons, Madam Fox."

(Copyright.)

GAIL KANE



Gail Kane, the popular "movie" star, is thrilled with her work; she likes it, as the majority of the other silent drama players like it. When asked how she likes acting before the camera she said: "It is my very life. My whole soul is bound up in the silent drama."

PROBLEMS FACING STRICKEN WORLD

Shall Chaos or Reconstruction in Europe Follow the Great World War?

MEN TURNING TO BOLSHEVISM

Something Profoundly Disquieting in the Constant Repetition of Word Which Seems to Convey Such a Sinister Meaning.

Article XII

By FRANK COMERFORD.

I met a young American major just back from the French front. I had known him for many years. Before the United States entered the war he was one of the many impatient at our delay. He believed that it was our duty to join the fight when the ruthless submarine campaign torpedoed the Lusitania, sending to cold, wet graves American women and children. I distinctly remember his face as he read the headlines in the papers telling of the murderous slaughter of Americans on the high seas. Now when he greeted me he started me with his first words, "The war is over. I'm a bolshevik." I did not know what the word meant, yet it carried to my mind an impression, and while the impression was hazy, it was clear at least in one particular. It sounded like the confession of a crime.

He had always been of a quiet, conservative type. Before the war one would have judged him to be a pacifist; he was even-tempered, mild of manner, and I still think that before August, 1914, he was a pacifist in head and heart. It was only the call of a just cause, the fight for an ideal in which he believed, that had made him a soldier. In this respect he was typical of 90 per cent of his countrymen.

I had spoken to him the day he enlisted, for he was one of those who volunteered, who might have waited for conscription and claimed a just exemption. He was in the beginning of his married life, with two very young children. By profession he was an engineer. Going to war meant leaving a wife and two babies, leaving a job that promised advancement. I recall his enthusiasm, the intensity of his patriotism, his quiet disregard of the danger to himself. I am sure that there was little hate in his morale. He saw a danger to the world. The honor of his country had been offended against. He was an American, one of those upon whom the duty fell, so he went.

He is a bolshevik! Why? I was confounded, confused. The only meaning I gave to his remark was that he was an anarchist. The word "bolshevik" sounded red to me. It flared of the torch, photographed disorder, lawlessness—it registered blood, violence, assassination, force, hate, insanity. I wondered how this nine-lettered word had become the vehicle for so many sensations that disturbed peace of mind and sounded alarm.

Where had the word come from and what company had it kept that so fouled its soul? What did it really mean—had it a definite meaning? Was it a bug like the "flu" germ? Had it come among nations to destroy them and to the hearts of men to silence the heavenly message, "Peace, on earth, good will to men." Would it run around the world as a scourge? Was it a postscript to the bloody war lesson, prophesying more anguish and tears than four years' fighting had brought? Would the word, coming out of the war bent, now be broken?

Seeking Word's Real Meaning.

Or was the meaning that men had read into the word a lie? Was bolshevism the message of a new Messiah being cried down by the money-changers of our time in the same way their ancestors had silenced the word from the Mount and destroyed the Message Bearer with the lash and the cross?

In every mind was the thought and from every tongue fell the word. Russia had given the world a word. It had encircled the globe. Everywhere people were speaking the word—it found lodgment in every brain, a living place in every language. Its use had become universal. The old, the young, rich and poor, the learned, the uneducated, the serious, the simple, the toiler, the artist, the poet, and the peddler, the tinker and the thinker, held the thought and spoke the word. Men, women and children spoke the word, read the word, and felt the thought it carried.

To the nine hundred and ninety-nine it was a word of ill-omen, a word of terror and fear. To the one in a thousand it was a word of hope, a light for the feet of a stumbling world, and the nine hundred and ninety-nine said that some of these people called bolsheviks were dreamers of a strange dream, that twisted idealism had made them mad, that the majority of those who profess faith in bolshevism were sick with a strange, social fever, that they were mischief-makers, ne'er-do-wells, criminals, that they sought to burn the world.

I made up my mind that I would learn the real meaning of the word. The dictionary definition threw no light on its meaning. I came to the

conclusion that to learn what bolshevism is I might with wisdom adopt the scientific method used by the doctor of medicine in arriving at a diagnosis. The doctor examines and gathers the symptoms, the meaning of the disease. He then determines what diseases might produce these symptoms. By a process of elimination he discards one possibility after another until at last there is but one disease left, one thing that the symptoms can mean.

I discovered at the outset that most of us have the habit of using terms loosely. Seldom do we give time or thought to the exact, real meaning of things. The meaning of bolshevism is too important to the world not to try to understand it. There is a difference between having the acquaintance of a word and knowing it; the former is a mere introduction, the latter an intimacy.

Since the war, when the fastidious diner wearily orders his consommé and the waiter brings it a bit tardily or cold, he thinks to himself, or if courageous enough to speak his mind, he calls the cook a bolshevik. He has found a word to express his irritation. It serves his profane feelings and at the same time saves his smug respectability.

See Bolshevism Everywhere.

Once the maid asking for an afternoon off provoked a knowing smile. Her mistress granted the request, charged it up to a possible romance and generally suspected the policeman on the beat. Since the war it is different. The maid is looked upon with suspicion. Her motives are questioned. The request is considered a symptom of the new terrible disease, bolshevism. The mistress thinks to herself: The maid doesn't want to work any more; she is down with the epidemic.

The office boy, working the reliable excuse that his grandmother has died again, to get an afternoon off to go to the ball game, is trying to shirk work, in the opinion of his employer, who formerly, when such an application was made from the same source, chuckled as he granted it, while his memory took him back to his own boyhood days when he used the grandmother yarn to answer the call of the ball field.

Many captains of industry see the symptoms of the new dread in every movement and thought of the workers. The demand for living conditions and decent wages are grudgingly received by minds soured with the thought that it is bolshevism.

The hirers of child labor, looking hatefully at legislation designed to end child slavery, call the leaders of child life conservation bolsheviks. When doctors and public-spirited men and women insist that an irreparable injury is being done the nation in allowing women to work for a period in excess of the hours they are able to work without menacing their motherhood, the profiteers from woman labor cry out: "You are invading the right of private contract; you are mad with bolshevism."

Every Sort of Definition.

The wag with the wit of a barber defined bolshevism as a wild idea surrounded by whiskers. The saloon-keeper, bowled over by prohibition, screams "bolshevism." The anti-saloon leaders come back with the answer, "Your 'personal liberty' cry is only a camouflage for bolshevism."

If anyone disagrees with you, don't grant him the right to an opinion, don't reason with him—just call him a bolshevik. The word has become an epithet, a popular invective, a slur, an insult, an outlet for contempt, contumely and hate. Its parenthood influences our definition of it. Most of us see the Russians with the eyes of the caricaturists, who for so many years have portrayed the Russian as the moujik with high boots, disheveled hair, wild whiskers, the face of an assassin, the body of a terrorist in action, the suggestion of a long dagger smeared with hot blood, under his greatcoat.

If a doctor, making an examination of all of the patients in a hospital, discovered they all had certain symptoms in common, such as temperature, weakness and pain, and because of these findings should diagnose the sickness of all of the patients as pneumonia, the doctor would be regarded a lunatic, yet there are men in the world today who are as foolish as such a doctor would be. They call every symptom of unrest, without regard to its history, bolshevism.

Roumania's Oil Wells.

Many of the Roumanian oil wells are not in working order, which is chiefly due to the military measures taken by the allies at the time of the German advance in Roumania. Although Gen. Falkenhayn's experts devoted particular attention to the reconstruction of the dismantled wells, their work was crowned with limited success, and it will take a long period of systematic work to raise the Roumanian oil fields again to their former importance. The Roumanian government is reported to have lately concluded a convention with the Austrian government whereby they are to supply the Austrians with petroleum and other material of primary necessity in exchange for industrial products.

Have Evidence Against Germans.

Evidence of German crimes is furnished by M. Delannoy, librarian of Louvain; Henri Davignon, secretary of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry; Paul Lambotte, director of the art galleries of Belgium, and M. Lamzy, secretary of the French academy. The latter, it was said, has made a most telling indictment of those who were responsible for acts of savagery.

Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calloses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callous. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callous right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

Possibly So.

"This is kinda funny," commented Mrs. Field in the midst of her perusal of the village newspaper. "The editor of the Torch of Liberty refers right here to the 'hydrant headed octopus of Wall street.' Do you suppose that is a typographical error, or don't the editor know any better?"

"Oh, probly he means to insinuate that the octopus has water on the brain," replied honest Farmer Field. —Kansas City Star.

LOOK AT ASPIRIN

If the name "Bayer" is on tablets, you can get relief without fear.

When the Bayer Company introduced Aspirin over eighteen years ago, physicians soon proved it a marvelous help in relieving Rheumatism, Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago, Neuritis, Aching Joints, and Pain in general.

To get this same genuine, world-famous Aspirin, you must ask for "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," marked with the "Bayer Cross." You will find safe and proper directions in every unbroken package.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost only a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate of Salicylic acid.—Adv.

Balked His Desire.

A gentleman and his wife were admiring some college buildings erected by wealthy alumni. Presently they came to a noble hall, over the main entrance of which was a tablet reading: "Erected by John C. Black, as a memorial to his beloved wife."

"Oh," he said with a sigh, "that is what I should like to do for my college." And for the life of him he couldn't understand why his wife suddenly became cold to him.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Awkward.

Speaking of names, we heard the other day of a man named William Arrimage, and every time he told it to a woman she took it for a proposal. —Exchange.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATERRRH MEDICINE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1906.
(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.

HALL'S CATERRRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Tunneling Machine.

A Texas plumber is the inventor of a hand operated tunneling machine for laying sewer pipes without digging trenches.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Fitch**

Is Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Too many men wait until they have been done to a turn before turning over a new leaf.

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" not only expels Worms or Tapeworm but cleans out the mucus in which they breed and tones up the digestion. One dose sufficient.—Adv.

Fortunes await the inventor of a lifeboat that will float on the sea of trouble.