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THE SANDMAN STORY

THE FAITHFUL PRINCE

ONCE upon a time there lived a king who had three sons and as they were all brought on the same day by the stork the king could not decide to which one to leave his crown.

The king had great wealth in jewels, bags of gold and a vast kingdom. In one room in the stronghold under his castle he placed all of his bags of gold, in another room he placed all of his jewels and in the third room he placed a pearl casket and in this he put a scroll on which he wrote that all his vast kingdom should go to the son who proved worthy.

Then the king called to him his three sons, whose names were Rollo, Carlos and Zallito, and to each he gave



In the Room He Had Been Charged Not to Enter.

a key which fitted the three doors in the stronghold.

To Carlos was given the key to the room in which the gold was stored, to Rollo the key to the jewel room and to Zallito the key which unlocked the door to the room where stood the casket.

"I am getting to be an old man," said the king to his sons, "and the time is not far off when one of you must reign in my place. I am going on a journey and if at the end of one year I do not return unlock the doors which your keys fit in the stronghold of the castle.

One old and trusted servant shared the king's secret and took food to him and attended to his needs.

For awhile all went well. Every day the three brothers went to the stronghold and dusted the keyhole of the door to which they held the key and went away without anything happening.

But one day while the king watched from his secret hiding place he noticed that Zallito as he dusted tried to peek through the keyhole into the secret chamber.

"He," said the king, "is not the one to rule after me."

But not only Zallito was getting impatient, his brother Carlos had once

slyly tried the latch of his door to find if by chance it had been left unlocked and the king from his hiding place had seen with a sad heart that he had another son to whom he did not wish to leave his crown.

Now he had only one son left. Would Rollo stand the test? There were only two months left in which to prove he was worthy and the king with anxious eyes watched day by day.

On the morning of the third day the king appeared at the breakfast table and after greeting Zallito and Carlos asked, "Where is your brother Rollo?"

"Alas, we dread to tell you, father," said Zallito, "for we know how it will grieve you when you learn the truth."

"Three days ago we found Rollo in the stronghold unlocking the door to the room you had charged him to care for until your return and we have locked him in there that you may see for yourself he has proven unfaithful to the trust."

For reply the king said, "We will go at once and open the door."

Poor Rollo, faint from want of food, lay on the floor of the room when the door was thrown open. The king commanded his servants to carry him up the stairs and give him food.

After a little time the king asked, "How did you happen to be in the room I charged you not to enter, my son?"

"Have my brothers not told you?" inquired Rollo.

"Yes," replied the king, "but I wish to hear your story as well."

"My story would count for little against that of my two brothers, father," replied the prince. "You found me inside the room to which I held the key, I am sorry; that is all I have to say."

"I am sorry also, but not for you, my son, but for your two faithless brothers who could not be trusted to keep faith with their father and who have stooped to treachery to place their brother in a false light."

"You, my son Rollo, shall become king and rule after me, and if in your heart you can find pity for your faithless brothers they may live on your bounty."

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

SLOWING DOWN

WHEN we of normal health and strength begin to proceed more slowly than is our wont, put off attending to our customary duties and neglect to fill each day with a full day's work, the inference is that we are taking a step on the downward path.

Pleasant as these steps are in the beginning, they soon become the cause of untold sorrows, from which in later life it is frequently impossible to escape.

A musician who fails to practice daily soon loses his dexterity. His mind becomes sluggish, his fingers clumsy and his eyes less alert.

So it is in any other profession or in craftsmanship.

The man or woman who shows signs of slowing down is making the first step toward going down. In a little while this is observed in changed attitudes of thought and action. The world is seen from a new

The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING

PLANTING GOURDS

ACCORDING to the Journal of American Folklore Society there exists in Tennessee a quite common belief that in order to raise a good crop of gourds a certain ceremony is necessary with regard to the seed before it is planted. Perhaps the same superstition exists in other parts of the country. It is a most interesting superstition and suggests a survival from devil worship or at least an appeal to the "gods of the underworld."

The gourd seeds must be thrown over the left shoulder by the man who is to plant them and he must utter an oath as each seed is thrown. It will be noticed that the direction in which the seeds are thrown is from right to left or "against the sun," a movement which typifies a retrogression into the realm of the spirits of darkness as the "ceremonial circuit" or sunwise movement typified a progress in conformity with the sun-god, the giver of life and light, the beneficent influence.

Instead of being planted with a prayer for increase to the beneficent sun-god the seed is planted with blasphemy calculated to appeal to the powers of evil, those gods whose dark Plutonian realm was conceived as lying in subterranean regions and therefore, naturally gods fitting to be appealed to in behalf of seeds conigned to a dark and subterranean

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

THE TEMPLE

THEY call me vain because I take good care Of this my body, and to keep it fair And fit to house my Soul forever try. And on external things keep watchful eye. Well—vain am I, perhaps. I'm satisfied. I'll not deny that I've a taste for pride. But since I've got a Soul that gives to me A chance to win true Immortality I'm going to see that in this world of din It has a Temple well worth living in. As free of squalor as the House of Kings. As happy deith bent Immortal Things.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Glenn Hunter



Starting into the theatrical business at the age of seventeen, popular Glenn Hunter experienced the rough spots which all stage people encounter at one time or another. He did his bit in the late war, after which he got into the "movies," rising rapidly to star parts.

Rollo forgave them and promised them a living which was much more than they deserved and then the king told them how he had watched day by day from his hiding place in the wall and had seen everything that had taken place.

Two shame-faced princes left the stronghold with the king and one very happy-faced prince; and though it was many years before Rollo became king, when he did he had no trouble with the two brothers who tried so hard to disgrace him.

When knaves such as Zallito and Carlos find they are discovered in such wrong-doings they are usually as submissive to the one in power as they were overbearing and wicked.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE WISTERIA

THE cabin caught my eye as we were rolling along through the low mountains between Knoxville and Oakdale. It was nestled against the hillside with a fresh little garden surrounding it. Early spring had arrived and the hillside behind it were pink and white with rhododendrons and dogwood blossoms.

The cabin was old—how old it was difficult to say—but the logs were blackened and decaying.

The thing that attracted me and held my attention was a wisteria vine in full bloom that clambered up at the end of the little log house.

Somebody had planted the vine years ago perhaps, had tended it and watched it grow and trained its long slender shoots up the side of the cabin. Some one had watered it when the sun was hot and scorched its tender leaves, and some one was happy when it showed its first delicate lilac blooms—some one who wanted a home rather than a house, and who, passing on, had left a thing of beauty to gladden the eyes and please the taste of myriads of passers-by like me.

"When you are old," I said to Hart who was thinking only of today, and making no preparation for tomorrow, "you'll be sorry that you have wasted your time and your money."

"Maybe I'll never be old," he said. "What I'm looking out for is a good time today."

He would never have planted the wisteria vine.

I am always grateful to those pioneers who, when they built their houses fifty or a hundred years ago, planted also sweet currants and corn lilies and blue flags and Bouncing Betty that spread into the roadway and flourished long after other evidences of the dwelling have disappeared.

Few of us realize how much has been done by those who have gone before us to make the world safe and comfortable and beautiful—consciously done in many instances and in others done for the mere love of doing. We owe it to these ourselves to add something to the sum total of comfort and happiness and beauty of the world, so that tired travelers coming after us may have pleasure in feasting their eyes upon our wisteria vines.

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day, lucky jewel

CLAIRE

CLAIRE was originally a masculine name. Generally spelled Clare, it was first used in England to name a Norman family who came from one of the villages of St. Clair. "Red De Clare," stout Gloucester's earl, the foe of Henry III, was one of them.

The son of Red De Clare married into the House of Geraldine in Ireland and received from Edward I a grant of lands, now known as County Clare. His heiress carried the county to the De Burghs and their heiress married Lionel, son of Edward III, thus making the county a dukedom and creating the title, the duke of Clarence.

The feminine form is said to have arisen in Italy as Chiara and spread into France, where it was immediately changed into Claire. Though preferring the original Clare, the English accepted Claire and it gained some vogue there, but in this country it was adopted with enthusiasm and has undergone widespread usage.

The diamond is Claire's talismanic jewel. It promises her brilliant attainments, magnetism, and courage. Saturday is her lucky day and 6 her lucky number.

(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.
(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

TAKING ONE'S MEDICINE

AS A child I never attained any particular distinction for my virtues, but mother always gave me credit for one thing, and that was that I always took my medicine without whining or delay. This was perhaps more creditable than it seems now in this day of sugar-coated pills and capsules and deodorized and disguised medicaments. They gave heroic doses of boneset tea and senna and castor oil and sulphur and molasses when I was young. Anyway, I have always thought it a good thing for a fellow to take his medicine uncomplainingly.

Foster knew the rules perfectly well, and he was equally well acquainted with the penalty which would be imposed if he violated them, but he took a chance and cribbed, and was caught. When confronted with the facts he crumpled in his chair and asked for quarter.

"What you did was dishonest," I explained to him.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," he protested. "It wasn't quite square, but 'dishonest' is a hard word."

"You knew the penalty," I said, "before you went into the thing."

"I didn't think, and besides, I believe the penalty is too severe. I'll be ineligible for a year if you enforce it."

"If you violate the rules in the games you play, and the umpire sees you, what happens?" I asked.

"I'm penalized, of course," he said, "but that seems to me different. It's my first offense, and I think I ought to get off this time."

He wasn't really much of a sportsman.

An acquaintance of mine, a kind-hearted old gentleman, owned a young collie who was a handsome lovable animal, but who often disobeyed his master and had to be punished. One of his chief derelictions was running after the vehicles that passed his master's house, and barking and snapping at them. He was not dangerous but annoying.

My friend was so fond of the dog that he could not bear to punish him severely; he never inflicted actual pain; but after each offense he would talk to the dog, try to make him understand what his fault had been, and then shut him up in a dark closet for a time to impress upon him the necessity of obedience. Gradually the dog learned, as dogs will, and even human beings, but like the rest of us, sometimes the temptation was more than he could resist.

One day a mutual friend saw the collie several blocks from his home running after a car and barking savagely. Suddenly he seemed to come to himself. He stopped, turned quickly and walked home, his head down as if he were ashamed of his conduct. He entered the house, went to the room where his master was sitting and scratched at the closet door to be let in for punishment.

He was only a dog, but he was ready and willing to take his medicine.

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Skunk Frozen to Track

F. L. Rice, a member of the section crew at Woolwich, Maine, reported one day last winter that as the men started over the track in the morning they saw a skunk on the track ahead of them. Drawing near, they discovered that it had been caught there by its fur being frozen to the frosty rail. Rice killed the skunk, and then it was quite a pull to free its carcass from the rail.

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One of Tanlac's greatest blessings is the new life and vigor it brings to old folks. Men and women up in the seventies and eighties are writing to us every day to thank us for Tanlac's wondrous benefits.

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A Virginia Case

Wm. Mallory, Boom Road, Berryville, Va., says: "My back became weak and a dull ache seemed to wear my back away. I believe the trouble was caused by a cold which settled in my kidneys. My kidneys acted irregularly and the secretions contained sediment. I took Doan's Pills and they cured me of the attack."

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