

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

THE SANDMAN'S CHILDREN By DADDY

CHAPTER II The Sand Gatherers

PEGGY was astonished and a bit frightened. And who wouldn't be? She had seen a man who looked like a ghost...

At her feet was Billy, suddenly changed from a boy filled with life and vigor into a dull, drowsy, sleep-head...

At this thought Peggy seized Billy by the shoulder and shook him until his teeth chattered, but he just couldn't wake up. She tickled him and she slapped him but he slept right on.

Had Peggy stayed awake she would have seen an amazing sight. No sooner had her eyes closed than up out of the ground appeared dozens of strange little creatures...

They were strange little men, teeny-teeny men, all dressed in silver gray, all carrying over their shoulders bags nearly as big as themselves.

From beneath a shrub darted a figure larger than the rest, but with a merry, roguish face—a boy dressed in shining cloth of gold.

To work, ye faithful gatherers of the Sands of Sleep! he cried in the silvery voice which had startled Peggy. Hasten and fill your bags with sand!

At this order, the teeny-teeny creatures began to fill their sacks with the silvery sand. This sounds like an easy task, but it must be remembered that these sand gatherers were so very small that each grain of sand was to them as large as a good-sized stone is to a boy or girl.

While they toiled their merry leader ran to Billy and climbed hand over hand to his shoulder. There he perched, and taking off his plumed hat began to draw the father gently across Billy's eyes.

"Awaken! Awaken!" he cried loudly. "I, Nodding, son of the Sand Man, command you to awake!"

Billy's eyes slowly opened, growing big with amazement at what they saw. Nodding, laughing with delight, slipped from Billy's shoulder and drew his leather across Peggy's tightly shut lids.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

"Going-Going—" By RUSSELL CLAYTON

"Now, mother, it's silly to feel the least bit upset. Williams and I, as well as George and Sophie, have thrashed the whole matter out and decided that the most expedient thing to do is to sell the old place for what it will bring.

It was going to be one of those times when, for thinking of other days, she couldn't sit still. For that very afternoon, forty-odd miles away, was to be auctioned off Springhill farm—the home-stead where she had been born, which upon the death of her husband with a little Bertha and a little Sophie, and where she had stayed until overruled by the same Bertha and a William and George, respectively on the ground that it was absurd to maintain a separate establishment.

Springhill farm to pass into the hands of strangers! The tiny house, with its long slope and roof, the woodlot with the brook, the grassy bank beneath the lilacs where two men had asked her to marry them the previous year, the orchard, where she had romped with the children—all the old places which she would probably never see again.

A sudden wild thought halted her as she turned restlessly from the window. Why not—there was her birthplace, but Bertha and William from recognizing her. She would telephone a public square. She would demand a big closed car to hide her in. She would wear a raincoat and veil. Her thoughts tumbled forth like kittens let out to play.

Two hours later a low hung, sleek, gray car drew up on the outskirts of a crowd typical of the throng which attends an auction in the country. From the tony car looked out at the scene before her and saw, scattered to the eyes of the world, the household effects which were to be sold for less than a song.

There were no valuable antiques—Bertha and Sophie had made sure of that—just a few odds-and-ends, her father's favorite chair, a worn footstool, her own old sewing table.

But the raucous voice of the auctioneer was lifted. "What am I offering for this valuable show?" Why, what was he selling? Mrs. Carpenter craned her neck to get a better view. Why that show which she had supposed had disappeared! That old white crape shawl!

It was not valuable as a Paisley might have been, but it brought to her mind a flood of recollections. She had tripped in that fringe and fallen, that long ago evening when she had run laughing from the window.

She fumbled at her pocketbook to count her depleted store with nervous fingers. "Going-Going—" She was too late. "Gone!"

She sank back against the cushions and bit her lip. The one thing that she would have most cared to keep had been a mocked down to a man who the countless saw an opportunity to purchase an expensive present for his wife.

She leaned forward to signal to the chauffeur, then paused. The farm itself was being auctioned. And a man, whose name she didn't know, had offered the first bid.

That was all Mrs. Sophie Delevan had and, even in the days before the prices of everything come down to emulate the cow of Mother Goose farms, trying to jump over the moon, \$65 wasn't much. It was for this reason that she amazed the buyers of the big Chicago stores by informing him that she would like to be paid at once for the goods she had just delivered.

"But we are not in the habit of making instant payment," replied the buyer. "Your check will reach you in about ten days."

"Ten days is nine days too much," was the answer. "You see I'm running this business on a very limited capital and I really need the money right away in order to meet my payroll and other expenses."

By dint of a little argument and the offer of a 2 per cent cash discount, Mrs. Delevan secured her money and left the store with a smile. While she had admitted that her capital was limited she didn't dare say just how small it was. She had started with \$65, but by the time she had paid for raw materials and met her own necessary living expenses, she hadn't much more than sixty-five cents.

When the war broke out Mrs. Delevan, who had been specializing in the home manufacture of hair goods, turned the fact that her big opportunity had come. Virtually all dollar wigs had been imported from Germany. The outbreak of hostilities closed this channel, but opened another and larger one for American industry. Mrs. Delevan was the first to take advantage of it and with the experience which she had obtained in her own work, commenced to specialize in the making of wigs for dolls.

From that day to this she has never come within a year of catching up with her orders, and to listen to the twenty-four-hour hum of her workshop at the present time no one would ever dream that the whole thing was started on a capital of only \$65.

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Making More Money

\$65 to Start With

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Truck Prices Reduced. Table with columns: Model, Old Price, New Price, Reduction. Models include 3 1/2-Ton, 2 1/2-Ton, 2-Ton, 1 1/2-Ton, 1-Ton, 3/4-Ton.

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