

LAST NIGHT'S DREAMS

—WHAT THEY MEAN

DID YOU DREAM ABOUT MUSIC?

TO PARAPHRASE slightly the poet:

When the night is filled with music the cares which infest the day Shall fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away.

For dream music, say the seers, portends good fortune to those who hear the phantom strains. When, through the world of the visions of night, warden harmonious melodies, happiness and money are hovering in the near future waiting for you. It doesn't matter whether you dream that you are producing the music yourself or that you simply hear it—the omen is good. Among other things it indicates that you are shortly to receive news of a cheerful sort about a friend whom, for a long time, you have neither seen nor heard from.

If you are as yet unmarried and in love it is a sign that your sweetheart is kind and true—there is a wedding and happiness ahead of you. To married people it indicates good-tempered

children. If you hear some one running over the scales, either on a musical instrument or with the voice, something good will happen to you through pure luck.

As to a choice of musical instruments to play on, a dream-guitar, singing at the same time, is especially favorable to lovers, though if you hear some one else playing the instrument watch out—you are too susceptible. Playing a dream-guitar is especially recommended to induce happiness in the family. A banjo is almost as good as a guitar, though if you simply hear the banjo instead of playing it, yourself you may have some slight worries which will soon be over. A flute foretells a birth in the family, and an organ is an excellent omen unless it is a church-organ playing a dirge. In that case you may hear of something that will "make you tired," or the death of a relative, say the pessimists. The optimists say a dream-dirge on a dream-organ in a dream-church only means a slight annoyance soon past.

The music from a dream-piano is an excellent omen—marriage for those in love, domestic happiness for the married and thrift and fortune for all. The worst that even the kill-joy oracles can say about dream-music is that if it is harsh and discordant some temporary vexations await you.

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THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good

By JESSIE ROBERTS

MODERN ADVERTISING

ADVERTISING today is very friendly to women. Women are doing a great deal of it and doing it well. There is no discrimination in that business—at least against woman per se. She gets paid for what she does, not for what she is.

There are many sorts of advertising, and women are in all of them. The artist who makes the pictures that make the ad go is about as often a woman as a man. And woman writes as many ads as her brother.

Some women already are managing advertising offices of their own, and many are acting as advertising agents. Some confine themselves entirely to one form of advertising, specializing on magazine or newspaper ads, or display ads. Others take orders from any firm or individual and suggest the medium best suited, afterwards placing the ad where it will do the most good, in the form to which it is best adapted.

Many of the large firms that cater to the wants of women always have a woman on their advertising staff, for they realize that a woman will understand how to talk to other women in a way to interest and convince them on subjects that are distinctly hers.

But advertising is not a hit-or-miss thing, which you can take up at a day's notice. Like anything at which people earn money, it takes time and hard work and training. There are fundamental principles that must be understood, there are intricate questions concerning colors, types, expenses, effects on the eye or the ear, appropriateness. The woman who wants to become a successful advertiser, whatever branch she may choose, ought to know something, at least, of all branches. She should know the cost of producing what she draws or writes, she should know what types best suit her picture, or whether or not illustration will help her write-up. She must understand the psychology of advertising.

But here is a fine field for women,

and one that is growing every year, America is the greatest advertising country in the world, and she is not slackening her pace. Modern advertising is telling the truth—the day for lies and exaggeration and misrepresentation is over—but it is also a romance, and is endlessly interesting. Moreover, and this is not without its appeal, it is excellently well paid.

(Copyright.)

California has more than double the area of all New England.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK by Jessie Maxwell

To each man is given a day, and his work for the day; And once and no more, he is given to travel this way; And woe if he flies from his task, whatever the odds; For the task is appointed to him on the scroll of the gods.

—Edwin Markham.

CHRISTMAS SWEETS.

This year, as the supply of sugar is ample, we may again indulge in some of the delicious home-made candies and cakes. In homes where there is an abundant supply of maple syrup and honey (if you keep a tree and a bee) you are independent, as most dainty sweets may be made from these. Maple syrup makes the most creamy, fine flavored fondant if boiled undisturbed to the soft ball stage. Pour as usual

on a marble slab or buttered platter and when cold beat to a cream and finish in the usual manner.

Pralines.

Boil one pound of dark brown sugar with just enough water to dissolve it, until it threads a fine strand from the end of a fork. Stir in one pound of pecan meats and when evenly mixed drop by spoonfuls on a marble slab or buttered platter. Flatten and round each one and, when cool, take up and pack in a cool place. They keep any length of time if kept dry and cool.

Peanut Candy.

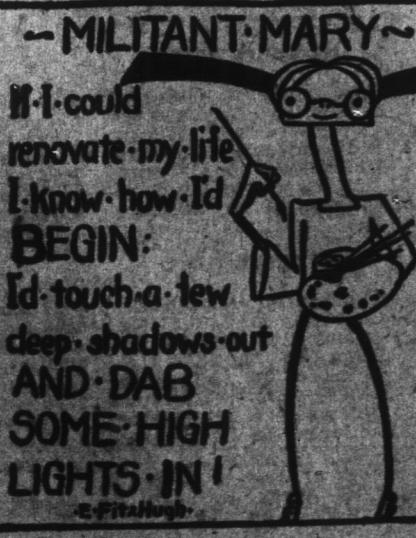
Shell and roll with a rolling pin, one quart of peanuts. To two pounds of light brown sugar add six ounces (twelve tablespoonsfuls) of butter, boil stirring constantly ten minutes, counting the time from the first bubble. Add the nuts just before turning out. Mark in squares before it gets hard.

Molasses Candy.

Take three cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, beat three minutes. Boil until it hardens in water, add one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, and one tablespoonful of boiling water in which the soda is dissolved. Remove from the fire, pour on buttered plates and cool. Pull when cool enough to handle.

Peanut Butter Fudge.

Place two cupfuls of sugar and two-thirds of a cupful of milk in a granite sauce pan, stir until dissolved, then



THE WOODS.

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

POSSESSION.

There's some of us has this world's goods,

An' some of us has none—
But all of us has got the woods,
An' all' has got the sun.
So, settin' here upon the stoop,
This patch o' pine beside,
I never care a single whoop—
For I am satisfied.

Now, take the pine on yonder hill:
It don't belong to me;
The boss he owns the timber—still,
It's there for me to see.
An' 'twixt the ownin' of the same
An' smelin' of its smell,
I've got the best of that there game,
An' so I'm feelin' well.

The boss in town unrolls a map
An' proudly says, "It's mine."
But he don't drink no maple sap
An' he don't smell no pine.
The boss in town he figgers lands
In quarter-sections red;
Lord! I just set with folded hands
An' breathe 'em in instead.

The boss his forest wealth kin read
In cent an' dollar sign;
His name is written in the deed—
But all his land is mine.
There's some of us has this world's goods,

An' some of us has none—
But all of us has got the woods,
An' all' has got the sun!

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SCHOOL DAYS



THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"FOOLSCAP."

THE use of this word to designate paper of a certain size dates back to the reign of Charles I of England. This monarch, being desirous of increasing his revenues which had been sadly depleted by extravagance, disposed of a number of governmental privileges, among these the right to manufacture paper. At that time, as proof of the fact that paper was made by the crown, each sheet bore the royal coat-of-arms as a water-mark.

The parliament, under the protectorate of Cromwell, ridiculed the royal house in every possible manner—even going so far as to decree that a fool's cap and bells be substituted for the coat-of-arms. The proroguing of this law, but, meanwhile, the change had been made and the paper used in the parliamentary journals, approximately 17 by 14 inches, retained the title of "foolscap"—the title by which the larger, or legal, sheets, are known to this day, though individual watermarks have taken the place of the original cap and bells.

At dawn he heard the tramp of men.

At dawn he heard the tramp of men.