

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, wander 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 of 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,

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK by Nellie 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 sirup and honey (if you keep a tree and a bee) you are independent, as most dainty sweets may be made from these. Maple sirup makes the most creamy, fine flavored fondant if boiled undisturbed to the soft ball stage. Pour as usual

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.

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

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 tablespoonfuls) 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—
Fer 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 fer me to see.
An' 'twixt the ownin' of the same
An' smellin' 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



Squirrel and nut time

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 the rump parliament nullified 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.

(Copyright.)

boil until the mixture forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from the fire, add four tablespoonfuls of peanut butter, stir until melted then beat until creamy. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla and one-third of a cup of seedless raisins. Turn into a greased pan while it is still smooth enough to pack nicely. Cut in squares.

Orange Straws.

Weigh oranges whole and use pound for pound of sugar. Peel the oranges and cut the rind in shreds. Boil until tender, changing the water twice and heat gradually to boiling point, then boil twenty minutes with the peel. Remove from the pan and roll while hot in granulated sugar. Then place on paper in the oven to dry. Keep in a tightly covered receptacle.

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The SANDMAN STORY

HOW IVAN WON

IVAN was a poor boy, but a very ambitious one. His father was a blacksmith, and when the great lords would come by in their armor to have their steeds shod, Ivan would sit by the forge and gaze in wonder at their handsome array.

One day Lord Raymond rode up with his beautiful daughter accompanying him on a pony. Ivan admired the young girl as she sat waiting for her father's horse to be shod. "Have you heard the news, father?" asked Ivan's mother of her husband the next morning at breakfast. "Lord



Raymond was last night called to the war by our king, and at noon today he and his 600 men will ride forth."

"But who will defend the castle if old Earl Edmond comes against it in the lord's absence?" asked the father. "I think there is small fear of that," replied the wife.

So at noon the long line of prancing steeds, headed by the lord, rode down the road and was soon lost to sight.

One September afternoon Ivan walked to the summit of a hill, from which he could see the surrounding country for miles. A flickering light caught his eye. There was a long procession of men winding across the valley, and all were clad in glittering armor. They were keeping close to the shadow of the woods, but when they crossed the sunlit path, their swords flashed back the light brightly. At the head rode a huge man on a black horse and nearby another carried a banner on which was a black eagle.

"It is old Earl Edmond!" exclaimed Ivan. "He is coming to attack the lord's castle in the absence of the owner."

Then far below Ivan noticed that not far from the castle was a large bridge, and below it rushed a mighty river.

"The earl will camp on this side of the big bridge this evening in the woods," said the boy aloud. "And by morning will come over to take the castle. If the timbers holding it can be cut through tonight the wicked men will fall into the river."

With this he ran to his father's shop and got an ax. Within an hour he was at the bridge and had run to the other side, near the castle. Selecting one of the big, strong posts which upheld the weight, he began to cut, and for two hours he kept at the work. At last the beam was easily broken in two parts. He then took the other post, and after three long hours of hewing and resting, he managed to also sever that. The bridge would now fall apart were anyone to walk on it. But by placing several planks over the hole Ivan made it look as if nothing had been done.

At dawn he heard the tramp of men.

How It Started

PLAYING CARDS.

CARDS for games were used in Egypt in the time of Joseph, but the modern form appears much later. The Chinese Dictionary Ching-tze-tung claims their invention during the reign of Seun-ho, 1120 A. D. They appear to have come into Europe either in the wake of the Saracen invasion or with the Crusaders, who learned about them in their voyages to the Orient. The modern deck is of French extraction.

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The heavy horses trotted on to the bridge, while Ivan hid in the bushes at the far end. At the head still rode Earl Edmond on his black charger. He neared the side leading to the castle. His horse came over the plank, it gave way and down steed and rider plunged into the river. The soldiers behind him could not stop their horses, and hundreds tumbled into the water after their leader.

Suddenly the sound of a bugle shrilled on the air and Ivan saw coming toward him along the river bank the same Lord Raymond who had marched away two months before.

Ivan told the lord how he had defeated the wicked earl and how the castle was now saved from any attack by the enemy.

"Well done, my lad!" cried the lord. "You have done better than I could have with all my men. You must come to the castle and be part of my guard, so when you are a man you can be a knight."

So Ivan took up his abode at the castle. Years afterward, when he was married to Adele and reigning over the surrounding land, he had a great pillar of stone erected at the bridge to mark the spot where one ax defeated hundreds of men.

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BEAUTY CHATS

by Edna Kent Forbes

A DAINTY SKIN

A BEAUTIFUL skin will do more than any one other thing to make a woman beautiful. For a beautiful skin is the barometer of health and well-being, if it is clear with a soft coloring, it shows that digestion is good, that exercise, bathing, right living, have all helped to build up a



Never Let the Skin Become Harsh or Coarse in Texture.

healthy system. No amount of external treatment can overcome internal neglect.

Of course, many skins are too oily; these need to be washed at least once a day with soap and hot water, they need occasional steaming to remove superfluous oils; they must not be treated with cold cream. At least, they must have only a greaseless cream, if any. Other skins are dry in texture; these need a cream daily, and care just before exposure to sun or wind.

One of the daintiest things to use upon the skin is a lotion made by

HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. Lurie

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

"SHALL" AND "WILL"

AMONG the most common errors in the use of English, and one of the most difficult to avoid, is the confusion of "shall" and "will." The rule is that in the first person, either singular or plural, "shall" must be used to indicate a future action. For example, say "I shall go to church tomorrow;" "we shall meet you there;" do not say "will go," "will meet." But if you desire to express determination, use "will;" for example, "I will go, and nothing shall prevent me;" "we will be obeyed."

In the second and third persons the usage in regard to "shall" and "will" is exactly opposite to the usage in the first person. The verb "will" expresses the future and "shall" is used to denote determination.

An amusing case of misuse of the words "will" and "shall" is found in the story of the Frenchman who fell into a river and cried: "I will drown, and no one shall rescue me!"

The rule in regard to "should" and "would" is the same as that governing the use of "shall" and "will."

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ALICE CALHOUN

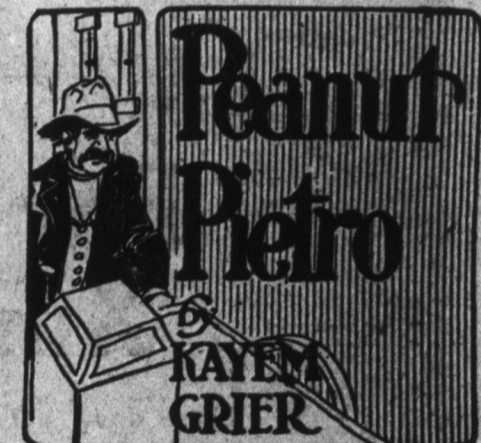


The rise of Alice Calhoun as a "movie" favorite has been rapid. She is one of the latest to be added to the growing list of motion picture stars. Originally Miss Calhoun was a Cleveland girl, and her education was received in that city. Her present home is on Riverside drive, New York city.

shaking together equal parts of glycerine and rose water. The glycerine softens the skin, prevents it drying or chapping, helps to prevent freckles, makes the skin feel wonderfully soft. The rose water is simply a fragrant medium used to dilute the glycerine. The skin feels delightfully dainty after it is rubbed with this mixture.

Keep the skin clean, keep the digestion right—and forget your complexion. More harm is done by over-using cosmetics than by not using them at all.

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I GOTTA frien weeth somating wot I go on da bum hees eense. He go veest phisish and dat guy say he gotta have da opemash. He say ees costa hundred bucks for taka somating out wot he gotta eense. But my frien say ees too moocha price. He, seegure eef geeva somating away should no costa ver somuch, but eef he gotta more as when begin weeth mebbe ees alla right for pay leetle bit. My frien sure no feela ver good. Dat phisish say he go dead pretty queeck eef he no hava dat ting cut out. So other day we try calla hospital on da phone for aska when can hava operash.

My frien tella leetle girl een dat phone he wanta operash. She say, "I am da operate—wot number?" He say no gotta number—jusa pain een da aide. Een leetle while informash aska somating and pretty queeck da hospital come on da phone. My fren tella guy een dat hospital bouta hees pain and aska when can have operash. Dat guy aska eef he wanta take Anna Sthetic or somebody lika dat. My frien say he ees no acquaint weeth Anna and beside he dunno where can taka her.

But dat guy een hospeetal say my frien gotta wronga idee. He say Anna Sthetic putta heem to sleep so no can feela somating. My friend ees married, but jusa between you and me and no for spreada round, he gotta greata admire for da women. He say eef I no tella hees wife he gonna letta Anna putta a heem to sleep. I no lika idee ver mooch. Wot you tink?

A LINE O' CHEER

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THE RED, RED RASH.

I never worry o'er the tricks Of Parlor Reds and Bolsheviks, For I've sped the country o'er From Eastern to the Western shore, From Canada to Mexico, And watched the human ebb and flow That lies between, and everywhere I've found my Brothers clean and With all about me plain in sight. An Everlasting Urge for Right, Which proves to me the Bolshevik For all his dash Is but a ruse Upon the Body Politic.

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