

LAST NIGHT'S DREAMS

—WHAT THEY MEAN

(Copyright.)

DID YOU DREAM ABOUT DRINKING?

NOW that booze has "gone glimmering through the dream of things that were" it is interesting to investigate the alcoholic conditions in Dreamland. "Where there ain't no Ten Commandments and a man can raise a thirst."

It is not too much to say that the situation there is positively shocking, and the dregs ought to get busy at once in the realm of shadows. Old booze-fighters, now reduced to taking their tipples and consorting with their inebriated associates in Dreamland only, may gather what solace they can from the fact that oracles and soothsayers regard as of generally favorable omen dreams in which the late John Barleycorn conspicuously figures. And it may be laid down as a rule that if you take your "licker" in dreams alone it won't hurt you. In fact, it will have just the contrary effect to taking it over a real bar. To go into a Dreamland barroom—the only one now open—and there, seeing old acquaintances, say "What's your's, boys?" indicates, if everything is pleasant and convivial, that you will soon embark in some new speculation or business which will be

highly profitable. Should one of these dream-friends refuse to join you, declaring that he is on "the water-wagon," you will soon meet an old friend and have a long and pleasant chat with him.

To dream that you are drunk and have accumulated your jag from Dreamland booze indicates that riches and honors, now wholly unforeseen, are to come to you; probably through making the acquaintance of a man now unknown to you who will put you in the way of making your fortune. To the unmarried man it signifies that he is beloved by a woman of whom he has, as yet, scarcely thought, and that she will make an excellent wife. But to dream that you have tasted no liquor and yet are drunk is accounted a bad sign. You will soon commit some foolish action.

If you dream that you got drunk on water you are going to boast of your rich relations, and of wealth which you do not possess. Also, to see another man drunk means that you will do something foolish.

It is but fair to the oracle and soothsayers to state that these dream interpretations were expounded years and years before the dry amendment to the Constitution was thought of.

of sifted confectioner's sugar, then two squares of melted chocolate; finally beat in one-fourth of a cupful of coffee a few drops at a time. Make and freeze the orange ice as usual. To a pint of cream add a scant half cupful of sugar, and such flavoring as desired; beat until light but not firm or in the least dry. Fill the mold with layers of the orange ice and the whipped cream. Cover and pack to become firm.

Spanish Sandwiches.

Put into a small chopping bowl twelve anchovies wiped free from oil, two tablespoonsful of capers and four or five branches of parsley; chop fine, then pound with a pestle, adding meanwhile half a teaspoonful of mustard, one tablespoonful each of oil and vinegar and the hard cooked yolks of two eggs. When all is mixed to a smooth paste spread upon buttered bread; sprinkle with the whites of eggs chopped fine and press together sandwich fashion.

Cereal and Nutmeat Chops.

Take three-fourths of a cupful of hot cooked cream of wheat, add one-fourth of a cupful of soft bread crumbs, two cupfuls of fine crushed nutmeats, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, one-half teaspoonful of powdered thyme and one egg beaten light. Mix all the ingredients together thoroughly and form into cutlet shapes. Place in a buttered pan and bake twenty minutes. Serve with bananas cut in quarters, rolled in flour and fried in hot fat.

Chocolate Mocha Cake.

Mix as usual the following ingredients: One-half cupful each of butter, brown sugar, white sugar and molasses, one ounce of melted chocolate, two egg yolks beaten light, one-fourth of a cup of cream, one-fourth of a cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-fourth teaspoonful of clove, one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon and mace, two cupfuls of flour and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Bake in a sheet twenty-five minutes.

Nellie Maxwell
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THE WOODS

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE SKY PILOT.

Oh, that I had in the wilderness a lodging place of wayfaring men.—Jeremiah 9:2.

BY THE wall of the busy city,
In the midst of the market place,
Ye have lifted on high a temple,
Ye have builded a house of grace.
Amber and red the windows,
Marble and tile the floor—
But I weep for a thousand pilgrims
far
Who never have seen the door.

Gorgeous the gilded altar,
Pleasant the cushioned pew,
Thrilling the chorused music
Ringing the cloister through,
Wonderful thing the sermon,
Grilling the creeds absurd—
But I weep for a thousand woodsmen
strong
Who never have known the Word.

Build me no mighty temple,
Build me no jeweled shrine—
Build me a house of worship
Under the solemn pine,
I'll speak from a rough-hewn pulpit
To men of a rough-hewn race;
And, with God's great help, I will
bring them yet
With the Master face to face!
(Copyright.)

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"KANGAROO."

WHEN Captain Cook's expedition anchored off the coast of Australia one of the first things the explorer did was to send some of his men ashore with instructions to bring back specimens of the plants, flowers and animals which appeared to be distinctive of the country. Two of the sailors returned with a beast which had extremely long hind legs, short fore paws and an exceptionally well developed tail. Cook, who had never seen anything of the kind, desired to learn something more about the strange animal and sent the men back to discover by what name the natives called it.

Upon their return they reported that the nearest they could come to it was "Kan-ga-roo." "At least," as one of the men declared, "that's what all the natives said when I pointed to the animal." So, when Captain Cook returned home, he brought with him the body of an animal which was introduced to natural history under the name "kangaroo."

It was not until a number of years later that it was found that "kan-ga-roo" was the Australian equivalent for "I don't know," which was the reason that the natives said this when Cook's men asked them a question they didn't understand! (Copyright.)

For Scorched Garments.

Hold the stain left by too hot an iron under running water for a few minutes and it will quickly disappear.

The SANDMAN STORY

FLUFFY AND THE FIRE

IT WAS raining hard. Ada stood by the window with Fluffy in her arms, the dog's wet nose pressed against the pane, while the child's tears flowed silently down her cheeks and on to Fluffy's curly head.

For Fluffy was to be sent away into the country. Ada, who was motherless, had been sent to live with her Aunt Pauline, but the aunt did not like dogs and decided to send the pet out to her farm. The news broke Ada's heart.

"I think I will take a nap, Ada," said Aunt Pauline, as she went to her room. "Run to the store for me and get this list, but leave the dog here, as it might give you trouble on the street."

So Ada went out and Fluffy lay down on a rug in the hall, curling up her pink nose in her shaggy hair.

Aunt Pauline lay down in her room and left an alcohol stove burning by



the open window to make hot water for tea.

Soon all was quiet. Aunt Pauline was sleeping soundly and did not know that the curtains were caught by the breeze and blown direct into the flame of the lamp.

They caught fire and soon flame and smoke began to fill the flat. Fluffy woke up. Quick as a wink she tore down the hall and into Aunt Pauline's room, where the sleeper still lay, unconscious of harm.

Jumping on the bed, Fluffy began to bark and scratch at the covers in the wildest fashion. Then she pushed

her shaggy head into Aunt Pauline's face.

With a start the sleeper sprang to her feet and tumbled out on the floor. The room was filled with smoke that poured into the hall, and the blazing curtains had caught the flames so fiercely that several pictures were afire. A moment later and the fire would have gotten over the whole flat and both Fluffy and Aunt Pauline would have been burned.

But seeing a moment's lift in the smoke, Aunt Pauline dashed to the bathroom and, getting a pail of water, managed, by making several trips, to put out the flames.

Then, tired and exhausted with the excitement, she sat down in tears in the front room with little Fluffy curled in her lap.

Presently the door opened and in came Ada. The smoky room, the wet floor, a weeping woman with the dog in her lap, astonished the child.

"Why, what on earth has happened?" exclaimed Ada. "And why is Fluffy scorched and lying in your lap?"

Aunt Pauline burst into a new flood of tears and hugged Fluffy closer.

"What has happened?" she exclaimed. "Why, everything. When I was asleep the curtains caught fire from the stove and set the room afire—I would have jumped to death had not Fluffy jumped on the bed and awakened me."

"Oh, I am so proud of darling Fluffy," exclaimed Ada. "Wasn't that smart and good of her to do that?"

"She is the best doggie in the world," cried Aunt Pauline as she went to the cupboard and got out a bit of chicken and some milk. "We will never speak again of her going away. Fluffy must stay right here, and she shall have milk and chicken for dinner every day. Then that pretty rug in my room will be her bed every night."

A very happy party there was that night after the gas was lighted and the dinner had been cleared away. Fluffy sat on the sofa while Ada and Aunt Pauline made pretty bows for her neck and praised her up as the best little dog in the world. (Copyright.)

BEAUTY CHATS

by Edna Kent Forbes

HOME-MADE COSMETICS

SO MANY very particular women choose to make their own cosmetics that the making has become almost a fad. The woman who can make her own creams knows them to be pure, and knows she can get three times the quality and quantity for less than the price of the purchased article.

Cold creams are easily made, if one has a good recipe. The oils and waxes are melted slowly in a double boiler, the waters added slowly and the whole beaten and beaten as it cools, until a light frothy cream results. Powders are more difficult to make. I never advise their manufacture at home. It is cheaper to pur-

chase glycerine and rose water, face and talcum powder, vaseline for nails and eyebrows, and a nail polish are all a woman really needs, ordinarily. (Copyright.)

HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. Lurie

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

DOUBLE NEGATIVES.

ALTHOUGH the double negative—that is, the use of two words to express the negative when one is needed—is found in early English and in other languages, its use in English nowadays is incorrect. The use of such phrases as "She don't want none," "I can't do no more," "We don't know nothing," etc., marks the careless speaker. They are found seldom in writing, since the very act of writing, save in letters by the uneducated, induces a more careful selection of words than does speaking.

Shakespeare says, "I cannot go no further," but in this the unsurpassed writer probably followed the usage of his own times; a modern writer or speaker would say, "I can go no further," or "I cannot go any further."

Similar to the use of the double negatives, and similarly erroneous, are such sentences as the following: "I haven't had hardly a night's sleep," "I cannot get but one suit of clothes," "Say, 'I have had hardly a night's sleep,'" "I can get but one suit." (Copyright.)



If You Make Your Own Cosmetics You Know Their Quality.

chase unscented rice powder, a large quantity of which can be bought for half a dollar, and to perfume or tint this at home. Bleaches are best made at home, hair tonics mixed by a good druggist according to prescription.

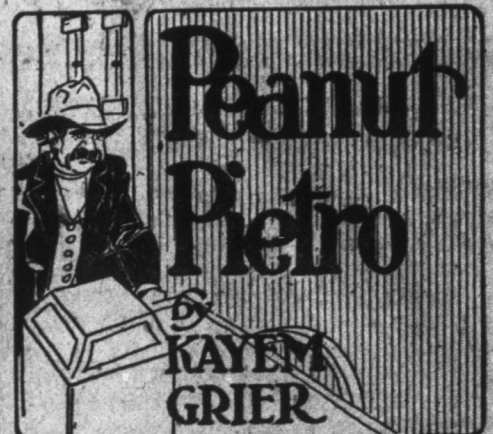
Then one can purchase artistic jars and bottles and fill these with the preparations, the jars being an ornament to the dressing table, not a detriment, as most purchased affairs are. Then, too, one can buy a little of a desired expensive perfume, and use it for scenting all one's toilet requisites. And one can choose some distinctive scent, and keep to it, instead of mixing several odors into one indiscriminate combination.

A good hair tonic, a good cream,

LOIS WILSON



Charming Lois Wilson, the "movie" star, comes from Birmingham, Ala. She was a schoolteacher before she heard the call of the screen. Her popularity was further demonstrated recently when her picture was chosen by a convention of veterans of the World War as the cover decoration of its souvenir booklet.



ONE frien I gotta hees wife ees pretty hard toola when he wanta go out weeth da boys. He tella me eef he go out late she know every time. He say one time he comes home late, taka da shoes off, go een da house so quiet he can and hees wife was wait up for heem.

She raisa devil and almosta broka hees head. So he tella me he never try to go out sence dat night. He say would be alla right eef hees wife no wait up.

You know I am pretty smarta guy and somatime can feegure out good idee. I lika see my frien go out some night for leetle fun, so I geeva heem gooda suggest.

He tella me da olda lady was stronga for da airship. Everytime she see one she wanta go for da ride. She tella heem mebbe somatime she gonna buy one dat ting.

Righa queeck I gotta scheme for getta my frien out. I tella heem buy her da airship so queeck he can. Preety soon she learna how maka da fly and every day she go for da joy ride.

I tella my frien eef he do dot he no gotta trouble go every night. I say betta sexxa bits eef hees wife gotta airship he can go out so moocha he please—she no wait up for heem. I feegure eef she wait up een dat ting somatime go wrong and she come down een da smash.

I tink I am pretty smarta guy alla right. Wot you tink?



MAPS.

THE earliest known maps were those of Sargon, king of Akkad, in Babylonia, which existed 3800 B. C. These were topographical plans used for purposes of taxation. The first map of the world is credited to Anaximander, who lived about 560 B. C.; but the real founder of map-making and the study of geography was Aristotle, who first exploited the theory that the earth is round. (Copyright.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bange.

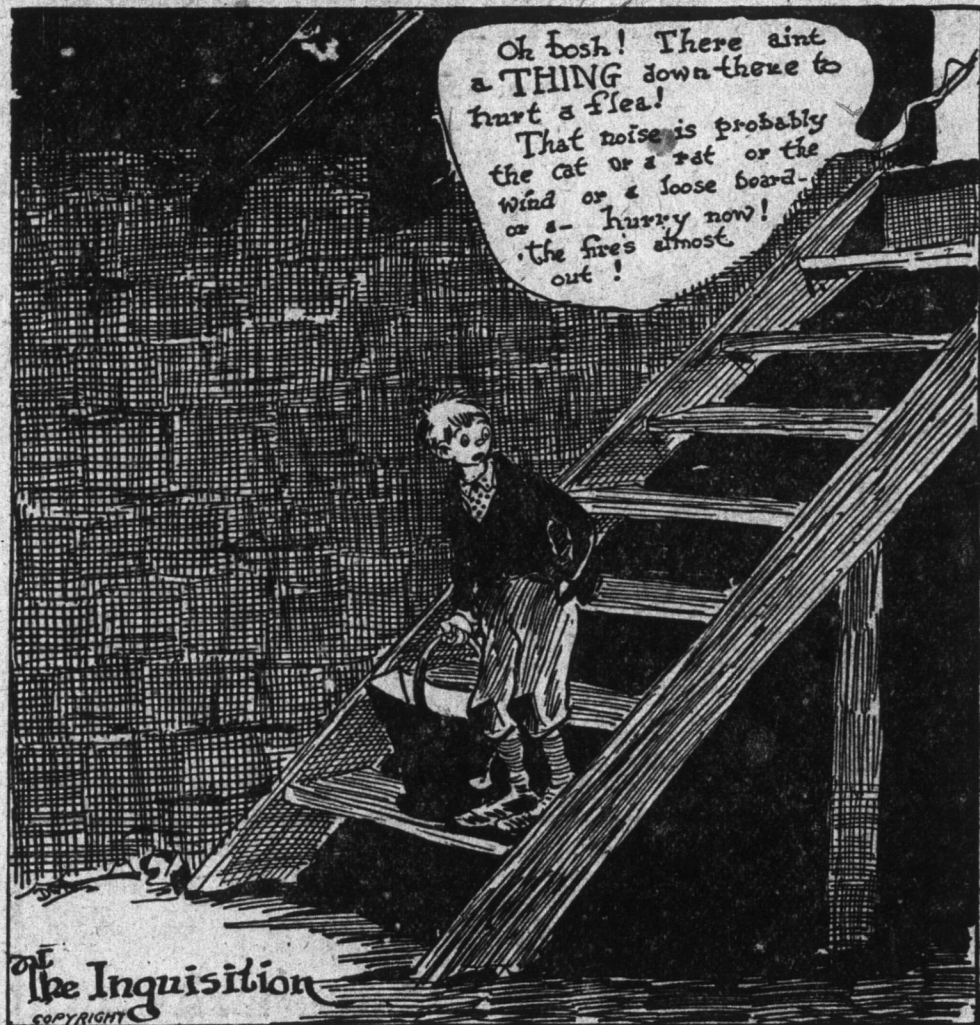
THE MAIN POINT.

The Scientists are worrying About the Course of Light. Some say it comes in swerving curves. On through the spacious night, It travels straight— I don't know which is right. As long as I can get my share To brighten up the path I tread From now to days that lie ahead. (Copyright.)

The Kitchen Bolshevik.

"Are you a parlor bolshevik?" "No. The humbler phases of life interest me. The lettuce sandwich and the cup of tea are no inducements. I am directing my attention to the kitchen, where they really have something to eat."

SCHOOL DAYS



THE GIRL ON THE JOB

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

By JESSIE ROBERTS

THE JOB ABOVE YOU

IT IS perfectly legitimate for you to be keeping an eye with a view to future possession on the job above you. Some of us have perhaps reached the pinnacle of our ambition, but that number is small. There is something ahead that is better and it is right to try for it, to plan for it, to get it. But don't make the mistake of slurring your present job because you think you are fit for a better one. The best way in the world to get that rise is to fill your present position as well as it can be filled. There is very little really thorough work being done. The girl who is thorough in what she does, who can be definitely depended upon, will attract notice. Doing your work well is more important than many women think.

One woman whom I know was supposed to make clippings for her employer in regard to the business of the firm, clippings from a large number of papers, and to leave these on his desk. It occurred to her that he lost a good deal of time in running over these slips. She began arranging them according to topics, and she fastened to each bunch of clippings a resume of their contents carefully made. It wasn't much perhaps, but

it looked good to that employer. He kept his eye on that young woman. She had aroused his interest.

Presently she suggested the feasibility of issuing a small pamphlet made up of items from these clippings, a monthly record of what appeared in the public prints that was most to the point. The idea was adopted and worked well.

A girl like that does not stay down. She is now private secretary and advertising manager to that employer, at an excellent salary. And she will go farther.

You don't need to be a grind and a drudge to do your work so well that you will be taking the job above you as soon as it is vacant—or can be created. You do need to be interested in what you are doing now, to be ready to develop its possibilities, to see the relationship between what you are doing and the work of the organization as a whole. It is work done without interest and hope that is hard. It leads nowhere, and it is boring. Keep alive in the job you are in.

(Copyright.)

Mother's Cook Book

We play at our house and have all sorts of fun.
An' there's always a game when the supper is done.
An' at our house there's marks on the wall an' the stairs
An' ma says that our house is really a fright.
But pa an' I say that our house is all right.

—Edgar Guest.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

A nice spice cake which will keep moist a long time is the following:

Spice Cake.

Cream one-half a cupful of butter, add one and one-half cupfuls of brown sugar, two eggs without separating, one-half cupful of coffee and two cupfuls of flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of mace and one-half teaspoonful of clove. Add the coffee alternately with the flour and bake in a loaf pan.

Mocha Frosting.

Take one cupful of butter, if salt, wash it; add two and one-half cupfuls

