

LAST NIGHT'S DREAMS

—WHAT THEY MEAN

DID YOU DREAM ABOUT MUSIC?

TO PARAPHRASE slightly the poet: a
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.

(Copyright.)

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

MILITANT MARY

If I could renovate my life I know how I'd BEGIN: I'd touch a few deep shadows out AND DAB SOME HIGH LIGHTS IN!



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 owin' 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!
(Copyright.)

SCHOOL DAYS



Squirrel and nut time

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.

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 watermark.

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 prerogative 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.

(© 1920. Western Newspaper Union.)

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

HAPPENINGS in the CITIES

Chicago as the Center of Pure Speech



CHICAGO.—A thousand years hence your posterity reading a new Gibbon will encounter along about page ten, chapter two, volume six, a passage something like this:

"But in the history of the American republic, it was not the Revolution, nor the World war, nor even prohibition which provided the supreme spectacle for mankind to view throughout all time and eternity. No. It was in the fall of 1920, when Boston petitioned Chicago to teach her the art of talking the English language."

"This undoubtedly constituted the western Athens' greatest esthetic achievement. Previously Boston had been her debtor in slight measure—

Chicago having consistently supplied the eastern seaport with excellent pork as a concomitant of her noted beans—but never before."

"Anyway," as Mrs. Henry Boon, 5123 Dorchester avenue, put it, "it's wonderful, isn't it?"

Ain't it, though? Boston! And to toss Ossa on Pelion, the newsboys of Pittsburgh, as well as Boston, wish dicta as to the correct procedure in purveying wares. Should one, for example, they ask our loop purists, exclaim:

"Will you have a public print, sir?"

Or—

"Shall you have a —, etc.?"

The problem ramifies. Should the bartender interrogate one with, "What'll it be?" or "A little of the same?" And may not the tonsorialist be utterly crass in stating "It looks like rain," when he has choice of the tasteful "Meteorological observations, I infer from perusal of the newspapers, betoken precipitation?"

Solutions of these problems will be supplied, Boston and Pittsburgh hope, by the American speech committee of the Chicago Woman's club.

Has This Woman Motorist a Conscience?

DENVER.—Has a woman a conscience when she drives an automobile over the body of a nine-year-old boy and leaves him in the street to die? So questioned Mrs. Thomas H. Tulley, 1645 Race street at an inquest by Coroner Thomas M. Hunter, to place the responsibility for the death of Mario Campiglia, nine, 1638 Williams street. Mrs. Tulley is the mother of Patrick C. Tulley, nine-year-old playmate of Mario. Young Campiglia was run down and killed by a small touring car on Sixteenth avenue, near City park.

"My son, Patrick, told me that after the automobile struck little Mario," she said, "a woman got out of the car and walked back to where the little fellow lay in the street, unconscious and bleeding. I asked him: 'Did the woman pick him up or help him?' He said she did not, but that she turned around, went back to her machine and drove away. Is there anything more inhuman? Is there a woman in the world who could do a thing like that?"

According to testimony the woman was accompanied by a man, who did not get out of the car. The woman



came back to where the boy was lying in the street and asked several witnesses what should be done. When it was suggested that the youth be taken to a hospital, the woman said: "I am going for a doctor," entered her machine and drove away.

Officer C. O. Lewis told the jury he took witnesses with him to the home of Miss June Kennedy, daughter of P. E. Kennedy, 1475 Race street, and that the witnesses identified the car.

Miss Kennedy took the stand and testified that the car, to her knowledge, had not been out of the garage on the afternoon of the accident. She said she did not know who could have taken the car out. Miss Kennedy was released when the authorities were convinced she was not driving the car when it struck the boy.

He May Have Wanted to Save His Face



NEW YORK.—American artists are exercised over the recent indignity suffered by Augustus John, Welsh portrait painter, whose suit against Lord Leverhulme of London, soap and fish multimillionaire, attracted international note.

Mr. John, one of the most famous artists of Europe, brought suit for damages when Lord Leverhulme cut the head out of a portrait the artist had made for him. Although the wealthy barrister had paid for the painting, Augustus John took the stand that a painting by an artist should not be altered, mutilated or changed in any way during the lifetime of the artist creating it.

The Guild of Free Lance Artists has cabled the following resolution to him: "Resolved, That this guild is in hearty sympathy with Augustus John

in his controversy with Lord Leverhulme and extends to the artist its united appreciation of his legal fight, sincerely hoping he will be successful."

The guild here is affiliated with the Authors' League of America and numbers among the members of its council such well-known artists as W. T. Benda, Franklin Booth, Arthur William Brown, C. D. Falls, Frederic R. Gruger, Wallace Morgan, Henry Reuter, Tony Sarg, F. G. Cooper and R. F. Schabelitz.

In Europe the artists went further than adopting resolutions of sympathy. The Latin quarter of Paris, Italian art circles and European art circles generally were greatly aroused. The Confederation Generale des Artistes Italian called a strike of 24 hours as a mark of protest. Painters, sculptors, canvas weavers, picture dealers, models and others of the crafts joined the strike in sympathy. An effigy of Lord Leverhulme was carried in a big street pageant at Florence, Italy, and then burned.

The reason for Lord Leverhulme's mutilation of his portrait has not been made known. Augustus John has painted portraits of some of Europe's greatest celebrities, including Lloyd George.

Let's Hope the Court Isn't Too Serious

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.—Miss Lorraine Wycoff (as was) daughter of H. B. Wycoff, 1239 Fairmount avenue, is seventeen and pretty. She and Donald Milliron had been sweethearts a long time and had been engaged about a year. They were to have been married at Christmas. Donald was very proud of his pretty sweetheart. He frequently brought his older brother, William, down to call. One night not long ago the Milliron brothers were cutting. The entire Wycoff family were present.

"Say, but I think you'd make a dandy wife," William remarked to Lorraine. "Let's get married."

"All right," laughed Lorraine in turn. The others also laughed. Then, still in a joke, they discussed plans for the wedding.

"I'll be best man," said Donald. The next morning at the appointed hour William came to claim his "bride." Lorraine joined the two brothers. Mrs. Wycoff went along. The four went down to the courthouse and got a license, still laughing and joking. Then they went on to the preacher, Rev. J. Frederick Catlin of the First Baptist church. William and Miss Wycoff took their places before the preacher. Donald stood up with his brother as "best man." But the laugh-



ing and joking didn't prevent the preacher from tying the knot. William Milliron and Lorraine Wycoff were man and wife.

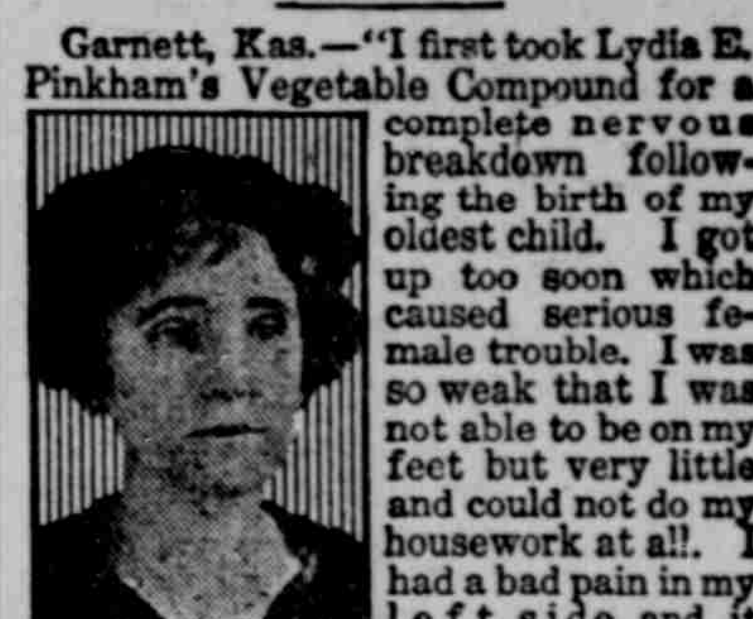
"I woke up in about two days and realized I had married the wrong brother," says Mrs. William Milliron.

But William was just as magnanimous as was Donald. That day William took his things and went down in town to board. Lorraine took her things and went home to her parents to live.

"William is going to bring suit against me on the ground of cruelty, the proof being that I won't live with him," said the young bride. "Just as soon as the divorce decree is signed Donald and I are going to get married. That won't be until next spring, though."

A LETTER FOR WOMEN

From a Woman Whose Serious Illness Was Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Garnett, Kas.—"I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a complete nervous breakdown following the birth of my oldest child. I got up too soon which caused serious female trouble. I was so weak that I was not able to be on my feet but very little and could not do my housework at all. I had a bad pain in my left side and it would pain terribly if I stepped off a curb-stone. One day one of your booklets was thrown in the yard and I read every word in it. There were so many who had been helped by your medicine that I wanted to try it and my husband went to town and got me a bottle. It seemed as though I felt relief after the second dose, so I kept on until I had taken five bottles and by that time I was as well as I could wish. About a year later I gave birth to a ten pound boy, and have had two more children since and my health has been fine. If I ever have trouble of any kind I am going to take your medicine for I give it all the praise for my good health. I always recommend your medicine whenever I can."—Mrs. EVA E. SHAY, Garnett, Kansas.

BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

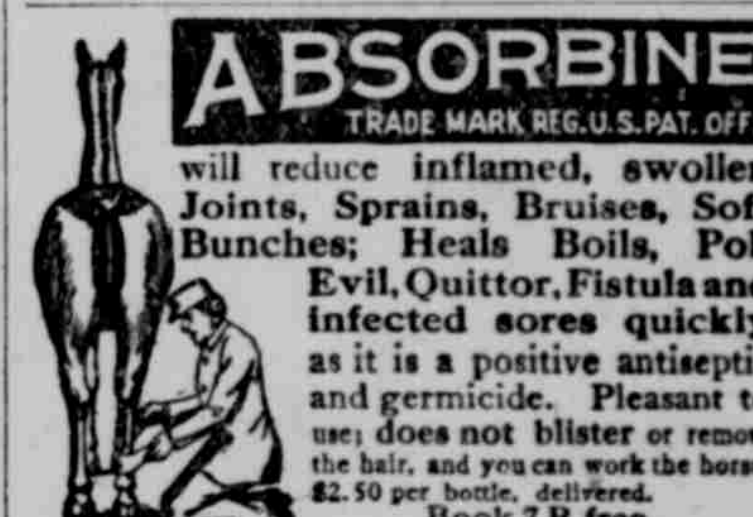
The national remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

New Life for Sick Man

Eatonic Works Magic

"I have taken only two boxes of Eatonic and feel like a new man. It has done me more good than anything else," writes C. O. Frappier.

Eatonic is the modern remedy for acid stomach, bloating, food repeating and indigestion. It quickly takes up and carries out the acidity and gas and enables the stomach to digest the food naturally. That means not only relief from pain and discomfort but you get the full strength from the food you eat. Big box only costs a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.



ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful, Swollen Veins, Wens, Strains, Bruises, sores, pain and inflammation. Price \$1.25 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Liberal Trial Bottle for 10c in stamps. W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Thirty Running Sores

Remember, I stand back of every box. Every druggist guarantees to refund the purchase price (35 cents) if Peterson's Ointment doesn't do all I claim.

I guarantee it for eczema, old sores, running sores, salt sores, skin diseases, broken breasts, itching skin, skin diseases, blind, bleeding and itching piles as well as for chafing, burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and sunburn.

"I had 30 running sores on my leg for 11 years, was in three different hospitals. Amputation was advised. Skin grafting was tried. I was cured by using Peterson's Ointment."—Mrs. F. E. Root, 281 Michigan street, Buffalo, N. Y. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Indian River ORANGES

Famous juicy golden fruit from grove to you from the Indian River Orange Country. For \$5 money order we will send you by prepaid express four-fifths bushel box genuine Indian River Oranges. Safe arrival guaranteed. Titusville bank reference. Address: INDIAN RIVER ORANGE COMPANY, TITUSVILLE, FLORIDA.

Wanted, A Good Man in This County

to distribute stock and poultry remedies to farmers. Pleasant work, good pay. Write SOUTHERN PRODUCTS CO., Box 470, Paducah, Ky.

FRECKLES

Agents for FORD Permanent Non-Skid Chain \$4.00 delivered. Instantly on and off. Big sales. Howe Co., Plainville, Conn.

Bronchial Troubles

Soothe the irritation and you relieve the distress. Do both quickly and effectively by using promptly a dependable remedy—

PISO'S