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## Last Night's Dreams

### —What They Mean

**DID YOU DREAM OF TREES?**

"METHOUGHT that I had wandered far in an old wood," says Tennyson in his "Dream of Fair Women," and Dante begins his wonderful dream of hell in the "Divine Comedy" with "In the midway of this mortal life I found me in a gloomy wood astray."

To dream of trees, or of being in a wood, is a very common occurrence to many people while to others such dreams are extremely rare. Freud in his dream theory has what he calls a "dream censor" and many, if not most, of the other scientific investigators accept the Freudian theory in this respect. The theory is that when we leave our days of early childhood, which are entirely "unmoral," we begin to accumulate a sense of shame, morals, proprieties, conventions, etc., which sense becomes woven into our conscious being. Even in sleep this sense is strong enough to assert itself and so acts as a check upon the more daring processes of the dream thought which, in order to get what it wants to express past the censor, is obliged to make use of symbolism. This may be true but if so we all, even the best of us, have had dreams in which the censor was evidently on strike or asleep at the switch. A dream of trees or woods would seem innocent enough but the extremists would explain it as something "put over" on the censor.

With the mystics this dream is one of the oldest and most widespread of prophetic visions. With certain modifications it is held to be a most auspicious omen to dream of trees. If they are in leaf or flower success in life, a happy marriage and many children await you. If already married look for success in business. If a sailor you may expect a good voyage. If you climb a dream-tree you will go far on the upward road, and if you pick fruit from one you will receive a legacy. But it is bad luck to cut down dream trees or to see them leafless or blasted.

(Copyright.)

—o—

## Who's Who

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

THERE is one thing that you possess, Oh Human Being—you who read this little Talk—with which the arbitrary selection ability of Blue Books, and close corporationed Club Committees has nothing in common. It is your personal power of Character secrecy.

Most of the people we think we know, we don't.

So that our judgment runs crisscross. And often our little people are in reality the world's big people and our big people are the world's little people.

It is the big, silent element which, when fully realized makes a man's Soul, gives dignity and calm and makes him fit and clean and great—courageous in the face of danger, calumny and duty.

Who's Who? Why! You are.

And the name of the man who cuts your clothes as well as the name of the woman who washes them, may be there. And there will be a glory thrill for the patient and plodding, the shut-ins and uncomplainers, as they see their names in simple Gothic bold.

Who's Who? YOU! Most certainly YOU, who in the consciousness live and express the best that is in you—openly and unafraid—and glad of the realization of your secret power the chance.

## Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

### GOOD CHEER BEAUTY

A CHEERFUL mind helps digestion—and helps in the acquiring of beauty. A sour-looking face is never lovely, the expression of bad will destroys even the prettiest of features.

The woman who is systematically going about the task of improving her

A Smile of Good Fellowship Goes a Long Way Towards Beauty.

looks, must keep a cheerful and unworried mind. For one reason, the very expression of happiness will create an impression of prettiness, and will add much to her charm.

(Copyright.)

—o—

**May Be Warmer Next Winter.**

A tabulation of the wintry weather for about 50 years past shows that an unusually violent winter is usually flanked on either side by a very mild one.

—o—

**Division of the Day.**

The scheme of dividing the day into two parts of 12 hours has existed since the time of Hipparchus, 150 years B. C.

—o—

## What the Sphinx Says

By Newton Newkirk.

"It's said there is nothing in this world to be had for nothing. How about advice?—or do you consider that NOTHING?"

## JANITOR GETS $300 A DAY

**Oil Well Brings Sudden Wealth to Tulsa (Okla.) Man.**

Last week Robert R. Runyan was a janitor in Tulsa, Okla., drawing the usual stipend paid a janitor. Today he is still a janitor, but with his family he is drawing $300 a day from a half interest in an oil well spouting 400 barrels a day in the Wichita Falls (Tex.) district.

"I would rather have my job than an oil well," Mr. Runyan told friends who were congratulating him on suddenly breaking into the "get-rich class."

**First Death in Family in 92 Years.**

Death visited the house of Beaulieu, in Lawrence, Mass., for the first time in 92 years, when Pauline Beaulieu, one year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Romeo Beaulieu, passed away.

**Asked Parking Space for Baby Buggy.**

Feeling that a parking space for baby buggies was needed in Lima, O., William Sutton, an attorney, has asked the city council to pass an ordinance providing such a place.

**Government Arrested Sugar Profiteer.**

Charged with making a $40,000 profit on the re-sale of 960,000 pounds of San Domingo sugar, E. R. Sherburne, of Boston, was arrested by the government's "flying squadron."

**Swabbing Yarns!**

Slob—You have to keep things neat on shipboard?"

Gob—Betcha! Scrubbulously clean.—Cartoons Magazine.

## Off Again, On Again

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

(Copyright.)

### THOSE WINDOW ENVELOPES

Whene'er they hand my mail to me
I look it over, quick,
As anxious as the deuce, to see
If fate has played a trick
And sent me one with windowed side,
The address showing through.
I've always groaned when those I've spied—
They tell me something's due!

It may be from the grocer man,
It may be from the plumber,
It may be for the lovely tan
Top-coat I bought last summer,
But whatsoever goods 'tis for,
It makes me shudder still—
Those things with that transparent door
Always contain a bill.

And so I look the letters o'er
With fear down in my heart,
One may be from some grouchy store
Down in the busy mart.
Such cowardice may be a sin,
But I admit it still—
Those envelopes with windows in
Always contain a bill!

* * *

**FINNIGIN FILOSOFY.**

Nearly ivverybody in th' wurrld wud be honest if he thought th' other feller wasn't gittin' ready t' do 'im.

* * *

**HOW IT STARTED.**

There was a young fellow named Riker
Who, when asked of his girl, "Do you like her?"
Said, "I'd give her my life!"
Then his friend started strife
By sneeringly saying, "You piker!"

* * *

**Trying on His Patients.**

A western doctor, carrying a patient to a hospital in his car, managed to still his engine on the railroad track in front of an approaching train. Both doctor and patient jumped from the car and ran away like jackrabbits. The stalled-on-the-track system may be introduced into materia medica or immaterial surgica, almost any time, now.

* * *

**Can It Be?**

Dear Offagin—Is it a fact that some of the Bulgarian officers refused to fight against Serbia and Russia because they called them the Balkin states?

* * *

**FINNIGIN FILOSOFY.**

Minny a bonehead out av office is brighter than a shmart man in th' office—t' hear th' bonehead tell it.

* * *

**Whence Came His Fear.**

"Why won't you go with us to the ballet?" asked his roistering companions.

"Because my father always used to chastise me with orchard switches, and I've been afraid of peach limbs ever since," replied the thoughtful young man.

And they wondered for days and days what he could have meant.

* * *

**NOT WHITTIER'S.**

Of all mad words from bookkeeping men
The maddest are these: "Who's had this pen?"

## HE REMEMBERED THE LAW

**Boy Scout's Explanation Somewhat Disconcerting in That It Implied So Much.**

The Boy Scouts were telling their scoutmaster of some of the good turns they had done during the last week. He was having this done for the benefit of one of the city school teachers who was visiting the meeting. One of the little scouts said, "I helped an old lady across the street."

The next little scout looked at the visiting teacher, who happened to be his teacher, and who also was in the early thirties. "I brought my teacher a pitcher of well water when she was not feeling well," he told the scoutmaster.

The teacher smiled. "Why didn't you say you helped another old lady?" she asked.

The retort that came back staggered her. The little scout said sweetly, "A scout is courteous."—Indianapolis News.

**Their Status.**

Apropos of a certain break in a certain line in the Argonne:

A captain of engineers in the outfit that plugged up the gap, looking for a suitable P. C., entered a dugout to inspect it before moving in. In a far corner he saw two pair of white eyeballs, wide with terror.

Reaching for his pistol, he said to his orderly: "I see a couple of Boches."

From the darkness came a shaky voice: "We ain't no Germans, boss; we's American soljers."

"Then what are you doing up here?" asked the captain. "Go on back with the rest of your outfit and help fix up that road."

"We don't belong to no labor battalion, boss," came back the voice indignantly. "We's combat troops."—Home Sector.

**In the Cyclone Belt.**

The difficulty of finding a house is not exclusively an Eastern problem. Out in Kansas, for instance, a native observed a stranger looking around and ventured to say, "Good morning, sir. House hunting?"

"Yes," replied the stranger, "I wonder if it could have blown this far."—Boston Transcript.

Kathlyn Williams has the distinction of being the first person to star in a "movie" serial, and her work will be remembered by scores who appreciate her good work. She is no stranger to the stage and has appeared under leading managements. Miss Williams is one of Screenland's most talented and beautiful stars.

—o—

Editor's Note.—Pietro's misconception of the word "love" is apparent to those who are familiar with tennis. The term as applied to that game, is employed used in keeping score, and is equivalent to "zero" or nothing.

OTHER day leetla girl asks me, "Pietro, you know how play tennis?" I say no can play anything but phonegraph and da pisochie. She time try play da poker but no success. She say: "Well, I'll teacha you how play dat game—leetle bit, huh?"

When she say gonna teach me, I ask where da court ees I may be wanta. I been court one time and they me ten bucks make two pounds weeth da fleever. Anyway we go place wot ees greata stadium for da cheekens. Greata heaps fences round weth leetle one small-da holes—smalla fence ees made strut weth catcha da feesh.

She say "I geeva you racket, I geeva for play weeth." I aska "wot's matter we gotta make racket for play dat game?" I say too meeche noise make me excite, so mebbe beata way ees play weethout da racket. She say, "All right, I am gonna serve." I say, "For she serve I dreank wet; I tink she gonna serve something weeth feesh keek ees. I dunno.

She gotta one side da fenche and I gotta other side. She kindeek straighta my head and say, "Love fifteen." I say feefateen ees nuttin' lova one time—no can do. She keek one, more ball and say, "Love thirty." I no say nuthing, but I deeda greata man eef lova thirty ees nuttin'. Nexa ball she say, "Love, forty." I dunno wot's matter dat play. I eef lova two, trees gotta have ambish, but for love forty ees moocha job for one man.

After knocka two, three more my frien holler "Game!" Right I say, "Betta your life—anybody eef lova feefateen or tirty or forty gotta be game. Mebbe gotta be Ty or Mormon to play dat game. Wot you tink?

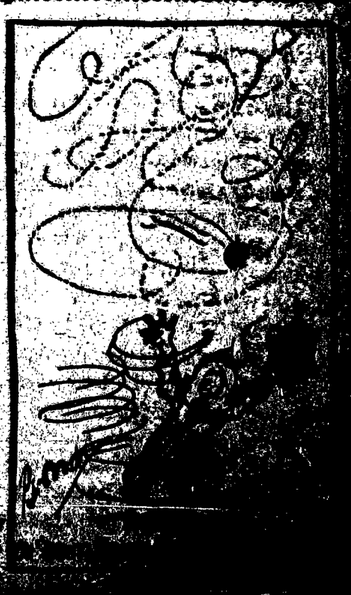
—o—

**Wifey May Faint.**

Jones—Hello, Doc. I wish you would go right on up to my house.

Doctor—Certainly. Anything serious?

Jones—Not yet; but there may be. I've just sent up a load of coal.—Judge.

—o—

## CROSBY'S KIDS