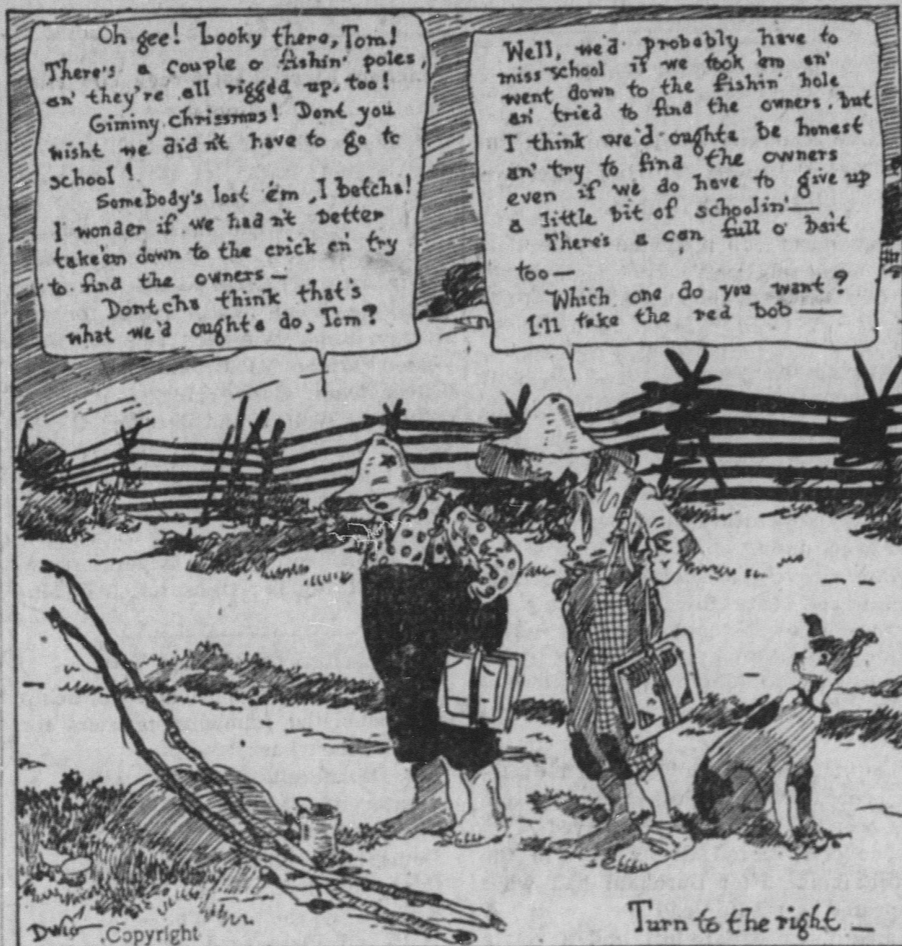


Last Night's Dreams —What They Mean

EATING.

THE question of eating is a very serious and unsettled one in Dreamland and about it the authorities dispute as acrimoniously as do those given to the eating habit in the world of realities over who is responsible for the present high cost of living. According to some, to dream that you are eating in company with others, either at the family dinner-table or at a banquet, is a sign that you will be successful in profitable undertakings and that your surroundings will be pleasant and cheerful. The opposing school warns you to beware of attending a dream banquet as that signifies that secret enemies are plotting against you, recommending only a small family party at the table. To dream of eating at all, say some of the oracles, means that you are going to spend money foolishly, to which the other side retorts that every one does, sometimes, spend money foolishly but not on the banquets of Dreamland, which are attended with profit and success. Perhaps the reason for this disagreement of the mystic authorities is that the old saying "What is one man's meat is another man's poison" holds good in the realm of shadow as well as out of it and that the phantom food of dream tables gives nourishment and strength to some egos while it gives others psychic indigestion. As the authorities refuse to agree on the eating subject the reader must determine it for himself. The next time you dream of eating observe what happens and then say which school of mystics is right. As to different articles of food even the pessimists admit that it is a good sign to dream of eating broiled meat. Potatoes are looked upon with favor but the ban is placed upon turnips, as these same people say that while it is un-

SCHOOL DAYS



declared to be distinctly unwholesome. Oysters, especially if raw, are the most highly recommended of dream foods. Eaten in any form they denote friendship and if raw splendid successes. All the pessimists can say against them is that they mean that you are going to become a gourmand. Many hold that to dream of being at a banquet means that you will soon go on a journey or will change your residence or place of business. These same people say that while it is un-

lucky to eat at a dream banquet yourself, to see others eating foretells great success in all your enterprises. If you are unmarried you shall wed the one you love and live happy ever after with riches and dutiful children.

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE FRONT SEAT.

When I was but a little lad I always liked to ride, No matter what the rig we had, right by the driver's side. And I maneuvered to avoid the cushions in the back. We children used to scramble then to share the driver's seat, And long the post I wore when I was not allowed that treat. Though times have changed and I am old I still confess I race With other grown-ups now and then to get my favorite place. The auto with its cushions fine and big and easy springs Has altered in our daily lives innumerable things. But hearts of men are still the same as what they used to be, When surreys were the stylish rigs, or so they seem to me, For every grown-up girl today and every grown-up boy Still hangers for the seat in front and scrambles for its joy, And riding by the driver's side still holds the charm it did In those glad, youthful days gone by when I was just a kid.

I hurry, as I used to do, to claim that favorite place, And when a tonneau seat is mine I wear a solemn face. I try to hide the post I feel, and do my best to smile, But envy of the man in front gnaws at me all the while. I want to be where I can see the road that lies ahead, To watch the trees go flying by and see the country spread Before me as I spin along, for there I miss the fear That seems to grip the soul of me while riding in the rear. And I am not alone in this. Today I drive a car And three glad youngsters, madly strive to share the "seat with Pa." And older folks that ride with us, I very plainly see, Maneuver in their artful ways to sit in front with me, Though all the cushions in the world were piled up in the rear. The child in all of us still longs to watch the engineer, And happier hearts we seem to own when we're allowed to ride, No matter what the car may be, close by the driver's side. (Copyright by Edgar A. Guest.)

Second Wind

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

THE race of Success is won just like any other race—on Second Wind. Second Wind is nothing more or less than reserve power responding and carrying one through to the end. Be a Second Wind Performer. Some people never experience Second Wind—simply because they never put forth the necessary effort to enable them to draw on their reserve lung space. But the reserve is there just the same. Be a Second Wind Performer. The successful man goes through all the little processes of failure and discouragement and defeat—then he gets his Second Wind—pushes all the setbacks aside, and carrying great momentum, he goes on and on. This is always the story of the one who has the courage and stamina to press on until the Second Wind is reached. Be a Second Wind Performer. If you want to experience the delight and power that results from the acquiring of your Second Wind you have but to do more than you are told to do—more than you have to do. Second Wind comes through Initiative, Enthusiasm and Determination. Be a Second Wind Performer.

Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

THE WATERMELON

THE watermelon is a pleasing and harmless beverage which is 20 per cent water and 80 per cent seeds, much on the order of picnic lemonade. Owing to the lack of alcohol in the watermelon, it is much in favor with the clergy and can be shipped into a dry state without requiring the customer to swear that it is bought for medicinal purposes only. Watermelons are grown largely in the South and are used to sustain and inflate the colored brother. When a greedy, wobble-jointed cotton hand has wrapped himself around a thirty-pound watermelon and settled back for a sonorous nap, he will look for if somebody had attached a tire pump to him and forgotten to shut off the engine. The look of perfect contentment which fastens itself upon the face of a Georgia darkey who has eaten six or eight two-story watermelons, seeds and all, is enough to cause a hardened dyspeptic to jump off the lake front.

The watermelon has been grown in this country for a hundred years and thousands have been eaten by our col-



Picked Before They Have Had Time to Get Ripe Anywhere Except on the Surface.

lege professors and other shining intellects, but nobody has ever discovered a way to prevent it from running to seeds and clogging up the windpipe of the trustful Northerner. The watermelon would be served at polite social functions more if it were not for the harrowing fear on the part of the hostess that some nervous male guest will get a few seeds upside down in his neck and have to be operated on with a pair of duckbill pliers. To a country which boasts the incubator baby and the noncorrosive banana the

MILITANT MARY

My boob-beau called again last night, and I was sorely TRIED— If that guy doesn't stay at home I'LL COMMIT HOMICIDE!

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK by Nellie Maxwell

"When you taste a blueberry pie that you have just made and feel a thrill of pride at its delicious flavor, always remember that you didn't make the blueberries."

Rhubarb Conserve.
Take five pounds of sugar, five pounds of rhubarb, four oranges, two pounds of raisins. Cut up the fruit, remove the seeds from the oranges and put through a meat grinder. Cook all together until thick.

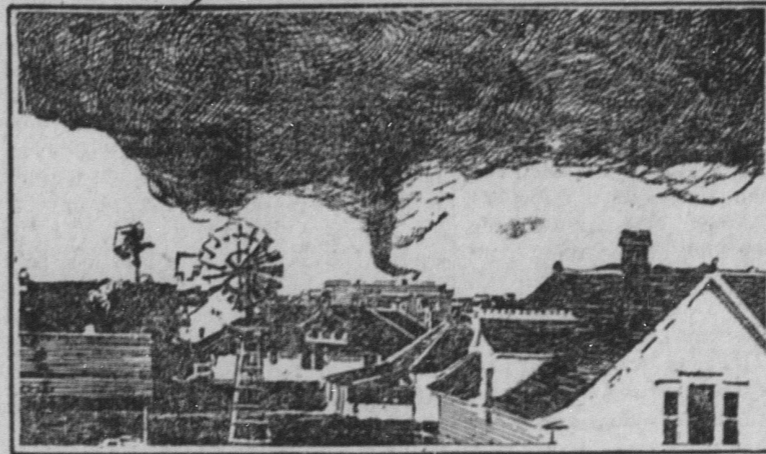
Cherry Preserves.
Take two pints of sugar, one small cupful of water, boil until it boils, add three pints of pitted cherries and boil fifteen minutes. Pour into an earthen

dish and let stand overnight. In the morning seal in sterile cans, cold.

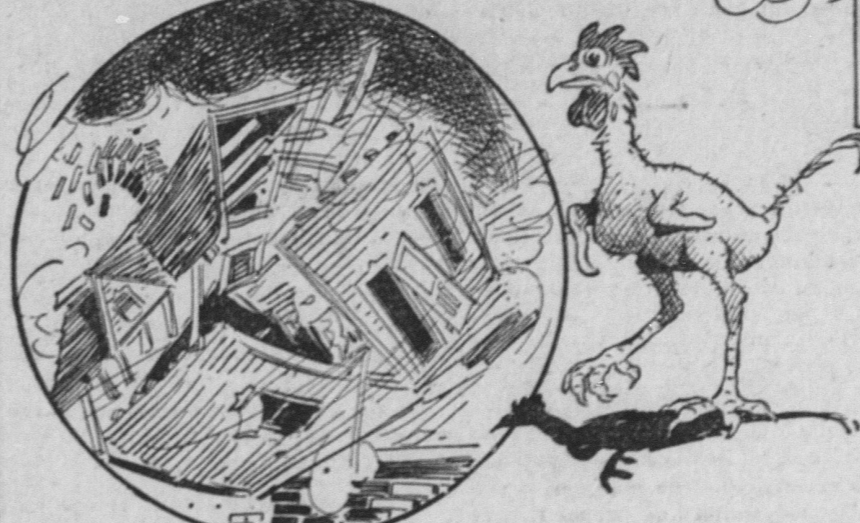
Grape Conserve.
Take seven pounds of ripe grapes. Pulp them, removing the seeds, then to the skins and seeds add the grated rind and strained juice of four oranges, the juice of two lemons, boil together fifteen minutes, then add five pounds of sugar, one pound of seeded raisins, one pint of canned cherries drained from their juice and one-half pound of pecan meats, and one cupful of water. Cook fifteen minutes then pour into glasses or jars. (Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Is This to Be a "Cyclone Summer?"

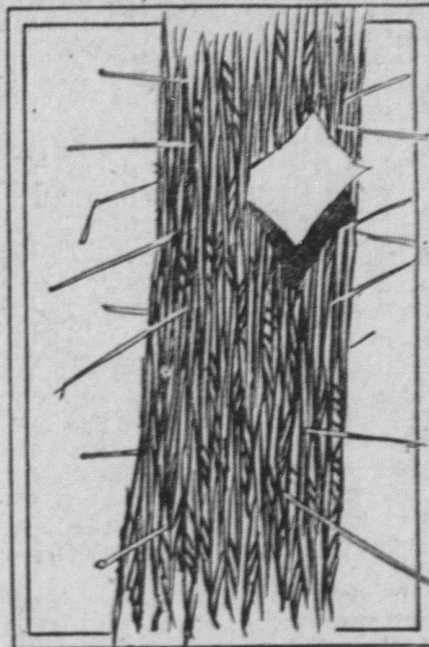
By John Dickinson Sherman



MILLERVILLE, KAN., JUNE 11, 1915



AT ELLIS, KAN., IN JUNE, 1915



IS THIS to be a "cyclone summer?" Which is to say, is the Mississippi valley to be visited this season by an unusual number of these terrifying tornadoes so destructive to life and property and as frenzied as destructive? The early returns seem to indicate that the "twister" is bent on a busy summer.

The proper phrase to be used in putting this question is "tornado summer." According to the dictionaries, our American twister is not a cyclone, since a cyclone is a violent storm, often of vast extent, characterized by high winds rotating about a calm center of low atmospheric pressure which moves onward with a velocity of from 20 to 30 miles an hour.

The tornado, on the other hand, is a "funnel-shaped cloud, like a water-spout, sand-column or dust-whirl, with very violent and destructive eddies and whirls of wind, progressing on a narrow path for many miles over land. The wind is too violent to be measured and the barometric pressure falls so rapidly that wooden structures are often lifted and burst open by the air within them."

But Kansas calls them cyclones. So cyclones they shall be here. For once upon a time, not very long ago, the east thought Kansas grew cyclones or made them or produced them—whatever the right word is.

"To the early settlers of Kansas, coming as they did from distant eastern states where such phenomena are almost unknown, these storms were one of the wonders of a new country, to be told over and over to visitors and sent as special items of news to papers that gave them wide publicity," says S. D. Flora, Kansas meteorologist. "The result has been that the expression 'Kansas cyclone' has become almost an idiom of the language, and the reputation of the state for visitations of these storms is greater than that of any other part of the country, when, as a matter of fact, there is no reason to believe, in the light of available data, they are any more numerous here, area considered, than in any other states in this part of the country."

Anyway, Kansas became "the cyclone state," and the thing eventually became such a scandal that, soon after the Civil war Uncle Sam decided to investigate and sent out an army officer to trail the cyclone to its lair. The report of this investigator is still among the dusty archives of the United States weather bureau. It contains facts both of scientific and popular interest.

For example, he tells about the woman who lost her hair. He says she was a woman with exceptionally long hair; that the storm cut or tore most of this hair from her head, twisted it into a rope and left it lying near her, while the hair left upon her head was tightly curled into many little wisps filled with sand.

It was the same cyclone, according to this official report, that bore down upon a large house exceptionally well built of logs and heavy native timbers, hit one corner of it a resounding whack, veered off, whirled out around the barn and attacked the house from the opposite side, dissipating it over the landscape so thoroughly that much of it was never seen again.

He describes trees in which sand had been driven entirely through the bark into the wood of the tree. And this was not merely on one side of the trunk, but around its entire circumference. In another place he found trees still standing, but stripped of every particle of their bark.

So you see, for a beginner, this official investigator did pretty well.

Of course, the weather bureau has accumulated a mass of "cyclone literature." Here's an interesting bit: "They may form after several hours of light wind or during a violent thunder storm. Persons

who have witnessed their formation usually report a great commotion in a threatening cloud, or, more commonly, 'two clouds come together.' From this whirling mass the characteristic cloud descends until, in the case of damaging storms, it touches the earth. Sometimes the cloud is really funnel-shaped; more commonly it is described as resembling an elephant's trunk or gigantic snake as it writhes and sways back and forth in its progress. Other observers have stated that it reminded them of a rope swinging back and forth from the clouds. Usually in the case of a slender cloud the color is milky white except near the ground, where it is dark from flying dust and debris. Clouds of large diameter are usually much darker."

A still better simile, it would seem, is that of a gigantic balloon, scudding low across country before the wind and dragging an enormous cable which trails along on the ground, twisting and turning and creating fantastic destruction.

It seems to be established that west of the Rockies and east of the Alleghenies there isn't much danger from cyclones. But anywhere in the Mississippi Valley it's keep your eye open. Chicago has thought itself immune, owing to some peculiar influence exerted by the Great Lakes, but this spring a real twister visited its suburbs to the northwest.

It is estimated by the weather experts that "for any specific area or farm of one square mile the probability of being visited by a tornado is less than 1-16 of 1 per cent per century."

There is a popular feeling that cyclones, like lightning, do not strike the same spot twice. Nevertheless it is of record that Codell, Rooks county, Kan., was hit three years in succession on May 25 at the same hour of the day.

The crop of "cyclone stories" is very large every year. The plain truth is that almost anything that is told may as well be believed. There seems to be no limit to the fantastic vagaries of these twisters. For example, here's what an official weather bureau record says, in part:

"The freakish occurrences that result from these storms will tax the credulity of a person who has never seen them. The often recited instances of straws being blown with such violence that they are left sticking in the bark and the wood of a tree or post, have to be seen in order to be appreciated. Chickens are sometimes stripped of their feathers and left alive, though more often they are killed.

"An instance has been related on credible authority of a dresser being smashed to kindling and its mirror being carried some distance and set down against a fence without being cracked; also, of a window sash being blown from a railway depot, which was demolished, and laid down on an adjoining lawn with a heavy iron scale weight on it without the glass being broken.

"One of the remarkable features noted is the number of almost miraculous escapes."

It is easy enough to understand that a house may be "exploded," the passing twister creates a partial vacuum and the house, if tightly closed, is blown to pieces by the pressure of the air inside it. This vacuum also explains why feathers are pulled off chickens, since the quills contain air. But when wheat straws are driven into a green tree—then it's time to wonder.

United States Treasury Notes

The words "Treasur: Amer: Septent: Signl," on every treasury note issued by the government are abbreviated words for "Seal of the Treasury of North America." The Revolutionary government of the United States was continued under the Constitution without any change in some depart-

ments. By an act of the Continental congress of September 28, 1778, the treasury was organized with an auditor, comptroller and treasurer, and the same officers still run the treasury under the secretary and his assistants, and all paper money and bonds have the seal, not of the United States of America, but of the treasury of North America. It was the United States of North America which made treaties with France and Spain in 1778, Benjamin Franklin acting as commissioner for Congress.

Father Youngest of Family. Age is trying to get back to youth and it is resenting the semi-contemptuous respect of the younger generation. There is one eminent artist in London who absolutely refuses to admit that he is any older than his youngest child—and he has many children. The boys and girls do not call him "sir" or even "father." They all call him "George." And "George" remains the youngest and the most popular of the family.—London Chronicle.