

# The Meaning of Dreams.

By H. Addington Bruce.

It is well known, for example, that dreams have stimulated men to remarkable intellectual achievements, and have even supplied the material for these achievements. Thus, Coleridge composed "Kubla Khan" in a dream. Tartini got his "Devil's Sonata" from a dream in which the devil appeared and challenged him to a musical competition. It was a dream that gave Voltaire the first canto of his "Henriade," and Dante's "Divina Commedia" is likewise said to have been inspired by a dream.

Many novelists, on their own admission, have obtained the plots for some of their best works from materials provided in dreams. A particularly impressive instance is that of Robert Louis Stevenson, whose "Chapter on Dreams," in his book "Across the Plains," should be read by all who would learn what dreams can do for a man intellectually. The solution of burning mathematical problems, the ideas necessary to complete some invention, have been supplied by dreams. Occasionally the dreamer has been known to rise in his sleep and jot down the information thus acquired.

In such cases he usually forgets the record he has made of it. Which shows that—as with the visions so potentially influencing health—it is possible for dreams to aid a man in an intellectual way, without his being consciously aware of them.—Success.

# The Growth of Italian Commerce

By Homer Edmiston.

PERHAPS it is not generally known how remarkably Italy's commerce in the near East has grown within recent years. In 1900 her exports to Turkey were valued at about \$7,500,000, and her imports from the same country at about \$5,000,000. Four years later the exports had nearly doubled, and the imports had increased by \$2,500,000. This development of commerce along the routes once dominated by the Venetian republic is said to be due in large part to the initiative of the present King, and has brought to it renewed prosperity to the ancient and glorious commercial city. Not is this eastward activity confined to trade and industry. It is well known that many inhabitants of the Dalmatian coast, though Austrian subjects, are Italian in race, language, and sympathies. And powerful unofficial organizations, like the Dante Society, are busily promoting the Italian language and culture throughout the rejuvenated Turkish Empire. It is even asserted that, in consequence of improved relations between Quirinal and Vatican, religious orders, especially the Franciscans, have eagerly taken up this Italian propaganda.—Atlantic.

# The Law of Love.

By Elbert Hubbard.

IN the beginning of his career man is repressed and suppressed by nature. Fear haunts his footsteps. The shadows of the forests are filled with the unknown. To get out into the open—out into the clearing—where he can see is his desire.

And in the great order of things this is well, for the impulse to see and know leads to all that is good.

But here we find that great primal fear of the forest—the place of hiding! It was the monkey that took to the plains, that stood upright and observed, and learned to run, that evolved into a man.

Out on the plains the man recovers from his fright and looks around. He finds a few trees, and near them is a bubbling spring of water.

He is refreshed by the water, and the shade is grateful. Then it dawns upon him by slow degrees that trees and water always go together, and that society is only possible where these things exist.

Surely that Texas man was right: Water, trees and society are all that hell lacks of being paradise.

Man contrives to divert the water of streams and plants trees. These trees grow, just in proportion as they are wisely watered and cultivated. And here is a thing that man does not know until way along in the game, that is, that in cultivating the trees he cultivates himself.

But man notes this that where trees grow showers come, too, from the skies, for water and foliage mutually attract.

So, from a state of fear of the forest, man learns to love the trees. From being depressed by nature, he co-operates with her.

He perceives that man himself is a part of nature and under the domain of the same great natural laws that control the tree.

The last lesson is that in a great degree we cannot only co-operate with nature, but we can also control her. So, from being a victim, man becomes a master.

This discovery of unity and oneness, and next the mastery, is the work of those rare souls, men of great faith, great originality, individuality and power of initiative whom, for lack of a better term, we call geniuses.

It is easy to say, "We are a part of all we see and hear and feel," when many others are saying the same.

But how was it when men sang, "This world is but a desert drear, heaven is my home."

The genius is the man who stands at the pivotal point and flings into the teeth of entrenched prejudice his own thought, pitting himself against the ignorance of the past.

With no uncertain tone and without apology he lifts up his voice and cries aloud, "They have said unto you in olden times, \* \* \* but I say unto you!"

And again, "A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another."—New York American.

## GETTING CLOSE TO NATURE.

What the Vacation Season Means in Its Broad Aspect.

The mountains, the plains, the woods, and the fields all take their toll of the American vacationist. The tour of Europe, of Egypt, and the Holy Land take their share. But the tribute taken by the resorts by ocean, lake, and stream is more than all the rest. There is something in the thought of days spent in intimate and inspiring association with pounding surf, rippling waves or noisy rapids that gives the sure relief of quick forgetfulness of the toil of office or study. It is always so when the vacation is glimpsed in retrospect. It is even more so in prospect. And as the grind, the stress, and the strain of urban employment increase—as increase they must in our eager race for the quick dollar—the call of the pleasant waters of the land comes every year louder and clearer to the tired dweller in the city. He hears it, and listens to it sometimes as one who may not obey it. Finally he yields to temptation and follows its voice. He makes his first visit to shore or river. From that day he is lost to the army of hopeless, hapless vacationless toilers. He has joined the army of those joyful and triumphant ones who, landsmen eleven months in the year, look always gaily forward to their annual term of service upon the happy waters of vacation land.

The business of taking vacations, taken with that of furnishing the vacationists the place where a vacation may be had with comfort, recreation, and real benefit, is a great industry. It furnishes employment to hundreds of thousands of men and women. It gives a new value to places and habitations that before were of the wilderness. And this value is not all sentimental, though it has its root in sentiment, as the best of what is material always has.

Few of us stop to think that the fortnight of absence from duty, for the clerk, the bookkeeper, or the professional man or woman means anything more than needed recuperation for the recipient. But it does mean much more than that. The vacation touches with beneficent hand many persons besides the man who takes or receives it. The vacation does its part in the distribution of labor, of new opportunity, of wealth, of education, of civilization. In giving a new valuation to the waste places of the earth, it gives new and better employment to those who dwell in and near them.

The vacation brings what we call civilization a little closer to nature, and civilization is a little purer and fresher for it. It brings to those who live close to nature some of the means of progress that belongs to civilization. It gives them hint and help toward ways of life that have less of drudgery of hand and body, and more of the light of mind and soul. Thus the benefit is reciprocal, though, up to date, civilization has profited most by the barter with nature.—Rochester Herald.

## Enticing The Collection.

It is told of a newly appointed Scotch minister that on his first Sunday in office he had reason to complain of the poorness of the collection. "Mon," replied one of the elders, "they are close—vera close. But," confidently, "the auld minister, he put three or four saxeppence into the plate hissel, just to gie them a start. Of course he took the saxeppence awa' with him afterward."

The new minister tried the same plan, but the next Sunday he again had to report a dismal failure. The total collection was not only small, but he was grieved to find that his own saxeppence were missing.

"Ye may be a better preacher than the auld minister," exclaimed the elder, "but if ye had had the knowledge of the world ye'd ha' done what he did an' giened the saxeppence to the plate."—Chicago News.

Tradition asserts, according to a writer in the Scientific American, that the first to sacrifice himself to the problem of flying was Wang Tu, a Chinese mandarin of about the year 2000 B. C.

## THE OLD, OLD HOME.

When I long for sainted memories,  
Like angel troops they come  
If I fold my eyes to ponder  
On the old, old home.

The heart has many passages  
Through which the feelings roam,  
But its middle aisle is sacred  
To thoughts of old, old home.

Where infancy was sheltered,  
Like rosbuds from the blast;  
Where girlhood's brief elysium  
In joyousness was passed;  
To that sweet spot forever,  
As to some hallowed dome,  
Life's pilgrim bends her vision—  
Tis her old, old home.

A father sat, how proudly,  
By that old hearthstone's rays,  
And told his children stories  
Of his early manhood's days;  
And one soft eye was beaming,  
From child to child 'twould roam;  
Thus a mother counts her treasures,  
In the old, old home.

The birthday gifts and festivals,  
Like rosbuds from the blast,  
(Some dear one who was swelling it,  
Is with the Scraphim);  
The fond "good-nights" at bedtime—  
How quiet sleep would come,  
And fold us all together,  
In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowers,  
Close intertwined each heart;  
But time and change in concert,  
Have blown the wreath apart,  
But dear and sainted memories  
Like angels ever come,  
If I fold my arms and ponder  
On the old, old home.

## The Trysting Place

By Miss Leila Noland

Janet Norris came slowly down the gravel walk, pulling thoughtfully at the strings of her fresh white sunbonnet. She remembered afterwards that old Father Smith had paused at the gate with his usual garrulous comments on village matters, to which she had responded so like in a dream that he grew instinctively silent and passed on.

Janet reached the gate and stopped there a moment, looking up and down the one street of the village; then, mechanically lifting the latch, she opened the gate and stepped outside. She walked away toward the east, for no other reason of which she was aware than that she was going in the opposite direction from the one taken by the old man who had just spoken to her. She wanted to be alone.

She was free. She was trying, perhaps with more effort than it should have called for, to get the full consciousness of that fact. She was free, she kept repeating to herself, free as she had longed to be, as she had thought for weeks she must be. It was for Paul's sake, too. He, too, had tired of the bondage, and she had taken some pains to have him see it that way. True, she had almost wavered in her conviction that they had been mistaken in the kind of regard they had for each other when she saw how he at first received it. But then, what more natural than that he should try to save her pride? Also, though he had seemed sincere in his protestations and she liked to believe always what he said to her, still she could not, or at least was afraid to, trust remembrance, and pleading that might well have grown out of the emotion of the moment; particularly was she afraid to trust them as she remembered the dull days that lay behind. How all her nature revolted at the thought of boring him, how her heart froze at the thought that he could bore her! Yes, it was distinctly for the best that they should get their separate ways. But her spirit was not exalted as she had believed it would be on laying aside the shackles, and she moved though she did not know it, like one in the shadow of grief.

A brief engagement was a serious thing any way you looked at it. She knew also that in the village everybody knows and discusses everybody else's affairs, and that this gossip would keep the wound open. They would say she did not know her own mind. She shrank far more from the pity that many of them would give her, which would be worse, perhaps, than the blame, not knowing, some of them would give him. But he was not to blame, and they should not blame him because he was a man. She would see to that as well as she could. That much she owed him.

Yes, that much and a great deal more.

She had entered a small wood and was on the trail leading to the pretty lake among the hills.

Her Paul—no, not hers now—was a child of the village, like herself, but ambition had led him afar. Her mind and work had brought him to her rich gleanings from the great world, and she had received them eagerly and made them part of herself. She qualified at the thought of the narrow life of the village that was to be her portion—her portion of freedom, for sooth—henceforth unrelieved. Oh, no, no, no!

She would hold fast to the better, higher things he had taught her. It should not be all in vain. She would live worthily of the months in which they had been so much to each other. Their ways of life would be different and far apart, but it ever, he chanced to hear her spoken of he should have cause to remember with pride that they had once been friends, even in the presence of the beautiful, noble woman whom he would one day marry and who would make him happy. He so much deserved the best that life could give that she was sure he would attract and win it in the end.

The trail led her into an open space. She quickened her steps toward a clump of elders, where, cunningly half concealed and half-revealed, to be spied out only by those who knew, a weather-beaten blue ribbon was tied to one of the twigs. It marked the place where they parted the bushes on

the way to a secluded nook which they often went together. There was not even a trail on the other side. Smiling sadly, she encircled the twig with tender fingers, sliding the ribbon forward and off, staining it with the green life of crushed leaves. She had wandered this way without conscious intent, but now, holding the ribbon loosely over her heart with one hand, with the other she held back the bushes. Passing through this barrier she ran along, stumbling occasionally over a rough place in the ground or brushing too near a slender sapling, half groping her way, her eyes almost blind with unshed tears. She neared the edge of the lake, and skirting a sharp curve in the bank stopped, her attention fixed on a large, partly uprooted poplar tree. Years ago it had been flung to the earth by a violent storm, but with sturdy courage it had strengthened its few roots which remained in the ground, drawing nourishment through them for a luxuriant glossy mass of foliage, which, formed a retreat of much interest and beauty—a little amphitheatre, visible only from the unfrequented lake. She and Paul had discovered it, and it was theirs, their haven, a place apart from the rest of the world, for themselves alone. She stretched her arms toward it longingly, but could not enter there without Paul—and she would be without him forever now. She sank to the ground and buried her face in the crotch of her arm.

"Paul, Paul!" she sobbed, "I want you, I want you!"

Instantly there was great perturbation among the foliage of the fallen poplar.

Her head raised so quickly that the sunbonnet fell back and the tree shadows played over her startled, wondering face.

Paul was plunging through the poplar's great branches; soon he was lifting her to her feet.

"You came here, too," she murmured falteringly, her eyes smiling through happy tears, "as I did—because—you—couldn't help it?"

"I came to wait for you," he answered. "I believed that you loved me and knew if you did that you would come again."—Boston Post.

## CACTUS PATCH IN MICHIGAN.

Plant Supposed to Have Been Brought North by Indian.

Located in the northern portion of Blue Lake township, covering an area of several acres and preventing to a great extent the successful farming of the land in that vicinity, is an immense patch of cactus of the prickly pear variety. Naturally growing only in the warmer portions of America, the spread of the big patch in the extreme northern part of Muskegon county has been the cause of no little comment, and the stories of its origin are numerous.

Nearly half a century ago C. F. Wheeler, connected with the Agricultural Department at that time, in going over Muskegon county happened upon this strange cactus patch. He pronounced the plant a native of Arizona and was able to explain its presence in Michigan only on the theory that some Indian tribe, either migrating here willingly or driven northward rather than become enslaved to some more powerful tribe, had brought the plant.

Legends of how the cactus was brought to this country are still told by the residents of Blue Lake, who have heard from time immemorial the stories of its origin from the lips of aged Indians, who fifty years ago were numerous in the country. The Indians used to say that the cactus was brought from Arizona here by the band of Zuni Indians, who, conquered by another of the minor tribes, were forced to accept exile or slavery.

The date of the coming to Michigan was placed by these Indians at about the year 1400 from estimates made in the stories told them by their forefathers, and to prove their statements that the cactus was the best of food they would burn off the barbs and make various native dishes of them. In spite of the climate here the cacti seem to flourish in the dry regions of Blue Lake and in the last few years have been extending the area which they cover.—Evening Wisconsin.

## 1000 Successful Men.

I have on my desk a list of 1000 successful men of this nation. By "successful" I do not mean mere money-makers, but men who have given us new conceptions of steam, electricity, construction work, education, art, etc. These are the men who influence our moral as well as physical lives. They construct for better things.

How these men started in work is interesting. Their first foothold in work is a fine study.

Three hundred started as farmers' sons.

Two hundred started as messenger boys.

Two hundred were newsboys.

One hundred were printers' apprentices.

One hundred were apprenticed in manufactories.

Fifty began at the bottom of railway work.

Fifty—only 50—had wealthy parents to give them a start.—Juvenile Court Record.

## Dummy Violinists.

"How beautifully those two girls play," said she at the cafe, where two girls lead the orchestra. "It is unusual. Isn't it?"

"Simplest thing in the world," said he. "The men behind them are doing the playing. They are just drawing their bows back and forth and making believe."—New York Press.



## Playmates.

Now where are the littlest bits of girls,  
The littlest comrades of yesterday,  
With their dancing eyes, and their dancing  
curts,  
And their dancing feet, and their love  
of play?  
Where are they gone, all the girls we  
knew,  
Who laughed and romped and who  
danced and played,  
Made chains of clover for me and you,  
Whose feet were pink, and who loved  
to wade?

One has walked far from the childhood  
land  
With never a lingering look or sigh,  
And I walked with her, and hand in  
hand,  
And never we noted the years drift by,  
And never we noted the blooms grow  
thin,  
Along the roads it was ours to go,  
For our lips were laughing, and deep  
within  
Our hearts were the blossoms we used  
to know.

And another I know who has walked afar  
From the land where the streamlets  
are cool to wade,  
From the land where the nodding clov-  
ers are  
And oak trees scatter a cooling shade;  
And she is a woman of dancing eyes,  
Of the gladdest blue that is in the  
dawn,  
She never has guessed there are cloudy  
skies,  
She never suspects that her youth is  
gone.

And one is a woman so thin and gray,  
So bent with struggle, and worn and  
old—  
The gladdest of all of them yesterday,  
Her hair held most of the sun's red  
gold,  
But she walked down a way that was set  
with graves,  
And her loved ones paused, and she  
came alone,  
Along the years, and the pounding waves  
Washed out the gladness of years  
agone.

And the reason the years have dealt just  
so  
With the littlest girls with the dancing  
feet  
It is not given to us to know;  
Some lives are bitter and some are  
sweet,  
And why the bitter is poured for some,  
And joy with others goes hand in  
hand,  
We may not know until God says:  
"Come."  
And we'll go home; then we'll under-  
stand.

And the little girls of yesterday  
Shall be as young as they ever were,  
They shall seek the one who has wept  
and  
said,  
"The ones you loved so are here, and  
here  
They have waited for you while the  
years went by,  
And we are with you and love you, dear,  
And heaven is heaven, so don't you  
cry!"

But one there is who has never grown  
Too big for the frocks that she used to  
wear,  
She sank to sleep in the years agone  
Where the clover waved and the sky  
was fair  
And always, and always, and always we  
Have heard her laughter, and heard  
her call,  
And dancing and laughing and singing  
she  
Shall run to meet us and love us all.  
—Houston Post.

## The Man in the Moon.

Suspend a large sheet between fold-  
ing doops. In the front room place  
the company, in darkness. In the  
back room, on the floor, set a lighted  
lamp, with a reflector of looking glass  
or highly polished tin. A person  
standing between the light and the  
sheet will seem magnified to immense  
proportions in the other room, and if  
he jumps over the light it will appear  
as though he jumped to the ceiling.  
He may perform a number of humor-  
ous feats, dressed as a witch, or any  
character.—Ruth Weed, in the New  
York Tribune.

## The Pequot War.

The Pequot Indians, living in Con-  
necticut drove another tribe, which  
also lived there, and then sold their  
lands along the Connecticut river to  
the Dutch. The English settlers ob-  
jected to this. They brought back the  
Indians whom the Pequots had driven  
away and built a fort to protect them.  
They wished to buy from the Indians  
the land the Pequots had sold to the  
Dutch.

The Pequots grew angry and began  
killing English traders and making  
raids on the Connecticut settlers and  
tormenting to death all whom they  
could find.

In 1637 Capt. Mason, with a com-  
pany of Connecticut and Massachu-  
setts men, was sent into the Pequot  
country. The Pequot chief, Sassacus,  
had a village at Mystic, in Connecti-  
cut, defended by a strong palisade.  
At daybreak, while the savages were  
asleep, the white men surrounded the  
village and set fire to it. The Indians  
were panic stricken and made no or-  
ganized defense. In less than two  
hours about 700 Indians, men, women  
and children, had perished. Some  
were burned to death in their wig-  
wams and some were shot while try-  
ing to escape. A war of extermi-  
nation followed, and Indians of other  
tribes were frightened into keeping  
peace with the Indians for many  
years.—Alice March, in the Wash-  
ington Star.

## Accent, not Vocabulary.

This little incident, and a true one,  
is for the benefit of those who labor  
under the impression that they can  
not express their sentiments without  
recouring to profanity:

Tom Hinde is a Missourian who  
can, when occasion offers, put up a  
pretty fair sample of sulphurous lan-  
guage, but once upon a time there  
came to pass a moment when the mildest  
kind of words from his lips  
expressed more than all the profan-  
ity attributed to our army in Flanders.

Tom, together with Charley Zook  
and Tom Curry, was fishing for crop-  
ple in Big Lake, and was startled  
when he discovered that he had hook-

ed a big channel cat. He had a light  
rod and a small line, and it required  
unusual skill to play the big fish and  
not lose him. But Tom was equal to  
the occasion. Round and round the  
boat the big fish circled, and Tom  
played him with a master hand. Fi-  
nally the fish, tired out, came gently  
floating up to the side of the boat.

"Get him, Charley!" gasped Tom.  
Zook reached over the edge of the  
boat, wrapped the line a couple of  
times around his wrist and gave a  
jerk—with a result that might have  
been expected. The line broke and  
away scooped the big catfish to free-  
dom.

Zook and Curry leaned back in the  
boat and waited for Tom to express  
himself.

With a look upon his face that no  
artist, living or dead, could ever  
catch, Tom propped down upon his  
seat and exclaimed in a heartbroken  
tone of voice:

"Oh, Charley!"

"That was the most profane ac-  
cent I ever heard coming from a  
man's lips," said Curry when he told  
the story.—Commoner.

## Piggles and Wiggles.

When May's grandmamma and  
grandpapa came to pay a visit, they  
brought to her the dearest little dog-  
gie, so fat and woolly that he could  
hardly walk; in fact, he didn't walk,  
he waddled. And because of his be-  
ing so round—and growing rounder—  
May called him Piggles. And a week  
later there came to the door one  
morning the sweetest wee bit of a  
white kitten you ever saw. And it  
mewed and seemed to say to May, who  
had seen it first: "Mew, I want a  
home and something to eat." And  
May brought the kitten in, and when  
she held it in her arms it wiggled so  
to get down that May decided to call  
it Wiggles. And, more than that,  
she decided to keep Wiggles as a pet,  
making a pair of pets, namely, Piggles  
and Wiggles.

Well, the first day of Wiggles' ar-  
rival she was introduced to Piggles,  
but they both behaved very badly; in-  
deed, Piggles was not the aggressor,  
however, for he was so fat that he  
was half asleep, and didn't seem to  
care whether his place in the house  
as pet was to be shared by a pesky  
white kitten or not. All he wanted—  
or appeared to want—was a cool  
place to lie down, a place where the  
flies would not bother him. But it  
was different with Wiggles. She was  
a cat to begin with, and a cat never  
will act friendly toward a dog at  
first. Really, they sometimes refuse  
to be friendly to a dog at any time,  
spitting and bowing up their backs  
and fuzzing up their tails something  
dreadful to see. And just so it was  
with Wiggles. She spat hard at Pig-  
gles, at the same time bowing up her  
back and fuzzing up her tail till she  
looked all deformed, and might have  
been any other sort of animal than  
what she really was.

"Oh, aren't you ashamed, Wiggles,  
to behave so unsociably toward dear,  
fat, little Piggles? See how darling  
he is." Just as May said this Piggles  
fell over on a rug and went right off  
to sleep. Oh, his tummy was so full  
of milk and cake! And he just could  
not keep awake, even though a mere  
white kitten did make faces at him.

Then May got a saucer of sweet  
milk and placed it before Wiggles.  
Mew, mew, how she did mew up! It  
must have been a long time since she  
had eaten, for she seemed half  
starved. And while she was thus en-  
gaged, her tail and back became nor-  
mal in appearance again, and her  
ugly temper seemed to have been  
swallowed with the milk. Anyway,  
she became more sociable in disposi-  
tion, and when May rubbed her back  
she purred the funniest little purr—  
just like a baby's first laugh—and  
then fell asleep.

Then an idea came into May's head.  
She would put the sleeping Wiggles  
close beside the sleeping Piggles, or  
vice versa, for it would never do to  
try to carry Wiggles to Piggles, for a  
cat sleeps so lightly, and she would  
wake up before she was put in posi-  
tion. So May picked up the fat, sleep-  
ing Piggles and carefully, quietly  
placed him on the same rug with  
Wiggles.

Pretty soon Wiggles stretched,  
yawned, licked her funny little lips  
with the pinkest tongue you ever saw.  
Then her eyes fell on her rug compan-  
ion. Instantly up went her back. She  
spat, fuzzed her tail and glared with  
great angry eyes. But Piggles slept  
on and on, ever and ever so soundly,  
not realizing that the enemy was at  
his very nose. You would have  
thought he would smell danger, for a  
dog's nose is so susceptible of danger,  
but he did not budge. Then Wiggles  
deliberately walked up to him and  
slapped him on the shoulder with her  
paw. But it might have been the  
breze from the window for all Pig-  
gles cared. He slept on, merely  
winkling his nose as if to say: "Get  
away, you fly; don't bother me!"

Then little Wiggles decided there  
was no use trying to fight alone and  
walked a few feet away and lay down,  
and was soon fast asleep. And from  
that hour she and Piggles became  
friends, and now they are real little  
chums, romping and playing with a  
rubber ball for all the world like two  
happy children.—Washington Star.