Dreams That Are Meant for Warnings

Ev H. Addington Eruce.



OME years ago, early in the summer, I dreamed that, while out taking a walk, I was suddenly attacked by a huge cat, which clawed feroclously at my throat. That was all there was to the dream, or at any rate that was all I remembered on awakening in the morning, and naturally enough I dismissed it from my mind as "nothing but a dream." But when I found myself dreaming the same dream again and again, I began to wonder what significance it could possibly have. Usually it varied greatly in minor detail. Sometimes

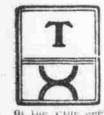
the scene would be laid indoors, sometimes in a garden or on the street. One night I would be stealthily approaching the hateful cat in the hope of catching it unawares and making an end of it; another night I would be madly fleeing from it. Always, however, the climax was the same-the cat had me by the throat and was biting and scratching viciously. Altogether, I dreamed

this dream not less than a score of times in six months.

Shortly before Christmas, I took a cold which settled in my throat, affecting it so badly as to require the attention of a specialist. Much to my astonishment it was then discovered that a growth had been developing for some time, and that an immediate operation was necessary. Several weeks later, the operation having been performed successfully, it suddenly occurred to me that I was no longer being troubled by the phantom cat. For the first time the meaning of that singular dream dawned upon me.

It had been a genuine "premonitory" dream, of a type that is bound to occupy a prominent place in the new dream book. Consciously I had been in utter ignorance of the dangerous growth in my throat. It had not progressed far enough to give me any pain, or even to cause discomfort. At the same time the organic changes it involved had produced sensations plainly felt by what phychologists call the "subconscious," and manifesting through the sub conscious to the conscious in the form of a symbolic dream.

Squabble for the Pole By C. K. Chesterton



HE North Pole in my youth used to be a serious subject; it was associated with great sea heroes and the heroic age of science, with Tennyson's tribute to Franklin in Westminster Abbey. At this moment the North Pole is as grotesque as the Greasy Pole. It is being fought for with frantic gesticulations by comic Americans. The quarrel itself and the slanging, self-advertising style in which it is conducted fall so far below the old Polar idealism that the actual discovery Of the rose seems not so much a climax as an anti-climax. As to which of

them has really done it I have no opinion, nor even any preference. Cook did it in the presence of two Esquimaux, Peary in the presence of one Esquimau; but if they had done it in the presence of a million Esquimaux such people could give no evidence as to whether it was the North Pole. It 4s as if Babbage had proved his calculating machine to the satisfaction of a tribe of Hottentots, or Newton had demonstrated the Calculi without any ref-

utation from the infant school.

In fact, the noise of the discussion seems a singular contrast to the stillness and secrecy of the discovery. Both these distinguished Americans seem to have gone on tiptoe, as it were-more as if they wanted to hide the North Pole than to find it. If ever there was a man who on all artistic principles ought to have found the North Pole it was Nansen. He was tall enough to be the North Pole-to be left there as a gigantic trophy and a beacon to But it seems as if something rules human affairs which prefers (as the children do) to have a harlequinade after the most exquisite fairy playsomething that likes King Arthur to turn into a Pantaloon and Sir Lancelot into a policeman. I think it is wholesome; it keeps us from seriousness,

Modern Man Is Greater than Hercules

By Eugene Wood



E will now pass to the main tent, if you have looked at the animals long enough. I don't mean to go out of the building, but behind the open hearth, in which some steel has been boyled and boiled and boiled, until it is now done and ready to serve. I'm sorry this isn't one of the furnaces that they tip up to poor the steel, but we'll have to make out the best we can. The steel gushes out of the tapping-hole with the rich flow of cream, and just about the color of it, if cream could only shine with such an unpitying impact of its light

that the eyes would shrink and cower before it. And as the dazzling liquid pours up from the ladle leaps, as it were, a grove of tall umbrella-paims of scintillating ire, that flourish and die down, flourish and die down, each stalk and its outspreading top, in an eye-twinkle. No sight I ever saw can equal it for sheer magnificence. I stood awestruck, afraid. And presently an exultation mounted in me, and thrilled my blood like wine. It had in it something of the ecstasy of faith. It was faith. Faith in Man, the New Creator. So short a time ago, fifty years-a hundred at the outside-and he commanded nothing but what his puny muscles could move and mold! And now, what Thor, what Jupiter, what Hercules is his match in might? So short a time! Yet this is only the beginning. It has all come about within the memory of men yet living, this almost unbelievable access of power. There are centuries before us, long processions of them, endless processions of them, each one accelerating Man's centrol of Nature's forces, accelerating, not by addition only, but also multiplyingly.

Man, the New Creator!





KNOW a little brook that winds, now through a sleepy meadow, now through a quiet grove, and spends its last five hundred yards of life in a little dark ravine whose sides in spring are red andablue with flowers.

And yet, sometimes I think I do not know this brook, for often as I stroll along its grassy banks I hear new music in its rushing falls and see new joys reflected in its depths.

Sometimes I take my book, and lying 'neath some tree that shades this brook-this friend of mine-I spend the last few hours of a summer day, then wander home; but always I have found the

For books, nor other man-made things can break the spell that this brook hasts on me-I dream and dream and watch its purling ripples play. Once as I stood and watched its winding course three men with baited

books drew near, and casting far into its deepest pools, soon filled their creels with trout-and called it sport. In early summer I am wont to take my light bamboo, and tying on a Coachman or a dun, match my best skill with all the fight and cunning of the

But often, when I turn my face toward home no fish are in my creel; but 1 am satisfied, because well, brother, if you know this brook you will not ask me why .- From Recreation.

THE AFRICAN COMET.



-Cartoon by Robert Carter, in the New York American.

MAN OF MYSTERY'S PAST DI

Millionaire George D. Nelson Was Really George N. Dunn, Who, Hopelessly in Debt, Left Chenango Forks, N. Y .--- Society Man's Widow Left Him a Fortune.

KNELL TO HOPES OF A GREAT HOST OF NELSONS CLAIMING THE ESTATE AS RELATIVES

Springfield's "Man of Mystery," Bliss Vinton. He had left in Chenary 8, gives a death blow to the sister, Mabelle, and two uncles, Anclaims of scores of alleged heirs to drew W. and Bagley T. Dunn. Of the \$1,000,000 estate he left. The these only Andrew Dunn survives. result of a careful investigation ap- For two or three years after his dispears to show beyond doubt that the appearance he sent a few brief comso-called Nelson was really George munications to his old home, but he is made: Nelson Dunn; that he was born in gave no opportunity by waich he manhood, and that he changed his neighbors finally believed that he was name and became lost to even his dead. near relatives because of a business

money and became involved in debt. Hitherto all knowledge of Nelson's past was that he came here thirty years ago, driving from the West two road president; that Bliss Vinton, a young society man, gave him a position on the Vinton estate, of which he became manager; that upon the death in debt. of Vinton, Mrs. Emma Goodrich Vintop, the widow, who lost both of her hands in a fire, valued his services so highly that she persuaded him not to make a marriage he contemplated; and that upon her death in 1908 he inherited her entire fortune of \$600,-000. Mrs. Vinton's relatives made a strenuous effort to break the will, but

failed. Recently Nelson sent for his nephew, George G. Dunn, of Camden, out disclosing either his real identity Oneida County, N. Y., a traveling or committing perjury. salesman for a Rochester company. and informed him of their relation-He left his entire estate to George G. Dunn, ignoring his only belief exists here that the nephew surviving brother, Andrew W. Dunn, a grocer, of Chenango Forks, father facts in Nelson's life to become pub-George G. Dunn; the latter's brother, William, of Fulton, N. Y., and George's sister, who lives in Os-

The man so long known as George D. Nelson was the son of Nelson Dunn, and was born in 1845, on a farm in the town of Greene, Chenango County. He was graduated from or deny the story of his former a Syracuse business college, and be- client's life. He said that granting came a shipper of butter and eggs to the story to be true, the validity of the New York City market. He was the will was not involved. doing a fine business when he was "That document," said he, "can be doing a fine business when he was ruined by a glut in the butter market in 1869, at a time when he had just laid down in New York an especially large shipment of butter. Disheartened, and believing himself hopelessly in debt, he disappeared from Chen-

There is no trace of him for the witnesses are wholly disinterested next eleven years, and until thirty persons."

Springfield. Mass. - Disclosures | years ago, when he delivered the Chenango Forks, N. Y., lived there to might be found, and his friends and

When Dunn arrived here he called venture in which he sunk all of his himself George D. Nelson. As he grew in favor with Vinton and Mrs. Vinton, and finally inherited the Vinton estate, there was much speculation as to his antecedents, and the blooded horses purchased by a rail- humble manner in which he had made his advent in Springfield was recalled, He told nothing of himself, and bemoney and became heavily involved

Mrs. Vinton built a hotel and a theatre, which Nelson managed, and to which, when they became his property, he gave his own name. He was a shrewd business man and nearly doubled the Vanton inheritance.

In the light of these developments it is now clear why Nelson never registered here as a voter. He could not have answered the necessary queries as to his name, birthplace, etc., with-

It was announced after Nelson's death that his sole heir, George G. Dunn, was the son of a sister. The and his advisors have permitted the lie in order to set at rest the claims of those persons named Nelson who assert that they are relatives of the testator. They write from nearly every part of the country, and one, at least, came here to enforce his alleged relationship. Frank E. Carpenter, Nelson's attorney, declined to affirm

broken on only two grounds-unsound mind or undue influence, are prepared to show that Mr. Nelson's mind was absolutely clear, and that every bequest was inserted at his express direction and without suggestion from any other person. The

AMERICA A THIRSTY NATION.

More Than a Billion Pounds of Coffee Consumed in 1909

billion pounds of coffee in 1909, val- 000,000.

Washington, D. C .-- America must jued at \$86,000.000, and \$16,000.000 be a thirsty nation, judging from the worth of tea. In spirits, wines and imports of drinkables set forth in sta- malt liquors the nation touched its tistics of the Department of Com- highest record for importation in merce and Labor. The United States 1909, consuming foreign products consumed the essence of more than a | which were valued at more than \$26,-

Bureau of Manufactures Has Helped

to Sell Millions' Worth of Goods. Washington, D. C .- One thousand letters a month from business men of this country come to the "Foreign Opportunities" department of the Bureau of Manufactures, which, accordmillions of dollars' worth of goods. "We have just received a letter from manufacturers in Obio," the chief of the bureau told the House us for enabling them to sell sixteen carloads of their products in Russia." | man.

Alabama Congressman Sends Check

For Woman Whose Son Was Killed. Irwin, Pa.-Congressman J. T. Heflin, of Alamaba, has sent Burgess Cribbs, of this city, a check for Mrs. Thomas Lawson, whose son, her only support, was killed recently in a ing to its chief, has helped to sell coasting accident. The Alabaman wrote that his son had read of the accident and persuaded him to make

contribution. Congressman Heflin is one of the Appropriations Committee, "thanking few remaining "gun carrying" members of Congress. He is a temperance



THE THIMBLE FAMILY. Good Mistress Thimble, neat and nimble, Drives Brother Needle with a push and a

While light Sister Thread, with a noiseless A stitch drops behind as she flies ahead. Then comes Father Scissors and gives her

a snip, And starts them off on another trip, Over a hem, or down a seam, Needle and Thread, a lively team.

When a hard place comes will help them through.

And pale Aunty Wax is willing enough
To smooth the way when they find it rough. Then Grandfather Bodkin, with many a jerk,
Will do his part, and finish the work.
Now, where is their home? Well, since you ask it,
I'll tell you—they live in a little work-

Martha Burr Banks, in Youth's Com-

CAPTURING WILD BEASTS.

In St. Nicholas, A. W. Rolker writes interestingly of the capture of wild animals in Africa for the menagerie. The easiest victims of the wild animal trapper are specimens of the most feroclous type-the lion, tiger, panther, jaguar and the leopard, for it is simply a matter of stealing the cubs. The hunter goes to the heart of the darkest, most impenetrable thicket, where the lion mother lies with her four to six cubs, golden puff balls, scrambling over her great yellow body, which none on earth, save those defenseless kittens, may come near. Says the trapper, "nature herself renders these babies defenseless when the mother stirred by the pangs of hunger, ventures forth to hunt and to eat." Accompanied by two Kaffirs, the hunter steals upon the unprotected little cubs, the hunter, rifle in hand, loaded with the heaviest bullet. Quickly the Kaffirs work, for should the lioness return, nothing but a bullet, accurately aimed, could save them from instant death. With the capture of the cubs, which are thrown into a bag, hasty flight is made. Capturing these cubs, however, is

child's play compared with capturing those lumbering, colossal animals of the pig tribe, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus. There is hardly a wild animal in existence more dangerous than this rarest of menagerie paptives. Awkward as the great beast appears when at rest, once aroused the "rhino" dashes through a thicket with the irresistible speed of an express train. The hunters make their way into the interior of unexplored made concerning the past life of horses here, and was employed by territory in Africa, searching for a rhinoceros cow with a calf old enough George D. Nelson, who died on Febru- ango Forks his father and mother, a to capture, and which is not so large but that it can be transported back to civilization. Frequently months elapse before the search is rewarded with success. This how the capture

Noiselessly and from well to leeard the trapper and his men grad- are tools and a carpenter's bench. ually steal nearer until the cow and the calf are inclosed in a circle. From ahead, out of the maze of cane and creeper, sounds the uneasy stamping steadily. At sight of one of the savof a racehorse at the man, charging the human decoy, and at that instant the trapper's rifle is heard, and her furious charge is over, provided the bullet reaches the heart by striking just behind the left foreleg-the only vulnerable point in the inch-thick armor with which the beast is clad. Now and then it happens that the hunter fails to kill in time-his gun may miss fire, intervening trees may interfere, or the marksman may miss his aim. Then the life of the decoy depends on his own agility. To run to one side before the rhinoceros is for the swift brute would overtake grass mats cover the floor, him within a few bounds. His only hope is to wait until the deadly horn a playhouse for the boys. This has is almost at his feet, and then, with the swiftness of a mongoose dodging stain with the weather. Across the the aim of a cobra, to leap to one front and rear extend broad, uncovside while the ponderous creature, unable to turn short in time, dashes onward under its own impetus. Twice, three times, a clever native hunter will dodge in this way, giving gloves, tennis rackets and the treasthe trapper ample time to bring down ures dear to boyish hearts. - New the rhinoceros.

After the death of the mother cow It is easy to track the frightened calf, which is soon pushed, prodded and shoved up a bridge of long skids into the cage of a bullock cart, after which the weary march to a market begins. the greatest peril lies with the latter, for, as says the writer:

"The trapper hunts the 'rhino' on case of the hippopotamus he must fight in the same primitive fashion that savages have used for ages. Hand to maw, as it were, he must engage hippopotamus, as its name, the 'river of a fire-proof, burglar-proof safe., horse,' means, is a land-and-water animal, and must be harpooned and brought ashore before it expires, otherwise is would sink at once to the bottom of the river, the coveted calf escaping among the other hippopotami instead of following the stricken cow to shore, so that the youngster may be caught.

PLAYHOUSES.

There have been much bustle and Massachusetts coast this fall, for dur- being actively urged in Sweden, Noring the gurmer many playhouses way and Denmark

were erected, and the little folks have been as busy closing up their play, homes as their mothers with their grown-up home:.

These playhouses are much more than shacks, for they are carefully planned and have verandas, three or four rooms and even an 'upstairs." One fortunate little woman who has a house at the end of an old fashioned garden has across the front a covered veranda, furnished as out-door living room. The entrance door, ornamented with a brass knocker, opens on a small hallway, from one side of which ascends a winding staircase. An oldtime hall lantern hangs from the staircase beam. To the right opens the living room, twenty feet long by ten feet wide, with a fireplace in which logs are always piled ready to be lighted. To the left of the hallway is the kitchen. Here is a stove of medium size, and along one side of the wall is a dresser fitted with glass doors, which permit glimpses of Dutch china. Directly opposite are a table and a roomy closet, with an array of cooking utensils on hooks. The floors are covered with rag mats.

On the second floor is a single room, which the little lady of the house retires to when she is tired of the world. There are a pretty writing desk, well equipped with writing materials, and a roomy couch piled high with soft pillows. The walls are hung with posters. The windows are draped with white muslin curtains, and on the floor is a pretty rug.

Another playhouse is like an English cottage, and has pretty latticed windows which open outward. The shingled exterior is stained dark red, with door and window trimmings or pure white. The quaint entrance porch opens upon a single large room, furnished with tools and other appliances for manual training.

On the Salem shore is a little house made over from a discarded bathhouse. It stands near the water's edge, and across the front is a wide covered veranda. Inside is a fireplace of brick, and between two windows is a piano, which the small hostess and her friends may bang on all day if

they please. At Peach Bluff is a beautiful Colonial playhouse, designed for the comfort of both the boys and the girls of the family. It is painted white, with green blinds, and the entrance porch is supported by Colonial pillars. As it is intended to be a place where the children can have a good time, the furniture is of the plainest, most substantial oak, and the floors are without carpets. The walls are of plain boarding, not even painted. Beyond the living room are two smaller rooms, one for the girls, where they may cook to their heart's content, and the other for the boys, where there

One of the most elaborate of these playhouses, a four-room cottage fully equipped for housekeeping, is at Cohasset. It has a latticed entrance of the cow. With a half snort, half porch, with built in seats, with flowgrunt, in an instant the rhinoceros is ering shrubs about the sides and all attention. Head raised and nos- front, and window boxes in the wintrils sniffing, she searches the air dows. The first floor is divided into living room, dining room and kitchages the cow dashes with the speed en, all furnished with sheathed walls and ceilings and hardwood floors. The living room has low white bookcases, with cretonne hangings of pink and white. Muslin curtains drape the windows, and on the walls are pretty prints. Small rugs of artistic design partly cover the floor. The dining room has a plate rail on which have been placed numerous souvenirs. Opening from this room is the kitchen, where the little maiden may cook and serve what she pleases. On the second floor is a good sized bedroom, furnished with two cot beds, a washstand and several chairs. Curtains almost on top of him would be fatal, shade the windows, and Japanese

On this same estate in Cohasset is an exterior finish of shingles left to ered verandas. The interior consists of a single room fitted up as a boy's den, and in the loft above is ample storage room for footballs, boxing York Tribune.

Burglars Are Unknown.

Consul Edward J. Norton, of Malaga, cannot encourage American safe makers to attempt the building up of a trade in that district of Southern While the "rhoino" is more savage to Spain. He writes as follows: Not deal with than the hippopotamus, still over half a dozen American-made safes could be found in this entire consular district, and the outlook for the development of the safe trade is land and brings it down at a compar- not an encouraging one. The demand atively safe distance, whereas in the for safes generally is extremely light. Many business men possess nothing in the way of a safe for the protection of valuables or books. The annual fire loss is insignificant, and burglars this two-ton monster while standing or safe blowers are unknown, so there in the bow of a frail canoe. For the is no actual necessity for the purchase

History Lesson.

Diogenes, dear children, was the man who lived in a tub, and who searched for an honest man. "I'm honest," cried a candidate for re-election. "Where's your tub?" asked Diogenes. "Look at my barrel!" cried the candidate. But Di went on hunting.

The establishment of a Scandinaactivity among the little people of the vian steamship service to America is