

DREAM FANTASIES

Cause and Effect in the Visions That Come in Sleep.

A DREAM'S CURIOUS SEQUEL.

It Explained the Meaning of the Oft Recurring Fancy That a Cat Was Clawing the Slumberer's Throat. Rapidity of the Dream Process.

It was a personal experience of a singular character that first impressed upon me, some years ago, the importance of dreams as a subject for serious investigation, says H. Addington Bruce in the Outlook. Until then I had shared the opinion prevailing among laymen—and, it would seem, among most scientists also—that dreams are entirely fanciful and meaningless. But my experience was such I could no longer believe this.

To state it briefly, it involved the recurrence of a most bizarre dream. At least twenty times during a period of six months I had the same dream—namely, that a cat was clawing at my throat. The stage setting and the minor incidents might vary, but always the central episode was the same, and usually the fury of the dream cat's onset was so great that it would awaken me. Naturally this recurrent dream puzzled me, so much so that I spoke about it.

Then one day the accident of a heavy cold that settled in my throat led to a medical examination, which, much to my surprise, revealed the presence of a growth, requiring immediate treatment by the surgeon's knife. Some time afterward it suddenly occurred to me that since the removal of the dangerous growth I had not been troubled by the cat clawing dream. Its significance now began to dawn on me.

I had suffered no pain, not even inconvenience, from the growth in my throat. In fact I had not consciously been aware of its presence. But unquestionably the organic changes accompanying it had given rise to sensations which, slight though they were, had made an impression on my sleeping consciousness sufficient to excite me to activity. My recurrent dream subsequently was to be regarded as a symbolic representation of the disorder in my throat—an attempt to interpret it, to explain it. And, indeed, when in the dream, for all its fantastic imagery and symbolism, the seat of the trouble was indicated plainly enough as I could appreciate after the surgeon had completed his labors.

An experience was reported by Alfred Maury, one of the earliest scientific investigators of the phenomena of sleep, who dreamed that he was being in Paris during the Terror and had been put on the proscribed list. For many exciting adventures he was captured, tried and sentenced to execution. He saw himself dragged through the streets amid a clamorous multitude and forced to mount the guillotine and bare his neck to the fatal blade. In that instant as the guillotine descended he awoke to find a piece of the cornice of his bed had fallen and struck him on the neck, testifying even more impressively to the twofold action of the dream process and to its rapidity is a dream experience of my own. In this dream I was walking alone at night along a city road. It was lined on both sides by trees which, as I learned from a man who presently joined me, were laden with fruit. I picked some and ate them as we walked and talked. The road seemed to overlook a valley in which I saw a solitary light. My companion told me that it was in his home and invited me to go to the night with him. After a time we reached the house, a two-room cabin. He retired into the inner room and I went to bed in the outer. I had not been long asleep when, in my dreams, I was awakened by the noise of somebody running, and I thought instantly flashed into my mind that my host was making off with my money. I leaped up shouting, "Stop, stop!"

I veritably awoke and as I did I distinctly heard on the pavement of my window the sound of hurrying footsteps and a voice crying exultantly, "Stop, stop!" At once it was that these two words, penetrating my sleeping consciousness, had the necessary stimulus to set in motion the dream process which, in the first instance, had interpreted them as it could and had presented them as its interpretation in the form of a curious little narrative of nocturnal adventure.

It may be produced by the use of artificial irritants. One sleeper, whose nose was lightly tickled with a feather, had a horrible dream of a pitch being alternately applied to and drawn violently from his nose. Another, at whose feet a hot coal was placed, dreamed that he was walking over hot lava. In an experiment of the same sort the accidental slipping of the cover of the hot water bag led to an elaborate dream of capture and torture by mountain bandits who insisted that the dreamer know how to convert himself into gold and held his naked body in order to compel him to divulge his valuable secret. Similar application of a slight degree of heat to the feet of a patient with rheumatism was followed by a dream of being transformed into a red hot iron plate.

Without laughing is a dreary Thackeray.

SPAIN'S NATIONAL ANTHEM.

"La Marcha Real" Was Composed by Frederick the Great.

Frederick the Great was the composer of the Spanish national anthem. Frederick's ambitions were varied. He performed on the flute. He desired to be thought a poet. He quoted Latin, but his quotations would have made Cicero stare and gasp. During that remarkable friendship which existed between him and Voltaire the author of the "Henriade" exclaimed with derision, "See the dirty linen I have to wash," holding up Frederick's manuscript, which had been sent him to revise. In the field the great warrior carried about his own poems in his pocket and a bottle of poison, so that he should not be taken alive. Menzel's picture depicts the king with his flute, and Bach dedicated to him one of his compositions.

The story of the composition of the Spanish national anthem is full of interest. A little while after the conclusion of the Seven Years' war Frederick at a court reception to the surprise of every one produced a march which he had composed. The Spanish ambassador, both a musician and courtier, asked for a copy to send to his royal master, Charles III. That monarch admired the piece, and it was often heard at the Escurial. After a time it was laid aside and almost forgotten in 1808, after the deposition of Isabel II. Marshal Serrano instituted a competition among composers for a national anthem. Some 500 compositions were sent in, but none of them was so inspiring as Frederick's march, which had been exhumed from the archives. This was chosen and is today known as "La Marcha Real."—London Globe.

SCHOLARS IN CHINA.

They Rule the Country Where All Foreigners Are Called Boors.

The scholars rule China today. Dress is of more moment there than in any other country, yet the scholar, although poor and meanly dressed, is received with honor by the highest in the land.

"The superior man" of the classics is the equivalent of the "good man" with us. This man, his character and his conduct are the constant theme of approbation. His virtue, his honor, his social relations, his manners in public and private, are carefully defined. His dignity is among his highest qualities and must be maintained at any cost.

In contradiction to the popular idea of dignity, however, the superior man will play battledore and shuttlecock with his feet and fly kites, while the boys, like old men, stand sedately by and look on. This he does as a method of instruction and to show the children how the superior man can relax when his high purpose is to entertain and educate the young.

To the Chinese the foreigner is a boor and a barbarian. It seems a hopeless task to teach him politeness. The Chinese wonders why the foreigner leaves his own country at all. Is it too small for him to make his living, or has he come to observe the superior people? If so he is to be commended. But, alas, what a boor he is!—National Geographic Magazine.

An Oversight.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the famous theatrical manager, was present at a supper in London a short time ago where Signor Grasso was an honored and much feted guest. When the banquet was over and every one was departing, Grasso was so confused and carried away by the attentions and embraces which had been showered upon him that he thoughtlessly directed his taxi driver to drive him to the stage door of the theater at which he was playing.

"What on earth does he want to go back to the theater for at this time of the night?" asked one of those who were waving him adieu.

"Ah," said Sir Herbert Tree, "I expect he has forgotten to kiss the fireman!"

Fireproof Wood.

Though there are a number of different kinds of wood, ebony, ironwood, etc., of such close, hard fiber that even the fiercest fire has difficulty in "getting hold" of it, there is only one sort, so far as now known, that is practically fireproof. This is a small scraggy tree, a native of South America, called the shopala, with thick, tough, stringy bark full of a sort of fire resisting sap. This curious shrub grows largely on the great, grassy savannas, which are swept by fire almost every year during the heat of the summer. There it thrives splendidly, for the annual scourge kills off only its bigger and harder competitors and leaves the ground free for the growth of this vegetable asbestos.

The Ship of State.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier once took a fall out of Sir Charles Tupper, for years leader of the Opposition, and Sir John Macdonald. Bantering them on their self praise for their own political services to Canada, he admitted that they had sailed the ship of state fairly successfully, adding: "Sir John was at the helm and supplied the brains, while Sir Charles supplied the wind. His blowing filled the sails."

Not Long.

Binks (who ordered a pancake half an hour previously)—Er—I—say, will that pancake be long?

Waitress—No, sir; it'll be round.

Then he waited patiently another half hour.

We never desire earnestly what we desire in reason.—La Rochefoucauld.

WITCHCRAFT IN SCOTLAND.

Beatrice Layng's Fate at the Hands of the Mob in 1705.

That belief in witchcraft and brutal treatment of alleged witches once loomed large in Scotland is shown in Stewart Dick's "The Pageant of the North." In 1705 Pittenweem gained unenviable notoriety from a series of prosecutions of old women, and the pamphleteers of the day were kept busy on both sides in defending and denouncing the action of the magistrates. The author says:

"It seems that a blacksmith, one Patrick Morton, being taken ill, declared that he was bewitched, and on his instigation a number of old women were thrown into prison. Bullied by the magistrates and ministers of the town by day and tortured by their guards by night, who never let them sleep, but kept them awake by pricking them with pins, these miserable old women were soon induced to confess anything.

"One woman in particular, Beatrice Layng, had been singled out by Morton for his special vengeance. He said that she came asking him to make some nails for her. He, believing they were for some evil purpose, refused to do so, and she went off muttering imprecations. When he fell ill she was heard to say, 'He might blame his own tongue for his ill.' On this tissue of trivialities she was imprisoned, and practically under torture she acknowledged to the ministers and magistrates that she had made a wax image of Morton and stuck pins in it.

"After a long period of judicial bullying she was set free or, in other words, handed over to the mob to work their will on her. Hanged on a rope between a ship and the shore, she was pelted with stones till half dead and finally pressed to death under a door. It seems that in those days no one was safe against the wildest accusations which might be brought against him."

SASH WINDOWS.

Probably a Dutch Invention of the Seventeenth Century.

The history of sash windows is somewhat obscure, but the probability is that they were a Dutch invention and that they were introduced into England soon after the revolution of 1688. The derivation of the word "sash" in this sense is the Dutch "sas," a sluice—old English "sasse." In Queen Anne's reign they were yet so comparatively uncommon as to be mentioned as a special feature of houses that were advertised as "to let." In the Tatler, for instance, No. 178, May 27-30, 1710, there is this advertisement:

"To be let, in Devonshire Square, near Bishopsgate, a very good Brick House of 3 Rooms of a Floor, and a good Hall, with very good light and dark Closets, the whole House being well wainscoted and sash'd with 30 Sash Lights, a very pleasant and convenient Office below Stairs," etc.

From England they passed into France, where the first to put them up was Marshal de Lorge at his new house at Montmartre. Speaking of this, Lister in 1699 writes in his "Journey to Paris": "We had the good fortune here to find the marshal himself. He showed us his great sash windows, how easily they might be lifted up and down and stood at any height, which contrivance, he said, he had out of England by a small model brought on purpose from thence, there being nothing of this kind in windows in France before."—London Standard.

Origin of a Postal Custom.

The steamship Oregon was lost off Fire Island on March 14, 1886. She was rammed by a coastwise schooner, remaining afloat for half an hour, a time which made it possible to save every person aboard. When her mail was fished up and delivered the pieces were stamped with a statement that they had been in the wreck, the first instance of a practice which is now employed by direction of the international postal union. The credit for this simple device is believed to be due to Edward M. Morgan, at that time in a subordinate position in the New York postoffice, who foresaw that a few minutes' work with a rubber stamp would forestall an infinitude of complaint.—New York Sun.

When Turkey Was Great.

Turkey at her height was in possession of every famous city of the ancient world except Rome. She held by the sword Athens, Corinth, Sparta, Greece, Thebes, Constantinople, Antioch, Selesia, Otesiphon, Babylon, Nineveh, Bagdad, Jerusalem, Damascus, Mecca, Medina, Alexandria, Cairo, Memphis, Egyptian Thebes and Carthage. Some were in ruins, but the Turk was master where they had been.

A Frank Preference.

"Doesn't your wife want the privilege of going to the polls and casting a ballot as an enlightened and responsible citizen?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Growler, "but she'd rather have a new hat."—Washington Post.

His Failing.

Barker—Doesn't Cutten, the tailor, remind you of a doctor? Parker—I should say not. He reminds me of that little bill I owe him every time we meet.—London Telegraph.

Joyousness.

If ever there is need of joyousness and good cheer in our words and looks and demeanor it is when we feel least like it and when others about us are most likely to be helped by it.

Obituary Notices.

Carl Edward, infant son of Albert L. and Lizzie J. Eason of Nehalem, was born March 24th 1910. He was stricken with Cholera Infantum Nov. 24th, 1911 and died Saturday Dec. 2nd.

He faded as a flower in the budding and went to the garden above, where "The flowers bloom forever." The funeral services were from the home of Charles Eason in Nehalem at 2:30 o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 3rd., the Rev. James T. Moore of Tillamook conducted the services. The interment was at 2:30 o'clock Monday afternoon in Bay View Cemetery.

The fire which destroyed the home of Chas. Eason at midnight Monday, Dec. 4th severely burned Charles and his daughter Iva of 15 years, and Albert and little daughter Alberta Elizabeth. Alberta inhaled the fire and was burned internally. While all was done for her that love and skill could suggest she passed beyond from the home of David Martiny in Tillamook, Dec. 6th 1911. She was born June 15th, 1905.

The funeral was at the home of David Martiny at 11 o'clock Friday Dec. 8th. The Rev. James H. Irvine of Bay City conducted the services. Bertie's body was laid to rest beside baby Carl's in Bay View Cemetery, but Bertie and Carl are "In the Children's Home in Glory."

"I had been troubled with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn., and they could do nothing for me," writes Thos. E. Williams, Middleboro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me." For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

THE HIGH IDEALS

Of S. W. Miller, President of the S. W. Miller Piano Factory (himself a piano builder by trade) has been the means of bringing the S. W. Miller piano up to its present high standard of supreme quality. The S. W. Miller's matchless musical qualities are retained for a lifetime, in fact they mellow with age (like a good violin) and it is this feature of maintaining their unequalled tone qualities that is causing the S. W. Miller to be the most talked of piano today on the Pacific Coast. We have a new carload of these excellent pianos just received direct from factory and can make you low prices and easy terms of payments.

JONES AND KNUDSON From Factory to House Dealers.

Fulton for U. S. Senator.

The Astorian has started in to boost ex-Senator C. W. Fulton for United Senator. It says:

To this end the Morning Astorian is presenting for the consideration of our people at large, as a business matter shorn of all petty politics the name of Ex United States Senator Charles W. Fulton, of Portland, as the one man qualified to correctly and soundly again represent Oregon in the upper house of the Congress. And we are doing this despite the differences which once existed as between this fine citizen and this paper; differences which, for the certain good of the State, have been set aside, because of our deep conviction of the ability of Mr. Fulton

to meet the measure of the State's crying need, in his behalf. We do not know that the ex-Senator would accept the office again, but we are hazarding that and assuming that sufficient pressure can be brought to bear upon him to take up the work he laid down three years ago, in justification of his own fine record in that office and for the successes he can bring to Oregon. We know him intimately, for he was one of us here in Clatsop; and with the people of Oregon, we know his fitness and his willingness and his splendid faith in the doing of great and grateful duties of such a post.

MOVING to California will sell FINE PIANO for one HALF PRICE.—Address Mrs. Kuntz, Lock Box 178, Tillamook, Ore.

The quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger from pneumonia and other serious diseases Mr. E. W. L. Hall, of Waverly, Va. says: "I firmly believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for colds. I have recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me." For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

Tillamook Bakery, OPPOSITE THE ALLEN HOUSE, Corner Millwell Ave. and First St. West, and both Phones. SPECIALTY IN ALL KIND OF CAKES. ALL KIND OF BREAD.

HEADQUARTERS FOR DAIRYMEN'S SUPPLIES AND STEEL STOVES & RANGES. We carry a Large Stock of Hardware, Tinware, Glass and China, Oils, Paint, Varnish, Doors, Window Sashes. Agents for the Great Western Saw. ALEX McNAIR CO The Most Reliable Merchants in Tillamook County.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results. Refuse substitutes. Chas. I. Clough, Tillamook. HARVESTER OLDSTYLE WHISKEY the highest type of a pure straight whiskey blend. aged in wood. complying with both the United States and State Pure Food Laws straight whiskey—all whiskey—old whiskey. AMERICAN IMPORTING CO. San Francisco Distributors Astoria

W. J. STEPHENS, Distributer for Tillamook, Ore.