

EAST IS EAST; WEST IS WEST

In the course of a deeply felt discussion of the strange "soul power" that the visitor finds among the teeming peoples of India, Miss Jane Alden, writing in "Asia," tells of a talk she had with a thoughtful Indian youth named Krishna.



The kind of mother who used to say her twelve-year-old daughter was six, so she could travel on half fare, now says she's sixteen, so she can drive the car.

Motto for auto drivers—"Live and let live."

A terrible automobile accident reported recently was the breaking of a strand of beads in a man's car just the day before his wife returned from a visit.

The fool driver was sure he could make it ahead of the train. He came within a yard of getting over in safety—a grave yard.

The more traffic, the more rules; the more rules, the more violators thereof.

Oh, salesman, I hate to disturb your calm that is greatly admired. But my flivver's out there on the curb and the parking time's nearly expired.

Two things at least thieves will not steal—your character and the car you cannot get insurance on.

A man got a life that smiles at miles and now is complaining because it burst out laughing.

A 1926 Model, Too. "Why do you call your car 'Flapper'?"

Elmer—"Streamline body, swell paint job, quick pick-up, all kinds of speed, keeps me broke, warm up quick, and is always ready to go."

Motor Sense is the Sixth Sense. But, alas, thousands of people hold a drivers' license and a marriage license who haven't a grain of it.

Epitaph. The roads were rough. The curves were sharp. And that is why He plays a harp.

"Do you know why they have quit putting horns on Fords?" "No, why?" "Because they look too much like the devil anyway."

What is a poor fellow to do when the banks give good advice in one column of ads and the auto dealers give it in another?

"But we were only fifteen minutes getting here!" expostulated the passenger. "I don't give a hang about that," snarled the taxi driver. "The meter says we've come twenty miles. Now, you fork over!"

"All right," assented the passenger, paying. "Now you get ready to come with me for driving 80 miles an hour. I'm a speed cop."

A Toast—Here's to your car and my car—may they never meet.

Ford could name his cars Pyrrhena now. Four out of every five has one.

Auto-suggestion is no whetling used to prolong life. And the best auto suggestion is not to drive more than twenty miles an hour.

Civilization—A church, a school house, a parking problem.

A Home-Made Marker. For anyone who reads repeatedly the same passages in a book, or who wishes to read different passages consecutively without having the reading interrupted by stopping to look up the succeeding passages, some type of marker will be found helpful, both in saving time and in preserving continuity in reading.

There are various kinds of markers to be had, but a very simple, practical one can be made without expense by cutting pieces of paper into the shape of Ts. Any fairly stiff paper which is not too thick will be suitable. The short part of the T fits into the crevice of the open book, in between the pages.

The long part, or arm, should be cut a little longer than the width of the book, so as to project slightly—about a quarter of an inch. It should not be over a quarter of an inch wide. The projecting end can be numbered on both sides to correspond to the number of the reference. Then by inserting marker No. 1 near the top of the book, the next one slightly lower, and so on, a whole set of 20 to 30 may be placed in the book at one time and be easily visible.

Markers of this type have been used every week for several months and found satisfactory. Besides being inexpensive, they are much easier to insert than the types which one can buy.

Canadian asbestos which is the chrysotile or serpentine variety, is of the finest quality, and on account of its softness, silkiness and tensile strength, is in great demand for all kinds of asbestos textiles, but particularly for asbestos tenting.

Old poets foster'd under friendlier skies, Old Virgil who would write ten lines, they say, At dawn, and lavish all the golden day To make them weather in his readers' eyes.

Tennyson.

THE VERY IMPORTANT HOME DRESS.

Adhering to the straight-line silhouette, and closing at the centre front under a narrow box-plait, this model would be very trim for wearing around the house.

The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments that are stylish and economical will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want.

The Biggest Job of Life. Effie was a girl in our office, very efficient, always making herself acquainted with new work.

The Importance of Educating the Child in Music. Few are the parents who realize that piano playing is only one phase of a child's musical education.

The Seasons. Moonlight and mimosas, A berceuse and a dream, Springtime in a bird's nest, And sunlight in a stream.

Spray Bullets Like Water. A machine gun mounting for airplanes, which sprays bullets as a sprinkling nozzle of a hose sprays water, is the newest war invention in England.

Verification. The half-dream crumbles and falls through, The dream 'half-dreamed' comes true, comes true!

Scientist Honored. Einstein, the famous scientist, who has been awarded the Copley Medal by the Royal Society for his theory of relativity and his contribution to the quantum theory.

Fun in the Home.

A perfectly normal child cannot help expressing in its face joy and gladness because it plays such a tremendous part in the life.

I once heard a little boy ask another if he could go over to his house and play. He said, "I daresn't play at home. Mother won't allow it."

Think, what a deplorable thing it is for a child to be reared with the idea that he cannot play or frolic in his own home! Can anything be more destructive to that love of home which every child should have?

The fun-loving passion in children shows what a tremendous part the Creator intended it to play in the whole life. Yet how often is it discouraged in the home!

If this irrepressible longing for amusement, for rollicking fun in young people were more fully met in the home it would not be so difficult to keep the boy and girl under the parental roof.

Most homes are far too serious. Why not let the boys and girls dance, sing, and play to their hearts' content? Why not resolve now that they shall at least be just as happy as you can make them while at home, so that in later years they can look back upon their childhood home as the dearest sweetest spot on earth?

Half the misery in the world would be avoided if people would make a business of having plenty of fun in the home, instead of running everywhere else in search of it.

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Next King of Norway. The twenty-two-year-old Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, whom rumor has it will soon wed Princess Astrid, a niece of King Gustav of Sweden.

Raoul was distracted. He ached Mamma Valerius for giving him sated news as that with such stupefying news as that which had been given to him. He tried to sound her, but the old lady obviously knew nothing.

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The Phantom of the Opera

BY GASTON LEROUX

CHAPTER IX. FORGET THE NAME OF THE MAN'S VOICE.

The day before Christine had vanished before his eyes in a sort of dazzlement that still made him doubt the evidence of his senses.

"Well, M. de Chagny," exclaimed Mamma Valerius, "don't you know our Christine? Her good genius has sent her back to us!"

"Mamma," the girl broke in promptly, while a deep blush mantled to her eyes, "I thought, mamma, that there was to be no more question of that! . . . You know there is no such thing as the Angel of Music!"

"But, child, he gave you lessons for three months!"

"Mamma, I have promised to explain everything to you one of these days; and I hope to do so . . . but you have promised me, until that day, to be silent and to ask me no more questions whatever!"

"Provided that you promised never to leave me again! But have you promised that, Christine?"

Christine was silent and Raoul resumed.

"That is what you must promise, Christine. It is the only thing that can reassure my mother and me."

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"Who told you?" "You yourself!" "How do you mean?" "By pitying him the other night, the night of the masked ball. When you went to your dressing-room; did you not say, 'Poor Erik'?"

Christine, there was a poor Raoul who overheard you."

"This is the second time that you have listened behind the door, M. de Chagny!"

"I was not behind the door . . . I was in the dressing-room, in the inner room, mademoiselle."

"Oh, unhappy man!" moaned the girl, showing every sign of unspoken terror. "Unhappy man! Do you dare to be killed?"

"Perhaps."

Raoul uttered this "perhaps" with such much love and despair in his voice that Christine could not keep back a sob.

"Raoul," she said, "forget the man's voice and do not even remember its name . . . You must never try to fathom the mystery of the man's voice."

"Is the mystery so very terrible?" "There is no more awful mystery on this earth. Swear to me that you will make no attempt to find out," she insisted. "Swear to me that you will never come to my dressing-room, unless I send for you."

"Then you promise to send for me sometimes, Christine?" "I promise."

"When?" "To-morrow."

"Then I swear to do as you ask." He kissed her hands and went away, cursing Erik and resolving to be patient.

CHAPTER X. ABOVE THE TRAP DOORS.

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