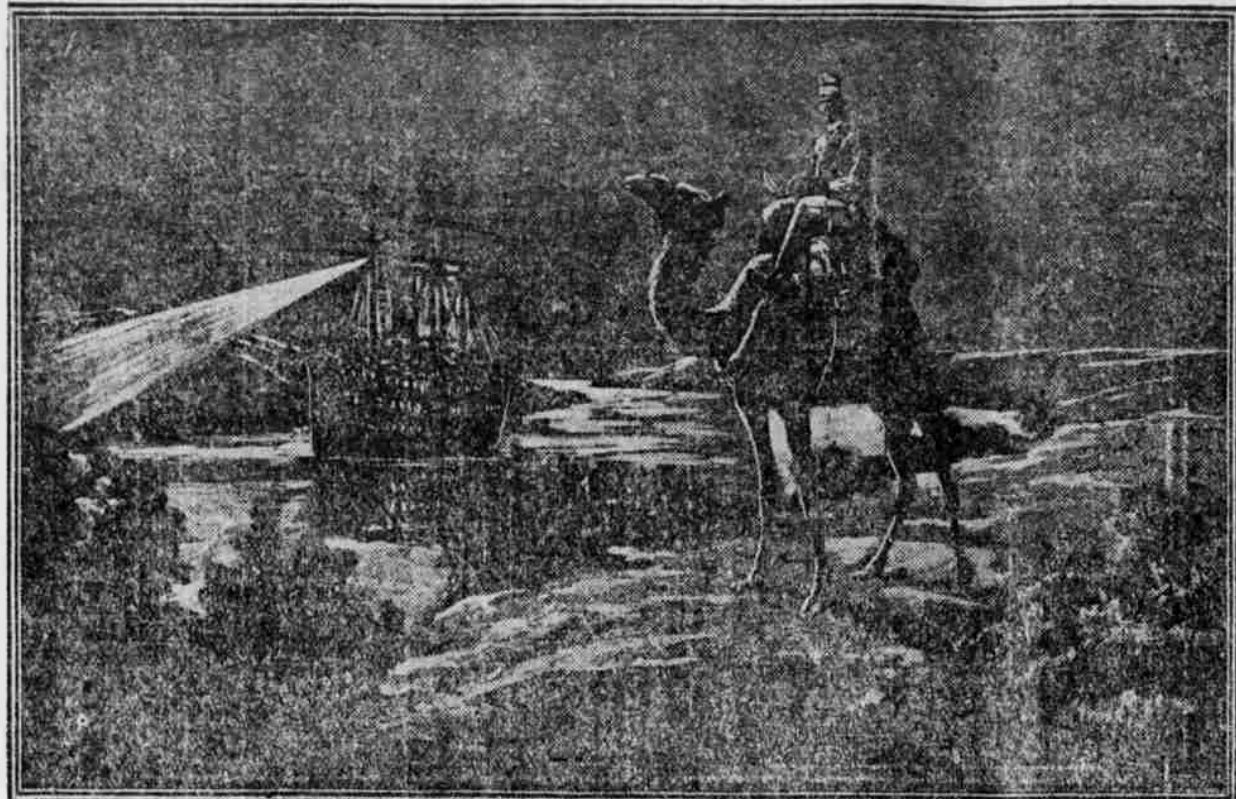


WHERE EAST MEETS WEST.



THE NIGHTLY PATROL OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

The contrast between the East and West, between the old and new, is nowhere more graphically seen than at that gateway between Europe and Asia—the Suez Canal. The great artificial waterway connecting the Mediterranean and the Red Sea is said to have accomplished more for the prosperity of the human race than any other engineering work of man. Along its entire route the canal is patrolled by faithful sentries, mounted on camels who carefully scan the banks, ever alert for any sign of danger. In itself the native sentry is in sharp contrast to the principle expressed in the waterway, and the contrast is

heightened and intensified when the comparison is instituted between the ship of the desert, as the camel has fittingly been called, and the modern steamship, which follows its self-illuminated way down the tranquil waters of the canal. On the one side is the spirit of the past, old, conservative, almost as unmoving as the sphinx, which not many miles distant looks down upon the burning sands of the desert with the same stony gaze which was ancient when European civilization was unborn, and on the other side is the spirit of progress as typified in the engineering skill which fashioned the canal and in the modern vessel which has displaced the historic galleys of the Pharaohs.

RESPIRE

Come, kindly sleep, from thy far home of peace,
And help me steal a little time from life
For happiness. The storm encroaches not
Where thou art—nor the ugliness of strife.
They war till death—these two strange souls of mine;
Their hate hath blackened yesterday—to-day.
Give me good Lethe's cup, thrice blessed sleep:
I will forget to-morrow while I may.
—Century.

THE STORY OF MOTHER

THE mother sat in the nursery. Save for her and one other the room was empty. Drawn up close to the fireplace was a little cradle in spotless white drapery. The mother was gazing into the fire, her thoughts far away in the future, and yet busy with the cradle by her side. Presently there was a slight stir amid the soft coverings of the cradle. One tiny foot asserted its presence, a little pink crumpled up fist appeared round the curtain, with much effort and struggling two lids opened softly and revealed the questioning, wondering eyes of a baby.

The mother quietly bent over the cradle. "My little son," she murmured gently. "Are you awake; have you come back from Paradise? Tell mother what you saw there," and then she tenderly lifted the little burden on to her lap and drew on the little blue shoes.

Just then the nursery door opened and the father entered. "Oh, little mother," he cried surveying the pretty picture in front of him. "You spoil that child. Come and spoil me likewise."

The mother gently put the baby down on the soft rug and allowed herself to be drawn into the embrace of two strong, loving arms. She merely drew him down upon the hearthrug, and together they spent the happiest hour of their day with their first born. "Baby, where is your shoe?" laughed the mother presently, seeing that one tiny foot was without its blue covering.

Together they searched for the little shoe, but nowhere was it to be found. There seemed to be no corner in which it could possibly be hidden, and at last, in obedience to the somewhat imperative cries of King Baby, they had to give up the search.

"It is not very valuable, after all," said the big man cheerily, noticing a troubled expression in his wife's eyes. "I did value it," she answered, with her head bent low over her restless burden. "It was the first thing I made for baby, and all the hopes and fears I had seemed to be knit into that little blue shoe. It is because of that I value it."

Twenty years later. The mother sat there staring into the fire with hard, vacant eyes, which were bright with unshed tears. The cradle no longer stood by her side; that with other indications of the nursery had been removed long ago. The high fender re-

mained, and the paint which had been kicked off by little feet had not been renewed.

She sat on the same low nursery chair as she had done from force of habit every evening for the last twenty years, living over again the early days of her happy motherhood—and now—

Her hands had fallen on her knees in a listless, apathetic attitude. One loosely held an evening paper. An opened telegram lay nearby on a small table.

Standing out clear in black type were the words "The War in Manchuria," and underneath in smaller type "Casualty List." No need to look any further. Here was a home stricken and a heart stunned by one line in this column. A few short hours ago that heart had been alive and happy, thrilling with the joy of life. Now it was dead to outside influences, aching with the uncontrollable pain of a hopeless struggle to understand what had happened.

It seemed such a little while ago that she had sat on that very chair and played with her baby, and now she sat there again—while he— But not even a shudder crept over her as she pictured to herself the nameless grave on the snowclad field in far-off Manchuria and tried to realize the great pathos of a soldier's death.

The door opened and the old family doctor entered, followed by the father. The sight of the tearless, unmoved face filled him with alarm. "She will go out of her mind if this state continues," he murmured to himself.

The strong, burly form of the father was bent with grief. Kneeling by his wife's side he drew her head down to his shoulder.

"My little wife," he whispered in a breaking voice. "We have each other still; we must bear up—for his sake—don't look like that, dearest. Just let the tears come, and God will help you."

She put her arms around his neck with a little sigh, but the wildness was still in her eyes and the hard lines around her mouth did not relax.

Another visitor entered. Father Serge, the family priest, an old, saintly man, his face beaming with love and sympathy. He did not speak to the grief-stricken mother for several minutes, but stood there in silent prayer.

"My daughter," he said at last, "your sorrow is great, but God will give you strength to bear even this." "Oh, yes; I believe in God," she said, "a hard, cruel God; but where is His love and mercy? Why has He taken my greatest treasure from me?"

The apathy and indifference were gaining on her, the weight on her head was becoming still more terrible to bear. She was physically unable to listen to the spiritual consolation of the priest. At last he, too, left her alone.

"My boy, my boy," she moaned, "where are you? Come back to me—oh, come back!"

Her eyes, anguished with pain, fell listlessly on the antics of a little puppy which was gambolling round the room after its own tail. Suddenly he stopped short beside a huge oak cupboard which stood against the wall. He began to dig curiously for something which was jammed between the cupboard and the wall. One tremendous dig, a struggle, and the puppy brought to light some object which he

carefully deposited on the nursery floor and regarded proudly.

His mistress thoughtlessly picked up the dirty, shapeless object. What did she behold? Why did her memory travel back to twenty years ago? What was it that brought so clearly to her distorted vision a little white cradle and a happy, kicking baby? Oh, she knew, she knew!

For a brief space her reason tottered and the doctor's fears were almost realized. Then with a wall of pent-up grief, pathetic in its utter weariness and abandonment, she sank down in the low nursery chair.

In her hand she held the long-lost blue shoe. What doctor, husband and priest had failed to do the sight of the little blue shoe had accomplished. The healing tears had come at last.—Indianapolis Sun.

VALUE OF CAMPHOR TREES.

By-Products of Formosa's Growth Are of Considerable Worth.

Every part of a camphor tree, even to the leaves, contains camphor. The forests are not confined to Formosa alone, but are also found in Japan proper. With the extension of the industry the large areas of this tree have been greatly reduced, though replanting and cultivation are practiced to a considerable extent, a tree requiring 50 years to attain a diameter of one foot.

In Formosa, however, there is still an extensive supply of native forest growth and many huge trees are to be found in regions still unexplored. The supply, therefore, is assured for years to come.

Camphor is found in the form of crystals in the wood tissues and is separated from the crude oil by double distillation. From the first distillation is secured an oxidized product, camphogenol, the principle of the camphor oils of commerce. The crude camphor is a dark-colored substance, fusing at 170 degrees centigrade.

Among the by-products may be mentioned crude camphor oil, which comes out simultaneously with the camphor; white oil, obtained by sublimating the crude oil and used in the manufacture of soap. Red oil also is obtained from the crude camphor oil, as well as a black oil, which is extensively used in the preparation of varnishes. A turpentine is secured from the white oil that is in great demand for medical and industrial purposes. From red oil is obtained the product known as saffrol, employed to a considerable extent in the manufacture of perfumery and also soap; and a disinfectant is also distilled from red oil, after the addition of other substances, claimed to kill the cholera bacillus. Another product is an insecticide, which when mingled with 100 parts of water destroys insects injurious to farm crops.

The annual export of camphor from Japan is about 6,000,000 pounds, three-fourths of which is produced in Formosa, the other fourth coming from Japan proper, chiefly from Kyushu and Shikoku. By a provision of the law of 1903 the sale of camphor produced in Japan is monopolized by the government through a restriction of the sale of crude camphor and camphor oil.

The Limit of Enthusiasm.

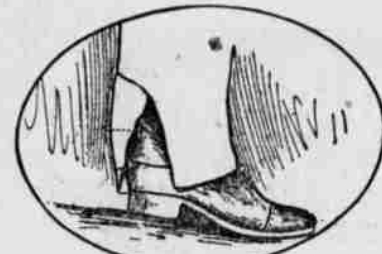
Gunner—They say Cogg is an automobile fiend.

Guyer—And so he is. Sleeps in his goggles and has gasoline sprinkled on his pillow.—Detroit Tribune.



For Fastidious Man.

Mankind's lofty intolerance of woman's vanity foibles, known best to the feminine world, apparently is founded on not so much his disinclination to countenance secret dress accessories as the lack of opportunity



TO IMPROVE THE SET OF THE TROUSERS.

to do so. Every once and awhile the invention records reveal the inner secret desire of mankind to assist nature and the best efforts of the tailor. The latest claimants for honors in this particular field are two ingenious sartorial artists from the backwoods of Minnesota. The particular function which their device is designed to fill is the prevention of the trouser leg from resting against the rear portion of the shoe, and presumably thereby wearing more rapidly than the rest of the garment. Specifically, they obtain this unique effect by means of a spring tackle attached at one end to the upper rear portion of the shoe, and at the other to the lower rear portion of the trouser leg. It is even made adjustable, so as to accommodate itself to all styles of footwear and the varying fashions in trouser cuts.

To Hold the Heat.

Many little household conveniences originate in the minds of busy housewives, though many of them never become public property, owing to wo-



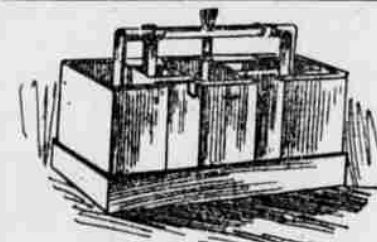
TO KEEP THE CUP'S CONTENTS WARM.

man's natural inclination to belittle the value of her mechanical achievements. One of these odd inventions is "the drinking utensil," as it is off-

cially described, for hot beverages, of Maud L. Williams, of St. Louis. This consists of an air-insulated receptacle for the drinking cup proper. It comprises a casing a little larger than the cup it is designed to protect, and forms a tight covering with an upper ring rim attached to the sides and provided with a center opening a little smaller than the largest diameter of the cup. When the cup is set in the receptacle it projects uniformly on all sides above the casing, and the handle is easily reached. As is well known, air is one of the best insulators of heat that the world knows, and a cup containing a heated beverage thus protected from radiation will retain its original temperature for a much longer time, owing to the very slow loss of heat by radiation and conduction.

Cake Mixing Machine.

It is meet and fitting that femininity should confine itself in patent matters to those relating to dress, apparel and household appliances, and most of them do so. An example is the cake-making machine shown here.



CAKE-MIXING MACHINE.

the invention of a woman of Columbus, Ga. The object of the invention is to produce a machine in which batters for making cakes, etc., can be quickly and easily formed and in which the whites and yolks of eggs and butter which are used in making these batters can be separately beaten at one and the same time by one person. The illustration shows that this can be readily achieved by connecting a number of vessels of receptacles together and arranging paddles or dashers in each in one system, which consists of a cross head and a handle for its convenient operation. In order to attain the best results it is essential that the paddles should have a certain amount of horizontal play, which is provided for by separating the receptacles the width of a paddle, thereby affording this play.

A TALKING POST-CARD.



NOVEL WAY OF SENDING A MESSAGE TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

The latest novelty in London is a talking post-card, similar to the one here illustrated, by means of which messages can be sent through the mail. The circular disc placed on the card carries the record made by the sender, and all that it is necessary for the recipient to do is remove this disc, place it on a little machine specially constructed for the purpose, and listen to the spoken message.

HAS STIRRED INDIA.

English Woman's Assertion May Lead to Religious Turmoil.

Mrs. Annie Besant, the well-known lecturer and theosophist, has created a profound sensation and quite a little criticism in India, where she now lives, by her assertion that theosophy is the oldest religion — if indeed it can be called a religion — in the world. Ever since she joined the ranks of the theosophists, in 1889, she has been an indefatigable worker



MRS. A. BESANT.

in advancing the theories and claims and pretensions of the late Mme. Blavatsky, the high priestess and founder of the cult. On several occasions she lectured in the United States and was a delegate to the world's parliament of religions at the Chicago Exposition. Mrs. Besant was separated from her husband, Rev. Frank Besant, many

years ago and before her acceptance of Mme. Blavatsky's teachings was a noted lecturer in England.

In Benares, India, where she now resides, she founded the Central Hindu College. There, surrounded by devotees, she spends her time meditating on the mysteries of the universe and of man's nature, which may be said to be the essence of theosophy. After the manner of the Hindus she counts her beads even in the streets. Her statement that theosophy is the oldest ethical cult in the world may lead to religious disturbances.

His Bright Idea.

Balloonist—What have you got as ballast to throw overboard when we want to lighten the balloon?

Assistant—A keg of beer. Sure, we can drink it when we want to lighten the balloon instead of throwin' it overboard, an' nawthin' ull be wasted!—Cleveland Leader.

Look closely at any dog, and you will see this expression: "If I can get a chance to-night, I will kill a sheep."