It's difficult to arouse a man's enthusiasm by showing him a photograph of himself when a baby.







## DANCE IN HIDEOUS MASKS

**Participators in Lamaist Church, the Lorsar, Festival Wear Garb of Demons.**

New York.—If you happened to be alone in the woods at night and should meet such creatures as shown in the accompanying photographs what would you do?

Run!

Of course.

But these are only pictures of masks identical with those worn by participators in the greatest festival of the Lamaist church, the Lorsar, the New Year's feast held at the beginning of February in remembrance of Buddha's victory over the six heresies,

No. 1.—The Monkey-Faced Demon. No. 2.—The Tiger-Faced Demon. No. 3.—The Guardian of the Spirits of Chinese Priests.

the victory of the true religion over infidelity.

Writing of it in "Trans-Himalaya," Dr. Sven Hedin says of its celebration in the monastery town of Tashi-Luapo: "Lamaism is only a corrupt form of pure Buddhism, and under an outward varnish of Buddhistic symbolism has incorporated a number of Sivaistic elements, and has also retained the superstitions which in pre-Buddhistic times found expression in wild fanatical devil-dances, rites and sacrifices. The object of these ceremonies was to exorcise, banish or propitiate the powerful demons which reign everywhere, in the air, on the earth, and in water, and whose only function is to plague, torture and persecute the children of men. Lastly, Lamas dance in hideous masks with large evil eyes and Mephistophelian eyebrows, distorted features and huge tusks; others represent mythical wild beasts, all equally terrible."

## HAS WORKED HIS WAY UP

**William S. Kies, New Solicitor of Railway, at 31, Heads Big Legal Department.**

Chicago.—William S. Kies, who recently became general solicitor for the Chicago & Western Indiana railway, is a native of Minnesota. Left an orphan when two years old, he worked his way through school and later through the University of Wisconsin, supporting himself at the university mainly by working on the university paper.

After his graduation, nine years ago, he came to Chicago and took a position as investigator for the Chicago City Railway Company. When John F. Smulski was elected city at-


torney in 1903 Mr. Kies applied to him for a place in his office and received it. Three years later he was made chief trial attorney, and in three years won about 90 per cent. of his cases.

This record attracted the attention of many legal firms and corporations, and Mr. Kies finally accepted an offer from the Chicago & Northwestern railroad to become its general attorney in Chicago. He has held that position since 1906, and now, at the age of 31 years, he finds himself at the head of the legal department of an important railroad system.

**Experienced.**

Johnny—My papa and mamma are divorced.

Freddy—Which have you got the custody of?

**Why does Great Britain buy its oatmeal of us?**

Certainly it seems like carrying coals to Newcastle to speak of exporting oatmeal to Scotland and yet, every year the Quaker Oats Company sends hundreds of thousands of cases of Quaker Oats to Great Britain and Europe.

The reason is simple; while the English and Scotch have for centuries eaten oatmeal in quantities and with a regularity that has made them the most rugged physically, and active mentally of all people, the American has been eating oatmeal and trying all the time to improve the methods of manufacture so that he might get that desirable foreign trade.

How well he has succeeded would be seen at a glance at the export reports on Quaker Oats. This brand is without a rival; is packed in regular packages, and in hermetically sealed tins for hot climates. 51

**In Demand.**

An infant in a Pullman car set up a loud wail, and would not be comforted," narrates a high railroad official, "and I came forward and told the young mother that I had helped to raise five, and that I thought I could secure a quietus. I put the little tum tum across my knees, and with a gentle jogging achieved beautiful results.

"Instead of giving me the credit I deserved some drummers in the car showed stern disapproval of my 'butting in.'

"At two a. m. the baby woke up and staid awake, and kept every one else in the car awake. Finally a gruff voice asked:

"'Where's that fool that put it to sleep this afternoon, I wonder?'"

Money and expense are not essential to artistic homes and attractive rooms. One dollar and fifty cents' worth of material will completely transform a crude, inartistic room into a graceful, dainty apartment.

Really it is good taste and skill that makes the home homelike. That dainty touch is worth twice as much as money.

Wall paper is expensive—it costs money to buy it, to hang it and again to remove it. With the use of the alabastined wall there is only the slight cost of the material—any one can brush it on—and it is not necessary to wash it off the wall when a fresh coat is required.

It is very easy to mix, very simple to apply, but the results are simply beautiful. A whole house can be done at just a little more than the cost of a single room when ordinary materials are used.

And this is true, that now that we have so much better materials for use in the decoration of our homes, that wall paper, common kalsomine and paint are now as much out of date as the old time whitewash, tallow candles and rough hewn floors. Mere money is no longer an essential in good housefurnishing in artistic home making.

The new materials and labor-saving machines are most welcome to us all—and every thoughtful woman, every woman who cares for her home, is quick to utilize them.

**A Terrible Risk.**

Typhoid had broken out in their neighborhood and the family resorted to travel as the best means of precaution until the trouble should subside. They arrived at Quebec by the morning boat, intending to take it to Montreal in the evening, but the sightseers got tired and returned early in the afternoon to find the top of the smoke stack on a level with the dock, the tide having dropped 18 feet.

"Mamma," cried the little girl, "did God drink up all that water?"

"Yes, my child."

"Then hadn't we better tell him it wasn't boiled?"



**A Call for Cough Drops.**

"I tell you I must have some money!" roared the king of Maritania, who was in sore financial straits. "Somebody will have to cough up."

"Alas!" sighed the guardian of the treasury, who was formerly the court jester, "all our coffers are empty."—Tit-Bits.



**Including Ham Actors.**

"Going to come and see me act tonight?"

"No, I have joined the meat strike."

"What has that to do with it?"

"I have cut out hams."



The average woman can bluff almost any man, but when it comes to bluffing some other woman—well, that's another story.



Take a good watch to a pawnbroker and see how quickly the time passes.



Every man thinks he's a superior judge of human nature.



Think all you speak, but speak not all you think.—Delarem.

## EXCELLENT TRADE IN WESTERN CANADA

**SPLENDID CROPS, BIG PRICES, AND PROSPEROUS OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE.**

Throughout all of Canada, and especially in the Western Provinces of Canada, there is a buoyancy in every line of business that is fully warranted by every condition. The crops of the past year were what was expected, and the prices for grain of all kinds, put the farmers in a class by themselves. Many of them are independent, and many others have got well started on the road. The latest reports are that seeding is well under way in almost every district, and the prospects are that a vastly larger area than that under crop last year will be seeded early this spring. In the Lethbridge district, in Southern Alberta, steam and gasoline outfits, hundreds of them, are breaking up the prairie at a tremendous pace, but they work night and day. As soon as it becomes dark, gangs are changed, a head light attached, and on, on through the night until the first streak of dawn, these giant monsters with their seven or eight gangs of breaking plows, keep up the work. Then the more modest farmer is putting in the longest hours possible with his teams of horses or oxen. And what will the Country be like in August, when these fields have become yellowed with the literally golden grain. There will be one vast expanse of wheat field. And there will be a market for it, because it is the best grain grown, and the demand will be everywhere. As previously intimated business throughout Western Canada is sound and good. The grain production of 1909 has been the great factor in establishing the reputation of Western Canada, and it is worth talking about. It surpassed all previous records, both in regard to quality and quantity, and such an achievement was by no means easy. The limit has not been reached, and a large average increase may be expected during the next ten years. There will be odd seasons when a falling-off will occur, and it is the falling-off that causes alarms and panics in the commercial world. The plains have done their duty so far in the out-put of grain and it would be reasonable to make occasional allowances for slowing-up. The faster the rate of increase is now, the sharper will be the check when the production diminishes. But there are some unreasonable people who wonder why the growth of one year is not continued during the next, and at an even faster rate. These same unreasonable people are the ones who see flaws in the situation as soon as an indication is given that the startling advances have not been maintained.

**Uppers.**

"I was brought up by my colored nurse," said the southern girl at a party on the seventeenth floor of a Harlem apartment house.

"I was brought up by the elevator," the New York girl declared.



**Like Seeks Like.**

Dentist—My dear sir, you have a sympathetic toothache.

Patient—Then, doctor, I suppose your bill has a sympathetic touch.

Takers of the United States Census will use Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen because it is always ready and sure.

Of course, women are a trifle vain, but did you ever see a man pass up an opportunity to look in a mirror?



When life's all love, 'tis life; aught else, 'tis naught.—Sidney Lanier.



One woman can stir up more trouble than a dozen mere men.



It's easier to break away than it is to get back.



















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