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She's a clever girl and she would like to answer every question asked her. She is not a weather prophet, however; she is not a newspaper; she is just a well trained, efficient, special telephone operator whose work is to supply telephone numbers to subscribers.

Unnecessary and irrelevant questions, however, prevent her doing to the best advantage her part in furnishing good telephone service generally. Such questions slow down the service of those who really need her help to locate telephone numbers which can be found in no other way.

You can help "Information" to be of even greater service to telephone users, if you will not ask her for numbers you can find in the Telephone Directory.

Always consult the Directory FIRST. THEN ask "Information" only for numbers that you do not find there.

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The Children's Easter Eggs

THE Pinkerton children were feeling very excited. It was Easter Saturday, and mother was taking them out to buy some Easter eggs. She had given them each 50 cents and told them they could buy whatever eggs they liked themselves.

And so, talking of their plans, Molly, Frank and Jack kept running on in front of mother to have more time to look into the shop windows and running back again to her to tell her what they had seen.

"Boys," said Molly as they neared the corner of the street, "we mustn't forget Tinker's penny, must we?"

Tinker was a blind man's dog. The blind man always took up his stand on the very same corner, and the children never passed him without putting a penny in Tinker's can. The blind man got to know their footsteps quite well and always looked forward to exchanging greetings with them. Tinker knew his little friends, too, and when they drew near he would strain at his lead, making frantic efforts to get loose and run to meet them.

It was Molly's turn to give the blind man a penny that morning, so she made her way to where the blind man was seated.

But he was all alone. There was no Tinker there!

"Where's Tinker?" the three children asked as if in one breath. "Oh, don't tell us you've lost him!" Molly said.

The old man shook his head, and they noticed how sad he looked.

"Bless you, dears," he said, "it wouldn't be easy to lose Tinker. He never leaves my side. See, it's worse than that!"

"What is it? Please tell us," said Frank.

"Tinker's ill," said the blind man.

"Why not send him to the vet?" asked Frank.

The blind man shook his head in a pitiful way. "I've no money to pay for vets. I haven't. He'd charge a dollar and a half."

The children looked at each other in dismay. Was dear little Tinker to be killed because his master had no money to pay to get him well again?

"What a dreadful shame it seemed!"

"We're a dollar and a half between us," Frank said.

"Yes, it would just do it," said Molly.

"Let's ask mother if we can give the money to him," said Jack.

And together they ran back to mother with their request.

Mother thought a few moments before replying, and then:

"Do you realize what this will mean, children?" she asked. "There'll be no Easter eggs for you this year if you give your money away."

Molly couldn't help thinking for just a minute of the beautiful chocolate egg she had promised herself, and the boys thought of the eggs they were to have bought, too, but they quickly put all such thoughts out of their minds.

The Pinkertons found things rather dull on Easter Monday.

Just then there was a ring at the doorbell. The children ran to the nursery window to see who it could be.

A taxi had drawn up at the curb and who was that getting out of it? Why, no one else but Uncle Joe!

"How jolly!" said Jack. "Let's run down and see him." Uncle Joe was a good sort. He romped with them as if he were a child himself and was always making up all sorts of new games for them to play.

"Let's play 'Indians,'" suggested Frank when the children had succeeded

in coaxing their uncle to come out into the garden with them.

"No," said Uncle Joe. "I've thought of a much nicer game for you than that."

He was very mysterious about it and made them go indoors while he got things ready. In about five minutes he called them out again.

"I've hidden some 'secrets' in the garden," he said. "The game is that you've to look for them—and whatever you find you may keep."

"I say!" called out Frank the next minute. "Just look what I've got." And he held out a large toy Easter egg, filled with soldiers, for the others to see.

"And look here!" almost shrieked Molly in her excitement. "I've found a chocolate egg filled with creams. Just like the one I had meant to get." And then Jack found a box full of tiny eggs just behind a laurel bush. You can imagine how pleased he was.

The children found lots of other eggs besides. It was a curious thing, though, that Molly had found exactly the egg she had wanted, and so had Frank, and so had Jack.

They asked Uncle Joe if he could explain it, but he couldn't and no one else could.

"I'm so glad we gave our money for Tinker," said Molly later on. "But isn't it lovely to have had those scrumptious Easter eggs too?"

My Easter Lily



Immortality.

It is a thing to be thankful for that twentieth century thinking and twentieth century science are confirming cumulatively, the doctrine of Christian authority that the soul of man is immortal. To assert nowadays that the universe is the outcome of chance is to array oneself against the world's best thought. To affirm that the universe is reasonable means, in the last analysis, "that the world acts as it might be expected to act had it been thought through by mind."—George Wharton Pepper.

FOR THE EASTER TABLE.

The favorite Easter colors—violet, green, yellow and white—lend themselves so attractively to the table decorations, and it is so easy to make centerpieces of fluffy chickens or rabbit families that most women feel quite competent to arrange their own Easter tables. However, the hostess who is willing to accept her schemes ready made may profit by the advice of one who is an expert in arranging tables.

"One of the prettiest ways," she says, "is to use violets—quantities of them—and little white-plaster or papier mache rabbits. A low bowl, gift basket or deep silver dish or tray may be filled with violets and surrounded by a half dozen or more white bunnies. At each place have a white spun sugar rabbit holding a bunch of violets and foliage. The menu or name cards should be violet tinted; the ice cream cases made of white satin, with the ribbon violets on top, these to be used as little cushions later, or they can be of violet satin, with a little white satin bunny surmounting it. Candel violet in the bonbon dishes will help to carry out the color motif.

"Nothing is prettier or simpler for an Easter table than the long, narrow green or gilt wicker baskets filled with the growing crocuses. Potted tulips in the new oval shaped rock crystal bowls are equally lovely. If artificial light is necessary when this centerpiece is used the tulip shaped fairy lamps tinted green might be used at each corner."—New York Tribune.



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