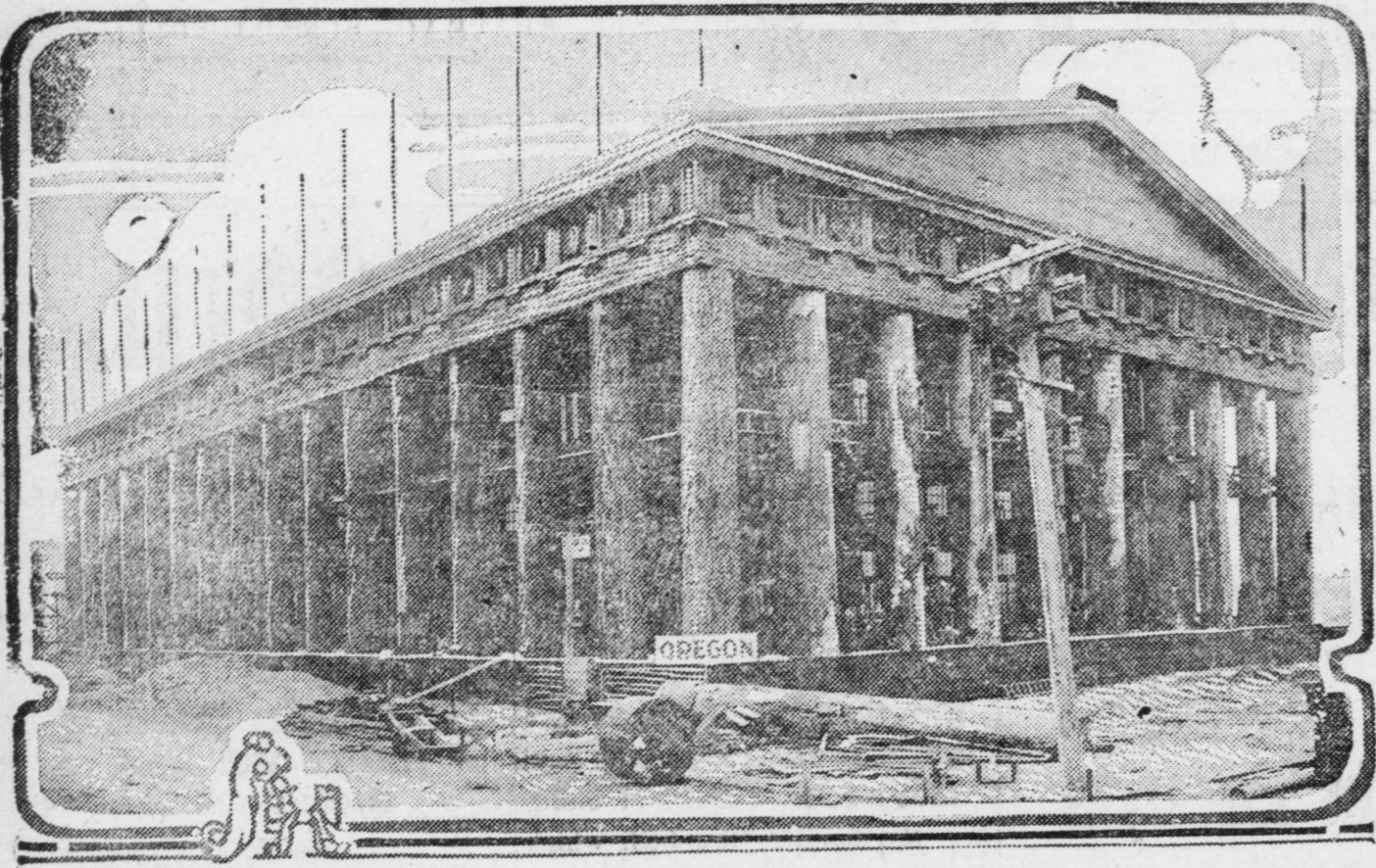


OREGON BUILDING AT WORLD'S FAIR.



The building that Oregon is erecting for the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco will be a rustic copy of the famous Parthenon. Its columns, however, instead of being of marble, are of huge logs cut from the Oregon forests. The building is 150 by 250 feet.

**Typhoid and Coconut Milk.**  
An English writer tells of a colored woman in Trinidad who was dying, beyond all hope, of typhoid, and pleaded to be allowed to drink of coconut juice. She was beyond the reach of good or harm, so she had her coconuts and drank the juice, not of one but of eight in succession—perhaps a gallon of liquid, and the orge indisputably saved her life.

**Hearing Heart Beats.**  
If you hear your heart beat in one ear, as many persons do, it is no proof of anything wrong with the heart. It is much more likely to be a local defect such as chronic catarrh of the middle ear or stiffness and retraction of the drum. This on the authority of Dr. Robert H. Babcock of Chicago.

**Thanks For His Money.**  
Weekie—So Slippy is a defaulter eh? Deekie—So they say. Weekie—By George, I always wondered why he said "Thank you" so pleasantly every time I made a deposit.

**Leave It In the Inkstand.**  
When one is tempted to write a clever but harsh thing, though it may be difficult to restrain it, it is always better to leave it in the inkstand.

We shall not find it so difficult to love our enemies if we begin by pitying them.

**MEN OF STONE.**

**Queer Figures Dot the Crest of the Superstitious Mountains.**

Among the natural wonders of the southwestern portion of this country are the Superstitious mountains, which loom up from the arid desert to the east of the Salt river valley.

These mountains are so curious that the Indians will have nothing to do with them. In consequence they are full of deer, bear and other big game. The Superstitious mountains rise out of the level surface of the desert like the pyramids of Egypt.

On the crest of this unique range and in full view of the rarefied atmosphere for an immense distance from the plain are hundreds of queer figures, representing men in all attitudes.

When you look first you are sure they are men, and when you turn your gaze again to them you are as absolutely certain of it as you can be of anything.

They represent ball throwers, outlooks, mere viewers of the country roundabout, men recumbent and contemplative, others starting a foot race and in every conceivable posture and position. They are not real flesh and blood men, however—nothing but stone syenite—yet nothing can convince the Indians that they are not genuine. They say they are real mortals turned to stone, petrified by the peculiar condition of the air in the mountains.

**MADE THE REPORTER BLUSH.**

**When the House of Lords Adjourned at His Suggestion.**

There is a good Fleet street story, says a writer in the London Daily Citizen, of how a reporter once adjourned the house of lords. He had worked in the gallery of the house of lords for about a quarter of a century, and it may be that familiarity had dimmed his sense of reverence. One day there had been a stodgy little debate with a dozen members in the house, and the reporter, with his colleagues perched in the gallery, was thoroughly sick of the whole business. His feelings found outlet in a muttered remark as some noble lord on the cross benches rose to continue the debate.

"Why don't you move the adjournment?" said the reporter to himself. He said it louder than he intended, and the words reached the noble lord who had just risen. He on his part believed the words to be a private hint addressed to him from the lord chancellor, and, feeling that he could not disregard the suggestion, he said, "My lords, I move the adjournment of the debate."

Instantly the lord chancellor was on his feet from the woolsack, and their lordships' house rose for the day. Hardened as was the reporter, it is stated that as he went out he was blushing at his achievement.

**A WATER RESCUE**

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

George MacElroy spent his summers on the Atlantic coast and always owned some sort of boat. The first he owned was a skiff with a leg-o-mutton sail; the second was a dory, rigged in the same way; the third a twenty foot single sticker, and when he reached the age of twenty his father gave him a yacht, capable of sleeping half a dozen persons comfortably.

George found it all he could do to run his yacht on his limited income. Indeed, he could not have done so at all had he not been his own captain, quartermaster, cabin boy and cook for the greater part of the time. Once while laying up near New York he was attacked and robbed by river pirates. He at once provided himself with arms, including a couple of small cannon forward and a single gun of greater caliber astern, which he called Long Tom. After getting aboard this armament he felt easier. Unless surprised he felt that he could stand off any ordinary gang. But to avoid loneliness he took into his service Cyrus Barker, a boy of fifteen, who was at home on the water and ill at ease on land.

One hot July day, when there was no wind, George was moving under the power of his motor engine, making toward Portland, Me., from the south. He had the lighthouses on his port quarter standing out white in the sun, but he was rather interested in a yacht to the westward of him. She was some seventy tons burden and very trim. No one but a rich person could have afforded to run her. While MacElroy was looking at her the flag flying from her stern was lowered and raised again, union down, which is a signal of distress. It remained flying for about a minute, when it was hauled down and replaced as it had been before.

George was puzzled. The yacht was moving along at a steady rate of about eight knots and did not seem in any way crippled. There was no likelihood of illness aboard or want of supplies for Portland was within an hour's sail. The signal seemed to be for the Hope—George's yacht—for he was much nearer than any other vessel to the boat that had signaled. Something must be wrong aboard of her.

George pointed the Hope to incline toward the signaling yacht. When the flag was righted it had been done in a hurry, as though some one was offended that it had been put up union down. Perhaps persons were aboard who needed assistance. If so it behooved the skipper of the Hope to keep a sharp lookout and be on his guard at the same time.

In the course of an hour the Hope was sailing directly astern of the yacht and about a mile distant. Cy Barker was on the forecabin and sang out that there was a woman's sunshade floating on the water ahead. George put the Hope on a line with it, and on reaching it Cy picked it up. It had been used to buoy a bottle containing a note written in a woman's hand:

Help! I am kidnaped by my guardian, who is taking me to an insane asylum. EMMA BORLAND.

"Here's an adventure and no mistake," said George to Cy. "I've counted three men on the yacht, and we don't know how many more there are, but we've got guns and ammunition enough to sink her, and we must effect a rescue. She's evidently not going into Portland; she'll probably lose herself among the islands to the eastward—that is, if she's trying to throw any one off the track. We must catch her before dark or lose her. Get up the ammunition for the two forward barkers and load them."

George put on all his power and gained rapidly on the yacht, whose name—the Swallow—now appeared on her stern. She did not seem to fear the Hope till George sent a shot after her, which he aimed to go a cable's length to the starboard, and then so great was the surprise of her crew that they didn't seem to know what to do. But presently another shot, still nearer, caused them to shut off their power. George when he came within hailing distance did the same.

"What do you want?" was called from the Swallow.

"The person of Emma Borland."

"On what authority?"

"On the authority of myself. Send her to me in a boat or I'll rake you fore and aft. I've three big guns aboard."

There was evidently a prolonged consultation on the Swallow. What was said, whatever their reasons for assenting to his demand, George did not know, but presently a boat put out and was pulled for the Hope. George and Cy kept it covered with rifles. When it came alongside there sat a very pretty girl and her maid. George helped them aboard, the boat pulled back to the Swallow, and she sailed away.

Miss Borland had got one of the crew, who was at the wheel, on her side, and he permitted her to hoist a distress signal.

George took the women to Portland and engaged a lawyer for Miss Borland, who had no difficulty in establishing her sanity. Her guardian left for parts unknown and has not been since heard from.

George now runs a much finer yacht than the Hope, but it required the fortune of Emma Borland to buy and run it. She gave it to him with herself for the inestimable service he had done her.

**VIVID STORIES OF SUBMARINE ONSET**

Told by Survivors of Lost British Cruisers.

**SPLENDID HEROISM SHOWN**

Men Fighting For Their Lives In Sea After Torpedoes' Deadly W Shouted Cheering Messages to C Another—"Germans Came Right Under Noses of Our Guns."

Survivors tell graphic stories of the destruction of the British armored cruisers Aboukir, Hogue and Cressy. Describing the sinking of the Cressy Chief Gunner Dougherty said:

"Suddenly I heard a great crash and saw the Aboukir heeling over and going down rapidly. We came to the conclusion that she had been struck by a torpedo, and kept a sharp look out for these craft while steaming to the assistance of the Aboukir.

"The Hogue was also closing up toward the sinking ship with the object of assisting the crew, who were dropping into the water, when we heard a second crash. As the Hogue began to settle we knew that she also had been torpedoed.

"As we drew near, some one shouted to me, 'Look out, sir, there's a submarine on our port beam!'

"She was about 400 yards away. I took careful aim at her and she disappeared. Up she came again so I fired my third shot and smashed it to the top of the conning tower.

Let Out a Great Shout of Joy.

"The men standing by shouted, 'She's hit, sir!' and then they let out a great cheer as the submarine sank, and while she was going down two German sailors floated up from her, both swimming hard.

"After that we shot at a trawler which was 1,000 yards away and evidently a German boat in disguise, directing operations. We hit her with the first shot and set her on fire.

"By this time we already had been struck by one torpedo, but the damage was not in a vital spot and we should have kept afloat all right. We saw another submarine on our starboard side and made a desperate effort to get her, but failed, and her torpedo got home in our engine room.

"Then the Cressy began to turn over, and this I will say for the men," said Mr. Dougherty proudly, "they acted like British sailors, and those who died died as a Briton should.

"Our captain was on the bridge, and in these critical minutes he spoke some words of advice to the crew. 'Keep cool, my lads, keep cool,' he said in a steady voice. 'Pick up a spar, my lads, and put it under your arm. That'll help you to keep afloat until the destroyers pick you up.'

Water Thick With Drowning Men.

"They were discharging torpedoes at us while the water was thick with drowning men. When I dropped into the sea, clinging to a bit of wood, there were men all around me. We shouted cheery messages to one another. I was afloat for four hours."

Says a Muiden, Holland, dispatch to the London Daily Chronicle:

"The men of the Aboukir afloat in the water hoped for everything from the arrival of her sister cruisers, and all survivors agree that when these also sank many gave up the struggle for life and went down. An officer told me that when swimming, after having lost his jacket in the grip of a drowning man, his chief thought was that the Germans had succeeded in sinking only three comparatively obsolete cruisers which shortly would have been scrapped anyway.

"Twenty-four men were saved on a target which floated off the Hogue's deck. The men were gathered on it for four hours waist deep in water.

"The daring of these Germans was amazing. They must have seen us a long way off. We could not see them, and they came right up under the noses of our guns."

**SUGGESTS WARTIME DIET.**

Macaroni and Cheese an Ideal Meat Substitute, Says Health Board.

A New York health department bulletin urges people to depend on macaroni and cheese instead of meat as the ideal "wartime diet."

Dr. Marion B. McMillan, chief of the food inspection bureau of the board of health, says that, for many persons who are unable to buy sufficient quantities of meats to sustain their families, macaroni and cheese would be an ideal food.

"Let the American housewife take a lesson from her Italian cousin and learn the many palatable dishes to be made from macaroni and spaghetti," says the bulletin. "Very few realize the amount of nourishment contained in an average helping (two heaping tablespoonfuls) of macaroni baked with cheese. Such a helping contains three times as much nourishment as a slice of lean roast beef and is practically equal to the latter in building up muscle, bone and sinew. Study the following comparison:

"Roast beef (lean). A helping (100 grams) contains 150 calories, of which 90 calories are protein.

"Macaroni baked with cheese. A helping (150 grams) contains 450 calories, of which 80 calories are protein.

"Smash the high cost of living. Meat every day is unnecessary."

**AN OPTICAL ENIGMA.**

Why Is It the Human Eye Sees Things Right Side Up?

Just why we are able to see things right side up is a mystery which science has not yet been able to explain.

We know that the human eye involves the same optical principles as a camera. Owing to the fact that light always travels in a straight line and never in a curve, the rays which emanate from any object within our range of vision have to descend and ascend in order to travel into the narrow opening in the eye which corresponds to the camera's lens.

These rays finally reach a point where they intersect. Continuing on in straight lines, their relative position becomes just the reverse of what they were when they left the object seen.

Thus the image register on the retina of your eye is topsy turvy, just as it is on the photographic plate in a camera. If you are looking at a house, for instance, the image your eye gets will show the chimneys down below, the foundation walls up above, and so on.

But the impression your brain gets reveals the house right side up unless you happen to be afflicted with a rare disorder, which results in everything always appearing topsy turvy.

During the infinitesimally short period required to flash the image seen from the eye's retina to the brain all the light rays which created the image are reassembled and put back in their proper places, so that the brain sees the object as it really is and not in the topsy turvy form it was registered on the retina. Just how this miracle is performed is what science would like to find out.—New York American.

**GRAVESTONE LUNCHEONS.**

One of the Curious Sights of New York's Financial District.

In old Trinity churchyard, where Robert Fulton and Alexander Hamilton lie buried, dozens of girls can be seen through the pickets of the bronze fences every day enjoying their noonday lunches amid the tombs of the old time New Yorkers. All about are high skyscraping office buildings. The elevated trains clatter and bang overhead, and on Broadway the trolley's gongs add tumult to the roar of the city. Within the old churchyard all is peace and quiet. It is here that the girls from these big office buildings come from a noontime to eat their lunch, "far from the madding crowd," yet within a hand's reach of the bustle of Broadway.

It was only a few years ago that a girl, a typewriter in a nearby office building, chanced to let her eyes fall over the gravestones of old Trinity. They did not bring thoughts of ghosts to her mind—they only made her think that it would be lovely if she could eat her lunch among such peaceful scenes. The next day she and a girl friend brought their lunches. They entered the churchyard and, seeking a secluded spot behind the old church, sat down on an old tomb and began to eat their sandwiches. Nobody objected. The next day they came again. Other girls, emerging from stuffy restaurants, saw them and resolved to imitate them. The next day there were half a dozen there, and nowadays, when the noon hour is bright and sunny, the number has increased to sometimes seventy-five.—New York Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

**Equality of Sex.**

There is a little girl in Springfield, Mass., who, like many of her sex, resents the imputation that the feminine mind is not so strong as the masculine.

One day her mother remarked on the apparent lack of intelligence in a hen.

"You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "They have done more harm to the garden than a drove of cattle would. You can teach a cat, a dog or a pig something, but a hen—never!"

"H'm!" exclaimed the child indignantly. "I think they know just as much as the roosters!"—Youth's Companion.

**Mystery of the Stomach.**

"Why does not the stomach digest itself?" is a question often asked. The Journal of the American Medical Association confesses that the reason has not yet been found. There are many theories, but not one of them is entirely satisfactory, and we are still unable to say more than Hunter said more than a century ago, "that these living cells remain intact under such circumstances because they are alive."—New York World.

**Honesty the Best Policy.**

Doubtless the sorest man in the United States today is the fellow who dropped his purse, containing \$90, while he was robbing a chicken coop, and who is afraid to claim his property. Verily, honesty is the best policy.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

**Something Learned.**

Farmer Clapole—Has that city fellow who bought Stone's farm learned anything yet? Farmer Sands—Wall, he's learnt it don't do no good ter try ter make apple butter in a churn.—Judge.

**A Missing Man.**

"What has become of the old-fashioned man," asks the Cincinnati Enquirer, "who used to wear a yard of trape on his hat?" Perhaps he's married again.—Toledo Blade.

**Both Bad.**

"Is there anything worse than owing money you can't pay?" "Yes; being owed money you can't collect."—Boston Transcript.

No one of us may do that which if done by all would ruin society.

**RUSSIA'S IMPERIAL INFANTRY.**



Photo by American Press Association.

This is a picture of the czar's troops made in Galicia.

**A Hard One.**

"When," he demanded, "will you pay this bill?" Smiling, we waved him toward our confreere.

"You must ask," we said, "the puzzle editor."—Exchange.

**Lithium.**

Pure lithium, which is the lightest metal known, has at present no practical use.

**Murder Comparisons.**

In Italy there are about 2,500 murders annually, Russia about 2,400 and Spain about 1,600.

**Finesse.**

"What did you tell your wife when you got home from the club last night?"

"I told her she was the sweetest woman in the world."—Spokane Spokesman Review.

**Cheerful.**

A certain philosopher used to thank his lucky stars when he had the gout that it was not the toothache, and when he had the toothache he gave thanks because he had not both complaints at once.

**Our Language.**

"Hello, Kitty! Anything going on here now?" "Yes—a lot of things coming off this week."—Boston Transcript.

**PRINCIPAL STREET OF LOUVAIN, BELGIUM.**



Photo by American Press Association.

This shows La Rue des Cordes after the destruction of Louvain by German artillery.