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TREASURES OF THE WORLD AT THE GREAT PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION IN SAN FRANCISCO IN 1915.

THE treasures of the world will be shown to millions of visitors at the great Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco in 1915. Thirty-four of the world's great nations have accepted the invitation of the United States, and their displays will be among the most elaborate ever shown at a world's exposition.

The artistic phases of the Exposition will be especially notable. The photograph above shows a superb work, "The Fountain of Ceres," by a famed woman sculptor, Miss Evelyn Beatrice Longman. The fountain, which will be twenty-six feet in height, will be placed in the entrance upon San Francisco harbor of the Court of the Four Seasons.

Stone Age Love Letters.

"What do you suppose a rejected suitor did in the stone age when a young woman sent back all his love letters?"

"If he was a sensible sort of fellow he probably built a house with them and got another woman in it."—Baltimore Sun.

Right In His Line.

Judge (to man arrested for drunkenness)—What is your business? Prisoner—Proof-reader, your honor. Judge—Ah! I'll send you to the house of correction!—Boston Transcript.

The Ambiguous Phonetic.

Phonetic spelling has many recommendations, but if you spell by speech and ear you may print ambiguously. For instance, Mr. Escott, in his "Club Makers and Club Members," gives the history of White's club "till it reached its present proprietor and analyst." Now "annalist" and "analyst" are pronounced alike, but printing would lose in clearness if they were spelled alike. —London Standard.

A man without ambition is like a broken bank—all building and no assets.—Caxton.

SUBMARINE CRAFT

They Surpass All Warships In Concentrated Deadly Power.

A DIVE UNDER THE SURFACE.

The Terrifying Sensation and the Agony of Roaring Noises That Bewilder the Novice as the Vessel Goes Down Into the Depths of the Sea.

In waters where the United States maintains a naval station you may happen to see a tall staff cutting through the water as though borne by some unseen hand beneath the surface. On the top of the staff is a slight bent hood pointed in the direction of motion. This is the eye of a submarine.

From the lens in the front of the hood a picture of the whole seascape is carried down by a succession of mirrors in the hollow staff until it is thrown on a prismatic lens at the bottom. Here the navigator of the submarine watches a moving picture of what is going on above the surface of the water and guides his boat accordingly.

We said boat advisedly, because it is really a vessel for the transportation of human beings at sea. It is, moreover, more than a floating craft, swimming on the surface like a swan. It is also a diver, darting down into the depths like a fish.

Let yourself be shut up in it and dive with it and it seems more like a tightly corked bottle. Your first sensation as the boat starts downward is that you have foolishly allowed yourself to be shut up in a death trap from which there is no escape. Your heart sinks faster than the boat.

And then something happens to make you forget everything but that this craft is a hellish contrivance for destroying your hearing. As the submarine dips under the surface and all outlet for sound is cut off by the sealing waters the rush of the sea around the steel walls becomes the rattle of spring hail on a tin roof. You remember that old and painful swimming hole experiment when you held your head under water and let a playmate strike two stones together. But here the assault on your eardrums is as though a million stones were striking together. A pebble falling through the waters on the steel hull sets the inside clanging like a Chinese temple full of jangling gongs. You must shout to be heard.

Through the roar from the vibrations of the steel shell come the insistent crackling hum of electric motors, the rattling fire of gasoline engines, the whir of machinery and the barking cough of exhausts. Your craft seems to be nothing but an elliptical mass of concentrated noise sinking through the sea. You fear that it will blow up from its own vibrations.

When you have in a measure controlled your protesting ears you look around and see a wonderful array of engines, machinery, deadly torpedoes lashed together in pairs and the steel tubes from which they are projected with compressed air all stowed away in the least possible space.

The double walls surrounding you are themselves huge ballast tanks, which can be filled with water through valves opening into the sea outside or can be emptied by the force of compressed air from within. As these tanks are filled the hull of the submarine sinks until only the periscope, the elevated eye of the vessel, shows above the water. When the water is forced out of them the boat becomes light and rises to the surface until its conning tower, superstructure and the upper part of the hull are exposed. Then the craft is navigated like any other boat.

When the vessel is submerged the navigator at the lower end of the periscope has a far more intricate task than the steering of an ordinary boat. The periscope, of course, brings him a limited view of the sea about. Then he must steer in two planes instead of one. His craft turns not only to the right or left, but also up or down.

To enable the vessel to stay under the water a longer time than usual the submarine carries a reserve supply of air. This emergency supply is compressed in a steel flask under the enormous pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch. Should the flask burst the explosion would wreck the boat. Perhaps a better idea of the tremendous concentration implied by this pressure may be gained from the statement that if this storage cylinder were punctured with a hole no bigger than a needle and if the tiny jet of escaping air were to strike a man it would pierce him through and through like a bullet and even drive a hole through an inch thick board behind him.

For ordinary purposes the air supply used under water is carried in ordinary cylinders at much smaller pressures. Unusual precautions have to be taken to prevent the contamination of the air supply by gases from the storage batteries and from the gasoline motors.

Concentration epitomizes the submarine. Its energies and utilities are packed in like the parts of a puzzle, and in the concentration of deadly power it surpasses any other weapon of man.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Passion is out of place in any discussion and more than ever in a right cause, for it befogs and bemuddles it.—Gogol.

EATING IN BERLIN.

A Humorist's View of the Natives' Wonderful Appetites.

The average Berliner has a double chin running all the way around and four rolls of fat on the back of his neck, all closely clipped and shaved, so as to bring out their full beauty and symmetry, and he has a figure that makes him look as though an earthquake had shaken loose everything on the top floor and it had all fallen through into his dining room.

Your true Berliner eats his regular daily meals, four in number and all large ones, and in between times he now and then gathers a bite. For instance, about 10 o'clock in the morning he knocks off for an hour and has a few cups of hard boiled coffee and some sweet, sticky pastry with whipped cream on it.

Then about 4 o'clock in the afternoon he browses a bit, just to keep up his appetite for dinner. This, though, is but a snack—say a school of Bismarck herring and a kraut pie, some more coffee and more cake and one thing and another—merely a preliminary to the real food, which will be coming along a little later on.

Between acts at the theater he excuses himself and goes out and prepares his stomach for supper, which will follow at 11 o'clock, by drinking two or three steins of thick Munich beer and nibbling on such small tidbits as a few links of German sausage or the upper half of a raw Westphalia ham.

There are forty-seven distinct and separate varieties of German sausage, and three of them are edible, but the Westphalia ham, in my judgment, is greatly overrated. It is pronounced Westfailure, with the accent on the last part, where it belongs.

In Germany, however, there is a pheasant agreeably smothered in young cabbage, which is delicious and in season plentiful. The only drawback to complete enjoyment of this dish is that the grasping and avaricious German restaurant keeper has the confounded nerve to charge you, in our money, 40 cents for a whole pheasant and half a peck of cabbage—say enough to furnish a full meal for two tolerably hungry adults and a child.—Irvin S. Cobb in Saturday Evening Post.

HE WANTED A JOB.

The Red Bearded Sailor Who Insisted That He Could Sing.

One day many years ago, when Billy Emerson was in his heyday and all San Francisco was at his feet, he was accosted by a sailor with a long red beard. The sailor said that he could sing and wanted a job.

"I have no opening," said Emerson.

The tar, however, was obdurate and several times during the day importuned Emerson to give him a chance. To get away from his tormentor Emerson was compelled to go to his hotel.

Near the theater was a saloon where the minstrel boys were wont to congregate after a show. It was of the usual kind, with a room in the rear, with a piano and a piano player. Into this room, when the performance was over, went the sailor and asked the man at the piano if he would change places with him and allow him (the sailor) to play in his place. The musician acquiesced.

The performers trooped to the front of the saloon, and soon there came from the rear room the strains of "Sally In Our Alley," sung as only one man in the world could sing it.

"Boys," said Emerson, "that's Tom Dixon."

A rush was made for the rear, where it transpired that the "sailor" was none other than the great minstrel tenor. He had gone to Australia with a company. It disbanded, and he worked his way home as an ordinary seaman, during which time he grew the long red whiskers.

Did he get the job with Emerson? You didn't know Billy or you would never have asked that.—Edward Le Roy Rice in Chicago Journal.

Not American at All.

A certain type of story—that having the sudden conclusion, such as "Willie Jones fired a cannon yesterday; the funeral will be tomorrow"—has been claimed as purely American in its origin. But, as a matter of fact, this kind of story is older than America itself. If you will turn to II Chronicles, xvi, 12, 13, you will find these words:

"And Asa in the thirty-ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceeding great, yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Wants to Get Even.

Some day, when our bank account gets even lower than it is now, we are going to try to arrange to take a year's leave of absence and spend it with our wife's relatives, staying about half as long with each of them as each of them usually stays with us.—Ohio State Journal.

Not Quite.

"I sleep with your letters under my pillow," the modern lover wrote.

Then he yawned and muttered to himself:

"At least I go to sleep over the letters. I suppose it's the same thing."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Once Was Enough.

Mrs. Church—Did you ever get your husband to try to wash the dishes?

Mrs. Gotham—Only once.

"Why only once?"

"Because the next day we had no dishes."—Yonkers Statesman.

HUSBANDS IN WILLESDEN.

They Mind the Babies at Home While the Wives Go Out to Work.

Willesden is a perfect paradise for a certain type of husband. There is no need for him to go out to work; his wife will see to that. All he need do is stay at home and mind the baby. He has a job for life and practically nothing to do.

The Gilbertian arrangement is due to the peculiar industrial conditions of Willesden, where there are many laundries and factories and female labor is much in demand. Although it is cheaper than male labor would be at the same class of work, the wages are good, considering that only five days a week are worked in the laundries, the women not being required on Mondays. As much as from 20 to 30 shillings a week can be earned, £1 being a common wage, even for girls.

Consequently the women rule the industrial world of Willesden. The positions of man and wife are reversed. There is no need for the man to go to work. Not only would he be unsuitable for the job, but the labor and the wages would not suit him.

Therefore a working girl, when she has saved sufficient money and thinks of marrying, looks around to find an eligible man, whom it would be her duty to keep in after life. He must know how to bathe, dress and feed a baby; how to amuse it and what to do when it has convulsions other than rolling it on the floor or slapping it on the back. If he can do all this the girl proposes, is accepted (if she is strong enough to work), and the knot is tied.

When the children grow up they are packed off to the laundries or to one of the biscuit, incandescent mantle or cedar pencil factories that abound in the neighborhood, and their wages go to swell the family income. As for father, he continues his congenial task of warming the baby's milk and performing other little duties. — London Cor. Philadelphia Ledger.

HIDING THE JOKER NUGGET.

An Incident of the Early Australian Gold Diggings.

Among the rich finds in the Australian gold diggings the Joker nugget ranks among the chief. It turned the scale at thirty ounces and was sold for $600. In size and shape it resembled a man's hand, thick at the wrist part and tapering off toward the fingers.

The claim had been a good one from the first, and the owner did not have to work hard. One day he was reclining full length idly searching for nuggets when he caught sight of the Joker. He at once covered it with his hand and sat up, rather wondering how he would secure the treasure without being seen. If the find became known every man in the field would tramp to the spot and invade his claim and so prevent his working.

A man in an adjoining claim looked up. "Found anything?" he asked. "No. Seen the color; that's all. Pitch my coat over to me, will you? It's lying near there. I want a smoke." "Here you are, mate. But what's the matter? You look pale. Don't you feel right?" "I'm all right, only the sun is a bit hot."

He was struggling with an insane desire to laugh, but he got his coat over the nugget and seated himself on the top of it. Then laughter overpowered him, and he became hysterical. Those about him wondered, but thought the sun had affected him.

In a little while he gained his composure and decided to go to his tent. In lifting his coat he managed to take up the lump of gold, and no one knew that he had found anything. It was not until ten days had passed that the fact was noised abroad, and even then few knew the claim whence the Joker came.

Carlyle and Ceremony.

Thomas Carlyle and his wife were so wedding frightened that it is sad to think of it. Replying to a letter of his describing his fantastic terrors, she wrote: "For heaven's sake get into a more benignant humor or the incident will not only wear a very original aspect, but likewise a very heart breaking one. I see not how I am to go through with it."—T. P.'s Weekly, London.

Isle of Man's Busy Governor.

For plurality in office the palm must go to the governor of the Isle of Man. According to Spencer Walpole's account of the "Island of Home Rule," the governor is chancellor, president of the common law courts, president of the council, president of the Tynwald court and, in addition, acts as his own prime minister, home secretary and head of the treasury.—London Chronicle.

A Case of Dropsy.

She—Do you know it is dangerous to use some words carelessly? Thus, if you were to drop the first letter in music it would make you sick. He—Yes, and if soldiers in battle were to drop the first letter in griddled they'd get riddled.—Buffalo Express.

On the Way.

"Why doesn't that dachshund come when I call him? The idea of sulking on me!"

"He's coming as fast as he can," said the man's wife. "He's got his front legs started."—Washington Herald.

Considerable Opening.

"What a dear little mouth Peggy has."

"Yes; her last dental bill amounted to $87.50."—Boston Transcript.

Don't throw away your old shoes till you've got new ones.—Dutch Proverb.