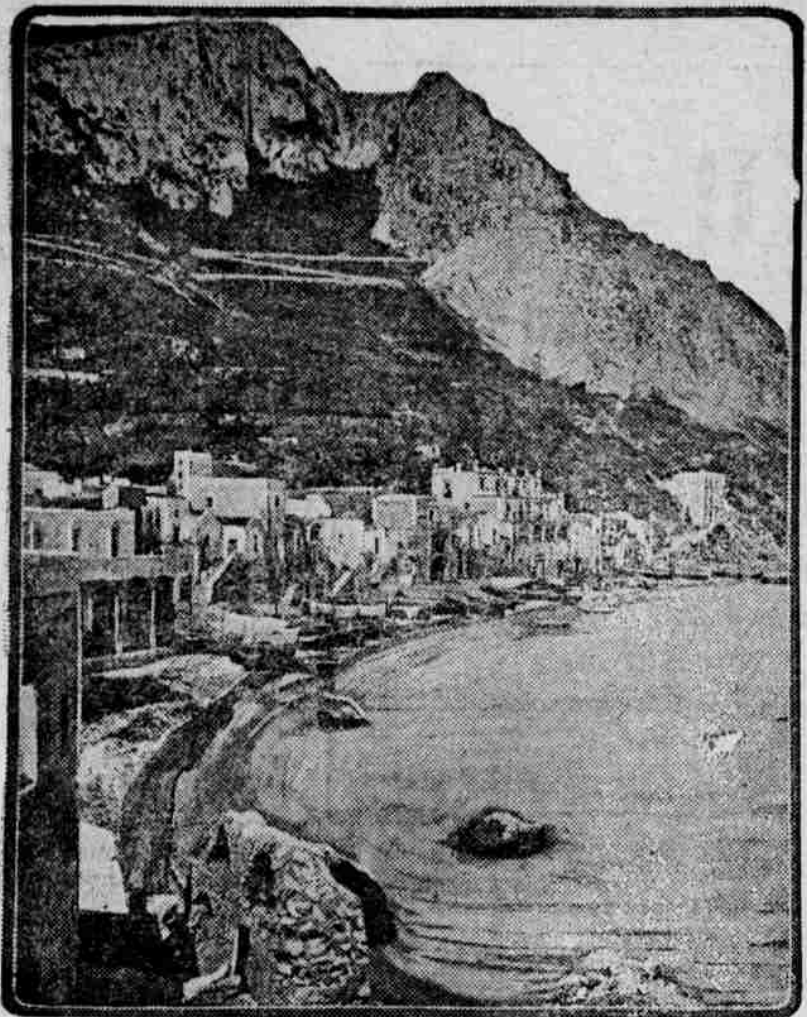


Messina Still in Ruins



SCENE IN MESSINA

MORE than four years have flown since I steamed up these classic straits on the morrow of the most appalling catastrophe in human history, writes Austin West, correspondent of the London Chronicle. In less than half a minute at that dull December dawn, what the world of today talks of as "the Messina earthquake" had shattered into dust no fewer than twenty-four towns along the Siculo-Calabrian seaboard. The devastation caused by shocks, by tidal wave and devouring flames extended over an area of 100 square miles. With just one swipe of his scythe Death had mowed down high upon a quarter of a million members of humanity.

Here, banked by mountains and lying snug between the fiery breasts of Etna and Vesuvius, slumbers the new twentieth century Pompeii.

On approaching its magnificent sickle shaped harbor—suggestive of Messina's ancient name of Zankle—one sees that the long, stately sweep of palatial facades along the Marine, which formerly seemed to be playing a hideous joke in belying the utter destruction hidden behind, has lately been in part demolished, exposing vividly to view that vast necropolis where almost every crumbled edifice is at once an altar and a tomb. The harbor works, which ought to have been among the very first concerns in reconstruction, are instead the most neglected. The government gave out £100,000 of repair work nearly a year ago, but the contractors have not yet started on the job.

I found the port much as I had left it. Yet, so lucky is Messina by virtue of its natural position that, despite all drawbacks, the world's ships prefer dropping anchor here in increasing numbers, and its port trade is greater than before the disaster.

Neptune Alone Remains.

Wavelets ripple over the sunken wharves, the quayside and adjacent streets remain rent asunder in mighty gaps; the Parade all uphove, smashed, and incumbered with rubbish as when the tidal wave, 150 feet in height, retired after its vent of herculean casigation. One object rivets attention. The giant form of Neptune, trident in hand, surveys the scene serenely from the summit of his superb fountain. The sea has respected its god. Pious folk pointed me to the survival of this and like pagan memories, in contrast with the annihilation of their own sacred shrines, as proof positive that the quake was the handiwork of demons.

Among the most artistic fanes of Old Messina was the fourteenth century church of San Niccolo. Several months before the calamity a commission of civil engineers reported the building to the authorities as being in an exceedingly dangerous condition, and an order was issued for its immediate closure to public worship. San Niccolo is the one solitary church which the great earthquake spared!

The grand old Norman cathedral which bravely withstood the upheavals of 800 years presents an unforgettable appearance. Cleared of its

mountain of debris, the interior—305 feet long and 145 feet across—looks as though it had fallen prey to the iconoclasm of a barbarian horde. Sculptured fragments of its glorious baptistry, pulpit and royal tombs are piled in the nave. Twenty-two gigantic pillars of granite that upheld the clerestory lie smashed and tumbled about the pavement in impressive chaos.

What a wonderful history has been theirs! Centuries before Christ trod the earth these columns reared their heads aloft in the famous Temple of Neptune alongside Charvylas at the northern extremity of the straits. From their niches in the massive outer walls which, to an unequal height, are all that is left standing of the holy place, mutilated statues of apostles stare around, some in amazement, some in unconcern, or as if pointing out in mute melancholy the havoc encompassing them. In a corner by the west entrance lies the great peal of quaintly inscribed bells, incrustured with verdigris. Several of the smaller ones are uncracked. Grass has grown thick on the ruined wall tops, over which it is proposed to extend a roof of light material, and so preserve the relics as a national monument.

Rich in Buried Treasure.

The art treasures in this cathedral were valued at \$10,000. The gem laden high altar—erected in 1638 for enshrining a letter said to have been sent by the Virgin Mary to the people of Messina through St. Paul, promising their city everlasting protection against all calamities—was perhaps the costliest in Christendom; for the bills recently recovered from the buried archives show that the price paid was 3,800,000 lire, or nearly \$1,000,000. The sanctuary, with its remnants of gorgeous mosaic apse, has been stoutly built around. All photographing is forbidden, and I was informed that the authorities, for some unascertainable reason, had bought up or sequestered all existing pictures. The night watchman inside told me they always had to do duty in groups, and armed with revolvers, to repel the incursions of sacrilegious depredators; and that, in spite of all, large quantities of precious mosaic marbles, statuary and so forth had been plundered.

Made in Germany.

Jugend has heard of Miss Marie Lloyd's reception in New York, and now it publishes a picture of a woman and a man just landed and standing before a window in which a brutally official head appears. There is this dialogue:

Officer—Are you a singer? Are you married?

Singer—No; the gentleman accompanies me only on the piano.

Officer—Get out!

For Your Traveling Bag.

Brown leather traveling bags, or any other brown leather goods, may be beautifully polished by rubbing them with the inside of a banana skin and then polishing with a soft dry cloth.

SUGAR THE STAFF OF LIFE

Tacoma Physician Comes Forward With Idea That Has Set Scientific World to Thinking.

The physiologist who discovered that your liver and your muscles manufacture sugar while you sleep has been surpassed by the German physician who uses sugar dissolved in water as an excellent surgical dressing for all sorts of wounds.

Drs. Jacques Pansot and Pierre Mathieu have just declared that when animals eat sugar exclusively for long periods their weight at first decreases, soon begins to mend and then falls away again as the diet continues.

Dr. H. Heald of Tacoma Park, D. C., disagrees with these laboratory findings. He says sugar is comparable to gasoline. As the latter is the fuel of the internal combustion engine, so sugar is the fuel of the human machine. Sugar, he says, is the staff of life, and man can produce more energy from sugar than from any other food.

A distinguished British heart specialist has lately proved the efficacy of lump sugar in the treatment of a man nearly eighty years old who was dying with a vicious disease of his heart. After all the usual remedial measures had failed one of the maids asked if there was any objection to feeding the sufferer lump sugar. The physician gave his consent and four lumps were given in a little water. These were repeated every four hours, and in a week he was a well man.

Doctor Berzeller recommends to one of the German medical societies the use of powdered sugar in the treatment of old, ill treated and neglected cancers. He says the application of sugar to the fetid pests lessens the disagreeable odor and discharges. Furthermore the general condition of the patient improves and all hemorrhages, cease. Indeed, unless you have had a long experience with cancer patients, you are liable to be deluded into the belief that the cancer has healed.

The Man With a Job.

Every one has a right to the distinction which titles of nobility are meant to give, but it is from our work that we should get them. The grocer, the trapper, the night watchman, the cook, is a person fit to be recognized, both by his own timid self and by the rest of the world. In time the title of our job comes to stand for us, to enlarge our personality and to give us permanence. Then it supplements the standing with which is given us by our product. To "hold down a job" gives us a place in the world, something approaching the home for which in some form or other every one longs. "Have you any place for me?" we ask with eagerness, for until we find "a place" we are tramps—men without a country.

A man with a job has, at least in embryo, the kind of recognition which we all crave. He has won membership in a club that he wants to belong to and especially hates to be left out of. To be in it as a member in full standing gives a taste of self-respect and self-confidence.—Atlantic.

Bought State House.

Perhaps there are some palliating circumstances about the case because the victim was a simple Italian, not long in this country; but the scheme is so old and thin that no one who reads the papers should get caught. It was in Boston that Marc Anthony Otolo, an Italian, met two fellow countrymen, as he was admiring the state house. They offered to go into partnership with Otolo and buy the imposing building. Otolo was pleased and bit. He gave up his \$650, which was put into a handkerchief with the money of the other men. The handkerchief was then entrusted to Otolo while the others sought a lawyer to draw up the deed. Otolo found it contained only some newspaper clippings. The bunco men haven't been found.

No Extradition Possible.

The case of Bud Musgrove was called before the Clay county court. Counsel for Bud rose, divested himself of a sigh, and addressed the court.

"Yo' honor," he said, "this case can't be tried, if it please you-all."

"These cases must be tried hand-

running, counsel," admonished the court. "Why can't Bud's be brought befo' the bar?"

"If it please the co't," answered

counsel, "Bud's in another state."

"Justice requires that Bud be

brought hyeh," ruled his honor. "He

must be extradited. What state is Bud

residin' in?"

"There ain't nobody who can extra-

dite Bud right away, yo' honah," in-

formed counsel. "He's in a state of

inbriety, seh."—New York Evening

Post.

Very Different.

"Thirty cents a word for this stuff!" exclaimed the editor. "I wouldn't think of it."

"Sir, I am a famous author."

"That's just it. You are a famous

author, not a famous pugilist or a suc-

cessful spitball pitcher."

HERE IS SECRET OF FROSTING

Nothing Hard About It, and Most Delicious Confection Will Be the Result.

She who hankers to know how it is made, that light, soft, thick frosting that is swirled on cakes so temptingly, need no longer envy the professional's skill.

"Make ordinary boiled frosting," says the woman who has discovered the secret, "and after you have beaten it stiff enough to hold its own firmly on a cake empty it into a double boiler."

"Place the double boiler over a good fire that will keep the water in the lower pan at a brisk boil. Do not stir the frosting at all, but watch it until it begins to fudge around the side of the pan."

"Then take it from the stove and beat it in the pan until it is cool enough and thick enough to swirl on your cake, holding its own in whatever irregularities you wish to perpetrate."

"If you let it get too cool it will harden in the pan perhaps before you have finished frosting your cake. This is specially likely if you have many little cakes, which take time to cover one by one. If it does harden a little hot water beaten in will remedy the difficulty."

"It is the double boiling that gives the frosting the enviable fudgy, marshmallow consistency."

"Do not use a knife to put on frosting when you want the frosting to have a swirly, irregular look. Use a fork handle."

TO MAKE CORNSTARCH CAKE

Recipe That Has Been Held of Value for Many Years Is This Given Below.

Put one-half cup butter in the biscuit pan and set on back of stove. Put into your mixing bowl one-fourth cup milk, one-fourth cup cornstarch, yolks of two eggs and lemon extract to suit taste. Beat the two whites and add them. Put into your flour after three-quarters cup sugar, one scant cup flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder. Sift these into the other things and whip together with a few strokes. Pour in the hot butter and mix it in with a few light strokes and pour into the biscuit pan which is still sitting on the stove and put into the oven to bake. If you wish it richer, leave out a bit of the flour. This keeps well and is usually nice to eat with ice cream. Bake a good brown and frost if you wish; cut in squares. The egg, milk and extract may be put together any time and set aside in the safe to wait. The same with the dry ingredients. Then, when the time comes that the oven is right they may all be whipped together in such a short time that the cake making is no longer a bugbear to the cook. Try this way of making cake just once and you will never again make it the old slow way.

Strawberry Basket.

Make a good sponge cake. Here is one good recipe: Beat the yolks of three eggs till they are very light; add a small cupful of sugar and very gradually half a cupful of boiling water. Sift one teaspoonful of baking powder with one cupful of flour, and add this by degrees; last of all mix in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in individual tins. When cold cut a piece from the center of each. Fill this with preserved strawberries and put whipped cream all around them and cut strips of lemon peel to form handles.

Potato Straws.

Wash and peel some potatoes, cut them into small shreds, about the thickness of matches, wash and dry on a cloth; throw them a few at a time into plenty of clear, boiling fat; shake the potatoes about in the fat until they are crisp and of a deep yellow color. Drain on a cloth, sprinkle slightly with salt and serve on a folded napkin.

Rag-O-Muffins.

Three cups flour, four level teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons sugar, about three-quarter cup milks, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-half cup currants or chopped raisins, two tablespoons butter. Mix as for biscuits. Roll out to one-quarter inch thickness in a long sheet, brush with butter and sprinkle with fruit, sugar and cinnamon. Roll like a jelly roll. Cut off pieces three-quarter inch in thickness. Bake in butter tin in hot oven and about 15 or 18 minutes.

Cupboard Contrivance.

Metal towel racks, that have flat places at each curved end to screw to a wall will almost double the capacity of your closet if screwed to the bottom of the lower shelf. A dozen garment hangers may be suspended from each one.

Quick Dutch Cake.

One cup sugar, one tablespoon butter, one cup sweet milk, two cups flour, and three teaspoons baking powder. Dot with butter and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar.

RAISES the DOUGH

Better than other powders—producing light, dainty, wholesome cakes and pastries—

CRESCENT BAKING POWDER

is high grade and moderate in price—25c lb. tin at grocers. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle.



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Another Question.

Jonesy—How did he lose the money he made?
Jinks—I'd like to know how he made the money he lost.—Kansas City Star.

Japan is now encouraging fruit growing.

On the Alert

Watch for any sign of distress in the Stomach, Liver or Bowels and be sure to try

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

promptly. It will tone and strengthen those organs and help you maintain health and vigor at all times.

GET A BOTTLE TODAY

IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSS, FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED

Look Mother! If tongue is coated, cleanse little bowels with "California Syrup of Figs."

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

Seldom Willmore, an Englishman, enjoys the distinction of being the only European who has ventured to appear at the native bar in Egypt. Mr. Willmore is a noted Arabic scholar, and his pleadings have filled the native judges with admiration, for rarely have they listened to such fluent, classic Arabic.

Distemper

In all its forms, among all ages of horses and dogs, cured and others in the same stable prevented from having the disease with Spohn's Distemper Cure. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. \$1.00 and \$1.50. Good druggists, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Write for free book. Spohn Med. Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

The French parliament has passed a law which grants official assistance to large families in poor circumstances.

PISO'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

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