

ACTION OF ALCOHOL

The Seven Stages of Drunkenness and the Results.

According to the evidence given recently by Dr. R. T. Williams, an English physician, in a London police court, says the Literary Digest, he distinguishes seven stages of drunkenness—irritable, mellow, pugnacious, affectionate, inebriated, followed, if the total doses were large enough, by collapse and death. It is noted by the British Medical Journal, from which this report is taken, that other authorities have formulated these stages in different ways. Says this paper:

"Magan, who was one of the first to begin the scientific study of the physiological action of alcohol, distinguished five stages—first, slight excitement and a feeling of well being, in which speech and gestures became more animated; in the second stage ideas became crowded together and confused, the mood being, without any very obvious reason for the difference, gay or sad or full of tender emotion; in the third stage the confusion of ideas was greater and accompanied by incoherence, perversion of taste and smell, illusions, thick speech, vacant countenance and staggering gait; the fourth stage was coma and the fifth death. Magan's second stage has been graphically described by Clave Shaw as a loss of the sense of awareness of surroundings."

MEN AND MACHINES.

The Limit of Human Speed Has About Been Reached.

One thing alone can intervene and put the curb on the desire for speed—man's powers of endurance. Already there are signs that it has almost reached its limit. The increase of nervous diseases, the spread of insanity, these and other warnings should serve as danger signals that the speed of modern life is excessive. The adjusting of a man's frame to rapidly changing conditions, great though it be, yet has its limits.

Machinery may be perfected to an incredible degree, but man—unless we are to conceive of him as becoming absolutely machine-like—will always have his limitations of flesh and blood. He will always be a fantastic creature subject to strange emotions, uncertain gusts of passion, sudden tricks of nerves or of physical exhaustion. Among the daily catastrophes from the lust of speed it is rare to find that it is the machinery which is at fault. It is the failure of the eye to transmit with sufficient rapidity the danger message to the brain or an error in judgment or a sudden nerve failure, one of these which brings about disaster. Man may perfect the machine, but he remains himself ever imperfect. —London Saturday Review.

Nurses Dread Lightning.

Of all people who are glad when the season of thunderstorms is past, none are more thankful than professional nurses.

"It isn't that we are so afraid of lightning ourselves," said a nurse in Roosevelt hospital, "but it has a harmful effect on our patients. Most sick people have an unreasonable fear of lightning. In cases of extreme weakness or nervousness a dozen flashes of blinding lightning reduce the patient to such a state of prostration that it takes extraordinary efforts on the part of the nurse to bring him around. If one sick person requires all that extra attention in a thunderstorm, just imagine the predicament of the nurse who has a whole ward full of them on her hands." —New York Press.

On the Job.

Amusing epitaphs are common enough, but it is not often that a tombstone inscription is meant to carry a business advertisement. A West Virginia man tells of a singular one which may be seen in a certain cemetery. It was the idea of a widow of a man named Perkins, a partner in a commercial house known as Perkins & Parker. Soon after the decease of her spouse Mrs. Perkins married Mr. Parker, her late husband's business associate. The inscription reads:

"Sacred to the memory of James Perkins, for thirty years senior partner of the firm of Perkins & Parker, now Parker & Co." —Harper's Weekly.

Her Helpful Hint.

The honeymoon had waned, and the cupboard was bare.

"Don't worry, Mabel," said the romantic husband as he opened the piano. "Remember music is the food of love."

But the practical little wife shook her head.

"If you really think music is the food of love," she responded, "perhaps you'll step round and get the butcher to give you a beefsteak for a mere song." —London Answers.

New York Life.

The life of New York seems a tragic matchless, a religious can-can, the maddest blend in all Christendom of common sense and lunacy, dignity and folly, poetry and a furious pogrom against everything that makes for beauty. —Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

Telling Tales.

Unsophisticated Visitor (trying to use the telephone)—Kitty, what do you say when you take this thing off the hook? Little Girl—Papa always says, "Darn, you, central, you've given me the wrong number!" —Chicago Tribune.

A Domestic Debate.

"What kept Mrs. Clibb at home?" "A discussion of the servant girl question."

"With her club?"

"No; with her girl." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE DOLLAR.

Its Evolution From the One Time Bleat or Bellow.

The dollar took some rounding. Nor did it formerly ring true, but, much alive, simply gave a bleat or bellow. Cattle, among country folk, at one time constituted the dollar, while primitive man generally made use of any article sufficiently abundant for the standard payment of all merchandise.

Thus, in ancient Greece, a large bronze tripod had the value of a dozen oxen. A good hardworking woman, on the other hand, was given in exchange for only four such beasts.

When metal took the place of money the dollar clung to its traditions, and coins were still called after live stock. Thus "pecunia," applied to metal money, derived its origin from "pecus" (cattle). From the custom of counting heads of cattle came the present designation of a sum in cash—capital or "capita" (heads). In Sanskrit rupya (herd, flock) made rupa or the Indian rupee, while Ingots of electrum or admixture of gold and silver when first in use as money bore the impress of an ox or cow.

Not clumsy, but too fragile, were the shells in use as money by the negroes of Africa and throughout ancient Asia, where the natives, taken by its beauty, gave the shell a money value. —R. Holt-Lomax in Harper's Weekly.

THE MINE PACK BURRO.

Information Gleaned by the New-comer in Camp.

He was a newcomer in the mining camp, and as everything he saw appeared novel and interesting he kept up a rapid fire of questions that seemed mighty foolish to the boys.

The placid little pack burros, mostly ears and voice, pleased him immensely, and he supposed they were kept as pets or else as camp scavengers to nibble the labels from old cans and eat stray newspapers. He came across one packing a wheelbarrow secured on its back with wheel and handles in the air.

"My good man," he asked the owner, "can you tell me why the little donkey is tied to the wheelbarrow in that odd fashion?"

"I shore can, stranger," replied that accommodating individual. "This here jassax has been acquired by old Walap Huggins for a house pet at the Bully Boy mine, an' bein' as the animal is too dillycat to walk all the way over them rough trails, the old man drives him uphill an' at the summit jee's naterally turns him down the other side. Yessir, it do come hard on old Walap, but it's mighty restin' for the jassax." —Success Magazine.

Eating on the Train in Spain.

As even express trains seldom attain a higher rate of speed than twenty-five miles per hour travel is slow and tedious, though fairly comfortable, and to enjoy Spain one must assume the leisurely indifference of the Spaniard to whom manana is always the chosen time. He is wise who carries his own luncheon, and never are dainty tea baskets more indispensable than on these long journeys. Spanish etiquette demands that the traveler before partaking of his food must politely offer it to those who share the compartment with him. It may either be graciously accepted or declined. In no country is it so difficult to travel and to secure information, as but little English is spoken even by important officials. —Travel Magazine.

Not Business.

Two highland farmers met on their way to church.

"Man," said Donald, "I was wonderin' what you will be askin' for you bit sheep over at your steadin'?"

"Man," replied Dougal, "I was thinkin' I wad be wantin' 50 shillin's for that sheep."

"I will tak' it at that," said Donald, "but, ooh, man, Dougal, I am awful surprised at you doing business on the Sawbath."

"Business!" exclaimed Dougal, "Man, sellin' a sheep like that for 50 shillin's is no business at all. It's just charity." —Dundee Advertiser.

He Had the Name.

She had gone up the scales once, and then she had gone down the scales. Then she had done the same thing over again, after which some one asked:

"In what school of music were you taught?"

Thereupon some one else interrupted in an undertone:

"Judging by the speed, I should say it was a riding school."

And there were many present who deemed the sentiment a good one.

Fair Share.

It was at a theater in Manchester. The king, aged and infirm, was blessed with two sons. He was pacing up and down the stage, with a wearied, troubled look, exclaiming aloud, "On which of these my sons shall I bestow my crown?" Immediately came a voice from the gallery, "Why not 'arf a crown apiece, guv'nor?" —London Mail.

The Prodigal Son.

Prodigal—Father, I have come home to die!

"Confound you! Haven't you cost me enough already without adding the expense of a funeral?" —Life.

The Usual Way.

"Say, pop, what's a raffle?"

"A raffle, my son, is where I buy nineteen chances on a diamond ring and the fellow with one chance wins it." —Kansas City Star.

The hardest thing to win in the world is your own self respect. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

All the news all the time in the East Oregonian.

THE FEATHER BED.

It is a Poor Thing to Use Either in Summer or Winter.

"Few people, even physicians themselves, seem to know the principal reason why medical science condemns the use of feather beds in winter as well as in summer," said a New York physician recently.

"It is because feather beds are highly hygroscopic—a rather formidable word, but one meaning simply that feathers readily absorb and condense moisture. The body is constantly throwing off waste matter through the skin and the lungs. The feathers in the bed will absorb this waste matter as readily as it will simple atmospheric moisture. The feathers retain the waste matter during the day, when the bed is cold, even when it is aired, unless also warmed by sunshine during the time it is exposed to the air.

"At night, when the body of the sleeper warms the bed, the feathers renew their hygroscopic action and throw off the waste matter absorbed the night before. The susceptible body of the sleeper is soon surrounded by a dense and highly poisonous atmosphere, the accumulative effect of which cannot help but be very injurious.

"The skin, like the lungs, is continually breathing and is very sensitive to external influences; hence arises the need for air baths as well as for water baths. The entire body should be exposed to fresh air every day for as long a time as you can make possible, and all beds should be thoroughly ventilated." —New York Times.

COTTON IN INDIA.

The Way It Was Discovered by a Man Who Was an Observer.

A remarkable story is told about the discovery of the cotton plant in India some years ago. Two gentlemen were driving out to dinner near Bombay, one the host and the other his guest. On both sides of the road were hedges.

It was getting dark, but the guest noticed some white stuff on the top of the hedges all the way along and at length told his friend that he thought it looked like cotton. His friend ordered the native driver to stop, and the two Englishmen got down and examined. The guest was right. It was cotton of an extraordinary strong staple.

Both men were cotton experts, and yet the host, who had driven along the same road for years, had passed the cotton without recognizing it. The guest immediately proceeded to buy up these hedges, for except them there were none that he had seen during a twelve years' residence in India.

During his investigations he discovered that natives often had one or two cotton trees in their gardens, and the English club compounds possessed three or four in different parts of India, but nowhere except in this Bombay district did he see cotton growing in such luxuriant abundance.

He bought up every tree and plant he could, for not a single native European imagined that it was a cotton tree that he possessed in his garden. —Cotton Age.

Lighted Streets in Europe.

The best lighted street in Europe, declares a weekly paper, is Unter den Linden, in Berlin. Perhaps it is, but we would not be sure. In the torrent seamed hills of the Jura, where water power is as cheap as anywhere in the world, there are little French villages in which every tiny cottage has its electric light installation, and the central street, that one could almost jump across, is flooded by the beams of arc lamps that would do credit to the Strand. However, the Berlin boulevard, otherwise a disappointing thoroughfare, is certainly well illuminated. Plate glass, Pilsener and policemen are the three most striking features of that capital, but the lighting of the streets is a good fourth. —London News.

Moments That Counted.

Bacon's fame is mainly due to books written in his spare hours while he was England's chancellor. Humboldt's days were so occupied with his business that he had to pursue his scientific labors in the night or early morning. Burns wrote his most beautiful poems in his spare moments while working on a farm. Grote wrote his "History of Greece" during the odds and ends of time snatched from his duty as a banker. "Moments are the golden sands of time" if rightly used.

Grass Eggs.

When a hen is made sick eating too freely of grass she lays what are known as "grass eggs." Grass eggs are poor stuff. They have an unpleasant flavor, and the yolk wobbles around in a weak and watery white and is green and dull in color. The term is one applied by candlers, who discover while testing that there is a pale greenish hue to the eggs and that they are not at all of the bright, fresh color that we find in healthy eggs. —Baltimore American.

What He Wanted.

A very baldheaded man went into the barber shop in the American House in our town and, plumping himself down in the chair, said:

"Hair cut."

Ed, the barber, looked at him a moment and replied:

"Why, man, you don't need no hair cut. What you want is a shine." —Life.

A New One.

Mrs. Wigwag—How is your husband, Aunt Mandy? Aunt Mandy—Porely, m'am. He was gittin' along all right, but now de doctah done say he got de convalescence. —Philadelphia Record.

Opportunity often knocks, but too often with a hammer.



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