

Shattered Hull of New York After Pretoria Hit Her

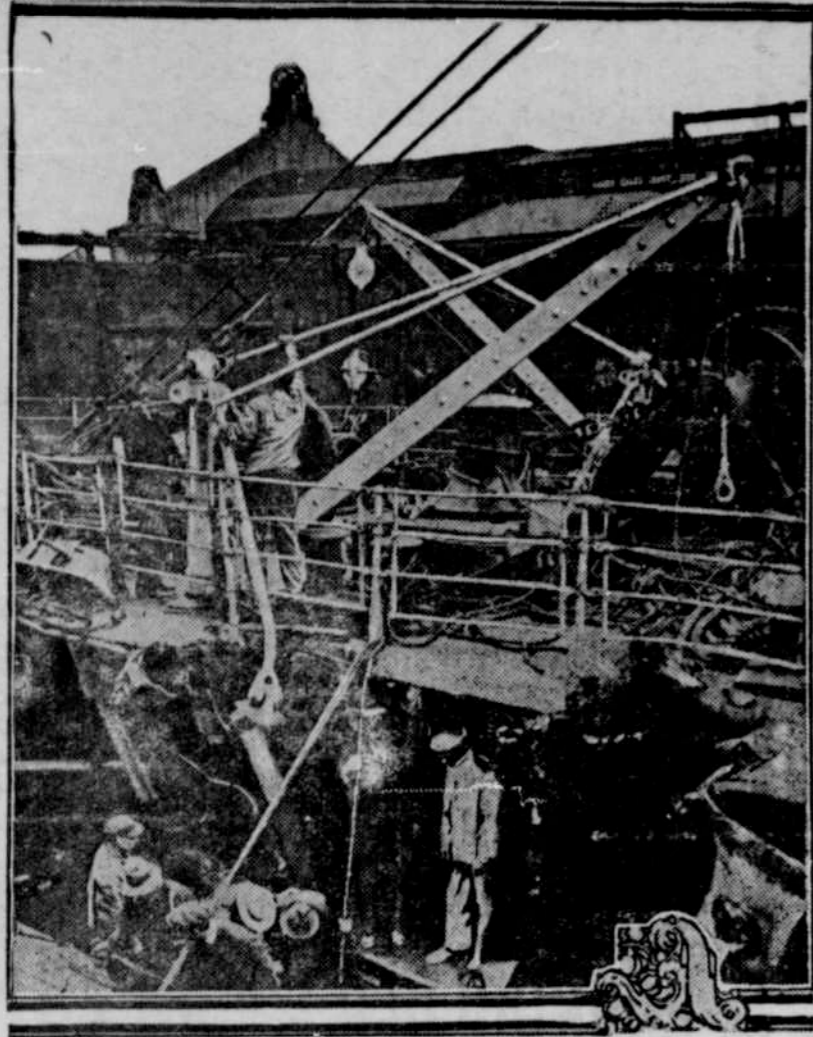


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THE liner New York had a very lucky collision with the steamship Pretoria—if an accident at sea can be termed lucky. The Pretoria crashed into the New York off the New England coast, tearing a hole thirty-two feet long above the water line of the latter. No one was killed or injured. The illustration shows the New York as she appeared on her arrival at New York city.

King Grasshoppers.

The champion aeronaut is the king grasshopper, which has the ability to jump 100 times its length. It can also sail for 1,000 miles before the wind. These grasshoppers sometimes go in such numbers that they make a cloud 2,000 miles in extent. Its great front lip hides a pair of jaws as effective as a hay chopper, and it has an appetite as voracious as that of a hippopotamus. A young chick finds itself shut inside the eggshell and must work its way out alone, but the young grasshoppers find themselves—the whole nestful—shut in a hardened case in the ground made by their mother, and it takes a half dozen of them working together to dislodge the lid which shuts them in.—National Geographical Society Bulletin.

Judging Distance.

Most people are unaware that the apparent distance of an object depends upon the use of both eyes. This fact, however, can be strikingly shown. Place a pencil so that two or three inches project over the edge of a table. Then stand alongside the table, close one eye and attempt to knock the pencil off by quickly hitting the projecting end with the tip of the forefinger. Almost invariably the person making the attempt underestimates the distance by an inch or more and, much to his surprise, misses the pencil entirely. One eyed people, accustomed to estimating distances with only one eye, of course have no trouble in hitting the pencil at the first trial.—St. Nicholas.

WATCHFUL WAITING.



—Webster in New York Globe.

A Commune Girl

She Passed Through Successive Spiritual Forms.

By F. A. MITCHEL

I am now an old man—a very old man. The middle of my life is what the hub is to the wheel. As all parts of the wheel center in the hub, so all parts of my existence point to the time of the war of my country with Prussia, the siege of Paris, the army of Germans marching through the city, the uprising of the commune, its brief and aimless reign, its fall.

In 1870 I was working in my vineyard in the department of Indre. I had no natural taste for war, and since my parents, who were very old, needed me I did not enlist in the army. But when Paris was besieged I was conscripted. Having been sent to the capital, I was put in the defenses on Mount Valerian and was soon wounded by a fragment of a shell. This transferred me to a hospital.

I lay on my cot in a stupor. Presently opening my eyes, I looked up into the face of a woman. It seemed to me that a window of heaven had opened and an angel was looking down upon me. And oh, the pity there was in that countenance! It seemed that it was not for me alone, but for all who suffered for France. It was the face of youth, that youth in which noble sentiments so easily take a strong hold, youth that does not reason, but feels. In that countenance I seemed to see an impersonation of the spirit of altruism.

When she withdrew I followed her with my eyes. She went from cot to cot, leaving in her wake what she had left with me. Her figure was lithe; her step was quick. She seemed to have much to do. The bountiful sympathy there was in her was for all, and to distribute it she must be always moving.

I lay on my cot for weeks listening to a sullen booming of distant guns.



THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN APPEARED ON ITS CREST.

I wished that I might be discharged from the hospital—not that I might take my place again behind the defenses, but that I might get another view of that devoted face. And, when I had seen it once, surely I would want never to cease to see it.

I did not recover till the Prussians had marched away. Then one day, leaning on a cane, I went forth on to the street, ignorant of the fact that the commune had risen and was fighting for the possession of the capital. Meeting a man whose house marked him as a workman, I asked him what was the situation.

"The Germans are gone," he said. "Some workmen have taken possession of Mountmartre and have cannon there. Troops were sent to drive them away, but the troops would not fight against the workmen."

Later I learned that the commune had risen against the national assembly and the president of the provisional government. I well remember the siege sustained by the communists against the national army, the assassination of Generals Thomas and Le Comte, the murder of the archbishop of Paris and others whom they held as hostages. Then when they found that the troops of the regular constituted authority were about to overpower them they attempted to destroy Paris, since they could not hold it.

While all this was going on I went about looking for her who had passed through the hospital leaving hope, courage, all that was good and virtuous and strong, in her trail. I did not see her. Then came a horrible thought. Had she been sacrificed to that spirit of vandalism which hovered over Paris at the hands of the commune? Alas, it was impossible that such purity could live amid such barbarity. She must have perished protesting against the enemies about her. Hearing that a mob had gathered in

the Place Vendome, I went there, moved by a desire to see what new iconoclasm would be perpetrated. Pushing my way through the crowd, I entered a building, determined to reach a window above from which I could see what was going on. I succeeded, and the whole of the open square, filled with a howling multitude, was spread before me. Presently an opening was made, and a knot of men, preceded by a woman who was egging them on, approached the column in the center of the square. She, a lithe, delicate figure, turned her face toward me.

Horror of horrors! She was the girl who had bent over me in the hospital.

A rope was produced and fixed around the column. I saw an excited crowd pulling on the rope, and among the number was the girl of whom I had been dreaming.

And yet my reverence for her was not changed to antagonism. Rather, I felt for her the sympathy she had shown for me. I saw in her a noble soul, but one perverted. That great sympathy which was a part of her nature for the world's unfortunate, the poor, those who toil, yet never reach affluence, had been turned awry. A power for good, it had become a power for evil.

And were not these wretches, inflamed by hate, by despair, by a failure to reach that lucid fatuus they had been following, to destroy what they could not turn to their comfort, also to be pillied?

The next time I saw this girl of the commune it was night. I was standing before a burning building. A red flame shot out, throwing a bloodlike glare over a sea of faces. Turning my head, I saw a slender feminine figure standing on a box addressing those immediately about her. She was the girl I had seen in the hospital and at the pulling down of the Vendome column. I could not hear her words, but on her face was the expression of one working in a holy cause. And yet there was now more of the militant than of the angel. Under the strain the wild beast that lurks in our natures was coming to the front.

Meanwhile I had become strong enough to do my part in re-establishing order. I took my place among the regular troops who were fighting their way through the streets of the capital. One day we were led up to a barricade behind which the communists were evidently bent on making a desperate stand. In the narrow street was not room for us to deploy, though we scattered as much as possible, and we were at a great disadvantage, presenting a compact target for those who fought behind heaped obblestones. When we came within range we received a storm of bullets which laid many of us on the street.

But we pressed on and were about to proceed to carry the barricade by storm when the figure of a woman appeared on its crest, a sword in one hand, a pistol in the other. She was half turned from us, urging those beneath her on the other side to come up and meet our expected attack. Then she turned and glared at us.

The figure was that of the girl of the hospital; the face had become that of the girl of the commune. She was the impersonation of hate. Yet she was a woman, and none of our men would fire on her. My reverence for her was gone, but in its place had come a profound regret. I seemed to see an angel from heaven turned into a demon from hell.

Despite her efforts—and for a time they were successful in holding her men to the defense of the barricade—we captured it, and she was among the prisoners. There was none of that submissive spirit apparent in her pertaining to the Christian martyr; there were rebellion, hate, the fierceness of a tiger who had been defending her cubs and seen them slaughtered. She was sent under guard to prison, and I, one of her conquerors, was sent to take her there.

Short work was made of the communists once they were in the power of the legitimate government. Those who were captured with arms or whose hands indicated that they had been working on the barricades were lined up against a wall and shot down without mercy. I was in the firing squad that ended the career of the girl of the commune. She would not keep her face to the wall, but turned toward us.

At the last the spirit of evil that had grown up within her during the struggle passed and was replaced by an expression of one who was about to die in a noble work. She was again the angel of peace and good will. She had become at the last the martyr.

When we marched away from that scene, destined to remain stamped in my mind during my life, the bullet that I was ordered to send to the girl of the commune was still in the barrel of my gun.

When peace came again to Paris I returned to my home, where I have since lived in quiet. But the latter part of my worldly existence has been far different from the first. In my day dreams and in my night dreams those scenes of the struggle of a social substratum come back to me, and I wonder whether I was on the right or the wrong side. That struggle was but the recurrence of others of its kind that had preceded it. Is the world becoming more sympathetic with such movements, or is the social substratum becoming more powerful through organization?

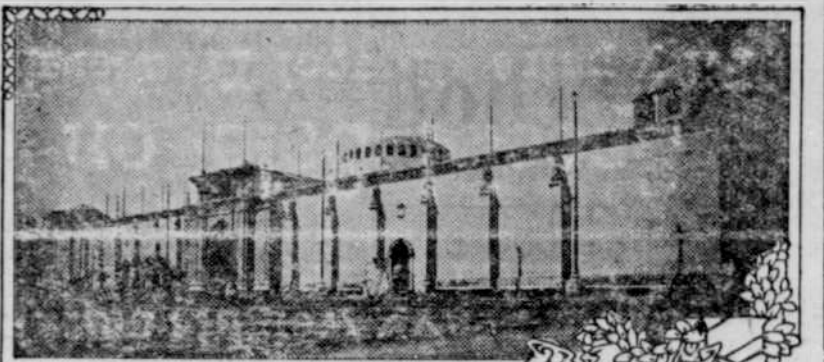
But these questions are with me of little import compared with that one human soul who was moved to action by a divine sympathy, that took on during the contest the grim ugliness of conflict, and who in the face of death returned to its original divine instincts.



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Taking Ammunition to Vera Cruz Outposts

With American forces in full control of Vera Cruz the outposts about the city were greatly strengthened. In the event of an attack the outposts would be the first to suffer, and it was ordered that the men there have plenty of ammunition.



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FACADE OF THE PALACE OF MINES AND METALLURGY.

THIS is one of the many great exhibit palaces at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition to open in San Francisco in 1915, now completed. Its exhibits will be dominated by an artificial mountain which will contain working models of every sort of mining and mineral.

Evolution of the Checker.

That formidable person, the chancellor of the exchequer, who levies toll in the house of commons today, draws his lofty lineage from the reign of Henry III. Henry, thinking it desirable that the lord high treasurer should be provided with a guardian, gave him one in the name of a "checker." The checker, keeping his name, has now become the cornerstone of the treasury edifice. The lord high treasurer disappeared with the Duke of Shrewsbury, whom Queen Anne appointed a few days before her death. It was George I who put the office of lord high treasurer in commission in 1714, and in commission it has since remained. Five persons have the honor—the first lord three junior lords and the chancellor—but the chancellor proved too strong for all of them, and the board, once a reality, has, like the board of tradition since ceased to meet.—London Chronicle.

Seventeen Year Locusts.

The song of the cicada is the noblest in the insect world. The seventeen-year cicada has been called the Rip Van Winkle of the insect world. From its tiny eggs there issues a creature with soft white body and mole-like front legs. It burries to the ground and disappears beneath its surface sometimes to a depth of twenty feet. For seventeen years it digs its way around in absolute darkness and then comes to the surface to join in a marriage revelry of a few brief weeks. It is a full fledged creature of the air, though encased still in grave clothes of parchment, but it soon splits these up the back, pulls itself out, dries its powerful wings and flies away with the whirr of an aeroplane to live but a few brief weeks.—National Geographical Society Bulletin.

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