

Result of Piano Vote

The result of the Chase Brothers Piano Contest is shown in the following list of names with their accompanying figures, which give the result of the ballot up to Wednesday evening, May 10.

Ruby Frame	310000
Mrs. L. Mason	280415
Mrs. E. Yeater	252515
Ruth Marlock	210449
Myrtle Withrow	195850
Ina Fishback	165644
Mrs. Mary Nott	141210
Mrs. Wm. Jones	121210
Lillian Bogert	71955
Hazel Lawrence	62840
Clara Brant	57700
Lorraine Haley	51125
Dora Cook	46550
Ethel Lucas	44415
Emma Packer	41035
Mrs. J. M. Tedrow	38270
Marie Morlan	36525
Florence Burton	29110
Fay Shipley	27830
Lidia Powell	21220
Harold Haley	19215
Lora Craven	14225
Agnes Clark	12340
Elna Brown	11310
Glady Parker	5590
Willa Fuller	8890
Mrs. J. E. Smith	5075
Stella Chute	6330
Minnie Wauder	5750
Edith Wolverson	5070
Vern Gibson	4125
Mrs. F. Y. Mulkey	3750
Rather McDaniel	2425
Ann Chisley	2100
Francis Quisenberry	1370
Mrs. R. W. Coulter	750

ICELAND IN SUMMER.

When the Shores of Sunset Greet the Golden Glow of Sunrise.

Iceland! The name itself is a barrier to tourist travel. But the tourist ignores prejudice and embarks at Copenhagen or London and he will find a delightful voyage over a sparkling summer sea if he should go during June, July or August. He will be hardly more than two days out of sight of land—the far-reaching rock-bound coast of Scotland or the snow-crowned peaks of Iceland—but the journey across will seem about four days. For his amusement the dolphins will jump, the whales will spout, the seal will swim and the sea birds will fly, and there will be glorious sunrises and sunsets, with hardly more than two hours of night intervening. When he finally reaches Iceland he will see the sun set about 11:40 o'clock and rise again shortly after 12 o'clock, the golden glow of the sunset mingling with the golden glow of the sunrise.

All these delights cannot be ascribed to the winter traveler to Iceland. In fact, he will be obliged to keep his lamp burning until 10:30 in the morning and then light it again at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.—Mrs. W. F. Crafts in Christian Herald.

A VOLCANIC MONUMENT.

Wonderful Old Balancing Rock Near Portland, Ore.

One of the most remarkable rocks in the world is that known as the "balancing rock," which stands on the bank of the Willamette river a short distance above the city of Portland, Ore. Rising from a broad base is a small column roughly round in shape. Just above this is a huge mass of rock bearing a tree on the summit, the total height of rock and column being about a hundred feet.

Although a great deal larger and heavier than the pillar on which it stands, the big rock is very accurately balanced. For how many centuries this old freak has stood not even the wisest scientists are able to determine, but it has evidently been there for a very long period.

The entire rock is of a volcanic nature, and the most singular thing about it is the fact that the knob and pillar are entirely disjoined from one another. Wind and weather no doubt are slowly wearing the "balancing rock" away, but the process is so imperceptible that, failing some unforeseen catastrophe, the monument will probably endure for many centuries.—Wide World Magazine.

The Templars.

The order of the Templars was organized about the year 1118 for the purpose of protecting pilgrims on their way to the Holy Land and back. The founder of the order is supposed to have been Baldwin II, king of Jerusalem. For a long time the Templars were the most highly honored organization in Europe, but jealousy on the part of the sovereigns, coupled with their desire to get hold of the great wealth of the Templars, caused the persecution of the order, which finally about 1312 resulted in its practical extinction. The order was abolished in 1312.—New York American.

DEEP SEA DIVERS.

Death Always Hovers - Round Them While They Toil.

PERILS THEY HAVE TO FACE.

The Awful Pressure of Water and Air That May Bury or Burst Them—The Helmet Telephone a Wonderful Aid in Work and in Times of Danger.

It is surprising to learn how many uses there are for divers. The navy, of course, employs many to set submarine mines and torpedoes and to attend to investigations of the condition of ships' bottoms. Bridge construction companies use them as do those who build dams, waterworks and reservoirs. Waterworks in large cities keep a diver on their staff constantly. Whisking companies need their services, and the profession of underwater tunnelling makes many demands on the time and skill of the man in armor.

Since Smeaton in 1770 designed a pump to supply air to the diving bell, little real improvement in the art has been made, save in detail of helmet and clothes, until the invention of the telephone. The greatest advance ever made in the art divers will tell you, is the combination of the telephone with the diving suit. Before its advent divers had to depend entirely upon pumps on the surface and upon signals to each other when under water. If two wished to communicate today the modern diving helmet is equipped with a telephone and the diver can not only hear what is said to him from the surface, but those in charge of his pumps as to whether the air is "coming right" or not, but he can communicate to a brother diver and hear the instructions sent to him from the surface, all of which facilities are of great assistance in the work.

At first thought it may not seem so difficult a thing, this going down under water and breathing air sent in from a pump on a tube. But the physical drawbacks to the work are enormous. For every ten feet a diver descends he sustains an additional pressure of four and a half pounds over every square inch of his body. What this means may be better understood when considering the greatest depth ever made by a diver, 201 feet. His body at that depth sustained a pressure of eighty-eight and a half pounds to the square inch over and above the fifteen pounds always sustained when in the air.

Divers must descend very slowly, ascending as they go otherwise they may bleed at the nose and ears, and even lose consciousness. And they must ascend even more slowly than they descend, for the same reason. Coming from great depths, otherwise they may literally burst from internal air pressure. At the least, too sudden a rise may cause an attack of that terrible disease known to tunnel workers called caisson disease, or the bends, in which air gets into the tissues under pressure and causes the most extreme torture.

The diver, getting ready to descend, clothes himself in very heavy underwear of guineeney or flannel, the drawers well secured to prevent slipping, and adds a pair of heavy woolen socks. If the water be cold two such suits may be worn. If the depth to be negotiated is great cotton soaked with oil is put in the ears or a heavy woolen cap pulled down over them. Shoulder pads, it were to take the weight off the helmet, are next tied on after which the diver averages into his heavy suit of rubber and canvas. Next come the inner vest and the breast-plate, which are secured with straps to the rubber dress, the utmost care being taken in this operation not to tear or pinch the rubber. Finally the shoes are slipped on and the rubber gloves clamped to rings in the sleeves.

The helmet is the last to go on, and never before the valves and telephone have been tested. The attendants start to pump as the helmet is clamped home. The helmet is attached to the pump with a rubber tube, which is canvas and wire-protected. No diver descends after the helmet is put on, until he has tested the outfit and found that his air supply is sufficient and the pump working properly.

He is supplied with a life line, with which he can signal should his telephone get out of order and by which he may be drawn to the surface should he become helpless for any reason. He must take great care when walking about on the bottom not to foul his life line or his air tube and for this reason must always retrace his steps exactly to his starting point if he has gone into a wreck or about any obstructions. For the same reason two divers working together must be careful not to cross each other's path.

Sometimes the life line may become so entangled in wreckage that it must be cut, and then there is danger of the diver not finding his way back to his boat or float, especially if the bottom is muddy and feels "sloping." But the greatest danger of all, of course, is that the tube be cut or the diver faint.

In either case he is in desperate straits. If the man handling the life line "feels" anything wrong he will haul the diver up with nifty and regardless of the severe bleeding at nose and ears which will result from too rapid a rise to the surface. But if the diver be inside a wreck or if his life line gets tangled in wreckage such hauling would do no good. It is in situations like these that the slender connecting link of telephone wire means so much to the men who risk their lives far beneath the surface of the water.—Scientific American.

Strategy.

Ryan, the corner cop, gave us the best definition of strategy we have ever heard. "Strategy," says Ryan, "is what you keep right on shootin' so the enemy won't know you're all out an ammunition."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PRESENCE OF MIND

May Make Heroes of Physical Cowards in Time of Danger.

NOT A MATTER OF COURAGE.

It is the Sudden Impulse That Moves One to Do the Right Thing in an Unexpected Emergency—A Soldier and a Shell and a Man and a Murder.

There is a distinction to be drawn between presence of mind and courage. Persons who naturally are timid and nervous will in circumstances of great danger and excitement perform acts of heroism that would be beyond their powers on ordinary occasions. We speak of these as instances of presence of mind. But if you ask them they would tell you that an involuntary impulse rather than any premeditated course of action guided their will on the occasion. Had they time for reflection when all the threatening danger to themselves had become clear to their minds their natural timidity of character would have asserted itself and deprived them of action.

It is absence of fear that prompts the soldier under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns to go to the assistance of a wounded comrade and bring him to a place of safety, and nothing in human nature can compare with such self sacrifice. But in times of sudden emergency it is not always the bravest who act with promptitude. The following story is an instance of this:

One of our transports was returning from the Philippines with invalided men, and one morning at sea a group of officers on the deck discussed the subject of firing shells. A soldier was told by the colonel to bring an empty shell with a fuse. The colonel took the shell in his hands and, striking a match, lighted the fuse. As this slowly burned and the colonel proceeded with his address to the other officers another soldier passed the group, and the moment he caught sight of the shell he rushed forward, exclaiming, "Look out, sir; the shell is a live one!"

Then he did what never seemed to have come into the minds of any in the group of officers. He seized the shell out of the hands of the colonel and threw it into the sea. For this service he was promoted. The soldier who had been told to bring an empty shell had gone to the wrong magazine. Those who talked with the man touching this incident say that he repudiated any idea of having done a brave thing. "I don't know," he said, "what made me seize the shell out of the colonel's hand, but it came suddenly into my mind, and I did it." It is this wave of unconscious thought which constitutes true presence of mind. This will come to people of nervous and even cowardly natures.

There is an authentic record the case of a man known to be utterly deficient of courage who saved himself from a very awkward situation by an exhibition of real presence of mind. He was an Englishman and lived in a town in the midlands, where he was an organist. Late one evening he was returning home through some of the back streets, which at that hour were more or less empty of people. As he went along, however, he noticed some distance ahead of him a man and a woman walking side by side, the man's arm being around the woman's neck. Just under a street lamp the couple stopped for a moment, when the organist heard a piercing scream and saw the woman slowly falling from the man's arms. Almost before she had reached the ground the man darted away down a side street and disappeared.

When the organist came up to the woman he found, to his horror, that she was lying in a pool of blood. His first impulse was to run away and get clear of the terrible scene, but his better feelings prevailed, and he knelt down beside the poor woman to see if he could do anything for her. When he raised her head he found she was quite dead, with her throat cut from ear to ear. Beside her on the pave-

ment lay a blood stained razor.

The organist was overwhelmed with horror. Before he could collect himself a group of people had gathered, and presently he heard expressions such as "He did it," "I tell you I saw him," "There is the razor," "The fiend! Where are the police?" "Hand him over!" It was certainly a very awkward position, as the rough character of the people might tempt them to take the law into their own hands and use him very badly. The arrival of a policeman seemed to steady his nerves for a moment, and then came a wave of inspiration that might truly be called presence of mind. He seized the dead woman's wrist and, pulling out his watch, went through the form of feeling her pulse. Then he put his hand over her heart and, turning to the policeman, said as calmly as he could: "I am sorry to say that I can be of no further service here. The poor woman is quite dead. There is no action in the heart or the pulse."

In an instant the murmurs of the crowd changed, and he heard "He's the doctor" on all sides. This was his opportunity, and, slowly rising and affecting to be in no hurry, he passed through the crowd, who made way for him. But when he got clear of the street and came to the first turning he took to his heels and ran for all he was worth. The cowardly spirit got the better of him in the end. He heard the next day that the murderer had gone straight to the police station and given himself up.—New York Press.

Real News.

"Why do you waste so much space on these interviews with politicians?" demanded the merchant.

"They are of interest to the people," answered the reporter.

"Shucks! If you interviewed me I could tell 'em where bargains are to be had."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Reckless.

Uncle—My dear boy, it's a fact that the bacilli on paper money have caused many a death before now. Nephew—Well, uncle, you might let me have a few notes, I'm very tired of life.—Pileggi's Blatter.

The best thing for any one to say who has nothing to say is to say nothing and stick to it.

SOOTHED THE SPIRITS.

A Preliminary to House Building in the Shan States.

House building in the Shan States is not such an easy matter as it looks. Mrs. Leslie Milne, author of "Siam at Home" tells how she arranged for the building of a bamboo house at Nantaham, and, though the materials arrived, no progress seemed to be made with the actual construction:

"When I first spoke of house building I had been asked what to me seemed an irrelevant question—namely, the day of the week on which I was born. When I answered that it was late on Saturday night or early on Sunday morning I did not know that my reply was of importance. As time went on and the bamboos lay untouched, looking like long green snakes in the grass, I complained of the delay only to be told that until I could tell them my birthday they were afraid to begin work, as the spirits would be angry if the offerings for the proper day were not made.

"I suggested that the building should begin, I braving the anger of the spirits, but they thought the work too dangerous, as the risk was not only for me, but for the workmen as well. On consulting a wise man a way was found out of the difficulty. He decreed that an extra large offering to content the spirits of both Saturday and Sunday should be made. This was done, and the building commenced next day."

SINGING SANDS.

Peculiar Properties of These Curious Freaks of Nature.

The most notable of these curious freaks of nature, "singing sands," are those of the Hawaiian island of Kauai. When a small quantity of this sand is clapped between the hands it is said to give forth a sound so shrill as actually to resemble a hoot. Put into a bag and violently shaken, the sand emits a noise strangely like the bark of a dog.

Similar sands also occur in the Colorado desert, where also are to be found those curious non-sedentary sands that continually travel hither and thither over the vast plain of clay. Their movements are induced by the winds, and when a strong breeze is blowing the particles of which they are composed give out an audible humming or singing.

Under the microscope these sands show an almost perfectly spherical form, so that they roll upon each other at the slightest impulse, a circumstance that also accounts for the rapidity with which the sands travel over the desert. One theory advanced with respect to the "singing" of these sands is that it is due to an exceedingly thin film of gas that covers the grains. Gathered and removed from the desert, the sands lose their vocal properties.—Exchange.

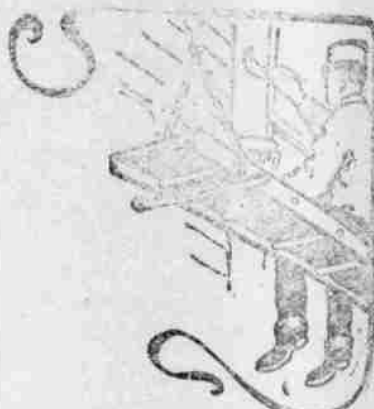
FOR SALE.

For sale until July 1, 284 acres 34 miles of Dallas, on good road, about 10 acres in cultivation, balance timber; at least 1800 cords standing cordwood; timber; good spring, five room double box house, barn for five horses and 10 tons hay, 2 chicken houses, good well; the house is old but is comfortable; a company is drilling for oil within 1 mile of place; saw mill in 1/2 mile, about 1/2 of this place is rough, but wood on it will pay for it. This is the cheapest place in Polk county, and must be sold July 1. Price \$2000. Address owner Box 131, Dallas, Oregon.

Church Directory.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH	
Morning service at	11:00 o'clock
Evening service at	7:00 o'clock
Sunday School at	10:00 a. m.
Y. P. A. Meeting at	6:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting - Wednesday evening.	
CHRISTIAN CHURCH	
W. A. WOOD, Pastor.	
Morning Service at	11. a. m.
Evening Service at	7:30 p. m.
Sunday School	9:45 a. m.
Y. P. S. . E.	6:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday	7:30 p. m.
BAPTIST CHURCH	
W. W. DAVIS, Pastor.	
Preaching Service,	11:00 a. m.
" "	8:00 p. m.
Sunday School,	10:00 a. m.
B. Y. P. Union, at	6:30

W. C. T. U.
Local Union meets every second and fourth Friday in the Evangelical church at 2:30 p. m.



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