

## INSIDE A VOLCANO

Looking Down Into Kilauea's Lake of Boiling Lava.

LIKE A PIT OF LIQUID FIRE.

A Play of Flaming Colors So Dazzling In the Darkness of the Vast Crater That It Terrifies the Spectator—A Volcanic Fountain of Fire.

According to all the rules of school geography, a volcano ought to be situated on top of a mountain; it ought to throw out stones and ashes and molten lava; its crater should be in the shape of an inverted cone, and should emit terrifying noises; periodically it should overwhelm a village or two. Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, conforms to none of these specifications. It has thrown out neither stones nor ashes since it annihilated the army that was marching against Kamehameha, almost a hundred and fifty years ago. It retains its lava within its own crater, which is not shaped like an inverted cone. The sides are from 100 to 700 feet high and 750 miles in circumference, and the floor covers 2,050 acres. The volcano seldom makes terrifying noises—at least of the kind heard in imagination by a schoolboy. Thousands of people descend into the crater annually, and not one has ever been injured.

The walk across the floor of the crater, about two and one-half miles, is over a hard lava bed, more or less up and down, since lava hardens quickly and remains as it flowed, in great ropes and tipples. A few yards from shore—see comes naturally to call the bank "shore"—a ragged crack is crossed by a wooden bridge. At the time this crack opened, a large party was in the crater. They stayed long because they were delighted with the unusual activity of the lake and had no idea that this activity extended beyond the pit of fire until at last they started to go back to the hotel.

It was night, and as they approached the northern bank of the crater their lanterns suddenly revealed a huge fissure directly across their path. Already molten lava was bubbling up at the bottom. They followed the edge of the crack, keenly conscious, undoubtedly, as they turned to keep parallel with the crater wall, that they were on the inner edge. At last they found a spot where the lava had split unevenly, leaving a projecting ledge on which it was possible to stand, and so to jump to the other side. The whole experience, with the thought of sinking to the fire beneath or of being overwhelmed by the lava slowly rising in the fissure and the utter helplessness of their situation, was enough to test the most fearless.

Kilauea is really an enormous quiet crater with an active inner pit. This cavity is, perhaps, 1,000 feet across, and its precipitous sides lead down to a lake of molten lava several acres in extent, sometimes higher, sometimes lower in the pit. This is Halemauau, which is commonly translated (although incorrectly), "the house of everlasting fire." It is certainly the house of the goddess Pele.

By daylight the lake of fire is a greenish yellow, cut with ragged cracks of red that look like pale streaks of stationary lightning across its surface. It is restless, breathing rapidly, bubbling up at one point and sinking down at another; throwing up sudden fountains of scarlet molten lava that play a few minutes and subside, leaving shimmering mounds that gradually settle to the level surface of the lake, turning brown and yellow as they sink. As darkness comes, the colors on the lake grow so intense that they almost hurt the eyes. The fire is not only red; it is blue and purple and orange and green. Blue flames shimmer and dart about the edges of the pit, back and forth across the surface of the restless mass. Sudden fountains paint blood red the great plume of sulphur smoke that rises constantly.

Sometimes the spurts of lava are so violent, so exaggerated by the night, that one draws back terrified lest some atom of their molten substance should spatter over the edge of the precipice. Sometimes the whole lake is in motion. Waves of fire toss and battle with each other and dash in clouds of bright vermilion spray against the black sides of the pit. Sometimes one of these sides falls in with a roar that echoes back and forth, and mighty rocks are swallowed in the liquid mass of fire that closes over them in a whirlpool, like water over a sinking ship.

Again everything is quiet; a thick scum forms over the surface of the lake, dead, like the scum on the surface of a lonely forest pool. Then it shifts. Flashes of fire dart from side to side. The center bursts open, and a huge fountain of lava, twenty feet thick and fifty feet high streams into the air and plays for several minutes, waves of blinding fire flowing out from it, dashing against the sides until the black rocks are starred all over with bits of scarlet. All sensations are submerged in a sense of awe. This vision of the earth building forces at work is a picture so overpowering that it is burned into the memory for all time.—Hawaii, Past and Present.

Only a Near Bed.  
Little Lola, in berth of the sleeping car—Mamma, I want to go to bed! Mamma—Why, you are in bed, dear. Little Lola—No, I'm not. I'm on a big shelf.—Chicago News.

Away with delay. It always injures those who are prepared.—Lucan.

## OUR OLD YOUNG MEN.

Compared With Men of Their Age Half a Century Ago.

It may be, as physicians and professors of physical culture do not fail to tell us, that men of forty are now old and decrepit because they do not play enough, but most of them look younger than did men of that age fifty or sixty years ago. No one can examine the portraits of 1850-60, knowing the age of the subjects, without seeing that they depicted very young men who looked very old.

The fact is that until times comparatively recent young men assumed the airs, dress and appearance of age, and perhaps profited by it. They carried themselves with much gravity and dignity, especially in the presence of youth. Beards were more in vogue than they are today, and in other respects men of forty or fifty, whose likenesses are preserved to us, were more venerable figures than are their sons of sixty or seventy today.

It was a custom, too, half a century or more ago for men of middle age to speak of themselves as old. Abraham Lincoln died at the age of fifty-six, and yet a letter of his written when he was in his forties mentions a speech that brought tears to his "old eyes." He was called "Old Abe" when he was still young Abe. Although General Grant was only forty-three at Appomattox no one regarded him as youthful.

The old young men of this era are told that they must play, relax, rest or die. The young old men of the fifties did not play. They were very serious persons, and many of them were cut off at an early age. If men of forty now are actually old perhaps it is because they are trying to look like men of twenty-five or thirty, to dress like them, and in business and pleasure to hold their own with them. To look young but be really old at forty is not desirable, but it may be no worse than to look old and be old also at that age.—New York World.

## Hellasport and Dardanelles.

The terms Hellasport and Dardanelles mean the same, Hellasport being the ancient and Dardanelles the more modern term applied to the long, narrow strait that connects the sea of Marmora with the Aegean sea, separating Europe from Asia. The name Hellasport or sea of Helle was derived from a mythical story about Helle, a Grecian princess falling into the strait during an aerial flight which she was making and being drowned in it; hence Hellepontus. The name Dardanelles relates to an ancient city called Dardania, situated near the Hellasport. The ancient fort of this city, built by Dardanus, was called of the Dardanelles, and finally this name was applied to the entire strait.—Philadelphia Press.

## Pronouncing Welsh.

While learned professors may differ as to the correct pronunciation of English, it is a comforting reflection that our language offers no obstacles equal to those which have to be surmounted by students of Welsh. One of Dr. Owen's predecessors in the see of St. David's, who set about learning Welsh as soon as he was appointed, told his chaplain that he feared he would never succeed in mastering the guttural "ll." "I will tell you how you have to do it, my lord," was the reply. "Put the tip of your apostolic tongue in the roof of your episcopal mouth, and then hiss like a gander."—London Chronicle.

## The Pimpernel.

The common pimpernel, "poor man's weather glass," has the disadvantage of being a native plant and has been almost completely expelled from our flower gardens in favor of exotics which are rarer, but lack much of being as pretty. The pimpernel is a charming little flower which opens about 8 in the morning and closes late in the afternoon, but has the remarkable peculiarity of indicating a coming shower by shutting up its petals.

## Short and to the Point.

One of the shortest speeches recorded in forensic annals is that of Taunton, afterward a judge. Charles Phillips, an Irish orator, had made a flowery speech in an assault case. Taunton, who was for the defendant, said in reply, "My friend's eloquent complaint amounts, in plain English, to this—that his client has received a good, sound horsewhipping—and my defense is as short—that he richly deserved it."

## Crude Logic.

It is told of an East Indian law student that he once threw his examiners into confusion by declaring matrimony to be an illegal state. "How so? How so?" he was asked by the perturbed examiners, many of them married men. The student smiled beatifically. "Marriage," quoth he, "is a lottery, and lotteries are forbidden by law."

## PUT THE GOOD WORD LAST.

And if You Can't Beat Your Neighbor Don't "Knock" Him.

Here's a little rule which will help you and help your neighbors: In speaking about anybody put the good word last. Don't say "Neighbor Jones is public spirited, I'll admit, but he is mighty high tempered." Say "Neighbor Jones is rather high tempered, of course, but he is a man who is helping the neighborhood forward." Don't say, "Tom Brown is a hard working fellow and good hearted, I reckon, but he has been mighty low down, wild and drinking." Instead say, "Tom Brown got pretty low once, wild and drinking, but now he's a hard working, good hearted citizen." In other words, wind up with the emphasis on the good trait rather than the bad one.

Or, better still, when you hear somebody's name mentioned and it's on the tip of your tongue to refer to some blunder or failing you know about, just try choking it down a few times, leaving it unsaid, and see if you don't feel better inside. Then next time go a little further and try speaking of some good deed he has done instead of mentioning the time he made a mistake (even though you yourself have never made any mistakes), and see if you don't feel happier still.

If the farmers in any neighborhood will begin to boost one another's worthy deeds they will soon find themselves living in a better neighborhood than ever before—and the fine part about it is that by adopting this method they will find themselves living in a better neighborhood without having to move from where they are!—Progressive Farmer.

## The Earthquake.

In the tropics, particularly in Central America, it is wonderful how easily the residents become accustomed to earthquake shocks, which do not come, however, wholly without warning. You are sitting on a piazza on a hot afternoon chatting with your friends when suddenly the sky seems to grow hazy and the crows stop cawing. There is a general rush, and, though you may not know what is the matter, you cannot help feeling uneasy. The old natives say, "We're going to have a little shake," and then the house begins to rock, the tumblers fall off the table, you feel deathly sick at the stomach, and the thing is all over. The sky clears, the crows begin to scream, and things are soon righted.

## Strange Method of Salutation.

Of all the strange modes of salutation the most extraordinary is the "dance of ceremony" current in the west African kingdom of Dahomey. Whenever any Dahoman chief or official of rank comes to pay you a visit he always opens the interview by dancing around you with various queer contortions (extremely suggestive of his having just upset a kettle of boiling water over his knees), which you are bound to imitate as closely as possible. It is even reported that one of the native ministers of the terrible King Gess owed his rapid rise at the Dahoman court wholly to his superior skill in cutting these strange capers and that he thus literally as well as figuratively jumped to preferment.

## Slow but Inexorable Justice.

In October, 1900, Pietro Giaconi and Marie Bonelli were tried at Rome on a charge of sextuple murder by poisoning committed thirty-one years before. In England Eugene Aram was hanged for the murder of Clarke fourteen years after the offense. A man named Horne was executed for the murder of his child in the eighteenth century no less than thirty-five years after the offense. There is also the well known case of Governor Wall, who was executed in 1802 for a murder committed in 1782. Sherward was hanged at Norwich for the murder of his wife after a lapse of twenty years.—Exchange.

## Waited Twenty Years For a Solution.

A bit of pure and harmless mischief at recitation at Yale was the device of a member of the class of '73, who introduced at recitation a turtle covered by a newspaper pasted on the shell. The tutor had too much pride to come down from his perch and solve the mystery of the newspaper movement, but twenty years after, meeting a member of the class, his first and abrupt question was, "Mr. W., what made that paper move?"

## Making It Pleasant For Her.

Mrs. Goodsole (removing her wraps)—I've owed you a call for a long time, you know. I hate to be in debt, and I just felt that I couldn't rest easy until I had discharged my obligations by coming to see you. Mrs. Sliptong—Why, my dear Mrs. Goodsole, you should not have felt that way at all.—Chicago Tribune.

## THE QUEER PAPUANS.

They Are Cannibals, Yet They Are as Simple as Children.

Papua, the British New Guinea of recent times and unsavory memory, is still a cannibal country," writes Norman Duncan in Harper's Magazine, and the author points out the difficulty of eradicating cannibalism by the following story:

"To the infliction of punishment as a measure of correction the childish simplicity of the New Guinea native is something of a barrier."

"An experience of a magistrate on patrol in the Gwoira range precisely illustrates the difficulty which the perverse simplicity of the native attitude of mind toward reasonable information opposes to the administration of the law. In this instance, however, the law had nothing to do with the matter. It is a mere example of native incomprehension."

"It seems that the natives of the Gwoira range had in some way persuaded themselves that they could swallow the white man's bullets and thus escape damage. The magistrate inquired if this were so."

"It is perfectly true," replied one of the natives. "I can do it myself."

"Upon this the magistrate loaded his rifle and explained to the native that if he should by any unhappy chance be unable to 'eat' the bullet it would surely kill him."

"Now, open your mouth," he continued, "and I will shoot the bullet down your throat."

"The native opened his mouth—all unconcerned. To demonstrate the effect of a discharge the magistrate shot the bullet through a log and triumphantly indicated the devastation. The native examined the aperture of entrance and the aperture of exit. Undoubtedly the bullet had gone clean through the log. The magistrate once more loaded his rifle."

"Now, open your mouth," said he, "and swallow the bullet if you dare." And the native opened his mouth.

"Naturally, the magistrate, outraged and nonplused by this amazing perversity and appalled by its implications, concludes his story with the inquiry, 'What in the world is one to make of such people—what is one to do with them?'"

## Eyes That Follow You.

You probably have noticed that the eyes in some portraits follow you, whither you go. It is a bit uncanny to move about a room and have the eyes of a picture always upon you, and some superstitious people are afraid to go into a picture gallery where portraits of their ancestors are to be found. The effect is simply an optical illusion and is secured by having the eyes in the portrait looking directly toward the front. Under such condition the pupil is necessarily in the middle, with an equal amount of "white" on either side. This relation does not vary at all with the position of the observer. No matter where you stand the pupil will be in the middle of the eye, and the eye will seem to be looking at you.—American Boy.

## A Fire Extinguisher.

In case of fire if the burning articles are at once splashed with a solution of salt and nitrate of ammonia an incombustible coating is formed. This is a preparation which can be made at home at a trifling cost and should be kept on hand. Dissolve twenty pounds of common salt and ten pounds of nitrate of ammonia in seven gallons of water. Pour this into quart bottles of thin glass, and fire grenades are at hand ready for use. These bottles must be tightly corked and sealed to prevent evaporation, and in case of fire they must be thrown near the flames so as to break and liberate the gas contained. At least two dozen of these bottles should be ready for an emergency.

## More Witty Than Industrious.

The class in drawing was directed to draw a picture of a horse and wagon. When walking up and down the aisles noting the various stages of progress the teacher saw that Charles had drawn the picture of the horse only.

The teacher asked, "Why have you not completed your picture?" to which the boy gave the somewhat pertinent but nevertheless witty reply:

"Oh, the horse can draw the wagon."—Philadelphia Press.

## The One Exception.

"So you can speak seven languages?" incredulously exclaimed Mrs. Aaka Lot. "How marvelous!" "Yes," replied the professor. "Of course it takes time."

"But surely you must have found one tongue that seemed beyond you? Some tongue with which you had great difficulty and that you couldn't master? Wasn't that so?" "Oh, yes," answered the professor. "My wife's!"—London Answers.

## HOW SAVINGS GROW.

Ben Franklin's Proof That "Money is of a Prolific Nature."

After publishing his "Poor Richard's Almanac" for twenty-five years and giving thirty-two years more as thrift teacher of his country Benjamin Franklin put into his will a provision to demonstrate the power of accumulated savings.

To the cities of Boston and Philadelphia he left \$5,000 each. The money was to be put out at interest and allowed to accumulate for a hundred years. At the end of that time, he figured, each city ought to have \$500,000. He directed that at the end of the hundred years \$500,000 should be invested by each city "in public works which may be of most general utility to the inhabitants." The rest should then be put at interest for another hundred years, when the accumulation should be divided, one-quarter to the city and three-quarters to the state.

When the first hundred years were past Boston found that she had \$683,923 to her credit from the Franklin fund. Taking \$500,000, Boston established a training school for mechanics. The remaining \$183,923 was put out at interest again.

Philadelphia's experience with the original fund of \$5,000 was about the same as Boston's.

Now, Franklin figured that at the end of the second hundred years, when the fund is to be distributed, each fund ought to amount to about \$20,000,000. But Boston's fund at the end of the first hundred years exceeded Franklin's estimate by \$13,923. So here's a problem:

If Boston handles the fund as successfully in the second hundred years as she did in the first how much in excess of \$20,000,000 will it be?

Franklin's demonstration was impressive: \$5,000 will go into \$683,923 how many times? Nearly 137 times. Wasn't he amply justified when he said, "Money is of a prolific nature?"

What sort of a demonstration can you make?

Holland has some peculiar customs. In many towns bulletins are affixed to the doors of houses in which persons are sick in order that their friends may be apprised of the state of their health without knocking or ringing, and in Haarlem the birth of a child is announced by means of a small placard adorned with red silk and lace.

## Chopping Him Off.

"Hello, Grimsbaw! Don't you remember your old sidekick, Smart-ellick?"

"Your manner is familiar," replied Grimsbaw coldly, "but I am glad to say that I have forgotten both your face and name."—Judge.

This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use

It's different from others because more care is taken in the making and the materials used are of higher grade.

**Black Silk Stove Polish**

Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not run off or dust off, and the shine lasts long times as long as ordinary stove polish. Used on stoves and iron and sold by hardware and grocery dealers.

All we ask is that you use our Black Silk Stove Polish on your stove. If you find it the best stove polish you ever used, your name is entered in a special contest. Send your name to Black Silk Stove Polish Works, Sterling, Illinois.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works Sterling, Illinois

The Black Silk Stove Polish is made on the premises of the Black Silk Stove Polish Works, Sterling, Illinois. It is not sold in any other place.

**A Shine in Every Drop**

## Special Subscription Offer

The best family daily paper in the state and your own weekly paper for

**\$3.75**

**The Daily Portland Telegram**

and

**The Newberg Graphic**

both one year for

**\$3.75**

This offer will be in force from now until July 15, 1915 and may be taken advantage of by new as well as old subscribers. Subscriptions are for one year cash in advance. Old subscribers to the Graphic in order to participate in these rates must pay up all arrears due and the \$3.75 in addition will pay for both papers one year in advance. **Good Only Until July 15, 1915**

**YOU MAY STOP**

**10 DAYS**

at

**San Francisco**

and

**10 DAYS**

at

**LOS ANGELES**

En route to the East. Why not see California and its Two World Expositions on your way East?

Call on nearest Agent for full information, literature, tickets, reservations, train schedules, etc.

**SOUTHERN PACIFIC**

John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent, Portland