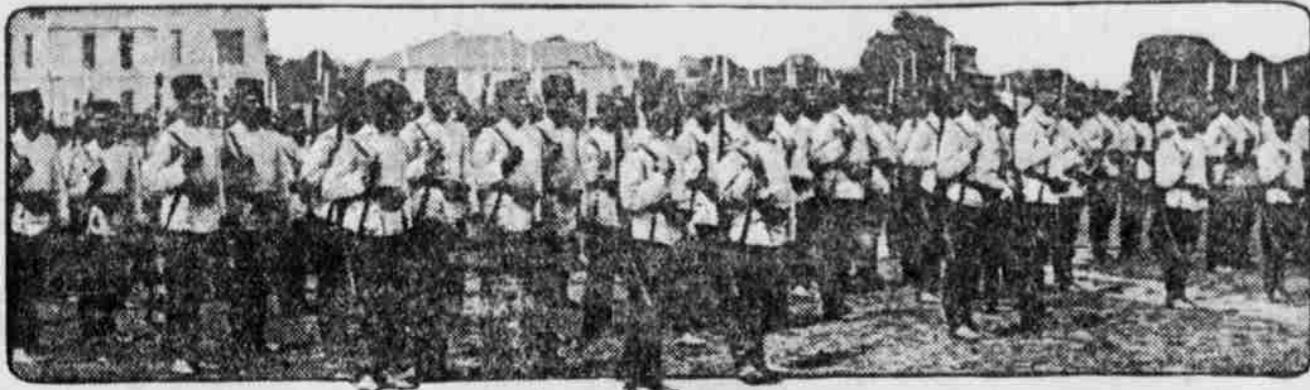


AUSTRIAN OFFICERS IN CONFERENCE ON FIELD OF ACTION

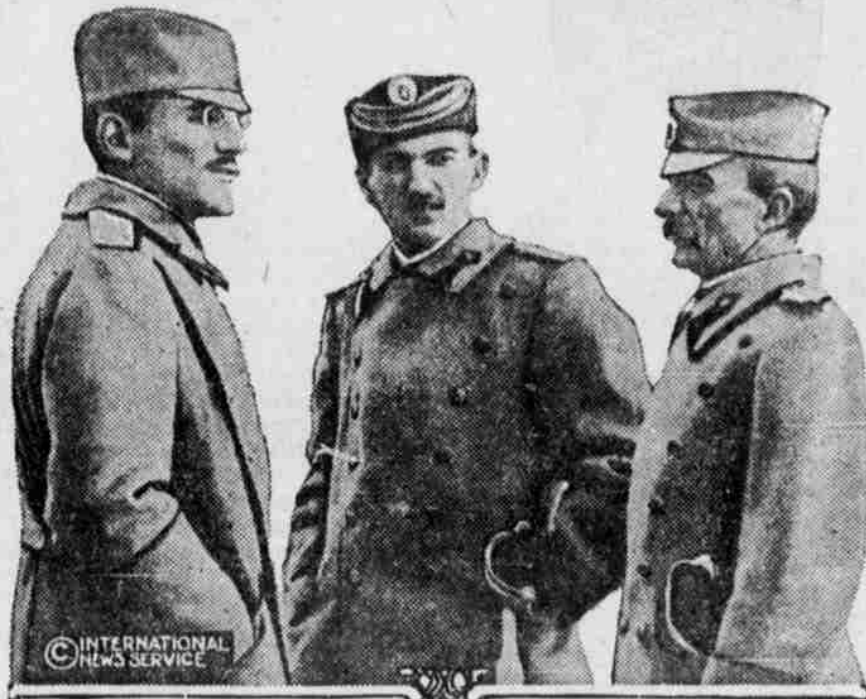


The photograph shows a group of officers of the Austrian army discussing war plans. The insert is Crown Prince Franz of Austria.

SERVIAN TROOPS READY FOR ACTION

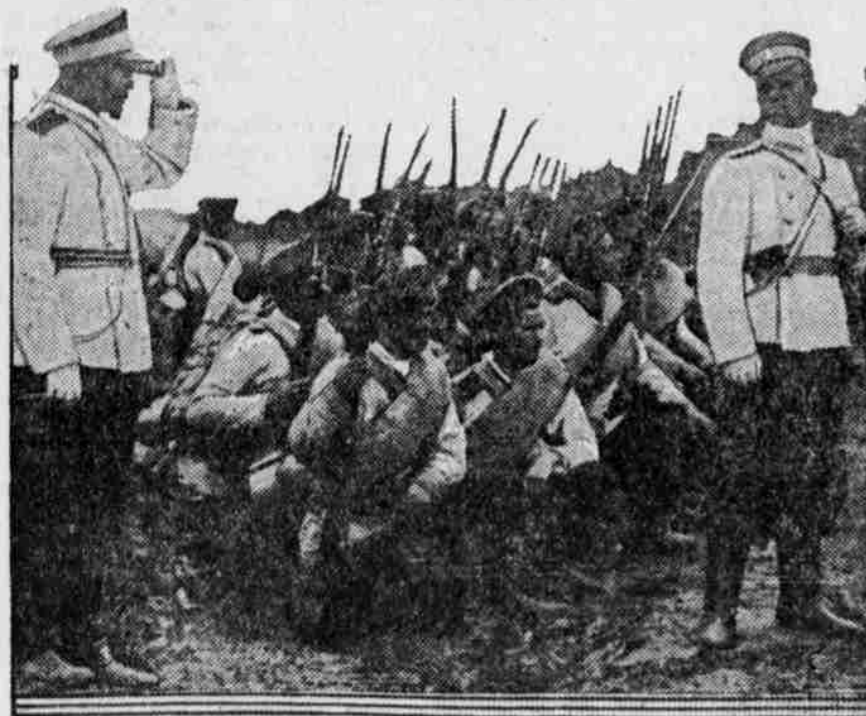


SERVIAN PRINCES TAKE THE FIELD

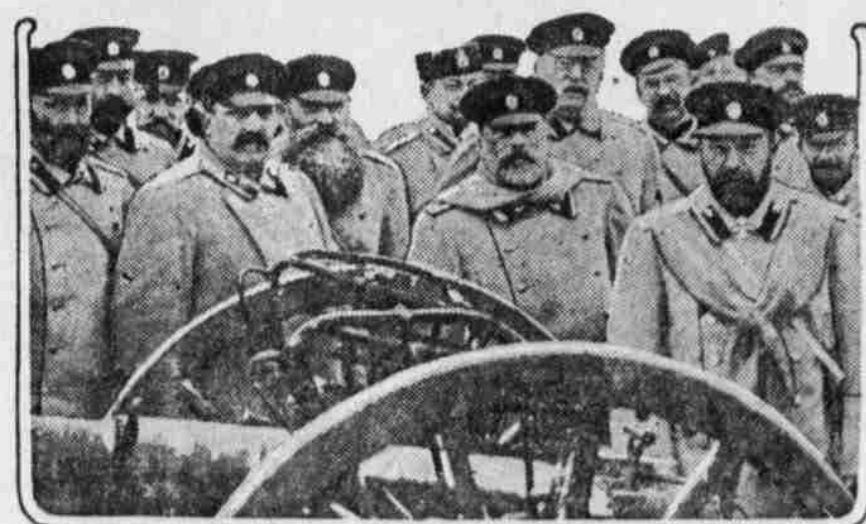


Left to right: Crown Prince Alexander, his brother, Prince George, and an army officer.

RUSSIAN INFANTRY READY FOR ACTION



TYPICAL RUSSIAN ARMY OFFICERS



SAW HIMSELF AS PLAGIARIST

Brother Composer's Joke Gave Verdi Some Hours of Uneasiness Until It Was Explained.

Gloria, the composer, used to tell the following story: "Once Verdi and I had apartments opposite each other in Milan. The street was narrow. It was warm, and our windows were open. Verdi was writing one of his operas, and after writing one aria he sat down at the

piano and played it. I decided to play a joke on him, so I closed the shutters and when he got through I sat down at my piano and played the same thing. Then I peeped through the blinds and saw Verdi hanging half-way out of his window, looking in all directions. I heard no more from his piano. "That evening, as we were walking together, he was much preoccupied, and I asked him what was the matter. "Well, Gloria," he replied, "I wrote a song this afternoon that I was posi-

tive was original, and yet as soon as I played it someone else in the neighborhood played the same thing. It worries me to think that I should believe another's composition was my own." "Then I told him the truth, and he was happy." "Housewifely Thought. He—The crowd beat the chauffeur to a jelly. She—And was there none to preserve him?"

MAP SHOWING RELATIVE ARMED STRENGTH OF COUNTRIES

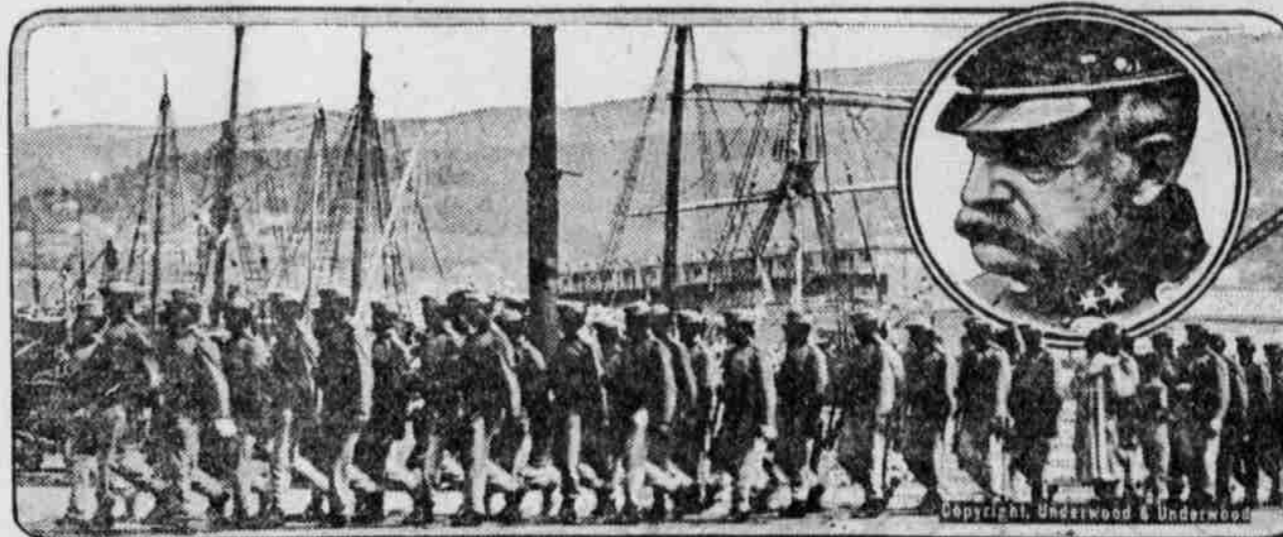


SERVIAN CAPITAL BOMBARDED BY AUSTRIANS



General view of the city of Belgrade which was attacked and partly destroyed by the Austrian forces.

WAR SCENES AT TRIESTE, AUSTRIA'S ONLY SEAPORT



Austrian naval forces being rushed to the front in the war against Serbia. The insert is Archduke Frederick, commander-in-chief of the Austrian army.

PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRIA EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA STUDYING WAR PLANS



Count Berchtold who, next to Emperor Francis Joseph, is the most important figure in Austrian affairs.

GRAND DUKE MICHAEL



One of Russia's fighting generals.



AUSTRIAN CAVALRY ON THE MARCH



SERVIAN ARTILLERY IN CAMP



IN DISASTER AT SEA

TRAVELER TELLS OF ACTIONS OF FELLOW PASSENGERS.

Little Excitement, Although All Knew the Ship Was Injured, and Later Deep Thankfulness for Preservation From Death.

I have often wondered how people would act, how I myself would feel, in the event of a disaster at sea. I had the opportunity of finding out, the other night, when in the darkest hour just before dawn, in a dense fog, the ship on which I had sailed from Southampton, the New York, was rammed by the Pretoria, 400 miles from New York.

I was awakened by the stopping of our engines and the violent churning of the screw as the ship backed water. Then, out of the impenetrable darkness was heard the hoarse shriek of another foghorn than our own, which, at intervals of a minute, had been bellowing for hours. I knew that another vessel was approaching, and every minute drawing nearer.

Then came a shock, sharp though not very violent, and I knew we had been struck. Sailors and stewards rushed past to take up their station at the boats, and two or three minutes later the huge bulk of the Pretoria, towering above our craft, glided by so near that I could touch her with my hand, while she tore away part of our bulwarks in passing.

Then the passengers began to pour up from the cabins in scanty attire, many with life preservers buckled on. There were no hysterics, and surprisingly little evident excitement, but all quietly awaited the end which was thought was near, until in a few minutes the officers reported that the hole in our side was above the water line. It was big enough, however, to admit two or three trolley cars abreast, and a huge anchor of the Pretoria, weighing five tons, was found imbedded in our bow, while the iron plates of our ship were twisted up like shavings.

For nearly twenty-four hours more the fog continued with brief intermissions, and this evidently got on the nerves of the passengers even more than the shock of the first moment of the collision. Some tried to throw off their nervousness by singing rag-time tunes, others by playing cards, and not a few, I am glad to say, by looking to a higher power, and remembering that the father in heaven ruled the waves.

It was a time when many hearts were tender, and any appeal to their gratitude and reverence went home. Sunday morning, the next day after the accident, just before reaching port, I asked permission of the purser to hold a thanksgiving service, which was readily granted. I never knew an audience to be more responsive. There were few dry eyes in the crowded music room as we voiced our gratitude in song and prayer and brief words of thanksgiving. Tears streamed down the faces of many strong men, and the impressive service will never be forgotten by any who attended.—Christian Herald.

Remembers Flora Temple.

Spectators at the United Shoe Machinery trial recently in the United States district court enjoyed the repartee between Judge Putnam and Frederic P. Fish of counsel for the defense. Attorney Fish was arguing on the patent question involved in the anti-trust suit against the United company and as a means of illustrating a point remarked: "You can put a race horse in a plow and you can put a plow horse in a race." Here Judge Putnam interrupted to say: "Flora Temple was a plow horse."

"Yes," responded Attorney Fish, "but she soon got out of it. I remember seeing her in a box car at Taunton."

"Why, I didn't think you were that old," replied Judge Putnam. "Oh, Lord," replied Attorney Fish, "you don't know what an old fellow I am. I remember Flora Temple well, and I know what her time was, too. It was 2:27."

By this time the whole courtroom full of lawyers and spectators was in roars of laughter, and Judges Dodge and Brown, sitting with Justice Putnam, joined in the merriment.—Boston Record.

Transplanting Hair to Eyelids.

Transplanting hair to the eyelids in order to replace lost lashes is performed successfully in Germany by Dr. Franz F. Krusius, who describes his method in the Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift. He clips the hair on whatever spot he may select to a length of a little more than an inch, sterilizes the region with benzine, and removes single hairs with a suitable trephine, taking the skin and hair glands together in a piece of tissue about one and a half millimetres in diameter. Then by a specially designed instrument each hair is separately inserted into the tissue of the eyelid so that its base is completely imbedded and its free end projects in the normal manner.

Doctor Krusius says that not more than 20 hairs should be transplanted at one sitting. He adds that these transplanted hairs tend to grow and have to be kept trimmed to the desired length.

Shrewd Citizenship.

"What's the wrangle about in Plunkville?"

"Some of the community want to maintain mudholes and swell their private fortunes by hauling automobiles out. Others want to improve the highways, which 'em for speeding and apply the proceeds to public works of all kinds."

Unjust Proof.

Mr. Jangle (irritably)—Apparently you make no use whatever of the household hints I give you from day to day.

Mrs. Jangle—Wrong, as usual, James! Why, the last batch I sent to the Efficient Home Monthly netted me \$2.50!—Puck.

LIVELY ZOO IN THIS HOTEL

One Chicago Man in New York Saw Strange Collection of Elephants, Another Ostriches.

One of the rooms in an uptown hotel was transformed into the liveliest sort of menagerie for a time. The principal performers were a herd of elephants, who, strange as it may seem, wore rubber boots. They were taken upstairs by a Chicago man, and he is the only person

who saw them. He had been making a round of the summer resorts along the coast, and captured the elephants at one of the late supper restaurants the other night. A doctor and two nurses had all they could do to get the beasts out of the room. The doctor thought it strange that no salmon-colored simians formed part of this menagerie. On the day before another Chicagoan brought a block of hydra-headed ostriches to the same hotel, and the manager says there is no rea-

son to believe the increased demand for soda water during the heated weather means that prohibition is generally constitutional—as yet. A question he propounded was, Why does it remain for Chicagoans to discover such unsuspected denizens of New York jungles?—New York Times.

A Doubt of It.

"Do you think there is any uncertainty in that family?" "I never heard there was, but there might be on the mother's side."