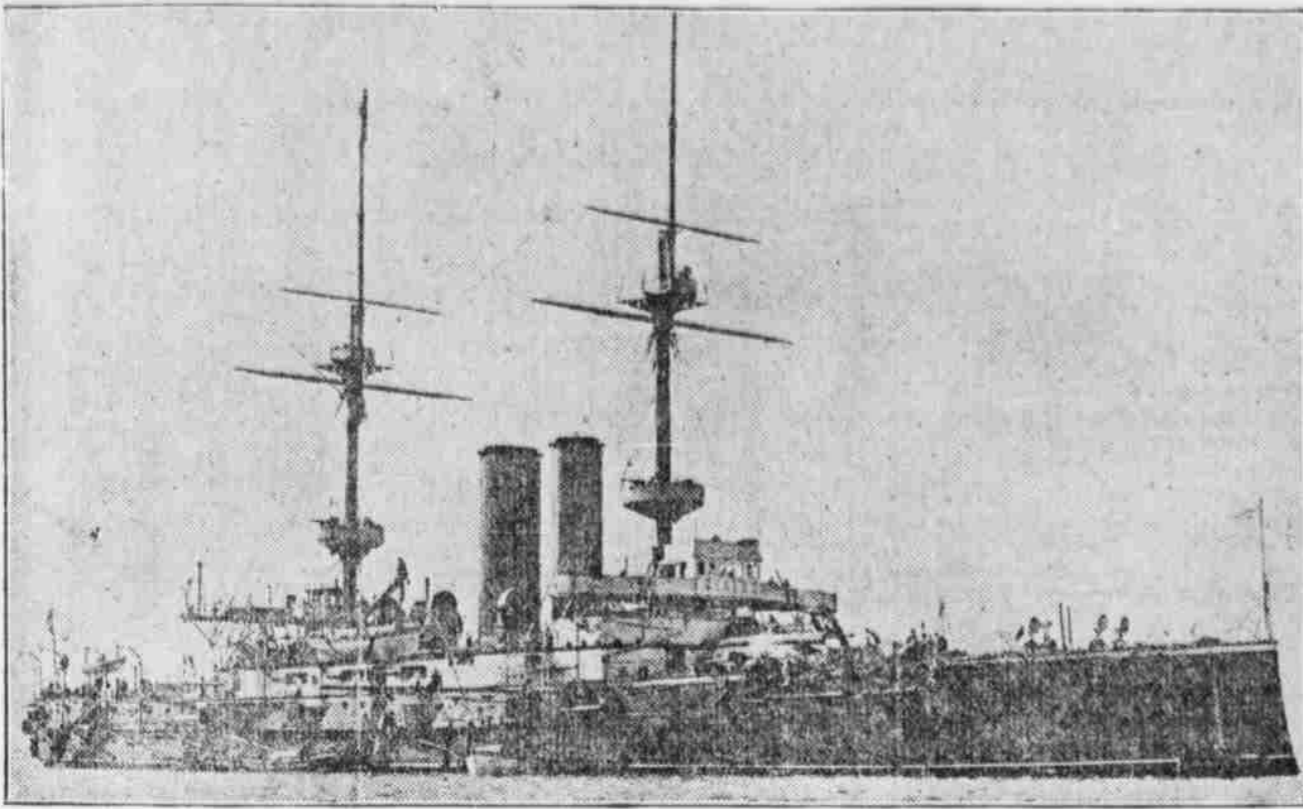
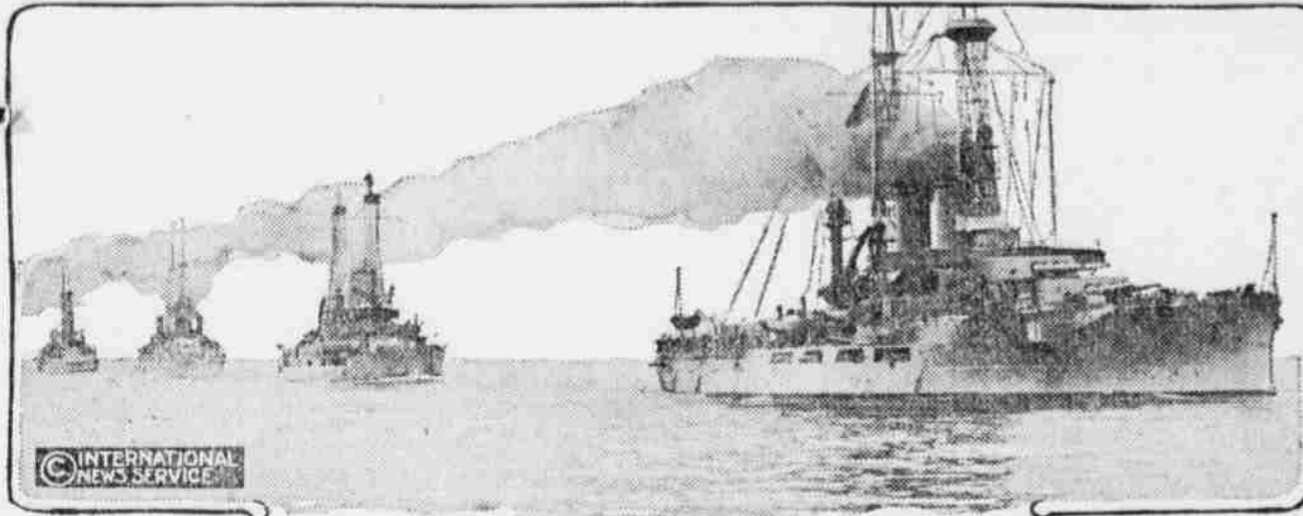


BRITISH BATTLESHIP SUNK IN DARDANELLES



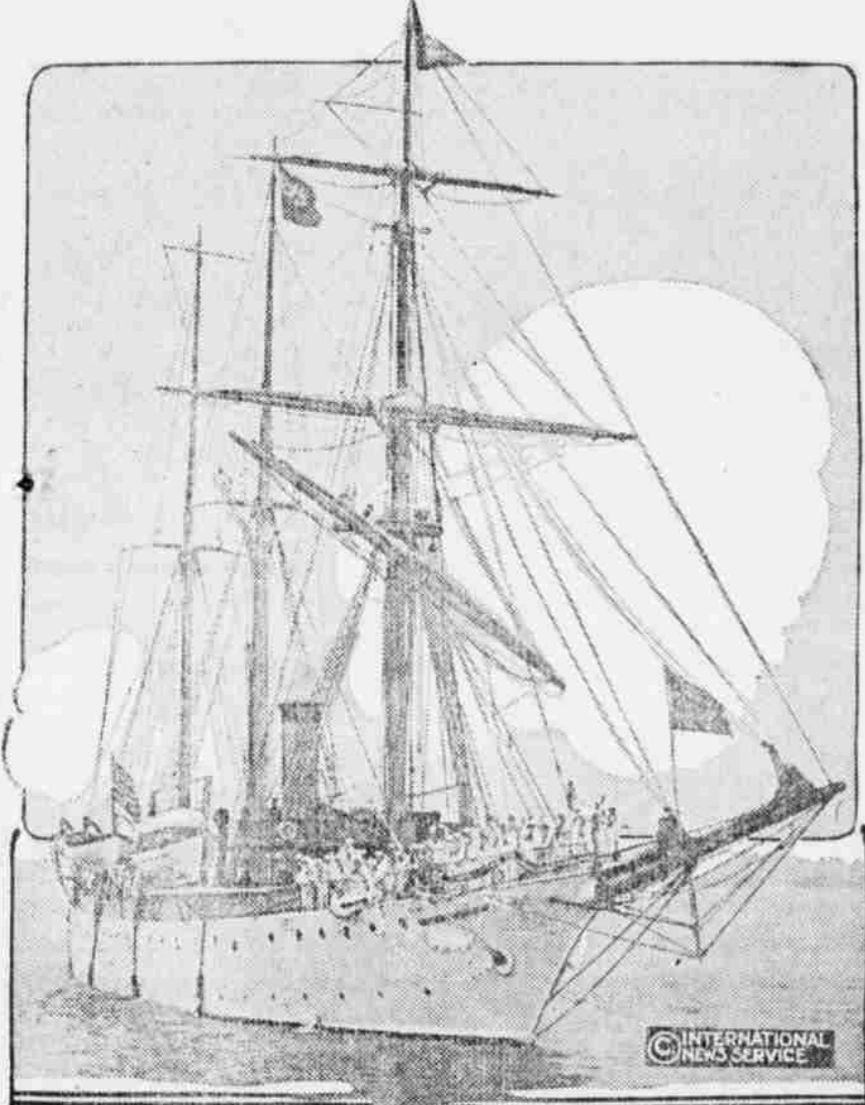
British battleship Goliath which was torpedoed and sunk in the Dardanelles, several hundred lives being lost.

ATLANTIC FLEET BATTLESHIPS AT NEW YORK



Some of the battleships of the Atlantic fleet photographed as they entered New York harbor for the annual review by the president.

SCHOOLSHIP STARTS ON LONG CRUISE



New York state nautical school ship St. Thomas as she started for the island of St. Thomas on the first lap of her 15,000-mile voyage.

ELECTION SCENE IN TOKYO



During the recent elections in Japan the banners put up by the various candidates in Tokyo were so numerous that in the vicinity of the polling places they interfered with street traffic.

TIED BOMB ON DOG'S TAIL

But Doomed Animal Escaped and Wrecked the House of His Owner.

Anxious to rid himself of a dog that had grown to be a nuisance, George Verbos of Indiana, Pa., bethought himself of a brilliant scheme.

How easy to take the animal into the woods, rope him to a tree and then tie a stick of dynamite to its

tail. He would dash off, the poor brute would wag its faithful tail, and the dynamite would swing the tree and then it worked well—with the exception of the wigwagging. For as Verbos darted behind a tree a safe distance away he saw the rope part—not the rope on the tail, but on the dog's other end.

Barking joyously, the animal loped toward its master, his tail waving wildly. Verbos sprinted madly for his house, the dog gaining at every bound. As he slammed the door behind him

the dog leaped under the porch. Then the last part of the plot. There was an awful explosion and the porch and part of the house wall were wrecked.

Verbos? He wasn't hurt. Nor was the dog.

Saving Money on Shoes.

You can save money on shoes if, before wearing a new pair, you soak the soles for twelve hours in linaeed oil and dry. Repeat the process three times.

ILLINOIS WOMAN MAYOR



Mrs. A. D. Canfield, mayor of Warren, Ill., is the first woman to be elected to that position in any Illinois city. She is a widow, seventy-four years old and conducts a millinery shop. She has promised to put an end to pool rooms, gambling and the liquor traffic in Warren.

Are There Private Armies?

It is illegal to have an army of your own, but the law winks at private armies in one or two cases.

The duke of Atholl had—for they have now gone to the great war—a private army of 200 men, and has often provided guards of honor for King George from their ranks. In fact, Queen Victoria once reviewed this private army. The duke of Atholl's private army is for its size the finest body of soldiers in the world, all over six feet in height, sturdy Scotsmen picked from the fittest of the fit.

The duke of Fife also kept a private army which numbered a hundred men, who were armed with huge pikes exactly as the soldiers were armed centuries ago.

The Stuart Archers and the Farguharson Clanmen are two other private armies of which Scotland can boast. The marquis of Donegal, too, have for hundreds of years kept a private army.—Pearson's.

Severe Training.

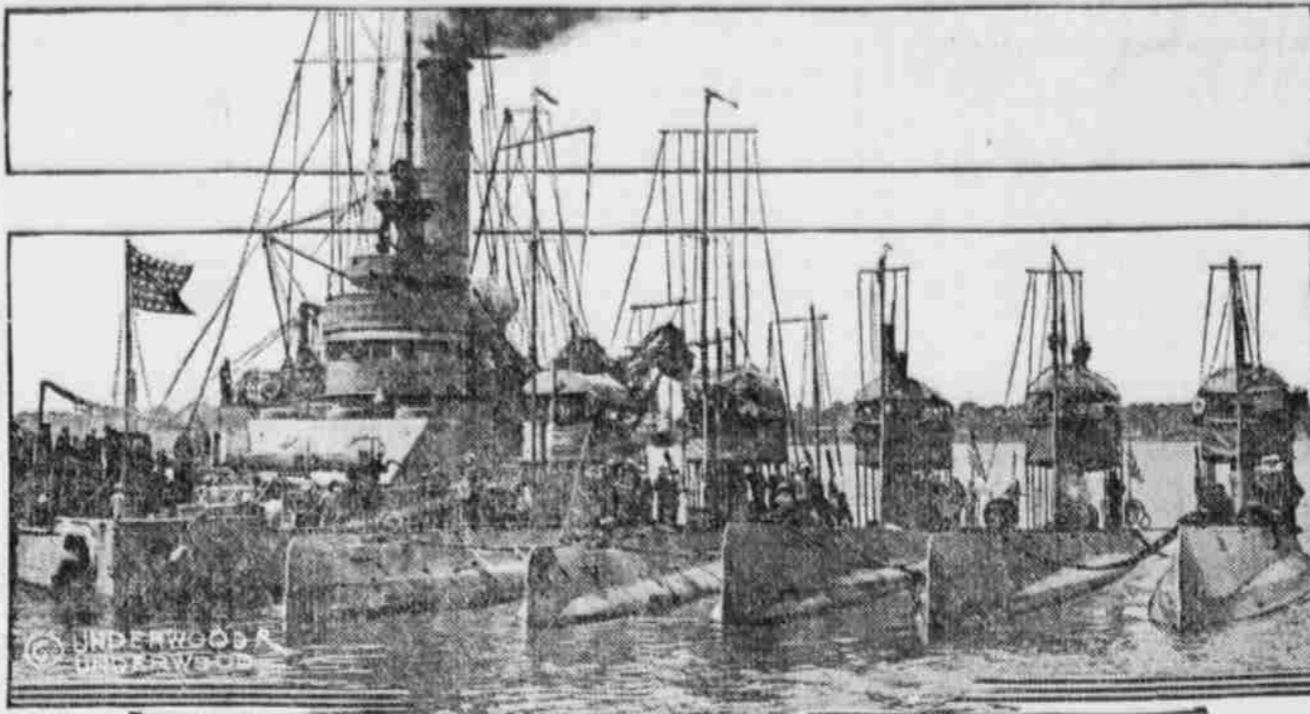
"What I admire about Bilthers is his quiet self-possession."

"He acquired that in the last few years."

"In what way?"

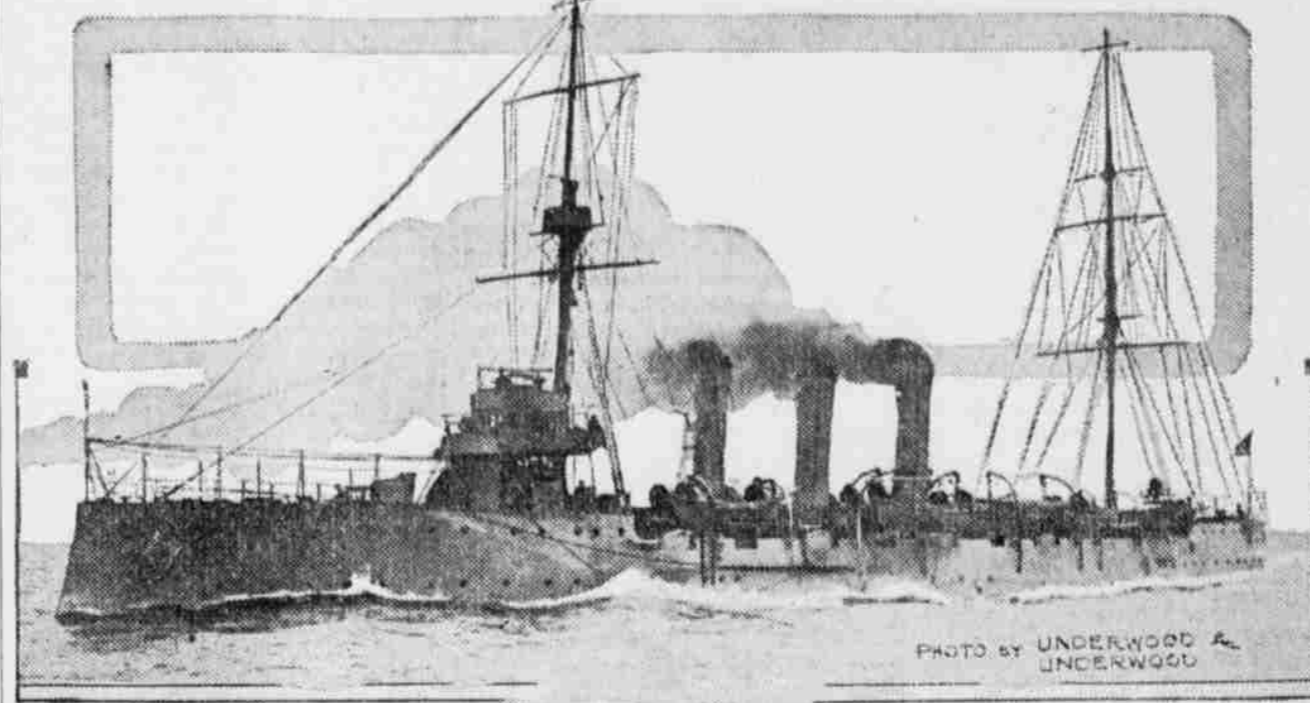
"By sitting in the audience while his wife made speeches on woman suffrage."

SUBMARINES OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET



Five of the submarines of the Atlantic fleet in the Hudson river lying alongside the monitor Tonopah.

CRUISER THAT CUT THE TURKISH CABLES



One of the brilliant feats of the allied fleet in the Dardanelles was the cutting of the cables between the forts on the European and Asiatic sides. This was accomplished by the British light cruiser Amethyst, though she was subjected to a terrific fire and was struck by a number of shells.

SALLY PARNES, BUTCHER



When New York city recently opened its great cosmopolitan market there was an innovation that was pleasing to the woman shoppers especially. This was the placing of Sally Parnes, a skilled butcher, in one of the big meat booths to see that the housewives got just what they wanted.

Faith in the Seed Catalogue.

I never lose my faith in the annual seed catalogue in spite of divers and sundry disappointments. With new zeal every year I read of those wonderful strawberries, one of which would fill a tumbler, and the ever-bearing raspberries that are in fruit from June to December, and of the mammoth squashes which only a Hercules can lift. And I am very sure to try some of them and get any amount of fun out of my anticipations of similar results.

No matter if the realization falls far short of the picture in the gorgeous catalogue; I lay the results to my poorer soil, or lack of skill in cultivation, and have just as much confidence in the novelties which next spring's catalogue exploits as the "very largest richest, juiciest, most melting (always a favorite word) fruit in the world."

I would not lose my faith in the seed and fruit catalogues for all the squashes and raspberries that grow.—Francis E. Clark, in Countryside Magazine.

Misplaced Pity.

Mrs. Anna Steinauer, Boston's policeman, said, the other day:

"My duties afford me shocking revelations. I am astonished at the number of Boston women who smoke. And as for the men of Boston—well!"

The fair policewoman smiled grimly and added:

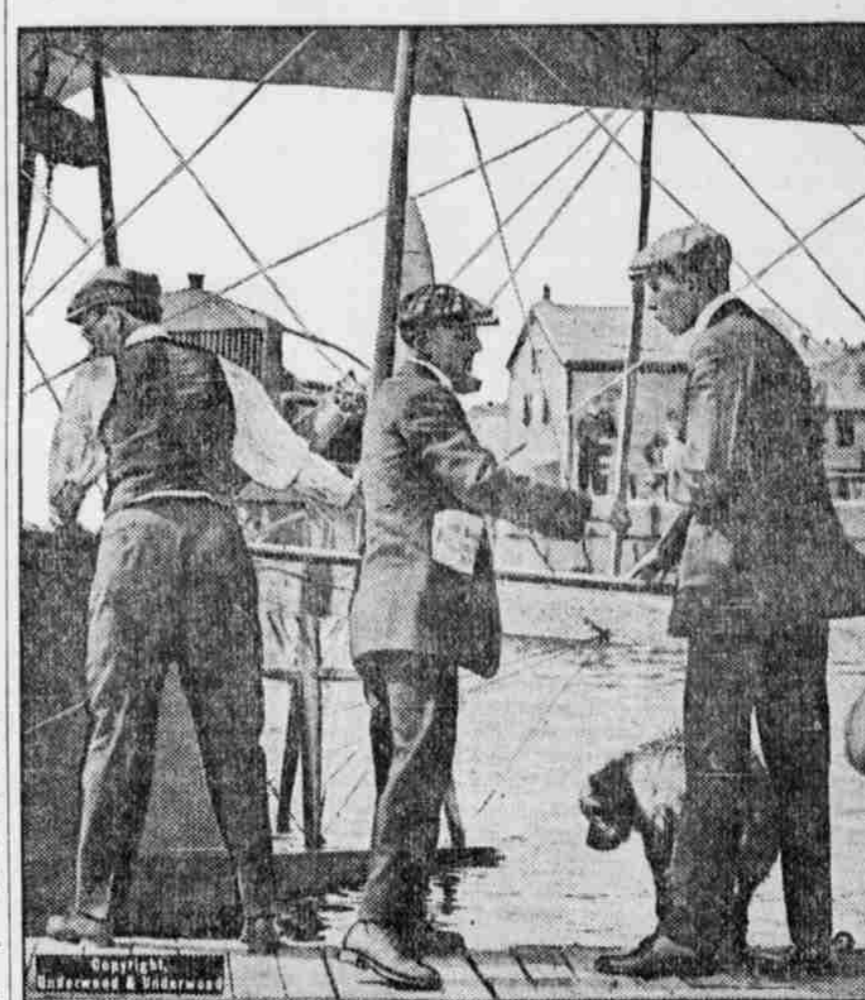
"How many, many a Boston wife brushes in the morning the billiard chalk from her husband's coat-sleeves, and thinks, with tears in her eyes, of the overtime the poor boy puts in nearly every evening at his dreary desk by the whitewashed wall!"

SAYS DECREASES ARE SHOWN

Less Lead and Zinc Concentrates Sold in 1914, According to Government Bulletin.

Decreases in the value of lead and zinc concentrates sold in the central states were shown in 1914, compared with the previous year, according to a bulletin just issued by the geological survey. The total value of lead concentrates of all classes sold by producers in the central states in 1914

VINCENT ASTOR GETS A HYDROPLANE



Vincent Astor (right) about to try out a new \$14,000 hydroplane built for him at Marblehead, Mass. The flying boat has a speed of from 45 to 70 miles an hour, and is equipped with a roomy cabin for three persons.

ARGENTINE MAGNATE AND FAMILY HERE



Samuel Hale Pearson of Buenos Aires, one of the most important financial men in the world and the greatest capitalist of South America, with his wife (above left) and two of his daughters. Mr. Pearson came to represent the Argentine Republic at the financial congress in Washington.

Save the Day!

Jim Snedeker, an East Tennessean, had been to meeting and remembered it when his mules balked at pulling the wagon out of a mudhole. "Git up thar, Buck an' Wheeler," he shouted "an' if it wasn't the Lord's holy Sabbath day I'd lick hell outen you!"—New York Evening Post.

BEST MEAL OF THE WEEK

On Sunday Evening Everybody Gets What He or She Wishes, and Enough to Satisfy.

Sunday evening supper is the best meal of the whole week, if it is just the ordinary kitchen Sunday evening supper and not the fancy sandwich, chafing dish, hot chocolate, musical, literary, high-brow kind. There may have been chicken for dinner or a roast and gravy and mince pie, and nobody is very hungry. At least everybody thinks he is not hungry until he gets into the kitchen.

"Just put the things on the table and everybody help themselves," mother says. It is not grammatical, but it is the way she says it, and the best way to say it. And everybody does help "themselves," father and mother and the two or three or seven or eight children, all round the table and the sink and the ironing board, sitting on the radiator and the freless cooker.

Maybe father decides that he will make pancakes, and nothing is more fun than watching father cook. Maybe mother consents to stir up some mush. Mush isn't so much to eat, but it is nice to watch her make it. Maybe you just pick the meat off the chicken bones, and everybody gets his fingers or his spoon in the pot of dumplings and gravy.

At any rate everybody gets exactly the thing that tastes best to him and Sunday evening supper in the kitchen is the only time and place where you can get that. If you like mustard, you have mustard; if you like chill sauce, you have chill sauce; if you like strawberry preserves, you have strawberry preserves. It has been years and years since there was ever more than one kind of "spread" or "relish" on the dinner table.

The only trouble is that the family eats much more than it ever eats in the dining room, and there is never anything left over for Monday. Some housekeepers would not permit a Sunday evening supper in the kitchen for anything. They put the chicken or roast away for Monday, and serve bread and milk or teakettle tea at the dining table. That kind of Sunday evening supper is no good at all, and must not be confused with the help-yourself, everybody-in-the-pot sort.—Indianapolis News.

Colonial Closets.

In a quaint old colonial cottage are many closets, few if any of them located according to modern notions of convenience. The clothes closet that ought to be in the spare room upstairs is downstairs in the library with the spare-room bureau; the upstairs closets are under the eaves of the sloping roof—the way to utilize them to the best advantage is to enter on your hands and knees, carrying an electric torch between your teeth. Inside the closet you turn on your back, illuminate the pendant garments with your torch, drag whatever you select down from the hook, grasp it firmly with your teeth, and so out again on your hands and knees, rolling the electric torch gently before you. We see now why in those good old days chests of drawers were popular—fortunately we have one of our own that somehow has got up the stairway; and we see also, as we begin to settle into it, what is perhaps the secret of this humbler colonial architecture. The Colonial Jack who built this house wanted some rooms round a chimney and a roof that the snow would slide off; and so he built it; and wherever he found a space he made a closet or a cupboard; and because he had no other kind, he put in small-paned windows; and all he did was substantial and honest—and beautiful in its humble way, by accident.

Benefits of Irrigation.

Greece grew great on taxes from men who knew how to irrigate. The climate and soil of Greece was the same as that of California—vast mountains and arid plains.

Through the garden of Plato ran a diverted stream whose waters were cold and sparkling from the mountains.

Plato was under the ditch; for Acadamus, who owned the ranch, had banked his all on a canal which finally made him one of the millionaires of Athens.

Here it was that Aristotle lived, where the sky was blue three hundred days in the year, amid the lavish and laughing luxuriance of land where God supplied the sunshine and man the water.

Here it was that he wrote, "The land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits will also produce noble men and women."

Steam-Dried Hay.

The up-to-date well-equipped farm seems now to have a method of protection during the hay season, against the losses which have been experienced in so many cases by the wetting of the rain and the preventing of proper drying. Experiments show that grass can be dried by steam within thirty minutes from the time it is cut, and then be ready to be stored away. The product thus obtained is superior to the ordinary sun-dried product, having a sweeter flavor and keeping fully as well. This can be applied, of course, only on a farm that has a steam plant, but it is fairly simple, and it certainly seems to promise to the farmer a protection against one of his inevitable trials in the past.

Naval Courtesy.

Just as all preparations had been completed for the search for the lost United States submarine in Honolulu harbor the Japanese cruiser Isuzumo hoisted her anchor and prepared to leave port.

Before making for the outside the warship steamed in a semicircle about the point where the submarine was believed to lie. The crew were drawn up in salute and the warship's flag was dipped in honor of the 21 men who went to their death on board the F-4.

Naval men are punctilious in matters of etiquette, and the world would be better if the same conditions prevailed in other walks of life.