

FISHES HAVE "SIXTH SENSE"

Explanation of Presence of the "Homing Instinct" So Strong in the Finny Tribe.

How salt-water fish that at certain periods in their lives migrate to fresh water always find their way into the same rivers is made clear by the investigation of experts who have recently been studying the reaction of salt-water fish to various conditions of environment.

It appears that herring can detect differences in heat and cold as little as a quarter of a degree or less. They also know when even the slightest trace of acid or alkali is present in the water. Some scientists have even proposed that herring and other fish be used to detect the presence of chemicals in the water, just as during the war canaries were used to discover traces of poisonous gas.

The investigators say that salmon find their way into rivers by means of the presence of acids or alkalis, which, of course, varies in different streams. Even when they are a long way out at sea they can discover the trace that will lead them to the bay and the stream they seek. It thus becomes unnecessary to appeal to a "homing instinct" to explain the return of certain salmon to certain rivers or the "running" of herring to certain localities.

MAGIC LANTERN IN DAYLIGHT

French Inventor Has Devised Apparatus Which Does Away With the Necessity for Slides.

A projection lantern which photographs directly from the object itself, dispensing with slides altogether, has been invented by a French physicist. A remarkable feature of the apparatus is that it operates in broad daylight, there being no luminous cone and darkened room necessary, as in the case of the ordinary magic lantern.

Any object of suitable size may be introduced into the lantern—an open book, a stone, a set of beads, or a text, rolled and unrolled on a couple of spools. By means of a set of condensers of one or more lenses, and reflectors at the back of the source of light, the object is photographed upon the screen with microscopic accuracy, it is claimed, the whole force of the light pouring upon the object and reflecting through the lenses to the screen, or any place in the room, from a mirror which swings on an axis.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

LIKE STORY OF OLD TIMES

Happenings in Books Written Twenty or Thirty Years Ago Puzzling to People of Today.

When you go on your vacation and take some books along you may include some stories written twenty or thirty years ago—perhaps an adventure or detective yarn. You will not have read long before you find yourself puzzled. Why didn't the disabled ship in the Caribbean use its wireless? Oh, of course—wireless had not been invented. And as you turn over the pages of the tale of New York life, how quaint it seems, remarks a writer in the Brooklyn Standard-Union. Why did the suspect flee from the detective in a Sixth avenue elevated train? When the beautiful heiress suddenly decides to go to the country, the old family coachman drives her down to the Third-fourth street ferry. No subways, no motorcars as a daily incident of life; the characters in the story do perhaps use telephones, but they never seem to have heard of the game of golf, and they have "clubmen" and "star reporters" and "cub reporters" and other quaint-sounding designations, and some utterly reckless young spendthrift couple may spend as much as \$60 a month rent for an apartment. You would almost think you were reading a historical romance of the period of Gov. DeWitt Clinton.

PROTECTING HOLY SEPULCHER.

Provision for the protection of the Holy Sepulcher against fire has been made by Sir Herbert Samuel, high commissioner for Palestine. He recently visited this most notable shrine of Christendom and saw that no arrangements had been made to cope with fire. He ordered three portable fire pumps to be sent from England, and has presented them as a personal gift to the Latin, Greek and Armenian representatives, which exercise control over the Holy Sepulcher.—Scientific American.

REDEMPTION

By MARGARET A. NORTON.

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It was a crucial moment. Rachel recognized it. Without a second's hesitation she grasped the steaming coffee pot and, with an alarming agility, sent it, contents and all, right through the big pane of glass in the dining room window.

Then, with a slightly heightened color, but apparently otherwise calm and placid, she began filling some glasses with water to substitute in place of the usual beverage.

Ralph, astonished, aghast, his mouth open, stood as if turned to stone and watched his wife's movements. To his astonished gaze she appeared as cool and calmly as a winter morning.

"They" had told her—why, even Ralph's own mother had warned her—that Ralph's ugly temper had spoiled his first wife's life; that he was given to fits of "meanness," which while they lasted made life near him, or with him, a misery and a terror.

"They" had said that she would rue the day she married him, for he was "overbearing and tyrannical" and "had no thought for anyone but himself."

To all well-meaning critics, except Ralph's mother, Rachel had turned a smiling but unmoved face. With Mrs. Rodman she had talked earnestly, and the love Ralph undoubtedly bore his handsome and cheerful wife held his tyrannical temper within bounds. But this lovely April morning he had risen with all his disagreeable propensities on the surface.

Rachel had not uttered a word of remonstrance, not even when her husband blocked the unoffending cat, threw a chair in his path to the other side of the room and nearly broke the covers of her new rug when he replenished the fire. She pretended not to notice that her merry remarks were unanswered or glared at. It was not until, through his own carelessness, he had spilled a few drops of hot coffee on his wrist and had, with a muttered oath, thrown the offending cup across the room, landing it in scraps on a pretty and prized rug, that Rachel acted.

It was then that she followed his example, but to his horror and the sudden cooling of his pettish resentment, not only followed his example, but went his several better, for the window pane was a valuable one and the coffee pot one of their best wedding gifts.

Neither spoke during the hasty meal that followed.

At dinner she acted just as usual. Ralph was very silent. He noted that the debris of the morning explosion lay where it had fallen. His mother and uncle were coming to tea.

After dinner he gathered up the broken glass and cleared away the coffee grounds.

That night she prepared a letter. It was not long. In it Rachel told her husband that she had been warned about his inflammable temper; that she loved him despite that very bad blemish, and she believed he was manly enough to conquer his ruling passion. She told him that she meant for a while, "only for a while, and just as an object lesson, to show you how terrible such behavior is. When I see that my acts are not bearing fruit and that you are not worth my descending to such tactics then I shall say 'good-by' and forever 'good-by'! I cannot live with a husband unworthy my respect. I should still love you, Ralph, but I should leave you just the same as if my love had departed, for I am an individual with a right to happiness, and it would be unobtainable with you. Think it over, husband!"

Ralph never mentioned the letter, but it was many months before he allowed his besetting vice to get the better of him again, and when he did it proved to be the last time. This time he stoned and killed a hen that had done some damage in the garden. When Rachel, who loved all helpless creatures, saw the mutilated body she acted. That night when Ralph went out to feed his poultry, which he fancied, despite his occasional cruelties, his poultry house was empty. Rachel had given every bird away.

"When you can use creatures humanely," she said, "I'll agree to have more here. But that hen's broken ribs and body made me understand that you had to learn humane principles before we could trust animals of any kind in your hands."

It was the last lesson necessary. Ralph saw the point. He began to respect, as he had never done before with any woman who had come into his life, the will which refused to submit tamely to injustice and tyranny.

"I must not lose her," he thought, "for if she goes it will be forever."

A year later as the pair were looking at some fowl that Rachel herself had installed in the poultry house, Ralph remarked, reminiscently:

"I'm mighty glad, Rachel, that you had the gumption to hit hard from the shoulder when I merited it."

And Rachel, her prophecies fulfilled, answered: "I never hit you, honey, but I did hit the black moods that were killing you."

New Dressing for Burns.

A newly devised instantaneous dressing for burns consists of three rolls of gauze immersed in a solution of bicarbonate of soda and mineral, put up in a container with an instantly removable lid.

Highland Social Club

The Highland Social club met with Mr. and Mrs. Gail Alexander on Saturday evening. Games and music furnished a good time for all. Refreshments of sandwiches and cake were served. Several new members were welcomed into the club. It is the aim of the club to drive away cares every fortnight during the winter months by gathering for a jolly good time. The next meeting will be with Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Brandt. Those attending Saturday evening were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Peyree and family, Mr. and Mrs. William Morrison and son, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Nelson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Brandt and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Stapleton and son, Mr. and David Stapleton and family, Mr. Pearl Alexander and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Gail Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Dell Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Alexander and granddaughter, Mr. and Mrs. Oren Eclumurry, Mr. Rose, Evans, Miss. Verne Ketchum, Messrs Don Dickinson, Henry McElmurry, Paul Scott, Isaac Compton, George Stapleton and Ernest Wright.

ELNORA MATTISON IS SUMMONED

(continued from first page.)

rection of A. L. Keeney were held at the Oed Fellow hall, the Rebekahs having charge of the ritualistic part of the services. It was one of the largest funerals ever held in the city and there were many beautiful floral offerings. Interment was at the I. C. O. F. cemetery.

Elnora Wilson, the daughter of Decious and Eliza Wilson, was born at Coral, Mich., in 1885. Married Charles Mattison at LaComb, Michigan in 1874. Came to Marion county, Oregon, in 1903, moving to Independence fifteen years ago. There are four surviving children, Wil and Grover Mattison, Miss Jessie Mattison and Mrs. Ed Lorence, and several grand children, one of the latter, Pauline Perry having lived with her grandmother for some time. Her husband passed away several years ago.

Mrs. Mattison was a charter member of the Independence Rebekah lodge and was also affiliated with the Pythian Sisters, the Degree of Honor and Yeoman.

Another mother has been called Beyond and rests in peace. While she has gone from this earthly sphere forever, she will never be forgotten by those who knew her well.

LITERALLY AS THE BIRDS.

A British inventor stated the other day that flying success will come either with what he termed "flappers"—which are nothing more or less than wings manipulated by the arms—or by helicopter screws.

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LOCALS BREVITIES

A. G. Williams has sold his residence to J. E. Hubbard.

The famous Kreider shoes suitable for sport, school and street wear are being shown at Valitons 415 State St., Salem. Also Billiken shoes for children. Once tried always worn.

The Polk County Corn Show will be held at Independence on Dec. 2 and 3.

Save money by shopping with the thrifty at Busick's. Stores at Salem, Albany and Woodburn

Wayne Hanna has purchased the U. G. Heffley farm between Independence and Monmouth. Wayne will need a housekeeper.

The Thanksgiving show at the Oregon, Salem, is James Oliver Curwood's "God's Country and the Law."

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