A Little Contemplation Will Show the Truth of the Statement-Man Who Considers It Is the One Who Succeeds.

Everybody knows what a little thing an inch is, but few realize what a big thing it is. Few stop to contemplate what the difference of an inch really means, says a writer in the New York American. A tailor knows when an inch too much or too little has cost him anywhere from \$18 to \$80. A dressmaker knows when an inch too little of the goods on hand may cause her, after an arduous day of planning. to abandon a chosen pattern for another. An engineer knows when his train, with its carload of human a poor man-in short, what is the good freight, has gone one inch off the track over a precipice.

Some men have minds one inch off of you? the judgment track, and that causes all their schemes, gigantic and bril-Hant as they may be, to run amuck.

Every calamity and every success in life is controlled by inches. Men rarely go to their doom in an

hour; it is inch by inch. All successes are won inch by inch. As inch by inch the waters of life creep in to ingulf us, so inch by inch the obstacles that impede our progress move aside.

The man who attempts to leap over the inches to reach his goal gets there with a broken leg.

clutches. We cannot ignore an inch. and caprices. or it immediately thwarts our intenby man, as the saying goes, "within an inch of his life."

All diseases move inch by inch. Before the scarlet fever breaks out in a that Michette has just died." child it has been developing inch by inch for nine days.

A man built a magnificent structure the other day at an enormous expense, and when it was proved that he had encroached a few inches on the land other man the right to pull it down.

The overstepping of an inch in the proprieties of life brands us. If a girl in a theater laughs an inch too loud the audience looks around and puts upon her the stamp of "not a lady."

Art is controlled by inches. A picture an inch too high or too low, and the entire artistic effect of the wall hind her rather a large family." upon which it hangs is lost.

Deportment is measured by inches, and woe unto the man who fails to observe its dictates. Even in the deepest grief, if one goes too far in his wailings the grief is questioned, if not ridiculed, and sympathy turned aside. net, that I don't surround myself with laughs at his best efforts.

do not even consider the yards.

It is the man who considers life ed who succeeds.

World's Richest Church.

Trinity church, New York, which has just voted a handsome donation to the preservation fund of St. Paul's cathedral, is the most richly endowed parish in the world. It has a fast-increasing income-not fully disclosed, but believed to be about \$2,500,000 a year-which is mainly "unearned increment," derived from lands given by Queen Anne that have become priceless through the growth of the city during two centuries. Out of this wast revenue are paid the stipends of the clergy and choirs of Trinity and of eight daughter churches, and the expenses of Trinity hospital and Trinity cemetery, and contributions to poorer parishes, and charitable institutions. Some time ago Trinity vestry voted a subscription towards the repair of the organ of Bow church, Cheapside, England, and were delighted with two return gifts, which consisted of a Roman tile and a chunk of stone from the old Norman crypt.

Salts Down Frog Chorus.

Cudahy, Cal., boasts of a magician who has power over frogs. This marvel, a woman, lives where the ground is low and the water gathers when it rains. And in the rain the frogs come home to roost and to croak.

Mrs. M. H. Murphy, who lives on Mary street, stood the serenade the first night very well. But the second the edges and on the third night she racked her brains for a way to silence

rescue and suggested a remedy she possessing little object, crawling about glimpse of a white dress (undoubtedly first heard in childhood. This was feebly in search of warmth and nourto feed the melodious frogs with salt. | ishment, uttering pitiful little cries. | Madame d'Esclignac). Five pounds of salt covered Frogtown Its extreme loneliness and helpless next morning and the singers moved ness touched the big soldier, who said out.

Entirely Too Modern.

film is long enough for a moving pic- little warm milk from a quill. At all ture kiss. Los Angeles censors think two feet a plenty. What is your opin-Ion?

Measuring kisses by feet, eh? Well, personally I prefer the old-fashioned method of measuring a kiss by the clock on the mantelpiece."-Exchange.

Fires Caused by Lightning. Of the 3,691 fires occurring in the forests of Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington last year 2,032 were caused by lightning.

## MEASURED BY INCHES LITTLE THINGS GOVERN LIFE'S SUCCESS OR FAILURE. HIS INCHES THE SUCCESS OF FAILURE. MARIE VAN VORST ILLUSTRATIONS OF RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER I. -1-

A Serious Event. Le Comte de Sabron, in the undress uniform of captain in the -- Cavalry. sat smoking and thinking.

What is the use of being thirty years world and no one cares what becomes

He rang his bell, and when his ordonnance appeared, said sharply: "Que diable is the noise in the sta-

when I smoke at this hour all Tarascon must be kept utterly silent?" meridional town is, especially in the warm sunlight of a glorious May day. "The noise, mon Capitaine," said

Brunet, "is rather melancholy." "Melancholy!" exclaimed the young officer. "It's infernal. Stop it at once." hand. He had a round good-natured served. The word inch has a forbidding face and kind gray eyes that were

sound. It is because it holds us in its used to twinkle at his master's humor "I beg pardon, mon Capitaine, but tions. Every simple thing is performed a very serious event is taking place."

if you don't keep things quiet." "I am sorry to tell, mon Capitaine,

"Michette!" exclaimed the master. "What relation is she of yours, Bru-

"Ah, mon Capitaine," grinned the ordonnance, "relation! None! It is the where from the terrace he saw the little terrier that Monsieur le Capi- Rhone lying under the early moonof another man the law accorded the taine may have remarked now and light and the shadows falling around then in the garden.

> Sabron nodded and took his cigarette out of his mouth as though in respect for the deceased.

"Ah, yes," he said, "that melancholy little dog! Well, Brunet!"

mon Capitaine, and she is leaving be-"I am not surprised," said the officer.

"There are six," vouchsafed Brunet, "of which, if mon Captaine is willing, I should like to keep one." "Nonsense," said Sabron, "on no ac-

count. You know perfectly well, Bru-

An inch too far in the poet's flight to things that can make me suffer. I imagination's realms and the world have not kept a dog in ten years. I try not to care about my horses even. A single inch in any direction may Everything to which I attach myself throw away a man's chances for the dies or causes me regret and pain. an accent that Sabron thought beworld's approval, and yet some men And I won't have any miserable little wilderingly charming, and he put aside puppy to complicate existence."

"Bien, mon Capitaine," accepted the within an inch of every detail present- ordonnance tranquilly. "I have given away five. The sixth is in the stable; if Monsieur le Capitaine would come down and look at it .

> Sabron rose, threw his cigarette away and, following across the garden in the bland May light, went into the stable where Madame Michette, a



Babron Looked at the Letter.

night her nerves got ragged around small wire-haired Irish terrier had given birth to a fine family and herself gone the way of those who do their duty to a race. In the straw at alley, near the poplars at the lower Her subconscious mind came to the his feet Sabron saw a ratlike, unpre- end of the rose terrace he caught a curtly to his man:

"Wrap it up, and if you don't know how to feed it I should not be sur-"Chicago censors say three feet of prised if I could induce it to take a events we shall have a try with it. Fetch it along to my rooms.'

And as he retraced his steps, leaving his order to be executed, he thought to himself: The little beggar is not much more alone in the world than I am! As he said that he recalled a word in the meridional patois: Pitchoune, which means "poor little

thing." "I shall call it Pitchoune," he thought, "and we shall see if it can't

do better than its name suggests."

and busied himself at his table with his correspondence. Among the letters was an invitation from the Marquise d'Esclignac, an American married to a Frenchman, and the great lady of the country thereabouts.

"Will you not," she wrote, "come to old with the brevet of captain and dine with us on Sunday? I have my much distinction of family if you are niece with me. She would be glad to see a French soldier. She has exof anything if you are alone in the pressed such a wish. She comes from of taking in Miss Redmond to dinner. a country where soldiers are rare. We dine at eight."

Sabron looked at the letter and its it. fine clear handwriting. Its wording was less formal than a French invitable, Brunet? Don't you know that tion is likely to be, and it gave him a sense of cordiality. He had seen, during his rides, the beautiful lines Tarascon is never silent. No French of the Chatcau d'Esclignac. Its tur- days, made Brunet fetch him warm rets surely looked upon the Rhone. There would be a divine view from the terraces. It would be a pleasure to go there. He thought more of what Pitchoune's throat. Pitchoune swalthe place would be than of the people in it, for he was something of a her-The ordonnance held his kepi in his mit, rather a recluse, and very re-

> He was writing a line of acceptance when Brunet came in, a tiny bundle in his hand.

"Put Pitchoune over there in the tle of the stimulant every hour until sunlight," ordered the officer, "and we "It will be more serious yet, Brunet, shall see if we can bring him up by hand."

CHAPTER II.

Julia Redmond.

He remembered all his life the first dinner at the Chateau d'Esclignac, the castle of good King Rene.

As he passed in, his sword clanking -for he went in full dress uniform to dine with the Marquise d'Esclignache saw the picture the two ladies made in their drawing-room: the marquise "She has just breathed her last, in a very splendid dress (which he never could remember) and her niece, a young lady from a country whose name it took him long to learn to pronounce, in a dress so simple that of course he never could forget it! He remembered for a great many years the fall of the ribbon at her pretty waist, the bunch of sweet peas at her girdle, and he always remembered the face that made the charm of the pic-

Their welcome to him was gracious. The American girl spoke French with some of his reserve and laughed and "He talked at his ease. After dinner (this he remembered with peculiar distinct- he should return. Pitchoune's eyes, ness) Miss Redmond sang for him, and now open, followed his handsome masalthough he understood none of the ter to the door. As Sabron opened it 1 ce words of the English ballad, he learned he gave a pathetic yelp which made the melody by heart and it followed with him when he left. It went with him as he crossed the terrace into the moonlight to mount his horse; it went nome with him; he hummed it, and when he got up to his room he hummed it again as he bent over the little roll lives for you alone." of flannel in the corner and fed the

puppy hot milk from a quill. This was a painstaking operation and required patience and delicacy, both of which the big man had at his finger-tips. The tune of Miss Redmond's song did for a lullaby and the puppy fell comfortably to sleep while Sabron kept the picture of his evening's outing contentedly in his mind. But later he discovered that he was not so contented, and counted the hours when he might return.

He shortly made a call at the Chateau d'Esclignac with the result that he had a new picture to add to his collection. This time it was the picture of a lady alone; the Marquise d'Es clignac doing tapestry. While Sabron found that he had grown reticent again, he listened for another step and another voice and heard nothing; but before he took leave there was a hint of a second invitation to dinner.

The marquise was very handsome that afternoon and wore yet another bewildering dress. Sabror's simple taste was dazzled. Nevertheless, she made a graceful picture, one of beauty and refinement, and the young soldier took it away with him. As his horse began to trot, at the end of the a simpler dress than that wor by

CHAPTER III.

A Second Invitation.

"I don't think, mon Capitaine, that it is any use," Brunet told his master. Sabron, in his shirt-sleeves, sat before a table on which, in a basket, lay Michette's only surviving puppy. It was a month old. Sabron already knew how bright ita eyes were and how al-

luring its young ways. "Be still, Brunet," commanded the officer. "You do not come from the south or you would be more sanguine. Pitchoune has got to live."

The puppy's clumsy adventuresom feet had taken him as far as the highroad, and on this day, as it were in order that he should understand the sticking together, rub them over the He went slowly back to his rooms struggle for existence, a bicycle had hair before putting them away.

cut him down in the prime of his youth, and now, according to Brunet, "there wasn't much use!"

Pitchoune was bandaged around his hind quarters and his adorable little head and forepaws came out of the handkerchief bandage.

"He won't eat anything from me, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, and Sabron ceremonlously opened the pup py's mouth and thrust down a dose Pitchoune swallowed obediently.

Sabron had just returned from a long hard day with his troops, and tired out as he was, he forced himself to give his attention to Pitchoune. A second invitation to dinner lay on his table; he had counted the days until this night. It seemed too good to be true, he thought, that another picture was to add itself to his collection! He had mentally enjoyed the others often, giving preference to the first, when he dined at the chateau; but there had been a thrill in the second caused by the fluttering of the white dress down by the poplar walk.

To-night he would have the pleasure "See, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, 'the poor little fellow can't swallow

The water trickled out from either side of Pitchoune's mouth. The sturdy terrier refused milk in all forms, had done so since Sabron weaned him; but Sabron now returned to his nursery milk and, taking the quill, dropped a few drops of the soothing liquid, into which he put a dash of brandy, down lowed, got the drink down, gave a at the best equipped, most up-to-date and only feeble yelp, and closed his eyes. When L. & M. Auto Repair Co., 369 Eartherse Are., Furthest, Or he opened them the glazed look had

The officer hurried into his evening clothes and ordered Brunet, as he tied his cravat, to feed the puppy a lit-



the capitaine turn about. "Believe me, mon Capitaine," said the ordonnance with melancholy fatality, "It is no use. If I am left with Pitchoune it will be to see him die. I know his spirit, mon Capitaine. He

"Nonsense," said the young officer impatiently, drawing on his gloves. Pitchoune gave a plaintive wail from

the bandages and tried to stir. "As for feeding him, mon Capitaine,"

the ordonnance threw up his hands, "he will be stiff by the time But Sabron was half-way down the stairs. The door was open, and on the

porch he heard distinctly a third ten-

derly pathetic wail. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

FACTOR IN MODERN WARFARE

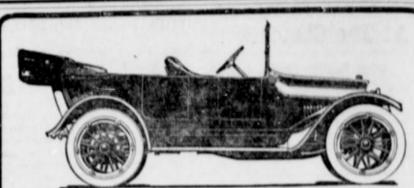
Commanding Generals Could Not Handle Present Enormous Armies Without the Motor.

With millions of men drawn up in battle array at one and the same time, to handle them effectively by old-time methods would have been impossible Even before "a opposing fronts were extended to their fullest degree in France alone, they were officially de clared to have attained a length of 300 miles, and one of 270 miles in the east-figures which not only convey some insucation of the stupendous size of the engaging forces, but even more emphatically suggest the tremendous responsibilities of the com manders in chief.

Nevertheless, although they have to deal with millions instead of tens of thousands, the commanders concerned have never had their forces so completely under control; in every phase of the warfare, whether of transport attack, defense or supply, the keynote of the operation has been effectiveness of the completest kind.

The motor, in short, has "speeded up" the war in a way that could never have been dreamed of by former generations. Never have the movements of troops been so rapid; for, instead of men having to wait for ammunition and food supplies, these have been at work in every artery, vein and tiny conveyed by motor wagons which can capillary. Every membrane, every organ travel, if need be, much faster than the armies themselves.-Charles L. Freeston in Scribner's Magazine.

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"After a man has loafed awhile," said Uncle Eben, "he generally decides dat he'd rather go to work dan be so lonesome."

P. N. U. No. 17, 1915

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> To the Bitter End. Redd-What do you think of the new baseball league?

> Greene-It means war in the baseball world.

"Sure; it will be diamond cut dia-

Happiness. Happiness lies in the consciousness we have of it, and by no means in the way the future keeps its promise .-George Sand.

Resourceful Sailors.

A tale from the Pacific relates that a steamer whose rudder unexpectedly broke was steered for several days by packing boxes hung over the sides.

Daily Thought.

No man at bottom means injustice , is always for some obscure distorted image of a right that he contends. -Carlyle.

A Definition. William-"Pop. what's a paradox?"

Father-"A paradox, my son, is a woman who wears silk stockings and tries to keep it a secret."-Puck. Chase the Mice Away.

Mice will not reopen a hole which

has been filled with any mixture containing lye. Flour and lye make a good paste for the purpose. Photography and Tact.

A photographer has to be a man of

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to look pleasant instead of laughing

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