

ADVENTURES ON "RIVER OF DOUBT"

Colonel Roosevelt Tells How Kermit Escaped Drowning.

WAS SWEEPED INTO RAPIDS.

Too Nearly Gone to Tear Off Cumber-some Clothing and Barely Able to Reach Branch of Tree Which Saved His Life—Naming of the Rio Kermit and the Rio Roosevelt.

[From Colonel Roosevelt's seventh article describing his journey in the Brazilian wilderness in Scribner's Magazine for October, 1914. Copyright, 1914, by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

Colonel Roosevelt describes the start and the early stages of his journey down the "River of Doubt." The canoes were rude dugouts, loaded within a few inches of the water, and from the very beginning dangerous rapids made progress both hazardous and difficult. He could form no idea of the time it would take to reach civilization, "whether six weeks or three months." It was on this part of the journey that Kermit Roosevelt so nearly lost his life by the upsetting of a canoe. Colonel Roosevelt writes:

Kermit yelled to the steersman to turn her head so as to take them in the only way that offered any chance whatever of safety. The water came aboard, wave after wave, as they raced down. They reached the bottom with the canoe upright, but so full as barely to float, and the paddlers urged her toward the shore. They had nearly reached the bank when another whirlpool or whirling eddy tore them away and hurried them back to midstream, where the dugout filled and turned over.

Joao, seizing the rope, started to swim ashore. The rope was pulled from his hand, but he reached the bank. Poor Simplicio must have been pulled under at once and his life beaten out on the bowlders beneath the racing torrent. He never rose again, nor did we ever recover his body.

Kermit Fights For His Life.

Kermit clutched his rifle, his favorite 405 Winchester with which he had done most of his hunting both in Africa and America, and climbed on the bottom of the upset boat. In a minute he was swept into the second series of rapids and whirled away from the rolling boat, losing his rifle. The water beat his helmet down over his head and face and drove him beneath the surface, and when he rose at last he was almost drowned, his breath and strength almost spent.

He was in swift but quiet water and swam toward an overhanging branch. His jacket hindered him, but he knew he was too nearly gone to be able to get it off, and, thinking with the curious calm one feels when death is but a moment away, he realized that the utmost his falling strength could do was to reach the branch. He reached and clutched it and then almost lacked strength to haul himself out on the land. Good Tregueiro had faithfully swum alongside him through the rapids and now himself scrambled ashore. It was a very narrow escape.

Kermit was a great comfort and help to me on the trip, but the fear of some fatal accident befalling him was always a nightmare to me. He was to be married as soon as the trip was over, and it did not seem to me that I could bear to bring bad tidings to his betrothed and to his mother.

Simplicio was unmarried. Later we sent to his mother all the money that would have been his had he lived.

Christening the Rio Roosevelt.

On the morning following our camping by the mouth of the Rio Kermit Colonel Rondon took a good deal of pains in getting a big post set up at the entry of the smaller river into the Duvida. Then he summoned me and all the others to attend the ceremony of its erection. We found the camaradas drawn up in line and the colonel preparing to read aloud "the orders of the day."

To the post was nailed a board with "Rio Kermit" on it, and the colonel read the orders reciting that, by the direction of the Brazilian government and inasmuch as the unknown river was evidently a great river, he formally christened it the Rio Roosevelt. This was a complete surprise to me. Both Lauro Muller and Colonel Rondon had spoken to me on the subject, and I had urged and Kermit had urged as strongly as possible that the name be kept as Rio da Duvida.

We felt that the "River of Doubt" was an unusually good name, and it is always well to keep a name of this character. But my kind friends insisted otherwise, and it would have been childish of me to object longer. I was much touched by their action and by the ceremony itself.

At the conclusion of the reading Colonel Rondon led in cheers for the United States and then for me and for Kermit, and the camaradas cheered with a will.

I proposed three cheers for Brazil and then for Colonel Rondon and Lynn and the doctor and then for all the camaradas. Then Lynn said that everybody had been cheered except Cherrie, and so we all gave three cheers for Cherrie, and the meeting broke up in high good humor.

School Days

We won't have no geography to study any more. As long as maps is bein' changed an' shifted by the war. You cannot bound a country while the boundaries is all mixed. An' so we just have got to wait until they get 'em fixed. But that don't help a feller none. The teacher is too slick. She makes you spend the time you've saved a-learnin' 'rithmetic!

Of course there ain't no history to bust yer brains on now. It's bein' all made over in the European row.

You don't know who'll be king of what when all the scrap is done. Nor what the biggest battles was until somebody's won. But that don't get us nothin'! Naw! The time we save on that

We have to use, the teacher says, to get our grammar pat!

I know the war is dreadful, but it's simply got to be. There might be compensations (there's a world) it seems to me. If it would mix up grammar like it does geography. An' make the hash of 'rithmetic it does of history. It might not do the world much good, but it would help a lot. To lighten' the grievous loads us little kids has got!

—James J. Montague in New York American.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS CURE NEAR, DR. FLEXNER HINTS

Reports Finding of Germ of Disease That Makes Cripples.

Hope of a cure for infantile paralysis, a disease that has baffled the medical profession for years, is held out by Dr. Simon Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute For Medical Research.

Dr. Flexner explains that through animal experimentation the micro-organism of the disease, heretofore invisible even with the aid of the most powerful microscopes and extremely difficult to grow outside the human body, has finally been grown in test tubes and is found visible when viewed through the microscope in masses. He makes no definite promise, but he leaves the distinct impression that recent experiment with this minute germ will soon produce results of a most important character.

Research work concerning the disease has been in progress at the Rockefeller Institute for about six years. Results at first were similar to those in other laboratories, where the virulent agent eluded primary microscopic detection. But the ample means at the command of Dr. Flexner enabled him to pursue the work beyond the stage at which it had blocked others.

Infant paralysis is spread in many ways. The common housefly is an active carrier of it. Bedbugs and hens distribute it. Human and other carriers have been found which do not themselves suffer from the disease, but which appear to exhale the tiny organisms and thus infect susceptible persons with whom they come in contact.

The disease has appalling power to produce deformities.

POSTAL BANKS' BIG GAINS.

About 45,000,000 on Deposit Throughout the Country.

There are now in the United States 9,653 postoffices that are postal savings bank depositories. Deposits for the whole country at the end of August, according to an announcement made, amount to about \$48,000,000. The New York office, with an increase of \$926,842 in August, made the largest gain for the month. Other offices showing large increases in the month are: Chicago, \$184,000; Boston, \$115,000; Detroit, \$76,000; Newark, \$54,000; Los Angeles, \$52,000; Portland, Ore., \$51,000; Cleveland, \$45,000; Butte, \$44,000; Kansas City, Mo., \$43,000; Milwaukee, \$42,000; St. Louis, \$35,000; Pittsburgh, \$33,000; Minneapolis, \$28,000; Buffalo, \$27,000; Seattle, \$27,000; Philadelphia, \$26,000; Cincinnati, \$26,000; St. Paul, \$25,000; Toledo, \$24,000; Columbus, \$22,000; Tacoma, \$21,000, and Denver, \$20,000.

GIRL RESCUER RISKS LIFE.

Saves Wounded Soldiers, Though Shells Burst All Around Her.

"During the bombardment of Senlis Mile. de Selligny, who belongs to one of the most prominent families of France, found two wounded soldiers abandoned among the ruins," writes a correspondent from Paris.

"Although the shells were bursting all around, the young girl ransacked the place until she found a donkey and cart. She filled the cart with straw and succeeded, all unaided, in hoisting the wounded men into the little spring-vehicle.

"There was no place in the cart for Mile. de Selligny, so she marched thirty miles with her wounded to the nearest ambulance."

Horse Meat For Prisoners.

In Germany signs of distress are now apparent in the comments of newspapers. The Lokalanzeiger in several issues complains that prisoners of war are fed much better than millions of Germans, who often have no butter and eat meat only twice a week, whereas the prisoners get meat daily. The same paper also suggests that wounded and dead horses on the battlefield should immediately be converted into sausages and other food for the German population and the prisoners of war.

THE RURAL PRESS

The Local Paper a Most Useful Agency on the Farm—The Press, Pulpit and School a Trinity of Influence That Must Be Utilized in Building Agriculture.

By Peter Radford.
Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

A broad campaign of publicity on the subject of rural life is needed in this state today to bring the problems of the farmers to the forefront. The city problems are blazoned upon the front pages of the metropolitan dailies and echoed in the country press, but the troubles of the farmers are seldom told, except by those who seek to profit by the story, and the glitter of the package oftentimes obscures the substance. A searching investigation into the needs of the farmers will reveal many inherent defects in our economic system that can be easily remedied when properly understood and illuminated by the power of the press.

The rural press, the pulpit and the school are a trinity of powerful influences that the farmer must utilize to their fullest capacity before he can occupy a commanding position in public affairs. These gigantic agencies are organized in every rural community and only await the patronage and cooperation of the farmers to fully develop their energy and usefulness. They are local forces working for the best interests of their respective communities. Their work is to build and their object is to serve. They prosper only through the development and prosperity of the community.

Every farmer in this state should subscribe for the local paper, as well as farm periodicals and such other publications as he may find profitable, but he should, by all means, subscribe for his local paper, and no home should be without it. The local paper is part of the community life and the editor understands the farmer's problems. It is the local press that will study the local problems and through its columns deal with subjects of most vital importance to local life of the community.

A Noble Task.

In too many instances the country papers mimic the city press by giving prominence to scandals, accidents and political agitation. The new rural civilization has placed upon the rural press renewed responsibilities, and enlarged possibilities for usefulness. It cannot perform its mission to agriculture by recording the frailties, the mishaps and inordinate ambitions of humanity, or by filling its columns with the echoes of the struggles of busy streets, or by enchanting stories of city life which lure our children from the farm.

It has a higher and nobler task. Too often the pages of the city dailies bristle with the struggle of ambitious men in their wild lust for power, and many times the flames of personal conflict sear the tender buds of new civilization and illuminate the pathway to destruction. The rural press is the governing power of public sentiment and must hold steadfast to principle and keep the ship of state in the roadstead of progress. The rural press can best serve the interests of the farmers by applying its energies to the solution of problems affecting the local community. It must stem the mighty life current that is moving from the farm to the cities, sweeping before it a thousand boys and girls per day. It has to deal with the fundamental problems of civilization at their fountain head. Its mission is to direct growth, teach efficiency and mold the intellectual life of the country, placing before the public the daily problems of the farmers and giving first attention to the legislative, co-operative, educational and social needs of the agricultural classes within its respective community.

The Power of Advertising.

The influence of advertising is clearly visible in the homes and habits of the farmers, and the advertising columns of the press are making their imprint upon the lives of our people. The farmer possesses the things that are best advertised.

The farmer is entitled to all the advantages and deserves all the luxuries of life. We need more art, science and useful facilities on the farms, and many homes and farms are well balanced in this respect, but the advertiser can render a service by teaching the advantages of modern equipment throughout the columns of the rural press.

Paint Your House During this Month and Next

Special prices on all paints, oils and lead during that time. We have all kinds of materials and paints, varnishes, household finishes, porch, wagon and carriage paint. Get our special prices on good paint.

Collins W. Elkins Store

THAT "SINGULAR BEING."

Edmund Gosse's Pan Portrait of the Poet Swinburne.

In the "Collected Essays of Edward Gosse" is an elaborate pen picture of Swinburne. "Of all the human beings whom I have known," he says, "I think that Algernon Swinburne was the most extraordinary." And here is the characteristic way in which he begins to sketch that "singular being": "He was short, with sloping shoulders, from which rose a long and slender neck, surmounted by a very large head. The cranium seemed to be out of all proportion to the rest of the structure. His spine was rigid, and, though he often bowed the heaviness of his head, 'lasso papavero collo,' he seemed never to bend his back. Except in consequence of a certain physical weakness, which probably may be accounted for and palliated—except when suffering from this external cause, he seemed immune from all the maladies that pursue mankind.

"He did not know fatigue; his agility and brightness were almost mechanical. I never heard him complain of a headache or a toothache. He required very little sleep, and occasionally when I have parted from him in the evening after saying good night he has simply sat back in the deep sofa in his sitting room, his little feet close together, his arms against his side, folded in his frock coat like a grasshopper in its wing covers, and fallen asleep, apparently for the night, before I could blow out the candles and steal forth from the door.

"I am speaking, of course, of early days; it was thus about 1875 that I closely observed him. He was more a hypertrophied intelligence than a man. His vast brain seemed to weigh down and give solidity to a frame otherwise as light as thistledown, a body almost as immaterial as that of a fairy. In the streets he had the movements of a somnambulist, and often I have seen him passing like a ghost across the traffic of Holborn or threading the pressure of carts eastward in Gray's Inn road without glancing to the left or the right, like something blown before a wind."

PUZZLES TO THE BLIND.

Lack of "Size Sense" Gives Them Odd Ideas About Animals.

The path of the teacher of the blind is beset with many difficulties, one of the greatest being the task of conveying to their mind some idea of the size, shape and features of birds and animals. In many cases, it is true, models are used, but owing to their small size they are, to say the least, of doubtful advantage.

The ignorance of blind children is great, often grotesque. A teacher of a class may find that a child does not know whether a sheep or a cow is the larger, or he may even find that a hare has wings. However carefully they are told that a small model of a cow is only one-fortieth the size of the real animal, more often than not they are unable to think of the animal as being any larger than the model and will stoop and describe something about the size of a kitten when asked to indicate the size of a cow. This arises from the fact that no standard of size, form and texture—beyond those which they set up through handling—can exist for those who have never had the use of their eyes.

Even those who have had sight are found to lose their standards unless they are renewed from time to time by actual contact. An instance of this was noticed not long ago when a boy of about twelve recovered his sight after an operation and for several days following went about in a state of surprise and fear, for almost everything which he had not been in the habit of touching frequently differed considerably in size from his recollections of seven years before. The size of his parents alarmed him very much, as he imagined they were much smaller.—Strand Magazine.

Montreal Churches.

Montreal is very religious. Men kneel on the steps outside the churches. With two galleries all around, Notre Dame will seat 10,000 people, and at times thousands stand. In the old church of Bonsecours lamps in the form of ships are hung. Some are ancient galleasses, some brigantines, some modern screw steamboats with proper boats hung to their davits.—New York World.

Experience.

"We learn by experience," said the ready made philosopher. "That's true," remarked Mr. Growcher. "We get a lot of information from experience, but it doesn't seem to help. What's the good of knowing what the weather was day before yesterday?"—Washington Star.

Land Measure.

One acre contains 160 square rods, 4,840 square yards, 43,560 square feet. The side of a square must measure as follows to contain: Ten acres, 690 feet; one acre, 208.71; half acre, 147.58; third acre, 120.50; fourth acre, 104.38; eighth acre, 73.79.

Methodical.

"She ought to make a good business woman." "What makes you think so?" "Ehe doesn't insist on getting down to the depot an hour before it's time for her train to start."—Detroit Free Press.

Rivals.

Knecker—You have a boy in college and a girl cultivating her voice? Bocker—Yes, and I don't know which has the better yell.—Brooklyn Life.

THE RURAL PASTOR

Intelligent and Consecrated Leadership the Need of the Hour.

By Peter Radford.
Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

The rural pastor has greater possibilities than any other factor in our national life. The rural civilization of the Twentieth Century has opened up a new world of activities for him. There lie before him unexplored continents of usefulness, unemphored forces of civilization and tremendous responsibilities such as have never before confronted the pastorate.

The need of the rural communities today is intelligent and consecrated leadership. There must be a marshaling of forces that build life, strengthen character and broaden vision. The pastor should deal with living problems. In addition to the service he now renders he should help us lift the market basket, hold out a helping hand to the farmer and develop the potential energies of the community he seeks to serve.

A More Useful Ministry.

The farmer needs the personal touch of the pastor. He seldom comes in direct contact with his halloving influence, except when he is baptized, married and buried. We need to further extend Christian influence in the homes, as well as to spread the gospel in China; to instruct our children in the art of living, as well as to convert the barbarian and the Hottentot, and we should devote our energy and talent to the solution of problems of our own locality, rather than consume our energies in fighting vice and ignorance beyond our borders. It is as important that we discuss from the pulpit, the building of macadam highways from the church to our homes, as that we preach of the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. It is as much a part of the duty of the pastor to exhort us to own a home while on earth as to inspire us to build a mansion in the skies and that we should construct Christian character in our own community, rather than that we fight foreign sins in other lands. We want a religion we can farm by as well as die by.

Christian Influence Needed.

There is an emptiness in the life of rural communities and we want preachers who can weave into the social fiber, educational pastimes, profitable pleasures and instructive amusements. Too often we find the games of our young people a search for a suggestion in immorality and a stepping-stone to sin. The pastor should supervise the growing lives of young people, approve their amusements, create expressions of joy and pleasure that makes for Christian character and bless their lives with Christian modesty.

The farm is the nursery of civilization, and the paragonage of all religious denominations. Too long has the farm furnished the cities with their great preachers, until today the rural church is the gangway to city pulpits. The current should be reversed. The power of the pulpit is most needed in the country where the fundamental forces of human life originate. The farm is the powerhouse of all progress and the birthplace of all that is noble. The Garden of Eden was in the country and the man who would get close to God must first get close to nature. Many communities are church-ridden. We frequently have three or four churches in a community with a circuit rider once a month preaching to small congregations and all fail to perform the religious functions of the community. In many instances, more harmonious effort might result in a more efficient service. The division of religious forces and breaking into fragments of moral effort are oftentimes little less than a calamity and defeat the purposes they seek to promote.

A pastor in a neighborhood, studying the economic, social, moral and educational problems of the community, presenting fresh visions of potential possibilities and native power with beauty and new meaning, interpreting the thought-life of the community and administering to their daily needs, will contribute more toward the advancement of a locality than a dozen preachers who occupy the pulpits at irregular intervals, preaching on subjects foreign to the life of the community.

Church prejudice is a vice that saps much of the spiritual life of a community, and wasteful sectarianism is a religious crime against society. Denominational reciprocity should take its place. Non-support of church institutions and religious lethargy can often be traced to causes inherent with the church. There should be co-operation between churches and co-ordination of moral effort along economic lines, and there must be if the rural churches of this state are going to render a service which this age demands.

Relief For Itching Pigs.

Itchiness of the skin of pigs may be due to dirty bedding, to irritating objects in the bedding, to lice or to mange or eczema. On general principles spray and scrub the pigs with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip and rub in sulphur on the worst spots while the skin is damp. Provide clean bedding. Let the pigs run out daily. Physic each pig and then give medicine for worms. A suitable treatment is to mix one dram of copperas in the slop for five consecutive days for each 100 pounds of body weight of pigs. Repeat the application of coal tar dip solution as often as found necessary.

MORNING IN THE ALPS.

'Tis morn, with gold the verdant mountain glows
More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.
Far stretched beneath the many tinted hills,
A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
A solemn sea, whose billows wide around
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound.
Pines on the coast through mist their tops uprear,
That like to leaning masts of stranded ships appear.
A single chasm, a gulf of gloomy blue,
Gapes in the center of the sea, and, through
That dark, mysterious gulf ascending, sound
Unnumerable streams with roar profound.
Mount through the nearer vapors notes of birds,
And merry fledgelet; the low of herds,
The barks of dogs, the helter's tinkling bell.
Talk, laughter and perchance a church tower knell;
Think not, the peasant from aloft has gazed
And heard with heart unmoved, with soul unaltered;
Nor is his spirit less enrapt, nor less
Alive to independent happiness,
Then when he lies outstretched at eventide
Upon the fragrant mountain's purple side.
For as the pleasures of his simple day
Beyond his native valley seldom stray,
Nought round its darling precincts can he find
But brings some past enjoyment to his mind.
While Hope, reclining upon Pleasure's urn,
Blinds her wild wreaths and whispers his return.
—William Wordsworth.

A reader of this department living in Washington writes for the government bulletin giving in detail the experiments which have been conducted in the line of raising beans in semi-arid sections instead of allowing the soil to lie idle under summer fallow. The bulletin in question is Farmers' Bulletin No. 561 and may be had by directing a request to the department of agriculture, Washington. The fact that our correspondent has written as he has for this bulletin seems to justify the statement that any bulletin or bulletins on a given subject may be had without expense by sending a request for them to the department at Washington, as stated.

After reading a recently discovered poem by Sappho it becomes evident that the others perished through spontaneous combustion.

The international council at Rome has resolved that women want the vote in all countries—particularly in countries where the men can't vote.

Clearance Sale

I am closing out the following and will make especially low prices to buyers:

- 2 Fanning Mills.
- Myers' Pumps.
- 2 Disc Harrows, size 12-16 in.
- 1 Alfalfa Cultivator.
- 1 Litter Carrier for stable.
- 1 Kitchen Safe.
- 1 2d-hand Cream Separator.
- 1 Fuller-Johnson Farm Gas Engine.
- 300 Rods Lawn or Yard Fence
- 1 24-in. Slab Heating Stove.
- 1 Mitchell Wagon Box for 31" wagon.
- 1 Steel Farm Wagon.
- 1 Sidehill Plow, 12-in.

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