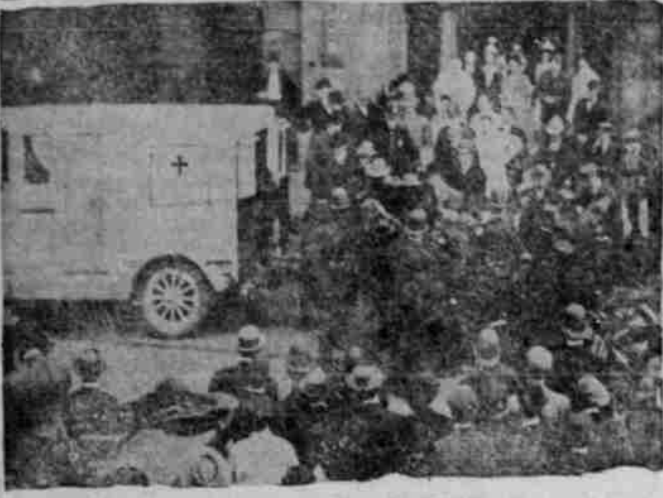


Roosevelt Arriving Home And Entering Mercy Hospital



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COLONEL ROOSEVELT, who was shot by John Schrank at Milwaukee, left Mercy hospital, Chicago, where he was taken the morning after the attempted assassination, and reached his home at Sagamore Hill with out apparent distress. He stood the journey well. The candidate could not have been more pleased than he was at the news that the candidate could avoid the excitement of meeting his loyal town folks, who had turned out in goodly numbers to welcome him home. The colonel was also snapped, as seen in the lower picture, just as he was being assisted from the auto ambulance into Mercy hospital the morning after he was shot at Milwaukee.

Miss Gribble was Tuesday taken to the Oregon City Hospital, where she is receiving treatment for a severe attack of appendicitis. It is thought that a surgical operation will not be necessary.

N. Blair, of Hubbard, was in this city Tuesday and Wednesday. Mrs. Don Meldrum, who underwent a serious surgical operation at St. Vincent's Hospital Tuesday morning, is improving.

It Takes a Large Brain to Acquire and Make Use of Knowledge

By Dr. F. ANTHONY SPITZKA, Brain Specialist

VIGOROUS MINDS DEPEND NOT ONLY UPON THE ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE, BUT ALSO UPON THE INITIATIVE POWER OF UTILIZING KNOWLEDGE TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE. TO DO THIS THE INDIVIDUAL MUST POSSESS A BRAIN OF SUPERIOR ORGANIZATION.

Not only must it be large enough; its elements must consist of the BEST MATERIAL, and the plan of construction must be one of the most elaborate and efficient kind possible.

A Swiss watch of fine construction is a MORE RELIABLE timepiece than a cheap and hastily manufactured alarm clock. In like manner the expert anatomist discerns the differences between the simply constructed brains of lower forms and the complex thought apparatus of man, and even within our own species demonstrable differences in the elaboration of cerebral architecture have been determined.

The brain of a first class genius like Frederick Gauss is as FAR REMOVED FROM THAT OF THE SAVAGE BUSHMAN as that of the latter is removed from the brain of the nearest related ape. The range of brain weight within the human species is a very wide one, from a Tourgenieff's brain weighing 2,012 grams or a Cuvier's weighing 1,830 grams to that of a Zulu weighing only 1,050 grams.

There is a distinct gap between the lowest brain weight of a normal human being and the highest figure recorded for an anthropoid, 425 grams in a gorilla.

Saved In the Nick of Time

By RUTH W. MALTBY

The early settlers in Kentucky came largely from the same direction. Reaching America from the old world, they settled in Pennsylvania, later emigrated to western Virginia and, having worked out their hands there, moved on down the Ohio river to appropriate the virgin soil of Kentucky.

Among these movers was a family named Martin, the father and mother being elderly persons, their elder children grown. A daughter, Hester, was a girl of eighteen. They settled not far from where Bowling Green is now situated.

The war of 1812 was being fought, and soon after the arrival of the Martins in their new home the battle of New Orleans was fought and won by the Americans, or, rather, the woods-men of the west, among whom the hunters of Kentucky were conspicuous. The war had been ended by treaty before the battle, though the news of peace had not yet got across the Atlantic, and soon after it was over the troops came marching home.

A company of Kentuckians recruited from the region about where the Martins lived was disbanded, and a young man, Almer Armstrong, who had marched away and returned as a lieutenant, was among the number. At the time of his appearance John Bartlet, a man of forty years of age, had asked Martin for his daughter Hester's hand. There were many mouths to feed in Martin's family, and Bartlet was the only suitor who had established himself in the new country; therefore Martin persuaded Hester to marry him.

But before the wedding had taken place along came the soldiers whose rifles had won the battle of New Orleans. Young Armstrong was a strapping, flaxen haired, blue eyed boy with every appearance of manliness, but with an engaging smile. Hester looked at him and surrendered.

There is but little reason in youth. Instead of confessing to her father and her betrothed that she had not known what love was and that, having discovered it in the young soldier, she had changed, Hester resolved on the most desperate course to be conceived of. She told Armstrong, who was as deeply smitten with her as she was with him, that she could never face either her father or her betrothed to tell them of the change in her and the only course left for them was to run away. It was not likely that one who had but recently helped to win a battle should show the white feather.

The only means of conveyance in those days in Kentucky was a horse. Armstrong had but one animal, but it served for both. They started on an afternoon, and their flight was discovered about 9 o'clock the same night. Bartlet was notified, and when he learned how he had been treated he said:

"I'll go after 'em and bring 'em back. Then I'll tell 'em they kin git married for all me as soon as they like."

With this he mounted his horse, his rifle slung to his saddle and pistols in his holster, for no one went about unarmed in those wild days, and, assuming that the fugitives would make for the Ohio river, he rode straight northward. About midnight he saw a light in the clouds to the northeastward, and, thinking the fugitives had bivouacked and built a fire, he turned his horse's head in that direction.

Suddenly he reined in to a stand and listened. A distant confused barking fell upon his ear. He shouldered a picture came before his mind's eye painted by the hand of experience. A Kentuckian, he knew that the barking he heard were those of wolves and that one of the ways of fighting wolves was by fire. He saw that the girl he had hoped to make his wife and the man she had eloped with besetled by hungry beasts.

Urging forward his horse, guided by the light, the barks growing more distinct as he approached, he finally burst in upon the very scene he had pictured. Armstrong and Hester occupied the center of a circle of fire they had built to keep off the pack. Armstrong's ammunition had been expended, and whenever a wolf snarled too close he beat it back with the barrel of his rifle or with a burning brand. Hester, like a true daughter of the forest, was bravely arranging the wood they had gathered to keep it burning.

Having ridden as far as his terrified horse would go, Bartlet dismounted and, aiming at a wolf, shot him dead. Then, while the pack were devouring their companion, the rifle was reloaded and another wolf was brought down. Drawing nearer to the besetted couple, Bartlet called upon them to run toward him while he covered their retreat. They started, Hester in advance. The wolves sprang after them,

and just as their suitor was about to spring upon Armstrong, who was moving with his face to them, Bartlet shot the beast dead. This gave Armstrong time to make good his retreat, and before the wolves had finished eating the carcass already slain the three persons had got away.

The next morning all appeared at the Martin home. Bartlet, without a word of reproach, released Hester from her engagement to him, and her father consented to her marriage with Armstrong as soon as he had a cabin to put her in. But the latter proved a better soldier than pioneer and never got the cabin. In time Hester married Bartlet of her own free will.

GOOD COACHING TELLS

Small Football Teams Make Big Eleven Sit Up and Take Notice.

Last season the big football eleven found it difficult to defeat the teams from smaller colleges. The rules were blamed. But were the rules entirely responsible for the disappointments which big teams suffered last season? The writer thinks not.

Each year the big universities—Pennsylvania, Princeton, Yale and Harvard—graduate stars of the football world. Many of these men are willing to obtain the big salary which comes to the man who coaches a successful football eleven. They go to the small colleges



Photo by American Press Association. CAPTAIN MEEHAN OF PENNSYLVANIA.

employ the system which they learned at their alma mater and soon have a winner.

Notable examples are Bill Hollenback and Bob Fowlow of Pennsylvania. There are many others. A decade ago the small college had no coach from the big university. The physical director or a graduate taught the football men the little he knew. Now, with the advent of the coaches from the big universities, the so called "little teams" are learning football. And in many cases they have the material to execute their lessons.

Punishments in Early Days.

The following extracts from early records give us a glimpse of some of the singular punishments in vogue in old New England:

"In 1629 Dorothy Brown, for beating her husband, is ordered to be bound and chained to a post."

"In 1643 the assistants order three Stoneham men to sit in the stocks on lecture day for traveling on the Sabbath."

"In 1651 Anna, wife of George Ellis, was sentenced to be publicly whipped for reproaching the magistrates."

"In 1658, for slandering the elders, she had a cleft stick put on her tongue for half an hour."

So They Might.

"No use locking the stable door after the horse is stolen."

"I should say that was the very time to lock it. They might come back after the automobile."—Washington Herald.

The Demons of the Swamp

are mosquitoes. As they sting they put deadly malaria germs in the blood. Then follow the icy chills and the fever. The appetite fails and the strength falls; also malaria often gives the way for deadly typhoid. But Electric Bitters kill and cast out the malaria germs from the blood; give you a fine appetite and renew your strength. "After long suffering," writes Wm. Fretwell, of Lucama, N. C., "three bottles drove all the malarial from my system, and I've had good health ever since." Best for all stomach, liver and kidney ills, 50 cents at all druggists.

HER HALLOWEEN

By F. A. MITCHEL

Ethel Auchincloss was seventeen years old, an age when girls are fond of fancying what the man whom they shall marry will be like. On Halloween shortly before dark she emerged from her father's farmhouse with a view to going to the river near by to put in operation a little plan of her own to find out something about her future husband. She had some wooden dishes, some tapers and a box of matches.

Ethel knew all the young men in her neighborhood, and it seemed probable that if she married she would be chosen by one of them, for no one else ever came to that region. She did not expect to look into a mirror and see reflected there over her shoulder the face of a stranger. She only hoped to know which of three young men of her acquaintance would ask her to marry him. She had no reason to suppose that any of them would ask her, but in case any one did she wished to know which it was to be.

A new moon stood in the west which she took pains to see—it being the first time—over her right shoulder. In her time these little superstitions counted for more than they do in this realistic age, and she felt quite sure that if she saw the moon over her left shoulder she wouldn't have any luck during the month. Having seen it aright, she passed on over a field, then through a wood and stood on the margin of the river.

Now, it happened that Philip Brooks, a student in a college situated across the state line and distant an hour's journey on a train, had been caught a few weeks before having freshmen and was rusticated at a little town on the river a few miles above where Farmer Auchincloss lived. The sophomore had been studying on this very afternoon and shortly before Ethel had emerged from her home had pulled down the stream in his wherry for exercise and recreation in the gloaming.

The first thing Paul knew he saw a lighted taper passing him. Surprised, he ceased rowing and eyed it, wondering what it meant. He turned his face upstream and saw another lighted taper a dozen yards ahead and another still farther up the river. Then it suddenly occurred to him that it must be Halloween and some girl was trying to find out which of three young men she would marry.

Giving a few back strokes, he dropped down beside the taper that had floated farthest and blew it out, then, not desiring a rival for the unknown maid's favor, picked up the second and the third taper and blew them out at a breath. Then he pulled cautiously on upstream with muffled rowlocks.

Ethel, standing on the brink, saw the first taper go out and remarked to herself, "It isn't Fred." When she saw the two remaining tapers go out at once she exclaimed: "It isn't any of them. I'm to be an old maid." When about to return to her home she glanced up to the sky and saw the new moon just passing out of sight in the west. She appealed to it in the following words that have been familiar to lads and lassies for many years:

"New moon, true moon, tell unto me Who my true lover shall be; The color of his eyes, the color of his hair."

The color of the coat that he shall wear The day he marries me."

Not dreaming that any one was near to hear her, she spoke the words in a tone loud enough to be readily heard in the surrounding stillness. What was her surprise to hear a voice coming from out in the river:

"New moon, true moon, tell unto me Who my true love shall be. The color of her eyes, the color of her hair."

The color of the dress that she shall wear The night she marries me."

Ethel stood mute till she heard the sound of oars, and in another moment the dark form of a man sitting in a narrow boat appeared. The boat grated on the pebbles at her feet, and the man stepped on shore and said impressively:

"My future bride, I greet you."

It was not so dark, but what they could distinguish each other. There is no greater aid to the imagination than a gloaming, and such pictured the other inordinately beautiful. It may be said truthfully that Ethel was fair, and Phil, if he was not good, was at least good looking. He was not tacking in

saucep, and, stealing an arm around Ethel's waist, he earnestly imprinted a kiss upon her lips. No one could ever find out how Ethel Auchincloss met the young collegian who from Halloween was a frequent visitor at her home. His visits extended over a period of three years when he was graduated and entered his father's counting room. Then he came to the country and took the farmer's daughter home with him. It would be useless for her husband to try to convince her that the moon had nothing to do with their union, for she maintains stoutly that the moon heard her petition and arranged the whole affair.

JIM SAVAGE A WONDER ONE NIGHT; QUITS THE NEXT.

Jim Savage, a heavyweight pugilist, who works out of Orange, N. J., submitted proof recently that all fighters who bandy gloves are not game. Savage quit to defeat Smith at a New York club in three rounds. A few weeks previous he had knocked out Tom Kennedy in a fight that showed Savage as a master boxer and a wonder of a fighter. Occasionally Savage displays wonderful form. Other times he will seek a soft spot on the slightest provocation. Sailor Burke and Frank Moran are of the same type as Savage, only they cannot fight as well as Savage when the latter is on a good streak.

BIG CUE TOURNEY NOV. 11.

Much Money Will Be Hung Up For 182 Ball Line Masters.

Announcement has been made that the tournament to revive the world's billiard championship of 1812 will start Nov. 11 in New York. Each player must pay an entrance fee of \$250. In addition to the championship trophy there will be \$3,000 in prize money, to which will be added the entrance fee and the net gate receipts.

The winner will receive 40 per cent of this total and the next three contestants will receive, respectively, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. All ties must be played off.

Each game will consist of 500 points, subject to the playing rules at present governing this style of game. The winner of the emblem will be required to defend the title subject to the rules governing the championship.

Hoppe, Morningstar, Sutton, Cline, Demarest, Slosson and Cutler are probable entries from this country, and it is hoped that Casignol, the French player, will compete. Yamada, a Japanese player, also may enter.

There is also a possibility that Clarence Jackson of Chicago may try for the title. This protégé of the veteran Thomas Foley has rounded into a great player since he left the amateurs some years since.

Weather Forecasting.

Temperature is but one of the elements of the weather. Considered by itself its evidence is valueless. The chief factor in forecasting impending conditions of weather is the pressure of the air as recorded by the barometer. To this prime record the reading of the thermometer and the condition of the wind are contributory, but always secondary. As the winds fall from all directions into the trough of low barometric pressure the temperature tends to fall, when the center of the low passes south of the observation point, and to rise when the low passes northward and thus admits the air from the warmer south.—New York Sun.

Elephants' Cries.

"When you get to know elephants well you can tell by their notes what they are thinking of, and this is important in case the animal is dangerous," said the elephant man in the Central park menagerie. "The shrill sound that comes from them is produced in the trunk and denotes pleasure. Then there is the low note from the mouth that signifies that the animal wants a drink of food. But when the big beast lets out a roar from its throat look out for danger."—New York Sun.

Comforting.

"George, did you know that I was going to marry your sister?" "Well, I heard her say so, but she's had that idea about so many other fellows that I didn't feel sure about it till you told me."

A Frog.

"It is a great mistake, Mabel, to trifle with the affections of a man who loves you by encouraging some one else."

"Well, he's a little slow, auntie. I think he needs a pacemaker."

BULL MOOSE MEN WHO LOST IN OREGON



A. E. Clark, nominee of Progressive Party for United States Senator.



John W. Campbell, nominee of Progressive Party for Congress.



B. E. Kennedy, nominee of Progressive Party for Secretary of State.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Godfrey, who have been occupying the James Roake property on Eleventh and Washington Streets, and the family of Mr. Meadows, who have also been occupying this residence, have moved. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey have taken one of the Farr apartments, and Mr. and Mrs. Meadows and two children have gone to Portland, where they will make their future home. Mr. Meadows will be employed by the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company in that city.

J. P. Lovett and family, who have been occupying the J. G. Zinner residence on Thirteenth and Washington Streets, on Tuesday moved into the house recently occupied by Mrs. A. Goettling, and which was sold to Franklin T. Griffith, of Portland. It adjoins the Zinner property.

Escapes An Awful Fate.

A thousand tongues could not express the gratitude of Mrs. J. E. Cox, of Joliet, Ill., for her wonderful deliverance from an awful fate. "Typhoid pneumonia had left me with a dreadful cough," she writes. "Sometime I had such awful coughing spells I thought I would die. I could get no help from doctor's treatment or other medicines till I used Dr. King's New Discovery. But I owe my life to this wonderful remedy for I scarcely cough at all now." Quick and safe. Its most reliable of all throat and lung medicines. Every bottle guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at all druggists.

SCOOP THE CUB REPORTER

Little Scoop Takes A Straw Vote And Makes A Home Run

By HOP



THE BOSS SENT ME OUT TO TAKE A STRAW VOTE FOR PRESIDENT AT THIS CORNER!

WHO'S YOUR CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT, MISTER?
TY COBB!

WILSON, TAFT OR TEDDY?
WHAT LEAGUE DO THEY PLAY IN?

WHOM DO YOU LIKE THE BEST—T.R., TAFT OR WILSON?
WHAT ARE THEIR BATTING AVERAGES, SON?

THERE AINT A GOING-TO BE NO PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION TILL AFTER THE BASE BALL SEASON CLOSES!

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