

Causes of Recent Hot Spell and What Might Have Happened but for Relief Work of Weather Man

Effect of High Pressure.

A high pressure or "high" as it is commonly called in Weather Bureau parlance, lies close to the earth and sucks or draws the air currents from the upper air stratas and distributes them in all directions from the center in the form of winds. The winds may vary in velocity according to the season and the high pressure. The low barometer or "low" acts in the opposite manner, bringing the air currents from every direction along the

So the Willamette Valley was left with the hot desert air enclosed by the mountains with no low pressure on the coast to suck the earth currents along and shoot them into the air and in that manner draw the heat from the Willamette Valley. To make conditions worse the heat which was in the Valley was made hotter by the sun and the low sultry clouds. While the mercury did not rise at any time quite to the 100

A Freak of Weather.

Mr. Beals says it was an unusual condition and one which might not happen again in years. It was a freak of nature which might happen in any part of the world. One of the most peculiar weather phenomenon recorded here was

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AND'S
PELL

RIVER GAUGE, CHARTS AND

Much of the vapor-laden air gets over and around the coast mountains and sweeps down the Willamette Valley and up the west side of the Cascade range. It meets the cool upper current and then Portland catches its rainy season. The cold, dry upper air currents get warmer than the dew point. The drizzle can keep for days, or they can let the myriads of beauties of plant life wither for lack of water.

But Mr. Beals says there is no reason to believe the elements will continue to work amuck. He says he will continue to work hard to try to give Portland her proper climate, which is reputed the best in the world.

So Portland, along with all the rest of the world, is at the mercy of the weather. If the "highs" and "lows" see fit, they can make Portland sweeter or frailer than any other city on earth, and they can even snuff out life. They can keep Portland drizzling all year round, or they can let the myriads of beauties of plant life wither for a week.

But Mr. Beals says there is no reason to believe the elements will ever get amuck, but will continue to work in harmony to give Portland her present climate, which is reputed the best in the world.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. took her to a small place off the Avenue. "He kicked the bull terrier affectionately. This game begins to sound like a puddy white hand on the girl's shoulder, with quiet swiftness and crossed the room to her own desk.

"And you are letters?" she asked.

"don't happen to know? Married life and the Stewens, do you? My dear little girl," he said, "I would never have known. Oh! my girl!" He patted her smooth coil of brown hair.

"But I am a letter," she said.

"What?"

Carter looked for a moment into the tender shadows of her eyes. Then he squinted his glasses farther up his nose. "What about those ties?" he said.

"Yes, I must get them."

She chose six very carefully, and decided not to have them sent. "You see, he might need them at once," she said.

"I see," Carter answered as gravely, reaching for the parcels. He stopped with her at Whitmore's and helped select a pair of socks for her. Then he

Enlisting in

(CONTINUED)

tenant, captain, major and possibly in later life a lieutenant-colonel, colonel or brigadier-general. Many of the senior officers of the service rose from the ranks.

"We are what God Almighty thinks of riches by the people to whom He gives them."—Swift.

"I tell you I won't have it!" Senator Harwood's heavy pink cheeks turned livid with anger. "You can't serve two masters, young woman, and you can't take your choice right now when it's to be. A few more of your antics, and my social position"—his stout chest expanded into an impressive convexity—"would be in a bad way. Well, which is it, eh?—the dago or me? He laid

"Mrs. Page has nothing to do with it," he said, frowning. "You tend to business, my business, and Mrs. Page tends to her dear old daddy and everybody else can go to the devil!" When he was not upholding the elaborate cloak of his social position, Senator Harwood revelled in the home-like shirt-sleeves of vulgarity.

"I'll make a memo of those T. L. & T. stockholders," he added, smiling at himself with pleasant approbation, as he straightened his agate scarfpin before the mirror.

He unlocked the door and

"Be careful to sign only my initials, Ollie. And by the way"—the weak pink eyes searched her narrowly—"you

instigation the sight of "the
stunned short. "But if he is, Ollie, if
he is, what about her? She's all gone on
Nelson, you know."

Miss Traynor's lips curled at his sim-
plicity. "Is she?" was all she said.

"This—this is wonderful," exploded
Harwood, rubbing his fubby hands to-
gether in his delight. "If this is true,
we have him treed—canting, hypocritical
humbag that he is! Lord! How I hate
his meaty-mouthed platitudes. If this
is true—" his sty face wrinkled into a

nick Holmes

He struck his tongue in his mouth meditatively for a moment, then picked up his top hat and smoothed it with a lightning sleekness.

"Well is now being called to order within 15 minutes, at most, a law will be passed annexing it." Then he chuckled and departed.

There was silence for awhile. Feltone was thinking hard. At length the financial editor, famed for getting his feet out of tight places, mounted the scene, the tally-ho and laid a plan before the expectant staff. The ordinance read to the cutting of ice, he said, exp

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If he is apt and bright, he may be awakened early in the morning and promoted to the grade of corporal and later to the grade of sergeant. To get into a commission must pass a written examination and a physical examination. And peculiar enough, his knowledge of military affairs will help him little in getting the commission. He must know mathematics and the things that come with a good education. He will have ample opportunity and plenty of time to study these things in the post school if he wishes. If he passes, he is sent to one of the service schools and taught the military game and the duties of an officer.

No matter what arm of the service or what particular branch he enters, the recruit is called to the attention of the service before his term of enlistment is up. The boats of the Navy are continually making cruises, separately and in company, to the various parts of the world.

The Corpsmen are assigned here and there and kept moving gradually. In the Army there is the Island duty, particularly in the Philippines. They are kept moving in rotation to the Philippines

regarded her with a sneer of surprise. Ordinarily he listened to her with respect, because he had found out that her head worked as accurately as his typewriter. "I have nothing to invest," he said contemptuously.

"His daughter has," suggested the secretary, her eyes twinkling. "The Major has control of her property for two years yet."

"Is he, do you know?" Harwood snapped, walking up and down excitedly with his thumbs in his waistcoat.

"I rode home just back of him on the road," said the secretary. "I can tell Mr. Howard that he had just sold a big piece of real estate, and was looking for a partner."

"He stopped pacing and laid an affectionate arm about his servant's shoulders.

"You're a good girl, Ollie," he chuckled in a hoarse, sweet whisper; "just you stick to me, and you'll come out on top every time—and real big."

His fat voice sank importantly and he stooped towards her, but she rose

were as early as possible. The red-handed ones have no footprints, but the others have. I shall describe them by their description. It's ten to one that we trace them. The first fellow was a bit too active, but the second was a good deal more so. He was a middle-aged, strongly-built man, a square jaw, a black neck, mustache, a black hair, and a pair of black eyes."

"That's rather vague," said Sherlock Holmes. "Why, it might be a description of Watson."

"It's true," said the inspector, with amusement. "It might be a description of Watson."

"I'm afraid I can't help you, Lestrade," said Holmes. "The fact is that I knew this fellow Milverton. I considered him one of the most dangerous men in London, and that I think there are certain crimes which he would not touch, and that the law cannot touch, and that for such a man there is no justifying private revenge. No, it's no use arguing. I have made up my mind. My sympathies are for the one who is the victim, and I will not handle the case."

Holmes had not said one word to me

moon, and he saw the eyes and his abstracted manner, of a man who is striving to recall something to his memory. We were in the middle of our lunch, when he suddenly sprang to his feet. "By Jove, Watson, I've got it!" he cried. "Take your hat! Come with me!" His eyes were fixed on the Baker Street and along Oxford street, until we had almost reached Regent Circus. Here, on a handcart filled with photographs of the celebrities and beauties of the day, Holmes' eyes fixed themselves upon one of the pictures. It was a picture of a regal and stately lady in court dress, with a high diamond tiara upon her noble head, and a curved nose, at the marked eyebrows, at the straight mouth, and the strong little chin beneath it. "That is the woman!" he said. "The time-honored title of the great nobleman and statesman whose wife she had been. My eyes were drawn to her face, and my finger to his lips as we turned away from the window."

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ity and the houses put up by the Port Construction Company—as they laudably called them—were not such a success after all. They were just the former windows of the third corner when the Chief of Police appeared on his haughty horse and bawled out, "Stop! stop!" he shouted.

"Why stop, my friend?" called the financial editor tantalizingly. "This hastened the pace of the law," he pointed proudly to the row of trim villas along the beach.

To Be Continued.

One Fast Color.

Washington (D. C.) Herald.
Just a year or two ago
All the hue
As all stylish people know,
Was the hue.

Now that tint is going out,
So thin,
For the girls are wild about
Helen pink.

Over divers tints girls rave,
In shades
But we always seem to have
Helen.

... "most social exposure": about the tragedy which we had wit-

subject was to prove social exposure.

"Criminals," said the other, "are not to be trusted. There were two of them. One of them was as nearly as possible captured red-handed. We have their fingerprints and a description, but I'm open to one that we trace them. The first fellow was a bit too active, but the second was caught by the gardeners after a struggle. He was a middle-sized, strongly-built man—square jaw, thick neck, mustache, a moustache."

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Holmes had not said one word to me

about the woman who had been named, but I observed all the morning that he was in his most thoughtful mood, and he gave me the impression, from his conversation, that he was the manner of a man who is striving to recall something to his memory. We were in the middle of our lunch, when he said to me, "By Jove, Watson, I've got it," he cried. "Take your hat. Come with me!" He hurried at that, and I followed him. He went along Oxford Street, until we had almost reached Regent Circus. Here, on the left hand, there stood a shop where were displayed photographs of the celebrities and beauties of the day. Holmes' eyes fixed themselves upon one of them, and followed it up and down, and then he turned and stately lady in court dress, with a high diamond tiara upon her noble head. I looked at her, and then I looked at Holmes, the marked eyebrows, at the straight mouth, and the strong little chin beneath it. Then I looked at the woman, and I saw that she bore the honored name of the great nobleman and statesman whose wife she had been. My eyes met those of the woman, and I saw that she was his wife as we turned away from the window.

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posed than it was put into execution. All had more or less architectural training and the business put up by the Construction Company—as they laughingly called themselves—were not such affairs for them. They were just the former windows of the third corner when the Chief of Police appeared. A life hastened his pace as he drew near.

"Why stop, my friend?" called the financial editor tantalizingly. "You are not a lawyer, the law," as pointed proudly to the row of trim villas along the beach.

To Be Continued.

One Fast Color.

Washington (D. C.) Herald. Just a year or two ago. The little ones. As all stylish people know, Was the hue.

Now that tint is going out, so is pink. For the girls are wild about Helen pink.

Over diverse tints girls rave, But we always seem to have pretty brown.