

THE OREGON SUNDAY JOURNAL

"THE Autobiography of a Neuron"

By Margaret A. Cleaves. Mr. W. H. C. might require the "professional" to read intelligently and comprehendingly all that this clever physician has written in this book, it is nevertheless free enough from technical language to be understandable, and what is more, interesting to the lay reader. And it is really more for the benefit of this class than for the medical people, to most of whom it would carry no new thing. The title page states that the story is "told by one of them and recorded by the author," who says in her introduction, "I have written this book for the benefit of the patient's point of view to the end of a more intelligent and appreciative care of this class of cases, a less frequent sending of them from one specialist to another for this or that operation to the end of having still greater disaster, it will have served its purpose."

It would be hard to conceive of a book more fitted to the needs of today than this. Whether the story is absolute fact, or whether it is worked out from the experience and fancy of the physician's brain, it seems to sound the call for a halt in the headlong, strenuous rush of the present day; it answers professionally every question that reason puts forward to check the destruction of the nerve forces of the human race; it starts the busy, over-taxed worker with its realistic and accurate descriptions of just the symptoms he feels tugging at his nerve centers and which he has been loath to recognize or give name to.

The story begins in the very early childhood of the neurashthenic; in fact, she says she was born one. She gives some school experiences which would be well for every teacher and mother to read, and then she goes from the stage of growth to another, showing the effects of inward and outward influences upon her health. It is not a story of gloom and unhealthy depression, but quite the reverse, for with the disease she continually couples the remedy or prevention—the one the busy person seldom takes—the rest cure.

The author recognizes the psychic power but has no patience with its perversion. On this point, she expresses herself definitely when she says: "There is no question of the value of this power of psychic suggestion in the cure and treatment of nerve and mental states; but unless left in the hands of the thoroughly trained, experienced scientific physician, it is an agent of harm. Just as medicine is learning to know something of the physical conditions underlying the mental states, why it is that nerve centers become irritable, exhausted, poisoned, why there is a deficient mental activity, mental depression, elation, confusion, insanity even, the church steps in with the idea of using a similar power for the healing and curing of the patient. It is a step into the dark ages when priestly control, the casting out of devils, hypnosis even took the place of scientific medical care."

As a whole the book is a plain, matter-of-fact treatise of our national disease—neurasthenia—as a watchword of the hour—conservation, of our energy and of our vital forces. There is a lesson in it for every one, and more suggestive advice than your family physician will give you in exchange for your hundred dollar check. Richard G. Badger Co. Price \$1.50.

"Molly Make-Believe," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott—The title is no more odd and evasive than the story itself, but it is more flippant, and gives a rather erroneous impression of the book, for while the story is anything but serious, and is at times laughably absurd, it carries an element of human emotion that is not to be overlooked when we are summing up the things that make for happiness. The hero, Carl Stanton, certainly makes a most wretched bow to his audience as he lays his hands on the grip of rheumatism that cold northern mornings, which is so graphically described in the opening chapter. Confined to his barren, desolate room, not overburdened with friends or money, he contemplates the six weeks his fiancée, the cold, chilly Cornelia, is to be away enjoying the balmy climate of Florida, while he stivers the time away, which is to be cheered, so his lady-love says, by only six letters during her absence, and if the one just received is to be taken as an example, without a word to warm the cockles of his heart in a single one of these letters, the dejection he picks up an advertisement from "The Serial Letter Co.," which promises, for a consideration, to write just the kind of a letters any one wants to receive. The invalid grasps at this straw to bring a little heart warmth into his life—and this is the point of the story, the human sympathy we all crave at some time, or under some circumstances, and which we will take and



Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, author of "Molly Make-Believe."

warm ourselves by when it is often only a "make-believe." Carl's letters from "Molly Make-Believe" were something wonderful. One does not confine herself to sending letters, but sends a good, warm invalid's gown, a hot-water bag, steaming hot from a near-by drug-gist, and even a dog who will lend his company for a time and then obligingly return to his mistress—and these are only a few of the puzzles that come from "The Serial Letter Co."

In the end "Molly Make-Believe" turns out to be "Molly Really and Truly" and the reader is quite satisfied at the unexpected turn the affair takes at the end. The book is nicely bound and well illustrated. The Century Co. Price \$1.00.

"Westover of Wanahah," by George Cary Eggleston.—This is one of the best efforts of a great master of southern romance. It deals with social and political conditions as they existed in antebellum Virginia, and shows the honor of a man under trying conditions, with the hero, who may rightly class himself as a gentleman in the highest and best sense of the word, triumphantly vindicated and rehabilitated. An important part is played by Judy Peters, a singular female political boss in the mountain district, who has appeared in a previous book, and is one of the most unique characters ever created in American fiction. Of course, there is a love story, and a very charming one, with a heroine, as well qualified to maintain the honor of a family true to the best traditions as is the exceptionally presented hero.

Mr. Eggleston's audience is secure. It is only necessary to say that here is some of his best work. The book is nicely bound and well illustrated by Emil Pollak Ottendorfer. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.50.

"Clever Betsy," by Clara Louise Burnham.—If one is looking for real, lively, fun provoking common sense, with a fine description of the national park, and splendid character sketches worked in, then one should read "Clever Betsy." These are New England people, "born and bred," they have money and position, but like all other people, they "have troubles of their own," and "Clever Betsy" is the cleverest one, even if she be only the old family servant, as much a part of the Bruce household as the antique furniture. Betsy has all the wit and sternness of the proverbial New England spinster, and is the exact antithesis of her mistress, the second Mrs. Bruce. Mr. Irving, the heir to the Bruce estates, loves Betsy, with a devotion he had never given his own mother had she lived; while for his stepmother he tolerates her for the sake of her love

and dependence upon him. This young Bruce is the hero of the story, and one reads with a "love affair" with a little girl acquaintance whom he chances to meet in the Yellowstone park under the most trying, though romantic circumstances. Betsy is, as usual, "clever," and proves little Rosalie is rescued from her troubles through this good woman's office, and Mr. Irving is cautioned to keep his interest to himself. Rosalie rewards her friends by making a success of her talents, and being a credit to the ones who were so good to her in her times of trial—and then, but not till then, does Betsy encourage Mr. Irving in his attentions to her ward. While the story is a good one and full to the brim with interest, the real merit of the book lies in the well drawn character sketches of which Mrs. Bruce and Betsy and Captain Hiram Salter are but a shade better than the irrepressible college chum of Irving's, Robert Nixon, and the mother, the wealthy widow Nixon, and her companion, Miss Maynard, who later turns out to be an heiress. There is not a poorly drawn character in the story, and real enjoyment is to be gotten out of the acquaintance with them. Houghton, Mifflin Co. Price \$1.50.

"The Intrusion of Jimmy," by F. G. Wodehouse.—A quite impossible but cleverly told yarn of a daring young fellow who gets into trouble through a foolish bet. A clubman is Jimmy, and he falls head to an immense fortune left him by an old sweetheart of his mother's. When Jimmy has money in his pockets he is a rover, welcome wherever he goes, and he goes everywhere, the world over. His friends are principally those belonging to the stage and usually in need of a dollar. Jimmy finds his pleasures many and friends congenial until a certain girl he sees on the steamer takes his peace of mind and makes life a thing not to be endured until she finds who she is and where she can be found. Then Jimmy makes a bet with his friend, and before he knows it he is in hot water up to his neck. In England, under the most absurd circumstances, he meets the girl again, and then the scenes shift, pretty fast. The predominant feature of the story is that Jimmy always, under all circumstances, wins out with every card against him. He is never downed, he gets the best of every bout he enters, and his opponent always suffers first, and then Jimmy comes out and makes the enemy a friend. Watt Publishing Co. Price, \$1.50.

"The Journey Book," by De Witt Clinton Falls.—The past week in the book world might truthfully be designated "the Christmas season" more carefully than the books that are to be added to the nursery, or young people's collection. Indeed, there is nothing that should be done more wisely or carefully. Books simply to amuse children with their grotesques or unappealing coloring, should find no place in the child's home; for while coloring, and a certain amount of healthful amusement, should be given, the book that does not aim to leave a permanent lesson has fallen short of its mission. This story of Mr. Falls' is distinctly in the class that is instructive as well as amusing, and is among the first to deserve recognition and commendation for the holiday trade. It is written for the average child of 6 or 7 years, and is equally interesting to boys and girls, and it is something quite original and different from the ordinary child's book. The author takes the children abroad and through many lands, but first shows them the United States. Here is a sample page, at the top the text says: "We go by railroad, and you are sure to see some of these things, either on the train or out of the window." Then come nine illustrations; there is the train of cars, the conductor, the baggage check, the ticket, the switch signal, etc. At the bottom the text says: "Look carefully at them all, so that you will know them another time. And tell your little brother and sister what they are." The next page is devoted to rural objects familiar to the United States, with suitable text, and so on through the book as they travel over various countries and amidst changing scenes, while at the end of each country there is a page for a sort of memory lesson, where the things that have been seen are to be jotted down. As the young traveler proceeds through the various countries the interest grows, as does the difficulty in studying out the various things. On the whole, it is one of the finest books for children that has been presented in a long time. The illustrations are grotesque enough to be a good second to the Sunday supplement, and yet have character and accuracy enough to give valuable information to the child. The Century Co. Price, \$1.00.

"Larry Burke, Freshman," by Frank I. Odell.—If ever a boy went through a freshman year worth reading about it is Larry Burke, and if ever a freshman deserved his name, it is Larry. He is the same modest athlete, bright student and all-around good fellow. The book bristles with activity; baseball, football, ice hockey, basketball, track and field events, and a regatta appear, and each sport is brought in with expert accuracy of detail and the realism that makes one live over his own most thrilling athletic experiences. Along with this is a charming narrative of student life and comradeship—the golden days that have none other like them. Larry and his friends are as decent as they are active, and their fun is of the sort one can enjoy. Every boy and man that ever heard of a college can take delight in this book. Lothrop, Lee & Co. Price, \$1.25.

"HOW CAN CELLS HAVE SOULS?" (Continued from Page One.) These were discovered accidentally to all practical intents and purposes. "Chemical analysis were being made of certain substances, and they did not check up. This showed that something was existent which had not been recognized as being there, and investigation was thus stimulated. It resulted in the discovery of these elements. But they were all results of organized investigation.

"In other words, if we don't go fishing we won't catch any fish. A lot of us are fishing nowadays.

"The psychic forces"—The supernatural. Merely words for perfectly natural things which, as yet, we do not understand.

"With all the phenomena which men class 'psychic' none be essentially explained and understood as manifestations of natural laws."

"If it is ever explained, undoubtedly, I have read 'ROENTGEN' through 36 inches of solid wood. That would probably have been considered supernatural, 'supernatural,' at one time. But now the scientist is prepared to find anything along purely natural or normal lines.

"It would be hard to really astonish us. We are learning how to do all sorts of things to make life comfortable—we shall keep on learning.

"Believe, for instance, that the time will come when a man with a bad kidney, if he has good money, will be able to go into the open market and purchase a good kidney of some one else who has a good one, but who needs the money more than he needs the kidney and have it inserted in the place of his imperfect one.

"We shall, I think, be able to repair the body much more cleverly than we do now, and more effectively, even to the extent of replacing ill or worn-out parts of it with good ones, as we do broken or worn-out parts of an inanimate machine. Life will be very much extended in the years to come. From now on the number of healthy and vigorous old people—the number of healthy and vigorous people over 90 years—will increase very rapidly.

"Shall we, in the course of time, discover life's actual source?"

"He shook his head, not in a positive negative, but doubtfully.

"Oh, I don't know. Those things are pretty small. Too small to find, perhaps. The world, you know, and the universe, are full of the infinitely small as well as the infinitely great. We are, as I said early in this talk, all aggregates. To get us down to the ultimate division—to trace life down to its ultimate source—well—I don't know."

"I'll tell you what is very wonderful and very modern. It is the ultra-microscope. The ultra-microscope is getting to be a great thing. We can't tell what it will reveal.

"Speed of Light.

"Light, striking on an object of a certain size, vibrates at the rate of 400,000,000 times a second as it goes into color above the violet. That is too fast for the human eye, and, hitherto, the things which might have been revealed by this extraordinary light have been concealed from us because our eyes could not make use of such 'incredibly fast vibrations.

"But the ultra-microscope permits us to actually see the things revealed by the ultra-violet rays—things which, until this instrument was invented, were as invisible to us as things existent where there is no light at all.

"This microscope makes four photographs—makes four simultaneous photographs from four different angles. In these photographs we indirectly see the things which we cannot see directly.

"Among the revelations of the photographs, so far, have been the Brownian movements, and by means of them it is hoped that we may, eventually, be actually enabled to see the inner structure of matter. Thus, through the use of three thousand million million light waves per second we hope to learn the facts about the molecule.

"We shall never be able to actually see them, directly, with the human eye, probably, but we shall be able to see those four photographs, and from them, perhaps—perhaps—

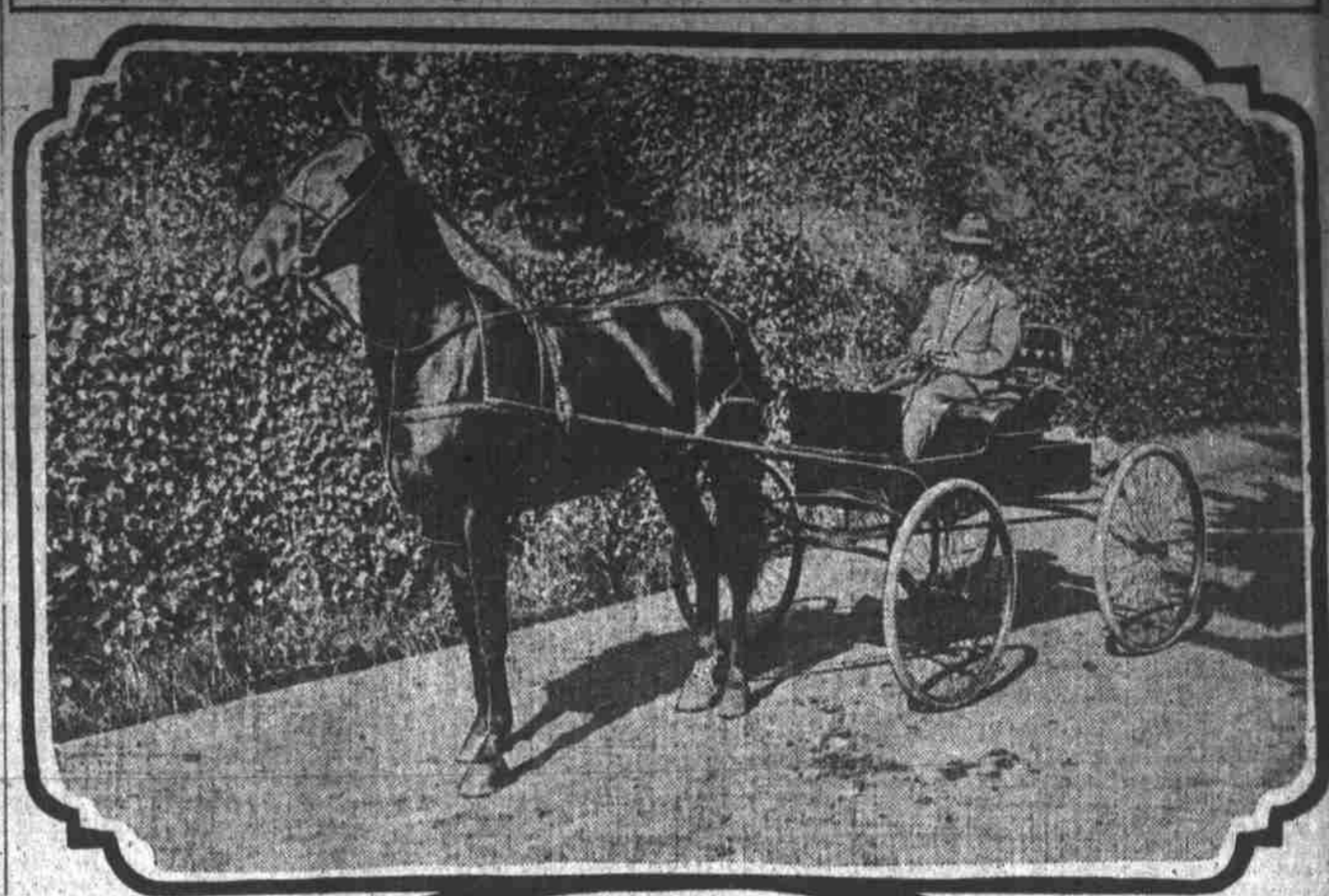
"Then the one inventor, whose name is known from earth's end to earth's end, who is regarded by a world of foreigners who take no account of statesmen, as the very greatest of Americans, shook his head as if in painment. He had been considering, with a newspaper man, the problems of the universe, and saying very startling things.

"You have demoralized much of the old, suggested much that is new," I ventured.

"I'll be darned if I know," he replied.

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SOCIETY AND HORSES PREPARE TO SHOW



Brigade, a classy mare of royal blood, belonging to H. M. Kerron, of Portland. Meet of Seattle Hunt Club after paper chase. Two expert teams will come to Portland from this club.

Though almost two weeks will lapse before the opening day of the Horse show, many of the boxes have been already sold, and Vice-President Harry L. Corbett, who has this matter in charge, reports an active inquiry and interest. The list will be ready for publication early in the week. There are eighty boxes and Mr. Corbett is assured all will be taken. The sale of reserved seats has not been announced, but as there are less than a thousand of these it is expected they will be at a premium at each performance.

Mr. Corbett has on the way from the east to the show a pair of new saddle horses, one for himself and one for Mrs. Corbett. Mr. Corbett was a little reticent about acclaiming their merits. "I hope they are prize-winning horses, but first of all I trust they will be useful, hardy fellows, for constant saddle work on the road and in the country." Mr. and Mrs. Corbett, who are finished riders, are planning to take up horseback riding on an extensive scale in the future.

Will Exceed all Others.

Never in the history of the northwest has any show announced such an array of steeplechasing, post and bar and water jumps as are on the program of the Portland Horse show. And the reason for this is quite plain. For never before have the cities north of Portland taken an active interest in these events. The Seattle Hunt club is sending down two teams of three each under the leadership of Robert P. Smith, a most enthusiastic horseman. At the Seattle show which is just over, and which was an out of doors event, the Hunt club did most excellent and spectacular work taking the hurdles by ones and by twos and by threes. These were the regulation four-foot jumps. James Nicol watched this work and was much interested. He has just come home from England and attended the Olympia show there and his interest in horsemanship has never been at such a high pitch as just now. He is now at work arranging for local teams of jumpers and this, when called off, will be an event of most stirring interest.

Jumping Entries.

Among the entries to be shown in this number will be such famous names as Fayette, Allanthus, Kinder, Big Frank (who has won a fortune in silver cups), Oregon, Frank, Will, Warrung, Johnny, H. Sunday, Mac, and Oregon Maid.

Little Home Helps On How To Be Beautiful

BY MADAME MARIE

CARE OF THE HAIR.

Switches will be unknown among women when they give as much care and attention to the hair and scalp as they do to the face and hands.

Women troubled with falling, or thin, straggly hair, excess dandruff or oily condition of the scalp, will do well to shampoo with egg, which I have often advised. This removes the accumulation of oil, cleanses and feeds the scalp and stops dandruff. The shampoo should be used twice a month for a time, then once a month. A delightful hair tonic to use in connection is made by mixing one ounce of hair-cure with eight ounces each of alcohol and water. A gentle massage with this every day for a few weeks, then once a week, will stop falling hair and soon produce a fine, long, glossy and luxuriant growth.

A. Z.: The electric needle is painful and not always a success. Superfluous hairs can be permanently removed, without pain, through the use of delol, which any druggist can supply. An ounce of delol and with warm water mix into a soft paste enough to cover the skin of the rough, ugly condition and let remain two or three minutes, then scrape off and the hairs will have fallen out.

Dot: (1) I do not advise in affairs of the heart. (2) Roughness and redness of the skin can be quickly overcome if you will get an ounce of amarral from your druggist and dissolve it in a pint of hot water, then apply after drying the hands and face well. This soon rid the skin of its rough, ugly condition and brings back that pink and white glow characteristic of youth and health.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Beauty: (1) Confide in your mother. (2) Powder or greasy creams often clog the skin and cause blackheads, enlargement of pores and wrinkles. If you will get three ounces of cerol from your druggist and add to it a pint of water, this has been brought to the boiling point, stirring until cold, you will have an excellent and inexpensive skin food. Massage the skin gently and thoroughly with this at night and the wrinkles will soon disappear, leaving your skin clear, pink and satiny and the nose will resume their natural size.

Mrs. Jack: (1) Massaging for scrawiness or underdevelopment is not satisfactory. (2) The Vaucaire treatment of which you write I have described before, but for your benefit I will repeat it. Make a syrup with one and a half cups of granulated sugar, using enough water to make a pint, and in this stir one ounce of true gelatin. Be sure not to get the synthetic. Take two table-spoonfuls twice daily and drink plenty of water. This treatment, with outdoor exercise and sufficient sleep, soon rounds out the form and develops the muscular lines rightly belonging to women.



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