

THINKS BROTHER IS REINCARNATED

New York Man is Convinced That He Recently Saw Relative Who Died Years Ago.

HEARS MYSTERY VOICE

Begin Systematic Search in Confident Belief That His Brother Has Been Retired Upon This Earth—Stranger in Subway.

New York.—A few days ago the following advertisement appeared in a New York paper:

July 2-2, 1886. Had your brother happen to fall with or near this time? In October 2, 1886, a little child died. There is scientific basis for the theory that this child's spirit pursued a continuous existence on earth and appeared another physical entity about July 2-2, 1886. This theory can be established only through practical demonstration and a "ghost" test method has been devised for that purpose. Such demonstration will throw new light upon a number of human problems which seem impervious to solution at present. Inquiries, suggestions, answers, criticisms, will receive every courtesy within my power. The child was my brother, **Reid Davies**.

Twenty-six years ago Reid Davies and his brother, aged seven and five respectively, lay ill of the same sickness. One day Reid heard a voice, which he described as having sounded like "the voice of Christ on the cross," calling "Go to Reid, mamma, he wants you." He cried out, his mother came in haste, and they found his brother dead. Since that time Reid has continually felt the spirit of his younger playmate to be closely bound to his own, through some quite definite but unexplained ties. His dead brother, he declares, has been the most powerful influence that has ever been exerted over his life.

Stranger in Subway.

Two years ago this feeling of communion with the departed gathered wonderful strength in the mind and soul of Reid Davies. Some mighty force seemed to have taken possession of all his faculties, leading them whither it would, regardless of his will. While in this condition he found himself one day looking steadfastly into the eyes of a stranger in the subway, and in them recognizing unmistakably the spirit, or ego, of his lost brother. The young man whom Mr. Davies then saw, as he afterward



Stunned by Mutual Recognition.

recalled, also bore a very remarkable physical likeness to another of his brothers, who was said to have closely resembled the deceased infant in his youth. Shocked and stunned by an inconceivable mutual recognition, the two gazed at each other in rapid alternation, and without making any movement or sign, until the swaying, jangling crowd had separated them—perhaps forever. From that day to this, Mr. Davies has spent all his time in a systematic search for his reincarnated brother, and in a scientific study of occult phenomena that may throw light upon his quest.

Believes in Soul Transmigration.

He is convinced absolutely of the basic truth of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls after death, and claims to have developed, through logical and scientific methods, a theory that can be, and indeed has been, he says, proved objectively and demonstrated. If he actually succeeds in finding his brother who was dead and is alive again, his theory will have received very startling confirmation.

According to this theory, his brother is in his present incarnation of Anglo-Naxon or Celtic race, born within a week of July 22, 1886, now being in modest circumstances, and devoting his life to the good of his fellowmen. To all persons who seem to fit this description (and there are probably a great many) Mr. Davies proposes to put certain psychological tests which will immediately demonstrate the possibility or impossibility of there being an actual ego-identity in each particular instance.

Plans of the Portland & Southeastern railway for construction from Mount Angel to Bend, now await only the decision of the United States supreme court on the stock division case taken up six months ago, according to H. H. Hason, vice-president and chief engineer for the company.

The city of Roseburg has brought suit in the circuit court to force the Southern Oregon Gas company to pro-

vide the escape of offensive and objectionable gases from the gas plant located inside the city limits. There has been a great deal of complaint for several months from residents.

His facilities were among the 207 accidents reported to the state industrial accident commission during the week ending November 2, according to a report made by the commission. Of the persons killed, one only was subject to the provisions of the compensation act. He was Charles

Knows, a laborer at Estacada.

Reports made to the state board of control indicate that more than \$70,000 in appropriations will be returned to the general fund. Dr. R. E. Lee Steiner, superintendent of the state hospital, said that his institution will return more than \$60,000 as have been used for maintenance. The state school for feeble-minded will turn back \$20,000, according to Superintendent Smith.

Trappan valley's Thanksgiving turkey crop will be about 25 per cent better than last year, according to early estimates. This season's crop will be only slightly above the normal mark, however, but will be exceptionally good in quality and the birds will be fatter and in better condition than for many seasons. At present the price outlook also is favorable and turkeys are looking forward to fair profits.

Registration papers for Elizabeth Ryan, alias Joan Desmond, for Chin Sock and for Joe Levine were honored by the governor's office and all three will be returned to the state of Washington. Miss Ryan, who is charged with surgery, will be returned to Spokane county. Chin Sock, charged with robbery, and Levine, charged with larceny, will stand trial in King county. All three were arrested in Portland.

The public service commission of Oregon was served with a copy of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company's petition for an order temporarily restraining the commission from putting into effect its order for a rate cut, scheduled to become effective December 1. The commission must appear in the federal district court in Portland November 12 to show why the restraining order should not be allowed.

General Pershing Goes And Gets 'em



Gen. John J. Pershing would have been quite a boy in the front line trenches with a rifle—had he not been busy heading our A. E. F. in France. Last week on the lower Mississippi he went duck hunting with Gov. Parker and Bernard Baruch, using a 20-gauge gun, dropping his first eight birds without a miss. Then he posed for this exclusive photo.

He Is Ushering War Back Into Europe.



The most recent picture of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, leader of Turkish troops who dethroned the Greeks and dragged England into a new war in defense of Constantinople and the Dardanelles. Kemal Pasha has proved himself to be a military genius.

Spends \$2000 to see Football Game.



Mrs. D. H. Richardson, 86, of Danport, Ia., spent \$2,000 to see a football game and "it was worth it," she says. She chartered a special car and took 25 relatives from Iowa to New Haven, Conn., to see their team beat Yale, 6-0.

Mrs. Richardson happy and confident that her "Hawkeye boys" are going to be declared the national champions this year, posed for this picture as her "special" started its triumphant return from the Yale Bowl.

We sizzle in the ivy rooms, an smother on the porch. Old Sol is mighty reckless with his pesky little torch! But soon we'll roll from under, an' there'll be the twilight breeze, till we set around an' wonder if there's better days than these. . . .

A feller ort to think about the everlastin' flame, in the pit that's so infernal, that I hate to write its name.—But they tell us it is real, an' we got to run the chance of payin' fer our meanness, where they wear asbestos pants!

Git's foolishness to grumble when the sun's a little hot, with nothin' wuss to bother, than to hunt a cooler spot—while we face a possibility that's likely to occur, of sweatin' on, forever, in the place we're headed fer. . . .

So—we better be contented with the tan that's on our hide,—it beats the conflagration where they serve a feller—fried! An' I had ruther linger where the weather's apt to change, than to settle down fer ages, to a deathless cookin'-range!

For every Uncle John.

Another Tiny Reason for Red Cross.

Can the very eve starting the annual Red Cross Roll Call, Nov. 11, convince this picture from Smyrna showing one of thousands of tiny tots who lost father, mother and home at the hands of the Turks. Red Cross was active in the Near East Relief work of rescue.



Exclusive Pictures of Amundsen in Arctic Snows Making Ready for Air Trip to North Pole.



In a hut of a little hut 80 miles from Point Barrow, in the Arctic wastes, stands the grizzled and gray explorer, Capt. Amundsen, awaiting what seems an opportune hour during the long Polar night for the first airplane flight over the Top of the World—to the North Pole.

These exclusive photographs are the first brought back of the hearty Norwegian explorer since his ship "Gjøa" anchored off Point Hope. Lower picture show Capt. Amundsen helping his crew unload the motors for an airplane. To the right, Capt. Amundsen in the door of his hut at Wainwright. Amundsen will fly an American all-metal plane.

Wins School Rifle Championship.



Helen Stukes, of Washington, D. C., is the champion school girl rifle shot of the U. S. She won the Astor cup in competition against the best rifle shots from all parts of the country.

Uncle John's Josh

IT ISN'T THE FELLER WHO HONKS HIS HORN TH' LOUDEST—IT'S THE FELLER WHO STEERS THE BEST THAT GETS THERE!



Richard Lloyd Jones tells About Future Supplies.

A SCHOOLBOY whose awakened conscience and interest in the world as it is, fused his arithmetic and geographic knowledge into a long list of interrogations that perplexed him.

"What are we going to do for shingles and boards when the trees are all cut down?"

"What are we going to do when the coal is all burned up?"

"Where are they going to go when the land is all owned and used?"

It is a wise boy that puts such questions to himself. He is thinking in terms of conservation. That young chap is going to be a useful citizen. He is not going to be a wastrel. He is to help solve our conservation problems.

Thank goodness, the world is full of just such boys who do not wish to live a Nero life, to spend what there is now and let those who follow suffer the Deluge. Such boys are going to save the needs of life from devastation, and long before a need is exhausted they will find its substitute.

We tharped our roofs with straw before the shingles came. Because we have the shingles we now burn the straw. When the trees are all gone we will make a better shingle from the straw.

Geologists tell us that there is coal enough to last through several centuries of time. Already we are toying with great condensers that gather solar sunbeams into our strong ray of heat.

We have found it possible not only to get heat from the sun, but to store it. Its only impracticability is the cost of operation. The same genius that found

the process will cheapen it. We have found the radio wave carries the sound. Physicists tell us that some wave will carry heat.

Long before the coal is gone we will cease to mine it. A cheaper and better process of heating our furnaces will come direct to us from the sun whose flames rise above its molten mass surface to the height of the circumference of this earth. That old ball has been burning a long time, and mathematicians haven't ciphered enough to calculate the endurance of its flames.

And what will we do when the land is all owned and used? Look upon so rich a state as Oklahoma. Only one-thirtieth of its tillable land is now under the plow. There is Florida, a tangled mass of verdure. A peninsula warmed by the sun and cooled by the sea, moist and temperate where everything will grow. Yet only one-third of its tillable land is under the plow. Ninety-seven per cent of its acres have not yet felt the harrow. It will take several centuries before even our good country will be crowded.

As our great interior desert has been brought to bloom, so will the mammoth island of Australia flower. Africa will be gardened. The lowlands of the Amazon and the highlands of the Himalayas will be farmed. And as we close in, we will learn how to grow more in less space.

This is a good old world we are in. It meets our needs as our needs appear. It meets them because we always have boys who grow to manhood with the inquiring mind that wonders how they can help the good old world to make all things better for man.

HOMELY PHILOSOPHY for 1922

WHAT a great thing it would be if all the musical geniuses thought of the mob an' wrote for the mob, an' if the fellows that think they're musical geniuses thought of the mob an' didn't write for the mob. Music fits the soul, it inspires to action, it stimulates in war, and comforts the souls of the afflicted. A thousand souls are more important than one soul, an' the mob is being born, it's growin' up an' it's dyin' every day. Classical music may be all right in its way, but who knows it? When the long-haired critic laughs because you don't know the definition of classical music, slip this over to him: "Classical music is music that is not popular."

Poem by UNCLE JOHN

When you see a feller a-mopin' around, a-huntin' for somethin' that's on the ground,—that never could whistle or sing a song,—you can bet a doughnut there's somethin' wrong! When a feller is huntin' fer things of worth, in the dirty fifth of the heartless earth,—and can't aspire to the stars in sight, you can safely bet that he ain't huntin' right!

So-So

God loves the man that can lift his feet with a constant faith in the higher place. . . . Whose step is timed to obey His will, and who ain't afraid of the path uphill. . . . Who'd rather climb where the storm-clouds frown, than to jine the crowd that's a-goin' down!

God loves the man with the heartenin' song—who can change his tune if he gets it wrong,—that can fit his soul to the all-wise plan, with somethin' to spare fer his feller-man. . . .

And—beyond the clouds, and toil and strife, there's a crown of joy—and eternal life!

For every Uncle John.