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"Life Atom" Discovery Finds "Pep" in Orange
 New York.—Prof. Calvin S. Page used an orange in his lecture on Rx, the life atom which he discovered in 1880. The lecture was delivered before about 100 persons, most of them instructors or students, in the hall of the Engineering Societies building, 20 West Thirty-ninth street. Rx is an element which combines with everything except itself. He himself has isolated an atom of it and weighed it, but ordinarily it can be measured only by its effects on something else. Owing to its virtually universal affinity, it is found everywhere. It is Rx that enables a person in good health to wiggle his fingers in a masterful way when he seeks to stop a Fifth avenue bus. It is Rx which enables him to see and hear. If it was not for Rx, he would be a clod or a statue.

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Regiment on Duty 18 Years
 A British army regiment which recently returned to London from Constantinople had been away from England for 18 years. In the last four years the regiment has done duty in eight different countries.

Capacity of Elephant
 An elephant works from the age of twelve to the age of eighty. It can haul 15 tons, lift half a ton and carry three tons on its back.

Lyx Killed at Wurtsboro.
 Bloomingburg, N. Y.—Hanging in a garage at Wurtsboro is the body of a 29-pound lynx, one of the last of the many that formerly prowled along the Shawangunk mountain range, making excursions into valley farms to get chickens and other poultry. The lynx was shot by a posse which hunted for several days for the strange animal that had been seen roaming at night near Wurtsboro and High View. The animal was killed in a cave on the Captain Krune property.

Dover's War Harbor for Commerce.
 Dover.—Constructed at a cost of \$25,000,000 between 1901 and 1908, the Admiralty harbor, which played such a conspicuous part during the war as the headquarters of the Dover patrol, has been handed over to the Dover harbor board for commercial purposes. The harbor, which incloses 610 acres of water, housed the fleet of destroyers and cruisers which convoyed troops and munitions across to France between 1914 and 1918.

Finds Babies Dead in Fire
 Albany, O.—When he answered an alarm of fire in his home, at Albany, James Cheman, a fireman, found that two of his babies were burned to death. He collapsed.

Drives Chisel Into Head
 Wathrop, Mass.—Tired of life as a result of the death of his wife, William Downey, of Wathrop, committed suicide by driving a spike into his head.

Dog Had Rheumatism.
 Fined for keeping a dog shut up in one room for seven years without exercise, a London woman pleaded that she could not take it out because of its rheumatism.

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 We are the old reliable firm that has always stood for square dealing. We guarantee all stock as represented. We rent by the day, week or month, with or without harness. Call, write or wire.
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 Will bring you relief. It's the modern method. You cannot possess good health with an impaired nervous system. Drs. Duckworth and Masten, all modern drugless methods used, 215 Sweetland Bldg., Fifth and Washington, Portland.

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SHE HAD THE WRONG NAME

By JANE OSBORN

Mathilda Fain, changing to be down town toward half-past four, called at her father's office, and beaming in a friendly manner at office boys and stenographers walked unceremoniously into the sanctum known as "Mr. Fain's Private Office."

Mr. Fain looked troubled and preoccupied even when she had appeared in his office, so she perched her somewhat robust young self on the arm of his chair and kissed him first on one cheek and then on the other and finally on his chin.

"What's worrying you, dearie?" she asked, neatly pushing back the papers that seemed to be preoccupying him on his desk. "Maybe I can help you out."

"You can't help me out, honey," he said. "But I am troubled. You see there's a fellow by the name of Valentino. Townley, the engineer in chief on the bridge we're constructing out at High Falls, trusts him implicitly. Well, he sent him here to get the revised plans for the work—and some other papers—of which there are no duplicates, though there should have been. Anyway, he wanted them at once. And after I started Valentino off for the four-forty-five express with those plans sewed into his vest, a telegram is brought in from Townley saying he's arriving here at seven tonight to have a conference and wants to talk over those plans. They got that telegram at ten this morning—but they didn't think it was important enough to give me."

Mathilda looked at her wrist watch. "Let's see. It's four-forty now," she reflected. "I couldn't make the station now, but I could make Newtown Junction. That would be the first stop. I suppose the train gets there at about half past five. I've got the roadster—I could make a break for the turnpike. The traffic man know me out there and I guess I could make pretty good time. May I? Quick, may I?" Mathilda was jumping impatiently at her father. "And if I may, give me some money in case I need some gas or anything. I'll get there in time to arrange to have a trainman page the train when it draws in. I'll have him off and I'll bring him back home—by the time you and Mr. Townley have got ready for your conference."

Mr. Fain smiled his consent, accepted his daughter's lightning kiss, and then sat in something of a daze while she flew out of his room, and was gone.

With a number of vicissitudes and narrow escapes that might have daunted a less inveterate motorist than Mathilda, she arrived at Newton Junction at twenty minutes after five. With much ado she explained her errand to the station agent at the junction, who consented to board the train himself.

"What's the fellow's name?" he asked as the train drew in.

Mathilda paused a second. A slight frown flitted across her face. "Why, Rudolph—yes, Rudolph," she smiled, and the accommodating station man jumped onto the train before it had come to a full stop. Before the last passenger had alighted he was off again, followed by a striking figure of a young man, trailed by a porter carrying an inviting array of heavy, pigskin luggage. The man was tall, broad and at second sight you realized that his clothes were of European make, and at third sight it occurred to you that the man himself was not an American, though he possessed the breadth and ruggedness that we are wont to consider characteristics of sons of our own soil.

The station man was talking loud and freely in the American language as he knew it best and the young foreigner was listening intently. It was then that Mathilda Fain came to the rescue.

"Are you Mr. Rudolph?" she asked, thoroughly delighted with the turn events had taken and wondering just how her father had dared sew the plans into so perfectly tailored a waistcoat as Mr. Rudolph's must be.

"Yes, madam," he said, raising his hat. "I understand English but slowly," he explained.

"Well, come with me," said Mathilda. "It's all right and I'll explain after we get started. It is important business back in the city."

Somehow she got the distinguished young foreigner and his pieces of luggage into her roadster and, with fifty odd pairs of eyes upon them, they started off with an impressive whirring from the motor of Mathilda's high-powered car.

"I do not quite understand," said the young man, and then Mathilda realized that, though he was not very well versed in the language, he smiled at her with the same straightforward look of admiration that would have been characteristic of any of the finer type of young men in her own set. "It is important business—and you came to get me?"

"Yes," said Mathilda. "I don't understand much about it." She felt really incapable of mentioning the plans sewed up beneath his waistcoat. And it occurred to her as they drove along together that the very fact that they could not express themselves very

well in language resulted in a closer telepathic sympathy between them. She gained the information that Mr. Rudolph was an Austrian. That was natural enough. She remembered that her father had spoken of distinguished European engineers coming to this country to consult with him. She tried her bit of boarding-school German, but apparently it was not the sort that Mr. Rudolph understood. So they rode together for many miles, all the time the feeling of frank sympathy growing deeper between them.

Several times the young man tried to express himself. He said something about a "mistake." "If so," he added, "it is my fault." Mathilda knew that once they reached her home her father's knowledge of the Austrian's language would make things clear.

Leading the way for her handsome young foreigner, she hurried past a surprised servant or two in her own house and fairly burst into her father's library, where he and Mr. Townley sat in conference, blue prints and plans spread before them.

"Here he is," said Mathilda. "Here's Mr. Rudolph—"

Her father rose, grasped the young man's hand most cordially, and then conversed volubly with him. Then they laughed heartily.

"It was an Italian gang leader named Valentino we wanted—not Mr. Rudolph—and he missed his train and telephoned from the station, so we ordered him back and got the plans. This Mr. Rudolph, daughter, is the son of an old friend of mine, one of the foremost engineers of the country. He was starting on a tour to study engineering in this country."

"Rudolph—Valentino," murmured Mathilda. "Well, you see how I made the mistake—"

"I am very glad you did," said the young man. "I am very, very fortunate to be named Rudolph."

As his plans had been rather upset already, the distinguished young foreigner accepted Mr. Fain's invitation to remain as his guest for a week, and when he went he had secured Mathilda's promise to become his wife.

"Remember," he said, "you will be Mrs. Rudolph—not Mrs. Valentino."

Author Says Typewriter Is Foe of Literature

The invention of the typewriter has completely changed literary style, in the opinion of Jean Costeau, veteran French author.

"My books are cold, old-fashioned," said Costeau in a debate at a literary club on the question, "and I am proud to admit that this is true. It is because I cannot and will not use a typewriter."

Jean Richepin, the venerable poet, thinks that the typewriter has left its influence on literature, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Poetry written on a typewriter is apt to become hackneyed, stilted, machine-like," he said. "The flowers are slaves of habit and soon make their choice of phrases, with the result that originality is menaced."

Andre Salomon, who recently edited and published a book called "My Life," allegedly revised by the late Count Leo Tolstoy, defends the typewriter.

"It is a blessing to writers," he said. "I always use one and I never dictate. But it makes one more fluent. One can write, with a little practice, so much more and so much faster. The brain works at a higher speed."

"If there is a fault in the typewriter it is that it conduces to verbosity by the very facility of the operation of writing. Some one should invent an attachment to typewriters especially for writers, an attachment which would reduce his phraseology and modify his instinct to always add a little more."

Had Left Hurriedly

Spring is in the air and with it the desire in the female heart for new clothes. Accordingly, the fond mother had taken a day off from her household cares, leaving the two children alone in the house.

When she returned home laden with parcels she was astonished to find her daughter in tears standing on the front doorstep.

"Why, Mary," she cried, "what's the trouble?"

"Felix lit the gas stove and went out," was the sobbing reply of the little girl.

"And didn't he tell you where he was going?"

"He didn't have time to tell me. He went out through the roof."

Japanese High Festival

The festival of the cherry blossoms is a notable event in Japan each year. This fête is celebrated during the second or third week in April, when the cherry trees are at the height of their season. Inaugurated in the Ninth century, the emperor's garden party is famed throughout the world for its floral splendor, and as a social function it brings about the most brilliant assemblage seen at the royal palace during the entire round of the four seasons. To the Japanese the cherry blossom has a symbolism akin to that of the bluebird in other countries, and they speak of it as "Sakura—symbol of happiness."

Why He Laughed

"Is there anything the matter with that piece of bread?" asked Mrs. Flapjack, as her new boarder examined the bread very carefully.

"I don't see any butter on it," Mrs. Flapjack placed a piece of cheese on the bread, whereupon the new boarder began to laugh.

"Why do you laugh?" he was asked. "Because now that I look at it through my glasses I can see the butter through the cheese."—Exchange.

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Mountain Passes Easy for Tractor.

Automobile tractors, similar to the type used in the successful tour across the Sahara desert, recently were operated in the Pyrenees in France, to an altitude of 1725 meters. The little machines surmounted a mountain pass in deep snow.

To Clean a Solitaire.

To clean a diamond ring satisfactorily, take a tiny soft feather and pull it back and forth between the prongs of the ring and under the diamond.—Designer.

Royal Flower Gifts Barred.

There is an old superstition in the English royal family that it is unlucky for a royal lover to send presents of flowers to his bride-to-be.

Effect of Mind on Matter.

Exciting motion pictures and plays cause the temperatures of audiences to rise and result in the throwing off of bodily heat. Some theaters lower the heat supply as the act approaches the climax.

Why There Are Many Colonels.

In this part of the country when a man of any prominence reaches the age of sixty he becomes a colonel automatically.—New Orleans States.

Strange.

A feminine lecturer on psychology advertises herself as "the woman who never wastes a word." This strikes us as something new in femininity.

Long Straw Aim of Dutch Threshers.

Dutch threshing machines are designed to preserve, as far as possible, the length of the straw, which is used in making strawboard.

Mrs. S. Yates.

Portland, Ore.—"In my early married life, after motherhood, I suffered a relapse and blood poisoning set in, which left me a nervous wreck. I was thin and weak and my nerves were in such a bad state that I could not sleep. I went down in weight from 140 to 90 pounds. I doctored and took medicine and had begun to think there was no help for me, when I learned of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. By using this medicine according to directions I was completely relieved of all my nervousness and restored to perfect health and since then whenever I have felt badly or in the need of a tonic, I take the 'Favorite Prescription' and it builds me right up. I found it especially good during the critical time of life, it kept me in good health. I would advise all women who are weak and ailing to take the Prescription so they may enjoy good health."

Weak Women Can Find The Help They Need

Mrs. S. Yates, 270 Roosevelt St. All druggists; tablets or liquid; or send 10c for trial pkg. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

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