

Fooling the Phagocytes

War and Rumors of War Within the Human Body are Daily Incidents—How we Deceive our Best Friends

WE ARE prone to deceive our friends and the Phagocytes are no exception. The Phagocytes are our best and most intimate friends and yet we take no thought for their perennial willingness to fight for us our battles and every chance we get to fool them we accept with unflinching enthusiasm. The Phagocytes are the police of the body, always ready to club some offending bacillus over the head and run him into the lockup. The Phagocytes are the standing army of the body, only they do not stand still long at a time, so busy are they in putting down insurrections on the part of germs thought thoroughly naturalized or in repelling invasions on the part of alien microbes. Let something go wrong and the Phagocytes are there in a jiffy, foot, horse and dragons, putting up a fight that makes the heroic memory of the Trojans pale into cowardly insignificance. Every day the Phagocytes have their rounds to make and their fights to fight, brief, hand-to-hand and eye-to-eye encounters with hostile bacilli, and sometimes there are general alarms and fierce, long conflicts with a determined enemy. That's when we start in fooling the Phagocytes.

Let us say that we have a cold in the head. A lot of hostile bacilli are encamped in the sensitive membranes up there, having the unlawful time of their lives, rioting joyously in the misery they are dealing to us. But, they have forgotten in their unholy mirth the army of the Phagocytes. These intrepid organisms need no formal call to battle, no definite declaration of war, no official proclamation before they cross the border into the territory of the enemy. Upstairs they rush, all hands to breakfast!

Soon, there is a fight in progress. No, not "soon," but immediately. The bacilli of the cold, base despoilers that they are, grapple with the Phagocytes. Why shouldn't they? Even a rat will fight, once he's cornered. The little devils of the cold must fight or be destroyed. So, there is a battle that is a battle and the arena—which we are—plenty with consonants and vowels. Then, when the ravages of war become too much to bear, we start in to fool the Phagocytes.

You see, we know that the Phagocytes are in the blood and blood is what we do not want up there in the war district. Rather, we would starve out the enemy. We prefer to wage a Fabian campaign, to make eunectatory war. But the Phagocytes—first-class fighting men, they—cannot understand military delay of any sort. They enjoy Light-Brigade charges, forlora hopes, dashing maneuvers, but the principles of scientific warfare are to them a closed book. No, there's no use in reasoning with the Phagocytes. There they are, in deadly embrace with the bacilli of the cold, knee-deep in gore and impregnated with the lust of slaughter. They wouldn't come down and quit any more than a bulldog will let go as long—aye, and longer—as he can know and feel anything. The Phagocytes are enlisted for the war; they intend to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.

So, we, for whom the Phagocytes are doing yeoman service, fool them. We put on our other end a mustard plaster. We put the counter-irritant on the calves of our legs and we put our feet in mustard water, sizzling hot. Ouch!

This false alarm is soon received by the Phagocytes, engaged in unrelenting, savage, quarterless war 'way up there above the equator. One can imagine the little soldiers taking counsel among themselves:

"Yes, we have a very fine scrap on our hands here right now and it's getting better all the time, but there must be something fierce coming off down toward the south. At that, we'll have

these fellows too dead to skin in two or three more battles, and it might be worth while to go below and see what's doing. We can come back any time and polish off this gang here."

So, off rush the Phagocytes, still spoiling for a fight, happy-go-lucky little warriors. They reach the hot region and they gird up their loins, hitch their breeches, spit on their hands—or do whatever a Phagocyte does when he prepares for the lists. Then they start to wade in. Imagine their blank amazement when they find that there is nothing into which they can wade, no foe to fight, no drunk and disorderly bacilli to run in, no anarchistic demonstration to disperse. Nothing to do at all and a fine chance to fight passed up. So, the Phagocytes stand around with their hands in their pockets for a while and send out scouting expeditions. Still, they find nothing and they start back to the battlefield they've left so recently, only to find all the enemy dead and littering the field. So, we reckon, the Phagocytes swallow their disappointment somehow, eord up the deceased and start out on a humdrum existence of peace. That, friends, is what we call fooling the Phagocytes.

There is something human about this business of making false alarms for the Phagocytes to answer. A good many of us spend part of our time fighting for folks who don't appreciate the sacrifices we make or the love we bring to them. We are all of us, if our hearts are clean, of the spirit of Don Quixote, after all is said and done. We are like the Phagocytes, useful usually and sometimes foolish and in the way. When we are in the way—well, then there is some sort of a mustard application to call us to other scenes. There are many human Phagocytes and every day these are being fooled.

Surveying the Congo

The use of modern methods for laying out frontier lines in the colonies is well brought out in the work which is being done in the Congo region. According to a recent treaty, France ceded a certain amount of territory in Africa to Germany in exchange for concessions in Morocco, so that this led to expeditions on the part of both countries in order to fix the boundary lines. Captain Perquet states that wireless telegraphy will be used for the first time on a large scale so as to determine latitudes exactly. Wireless stations now exist in the French possessions, also in Cameroon and Belgian Congo, and all these are to be utilized by the expeditions. They will carry improved kites for mounting the antennae wires, also the necessary wireless posts. For taking the latitude they use prism astrolabes which give very close results. These measurements will be combined with plans drawn up on the spot by the alibade, this latter being used especially for the important points. Once in possession of the data, they will draw up a map of the frontier region on as large a scale as possible. Other scientific work will be done at the same time, which is likely to be valuable, such as hydrography, orography, questions of population, botanical and ethnological research, terrestrial magnetism and the like.

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Hidden Lake Is Big Boon

Discovery of Water Underground in Washington County Great Benefit to Whole District

THE discovery of what appears to be an immense underground lake, underlying the entire central portion of Grant County, Wash., is responsible for the present activity in the Moses Lake district, regarding which mention was made in these columns last week. Land that was once considered practically worthless, because of the lack of water, is now being reclaimed by the use of pumping plants, which furnish an economical means of supplying water for irrigation from a source which seems to be inexhaustible. The result is that barren wastes of volcanic ash and sagebrush are giving way to thriving orchards, and alfalfa and garden fields of prolific production. The soil is remarkably fertile and produces heavily when the science of irrigation is applied.

The underground lake which has been the means of this remarkable change is located in an ancient course of the Columbia River. The Columbia has performed some strange feats in her day, and this is one of the strangest of them all. The lake is several miles in extent and crops out in various places throughout Grant County. These visible portions of this immense body of water are known as Moses Lake, Brook Lake, Round Lake, Black Rock Lakes and Willow Lakes, and they form the outer rim of an area about 40 miles long and 20 miles wide.

One settler who lives in the intervening country carried his water in barrels for three years, hauling them a distance of 16 miles. He never thought of digging a well because the country looked so much like a desert that he never dreamed of finding such a thing as water beneath the surface. But one day he was induced to dig a well, and he struck an abundant supply of water at 40 feet. This caused a furor. One settler after another began sinking a well, and every time that this was done water was encountered. The result is that today the entire country is dotted with wells, and many pumping plants have been installed, irrigating from 10 to 4,000 acres each.

Discovery of water caused a rush, and practically all available land has been taken up under the homestead of desert act. Much of this land is now being placed on the market by companies that have become heavily interested in the district, and the country is being rapidly developed. Wenatchee capitalists have invested \$4,000,000 in the Moses Lake country and are now improving their land by setting it out to commercial orchards. The orchards that have already been developed in the Moses Lake district yield as heavily as those of Wenatchee, it is said, and the fruit produced is shipped through the Wenatchee Fruit Growers Association.

One company, Hallett Bros., maintaining offices at 106 Pike St., Seattle, has recently published a handsome booklet descriptive of the district, and the Great Northern Railroad is also sending out considerable information regarding it.

Looking It Over

HIRAM MAXIM, the man who invented an instrument that makes the discharge of firearms practically inaudible, has announced that he has a machine with which he expects to make cities noiseless. "The device will shed silence as a lamp sheds light," he is quoted as having said. It is stated that the Maxim silencer can be placed between the source of noise and the persons affected by it and absorb all racket. People who like to sleep late of mornings may buy one of Maxim's inventions and put it in their windows, thus defeating the milk man and the early street cars.

Hollow Horn Bear of South Dakota, an Indian chief, wants to present Woodrow Wilson with a peace pipe on the day of his inauguration, as a feature of that ceremonial occasion. If the president-elect will allow Hollow Horn Bear to present the pipe, a delegation of chiefs will journey to Washington and will invest the giving with tribal ceremony.

President Taft believes that public

speakers should know the Bible. He says that men who speak with telling force are those "who are able to give illustrations from Holy Writ, who are familiar with the stories of Holy Writ and who can tell them to their audiences."

In Chicago three policemen attempted to break up a ball to which they had been denied admittance. The officers, with half a dozen citizens whom they enlisted in their cause, were ejected from the hall with much damage, after a riot in which shots were fired by the bluecoats. The officers lost their stars, also.

Here's a fine case of freak legislation and it isn't from Oklahoma, either: A bill has been introduced in the Missouri legislature prohibiting women wearing dresses that button up the back, unless the buttons be as large as silver dollars. The bill provides a fine of from \$1 to \$3, with a fine for persistent offenders.

The congregation of a church on Long Island is engaged in a war of words concerning the pronunciation of "Jerusalem." A young lady soloist, singing "The Holy City," made it "Jer-u-see-lum." Rev. Charles E. Gregg was shocked at this. Straightway, he wrote a letter to the singer, upbraiding her for her pronunciation. He declared that the syllable "sa" should be pronounced "ser" or "sar." The congregation took up the question. Dictionaries helped little and it's being fought out yet.

In Switzerland a village has gone on

a strike. The entire town is interested. Indemini is on strike against the federal government. For several years the inhabitants have been petitioning for a road through the mountains to the nearest Swiss towns, so that it would not be necessary, as at present, to cross the frontier into Italy for provisions. A campaign of passive resistance was inaugurated to emphasize the grievances of the village. The town officials have resigned and there is none to enforce the laws or to collect taxes. No one will become a candidate for office.

The legislature of Nevada has put the Reno divorce market out of business, practically. The assembly of law-makers has passed an amendment to the divorce laws making one year's residence in the state compulsory upon persons wishing to obtain divorces, instead of six months, the law's present requirement. Business men of Reno objected to the amendment and maintained a lobby to work against it.

Patrolman Holcomb, of San Diego, may lose an arm, as the result of being bitten by a girl. He arrested her on a charge of disorderly conduct and she bit his hand. He paid no attention to the wound, which has become infected.

California may have one of the most severe "gun-carrying" laws in the country, if the bill introduced by Assemblyman Ambrose of Los Angeles becomes a law. He would make the carrying of a concealed pistol a felony, as well as the carrying of a black jack, billy or a pair of brass knuckles. The carrying of any other sort of weapon,

concealed, is also a felony. The carrying of any firearm, such as a shotgun or a rifle, in any public place by any person not a citizen of the United States is also made a felony.

To "Rube" Marquard, famous pitcher for New York's team in the National League, came a most humiliating experience in Spokane the other day. Marquard, who is traveling about the country doing a vaudeville turn, essayed to catch a baseball thrown from the Old National Bank building. A great crowd watched him and laughed as he missed two balls. Marquard, made peevish, offered \$50 to anybody in the throng who could do the trick. His offer was accepted by W. E. Crowfoot, a photographer, who caught the first ball thrown. Marquard made good his promise and disappeared, followed by the hoots of the crowd.

It is now considered certain that Oregon will not have a "Blue Sunday" law. A bill proposing to close on the seventh day all amusements, such as theaters and baseball parks, has been killed by the state legislature.

John A. Hogg, of Vancouver, Wash., braced himself with a poker, which he rested against a cook stove, while he turned on an electric light. His hand was severely burned by the electric current. He was held a prisoner a moment, but broke the connection by throwing his whole weight onto the light fixture.

Massachusetts socialists defend the red flag, their party's emblem, by saying that it is the "flag of humanity and the flag of peace."

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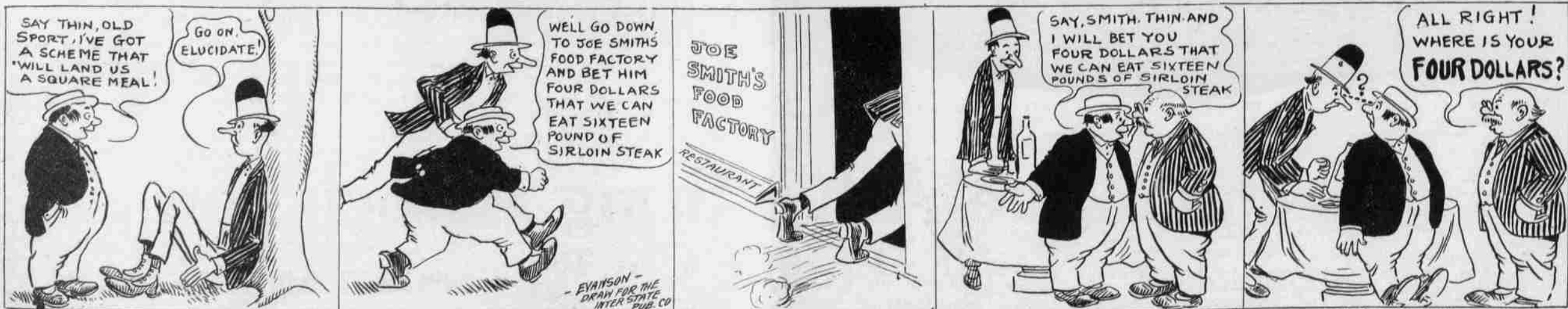
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The Bread and Butter Question: Thick and Thin Don't Win a Meal

By EVANSON



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