

WORLD'S DOINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume of General News From All Around the Earth.

UNIVERSAL HAPPENINGS IN A NUTSHELL

Live News Items of All Nations and Pacific Northwest Condensed for Our Busy Readers.

The wholesale price of flour is now quoted in Portland at \$7.80 a barrel.

Twenty-four Indians of the Coeur d'Alene district have qualified to become U. S. citizens.

Routinians lose Constanza, an important port on the Black Sea, to the Germans and Austrians.

Seattle proposes to take over the power plants of the Puget Sound Traction company, at an estimated cost of \$10,000,000.

William G. Sharp, American ambassador to France, sailed on the American liner steamship St. Paul, accompanied by his family, to return to his post.

Viscount Grey, secretary of England's foreign affairs, says allies won't talk peace, but declares objects of this war must be realized, as a guarantee of international peace of the future.

Spontaneous combustion caused the explosion of a 20,000-gallon tank of gasoline at the plant of the California Food Products company at San Pedro, which was partially destroyed by the fire which followed.

The U. S. Supreme Court refused to review the conviction of the three officials of the Western Fuel company, of San Francisco, who were convicted of defrauding the government by false weighing of dutiable coal. The men will now have to serve their respective prison terms.

A wreath of flowers entwined with an American flag was dropped from a height of 1400 feet by Johnny Green, an aviator, on the cemetery at Rome, Ga., in which Mrs. Ellen Wilson, wife of the President, is buried. The wreath was placed on Mrs. Wilson's grave as Rome's tribute to her memory.

Private Charles Callahan, of the headquarters company of the Fifth Ohio Infantry, stationed at El Paso, Tex., received a leave of absence in which to journey to Detroit to take possession of a fortune estimated at \$350,000, willed by his aunt, Mrs. Mary Callahan, who died in Detroit recently.

The Austrian premier, Count Stuerghk, who was assassinated while at dinner Sunday in Vienna, by Ludwig Adler, publisher, was shot three times. Count Stuerghk was dining at a hotel when the publisher attacked him. Three shots were fired, all of which took effect, the premier dying instantly.

Samuel Hill declares before a San Francisco audience, that Washington, Oregon and California should petition the government to build a highway along the oceanfront in these states, which could be used in time of war to carry materials necessary to the production of the coal, or in peace times for the benefit of pleasure seekers, or for other legitimate purposes.

After killing Sheriff Stier, of Queens county, New York, with a shotgun, and keeping at bay a posse of police and deputy sheriffs who had surrounded his home, Frank Traft, 65 years of age, was shot and instantly killed by one of the besiegers. Traft shot Stier, who served him with a warrant after he had been adjudged in contempt of court for failing to appear as a witness.

Chief of Police White of San Francisco has abolished the police detinue system, under which persons are arrested and held incommunicado without any charge being placed against them.

S. A. Appold, a student aviator, who fell in a biplane near Los Angeles, died later in a hospital. His young wife saw him fall and helped take him from the tangled wreckage of his aeroplane.

The German Order Pour Le Merite has been awarded Lieutenant Commander Arnaud de La Perriere, commander of the submarine U-35, for his achievements in sinking 126 vessels, totalling 370,000 tons.

The House of Commons has passed the second reading of the Rhodes estate bill, which would exclude German heirs henceforth from enjoying scholarships at Oxford University under the Cecil Rhodes trust fund.

Orders for more than 200 aeroplanes have been placed by the U. S. war department as the first step in expansion of the aviation service under the army reorganization act and contracts for about 100 additional machines of various types probably will be awarded in the near future.

Six inmates of Sing Sing prison, New York, drove past a guard in a prison automobile truck and made their escape about noon Friday. The finding of the abandoned truck a half hour after the escape gave the first intimation that the escapee had been serving sentences of from 15 years to life, had fled.

Because John Slocum mistook him for a burglar and fired a bullet at him inflicting a flesh wound in his hand, J. J. Hancock obtained judgment against Slocum for \$100 by a jury in the superior court at Seattle. Hancock sued Slocum for \$7500 damages.

The first indictment in San Francisco for the alleged offense of shipping whisky into dry territory under false labels was returned by the federal grand jury against the Wolf-Weinbaum company. Two barrels of whisky, according to the true bill, were shipped by the firm to Pendleton, Or., in boxes labeled "household goods."

BIDS ARE CALLED FOR 2500 CARS BY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Portland—The Union Pacific system Tuesday called for bids on 1000 automobile cars and 1500 box cars, requiring nearly 15,000,000 feet of lumber. The specifications require that all the lumber be purchased from mills in Union Pacific territory—Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

It is probable that Twoby Brothers, of Portland, will bid on this contract as they are equipped to build cars in their East Side plant and have been eager to enter this field of activity for several months.

Judge R. S. Lovett, chairman of the Union Pacific, will be in Portland this week and is expected to give some attention to the prospects of successful car building here. When questioned about it at his office in New York a few weeks ago Judge Lovett declared that, other things being equal, he would prefer to have the cars built on the Coast.

The advantages of building cars convenient to the place where the lumber is produced are obvious. The Eastern builders must pay freight on the raw lumber that goes into the cars even when it is carried by the railroad that buys them.

Trap Set by Villa; Vanguard Pursuing Carranza Force Ambushed

El Paso, Tex.—Francisco Villa led the Carranza vanguard under General Carlos Ozuna into an ambush between Santa Ysabel and San Andres, on the western division of the Mexican North-western railway Friday, a report received by Mexican government agents here said.

According to this report, which was obtained by secret service agents from the Federal government, Villa retreated from a position outside of San Andres, 40 miles on the railroad west of Chihuahua City toward San Andres. This led the Carranza vanguard into the trap which Villa is said to have set for them, the government report said. The bandits, who were hidden in the rocky defiles along the railroad, poured a heavy fire into the Carranza troops from behind rocks. The same source of information claims to have confirmation of the report that the Carranza troops then retired to Santa Ysabel, thence to Palomas, and are in Fresno, the first station west of Chihuahua City.

Carranza officials here admit that there has been heavy fighting between Santa Ysabel and Chihuahua City, but General Gonzales, in Juarez, insists that he has received no details of the fighting. The report that General Ozuna had been killed is receiving credence here in official circles.

Baseball Training Wins War Honors.

Boston—"Bill" O'Hara, once a star left fielder of the Toronto international league team and a former scout of the New York National league club, has been recommended for the military cross in recognition of his bravery and skill in hurling bombs for the British army on the Somme battle front, according to advices received here from his home in Toronto.

When O'Hara played in the International league he was noted for his accurate throwing and strength. O'Hara, a lieutenant in a Canadian regiment at the front, is now hurling deadly bombs instead of baseballs.

Fruit Diet Test Ends.

Berkeley, Cal.—An exclusive diet of alligator pears for two weeks ended Tuesday night for Alwyn Baker, a University of California student, eating under the direction of the department of nutrition. Baker has lost no weight, but said he was very hungry.

The official findings on his experiment will be announced next week at San Diego at a meeting of the Avocado association, composed of growers in Oregon, the Sacramento valley and Southern California.

Flour Cheat is Charged.

Chicago—Charges that the milling interests have made an excess profit of \$60,000,000 by using rejected wheat and wheat below milling grades while charging consumers for flour, based on the best grades of wheat, were made Tuesday by Miss Florence King, of the Women's association of commerce, in a complaint filed with United States District Attorney Clyne.

Miss King will seek to have federal inspection of grain, provided in a recent act of congress, apply to this year's wheat crop.

Coffee Thefts Extensive.

San Salvador, Republic of Salvador—Two arrests have been made in connection with the theft of coffee shipped from San Salvador, disclosed through complaints made by American merchants that 10 pounds of coffee were missing from each of many bales consigned to them.

The value of the coffee stolen approximates 300,000 pesos. The investigation, which began a month ago, has not yet concluded.

Zeppelin Stirs Dutch Ire.

Amsterdam—Dutch newspapers are indignant over the report by the Handelsblad that on Sunday a Zeppelin dropped a bomb near Gorkum (Gorinchem), 22 miles southeast of Rotterdam. The Nieuws Van den Dag says: "If German airship commanders had not displayed supreme contempt for the protests of the Dutch government this deplorable incident, which only by accident lacked serious results, would not have occurred."

225 New U-Boats Built.

Geneva, Switzerland—Prince von Buelow, former German imperial chancellor, recently informed a neutral newspaper that since the beginning of the war Germany had constructed 225 submarines, says a dispatch from Constance.

The German naval authorities, the Prince is reported to have added, are paying more attention to submarines than to battleships, and Austria-Hungary is doing likewise.

NEWS ITEMS Of General Interest About Oregon

Great Educational Revival Strikes Oregon Institutions

University of Oregon, Eugene.—An intellectual stimulus that state university oh evors so far have not accorded for appears to have come to Oregon this fall. Here are a few of the manifestations of it:

Nearly 1,000 persons have appeared for university extension classes in Portland. Residence enrollment in liberal arts at Eugene will be nearly 1,100 this year. Registration in the correspondence-study department is 528. Attendance at the summer school was 314. Other departments show similar growth. For example, 4,479 teachers of Oregon have this year done their reading circle work with the university.

The Portland increase is about 75 per cent; liberal arts residence increase is about 13 per cent; the correspondence-study increase is 19 per cent; the summer school increase was 70 per cent. This growth has come in a period when increases were not to be expected.

When a member of the extension faculty made a trip on institute work to Harney county this month, a majority of the teachers were found to be interested in correspondence-study. The attendance totals for all Oregon institutions of higher education give this state a high place in percentage of population that goes beyond the high school.

State Engineers Tackle Water Survey of Hood River Valley

Hood River.—Rhea Luper, engineer for the state water board, assisted by Fred Coshov and Malcolm Burton, has begun the four months' task of making a survey of the entire area of the Hood River valley under the ditches of irrigation systems or that may be irrigated. During the next week H. K. Donnelly, another engineer of the water board, accompanied by R. C. Ingraham, will arrive at the mouth of the task. George T. Cochran, of La Grande, eastern Oregon water superintendent, was here Saturday to inspect the initial work of the engineer.

The work of the water board has been undertaken here for the purpose of adjudicating the water rights of the entire Hood River watershed. The task was initiated recently, when the supreme court, remanding a decision of Circuit Judge Bradshaw in the case of the Oregon Lumber company vs. the East Fork Irrigation District, referred the case to the water board.

Shooting Stars Promised.

University of Oregon, Eugene.—Two separate annual displays of shooting stars will be visible throughout Oregon November 15 and 24, according to H. McCarter, physicist of astronomy and mechanics in the state university. The display due on November 15 may be seen in the early morning hours; that of November 24 is due in the early evening. The earth at these times will be cutting through the orbits of the swarms of meteors from which the stars come.

Display of the aurora borealis will be visible in Oregon next winter, for the first time in 11 years, Mr. McCarter says. Northern lights are dim in this latitude, but a sudden sweep across his mind, filling him half with hope, half with fear, that the unknown woman might be Ethel Willoughby.

Bridge Does Big Business.

Salem.—Traffic figures compiled under the direction of the state highway department show that in 30 days ending at 6:30 A. M. October 10, 21,093 automobiles, 13,858 motorcycles, bicycles and pedestrians, 10,307 horse-drawn vehicles and 923 loads of stock crossed the bridge over the Willamette river at Salem. The daily average of traffic over the bridge was: 700 automobiles, 462 motorcycles, bicycles and pedestrians, 343 horse-drawn vehicles, and 31 head of stock.

The maximum traffic occurred on Portland day during the recent state fair, when 1579 automobiles crossed the bridge.

Prunes \$6.40 a Hundred.

Roseburg.—The highest price paid for prunes in Douglas county this season was recorded here Wednesday, when Rush Clark, a Millwood rancher, sold his entire crop at \$6.40 per hundred pounds, orchard run. Mr. Clark had about 30,000 pounds of prunes.

Practically all of the prunes grown in Douglas county have been sold and the local packing plants are working to their full capacity. This year's crop is said to be the heaviest in the history of the county.

Arrival of Fish is Late.

Marshfield.—The salmon hatchery on south Coos river has not impounded a fish to date. It is usual by this time of the season to have a large school of fine chinook in the ponds protected by the racks, but the arrival of the fish at the hatchery depends upon freshets and there have been none this fall. The entire rainfall since the first of September only amounts to .72 of an inch. The Coos river establishment expects to take several million eggs before the middle of December.

Radio Station Under Way.

Marshfield.—The United States radio station being constructed at Englewood, a suburb of Marshfield, is about one-third finished. The piling for the residence has been driven and the grading at the site is one-half completed. A hill is being cut away to make the fill required for the grounds surrounding the station. A large percentage of the lumber has been delivered and the buildings now are under way.

1900 Cars are Lacking.

Salem.—All records for car shortage on the Portland division of the Southern Pacific company's lines were broken when reports to the Oregon Public Service commission showed the company 1900 cars short of its orders. The company reported that it had received orders for 2225 cars, and that 325 cars were available. A total of 73 empty freight cars were reported to have arrived at Ashland in 24 hours.

UNDER FIRE

A European War story based on the drama of
ROI COOPER MEGRUE

SYNOPSIS.

The chief characters are Ethel Willoughby, Henri Christophe and Capt. Larry Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Wagstaff of the British admiralty and Charles Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel, a resident of Sir George's household, secretly married to Streetman, a German spy, though she did not know him as such. Captain Redmond, her old lover, returns to England after long absence. From him she learns the truth about Streetman; furthermore, that he has betrayed her simply to learn naval secrets. The European war breaks out. Ethel prepares to accompany Streetman to Brussels as a German spy in order to get revenge and serve England.

In this installment is given a remarkable picture of Belgian village life—its peacefulness and hopefulness—just before the German host swept the little nation in 1914. You will enjoy Charlie Brown's meeting with the innkeeper, and sympathize with old Henri in his pathetic effort to reassure his frightened daughter of her safety. You will thrill at the meeting of spies.

Capt. Larry Redmond, a British spy, discusses plans with a French spy in a Belgian village inn.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Larry swiftly cautioned him to be careful.

"Pardon! A slip of the tongue," his ally apologized.

"You have arranged matters as I planned with your General Jacques?" Larry asked.

"Yes! Last night we have strung a wire from the fort to this inn. Even now the end of it is dangling in the chimney." He nodded toward the huge fireplace across the room. "I have outside a telephone. . . . I wait only the opportunity to connect the instrument."

"Now sit over there!" Larry commanded, waving the man to a chair at one of the tables. The fellow obeyed him without question. And after a quick survey of the place to make sure that there were no eavesdroppers, Captain Redmond joined him.

"Good!" he said. "Now, the Germans will be here tonight," he confided, as he seated himself upon the table and leaned toward his fellow-spy.

"So soon?"

"They march fast," Larry said. "Here the road forks. One turns to the left, the other to the right. The safety of your fort depends on which road they take."

"I know," the other assented. "And on their arrival a woman will send us word by our telephone."

"Larry had not learned that."

"A woman?" he exclaimed. "Who is she?"

"I do not know, m'sieu."

"Is she here now?" Larry persisted. A suspicion had suddenly swept across his mind, filling him half with hope, half with fear, that the unknown woman might be Ethel Willoughby. The Frenchman shook his head.

"No, m'sieu, I wait her return," he explained.

"She was not, perhaps, a Madame de Lorde?" Larry mused.

"I was not told her name, m'sieu. I am to find her by code."

"I thought possibly it might be a Madame de Lorde," Larry told him. "Until two days ago we were working together in Brussels. Then I had to leave."

"You shall see! You shall see!" he reassured her. He made his way to the cigar counter and busied himself setting things to rights there. "What worries me far more than the Germans, my little one," he went on, "what worries me is that we have so few Americans automobiling this summer. Always in August there are many; and they pay well."

"Perhaps it is the Germans who keep them away," she ventured unhappily.

"Will you cease?" he cried angrily. "Always you talk of the Germans. Soon you will have me nervous like you," he complained, as if he were not already that.

"I am sorry, mon pere," she said in fatal repentance.

"There, there!" he exclaimed, as if ashamed that he had chided her. "I did not mean to be cross. Come! Forget your fears and pray to your saints that business will be better. To think that in August we have only that one lady lodger!"

At his remark the French spy glanced up quickly from his newspaper. He had not known that there was a lady staying in the house. And he wondered whether she might not prove to be the person for whom he was on the lookout.

"And what do you suppose she is doing here in Courvoisier?" little Jeanne asked her father. It was not quite the usual thing for a foreigner—or any other body to stay in an inn without an escort.

"That I do not know—nor do I care, ma petite," Henri Christophe said.

"She is not French as she says. One may tell from her accent," the girl remarked. It was patent that her woman's curiosity had been aroused by their feminine guest.

"But she says, my little one—and she minds her own business," her father responded. "Let us do likewise. . . . Wipe off the table! You directed Jeanne, as if he would give her something to think of that would take her mind off such idle thoughts."

Little Jeanne took the cloth from a nearby hook and proceeded to polish the table top at which the two peasants had lately sat. And while she was thus engaged their two frugal French guests folded up their paper, rose, and left them.

CHAPTER XII.

Lost—A War!

A stranger—unmistakably American—pedaled a decrepit bicycle up to the

quickly, in French, "Vous avez raison!"

His change to his own language, no less than the infection of warning in his voice, brought Captain Redmond around sharply; and he saw that they were no longer alone. It was the innkeeper, Henri Christophe, who had come back to serve his leisurely patron.

"Ah, gentlemen! Something to drink?" Christophe asked them, rubbing his hands in anticipation of the feel of good coin in them.

"No, thank you! My friend is leaving now," the Frenchman said.

"But I will be back soon," Larry promised. And with that Henri Christophe had to be content.

Again the indefatigable newspaper reader returned to his favorite pastime, while Henri Christophe regarded him with a mild pensiveness. The fellow had loafed much in his inn during the past two days; but he had been altogether too abstemious to suit the proprietor's notions of what was due him from a guest. And then all at once old Henri's face turned happy once more, at the sight of a quaint little creature who tripped into the room and called to him:

"Ah, father! You are home again! What news of the war?"

"Nothing, ma petite," he said. "Nothing! Do not be alarmed."

"But all say the Germans are coming through Belgium," she told him plaintively.

Her remark seemed to exasperate him. What with poor business, and the worry of the last few days—for Henri Christophe did not entirely share the complacency of his more placid patrons regarding rumors that were in the air—what with those things to trouble him his patience had become fusespun. The good God knew that he did not desire war to sweep over his fatherland. He hoped passionately that it might escape that calamity. And whenever it came he did, he took occasion, and drawing the possibility was mentioned, to denounce the contingency as being beyond reason. Somehow, he derived comfort simply from asserting his disbelief in such a thing.

"All say it!" he repeated after her with an irritation which was strange in him. "So always it is with you women—you exaggerate every rumor," he cried. "I tell you—your father—we are a neutral country. All the big nations they have promised us that our land is safe from invasion. It is nearly a hundred years since they gave us their word and always they have kept it."

"But still I am frightened," his daughter reaffirmed. She was, in truth, a timid little thing—just the sort to be thrown into a twitter of excitement over a mouse—or a war. It mattered not what one might tell her to calm her. She would still be alarmed. And now Jeanne looked up at her father with such fear in her great dark eyes that he forgot his anger in his attempt to soothe her.

"But why?" he asked her more gently. "They did not come through our country in 1870 in the Franco-Prussian war. Why should they now? The Germans make much money from us and we from them. They are our friends. . . . No, ma petite, thanks to God we need fear nothing."

"I hope, father, you may be right," she said, albeit somewhat doubtful still.

"You shall see! You shall see!" he reassured her. He made his way to the cigar counter and busied himself setting things to rights there. "What worries me far more than the Germans, my little one," he went on, "what worries me is that we have so few Americans automobiling this summer. Always in August there are many; and they pay well."

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"Gosh, Peter!" Mr. Brown exclaimed in delight. "And a real cigar counter, too! Where on earth did you get that?"

"Oh, I was in New York," the other told him proudly. "I educated my daughter there. I was a waiter at the Beaux Arts."

Charlie Brown stuck his hand out. The Beaux Arts was one of his special weaknesses.

"Greetings!" he exclaimed. "And you brought this with you?" He looked almost lovingly upon that familiar contrivance of oak, glass and nickel.

"I had wished to introduce here a little of the American—what you call it?—enterprise. And this year I had hoped to purchase a book to registration in, and little boxes behind for the letters and the keys," Christophe added. "But business has not been good." He sighed.

"You're a good sort, old man!" Charlie told him. "I hope if they do come, they'll leave you alone."

"I hope so, m'sieu," the innkeeper answered. And he breathed a silent prayer that the Germans would not come that way.

At that moment a lady in white entered from the street and started across the room toward a door that led to the chambers above.

"Bonjour, madame!" Christophe said politely. It was his mysterious lodger. And since she paid well, there was every reason why he should be affable to her.

"Bonjour!" the young woman answered. She did not recognize her fellow guest until he approached with outstretched hand.

"Great Scott! You!" he cried, scarce believing his own eyes.

Ethel Willoughby—for it was she—could not do otherwise than pause. She stared at Charlie Brown.

"How do you do, Mr. Brown?" she said. Her manner was nervous, constrained. But Charlie Brown did not notice that in his surprise. He took her hand with undisguised delight.

"Imagine meeting you here!" he said with great good-humor. "I suppose I ought to say, 'This is a small world after all!'"

Henri Christophe had witnessed their unexpected meeting with all the interest of a curious-minded resident of



"Great Scott! You!" He Cried.

a small village. It pleased him, moreover, that his newly found friend from New York already knew his feminine lodger.

"Ah, m'sieu knows Madame de Lorde! That is good, good," he murmured, as he beamed upon them both.

Charlie Brown looked first at Henri Christophe—then back at Ethel again. And an expression of bewilderment spread over his face.

"Madame de Lorde?" he said to her questioningly.

"Yes, yes!" she answered impatiently. And he perceived then that she was decidedly ill at ease. But all that escaped the pleased innkeeper.

"And now I myself will prepare dinner," Christophe announced. "Perhaps you and madame will dine together," he told Mr. Brown.

"Why, yes, sure—if madame will," Charlie agreed promptly. So far as he was concerned, nothing could please him more.

Do you believe that Brown will discover for himself the truth about Madame de Lorde, and do you think he will join his friends in their spying work? (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HEALTH TIP WORTH HEEDING

Always Hold the Head High, is Advice Given by William Muldoon of World Fame.

In a letter to Robert Grimshaw of the New York university, William Muldoon, who ranks as one of the foremost remakers of physically broken-down men, gives advice that it would be well for every man and woman, boy and girl in America to take to heart, according to Commerce and Finance. He says:

"I was taught in early manhood not to throw my shoulders back, stick my chest out, draw my stomach in, or hold my chin down like a goat preparing to butt, but to always try and touch some imaginary things with the crown of my head. If one tries to do that—first understands how to try and then tries—he doesn't have to pay any attention to the rest of his physical being; that effort to touch something above him, not with his forehead, but with the crown of his head, will keep every particle of his body in the position that nature intended it should be. And as a boy I was advised to frequently back up against the wall and make the back of my head, my shoulders, hips, heels, all press against the wall at the same time; and in that way get an idea of what was straight, or, in other words, how crooked I was becoming by drooping."

Both to young and old Mr. Muldoon's "hold-your-head-up" suggestion is inspiring. Try it. The effect physically and mentally is immediate. When the head goes higher the impulse is to deeper breathing. A man finds more elasticity in his limbs. He steps out with more ease. There is more spring to his gait. He isn't a lumbering, shambling creature, but a man alive. With the elevation of the crown of the head there seems to come clearer thinking, a more buoyant feeling and a brighter outlook.

Advanced in Life.

While out walking with my little nephew, Jack, who for the first time was wearing his first pair of woolen trousers, and who, needless to say, was proud of the fact, we met his Uncle Harry, who said: "Hello, Jack. You are quite a man now, aren't you?" when Jack replied: "Yes, I am wearing pants on the outside now."—Chicago Tribune.