866 RESCUED; 1200 ON SHIP BELIEVED LOST

Greatest Atlantic Liner Hits Iceberg and Soon Plunges to Bottom.

WIRELESS CALLS AID

Steamers Rush to Scene and Pick Up Survivors.

Only Mass of Wreckage Tells of Big Ship's Fate—Little Hope for 1,200 Passengers.

New York—While the fate of the majority of the 2,100 persons on board the mammoth White Star liner Titanic which sank early Monday in the New Foundland Banks after a collision with an iceberg, still remains in doubt and it is feared that more than 1,200 persons were lost, a note of good cheer came by wireless between 1 and 2 o'clock Tuesday morning.

It was a wireless message from the White Star liner Olympic, one of the vessels hovering near the scene of the disaster, flashing the news that 866 of the Titanic's passengers, mostly women and children, were being brought to port by the Cunarder Carpathia. Other messages later brought confirmatory tidings.

First reports were that the Carpathia had saved but 675 persons. The new figures reduce the list of those for whose fate fear was felt by nearly 200, and if, as seems probable, practically all those saved were passengers, it would appear that all but approximately 450 of the vessel's passengers are accounted for.

A partial list of the survivors received from the Carpathia include names of many women of prominence.

After the first calls of the Titanic for help had brought steamers for hundreds of miles around speeding to the scene, what seems to have been an impenetrable wall of silence was raised between here and the steamer. The liner so far as advices appear went to her fate without so much as a word of what must have been the scenes of terrible tragedy enacted on her decks.

In the lack of even a line from a survivor imagination pauses before even trying to conjecture what passed as the inevitable became known and it was seen that out of the more than 2,000 human lives with which she was freighted there could be hope of saving as it appears, far less than a half.

Other than the news that 866 persons, largely women and children, had been rescued from the liner's boats by the Cunarder Carpathia, several hours passed without word as to the fate of the rest of those on board at the time of the fateful crash. Along the entire Atlantic coast wireless instruments were attuned to catch from any source word that possibly one of the many steamships which rushed to the assistance of the Titanic bore other survivors. But the ships reported to be at or near the scene of what, viewed in the light of possibilities, may be recorded as the world's greatest marine horror, gave not the slightest syllable of encouragement to the anxiously waiting world.

The steamer Virginian was finally heard from at 2:15 o'clock Tuesday morning. She did not report the presence of any survivors on board.

The Titanic lies buried two miles beneath the ocean surface, midway between Sable Island and Cape Race. Her position when she struck the iceberg was given as latitude 41:46 north, longitude 50:14 west.

According to the Carpathia's advices the liner, which struck the iceberg at 10:25 o'clock Sunday night, sank at 2:20 o'clock Monday morning, nearly four hours later.

Titanic Victims Had Vast Wealth

New York—John Jacob Astor was among the passengers who went down with the Titanic, according to a wireless dispatch received by Bradstreet's from the liner Olympic. Mrs. Astor was saved and is being brought to New York by the Carpathia. Wealth aggregating something like $500,000,000 is represented by seven of the passengers on the Titanic. If calamity befell only a few of these men it would materially affect vast business enterprises in the United States and England.

Virginian Extends Hope.

New York—A dispatch from St. Johns received at 2:15 o'clock Tuesday morning gave rise to the hope that the steamer Virginian has some of the Titanic's survivors on board. The message said she would bring to St. Johns such survivors as she "may rescue." Hope arises from the fact that the steamer is putting in there at all, which she would scarcely do were there not some necessity for this action. She was bound for Liverpool.

Canadian Liner Hits Ice.

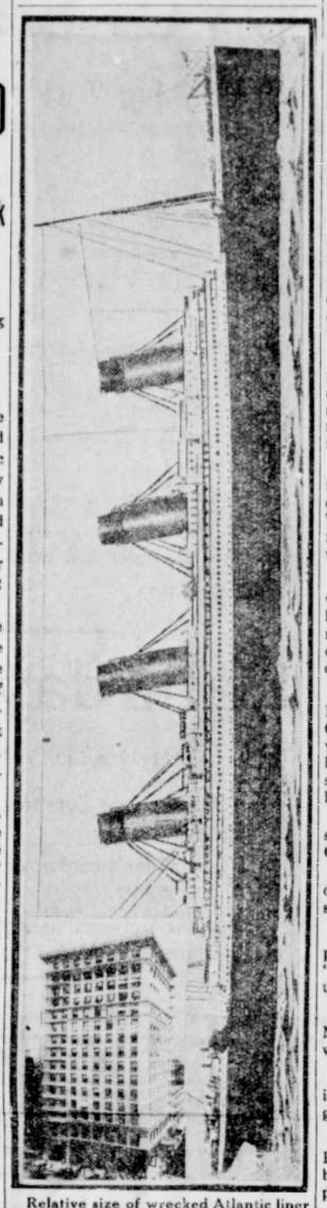
Liverpool — The Canadian Pacific Steamship company's liner Empress of Britain, which left St. John, N. B., April 5, arrived here and reports having encountered an ice field 100 miles in extent when three days out from Halifax.

MEXICO IS WARNED.

People Will Be Held Responsible for Acts Against Americans.

Washington, D. C. — Warning has been issued by the United States to the Mexican government, as well as General Pascual Orozco, chief of the revolutionary forces, that the United States "expects and must demand that American life and property within the republic of Mexico must be justly and adequately protected, and that this government must hold Mexico and the Mexican people responsible for all wanton or illegal acts sacrificing or endangering American life or endangering American property interests."

The attitude of the United States, as expressed to both the rebel and federal officials, is that any interference



Relative size of wrecked Atlantic liner Titanic and the 15-story Yeon building of Portland.

with American citizens "will be deeply resented by the American government and people, and must be fully answered for to the American people."

Orozco recently refused to recognize Mr. Letcher as the American consular representative, because the United States withheld recognition of the rebel cause. The representations to Orozco accuse him of "practical murder" of Thomas Fountain, an American gunner enlisted with the federals, but summarily put to death last week when taken prisoner by the insurrectos.

Though declining to justify participation of Americans on either side, the United States expressly stipulates that American combatants, when taken prisoners, must receive humane treatment in accordance with the international rules of war.

New Flyer to Cut Record.

Portland—A new fast train that will be faster than the Shasta Limited will be placed in operation between Portland and San Francisco before June 1, according to present plans of the Southern Pacific traffic department. On account of the constantly increasing movement of passengers between the two cities this step has become necessary. The schedule has not been worked out, but it is probable that the running time between Portland and San Francisco will be cut down to nearly 24 hours.

Tyro Adrift in Balloon.

Cossonay, Switzerland—The Swiss Aero club's balloon St. Gothard is somewhere above the clouds with a man aboard, who is totally ignorant of handling the air craft. The balloon was returning from a flight with a pilot and three passengers. In an attempt to land, the basket was blown against a rock and the pilot and two of the passengers were thrown out. Thus lightened, the balloon shot up to a great height and whirled away with the third passenger, a man who had just made his initial flight.

Carmania Encounters Icebergs.

New York—Twenty-five icebergs, one of which was 250 feet high, were encountered in a sea of ice miles in length, by the steamship Carmania, of the Cunard line, which has arrived here. While the steamship was ploughing through the ice at reduced speed and dodging icebergs, the wireless operators picked up a message that stated that the steamship Niagara, of the French line, was having trouble in the ice zone.

Arabs Leave 400 Dead.

Paris—According to dispatches published here, Italian forces in attempting to make a landing on the eastern coast of Tripoli, came into conflict with the Arabs. After severe fighting the Arabs retreated, leaving 400 dead. The Italians lost heavily also.

DOINGS OF THE WEEK

Current Events of Interest Gathered From the World at Large.

General Resume of Important Events Presented In Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

Ice is reported breaking up at Nome, Alaska, the earliest ever known.

Arrangements are being made whereby boy scouts may visit their comrades of different countries.

The house refused to pass a bill incorporating the proposed Rockefeller Foundation fund of $100,000,000.

A Rock Island train went into the ditch near Pueblo, Colo., badly injuring about 25, but causing no deaths.

A movement is on in Kansas City to form a federation of shop employes of all railroads West of the Mississippi river.

Washington state authorities have decided that Japanese residents are entitled to licenses to sell fish, but not to catch them.

A metal kite-wire fell across high-tension electric wires in San Francisco and put a portion of the street car system out of business, grounded the fire alarm system and started two fires.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sapieha, Italians, of Chicago, offer their 3-months-old daughter for sale for $5,000. They have five other children and the father's wages amount to but $15 per week.

A Boston scientist who has been investigating a recently-discovered "gas baccilus" which is supposed to generate gases in the human system, became inoculated with the germs and died from the effects.

Three bombs were exploded in the Italian East Side colony of New York City, and all are believed to be the work of Black Hand orders. All the bombs were very powerful, and considerable damage was done, but none killed.

General Frederick D. Grant died suddenly at his hotel in New York City.

Spokane men made $500,000 in two days on the rise in Granby Smelter stock.

Lord Balfour denounces the proposed Irish Home Rule bill as a "botched federal scheme, utterly unworthy of British statesmanship."

Several inches of snow fell over Northern California, and the storm was reported to be moving north.

The Rio Grande road has granted increases in pay to its firemen, engineers, conductors and trainmen.

Black and white prisoners in the Kansas penitentiary have rival baseball teams and will play for the prison pennant.

C. D. Hillman, convicted millionaire promoter, has been ordered to McNeill island to serve his sentence of two and one-half years.

Burt Hicks, owner of a machine shop in Portland, was found not guilty of killing a striking machinist whom he shot to death last November.

About 200 I. W. W. members en route from Los Angeles to Alaska took possession of an unused hotel at Oakland, Cal., and were running the place to its full capacity when discovered by the owner.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, 98½@$1; club, 94@95c; red Russian, 92c; valley, 94@95c; forty-fold, 95c.

Millstuffs—Bran, $22@23 per ton; shorts, $24@25; middlings, $30.

Corn—New, whole, $34; cracked, $35 per ton.

Hay—No. 1 Eastern Oregon timothy, $14@16; No. 1 valley, $12@14; alfalfa, $12@12.50; grain hay, $9.

Oats—No. 1 white, $35.50 per ton.

Cranberries—$10@11.50 per barrel.

Apples — Yellow Newtown, $2@2.50; Spitzenbergs, $1.75@3; Baldwin, $1.50@2; Ben Davis, $1@1.75; Red Cheek Pippins, $2@2.50; Gano, $1@1.75; California Newtowns, $1.75@2 per box.

Potatoes — Buying prices: Burbanks, $1.50@1.65 per hundred; sweet potatoes, $3.25 per crate.

Vegetables — Artichokes, 75@90c per doz.; asparagus, white, $1.25@1.50 per crate; green, $2@2.25; beans, 15@17½c; cabbage, 3@3½c per pound; cauliflower, $2.25 crate; celery, $5@6 crate; cucumbers, $2@2.50 dozen; eggplant, 25c pound; garlic, 8@10c pound; head lettuce, $2 crate; hothouse lettuce, 75c@$1 per box; peas, 10c pound; peppers, 25c pound; radishes, 30c dozen; rhubarb, $1.25 per box; spinach, $1.15@1.25; tomatoes, $1.75@2 per box; turnips, $1@1.10 per sack; beets, $1.50; rutabagas, $1@1.10; carrots, $1.

Butter — Oregon creamery, solid pack, 33½c; prints, extra.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, candled, 21c dozen; case count, 20½c.

Pork—Fancy, 9½@10c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 11½@12c per pound.

Poultry—Hens, 16½@17c; springs, 17c; stags, 12½@13c; broilers, 25@30c; ducks, 20c; geese, 11c; turkeys, live, 20c; dressed, 25c.

Hops — 1911 crop, 38@39c; olds, nominal; 1912 contracts, 25@26c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 14@16c per pound: valley, 16@17c per pound mohair, choice, 32c per pound.

Cattle — Choice steers, $6.50@7; good, $6.25@6.40; medium, $4@6.25; choice cows, $5.50@6; good, $5@5.50; medium, $4.50@5; choice calves, $8.50@8.75; good heavy calves, $6@6.50; bulls, $4.25@5; stags, $4.75@6.

Hogs — Light, $8@8.40; heavy, $6.50@7.50.

Sheep—Yearlings, $5.50@6; wethers, $4.85@5.45; ewes, $4.50@4.85; lambs, $4.50@6.45; spring lambs, $9½@10.

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The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLOW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia denies him the house. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of $2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Underwood tells him he is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take his life. He refuses unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Realizing his predicament he attempts to flee and is met by Underwood's valet. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, and finally gets an alleged confession from the harassed man. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and says she will clear him. She calls on Jeffries, Sr. He refuses to help unless she will consent to a divorce. To save Howard she consents, but when she finds that the elder Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she scorns his help. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, Sr., to take Howard's case. He declines.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Where are the women?" asked Annie, trying to keep down the lump that rose chokingly in her throat.

"They're in a separate part of the prison," replied the keeper.

"Isn't it dreadful?" she murmured.

"Not at all," he exclaimed cheerfully. "These prisoners fare better in prison than they do outside. I wager some of them are sorry to leave."

"But it's dreadful to be cooped up in those little cells, isn't it?" she said.

"Not so bad as it looks," he laughed. "They are allowed to come out in the corridor to exercise twice a day for an hour and there is a splendid shower bath they can take."

"Where is my husband's cell?" she whispered, almost dreading to hear the reply.

"There it is," he said, pointing to a door. "No. 456."

Walking rapidly ahead of her and stopping at one of the cell doors, he rapped loudly on the iron grating and cried:

"Jeffries, here's a lady come to see you. Wake up there!"

A white, drawn face approached the grating. Annie sprang forward.

"Howard!" she sobbed.

"Is it you, Annie?" came a weak voice through the bars.

"Can't I go in to him?" she asked pleadingly.

The keeper shook his head.

"No, m'm, you must talk through the bars, but I won't disturb you."

He walked away and the husband and wife were left facing each other. The tears were streaming down Annie's cheeks. It was dreadful to be standing there so close and yet not be able to throw her arms around him. Her heart ached as she saw the distress in his wan, pale face.

"Why didn't you come before?" he asked.

"I could not. They wouldn't let me. Oh, Howard," she gasped. "What a dreadful thing this is! Tell me how you got into such a scrape!"

He put his hand to his head as if it hurt him, and she noticed that his eyes looked queer. For a moment the agony of a terrible suspicion crossed her mind. Was it possible that in a moment of drunken recklessness he had shot Underwood? Quickly, almost breathlessly, she whispered to him:

"Tell me quickly, 'tis not true, is it? You did not kill Robert Underwood."

He shook his head.

"No," he said.

"Thank God for that!" she exclaimed. "But your confession—what does that mean?"

"I do not know. They told me I did it. They insisted I did it. He was sure I did it. He told me he knew I did it. He showed me the pistol. He was so insistent that I thought he was right—that I had done it." In a deep whisper he added earnestly: "But you know I didn't, don't you?"

"Who is he?" demanded Annie.

"The police captain."

"Oh, Capt. Clinton told you you did it?"

Howard nodded.

"Yes, he told me he knew I did it. He kept me standing there six hours, questioning and questioning until I was ready to drop. I tried to sit down; he made me stand up. I did not know what I was saying or doing. He told me I killed Robert Underwood. He showed me the pistol under the strong light. The reflection from the polished nickel flashed into my eyes, everything suddenly became a blank. A few moments later the coroner came in and Capt. Clinton told him I confessed. But it isn't true, Annie. You know I am as innocent of that murder as you are."

"Thank God, thank God!" exclaimed Annie. "I see it all now."

Her tears were dried. Her brain was beginning to work rapidly. She already saw a possible line of defense.

"I don't know how it all happened," went on Howard. "I don't know any more about it than you do. I left you to go to Underwood's apartment. On the way I foolishly took a drink. When I got there I took more whisky. Before I knew it I was drunk. While talking I fell asleep. Suddenly I heard a woman's voice."

He Felt In Singularly Good Spirits.

"Ah!" interrupted Annie. "You, too, heard a woman's voice. Capt. Clinton said there was a woman in it." Thoughtfully, as if to herself, she added: "We must find that woman."

"When I woke up," continued Howard, "it was dark. Groping around for the electric light, I stumbled over something. It was Underwood's dead body. How he came by his death I have not the slightest idea. I at once realized the dangerous position I was in and I tried to leave the apartment unobserved. Just as I was going, Underwood's man servant arrived and he handed me over to the police. That's the whole story. I've been here since yesterday and I'll be devilish glad to get out."

"You will get out," she cried. "I'm doing everything possible to get you free. I've been trying to get the best lawyer in the country—Richard Brewster."

"Richard Brewster!" exclaimed Howard. "He's my father's lawyer."

"I saw your father yesterday afternoon," she said quietly.

"You did!" he exclaimed, surprised. "Was he willing to receive you?"

"He had to," she replied. "I gave him a piece of my mind."

Howard looked at her in mingled amazement and admiration. That she should have dared to confront a man as proud and obstinate as his father astounded him.

"What did he say?" he asked eagerly.

"I asked him to come publicly to your support and to give you legal assistance. He refused, saying he could not be placed in a position of condoning such a crime and that your behavior and your marriage had made him wash his hands of you forever."

Tears filled Howard's eyes and his mouth quivered.

"Then my father believes me guilty of this horrible crime?" he exclaimed.

"He insisted that you must be guilty, as you had confessed. He offered, though, to give you legal assistance, but only on one condition."

"What was that condition?" he demanded.

"That I consent to a divorce," replied Annie quietly.

"What did you say?"

"I said I'd consent to anything if it would help you, but when he told me that even then he would not come personally to your support I told him we would worry along without his assistance. On that I left him."

"You're a brave little woman!" cried Howard. Noticing her pale, anxious face, he said:

"You, too, must have suffered."

"Oh, never mind me," she rejoined quickly. "What we must do now is to get you out of this horrid place and clear your name before the world. We must show that your alleged confession is untrue; that it was dragged from you involuntarily. We must find that mysterious woman who came to Underwood's rooms while you lay on the couch asleep. Do you know what my theory is, Howard?"

"What?" demanded her husband.

"I believe you were hypnotized into making that confession. I've read of such things before. You know the boys in college often hypnotized you. You told me they made you do all kinds of things against your will. That big brute, Capt. Clinton, simply forced his will on yours."

"By Jove—I never thought of that!" he exclaimed. "I know my head ached terribly after he got through all that questioning. When he made me look at that pistol I couldn't resist any more. But how are we going to break through the net which the police have thrown around me?"

"By getting the best lawyer we can procure. I shall insist on Judge Brewster taking the case. He declines, but I shall go to his office again this afternoon. He must—"

Howard shook his head.

"You'll not be able to get Brewster. He would never dare offend my father by taking up my case without his permission. He won't even see you."

"We'll see," she said quietly. "He'll see me if I have to sit in his office all day for weeks. I have decided to have Judge Brewster defend you because I believe it would mean acquittal. He will build up a defense that will defeat all the lies that the police have concocted. The police have a strong case because of your alleged confession. It will take a strong lawyer to fight them." Earnestly she added: "Howard, if your life is to be saved we must get Judge Brewster."

"All right, dear," he replied. "I can only leave it in your hands. I know that whatever you do will be for the best. I'll try to be as patient as I can. My only comfort is thinking of you, dear."

A heavy step resounded in the corridor. The keeper came up.

"Time's up, m'm," he said civilly.

Annie thrust her hand through the bars; Howard carried it reverently to his lips.

"Good-by, dear," she said. "Keep up your courage. You'll know that I am working for your release every moment. I won't leave a stone unturned."

"Good-by, darling," he murmured.

He looked at her longingly and there were tears in her eyes as she turned away.

"I'll be back very soon," she said.

A few minutes later they were in the elevator and she passed through the big steel gate once more into the sunlight street.

CHAPTER XIV.

Outwardly, at least, Judge Brewster's offices at 83 Broadway in no way differed from the offices of ten thousand other lawyers who strive to eke out a difficult living in the most overcrowded of all the professions. They consisted of a modest suite of rooms on the sixth floor. There was a small outer office with a railed-off inclosure, behind which sat a half dozen stenographers busy copying legal documents; as many men clerks were writing at desks, and the walls were fitted with shelves filled with ponderous law books. In one corner was a room with glass door marked "Mr. Brewster, Private."

Assuredly no casual visitor could guess from the appearance of the place that this was the headquarters of one of the most brilliant legal minds in the country, yet in this very office had been prepared some of the most sensational victories ever recorded in the law courts.

Visitors to Judge Brewster's office were not many. A man of such renown was naturally expensive. Few could afford to retain his services, and in fact he was seldom called upon except to act in the interest of wealthy corporations. In these cases, of course, his fees were enormous. He had very few private clients; in fact, he declined much private practice that was offered to him. He had been the legal adviser of Howard Jeffries, Sr., for many years. The two men had known each other in their younger days and practically had won success together—the one in the banking business, the other in the service of the law. An important trust company, of which Mr. Jeffries was president, was constantly involved in all kinds of litigation of which Judge Brewster had exclusive charge. As the lawyer found this highly remunerative, it was only natural that he had no desire to lose Mr. Jeffries as a client.

Secluded in his private office, the judge was busy at his desk, finishing a letter. He folded it up, addressed an envelope, then lit a cigar and looked at the time. It was three o'clock. The day's work was about over and he smiled with satisfaction as he thought of the automobile ride in the park he would enjoy before dressing and going to his club for dinner. He felt in singularly good spirits that afternoon. He had just won in the court a very complicated case which meant not only a handsome addition to his bank account, but a signal triumph over his legal opponents. Certainly, fortune smiled on him. He had no other immediate cases on hand to worry about. He could look forward to a few weeks of absolute rest. He struck a bell on his desk and a clerk entered. Handing him the note he had just written, he said:

"Have this sent at once by messenger."

"Very well, judge," answered the clerk.

"By the by," frowned the lawyer, "has that woman been in to-day?"

"Yes—she sat in the outer office all morning, trying to see you. We said you were out of town, but she did not believe it. She sat there till she got tired. She had no idea that you went out by another stairway."

"Humph," growled the lawyer; "a nice thing to be besieged in this manner. If she annoys me much longer, I shall send for the police."

At that moment another clerk entered the room.

"What is it, Mr. Jones?" demanded the lawyer.

"A lady to see you, judge," said the clerk, handing him a card.

The lawyer glanced at the bit of pasteboard, and said immediately:

"Oh, yes, show her in."

The two clerks left the room and Judge Brewster, after a glance in the mirror to re-adjust his cravat, turned to greet his visitor. The door opened and Alicia entered. She was faultlessly gowned, as usual, but her manner was flurried and agitated. Evidently something had happened to upset her, and she had come to make her husband's lawyer the confidant of her troubles. The judge advanced gallantly and pointed to a chair.

"Good morning, my dear Mrs. Jeffries; how do you do?"

"Is Mr. Jeffries here?" asked Alicia, hurriedly.

"Not yet," he replied, smiling. "This is an unexpected pleasure. I think it is the first time you have graced my office with your presence."

"How quiet it is here!" she exclaimed, looking around nervously. "It is hard to believe this is the very center of the city." Taking the seat offered to her, she went on:

"Oh, judge, we are dreadfully worried."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Strange Freaks of Nature

Well-Authenticated Cases of Dumbness Which Scientists Are Unable to Explain.

The London Lancet recently dug up from its old files the following story: A farmer of Somersetshire made a vow in the presence of his wife never to speak to her again if she bore him another daughter. He already had three. A son was born, but, strange to say, when the child became old enough to talk and did talk to his mothers and sisters, the father could never get a "word out of him," and what was more the boy could not talk to any man. This was assumed in the neighborhood to be a punishment of the man for his rash vow. The republication of this curious case led to the appearance of another similar tale of intermittent aphonia, vouched for by a clergyman of Bath. In this instance a young man of 28 years had never spoken to his father nor to anyone in the neighborhood but his mother and sisters. And he could not talk with them in the presence of his father. But when he visited the clergyman in a neighboring town he talked as well as anyone. When asked for an explanation of his curious actions he had none to offer. "I simply can't talk, no matter how hard I try," was the substance of his answer. He had heard something of a "rash vow" by his father, but could give no further details. If these stories are to be accepted as true, they may perhaps be explained as the result of what are called "fixed ideas," which sometimes dominate slightly disordered or unsteady minds.

Could Do Better.

The lecture was on the economic of nature and showed that her great destructive poweers were used only to transform the elements into other channels.

"To illustrate," said the professor, "there is in one of the Pacific islands a volcano which has for 16 years been pouring molten lava into the ocean over a precipice 400 feet high and eleven miles long. Eggs are boiled in the open sea 22 miles away."

"My goodness!" cried a feminine voice in the audience, "what a big pan and what a waste of fire and water and fuss over a little plain cooking!"