The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.... November 27, 1914

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

There are 23 flour, grist and feed mills operating in the state.

Delinquent taxes of Douglas county for 1913 amounted to $138,252.64.

With the Pacific Highway practically completed between Ashland and Medford, an automobile service has been installed between the towns.

The annual convention of the Oregon State Association of County Judges and Commissioners will be held in Portland December 9, 10 and 11.

Old trappers are abandoning Lake county because the bounty fund for predatory animals has been exhausted. Consequently coyotes, bob cats and cougar are increasing rapidly.

Three indictments against J. A. French, Wallowa county judge, were returned by the grand jury at Enterprise. They charge forgery and obtaining money under false pretenses.

Improvements for the Chemawa Indian school to cost approximately $50,000 will be recommended by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, of Boston, a member of the United States Board of Indian Affairs.

The Willamette Valley Southern railway, which is the P. R., L. & P. extension from Oregon City through Molalla to Mount Angel, will be completed by Thanksgiving day with the exception of stringing the trolley wire.

Thirty-seven accidents, none fatal, were reported to Labor Commissioner Hoff during the past week. Lumbering activities caused the greatest number of accidents, 17 being reported. Most of the accidents were of minor importance.

Suit was brought in Linn county by the state against F. A. Hyde and C. W. Clarke, of San Francisco, for the recovery of lands said to have been fraudulently obtained in 1888 by Clarke. Approximately 1000 acres of land is involved, located in Linn county.

With President Wharton, of Newberg, presiding, members of group one of the State Bankers' Association composed of Clatsop, Columbia, Clackamas, Washington, Tillamook, Yamhill, Multnomah and Hood River counties, held their semi-annual convention at Hood River.

A special session of the State Commonwealth Conference will be held in Villard Hall, at the University of Oregon, Eugene, on December 10, 11 and 12, to discuss "unemployment," "greater economy and efficiency in state administration" and "hydro-electric districts." Governor-elect Withycombe is to open the conference.

In all probabilities 382,000,000 feet of yellow pine timber will be placed on sale at Klamath Falls, according to forest service officials in charge of the Crater National Forest. The timber is in two tracts, one on the west side of Upper Klamath lake and the other just east of the Crater Lake National Park boundaries.

While the members agreed that there was no danger of the malady spreading to Oregon, the Livestock Sanitary Board at a meeting held at Salem took action to safeguard the state from the foot and mouth disease. It was supplemental to the proclamation of the governor several days ago, providing that no stock be shipped here from states that are infected.

Oregon soon will be in the unique position of having two governors on the job at the statehouse. In accordance with his promise made to Governor-elect Withycombe, Secretary of State Olcott, custodian of the building, has begun furnishing a room for the use of the new executive and his office force at the capitol until January 11, when Governor West's term will expire.

Because of a comparatively quiet real estate market the greater part of the year, the state tax commission has fixed ratios somewhat higher than last year for virtually all counties. The higher ratios, however, do not necessarily mean higher taxes, but mean that the valuations for taxable purposes are nearer the actual values than last year, when property values were higher.

Road construction work under the supervision of the state highway commission has practically closed down for the year. During the season there were approximately 268 miles of highway under construction. The work lay in Sherman, Wasco, Hood River, Multnomah, Columbia, Clatsop, Washington and Jackson counties. The commission also drew plans and supervised the construction of 31 steel and concrete bridges throughout the state.

In his biennial report to State Treasurer Kay, F. G. Buchtel, assistant state sealer of weights and measures, recommends changes to make the law providing for the department more easily workable. He suggests that it be amended to conform as closely as possible to a law advocated by the government bureau of standards. He specially recommends the "tolerances" and "specifications" suggested by the government bureau, and that the state department be given the power to pass upon weighing and measuring devices as a type, and prevent the sale of those not within the specifications.

A SNARL IN THE ROPE

Trifling Incident Produces an Astonishing Effect

By EUGENE A. VOGT

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We believe it is generally conceded that the two most trying occupations in life are editor of a newspaper and husband of a society leader. Galdorf Johnson, our hero—for a man must needs be a hero to essay so much—was doing his level best to be both. He was the editor of the Pillingsby Banner and wedded to the chief runner-up of the social game of that thriving little city.

He came home one evening and found his wife using a dainty duchess lace handkerchief as a strainer for a torrent of scalding tears. In answer to his solicitous inquiry as to the cause of her palpable distress she uttered an almost incoherent sob and pointed a well manicured finger toward the rear of the house.

He followed the direction of the digit until he came into the kitchen, where he discovered Fricka, their Scandinavian hired girl, engaged in a warm tussle with an ancient and imperishable carpet bag.

"What's the matter?" he asked, his voice full of anxious foreboding.

"I bane gone quit yob by you," advised the perspiring daughter of Thor, "an' gone tak' yob by Missus Widders."

"She says she is going to work for Lucy Withers," he said huskily, as if some one were dead near by, when he returned to his wife.

"Yes," she replied brokenly. "That woman has got her away from me at last."

"Never mind, dear," he soothed. "We'll have dinner downtown tonight, and tomorrow I'll run a display want ad. in the Banner and by noon I'll send you a battalion of girls."

But Mrs. Johnson's wound was too deep for salve.

"Don't be brutal, Galdorf," she remonstrated between sobs. "If you had the least scintilla of love for me you would understand that that isn't it."

The editor's wife let it be known that she had finally and inexorably determined on open warfare with the mayoress ("that Withers woman," to quote Mrs. Johnson's own succinct appellation) instead of the state of high society, sugar coated enmity hitherto maintained by these two ladies.

The alluring of Fricka was the last straw, the stray wavelet to wash asunder the rope of sand which had held the two competitors together for the

"FRED, DON'T YIELD AN INCH TO THAT WOMAN'S HUSBAND."

last four years of their grim struggle for social supremacy.

Why do women ask the fruitless privilege to vote when Mrs. Johnson can say to her lord, the mighty owner and editor of the Banner, "Galdorf, I want you to hammer the administration of Fred Withers with the biggest and broadest ax you have," and Johnson hastens to comply, and Mrs. Withers murmurs to her 200 pound husband, the redoubtable mayor of the municipality, "Fred, don't yield an inch to that woman's husband," and he yields to the editor not the breadth of a hair?

When the first veiled attack on his administration appeared in the Banner Withers read it with great surprise. But when he reached home that night and told his wife about the sudden change in the Banner's editorial policy that lady enlightened him forcibly.

"That wife of his is behind this, Fred," she exclaimed resentfully. "Just because Fricka could stand it no longer with her and came to work for me, she gets that henpecked husband of hers to attack you in his rag of paper. Don't you budge an inch."

"Budge!" bellowed the mayor. "I—budge! Catch me allowing a woman to run me!"

The next morning a stronger editorial met the mayor's expectant and defiant eye. After he had read it he crushed the paper in his big fist and rammed it into the waste basket.

"All right, Sally Johnson," he muttered vindictively; "then it's war."

Later in the day he dictated a bristling statement to the Herald, the opposition evening paper. When the editor of the Banner read that statement blazoned on the front page of the scurrilous sheet he gurgled joyously:

"Bully! All right, Lucy Withers; you shall have all the fight you want."

From being one of the most popular of the chief magistrates of his state's cities Withers became one of the most hated and despised. The few that stuck to him were impelled to loyalty only by the patronage he bestowed.

Among the latter Dennis Finnegan, the janitor of the city hall, was the most outspoken. For twenty-eight days of each month (except February, when it was only twenty-six) Finnegan was the best janitor the city hall ever had, but for the other days of the month—the two or three immediately following pay day—he was the worst possible. In fact, on these days he was no janitor at all except for the empty title.

Thus, in the heat of the fight, when the Banner was roaring its loudest, we find Finnegan descanting to an attentive audience in Schlegel's saloon on the woeful state of dilapidation to which this shameless administration had allowed the rope on the city hall flagstaff to sink.

"Ye're taxpayers an' ye're citizens," he declared rhetorically, "an' ye have the right to know, an' I'm a free man an' a friend of the peepul, even if I am a janitor. That rope, gents, is goin' to the devil. I done my duty by the peepul of the city; I asked Fred Withers for a new rope. An' what does he say, fellows an' citizens? He says there ain't no 'propriation."

He paused to empty his glass and resumed sarcastically:

"I'll bet a new hat if the trolley company or the gas company or anny of them other robbers wanted somethin' he'd fall all over himself tryin' to find a way to get it. It's a shame, gents, the way he knuckles down to them Wall street, New York, interests and neglects that there rope. It allus was a good rope until Withers started monkeyin' with them money barrens. Wan of these fine days there'll be a lot of trouble about this same rope; you see if it don't."

Too forceful to bend, Withers kept up the uneven battle until something had to break. Something did break in the stillness of a night—his health. The next day the mayor left Pillingsby.

The true reason—a sudden nervous breakdown—was announced as the cause of the mayor's departure, but the ensuing editorial in the Banner came nearer voicing the general opinion held by the community.

It announced that Withers was pretending illness and had gone east really for the purpose of consulting his Wall street masters and learn how he might further serve them.

The next day the Banner printed a dispatch from Asbury Park announcing that the mayor of Pillingsby, accompanied by his wife, two daughters and his private secretary, was stopping at one of the most fashionable and expensive hotels at that resort, and another sizzling editorial appeared, roundly condemning the mayor's ostentatious display.

The following day the mother of the mayor's private secretary received a letter from her son advising her confidentially that Mr. Withers was a very sick man and would have to stay in Asbury Park for some time. The old lady told not a soul except her bosom friend, the wife of the editor of the Banner.

The latter lady kept the news a profound and guilty secret from every one except her husband, to whom she went for consolation. But the latter snorted contemptuously when he heard the tidings and commanded his wife to tell no one else of this palpable plot to create sympathy.

The morning after the editor's wife had apprised her husband of the alleged alarming state of Mr. Withers' health Dennis Finnegan got up bright and early to make an attempt to raise the city hall flag.

He pulled at the rope. Suddenly he felt that the rope would pull no more and, with a satisfied grunt at the accomplishment of this duty, he fastened its end and went forth on his joyous rounds.

When Galdorf Johnson reached the square that morning he found a large assemblage of Pillingsby's best citizenship and its clerks and stenographers gathered in the park, each craning his or her neck and gazing skyward. Following the direction of Pillingsby's concentrated stare, the editor looked up at the city hall tower, and his horrified eyes fell on the flag. It flew at half mast.

"Good heavens!" he gasped involuntarily. "He's dead!"

"Who's dead?" inquired a haberdasher standing next to Johnson.

"Gee," murmured the editor, unhearing. "I had no idea he was as sick as that!"

"Who are you talking about, Gal?" demanded the haberdasher. "The president, the gover—" "You don't mean—Holy smoke! It's Fred Withers!"

Johnson nodded, stunned by his overwhelming emotions, and hurried away. The haberdasher did the rest.

Wildfire is a lazy smoke compared with the rapidity which news thus started spreads. Ten minutes after the editor's gaping mouth had uttered its first ejaculation all of Pillingsby knew that it was mayorless. A great sense of bereavement fell on the community.

When the editor of the Banner arrived at his establishment he rushed into his sanctum and locked the door behind him. A strain of tender recollections pervaded his thoughts like a melody of past and happy days, but clever quips from his recent diatribes constantly obtruded and jangled harshly—those same bon mots that had sounded so keen and witty only yesterday. Heavens! How could he—how could any man—for any conceivable reason or motive write as he had written about a man like Fred Withers?

Where had been his heart—the same heart which just now seemed to be trying to thump a hole through his breast—where could that heart have been all these days and months while he was writing these things of big, fat, whole some Fred Withers?

He sobbed like a woman and roared like a man as a knock at the door disturbed him. With the knock came the piping voice of the "devil:"

"A wire for you, Mr. Johnson."

The editor rose angrily. Why must some fool telegraph him while his soul is engaged in writing the obituary of his good old friend Fred Withers?

He opened the door and viciously snatched the message from the boy's

HERE THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE RAISED A WARNING FIST.

hand and slammed himself back into solitude. He threw the offending message on the desk without opening it and fell to his task with fresh vigor. Nothing must be permitted to disturb him. He had a great deal to atone for. Nothing—not even his pride—must intervene. So he sat and wrote for a full half hour—his soul in every word. At last he read the copy with a sense of gratification mingled with a feeling of intense regret.

"If just Fred Withers could read this!" he muttered choksingly.

Then his eyes fell on the yellow envelope with which the devil had disturbed him. He picked it up and ripped it open, still spiteful at its intermeddling. Then he stared at it for a long time, and then—he laughed.

"Dear Gal," read the message, "my wife just received a telegram from yours condoling on my death. I have stood about all I am going to stand from you, and if you print my obituary ahead of time I shall slap the libel law on you. Fred Withers."

Johnson thrust the message into his pocket as some one again knocked at the door.

"Who is it?" he asked petulantly.

"It's me, Gal—Bates."

Bates, president of the board of aldermen and mayor pro tem., entered as Johnson opened the door.

"Well," puffed Bates, "I suppose you've heard the news?"

"Yes, but don't congratulate yourself too soon," snapped the editor.

"Me! Why not?"

"Because Fred Withers isn't dead."

"Oh, we know that," returned Bates placidly. "That doesn't make any difference."

"Doesn't make any difference! Why?"

"Because Fred has just wired his resignation."

Johnson gasped. Bates fixed him with his most determined eye.

"And I want to tell you one thing, Gal Johnson," resumed Bates belligerently, "before we start. I'm mayor of this burg now. Understand?"

Here the chief magistrate of Pillingsby raised a warning fist.

"And if you ever print anything about me like you have about Fred Withers I'll wring your blamed neck for you!"

"Bates," replied the editor earnestly, "don't imagine that you have frightened me, because you haven't. But of this I solemnly assure you: I'll never write any stuff like that I wrote about Fred Withers about any living man—or dead one either. And now congratulations, and excuse me. This is one of my very busy days."

Two days later a convalescing statesman sat on the veranda of a fashionable hotel at Asbury Park, perusing his own obituary with moist and bulging eyes.

"What are you reading, dear?" asked his plump and rosy wife.

"I'm reading a letter from the ablest liar in Christendom," replied Fred Withers as he tenderly folded the manuscript and placed it in the inner pocket of his coat.

Classified.

One-third of the fools in this country think they can beat the lawyer in expounding the law, one-half think they can beat the doctor at healing the sick, two-thirds of them think they can beat the minister in preaching the gospel, and all of them know that they can beat the editor in running the newspaper.—London Tit-Bits.

Uses of Silver.

The largest single use for silver, outside of the manufacture of silver plated ware, is estimated to be in the manufacture of photographic plates, films and paper. The manufacture of films for moving picture use has now become an enormous business, and it is probable that in the future this will bring the largest consumption of silver. The silver is used in photography for making the light sensitive emulsion and is principally the bromide of silver.

The farmers' problems are pressing for solution and the awakening is at hand.

It is apparent that the old credit system must give way to business methods in financing the crop.

Best Diarrhoea Remedy.

If you have ever used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy you know that it is a success. Sam F. Guin, Whatley, Ala., writes, "I had measles and got caught out in the rain, and it settled in my stomach and bowels. I had an awful time, and had it not been for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I could not possibly have lived but a few hours longer, but thanks to this remedy, I am now well and strong." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

CAPT. VON MUELLER

Capt. Karl von Mueller, commander of the German commerce-destroying cruiser Emden, which was finally captured.

BRIEF WAR NEWS

The most important development on the European battlefields during the past week was the German movement across Poland toward Warsaw.

At the beginning of the week, General von Hindenburg's strategy seemed confined to pushing a wedge along that part of the Vistula river which runs due east from the German frontier until it bends to the south at Warsaw.

But at the end of the week, it was admitted at Petrograd that in reality another German offensive was in progress. This second movement apparently had crossed Poland unheralded, the first news of its presence being a statement from the Russians that the Germans had failed to pierce the Slav line between Radom and Kielce. Translated from the confusing language of the map this announcement meant that besides moving straight for Warsaw from the west, the Germans were advancing from the south toward Ivangorod, which is a second-class fortress protecting Warsaw's southern flank.

Austria's sweep into Servia has resulted in the victory of Valjevo, which signifies the collapse of the Servian western offensive. Servia, during the week, has been compelled to ask Petrograd for help. The appeal comes at an inopportune moment, while Russia is planning a campaign against the Turks and at the same time is being driven across Poland by the masterful von Hindenburg.

The campaign in the west has continued its undecisive character throughout the week. In Flanders, there has been a slight exchange of territory, but all the central points along the battle line have been impregnable.

Freezing weather has set in through the length of the battle zone in France and Belgium, the temperature varying between 25 and 28 degrees above zero, Fahrenheit.

The most bitter fighting of the whole battle front was in the region of Verdun and in the Vosges. Here the French troops have been able to record several advances. As illustrating the desperate nature of the fighting in this district the official statement declares that the French have established themselves at certain points within 30 meters (about 100 feet) from the German positions.

French forces have captured the important heights at Ornes near Verdun and silenced two German batteries, according to French official press dispatches.

Turkish Soldiers Reach Suez Canal.

London.—Reuter's Constantinople correspondent in a dispatch sent by way of Berlin gives the following official Turkish statement:

"The Turkish troops have reached the Suez Canal. In fighting near El Kantara the British suffered heavy losses and took to flight."

El Kantara is a port on the right bank of the canal about 25 miles south of Port Said.

Official Figures of Oregon Election.

Salem, Or.—James Withycombe's plurality over J. C. Smith for governor was 24,943 and George E. Chamberlain's plurality over R. A. Booth for United States senator was 23,446, according to complete official returns received by Secretary of State Olcott. Dr. Withycombe's total vote was 119,537 and Dr. Smith's, 94,594; Senator Chamberlain's was 111,743 and Mr. Booth's, 88,297.

Allies will Purchase $2,000,000 of Wool

New York.—Agents for the British and French governments announced here they were in the market for 1,350,000 wool sweaters, 600,000 wool stomach bands, 1,600,000 wool gloves

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Hop Growers Form Organizations.

Salem.—For the protection of growers, to put an end to the contracting of the product as at present and to induce the brewers to buy American-grown hops instead of European hops, representatives of associations of California, Oregon and Washington, at a meeting here, decided upon the organization at once of three corporations, one for each state.

Under the agreement reached the minimum price to be offered the grower will be fixed each year by the board of directors of the state corporation. The corporation will sell the hops, if possible, for a price higher than that received by the grower, and the grower will receive the benefit of the advance over what he previously received, less a commission to the corporation of half a cent a pound to defray the expenses of the business management. It is believed that through this arrangement demoralization of prices such as have occurred in the past can be avoided and that there will be less opportunity for speculation.

French Buy Baker Horses.

Baker.—Turner Bros., horse buyers, have contracted for 600 head of horses in various sections of northern Malheur county, Harney county, Grant county, Union county and Baker county, especially in the Burnt River and Mormon Basin sections. These horses will be sent for inspection to Baker, where a French army officer will go over these and about 200 others, which will be assembled here from nearby points for inspection.

Robert Jones, agent for the French government, who made the contract with Turner Bros., now is going through eastern Oregon getting additional horses for the French army. He expects to assemble about 5000 horses for final shipment from Baker.

FARMERS WOULD BENEFIT

National System of Rural Credits is Urged by Commissioners.

Salem.—H. G. Starkweather and Hector MacPherson, members of the rural credit commission, authorized by the 1913 legislature, and appointed by Governor West, have made their report to the governor, and recommended that the legislature memorialize congress upon the necessity of acting promptly upon the establishment of a national rural credit system.

The commission which visited Europe in its investigation declares that there can be no doubt of the benefit European countries are deriving from their landschaften or mortgage credit societies, and it urges that such a system be established in the United States without delay.

It is asserted that the American farmer would gain tremendously in prosperity and efficiency, especially through the south and west, by the establishment of a credit system, and it would be possible to obtain loans on farm mortgages at from 4 to 4½ per cent.

An investigation by the legislature of the establishment of credit unions already established in Massachusetts, New York, Wisconsin and Texas, with a view of determining the advisability of framing a law governing the establishment of cooperative banks for savings and short time loans to farmers in Oregon, is recommended. The present cooperative law in Oregon is declared inadequate, and it is recommended that a law be placed on the statutes embodying the best features of the different laws existing in the United States and other countries.

War Saves Eugene $2000.

Eugene.—The present European war has saved the city of Eugene, through its power plant, approximately $2000. A carload of copper wire was received here which was purchased when the price of copper was at its lowest ebb on account of the war, $2000 under the price quoted before war was declared. The price has risen since so that the carload would cost $300 more if purchased today. Copper is cheaper than it has been for ten years.

Want Irrigation in Rogue River.

Medford.—At a mass-meeting of the land owners of Jackson county, it was decided to launch a campaign for the establishment of an irrigation district in the Rogue River valley.

A committee appointed at the meeting will confer with the county court and ask for an election to vote bonds for an irrigation system.

Rabbit Bounty Sought.

Silver Lake.—Petitions asking the state and the several counties interested to put a bounty on jackrabbits probably will be circulated in Lake, Harney, Crook and Malheur counties within the next few weeks.

Britain Insists on Embargo on Wool.

Washington.—Great Britain has declined to modify, in favor of American manufacturers, the embargo on exportation of wool from Australia and other British dominions. It had been hoped that after the needs of the British army had been satisfied Americans might be permitted to buy the Australian surplus, giving guarantee that neither the wool nor goods made from it would reach Austria or Germany, but the state department was informed that for the present, at least, no exceptions would be made.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

Nicholas Longworth, Roosevelt's son-in-law, who will again represent an Ohio district in Congress.

THE "HITLESS WONDERS."

Qualities That Made the Old White Sox Club Famous.

Back in 1906 the Chicago White Sox were known as the Hitless Wonders, because of their ability to win games with uniformly poor batting, and though Frank Isbell, the best club swinger on the team, finished a season of 132 games with an average of only .270, this club qualified for a chance to fight for a world's championship. And what is still more to the point, they won the great series from Frank Chance's Cubs when that aggregation was at its best.

But there was a reason for this, and the reason was the wonderful pitching staff, which consisted of Ed Walsh, Doc White, Nick Altrock, Roy Patterson, Frank Owens and Frank Smith, an aggregation of twirling talent seldom equaled. So clever were the members of this sextet that they were able to limit opposing teams to a minimum of runs, and it was only necessary for the batters of the White Sox to collect three or four tallies to win most contests.

But even if the club was shy on heavy hitters such men as Jiggs Donohue, Lee Tannehill, George Robe, George Davis, Billy Sullivan, Fielder Jones, Dougherty and Hahn had plenty of speed, knew their "inside play" like a book and in most pinches could be depended upon to come through with enough good plays to score at the right moments.

In every other instance where a team has won a championship in the majors the batters as a whole have been unusually strong and did not have to depend on the pitchers to keep them in the running more than half of the time. Nevertheless a number of clubs have endeavored to emulate the example of the White Sox, but they always have come to grief.—Ed A. Goewey in Leslie's.

MAN AND MICROBES.

Human Beings Might All Be Giants if There Were No Bacteria.

If there were no microbes men would grow to gigantic stature and have intellectual powers far in advance of those which they possess at present. What is more, it is possible, at least, to live without microbes. Anyway, these are the conclusions of no less an authority than Dr. Roux, who heads the Pasteur institute in Paris. They are based upon the result of some experiments carried on by one of his pupils, Dr. Michael Cohendy.

The latter placed some guinea pigs under glass at the moment of their birth. The air which they breathed was thoroughly sterilized, as was all the food administered to them. Unquestionably many germs were able to reach them, but every precaution known to science and possible with the application of one of the completest laboratories in the world was exercised to protect them.

The results rather astounded the doctor. The subjects grew with amazing rapidity, three or four times as fast as guinea pigs of the same age subsisting under normal conditions. In the brief span of twelve days they were for the most part a third larger.

It is a far cry from the guinea pig to the man of course, but Dr. Roux concludes that the latter, if under perfect antiseptic conditions from birth, would develop very far beyond what is possible as things are at present. He even hints that, with advancing knowledge, such conditions, if not attained, will be so approximated as to materially enhance the physical welfare and mental vigor of the race.—Boston Herald.

Her View of It.

"There was a time," said the old inhabitant, "when that piece of property sold for a song."

"Really!" replied the grand opera prima donna. "How very expensive!"—Washington Star.

Photographing Stars.

Star photography is one of the most tedious operations known. In some cases the exposure of the plate must last for several hours. During all this time both the plate and telescope must be moved so that the image of the star will be stationary on the plate. The exposure for a star of the sixteenth magnitude is two hours, and only the image of one at a time can be secured, unless those adjoining happen to be of the same size.

Cured of Indigestion.

Mrs. Sadie P. Clawson, Indiana, Pa., was bothered with indigestion. "My stomach pained me night and day," she writes. "I would feel bloated and have headache and belching after eating. I also suffered from constipation. My daughter had used Chamberlain's Tablets and they did her so much good that she gave me a few doses of them and insisted on my trying them. They helped me as nothing else has done." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.