Use Blood of Worm in Tubercular Fight

Paris.—A simple worm scientifically known as "galleria-mellonella," may be the salvation of millions of human lives, according to the conclusions of Professor Metalnikov, Russian savant of the Pasteur institute, after experiments lasting since 1908.

The "galleria-mellonella," according to Metalnikov, is the only living thing absolutely immune to tuberculosis.

From its blood the Russian scientist is now engaged in producing an anti-tubercular serum on which the famous Pasteur institute pins high hopes.

Boy Kills Pal in "Indian" Game.

Quincy, Ill.—While the two, with four other boys, were playing "Indian," Grady McKay, eighteen years old, of Quincy, was shot to death by his companion, Charles Hadsell, thirteen years old.

Kate Asks for a Raise

By JANE OSBORN

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Kate had worked for Timothy Fanshaw for nearly a year and dissatisfaction was creeping upon her. As private secretary to Timothy Fanshaw she knew that others in his employ always had an increase in wage or salary before they had worked for him a year. It had never been the policy of the advertising concern of Fanshaw & Sons to pay large salaries to start. Employees were made to feel that it was a privilege to work for a concern like Fanshaw's; moreover, there was the bait of higher wages.

"As soon as you are worth more to us your salary will be increased," was what the Fanshaws, father and sons, usually said when employing new helpers. But they seldom increased wages to employees who did not insist on it.

The dissatisfaction of Kake Weston was so great that, after a particularly busy day in the office one December day, Kate Weston did not sleep at night—in fact, she did not try. She was trying to compose a suitable speech with which to broach the subject of a raise in salary.

She imagined every possible contingency, and so vivid was her imagination as she lay in her small boarding house bed that she could almost see Timothy Fanshaw's look of perplexity. She almost heard him say, "Miss Weston, I am sorry. But it is bad policy to pay a person more than he or she is worth. Your work is satisfactory, still there are others who would accept your salary who could do the work as well—"

Kate Weston's face flushed with indignation there on her pillow and her fists clenched under the blankets.

"Mr. Fanshaw," she whispered, "if there are other women who can do my work as well you had better get one. If you could afford to pay me $30 a year ago you can afford to pay me more now that I am doing twice as much work as I did then."

Then she saw Mr. Fanshaw's good-looking face smile mildly. Women in an office always seemed to amuse Mr. Fanshaw a little. If she were a man and were doing the work she was doing now he would pay her twice thirty dollars, she was sure. But Mr. Fanshaw, like other men, Kate concluded, never liked to let a woman earn much money. Yet it was men like that who threw money away on the women at home—wives and daughters and sisters and mothers who didn't do half so much to deserve it. Why were men always so much more willing to throw money away on a woman than to pay her for what she honestly earned? Kate worked herself up into quite a fever of excitement and heard the clock strike three before she closed her eyes.

Meantime Timothy Fanshaw, napping on the lounge of his sitting room at the club rather than going comfortably to bed, little dreamed he was figuring as an oppressor of poor working girls in any one's imaginings, least of all in those of Kate Weston, his secretary. But he, too, was finding sleep difficult. He had something on his mind—a problem he wanted to thresh out with himself, and he did not want to turn in for sleep in bed until he had settled it.

Toward dawn Fanshaw solved his problem, but he was too sleepy then to take the trouble to go to bed for the brief remainder of the time that he could sleep.

So Timothy Fanshaw was no more refreshed than his secretary on the December morning that followed. Still a certain sort of excitement served as a stimulant to make him forget how weary he really was.

Dictation, however, flowed along in much the same way as usual. Timothy had a way of attending to certain of his letters almost mechanically and Kate knew so well what he was going to say that the dashes and dots, pothooks and loops flowed out from the end of her well-sharpened pencil almost before he had uttered the words they indicated.

Then came luncheon time. Kate had decided to approach her employer after he had eaten. She had an idea that he would be more tractable then than when he was hungry.

"I have been rather worried lately," she began. "In fact, I could hardly sleep last night." She had planned this beginning. But Mr. Fanshaw's reaction was not at all according to expectation. She had thought he would merely smile amusedly and continue signing letters or checks.

"What a coincidence," is what he really said, and he let the pen fall from his hand and pushed the letters back from the blotter on his large flat-topped desk. "You see, I didn't sleep either. I was very much worried. I have come to a fork in the road. I must choose which way to turn."

"So have I," said Kate. Which wasn't what she had planned to say next, but she managed to get back into her role in spite of the false cue. "I have been here almost a year, Mr. Fanshaw."

"It seems much longer," sighed Timothy Fanshaw, "We have met here day after day, rain or shine, every day but two weeks in the summer—"

"Yes," interrupted Kate, "and I have grown to know your work so well that I know what you are going to say before you say it." Kate was going to suggest that she could really attend to most of his correspondence and therefore might become more valuable to him. But Timothy Fanshaw interrupted.

"And I have become so well acquainted with you that I know just which way you are going to look under any given circumstances. Funny, isn't it?"

"So, as I was going to say," continued Kate, determined not to be sidetracked, "I have been thinking that unless this is worth something to you I'd better try to locate somewhere where there will be a chance for advancement. I have ambitions as much as any one—"

"You ambitious?" exclaimed Mr. Fanshaw. "Why, I never thought of that. I didn't realize that you were that sort of a girl, I thought—"

"I hope you didn't think that I was willing to see every one advance himself while I—"

"While you, what?" said Timothy Fanshaw, looking now really amused.

Kate's little hands became tense and her cheeks showed the color of indignation.

"While I stay here in this office getting just $30 a week for the rest of my life."

"I'm blessed!" said Timothy Fanshaw.

Now Kate's indignation was increasing. "Don't say 'I'm blessed' to me," she said, with fire in her usually soft brown eyes. "You seem to think or try to make me think you think that just because I'm a woman I've no ambition. I didn't mean to become angry, Mr. Fanshaw. I meant only to ask for a raise."

Mr. Fanshaw here began to laugh.

"If I should offer you $35 or $40 or $50 you'd remain?" he asked.

"I suppose I would," said Kate, a little shamefaced. "For $50 I know I would."

"And why should I? I can get a dozen girls who can do your work as well as you do it for $30 a week."

"That's just exactly what I thought you were going to say," said Kate, "I—"

Timothy Fanshaw ignored the interruption. "But I can never find another young woman who will so perfectly coincide with my idea of a perfect wife. You see, Miss Weston, I'm humbly begging you to marry me, while you apparently would rather continue as my secretary with an increased salary."

Kate Weston was still blushing furiously and becomingly, but it was from embarrassment, not from indignation.

"You mean that—that you love—"

"Certainly I love you."

"I suppose it would be fibbing to say I didn't love you, too," admitted Kate. "But I never thought—"

But Kate never finished the sentence.

EGYPT HAS MANY COURTS

Mixed Population of Country Requires Brand of Justice for Each.

The doubt as to the nationality of a person suspected of murder in Alexandria reveals the difficulties attendant on the number of jurisdictions that obtain in Egypt. The Egyptian investigating authorities are not recognized as competent to proceed in the case if the accused is a German, while the German authorities will not take action in the matter till it is decided that he belongs to their nationals.

Egypt possesses at least three concurrent jurisdictions. The native courts deal with all crimes committed by natives and all civil disputes between Egyptian subjects. The mixed courts, staffed with judges representative of all the European powers holding capitulations in Egypt, decide civil cases between Europeans of different nationalities or between Europeans and natives. And the consular courts of the various powers decide all cases between their own nationals and charges of crime brought against such nationals. Finally the "Sharia," or native religious Moslem courts, decide all cases of inheritance and of what we should call "chancery" matters for Mohammedans, while the different patriarchal councils act in similar cases for Jews, Copts, Armenians and others.—Manchester Guardian.

Sensitive Ears.

An amusing incident, says a contributor, occurred at the Republican national convention in Chicago in 1904. The late George A. Knight of California, who had one of the loudest voices of any public speaker of his time, was one of the speakers. Among those who preceded him on the program were some of the foremost orators of the party, whereas Knight was comparatively unknown. They struggled valiantly to make themselves heard by the vast audience that filled every nook and cranny of the Coliseum, but were frequently interrupted by cries of "Louder! Louder!"

Then came Knight's turn, and he advanced to the front of the platform. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, and the resonant tones rolled over the astonished audience like a tidal wave.

Before he could say another word a voice from a remote corner of the hall called out with startling distinctness, "Not so loud!" The laughter that followed made it impossible for the speaker to continue for several minutes.

"Van."

The Dutch have the reputation of being very economical and very careful in watching the details of domestic affairs, no matter how small.

"Heiny!" called the father.

"Vat?" answered the son.

"Run and count dem geese again, Heiny."

"All right."

Heiny went; Heiny returned.

"Heiny!" said the father.

"Vat?" said the son.

"Did you count dem geese again, Heiny?"

"Yes."

"How many vas dey, Heiny?"

"Van."

"Dat's right, Heiny."

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Silverton.—Sufficient stock in the Silverton Food Products company has been subscribed by local fruit growers to insure them the controlling interest. This company has been Silverton's cannery company for the past few years.

Salem.—Selection of a board of arbitration to settle the differences arising between local journeymen plumbers and their employers probably will be announced at a joint meeting of the unionists and master plumbers to be held this week.

Salem.—The state tax on gasoline and distillate sales in Oregon during November amounted to $202,097.68, according to a report issued by the secretary of state. To date the tax on fuel oils has returned to the state a total of $4,869,826.17.

St. Helens.—Circuit court, Judge J. A. Eakin presiding, convened Monday morning. The first day was taken up in hearing motions and default cases. The second will be naturalization day.

Estacada.—While running the edger saw at the Electric Lumber & Manufacturing company's mill at River Mill Saturday, Elmer Crozier's left hand was severed after getting caught in a saw. He was taken to Estacada where Dr. G. F. Midford gave medical attention.

Salem.—Joseph Carl Krauger and Miss Lillian E. Maxwell, both of Foster, Linn county, were married "on high" here Saturday afternoon, in the words of Judge Kuntz, who performed the ceremony. The wedding took place in the capitol dome, more than 250 feet above the ground.

Eugene.—Work of constructing a ten-wire Western Union Telegraph line between Eugene and Klamath Falls over the route of the new railway being built across the Cascade mountains by the Southern Pacific company, will start soon, according to J. A. McKevitt, manager of the company's local office.

Hood River.—The movement of apples from here has resumed, following the holidays, and at present the Apple Growers' association, the total receipts of the organization reaching 1,496,464 boxes, has on hand only 270,774 boxes, less than 400 cars. The shipments kept up at a more rapid rate than usual during the holiday period.

Eugene.—Eugene's bank deposits show a big increase last year over previous years, according to statements just issued by the three institutions. At the close of business in December, 1923, the total deposits amounted to $6,667,442.74 as compared with $5,876,974.69 at the same time in 1922, an increase of $790,646.06, more than 13 per cent.

Eugene.—Fire that started Saturday afternoon at 3:10 o'clock in the workshop of the Lane Automobile company's garage on Pearl street completely ruined the interior of the building occupied on the lower floor by the automobile company and on the upper floor by the Oregon apartments, entailing a loss estimated between $80,000 and $90,000.

Salem.—County school superintendents who have been in Salem the past week grading papers in the recent teachers' examinations completed their duties Saturday night. Several hundred papers were graded, and these have been turned over to the state superintendent of schools. Announcement of the results probably will be made within the next few days.

John Day.—Supervisor Reid of the Malheur national forest announces a meeting to be held in Canyon City January 16 in the interest of stockgrowers and other persons interested in the forest reserves. Grazing Examiner Dalton, who has charge of general supervision of the appraisal work for this division, and J. E. Snow, president of the Grant County Stockgrowers' association, will attend.

Albany.—Although risking an injunction, the county court decided to proceed with the 1924 tax levy under the old budget law and in doing so published the budget in Albany newspapers Saturday. A public hearing on the budget will be held January 26. This procedure is about a month overdue but unless someone enters a suit against extending the tax after the hearing the court will proceed under the old law.

Grants Pass.—A mammoth redwood, measuring 23 feet across the butt and 70 feet in circumference, was cut this week in the Redwood forest, near Crescent City, Cal., on the Redwood highway. The tree, which was 300 feet tall, was the largest ever cut by the sawmill operating in that vicinity. It will furnish 250,000 feet of lumber, enough to keep the mill running for three days and it will furnish a cargo for two steamers of the size now entering the Crescent City harbor. It is pointed out that 50 cottages, each containing 5000 feet of lumber, could be erected from the lumber cut from this single tree.

Sarcasm.

"Stockings!" Smithers pounded the table. "Stockings! Why, you've got gray stockings and red stockings, silk, lisle thread, canton flannel, wool, demi-tasse and socks, stockings until—why it takes two bookkeepers to balance my checkbook, Mary. Stockings! You want more stockings! Say, whadda think yuh are, anyhow, a centipede?"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Hard to Imagine.

In whatever way it comes to pass, we know that when we see a new star we are witnessing the actual explosion of a sun. You know what occurs when a few grains of gunpowder are ignited; try to imagine the same thing happening to a huge globe weighing billions upon billions of tons! The force created is a million billion times greater than that of an explosion of dynamite.

The Boycott.

The word boycott means to combine to refuse to work for, deal, or associate with or assist a person; a species of excommunication; to place merchandise under a ban to prevent its sale. It was a method of intimidation adopted by the Irish Land league in 1880, and Captain Boycott was one of its first victims.

Drinking Coffee in Bagdad.

For a cent one gets a cup of coffee in Bagdad coffee shops, and, in addition, a narghile, in which Shirza tobacco is smoked. The coffee shop is the Bourse for the natives.

Roman Soldiers Fed Hard-Tack.

Hard-tack, similar to the war biscuit supplied to modern armies, was an article of food for the Roman soldiers during the Second and Third centuries, A. D.

We Give What We Are.

He is the best teacher of others who is best taught himself; that which we know and love we cannot but communicate.—Thomas Arnold.

Full of It.

An Englishman has discovered how to make elecricity from wind. This being so we know a lot of fellows who are human power plants.

Dogs Traced Back to Pharaohs.

Hounds of the same breed which were pets of the Pharaohs, Egypt's ancient rulers, were exhibited at the recent dog show in London.