A GIFT BY BIOGRAPH

By Inez Haynes Gillmore.

"SEATS in the front row!" Starrow said jubilantly, as he detached himself from the long line of ticket-buyers. "But I wouldn't have got them if they hadn't been returned just as I got to the window. Want to go in now?"

"All right," Peyton agreed.

It struck Starrow that his companion was not showing the proper degree of enthusiasm. "It's too bad it isn't your own game," he went on, as they made their way into the little dingy, darkened theater. "Say, wouldn't it be great to see yourself making that end-run?"

"Yes, I'd like to see it," Peyton admitted, unemotionally.

He did not seem in the mood for talking, but Starrow went on undeterred. "Heavens! You must be a homesick guy—Harvard football in the biograph and alone in St. Louis on Christmas. Did you get anything in your stocking?"

"Nothing." Peyton's indifference was not assumed. There was only one thing he wanted. Denied that, the best gifts of the magi counted for nothing.

His meager response seemed to silence Starrow. They sat without talking, watching the people come in. Over the house lay the quiet of a Christmas audience—the pitiful quiet of forlorn remnants of humanity who, simply to forget, fill up a holiday with makeshift entertainment. A woman here and there, sitting solitary in the stuffy-looking boxes, added a touch of extra desolation. But, gradually, as the gallery began to whistle and catcall its impatience, the place assumed the superficial cheer that comes with noise.

Peyton, swaying mentally in an overmastering fit of homesickness, tried to get a grip on himself. The depressed, weak-kneed-looking orchestra crawled from underneath the stage. Ah, there would be music! That at least might take him out of himself. But, no; his homesickness inundated him in another weakening flood; for they had begun to scrape through a medley of college songs—"Fair Harvard," "Boola Boola," "The Undertaker's Song," "Up the Street," "For God, for Country, and for Yale," "Veritas." He leaned on the arm of his chair, one hand over his eyes.

The theater darkened. He took no notice. A cone of brilliant light shot from the balcony straight at the big white screen; wavered, and danced upon it. But his attitude did not change. It stabbed the center in a circle of light and—zip!

Peyton sat up.

There, printed on the white rectangle, as if by a flash of lightning, towered the stadium. Empty, its tiered height rose in a long, gray curve against the sky. A half-oval of the deserted field stretched out to meet him. It looked exactly as he had seen it one moonlit night. In a "daily" written about it, he remembered he had compared it, in high-flown schoolboy English, to the Colisseum.

Curiously enough, he did not immediately think of football in connection with it. Class day came back to him, and the incongruous aspect of the stadium as he came marching in with '07. Directly in front the students squatted on the grass. At the right, forming a background for them, the "set" of the Greek play cut the gridiron in two. At the left, flowing down over the crimson-hung tiers of seats from the hot blue sky, poured an avalanche of girls—bunches and rafts and slathers of girls; girls of all ages, girls of all sizes, girls of all shapes; blue girls and pink girls, green girls and yellow girls, lavender girls and brown girls, white, red, and black girls; girls in foamy, flouncy, petal things that were dresses; girls under huge, rainbow wreaths of flowers that were hats; hats under huge, lustrous bubbles that were parasols. He remembered that Lawrence, marching by his side, had looked up and said: "Close as bonbons in a box." Peyton thought them more like that mad huddle of blossoms in his aunt's old-fashioned garden in Gloucester. Now the multi-colored throng were applauding '82, jubilant on its twenty-fifth anniversary. Now he could hear the cheers of '08, '09, '10, following '82. Now he could hear the roar that went up from both audience and alumni when '07 marched in. He could hear every sound of it; he would hear that until he died. And it was all over now—the four most wonderful years a man ever spent.

The picture of the stadium stayed on the sheet only a short moment, but in that time he lived over an intense afternoon.

The stadium vanished from the screen; now the biograph had them at Harvard Square on the day of a great game—the old familiar picture of an old-familiar confusion. A procession of trolley-cars unloaded a mob of spectators, which ran like a flood through the mob of curious onlookers, packing the square and overflowing into its confluent streets. Everywhere swarmed boys selling score-cards, flags, flowers, badges, miniature footballs, all manner of gimcrack souvenirs.

The sputtering biograph flashed again. This time it was the bridge, with the same old crowd advancing at the same old snail's pace, and flinging abroad, Peyton had no doubt, the same old jokes. The machine, it seemed, was following that crowd. Now the boathouse slipped into the picture, now the training quarters, and now the interior of the stadium again.

Not empty this time; the seats were almost filled. But spectators were still pouring out of the chimney-like entrances. The ushers were leaping up the aisles, two steps at a time, deflecting the thick streams up, down, across, into scores of tiny currents. At the very top a row of heads made black blobs on the sky-line. Above stretched the aerial banners that always grace a big stadium game.

This was the enemy's side; banners bearing the word "Yale," pennants displaying the letter "Y," proclaimed it. The girls, beginning to roll themselves in extra wraps, wore huge bunches of violets. As plainly as though the picture had been colored, he saw that their streamers and tassels were of Yale blue.

The scene shifted. Peyton jumped again. It was the Harvard side this time—the flags, the pennants, the monster bunches of chrysanthemums, all shouted the fact to him.

This picture vanished. It was plain that the biograph-operator had moved down close to the audience, and was beginning to present a panoramic view of the spectators.

Smooth as a river the old familiar audience flowed past him; the cheering sections crowded with hats, like pin-cushions studded with black-headed pins; proud fathers, prouder mothers, superior little brothers, excited little sisters; graduates, ranging from last year's crop to alumni of thirty years; critical prep-school boys, giggling boarding-school girls, Radcliffe girls, all Cambridge, nearly all Boston, and a little of all its suburbs. Hi!

Peyton was on his feet.

The panorama had vanished. Into its place leaped a picture of the Harvard half of the stadium. And the whole Harvard side was rising with the steady movement upward of a tidal-wave cresting to break. All the flags, banners, and pennants had cut loose to make havoc of the sky-line. On the gridiron, a half-dozen yell-leaders, megaphones in hand, arms whirling, looked like mechanical toys wound up to work together. He could fairly hear the deep, "Harvard! Harvard! Harvard!" He knew what was happening. He had seen that magnificent concerted movement many times. The team had come on.

Starrow pulled him back into his seat.

Unheeding, Peyton bent forward over the orchestra-rail, bursting with eagerness. Would the picture ever change? There they were, running toward him over the field. Afar off they might have been buffalo. Now he could make out the "H's" on their breasts. He caught a face here and there.

The herd spread out like a fan and fell into the well-known formation. Holley, the easy-moving full-back, had stepped back for a kick. Peyton could almost hear the plunk of the ball and the thumping feet of the ends as they coursed down under the punt. He examined them critically. Even allowing for the exaggerated speed of the biograph, he could see how easily they moved, how perfect was their condition. In his own thews he could feel again that powerful zest of the man trained to the minute, as he comes to the mark for his supreme effort.

The Yale side was next, and the reception, equally frantic, of their team. This series vanished, and in its place came a prolonged close view of each of the sections. Peyton jumped again. The pictures were so near and the figures so big, it was like being in front of the seats. There was Moulton, '04—Moulton who, he thought, was in New Orleans. How the deuce did he—Great Scott! there was Wright, '05, with Doris Nason. He didn't even know they knew each other. There was a whole bunch of Hasty Pudding fellows. What a good time they were having! There were the Hiltons and the Morrows and the Galleghers, all talking, laughing, waving flags to each other, exchanging chaff, examining score-cards. And, by Jove, there in the front row, big as life, happy in a holiday seriousness, were Milly and Ted Dunton, his cousins.

He caught himself just in time. He had started to yell over the footlights.

Milly was getting to be an awfully pretty girl. How becoming those furs were to her! She pulled a bunch of envelopes from her muff and, characteristically, she looked them over, Ted, saucer-eyed, with the fierce concentration of a prep-boy, had interest for nothing but the field. The team must still be practising—Peyton could tell from the lack of tensity in the audience. But what in the world was Milly doing? There were letters and a package under her arm. Peyton suddenly understood. Milly was a senior at Radcliffe. Coming down from Fay House to meet Ted at Harvard Square, she had scooped her mail off the letter-board.

She glanced at the letters and, without opening them, put them back in her muff. The package evidently interested her; she looked it all over. It interested Peyton also; there was something familiar about it. A huge, jet-black signature dashed a slanting course over one corner. Suddenly he recognized it. It was the trademark of the St. Louis photographer who had, recently, taken his pictures. He himself had sent Milly that package six weeks ago. Grinning to himself, Peyton watched her open it. Her unfeigned delight in the picture was pleasant; Peyton's spirits lightened a little. Equally amusing was Ted's swift, grumpy, unseeing glance.

And then—it was curious it had never occurred to him to anticipate this—Constance Terry came walking down the aisle with Lawrence Graves. Peyton knew her the moment she appeared at the top of the picture. And so real she seemed that he shrank back in his seat. He watched her progress, not breathing.

Down she came, growing bigger with each step—down, down, down. She was going to sit in the front row with Milly. There was something almost dramatic about this entrance. Looking from her height over the field, she seemed to be gazing straight into his eyes. There was something curious about her gaze; it was as if she looked hard at something that she did not see. Peyton's devouring glance noted that she had lost none of her beauty; the spirited grace of her figure, the lovely lift of a red upper lip over a red lower one, the long, straight eyelashes, the thick, black brows, that in anger made thunder-clouds of her gray eyes. His memory limned all the colors that the biograph left out.

"Deuced pretty girl," Starrow commented; "that one that's taking a seat in the front row."

Peyton did not answer.

Milly had risen. There were quick greetings; and the party seated itself. Something Lawrence was saying gave him the center of the stage. Constance, not listening, turned her attention again to the field; again, apparently, she looked straight into Peyton's eyes. The strange expression came back into her face. Her look was absent, apathetic—almost unhappy.

What could be the matter? Was it possible that Lawrence had not proposed yet—he knew Lawrence's ways with girls—and that she was perplexed, perhaps grieving over the omission? He wondered why Lawrence delayed; for there was no doubt of the genuineness of his "case" on Constance Terry. Certainly it was not fear of a refusal. In all Lawrence's meteoric amorous career, Peyton had never known him to fail.

Peyton tried to imagine himself holding off one minute after he had seen that he had any show with Constance Terry. Not that he had any idea that he could complicate Lawrence's suit. He had left Cambridge the moment he found himself in love with the girl his room-mate had picked. He could renounce, but he could not stay and day by day face his renunciation.

Milly's lips moved. Constance withdrew her wandering, unseeing gaze from the field. The two girls talked.

The picture passed. Peyton had lived through the longest five minutes of his life.

Peyton threw himself into the game with a fierce intensity. At first there were moments when he lost himself so completely that he thought himself fighting with the Harvard eleven. Starrow would wake him with a—"Say, cut it out, will you; you're pushing me into the aisle." But, after a while, Constance's face kept coming between him and the struggling heap on the gridiron. His yearning for another glimpse of her began to absorb his interest in the game. He spent the last minutes of the first half thrashing impatiently in his seat.

He groaned with impatience when he saw that the biograph, instead of turning back on the spectators between halves, still trained itself on the gridiron. It was just a flashing picture of the Yale eleven trotting wearily to its quarters, circled and surrounded by trainers, coaches, rubbers, and the privileged spectators of the side-lines. Would it never go back to the stands?

Ah, there they were—scattering glimpses of the spectators, at first only quivering, waving throngs in which he could not recognize a face. Once the band must have broken into the "Marseillaise"; for, suddenly, the whole Harvard section arose, lifting their hats three times and in perfect unison. Mechanically, true to an old training, Peyton started to rise, too. But, again, Starrow held him down.

Finally, when he thought he could stand the suspense no longer, came the section-pictures; the group he longed to see. In the midst of a storm-center of howling Harvard enthusiasts, Constance sat, still languid, still distrait. In another second, Peyton was sorry that his wish had been granted. For Lawrence, taking advantage of the preoccupation of the rest of the party, was devoting himself to her. A jealousy, as hot as flame, excoriated Peyton as he noted the little intimacies of his attitude. Lawrence questioned and explained. He leaned over her to adjust wraps obviously in no need of adjustment. Though his suffering grew intense, Peyton could not take his eyes away.

Once it came over him how strange it was. The tragedy of his life was being played there before a theaterful of holiday riffraff, and no one suspected it. No one about him had an eye for his little group. Not a man about him but was watching the shrieking, jumping, cheering, flag-waving crowd that surged about the lovers.

Followed more pictures of the Harvard sections; followed many of the Yale sections, but Peyton did not see them. He did not even look at them.

The second half was close. Peyton summoned all the mental strength that was in him to concentrate on the game. And at first he thought that he was going to be successful, that his mind had adjusted itself to the situation. But, after a brief interval, his longing, his impatience began to grind in him again. He churned restlessly in his chair. He studied the audience about him. It must have been somewhere along here that he failed to see that long run on a forward pass—the sensational play of the season by which the game was won.

At the end it was a relief to cheer with the handful of Harvard men who sprang up from different parts of the auditorium and, following the motions of the yell-leader in the biograph, shouted themselves hoarse. But, in a moment, his heart was thumping in a very madness of yearning, pointed by the anguish of uncertainty. Biting his lips, he watched the long line of undergraduates zigzagging over the field in the wake of the band. When, at last, the biograph began to show section views of the dispersing audience, he gripped the orchestra-rail hard. If it came it would be his last view of her until—until—when? he wondered. Until, best man at their wedding, he would watch her drive off with Lawrence. He clenched his hands.

Again the picture! Unmindful of the others, his burning eyes riveted themselves on Constance. The group had risen, waiting for the crowd to thin. Milly was talking. In the midst of her narrative, she handed to Constance the package that contained Peyton's picture. Without stopping, she swept the two men on in her talk.

Constance pulled the picture out of its wrappings. Peyton watched her. And he saw—in a brief moment—he saw a great deal. He saw the pronounced start that shook her at the sight of it. He saw the quick, furtive glance she gave at her unnoticing companions. He saw her turn her back to them and, like one famished, look at it again, holding it, in her unconsciousness, unnecessarily close to her face. He saw her start to put it back into the paper, but, changing her mind, look at it again, a long, close gaze. He saw her turn it over as if she expected some writing. And he saw—but now more with the eyes of the soul than of the body—the emotion that seemed to vitalize her whole figure, to shine through her wistful face, to make light in her somber eyes.

"Say, what's your rush?" Starrow remonstrated as Peyton made a flying leap into an open space which offered a swifter egress.

"Oh, I say, excuse me, Starrow," Peyton exclaimed. "I've got to get to a long-distance telephone." And then, in utter forgetfulness of a statement he had previously made, "I want to thank somebody for a Christmas gift I've just received."

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WOULD WE RETURN?

Would we return
If once the gates which close upon the past
Were opened wide for us, and if the dear
Remembered pathway stretched before us, clear,
To lead us back to youth's lost land at last;
Whereon life's April shadows lightly cast,
Recalled the old sweet days of childish fear
With all their faded hopes and brought anear
The far-off streams in which our skies were glassed;
Did those lost dreams which wake the soul's sad yearning
But live once more and wait for our returning,
Would we return?

Would we return
If love's enchantment held the heart no more
And we had come to count the wild sweet pain,
The fond distress, the lavish tears—but vain;
Had cooled the heart's hot wounds amidst the roar
Of mountain gales, or, on some alien shore
Worn out the soul's long anguish, and had slain
The dragons of despair—if then the train
Of vanished years came back, and as of yore
The same voice called, and with soft eyes beguiling,
Our lost love beckoned, through time's gray veil smiling,
Would we return?

Would we return
Once we had crossed to death's unlovely land
And trod the bloomless ways among the dead,
Lone and unhappy; after years had fled
With twilight wings along that glimmering strand,
If then—an angel came with outstretched hand
To lead us back, and we recalled the dread
How soon the tears that once for us are shed
May flow for others—how, like words in sand,
Our memory fades away—how oft our waking
Might vex the living with the dead heart's breaking,
Would we return—
Would we return?

—Robert Burns Wilson

Off With the Mustach and by Golly It's Fine

By Hal O'Flarety.

(United Press Staff Correspondent.)

London, Nov. 7.—(By Mail.)—And it came to pass that those in command of England's new army relented, saying: "Wherefore we have made burthensome the lives of our younger officers in that we require adornment of the upper lip, let there be modification of our order leaving to the discretion of the wearer the matter of facial decoration."

Perhaps not in those words but somewhat in that manner, the famous order requiring British officers to wear mustaches has been placed among the relics of the world war. Originally paragraph 1,696 of the King's regulations read as follows:

"The hair of the head will be kept short and the chin and under lip will be shaved but not the upper lip. Whiskers, if worn will be of moderate length."

From this ukase, have been stricken the words "but not the upper lip." Hence, the British officer today may or may not cultivate a mustache according to his own inclination or that of his wife or sweetheart. But here is where the rub comes in—the chin and under lip must be shaven. Those desiring a beard are forced to grow either a Dundreary or mutton-chops, neither of which is considered becoming.

On the memorable day when the mustache order was modified, barber shops looked like recruiting offices. Youthful lieutenants whose efforts of months had produced nothing but a fuzzy shadow and whose usual apologetic order to the barber was: "just let the upper lip alone," dashed in and impatiently awaited their turn to say: "shave that damned thing off."

Seed Corn Scarce.

Good seed corn will probably be scarce next spring. Late varieties have not matured, medium varieties only some good seed. All the ears are full of moisture and should be dried out at once on racks hung in warm, well ventilated places where they will not touch each other. Corn will stand 130 degrees F. for a few days, if it is well ventilated in a room.

About seven thousand elk were fed last winter at Jackson Hole, Wyo., by the Biological Survey.

A DEPENDABLE REMEDY

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

For Poor Appetite, Nausea, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Fever and Ague

Brazil Soon to Prepare In Thorough Style for Future Events

By H. B. Robertson.

(United Press Staff Correspondent.)

Rio de Janeiro, Oct. 26.—(By Mail.)—"Preparedness" as a theory, is no longer open to discussion in Brazil. The big southern republic has gone in for "militarism" and she has gone in with enthusiasm.

Compulsory military service, established by a law passed by the congress of 1908, goes into effect December 1, this year, and if the results approach the predictions of the law's sponsers a million Brazilian men will be trained in arms and manoeuvers within the next ten years. All able bodied men between the ages of 21 to 44 years are subject to the call to arms when called they must join the colors or be liable to punishment as deserters.

By a scheme of short time service favors advanced to those who wish to escape the two years' service in the active army, however, the greater part of Brazil's army will be composed of "volunteers." More than 50,000 volunteers enlisted for the short service between August 1 and September 30, this year, and it is probable that this number will be doubled before December 1, when ten per cent of those who did not volunteer will be drawn by lot for compulsory service. The volunteer and drawing by lot process will be repeated each year.

The men of the new army will be divided according to their ages, those between the ages of 21 and 30 going into the first line of the active army and its reserve, between 30 and 37 into the second line and its reserve, and between 37 and 44 into the third line and its reserves or the national guard. After nine years in the active army the men are retired to the reserve.

The volunteers are classed according to how they wish to serve, for the two years' service, for the annual maneuvers and training camp, or for training in schools and in shooting clubs under the instruction of army officers. The two latter classes must continue thier training till such times as they are able to pass an army requirements examination. Those who train in the third class are not compelled to leave their business or occupation as they are permitted to drill on Sundays, holidays and out of work hours.

Hundreds of colleges, schools, athletic clubs and other organizations of men are taking advantage of the third class volunteer rights and the training under the instruction of officers furnished by the minister of war to these schools clubs and organizations.

Other young men are volunteering for the annual maneuvers and training camps, the two months a year being credited against their compulsory service, and at the same time taking the place of "vacations."

The two years' straight active service in the army is being sought by the young men between the ages of 17 (if they have their parents' or guardians' consent) and 21, as a matter of "having it over with."

The naval reserve will be recruited along the same lines—by volunteers and by compulsory service. The officers and men employed on the Lloyd Brasileiro Steamship line which is government concession, are being trained aboard their respective ships by regular navy officers and besides must take a training cruise on a battleship or training ship, each year. The volunteers for the naval reserve enjoy the same privileges as those in the army.

Perhaps the strangest feature of Brazil's adoption of the compulsory service lies in the fact that the man who is chiefly responsible for the propaganda that resulted in the law's enactment is Sr. Olavo Bilac, Brazil's greatest living poet.

Besides being Brazil's greatest living poet, Olavo Bilac is one of Brazil's greatest patriots and his campaign was fought with a double purpose—his country's defense and his country's education. Eighty per cent of Brazil's population is illiterate. To pass the military requirements examination, the volunteer or "drawn" soldier must be able to read and write. Thus Olavo Bilac benefitted his own country by obtaining "compulsory and volunteer education".

The average Brazilian is intensly patriotic if he may judge from externals. Every man takes off his hat when the national anthem is being played or sung and he leaps to his feet to do it. He tips his hat to his country's flag and he honors the men who defend it. His record of the past in his country's service is a proud record and the wars of Brazil's history are epics of heroism and sacrifice.

"Progress and order" is the motto printed in gold on Brazil's green flag. In ten years a million men will be giving the military salute to "Progress and order" and will be trained to defend its principles. In that time Brazil in proportion to its population probably will be among the best if not the best "prepared" American nation.

THINGS AS THEY ARE

When Earth's last picture is painted,
and the tubes are twisted and
dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and
the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith we shall need
it—lie down for an eon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen
shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy;
they shall sit in a golden
chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas
with brushes of camel's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from
—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting
and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and
only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and
no one shall work for fame;
And each for the joy of the working
and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for
the God of Things as They Are!

—Rudyard Kipling.

Try the Journal classified ads.

Estimates Oregon's Population 834.575

Oregon's population, according to figures given out by State Labor Commissioner Hoff, has grown from 672,765 in 1910 (U. S. census) to 834,515. These figures are obtained by taking the school population taken from the report of the school census in 1910, the school enrollment, and average school attendance for 1916, and striking an average, and placing population in same proportion to this as it showed in the 1910 census. In some counties the school attendance is above the school enrollment and in others it is below. So taking the average of three brings the figures close to the actual number.

The relative proportion of school census for 1916 shows a total population of 833,558, while the relative proportion of enrollment gives the population as 823,421. Averaging these two with the relative proportion of attendance of 846,565 gives the general average of 834,515.

The population by counties follows:

County—	U. S. Census. 1910.	Population. 191.
Baker	18,676	21,591
Benton	10,663	13,594
Clackamas	29,931	39,317
Clatsop	16,196	19,459
Columbia	10,580	13,101
Coos	17,959	20,015
Crook (*)	9,315	12,728
Jefferson	.....	6,364
Curry (*)	2,044	2,543
Douglas	19,674	23,325
Gilliam	3,701	4,123
Grant	5,607	7,335
Harney	4,059	4,602
Hood River	8,016	7,036
Jackson	23,756	26,484
Josephine	9,567	9,398
Klamath	8,554	12,160
Lake	4,658	5,740
Lane	33,783	39,440
Lincoln	5,587	6,845
Linn	22,662	26,231
Malheur	8,601	13,522
Marion	39,780	49,213
Morrow	4,357	4,892
Multnomah	226,261	294,284
Polk	13,469	17,542
Sherman	4,342	4,739
Tillamook	6,266	8,540
Umatilla	20,309	24,266
Union	16,191	18,387
Wallowa	8,364	10,963
Wasco	16,336	21,043
Washington	21,522	23,125
Wheeler	2,484	3,075
Yamhill	18,285	19,492
Totals	672,765	834,515

*Jefferson county created from Crook county at general election in 1914

No basis available upon which to compute population of Jefferson county separately hence school statistics for Crook and Jefferson counties were combined for the year 1916 and percentage proportions for Crook county for 1910 census applied to the totals. Registration of voters for 1916 and other available (estimated) data indicates Jefferson county's population is approximately one-third that of Crook county and the aggregate total was apportioned upon that basis. Crook county's percentage increase in population is based upon its portion of the combined totals. This combination does not effect totals for the state.

Of the various counties Multnomah leads with 294,284. Marion is second with 49,213, and Lane third with 39,440. The percentage of increase from 1910 to 1916 is 19.4, while the increase from 1914 to 1916 is only 3.9 per cent. Two counties in the six year period have suffered a decrease in population—Hood River and Josephine. In the past two years Hood River has suffered a decrease of 9.2 per cent, Jackson county 2.6 per cent, Malheur 1.4 per cent, Washington .6 per cent and Yamhill 7.4 per cent. The largest increase was in Morrow county with 12.4 per cent. Sherman comes second with an increase of 11.6 per cent and Wallowa third with 11.3 per cent. Marion county has an increase of 3.9 per cent.

Multnomah county's increase in population for the 10-year period is shown by this method of computation to be 23.1 per cent, and, for the two-year period (1914-16) 4.7 per cent, which latter tends to disprove or correct the apparently erroneous impression that seems to prevail that Portland's population has fallen off approximately 40,000 during the past two years. This latter impression is said to have gained credence through the reported increase in vacant houses in the city. However, if there has been a decrease, it certainly does not show in the school poulation and, if there is an increase in the number of vacant dwelling houses is might be accounted for in the growing tendency to concentrate tenancy in apartment houses and whatever falling off there has been in actual population must have been in the case of individuals leaving the state without effecting or disturbing the family unit system upon which basis permanent and substantial population is founded.

DEO FOR SORE, SWOLLEN, TIRED FEET
Dennis Eucalyptus Ointment
AT ALL DRUG STORES
TUBES 25C JARS 50C

MONEY AND FAMINE

Has it ever occurred to you that while money can do a great many things it cannot gain for a man enduring renown?

Go through the annals of history, scan the pages of biographical dictionaries, and you will find ample corroboration of this statement.

Some rich men have become lastingly famous. But they are few, and their fame has not come to them because they amassed great wealth.

Indeed, it would almost seem that to be a rich man is one of the surest ways of being forgotten by future generations. Only those rich men who conjoin wealth with real public service of some sort have a chance of being remembered.

Take the history of any country and any epoch. Certain names at once spring into the mind. But, with scarcely an exception, they are not the names of the very rich men of that land and age.

In the days of Washington, Hamilton and Jefferson there were men who were, comparatively speaking, as rich as the millionaires of today. But who can now recall their names?

All over the civilized yorld, this year of grace, 1916, memorial exercises are being held in honor of Shakespeare and Cervantes, who died three hundred years ago. In the days when they trodthis earth Shakespeare and Cervantes were mere "scribblers" in the eyes of the moneyed grandees of that time.

But today these same grandees are as completely forgotten as though they had never lived. And the poor "scribblers" of three hundred years ago will never be forgotten.

Everywhere, always, it is the same. The world never has recognized money as the criterion of enduring worth.

Therefore, young man, if you have any ambition to be remembered by posterity, be careful not to let the winning of gold become the guiding force of your existence.—H. Addington Bruce.

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