

Modern Methods.  
ing a young colored  
into a drug store and  
rior to if he might use  
e. Permission being  
youth entered the tele-  
and the druggist over-  
lowing:  
e to speak to Mist'  
Yes sub; Mist' John-  
Mist' Johnson. Say,  
n. Ah've been wonder-  
eds a boy to cut yo'  
in yo' cah an' he's  
set \* \* \* Yo' got a boy  
o' puffedly satisfied  
\* Uh huh. All right,  
n, goodby."  
boy left the booth, the  
ed to him.  
looking for a job I  
one here," he said.  
figed, boss," said the  
Ah done got a job;  
ah Mist' Johnson. Ah  
skin' mahse'f up."  
ular position by having  
week.

WHAT'S THE USE



By L. F. Van Zelm  
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How Sweet of Violet

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED WHITE AND BLUE PUMP.

There are thousands of these pumps and Red Crown signs where your Standard Oil Scrip Book entitles you to reliable Red Crown gasoline, Zerolene and other petroleum supplies. One or two books (\$5, \$10 and \$20 denominations) will last a season and save carrying cash. Convenient! Economical!



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STANDARD QUALITY  
STANDARD OIL COMPANY (CALIFORNIA)

Law it first you saw it in The Sentinel

Pleasures, Joys, Discomforts, Tragedies, of Motoring Through California Desert Told by Former Resident

San Diego, Calif., June 26.—(To the Editor.)—In a recent issue of The Sentinel we note that you invite an occasional letter from former residents of Cottage Grove who may be in sections that might have an interest to your readers.  
Being prompted by this I am enclosing a copy of a letter I wrote to some of our friends, Addie and Ben who were with us are Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Vansteenburg, of Spirit Lake, Ia. Mrs. Vansteenburg is Mrs. Wood's sister and they visited us several times in Cottage Grove.  
It was our serious intention to spend some portion of this summer visiting Oregon and Washington, driving up from here, but the development of the hoof and mouth disease in California and the consequent quarantine regulations along the public roads caused us to give the trip up, a matter of considerable disappointment to us, as we wanted to see our friends and also have the pleasure of the cherries, and fruits of that region for Oregon and Washington cherries, berries, apples and pears are superior to those grown here. We hope that our trip is only postponed to a more convenient season.  
I will add that it is not a misfortune in a general way to find one's self obliged to remain in so pleasant a place as San Diego, for it is a pleasant place in which to live. The past season has been limited in rainfall but otherwise very enjoyable.  
We are both enjoying ourselves and are comfortably well and hope that Cottage Grove continues to thrive and that our friends are prospering so that occasionally some of them may make a pilgrimage to this section and call on us.  
A. B. WOOD.

for us to enjoy the scenery and objects of interest.  
The scenery is varied, the closely settled districts of San Diego changing to villages and wooded hills, valleys timbered with pine and live oak, rocky hills with green grass and flowering shrubs. A very unusual sight in this region was the snow that still lay along the roadside as we neared the high places. Houses and resorts are seen along the way where seekers after health and recreation come, and the ubiquitous gasoline and service station is frequently passed. Possibly a goodly number of air castles are located along the way among the valleys and mountains, for California air is a wonderful atmosphere in which to build them.  
One may indulge his taste between quiet valleys or mountain grandeur. The mountains were arranged by Nature's own forces at times when Nature had a whim for piling rocks in a rather disorderly way. We were glad that we were not there on a day when these forces indulged in a "rough house," tossing rocks and hills and chasms about, for it is evident she was not very methodical about it, nor troubled by nervous spectators. But she lingered to touch it all with softened colors and shades and forms, giving it a beauty and grandeur that can be very feebly described with pen or represented on canvas.  
At noon we ate our lunch in a niche among some rocks by the roadside near Jacumba. Some previous visitor had left an inscription on the wall of the niche, "King Tut's Tomb."  
While here we climbed some crags from which we could look over Imperial valley the bed of which was once an ancient sea. It is an impressive view that subdues the boasting spirit in man. He may only indulge his desire to boast by saying "We saw it." However, man may rightfully be proud to some extent, for when we stood on the crag near the line of Imperial county looking over what had for so long been a place of desolation and death and saw that narrow ribbon-like road reaching straight into the heart of that one-time desert farther than our sight could follow, we realized that the ingenuity and persistence of man had wrought a marvelous transformation.  
There is an inscription over the door of the Barbara Worth hotel at El Centro which reads:  
The Desert Waited  
Silent, Hot and Fierce  
in Its Desolation, Holding Its  
Treasures Under the Seal of  
Death Against the Coming  
of a Strong Ones.  
The contrast between those areas yet undeveloped and the green fields with their crops and herds gives evidence that human intelligence and labor are two of the magic elements required to combine the separated forces of Nature and make them yield the necessities and comforts which we deem essential.  
And now there are railroads, and towns, and school houses, and homes, and people from Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and the islands, as well as our own people. And combined with the saloons and gambling houses that exist just across the line in Mexico we can find here all of the sights and products of civilization that can be seen wherever men and women gather together in the quest of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."  
We had a pleasant ride in the early evening about the paved streets of El Centro. Later we dined on fresh vegetables, butter-milk, ice cream, all of local production, and an option of delicacies from other parts of the world brought to us in tin cans.  
We visited the chamber of commerce and gathered some of the figures showing the marvelous development and production of the valley. But figures put into a letter are apt to be too dry, so we will pass them by.  
After a good night's rest we continued our journey towards Riverside. We visited a date farm and were much disappointed to find that an invisible atom of life, an enemy to the date palm, had threatened to establish itself and had made it necessary to sacrifice the foliage of the palms and the chance for a crop this season to prevent its ravages. However, there are luscious dates grown in the Imperial valley, as we know.  
We made a short stop at Brawley to get some head lettuce for our lunch and some gasoline for our car. Continuing on our way we followed that long, narrow ribbon of cement road that stretches 165 miles from El Centro to Riverside. The ride promised to be a pleasant experience—and it was all of that if one merely omits the word "pleasant." One might delve into the lore of the desert and find an even more simple word or two to substitute,

but as each person who has had the experience of a desert sand storm might have an expressive word of his own choice, I will not offer mine.  
One can think of the persons who in years past plodded wearily through the heat and sand for days over this same course, suffering weariness, hunger and thirst—especially that terror of the desert, thirst—while we, by the use of a modern automobile, a few gallons of "gas" and that very essential thing, that narrow roadway of cement, were able to escape the greater discomforts and travel in an hour farther than they were able to travel in a long and wearisome day.  
In 1849, 75 years ago, the father of Anna and Addie with two companions, traveled across this region on foot, and would have perished if they had not happened to meet some Indians who sold them wild grapes. The story of his hardships in crossing the desert still thrills his children.  
We left El Centro about 8 a. m. and traveled pleasantly until we reached Westmoreland, where we encountered a rising wind which gathered force and sand until it became a veritable sand storm. However, instead of suffering the discomforts and fatigue undergone by the early travelers under such conditions we sat in a nearly enclosed car and simply "stepped on the gas" in order to make our stay in the storm as brief as possible. While we did not have to struggle physically against the storm, as the early travelers did, still we traveled with calamity close by our side, for if by chance a wheel should leave the cement roadway calamity was instant and serious. It was necessary to travel close to the edge of the paved roadway lest we meet a car, for the air was so dense with flying sand that objects even as large as an automobile were often invisible until very near. We passed a car that was on fire. Several persons were endeavoring to extinguish the flames. We would gladly have rendered any needed assistance but were too far past before realizing their trouble. At another point we passed a car that had evidently gone over the edge of the roadway resulting in a broken axle and an overturned car. Remnants of automobiles were scattered along the roadside in many places, showing that calamity lurked about at all times ready to take toll. Sometimes the wind became so strong that we felt anxiety lest we be forced from the road. Several times the air became so filled with driven sand that we were compelled to stop for safety.  
We were enveloped in sand-filled air. We breathed it. It got under the hood of the engine and into all the interstices of the car. It ground at the paint on the car. We passed without notice places which no doubt were the hope and salvation of the exhausted travelers and their animals in early days. These places are labeled on the map as Kane Springs, Soda Springs, Fish Springs, Fig Tree John's Springs, Aqua Dulce, Indian Wells, etc. Times have changed. In those days water was the vital thing; now it is gasoline. In those days the drifting sand obliterated trails and roads; now the paved highway is always easy to follow. True, at places the sand is apt to form drifts over the pavement. At such places men and teams are kept busy keeping the roadway clear. Then the travelers were few and succor for the unfortunate doubtful. Now many cars each day pass along the road, for 60,000 people now live in Imperial valley.  
We kept traveling. We passed the Salton sea, which is more than 200 feet below sea level. In fact, for 100 miles or more across this desert we were below the level of the ocean. After passing Conehella we found a comparatively sheltered place by the roadside and stopped to eat our lunch. We began to pass orchards and houses along the way, for wherever water is applied to the soil it is very productive and people prosper. The land is high in value, though at times the wind comes along and gives one a realistic impression of a moving landscape.  
I once heard these large areas of unsettled country in the west described as "A wilderness of emptiness." That description would hardly apply to a desert during a sand storm.  
By midafternoon we were passing out of the desert and entering San Geronimo pass, where we were met by gusts of rain. The wind still blew. We passed March flying field and were soon in Riverside. We were tired and chilled. We drove to a hotel in Riverside and, being somewhat experienced in the ways of hotels, asked the boy who came to the car to receive us as to their accommodations and rates. He said, "If you're tourists the rate is \$3 a day. If you ain't tourists it's \$2.50 a day." We do not know just what extras they gave to tourists for we stopped at another hotel.  
The next morning we explored the streets of Riverside, then started for home by way of Corona, Elsinore, Fallbrook, Oceanside and on

down the coast, a beautiful drive through valleys, mountains and mesas and along the ocean shore. We arrived home safely, glad to be in San Diego again. In memory it was a very entertaining ride and an interesting experience. We are glad to have seen and experienced it all.  
Say it with printers' ink. Watch the label on your paper.

Reasonable Request.  
A mother once wrote a note to the teacher. It read: "Pardon me for calling your attention to the fact, but you have been pulling Johnny's right ear until it is longer than his left. Please pull his left ear for a while, and oblige.—His Mother."  
Engraved work. The Sentinel.

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YOSEMITE ECONOMY RUN RECORDS prove ZEROLENE increases gasoline mileage

For years this Company has claimed that Zerolene, because it lubricates better, enables the average car to go about five per cent farther on a gallon of gasoline than when other oils are used.

A few weeks ago this claim received the most remarkable confirmation in the results of the annual Los Angeles-Camp Curry (Yosemite) Economy Run. Six out of the seven trophies offered, including the sweepstakes, were won by Zerolene-lubricated cars. The sweepstakes winner, an Overland Model 92, driven by Joe Bozzani, traveling the 400 miles of desert and mountain roads, averaged 29.36 miles to the gallon of Red Crown gasoline—an achievement which the 1924 contest rules made all the more remarkable as they forbade coasting or stopping the engine.

Right here, in the official records of this economy run classic, is your answer to the oil question. Why pay tribute to the superstition that eastern oil, merely because it costs more and is made in the East, is in some mysterious way "better?" Experienced drivers, out to make records, don't share that superstition—why should you?

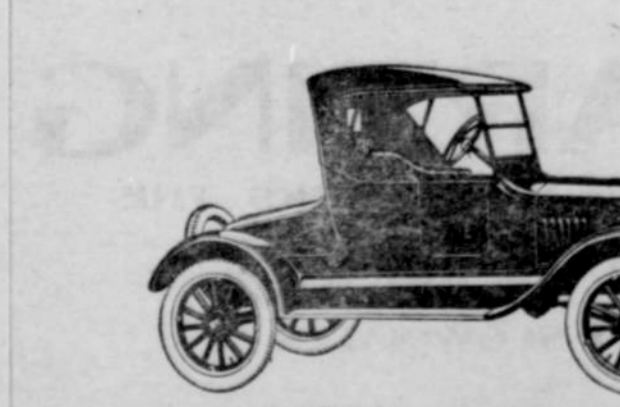
STANDARD OIL COMPANY (California)

Insist on ZEROLENE even if it does cost less

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