

The Port Orford Tribune.

Volume XXVIII

PORT ORFORD, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1919

Number 18

Some typewriter advantages which, when investigated, inevitably lead to the selection of the Smith Premier—

Removable and interchangeable plates
Reversible Tabulator Rack
Ball Bearing Carriage
Complete Control from Keyboard
Simple Single Cutting Device
Drop Forged Type Bars
Perfect Line Lock
Bichrome Ribbon, Uniform Touch
Ball Bearing Type Bar
Column Finder and Paragrapher
Desimal Tabulator
Pencil Erasing Facilities
Interchangeable Carriage
Right and Left Carriage Release
Lovers
Springer Marginal Rack
Visible Writing, Protected Ribbon
Gas Driven Carriage
Ribbon Controlled from Keyboard
Variable and Universal Line Space
Perfect Dust Guard
Back Space Lever
Carriage Retarder
Improved Marginal Stops

Escapement, Speediest ever devised
Complete, Straight Line Keyboard and
A Key for Every Character.

A single motion is quicker to make than two.

Only one motion is needed to make any character desired on the complete, straight-line, key-for-every-character keyboard of the

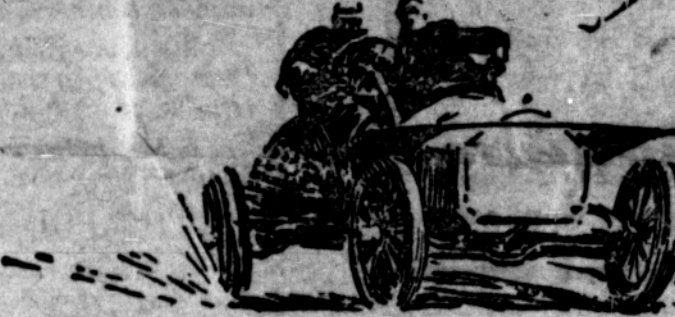
easy action light running Model 10

Smith Premier

Write for information to
The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y. Branches everywhere



SPEED



IF YOU TOUCH your tongue to ALUM

and look in the glass—you will see the effect—You can't help puckering—it makes you pucker to think of tasting it.

By the use of so called cheap Baking Powders you take this puckering, injurious Alum right into your system—you injure digestion, and ruin your stomach.

AVOID ALUM

Say plainly—

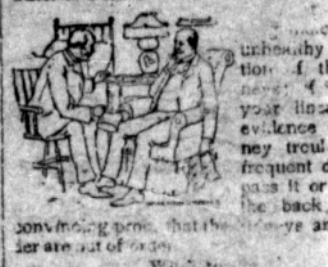
ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Royal is made from pure, refined Grape Cream of Tartar—Costs more than Alum but you have the profit of quality, the profit of good health.



Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

Fill a bottle or comm... with y... water and let it stand... hours;... of or... up... of the kid... of 48 pains... your line it is... evidence of kid... frequent desire to... it or pain in... the back, is also... of the kidneys and blis... for are out of order.



There is comfort in the knowledge... when expressed, that Dr. Kibler's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and voiding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine, beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. This mild and yet extraordinary action of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a remedy you should have the best. Send for a catalogue of 50c, and full name of Dr. Kibler, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

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STRAYAL

Out of the chimney and for that did the smoke come out of it. A dark cloud came floating down. At early day of light.

The cloud dropped softly to the lake. Amid a sound of whirling wings and spread into a graceful line. A host of living things.

We halted this host of living things. The endless day seemed dark so much. When suddenly a vast rang out. And echoed round the shore.

The waterfowl were nature's guests. But they were doomed. And that day they perished forth, and on the waves. The dead and dying lay.

At last into the brooding mist. Three swallows, softly as it came. A broken flock, with plumage torn. After that day of shame.

—Kary Thacher Higgins in Youth's Companion.

UNINHABITED ISLANDS.

There Are Thousands of Them in the Indian Ocean.

If you should want an island—that is, an uninhabited island—for the purpose of occupying it alone, Robinson Crusoe like, or to use it for romantic fiction or for any other purpose, to the exclusion of all others in the world, you need have no trouble in finding one if you see fit to make a journey to the Indian ocean. In the waters between Madagascar and India you can find more than 15,000 of them, where there is not a human being and where you can, if you will, be monarch of all you survey.

An English traveler has recently been among the small islands that dot the western end of the Indian ocean to make an inventory of them; and reports that he counted 10,100 and found only about 600 of them inhabited. Now, there is a good chance for any one who may want an island. These particular islands are not large, as islands go, but very many of them are sufficient for the purpose of a Robinson Crusoe or any other novel hero or for even a small colony of shipwrecked mariners or other persons who might be cast on one of them or seek for the purpose of making a home for themselves out of the busy world. Some of them are only an acre or two, well elevated above the tide, while others are a quarter of a mile in diameter and running from that up to a mile or two in length and a quarter or less of the length in breadth. Many of them are granite structures that rise steeply from 20 to 100 feet, well covered with rich soil, through which small fresh water streams hurry to the sea, which they reach after flowing over benches of glistening calcareous sand that are built by coral reefs, which form walls about the islands.

OLD WOMAN IS "FLAGMAN."

Widow of 67 Takes Place of Husband at Railroad Crossing in Adrian, Mich.

Adrian, Mich.—The young woman who lingers in the lap of luxury should come to Adrian and witness the work of the "flagman" for the Detroit Southern railway in the heart of this city, where the tracks cross Maumee street. She is a perfect picture of the old-style mother; equal to all emergencies, and never lets trifles bother her.

Her husband died December 14 last, and for a year before that was sick, so the care of the household, besides the work of attending to the crossing, fell upon her. She never shirked, and so carefully was her work done that after his death the company gave the husband's position to the widow. There were about a dozen men who applied for the position, but the company preferred the woman.

She lives over the station, keeps track of the crossing, is handy about the office, and does the checking in and out of baggage. It keeps her pretty busy, but she has time to keep up her reading of the daily papers and can converse on almost any up-to-date subject from an intelligent standpoint. Although 67 years of age, she can read without glasses, but has to use them by lamplight.

FRIENDLY CROWS.

A Pair That Haunt a Schoolhouse—Caw Visitor to Scott's State.

Two crows, said by some in the neighborhood to have been here many years, caw and sometimes fight on the turrets of the Franklin public school building at the southeast corner of Thirteenth and H streets in this city. This is a crow's nature. But the strange thing about it is that they are never seen about the building except on Saturday, Sunday and a holiday. The presence and noise of the pupils about the grounds might be said to keep the crows away. But the crows are never seen during school hours when there are no children about. Saturdays and Sundays may, by some sort of count of time in the nature of the crows, be known to them. "But how about the occasional holidays?" asks the janitor of the building. Holidays are irregular, but the crows know when one comes, and as surely as it does they are on the turrets or about them all day. They come early and stay late, but no one who has watched them knows where they roost, for sometimes they fly in one direction and again in an opposite direction.

There are two colonies of crows about the national capital. One lives out on Columbia heights, in the northern end of the city, the other on the hillside above at the base of the hills of Arlington. It is said by people who have studied crowology that neither flock ever crosses the Potomac.

There is another old crow which pays a weekly visit to the capitol statue of Gen. Scott. He usually circles about the head of the general, tucks down for a minute and then flies away, cawing as he flies. The visit is not made on any particular day, but people in the vicinity say it occurs about once in seven days.—Washington Star.

Coins in China.

Chinese mints are literally "coining money" on a scheme recently hit upon by which copper coins are minted at a comparatively small cost and made exchangeable at the rate of 90 for a Mexican dollar. At Hangchow 20,000,000 of these copper coins are being made every month and shipped to Shanghai. The coins are officially known as the ten-cash coins, corresponding to our American one-cent piece. One hundred of these coins weigh slightly over 24 ounces, and a pound and a half of copper costs only from 10 to 20 cents. No great amount of power is needed to convert the copper into coin, and plenty of labor can be had at from four to eight dollars, gold, a month.

INCUBATOR ON DESERT.

Birds in Vast Wastes Cool Their Eggs Instead of Giving Them Warmth.

Many a person who has watched a mother robin nestling patiently on her eggs in a blossoming apple tree has wondered how the little creature or her ancestors ever learned that the long process would cause the eggs to hatch. A greater puzzle is set for them, says the author of "The Land of Little Rain," in the great desert, where the same birds have learned to cool their eggs instead of warming them. In the unsheltered nests of the sandy plains it becomes necessary to keep the eggs from cooling. One hot, stifling spring in the Little Antelope, a traveler had occasion to pass and retrace the nest of a pair of meadow larks located happily in the shade of a very slender weed. The birds were never sitting except at night, but at midday they stood or croaked above the nest, half-fainting, with pitifully perted bills, spreading their wings between the sun and the eggs. Sometimes both of them together, with wings spread and half-lifted, mirrored a spot of shade in a barren landscape. Their patience was in this case rewarded for the compassionate traveler at last spared them a bit of canvas, which she mounted over the nest as a permanent shelter.

COASTING IN HOT WEATHER.

Vehicle in the Island of Madeira Slips Over Cobblestones—Drawn by Oxen.

At Funchal, in the Island of Madeira, the traveler finds one of the strangest kinds of vehicles that the world affords. He sees waiting quietly near the wharf a number of sleds with sleek dun-colored oxen yoked to each. Says Everybody's Magazine. It is always high summer time in Madeira, and to see a conveyance which he has ever associated with snow and ice and zero weather is at first disconcerting. The stranger rubs his eyes and asks what those things are for, but he soon finds that they are public hacks, and that unless he cares to walk he must step inside, ensconce himself on the cushioned seats, and wait for the driver to prod his slow steed with the goad that he always carries. Very soon the vehicle begins to slip, slowly to be sure, but surely, over the smooth little cobblestones with which the streets are paved. At any particularly difficult turn of the road, or when coming to a rise of ground the driver places a little bag of grease under the front of the runners, which makes it comparatively easy for the sturdy steers to pull the sled.

Even up a long steep hill these oxen will slowly make their way. In coming down again no such tedious process is used, but getting into a wide finely upholstered sled with wicker sides, the passenger trusts himself to the tender mercies of more or less villainous looking guides as steersmen. Each one of them holds a rope tied to the back of the sled, and when the toboggan, as it is often called, gets to jumping and bounding too hilariously, the guides jump off and pull with all their might at the ropes.

SCIENCE BRIEVITIES.

A kind of paper is made from seaweed which is so transparent that it may be used instead of glass for windows.

Prussian blue is made by fusing horses' hoofs and other animal refuse matter with impure potassium carbonate.

Dr. Paliss has given the name "Elatia" to the small planet which was discovered by him on the 9th of March last.

A medical expert contends that out of 1,000 girls studying the piano before the age of 12 about 600 are afflicted with nervous troubles in later life.

"Gossamer iron," the wonderful product of the Swansen iron mills, is so thin that it takes 4,800 sheets piled one on the other to make an inch in thickness.

Hydrogen light is especially favored in hospital work for hygienic reasons, aside from the advantages of economy, and the recent experience with the new Strache lamp at the Vienna general hospital confirms the favorable reports already received.

In German warship factories an easy way to extinguish a burning jar of oil has been found in the use of a fine-meshed wire net. As soon as this covers the burning surface the iron wires conduct off the heat so rapidly that the gases can no longer flame.

Phrenologists say that the higher intellectual processes are performed in the front part of the brain, but recent studies have led some physiologists to conclude that the posterior lobes of the cerebrum are the real seat of mental power. These lobes are more developed in man than in other animals, and are most conspicuous in the highest races of men.

The old theory that the apparent enlargement of sun and moon near the horizon is due to comparison with terrestrial objects has long been unsatisfactory. It is now explained as a result of some peculiarity of the eye, which accounts also for the late determination that the shape of the sky is a horizontally widened convexity, with a singular depression in the zenith.

H. P. Myton, United States Indian agent at White Rocks, Utah, has among the Ute Indians on his reservation a man who for 20 years has done awful penance to atone for the accidental killing of his mother, but who, in spite of what he has passed through, thinks that he has not yet suffered sufficiently for his transgression.

The killing was entirely accidental, and the tribe held the Indian blameless and did not punish him. His conscience, however, was his accuser, and it held him up as a criminal. When his first burst of grief was over he imposed a harsh sentence upon himself. He made a solemn vow that for the rest of his life he would not wear clothing or enter a house, temple, or other dwelling.

For more than 20 years the redskin has kept his word. He sleeps in the open air, with a piece of old blanket about three feet square hung over him on some sticks. He is entirely nude. Mr. Myton says the Indian lies on the ground through the winter, even when the thermometer goes as low as 40 degrees below zero.

DOCTORS

say consumption can be cured. Nature alone won't do it, it needs help.

SWIFT'S EMULSION

is the best help, but its use must be continued in summer as well as winter.

It is in a pleasant milk or sugar form, and is a small bottle.

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