

Railroad Time Table

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains

Woodburn-Springfield Branch
WEST SCIO

North 7:50 a.m.
South 5:31 p.m.

Corvallis & Eastern
MUNKERS

To Albany 12:25 p.m.
From Albany 9:22 a.m.
Motor to Mill City 19:05 a.m.
" from " 4:21 p.m.

§ Daily except Sunday

Auto bus leaves Scio postoffice
7:10 a.m. & 5:00 p.m. for West Scio
8:15 a.m. & 1:30 p.m. for Munkers

Federated Church

SCIO, OREGON

Sunday School 10 a.m.
Preaching 11 a.m.
Christian Endeavor 6:30 to 7:30 p.m.
Song Service 7:30 to 8:00 p.m.
Prayer Meeting, Thursday 7:30 p.m.
Brother Meikeljohn, Leader.
H. B. Iler, Pastor

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TALE OF THE TURTLE.

Where This Stupid Animal Passes as a Student of Astronomy.

For an animal that is rated so low in the scale of intelligence as the turtle it is really amazing to note the keen sense of intuition they display.

There is a tradition among the natives of Venezuela that turtles will not begin to lay their eggs until the Southern Cross, which is the characteristic object of the firmament in the southern hemisphere, is completely formed—that is, not until the four stars which form the cross have moved on through the heavens and have reached a position perpendicular to the horizon.

It is even reported by a member of one exploring expedition in Venezuela that at midnight, when the turtles were being watched by the naturalists, the great mass of creatures went back into the waters without laying, leaving but a few of their companions behind them to act as sentinels.

At half past 2 in the morning, at the moment when the Southern Cross seemed exactly perpendicular to the horizon, a great motion was perceived on the shore of the river, and the turtles came out in battalions. They scattered rapidly in all directions, dug holes in the sand, deposited their eggs and then covered up the places, taking great pains to leave the surface smooth and flat as they had found it—Argonaut.

Saved Himself.

As to the most embarrassing moment in his life, U. R. Treat related it to the club in this way:
"I had taken Gladys Harcourt to a

swell cafe after the opera, and as we were both hungry I ordered without stint, while the score mounted up. When the check fell beside my plate I was astounded on discovery that I had lost my purse, doubtless at the hands of a pickpocket. The assiduous and expectant waiter stood by. I was a stranger in this city, and of course knew no one in the restaurant. Already the waiter was beckoning to some one, perhaps an officer. I was sure to be arrested. Gladys, unaware of my dilemma, was drawing on her gloves. A great clock boomed the hour. I was saved, for at the twelfth stroke I awoke"—Oakland Tribune.

The Egg and the Shell.

Eggshells are made chiefly of carbonate of lime, and the yolk is half water, half oil and albumen, while the white of an egg, as it is called, consists of water chiefly with albumen and a little phosphorus and sulphur. The yolk always floats at the top of the white, so to be as near as possible to the hen when she sits upon it to hatch it, while two cords attached to the yolk, one at each end, prevent it from actually touching the shell.

Patriotic.

Warden—Have you ever been in any European jail? Prisoner—No! My motto has been to see America first—Star of Hope.

Slow Game.

Madge—Was George fooling while you were playing golf? Marjorie—Gracious, I hope not! Why, I accepted him.

THE MAN AND HIS JOB.

Every Worker Should Get a Chance to Exercise His Ability.

In the American Magazine Herman Schneider, dean of the school of engineering of the University of Cincinnati, who has devoted his life to a study of human ability and fitting the right job to the right man, says:

"There is a new psychology of work. One of its most inspiring principles is that the man who makes a failure on one job is likely to make a success of the job of an opposite type, assuming, of course, that he fails to the face of real effort. This is the significance of failure: It points the way to an occupation which means success. Failure to a willing man is merely misplacement on his job. Failure at one job is not a calamity; it is an indication. Every failure is a guidepost to success."

"Fortunately some employers are beginning to understand this. When a man fails in one job they shift him to another of an opposite type. And if the worker is not lazy or dishonest he usually succeeds. No foreman should be allowed to discharge a man. He should merely report to a central office that the man is not successful on his particular kind of work. In another department he may break records. To fire a man who has failed at one job is poor business. The shifting of failures means the making of successes."

John Adams.

John Adams, who died in his ninety-first year, was the oldest of our ex-presidents.

FOODS THE TURKS EAT.

Pilaff is the National Dish, and but Little Meat is Used.

Vegetables, fruits and grains are the staples of the Turkish kitchen. Breakfast on the Bosphorus consists of a small cup of Turkish coffee and a roll. At noon there is a bowl of sour milk (yaourt) and bread. Thick Turkish coffee is taken again in the afternoon to key up appetites for the principal meal, which comes at night. This meal includes, probably, pilaff (meat and rice), several kinds of vegetables, pastry and thick coffee. The workman's meal is still more simple—a chunk of bread and an onion or a bunch of grapes.

There are, however, some dishes upon the Turkish bill of fare which the returned westerner never ceases to regret. Pilaff is one. It is a food as national with the Turk as the potato with the Irish, as the cabbage with the German. It takes a multitude of forms, but its basic quality, its quality of being pilaff, is derived from rice being cooked in such a way as to preserve each grain firm and distinct. The rice is unpolished and in cooking takes on a gelatinous coat. Sometimes it is boiled in mutton fat, a rich, smooth, inviting dish. Sometimes bits of roast mutton are mingled with it, when it becomes a meat pudding of delicious flavor. It is cooked with small currants and pine nuts, fragrant and spicy. It is stuffed with dates and flavored with orange peel; but, whatever its form, it is one of the treasured memories of a visit to the near east.

Eggplant is the foundation of another favored Turkish dish. It is stuffed with chopped onions and rice and cooked in oil. It is also stuffed with meat marrows and rice and steamed until it becomes a culinary inspiration. The westerner, furthermore, learns to enjoy many of the milk foods prepared by the Turks. Yaourt, cultured milk as thick as sour cream, prepared from the rich milk of the buffalo cow, is a satisfaction to the most pampered diner. Chicken breast milk, made from grated chicken breasts; jelly-like rice milk, starchy pudding, eaten with sugar and rosewater, and yaourt, with chopped nutmeats, are other dishes.

The Turks are fond of sweets. They prepare a kind of bread which they soak in honey and eat with rich cream. They also prepare pastry in strings soaked in honey. Meats, with the exception of mutton, are poor in Turkey, but then the Turk is a good deal of a vegetarian.

The Turkish porter, or hamal, dines on a chunk of bread costing a cent, together with a melon or a bunch of grapes or an onion or a piece of cheese, to the cost of another cent, and considers his meal complete. Yet his daily toll consists in carrying packing cases, pianos and other knickknacks around on his back to the astonishment of every visitor acquainted only with the prowess of porters in the west. This rugged Turkish burden bearer eats a dinner at night which costs about 4 cents—a bowl of pilaff with bits of meat in it.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

WHAT DOES DEATH MEAN?

An Artist Called It "the Chance to Explore the Infinite."

A new definition of death is that by a French artist, who has now tested the truth of his own words. "Death," said he, "is the chance to explore the infinite." The definition is in the same mood as that of the late Charles Frohman as he went down on the Lusitania. It is a bit more definite, however, than "Death is life's most beautiful adventure." It expresses the nature of the adventure.

This French artist, it seems, was enamored of the space idea. He was ever viewing the world as a vessel voyaging. He endeavored with artist vision to visualize the world as rushing through infinitude by other worlds or in a stream of comets, planets, asteroids, suns. And his dream was of flights across the gulfs to Mars, to Venus, outside the solar system, to Sirius and the greater suns. With paint he strove to render what Goethe expresses in the song of the archangels in the opening of "Faust."

All the kinds of us pass over, willingly, reluctantly. We have no choice, and there are no exemptions. Probably we have no choice concerning what death is to be. Whether it means extinction or confers immortality, whether it is a glorious adventure or ushers us into another sordid existence bounded by another death, we have no power to determine. We await its coming and its solution, both. We are its victims or its beneficiaries, but we have no power to change its destiny. The bold dreamer welcomes it as opportunity. The tired spirit is reconciled to it as rest. Perhaps it will bring to every man his different hope. Let us so trust.—Minneapolis Journal.

Matched.

Towne—Met Gabbie and Perkins at a smoker last night and introduced them to each other. Browne—Oh, say, it's a shame to introduce a bore like Gabbie to anybody. Towne—It's evident you don't know Perkins or you'd see the humor of it.

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