

'Not a Sound Till I'm Through'



STANDARD OIL SERVICE A GREAT AID TO FARMER AND TOWNSPEOPLE

John D. Rockefeller did not enter the oil business for his health, for history relates that he evolved the idea of buying up the competitive concerns, gaining a monopoly, so to speak, and built up a great business machine for the making of dollars.

The Standard Oil Company may have been the birth of a selfish idea, or it may not have been, but in any event the resultant good of this company and its world-wide service to the public cannot be overestimated. Start with any business you are of mind to name and go right on down through the entire list and you will find that there is not one single industry but what the Standard Oil Company furnishes one or more of its products.

When we think of oil we usually think of fuel or lubricant, but as a matter of fact there are innumerable products and by-products of oil which would make a long list, should an attempt be made to list them. S. O. products affect the candy trade. How? you ask. Why one of the by-products of oil is an odorless, tasteless oil which the candy maker uses to grease his marble slabs. The baker and the butter maker use the waxed paper in wrapping their products. And so it is, on and on, every phase of industrial America is touched in some manner, and demands in one way or another, products of this billion dollar concern.

Then, when business is operated on such a vast magnitude, it can readily be seen why they use a system that rivals the United States government. That the system meets with the approval of all Standard Oil employees, is quite evident, for we have yet to meet the first man who ever worked for the company that had a bad word to say regarding the treatment received.

In January, 1916, the local service station of the company was opened with Jos. Nordling as special agent, in sole charge. It was but a few months until it was found necessary to add another man to the force. Mr. Nordling was later succeeded by Geo. W. Milholland, who is in charge of the plant at the present time. Under Mr. Milholland's supervision, the station has experienced a remarkable growth in business and it now requires the services of three other men in addition to the special agent. In a few more months, or just as soon as business justifies the move, the local plant will be motorized. That is, the present horse drawn tank wagon will be replaced by a motor truck.

We have heard more than one farmer express his appreciation of Standard service and especially at harvest time, when every one is the busiest, and oil is in the greatest demand, does the farmer find the local agent ever present to attend any need, large or small. Several large operators have let the local oil man fairly take over the worries of supplying the right kind of oil for their big tractors. They figure that if they turn over the whole responsibility of the successful operation of their machinery to the oil man, he is bound to make a go of it, and will be ready day or night with any supplies that will be necessary.

Standard service means much to any community. Their service station may be considered one of the towns most valuable assets. With the coming of their business comes more families into the town and its a good class of people that Standard Oil have working for them.

The service station buildings the country over are in replica according to the size of the town and country tributary. The grounds about the station are neat, clean and an ornament. At the present time there are two stations in Morrow county, the late having gone into lone a few months ago. Here are two instances which mark the substantiability of the county's resources.

While touching on this subject it

might not be amiss to mention a few little Standard Oil ideas and ideals which the boys around the plant put into daily action.

The other day I happened in at the yards just at closing time when I saw Mr. Milholland dash from out the barn door, shouting fire at every step. My entire being was filled with immediate horror. The barn on fire and all those great tanks of gasoline and Pearl oil so near at hand. My heart was still thumping madly those two minutes it took every man on the job to arrive on the scene with his fire extinguisher. There really wasn't any fire, but Mr. Milholland carries out the company's idea of preparedness, and was holding one of their fire drills. It is safe to say that a fire would stand a small chance once the Standard fire ladders got on the job.

A little later I walked into the office and had no sooner arrived than the head bookkeeper began going through his pockets. He then turned to me and asked me for a match. I went though my pockets but found them empty, so far as the matches were concerned. "It's a good thing," said the bookkeeper, "for no one is allowed to carry matches inside the yard." You see he was testing me out.

As my eyes took in the office, I noticed a kind of a tin box affair hanging on the wall and a red cross painted upon it. That naturally attracted my attention so I inquired into the nature of it. The boys were all eager to show me the contents of that box. It was a Johnson Red Cross Cabinet and held all the articles necessary for administering first aid to an injured person. That is only one of the little things which John D. has worked out for the welfare of his employees.

But the best thing it was my pleasure to see during the entire visit was the living emphasis of Americanism. The boys went out to bring down Old Glory from the flagpole in the yard as the sun was setting over the western hill. They performed, with all earnestness and solemnity. Here they played an art with which probably very few Americans who have never seen army orders, are familiar with. That is the proper folding of the flag as it is lowered from the pole. It is never allowed to touch the ground, but it is gathered in and folded in such a manner that, when, upon being raised will unfold beautifully and in a natural manner as it unfurls to the breeze.

Oh John D. must be a stickler for little things, but the more you learn of his methods the more you are prompted to admire him. For instance, if an 8 cents postage is required on Standard Oil mail, then an 8 cent stamp it must be, not two 4 centers or four two centers. Why? Because one stamp is more convenient to put on than two or more and then there is saving in paper which amounts to a great deal in the aggregate.

Proof That Seeds Breathe.

It is easy to demonstrate that germinating seeds take in oxygen and give out carbon dioxide, according to the following experiment described in the Scientific American:

A score or so of peas are placed in a close-fitting jar with a small amount of moisture. After a while the peas start to germinate, but soon they cease all development, because the oxygen in the jar is exhausted. A single pea in a jar of the same size, however, will develop and grow up into a little plant. There is evidently oxygen enough for the needs of the single specimen.

To prove conclusively that there is no oxygen left in the jar in which the number of seeds germinated it is only needful to plunge in a burning match. This instantly goes out. The presence of carbon dioxide in this jar is clearly shown by pouring into it lime water, and then shaking. The lime water becomes milky in appearance. This would not happen in a jar in which there had been no germinating seeds.

For an Improved Christmas
by GRACE ARNOLD



"The woman with brown eyes was gazing meditatively out of the window at the people hurrying through the falling snow with their Christmas bundles."

"You are thinking?" her husband suggested.

"About Christmas, that's all."

"We have left undone the things that we—"

"Not this time, my dear. Merely about everybody in the world."

"No one could call you narrow minded!"

"People have the right spirit about it," she explained. "They are so full of good will toward men that they try to do too much—that's the trouble! You see, most of us and our good intentions are hampered by average salaries and moderate strength."

"I've noticed it."

"We want to give to everybody. We want our homes supereruperulously tidy. We plan festivities which require new party clothes for the whole family, extra special cooking and preparation for guests."

"Then we set about doing these things. At first it goes well and we enthrone. The common, everyday affairs interfere and complicate matters."

"At the beginning of Christmas week—with many frills deleted—we find ourselves growing tired, awfully tired. But we see that it's impossible then to stop and rest. That's where the strain begins. We feel compelled to finish what we've started and to carry the program through to the last item of buying, making, packing and shipping."

"Unexpected demands interrupt. Then the strain begins to tell on our nerves. Perhaps we don't say anything for fear of spoiling Christmas for the others, but in our hearts we wish mankind had kept Christmas free from this sort of thing."

"When Christmas day comes we are too weary to bother about the true meaning of it all or to take very keen



Gazing Meditatively Out of the Window.

pleasure in the results of our back-breaking work, much less to go out and hear beautiful music and uplifting sermons."

"I've always wondered why women attempt so much."

"Because everybody does. And if one poor, lone, sensible woman sits down and flatly refuses to kill herself working for Christmas, her family and friends will think she is a quitter—a social slacker."

"Well," suggested her husband, "why not let the rich people have all the fuss and feathers, and let those in medium circumstances realize they can't keep up that race?"

"You don't understand," said the woman with the brown eyes; "as long as rich folks do it, those less able will strain to do likewise. That's why the wealthy people will have to see the trend and institute a change."

"In place of so many mere presents we must give such things as love, courage, kindness and generous impulses—things which our present physical and mental strain forbids. Throughout the rest of the year, if any one felt inclined to send a regular gift to a friend or relative, that could be done very easily and the recipient would know it was a voluntary, not a compulsory, remembrance."

"It's a great idea," said the brown-eyed woman's husband, cheerfully. "A bit of real affection in place of some of the monstrosities now exchanged would be a great improvement."

"You can make fun if you want to," she replied, "but when the world wakes up to the real meaning of Christmas—and the war I believe has helped to wake it up—you'll see the effect spread over the entire year. Then the first of January won't be associated with bills and pills, but with the genuine eagerness to live the next 12 months better than those preceding."

"In the meantime," sighed her husband dramatically, "I hope you haven't bought me another smoking jacket."

"That reminds me!" said the woman with the brown eyes. "I haven't time to be sitting here talking. And it won't be any of your affair until tomorrow morning, anyway." — Chicago Daily News.

Feminine Diplomacy.

"Yes, I finally got rid of him," she said, "without having to tell him in so many words that I never could learn to love him. I didn't want to do that, because he's an awfully nice fellow, and I should have been very sorry to cause him pain."

"How did you manage it?" her friend asked.

"Why, you see, he's subject to hay fever, so I decorated the house with golden rods whenever he sent word that he was coming." — Brooklyn Citizen.

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wishes to thank the people of Morrow County for their patronage the past year and extends to them the Greetings of the Season

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