

FISH AS A FOOD.

Not Nearly Enough of It is Used in This Country.

The average American eats twenty pounds of fish a year. This includes oysters, clams, crabs, lobster, shrimp and mussels. One dietary authority states, according to Leslie's Weekly, that 200 miles inland from our three coasts the consumption of fish food per person is less than a half pound annually.

Each inhabitant of the British isles has fish on his bill of fare to the extent of 100 pounds every twelve months, while the fish consumption per capita in Germany is 120 pounds; Holland, 130 pounds; Norway, Sweden and Denmark, 150 pounds; China, 225 pounds, and Japan, nearly 500 pounds.

Latin Americans are the only people who eat less fish than do the inhabitants of the United States.

There is absolutely no sane argument against the larger and more extensive use of fish as a daily diet throughout the length and breadth of this land. It is ideal as a food. It is highly nutritious and rich in proteins. It is most easily digested. It contains in great abundance the chemical ingredients for making bone, muscle and tissue. As a food nothing detrimental can possibly be said against it. Fish, with the exception of a few species, are clean feeders.

GROUND MOLES VALUABLE.

The Only Real Damage They Do is When They Invade the Lawn.

From an examination of the stomach contents of 200 moles taken in all months of the year it was found by the bureau of biological survey of the United States department of agriculture that earthworms and white grubs constitute the bulk of the food. Beetles and their larvae and other insects that enter the ground, spiders, centipedes, cocoons and puparia also form a part of the diet. In one stomach were found the remains of 171 small white grubs, in another 250 ant puparia, in another ten cutworms and in another twelve earthworms.

The presence of starchy material in some of the stomachs is proof that the mole occasionally finds vegetable food, as certain seed grains softened by contact with the moist soil, an acceptable addition to its worm and insect diet. Seed coats of corn, wheat, oats and peanuts have been identified in a few stomachs.

Judgment against the mole may be rendered when it actually invades the lawn—the overt act—but no general warfare against an insect eating mammal should be encouraged.

Good, Hearty Laughter.

Hygienic experts can say what they like, but they will never compose a diet or discover a better health promoter than good, hearty laughter.

Laughter carries everything before it. It sweeps away the "blues," shakes up the old bones and stirs new life into every corner of the brain.

It fills the lungs with good, pure, new air and drives out all the bad, impure breath. It is the world's friend and one of the few human characteristics which are universal.

Promote real laughter, the genuine result of humorous incidents; not giggles, sickly smiles or sardonic and sarcastic grins, but honest, open, whole hearted laughter!

That's the only royal road to health.—London Opinion.

A Watch and a Horsepower.

An astute French mathematician has found that in certain watches the motions exceed 200,000,000 a year in little equal jumps. In the same time the outside of the average balance travels 7,500 miles. Yet despite this astonishing distance traveled by the ordinary watch the amount of power consumed is trifling, states the Popular Science Monthly. One horsepower is sufficient to run 270,000,000 watches. This is probably all the watches that are in existence. But if there should be more there would be enough power left in the one horsepower to run an additional thousand watches or so.

Consolation.

A woman doctor of Philadelphia was calling on a young sister, recently married, who was in distress. In response to the doctor's inquiry the newlywed said:

"I cooked a meal for the first time yesterday, and I made a terrible mess of it."

"Never mind, dearie," said the doctor cheerfully. "It's nothing to worry about. I lost my first patient."—Harper's.

The Point of View.

A Sunday school teacher had been telling her class the story of the good Samaritan. When she asked them what the story meant a little boy said: "It means that when I am in trouble my neighbors must help me."—Christian Register.

Hoodood.

Hokus—Fludub complains that none of the girls look with favor on his suit. Pokus—How can they when he wears a high hat with a sack coat?—Town Topics.

An Indignant Officer.

"May we have the pleasure of your company this evening, colonel?" "Company, madam? I command a regiment."—Boston Transcript.

Both Sides.

"Can your wife see two sides of a question?" "Yes; her own and her mother's."—Life.

Man's life is in the impulse of elevation to something higher.—Jacobi.

ORDEAL OF GRAMMAR.

How It Came to Be Inflicted Upon an Unoffending Public.

The world reached its highest known stage of intelligence before grammar was even invented, much less studied. I have had some curiosity to find out where and how so great a blight upon young life first came into being and why it ever became a school study, and I find that the Greeks knew it not; that their triumphant literature and their matchless oratory came to flower before grammar was dreamed of; that it was not in any sense one of the great arts which they wrought out and with which they armed the human race.

I find that after Greece had declined a barbarous Macedonian made himself the owner of all Egypt, and in order to surround himself with the most spectacular form of ostentation of which his vain mind could conceive he set to collecting not only all the rare and precious objects and books and manuscripts there were in the world, but he capped it all by making a collection of the living men of the world who had any reputation anywhere for knowing and thinking. Taking them from their homes where they had some relation to the daily necessities of human beings and had really been of some use, he shut them up for life in one of his palaces at Alexandria, which the folks there were in the habit of calling "the hencoop of the muses," and out of sheer desperation, since they could do nothing better to amuse themselves, they counted the words in the books which real men had written and prepared tables of the forms and endings which the users of words employed.

The lifeless dregs of books which their distilling left we now call grammar and study instead of books and ever speech itself. In their lowest depth of indifference to the moving, pulsing life of man not even the Alexandrians sank so low as that.—Ernest C. Moore in Yale Review.

ARMY DOCTORS.

Their Great Services to the World and to Medicine.

War has always had a great influence on medicine, first developing the priest physician, then the barber surgeon and later the army medical officer. In wartime Pare devised the ligature for arteries, although he was not the first to employ it. Napoleon, who was often at a loss to supply his army with food, made awards, which, from an empiric and practical standpoint, developed canning and the preservation of food before bacteria were known.

The American medical profession will ever be under obligation to our army medical officers for their services to the world in the discoveries of numerous diseases, their causes and prevention, said Dr. Charles H. Mayo in an address reported in the New York Medical Journal.

Our army medical officers stand pre-eminent in science. To Beaumont we are indebted for the first report on digestion, digestive fluids and gastric movement from direct observation of a patient with gastric fistula. To Surgeon General William Hammond we are indebted for the development of the army medical museum.

Surgeon J. S. Billings fostered the second largest and the best medical library in the world. Surgeon General Sternberg discovered the pneumococcus and founded the army medical school and the government laboratories of bacteriology and hygiene. Under Sternberg's administration Major Walter Reed, with James Carroll, Jesse W. Lazear and Aristide Agramonte, proved the mosquito to be the agent transmitting yellow fever.

A Typewriting Tip.

Having occasion to measure a circumference that figured out to tenths of an inch and not having a rule marked to these divisions, says J. Claude Crews in the Popular Science Monthly, I tried the following means of overcoming the difficulty: Going to a typewriter, I made a row of periods, with each tenth one a comma to show full inches. This gave me a rule marked in tenths, also one that could be bent around shafting, collars, etc. As nearly all typewriters make ten spaces to an inch, it is an easy matter to accomplish what seems to be a difficult job.

Blissful Occupation.

The little boy had told a little girl that he loved her, and the teacher ordered him to write "I love Bessie" on the blackboard 100 times. "But that was no punishment," said the teacher later. "He would cheerfully have written it 1,000 times."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tactless.

"Is Mr. Fludub busy?" asked the diffident customer. "Mr. Fludub is always busy," replied the pompous attendant. "Well, let him stay busy." And that's how Mr. Fludub lost a big order.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hard Ones Too.

Little Willie—What's the name of the feller who calls on yer sister? Little Johnny—I don't know yet. Pop calls him something different every time he comes.—Exchange.

He Explains.

"How did you get rid of all your money?" "Some of it I was touched for and some of it I was tagged for."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cosmopolitan.

Head Barber—Have you any particular choice in shaving mugs? First Assistant—Not a bit. I shave them all.—Puck.

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Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Tillamook County.

M. W. Harrison, Plaintiff

vs Charles E. Haas, W. F. Wollitz and Mary Wollitz his wife and Roger L. Scott and Jane Scott his wife, Defendants

To Charles E. Haas, W. F. Wollitz and Mary Wollitz his wife, and Roger L. Scott and Jane Scott his wife, the above named defendants;

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby commanded and required to appear and answer, or otherwise plead, to the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of this Summons, and if you fail to appear and answer as aforesaid plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, to-wit:

For a decree and judgment against you for the sum of \$500.00 with interest from the 20th day of Jan. 1917, at 6 per cent per annum; for the further sum of \$100.00 attorney's fees and the costs and disbursements of this suit; and for a further decree foreclosing plaintiff's mortgage dated July 27th, 1914, executed by the defendant Charles E. Haas, covering all of the following described real property, to-wit: Beginning at the Southwest corner of Section 30; thence South 310.74 feet; thence East 373.74 feet; thence North 310.74 feet; thence West 30 feet; thence North 277.2 feet; thence West 143 feet; thence South 83.96 feet; thence West 168.75 feet; thence South 193.24 feet to the place of beginning, containing 4.52 acres more or less, all in Sections 30 and 31, Township 1 South, Range 9 West W. M. Said mortgage being recorded in Book "Y", page 616 record of mortgages for Tillamook County, Oregon, and for a decree ordering said property sold in the manner provided by law to satisfy said judgment, and that you and each of you be forever barred and foreclosed of and from any and all right, title, claim or interest in and to said property.

This summons is served upon you

by publication by order of A. M. Hare, County Judge of Tillamook County, Oregon, in the absence of Geo. R. Bagley, Circuit Judge, made and entered the 9th day of January, 1918, directing such publication be made in the Tillamook Headlight once a week for six consecutive weeks, and the date of the first publication is the 10th day of January 1918.

Geo. P. Winslow, Attorney for Plaintiff, Post Office Address, Tillamook, Ore.

Notice of Administrator's Sale

Notice is hereby given, that by authority of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, and in pursuance of an order heretofore made and entered in said court in the matter of the Estate of Frank Long, Sr., deceased, the undersigned administratrix of said Estate, on and after Monday, the 18th day of February, 1918, will sell at private sale for cash to the highest bidder, subject to confirmation of said Court, all the right, title and interest of said Estate in and to the following described real property, situated in Tillamook County, Oregon, to-wit:

The Northwest quarter of Section 31, Township 2 South, of Range 9, West of the Willamette Meridian, except the right of way for logging and timber purposes, being in connection with and appertaining to what is known as the Yellow Fir Saw-mill, in Tillamook County, Oregon, and the right to use the pond thereon for mill purposes.

Dated Jan. 14, 1918. Catharine A Long, Administratrix of the Estate of Frank Long, Sr., deceased, Tillamook, Ore.

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ITALY'S LEANING TOWERS.

The Strangest of Them All Are the Two in Bologna.

Italy is a land of many leaning towers, but the tower of Pisa is the best known. The strangest of the leaning towers, however, are the Torre Asinelli and the Torre Garisenda in Bologna, which were erected A. D. 1109 and 1110. The builders intended them for fortified homes, of which Bologna at one time possessed as many as 200. The gloomy, smooth walled brick towers standing side by side make a strange impression upon the person who looks up at them from the ground.

The Torre Asinelli is 320 feet high and contains a rough staircase of 447 steps. From the summit, which is four feet out of plumb with the base, one has a fine view of the city. The slant is unintentional and was probably caused by the sinking of the foundations. Torre Garisenda is 163 feet high—sixteen feet lower than the Leaning Tower of Pisa—and is ten feet out of plumb—only three feet less than the Tower of Pisa.

When Ottone Garisenda began to build, A. D. 1110, he apparently wanted his house to surpass his neighbor Asinelli's in oddity, and so he intentionally made his tower out of the perpendicular. He found it impossible, however, to complete the tower at that angle and had to cease work.—London Standard.

PREHISTORIC WEAPONS.

They Were Probably Made of Iron Obtained From Meteorites.

In the old world the art of smelting ores was discovered about 1200 B. C. It has sometimes been suggested that iron tools and weapons may have been made at an earlier period from meteorites, and recently a considerable amount of evidence in behalf of this hypothesis has been presented by C. F. Zimmer.

He has compiled a list of the known iron-containing meteorites, nearly all accumulated within the past century, and he shows from these alone about 250 tons of iron might be obtained. Of this amount more than 99 per cent is malleable, consisting of a nickel-iron alloy. He also shows by means of a series of illustrations how easy it is to detach from the meteorites fragments of iron suitable for use as tools or implements when mounted in handles.

Thus it seems fairly probable that a widespread use may have been made of meteoritic iron in prehistoric times. At the time of the Spanish conquest of Mexico the Aztecs had iron knives and daggers, which they declared, had been obtained from the sky. Moreover, the use of meteoritic iron by Eskimos and American Indians is a matter of recent history.—Scientific American.

Getting By.

An Indianapolis man, who for the purpose of this story will be called Mr. X., asked a friend, Mr. Y., for the loan of \$20. Mr. Y. replied that he did not have the money with him, but would return with it later.

When he came back to Mr. X.'s office he found Mr. X. busily engaged in an apparent effort to make a favorable impression on a visitor unknown to Mr. Y.

"Here is that twenty," said Y. breaking in on the conversation.

Mr. X. turned as though annoyed by the interruption; then his face brightened with a patronizing smile.

"Thanks, old fellow," he said. "Any time I can do anything more for you let me know."

Mr. Y., the lender, retreated in confusion.—Indianapolis News.

The Fear of the Past.

The future is a blank wall on which every man can write his own name as large as he likes. The past I find already covered with illegible scribbles, such as Plato, Isalah, Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Napoleon. I can make the future as narrow as myself. The past is obliged to be as broad and turbulent as humanity, and the upshot of this modern attitude is really this—that men invent new ideals because they dare not attempt old ideals. They look forward with enthusiasm because they are afraid to look back.—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Another Mystery Explained.

Mr. Lynch and his friend were discussing family names and their history.

"How did your name originate?" asked the friend.

"Oh, probably one of my ancestors was of the grasping kind that you hear about so often. Somebody gave him an 'ynch' and he took an 'L'."—Christian Register.

The Smithy.

In the forty-fourth chapter, twelfth verse, of Isalah is this description of a smithy: The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals and fashioned it with hammers and worketh with the strength of his arms; yea, he is hungry, and his strength faileth; he drinketh no water and is faint.

Not Superstitious.

Collector (warmly)—I've been here a dozen times, sir, and I positively won't sail again. Debtor (cheerfully)—Oh, come now, my man. Don't be so superstitious about making the thirteenth call. Nothing will happen, I assure you.—Stray Stories.

A Liberal Spender.

"He's a liberal spender." "So?" "Yes; almost anybody but his wife can get money out of him."—Detroit Free Press.

Affliction is not sent in vain, young man, from that good God who chastens whom he loves.—Southey.

NEW YORKERS JUST FOLKS.

A Visitor Finds Them Precisely Like Any Other People.

The first thing that strikes one about New York is that people are just people there, the same as anywhere else. The man who wears a straight collar with his tie climbing round his neck; the woman with the bottomless purse where she loses her car tickets; the little man with the hard hat; the big man with the soft hat, and the medium size man with no hat at all; the gum chewing stenographer; her clove chewing employer; the "I says to him, I says" folk—you find them in New York just like anywhere else. Only they travel around in subways and on elevated railways and things, and sometimes they move a little faster than we do in Montreal. But they're just folks—a certain percentage of water, carbohydrates, calcium phosphates, etc., same as here.

New Yorkers do not live in dress suits and drive around in taxicabs until 7 in the morning, whatever Mr. Cobb may say. At 7 in the morning the New Yorker is bolting his toast and coffee in his little home in the Bronx or the Jersey shore and reading his morning paper. At noon Mr. New Yorker trots out to a one-arm lunch room and lines up for his "drop the egg, two in" just like a Montrealer, unless he goes to the help yourself restaurants, which have many tiers of boxes like those at the postoffice where you fetch your own mail, with glass fronts so you can see what's inside.—Montreal Star.

THE FIRST SERGEANT.

He Is the Bank in Which the Private Deposits All His Woes.

It has been handed down from generation to generation that Solomon was the wisest of men. He may have been in his time, but alongside a first sergeant in the army he couldn't hold a candle.

Solomon may have solved a lot of knotty problems in his day, but men were made differently then. Solomon in a first sergeant's job would have lasted probably from reveille to retreat, and then he would have either jumped in the river or shot himself.

More foolish questions are asked of one each day than any information man in the Union station ever dreamed of, and some sergeants answer questions two at a time all day long. No matter what happens to a soldier, he goes to the first sergeant. And particularly is this true of recruits during their first few months in the army. It takes a sense of humor to be a first sergeant, and unless a man can do two or three things at a time, have a knowledge of the world and what is in it, even more general than an almanac, and can understand human nature he won't make a good first sergeant. For a first sergeant can either make or break a company.—Kansas City Star.

Is the Derby Hat Doomed?

Where are all the derby hats of yesterday? Why do only a few men wear them any more?

Blame it on the seductive soft hat. Blame it on motorcars, which do not agree with derbies or high hats. A man under a derby in a motorcar going more than three miles an hour looks as incongruous as a derby wearer, coat off and a cigar between his teeth, paddling a canoe.

"The soft hat has passed through many freak styles and experiments," said a haberdasher. "Its comfort is its first quality. It conforms easily to the head, is light in weight and isn't badly hurt if it happens to be stepped or sat on or run over in the street."—Providence Journal.

For Walls or Roofs.

A cleanable waterproof mixture for walls or roofs which will adhere to masonry, slate, glass or metal is made by dissolving one pound of glue in three and a half pints of water. To this is added three ounces of bichromate of potash dissolved in half a pint of hot water. When these ingredients have been thoroughly mixed sufficient whitening is added to insure the right consistency.—London Mail.

The Woman's Excuse.

"One woman," says a police commissioner, "crossing the street at the wrong time can block up two streets, a half dozen motors and a whole procession of wagons, besides giving every one who sees her heart failure."

"Well," replies the woman, "what business have all these vehicles on the street just when I want to go across?"—Kansas City Star.

An Exception.

"An emergency always brings forth a man to meet it." "I don't know about that. Many of the time I have seen my hat blow down the street while strong men stood by and simply laughed."—Washington Star.

"The man who runs this store has got the right idea, all right."

"How so?" "He advertises 'bagpipes and musical instruments.'"—Houston Post.

The Lugubrious.

Hokus—Why do women cry at weddings and funerals? Pokus—I suppose the uncertainty of the future has something to do with it.—Town Topics.

One Emergency.

"I'll never say die."

"Wait until your hair begins to turn gray."—Baltimore American.

Stretching his hands out to catch the stars, he forgets the flowers at his feet.—Bentham.