

PLACE OF DISMAL HISTORY

Roanoke Island Known to Fame Because It Was Site of Raleigh's Ill-Fated Colony.

Off a desolate stretch of sandy beach in North Carolina lies Roanoke Island, the birthplace of Virginia Dare, the first English child born in America.

Sir Walter Raleigh was responsible for Roanoke Island being placed on the pages of history, for in 1585 he sent out a colonizing expedition to America, and fate and the rough winds of the Atlantic east the ship up on Roanoke island.

But Raleigh was not discouraged. He sent out another colony, which consented to stay, and the man in charge of the expedition returned with the glad news.

Roanoke Island has now been inhabited for many years, chiefly by fishermen and life-savers. The latter are negroes from the coast guard station at Pea Island, which is separated from Roanoke island by the sound.

BEEES FOR WAR MESSENGERS

Their Employment is Said to Have Gone Far Beyond the Range of Probability.

A secret long cherished in the British war department has just been discovered—the use of bees as messengers.

No longer will the aide de camp spur his staggering horse through shot and shell to carry the message to the front.

Whoever possesses a receiving outfit can read the secrets of the wireless; one can cut the wires of the ordinary telegraph, and the pigeon does not always escape the bullet.

Therefore, other means have been sought. In America, the general staff dreams of using as a dispatch bearer—the bee.

The bee, like the carrier pigeon, guided by its marvelous instinct, returns to the hive from wherever he may be liberated. Tiny dispatches, which can be deciphered with the magnifying glass, can be attached to its breast.

Obliterated Mattie.

"If I have to come in here again to speak to you children I shall punish you well, mind that!" warned mother, angrily. "I don't want to hear another sound from either of you today."

"Where is little sister?" anxiously demanded mother. "I'll explain about her," beamed Edna. "You remember you said you didn't want to hear another sound from either of us today, and I minded you nicely, but when I gave Mattie a few pokes she got ready to commence screaming again, so I pushed her into the closet and locked the door on her, and," she triumphantly added, "you couldn't hear a sound out of her now if she screamed her head off."

Too Much Soap Bad.

Many persons abuse soap by making a stiff, creamy lather in bathing, under the belief that this is necessary to dissolve dirt that fills the pores of the skin. On the contrary, Dr. Samuel Dixon, health commissioner of Pennsylvania, says very little soap is required to break up dirt and permit water to remove foreign substances from the pores so that glands may perform their normal function.

Mongrels for War Work.

"The psychology of the dog in war is a subject to consider now that the military demand for dogs is growing," said Cleveland E. Ellis, of Raleigh, N. C., recently. Dogs are invaluable in trench warfare. "They scent the enemy's approach, carry messages and locate the wounded. The thoroughbred dog is usually good at one or two things. The pedigree prize-winning dog is good to be looked upon, and not much more."

"But there is another dog, a very useful dog, and plenty of him. This is the stray dog of the street, cur by general repute and miscellaneous by breeding."

STATE'S TWO FRENCH KINGS

Both Louis XIV and XV Ruled Over Domain That Included Great Western Commonwealth.

There were but two French kings who ever ruled over Missouri, observes the Kansas City Star. The first of these was Louis XIV, for whom La Salle took possession of the Mississippi river and of all the country drained by its tributaries. La Salle named the country Louisiana in honor of his king.

But it was in the reign of Louis XV, who succeeded Louis XIV, that Missouri received from France the first vivifying touches of civilization. Under this reign the city of St. Louis was founded and was named, not in honor of Louis XV, who was no saint, but in honor of Louis IX, who then had been dead 500 years, and who was the most saintly king France ever had.

New Orleans was founded, too, during the reign of Louis XV, and was named for the duke of Orleans, regent for the young king, who was crowned at five years old.

CAN'T GET ALONG TOGETHER

Women Won't Work for Women When They Can Help It, Always Preferring Men Bosses.

A "mere man," writing in Woman's Home Companion, makes this comment on women in business.

"Another reason I have noted why women don't appropriate the big jobs is that most members of their own sex—to say nothing of the members of ours—would rather work for a man than a woman. The most successful woman I know is the head of a big department in a very big business. She knows that her feminine instinct is worth thousands to that business. Yet she is glad that the president of the business is a man; she wouldn't take the president's job if she could get it; and no matter how much she believes in her own instinct, she recognizes in the man that, working with her instinct, produces a perfect combination."

Warmth Not in Surface.

"The Britisher is just as warm-hearted and kindly and friendly as we are," writes Herbert Corey in Everybody's, "but he must be operated on with a full kit of tools before one finds it out."

"Not long ago I was riding with a young officer on the British front. He had just heard that his favorite brother-in-law was located in some unknown village near by.

"He was quite 'bucked up' about it—I am sure he said bucked up—because this was a real brother-in-law. He regaled me with stories of the brother-in-law's youth. He met friends and asked where the beloved brother-in-law might be found. By and by we ran across the brother-in-law, standing knee-deep in mud in a particularly destroyed village. This is precisely what they called to each other: "Fancy me finding you here, old top! 'Ripping, isn't it? Come along and have a peg.'"

Watches on Trim Ankles.

Residents of Newark, Del., suffered a shock the other afternoon when two well-known young women appeared on Main street wearing ankle watches. There were several narrow escapes from accidents when drivers of automobiles forgot their wheels in the excitement of the moment.

Nearly every store door and window held a rubberneck and repeated calls of "What time is it?" but the young women did not seem to mind in the least the furore they were raising. They were neatly and attractively dressed. They wore low shoes, with black silk hose, the watches strapped to their trim left ankles. One old resident who got a closer view of the watches remarked: "Well I be —, I have read of such things, but never saw it before, and right here at home."

Argentine Meat-Packing Plant.

Some months ago a group of Patagonian capitalists sought and obtained a concession from the Argentine government to establish a packing plant in Rio Grande, in the territory of Tierra del Fuego, the southernmost district of the republic. The plant was to furnish a market for the stock of the sheep and cattle owners of that district, and to stimulate the growth of the industry there. The company organized, brought in the necessary machinery, and commenced at once on the construction of the plant itself. On February 20 operations were begun with the killing of 10,000 animals.

Pudding With Bugs.

The rice pudding with raisins in had appealed especially to the little three-year-old Ruth, who passed her plate for a second helping. "Mamma," she said, "I want some more pudding with the bugs in it."

WOULD KEEP LOVE IN WORLD

Pathetic Plea Made by Austrian Woman More Than Her English Sister Could Refuse.

She was a little Austrian woman and she was crossing the ocean on a great hostile liner. Most of the other women were the wives of Englishmen and they could not forget that her country was at war with their land. They ignored her, and she was left much to herself. And yet—

One morning as she was walking up and down the deck in her solitary way she passed the steamer chair of a middle-aged English woman who was knitting at a gray woolen sock, relates a writer in the Christian Herald. And suddenly she paused in her walk and held out both of her hands.

"Oh," she cried, in very good English, "will you not let me knit a few rows on that sock?"

The English woman looked up. And her face was cold and rather hard. "I think," she said, "that you would scarcely want to knit on this sock! For it is going to an English colonel—my husband!"

The little Austrian woman looked at the colonel's lady. And there were tears in her eyes. "Listen," she said in a low, shaking voice. "I, myself, have a son. He is an officer in the Austrian army. But if you knew my son I do not think you would hate him! If I knew the colonel, your husband, I do not think I would hate him either. * * * She paused for a moment before she went on, and then—"now that the world is torn by war," she said, "we women must do what we can to keep a little love in it * * * May I, perhaps, knit a few rows on the sock?"

Silently, but with tears in her own eyes, the English woman handed over the gray wool.

OBEDIENT TO OLD COMMAND

Palestine Farmers Still Remember Biblical Injunction in Reference to the Gleaners.

After the lentils and similar crops of the bean family have been gathered in by the Palestinian farmer, the barley harvest comes next, and lastly the wheat.

When harvesting, the men wear a leather apron and sometimes a large padded glove. The women have none of the protection provided for them, says the Christian Herald. Sickles are of two kinds, one, the kalosh, is small and with quite a dull edge and is employed when the crops are short and scanty. These do not cut the straw, but rather help pull up the grain by the roots or break off the brittle stalks. The other, called mampal, is much larger and supplied with short, slanting teeth, and is used on the tall, well-grown grain fields.

Reaping with these simple implements and binding the sheaves with their own straw, a considerable amount is left behind and many of the ears drop off, but once the reapers have advanced, they, actuated by almost religious scruples, will not pick up that which has been dropped, even though they be severely poor themselves, for they unwittingly follow a command not given to them but to former inhabitants, the tillers and reapers of this land: "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleanings of thy harvest."

To Save Foolish Motorist.

The officials of the Long Island railway have begun another year's campaign to try and prevent motorists from committing suicide by driving in front of moving trains. Last year the Long Island had 109 grade-crossing gates smashed by automobile drivers. It was a favorite game to drive at high speed into these barriers, smash them and then clear the track just a few feet ahead of the oncoming train. Monday's newspapers usually carry long casualty lists resulting from foolhardy motorcar drivers, who celebrate Sunday by going to eternity instead of their intended destination. There are reckless drivers in every state and in every city of every state. Indianapolis has its share and sooner or later they will learn that the game between the automobile and the locomotive is an unequal one. The locomotive wins every time.

A Smoke Inspector.

The president of a woman suffrage organization is a mighty person. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw spoke in the assembly hall of the Claypool hotel on the opening evening of the annual convention of the Woman's Franchise League of Indiana. The room was built to hold 500 persons comfortably; but about 800 were there that evening. Mrs. Richards Edwards of Peru, president of the franchise league, thought she detected an odor of smoke. From her position on the stage she sent a message to Miss Adah Bush, of Kentland, to investigate the source.

Miss Bush left the room for a few minutes. When she returned she sent up to Mrs. Edwards the message: "I have seen about the smoke. I have had it stopped."—Indianapolis News.

Quiet Water Supply Pump.

A noiseless water supply pump of small capacity is described in Popular Mechanics Magazine. At a distance of ten feet, it is claimed, the only sound to be heard is the hum of the motor. It operates at a speed of 500 revolutions a minute and therefore can be belt driven. The pump is supplied with an air cock and is used with either open or pressure tank systems.

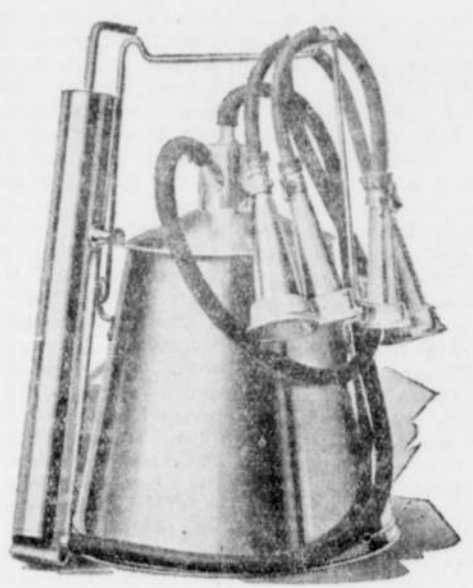
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DULL AND SHARP SHOOTING PAINS - Michigan Lady Suffered Such Pains In Back and Head, But Says Cardui Stopped These Bad Spells.

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Palmyra, Mich.—Mrs. Chas. T. Fuller, of this place, writes: "In 1911 I got run-down, and I suffered great pain...with both dull and sharp shooting pains...also back and head. I was weak and could only drag around, and should have been in bed, for I really wasn't able to be up. At times I would have spells that would be so bad I'd have to go to bed, and suffered intensely... I decided to try Cardui, and saw a great improvement in less than a month's time. I used 7 or 8 bottles and was stronger...I got so much better that my strength returned and my work was easy for me. Cardui did me a world of good. It built me up in health and strength. I haven't had one of those bad spells since. I haven't had to take any more medicine since or have any doctors either and have been able to do my work right along...I recommend it to other women highly as the best medicine I know of for women who suffer from female troubles." If you suffer from female troubles, follow this advice. Get a bottle of Cardui today and give it a thorough trial. It should help you, as it has helped thousands of other women in the past 40 years. At all drugists. EB-14

Dairy Ranch for Sale. 160 acres on Tillamook River, near Yellow Fir Mill, keeps 13 cows, 3 heifers, bull, horse, 8 hogs, which go with place. Capacity can be doubled. Price \$12,500. Must change climate, account of wife's health. E. R. Gainer, Hemlock, Ore. Call For Warrants. Notice is hereby given that warrants from Nos. 616 to 700 inclusive of School District No. 9, Tillamook County, Oregon, are called and are payable at this office. Interest ceases this 6th day of June, 1918. Ira C. Smith, Clerk.