

ACCORDING TO THEIR LIGHTS

Savages Ruled by Customs and Ceremonies as Unalterable as Are Beliefs of the West.

If life in the New Hebrides can be described in irreducible terms of primitive instinct, it is none the less governed by an elaborate ritual of tribal ceremony, by the powerful influence of taboo, by customs as rigid and impregnable as the towering forest fastnesses. That the old are buried alive is as right and orderly to the truculent savage as that night follows day, or that a warrior dies by the hand of his enemy if he does not first speed his own arrow. Against this barrier of dark faiths and unproved certainties, the wanderer from the West, with his troubled vision and ever-restless feet, knows up for himself but a flimsy counter-illusion of civilization. Let his trading schooners make their perilous voyages through the channels, darting in and out of the nameless, land-locked harbors. Let him spread his net of commercialism. Let him take away pearls, tortoise shell, heche de mer, copra, sandalwood, or perhaps a human cargo destined for the great labor markets East and West, leaving in their place the cheap product of factories, or, better still, secretly, guns and ammunition. The chances are that one day his fate will find him out. And if the time should come when he returns no more to that same civilization which betrayed him in an ultimate need to the savages of an obscure island whose only costume is a necklace, his death will merely cancel an outstanding account.—Gertrude Emerson in Asia Magazine.

GAVE GREAT WRITER THEME

How Patriotic Protest of Gentle-Hearted Man Furnished Inspiration to Joel Chandler Harris.

In one of his stories of farm life in Georgia Joel Chandler Harris tells of a wealthy planter who wanted a few acres of original woodland cleared near a village in which he lived. Labor was scarce, but he finally induced a thriftless fellow in the village to do the work—a man who had always been honest, but a kind of dreamer and "ne'er do well."

After a few days the man came to his employer and frankly confessed that he could not do the work, although he needed the money. Pressed for a reason he said that the first tree he started to cut down was hollow and occupied by two squirrels, who made violent complaint at the destruction of their house. The next was the home of a chipmunk, with a large family, and the third was occupied by at least four pairs of jaybirds. "That piece of woodland is a peopled city, throbbing with life, busy from morning until night. It contains their homes and families, they have built and lived there for years and I have not the heart to destroy what belongs to these helpless creatures." And out of that incident, simple but impressive as it was, Mr. Harris drew inspiration for one of the most graphic pictures in all literature.—H. E. Harman, in the South Atlantic Quarterly.

Music is a Moral Law.

There is an intense need for art, and above all for music in the daily lives of our people, and it is through the public schools that the musical resources of the younger generation, at present lying dormant, must be awakened.

Why should our girls and boys be educated to be good business men and women be denied development of all higher intellectual and moral side of their natures? It is here that music most directly exerts its influence. To quote the words of Plato: "Music is a moral law. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful."

There is always the possibility, too, that embryo Pottis and Carusos are amongst our children and these can add as much to the future fame of our country as orators, poets, writers, or successful business men—then let them too, have their choice in school days, as well as the others.

Undersea Pipe Line for Oil.

Tank steamers are loaded with oil on the Mexican coast by means of undersea pipes, sometimes over a mile long. The record is broken by two lines each two and one-half miles long, recently installed about seventy miles south of Tampico. This method of loading is made necessary by the character of the coast in the vicinity of the oil fields. There are no harbors deep enough to accommodate tank vessels, and the water alongshore is shallow for a mile or more out to sea. The oil pipes lie on the sea bottom and connection is made with the tank ship at the outer end by means of flexible metal hose. The line is fully connected on shore and is then towed out to sea by a tug.—Literary Digest.

About Milestones.

Most people imagine milestones to be quite ancient institutions. They are not so really. The first milestones to be erected in England were set up on the Cambridge road between Harkway and Cambridge in 1272, and it was not until 40 years later that their use became at all general. True there are two "milestones," so called, that bear the date 1700, still standing—one at Tadcaster, and the other near Withington, Herefordshire. But those do not give the distances to the places graven upon them, being, in effect, therefore, merely stone signposts.

HOW TO MEET MIDDLE AGE

Imperative That One Should Keep Up With the Progression of Human Thought.

Margaret Deland gives some useful advice on how to meet middle age in such a manner as to insure future happiness. Among other things, she says: "To hold on to our appreciation of nature, we must spur our dull and lagging memory of beauty; to keep our appreciation of human nature, we must refuse to be laid on the shelf; we must keep up with the procession of human thought. Only so can we see the sweat, the tears and smiles of our fellow-creatures."

"These are the two tasks of middle age; if we perform them worthily our souls will never grow old. And, plainly, it is 'up to us' as these slinky youngsters of ours express it—it is up to us to keep young; to make sure that our inner vision is open to beauty; and to the joy and sorrow, the squalor and glory of our fellows. If we do this, the 'compensation' is immediate!"

"So, what difference does it make if the body is rheumatic and near-sighted—and a little deaf when it comes to the song sparrows; what do such things matter, if the eyes of the soul still see that crater mirroring the sky, if the ears of the spirit hear the bird's note in dawn and dew?"

"Nor does it matter that the body declines a game of tennis and shudders at a plunge into the surf when the thermometer registers only 55 degrees—if the body's tenant is able to say to the young people, 'Go ahead! Have a good time! But take my word for it."

"The best is yet to be!"—Woman's Home Companion.

ADAPTED TO MODERN NEEDS

Seeming Proof That Feet of Women Have Developed With Enlargement of Their Work.

The different sizes chosen for the standard boots for women did not apparently include size one, which raises an interesting point, remarks the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian. Some little time ago an old curiosity shop in a country town showed in its window a woman's shoe of ancient date. It was made of a gray-blue brocaded silk, with a large square-cut tongue and fastened with a buckle. The heel was very high, made of wood and covered with red-brown leather. It was a beautiful shoe, and might have belonged to a lady of Marie Antoinette's court, or even have trodden dances in the time of our Merry Monarch. But it was so extraordinarily small that 999 women would have failed to get it on.

The thousandth happened to see it, was fascinated by its appearance, and asked if she might try it on. It fitted exactly.

Was the normal size foot of that age the abnormal one of this? One wonders. And have women's hands, feet and waists developed to suit the work which nowadays they have to do?

Attractive Tiled Roofs.

One of the most romantic touches of old Spain and Mexico is transferred to southern California through the medium of its tile roofs on the better class of domestic work. The work left by the old Franciscan priests in their missions throughout southern California and mostly done by the Indians, who were good potters and who became expert under the direction of the monks, is the source of this new departure. It is claimed that the variations in the tile, making it possible for them to fit together, was done over the calf of an Indian's leg, the wet clay being molded by that method and then laid aside to dry. The character of these old tiles consists not only in the rich red and reddish-brown tones in the clay or the texture, a sort of semi-rough matt glaze, but from the irregular, many-sized and shaped pieces going into the roof.—Dwight James Baum in Architecture.

Value of Thunderstorm.

A thunderstorm is one of the best of physicians. In fact it is worth a whole army of doctors working day and night. What they can only as manage it can cure, clear out, absolutely abolish. Lightning makes the atmosphere fresh. It is the cleansing fire of heaven. Where it passes no germ can live. But an even greater cleanser, for it leaves no nook or corner untouched, unwashed, unflushed, is the torrential rain which almost invariably accompanies a thunderstorm. Think of billions of tons of water passing through the atmosphere, carrying down with it thousands of tons of solid matter in the shape of smoke and ashes, and effluvia, and germs untold and swilling all these things from street and alley and court and roof. Why, no spring cleaning could effect in a century what a thunder shower does in ten minutes.

To Collect Old Scotch Maps.

The Royal Scottish Geographical society has undertaken the formation of a national collection of old maps on Scotland and has issued an appeal for contributions of both maps and money. It is hoped to secure as nearly as possible a complete collection of atlases, charts, county maps, district maps, road books, town plans, manuscript maps, etc., issued prior to the time of the Ordnance survey, about 1800. The earliest satisfactory maps of Scotland date from 1561.—Scientific American.

AVIATORS MUST DO "STUNTS"

Feats That Seem Foolhardy Really Are Most Necessary in the Training of Airmen.

Before the war there was, says Edwin Bidwell Wilson in the Yale Review, much criticism of professional exhibiting aviators who, to thrill spectators, put their machines into all sorts of dare-devil attitudes and frequently themselves came suddenly down to death. In fighting, the ability to do all manner of "stunts" is essential. The more completely a pilot can control his machine, the more easily he can toss it hither and thither—cutting figure-eights, looping the loop, nose diving and tail diving—the better chance he has for his own life and the more certain he is to get his opponent. Sad as are the continual reports of death by accident at our aviation training camps, we may rest assured that for an untrained pilot to go overseas to the front is almost certainly fatal, and that for every life lost in training, many are saved in fighting. Fortunately airplanes today are so much stronger structurally and so much better equipped and controlled than before the war, that this necessary "stunting" in school and on the field is no longer really dangerous—the real danger now lies in physical inability to "stunt." Not only must the pilot of the single-seated fighting scout be thoroughly expert on the wing, he also must be a crack shot with his machine gun. Small wonder that it takes months and months to train an aviator who may develop into an ace.

HAS GOOD WORD FOR CROW

Australian Writer Points Out Occasions When Bird Becomes a Real Benefactor to Mankind.

There are those who say that the crow deserves no mercy. There is no other pest eradicator, imported or otherwise, doing its bit so patriotically as the self-same crow. In Bannanland, Australia, says the Sydney Bulletin, the ravages of the sheep-maggot fly must make a loss of hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of jumbuck every year, about the only difference in one season being that the damage is probably greater than the last. Were it not for the bird whom no one has a good word for, the fly pest would soon duplicate itself with losses to sheep-owners increased accordingly. Every dead sheep or piece of offal in the bush is the depository of the eggs of unimaginable numbers of prospective sheep destroyers. Just about the time that the grubs are the size of a grain of rice, and a few days before they burrow into the soil, where they remain for about 15 days before coming forth, as a developed sheep-maggot fly, Brother Crow spies out the colony. Then he sends the glad tidings by wireless system, and all the family within range hurries to the banquet. When it is over a supply of grubs for the next meal has to be found elsewhere.

New Explosive.

The Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter mentions a new explosive being tested by the government which will save a considerable amount of glycerin. It is called nitrobyronel and is the product of Dr. Byron E. Eldred. It is claimed that it blows a chamber twice the size of that caused by T. N. T. (trinitrotoluol). In the manufacture of nitrobyronel neither nitroglycerin nor toluol is used. It is a hydrocarbon obtained by a by-product in coke-oven processes.

It is estimated that 50,000,000 pounds of glycerin is used in American industrial concerns, and a big saving in this important material, now growing scarce, can be effected through the employment of nitrobyronel.

If a shortage of glycerin should become imminent, the Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter believes that the government would promptly start in to manufacture nitrobyronel.

The Least of These.

It is not the support of a nation buying billions of dollars' worth of Liberty bonds, breaking bottles over the stems of new ships, knitting socks or cheering us in the movies that brings home to us the magnitude of our trust.

It is all fine, but it is all too big for any one man of us to grasp. But we appreciate how great our trust is when we hear that the folks here had two pounds of sugar in six weeks, that the lady next door let her bread burn in the excitement of reading our last letter, and that the lady next door to her is working in an office and keeping the children in school while her husband is over here.—The Stars and Stripes.

Forced to Move.

"We've got to have a bigger house."
"Outgrown the present place?"
"No. We have rooms enough, in fact more than we need, but the cellar is too small."
"What's the idea?"
"We can't store six tons of soft coal in anything less than the basement of a church."

Hospital Humor.

In an American hospital in France a lieutenant who had lost both his legs in battle received a package from his wife. In it were six pairs of socks. Raising himself as best he could in the cot, the lieutenant said:
"Say, boys, what am I going to do with these now?"
"I guess you're just out of luck," was the reply.

COAXING YOU TO SMILE.

Comparatively Solidity.

Captain Edward Beck, of South Bend, Ind., at present in France with the black Senegalese troops, recently wrote home concerning them. "They are just like our own colored troops," he writes. "No wonder they're great fighters. They never feel any pain. They remind me of a colored laborer in South Bend. One day, to test the hardness of this fellow's head, a mason on the upper floor of a building dropped some mortar on it. The fellow never moved; in fact, he hadn't felt a thing. So the mason dropped a brick. Crash! When the brick hit his head the colored man looked up at the mason languidly: 'Look out what you'll do done dripping dat mortar.'" he said.

Truth Even Worse.

During a heated political campaign one of the party leaders waxed highly emotional over some stories about him that appeared in the daily paper in his home town, and excitedly galloped into the sanctum of the editor. "Look here," he cried, doing a fox trot all over the room, "what do you mean by printing all that stuff about me?" "What's the matter with it?" demanded the editor, without showing any signs of backing water. "What's the matter with it!" raged the perturbed politician. "Why it's all lies, and you know it!" "Well, then, what are you kicking about," blandly smiled the editor. "Suppose we had told the truth about you?"

His Day of Absence.

A certain stupid teacher had a regular routine of questions which she asked her class every Sunday. The class was always arranged in the same order, and she began with the same question: "Who made you?" And the boy at the end of the class answered "God." Then to the next boy, "who was the first man?" and he answered "Adam." One Sunday the first boy was absent and of course the usual second boy was at the head of the class. As usual she began by asking, "Who made you?" and the boy answered "Adam." "No," the teacher said, "God made you." "I don't thing so miss" the boy replied; "the boy that God made is not here today."

His Bit.

Franklin K. Lane recently made a plea for conservation in a northwest lumber district. "I don't suppose one of you people ever done a single thing to save our timber!" he thundered. "Please sir," spoke up a timid youth. "I shot a woodpecker once."

Long Way to France.

The troop train had just pulled into a station. A big husky negro stuck his head out of the car window and shouted: "Say boss what town you-all call dis?" "This is Acotink." "And boss, what state is dis?" "Virginia; Acoting, Virginia." "Well, well, ah dun been travelin' on dis yere train foah nights and foah days Where de debil am dis yere France anyhow!"

Air Campaigning.

A congressman was discussing campaigning. "In the old days," he remarked, "I used to do it on horseback, but now it's the auto. Probably next time folks will say: 'Seen the candidate yet?' 'Yes, he flew over my house this morning and dropped some literature.'"

In Other Ways.

An Irishman went into the office of the president of the Illinois Central Railroad and said: "Me name's Casey, Oi worruk out in th' yar-r-ds. Oi'd loik a pass to St. Louis." "That is no way to ask for a pass," said the president. "You should introduce yourself politely. Come back in an hour and try it again." At the end of the day back came the Irishman. Doffing his hat he inquired: "Are yez the man I saw before?" "I am" "Me name is Patrick Casey. Oo've been worruk in' at the yar-r-ds." "Glad to know you Mr. Casey. What can I do for you?" "Oi've got a job and a pass to St. Louis on the Wash-bash. Yez can go to hell."

Calumny in Pursuit.

"He's an infernal liar and a tuttering fool!" snarled Constable Sam T. Slackputter, as he sat alone on the porch of the Petunia Tavern. "He's a thief, a reprobate and—"
"Here Sam!" exclaimed the landlord, appearing at the doorway of the hostelry. "What in thunder are you doing, cussing along that way, all by yourself?" "I am running down a criminal!" ominously replied the sleuth.

Few Escape.

There are few indeed who escape having at least one cold during the winter months, and they are fortunate who have but one and get through with it quickly and without any seriousness consequences. Take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and observe the directions with each bottle, and you are likely to be one of the fortunate ones. The worth and merit of this remedy has been fully proven. There are many families who have always used it for years when troubled with a cough or cold, and with the very best results. For sale by Lunar's Drug Store—Pd Ad.



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