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Home-Made Luxury.

As to the "luxury tax," Editor Finch, "The Richland Philosopher," says:

"The writer can get all the luxury that he is looking for by eating good home-made corn bread and drinking good buttermilk. If you are looking for a good breakfast, just try some home-made ham meat and lean gravy with good old-fashioned biscuit, also

fried or boiled eggs and home made butter with a good cup of hot coffee. There's luxury for you!" —Atlanta Constitution.

For Sale or Trade.

Have about 40 acres of land, south of Trask river six miles from town. Plenty of wood on place. Wood worth more than pay for place. Will take some-made ham meat and lean gravy with good old-fashioned biscuit, also

HEIGHT BRINGS NO TERROR

Airman Has a Feeling of Exhilaration and Healthfulness When "in the Clouds."

Some time ago I was walking in the country with a friend, when suddenly we heard a soft hum high overhead, says a writer in a British information bureau bulletin. It took us some time to find the tiny black speck, which looked no larger than a gnat, far away in the blue.

"How awful it must be," my friend muttered, "to be at that ghastly height." And I smiled, as I remembered having once thought that myself.

As a fact one has no horror at height. The higher one is, the less real does the world beneath seem, the more stable and safe is the machine in which one is comfortably sitting. Height, regarded from a homestead, may be unpleasant. From 10,000 feet it is delightful.

The pure, sweet air at high altitudes stimulates, like wine, and the world beneath stretches away all round to the misty horizon, and looks like a gigantic sunlit map. I expected to feel giddy, if not airsick, when I first went up and was amazed at the feeling of steadiness and stability.

One has no feeling of giddiness, once contact with the ground and stationary objects is broken, but only a sensation of singular health and happiness, and on coming down after a series of smooth spirals there is an amazing strong feeling of "wanting to go up" again and taste once more the sweet, fresh air and delightful thrills of the new world.

"But what a dreadful noise the engine must make," I heard some one remark the other day.

Apart from the fact that the ears are covered by a warm leather flying cap there is, on the contrary, something very soothing in the even note of the motor, and after being in the air for some time it is rather apt to make one feel sleepy.

The higher the altitude, the stronger the feeling of exhilaration seems to become, and the world is apt to seem dull and drab when one descends again to slow plodding over the earth.

DECIDED ON VERDICT BY LOT

Hawaiian Jury Couldn't Agree and to Settle the Matter Drew Slips From Hat.

Substituting the goddess of chance for the goddess of justice, a jury in the Honolulu circuit court a few days ago drew lots to decide the fate of 12 Chinese charged with gambling. The incident is without precedent in the annals of the courts of Hawaii, says the Walluku (H. L.) Times. The jurors were discharged by the court and their action branded as "illegal, inexcusable and highly reprehensible."

According to the story told in court, the jury could not agree. Tired of the prolonged and fruitless efforts to reach a verdict, it was suggested that the balloting be abandoned and that they draw lots. Twenty-four slips of paper were prepared, 12 bearing the word "Guilty" and 12 "Not guilty." The slips were shaken up and drawn from a hat by the jurors, who had agreed that the first 12 slips of one kind drawn should determine the verdict. The "Not guilty" slips won and a verdict of not guilty was consequently returned.

Anthem Many Centuries Old.

The youngest of the nations has the oldest of hymns. Such is substantially the case. For while the independence of the Jewish commonwealth in Palestine was assured by declaration of the British government more than a year ago, that commonwealth is not yet organized to the extent that the Polish and Czecho-Slovak states are. Yet its prospective citizens, though still scattered far and wide throughout the earth, cherish as the chief of their anthems one whose weird and haunting melody dates back not merely generations or centuries but thousands of years. It is said to be the identical melody which was sung by Miriam and her companions to celebrate the crossing of the Red sea by the children of Israel and the destruction of Pharaoh's pursuing hosts.

Permanence of the Heroic.

The way that the memory of heroes survives for tens of centuries in popular story and tradition is astonishing. And no hero has left such a great legend as Alexander the Great. The Turks in complimenting the national hero of Albania, surnamed him Iskender (Alexander) Bey, and the following passage from Steel's "India Through the Ages" is evidence of the extraordinary impression made upon the Hindu mind by the exploits of the Macedonian in the Land of the Five Rivers:

"In every little village Jullunder (Alexander) is still a name wherewith to conjure, and the village doctor still claims, with pride, to follow the 'Yunan' (Ionian) system of medicine."

Improved Wire Fly Catchers.

Tangle-foot wire instead of paper is used to catch flies in hospitals, convalescent camps and like places. Pieces of hay-baling wire, two feet long, have a hook bent on one end, and by dipping of with a brush are coated with a hot mixture of four parts of castor oil and nine and one-half pounds of crushed resin. The oil is heated and the resin gradually stirred in. When these wires are hung up the flies alight on them and stick fast. When the wires become covered they are burned off and recycled for use again.

'ADORN' FACE WITH MUSTACHE

Hairy Ainus Would Seem to Have Peculiar Ideas as to What Adds to Feminine Beauty.

The Ainus, the "Celtic" race of Japan, live in the island of Yezo, although the race has become so reduced that, it is estimated, there are now not more than 16,000 or 17,000 of them left in the country.

The most noticeable peculiarity about Ainu women is that they have tattooed upon their upper and lower lips what resembles a mustache. The women are not considered attractive and their matrimonial prospects are quite injured without this decoration.

The mustache is begun when the girl is quite a child, until it extends partly across the cheek, the material used being the soot from burning birch bark. The face is cut and the black rubbed in. Afterward it is washed in a solution of ash bark liquor to fix the color.

The Ainu women are said to be usually finely formed, straight and well developed, with small hands and feet. Their eyes are a beautiful soft brown, their hair black and most luxuriant and their complexion olive, with often a deep, rich color in their cheeks.

The native cloth—of which their garments are made—is woven from the fiber of the bark of the elm tree. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

GOOD INVESTMENT IN SMILE

Inexpensive, and Nothing One Can Own Will Bring a Greater Return—Should Be a Promise.

A pleasant smile is the most inexpensive investment on earth and it is the greatest one to bring a return. How I wish everyone could realize just what it means to smile. I think we all would smile oftener if we did. So many people have told me how hard it is for them to smile. Here is my recipe—here it is, very simple: When you are about to smile, think first that—in your smile you are to promise something. That is really what a smile is for. It is a promise, and you may make it any kind of a promise you like. Some people hardly move their lips at all in a smile, while others smile entirely with their lips and leave their eyes expressionless.

The best smile of all is the one that promises most. At your mirror you may practice smiling with great success. Just conjure up the person you want to smile at and fit the smile to the vision. It will surprise you to know how many different kinds of promises one happy smile may suggest. It is so like a happy party to have a person around who smiles on general principles and promises nothing at all but gladness for the very joy of living. Cheerfulness such as this is life's finest tonic.—Exchange.

Where Trees Are Milked.

In British Guiana and the West Indies, particularly on the banks of the River Demerara, there grows a tree known to the natives as the "Hyahya," which yields from its bark and pith a juice slightly richer and thicker than cow's milk. The tree is about forty feet in height and eighteen inches in circumference when full grown, and the natives use its juice as we do milk, it being perfectly harmless and mixing well with water. The Cingalese, have a tree, they call "Kirighuma," which yields a fluid in all respects like milk, while in the forests of Para grows a tree called the "Massendendron," which gives a milk-like juice. It can be kept for an indefinite time and shows no tendency to become sour. On the other hand, certain trees in the valleys of Aragua and in Canagua yield a similar fluid, which, when exposed to the air, begins to form a kind of cheese which very soon becomes sour. In the Canary islands there is a tree called "Tabaya Dolce," of which the milk, thickened into a jelly, is considered a delicacy.

Brothers Saluted and Died.

Such possibilities as have been presented to the men of our destroyers have been well met. There are examples of heroism not surpassed by anything in the history of our navy. For instance, there is the case of the two young brothers who were wireless operators on a destroyer which was badly damaged by an explosion. Staggering forward, away from the injured part of the ship, these boys met the captain. Not realizing how badly they were hurt, he ordered them below to get medical attention.

"No, sir," said the elder brother; "give it to some of the poor devils back there who've got a chance. We're done for. Please notify our mother we died on duty." And at that the pair saluted their commander and collapsed. In a few seconds both were dead.—Gregory Mason in the Outlook.

Leather From Various Skins.

In the hunt for new sources of leather strange things are turning up. It has been ascertained that the skins of frogs and toads can be tanned and turned to account for card cases and other fancy articles. The government fisheries bureau says the skin of the codfish furnishes an excellent leather, tough as parchment and very durable. The same is true of salmon skin. Eel skins are employed in Europe for binding books, and in Egypt shoe soles are made from the skins of certain fishes caught in the Red sea. Sturgeon skin affords a handsome ornamental leather, and the hide of the armored garfish is much valued in Europe, being covered with tortoise plates that can be polished to an ivorylike finish.

HURLS SEEDS LONG DISTANCE

Witch-Hazel Has Record of Forty Feet or More, as Shown by an Experiment.

The curious manner in which the witch-hazel spreads its seeds has been described by Dr. Edward S. Bigelow in his department, "On Nature's Trail," in Boy's Life. He says:

"No other plant can shoot its seeds so far and so violently as this one hurls its seeds. I do not know just how far it can shoot, but in experiments actually made a distance of 70 feet has been reached. The experiment was made in this manner: The fruiting branches were suspended at the end of a room 30 feet long. At the extreme farther end of the room many seeds were found. Some had been shot through an open door, but just how far I do not know. Various other experiments suggest that the seeds may be thrown to a distance of 40 feet or more. The books say that the seed capsule bursts and discharges its contents with great vigor. It certainly does. Experiments with the bursting pods and the flying seeds may be dangerous. I never happened to be hit by the flying missiles, but I should not like to have one strike my eye, especially if the eye were near the capsule. The discharge is accompanied by a snap almost like that of a small pistol. It scouts repeat this experiment, let them not forget this warning."

NO REASON FOR MONOPOLY

If Whales Are to Be Used for Dairy Purposes, Let Whole Country In on It.

An official of the state agricultural department of Oregon recommends the cultivation of the whale for milking purposes, says an article in Thrift Magazine. Enough whales could be raised right in Puget sound, he says, to supply the United States with all the milk she needs. The female whale is a generous creature and gives a barrel of the lacteal fluid at one milking.

This is a timely suggestion, but why keep all the whales in Puget sound? Would not such a plan be selfish, so-called and monopolistic? If we are going to be truly democratic in this country, let's be so in the matter of whales. Let every farmer keep his own whale. What would be more inspiring than to see the happy husbandman arise while the King of Day was still lurking bashfully behind the eastern horizon, grab the family milk barrel and hurry out behind the barn to give old Flossie, the family whale, her morning milkin'?" In the spring when the little whalelets begin to show up, think of the gross annual output of poetry that would be inspired in the breasts of our literati. It would be a rank and infamous injustice to let Puget sound have a monopoly of the national supply of dairy whales.

That Black Cat Stuff.

"Superstition is certainly a funny thing," observed the almost philosopher. "Take, for instance, the fellow who is scared to see a black cat run across his path."

"He'll argue that there is nothing supernatural about him and a black cat happening to be near the same place at the same time. An' when it comes right down to tacks there is really nothin' supernatural about a black cat any way you figger it, he'll say—just an excess of black pigment in the coloring matter of the cat's hair, and, besides that, maybe one out of six or eight cats is black."

"He reasons, too, that a black cat's duty probably calls it across the street about the time he happens along. About the time he gets it all figured out a coal-colored feline darts out of the alley just ahead of him and makes a bee line for the other side of the street and that feller jest about loops the loop trying to head that cat off." —Indianapolis Star.

Birds Destroy Caterpillars.

When the buds open in spring, broods of tiny, hungry caterpillars emerge, only to be preyed upon by the constantly increasing flights of birds that peer, swing, flutter, or hop from twig to twig through all the woods. At this time these caterpillars are not at all noticeable, and are very difficult to find; still, the great majority of them are readily found and eaten by birds, and therefore never become apparent to ordinary observation. As summer comes and the caterpillars grow in size, each brood is reduced in number, until, as they approach full size, a hand which erstwhile numbered hundreds of little crawlers has shrunk to a score or two, a "baker's dozen," or even less. When the survivors pupate they are still attacked by birds, and the moths or butterflies as they emerge and try their wings are pursued by their swifter feathered enemies.

Blarney Stone Tradition.

The Blarney stone inscription is getting dim. It reads: "Cornach MacCarthy; fortis me fieri facit, A.D. 1449." The tradition about the stone is, of course, that when the Spaniards were urging the Irish chieftains to harass the English, one Cornach Mac Dermot Carthy, who held the castle, had concluded an armistice with the lord president on condition of surrendering to an English garrison. Carthy put off his lordship day after day with fair promises and false pretexts, until the latter became the laughing stock of his acquaintances, and the former's honored and debative speeches were stamped with the title of Blarney.

KEPT THEIR NATIONAL LIFE

"Moldavians," Harshly Treated, Have Clung With Tenacity to Their Language and Customs.

At the opening of the nineteenth century Bessarabia was still under the domination of the Moldavian crown, but in 1812 Russia proposed to annex the whole of Moldavia as the price of her victories against the Turks. Napoleon, however, who was then preparing his great campaign against the Russians, urged the Turks not to conclude peace on that basis; and doubtless they would have continued to resist the Russians had it not been that Moruzzi, the dragoman of the Porte, sold Napoleon's secret to the Russians, who then hastened to sign the peace, contenting themselves with Bessarabia as the spoils of war. Thus the Roumanians of Bessarabia were severed from their kinsmen of the two Danubian principalities; and the injustice was only partially repaired in the Crimean war in 1856, when the southern districts of Cahul, Ismail and Bolgrad were restored to Roumania. But at the Berlin congress (1878) Bismarck and Andrassy, in their anxiety to prevent a rapprochement between Russia and Roumania, prompted the Russian government to lay hands upon Bessarabia once more.

After this annexation the commercial importance of Bessarabia waned and her territory became an asylum for all kinds of political adventurers, strange religious sects and the ragtag and bobtail of all east European nationalities. But beneath this frothy cosmopolitan surface the main current of Bessarabian life remained true, and never lost its essential Roumanian character, and the "Moldavians," as they call themselves, have clung tenaciously to their Roumanian nationality and have never forsaken the Roumanian language.

MARTYR HELD IN REVERENCE

St. Catherine Occupies Exalted Position in the Calendar of the Roman Catholic Church.

Among the earlier dates of the Roman Catholic calendar St. Catherine holds an exalted position, both from rank and intellectual abilities. During persecution instituted by Emperor Maximus II, St. Catherine was martyred, the tyrant reserving a more cruel punishment for her than any of the rest of his victims. She was placed in a machine, composed of four wheels, connected and armed with spikes so that the victim would be torn to pieces as they revolved. A miracle, it is said, prevented the completion of this project, as a flash of lightning severed the chords with which she was tied, shattering the engine and killing the executioners. Maximus ordered that she be carried beyond the walls of the city; scourged and beheaded. From the circumstances relating to the wheel, the well-known circular window in ecclesiastical architecture is known as Catherine-wheel, and also a firework of the same name. This St. Catherine, who lived in the fourth century, is not to be confounded with the equally celebrated St. Catherine of Sienna, who lived ten centuries later.

Our War With Mexico.

The Mexican war of 1846 lasted nearly two years. The first actual collision and bloodshed was on April 25, 1846, between a band of Mexican troops that had crossed the Rio Grande and a company of American soldiers. On May 17, 1846, President Polk sent a special message to congress reciting the facts and grievances, and said: "As war exists, and notwithstanding all our efforts to avoid it, exists by the act of Mexico herself, we are called upon by every consideration of duty and patriotism to vindicate with decision the honor, the rights and the interests of our country." During 1846 the battle of Palo Alto was fought, May 8; battle of Monterey, September 21. In 1847 the battle of Buena Vista, February 22; battle of Cerro Gordo, April 17; City of Mexico captured September 14. Our forces occupied Mexico City September 12, 1847; the Stars and Stripes were placed on the national capital and a treaty of peace was signed February 2, 1848.

Honey.

Honey is the best substitute for sugar that has yet been found. Indeed, it is more than a substitute, it is a real food. Few people, unfortunately, know how to keep honey. All too often it is stored in an ice chest or a cold cellar. Under such conditions it is almost certain to solidify or turn into candy. The best place to keep honey is on the top shelf in a warm cupboard. If you find that it has hardened set the container in a pan of hot water until the contents liquefy again. There is little adulteration of honey these days, for adulterated honey is easy to detect. You can buy it and eat it without fear.

Hurrying Time.

"Goodness!" gasped the sergeant of the guard, sticking his head out of the window. "What is the man playing at?" Private Murphy, who was on sentry go, was running as hard as he could from end to end of his beat. "Hi, Mike!" yelled the noncom. "What's the trouble?" "Sure, an' there's no trouble at all, at all!" replied Murphy, panting as he paused in his scurry. "Then what are you running for?" "Well, ain't I on duty here for two hours? I'm only trying to get me two hours done quick!"