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HAPPENED IN THE STONE AGE

Beautiful Love Story of How Cave Man Showed His Great Devotion for His Mate.

Glub, the cave man, hurried home through the early dawn. Slung from his shoulder were three large stones, and on his face was an anxious grin. At the door of the cave stood Bla, the cave woman, a scowl of wrath in her face, and a large, knotty club in her hand.

Glub gulped when he saw her, and hastily set the stones on the ground. Grinning sheepishly, he approached and struck her affectionately on the side of the jaw, following the blow with a tug at her black hair. But these blandishments were all lost on Bla, the stony-hearted, who fixed him in the eye with the largest knot on the club.

"Have a heart, sweetie"—or words to that effect—begged Glub.

At the sound of his voice, Bla broke into a prehistoric snuffle and removed the club from her mate's eye.

"Where have you been?" she sniffed. "I'll bet I know. I'll bet you've been over with those nasty, lowdown tree dwellers rolling bones till all hours, with your wife and children waiting for you and thinking you had been run over by a glacier, and the best ichthyosaurus stew you ever saw going to waste. O! Boo! Hoo!"

Breaking into loud, paleolithic sobs, Bla once more brought the club to bear upon her spouse's pithecanthropine map. Glub was grieved and her reproaches made him feel guilty, so he knocked her down apologetically and confessed that she was right. He had been rolling bones with Sweek, the tree dweller.

"Yes," howled Bla. "I know it. I knew you were rolling bones. A fine thing for a man with a family to gamble away all his good shells and stones and even skins, when the children have hardly a whole fig leaf to their names, and the meat is so low that unless you scare up a dinosaur this very day we shall starve. Fine goings on for a man with a family that needs to be saving his strength to go out and get meat for them and fig leaves and skins to keep them warm!"

Glub was repentant. "Bla," he said. "I know it was wrong to gamble—very, very wrong—but see what I won from Sweek, the tree dweller. See the three hollow stones filled with dinosaur meat and Adam's apples. Wah! What do you think of your Glub now?"

Bla, in the transports of her joy flung the club into the cave, and flung herself upon Glub's neck, choking him violently.

"My own Glub!" she cried. "Come into the cave and have breakfast." Moral: There is nothing new under the sun.—Detroit Free Press.

Observed Father's Wish.

Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie, the widow of Sir Richmond Ritchie, died recently at the age of eighty-two. She had endeared herself to a wide public by her delightful reminiscences of her father and of the other famous Victorians among whom her early life was spent.

If as a novelist she achieved no popular success she was incomparable in relating anecdotes of the sort that illuminate, about the many remarkable men and women whom she had known intimately. It is much to be regretted that, in obedience to Thackeray's dying wish, she was precluded from writing her father's "Life."

Ritchie's "Thackeray" would have ranked with Lockhart's "Scott." Lady Ritchie's charming introductions to the biographical edition of "Thackeray" tantalize without satisfying his devotees. The reader wants more.—Living Age.

Recording Tree Growth.

Botanists of the Carnegie Institution keep an interesting record of the growth of tree trunks, with their daily and seasonal changes of shape, by means of a new apparatus called the "dendrograph." It has two forms, each using as a supporting belt a series of wooden blocks hinged together and fastened around the tree. In one form of the instrument, plungers, supporting an encircling wire at their outer ends, touch the trunk at selected points, and any movement of a plunger is transmitted by the wire to a recording pen on a revolving cylinder. In the other form, a yoke carrying four contacts surrounds the tree, the variation in the distances between the contacts caused by any change in the tree's girth being indicated on the recording drum.

Her Offering.

The elder sister had married a grocer and was well pleased with her choice. But not so her eighteen-year-old sister. She was taking great pains to impress the family with her ambitions for a husband. "He'll have to be a college graduate, a successful man in some big business and very handsome," she ended.

The elder sister smiled placidly. "And what charms," she asked blandly, "have you to offer for all these demands?"—Indianapolis News.

Pineapple Fiber for Cloth.

The pineapple, curious as it may appear to people in the occident who know it only as an article of food, is used in China for making cloth. At least, its leaves are so used. The leaf fiber, after being extracted by a simple process, is first made into thread. The thread is then spooled and run on bobbins. Old-fashioned native looms next handle the thread, converting it into a serviceable cloth.

OLD WELL STILL PRODUCING

Hole Drilled for Oil in Pico Canyon, California, Continues to Pour Forth Wealth.

The first known discovery of petroleum in California was made in 1805, by a Mexican hunter, who had followed a deer trail to the head of Pico canyon in Los Angeles county, near the present town of Newhall.

He came upon a seepage of sticky fluid that was unknown to him. Prompted by curiosity he collected a small quantity of it and took it to the mission settlement at San Fernando. There a Doctor Gelsich, who had formerly resided in Pennsylvania, identified it as petroleum and at once formed a company and staked out claims. In 1870 a shallow well was drilled at the head of Pico canyon, and is said to have produced at the time of drilling between 70 and 75 barrels of oil per day.

About this time D. G. Scofield formed what was known as the California Star Oil company. Later the Pacific Oil company was formed, and the two companies were operated under the same management—C. A. Mentry being field superintendent, and Mr. Scofield, vice president and general manager.

The old well today is the property of the Standard Oil company of California, and stands as the first and oldest well in the state. It has never been a prominent factor in California's petroleum industry as it is known today, but while hundreds of wells since drilled haven't even a derrick left to mark their location, "No. 4," as it is known, is still alive and still producing.—Petroleum Record.

HISTORIC BERMUDAN CHURCH

St. Peter's Has Many Mementoes of Interest to Both Englishmen and Americans.

One of the most interesting churches to be found anywhere is old St. Peter's in Bermuda. It is in the old town of St. George's, and was built in 1713 on the same site as the first church, built in 1630. It is built of the native white limestone, as are all the buildings in the Bermuda, and it shows the marks of time. Everything in and about St. Peter's is intensely interesting. Its churchyard contains, among others, the grave of Hester Tucker, the "Nea" beloved of Thomas Moore, the poet, who was an official at St. George's at one time, and promptly fell in love with pretty Hester. Every square inch of the old church walls, inside, are covered with memorial tablets, many of them being the work of famous English sculptors. Not a few of the tablets perpetuate the memory of members of the English nobility, and it makes one realize what a scourge yellow fever and smallpox were before science got in its beneficent work, for allusions to smallpox and yellow fever being the cause of the deaths are very numerous. St. Peter's has a massive silver communion service presented by King William III of England, and a christening basin, the gift of Gov. William Browne of Salem, Mass., in 1788. The pieces presented by the king all have the insignia of the Order of the Garter.

Fighting Families.

"The Smiths will win the war" never appeared on a poster during the conflict. Food, airplanes, propaganda and other agencies all were offered at some time as the balance of power, but the claims of the Smith family were overlooked. They were ready for the fight, however, 51,000 strong. An army by themselves were the Smiths who joined the colors. They outdistanced all competitors for the first honors, for the Johnson family only sent 29,000 members to the conflict. The Jones boys numbered a mere 22,500, running even with their rivals the Greens. America's other prolific family, the Browns, sent 9,000 men to fight for Uncle Sam. The American melting pot also turned out 4,500 Cohens to help chase the Hun back of the Hindenburg line. In addition to these armies, there were enough bearers of military names to frighten an enemy that had studied American history. No less than 74 George Washingtons were in the ranks; two Ulysses S. Grants and five more without the middle initial, and 79 Robert E. Lees.—Bassett Blackley, in Leslie's.

She Fears Nobody.

Precocity, thou art indeed often the savior of life. When the 12-year-old daughter of a negro laundress brought back a customer's laundry at 11 p. m. Saturday the customer, femininely curious, inquired: "Aren't you afraid to be out alone so late at night?" "Oh, no, I got a gun," responded the daughter of Africa, producing a .82-caliber, loaded revolver from the pocket of her coat and flourishing it about. "I never shot it yet," she continued unconcernedly to further frightened inquiries, "but I would, all right, if anybody bothered me." She was hastily ushered out.—Detroit Free Press.

Clemenceau Was Peeved.

When Rodin modeled the bust of M. Clemenceau, which now stands among those of other great Frenchmen in the senate chamber, his subject was not at all pleased with it. The big skull, projecting cheek bones, wrinkled eyes and drooping mustache were certainly not flattering. Scrutinizing it, the "Tiger" knit his brows and growled: "Who is this Mongol?"

There are even those who say that was why M. Clemenceau did not favor a national funeral for Rodin, but "can such anger dwell in minds divine?"

BOUND TO GET THAT HAT

Hoosier Considered Waded in Cold Water a Small Price to Pay for Recovery of Headgear.

Back at home when his hat blew off and started floating down the creek he waded right in after it. A wetting now and then is nothing, but a good hat, especially a good Sunday hat, is hard to find, remarks the Indianapolis News.

He came to Indianapolis on Sunday. He wore his light-blue Sunday suit and his best Sunday hat. He had been reading about the welcome home preparations and had determined to see for himself. So when he landed at the Tracton Terminal station he made a bee-line for Monument circle. It was all as he had read. The Victory arch, the Greek pillars, all white and clean, the staid old monument in the center. Would he be there on Wednesday when the boys marched past? Well, now would—?

The frisky May breeze caught his Sunday hat. It lifted it high and wafted it gently down into the Monument fountain. He looked about in dismay. The Sunday crowd grinned and stayed to see the fun. He reappeared, carrying a long pole. He fished in vain from the sidewalk for his elusive headpiece. Finally, in disgust, he pulled off his tan oxfords and his heavy wool socks. He did not wear B. V. D.'s, so he rolled up the shanks of his long winter variety. Then shamelessly he waded in. Diana, in all her glory, did not excel this honest Hoosier. The crowd laughed. What did he care? There was his Sunday hat, sailing evasively about in the Monument fountain. He plunged on. The hat was his again. He planted it firmly on his head, put on his shoes and woolen socks and strolled down the street.

ITS GLORY BUILT ON SAND

Once Famous Shrine in the Kashmir Valley, India, Today Pathetic in Its Decay.

Pandrinthan is a deserted and crumbling temple in the pleasant Kashmir valley in India. Its fate is an example of the oblivion that comes to those who worship false gods—another proof of the fleeting glory of kings who build unwisely.

Long ago Pandrinthan stood in the heart of a splendid city—the Srinagar of history and story. A great king built the temple walls and planted the willow trees on the shores of the lake. It was the court of Naga, the snake god. Thousands of dark-faced men and women crossed the tiny bit of water to lay their offerings and worship at the shrine.

The great king died a thousand years ago and gradually his city has crumbled into dust. Its magnificence is gone. The tottering temple and the willow trees are the only reminders of the glory of the past.

The scene is eloquent of a thousand years of neglect. The waters of the holy lake are stagnate and black with slime. The ancient temple is eaten with decay. The murmur of the wind among the aged willows suggests the echo of the chant the priests used to drone before the altar. The stillness and desolation remind one of the admonition, "Let there be no other gods before Me."

True Happiness.

Edmund Burke said: "Taking the whole view of life it is more safe to live under the jurisdiction of severe and steady reason than under the empire of indulgent but capricious fashion." It is not likely that Burke's doctrine is much followed in these days of excitement and pleasure. There is a strong revolt against "severe and steady reason" whenever one looks about him. Pleasure seems to be the dominant side in all the activities which one encounters. Happiness is not understood and really it is the only good. A man who is not happy has gone astray; he is not religious, nor educated, nor patriotic, nor helpful to society. His body is taking a long journey and leaving his soul behind. A world of materialism does not understand this. There is much regret behind our sensual joys. Burke understood this better than we do. Lives are better built on the idea he expresses.—Ohio State Journal.

Did Learn Something.

The stubborn optimist had declared there was no one from whom he could not learn something.

We had disputed him, and had plotted to heap confusion upon his head by shutting him in with the village bore who never knew anything for use.

After two hours with the V. B. the S. O. emerged pale, but smiling. "Arr-harrh!" we snarlingly gloated. "And did you learn anything from him?"

"Yes," replied the optimist bravely. "I learned what an awful thing it is to be a person from whom no one can learn anything."—St. Louis-Globe Democrat.

Poor Mother!

Margaret, aged five, had been very rude to a little guest, and after the child had gone home Margaret's mother told her very feelingly how grieved she was at her rudeness.

"I've tried so hard to make you a good child, Margaret; to teach you to be polite and kind to others, and yet, in spite of my efforts, you are so rude and so naughty."

Margaret, deeply moved, looked sadly at her mother and said: "What a failure you are, mother!"

PRINCE ALBERT
the national joy smoke

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PUT a pipe in your face that's filled cheerily brimful of Prince Albert, if you're on the trail of smoke peace! For, P. A. will sing you a song of tobacco joy that will make you wish your life job was to see how much of the national joy smoke you could get away with every twenty-four hours!

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