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A CENTURY OF ANTHRACITE BROUGHT BACK SAD MEMORY NO LONGER SIMPLE PROBLEM

First Ton of Hard Coal Reached the City of Philadelphia Just One Hundred Years Ago.

An even hundred years have elapsed since one William Wurts, a Philadelphia merchant, drove his team of mules with the first ton of anthracite through the spring freshets and bog land to the banks of the Delaware river and floated the new fuel down the river to Philadelphia on a pine log raft.

But he experienced no little difficulty in that first anthracite year of 1820 in overcoming the popular objection that the coal was "extremely slow of lighting." Pine log rafts floated only 355 tons of anthracite that year.

Reading, Wilkesbarre, Lehigh, Mauch Chunk—these names are spoken one thousand times hourly in the industrial world today, simply because there lay up in the hills of Pennsylvania a hard, black substance, one ton of which sold William Wurts steered on a raft down the Delaware to Philadelphia, just one hundred years ago.—Wall Street Journal.

Little Wonder That Comedian Could Not Look on Bunns With Any Degree of Affection.

"I never eat buns," the comedian said sadly, "they remind me of a horrible experience I had once."

The listeners drew near, thrilled by the tenderness of his tones. "I was on a ship in midocean," went on the comedian dramatically. "Her cargo was self-raising flour and currants, and a touring theatrical party. Suddenly, in the dead of night, we ran into an iceberg."

"There were no boats, so things looked very desperate for us. The huge waves dashed over the sides and down the hatchways. "Then we heard a curious noise. The water had got to the self-raising flour and presently it began to ooze up in large blobs, like buns, with the currants mixed up in it."

"As the great lumps of dough floated on the water the heat of the sun baked them hard. I got on top of one of the biggest and floated away from the sinking ship."

"But, alas! the ocean thereabouts was full of sharks and they seemed to like my bun. Anyway, they nibbled and nibbled at it, and daily it grew less, until I had hardly room to hang on. I got washed ashore just when there were only two bites of bun left for them."

"Ever since then," he ended, with a sigh, "I haven't been able to look at a bun without shivering."

Matter of Food, in These Days of Statistics, Has Become Question of Calculation.

Once upon a time this problem of food was a very simple matter. Three times a day, as a rule, the attention of man was drawn to a hollow feeling located deep east of the lower end of the vertebral column. This vacancy he proceeded to fill with a slab of bread, a chunk of beef, a pot of rice, etc., flavored as a rule with butter, jam, garlic, etc., according to race, religion, climate, age, etc. This settled the problem till the next call from the far East.

It pains us to say that this was living to eat and not eating to live. It showed no adjustment of means to end. It was a system of food that made no distinction between a longshoreman and a free-verse poet. It was internal anarchy.

Happily the truth has been realized. The consumption of food is no longer destructive but constructive. Man no longer eats corned beef and cabbage, but the vitamins in the beef and the polyenzymes in the cabbage. When he picks up the bill of fare he no longer says, "What will most speedily and cheaply allay the unrest in my far East?" but he says, "Where can I find the 12,500 carbonates that will give me the right outlook on the League of Nations?" And he finds it in unpolished rice. Or he says to himself, "I am now at work on the fourth act of my poetic drama; to make it convincing to Belasco I must absorb 3,200 per-manganazoids daily for the next 30 days." So he shaves the kernels off the corn and eats the cob. Perhaps with coconut butter, for the added colloidal saponin.

This is midnight in our great city a couple of army corps of teething infants will be lulled to rest with 23,175 pneumodactylines warmed up in a bottle.—New York Evening Post.

ASTRONOMY STILL AT FAULT

Men of Science Forced to Admit Exact Results From Their Calculations Are Not Possible.

The celebrated observatory at Greenwich, the place from which we reckon longitude, was founded by Charles II in 1675, mainly for the purpose of investigating the movements of the moon in the interests of navigation. Although in the intervening two and a half centuries astronomers have worked at the problem, the moon has not yet become entirely amenable to their mathematical. In a recent report of the observatory at Greenwich attention is invited to the increasing deviation between the calculated position of the moon in the sky and its real position shown by the Greenwich observations. The deviation has lately been growing in a serious manner. The error last year was more than twelve times as large as the error twenty years ago, and the average annual increase during the two decades has amounted to half a second of arc in longitude. The reason that astronomers have failed in getting exact results from calculations based on the dynamical laws of gravitation is possibly the existence of some attractive force that they have not yet discovered, although the result may also be affected by the true shape of the earth, which still awaits accurate determination.

Deadly Weapon of Warfare. An invention by a French wireless engineer, M. Dunoier, will completely change the character of naval warfare, if its claims are fulfilled, says the London Mail. It consists of what he calls an "electric safety lock."

Books From Washington's Library. The sale of the library of the late Samuel Riker of this city was concluded at the Anderson Galleries recently. Dr. A. S. Rosenbach paid \$4,000 for George Washington's copy of "A Collection of All the Treaties of Peace, Alliance, and Commerce Between Great Britain and Other Powers From the Treaty Signed at Munster, in 1684, to Treaties Signed at Paris, in 1783," three volumes, London, 1785.

Concerning Aerial Flights. Air Commodore Edward Maitland of 134 fame, speaking at the Royal Society of Arts, said that while flying the Atlantic he retired about 9 a. m. and he was awakened to say he slept until nine the next day. He found that the air not only induced sleep, but sharpened the appetite. Ladies and often asked him, the commodore said, "In what should we dress when about to take an aerial flight?" He felt tempted to suggest crinolines, which would become very useful as parachutes should the necessity arise.—London Chronicle.

A Big Contract. "I see where the people at Atlantic City are asking the authorities to make the high winds stop blowing he said about at Chelsea." "Next thing the public will be demanding that somebody stop the hot blowing in congress."

KNOW LITTLE ABOUT EARTH

Dwellers on This Globe Have Shown No Curiosity Concerning Possible Wonders of Its Interior.

The earth's crust is compared to the skin of an apple by the writer of a leading article in the Scientific American Monthly. Our knowledge of the globe on which we live, he says, is not even skin deep; for an apple as large as the earth would have a skin twenty miles thick; and no one to the east, or has bored into it with tools more than a mile and a half. It is rather humiliating to think that we know more about the sun, ninety millions of miles away, than we do of the solid earth under our feet. We think nothing of dispatching exploring expeditions to unknown regions thousands of miles away; how about a little expedition to points only a few miles distant—vertically downward? Such explorations have been proposed. The boldest explorer has not dared to suggest going further than twelve miles—a trip that would take him on the surface of the earth only from one end of Manhattan Island to the other.

Success Through Optimism. At one time while building the Panama canal there were eight thousand men engaged in the Culebra cut alone. Every night as much soil slid into the cut as could be taken out during the day. But there was not a sign of discouragement—the men enjoyed the fight. Colonel Goethals walked through the cut one morning just after an extensive slide. The foreman had been on the job since midnight. "Well, how is everything this morning, Mr. Hogan?" asked Goethals. "Fine, Colonel, fine. It buried that steam shovel over there and tipped over two batteries of drills and covered all the tracks through the cut but one, but everything's fine, sir. We're diggin'!"—H. H. Moore in The Youth of a Nation.

Assyrian "Ambassadors." The Lady Surma d'Mar Shimun has arrived in London as the official ambassador from the Assyrians in the Kurdistan mountains, says the Argonaut. Very handsome, not unlike the queen of Montenegro in profile, very bright, lively and animated, Lady Surma d'Mar Shimun is only a little more than 30 years of age. Of fine physique, she is also a highly cultured woman, so cultured that the archbishop of Canterbury closed a recent interview with the "ambassador" with the remark: "It is extraordinary to find so much civilization where one could naturally have expected barbarism."

The Atlantic Patrol. After the wreck of the Titanic, 11 of the leading nations of Europe joined with the United States and Canada to provide a service for the observation and patrol of ice along the north Atlantic steamship lanes. These nations contribute in different proportions to the expense of this service, but the work is done by the United States coast guard cutters Seneca and Tampa who cruise back and forth during the warmer months when the icebergs come south and send out to all vessels wireless reports of the location and movements of the ice.—Boys' Life.

Had No Experience. An artist was showing a young woman over his studio. After she had critically examined all the pictures, she remarked: "I notice several sunsets among your works, but not a single sunrise. How's that?" The artist, who was rather noted for his bohemian habits, blushed a little at the question, and then stammered: "You see, it's this way. To tell the truth, the reason I've never painted a sunrise is because I'm never up at that time."

HAD IT ALL PLANNED OUT

Colored Soldier Knew Exactly What He Was Going to Do With All Those Black Clothes.

Here is a story of two negro soldiers, who were talking just after the signing of the armistice:

"Rastus," said one, "what you gwine to do when you-all gets home?" "What am I gwine to do? Wal, in the first place, nigger, I's gwine buy me a white suit o' clo'es, 'n white shoes, 'n a white shirt, collar 'n tie, 'n a white hat. I's gwine be white all over, nigger, an' den I's give up you nigger folks 'n allus do my 'sociating wid white folks."

"The boy paused, then asked: "What you-all gwine do, Jake?" "Wal, says Jake, "I's gwine buy me a black suit, 'n black shoes, 'n a black shirt, 'n a black tie, 'n a black hat. I's gwine be black all over. Den, when dat's done, I's gwine buy me a big piece of black crepe and fasten it round my black hat." "Man," says Rastus, "what you-all mean by all dem black clo'es and by dat black crepe? What for you gwine wear dat black crepe?" "Nigger," says Jake, "I's gwine wear dat black crepe to your funeral."—Wendell D. Hovie in the Boston Transcript.

A Leech. A man on the South side advertised his car for sale. Early the next morning a man who lived across the street came over and said: "Pardon me, but I see by last night's paper you advertised your car for sale."

"Quite true," said the man who advertised the car, "but surely you are not in the market for it." "No," was the reply, "but I only live across the street and I also want to sell my car. And there would be no need of me spending my money for an advertisement if after the people were through looking at your car you could just send them across the street to look at my car."—Indianapolis News.

The Scrap. Representative Frear interrupted the reading of a report to say: "Official language is always rather ludicrous. Once two scrubwomen in government employ had an argument, as a result of which the weaker vessel was laid up for some days."

"An official inquiry was duly held, and the victorious scrubwoman received a letter which said, among other things: "Is it true, as reported, that said Mrs. Hagan received certain ocular and nasal contusions at your hands?" "The scrubwoman in official language wrote back: "I regret to say that the answer is in the infirmary."

At a Boy! At the speedway races a tire company gave away toy balloons as advertisements. A lad about four years old came up to the man on the job and said: "Please may I have two balloons?" The man replied: "Sorry, my little lad, but only one balloon to a boy. Have you any brothers at home?" After a minute of deep thinking the lad gave this answer: "No, I have no brothers, but I have a sister who has a brother."—Indianapolis News.

Law and the Profits. "How did you come to be a professor?" "It was all because of the law of supply and demand," whimpered the culprit. "I was trying to get a sufficient supply of money to meet the demand for it."

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