

MYSTERY OF GREAT LAKES

Scientists Unable to Explain the Rise and Fall of the Water Along the Border.

Why does the water in the great lakes that lie between a large portion of the United States and Canada rise and fall in periods which average seven years? This natural phenomenon has been a puzzle since the days when France held sway in Canada 200 years ago.

In an unpublished diary of an English traveler who voyaged up the St. Lawrence river to Niagara, Ontario, in the summer of 1785, is the following reference to this mystery of the waters: "A remarkable circumstance was told me by Mr. Pansee, our conductor, who had been constantly engaged in this navigation for nearly twenty years, and which he divides into a number of fact both from his own observation and that of the oldest inhabitant. Each year the St. Lawrence river settles or falls a little until the seventh year, when it is visible that it has sunk between three and four feet, and then for the next seven years it continues to rise in the same proportion. The river is at this time at its greatest elevation (July 1, 1785). I took pains to gain some information of this uncommon phenomenon. I find that the lakes have the same appearance."

Careful government records were begun about the year 1820 and since then it has been found that the periods between high and low water are sometimes as low as four years and sometimes as high as nine years, although they average seven years. This year the water is again at its lowest in the lakes and river, and freight carriers are having trouble in various harbors.—Christian Science Monitor.

MANDOLIN IN SECOND PLACE

Italians in New York Now Exhibit a Decided Preference for the Phonautograph.

Many an odd note creeps into the American process of the melting pot; often there is a queer mixture of the modern with the old-established national customs. Probably nowhere in Brooklyn is there a better illustration of this than in the big Italian colony lying in the region between Brownsville and East New York.

There nightly you hear the Italian's love for music loudly expressed, not through the tinkling mandolin or guitar of Naples, but through the ultra-modern phonograph. The moon beams down brightly, and perhaps damascus as fair as those of sunny Italy peep through shuttered windows, but the serenade below is one by proxy. Caruso and McCormack, Minnie and Slezak, Galli-Curci and Parrar vie with each other in vocal flights through horns of brass and fiber.

Naturally the beloved mandolin, often brought with the bundle of clothes from far-off Sicily or the Neapolitan hinterland, is cherished still, but the native tunes and airs are confined largely to the barber shops or the sady-ly altered wine cellars.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Had a Record.

The only way it would move was down stream with the current. The owner had worked on it all afternoon. In the evening another boat came up. "Having a bit of trouble?" came the question from the new arrival. "Yes," replied the owner and went on working with the engine.

"So you own this boat? What did you have to give for her?" asked the new arrival. "Thirty-five dollars," replied the owner.

"That's not a bad price, but that boat has been around Ravenswood a number of years and I've known it to sell for \$25," said the new arrival. "But yesterday it made a new record; it was sold for \$15."—Indianapolis News.

Loop-Elevated Aerials.

An extensive research on radio transmissions and reception with various types of aerials has been in progress at the bureau of standards, Washington, D. C., says the Scientific American. One of the most interesting questions at the present time is as to the relative advantages of the antenna, or usual type of elevated aerial, and the smaller coil aerial or "loop." This question is answered by the studies of the bureau. The small coil aerial has many advantages, but is usually not so powerful a transmitting and receiving device as the antenna type of aerial. It may, however, have so much lower resistance than the antenna that it is equal to it in transmitting and receiving value.

Waiting for it to Move.

An old Cornish woman who had never before traveled by rail went to a country station to catch a train. She sat herself down on a seat in the station, and after sitting there for about two hours, the station-master came up to her and asked where she was going. On her telling him, he said: "Why, my good woman, the train has just gone, and there isn't another for a long time!" "Why, lor!" says the old lady, "I thought the whole concern moved!"—"Humours of a Parish" (John Lane).

It Did.

"Yes," said the girl. "I'll be your buddy." "My sweet rosebuddy," declared the man. "And didn't that make a hit!"

Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned is the sole owner of Loll's Market and that it is in no way connected with or any part owned by the Tillamook Meat Company.

Births

born to Mr. and Mrs. Bennie Aloop on October 29, a son. born to Mr. and Mrs. A. Hudson on November 1, a daughter.

CAUGHT BY JUICY BIG WORDS

"Simultaneously" Had More Effect on Yacht Water Than Fat Tip Would Have.

The caterer who fed the reporters three times a day on the destroyer Goldsborough at the cup races had a staff of negro waiters, one of whom had a weakness for words, strange words, remarks the New York Evening Sun. Reporters warned to seek him out and win his favor by bringing him "whoppers."

"Uctuous" must be that waiter's name. For uctuous he was as he brought the breakfast milk—"cream," he called it optimistically. "Yeh kin have all de cream, ye wants, gentlemen," he said, and some mistook the quality of his soul and offered him money. Naturally he took it. And he bestowed a thousand thanks that called the attention of all diners and compelled them likewise to offer him money.

But the waiting soul of Uctuous really flowered only when he heard a scientific word. Solemnly one reporter came in and standing ceremoniously with a hand on the back of his chair before sitting down looked straight at Uctuous and as one intoning a formal greeting slowly gave vent to the single word, "simultaneously." "Simultaneously," repeated Uctuous, catching it perfectly and separating each syllable with reversed pomp. "Simultaneously," he kept murmuring as he bustled exclusively about the man who had brought him the new word gem.

STRANGE WINDS OF CHANCE

French Artist and English Novelist Mixed Up in Romance of the Marquesan Islands.

In one of the New York art galleries there is now on view a primitively-fashioned door decorated with the figure of a Tahitian belle. This door has been brought from the far-away lands of the southern Pacific.

And "thereby hangs a tale"—a tale that leads to one of the far Marquesan islands where Paul Gauguin "madly painted his very life's blood into a series of astounding canvases, practically living on narcotics at the end because he felt that he must, at any cost, give his message to the world." W. Somerset Maugham, in his endless search for the endless succession of plots for his novels and plays, dug up the story of Paul Gauguin's trail, dog-foot from Paris to Tahiti, and even carried off a door from his cabin. Thus was written "The Moon and Sixpence."

Gauguin died in his adopted home, his passing noted only by a few artists. Then the playwright's visit to the island, then the book—and immediately there is a general gathering of artists, writers, photographers, etc., on their way to Tahiti.

Mr. Arens has made an article of unusual interest in tracing the peculiar course of this rather extraordinary literary volume.—Harpers's Bazar.

Two Different Views.

"Well," cried Mrs. Henpeck, "our son is engaged to be married. We will write to the dear lad and congratulate him."

Mr. Henpeck agreed the dare not do otherwise, and his wife picked up her pen.

"My darling boy," read the son, "what glorious news! Your father and I rejoice in your happiness. It has long been our greatest wish that you should marry some good woman. A good woman is heaven's most precious gift to man. She brings out the best in him and helps him to suppress all that is evil."

Then there was a postscript in a different handwriting: "Your mother has gone for a stamp. Keep single, you young noodle."

Calling Back Birds.

In the devastated areas of Belgium and Northern France the birds as well as the human inhabitants lose their homes. Their nests and nesting places were destroyed. Now they have been invited back; for the matter is not merely one of sentiment, inasmuch as the birds are needed to eat the bugs that devour the farmer's crops.

With this object in view, areas of woodland are being set aside and made as attractive as possible to feathered creatures. It is expected that by such means colonies of birds will soon be established, and that, with proper protection, they will multiply and become as numerous as ever before long.

Beetles Worry Telephone Users.

When telephone girls in California find their wires "shorted," a bug may be on or in the wire, for California has a wood-boring beetle that goes through wood and also through alloyed substance considerably harder than lead. The beetle has put hundreds of telephones out of commission by boring holes in the cables that carry the wires. Water enters the cables, making wire connections useless until the bored places are found and repaired. The problem of control of this metal-boring beetle is still unsolved, according to the bureau of entomology of the United States department of agriculture and it will be difficult to find a practicable way.

Nursing an Investment.

"You very seldom go away from home." "No. The rent has been raised again and we're trying to come as near getting our money's worth as possible."

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WHOLE WORLD IN HIS DEBT

Demise of General Gorgas Removed One Well Called a "Soldier of Humanity."

The death in London of General Gorgas removes one to whom had been given the unusual but deserved title of "the world's physician," says the New York Times. His epoch-making work in Cuba and at Panama gave him fame in all civilized lands as a master of sanitation and of scientific method. His genius in finally tracing the yellow fever germ to its true carrier and in devising and developing the sure means of extirpating it brought about in his lifetime the fulfillment of his own prophecy that cases of yellow fever would become a medical rarity. It was inevitable that after his amazing and complete success in Cuba and at the Canal zone his skilled services should be sought by other governments.

In Guayaquil he demonstrated again his ability to root yellow fever in one of its historic lairs, and in South Africa he brought his knowledge and devotion into play. No one in his time approached him in the number of victories which he won over tropical diseases. It was a dream of General Gorgas that the tropics might be made safe for the development of white civilization, and he did an immense deal to hasten its realization. The wide recognition which came to him renewed now that he is gone, was less of his scientific attainments, great as they were, than of his achievements as a soldier of humanity.

EVER READY TO HELP BLIND

Americans Noted Everywhere for Their Generosity—Humorous Little Happening in Philadelphia.

In every nook and corner of the globe one visits, the natives do not fail to tell you of the generosity of the American. The native will give a beggar a two-centavo or two-centavo piece, while an American will probably give 50 centavos or centimes. And Americans are not only generous, but ready to do a kind act.

Right in the city of Philadelphia a person often sees a man or woman helping a blind person across the street. Probably you would have done the helping if the other person had not been a few steps in front of you.

The other day a gentleman saw a blind man walking in a circle and felt sorry for him. Walking promptly up, the good Samaritan said: "Is there any way in which I can help you?" Stopping in his tracks, the blind man replied: "Yes; you can take me to a restaurant and fill me up."—Philadelphia Record.

Charlemagne Relic to Reims.

The Reims treasure, so severely imperiled during the German bombardment, has been enriched by a precious jewel of the ninth, or maybe the eighth century, a generous gift of the emperor Eugene, says Le Moniteur de la Bijouterie in an article by the "Jeweler's Circular." The matter in question is the reliquary of Charlemagne, a round capsule of gold encircled with precious stones, in the middle of which, made out of two hollowed out sapphires, a piece of the true cross is inclosed.

It was found on the neck of the great emperor and the clergy of Aix-la-Chapelle (where Charlemagne died and was buried in 814) gave it in 1804 to Napoleon I. What is less well known is that Napoleon III, preserved this magic talisman, which assured, he said, the empire to his holder, in his bed chamber at the Tuilleries, at the head of his bed.

Artistic Gem Recovered.

In June attention was called to the exhibition and subsequent sale of a picture catalogued as by Rembrandt entitled "Herodias and Democritus," the property of Capt. Alston-Roberts-West, says the London Times. The picture was covered with such a thick coat of old varnish that English dealers were afraid to risk the chance of cleaning. Many good judges were convinced that it was a genuine Rembrandt, and one of these declared that it was "not only by Rembrandt, but one of his masterpieces." The picture was bought for 4,800 guineas (\$25,000) by Mr. Gouldsticker of Amsterdam. It has since been cleaned, and has been pronounced by an expert to be a splendid example of a Rembrandt about 1700.

Excellent Artificial Milk.

In Japan there is said to be a very satisfactory substitute for milk, just as the nut margarines are a substitute for butter. Cows are very scarce in Japan and the people are using an artificial milk derived from the soy bean. The bean is first soaked and then boiled until the liquid turns white, when sugar and phosphate of potash are added. The boiling is resumed until the liquid has the appearance of ordinary condensed milk. When water is added, soy milk is ready to be distinguished from fresh cow's milk.

Not He.

Mr. J. came home from work to find Mrs. J. in an unusually good humor. "Oh, Jack," she began in her most honeyed tones, "I went shopping today and I found a perfect duck of a hat for only \$37.50." Mr. J. looked over the top of his paper. "Well," he returned dryly, "I'm not going to be a goose and buy it for you."

SALE!

The Ladies Aid Society of the Reformed Church will hold a sale of fancy work, aprons and baked articles at the Harris Furniture Store on Saturday, Nov. 6th, beginning at 10 a. m. 11-4-pl

Announcement

Miss White has opened her studio at Sam Moulton's residence, 512 West Stillwell Ave., phone, Bell 22-W, and is organizing classes this week. Those wishing lessons can find Miss White at the studio.

WHALE BIT OFF TOO MUCH

Attempt to Make a Meal of Pacific Cable Proved End of Sportive Creature.

The direct descendant of the whale that swallowed Jonah flapped his huge tail through the tranquil waters of the Pacific, off Mexico. He was hungry—hungry for a new sensation. All the thrills in that neck of the ocean were on land, where the Mexicans were conquering Mexico. Idly he shot a column of water through his nose into the air. What with the submarines out of the sea, life had lost all zest for a whale. The submarine idea flashed through his brain and tickled his ambergris. What a jolly lark, to be sure! He would dive below and scare the saucer and octopus into a fit. Down he went.

Now, the All-American Cable company, which took over the Mexican Telegraph company, has some valuable rubber-wound copper wires lying on the bottom of the ocean off Mexican headlands. They met the gaze of our hero.

He seized the long thing in his mouth. It stuck. History has never recorded any whale who ever attempted to eat a Pacific cable and got away with it. Our hero was no exception. He struggled, and finally wound himself up in several thousand dollars' worth of interrupted messages. When the cable repair ships hove to and grappled for the cable to find out what had interrupted communication between Vera Cruz and Valparaiso, Chile, they dragged to the surface a very dead whale, wound up in several hundred feet of hopelessly complicated cable.

Chief Engineer James Mowat, who went ashore, and lives in New York, says this is the first whale he ever heard of that tried to eat a cable. And other members of the crew of his ship vouch for the story.

Not Worth Making the Change.

A widely prevailing idea that the price of books would be materially lower if they were issued in paper covers has elicited from an author the remark that in manufacturing books only ten cents a copy would be saved by binding them in paper instead of cloth. It might make a difference of, say, 30 cents in the retail price of the book, but whether that difference is great enough to create much of a demand for the paper-covered volumes in preference to those bound in cloth is doubtful. Americans in general have not the habit, which is common in Europe, of having their books rebound to conform to their own taste.—Youth's Companion.

Worked for One.

In a little settlement upstate a number of the property owners had been talking about incorporating and making a town. So they called a mass meeting for the people to voice their opinions.

Only one man opposed it. He said: "Gentlemen, I am not in for making a corporation of this place. My reason is this: I worked for one of them corporations once."—Indianapolis News.

Slight Saving.

"The upkeep of an automobile is expensive."

"But there is one advantage," said the optimist.

"What is that?" "The old days you had to feed a horse, whether you used him or not, but now when forced to economize you can at least keep your flivver in your garage and patronize a trolley car."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Coffee Imports.

Nearly 1,500,000,000 pounds of coffee were imported during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1920.

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