

# SCIENTIST TELLS ABOUT SHRIMPLOB

A little old man, with abnormally bright, piercing grey eyes, sat reading Darwin's "Origin of Species" in a Tillamook hotel the other day. A reporter singled him out as a person of some importance. It was rather cold outside, and the spectacled stranger was hugging the radiator, which chuckled and chortled at intervals, and radiated a nice warm atmosphere that came as a balmy breath from a desert at the first blush of sunrise.

The title of the book could be read a chair or two away, and the character of the book—science—helped the reporter to come to a conclusion as to the bent of the mind of the reader. Every once in a while the reader paused, and seemed lost in deep thought, as he gazed through the ample hotel window out to the snow enveloped mountain range that rises like a great rampart above the level of the beautiful Tillamook valley.

The reporter wanted to horn in and get acquainted for he scented with the nose of an eager "news-hound," a story for the local paper. But engaging the attention of one who seemed so deeply engrossed in scientific research, had its difficulties.

Just then, after a moment of deep reflection, the savant, for such he seemed to be, slapped his right thigh, and smiled broadly. A second later he had seized the note book that lay in his lap, and began to write feverishly, the reporter watching these human manifestations with renewed interest.

For at least two minutes the writing was continued, and finally, as if satisfied with his investigation, the little old man, closed up the note book, cashed away his princenez in its morocco case, and began to hum good naturedly.

The reporter then quite craftily brought out his pipe—the malodorous one of strong scent, typical of his profession—flashed it with the weed that cheers, and leaning over toward the supposed scientist, politely asked him for a match.

"It gives me great pleasure, sir," said the little old man producing a match safe of gun-metal steel, with a water tight lid. The reporter expressed his thanks.

"Rather unusual weather for your section, I take it," ventured the stranger, rubbing his hands together and snuggling a little closer to the burbling radiator.

"I see you have been reading Darwin," ventured the reporter by way of an opening.

"Merely to corroborate an opinion I have just formed," said the bookish stranger.

"May I venture to inquire the nature of the conclusion, if I am not intruding on something of a purely private nature?"

"I shall be glad to tell you about it, if you think you might be interested, but I assure you it is rather a prosy subject."

"If it be anything connected with science, I shall be glad to know of your conclusions," said the reporter "but let me forewarn you, that I

am quite ignorant along scientific lines, but always interested."

"A very frank confession," smiled the Professor, and fumbling for a moment in an inner pocket he produced a card case, and rather clumsily selected a piece of printed pasteboard, which he tendered in the direction of the reporter.

Briefly, it read:

"Prof. Naphthali Sours, Independent Investigator of Ichthyology, Martha's Vineyard, U. S. A."

The twain arose, bowed, shook hands perfunctorily, and settled back into the cushioned chairs and elevated their feet on the fender of the radiator.

"For years past, I have made winter trips to the Pacific Coast, quietly investigating the possibilities of crossing well known varieties of food fishes. I have realized that some day the species of our best known fishes would become extinct—yes, sir—as extinct as the wonderful Dodo that once inhabited this very section of the hemisphere. Naturally, I have thought much about crossing the more hardy species of salmon with others of the harder varieties, thus bringing forth a new species which would naturally run its course as the other well-known varieties have done, when the present species have been exhausted, either through the demands of commercialism or by the limit which nature seems to have fixed as the life of the different fishes, of flora and fauna, which thrive for a few thousand years and then, like the Dodo and other ancient mammals and fishes, finally decay and pass out of active manifestation. Follow me?"

"In a rather vague way, yes," replied the reporter, "but I am interested nevertheless."

"Very good," resumed the Professor. "My plan just evolved is to begin right here on your beautiful Tillamook coast, with a rather novel scientific experiment. I propose, sir, to gather from the various hatcheries of the Pacific coast excellent, vigorous types of the celebrated 'Sockeye salmon and cross it with your steelheads and Chinooks, the result I believe will give you a new type of fish combining all the splendid food qualities of both these famous fishes. The 'Sockeye,' as you know does not run in the Tillamook

March 19th. L. C. Garrison to A. C. Tibbets, March 14th. Allen D. Cutler to Mary E. Reddick, March 23rd. Kenneth Laughlin to Gladys Washburn, April 4th. Donald S. Dymont to Antoinette H. Gray, April 14th. Alie J. Effenberger to Mary E. Foster, April 14th. Chas. A. Labal to Linna J. Bewley, May 20th. L. M. Thompson to Rose E. Mescher, June 1st. William Lester Dallas to Lent M. Rutgers, June 7th. Alvord F. Mitchell to Delma Bodyfelt, June 9th. J. B. Talkington to Tressa Dunn, June 23rd. Veslie Traxler to Frances M. Gist, June 26th. Lee M. Provo to Mildred C. Foelkner, June 28th. Paul Carl Bays to Dessie Babcock, June 30th. Sidney O. Blanchard to Lillian M. Severance, June 28th. Arthur F. Feldschau to Ethel Brandes, July 2nd. Raider Johnson to Nellie Hester, June 29th. Elmer Earl to Lillian Palmer, July 3rd. J. C. Bellinger to Almada Blanchard McNair, July 3rd. Michael Landolt to Mrs. Katie Marti, July 14th. George Loerpabel to Elenas Lommen, July 20th. Vedo P. Cavaya to Katherine Reust, August 3rd. William S. Taylor to Lucy Rankin, August 3rd. Orval Gillett to Edith Wilkes, August 6th. R. Y. Blalock to Clara A. Bowden, August 7th. Guy B. Nyswaner to Ollie F. Cross, August 6th. James H. Arthur to Lola Eita Winters, August 10th. Paul Burke to Nellie Douglas, August 13th. Alfred W. Anderson to Elizabeth Myers, August 20th. T. W. Purvis to A. E. Alberding, August 23rd. Howard B. Smith to 23rd. Frank J. Mills to Cathryn Berle, August 24th. Elmer La Due to Lida Olive Shultz, August 27th. Wayne Franklin to Lillian P. Hamilton, August 29th. Jesse Ralph Marsh to Myrtle Irene Cherry, August 30th. Edward Eric Glad to Lottie E. Orth, August 30th. Howard O. Eskine to Gladys M. Hathaway, September 1st. Linn Garner to Laura Olive Dodge, September 3rd. J. Joseph Pohl to Bernice Clark, September 23rd. Tory Krumlauf to Helen M. Jackson, September 28th. Emory Acy Cook to Bessie May Bowen, September 29th. Clifford Thomas to Hallie Desmond, October 3rd. Carl Heisel to Hepzabeth W. Chase, October 16th. Forrest Elmer Wist to Etta May Hall, October 20th. David Martin Everest to Adella Zue Gage, October 21. Fred E. Buck to Helen Ruth Miller, October 31st. George Baxter to Agnes Buhkka, November 4th. Harry R. Goodrich to Ora M. Hobner, November 12th. A. L. McCarty to Laura Bernard, November 12th. Herman Enz to May Neyman, November 22nd. James W. Wood to Emma Marie Fisher, December 2. Thoms Arthur Johnston to Leona Agnes Martin, December 8th. Arthur Burton Call to Ora Lila Gist, December 10th. Lule James Edwards to Opal Rogers, December 17th. R. W. Castle to Laelle I. Shortridge, December 22nd. Russ Peasterfeld to LaVelle I. Shortridge, December 24 and Felix Kebbe to Ollie Minor December 27th.

**TOTAL MARRIAGES DURING PRESENT YEAR IS 67**

One hundred thirty-four persons were united in marriage in Tillamook county during 1921, according to the records in the county clerk's office. Contrary to the popular belief that June is the month of martial ties, August led last year with fifteen marriages, with January registering nine. Eight marriages were performed in June.

The names of the contracting parties and the dates follow:

Charles Irwin Smith to Laura Edna Enda Kabke, January 1st. George Young to Della Hundley, January 13. Alex Salway to Marion Becker, January 11th. Clyde Brown to Martha Jurka, January 12th. Grant P. Plak to Lovelle Grover, January 12th. Edwin Wildfong to Abigail Nelson, January 16th. Robert William Muers to Bessie Rachael Lantz, January 16th. Julius W. Tohl, to Anna Kluge, January 19th.

Louis Henry to Georgia Owens, January 29th. Erhard Vogt to Theresa E. Emmenegger, February 1st. Earl Gilmore to Rosa Blum,

**SAVE AND HAVE.** Suggestions are being made that Germany should be allowed three years before making further reparation payments. By that time of course they may be able to buy another war.—Punch (London).

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# THE PASSING YEARS

**YEARS** whose cup of life o'er brimmed  
With joys that could not be contained;  
O years whose light of joy was drained;  
Though on our lives are graven deep  
The records of your fleeting stay,  
When we with you did laugh or weep,  
You took no thought of us away.

O years to come, in silent file,  
Out of the future nearing fast,  
You soon will pass us by and, while  
We greet you, mingle with the past.

Though on your front the sunbeams play;  
With garlands gay your brows be twined;  
We know, when you have passed our way,  
What deep regrets you'll leave behind.

And yet we welcome in its turn  
Each new year whate'er gifts it brings  
For ever in our hearts doth burn  
A spark of hope for better things;  
Ever unquenched to live and glow  
Till fade the stars from out the sky;

In that great day when we shall know  
That all our years have passed us by.

—Walter Lewis Peterson in the Illinois State Register.

**PEACE ON EARTH**

**DO** LOOK back upon the past year, and see how little we have striven, and to what small purpose, and how often we have been cowardly and hung back, or temerarious and rushed unwisely in; and how every day and all day long we have transgressed the law of kindness; it may seem a paradox, but in the bitterness of these discoveries a certain consolation resides.

Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. He goes upon his long business most of the time with a hanging head, and all the time like a child. Full of rewards and pleasure as it is—so that to see the day-break or the moon rise, or to meet a friend, or to hear dinner call when he is hungry, fill him with surprising joys—this world is yet for him no abiding city. Friendships fall through, health fails, weariness assails him; year after year he must thumb the hardly varying record of his own weakness and folly.

It is a friendly process of detachment. When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions left about himself. Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much; surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed. Nor will he complain at the summons, which calls a defeated soldier from the field; defeated, ay, if he were Paul or Marcus Aurelius—but if there is still one inch of fight in his old spirit, unflinching. Give him a march with his old bones; there, out of the glorious sun-colored earth, out of the day and the dust, and the ecstasy—there goes another Faithful Failure.

Klamath Falls—Polkan Box Co. mill to reopen.  
Astoria—Swift & Co. to build \$10,000 plant here.

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## Another Royal Suggestion

# Biscuits and Cinnamon Buns

From the NEW ROYAL COOK BOOK

**BISCUIT!** So tender they fairly melt in the mouth, and of such glorious flavor that the appetite is never satisfied. These biscuits anyone can make with Royal Baking Powder and these unusual recipes.

**Biscuits**  
2 cups flour  
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons shortening  
1/2 cup milk or half milk and half water

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt, add shortening and rub in very lightly; add liquid slowly; roll or pat on floured board to about one inch in thickness (handle as little as possible); cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

**Royal Cinnamon Buns**  
2 1/2 cups flour  
1 1/2 teaspoons salt  
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
2 tablespoons shortening  
1 egg  
1/2 cup water  
1/2 cup sugar  
2 teaspoons cinnamon  
4 tablespoons seeded raisins

Sift 3 tablespoons of measured sugar with flour, salt and baking powder; rub shortening in lightly; add beaten egg to water and add slowly. Roll out 1/4-inch thick on floured board; brush with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon and raisins. Roll as for jelly roll; cut into 1/2-inch pieces, place with cut sides up on well-greased pan; sprinkle with a little sugar and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes; remove from pan at once.

**FREE**

Write TODAY for the New Royal Cook Book; contains 400 other recipes just as delightful as these.

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Proper care of mother when Baby comes is vital to her future health and baby's as well. Each has the right to the very best attention and scientific skill, something that is impossible at home.

But here, at this wonderfully equipped, modern fire-proof maternity home, every case is extended to mother. Graduate nurses, who know and love babies and are specially trained for maternity work, are in constant attendance here day and night. The nurses in charge are graduates from Chicago Lying In Hospital, conducted by Dr. Joseph B. De Lee, America's greatest authority on obstetrics.

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All information and pictures of the hospital will be mailed in a plain envelope on request.

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## BITS OF HUMOR

**THE SEEING EYE:** How do you visualize your job? The story of the three stone cutters leaves nothing of wisdom to be said. They were working on a stone. A stranger asked the first what he was doing. "I'm working for \$7.50 a day," he replied. "And you?" the stranger asked the second. "I'm cutting this stone," growled the laborer. When the question was put to the third stone cutter, he answered, "I'm building a cathedral."—The Christian Register (Boston).

**PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.** Early in October while the business manager was away on sick-leave, out lonk trusted bookkeeper and advertising manager, E. F. M. author of "The Socialization of Money", departed with four thousand dollars. We have made every effort to apprehend him, short of instituting proceedings which would result in his being put in jail, and that we do not want to do.—From a page appeal for immediate financial assistance in the current Liberator (New York).

G. S. Nelson, of Newberg is visiting at F. H. Pinkstaff. He was formerly a resident of Tillamook. He has four daughters living here who he is visiting.

**A FAMILY AFFAIR.** "Did you give the penny to the monkey, dear?" "Yes, mamma." "And what did the monkey do with it?" "He gave it to his father, who played the organ."—Boston Transcript.

**THE HORRORS OF DISARMAMENT.** First Sailor (searching vainly for his ship after a few hours

## The Season's Greetings

to

## Our Many Friends and Patrons

