

FALLS
The Method of Figuring by Which
is Ascertained
STANDARD IS FIXED BY LAW.
Our Government Recognizes Two
Kinds of Tonnage, Gross and Net.
Displacement, the Scale by Which
Our Ships of War Are Described.
The vocabulary of the sea, always
bewildering to landmen, is crowded
with words of familiar meaning on shore
which almost contraind a new and ar-
bitrary significance. Take, for exam-
ple, the matter of tonnage of ship-
ping. On shore everybody knows that
a ton is 2,000 pounds if a short ton or
2,240 if a long one. Therefore it seems
to the landlubber that a 1,000-ton ship
ought to be, if it is not, a ship which
can carry a thousand tons weight of
cargo. As a matter of fact, a thou-
sand-ton ship can probably convey
about 1,200 or 1,300 tons of coal or
heavy merchandise.
Yet the tonnage of shipping is not so
arbitrary as it seems. It follows a
fixed standard, established by national
law. There are two kinds of ton-
nage recognized by our government
authorities—gross tonnage and net ton-
nage. The gross tonnage of a vessel
is its entire internal capacity measured
in tons of 100 cubic feet, and the nav-
igation laws of the United States pre-
scribe in careful detail how this meas-
urement for tonnage shall be ascer-
tained. Net tonnage is measured by
subtracting from the gross tonnage of
a vessel all space used for the accom-
modation of officers and crew, for cer-
tain gear for the working of the ship
and, if a steam vessel, for her prop-
elling power or machinery, including
boilers and engines.
In other words, the net tonnage of
a ship is virtually the space, expressed
in tons of 100 cubic feet, available for
the carrying of passengers or cargo.
In the case of sail vessels, from which
no machinery space has to be deduct-
ed, the gross tonnage and net tonnage
of a vessel are very nearly the same.
But in steamers the two measurements
are widely different. Take, for exam-
ple, one of the largest of American
merchant steamships, the American
liner St. Louis. Her gross tonnage is
11,623, her net tonnage 5,894. So with
the well-known steamer Governor
Dingley of the line from Boston to
Portland. Her gross tonnage is 3,826,
her net 2,863.
In all or nearly all of the ports of
the world ship taxes or dues are based
upon tonnage. In the United States
upon net tonnage. This is also the
standard of tolls for the Suez canal.
As a result of the effort of naval archi-
tects and shipbuilders and shipowners
generally is to keep the net tonnage of
a ship as small as possible, and many
ingenious devices for "cheating measur-
ement" have been adopted, designers
of merchant vessels being as adept
in this art as designers of racing
yachts. But the navigation laws of
the United States are exceedingly vigi-
lant on this point and are regarded as
fair and reasonable in their require-
ments, so that this evil of fraudulent
tonnage is believed to be less serious
under the flag of the United States
than in the merchant navies of some
other countries.
Landmen may well be pardoned for
their perplexity that tonnage, in the
vernacular of the sea, should mean
sometimes one thing and sometimes
another. The navy department adds
to the inevitable confusion by describ-
ing our ships of war in terms not of
gross register or net register, but of
displacement. Thus the Massachusetts
is spoken of, officially as a battleship
of 10,200 tons and the Vermont as a
battleship of 10,000 tons. This means
in each case that the ship displaces so
many tons of water. But the Massa-
chusetts if measured as merchant ves-
sels are measured would have a net
tonnage of only 3,204 and would have
to pay dues on that only if passing
through the Suez canal. This practice
of the navy department of using dis-
placement tonnage instead of gross or
net tonnage gives the public an exag-
gerated idea of the actual size of our
ships of war. As a matter of fact, the
greatest battleships we have fall short
of the bulk of the mightiest of our
merchantsmen.
Again, another complexity as to ton-
nage arises in the cargo capacity of a
merchant ship. Take, for example, a
typical Boston steam freighter, the
Lyra of the Boston Towboat company.
Her gross tonnage is 4,417; her net,
3,616. The Lyra has a capacity of
up to 5,000 tons dead weight of
cargo.
The measurements of
ships, though apparently arbitrary,
are in fact based on the exactness of
the tons of cargo they will
carry. A ship which could
not transport safely 5,000 tons
of pig iron would not hold
a ton of hay or cotton. There-
fore the governments of the world
have prescribed measurement
standards of their own, in which the
insurance companies
have had a powerful hand. And the
tendency is to bring these standards
into more complete conformity.
—Boston Transcript.

WARSHIPS AT NIGHT.

From the First Call at Sundown to the Mournful Taps.

The routine of life on a battleship at night will interest boys who have a nautical bent.

The "first call" is sounded five minutes before sundown, when the ensign and the jack halyards are manned and a stay light made ready for hoisting to indicate the ship's whereabouts during the night. Then the color call follows at sundown as the flag is lowered and saluted by all as it reaches the deck. The assembly is then sounded for evening quarters and muster, but there is no drill.

As a rule, it is just after sunset when the bugle call is sounded to "Stand by hammocks." That brings all the crew on deck, and they stand in silence close out to the ship's side beside the hammock nettings, in two ranks facing the stern, until the boat-swain's mate reports to the officer of the deck, "All up and aft." The latter then orders, "Uncover; pipe down!" and in obedience to this order and the boat-swain's whistle the nettings are thrown open and the hammocks are served out and taken below to their proper places. Each hammock has printed on it a number, and that same number is on the hooks below decks where the hammock has to be swung, so that each man sleeps in the same place every night, and that place is called his "billet."

Unless a boat is called away there will be no more bugle calls until five minutes of 9 o'clock. The period is one of complete relaxation and is spent by the sailors in smoking, spinning yarns, singing, playing on musical instruments and dancing. At five minutes of 9 the first call is again sounded as a warning to the crew to prepare to turn into their hammocks and go to sleep. Then at 9 o'clock comes the call known as "Tattoo."

This tattoo is the survival of an old custom. In the "old navy" it used to last fifteen minutes and was performed with drum and fife, playing in manner of airs and quicksteps according to the fancy or ingenuity of the drummer and the fife. It is even said to have been handed down from a period of superstition, when they used to make a hullabaloo after dark to drive the devils out of the ship. At the last note of tattoo the ship's bell is struck twice for 9 o'clock, and the boat-swain's whistle sounds "Pipe down." Every man must then turn into his hammock, whether he is sleepy or not, for an inspection is made by the master at arms to see that all have done so. Then sounds that last long, mournful call, "Taps."—Chicago News.

A Universal Word.

One of the first words that a baby says is mamma or mother, and it is not strange, therefore, to find it one of the first and simplest words in every language. There is no word easier for a child to say than "ma" unless it be "pa." In Hebrew and Arabic mother is "em" and "am." It is "mam" in Welsh and "moder" in Anglo-Saxon. In other languages it is slightly different, but near enough like our own word "mother" to make it an almost universal word, so that a child crying in any language could be understood in almost any other language. Here are a few of the names:

Made in Persian.	Moder in Swedish.
Mate in Sanskrit.	Moder in Danish.
Mater in Greek.	Moeder in Dutch.
Mater in Latin.	Mutter in German.
Madre in Italian.	Mater in Russian.
Mere in French.	Mothair in Celtic.

Odd Use for the Tongue.

The brakeman moaned and sighed, a clinder in his eye.

"I'll tongue it out for you," said the conductor, and he bent over his associate, ran his tongue over the pupil of the man's eye and in a jiffy had out the clinder.

"On railroads, in foundries, in stoke-holes," the conductor said afterward, "wherever clinders get continually in the eye, there everybody extracts them in one way—with the tongue. The tongue removes things better than any instrument would do. It sweeps the eye clean as a flood sweeps a river bed. Further, it is painless. Its passage over the eyeball is, indeed, a rather pleasant sensation. As regards the sensations of the owner of the tongue—well!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Queer Epitaph.

I may perhaps be allowed an inquiry with regard to a stone said to have been removed from Epworth churchyard within the memory of persons now living, but when or by whom nobody can say. It was to the memory of one Richard Towris, and it bore this inscription:

Who lies here? Who do you think?
Richard Towris, and he liked drink.
Drink? Drink, for why?
Because Richard Towris was always dry.
—London Notes and Queries.

Watery.

"Looks like rain today," said the milkman as he poured the customary quart from his can to the picher.

"It always does," replied the housewife, compressing her lips with cold significance.

Stiffening an oath, he took up his liquid burden and departed heavily.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

After the Races.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day; the grouchy herd winds slowly o'er the lea. They failed to guess, as sporting people say, which was the shell that hid the little pea.—Washington

THE WEASEL.

His Ferocity Unbounded and His Courage Invincible.

The weasel is the most bloodthirsty of all our native carnivora. His ferocity is unbounded, his courage invincible. He is one of the few British wild animals from whom man has to fear attack.

If you meet a group of weasels you will do well not to interfere with them, for those who have done so have occasionally suffered for their temerity. His dwarfish size rather accentuates than diminishes the detestation in which he is held, for there is something uncanny in the idea of so much relentlessness and cruelty being compressed into so small a frame.

The rabbit, who will fight a fierce and bitter battle with one of his own kind, is paralyzed with fear at the mere sight of this puny foe, whom he could probably pulverize could he brace his heart to the attempt. Squalling with fear, he hops stupidly about until the little vampire springs upon his neck and buries his fangs in an artery.

Then the victim either sinks to the ground and submits to his fate or, suddenly acquiring the use of his muscles, he speeds aimlessly along, the weasel clinging to his neck till his work is done. There are few more pitiful sounds in nature than the panic-stricken cry of a rabbit when he finds that he is being stalked by a weasel.—London Answers.

CANDLES POPULAR.

The World Uses More of Them Now Than It Ever Did Before.

The "tallow dip" of our grandfathers is no longer made of tallow, exactly. It is made of stearic acid, which is only one ingredient of the tallow that grows in the sheep and in the steer.

Neither is the "tallow dip" of today a real "dip." They used to take long wicks and dip them in hot tallow, time after time, till the candle had acquired the proper thickness. Today they run hot stearic acid into molds and make a hundred candles instantaneously.

The "tallow dip" on the market today, therefore, would be more accurately described if it were called a "stearic acid mold." But nevertheless it remains a tallow product. It is the direct lineal descendant of the "tallow dip" of our grandfathers. And it is still so popular that just about 120,000,000 pounds of tallow, according to the calculation of one of the best informed manufacturers of Chicago, are consumed every year in the candle factories of the United States. Although gas and kerosene and electricity have deprived the candle of a large part of the popularity to which it might be entitled, it is probable that in both hemispheres today there are more candles shedding their mild and humble radiance than in any previous period of the world's history.—Technical World.

Too Enthusiastic.

Edwin Forrest once produced a play called "Metamora." Supers were engaged to personate Indian warriors, and among them was a bright Irish lad who had a deep admiration for the great tragedian. At a point in the play where Metamora asks, "Am I not the great chief of the Pottawatomies?" the supers are supposed to grant "Ugh, ugh!" The stage manager had carefully drilled them in what they were expected to do, but on the night of the performance the young Irishman was so transported by Forrest's acting as quite to forget that he was impersonating an Indian. When Forrest turned to the assembled warriors and thundered forth, "Am I not the great chief of the Pottawatomies?" the Irish boy's enthusiasm broke through all restraint. He leaped into the air with a wild shout and, twirling his tomahawk about his head, replied, "Begorra, ye are!"—London Standard.

Water on Gibraltar.

On the eastern side of the rock of Gibraltar there is a curious looking white patch which led an American tourist to ask whether the rock was being armor plated. It is really a catchment for rainwater to increase the reserve of water on the rock. The catchment covers ten acres. It is made of galvanized corrugated iron fixed to piles driven deep into the sandy slopes above the village of Catalan. The water collected at the foot of the catchment runs through the rock into a tunnel 2,000 feet long and is delivered in to reservoirs on the western side. The yield to the inch of rainfall is 240,000 gallons.—New York Tribune.

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Accounting For It.

"No," said the stubborn man, "no body can alter my regard for Jiggins. He's a man you don't meet every day."

"I admit that," replied Markley, "but I attribute it to the fact that I loaned him \$10 several months ago."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Faint Resemblance.

"Ah, my boy," said the nurse, "you

Terrapin.

Terrapin begin laying about the middle of May and hatch in about thirty days. The female terrapin scratches a hole in the sand with her fore paws, deposits her eggs, from thirteen to fifteen, in it and then covers them up and leaves the heat of the sun on the sand to hatch out the young terrapins. They are not much bigger when hatched than a man's thumb nail and are as soft as dough. They crawl around pretty lively and begin to hunt for their food, consisting of small fish, crabs, etc. The first summer they are quite small, and about the first to the middle of November they go into their winter quarters. These consist of some soft mudhole in the marsh or on the bottom of some stream. Here they sleep until about the middle of April or later, when they come out and are of quite respectable size, say four inches in breadth. The next year they are six inches and the third seven inches in breadth. It is undoubtedly while the terrapin slumbers in the mud that he acquires the peculiar qualities for which we admire him. It is the only flesh known which one can crush in his mouth with his tongue without the aid of his teeth. The other animals run about, sleeping only at night. The terrapin sleeps night and day for six or seven months of the year and takes his night naps, too, for the balance of the year.—Baltimore Sun.

Pen Portrait of Grieg.

Here is as vivid a picture of Grieg the man as any that has yet been drawn. A correspondent who saw the noted Scandinavian composer when he received his honorary degree at Cambridge, in England, in 1894, makes it for the Manchester Guardian: "It was a sad and a strong face that we saw, one might almost have said a grim face, but that there was nothing of hardness in it, a face which must have inspired both respect and affection in all who met him. Yet as the little, old looking man stood there in the red and yellow gown of a doctor of music there was something incongruous about his appearance, the head, encircled with long, straight, white hair, appearing above the still stiffer, straighter lines of gaudy brocade silk, which descended to the ground in the form of a regular cone, and the smile of one visitor, who remarked that they made him look just like a penwiper, was irresistibly accurate."

Beer Capacity of a Munich Porter.

An English family touring in Bavaria called at the world famous Hofbrauhaus, the pride of Munich, writes our correspondent. To the waitress serving them the head of the family in a matter of fact way simply held up his five fingers. To the family's astonishment, the waitress came back with five quart pots filled to the brim with beer. The visitors bravely struggled with the beer, but managed to dispose of only about a quart between them. Knowing that it would be considered an insult to leave beer, they called a porter and ordered him to finish it. In less time than it takes to relate it the Bavarian accomplished the task. Wiping his mustache, he demanded sixpence for the "job" and, having obtained the money, instantly ordered and emptied yet another quart pot.—London Mail.

A Waiter's Amazing Wait.

The waiter spoke indignantly. "Men go about," he said, "complaining of being mistook for waiters, but it is on the other foot really that the shoe rests. Us waiters are the real complainers in these cases of mistaken identity. Our kicks are sincere. The others' ring false. For at dances and balls and such like crushes many a young man makes money by being mistook for a waiter. How does he make money? Why, he is tipped, and all them tips he pockets, never thinking of handing them over to their rightful owners. At every big affair we count on a loss of 5 per cent through the dishonest advantage that impudic young swells take of being mistook for waiters."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Savage Sense of Humor.

Lecturing on New Guinea, A. H. Dunning said he once offered a native some smelling salts. After going through extraordinary contortions the native went away, returning soon with another native, whom he compelled to make acquaintance with the salts. The two brought a third, and so on until the whole village had been victimized. The savages watched each new sufferer with the keenest delight and took good care not to let him know what fate awaited him.—London Standard.

Ohio's Pioneer Town.

Marietta was founded in the spring of 1788 by New Englanders, chief among them being General Rufus Putnam of Massachusetts, Samuel Holden Parsons of Connecticut and James M. Varnum of Rhode Island. The town was named after the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

Not Too Crazy.

Jones, the tailor, is informed that one of his clients has suddenly gone insane.

"Oh, the poor fellow! But he'll pay my bill at least, won't he?"

"Oh, he isn't quite insane enough for that."—Paris Journal.

Answered.

"Where shall the weary find rest?" exclaimed Rev. Dr. Fourthly, with dramatic emphasis.

A short snore from the pew occupied by Dr. Fourthly.

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