

PLAGUE OF LUXURY.

How It Has Fallen Upon the People with Prosperous Times.

With the Introduction of Modern Conveniences and the Country's Growth in Riches, Even the Flat Dweller Lives High.

The growth of luxurious living in America was very slow during the first 50 years of the republic. Indeed, up to the breaking out of our civil war the inequalities of fortune were not so marked as to make those who lived sumptuously according to the standards of those days seem so far removed from the merely well-to-do as to be almost in another world. In the earlier days, any sober and industrious man could prosper, even though he did not perform merely manual labor. There was work for every one to do, and no one was more in demand than Mr. Jack-of-all-trades, who now walks superfluous in the dusty highway, with no one to applaud his adaptability, none to need his ingenious services. Food was plenty, land was cheap, rents were low. Be honest and you will be happy, was not mere cant; it was the solemn and the grateful truth. Pretty nearly every one lived well, but pretty nearly all lived plainly. With better houses, with better water supplies, with improved lamps for illumination and then with the introduction of illuminating gas, and most of all with the greater wealth which came at the end of the civil war, the growth of luxurious living began taking tremendous strides. Luxury with poor light after sunset, luxury with few of the means of personal cleanliness, does not mean much to us nowadays. Why, a man in a Harlem flat at \$600 a year can command more of the kind of luxury just mentioned than say the dissolute Charles II. ever dreamed of. But the wealth that comes with new fortunes to new people was really what began the race which may be called the Millionaire Stakes for all ages, says a writer in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

Before these stakes were opened there were a few fortunes in this country. Some were made in the trade with the east, some were made in strictly domestic commerce, some were founded in piracy, and other adventures by sea, but the greatest number and the most stable were those which came from the shrewd investments in land which was enhanced in value by the growth of cities. Even up to the time that the newly rich began to splurge, the owners of the fortunes just mentioned were pretty generally tolerably plain people, who lived very quietly and looked upon those who made unusual display as too vulgar to come inside the sacred pale which called itself society. In New York, this class of people at the time mentioned lived in the neighborhood of Washington Square; in Philadelphia, toward the foot of Walnut street, and in Boston, in that ever sacred Beacon street. They were slow but sure. They had no doubt about their position, or the propriety with which they maintained their dignity. They did what they pleased, but they did not please to be in the least fantastic, theatrical, ostentatious or conspicuous. And until the newly rich had arrived, with the manifest intention to stay permanently, there were none with either the ambition or the ability to dispute this supremacy, which was maintained not by an aggressiveness, but by the passive power of inertia.

ADVICE FOR A WAITER.

How a Diner Made Sure That the Man Would Remember Him Next Time.

One Chicago man, laboring under the disadvantage of extreme prostration, recently found a novel way of informing an arrogant waiter that his method of serving was wholly unsatisfactory, says the Chicago Tribune.

The meal had been an exasperating one. Whenever the waiter was wanted he could not be found. When he was not wanted he was hovering about the table attempting to hear what was being said. The host and his friends had been compelled to ask emphatically for every accompaniment of the meal, even down to knives, forks and spoons, so by the time the coffee and cheese had been shoved aside they were in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. Still, throughout the meal the man who was doing the honors retained his composure, and did not once find fault with the waiter in the latter's presence. But he was reserving his ammunition for future delivery.

He asked for his check. The waiter brought it with a gracious bow and it was paid. Then the host arose with considerable dignity, and, reaching in his pocket, extracted a quarter, which he handed to the anxious looking waiter.

"Now," asked the host, after he had paid the customary tip, "do you think you would remember me if I came in here again?"

"O, yes, sir, yes, sir, I'm sure I would," replied the waiter, with a suave smile of satisfaction.

"Well," continued the exasperated guest, "I want you to remember me. Take one more good look at me, so you will make no mistake. And if you ever see me in this place in the future you will keep just as far away from me as the walls will allow. If you should attempt to wait on me again, I give you fair warning that I'll bounce one of these oak chairs on the top of your head."

With this parting shot the guest wheeled on his heel and briskly from the place. The waiter did not recover for half an

RUNG UP HUSBAND'S WAGES.

The Conductor's Wife Makes a Fine Tissue Paper Lamp Shade with His Punch.

Mackenzie is a conductor on an owl train on the "L," consequently he does his sleeping in the daytime, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

Now, as everyone knows who has had occasion to use the elevated after 12 o'clock, the fares, after passing certain points on the line, are collected by the conductors, who for the purpose of registration, carry the little bell punches once so familiar on the surface lines.

One afternoon lately he was roused from his diurnal slumber by his industrious little wife, who brought out for his admiration a lamp shade made of colored tissue paper. She made it with her own pretty hands, and its scalloped border was perforated with innumerable little holes, through which the light of the parlor lamp would fall on the table.

"Tell me if you think it pretty," demanded Mrs. Mackenzie, holding the shade out for her husband to inspect it.

"It looks lovely," began Mackenzie; but as he scrutinized it more closely he turned pale and said, hoarsely: "You made those holes with my bell punch."

"Yes, dear," said his dear little wife, blithely, "while you were asleep. It was so convenient to punch holes with. But what makes you speak that way?" demanded the little woman, greatly alarmed at the sudden change which had come over the unfortunate Mackenzie.

"Oh, nothing," he replied, "only you've rung up enough fares on that lamp shade to use up six months' salary. Every one of those holes will cost me five cents, that's all."

And the unhappy Mackenzie, in the agony of his spirit, groaned aloud.

RESTING THE CLOTHING.

An Occasional Period of Seclusion in a Dark Closet Works Wonders in Colors.

Clothes last much longer and look far fresher if not worn too frequently. If a woolen dress looks dusty and shabby, it may be wonderfully rejuvenated by brushing and airing it well out of doors and then hanging it away in a dark closet for a week or two. When taken out it will look quite fresh and wearable; the wrinkles gone, color revived and odors imperceptible. A color that responds to this treatment especially well is dark green; there seems to be some quality in the dye that renews it remarkably and seems to eat up small spots of dirt or grease, after hanging away in the dark, says *American Queen*.

Take off the dress you have worn all day, shake the dust off, turn it wrong side out, and hang it out in the sun or frosty air. This will soon disperse the odors caused by the exhalations of the body which give such an unwholesome air to woolen clothes that are worn constantly without proper airing. Take off the shoes you have worn all day, brush or wipe off the dust and set them on the window sill or in a good current of air over night.

In the morning put on another dress and another pair of shoes. Keep two or more sets going in this way, and you will feel yourself well repaid, not only in the greater length of days afforded the garments, but in the added freshness and sweetness that will surround you daily.

SHOULD GO TO COLLEGE.

Why a Girl Should Have the Privilege of Attending a School of Higher Learning.

The best answer that can be given to the question: "Why should the girl go to college?" is the college girl herself as she goes forth equipped in body, mind and soul for her life work. Indeed, to those who know her best, no other answer seems necessary. But until she and time shall have convinced the questioners, another answer—the most obvious one, perhaps—is to be found in the declared purpose of the college; that is the intellectual. In a broad sense it comprehends not only that which disciplines and enlightens the understanding, but also whatever corrects the temper, cultivates the taste and forms the manners and habits. What girl able to secure it will not be the stronger, nobler woman for the development and training afforded by the many-sided life of the woman's college of to-day? Surely not she who has her own way to make in the world, says *Woman's Home Companion*. Whatever the difficulties and problems of her field of labor, she will meet them with the power and confidence she has gained by meeting similar ones in the college world. She has served an apprenticeship to the business of life—has come to know others and, more important still, to know herself.

Codfish Omelet.

Shred cooked salt codfish finely. To each cupful allow one of milk and one of egg, sprinkle with pepper; add one tablespoonful of flour and one of butter for each pint of milk; cook together as for cream sauce, and bake half an hour.—*American Queen*.

New Color in Favor.

"Venetian pink" is the name of a new peculiar, and to some people very becoming, shade of rose that will appear among velvets, chiffons and ribbons for collars, bows, choux and millinery uses.—*Detroit Free Press*.

BEGINNING OF OSTRICH FARMS

Domestication of the Great Birds Was First Undertaken by Cape Colony Farmers.

Fifty years ago, the domestication of the ostrich was an idea scouted by most of the zoologists who had given time and thought to the subject. The young, it was believed, could not be raised in a state of captivity. The great demand for ostrich feathers was then met by hunting and killing wild birds, and there were indications that the species would soon become extinct. But in the early sixties, a French scientist named Gosse issued a pamphlet in which he argued that the domestication of the ostrich was feasible and practicable, and not long afterwards a brood of ostriches was reared in the city of Algiers, says *Success*. Gosse's pamphlet and news of the experiment in Algiers became familiar to two farmers in Cape Colony, who determined to undertake the domestication of ostriches in South Africa. Beginning with two birds, which they caught and placed in an inclosure, in a twelvemonth they had a brood of 80, which marked the birth of a new industry which has played a potential part in the development and commerce of a vast region. Large tracts of land in South Africa, which could not be profitably used for any other purpose, are now devoted to this business, and feathers to the value of \$6,000,000, from nearly 400,000 domesticated birds, are now annually sent abroad from Cape Colony.

RETURNING TO INCINERATION.

The Disposition of Human Dead by Cremation Becoming General in Civilized Countries.

Recent statistics show that there is a constant and growing tendency to return to the custom of cremation, that prevailed throughout the civilized world before the Christian era, excepting among the Egyptians, Chinese and Hebrews. The disposition of the human dead by incineration has been meeting with more and more favor, that has in no wise been retarded since the first cremation society was formed, in London, in 1874. That same year a crematory was erected in Milan, and two years afterwards one was built in Lodi, Italy. In two years more there was one in Gotha, Germany, and afterwards they began to appear in all lands. The first one in this country was erected in Washington, Pa., in 1883, and the one in Fresh Pond, L. I., came two years afterwards. In this latter eight bodies were cremated the first year and 76 in the second year. In 1900 the total had passed the 600 mark, and during the last year it reached 654. There are now 26 crematories in the United States. In the year that New York's first crematory was opened only 46 bodies were cremated in the entire country, while last year the number was 2,645.

A CONVICT IN PRISON.

Daily Routine of Life in a Dungeon Cell Described by One Who Knows.

If I had little work to do in prison, how did I spend the time? At Auburn, where I lived the greater part of my first term, says the *Autobiography of a Thief*, in *Leslie's Monthly*, the routine of my life was as follows: After rising in the morning I would sweep out my cell, turn up my bed and blankets and clean up. Then to breakfast; then, if there was no work to do, I would go back to my cell and eat a small portion of opium. Then I would exercise with dumbbells and take a sponge bath with cold water. Next would come a nap till dinner time. After dinner I would read and think in my cell until three o'clock, when I would go to the bucket ground or exercise in the yard, in the lock-step with the others, for half an hour. Then back to the cell, taking with me bread and a cup of coffee made out of burnt bread-crust for my supper. The count was made at six o'clock to see that all was right for the night. After that I read in my cell as long as the oil lasted.

Clubs, Cabs and Gout.

A physician, talking to a reporter of a New York paper, asserted recently that gout is rapidly increasing in that city, as a disease prevalent among the wealthy classes, the increase being altogether out of proportion to the growth of population. He claims that this is largely attributable to the increase in clubs, fashionable restaurants, and cafes, and also to the general use of cabs, even when the distance from the club to the home is only a few blocks. If people would take more active exercise in the open air, they would run less risk from heavy meals. He says that rich foods are more responsible for gout than wine, although practically the two usually go together.

Museums in Siberia.

For many years Russia has been deporting to Siberia its men of the most active intellect and turning them loose in a new country to make a livelihood for themselves and for their families. It is not strange, then, to note that universities and museums are springing up in Russia's eastern possessions, nor that many of the men of science and teachers on the staff are exiles. There is scarcely a town of 10,000 inhabitants in all Siberia but as a public museum, under the care of a learned and competent curator.

Pneumatic Tubes.

Pneumatic tubes are used for carrying mail between Paris and Berlin. A letter dropped in a box in Paris can be delivered in Berlin in an hour, sometimes in 80 minutes.

CLEARANCE SALE OF MACKINTOSHES.

Our clearance sale of Mackintoshes has just begun. We wish to clean out every Mackintosh in our Store, and in order to do so we have cut the price away below cost. We do not want to carry till next season the few we have left. A word to the wise is nuff sed.

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Ladies, we are closing out our remaining stock of Jackets and Capes. Prices reduced in this department. See us if you want a Jacket.

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