

PARIS THEATERS.

Manners and Customs That Strike an American as Peculiar.

It is not the play or the acting or the applause that attracts and holds the attention of the American who is attending for the first time a Parisian opening. It is the audience. In the first place, the predominance of men in the best orchestra seats will provoke a question which brings forth the information that in the majority of the better class theaters in Paris the first three rows of the orchestra are sold almost exclusively to men, and as far as it is possible, the box office favors men for the body of the house, principally because they do not wear hats and do not therefore obstruct the view of those sitting behind. Before the curtain goes up the stranger glances about and is surprised to discover jewels and gowns decollete in the highest balconies, the part of the theater known in America as "peanut heaven." Both men and women, dressed as for a grand ball, are perched away up at least three flights of stairs, and during entr'actes they come down and promenade with the others and visit their friends, and few are the wiser as to the location of their seats. The very fact of being present at an important opening is enough to give a certain social precedence, even though they sat on the rafters or clung to the chandeliers.

Another feature which attracts the American is that during the entr'actes the men who do not join the promenade stand up and don their hats the moment the curtain is down, and they spend the entire twenty or twenty-five minutes inspecting their neighbors through opera glasses. There is much activity in the balconies and in the boxes, caused by the social calls which are being exchanged. In the orchestra rows and family circles the men and the women stand up, and opera glasses are used freely by both, and many little flirtations are enjoyed between those in the balconies, or loges, and those on the first floor.

It is not considered rude to level glasses at any one, whether within a few feet or up in the balcony, but it is rather considered a compliment to the face or more often the shoulder that attracts such close inspection. It is true that the French are famed for their polished manner, but it is equally true that in the eyes of an American the roughest cowboy possesses a better appreciation of refinement than the dapperest member of the French nobility, and especially is this noticeable in a theater.—Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

IN THE BRITISH NAVY.

The ship's bell is struck every half hour to announce the time.

The quarter deck must always be saluted on being approached.

The master at arms or chief of police is the only man in the ship, not being an officer, allowed to wear a sword.

From the minute a ship commissions to the day of paying off there is always an officer on watch day and night without intermission.

Grog is always mixed with three parts water before being served out to the men. Warrant officers and petty officers alone receive it undiluted.

At any time of the day or night a man may be called upon for duty if necessary. Leave to go on shore is regarded as a privilege and not a right.

An officer's sword at a court martial is laid on the table, point toward him, when he enters to hear the finding if he has been adjudged guilty. It is reversed if he is acquitted.

In New York's Swell Restaurants.

The tables that appear to be reserved in the fashionable Fifth Avenue restaurants are very rarely occupied by the persons whose names appear on the slip which the waiter sticks into a glass to show that Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones is expected. "We have to put some tables out of the reach of the public," one of the head waiters told a reporter, "as there are certain patrons whom we could not afford to send away. The only way of doing that is to pretend that we are reserving the tables for somebody. Then when a patron whom we could not possibly refuse arrives and must have a place we can always tell him that the table was taken, but that the parties have not turned up. That satisfies him and keeps other guests quiet as well."—New York Sun.

Gravitation.

Gravitation as a supposed innate power was noticed by the Greeks and also by Seneca, who speaks of the moon attracting the waters, about 38 B. C. Kepler investigated the subject about 1615, and Hooke devised a system of gravitation about 1674. The principles of gravity were demonstrated by Galileo at Florence about 1633, but it was not until the great Newton stepped upon the stage that the matter was fairly settled. The others had guessed. Newton proved, and to Newton unquestionably belongs the high honor of having shown us the true mechanism of the heavens.—New York American.

Shorten the Agony.

"Say," exclaimed the man in the chair, "hurry up and get through shaving me."

"Why," replied the barber, "you said you had plenty of time."

"I know, but that was before you began to use that razor."—Philadelphia Press.

The Real Difficulty.

Boarder—You can divide a chicken with mathematical accuracy. Mrs. Washington. Mrs. Washington—Dividing it is easy enough. I wish I could multiply it.—London Answers.

WASHINGTON'S WOOING.

Matters of Importance Forgotten Because of Martha Custis.

In the traditions of any member of the Washington family the story of Martha Custis is of supreme importance, writes Cora A. Moore in the New Broadway Magazine.

It happened one day that she was visiting at the plantation of a neighbor, Major Chamberlayne, when there came riding in haste an officer in the British uniform. The business that he had with the major he transacted quickly, declining an invitation to stay because, as he declared, he was on his way to the governor at Williamsburg on matters of importance. But the host repeated the invitation more urgently, slyly remarking that he had also beneath his roof the handsomest widow in Virginia, a young and charming woman.

Ah, a lady in the case! That was different. But the plans of men have often waited on Cupid. When the officer bowed low over the hand of the lady whom he met in the major's drawing room he forgot Williamsburg and the governor, and she, pleased with the courage of that colonel, George Washington, of whose military fame she had heard so much, scintillated and sparkled with even more than her usual fascination. That evening, long after the rest of the household had retired, he and the charming widow sat by the fireplace in the shadowy drawing room quite without a chaperon to regulate the tide of swiftly moving events.

Soon there was a resplendent wedding at the home of the bride. Directly afterward a coach and six horses, guided by liveried black postillions, conveyed the newly married pair to her town house in Williamsburg. Business interests for some time demanded the presence of Colonel Washington at the capital. Later he took his bride and her two children, Martha Parke Custis and John Parke Custis, to his own estate at Mount Vernon, where they enjoyed that happy domestic life which is celebrated in history.

PORTABLE FIREARMS.

The First Muskets Were Clumsy and Awkward to Handle.

While the introduction of portable firearms into Europe is of comparatively recent date, their use was frequent among the Mohammedans of eastern Asia at a very early period. La Brocquiere, who made a journey to Jerusalem in the middle of the fifteenth century and who traveled extensively in the east, mentions the firing of small arquebuses at the great festivals in Damascus.

The first use of muskets in Europe was at the siege of Rhege in 1501 by the Spanish soldiers. These arms were so extremely heavy that they could not be used without a rest. They were provided with matchlocks and were effective at a considerable distance. While on the march the soldiers themselves carried only the ammunition and the rests, and boys bearing the muskets followed after, like caddies on a golf course.

Loading these cumbersome arms was a slow operation. They were clumsy and awkward to handle. The ball and powder were carried separately, and the preparation and adjustment of the match took a long time.

Before long, however, improvements began to be made. The guns became lighter in construction, and the soldiers carried their ammunition in broad shoulder belts called bandoliers, to which were suspended a number of little leather covered wooden cases, each of which held a charge of powder. A pouch, in which the bullets were carried loose, and a priming horn hung at the side of the soldier.

As late as the time of Charles I. muskets with rests were still in use, and it was not until the beginning of the eighteenth century that firelocks were successfully employed.

The Word "Widow."

As a word "widow" is most interesting. Max Mueller traced it back through thousands of years with hardly any change of form or meaning. "The word at its original formation meant simply a woman left without a man, just as it does today, and it has remained all these ages materially unchanged both in sound and meaning." A thousand years ago the Anglo-Saxons used the word in England and north Germany. The Meso-Goths and, earlier than they, the Latin people knew it centuries before the Anglo-Saxons, and the Sanskrit records show that a thousand years before Latin was written the same word was spoken on the slopes of the Himalayas.

Don't Hurry.

Do nothing in a hurry. Nature never does. "More haste, worse speed," says the old proverb. If you are in doubt, sleep over it. But, above all, never quarrel in a hurry; think it over well. Take time. However vexed you may be overnight, things will often look different in the morning. If you have written a clever and conclusive but scathing letter, keep it back till the next day, and it will very often never go at all.—Lord Avebury.

Good Natured.

Young Man—I shall soon pay you, my landlady, for I am going to be married.

Landlady—Oh, you need not marry for the sake of the few marks you owe me, Herr Eller.—Mezendorfer Blatt.

Labour bids us of three great evil-tediousness, vice and poverty.—French Proverb.

Woman is the one problem that science can never solve.—Chicago News.

JOYS OF LIFE IN HAWAII.

Mosquitoes the Only Flaw—Not Even a Servant Problem.

Birds are everywhere in Hawaii. Their music fills the quivering air. One wonders why we do not all live in this paradise, where life seems to stretch out before one in a long, languid dream of delight.

Suddenly through your dreaming comes a rude awakening. The Hawaiian mosquito, the one flaw in the gem, the only thorn in the garden, has called to make your acquaintance and bid you welcome to his domain.

The houses, with their broad verandas filled with palms and flowers and furnished with tables, chairs, hammocks and grass rugs, are a paradise to the weary traveler. It is here that the Honolulu people enjoy their glorious climate.

The lawns, thick and velvety as a carpet, were kept in perfect order by the yard boys, for experienced servants—Chinese, Japanese and Portuguese—can always be had. In fact, the servant problem causes no worry to the housewife, who has but little anxiety in this land of plenty.

Everybody seems to take life easily. The offices close very early, and no one seems to know what care is. The sugar barons, their capital once rightly invested, draw their dividends, and the rest of life is required to spend them.

We stop at the home of our friend, a bungalow that is the picture of comfort. One end of the veranda is used as a sun parlor, sheltered by windows and screens, for what they call cold days—60 degrees above zero.

Numerous rooms connect with this, the dining room being a veranda at the other end of the house and the kitchen a separate building, though connected by a roofed veranda. The guest chambers are cottages by themselves.

The bath is hewn out of solid stone, with a shower above. Servants are provided for in quarters apart from the house. The whole, in fact, greatly reminds one of an old southern plantation home with modern improvements.

Just in front of the house, spreading its great limbs at least sixty feet in diameter, is a great monkey pod tree, and under its protecting branches the children, and older ones, too, enjoy the swings and hammocks in an atmosphere which lulls to sleep. As we sit here at midnight, dressed in the thinnest of summer clothing, with never a wrap, watching the moon rise out of the sea, we understand why the Hawaiian so loves his islands.—World's Work.

THE WHITE BIRCH.

Peeling the Bark Ruins the Tree's Beauty Forever.

One of the loveliest of our trees is the white birch, with its graceful foliage and gleaming trunk, and yet how often it is robbed of half its beauty by careless hands!

The temptation to take off strip after strip of its easily peeled bark seems well nigh irresistible if one may judge by the countless forlorn trunks along our roadsides. Instead of silvery white columns standing out with conspicuous grace from the green of neighboring shrubs and trees, the trunks are marred by great black circles, the results of wounds inflicted by wanton passersby.

Too often this is done merely for the fun of seeing how easily the bark can be pulled off, and no thought is given to the feelings of the owner when he finds that one of his finest trees, in which he took great pride, has been robbed forever of its beauty.

The next time you are tempted to cut off birch bark, stop. Think of the injury to the tree and the injury to all who shall pass that way after you in depriving them of something they might have enjoyed but for you—the sight of that tree in all its beauty. Remember that the bark never grows again.

If you have in mind the making of some article for which birch bark is an absolute (?) necessity, can you not at least take it from some fallen log or from some tree well hidden in the center of the woods, removing only the outer layers, and those in such a way that the tree will suffer as little as possible? By doing this you will earn the gratitude of all wayfarers and landowners.—Plant World.

The First Book Catalogue.

The first book catalogue was issued in 1564 in Augsburg, Germany, by one George Willer. It was a quarto of nineteen pages and recorded the titles of 256 books arranged in classes. Hand lists or posters were printed as early as 1469 by Jonathan Mentel (or Mentelin) of Strassburg, who printed the first edition of the Bible in 1465 or 1466. The first catalogue in England was printed in 1595 by John Windet for Andrew Maunsell, a bookseller.—Minneapolis Journal.

Two Runaways.

"Dis paper," said Languid Lewis, "tells about a boss runnin' away with a woman, an' she was laid up for six weeks."

"Dat ain't so worse," rejoined Boastful Benjamin. "A friend uv mine wunst ran away with a boss, an' he was laid up fer six years."—Chicago News.

Cause or Effect.

Assistant Editor—Here's a poem from a fellow who is serving a five years' term in the Eastern penitentiary. Managing Editor—Well, print it with a footnote explaining the circumstance. It may serve as a warning to other poets.—Philadelphia Record.

Musical Note.

He—Are you musical? She—I play the piano. He—Well, that's not an absolute denial.—Pick-Me-Up.

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Families that keep only one cow should endeavor to have the best animal that can be procured. More labor is required to care for a single cow, proportionately, than for a herd. A cow for the family should give a large flow of milk at least ten months of the year, and the milk should contain at least four per cent of butter fat, as cream is one of the essentials. It is better to have a cow that gives even richer milk, but the majority of family cows are selected without regard to merits in that respect. It is difficult to rent the calves in such cases, hence in purchasing the family cow it would be profitable to pay a high price for a superior animal.

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