

MANY SPECIAL FLAGS.

Uncle Sam Has Some Which Are Very Seldom Seen.

COLORS OF THE PRESIDENT.

Not Until 1882 Did the Chief Executive of the Nation Have a Personal Banner, but Now He Has Three, the Naval, Army and Peace Flags.

As the United States grew and the government expanded many new departments were added, and with them many special flags have come into existence. Least often seen and yet most interesting of these twenty-five or thirty special flags is that of the president of the United States. He has a wealth of them—in fact, no less than three—but they are seldom seen in public. There are two each of these flags, one of bunting and one of silk. They are exactly alike, with this exception, but the one of silk is called the "president's colors."

The president of the United States had no personal flag until 1882. If he went aboard a ship his presence was denoted by the national flag hoisted at the main truck, and his presence in a garrison or post was denoted by the raising of the big garrison flag. These were not entirely distinctive as denoting the presence of the president, for these flags were hoisted on gala occasions when the president was not around. The lack of a distinguishing flag for him was felt by the navy also, and the secretary of the navy by general orders, Aug. 19, 1882, established a flag for the president of the United States. The general orders described the flag as of blue bunting with the coat of arms of the United States in the center. The flag was to be hoisted at the main of the vessel when the president was aboard and be carried at the bow of the launch on which he came aboard.

In the army there was no distinguishing flag for the president of the United States until just before the outbreak of the Spanish-American war. Colonel Theodore Bingham, who was then superintendent of public buildings and grounds, called the attention of President McKinley to this lack of a distinguishing flag for him and stated that he thought the commander in chief of the United States army and navy ought to have a distinguishing flag. President McKinley did not like the suggestion, but the secretary of war did, and a flag was made. It was designed by Frederick D. Owen and is a beautiful thing to look at. The official description of the flag is as follows:

"The president's flag is of scarlet bunting, thirteen feet by eight feet hoist. In each corner is a five pointed star of five inch radius to the tips. In the center of the scarlet field is a large fifth star, also of five points, two feet nine inches in radius to the tips. Inside of this star is a parallel star, separated from it by a band of white three inches wide. The inner star forms the blue field upon which is the coat of arms of the United States. On the scarlet field around the large star are forty-six small white stars, one for each state, equally scattered in the re-entangling angles and all included within the circumference of an imaginary circle three feet and a quarter in radius. In the upper point over the angle is a constellation of thirteen stars, representing the original thirteen states of the American confederation."

Mr. Owen explained that in the olive leaves, its berries and the arrows is symbolized the original thirteen. It is also not a little singular that the official seal should bear in its motto exactly thirteen letters and that the general order which created the flag was also numbered thirteen. The magnificent silken colors of the president's flag are of scarlet, and the design is embroidered upon this so exquisitely that it is impossible to tell right from wrong side when looking at the flag. The colors on the flag are what is called "proper"—that is, natural—the eagle being brown and the olive branches green, with red berries. This flag is to be displayed only in time of war.

Yet another flag has the president. In 1902 the "peace" flag was adopted. This third flag differs in a good many respects from the other two. In the first place, the great seal of the United States is correctly depicted. On the other flags the design of the seal is seven red stripes and six white ones, which is correct, as the flag design was adopted by the Third congress, but when the great seal was adopted the designer, not knowing much about the flag, as the forefathers intended, and six red stripes. And that is the seal today. There was a long discussion whether the seal should not be changed to agree with the stripes on the flag, as the forefathers intended, but it was decided that as it had been adopted it should remain. This "peace" flag thus has the seal correctly depicted. The eagle is snow white, its feathers being outlined in deep black. There is a different arrangement of the stars and of the sunburst also. The sunburst is exactly circular in form, with the rays radiating from the group of stars. The colors are of silk with exactly the same design.—Washington Star.

The Remedy.

"Doctor, I'm troubled with a terrible buzzing in my ears."
"Get a divorce."—Boston Transcript.

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.—Disraeli.

WATERLESS BATHING.

A Good Rub and an Air Bath a Substitute For the Tub.

The conditions and conventions of our civilization demand frequent bathing. It is popularly supposed that this frequent bathing is essential to health. "This is quite untrue," says the Medical Journal. "We have seen fine and vigorous men among the habitants of Canada who had never taken a full bath in their lives. Were the truth known, many thousands of our fellow citizens probably know nothing of the alleged benefits of the tub, though maintaining excellent average health."

"Such people do not present the fresh and pleasing appearance of the frequent bather, however long lived they may be. Is not, however, much of the benefit attributed to the water in reality due to the complete exposure of the skin to the air?"

"The respiratory function of the skin is of high importance, and, although water may be dispensed with, closing the pores to air would result in speedy asphyxiation. The historic instance of the boy who impersonated John the Baptist in a mediaeval procession and whose body was covered with gold leaf with rapidly fatal results is proof."

"The ice cold bath is a superstition; it is a pastime for the abnormally vigorous, not desirable for the average civilized man. A bath not too cold is really an agreeable stimulant as well as being a luxury. The feeling of well being after a bath can hardly be obtained in any other way, and the rapid multiplication of tubs in hotels and private residences, soon to approach one to the individual, shows how they are appreciated."

"Unhappy persons, however, whose travels in the provinces or into the desert may temporarily deprive them of sufficient water for bathing may find a substitute that will at least afford a part of their accustomed enjoyment. The body may be energetically rubbed with a brush or coarse Turkish towel and afterward exposed to the air for fifteen minutes or so. The accustomed feeling of vigor will follow and the process will be found by the uninitiated to be astonishingly cleansing."

A STRANGE TRIBE.

The Touaregs, to Whom Timbuktu Owes Its Origin.

A recent explorer, journeying from Tripoli across the great desert of Sahara, gives account of much opposition to his progress offered by the various wandering tribes. Much of the most serious trouble was caused by the Touaregs, a strange band of people, supposed by some to have descended from the crusaders. These dwellers of the desert are distinguished by the wearing of veils, a custom which has caused much discussion. Says Felix Dubois in "Timbuktu the Mysterious":

"As you travel an atmosphere of secrecy hovers over the country, and you remember that these mysterious Touaregs are still momentarily its oppressors and masters."

These people keep their eyes from the excessive glow of the desert by two veils, one rolled round the temples and falling down in front, the other reaching from the nostrils to the edge of the clothing, covering the lower part of the face. Savants seek all manner of far-fetched origins to explain this custom. Hygiene is obviously the only motive. This is proved by their own statements and by the so-called "mouths for flies," which they give to all who do not wear the veils.

These veils are never removed, even at mealtimes. They are so much a part of their wearers that any one deprived of such covering is unrecognized by his friends and relatives. If a number of the tribe should be killed in battle, no one could identify them if they had not on their veils.

Theft is the Touareg's natural form of industry. "This word," says a native proverb, "is like water fallen upon sand, never to be found again." The Sudanese term them as "thieves, pygmies and abandoned of God." Yet to this strange tribe Timbuktu owes its origin.

The Force of Habit.

One of the campers had done something peculiarly idiotic, and the dean said, "Dick reminds me of Thomas' colt."

"What about Thomas' colt?" asked Dick cheerfully.

"Why," the dean responded readily, "where I lived in Maine when I was a boy an old man named Thomas raised horses. He once put out to pasture a colt which had been fed from its birth in a box stall and watered at the trough in the yard."

"The pasture lay across a small river, and in the middle of the day the colt swam the stream to go up to the barnyard for a drink of water."

English as Spoken in London.

I must confess in passing that after a lifetime spent upon English I had nearly as much difficulty with that language "as she is spoke" upon the streets of London by the common people as I had with French and German in Paris and Berlin. The most popular sensational journal of London is the Daily Mail. They call it the Dilly Mille. Many other words are equally unrecognizable.—London Letter to Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A Never Failing Supply.

The fond husband was seeing his wife off with the children for their vacation in the country. As she got into the train he said, "But, my dear, won't you take some action to read?"

"Oh, no!" she responded sweetly. "I shall depend upon your letters from home."—London Tatler.

LOVE'S DOUBTING.

A Phase of Life Through Which Many Married Women Pass.

The only incidents that marred our happiness were sudden and inexplicable "dare ups." Occasionally, to our amazement, a trifle would make us glare at each other like animals and speak bitterly. Five minutes later we would express our regret and shame. Soon I perceived that these quarrels were due to nerves and to the trials of adjustment. One evening we had an argument that was particularly violent and distressing. It ended by Frank's going to bed. I remained in the seat where I had been reading, and for a long time I pretended to myself that I was going on reading. Presently tears fell on my book. Then I said: "How silly all this is! I am making myself suffer, and I am making Frank suffer too. I will go and tell him that I am sorry." So I stole into the bedroom. He was sleeping peacefully.

That little experience, not without humor as I look back on it, made me first realize how differently Frank and I could be affected by the same cause. It marked the beginning of my uneasiness. Soon I stopped reading aloud to Frank; why I can't remember. Little things disturbed me. At first the thought of them used to be swept away by my delight on seeing Frank in the evening. Then, too, there would come the feeling that those things were accidents and would not recur again. In the second year of our marriage, just after dinner, Frank would read the newspaper till he began to doze. Then he would rouse himself and try to be agreeable. The effort troubled me. There was also the quiet and efficient deciding of little details without reference to my wishes. And here I felt there was danger. Once I said to myself, "Suppose I should tire him, and I grew cold. Then I thought of the moment when I should discover that I was tiring him. Here my sense of humor came to my rescue, and I felt better. I imagine that many women pass through this phase.—American Magazine.

TIME TO LAUGH.

Some Vaudeville Jokelets Which Age Cannot Withstand.

Vaudeville is known as the "laugh trust," but not for the reason one might think. It gets the phrase because there are a certain definite number of devices in its category of acts that control the laughs of its audiences. The same old things are always good for a laugh in vaudeville. According to the Bohemian Magazine, a new device, a new bit of "business," a new joke, are all regarded as dangerous by the performers. The following table details some of the times at which a vaudeville audience regularly laughs:

When a comedian walks with a mincing step and speaks in a falsetto voice.

When a German comedian opens his coat and discloses a green waistcoat.

When a comedy acrobat falls down repeatedly.

When a performer asks the orchestra leader if he is a married man.

When a black face comedian says something about chicken.

When a performer starts to rise from a chair and the drummer pulls a resined piece of cord so that the performer thinks his clothes have ripped.

When the drummer suddenly beats the drum during a comedian's song and the latter stops and looks in his direction.

When a tramp comedian turns around and discloses a purple patch or several pearl buttons or a target sewed on the seat of his trousers.

When the funny member of the troupe of instrumentalists interrupts the progress of a melody by sounding a discordant note on his trombone.

When a clown of a team of acrobats poises himself to do a presumably difficult feat and suddenly changes his mind and walks away without doing it.—New York Sun.

The Mind's Power.

"Zola," said a psychologist, "once wrote in a lady's album that his favorite amusement was writing and his favorite wish a sudden death. Zola died suddenly."

"And it is a strange thing," said the psychologist, "that those who prefer a sudden death usually have their preference gratified. It is one of those things which go to show the mind's mysterious power. Who knows but it is this very desire for death, quick, painless, undreaded, which actually causes that happy kind of death? The mind, you know, has a power that we have only just begun to understand."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Planning Ahead.

"Theater parties," said the prospective bride, "will cost about \$200 annually, flowers as much more and bonbons, say, \$100. Certainly we can marry on \$600 a year."

"And have a snug surplus," suggested her dad, "for such incidentals as grub and clothes and house rent."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Still Possible.

"Uncle, can't I be a pirate when I grow up?"

"Sure you can, son. What do you want to pirate—books or plays?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Critic.

"What do you think of this picture?"

"Rotten!"

"Why, it was taken from life."

"Pity the artist wasn't."—Cleveland Leader.

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