

ATHLETIC TRAINING.

To Acquire an Excess of Muscle May Prove Injurious.

Nothing could be more elusive than the idea that by a period of athletic training a man can lay in a stock of health and strength upon which he can draw later when engaged in a sedentary occupation. The truth is that the big muscles and hypertrophied heart of the athlete are perilous possessions for the man who no longer has the time or the inclination for using them. When he stops the exercises by which he gained them, instead of simply returning to their original size they suffer one or another of the many forms of degeneration and become incapable of performing their original services. It is not quite true that all exercise for its own sake is harmless, for it is well to be prepared for the meeting of life's little emergencies as well as its ordinary and daily demands, but it probably is true that, the emergencies apart, every man does enough in going about his customary business and pleasure to keep himself in the condition which that business and pleasure demand and that anything besides is superfluous or injurious. That athletes take one into the open air is less a recommendation of athletics than an indictment of our houses, offices and stores for lack of adequate ventilation. If all the air we breathe was pure air we could get along well enough without any open air at all. Any man who has the muscle he needs for doing the things he wants to do and should do has all the muscle he ought to have. To acquire more is a silly waste of time and perilous besides.—New York Times.

FEET OF SEA BEASTS.

Their Appearance When the Skin is Stripped Off.

Of all the feet that I have looked at I know only one more utterly ridiculous than the twisted flipper on which the sea lion props his great bulk in front, and that is the forked dry flap which extends from the hinder part of the same. How can it be worth any beast's while to carry such an absurd apparatus with it just for the sake of getting out into the air sometimes and pushing oneself about on the ice and being eaten by polar bears? The porpoise has discarded one pair, turned the other into decent fins and recovered a grace and power of motion in water which is not equaled by the greyhound on land. Why have the seals hung back? I believe I know the secret. It is the baby! No one knows where the porpoise and the whale cradle their newborn infants—it is so difficult to pry into the domestic ways of these sea people—but evidently the seals cannot manage it, so they are forced to return to the land when the cares of maternity are on them. I have called the feet of these sea beasts ridiculous things, and so they are as we see them. But strip off the skin, and lo, there appears a plain foot, with its five digits, each of several joints, tipped with claws, nowise essentially different, in short, from that with which the toad or frog first set out in a past too distant for our human imagination. Admiration itself is paralyzed by a contrivance so simple, so transmutable and so sufficient for every need that time and change could bring.—Strand Magazine.

A Willing Scot. Dean Ramsay has a story of that better hostility between English and Scots which used to go to halter lengths. A Scottish drover was returning from the south in particularly bad humor with the English, having done poor business, when he saw in Carlisle a notice offering a reward of £50 to any one who would volunteer for the unpopular task of hanging a condemned criminal. Seeing his chance to make up for his bad market and comforting himself with the thought that he was unknown there, he did the job and got his fee. As he was leaving he was taunted as a beggarly Scot, doing for money what no Englishman would. But he answered, with a cheerful grin, "I'll hang ye a' at the price."

Ways to an Untimely End. The catalogue of the ways and means employed by otherwise sensible people to incur the risk of disease and an untimely end include running to catch trolley cars, breathing rapidly through the mouth instead of deeply through the nose, eating too hastily and overeating, "sneezing" instead of standing and walking in an erect attitude, using unnecessary stimulants, falling to exterminate the pestilential housefly, which goes blithely about carrying the germs of disease; sleeping in ill ventilated rooms and failing to protect food from flies and other insects by proper screening.—Philadelphia Press.

Hard Luck. Bob Footlite (actor)—Failure? I should think it was! The whole play was ruined. She—Gracious! How was that? Bob Footlite—Why, at the end of the last act a steam pipe burst and blasted me off the stage.

The Telegraph. The first royal speech transmitted by telegraph was that delivered by the late Queen Victoria when she opened Parliament on Nov. 15, 1837. The speed of transmission was fifty-five words a minute.

A Useless Effort. Visitor—I suppose you men in public life weigh your words? Senator—What's the use? Some newspaper fellow is sure to come along and monkey with the scales.—Judge.

Exhaustive observation is an element of every great achievement.—Spenser.

MAN IN ISOLATION.

He Is of Little Consequence and is a Barrier to Progress.

It is not an easy thing for a man to separate himself from the thought and activity and purpose of the community in which he lives and to pursue an isolated, disconnected and selfish part. He can't do it, indeed, and if he tries it he will only reduce himself to a cipher or stumbling block. The community will get on somehow, for it must, but if it has many members of this kind it will be dull, heavy and unprogressive. Man in isolation is of little consequence, next to nothing. His association with others, the inspiration he receives from others, draw out his own powers. "The state," to this day, as Plato conceived it, remains "a product of mind." Out of the action and interaction of currents of mind, affected and even directed by variant views or opinions, comes the whole progress of man, of society, of the human race. We want what Burke described as "that action and counteraction which in the natural and political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers, draw out the harmony of the universe."

The most isolated man cannot separate himself from the situation he lives in. If such isolation were general or could be general it would be the negation of civilization.—Portland Oregonian.

SUBMARINE RIVERS.

Cold Water Currents Flowing Along the Deep Sea Bottom.

The bottom currents of seas and oceans, such as those which possibly bring amber to our shores, are strangely disposed. The seigneur of Sark some fifty years ago was shipwrecked in his yacht near the island of Guernsey. He lost, among other things, a well fastened, strongly made chest containing silver plate. It was found a year later in deep water off the coast of Norway and restored to him.

In the really deep sea over a thousand fathoms down there are well marked broad currents which may be described as rivers of very cold water (only 4 degrees or so above freezing point). They flow along the deep sea bottom and are sharply marked off from the warmer waters above and to the side. Their inhabitants are different from those of the warmer water. They are due to the melting of the polar ice, the cold water so formed sinking at once owing to its greater density below the warmer water of the surface currents.

These deep currents originate in both the arctic and antarctic regions.—Sir Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

Habit From the Dungeon. Convicts who were forced to drag about a ball and chain at the galleys could often be detected when released by their habit of trailing one foot after the other. John Boyle O'Reilly, condemned to convict life in Australia for his Fenian sympathies, had also in after years a habit which told a like sad story. One who knows him said:

When walking abstractedly and mechanically he always went a short distance and then retraced his steps, no matter how wide a stretch he had before him. It was always three paces forward, turn and three paces back, exactly like the restless turning of a lion in a cage. One day I asked him, "Boyle, what was the length of your cell when you were in prison—how many paces?"

"Three," he said. "Why do you ask?" "Because when you are absentminded you always walk three paces forward and then retrace your steps."

A Lesson in Physiology. The school superintendent was in the habit of dropping in to the different class rooms and demanding a recital of lessons from the pupils. One day her active mind hit upon physiology as the study for examination. It happened that the teacher did herself not like the study of the human anatomy and therefore had not drilled her scholars as she should have done. But the little girl to whom the first question was put so bewildered the superintendent and made her lose her patience that there were no more questions of a similar nature asked. "Tell me," said the superintendent, "what a skeleton is."

"The little girl thought for a short time. "A skeleton?" she asked. "A skeleton? Why, a skeleton is a man with his insides out and his outsides off."—New York Times.

Wanted Them Labeled. There was a certain master of fox-hounds in one of the English shires who was greatly angered by the awkwardness of one of the gentlemen who invariably rode over the bounds. At one of the meets the M. F. H. rode up to the awkward hunter and in the most chilling tones said, "Mr. So-and-so, there are two dogs in the pack today, Snap and Tatters, which I am especially fond of, and I would esteem it a favor if you would avoid killing or maiming them with your horse's hoofs." "Certainly, my dear fellow," replied Mr. So-and-so; "but, as I do not know them, will you be kind enough to put tags on them for me?"

Father's Revenge. "Here is a telegram from papa," says the eloping bride. "He says for us to come right home and live with him and mamma." "I didn't think he would be so vindictive as all that," sighs the eloping bridegroom.—New York Life.

Change yourself and fortune will change with you.—Portuguese Proverb.

PROMPT JUSTICE.

The Magistrate Was Firm and Tried to Be Genial.

In the "History of Beverly," Mass., the following anecdote is related of a good justice of the peace in the old colonial times. On a cold night in winter a traveler called at his house for lodging. The ready hospitality of the justice was about being displayed when the traveler unthinkingly uttered a word which his host considered profane.

Upon this he informed his guest that he was a magistrate, pointed out the nature of the offense and explained the necessity of its being expiated by sitting an hour in the stocks.

Remonstrance was unavailing, for custom at that time allowed the magistrate to convict and punish at once, and in this case he acted as accuser, witness, jury, judge and sheriff, all in one.

Cold as it was, our worthy justice, aided by his son, conducted the traveler to the place of punishment, an open place near the meeting house where the stocks were placed. Here the traveler was confined in the usual manner, the benevolent executor of the law remaining with him to beguile the time of his tedium by edifying conversation.

At the expiration of the hour he was reconducted to the house and hospitably entertained till the next morning, when the traveler departed with, let us hope, a determination to consider his words more carefully before giving them utterance in the hearing of a conscientious magistrate.

JAPAN'S PAGODAS.

They Are Built to Resist the Shock of an Earthquake.

A remarkable fact in Japan is that pagodas built hundreds of years ago embody the principle of the modern seismograph, which is to minimize the effect of earthquake motion by the combination of an inverted pendulum with an ordinary pendulum, or, in other words, by the union of a stable and an unstable structure to produce a neutral stability, which renders the whole building least sensible to earthquake shock.

In the hollow well of every five storied pagoda a heavy mass of timber is suspended freely, like an exaggerated tongue, from the top right to the ground, but not in contact with it, and at the shock of an earthquake this large pendulum slowly swings and the structure sways and then settles back safely upon its base.

This is also the principle followed in the construction of all bell towers throughout Japan, where the bell casts as a pendulum, and the roof, supported by posts, forms an inverted pendulum, as in the seismograph.

When an earthquake occurs a pagoda or a bell tower may be rotated or displaced, but it cannot be overturned as a whole.—Wide World Magazine.

Peeling a Snake. It is difficult to skin a dead snake, and the skin is often spoiled in the course of the operation, while, on the other hand, it is a simple matter to skin a live snake, and the skin thus gained is worth much more. Dead snakes bring from 2 to 5 cents, according to their size, and live ones from 25 cents to \$1. One of the largest snake skin companies has factories in Sumatra. When a snake is received from a hunter it is seized adroitly by an operator, one hand squeezing the neck and the other holding the tail. It is then attached by the neck to the trunk of a palm tree, an assistant holding it by the tail. With the point of a knife the operator cuts the skin just below the head and, pulling with all his strength, peels it from the writhing reptile in the same way that a woman peels a pair of gloves from her hand.—Popular Mechanics.

Two Points of View. "Good morning, Jones." "Good morning, Brown! Any news today?" "Why, yes. You know my brother who works at the bank? Well, he went to business the other day and found £1,000 on the counter. And what do you think he did? Stole the money and tripped off to Canada. And when the news reached my father it broke the old man's heart."

"That's funny! You know, my brother works at a bank, too, and when he went to business the other morning he found £1,000. And what do you think he did?" "What—stole it?" "No; took it straight to the manager's office. And when the news reached my father, do you know, it broke the old man's heart!"—London Telegraph.

Streams of Light. One night we were in a dense crowd watching a parade when during one of those unaccountable lulls which so often occur in large crowds a little fellow who was perched high up on his father's shoulder shouted: "Oh, papa, you ought to see! Way in the street they are just squirting light all over the people."—Delineator.

Successful Publicity. The king of successful advertisers was given an interview. "My methods are very simple," he said. "I learned them from watching a girl trying to keep her engagement a secret."—Newark News.

Encouragement. Artist—Yes, I keep pegging away. Sometimes I get discouraged and say to myself, "What's the use?" Friend—Don't give up, old man. You can't do worse than you've done, you know.—Exchange.

Education is a capital to a poor man and an interest to a rich man.—Horace Mann.

NOISES IN VENICE.

The Way They Crash Upon the Nerves of the City.

With all the water traffic and with not a horse or a cab or a wagon to wake the echoes, the utter silence of Venice is the thing that first impresses the traveler. Yet because there is no undertone of city noises in which occasional noises may merge the Grand canal at Venice seems to the sleeper at night the noisiest place in the world, for every little noise crashes into one's sleep, and the most wakeful hours of our six weeks in Italy were spent on the Grand canal in Venice.

The bells of the churches probably do not ring louder nor more frequently than they ring in other cities, yet because Venice is so still these bells clang through the night like the alarm of a continuous and ever increasing fire. The bawl of a loveless human calf carrying home three drinks and a throbbing heart, a noise that may be heard by the attentive listener any place on earth after 11 o'clock, in Venice becomes insistent and demoralizing. The common quarrel in the street enters the bedroom at night with nerve racking distinctness, and the morning song of the market gardener bringing his wares to town in his silent boat smites the sleeper's ears like a call to arms. If Macbeth really did murder sleep, the crime was done in Venice.

There are, of course, considerable acres in Venice—Islands—where the streets are paved and where commerce goes on in the ordinary way, except that there are no horses or carriages in the narrow ways.—William Allen White in Emporia Gazette.

QUEER BURIALS.

Uncouth Methods of the Nomads of Queensland.

Of all the modes of burial ever practiced by creatures in the shape of human beings the method of the Queensland nomads is certainly the most uncouth. After drying the corpse in the sun and knocking out its teeth for keepsakes they deposit it on a framework of rough poles and bury it under a few armfuls of rushes and old kangaroo skins, leaving the bush wolves to sing its requiem.

No member of the dead man's tribe will settle within a mile of his grave for fear of being haunted by the spooks making the burial place their midnight rendezvous. The metaphysical opinions of the Australian aborigines prove indeed that savages can be afflicted with an abundance of supernaturalism without betraying a trace of anything deserving the name of religious sentiment.

They believe in evil spirits whistling in the blasts of the storm wind and try to exorcise them by spitting in the direction of the sky, but for the conceptions of the Deity, of future existence, of repentance, atonement and conscience their language has not even a definite word. From somewhere in the land of their forefathers—eastern Asia perhaps—they have imported a notion faintly resembling the Buddhist doctrine of metempsychosis and believe that animals may be reborn as men and men as human beings of a superior rank.—London Answers.

Not So Bad as It Sounded. In a downtown cafe two old college friends met by chance. They had not met before in several years and were properly delighted. In the course of conversation one, who had been long absent from town, bethought him of a mutual friend.

"Tell me," said he, "how I can reach Jim. I'd like to look him up tonight." "My boy," said the other, "if you want to reach Jim you'll have to telephone to —, an undertaker on Sixth avenue."

What! You shock me, Jim dead! I—I am sorry indeed to hear it. "Dead? Who said he was dead. He's a friend of the undertaker and has rooms near by. He has no telephone, but has an arrangement for using the undertaker's, as the place is open at all hours. Just telephone the undertaker, and the message will be carried around to Jim."—New York Globe.

Taps Over a Soldier's Grave. The custom of sounding taps over a soldier's grave originated with the late Captain John C. Tidball, U. S. A. On the retirement from the peninsula in August, 1862, Horse Battery A, Second artillery, was serving with the rear guard, and on reaching Yorktown one of the cannoners died and was buried there. Not wishing to stir up the enemy by firing three rounds from the battery guns, as was customary, Captain Tidball substituted the sounding of taps, lights out, which impressive ceremony has since been observed at all military funerals at the close of the services.—Argonaut.

Barring the Party. "Pray, Mr. Canning," said a lady to the English statesman, "why have they made the space in the iron gates at Spring gardens so narrow?" "Oh, ma'am," replied Canning, with the delightful absurdity for which he was famous, "because such very fat people used to go through."

A Social Botanist. Guest—He seems a very nice young man. What's his profession? Hostess—He's a social botanist. Guest—And what is that, pray? Hostess—Oh, we invite him especially to give attention to our wallflowers.—Boston Transcript.

The Moisture. "Does your wife cry when she gets angry?" "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "It isn't the heat of her temper that distresses me so much as the humidity."—Washington Star.

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ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Dr. Henry E. Morris.

Salvation Without Works.

TO EDITOR OF TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.

There are but two ideas, one is that salvation is a recompense for good works and the other is that it is a free gift through God's mercy.

Every person will have to decide for himself whether he is to build the tower of Babel of good works and thereby be able to reach heaven, or accept the gift of God by pleading his mercy.

Those who believe in works quote the Bible, but there is so little Bible to substantiate that theory that they all quote one verse every time. While there are hundreds of verses to prove the doctrine of mercy, whether a person believes in works or mercy does not depend on intelligence, but which one he conceives to be right from the beginning. If we start out to gain heaven by works there is always something to be done, we can never come to rest in this life. The debt is so great that the interest will accrue as fast or faster than we are able to pay.

But if on the other hand we accept God's mercy and wave our claim for good works, we come to rest at once, free from works.

Works harden the heart, but mercy softens. Two churches of the same denomination. One advancing the mercy of God is filled with sinners seeking God's mercy. The other, advocating works, is abandoned, again the same church will change from a live thrifty condition through appealing to God's mercy to a dilapidated state by imposing good works.

If the churches of Tillamook would take the mercy of God for their text and stick to it, they would wield a far greater influence than they do by clinging to the old Jewish doctrine of works.

My experience is that the Bible counts for nothing against a man's will, if he chooses to build on works he will do so, or if he chooses God's mercy he will trust it regardless of the consequences and you might as well quote an almanac to him as the Bible. The old adage "Where there's a will there's a way." J. C. Govs.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

TILLAMOOK ROAD TALKED.

E. H. Virgel Is Enthusiastic Over Highway From Portland.

E. H. Virgel, formerly of Portland, but now of Woods, Tillamook County, is here to look after his property interests. Mr. Virgel is still urging the construction of a wagon road between Sheridan and Tillamook City, and says the prospects for getting the road through next year are encouraging. It will cost only \$8000, he says, and Tillamook County is ready to appropriate its portion of the \$8000, he declares, but Yamhill, which benefits equally with Tillamook, so far has declined to join in the construction of this new road. Mr. Virgel urges the importance of this road both to Portland and the two counties and points out that even now there is a heavy travel over the road in its present bad condition.

"Construction of this short stretch of road," said Mr. Virgel, "will enable automobiles to make the run to Tillamook in a short time through one of the finest scenic districts in the state, besides opening up the district for general traffic. We will get it yet before very long."—Oregonian.

How to Cure a Cold. Be as careful as you can, you will occasionally take cold, and when you do, get a medicine of known reliability, one that has an established reputation and that is certain to effect a quick cure. Such a medicine is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It has gained a world wide reputation by its remarkable cures of this most common ailment, and can always be depended upon. It acts on nature's plan, relieves the lungs, aids expectoration, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

For Chapped Skin. Chapped skin whether on the hands or face may be cured in one night by applying Chamberlain's Salve. It is also unequalled for sore nipples, burns and scalds. For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

The Bed-Rock of Success. lies in a keen, clear brain, backed by an indomitable will and resistless energy. Such power comes from the splendid health that Dr. King's New Life Pills impart. They vitalize every organ and build up brain and body. J. A. Harmon, Lizenore, W. Va., writes: "They are the best pills I ever used." 25c. at Chas. I. Clough.