

THE ATLANTIC LINERS

Signs, Signals and Flags Used by the Various Companies.

COLORS OF THE BIG FUNNELS

In Some Cases They Are Very Much Alike, but the Night Lights Used by the Vessels of the Different Lines Are Quite Distinctive.

It is said that but comparatively few of the many thousands of persons that each year patrol the various lines of steamships crossing the Atlantic are familiar with the various distinguishing signs and signals employed by the vessels of the respective companies. Yet it is a very easy thing to tell at a glance to what line any given ship belongs—the American line, for instance.

About all that one must remember in the case of the vessels of our own line is that the funnels are black, each with its white band. When you see an Atlantic liner at night with a blue light forward, a red light amidships and a blue light aft you know at once that she is of the American line.

All Cunarders show a red funnel with black rings and a black top, while the night signals consist of a blue light and two roman candles, each throwing out six blue balls.

There are but two of the leading transatlantic lines the ships of which carry cream colored funnels—the North German Lloyd and the Holland-America lines. The first employs a perfectly plain funnel without any other color than cream, and the latter shows a cream funnel with a white band and green borders. Signals displayed at night by these lines are, in the case of the North German Lloyd, two blue red lights, one forward and one aft, and, in the case of the Holland-America line, a green light forward and aft, with a white light under the bridge.

Two lines use buff funnels, the White Star and the Hamburg-American, the difference between the two being that, while the former shows a black top, the latter is plain buff throughout. White Star night signals are two green lights flashed simultaneously.

Quite a number of lines carry black funnels—the American with a white band, as mentioned above; the Anchor, which is entirely black; the Bristol, with a variegated and fancy touch, the black smokestack being relieved by a white band in the center and a blue star in the middle of the white band. In the regular service of the Hamburg-American line, as distinguished from the express service, we find that the color is plain black, while the Red Star is black with a white band and a black top.

The Scandinavian-American and the Wilson lines have red and black funnels, black in the first case with a red top and red funnel with a black top in the second.

The red funnel of the French line has a black top similar to the funnels of other lines, but with different proportions of color. On this line the night signals are a blue light forward, a white light amidships and a red light aft, forming the French tricolor.

At night the Anchor line of vessels shows a white light, then a red. The Bristol displays a green light only. The Hamburg-American ships for both services, regular and express, show two red-white-blue lights in quick succession at the starboard. The Red Star displays three red lights, one forward, one aft and one amidships, all flashed together. The Scandinavian line employs one white-red, followed by one red-white light, and the Wilson puts out two red lights about sixty feet apart.

It will be observed from the foregoing that the night signals of all the different lines vary, while the funnels in some cases are very similar. This, however, does not lead to confusion, for in determining the line to which a vessel belongs one must also take into consideration the flag or pennant she flies. Every line, of course, carries a different "house flag," as it is called.

The flag of the Cunard line is red with a golden lion in the center, while that of the White Star vessels is of the same color, but swallowtail in shape and containing a white star. The house flag of the Red Star line is exactly the same as that of the White Star company with the colors reversed—flag white, star red.

The flag of the Hamburg-American line is an elaborate affair—white and blue diagonally quartered with a black anchor and a yellow shield in the center. The North German Lloyd flag is a handsome one, showing a design of a key and an anchor crossed in the center of a laurel wreath in blue on a white field.

The Atlantic Transport line flies a pretty flag of red, white and blue horizontal bars, with stars.—Edwin Torrisse in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Just One Sentence.

"They say that Stevenson frequently worked a whole afternoon on a single line."

"That's nothing. I know a man who has been working the last six years on one sentence."—Boston Transcript.

The Two Power Standard.

"England thinks her navy ought to be just twice as large as that of her principal rival."

"My wife likes to regulate her wardrobe along those identical lines."—Pittsburg Post.

"The liar is sooner caught than the cripple."—Spanish Proverb.

A BISMARCK STORY.

Playing the Role of Cousin Was Just to His Liking.

In his university days Bismarck was as jolly and boisterous as the least promising youth of his generation. According to the author of "The M. P. For Russia," he enjoyed dancing and singing better than study and was as full of fun as his chosen companion, Count Keyserling, was deficient in it, and on this difference in temperament hangs a tale.

One day the shy and reserved Keyserling came to Bismarck in great agitation.

"What is the matter?" demanded Bismarck.

"My mother writes that an aunt and two cousins are coming for a week to Berlin, and, as they are very young and inexperienced, I must go about everywhere with them, offering them all sorts of amusements. It is most annoying," groaned Keyserling, "as I have to prepare myself for examinations and have no time for pretty country cousins."

Bismarck saw his chance and immediately inquired:

"Have you ever seen these young girls? Have they ever seen you?"

"Never in my life."

"Capital! Nothing could be better. Let me be Count Keyserling for the time being, and you become simple Bismarck. You stay at home, and I shall become a first class eccentric during all the time of their visit."

Keyserling eagerly accepted the proposition. When the young ladies arrived, Bismarck met them as Keyserling and placed himself at their disposition during their stay in Berlin. Keyserling buried himself in his books and thought no more about it until the girls had gone home to the Baltic provinces.

A week or two later he was disconcerted by receiving a letter from home in which his mother expressed her great delight in hearing from the young ladies and their mother how immensely they had enjoyed themselves and how very agreeable and kind their cousin had been.

"I am overjoyed," continued the fond parent, "to hear from their description that you have grown quite stout and robust during your stay at Berlin."

A COOK'S CREST.

The Decoration Worn by a Pompous Persian Chef.

A quaint story from Persia is given in a book by Mr. James. The author had missed from his saddle the brass plate inscribed with the maker's name, Souther, and was wrath at his loss, since the name went for much in the judgment of the east.

"One day," he says, "I was sitting in my favorite teahouse with my friend Hassan Ali, discussing as usual England's peridy in abandoning north Persia to Russian machinations, when a most dignified Persian entered the saloon. He was preceded by a well groomed boy carrying his dust coat. The Persian bowed to me with great civility and passed into an inner apartment. As both man and boy bore burnished gilt crests upon their tall astrakhan hats I took them to be public functionaries of no small importance.

"Who was that, Hassan Ali? I asked. 'I do not remember having seen him before, yet evidently he recognized me.'

"That," said my friend, with his small, beady eyes twinkling, 'is your cook—yes?'

"My cook? I answered in astonishment. 'I took him to be at least the governor's chief of staff.'

"Well, he is your chief of staff, which to him seems a higher degree—yes!" And Hassan Ali smiled his inimitable smile.

"But what in the name of good conscience is the impertinence that he wears upon his hat?"

"That must be your crest. It is a badge of yours!"

"On my honor, Hassan Ali, you must not make fun of me! I have given the man no crest, and I have never set eyes on him before!"

"I have seen the badge," Hassan Ali continued. "It is undoubtedly your own. It has the motto 'Souther,' which is doubtless the old heraldic contraction for the word souteneur, and also the subtitle, 'By royal appointment'—yes!"

It was, of course, the missing saddle plate, which the ingenious cook had "conveyed" as a heraldic decoration.

Not Personal.

Count d'Orsay had an explosive temper. Sir Algernon West says that the count "once called on the publishers, Messrs. Saunders & Otley, on Lady Blessington's behalf and used very strong language. A beautiful gentleman in a white neckcloth said he would rather sacrifice Lady Blessington's patronage than stand such personal abuse. 'I am not personal,' said d'Orsay. 'If you are Saunders, then—Otley; if you are Otley, then—Saunders.'"

Learned It by Ear.

The dear little girl arose, bowed and recited it in this manner:

"Letuce Dunby up N. Dewing, Widow Hartford N. E. Pate; Still H. E. Ving, still per Sue Wing, Learn to label Auntie Waite."

Then, with the tumultuous applause of the audience ringing in her ears, she sat down in happy confusion.—Chicago Tribune.

Not to Him.

Hewitt—Money talks. Jewett—I guess I have forgotten the telephone number.—New York Press.

Sometimes a man is willing to remain at the foot of the ladder for the purpose of pulling others down.

THE CAMERA.

Some of the Wonderful Things of Which It is Capable.

The camera, which divides time into thousandths of a second and records the impressions of each, makes permanent pictures of events which pass too quickly for the dull human retina to recognize. It is only through the camera that the motions of the wings of flying birds and of the legs of swift running animals have been analyzed. To the camera the fuzzy drivers of the swiftly speeding locomotives stand out clear cut and stationary, while each flying drop of rain in the driven storm is distinct and seems frozen in its place. The tarpon fisherman, familiar with the first wild leap of the frenzied fish as it casts hook and bait fifty feet in the air, sees first in the finished picture the outstretched gills, the convulsive opening and closing of which had escaped his eye, however closely he may have looked for it.

Often the eye of the camera will decipher documents of which the writing had been substantially obliterated by age, and I have successfully copied with the camera the utterly faded photograph of a classmate of forty years previous and thereby been enabled to present to a grizzled veteran a likeness of his curly haired youth. Changes in the pigment of the skin undetectable by the eye appear with distinctness on the sensitive plate, and it is said that ample warning of approaching disease has been thereby given.

By means of the invisible rays lying beyond the violet of the spectrum objects may be photographed in the darkness and, with the aid of the so called X rays, through substances otherwise opaque. When from the darkness of night and storm the forked lightning flashes, the camera makes a vivid and permanent picture of each fiery trail. Creatures that travel by night can be "caught" in the brief blaze of a magnesium charged pistol, the flash of which is of too short duration for the creature to move or the dull human eye to recognize the subject.—A. W. Dimock in Van Norden's.

JAPAN A LAND OF COLOR.

Farms of Two or Three Acres Divided Into Many Tiny Fields.

Land is so scarce in Japan and the people so numerous that a farm rarely consists of more than an acre or two. These little farms are divided up into tiny fields. During the season of the year in which we made our journey one of these fields was filled with sprouting barley, light green in color; another field, perhaps the next, with another, a lavender colored, cloverlike fodder; a neighboring field with a dark green grass from the seed of which a lamp oil is manufactured; another with the pale yellow flowers of the mustard, and scattered here and there fields filled with what looked like a variety of lily, some white, some red, some yellow, but all equally brilliant.

Then to get the complete picture you must imagine patches of flowering azaleas dotting the roadside; towering, round topped camellia trees breaking the sky line with frequent splashes of bright green; usually in the shade of these trees houses with white plastered walls and red tiled roofs; about the more pretentious of these houses white plastered walls, above which appeared a profusion of palms, roses and strange native flowers, and in the doorways of the garden walls kimono clad Japanese girls, the kimonos as many and as gayly colored as the garden that framed them.

I have traveled in but one other country that is so gayly colored, and that was some few years ago, when, in the company of a number of other youngsters and an evil smelling magister, I used to make frequent visits to the Land of Primary Colors.—George MacAdam in Outing Magazine.

Good Kitchen Company.

One housewife in this town doesn't know anything about the servant problem, at least so much of it as has to do with the keeping of a maid of all work, the quality of such service not being counted. This is because her servants always become devoted to her because of her brightness and magnanimous treatment of them. Having only the one servant of doubtful skill and accomplishments, this housewife has to spend a good deal of time in her own kitchen. The other day Julia expressed her appreciation this way: "Miss Fanny, yo' ce'tinly is good kitchen comp'ny."—Louisville Times.

Two Hamlets.

Sir Beerbohm Tree and Wilson Barrett gave London their production of "Hamlet" almost contemporaneously. A well known wit who was asked his opinion of the dual Hamlets nonchalantly made answer: "Tree's Hamlet is funny without being vulgar, but Barrett's is vulgar without being funny."

Her Doings.

"His wife made a fool of him."
"What reason have you for saying that?"
"I have his own word for it."
"Get out!"
"I have. He says that all he is he owes to his wife."—Houston Post.

The Old Mistake.

"De man dat answers a gold brick circular," said Uncle Eben, "makes de old mistake. Instead o' tellin' Satan to git behind 'im, he thinks he kin git ahead o' Satan."—Washington Star.

On Oath.

The Court—You will swear that the prisoner stole your umbrella? The Plaintiff—Your honor, I will swear that he stole the umbrella I was carrying.—Cleveland Leader.

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