

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Not Now, but It May Be—

That the high cost of living is due to the general wave of uplift that has been sweeping over this land for several years past.

That when the aeroplane is finally perfected the man higher up may be induced to come down and let us see what he looks like.

That the American heiress is an invention of a farsighted nature to fill in those arid financial spots where the Lord is unable to provide.

That there is a girl somewhere who after you have kissed her on one cheek will turn the other to you, but she is not easy to find.

That there is a lesson in scientific optimism in the case of the average small boy who regards the numps not as an affliction, but as an achievement.

That the wise man meets trouble with a smiling face, but even at that it is hardly necessary to invite him in to meet your wife and children.

That speech is silver, but it is just as well, after all, when you are making a speech to a hostile crowd to have a few coppers in the hall to maintain order.

That Caesar's last words were "Et tu, Brute," but it is a pretty safe bet that he interpolated an "Ouch!" or two in its Latin equivalent before giving up the ghost.

That Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone, but the chances are that under the stress of circumstances she sold the animal to the butcher to be used as a spring lamb until the hard times were over.

That, as the philosopher has said, "life is just one blamed thing after another," but the trouble is that there are so many blamed things after the same thing.—Harper's Weekly.

The Eternal Feminine. Her dearest friend sighed softly. "And you are not worried about your husband?"

"Of course I'm horribly worried." "You know how he attracts other women?"

"Yes, yes." "Some of your best friends too." "I know, I know."

"And what are you going to do about it?" "What can I do? If he wasn't considered attractive I'd feel awfully hurt. If no woman except myself ever looked upon him admiringly I'd know I had drawn a matrimonial lemon. And while it drives me wild to see those women smile upon him, it would be maddening if they coldly passed him by. I want him to be admired, and I hate it too. So what can I do but smile and suffer?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Demanding by the Trade. "Papa, how often have I told you not to say 'I seen you'?"

"Now, ye look a-her, Maggie," interrupted Uncle Charlie Seaver, laying down his knife and fork. "maybe you will make your livin' by good grammar and higher education, but your ma and me air jest obliged to take in summer boarders, and they demand 'th' dialect if they pay our rates. So what I say goes, see, whether she's grammatic or not."—Puck.

A Multiplicity. Ardyce had been learning to sing "America" at school and was trying to teach it to her brother Wayne. One morning his father heard him shouting, "Land where my papa died, land where my papa died."

Ardyce interrupted, "Oh, no, Wayne, not that way. It is 'Land where our fathers died.'"

Wayne's expression could not be described as he flipped his head sideways and in a very surprised tone gravely asked, "Two of 'em'?"—Delineator.

A Musical Comedy. Trotter—During my travels in Italy was captured, bound and gagged by bandits.

Miss Homer—How romantic! Were they anything like the bandits in the opera?

Trotter—No, indeed; the gags they used were all new.—Newark Standard.

Anything but That. "You're a liar and a thief and a scoundrel!"

"Anything else?" "I can't think of anything else right now."

"Thanks, I was afraid you were going to say I was stupid."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Parker's Glory. Kansas Farmer—My son, laziness is crime. It begets filth and dirt. Consider the hog. He toils not, neither does he spin.

His Boy—Right, pop. But he is worth almost 10 cents on the hoof.—Kansas City Journal.

Heart Versus Stomach. Jones—I see Smith has given up vegetarianism.

Brown—Yes, he's a vegetarian at heart, but his stomach has other views. Judge.

Quite Likely. First Motorist—What did you do to my car?

Second Motorist—Ran across an old head.—Lippincott's.

After the Order. Walter—By the way, sir, how would you like to have your steak?

Tired Diner—Very much, indeed.—Life.

ARTISTIC JAPAN.

Rules of Harmony Prevail in Even the Humblest Homes.

By far the greatest charm of Japan and her people lies not only in the fact that the artists know the secret of the most wonderful carvings, castings, wood and metal work, silken brocades and tapestries, exquisite eolssonnes and porcelains, things for the fortunate few, but also in the further and more important fact that the daily life of the poor is surrounded, permeated, interfused by taste and refinement. Even the workmen in their gardens and homes are daily using tasteful domestic implements which are the outgrowth of the thought and needs of the people.

The designs and proportions of the humblest houses, exteriors and interiors, are settled for all time by certain rules of harmony; the dress of the peasant is not left to possible hideous individual caprice, but follows established canons of color, cut and usage; the garden, however small, the fence or paling that walls it in, the roof over the well, over the gate, the great lantern that hangs by the door, the bucket in which water is fetched and the bamboo dipper from which it is poured, the bronze brazier for coals, the tea service—all these and a thousand more details of daily life are arranged according to a pattern which may be very old, but which, as a result, adds immeasurably to the satisfaction of life.

And yet Japanese craftsmen, while holding hard by tradition, have not failed to add to their work the subtle touch of personality. In the motifs of their delicately impressionistic and symbolical designs is constantly seen their reverence for the early masters, and as constantly is perceived the individual variation which prevents each piece of work from having a duplicate.—M. L. Wakeman Curtis in Craftsman.

HE FIXED THE DEED.

A Judge Who Had Small Regard For Legal Quibbles.

Theophilus Harrington, a Vermont judge in the early part of the last century, was a man who loved the right and cared little for mere legal quibbling. "If justice controls your verdict," he would often say to the jury, "you will not miss the general principles of the law."

At one trial when the possession of a farm was in question the defendant offered a deed of the premises, to which the plaintiff's lawyer, Daniel Chipman, objected because it had no seal.

"But your client sold the land, was paid for it and signed the deed, did he not?" asked the judge.

"That makes no difference," said Chipman. "The deed has no seal and cannot be admitted in evidence."

"Is there anything else the matter with the deed?" asked the judge.

"I don't know that there is." "Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "give me a wafer and a three cornered piece of paper."

The clerk obeyed, and the judge deliberately made and affixed the seal.

"There, Brother Chipman," said he, "the deed is all right now. It may be put in evidence. A man is not going to be cheated out of his farm in this court when there is a whole box of wafers on the clerk's desk."

"The court will give me an exception?" pleaded the counsel.

"The court will do no such thing," answered the judge, and he kept his word.—Exchange.

British Election Tactics.

British electioneering tactics have changed. Electors are no longer kidnaped and forced to lose the poll. The minor details of the campaign, however, remain the same. Mr. Labouchere, for instance, in his fight for Windsor in the seventies canvassed six hours each day for a month, kissed babies, complimented mothers and persuaded fathers just as he would today. But when the final survey was made his supporters found that everything depended on half a dozen voters.

And here stepped in the diplomat. One Tory who went to fish in a punt was kept in the middle of the river until his vote was useless. Another aged and decrepit Tory was kept in the house by cubs being put to run at him whenever he tried to issue from his door. The Liberals won, but the Tories petitioned successfully.

No Sentiment.

At a literary and scientific gathering a learned Greek scholar got into conversation with one of the leading mathematicians of the day and apparently found a ready listener. He gave again and again exquisite lines from Homer from the original, and the sonorous words rolled off his tongue in fine style. After awhile, noticing that his audience, the man of figures, made no remark, he paused and said in a questioning tone of wonder: "Of course you think those lines masterly, do you not?"

"Certainly," said the mathematician, "but what do they prove?"

His Grief.

Dewey Eve—Dat loidy dat I asked fer a handout gave me a dog biscuit. Weary Willie—Well, wat yer cryin' about? Dewey Eve—I'm cryin' because I'm not a dog.—Chicago News.

The Doctor's Reason.

First Physician—So you've lost Rogers as a patient. Didn't he respond to your treatment? Second Physician—Yes, but not to my dunning letters.—Lippincott's.

The battle is weak that is waged with one hand.—Euripides.

STRONG PULSE BEATS.

Cases in Which They Are Perceptible to the Eye.

"It is not such an uncommon thing," said a physician, "to find a person whose pulse beats can be plainly seen, and yet I suppose there are but few outside of the profession who realize the fact. In most persons the beat of the pulse cannot be perceived, but the mere fact that the beating is perceptible does not mean that the pulse is other than normal. I have come across a number of cases where the throbbing of the wrist could be plainly seen, and yet the persons rarely gave evidence of abnormality in temperature. They were rarely feverish and were in good physical condition generally. Pulses of this kind, from this view, which is based upon actual observations of cases, do not indicate anything more than an abnormal physical condition in the formation of the wrist veins."

"I have met with one case which was possibly a little extraordinary in that it was palmer and much more distinct than any I had ever seen before. It could almost be heard. The artery would rise to a point almost as large as the ball of the little finger of a child and would change from the white of the skin to a blood purple with each beat of the pulse. I found it easy to count the pulse beats without touching the patient's wrist. I could see plainly enough to keep the record, and in order not to err in my calculation I tested it in several ways and found it was correct and that there was no mistake in my counting with the naked eye."

THE ARTIST WON.

His Nerve and His Drawing Combined Made the Editor Meek.

The editor had given the artist an order to illustrate the story and had drawn a rough diagram of the kind of sketch he wanted. It must show a deer vaulting in a high leap over a clump of bushes. The artist read the manuscript, made the picture and sent it in. It was well done. The deer was a magnificent fellow, with a pair of antlers that the most ambitious buck might well be proud of. The editor took one look at the drawing and then in disgust returned it to the artist, with a letter stating that the figure must be redrawn because "the story plainly states that the buck was a yearling, consequently he would have had only spike horns and not the kind of antlers you have depicted."

The artist was not, however, dismayed. He stood pat for antlers. With courage born of immovable conviction he returned the drawing unaltered to the editor and drew him: "Composition demands antlers. Change manuscript to 'three-year-old buck.'"

The editor was struck so dumb by this manifestation of nerve that he actually took time to study the drawing. He let his imagination picture the spike buck instead of the majestic antlered beauty and meekly decided that the artist knew a thing or two, so the editorial blue pencil was brought into requisition, the buck gained two years in a less number of minutes, and the periodical lost nothing by the change.—New York Press.

Obedient Instructions.

Mr. Dabbs was still out at 2 a. m. Unable to wait calmly any longer, Mrs. Dabbs began pacing the hall. She had gone back and forth about thirty-seven times when she heard a thump at the back door.

She walked back and peered through the glass. It was Mr. Dabbs, all right. He seemed to have fallen in the mud two or three times.

She let him in and steadied him upstairs.

"Why did you come to the back door?" she asked.

He collected his fugitive wits before he answered.

"There is a sign in front which says that all packages must be delivered at the rear," he said.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Why Turkish Women Go Veiled. Turkish women do not wear veils because of their religion, as many suppose. It is merely the survival of an old custom. When the Turks still lived in Tartary, before the time of Mohammed, it was the habit of the men to steal such women for wives as attracted them. This led to so much fighting that about the second century after Christ the Turks came together and decided that henceforth the women should go veiled and should not meet men, but dwell in harems, as soon as they arrived at womanhood, which was at about seven years of age.—Mrs. Kenneth Brown in Metropolitan Magazine.

One Failure.

"It's funny our minister never gets married," remarked the young husband who had just refused his wife a new dress in his endeavor to change the subject. "I think he'd make a good husband."

"Well," replied the wife warmly, "he didn't seem to make a very good one when he married us."

He Got His.

A cynical old barber who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects recently asked a female friend:

"Well, madam, what do you hold on this question of female suffrage?"

To which the lady responded calmly: "Sir, I hold my tongue."

Soaked.

"What time is it?" "I don't know." "Isn't your watch going?" "Worse—It's gone."—Cleveland Leader.

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