

Editorial Snap Shots.

It looks to us that it is the city councilmen, not Mayor Coates, who should take some action with regard to the blind pig joints.

Anyone wanting public office now is the time to "run," for it is a free, open race for all aspirants who are inclined to think they are more suitable to serve "the people" than the other fellow.

The Home Comfort Stove people are catching a number of "suckers." We understand that one person who signed the contract is ready to mop the floor with the agents. Moral: Trade with the home merchants, not a lot of strangers.

The high prices in land values in city and farm property have about knocked the bottom out of sales, as well as retarding building, and for that reason there is not liable to be much doing the coming winter. Not that we want to be pessimistic.

We hope that some good will come out of the discussion of conditions in Tillamook City. Some 27 citizens had the nerve to come to the city's defence in opposition to the cunningly devised plans of the liquor interests, which have entered politics again.

The ministers of the different churches in this city have organized for an active campaign to improve the moral conditions in Tillamook City. That is a good move. But the cranky, crazy politicians in Oregon don't believe in organization.

Every business man when he desires the services of a good man keeps him. That is considered good business judgment. Now that we have a good sheriff, county clerk, joint representative and congressman, why not use the same business sense in county and district affairs and keep them in office?

Every business man, with any back bone and interest in the city, should band themselves together for the purpose of closing up the blind pig joints on Main Street. Let's have some civic pride in Tillamook City, for these law breakers have had their sway too long. Get together citizens and demand that the city officials revoke their licenses.

We have a Commercial Club on one business street, organized for the purpose of boosting the city and county, and on another business street we have a number of blind pig joints giving Tillamook City and County a bad reputation. Which is going to prevail, the boosters or those who pull down and destroy the business reputation of the city?

Probably it is not worth while to worry as to the manner in which city affairs have been allowed to run. Let all those who are interested in the development of the city and who have some civic pride, get together and help blot out the past and make this a well governed and up-to-date business center. Every business man should put his shoulder to the wheel and help bring this about.

The Greater Oregon Home Rule Association, which should have been called the Greater Boozie Association, is getting a good trouncing by the country press. It is bad enough for the State to be humbugged with U'Ren's fallacies, but for the voters to be humbugged by the liquor interests is ten times worse. But there are a lot of voters who like to be humbugged by a lot of scheming politicians and special interests just before election.

This is the time of the year when the utmost precautions should be taken to avoid fire. Thus far Tillamook City and County have escaped the fire fiend, but as the next few weeks is the most dangerous time of the year for fires to get started, it is as well to be on the alert. The whole country is unusually dry, and with an east wind, which is liable to blow from there at any time, conditions are ripe for a conflagration should a fire, either in the city or the timber get started. Other places are suffering with great fires, and Tillamook County will be fortunate if it escapes them this year.

The Portland Journal is pained that such a worthy, able man as Dr. James Withycombe should be sacrificed on the altar of politics for Jay Bowerman. Forsooth! But this has a strange ring. This same good Dr. Withycombe is the man against which this same Journal made such an unfair, nasty fight a few years ago as was a disgrace to Oregon journalism. Many good Republicans of the state sincerely regret the defeat of such men as Dr. Withycombe and C. B. Moore, but we don't ask any of the Journal's brand of sympathy. If either of these or any other good man had

been successful, they would now be getting besmirched with billingsgate and red ink just as Bowerman now is at the hands of this independent (!) newspaper. This is worth a little pondering by glib Republican. -Newberg Graphic.

No one wants to put any obstacle in the way of those who want to start a milk condenser in this city. The field is wide open to those who have money to invest. For many years past it was discussed and figured out by local parties and others, yet nothing came of it, for the reason that a good many of our dairymen, using good business discretion, could not see the wisdom of pulling down one industry to build up another, especially as it took years of patient toil and endeavor to obtain for Tillamook cheese the high reputation it now enjoys all over the Pacific Coast. It is natural to suppose that if a large condenser was started here it would disorganize the co-operative cheese associations and, of course, the cheese output. As the jobbers are now looking to Tillamook to supply the cheese market, it seems to us that due caution should be used before any attempt is made to cripple the cheese industry. It is true that with the advent of the railroad that more settlers will come into the county and more milk will be produced, but it is well, as we have often remarked in this matter, to let well enough alone, and not to keep switching from one thing to another.

The voters of this congressional district will be called upon to elect a representative, and if anyone is entitled to their support it is Representative W. C. Hawley, who is the most influential and hard-working member of the Oregon Delegation. Mr. Hawley has served the people two terms, and the reason so many persons admire him is because he is making good. As an illustration of this he has secured \$880,000 for river and harbor improvements and \$630,000 for public buildings and other purposes in this district, and is working to secure larger amounts for harbor improvements in the Coast Counties of Oregon, which have been so long neglected. Mr. Hawley has made a clean and honorable record for himself, and to deprive the Oregon delegation of one of its most useful members for a new and untried representative would be a serious loss to this district, for no person can go to the house of representatives and accomplish much for the first few years. Therefore, we want to say this, for the interest of the district, as well as for the interest of Tillamook County, that Mr. Hawley should be retained in Congress to carry on the work he has so thoroughly familiarized himself with, and which he will successfully carry through if given the time and the opportunity to do so.

From all appearance there will be less interest taken in politics than in former years, for the reason there are but few aspiring to political office. The most important and difficult office to fill with a good man, is the county judgeship. The office pays only \$50 a month, which is not enough to attract a person having the education and qualifications for a probate judge and the business and financial ability to handle the affairs of the county. That is the kind of man required at the head of county affairs. The question to be considered, who is the most suitable person in the Republican party to fill the position? That is for the voters, not this newspaper, to decide, yet for all that we would like to say that the person with good business judgment holding that position can save the county a whole lot of money, while, on the other hand, a great deal of public money can be thrown away should a person be elected who has not the ability to handle the county affairs. If we may be allowed to make a suggestion, we would like to see someone elected who has made a success in business and has the ability to handle the county's finances economically. It is a bigger job to run the county's affairs successfully than some persons imagine, for there are so many propositions and schemes coming before the county judge to obtain money that it also requires a man with a back bone to head them off. We do hope, however, that the Republicans will nominate and elect a county judge who is in favor of placing a practical engineer at the head of the road work in this county, and in this way get down to practical business methods, for this is where a large amount of public money is wasted and squandered away, because of political, family or personal "pulls" with the court. We want to see the best results for the money expended on the roads, and we hope the next county judge and county court will put road building in this county upon a uniform, systematic basis.

HURRIED THE WORK.

Peculiar Experience of a Turkish Literary Man. Once upon a time a certain Turkish literary man living in Constantinople arranged to translate for a daily newspaper a novel then popular in England. Each day he rendered a sufficient part of it into the Turkish language to fill the space reserved for it. One day his peaceful home was entered by the police, who peremptorily arrested the man of letters and dragged him off to prison. No explanation was given for his arrest. The novel reflected in no way against the politics of the state, and he had broken no laws. He was not even given time to bid farewell to his family, but he was commended to bring the work under translation with him. Arrived at the prison, he was given pleasant quarters, good food and drink and sternly commanded to complete his task. So for several days the frightened translator worked industriously. When the work was done he was, to his astonishment, instantly liberated and presented with a large sum of money. Upon further inquiry as to his treatment it was explained that the sultan had become interested in the story as it appeared from day to day and was too impatient to wait for the end. He wanted to read all the rest of it at once! Truly, there are certain advantages in being a sultan.

STRANGERS IN BERLIN.

Their Comings and Goings Always Known to the Police. "I had no idea that they kept such an espionage over strangers in Berlin until a friend of mine had occasion to look up some one there," said a traveler. "We had come up from Vienna, and as my friend was in the diplomatic service we called at the embassy. "While there he happened to think of another friend, an American, who had gone to Berlin about three years before to represent an American concern and wondered how he could get a trace of him. "Nothing is easier," said the embassy secretary. "Just wait a moment." "He wrote a note and handed it to a messenger. "We shall know all about your friend within fifteen minutes," he said to us. "Sure enough, within that time the messenger reappeared with an answer. From it the secretary read that he had arrived in Berlin on such a date three years previous, that he had lived at a certain address, that he had gone the week before to a little town in the interior, but that he was expected back within three days. "Well, he turned up on the day the police said he would be back, and we had dinner with him." -Detroit Free Press.

A Sensational Prophet.

One of the most sensational of prophets was a Kossu negro, named Umhukasa, who did his prophesying in British Kaffraria, Africa, in 1857. His niece had met some mysterious strangers near a stream, and Umhukasa, having gone to see them, reported that they were the spirits of his dead brother and others. They communicated a prophecy which rapidly grew. On an appointed day in 1857 two blood red suns were to rise, the sky would fall and crush the Pinguos and the whites, herds of splendid cattle would issue from the ground, great fields of ripe millet would spring up, the Kossu dead would rise and live with their descendants, and trouble and sickness should be no more. Unhappily there was a condition—the Kossus must slaughter all their existing cattle. And so 200,000 cattle, the wealth and sustenance of the people, were killed, and probably 50,000 credulous natives starved themselves to death.

Game in Germany.

Germany is a country of Nimrods. There are, we learn, BRAVER sportsmen, which means one gun for every hundred people. Each year fall to the gun on an average 100,000 hares, 1,000,000 partridges, 2,000,000 thrushes, 500,000 rabbits, BRAVER deer, 15,000 woodcocks, BRAVER wild ducks, 25,000 pheasants, 22,500 doves, 15,000 quails, 13,500 hawks, 1,400 wild boars and 3,300 bustards. In weight this "bag" represents 25,000 kilograms, a kilogram being two and one-fifth pounds. The monetary value is about \$1,500,000. The sum received for licenses to shoot is about \$1,500,000.

Stung!

"I overheard my husband talking in his sleep last night," remarked Mrs. Trigger to her closest friend. "Oh, how interesting!" exclaimed the friend. "I'd be mention some strange woman's name?" "No," snapped Mrs. Trigger; "he was dreaming about a baseball game." -Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Other Side.

Husband tidily—You should remember, my dear, that the "most patient person that ever lived was a man. Wife impatiently—Oh, don't talk to me about the patience of that man Job! Just think of the patience poor Mrs. Job must have had to enable her to put up with such a man.

Naturally.

Scribbler—I am going to call my new play "The Wicked Flee." Wigwag—I suppose you'll—er—try it on the dog. -Philadelphia Record.

As Usual.

"Mrs. Parker is back in town." "Has she any servants yet?" "No. She's screaming for help." -Harper's Bazar.

LOCATING TRUFFLES.

The Hunter Works With a Trained Pig and a Pointed Staff. The truffles looked exactly like white potatoes that had been very thoroughly dusted with powdered cinnamon. They were the size of white potatoes, and they had the white potato's irregular shape. "On the way to the Riviera," said the host, "I stopped at Marseilles in order to see a truffle, or truffle gatherer, at work. Truffles come only from France. They cost, even over there, about \$5 a pound. The taste? Well, mushroomy, but much richer. "Our Marseilles truffle carrier carried a pointed staff. His indispensable co-laborer was a trained pig on a leash. The pig was like any other, only his snout was longer and better developed. "We spectators had hardly walked 100 yards over the fields when the pig stopped and began to root near the foot of an oak. The truffle helped him to dig with the pointed staff. Some truffles appeared a foot underground, and the truffle pushed the pig aside, threw it an acorn and put the truffles in his bag. "He found, or, rather, his pig found, a dozen truffles in the hour we watched him. At every find the pig was rewarded with an acorn. These pigs cost \$50 apiece. The man made about \$4 that morning." -Exchange.

HIS OWN COIN.

Knox Gave Root What Root Had Passed Out to Depew. Senator Depew told a little story on himself and Senator Root in a speech at a dinner in Washington to Mr. Root by the New York Republican congressional delegation. "When Root was secretary of state," said Senator Depew, "I went over to see him and asked him if he couldn't do something for me in the line of consular appointments. He said: 'Senator, I'm sorry. I would like to do something for New York, but—and Mr. Root picked up a paper from his desk—I see that New York's quota is now exceeded by 14 per cent.' "Well," continued Senator Depew, "I kept going to see Senator Root for a year. Every time I went to see him he would remind me that New York's quota was exceeded by 14 per cent. Finally I said, 'Mr. Secretary, I think you're a great statesman, but your mathematics are inclined to be automatic.' "After a while Mr. Knox became secretary of state," Senator Depew said when the laughter had subsided. "Senator Root went up to see him about consular appointments. 'I'm sorry,' said Mr. Knox, 'but—and he turned to a document file—I find that New York's quota is now exceeded by 14 per cent.'" -New York Sun.

Major Pond and Bill Nye.

More than one successful lecture star had to thank Major Pond for his start. He had been discrimination and not infrequently sought out and dragged upon the lecture platform an obscure genius who never thought to see himself before the footlights. Such a genius was Bill Nye. When the major found him he was acting as postmaster and editing the Laramie Boomerang over a livery stable. ("Walk down the alley, twist the gray mule's tail, take the elevator immediately.") Pond persuaded him to try lecturing, and as there proved to be both money and useful publicity in it Nye was grateful and used for years to remember the major with characteristic notes, one of which had the following exhaustive signature: "Yours with a heart full of gratitude and a system full of drugs, paints, oil, turpentine, glass, putty and everything usually kept in a first class drug store. P. S.—Open all night. BILL NYE.

Old Times at the Capital.

In recalling the lively and picturesque incidents which the old times enjoyed in Washington one is moved almost to tears over the commonplace nature of his own times. John Adams used to bathe in the Potomac every morning at daylight because he had no bathtub in the White House, and no one ever pulled a kodak on him. President Taylor used to walk about the town and stop and chat with every one he met, like a policeman. A reception in the White House in those days is relieved of monotony only by the great crush of guests, who trample the clothes off one another's backs. Another president set up in the east room a 600 pound cheese and invited the multitude to come in and help itself, which the multitude proceeded to do.

Fat and Thin.

The two women encountered each other at a dance. They had not met for several years. "How thin you have grown!" exclaimed one. "How fat you've got to be!" the other cried, and they stood gazing at each other in some dismay. "Before you come to blows," remarked a mutual friend who stood by, "let's take a vote as to which is worse, to get too fat or to get too thin." -New York Press.

Not Guilty.

"Doctor, why don't you sometimes denounce wickedness in high places?" "Bless your soul, Brother Hardesty, I do! Have you forgotten that in my sermon two Sundays ago I spoke sharply against the practice of flirting in the elevated railway trains?" -Chicago Tribune.

All men have their frailties, and he who looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks.

A STORY OF BLUCHER.

The Old General Gave His Son a Lesson in Gaming. Speaking of military men who were gamblers, Ralph Nevill in "Light Come, Light Go," after noting that Napoleon only played in an amateur way and never seriously and that the Duke of Wellington, while a member of Crockford's famous gambling club, was not particularly fond of play, goes on to relate the following about Blucher. Another great soldier, on the other hand, repeatedly lost large sums at play. This was Blucher, who was inordinately fond of gambling. Much to his disgust, this passion was inherited by his son, who had often to be rebuked by his father for his visits to the gaming table and was given many a wholesome lecture upon his youth and inexperience and the consequent certainty of loss by coming in contact with older and more practiced gamblers. One morning, however, young Blucher presented himself before his father and exclaimed, with an air of joy, "Sir, you said I knew nothing of play, but here is proof that you have undervalued my talents," pulling out at the same time a bag of rubies which he had won the preceding night. "And I said the truth," was the reply. "Sit down here and I'll convince you." The dice were called for, and in a few minutes old Blucher won all his son's money, whereupon, after pocketing the cash, he rose from the table, observing, "Now you see that I was right when I told you that you would never win."

SUSPICION JUSTIFIED.

It Was Not a Mouse the Master Heard in the Kitchen. The late Rev. Dr. Wightman, sitting one night later than usual engrossed in the profundities of a great tome, imagined he heard a sound in the kitchen inconsistent with the cautiousness of a mouse; so, taking his candle, he proceeded to investigate the cause. His foot being heard in the passage, the servant began with much noise to rake out the fire as if preparing for bed. "You're up late tonight, Mary." "I'm jist rakin' the fire, sir, and gaun to bed." "That's right, Mary. I like timeous hours." On his way back to the study he passed the coal cellar door and, turning the key, took it with him. The next morning at an early hour there was a rap at his bedroom door and a request for the key to get some coal. "You're up too soon, Mary. Go back to your bed." Half an hour later there was another knock and a similar request, in order to prepare for breakfast. "I don't want breakfast so soon, Mary. Go back to your bed." In another half hour there was another knock, with an entreaty for the key, as it was washing day. This was enough. He rose and handed out the key, saying, "Go and let the man out." As the preacher shrewdly suspected, Mary's sweetheart had been imprisoned all night in the coal cellar. -London Family Herald.

Vanity Ticked.

During the early excesses of the French revolution a rabble of men and women were rioting in the streets of Paris. Lafayette appeared and ordered a young artillery officer to open fire on them with two cannon. The officer begged the general to let him try first to persuade them to withdraw. "It is useless to appeal to their reason," said the general. "Certainly," answered the officer, "and it is not to their reason, but to their vanity, I would appeal." The officer rode up to the front of the mob, doffed his cocked hat, pointed to the guns and said: "Gentlemen will have the kindness to retire, for I am ordered to shoot down the rabble." The street was cleared at once, for none could brook the idea of being classed with the scum of the city.

An Acute Sense of Taste.

William and Lawrence were in the habit of saving a part of their dessert from the evening dinner for consumption the next morning, and in accordance with this custom two small cakes had been placed in the cracker jar for them. William, being the first up on the following morning and being hungry, went to the jar. He found only one cake, and a large piece had been bitten out of that. Full of wrath, he went upstairs and roused his brother. "Say," he demanded, "I want to know who took that big bite out of my cake?" "I did," sleepily answered Lawrence. "What'd you do that for?" "Well, when I tasted it I found it was your cake, and so I let the other one." -Youth's Companion.

The Matter Explained.

"Why do they say 'as smart as a steel trap'?" asked the talkative boarder. "I never could see anything particularly intellectual about a steel trap." "A steel trap is called smart," explained the elderly person in his sweetest voice, "because it knows exactly the right time to shut up." More might have been said, but in the circumstances it would have seemed unfitting. -London Tit-Bits.

The Similarity.

"My husband is like a rooster in one respect." "Indeed?" "Yes; when he gets up early he crows over it." -Judge.

BRANDED BY TARTARS.

A Greek Robber Who Was Tattooed From Head to Foot. A remarkable case of tattooing came to light in Professor Hebra's lecture room in a hospital in Vienna a number of years ago. The man was the subject of a lecture, and one of the spectators at first mistook him for a bronze statue. He was tattooed from head to foot, and not a quarter of a square inch of his entire person was unmarked. The skin presented an appearance resembling the tracery of an exceedingly rich cashmere shawl. The coloring was done with indigo principally, with enough red inserted here and there to give it effect. His name was George Constantine, a Greek by birth, who with a band of robbers entered Chinese Tartary to commit depredations. The gang was captured, and this man, with others, was ordered by the ruler to be branded in this manner. On the palms of his hands letters were tattooed which explained that he was "the greatest rascal and thief in the world." It took three months to tattoo him, the indigo being pricked into the skin. The designs represented elephants, lions, tigers and birds, with letters worked in between. A couple of dragons ornamented his forehead. He said his body swelled up very much at the time and ever since had been sensitive to changes in the weather. -Westminster Gazette.

A DELICATE HINT.

The Present Girard Sent to One of His Ship Captains. One of the sea captains in the employ of Stephen Girard, the founder of Girard college, had a rural Tansy fondness for whitening his job knife and on one trip succeeded in getting away with a large part of the rail, although, feeling that he was without the artistic sense, he really regarded the rail as greatly improved in appearance. When the vessel came to Philadelphia, Girard went aboard, made a general inspection in the captain's absence and as he was about to return to shore asked one of the men who had been cutting the rail. The seaman told him the captain and then, afraid his telling might have unpleasant consequences were the captain to learn of it in a roundabout way, informed that official of the interview with Girard. The captain was in terror of a reprimand, but, hearing nothing from his employer, supposed the incident closed. As he was about weighing anchor ready to leave port a dray loaded with shingles drove down to the wharf, and the driver halted the vessel. "There must be some mistake," shouted the captain. "Our bill of lading doesn't mention shingles." "This is where they belong," said back the driver. "Mr. Girard himself told me to deliver them. He said they are for the captain to whittle."

Self Examination.

Every man's life is an imperfect set of circles which he repeats and repeats over every day. He hath a set of thoughts, desires and inclinations which return upon him in their proper time and order and will very hardly be laid aside to make room for anything new and uncommon, so that upon him when you please to set about the study of his own heart—either he has some business to do of some company that he must entertain or some cross accident hath put him out of humor and unfitted him for such a grave employment. And thus it cometh to pass that a man can never find leisure to look into himself, because he doth not set apart some portion of the day for that very purpose, but foolishly deferreth from one day to another until his glass is almost run out and he is called upon to give a miserable account of himself in the other world. -Dean Swift.

A Pheasant's Blind Flight.

Speaking of the habits of pheasants, Bailey's Magazine says: "A very curious incident was recorded in October, 1896. A hen pheasant was flushed in a field of turnips, and as she got up flew into a piece of net, wet leaf, which clung around her head, completely enveloping it in blindfolding her. She kept about the field, so that the wet leaf still remained plastered over her eyes, and in this plight fluttered higher and higher until she became exhausted and gradually fell to earth again. "The frequency with which pheasants fly through windows, especially with fatal results, is thought to be due to the bird in its haste being deceived by the reflection in the glass of the landscape behind it."

Sledgehammer Education. The teacher of one of the grades in a primary school was astonished to receive the following communication from the parent of a pupil: Dear Miss—Thinking it might be necessary, I hereby give you permission to beat my son anytime it is necessary to learn his lessons. My Tom is just like his father; you have to learn him the hard way. Just you sound whacks on his head. Don't pay no attention to what his father says. I will be home. -Cincinnati Commercial Times.

The Right to Work.

Drum of the Village Orchestra don't care what you do say, the drum ain't finished. I've only hit 'em under an fifteen times instead of the way I want. Don't pay no attention to what his father says. I will be home. -Cincinnati Commercial Times.

Idle Bees.

Three bees that give no honey boast and bluster. -Life.