

MILITARY FORMS.

Why and Wherefore of Many Army Customs.

AND SWORD SALUTES.

Why the Former Goes Back Time of the Borgias and to the Knights of the Cruciferous Volleys and Taps.

When a soldier when saluting a raise his hand to his head. The beginning dates back to the Borgias, if not to an age in those days assassinating in vogue, and in order that he might not have a superior stage the inferior was common coming into his superior's to raise his right hand, palm out, to show that no dagger reached there. From this old hand salute has come down, with the sword was not a way in the beginning with season. When knights of the received their orders it was in for them to call upon God as their assumption of the sword. To do this the sword was held to the front so that the hilt and blade could be on an oath registered to carry orders faithfully. The drop of the sword, point to the front, submission.

The funeral cortege of a officer or soldier is the horse, and equipped, with the boots the rider placed heels to the the stirrups, led to the place. To show by reversal of the owner's march has ended. It goes back to the days of the free volleys are fired over the of a comrade. Among the the burial consisted of the of earth three times on the three times was the dead man name, which ended the cere- the friends and relatives each said "Vale!" three as a farewell to our dead we fire three volleys over. Then the service called taps in this closing the ceremony, and the call taps be sounded once to any other? Because the call for "lights out," and of life are out in the com- "joined the silent the dead." This ending of funeral dates back to the es, but did not become a until late in the civil war, as a reason for causing all before a military court to a glove from the right hand and eyes toward heaven an oath is of great an- Then the Bible was printed and was laid on the book, afterward kissed. But the not always at hand when to the custom of raising the and uncovering the head into general practice. In the criminal was branded of the right hand, and for a the custom of requiring of the glove came into order that the hand might be red silk sash long worn by our army, which for many ceased to form part of the except for general officers, adopted simply because it itty. It was originally in this sash, which was very even of silk and could be out to over a yard in width, used as a hammock in which officers could be carried off

wise the guady colored plume that flowed from the not placed there because it well. The original hair plume on the shoulders of the and it was intended that it a safeguard against a saber at the back of the neck, for thick hair would turn the have decapitation or an ugly day the little hair tuft seen address of mounted soldiers

a reason why the flag at as an indication of sorrow, as be hoisted to the top of before being lowered. The ed when raised and low when it is at the peak of So when it is necessary to half mast it must be ris- up before being finally low- this time the gun fires its either the band or the are sounding appropriate

the guns, the number fired national salute, were not random. The number was our government because it number long used by the Brit- international salute. Why used twenty-one guns was to an early custom which warship salute seven guns, allowed to fire three times as a warship, because it was difficult to keep good condition at sea. It in good condition on land, sently the shore battery was ger number, or twenty-one. time arrived that better made and it could be car- without deterioration of the allowed the same sum- as the shore battery, and one of today are the result. W. Atkinson, U. S. A., in ard-Herald.

RIDING THE BILLOWS.

A Few Pointed Suggestions For Ocean Travelers.

Do not interfere with the captain in the performance of his duties or offer suggestions in navigation based upon your own experience in running a catboat on Lake Mohonk. There are few captains now in the transatlantic service who have not crossed the ocean several times, and we know of none who has acquired his knowledge of the sea in a correspondence school. If the lady with golden hair seated in the steamer chair next to yours inadvertently puts her head on your shoulder and groans do not rudely remove it, but whistle a soft lullaby, as if you did not notice the act. Bear in mind that two heads are better than one. The lullaby may put her to sleep, when her curls may be gently removed to her own sofa pillow. Should you desire to go below before she goes to sleep send the deck steward after her husband and ask him to remove them himself.

If in the midst of your dinner you feel a sudden emotional qualm arising within you rise with it as nearly simultaneously as possible and hasten from the saloon, taking care in your flight to stick to the aisles between the tables and not go leaping from table to table like a frightened antelope toward the exit. This latter course would cause considerable confusion in the dining room, and in your haste you might inadvertently trip over another passenger's Welsh rabbit, which is not considered good form in polished circles either on the land or on the sea.

If on your way to the upper deck you find the staircases blocked by others hastening upward like yourself do not step upon them in your mad flight upward, but slide down the banisters to the lower deck, which you will find just as well adapted to your needs as the upper. Any deck is good in a qualm.—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

POWER OF A WORD.

Why France Changed the Name of the "Life Saving Belt."

A vivid illustration of the power of mere words over human beings was once brought to the attention of French people by Francisque Sarcey.

After the wreck of the Bourgogne many passengers were found floating drowned with life preservers on. These life preservers were fastened upon the bodies, but round the middle instead of under the arms, and the greater weight of the upper part of the body had tipped the head under water and the person of course was inevitably drowned.

Now it appears that the greater number of the persons so drowned were French. The French term for life preserver is ceinture de sauvetage, or "life saving belt." This word ceinture suggests to the mind in its moments of disorder and unreasoning, such as a great catastrophe brings, the idea of putting on a belt, and as a belt is put round the waist and nowhere else the frightened person instinctively adjusts the life preserver close about the hips.

The result is that as soon as the person so provided falls into the water his body tips over, with the heavier part downward, and the head is plunged beneath the surface.

The word "belt," therefore, was the cause of the loss of many lives in the Bourgogne disaster. Sarcey accordingly proposed to counteract the fatal effect of the French word by renaming the article and calling it a brassiere, which is a kind of waist, and by bringing the word bras, or arm, to mind to teach people to put a life preserver on just underneath the arms.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Cooling of the Worlds.

All bodies in space are gradually approaching frigidity. When a red-hot cannon ball is taken out of a furnace and suspended in the air it parts with its heat and keeps on parting with it until it finally reaches the temperature surrounding it. And what happens to the cannon ball is happening to the sun. The sun is steadily losing its heat and contracting, and the same is true of the planets and of every other body in space. Just as the arctic circle is ever encroaching upon the temperate and equatorial regions, so the final chill is steadily advancing upon the warmth everywhere.—New York American.

A Modest Post.

There is a story told of a French poet who inquired of a friend and flatterer what he thought of his last work. "I have arrived at the fifteenth canto," he replied with enthusiasm, "and think there is nothing more beautiful and harmonious in the language." "Pardon me, there is one thing," said the poet. "Ah, perhaps you mean Chateaubriand's 'Atala?'" "Certainly not! I mean my sixteenth canto."

Testing Her.

"How would you feel, Clarissa, if you and I were sailing down the stream of life together far away from here?" "How far, George?" "Oh, far, far away?" "I'd be so terribly homesick for mother?" "And from that night this young man ceased his visits.—Judge's Library.

A Fruitful Time.

"Did Jack derive any fruit from the lecture?" "Yes, sure he did. He met there a girl he knew and made a date with her, and she's a peach." — Baltimore American.

HIS GOOD FORTUNE.

When He Had to Work He Started a Dainty Rolling Mill.

I was just entering upon my thirty-fourth year when, owing to the failure of my wife's father, I found myself obliged to make a living. I had often wondered where all the steel rails came from, and now I determined to go into the business of supplying them to railroad companies. Having learned through careful inquiry that nearly all of them were made in a bankrupt iron foundry to convert it into a rolling mill. Then I went to a good reliable machinery man on the next block and told him to send me some of the very best rolling mill machinery that he had in his store.

Meanwhile my noble wife had not been idle, and by the time I was ready to begin operations she had induced several of the most brilliant women in society to agree to buy all their steel rails of us. Touched by her unselfish devotion, I clasped her in my arms, while the tears coursed down my cheeks.

Then I called on a railroad president, told him that I desired to become self supporting and asked him to buy some of my rails. He told me to deliver a basketful to his place of business every Saturday night.

Greatly elated over my prospects, I called together a number of workmen whom I found idle on the streets and directed them to make some nice steel rails without delay and take them around to the kind railroad president.

Rejoicing at the prospect of steady employment, the workmen hastened to obey, and the rails that they made under my direction proved so durable that in a very short time I had all the orders that I could fill.

I attribute much of my success to the fact that each rail is delivered to the customer tastefully wrapped in tissue paper fastened with pink ribbon.—Delincoeur.

DINNER GUESTS.

Bad Enough to Be Late, but to Be Too Early is Unforgivable.

It is an accepted aphorism that one should never be late at a dinner or a dinner. Tardiness is unpardonable, but the converse is also true. If it is an offense to be late it is unforgivable to be too early. This refers solely to the dinner, since duels are affairs of the past.

Overhaste may be flattering, but it is also inconsiderate. If the dinner is important enough to be called a "function" and the house in which it is given is sufficiently large to be rated as a mansion the early guest may find a hostess still in her maid's hands. If instead a cottage and a simpler repast await one the housewife may herself be putting the last necessary touches to the salad. In either case the hostess feels a warm personal approval and an ability for self praise if the coming guest is a little tardy. Should the soup be cold or the roast dry it is not her fault; she was on time.

Can anything be more harassing than the "you-don't-mind-me-dear" type of woman who always comes half an hour early and always wants to "help"? Can anybody worship one's household gods, turn away the nicks, display the gleaming side in the profaning presence of a comparative stranger? A despairing hostess said recently:

"When I have just men coming I spend my soul on the cooking; when it's women I put my extra efforts into burnishing the house; when it's both I almost kill myself, and when they come too early I want to lie down and die."

"The quality of mercy is not strained." It applies even to giving one's prospective hostess ample leeway for preparation. Failing this, invitations may soon be written, "At 7, and please be late!"—Youth's Companion.

Not at All Private.

In the trial of a case recently in one of the English courts a witness was asked to repeat a conversation that she had with her husband. Objection was made that the question should not be answered because the conversation was private in its nature. The judge then asked the witness whether anybody except herself and husband was present. She replied that her mother and the husband's mother were, whereupon the judge remarked: "It appears that both mothers-in-law were present. I shall therefore rule that the conversation was public."

Struck by Lightning.

A lady riding in a train found herself seated by the side of an old man who was exceedingly deaf. "Ma'am," said she in a high tone, "did you ever try electricity?" "What did you say, miss?" "I asked if you ever tried electricity for your deafness?" "Oh, yes, indeed. I did; it's only last summer I got struck by lightning, but I don't see as it done me a bit of good."

No Exposure For Him.

The member of the legislature of whom some graft stories had been circulated was about to build a house. "You will want a southern exposure, I suppose?" asked the architect. "No, sir," said the man. "If you can't build this house without any exposure I'll get another architect."—Yonkers Statesman.

No Weight Reduction In Prospect.

Mr. Nerve—Will you be mine? Miss Plumpleigh—You ask so much. Mr. Nerve—I know it, but you don't seem to be getting any smaller.—Boston Transcript.

MADE GOOD AS A COOK.

The Old Lumberman Get Supper Without the Least Effort.

"Nowadays a cook is provided for each camp," said the old lumberman who has worked on the St. Croix, the Penobscot and the St. John, "but in my days of lumbering we took turns, a week at a time, or one man would make all the bread, another the tea and coffee, and so on through the bill of fare. Once in a while—generally before they'd got licked into their regular winter mold—some fellow would kick against the routine; he'd been hired to do something else, or he'd be banged if he'd cook, anyhow." Then there were ructions.

"I remember one little rebellion that began hot and roaring and died down into a laugh all round, thanks to an ingenious old soul, all quiet nature and fat—Uncle Ned, we called him.

"We got back to camp one night to find the fire nearly out and nothing ready for supper. We were all hungry—and grouchy, as sometimes happens in the best regulated crews. Each in turn declared he wouldn't be cook, and it looked like a supperless night till Uncle Ned spoke up in his quiet way.

"Dear me," says he, "what a time about cooking! Why, it's the easiest thing in nature to get supper. Now, boys, if you'll all wait on me I'll be cook."

"They all agreed. This being settled, Uncle Ned sat down on a spruce chair and let his assistants have it.

"Now, Dick," said he, "the first thing for you to do is to get a little wood and start up the fire."

"Isaac, just step down to the brook and fetch a pail of water.

"You, Mac, while the fire's getting under way, wash a few potatoes and get 'em ready to put on when the pot boils.

"Now, Jake, you cut a few slices of pork and put it on over the fire to fry."

"But, Uncle Ned," we all shouted together, "you was to get supper!"

"Yes," said he, calm and easy as ever, "I was to get supper; but you were to wait upon me. Tom," said he, "you'd better get the dishes ready."

"We kicked some, but 'twas no use; we'd agreed to wait on him if he'd be cook.

"When everything was ready for supper, there the old man still sat in his spruce chair—hadn't stirred an inch!

"Dear me, dear me," said he, "here I have got supper, and 'twas one of the easiest things in the world."

"We were 'naught,'" smiled the old lumberman, "and we sat down to supper in good temper, and ever afterward we had Uncle Ned's proposition for a byword; we'd agree to do any living thing provided we could be 'waited upon.'"—Youth's Companion.

No Use For Them.

"I watched your sister Bixie get her hair the other day," said Mrs. Nagget, "and I must say she's not the most refined person in the world."

"No?" replied her husband, with a belligerent air. "You don't approve of her, eh?"

"Well," she retorted with a disdainful sniff, "you'd never see me with my mouth full of hairpins."

"Of course not," he snapped. "What would you want with so many hairpins?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Declined to Tarry.

Here is one of F. R. Benson's stories of his early days of tramping in the English provinces:

"At one town I was playing to poor business. The occupants of the gallery were few and not overenthusiastic. I was about to make an exit on the line, Tarry awhile and anon I will return, upon which a voice from the gallery exclaimed: 'Don't trouble to return, guv'nor. We're going and shall not be back.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Up to James.

An official was describing, at a dinner at Washington, an unfair law.

"The people under this law," he said, "are very much in the position of a young Washington attache. As the attache was breakfasting the other morning his servant said to him: 'You are out of whisky, sir. Shall I get a bottle?'"

"Yes, I think you might, James," the other replied. "It's your turn."—Washington Star.

The Poor Man's Gym.

"Would you mind telling me," asked Mrs. Boardalot, glancing admiringly at the athletic shoulders of the prospective boarder, "how you keep in such splendid physical condition?" "I go through a few gymnastic exercises every morning," confessed the young man, flushing.

"Well, I'm sorry, but we can't board yet. I've had the bathroom monopolized that way before."—Kansas City Times.

Quar English Names.

Among the names in the North Hackney voters' lists are the following: Francis Narrowway Heaven, William Paradise, Alfred Smagger-gines, Thomas Benjamin Bumpus, Thomas Sticklebroom, William Joseph Napier Napper, Paris Needlestitcher and Fitzherbert Albert Bugby Lord.—London Globe.

Two Different Species.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a bookworm? Pa—A bookworm, my son, is either a person who would rather read a book than eat or a worm that would rather eat a book than read.—Chicago News.

Every Duty We Omit Obscures Some Truth We Should Have Known.

—John Ruskin.

THE SPITBALL.

It Takes Great Strength and Speed to Pitch It Properly.

Describing a spitball in baseball and the way it is pitched, Hugh S. Fullerton in the American Magazine says:

"There came into baseball in 1903 a ball which came near revolutionizing the game and brought a new era of pitching, made great pitchers out of 'has-beens' and poor hitters out of once mighty sluggers.

"The ball is pitched with two, sometimes with three, fingers held on one side of the ball and with the thumb or tip of the thumb and nail being gripped hard against the seam at the opposite side of the sphere. The top of the ball is made slippery at the point of contact with the fingers, so that the sphere slides off the fingers with the minimum of friction, while the thumb, pressed hard against the seam, gives the maximum of friction, the result being that the ball, leaving the hand, takes heavy 'English' from the thumb and starts revolving rapidly in the direction opposite to that in which it naturally would rotate. Therefore it whirrs rapidly for a short distance until the natural but suspended motion of the ball overcomes the false 'English' applied by the thumb and a contest between the natural and unnatural forces ensues. The ball ceases revolving unnaturally and floats and wobbles until the natural twist overcomes the false one, and then the ball darts just as it would have done if it had been curved naturally, shooting in the direction in which the heaviest friction was applied. A spitball if pitched directly overhand darts almost straight downward, and if pitched side arm with the thumb toward the body it shoots outward and down as a fast outcurve does, the quickness and speed of the break depending entirely upon the amount of force with which it is thrown and in ratio to the amount of friction applied by the thumb or lack of friction by the fingers. Great strength and speed are essential to the best pitching of this kind of ball."

TOMBS OF THE PHARAOHS.

The Precautions Taken to Guard Against Grave Robbers.

The ingenuity displayed by the ancient Egyptians to prevent robbers from breaking into the pharaonic graves merits admiration from present day engineers, writes Dr. Holscher, chief architect in the Prussian government, in a work on the sarcophagus of Khafra, the builder of the second Gizeh pyramid, who reigned in Egypt some 5,000 years ago. The lid of the red granite sarcophagus was dovetailed with minute precision into the receptacle. To prevent the cover from being drawn back the Egyptian builders bored two holes in the lid at the edge, not showing above. These corresponded exactly with two similar holes, less deep than the other two, sunk in the front of the receptacle. Two copper bolts were then placed in the lid holes, and at the moment the sarcophagus was fully closed the holes met and the bolts dropped in position from the upper holes partly into the lower, thus making it impossible to move the lid. It must have struck the Egyptian engineers that grave robbers might get at the body by turning the sarcophagus upside down, in which case the bolts would glide back into their original position and permit the lid being drawn out. To prevent this they filled the lower holes with wax and made the bolts hot. Upon the lids being placed in position the bolts melted their way into the wax and upon cooling became so firmly fixed that nothing short of complete destruction could open the royal tomb. It must have been a herculean labor to hew the whole edge away, but that is what grave desecrators did, and the wax can still be seen in the bore holes.—New York Sun.

The "House Fly."

The reminiscence man suddenly found a gap in the conversation.

"I was in Kansas once," he began, "when one of those old time cyclones struck the town. I happened to be in my brother's house at the moment and heard the roar of the coming wind. I knew enough to run out in the street and lie down in the gutter with my arms clasped around a hitching post. The next moment the cyclone hit the town. Say, you ought to have seen the house fly!"

"Did you sweat it?" inquired the man on the soap box.

And the story promptly ended.—Denver News.

An Ancient Steam Man.

There are a host of authorities on hydraulics and mechanics that could be quoted to support the assertion that the steam engine is not a modern invention. Carpinal in the account of his travels, A. D. 1290, describes a species of scaphile, or steam, engine made in the form of a man. This contrivance was filled with "inflammable liquid" (probably petroleum) and made to do terrible work in the battles between the Mongols and the troops of Frazer John.

Remarkable.

"He takes a cold bath every morning—a very remarkable man!" "Plenty of men do that."

"But I knew him for five years before he ever mentioned the fact."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Easier Way.

"Do foreigners buy many of our stocks?" "Some. Usually, though, they prefer to acquire them by marriage."—Pittsburg Post.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Tillamook, has appointed the undersigned, the executor of the last will and testament of HENRY HAYES, deceased, and any and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them to the undersigned, at his office in Tillamook City, Oregon, with the proper vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated this 27th day of October, 1910. H. GOYNE, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Henry Hayes, deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of The Interior, U. S. Land Office at Portland, Oregon. September 16th, 1910. Notice is hereby given that HENRY C. KUNZE, whose post office address is Tillamook, Oregon, did, on the 1st day of July, 1909, file in this office Sworn Statement, Application, No. 024040, to purchase the W 3 1/2 and S 1/2, S 1/2, Section 24, Township 11 N., Range 5 West, Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 8, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, at \$720.00, the timber estimated 1,200,000 board feet at \$2.50 per M, and the land \$120.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 28th day of November, 1910, before T. H. Goyne, United States Commissioner, at Tillamook, Oregon. Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry. H. F. GIBBY, Register.

Notice of Final Account.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned, administrator of the estate of SARAH KNIPFONG, deceased, has filed his final account as such administrator in the office of the County Clerk of Tillamook County, State of Oregon, and that the County Judge of said Tillamook County has appointed Monday, December 27th, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the office of the County Judge, in the Court House in Tillamook City, Tillamook County, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of said final account and the settlement thereof. Dated this October 20th, 1910. GEORGE W. HOYFELT, Administrator of the Estate of Sarah Knipfong, deceased.

Notice of Sale of Tide Lands.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the State Land Board of the State of Oregon will sell to the highest bidder at its office in the Capitol Building at Salem, Oregon, on December 27, 1910, at 10:00 o'clock a. m., all the State's interest in the tide and overflow lands hereinafter described, giving, however to the owner or owners of any lands abutting or fronting on such tide and overflow lands, the preference right to purchase said tide and overflow lands at the highest price offered, provided such offer is made in good faith and also providing that the land will not be sold nor any offer therefor accepted for less than \$7.50 per acre, the Board reserving the right to reject any and all bids. Said lands are situated in Tillamook County, Oregon, and described as follows: Tide lands fronting and abutting on Lot No. 5 of Section 4, T. 2 N., R. 10 W., beginning at a point where the section line between Sections 4 and 9, T. 2 N., R. 10 W., intersects the high water of Nehalem Bay, located N. 80° 51' W. 4754.6 feet from the corner common to Sections 8, 4, 9 and 10 and running thence: S. 89° 51' W., 1637.7 feet to low water line; N. 12° 26' E., 651.3 feet along low water line; N. 17° 59' E., 677.0 feet along low water line; N. 80° 51' E., 1350.3 feet to high water line; S. 8° 02' W., 344.9 feet along high water line; S. 00° 49' W., 936.1 feet along high water line to place of beginning, containing 43.9 acres. Applications and bids should be addressed to G. C. Brown, Clerk State Land Board, Salem, Oregon and marked "Application and bid to purchase tide lands." G. C. BROWN, Clerk State Land Board. Dated this October 4, 1910.

HANDICAPPED

"The boy or girl with any defect of vision is greatly handicapped in the pursuit of knowledge in the school room. If your boy or girl does not show a high percentage of average in the school report the probabilities are that there is something the matter with the eyes. To find out costs you nothing if you will bring them to me for examination. If it doesn't pay to guess about the eyesight of your child—it is better to see that the eyes are right. If glasses are needed I am prepared to furnish the exact thing that will meet the needs of the case. Remember that they are guaranteed for one year, and I am here to make them good."—Traveling opticians are not."

Dr. H. E. Morris, EYE SPECIALIST, TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

S. VIERECK, Tillamook Bakery.

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