

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

They May Not Be Quite So Numerous as You Imagine.

GUESS AS TO THEIR NUMBER.

Then Do Some Thinking and Figuring and See How Far From Your Guess You Come and Incidentally Learn How Many Folks You Don't Know.

Did you ever have the experience of walking down Main street with a man who is running for office? All the time he is bowing right and left to people you meet. Several times in a block he will stop to shake hands with an acquaintance.

"You seem to know every one," you say to him almost enviously.

"That's right," he replies, not without some pride. "I guess I do know everybody worth knowing."

Yet how many people does he know? How many people do you know yourself? Did you ever try to figure it out? What proportion of the people in the United States do you know? Certainly you don't know the one-hundredth part of them. Even the president of the United States doesn't and couldn't if he kept traveling all the time, making a host of new acquaintances every day.

To know the one-hundredth part of the people in this country would be to know in the neighborhood of a million persons. No; it is perfectly safe to say that there is no person in the whole world that knows a million other persons well enough to call each of them by name. Think what a million means! Suppose you said the names of all the people you know as fast as you could. If you could enunciate twenty names a minute you would be doing marvelously well. Even at that rate, working steadily eight hours a day, it would take you nearly four months just to name the people you know. There isn't a memory in existence that would hold a million names.

Well, do you suppose you know a hundred thousand? Let's see; that would be about one-fifth of the population of Rhode Island. Imagine yourself sitting in the railroad station at Providence watching the people come through. No; that is hardly a fair test, for unless you live in Providence you do not know as many people there as in the city in which you live. Sit in your own railway station and count the people coming through. No matter how well known you are or how many people you know, you cannot help but be impressed with the fact of how many people there are that you do not know. If you know one in a hundred persons you know far more than the average.

Let us try to get at it in another way. You make on the average, say, two new acquaintances a week. Of course there are weeks and weeks that you make no new acquaintances at all, and then there are times, such as picnic week and vacation week and church fair week, when you meet a lot of people, so that two a week is a fair average. You have been meeting people, say, for twenty-five years. That's 2,500, isn't it?

Is it possible that you know only 2,500 people? You thought the number would be far more than that? But hold on. You don't know nearly that many. There are lots and lots of people whom you knew twenty years ago that you don't know now. You cannot even remember their names or what they looked like.

Just sit down and try to remember the names of all the boys and girls that were in the same room in the public school with you. You cannot remember half of them or a third of them or a fifth of them. It is safe to say that of every two persons you met in all your life you have forgotten one. The chances are that the number of people you know by name is nearer 1,000 than it is 2,000.

Of course a preacher with a thousand members in his church is expected to know them all by name. But all the same you will find him saying to his wife:

"My dear, who was that young lady who spoke to us just now?"

It is business, too, for a merchant to remember all of his thousand customers, but very few merchants are able to do it. Possibly some of the politicians and public lecturers may know a couple of thousand persons by name, but very few other persons know that many.

If this estimate seems too low it is easily disproved. All you have to do is to take pencil and paper and begin putting down the names of your acquaintances. Start with your own family and then put down your cousins and your second cousins and your wife's relations. Then put down the names of the people you know in the town you used to live in and the people you know socially. Follow that up with the people you know in business, then—

But you can't dispute these figures. It is too much trouble to think of all the people you know. You'll never do it.—New York World.

A Hat and a Head.
"Now, if you follow my advice," said one business man to another as the wind caught the hat of the latter from his head—"if you follow my advice your derby will stay on in any wind that New York can produce. When I buy a new hat I heat it over the gas jet, and while it is still warm I put it on and let it cool on my head. The result is a perfect fit. Try it and see."—New York Sun.

The only wealth which will not decay is knowledge.—Langford.

SUPREME COURT WORK.

How the Justices Prepare Decisions and Dissenting Opinions.

On Saturday evening each justice receives from the chief justice an envelope containing the names of the cases the chief justice has decided to allow the justice to write the opinions on, and the chief justice also notifies the justices of the hour of the conference on Monday morning. The conferences are usually held in the conference room under locked doors. The chief justice presides, and cases are taken up or postponed according to the wishes of the justices or their readiness to consider them. Each justice is furnished with a lock book, in which he may enter the details of a case, the record of the vote on conference and the final disposition. On a case being assigned by the chief justice to a justice to write the opinion of the court the opinion when written must be agreeable to the justices. If not the dissatisfied justice will promptly write a dissenting opinion. In some instances four of the justices have each written a dissenting opinion, but the usual custom is for one to write it and announce that the others concur.

Before a case is reached for argument the justices familiarize themselves with its records and briefs, and when one is directed to write the opinion he makes a study of the case, long or short, as its gravity demands. This may take a few days or months. The opinion is dictated, and after being typewritten it is corrected, boiled down and revised; another copy is then made, further revised and sent to the printer. In order that the compositor who set the type may not know the decision of the case the foreman sets up the last few lines of the opinion, locks them in a safe, and after the opinion is set up he adds them to it, takes two proofs and forwards them under lock and key to the justice. It is again read and revised and sometimes completely altered and returned to the printer, corrected by the latter and nine revisions sent to the justice.

If the opinion is now satisfactory to the justice a copy is mailed to each member of the court. These are returned to the justice with the notations of the justices, and the opinion is revised or changed, if need be, to conform to their views. If there be a dissenting opinion the justice writing the majority opinion holds it until the dissent is completed.

Then on some Monday, the court being in session, the justice announces an opinion in the case, giving its number and title, and then proceeds to read it at length to the dozen people who may be present. If there be a dissenting opinion the justice writing the dissent reads it and announces the names of the justices who concur with him. Afterward the official reporter of the court sends a verified copy of the opinion to the publishers of the United States supreme court reports, and the case finally becomes one of thousands in the law libraries to be read and reread if of moment or to be forgotten if mere detail.—Independent.

The Secluded Duchess.
The Duchesse du Maine, who held her court at Sceaux during the reign of the regent, was an imperious old lady. One day, according to "A Princess of Strategy," when she was ill she complained to the doctor that he was not curing her quickly enough. What was the good, she wanted to know, of compelling her to go without so many things and making her live in seclusion? "But," replied the doctor, "your most serene highness has at present forty people at the chateau!" "Forty or fifty people?" said the duchesse. "Well, for a princess that is practically seclusion."

Not a Chance!
A man told another man a few days ago how he had been buttoning his wife's dress for five years and finally, in order to even the account, he had a shirt made to order with sixty-five buttons down the back.

"Did you make her button it?" eagerly inquired the second party, with a glad smile.

"I tried to and fell down like slipping on a banana skin," replied the first party. "She promptly told me to button the top button and let the others slide, explaining that they would not show when I had put on my coat."—Chicago Tribune.

Mehamet's Parliament.
When Disraeli was in Egypt—the story is told in Mr. Monypenny's biography—he met Mehmet Ali, who desired to introduce parliamentary institutions into his country. "I will have a parliament," he said, "and I will have as many parliaments as the king of England himself." So saying, his highness produced two lists of names. "See here," he said. "Here are my parliaments. But I have made up my mind, to prevent inconvenience, to elect them myself."

So Funny of Him.
Mrs. Lazenbee—Here's the man come to fix our clock. Go upstairs and get it for him, won't you? Mr. Lazenbee—It isn't upstairs, is it? Mrs. Lazenbee—Certainly. Where did you think it was? Mr. Lazenbee—I thought it had run down.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Presence of Mind.
Sarah Brum—How do I look in this hat? Sarah Bellum—Turn around and let me see the back of it, dear. Why, it's perfectly splendid!—Chicago Tribune.

Destiny bears us to our lot, and destiny is perhaps our own will.—Disraeli.

FORGOT THE KEY.

Then the Locksmith Showed Him How to Open the Door.

When Mr. and Mrs. Eastend started out to spend the evening in pursuance of an engagement they paused on the front steps long enough for Mrs. E. to propound the usual query. "Have you got the key, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Mr. E. "Wait a minute. No, I haven't, either. What do you think of that? Must have left it on the dresser."

"Well, here's a pretty how-de-do!" exclaimed Mrs. E. as her consort savagely but fruitlessly rummaged his pockets. "How are we going to get in to get it?"

Hubby first tried the lower windows, to find them all carefully locked. Neighbors awoke to the situation and began to be helpful.

"Get a ladder," said one.

"Get a jimmy," said another.

"Get an aeroplane," said a third.

Various other expedients, ranging from derricks to dynamite, were suggested. Finally one neighbor brought a ladder which wouldn't reach the second story windows by six feet. It was suggested that the fire department be summoned. Rejected.

By this time the engagement had to be called off, and the remarks Mrs. E. was making to the female contingent of the assemblage will not here be recorded. As a last resort a locksmith was suggested, and Mr. E. departed in search of one. At the end of an hour he returned with a stolid looking German bearing an armful of tools.

"Vich too?" he inquired.

"This one," said Mrs. E., "and for goodness' sake don't jimmy it nor dynamite it unless you have to!"

"Dot's all right," grunted the workman. Then he extended his hand and tried the knob. It turned. The catch had not caught. The door swung open. He turned and gave the assemblage an expressive glance.

And now when Mr. and Mrs. E. leave their little home of an evening some neighbor is sure to stick his head out of a window and kindly inquire, "Have you got the key?"—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

BLIND TO GOOD LUCK.

Fable of the Weary Farmer and the Golden Plow.

There was once a Benevolent Fairy who was accustomed to doing Good Deeds in Whimsical Ways. One day she was flying across the country to attend a meeting of the A. O. B. F. when she noticed a Farmer laboring in the Fields. His horse was Attenuated and Deceitful, and his plow was Heavy and Old Fashioned. Often he would pause and wipe the sweat from his brow. Plainly he was having a Hard Time.

The Benevolent Fairy watched him a moment and observed his Haggard Look and his general air of Misery. Suddenly an Idea came to her—to make this man Rich, so that he would no longer have to delve and struggle to eke out a Bare Living. So she swooped down and touched the plow with her wand—she was, of course, invisible—and instantly it was changed to Solid Gold. Then with an amused but kindly backward glance the Benevolent Fairy went on her way.

A year later, remembering the occurrence, she flew over to see how the Farmer was enjoying his Good Fortune. She found him in the Fields, plowing laboriously, and if anything he and his surroundings looked Meager and More Miserable than they had before. Much surprised, the Fairy flew closer, just in time to hear him murmur:

"I wish this ding-busted plow warn't so heavy!"

The Benevolent Fairy eyed him pityingly; then she once more touched the plow with her wand, and it again became a thing of wood and iron. Then she flew away, and the Farmer resumed his Toil.

After all, are there not some folk who would die of thirst adrift on a river?—Clifton B. Dowed in Lippincott's.

A Duel in Undress.
Duelling, though not dead, was dying out even in Rogers' time and was not taken very seriously. The poet's biographer tells the quaint story of how Mr. Humphrey Howarth, a surgeon, when called out made his appearance in the field stark naked. The astonished challenger asked him what he meant. "I know," said Howarth, "that if any part of the clothing is carried into the body by a gunshot wound festering ensues, and therefore I have met you thus." His antagonist declared that fighting a man in puris naturalibus would be quite ridiculous, and accordingly they parted without further discussion.

Definite.
"Madam—a census taker was speaking to her who answered his knock—'how many children over six and under twenty-one years of age have you?'"

"Lemme see," she reflected; "lemme see. Wasl, sir, that be two over six an' two under twenty-one."—Everybody's.

Prepositions.
A correspondent of the New York Sun says he overheard the following: "The boys came out from over in between those houses." Here are five prepositions in a bunch. Can this "record" be broken?

Your Occupation.
Every occupation lifts itself with the enlarging life of him who practices it. The occupation that will not do that no man really has a right to occupy himself about.—Phillips Brooks.

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"For years I suffered unspeakable torture from indigestion, constipation and liver trouble," wrote A. K. Smith, a war veteran at Erie, Pa., "but Dr. King's New Life Pills fixed me all right. They're simply great." Try them for any stomach, liver or kidney trouble. Only 25c. at Charles I. Clough.

Medicines that aid nature are always most effectual. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It allays the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Thousands have testified to its superior excellence. Sold by Lamar's Drug Store.

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EYE SPECIALIST,
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Administrator'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 administrator of the estate of LOUIS BLATTAR, deceased, and all persons having claims against the said estate, are hereby required to present the same, together with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned, either at the office of H. T. Botta, attorney-at-law, at Tillamook City, Oregon; or to T. H. Goyle, attorney-at-law, at Tillamook City, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this December 15th, 1910.
M. A. REYNOLDS,
Administrator of the estate of
Louis Blattar, deceased.