

**The Chin and the Throat.**  
Remember always to arch the throat, almost as a horse does. If a woman talking to some one turns her shoulders slightly from him and then glances back the line of the throat is always good. For myself I have at all times thought the delicate line from the tip of a woman's ear to the tip of her shoulder one of the most exquisite of the feminine body. Many artists, I believe, would agree with me. So remember what I say, dear ladies—do not spoil or hide that lovely contour with high linen collars or boning. Wear low collars, or if these are not becoming to you at least dress your throats comfortably. Always carry the chin high. If while you are still quite young you can remember to thrust the chin upward and forward—not to an absurd degree, of course—you will not with advancing years have to fear those soft rolls of flesh above the collar that add so much to a woman's apparent age.—Anna Pavlova in Harper's Bazar.

**Power of Words.**  
"For me," writes Lafcadio Hearns in the "Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearns," "words have color, form, character. They have faces, ports, manners, gesticulations; they have moods, humors, eccentricities; they have tints, tones, personalities."  
A good instance of this power appears in a description of Patti's singing: "There was a great dim pressure, a stifling heat, a whispering of silks, a weight of toilet perfumes. Then came an awful hush—all the silks stopped whispering. And there suddenly sweetened out through that dead, hot air a clear, cool, tense thread dug of melody unlike any sound I ever heard before save in tropical nights—from the throat of a mocking bird. It was 'Auld Lang Syne' only, but with never a tremolo or artifice, a marvelous, audacious simplicity of utterance."

**Testing the "Bud."**  
An old bachelor had somehow strayed into a young people's party, and, realizing that he could not hope among so many handsome youths to make the heart of a single maiden throb, he said to the nearest girl, whose conversation had shown somewhat more good sense than he had expected:  
"Look about the ballroom. Notice that the girls who have removed their gloves have well shaped arms. And—ahem!—some have not removed them."  
"But neither generalization fits me," answered the girl, "for, you see, I have one arm bare and one gloved. What would you say about me?"  
"Walk out and let me look at them," said the old bachelor unfeelingly.  
The girl took a few steps out, paused and returned.  
"Take the other glove off," said the old bachelor.—New York Times.

**A Policeman's Advice to Tolstoy.**  
Count Tolstoy once saw in Moscow a policeman dragging in a most rude manner a drunken moujik to the station. The count stopped the policeman and said to him:  
"Canst thou read?"  
"Yes," was the reply.  
"And hast thou read the gospel?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Then thou must know that we must not offend our neighbor."  
The policeman looked at the unpretentious figure of his interrogator and asked him in his turn:  
"Canst thou read?"  
"Yes," replied the count.  
"And hast thou read the instructions for policemen?"  
"No."  
"Well, go and read them first and then come back and talk with me."—From the Anglo-Russian.

**The Awakening.**  
The hallway was dark. He softly came behind her and kissed her lightly on the cheek. She didn't scream. She didn't even look around. And he darted away undiscovered.  
A little later he met her in the parlor.  
"Then you knew who it was?" he said.  
"Knew who it was?" she repeated.  
"Knew who it was that kissed you?" She gave a sudden start.  
"Good land, was it you?" she cried.  
And there was something in her tone that sent him up to the dressing room, where he glared at himself in the glass and kicked his own shins vigorously.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**An Authority.**  
Peter McArthur was once talking with a friend when he quoted another man as a financial authority. His friend disputed the right of the person quoted to be considered an expert. Mr. McArthur insisted that the man had a right to speak like an oracle.  
"What is your definition of an authority?" asked his friend.  
"My idea of an authority," retorted Mr. McArthur, "is a person who bluffs beyond my limit."

**Severe Critics.**  
Alice—I like Tom immensely, and he's very much the gentleman, but he does like to talk about himself! Grace—Yes, dear, your knight hath a thousand 's.—Puck.

**Not Wholly Educated.**  
She—So you have an educated dog? Do you let him go to the postoffice for your mail? He—No. I am afraid he might take it to my wife first.—Paris Rire.

**Put Them Aside.**  
Grief for things past that cannot be remedied and care for things to come that cannot be prevented may easily hurt but can never benefit one.

The future is purchased by the present.—Johnson.

**Illegible Coin Inscriptions.**  
Lying on the table in front of a numismatist was an old copper coin. It had experienced hard usage.  
"Can you read the date and the inscription?" inquired the collector.  
The visitor inspected the specimen; but, although he had the aid of a magnifying glass, he confessed that the words and figures were illegible.  
"Let me assist you," the collector remarked. Going to the kitchen range, he thrust an ordinary coal shovel into the fire and permitted it to remain there until red hot. Withdrawing it, he dropped the coin on the utensil, and it speedily became as red hot as the shovel itself. Immediately the date, 1794, shone brightly in glowing figures on the obverse side of the coin, and similar treatment revealed the words "United States of America, One Cent," on the reverse. This test, according to the numismatist, seldom fails with any coin even when the inscriptions have been worn so perfectly smooth that they are invisible to the naked eye.—New York Press.

**The Dignity of the Office.**  
An Indian judge when first appointed to his position was not well acquainted with Hindustani, says the Bombay Gazette. He was trying a case in which a Hindu was charged with stealing a "nilghal." The judge did not like to betray his ignorance of what a nilghal was, so he said, "Produce the stolen property."  
The court was held in an upper room, so the usher gasped. "Please, your lordship, it's downstairs."  
"Then bring it up instantly!" sternly ordered the judge.

The official departed, and a minute later a loud bumping was heard, mingled with loud and earnest exhortations. Nearer came the noise; the door was pushed open, and the panting official appeared dragging in the blue bull.  
The judge was dumfounded, but only for an instant.  
"Ah! That will do," said he. "It is always best, when possible, for the judge personally to inspect the stolen property. Remove the stolen property, usher."

**"Catgut" From Silkworms.**  
Probably but a small percentage of the fishermen who use flies strung with fine translucent "catgut" are aware that the almost unbreakable substance that holds the hooks against the fiercest struggles of the struck fish comes from silkworms.  
The principal center of the manufacture of this kind of catgut is the island of Procida, in the bay of Naples, but most of the silkworms employed are raised near Torre Annunziata, at the foot of Vesuvius. The caterpillars are killed just as they are about to begin the spinning of cocoons, the silk glands are removed and subjected to a process of pickling, which is a secret of the trade, and afterward the threads are carefully drawn out by skilled workers, mostly women. The length of the thread varies from a foot to nearly twenty inches.—Scientific American.

**Chopin's Likes and Dislikes.**  
Bach and, above all, Mozart were Chopin's ideals, "his gods." Hummel, Field and Moscheles were his favorite pianists. Field's nocturnes were greatly prized by him. He admired Schubert, though not without reserve. Weber and Beethoven only partially satisfied him. He disliked much of Mendelssohn's music and found still less to praise in Schumann, never using any of his pieces in giving his lessons. He disapproved of Berlioz, and, while he liked Meyerbeer personally, he heartily disliked his music. Liszt says truly that Chopin sought in the great masterpieces only that which corresponded with his nature. "What resembled it pleased him. What differed from it received scant justice from him."—Dole's "Famous Composers."

**The Thirty Elm.**  
It has been computed that if the leaves of an elm tree sixty feet high were spread out on the ground edge to edge they would cover five acres of land. These leaves, averaging 7,000,000 to a full grown tree, will absorb water to the amount of seven tons during the normal summer day. Were it not for the ingathering by the stomata during the night a few elms would soon draw off all the water from a district.

**He Was Prepared.**  
Mrs. McTurk—Mr. McDougall, upstairs, fell over his window sill and was killed last night, sir. The Minister—Dear, dear, how sad! I trust he was prepared for the end? Mrs. McTurk—Oh, I'm sure he was, because when he passed our window I heard him say, "No far the bump!"—Dundee Advertiser.

**Three of Them.**  
Dearborn—Do you know the seven wonders of the world? Wabash—Well, I know three of them. Dearborn—Only three? Wabash—Yes. I've only got three sons, you know.—Exchange.

**The Polite Chesterfield.**  
A nobleman of questionable veracity told Lord Chesterfield one day that he had drunk six bottles of champagne.  
"That is more than I can swallow," remarked his lordship.

**A Historic Irish Bull.**  
Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance very few deaths occurred during the year.—From an Irish Benevolent Society's Report.

**The Woman Question.**  
Tommy—Pa! Pa—Well, what is it now? Tommy—What's the woman question? Pa—Did you mail that letter?—Toledo Blade.

**Making a Home Run.**  
Anglo Moran, ex-ball player and umpire, was telling a story to a group of fans.  
"There was a time when I played in the state league, and at that time on the Hazleton team there was a noted eater, 'Kid' Jordan. Well, the year that Hazleton won the pennant nothing was too good for the boys, and a number of business men arranged a banquet for the team and a few of the dyed-in-the-wool rooters. Everything went off well, the courses were arranged temptingly and called 'innings,' and the table was decorated to represent a baseball field.  
"We had everything there was to eat, and one of the innings was roast squab. This was served on a platter and the vegetables arranged in the shape of a diamond. The base lines were made of creamed potatoes, and at every base there was some vegetable cooked and cut in the shape of a base.  
"This dish was a hit with the boys, and we all commented on it. I turned to Jordan, who wasn't saying much, but was industriously paying attention to the dish, and asked him how he was getting along.  
"Fine," he said. 'I'm eating 'em up around third base.'"—Philadelphia Times.

**Poisoning as a Diversion.**  
Poisoning is never likely again to become a fashionable diversion, as it was from time to time in ancient Rome. In B. C. 331, for instance, there was a mysterious pestilence, which seemed to be particularly fatal to leading men. At last a slave girl gave information to the authorities, and a consequent police raid resulted in the discovery of about twenty matrons, some of them of high patrician families, busily preparing drugs over a fire. They insisted that the drugs were not poisonous, but, being compelled to drink them publicly in the forum as a guarantee of good faith, perished miserably. Further informations followed, and 170 matrons in all were condemned. But this record was soundly beaten in B. C. 184, when a four months' inquiry by the praetor is said to have led to the condemnation of 2,000 persons.—London Chronicle.

**A Dream and Its Result.**  
In 1720 a terrible epidemic decimated Marseilles and Provence, and Sardinia owed its escape to a dream. At this period the viceroy of Sardinia dreamed that the disease had invaded Sardinia and that the ravages were frightful. When the viceroy awoke he was deeply impressed by his dream, and a little later a merchantman put in its appearance at Cagliari and demanded a place to berth. The Sardinia refused, and when it was hinted that the merchantman wanted to land some sick the viceroy threatened to train the guns of the forts upon the vessel if the captain did not depart instantly. The people of Cagliari thought that the viceroy was mad, but great was their joy later when they learned that this very ship, which went on to Marseilles, was responsible for introducing the plague into the famous port.

**Roads of the Olden Time.**  
A curious illustration of the lack of any systematic authority over the roads in England, even as late as the fifteenth century, is preserved in the records of the manor of Aylesbury. A local miller, named Richard Boose, needed some ramming clay for the repair of his mill. Accordingly—we learn from "Old Country Inns"—his servants dug a great pit in the middle of the road, ten feet wide and eight feet deep, and so left it to become filled with water from the winter rains. A Glover from Leighton Buzzard, on his way home from market, fell in and was drowned. Charged with manslaughter, the miller pleaded that he had no place whereto to get the kind of clay he required except on the highroad. He was acquitted.

**English Surnames.**  
The following list of surnames actually extant in England today was composed by a Mr. Bugey, an official in Doctors' Commons, who had his own name changed by law: Asse, Bub, Boots, Bones, Beast, Cheese, Cod, Cockle, Dunce, Demon, Dam, Drink-milk, Fatt, Frogge, Goose, Ginger, Ghost, Gimlet, Gready, Hugg, Hump, Headach, Jug, Jelly, Kneebone, Kidney, Lenky, Lary, Mug, Monkey, Pig-head, Poker, Radish, Rottengoose, Snags, Swine, Vittles.

**The Reason.**  
"How did you ever happen to call your little daughter Dagmar?"  
"My wife found after careful inquiry that it was about the only thing we could call the little one without running the risk of naming her after some relative of mine."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Thoughtful Lad.**  
Voice From Below—Harold, you mustn't interrupt the plumbers at their work, dear. Harold—It's all right, mother. I'm only talking to the man who sits on the stairs and does nothing.—London Punch.

**A Proverb Spoiled.**  
"Dearest, if I were far, far away could you love me still?"  
"Why, Reggie, what a question! I'm sure the farther you were away the better I should love you."

**He Was Wise.**  
Her—What, going already? I don't suppose it would be any use to ask you to stay a little longer? Him—Not in that tone of voice.—Milwaukee News.  
One is rich when he is sure of tomorrow.—Chevalier.

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