

CITY COUNCIL MEETING.

Mayor Talmage Vetoes the Drug Store Ordinance.

At the Council Meeting last Monday evening four ordinances were read and passed beside the other general business. An ordinance giving the drug stores the right to secure a licence to sell distilled liquors in quantities not less than one pint, was passed after the third reading, the liquor to be used only for medicinal, manufacturing, scientific, power and sacramental purposes. The price of this licence is \$100.

An ordinance fixing the salary of night watch at from \$65 to \$100 per month and that of special police at from \$75 to \$90 per month was passed on second reading.

An ordinance raising the price of transient auctioneers license from \$25 to \$50 per day was passed on second reading.

An ordinance providing for the vacation of alleys in blocks two and three, was passed on second reading.

A resolution was also passed which instructed the city engineer to make an estimate of the quantity of dirt which would have to be removed in order to grade Stillwell Avenue and First, Second and Third Avenues West from First Street North to the north side of Front Street.

Tillamook, Oregon.

August 23rd, 1911.

To the Honorable City Council of Tillamook City, Oregon.

Gentlemen,—I am returning to you herewith Ordinance No. —, passed by you at the meeting of your honorable body, held August 21st, 1911, being an Ordinance to amend Sections 2, 4, 6 and 9, and to repeal Sections 12 of Ordinance No. 211, of Tillamook City, Oregon, and popularly known as the Home Rule Liquor Law, with my disapproval of the same, and some of the reasons therefor.

The Home Rule Association has spent time and talent in formulating a model ordinance, which has been adopted and is in force in many municipalities, including Tillamook City. And where it is properly enforced it is a model arrangement for handling the liquor traffic. The only trouble with the law now in this city, is the manner and means of enforcing it. I believe we should, as a community, learn the manner of enforcing good laws, before we change them for others, that might be harder to enforce, and less satisfactory if enforced.

Under the present law, you have granted licenses to five different houses to sell intoxicants, at a rate of \$800.00 per annum. These houses are conducting their business under this heavy license, and as a fair business proposition, they should not be put into competition with houses selling the same goods under an annual license of \$100.00.

Under the state constitution, as recently amended, cities and towns have exclusive right to regulate the liquor traffic within their respective incorporate limits. The Local Option Law is suspended (so far as this city is concerned), and the only law we have regulating the liquor traffic in this city, is ordinance No. 112. Under this ordinance as amended, should said amendment go into effect, it appears to me that the bars would be thrown down, for trouble to come in unhandcapped. This amended ordinance, should the amendment go into effect, would give any druggist a legal right to sell liquor in one half pint quantities. The bare statement of the would be purchaser (together with the price), being all that would be required under the law, in order to procure the desired quantity.

While I have the highest regard for the integrity and morality of all the persons now engaged in the drug business in Tillamook City, yet with the barriers removed, as they would be under this proposed law, there would undoubtedly come into our community immoral and unscrupulous persons from Rabbitville, Pumpkin Hollow, Podunk, or some other place, where the social level is less elevated than in Tillamook, and open saloons under the names of drug stores, and sell liquor for an annual license of \$100.00.

For those reasons and others, I veto this ordinance.

Respectfully,  
C. W. TALMAGE,  
Mayor of Tillamook City,  
Oregon.

M. E. Church.

10 a.m., Sunday School. By being on time the special feature will be enjoyed.

11 a.m. Sermon, subject "Elements of free worship."  
7 p.m. Epworth League. This hour is finding increased favor with the young people.  
8 p.m. song and sermon, subject, "Christ in conflict with Satan."  
J. T. MOORE, Pastor.

Read This?

40 acres, 6 1/2 miles from Tillamook, 3 acres slashed, 30 cords of wood, hunting and fishing. Price \$2,500, terms—Address W. R., Box 217, Tillamook.

Elmer Maxon and wife, Henry Jaggar and wife, B. Jaggar and Mrs. Johnson, of Portland, are visiting in the city.

A large number of people left this city Tuesday morning for Garibaldi and the Bayocean beaches in order to have a day's rest from the noise of business. At nine o'clock the Frolic, which had been chartered by the people of the Christian Church, started from this part for Bayocean, where its passengers enjoyed a pleasant day on the beach, returning to this city at about 6:30 p.m.

At the same time the Hanrietta No. 2 started from Lamb's dock with the members of the Invariable Literary Society and a number of other people who had chosen Garibaldi Beach as their place for a day's rest. They remained at the beach until late at night before starting for home, Mr. Duncan, of the P. R. & N., also states that the passenger service on the train was unusually heavy on that day.

80 Acres Timber for Sale.

I have 80 acres timber, with about 4,000,000 feet of fir and hemlock, which I will sell at 50c. per 1000 feet.

JACOB BLUM.  
Hay Press for Sale.

I have a 12 ton Hay Press for sale cheap, if sold at once. In first class working order. Admiral make.  
FRANK HANNENKRATT.



IT'S FREE

It tells how you can buy thousands of articles of merchandise and SAVE MONEY on every purchase. It is loaded with bargains from cover to cover—every page contains some startling announcement of price cutting that will be hard for you to believe after your years of experience in paying top prices. We not only undersell—

We actually give you Better Quality. And only one order is sufficient to convince the most skeptical not only of the quality but the fact that You can Buy Cheaper from Us than you can Buy at Home.

You know why—do you want to know exactly why your town merchant simply cannot compete with us—do you want to know why you can get more of a better quality from us than you can in your own town and get it for much less too—do you want to know why you can save money on every single purchase when you buy from us?

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August Specials.

- SUGAR, \$5.35 per 100 lbs.
- BROKEN RICE, 25 lbs. for 98c.
- LARGE WHITE BEANS, 25 lbs. for \$1.13
- LARGE WHITE BEANS, 50 lbs. for \$2.13
- LARGE WHITE BEANS, 100 lbs. for \$4.13
- PURE HONEY, Quart Jar, 48c.
- MACARONI, 10 lb. box for \$1.28
- STOCK SALT, 100 lb. sack 38c.
- TON LOT... \$6.98
- ASPARAGUS, Fancy Large White, 2 1/2 lb. cans... 23c.
- ASPARAGUS, doz. cans for \$2.53
- TOMATOES, 1 doz. cans for 98c.
- Baked BEANS, 1 doz. cans for 88c.
- OYSTERS, 1 doz. cans for 98c.
- Sauer KRAUT, 1 doz. cans for \$1.45

They insisted on Brevity.

The Spartans were distinguished for the brevity and conciseness of their speech. On one occasion during a terrible famine the inhabitants of an island in the Aegean sea sent an ambassador to Sparta, who made a speech imploring its aid. He had hardly finished before the Spartans sent him back these words, "We did not understand the end of your speech and have forgotten the beginning."

The poor, starving people chose another spokesman and impressed upon him to make his request as brief as possible. He therefore took with him a quantity of sacks, opened one before the assembly and said simply, "It is empty; fill it."

The sack was filled as well as the others, but the chief of the assembly said as he dismissed the ambassador, loaded with meal: "It wasn't necessary to inform us that the sack was empty. We saw it ourselves. Neither was it necessary to request us to fill it. We should have done it on our own account. Be less long winded next time."

Just What He Wanted.

The superintendent of the capitol and its grounds at Washington was walking along one of the corridors in the house office building one day when a greenhorn congressman, stewing with rage, grabbed him by the sleeve. "What's the matter?" asked the superintendent, observing the man's emotion.

"Matter!" shouted the congressman. "Why, when I went into my office last evening there was a brand new typewriter on the desk. Now it's gone. You've got a lot of thieves around here."

The official walked into the office and without a word lifted the trap cabinet of the desk and brought the typewriter into view.

"Fine!" commented the congressman. "Now, have you got a place like that in here for my use when troublesome constituents knock on the door?"—Washington Star.

Punctuation in Piano Playing.

A joke is going the rounds of the press about the girl whose music teacher wished to compliment her, but of whom he could only say that she played the rests excellently. This is, however, real praise of a sort, for it is not every young student of music who is careful about playing the rests well. Indeed, a great many players seem to forget that the rests are just as much of the piece as is the punctuation in a sentence. Nowadays people do not put in so much punctuation as they used to do, but the pauses in the voice are there just the same and are readily understood by good readers and always regarded. The rests in music are like the pauses in reading that are needed to give expression to the sentences. If the player slights the rests or extends them too long the whole effect of the musical sentence is spoiled.—Christian Science Monitor.

Feet Versus the Pen.

In speaking of personal recollections of Dion Boucault, Henry Miller dwells upon his superb skill as a stage director and tells of the following incident, which occurred during his first rehearsal under Boucault: "I went to him direct from Augustin Daly's management. Daly coached his players to cross and recross the stage during the progress of the play, with the idea that this continual moving about of the actors created dramatic action. During my first rehearsal I made a 'Daly cross' as I spoke one of my lines. "Why did you do that? Boucault asked in his quaint, quizzical manner. "I explained that I imagined it would keep the scene moving. "Thanks, my boy," said Boucault dryly, "but if I cannot interest the audience with my pen I don't think you can with your feet."

Bulldogs and Bulls.

Bulldog is so called because of his native antipathy to the bull. A thoroughbred bull pup as young as six months the first time he beholds a bull will run at the head, which is his invariable point of attack, and, seizing the horned beast by the lip, tongue or eye, hang on despite every attempt to detach him. The dog will even suffer himself to be killed or dismembered rather than relax his hold.—New York Telegram.

Protest.

"I beg pardon," said the new arrival, "but it seems to me it's excessively warm here." "Eh! What?" queried Satan. "Evidently you forget where you are. This place is meant to be warm." "Quite so, but there's such a thing as overdoing it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Eager For Information.

An American took a friend, an Englishman, to a theater. An actor in the farce, about to do the dying act, exclaimed, "Please, dear wife, don't bury me in Yonkers!" The Englishman turned to his friend and said, "I say, old chap, what are yonkers?"—Everybody's.

The Usual Result.

"Yes, Charlie is as brave as a stack of lions. Did you hear about his darling policeman to arrest him?" "No! Gee, what happened?" "He was arrested."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Disgusted.

Thief (who has snatched a lady's bag)—Two transfers, a powder puff, a recipe for bend wash and a sample of milk! An' I ran two miles wid it! I'm agin votes for women!—Pack.

The Puzzle of the Press.

There used to be an aged elevator man who operated one of the lifts in the house wing of the capitol. Most of his passengers were either representatives or newspaper correspondents. The old man got to know all of the correspondents very well and always had a cheerful greeting for them. It was often noticed, too, that he seemed to be greatly interested in their conversation.

One afternoon, as three of them stepped out of the elevator, Sereno Payne of New York stepped in. As the car went down the old elevator man turned and said:

"Mr. Payne, I can't understand about those newspaper men. They puzzle me."

"What's the trouble with them?" asked Mr. Payne.

"Well, Mr. Payne, every day they ride in this car one feller will turn to another and say, 'What do you know today?' And the other fellow will answer, 'Not a thing. What do you know?' Then the first feller will answer, 'Nothing.' And yet, Mr. Payne, the papers are just full of news every day. It beats me where they get it."

"It beats me too," said Mr. Payne.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Old Time Strawberries.

Strawberries have improved very much in flavor since the fifteenth century. Until then the only strawberries eaten were wild strawberries of a kind which would never find a market nowadays. By 1480, however, they were beginning to be cultivated, for Hollished records under that date a particularly fine crop grown by the bishop of Ely in the grounds of his palace, now covered by Hatton garden.

He quotes the Duke of Gloucester as saying to the bishop: "My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden in Holborn. I require you to let us have a mess of them." This speech was copied almost verbatim by Shakespeare in "Richard III." Still, even the bishop's fruit would not appeal much to modern connoisseurs, for the garden strawberries at that period were only transplanted wildlings, the plants being sold at about fourpence a bushel.—London Standard.

Origin of the Piano.

The pianoforte was directly evolved from the clavichord and the harpsichord. In 1711 Scipione Maffei gave a detailed account of the first four instruments, which were constructed by Bartolommeo Cristofori. It was named by him the pianoforte and was first exhibited in 1709. Marius, in France, exhibited harpsichords, with hammer action, in 1716, and Schroter, in Germany, claimed to have invented the pianoforte between 1717 and 1720. Marius was at first generally credited with the invention. Planos of that period were shaped very much like the modern grand variety. The first square piano was constructed by Frederica, an organ manufacturer of Saxony, in 1758. The first genuine upright piano was invented in England and the United States by John Isaac Hawkins, an Englishman, in 1800.—Detroit Free Press.

The First Money.

Money is mentioned as a medium of exchange in Genesis, chapter 23, and is supposed to refer to a time as far back as 1900 B. C. The coinage of money is ascribed to the Lydians, a people of Asia Minor. It is, of course, quite impossible to fix any definite date for the first coinage. Long before any one thought to coin money it was made out of any durable substance that came to hand, such as leather, iron, tin, bronze and even the hard bark of the trees and stones of the fields. The Hollander, so late as the middle of the sixteenth century, made money of pasteboard. In fact, pretty nearly everything in the shade of lasting material has at one time or another been used as the medium of trade known as money.

Suited the Action to the Word.

At a lecture a well known authority on economics mentioned the fact that in some parts of America the number of men was constantly larger than that of women, and he added humorously, "I can therefore recommend to the ladies to emigrate to that part."

A young lady who was seated in one of the last rows of the auditorium got up, full of indignation, left the room rather noisily, whereupon the lecturer remarked, "I did not mean that it should be done in such a hurry."—Judge.

White Specks in Butter.

White specks in butter are sometimes simply fine particles of milk curd, resulting from lack of care in skimming. Sometimes they are small specks of dried cream, having been scraped from the sides of the pan and being too dry to thoroughly soften and mix with the rest.

On the Spur of the Moment.

"Water, these eggs are as hard as a stone. I told you not to boil them more than three minutes and a half."

"Yes, sir; that's just the time they were in to a second, but the water was hard, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Doing and Thinking.

Mamma—Bessie, why don't you wash the dishes? It is easier to do a thing than to sit and think about it. Bessie—Well, mamma, you wash the dishes, and I'll sit and think about it.

Could Help Her.

Fussy Lady Patient—I was suffering so much, doctor, that I wanted to die. Doctor—You did right to call me in, dear lady.—London Opinion.

What kind of paper resembles a sneeze?

Tissue.

The Way of a Woman.

"She passed me on the street yesterday without speaking."

"She did?"

"Yes, she stuck up thing."

"I wouldn't say that. Perhaps she didn't mean to snub you."

"Of course she meant to snub me. You see, I had on my old hat."

"That wouldn't make any difference to her."

"Oh, wouldn't it? Once before when I happened to have on an old dress she didn't speak to me, either. Now I'm through with her. If she doesn't care enough for me to speak when I'm in my old clothes she needn't speak at all. I won't speak to her when I'm dressed up. That's all there is to it."

"Did you speak to her?"

"I should say not. It's her place to speak first. Do you suppose I'm going to attract attention by yelling my lungs out for the like of her? I guess not."

"Perhaps she didn't see you."

"See me? Of course she did. I saw her, didn't I? Then why didn't she see me?"—Detroit Free Press.

When the Shoe Pinches.

"My own common sense and the shoe clerk permitting, I shall never wear another pair of tight shoes," said a woman, "but if I should be inveigled into making myself uncomfortable I know what I shall do to allay the pain. The ministrations to the aching feet of a man who called on my Italian cobbler for relief showed me a remedy. The man's shoes pinched in three different places. Having located the painful spots Rafael dipped a long strip of cotton flannel into boiling water and held the cloth stretched tightly across the man's shoes. When the water began to evaporate he dampened the cloth again and repeated the process several times. "'Now,' said he at last, 'your shoes are set to your feet. No more hurt.' The man gave him a quarter, which I thought a small price to pay for relief from a pinching shoe."—New York Sun.

A Witty Reply.

On one occasion an important dress rehearsal at His Majesty's theater was prolonged until the small hours of the morning. The company grew very weary, particularly a gentleman who had been with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in a good many productions, but who had never attained to more than a very tiny part. When the time came to rehearse his few lines he was so tired that his voice was anything but distinct.

"What's the matter, Mr. Z.?" asked Sir Herbert in his most sarcastic tones. "Are you saving your voice for the rehearsal?"

"No, Sir Herbert," was the retort. "I've never been able to save anything under your management."

Sir Herbert, an exceedingly witty man himself, was so pleased with the retort that the salary of the small part man was raised.—London M. A. P.

An English King's Death.

William Rufus was killed by an arrow, either accidental or with murderous intent. He died in the New forest. His body was stripped by tramps and the next day was found by a charcoal burner, who placed the naked corpse on his cart, hoping to receive a reward. On the way to Winchester the cart was upset, and the king's body fell in the mire. Covered with filth and black with charcoal, it arrived in Winchester, where it was buried in the cathedral. A few years later the tower fell and crushed the tomb, and 600 years after the Puritans riddled the grave and played football with the king's skull.

The Best She Could Do.

"There is only one reason," he said, "why I have never asked you to be my wife."

"What is that?" she asked.

"I have always been half afraid you might refuse."

Damascus Swords.

It is seldom that a really good specimen of a Damascus sword can be obtained, for the art of working and engraving the kind of steel of which they are made is lost. These famous swords were made of alternate layers of iron and steel so finely tempered that the blade would bend to the hilt without breaking.

She Needed Them All.

There are over 200,000 words in the English language, and most of them were used last Sunday by a lady who discovered after coming out of church that her stunning new hat was adorned with a price tag on which was written, "Reduced to \$2.75."—Norborne (Mo.) Leader.

His Idea of the Show.

"What do you think of the plot?" asked the theater manager. "That isn't a plot," replied the man who had paid \$2 to see the show. "That's a conspiracy."—Washington Star.

Another Quibble.

"Don't you hate to sleep in an upper berth?"

"No; I like to sleep when I have to take an upper berth."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Appropriate.

"Here's a hairpin in the soup, waiter," said the mad diner. "Yes, sir. It's all right. It's here soup, sir."—Yonkers Statesman.

Early Combines and Corn.

"Engrossing" was an offensive word in England by fine and appropriate, and the laws against it were those-called "engrossers"—were named to gain control over considerable quantities, either by purchase or otherwise, with the intention of raising prices. The statute book holds a series of enactments designed to prevent anything in the nature of what we know as a "corner" or "hoarding." "Regrating" was a criminal offense and so was "forestalling." The law consisted of buying and selling the same day in the same market or place, and the latter implied the purchase of merchandise on the way to market or before the hour at which the sale commenced with the intention of selling at a profit, while it was being "stalling" to circulate rumors relative to raising the prices of commodities. Though these laws have fallen into desuetude, they were in force in grandfather's time.—London Mail.

He Let Her Sleep.

Some years ago a Swabian was caught in a terrible gale. The captain had his wife on board, and when the wind was still rising he had her to go down below and sleep, all was well. He remained on the bridge till the mate came up and said, "We've done all we can. Hadn't better tell the chaps to get out of the boats?"

"Yes, yes, my lad, if you think the choice left was whether to go with the ship or in a small boat, you couldn't live ten seconds in that sea." The engineers came up with the mate, that the fires were all out. "Well, my lads," said the captain to the crew, "save yourselves if you can."

"Won't you fetch the wife on the air?" asked one of the men. "No," was the calm reply; "let her sleep, poor old girl. I am going to have a smoke." And, snoring the bedside of his sleeping wife, went down with the ship.

Modern Maps.

There are Egyptian maps dating from 1400 B. C., but in spite of the long history it has been astonishingly difficult to make progress in the study of the ancient maps. Errors have been perpetuated; truth is forgotten; advance is slow. As late as 1900 one of the Alaskan coast issued by the United States were said to be 100 miles wrong, and nearly all commercial map makers still represent certain chains as caterpillars, and a fringe of the shore is adorned with blue wavy frills. As for railroad maps, the less said the better, the greatest road map of the northern part of the United States adorning the walls of the Broad Street Pennsylvania station in Philadelphia being distorted and west, north and south and otherwise, its accuracy in large part being over 30 per cent, yet it is one of the usually good railroad engineering Magazine.

The Last Gladiators.

It was in A. D. 430 that the gladiatorial combats in the arena of Lybia there lived a most aged Telemachus, who, touched by the cruel stories of the combats, went to Rome, leaped over the barrier of the arena of the Coliseum, threw himself between the groups of fighters and explored them in the name of Christ. Telemachus fell, slain by the swords of the gladiators, but he never was another fight in the arena. The spirit of the monk was so effect, and the above mentioned was soon passed.

Cruikshank's Fagin.

During the time Cruikshank was illustrating "Oliver Twist" he 64 days traversing the east end of London in search of a face that would correspond with his conception of the character of Fagin. One day standing before a mirror in his dressing room "pulling faces at himself," he spoke for the want of something better to do, he accidentally made features for which he was looking. The picture, therefore, of Fagin is a ly that of Cruikshank himself.

At Last.

A well known clergyman, called other duties, says a writer in the Southern Christian Advocate, preached his last sermon before the installation of his successor. The local paper, announcing the order of services, set it as follows: "Sermon by the Rev. Blank; quartet; 'Hushed at Length.'"

His Wanderings.

Stranger—What wonderful tale Blinks relates! He must have been a great traveler in his day. Narrator—Was never outside the county in my life; but, you see, his mind has wandered for years.

Just Like Eggs.

Miss A.—So your wife keeps you continually in hot water, you poor fellow. Mr. B.—Oh, that's all right. Water and eggs are like eggs. Keep us in water and we become hardened.—ton Transcript.

A Long Run.

Property Man—Did your company have a long run in Speedwell? Clerk—They chased us only two miles out.—Chicago News.

Her Ideal.

"What is your ideal man?" "One who is clever enough to get money and foolish enough to spend it."—Variety Life.

Honesty needs no pains to be taken.

ed.—Edward Moore.