

Business Men Who Help.

As there are a number of liberal business men in the city who are always ready to assist any movement that will benefit the business interest of the city, we publish today the amounts given by them to help defray the expenses of the Third Regiment to this city, which proved a success in every particular and left a large amount of money in the city.

There are some business men who refused to contribute while there are others who were busy or out of town when the subscription list was circulated, but they can contribute if they feel like doing so and will be given credit for the same.

Table listing names and amounts contributed to the Third Regiment, including E. T. Haltom, E. F. Loughlin, W. J. Stephens, Hotel Ramsey, Geo. Coffman, C. F. Kuster, R. J. Stephens, Tillamook Meat Co., The Tillamook Electric Light & Fuel Co., Jones Knudsen Furniture Co., First National Bank, C. I. Clough, Tillamook County Bank, Grant Mills, King & Smith Co., A. I. Thomas, Plasker Bros., Harris & Ruger, F. D. Small, Chas. E. Haas, Alex. McNair, Webster Holmes, Old Spanish Kitchen, Ray & Co., G. A. Edmunds, J. W. Maddux, Fred C. Baker, C. E. Trombley, J. S. Lamar, John Wagner, F. R. Beals, Tillamook Feed Co., Tillamook Creamery, Fairview Dairy Assn., Ed. Snodgrass, R. F. Zachman, A. A. Pennington, J. S. Handley, H. C. Holden, M. Schnal, F. S. Whitehouse, Carl Haberlach, J. C. Holden, Latimer & Mowrey, R. D. Cruikshank, H. T. Botts, Ralph Ackley, A. K. Case, Tillamook Sheet Metal Works, Honey & Hathaway, E. D. Severance, S. B. Whitehouse.

Third Regiment Leaves.

The Third Regiment Oregon National Guard, entrained early Monday morning after holding a week's encampment on the railroad land east of the depot. Notwithstanding at times the weather was wet, the encampment proved highly successful from a military point of view and satisfactory from the citizen's view point.

The Regiment paraded through the city on Sunday morning in full marching order, and in the afternoon a large number of citizens attended the services on the grounds conducted by Chaplain Gilbert. His subject was "Well Done." This he applied to the regiment and to the citizens for their many tokens of kindness and hospitality. The rev. gentleman defended the moral character of the regiment, stating that a great improvement had taken place in recent years. He condemned swearing and filthy talk of men while in camp. In making a comparison, Chaplain Gilbert said that taking 500 men from the Third Regiment and 500 men from Tillamook City, there would be more religious men and men of higher moral standard in the former than the latter. He said the regiment appreciated the claims and the cheese the Commercial Club had sent.

The first train left on Monday morning at six o'clock and the others followed later. In appreciation of the Third Regiment's visit to Tillamook, the Tillamook Commercial Club sent the following letter to Adjutant General Finzer:

Tillamook, Oregon, July 14, 1913. W. E. Finzer, Adjutant General, Oregon National Guard, Portland, Oregon.

DEAR GENERAL: On behalf of this organization and the residents of this vicinity, we desire to thank you and the entire staff of officers of the Third Regiment, O. N. G., for the many courtesies extended to us during your encampment here. We have appreciated the kindly spirit in which suggestions offered by us were received and the evident desire on your part to make the encampment, so far as possible, interesting and instructive to us.

We have been particularly impressed with the capable and efficient manner in which the encampment was handled. The gentlemanly conduct of the men while off duty, and in and about this city has won the respect of the entire community. We shall be pleased to have you return at future encampments.

Yours very truly, FRED C. BAKER, President. E. J. CLAUSSEN, Secretary.

Some Amusing Incidents at the Paving Case.

Several amusing incidents happened during the week to relieve the monotony of the paving case. While Street Commissioner Day was on the stand, he testified concerning the taking up of specimens of the pavement for testing. "Who pointed out the places from which the samples were to be cut?" asked Mr. Malarkey. "Everybody had a hand in it," was the reply. "But isn't it a fact," Mr. Day insisted the Senator, "that whenever a defective spot was found, somebody would suggest that a sample be taken, and that a sample would be taken at that place?" "Oh," said Day, "occasionally they would use some judgment."

Again, while P. W. Todd was on the stand, he testified that at the time he and M. F. Leach went to Portland at the request of the council to get samples of bitulithic pavements laid there, they were met by employees of the Warren Construction Co. and were entertained at dinner and the theatre. He said also that A. G. Beals and W. G. Dwight accompanied them on the trip. On cross-examination, Senator Malarkey questioned Mr. Todd at great length about Mr. Beals' participation in the entertainment. "He didn't object to taking dinner with the Warren Co. men, did he?" asked Malarkey. "No."

"You didn't have to drag him into the Warren Co. automobile?" "No." Finally Judge Campbell intervened. "You are wasting time," he said. "I just want to make it clear in the record," said Mr. Malarkey, "that Mr. Beals, although one of the plaintiffs in this case, accepted the courtesies shown him by the Warren Co., and did not object to receiving entertainment from their employees."

"The Court," said Judge Campbell, "will take notice of the fact that you and Mr. Beals have both been members of the State Legislature, and he knows that legislators always take everything good that comes their way."

THE HAZING OF HUNTINGTON. A TALE OF WOE. At dead of night when all was still, A Ginney, puffing at a pill, Sneaked to the room of Carlos II, And stole that sleeping baby's shoe.

Oh woe! Oh shame! When came the morn, It found poor Carlos all forlorn, For there besides his 'socks the rogues Had left a pair of Ginney's brogues. His own swell kicks had vanished quite, And Carlos, weeping at the hot stuff on the alien shoes, Rushed down the hall to break the news.

A stranger to the rescue came For fear poor Carlos would go lame— And this is just between our selves— The kicks he 'loaned' 'at're No. 12's. Poor Carlos now is in a cell; He says life is simply hell. Judge Campbell issued this report: "Tan shoes are in contempt of court."

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Fall and Winter Samples --Now on Display--

Rain or Shine, Our Suits will fit and give satisfaction, let us prove it. We also do cleaning and pressing. J. WM. EDWALL, MEN'S AND LADIES' TAILOR, SECOND AVENUE EAST, Opposite Ed's Parage, TILLAMOOK, ORE.

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SUMMERING AT TILLAMOOK COUNTY BEACHES

"Nature's Playground," as these beaches have been called, are now open for summer visitors. New hotels, with all modern conveniences, cosy cottages, camping grounds and

Double Daily Train Service Leaving Portland daily 8.45 A. M. daily except Sunday 1.20 P. M.

BEACHES REACHED IN 5 HOURS

Business men can leave Saturday afternoon and arrive beach points in time for dinner, spend the evening and Sunday with the family and return to Portland Sunday night without loss of time from business.

ROUND TRIP FARES FROM PORTLAND

Season Tickets on sale daily \$4.00 Week End (for return Monday) \$3.00 Corresponding low fares from other points

Southern Pacific City Ticket Office 80 Sixth St., Cor. Oak JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent Portland, Oregon

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

BEGINS its forty-fifth school year SEPTEMBER 19, 1913. DEGREE COURSES in many phases of AGRICULTURE, ENGINEERING, HOME ECONOMICS, MINING, FORESTRY, COMMERCE, PHARMACY. TWO-YEAR COURSES in AGRICULTURE, HOME ECONOMICS, MECHANICAL ARTS, FORESTRY, COMMERCE, PHARMACY and art. TEACHER'S COURSES in manual training, agriculture, domestic science and art. MUSIC, including piano, string, band instruments and voice culture. A BEAUTIFUL BOOKLET entitled "THE ENRICHMENT OF RURAL LIFE" and a CATALOGUE will be mailed free on application. Address H. M. TENNANT, Registrar, Corvallis, Oregon.

A 15 Watt Mazda Lamp On your front porch can be lit every night until midnight and register not over fifty cents per month on the meter. TILLAMOOK ELECTRIC LIGHT AND FUEL COMPANY WILL SPALDING, Manager.

OUR FEARLESS SAILORS.

An Incident of the Old Days Off the Cape of Good Hope.

American vessels in those days (1833) surpassed the sailing records of ships of every other nation. Once when down nearly to the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope we encountered the most severe gale of our outward bound voyage. A mountainous sea was heaving in from the south, and the wind, which had originally come from that direction, was now blowing directly from the west with hurricane force. High as the Washington stood above the water, occasional crests would sweep her main deck and she steered so hard that I had to keep two men continually at the wheel and have them relieved every half hour.

The wind, however, was fair, and therefore every man on the ship, from Captain L. to the cook's boy, would have felt disgraced had the order been given to heave the ship to. Under double reefed topsails and fore course she was logging upward of sixteen knots, and all hands were as pleased as if they had just been granted a week's shore leave at New York.

Later in the day, when the wind had moderated somewhat, we sighted a large British bark hove to under short canvas. She was flying distress signals, so Captain L. ordered the wheel put up and ran down to have a look at her. As soon as our signals could be clearly seen he asked what she wanted, and the bark replied with a request to stand by. Captain L. then ran up flags demanding if the bark were injured or anything wrong on board. The Britisher replied again, "Stand by. Do not like look of weather."

When the second mate read the meaning of this signal out of the code book a great laugh went up in our cabin, and Captain L. replied with flags reading, "See nothing wrong in this weather," and hoisted the American ensign above the signal in order to give point to his remark. No doubt the British captain said, "Another of those crazy Yankees!" when he read our flags, but we were in Batavia a week before he appeared.—From "The Journal of Captain Nathaniel Webber" in Outing.

TODAY IS YOUR ONLY DAY.

Yesterday is a Record and Tomorrow May Never Come.

Good days and bad days exist only in your own head. The weather has nothing to do with it. Each day is what you make it for yourself. Bad weather is only an unfortunate opinion.

Suppose it is raining pitchforks. You get word that your salary has been doubled or that a forgotten uncle has left you \$1,000,000. What do you care about the weather then? Or suppose the person you love is dying. Unexpectedly a turn for the better comes. The doctor says your dear one will live. What if it is hotter than Tophet? It is a good day, a great day, a happy day.

It's what you think and feel about it that makes each day what it is. You, within yourself, can make each day, every day, a good day. Put down in the notebook of your soul the poet Runberg's thought: "Each day is a life." When you get up in the morning throw back your shoulders, take a deep breath. Meet the new day like a man. Say to yourself, "Another day—another life!" For all we know, it may be the only day we'll ever have. Let's make it the best day we can. Let's strive to see that it is a day worth while. Let's move a step forward in our work. Let's do all the good we can. Let's get all the happiness we can—today.

Right now is the only time you can control. Yesterday is a record. Tomorrow is a secret. Today is yours, is mine.—American Magazine.

The "Devil's Graveyard."

A cemetery known as the "Devil's Graveyard," on top of a rocky hill overlooking Slon, Switzerland, where for centuries were buried sorcerers and sorceresses, is being blasted away to make room for public improvements. From the tenth century to the early seventeenth those supposed to be in traffic with the evil one were tortured, executed and buried there. The excavators have found bones estimated to be those of many hundreds of persons.

Still He Had It.

A certain physician told some of his patients that as long as they kept their feet and legs dry they would be safe from an attack of the grip. One day he was surprised to receive a letter from a patient in which the latter said that he had two wooden legs and yet he had had the grip for five consecutive years.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Explaining It.

Jones (Just introduced)—I suppose you don't remember me, but I was once a witness against your side in a certain trial, and I remember that you cross examined me with the greatest courtesy. The Lawyer—Is that so? Perhaps your testimony was not material.—Puck

The Eternal Feminine.

"Women certainly ain't got no consistency." "What's the matter, Mike?" "Me wife chased me out wid a rolling pin this morning and then cried because I left home without kissing her goodby."—Pittsburgh Post.

Caught the Habit.

"That yachting party are telling the biggest fakes I ever heard." "Yes, and you can see at a glance that even the yacht is lying to."—Baltimore American.

FEROCIOUS DOGFISH.

These Ravenous, Sharklike Gluttons Would Eat a Man Alive.

"N" he said, "My God, Frank, about me quick, shoot me quick—the dogs are eatin' me alive!" "I hauled up my shotgun, 'n' I pushed back th' hammers, but I couldn't do it, though I warn't more'n ten feet from him 'n' could hev blown his whole head off. I don't b'liev' th' Lord would hev culled that murder either."

"I gasped for air 'n' dropped my gun on th' seat, 'n' then I looked at Charlie again, 'n' it was all over—just a dark red in th' water 'n' a hundred ugly snouts 'n' shinin' rows of teeth just gleamin' 'n' snappin' thar in th' gray of that October afternoon."

It was Frank Oleson, a fisherman of Rockland, Me., who spoke. He was telling a little group of oolikin and fishermen about a tragedy of 1885, when he and Charles Freeman sailed out of Tenants Harbor, Me., one October morning. Oleson brought the little sloop Alpin back the next morning alone. Freeman had fallen overboard in the midst of a school of dogfish, which had eaten him alive before the eyes of his helpless companion.

They were bound for the fishing grounds off Matinicus island. Freeman had taken along a shotgun. When five miles from Criehaven a bunch of coots, flying low, came skimming along. Freeman fired into them, and three or four dropped. The Alpin was brought up into the wind, and with her mainsail and jib flapping the gunner jumped into the dory and started to pick up his game.

There was a shout, a splash, and Freeman was struggling in the water. In reaching over the side of the dory he had lost his balance and fallen into the choppy sea. In a moment the hungry, sharkish dogs were after him. The opening paragraph tells all there is to tell.

Many stories are related to show the ferocity of the dogfish. It was not more than half a dozen years ago that two New York yachtsmen were lolling along in a sloop yacht in Penobscot bay one July afternoon. One of the yachtsmen, a physician named Bowker, decided to take a plunge. He stripped and dived off the bow of the sloop, intending to pull himself into the tender trailing behind as it passed him. He had scarcely hit the water before he let out a yell. He just managed to catch the gunwale of the rowboat when his companion reached him and hauled him in. Three ugly wounds showed in his legs where the voracious dogfish had bitten out chunks. He was taken into Rockland, where a physician treated him for several weeks before he was out of danger.—New York Sun.

Chemistry and Truth.

Dr. Benjamin E. Smith, the noted lexicographer, once made an autobiographical statement which may interest advocates of scientific education, says the Manchester Guardian. Some one had asked his opinion about the best methods of teaching truthfulness to children. "Frankly," he replied, "I know I told the truth as a child purely from a desire to please my mother, as I would have carried out any other course of action on which she insisted. But I never saw any other reason for doing it until as a lad I worked in a chemical laboratory. Then I realized that nothing that was said made the slightest difference to the elemental fact, and I believe I have lost the exaggeration and falsehood ever since."

Cost of a Boat Race.

A writer in Bailey's Magazine of England has been figuring on the cost of the annual boat race between Oxford and Cambridge and says the expense to each crew may be approximately estimated at \$3,000 for each. He then says that as the contest rarely takes more than twenty minutes the cost works out at about \$300 per minute, or about \$8 every time the oars dip into the water. The cost of the boats is placed at \$250 and the oars at \$70, the rest of the money going for preparation from October until the day of the race.

Room Doors on the Stairs.

In real life room doors always open in toward the room itself. On the stage, however, room doors, as a rule, open outward, or away from the room. Exits are one of the most difficult parts of the actor's art, and if he or she had to fumble with the handle, pull the door toward them, step round it and pass through they would probably make a clumsy dodge of it. That is why, as a rule, doors are constructed to open outward at a push.

Made Him Hungry.

"I'm hungry," complained a husky husband the other day. "But you just had breakfast," argued his wife. "I know it," answered the husband, "but as soon as I finished I drank a glass of water, and all those dinned cakes shrank right down to nothing."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Brings the Friends.

"A man never knows how many friends he has until he experiences real sorrow." "Oh, I don't know! Did you ever have it known that you had shot and brought home a deer?"—Detroit Free Press.

Did Him.

Brown—I got mixed up in a real estate deal last week. Brown—Did you? Brown—Yes; they did.—Sidney Bulletin.

Method will teach you to win time—Goethe.