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Tillamook Title and Abstract Company

(INCORPORATED).

Law : Abstracts: Real Estate
Surveying ; Insurance.

BOTH PHONES.

TILLAMOOK, ORE.

E. F. ROGERS,

Owner of

MAJOR WEITZEL and LORD REX

Will be in Tillamook from THURSDAY
EVENING until MONDAY MORNING for
each week for the next two months at the

Commercial Stables.



Guess How Many Beans!

One Guess with every DOLLAR
CASH PURCHASE, at the Tilla-
mook Feed Co.

The one Guessing the nearest to the number
of beans in the Jar will receive absolutely free
this beautiful Hornless Talking Machine.

No trading stamps given with guesses.
See the Machine in the window, or see
Shrode.

"Majestic Ranges stand the test
And Cook and Bake and are the best."



Keep Abreast of the Times

IN OLDEN DAYS, when buying
a cook stove, people would buy
the one they could get the cheapest;
that's because there were only a
few makes on the market and
were all practically the same in
construction and material.

It's Different Now! There are close to a thousand different ranges
on the market today—good, bad and indifferent. Wise people use a little
foresight in selecting their range, and they make no mistake in selecting
THE RANGE WITH A REPUTATION—the range that is recommended by
every user; the range that has stood the test—

The Great Majestic Range

the range that is made of MALLEABLE and CHARCOAL IRON—the range
that SAVES FUEL—LASTS LONGER—COSTS PRACTICALLY NOTHING FOR
REPAIRS—HEATS MORE WATER QUICKER and HOTTER, and GIVES BETTER
GENERAL SATISFACTION THAN ANY OTHER
RANGE MADE—

and we can prove it!

Alex. McNair Co.



"Rang, come and range go,
But with you stays the one you know!"
THE MAJESTIC.

FATE OF A WORLD

Its Course From Chaos to Its
Hopeless Death Struggle.

THREE ACTS IN THE TRAGEDY

The First is Shown by Jupiter, the
Second by the Earth and the Third
by Mars, While the Moon Shows the
Empty Stage After the Play is Done.

No stage was ever set for such a
tragedy as the planet Mars presents.
It is the last act in the drama of a
world's history!

The first act in such a drama consists
of scenes from chaos. The huge planet
Jupiter offers us a spectacle of that
kind in its streaming belts of thick
clouds and its swirling vapors, glowing
like steam above a furnace.

The second act is represented by the
earth, with its fertile crust, its cool,
invigorating atmosphere and its life sus-
taining seas that give birth to the
clouds which, condensing on the
mountains, furnish the rains and set
the rivers flowing.

The closing act is the role of Mars,
where the seas have vanished, the at-
mosphere has thinned out, the rivers
have disappeared, the continents have
turned into deserts, and life, driven into
a corner, is battling against final ex-
tinction.

That there is yet intelligent life on
Mars is the universal belief of all the
observers whom Mr. Lowell has gath-
ered about him at his Flagstaff ob-
servatory, where the extraordinary phe-
nomena of that wonderful planet are
studied as nowhere else in the world.

More than that, they tell us with
ever increasing emphasis that the peo-
ple of Mars, compelled by necessity,
have developed a command over natu-
ral forces which would seem miracu-
lous if exhibited upon the earth.

With them it has become simply a
question of brain power against the
inanimate powers of nature.

They have nights and days of the
same length as ours. They have seasons
almost precisely corresponding
with ours, except that they are each
twice as long. But their oceans are
dried up, no rains fall (though there
are dew), and nearly all the at-
mospheric moisture is alternately lock-
ed up in one or the other of the polar
snowcaps.

In such a situation no vegetation can
flourish unless artificially stimulated
by a gigantic system of irrigation. And
without vegetation animal existence is
impossible.

But whence can the inhabitants of
Mars derive the water needed for irri-
gation? The answer given is that they
get it periodically from the melting of
the polar snows. Being without seas
and rivers they have no other source
of supply.

On Mars the reign of universal peace
must have begun ages ago, introduced
not by moral or sentimental consid-
erations, but by the necessity of unit-
ing all the engineering skill, all the in-
ventive powers and all the physical
forces of the entire population of the
planet in a common battle for life.

The only thought of their inventors
is of improved means for controlling
the slowly lessening supplies of mois-
ture that once in about two of our
years may be drawn away from one
of the poles while the summer sun-
shine is dissolving its thin snows.

This universal concentration of men-
tal energy upon a single aim is con-
ceived as having developed upon Mars
a knowledge of the hidden forces of
nature such as has up to the present
merely been dreamed of on the earth.

We have just begun to learn how to
use electricity in the mechanic arts,
but they may have unlocked the secret
forces inclosed in the atoms of matter
which our science has recently assured
us exist without showing us how to
utilize them.

Only by such suppositions can the
"canals," hundreds of miles wide and
thousands of miles long, be accounted
for, if, as the Flagstaff observers in-
sist, those objects are really of arti-
ficial origin. It should be said, how-
ever, that in Mr. Lowell's opinion the
bands called canals are, in fact, irri-
gated belts.

The real canals within them are in-
visible, while the progressive darken-
ing of these belts, as the polar melting
increases, is due to the growth of ve-
getation, stimulated by the water.

After the world life drama closes
there is left an empty stage, and this
is represented by the moon. The lunar
world has lost all its water. Its trag-
edy is finished. The actors are all dead.
Millions of years ago there may have
been a battle for life there like that
which now appears to be raging on
Mars. And millions of years in the
future the stage of the earth will prob-
ably be set for a similar tragedy. For,
to the eyes of the overlooking gods (to
change a little Shakespeare's figure):
All the sky's a stage,
And all the worlds and suns are merely
actors.

—Garrett P. Serviss in New York Jour-
nal.

Folding a Coat.

Here is the way to fold a man's coat
when you want to pack it in a box
or a trunk. Lay the coat out perfectly
flat, right side up. Spread the sleeves
out smoothly, then fold them back to
the elbow until the bottoms of the
cuffs are even with the collar. Fold
the revers back and double the coat
over, folding it on the center seam.
Smooth out all wrinkles and lay it on
a level surface in the trunk.

Half the joy of life is in little things
taken on the run.—David Starr Jordan.

WOMEN ON HORSEBACK.

They Cut a Queer Figure Before Side-
saddles Were Invented.

Before Queen Catherine de' Medici
started the fashion of sidesaddles by
having a board slung on the left side
of her horse to support her feet all
poor women rode on a pillion behind a
man. All women of the better class
rode astride.

A lady to prepare for riding bent
forward and took hold of the lower
hem of the back of her dress skirt,
drew it through between her legs and
wrapped her skirts around her legs
down to her knees, then folded the rest
of her skirts across the front of her
person.

Then she drew on a pair of large
trousers, the legs of which ended just
below the knees, where they were
sewed to the tops of a pair of clumsy
riding boots. The upper part of the
trousers was open in front, and the
flaps folded across toward the waist,
fastened by a band around the head, and
a hood was worn on the head, and a
mask protected the face from sun and
weather. She rode on a man's saddle
and wore spurs and carried a quirt
(riding whip) looped on the right wrist.

The same style and kind of quirt is
now used by our western cowboys
and plains Indians and was formerly
carried by the Cossacks.

A lady in riding costume, whether on
foot or on horseback, was anything but
a graceful figure.

Our great-grandmothers rode on side-
saddles, but their great-great-grand-
mothers rode astride if they belonged
to the gentry class.

Our plains Indian women, even when
they changed their buckskin skirts
that came to the knee and their buck-
skin leggings for the long calico skirt
of white women, always rode astride.—
Washington Post.

THEY DIDN'T MIND DIRT.

In the Days When Clothes Were Dyed,
but Never Washed.

In the matter of the washing of
clothes, not to say the washing of
themselves, our ancestors were a trifle
lax. The laundress of the twelfth cen-
tury must have held a position which
was practically a sinecure, while it
seems within the bounds of possibility
that in those days she did not exist
at all. There were, insooth, few gar-
ments which would stand washing,
and the dyer was driving a brisk trade
before the laundress was even thought
of. A little dye must indeed have cov-
ered a multitude of spots.

In the days of the Tudors and Stu-
arts washing was a trifle more in evi-
dence than formerly, but those articles
which were permitted to find their
way into the "buck pan"—as the wash-
ing tub used to be called—were few
and far between. The wealthy of the
middle ages got over the difficulty of
obtaining clean underclothing with
primitive simplicity by not wearing
any, while the lower orders wore
coarse woolen garments that would
no doubt have "shrunk in the wash."
To prevent any casualty of the kind
they remained unwashed.

Velvets, taffetas and richly dyed
silks, such as those worn by the no-
bility and gentry, could not, of course,
be washed, and should any person of
high degree be the possessor of a linen
shirt it was a thing which was care-
fully made known to all his friends
and relatives as being extremely in
mode and a fit subject for congratula-
tion, but washed it never was for fear
of injuring its pristine beauty.—Lon-
don Tatler.

Witchcraft.

In many parts of the world—Greece,
for instance—the believer in witchcraft
still gets hold, by hook or by crook,
of hair, nail parings and so forth from
an enemy's head and hands and burns,
buries or does something else with
them in order to entail unpleasant con-
sequences upon that enemy. And uni-
versal folklore reveals the concern of
savages to dispose of their own hair
and nail clippings to prevent an enemy
from getting at them. Australian na-
tive girls, having had a lock of hair
stolen from them, expected speedy
death as a certainty. —London Tele-
graph.

Virtues of the Nurse.

Sir William Osler in a lecture at
Johns Hopkins training school named
the seven virtues of the nurse: "Tact,
without which no woman can be suc-
cessful and her chief protection in the
mechanism of life; tidiness, it being
the primary duty of a woman to look
well; tactfulness, which should be cul-
tivated as a gift; sympathy, gentleness,
and the birthright of a nurse; cheerfulness
and charity, the last and greatest of all."

Vague.

"I didn't exactly know how to take
the missis this morning," said the
lady's maid to the cook.

"What did she say?"

"When I remarked that I was afraid
her complexion could not be improved
by cold cream she told me I needn't
rub it in."—Baltimore American.

Most of Them Do.

"It only needs determination to live
a hundred years," says a well known
health writer. A great many people
have determined to live a century or
die in the attempt—and they have died
in the attempt.—New Orleans Picay-
une.

Good Plan.

It is a good plan while waiting for
your ship to come in to kill time by go-
ing to work to earn something.—New
Orleans Picayune.

"It is a wise saying. Drive on your
own track.—Pittsburgh.

AN ESKIMO DINNER

It Was Not Very Dainty, but It
Was a Satisfying Feast.

SEAL MEAT AND BLOOD SOUP.

The First Course Was Served Out of
Hand, and the Second in Musk Ox
Horn Drinking Cups—The Hospital-
ity Extended to Explorer Stefansson.

An interesting description of the hos-
pitality of Eskimos is given by Vilhjalm-
ur Stefansson in his paper, "My
Quest in the Arctic," in Harper's Mag-
azine. At one stage of his adventures
the writer found himself among Eski-
mos who had never before seen white
people. He says:

"Like our distant ancestors, no
doubt, these people fear most of all
things the evil spirits that are likely
to appear to them at any time in any
guise, and next to that they fear stran-
gers. Our first greeting had been a
bit doubtful and dramatic through our
being mistaken for spirits, but now
they had felt of us and talked with us
and knew we were but common men.
Strangers we were, it is true, but we
were only three among forty of them
and were therefore not to be feared.
Besides, they told us they knew we
could harbor no guile from the free-
dom and frankness with which we
came among them; for, they said, a
man who plots treachery never turns
his back to those whom he intends to
stab from behind.

"Before the house which they imme-
diately built for us was quite ready
for our occupancy children came run-
ning from the village to announce that
their mothers had dinner ready. The
houses were so small that it was not
convenient to invite all three of us
into the same one to eat; besides, it
was not etiquette to do so, as we now
know. Each of us was therefore taken
to a different place. My host was the
seal hunter whom we had first ap-
proached on the ice. His house would,
he said, be a fitting one in which to
offer me my first meal among them,
for his wife had been born farther
west on the mainland coast than any
one else in their village, and it was
even said that her ancestors had not
belonged originally to their people, but
were immigrants from the westward.
She would therefore like to ask me
questions.

"It turned out, however, that his
wife was not a talkative person, but
motherly, kindly and hospitable, like
all her countrywomen. Her first ques-
tions were not of the land from which
I came, but of my footwear. Weren't
my feet just a little damp, and might
she not pull my boots off for me and
dry them over the lamp? She had
boiled some seal meat for me, but she
had not boiled any fat, for she did not
know whether I preferred the blubber
boiled or raw. They always cut it in
small pieces and ate it raw themselves,
but the pot still hung over the lamp,
and anything she put into it would
be cooked in a moment.

"When I told her that my tastes
quite coincided with theirs, as in fact
they did, she was delighted. People
were much alike then, after all, though
they came from a great distance. She
would accordingly treat me exactly as
if I were one of their own people
come to visit them from afar.

"When we had entered the house the
boiled pieces of seal meat had already
been taken out of the pot and lay
steaming on a sideboard. On being as-
sured that my tastes in food were not
likely to differ from theirs, my hostess
picked out for me the lower joint of
a seal's foreleg, squeezed it firmly be-
tween her hands to make sure nothing
should later drip from it, and hand-
ed it to me, along with her own
copper bladed knife. The next most
desirable piece was similarly squeezed
and handed to her husband, and others
in turn to the rest of the family.

"As we ate we sat on the front edge
of the bed platform, holding each his
piece of meat in the left hand and the
knife in the right. This was my first
experience with a knife of native cop-
per. I found it more than sharp
enough and very serviceable.

"Our meal was of two courses—the
first, meat; the second, soup. The soup
is made by pouring cold seal blood into
the boiling broth immediately after the
cooked meat has been taken out of the
pot and stirring briskly until the whole
comes nearly—but never quite—to a
boil. This makes a soup of a thickness
comparable to our English pea soup,
but if the pot be allowed to come to a
boil the blood will coagulate and settle
to the bottom. When the soup is a
few degrees from boiling the lamp
above which the pot is swung is ex-
tinguished and a few handfuls of
snow are stirred into the soup to bring
it to a temperature at which it can be
freely drunk. By means of a small dip-
per the housewife then fills the large
musk ox horn drinking cups and as-
signs one to each person. If the num-
ber of cups is short two or more per-
sons may share the contents of one cup
or a cup may be refilled when one is
through with it and passed to another.

"After I had eaten my fill of fresh
seal meat and drunk two pint cupsful
of blood soup my host and I moved
farther back on the bed platform,
where we could sit comfortably, prop-
ped up against bundles of soft caribou
skins, while we talked of various
things."

Adversity has the effect of eliciting
talents which in prosperous circum-
stances would have lain dormant.—
Horace.

RED TAPE AND A TUB.

A Bath in Senegal Was Something
Like a Surgical Operation.

Some years ago, when the capital of
the French colony of Senegal was a
dull, unprogressive town where official-
ism and red tape prevailed, a French
traveler, with a friend, had a most
amusing experience when he wished
to obtain a bath. There was no bath-
ing establishment in the capital of
Senegal at the time, but rumor had
that it was possible to purchase one
at the hospital.

Accordingly the travelers repaired to
the hospital, where they stated the
purpose of their visit.

"Certainly," said the official, "the
seats. Your names, surnames and
birthplace?"

"But we merely want a bath."

"Exactly. What is your name, and
where and when were you born, and
are you government servants, soldiers
or officers? No? Well, the rules do
not provide for this. Just a moment,
I will read them again. Yes, here is
your case. You must first make out
on stamped paper an application to the
governor of the colony. After favor-
able notice from the governor you
send another application to the chief
colonial doctor, who will send for you
and examine you."

"But we are not ill."

"It is the rule. Having examined you,
the doctor will give you two non-
commissioned officers' bath tickets, to
be delivered to the assistant doctor."

"Why the noncommissioned officers'
bath?"

"For the reason that in our accounts
we recognize only two categories of
persons—officers and civil servants, the
latter taking rank with officers or pet-
ty officers. You are not official at all.
If officers were to find you in their
baths they would probably make a
row."

"What period of time will all these
formalities consume?"

"Two or three days, provided your
application is approved at the gov-
ernment house."—Chicago Record Her-
ald.

ORIGIN OF QUARANTINE.

Dr. Richard Mead's Action During the
Plague of 1721.

To Dr. Richard Mead, who was in
consultation at the deathbed of Queen
Anne and became physician to George
I., was due the credit of having first
established quarantine.

In 1721, when the plague ravaged
Marseilles and its contagious origin
was discredited, Dr. Mead declared the
plague to be "a contagious distemper,"
and a quarantine was enjoined. He
also proposed a system of medical pol-
ice, which finds its counterpart in the
health officers of today. It was he
who declared, "As nastiness is a great
source of infection, so cleanliness is
the greatest preventative."

He it was who said nearly 200 years
ago: "If there be any Contagious Dis-
temper in the Ship the Sound me
should leave their Cloaths, which
should be burnt, the men washed and
shaved and having fresh Cloath-
should stay in Lazaretto—that is
quarantine—thirty to forty days. The
reason for this is because Persons may
be recovered from a Disease them-
selves and yet retain matter of Infe-
tion about them a considerable time."

In practice Mead was without a rival,
his receipts averaging for several
years between £9,000 and £7,000, an
enormous sum in relation to the value
of money at that period. He possessed
a rare taste for collecting. But his
books, his statues, his medals, were
not to amuse only his own leisure.
The humble student, the uncom-
mended foreigner, the poor inquirer,
derived as much enjoyment from these
treasures as their owner. At his table
might be seen the most eminent men
of the age. Pope was a ready guest,
and the delicate poet was sure to be
regaled with his favorite dish of
sweetbreads.

Matthew Arnold and the Girls.

Of Matthew Arnold as a school ex-
aminer a tale is told by a fellow in-
spector of a class of girl pupil teachers
that he asked Arnold to examine for
him. Arnold gave them all the excel-
lent mark.

"But," said the other inspector,
"surely they are not all as good as they
can be. Some must be better than others."

"Perhaps that is so," replied Arnold.
"But then, you see, they are all such
very nice girls."

Professionally Considered.

"The Declaration of Independence is
a wonderful document," said the patri-
otic citizen.

"Yes," replied the legal expert. "It's
one of the ablest documents I ever saw.
And the most remarkable thing is that
with all the ability it represents, no-
body appears to have received a cent
for drawing it up."—Washington Star.

Present Troubles.

"Ah, pretty lady," said the fortune
teller, "you wish to be told about your
future husband?"

"Not much," replied Mrs. Galley.
"I've come to learn where my present
husband is when he's absent."—Phila-
delphia Press.

Turning the Phrase.

"They used to call him a bonehead."

"That was before he succeeded."

"Yes. Now they express it differ-
ently. They call him a man of hard, solid
sense."—Washington Star.

Distantly Related.

"Ray, isn't Swardie, the banker, a
relative of yours?"

"Yes; he's a cousin—about \$4,000,000
removed."—Chicago Tribune.