

VANISHED MOUNT MAZAMA.

It Was One of the Loftiest Peaks in the United States.

The highest mountain in Oregon is Mount Hood, 11,225 feet above the sea level. Compared with Mount Whitney, to the south in California, and Mount Rainier, to the north in Washington, each rising well above 14,000 feet, Mount Hood does not appear as a skyscraper. However, according to the geologists of the United States geological survey and other authorities, Oregon had at one time, probably before the dawn of life upon the earth, a great volcano which towered as far above Mount Hood as does Mount Rainier, possibly even several thousand feet higher. This was the great Mount Mazama. But thousands of years ago the mountain disappeared into the bowels of the earth, and all that is left today is the huge rim around Crater lake.

Crater lake is the caldera of this extinct and collapsed volcano and is nearly six miles in diameter. The inside walls of the rim of the ancient mountain are in places nearly 4,000 feet high and almost perpendicular. The lake itself is in places 2,000 feet deep, and parts of the wall rise above its water another 2,000 feet. A restoration of the mountain in fancy, using as a basis the angles of the lower slopes, which still remain, shows that the apex could not have been far from 15,000 feet in height, that Mount Mazama was one of the most lofty and majestic peaks in the United States.—United States Geological Survey.

MARKS ON THE BAGGAGE.

They Tell Waiters Abroad the Kind of Man the Owner Is.

Much traveled persons who carefully examine their trunks will find there on a number of cabalistic marks which they probably put down to the wear and tear imposed on the baggage. As a matter of fact, the signs come, not of chance. They are placed there by the waiters at the various hotels whereat the traveler has stayed and have a direct meaning.

A sort of freemasonry exists among waiters at European hotels. They have a system of marking baggage so as to tell other waiters the manner of man that the traveler is as regards tipping.

The traveler who arrives at a hotel with his baggage marked with a straight upright line on either side of the locks is sure of good attention. He is classified as "very liberal." A horizontal straight mark in the upper right hand corner of a trunk means that the owner is no good at all, while if this mark is accompanied by a V mark it signifies to the waiting fraternity that the traveler is the limit—entirely hopeless.

A cross mark on the lower right hand corner conveys the intelligence that the owner of the trunk is rather eccentric, but worth paying attention to. A diagonal mark in the lower left hand corner speaks of a person who is eccentric without being liberal.—London Answers.

Three Castes in Bolivia.

Bolivian society is composed of three strata. Firstly, we have the "gente decente," or white people who show no trace of Indian blood. This class is small, but necessarily influential; indeed, all the government of the country is in their hands. Next comes the "cholos"—those of mixed Spanish and Indian blood—and lastly the pure Indians, who form an immense submerged class—superstitious, ignorant, downtrodden, yet splendid workmen and one of the chief sources of national wealth. It is estimated that of the 3,000,000 people who comprise the Bolivian nation only about 200,000 can read and write. The great mass of these illiterate people belong to the "gente decente," while the "cholo" and Indian classes are almost totally submerged in ignorance.—Christian Herald.

Wellington as a Shot.

"The hero of Waterloo," says Lady Frances Shelley in her "Diary," "was a very wild shot," and goes on to tell what happened once at Maresfield, where he was visiting her.

"After wounding a retriever early in the day and later on peppering the keeper's gutters he inadvertently sprinkled the bare arms of an old woman who chanced to be washing clothes at her cottage window.

"I was attracted by her screams, and took in the situation at a glance and went to the cottage door.

"I'm wounded, my lady," she cried. "My good woman," said I, "this ought to be the proudest moment of your life! You have had the distinction of being shot by the great duke."

Ma Was Different.

A boy wrote a composition on the subject of the Quakers, whom he described as a sect who never quarreled, never got into a fight, never clawed each other and never jawed back. The production contained a postscript in these words: "Pa's a Quaker, but ma isn't."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Ambition.

"To think," said the prison visitor, "that you will have to go through life an ex-convict!" "Well, miss," replied Crowbar Claude, "to tell you the truth, just at present there ain't nothing I'd like more to be."—Exchange.

Her Only Mood.

Inquisitive Friend—Don't you find that your wife is very subject to moods? Knicker—No; she has only one mood, the imperative, and I'm the one that's subject to that.—Judge.

INSTINCT AND INTELLECT.

The Broad Difference Between the Acts of the Two Powers.

For many years it has been the custom to think of instinct and intelligence as set over against each other. The former represents the inherited reactions of the animal; the latter signifies those acts which the animal learns in the course of its individual life and its power to learn in this fashion.

Instinctive acts are "perfect the very first time," while intelligent acts are slowly acquired. In so far as an animal is dependent on its instincts, it is the victim of its instincts, and of its immediate environment. In so far as it is intelligent, it can adapt its environment to itself, can rise above its immediate surroundings and act in the light of a distant end to be accomplished.

Instinct is blind as to the outcome of its action. Intelligence foresees and modifies its behavior in the light of its foresight. The supreme example of instinct has been the wasp going through an elaborate course of action to provide food for its yet unborn offspring, seeking out a particular species of caterpillar, stinging every segment just enough to stun the animal, but not kill it, and then depositing the worm at the bottom of its egg, covering up the cell and then leaving, never to see the larvae nor to live to do the same act another season. The supremely intelligent animal is man, possessing the earth by the genius of his intellect.—M. E. Haggerty in Atlantic Monthly.

BROKEN ENGLISH.

Wrestling Match a Frenchman Had With One Little Verb.

He was a hard working and intelligent Frenchman, but the verbs still troubled him.

"Ah, yes, m'sieur, I saw Mrs. Brown the other day," he said to an English friend, "and she told—I mean, told me that her school was soon to break down."

"Break up, surely?" "Ah, yes, break up! Your verbs do trouble me so yet! Break up—that was it!"

"Why was she going to let her school break up so early?" "Because influenza had broken down in it."

"Broken out. It is a bit puzzling, isn't it?"

"Broken out—ah, yes! And she is going to leave the house in charge of a caretaker, as she fears it might be broken—How do I say that, please?" "Broken into, I expect."

"That is it. Broken into—by the burglars."

"Is her son married yet?" "No; the engagement is broken in."

"Broken off. Oh, I hadn't heard of that! Is she worried about it?"

"He only broke up the news to her last week. Is that right?"

"No; you should say just 'broke' there."

"Ah, well; I think I am nearly broke myself by those verbs of yours!" And he went sadly on his way.—Pearson's Weekly.

Food and Its Flavor.

In a plea for better food in America—really pure food, better cooked—the Journal of the American Medical Association calls on doctors and nurses to make the subject of "serious national import." "We cook food for at least four reasons," says the Journal, "to sterilize it, to make it nutritious, to render it more easily digestible and to improve or vary its flavor. The last of these is at least as important as any of the others. When the gustatory nerves tingle in response to the stimulus of some rare condiment or aroma the saliva flows in joyous excitement, and the digestive juices, by whose benign influences food is transformed into nourishment, respond in salutary and fullest measure. The simple and pleasant way to bring this about is to pay proper attention to the flavor of food."

A Rhythmic Criticism.

Professor Brander Matthews was talking of certain past participles that have fallen into disuse, reports the Washington Star.

The past participle "gotten" has gone out in England, although it still lingers on with us. In England gotten is almost as obsolete as "putten." In some parts of Cumberland the villagers still use gotten and putten, and a teacher once told me of a lesson on the past participles wherein she gave her pupils an exercise to write on the black-board.

In the midst of the exercise an urchin began to laugh. She asked him why he was laughing, and he answered:

"Joe's put putten where he should have putten put."

Both Sides of It.

Johnny—What does it mean to say "seeing the humorous side of things," dad? Father—Well, let us take an example. How many sides has a banana skin, for instance? Johnny—Two. Father—Exactly. And when some other man steps on the banana skin he sees the serious side of it, and you see the humorous side.—London Answers.

Ingenious.

"Now," said Mrs. Goodart, "if you do a little work for me, I'll give you a good meal after awhile."

"Say, lady," replied Hungry Hawkes, "you'll do it off cheaper if yer gimme de meal now. Work always gives me a fierce appetite."—Exchange.

Looking down on others is not the way to make them look up to ourselves.

THEY LOVE THEIR PAJAMAS.

Englishmen Said to Take a Delight in Wearing Them Publicly.

Writing from South Africa about the sights to be seen in that country, E. W. Howe in his monthly says:

"On the line between Bulawayo and Salisbury there are a good many towns, including one built around the best gold mine in Rhodesia. And how the people turned out to see the train come in! At one place we estimated that there must have been 500 around the station."

"Trains travel over the line only two or three times a week, and people seem to come from great distances in the country to see the trains go by. But between the stations there were millions of acres of land as wild as it was in the days of Adam."

"Early in the morning our English passengers walked about in pajamas when we stopped at stations. Englishmen love that sort of thing. At Victoria falls they visited the Rain forest in pajamas, and in Johannesburg I was told that on Sundays and holidays pajamas are worn around houses and yards until lunch time."

"Englishmen show their pajamas so much that I cordially hate that particular form of nightdress. Englishmen have the same passion for running around in pajamas that American boys have for running around in baseball suits."

JUMPS THE EYE MAKES.

It Sees an Object by Piecemeal and Not at a Glance.

The eye does not take in an object at a glance, but piecemeal. It follows the outline of the object, but does so by jumping from point to point in an irregular manner, never twice alike.

In looking at a large circle, for instance, the movement is not regular, the gaze passing from point to point until a complete mental image of the circle is formed, even though the person undergoing the tests starts at the top of the circle and attempts to follow its outline all around back to the starting place. Such ocular movements are so rapid that one is not aware of them.

Proof of the irregular movement of the eye may be provided, according to the Optical Journal and Review, by means of the motion picture camera. A small, bright light is placed across the room, and this forms a small image on the cornea of the eye. As the eye attempts to follow the curve of the test object the motion picture camera takes a rapid succession of views of the eye and its bright spot. Then a comparison of the resulting prints and the position of the bright spots in each shows the movements of the eyeball in following the circle.

Old French in Official England.

One may not be ignorant, perhaps, that French, old French, remains as the language used in certain royal proclamations in England.

So when "the king's assent" is given before the throne in "the painted chamber" the clerk cries in the language of our father, "Le roy le veult," ("the king so pleases"). If the bill that he is asked to approve is a money bill the clerk adds after a profound obeisance, "The king thanks his good subjects, accepts their benevolence and is pleased." The proclamation on ascending the throne is preceded by the traditional call of the French heralds of former times, "Oyez, oyez, oyez!"

Alas, that time has disfigured this old world of our country, and today the phlegmatic English herald cries thrice to the people: "Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!"—Cri de Paris.

National Baths.

He was a gentleman who was in Washington as a minister representing Honduras. Diplomats, according to the popular conception, never say the wrong thing. They are believed to be the delicacy of language and the fineness of vocabulary. This particular diplomat entered an uptown barber shop in Washington and got a shave after he had explained what he wanted in words which were more full of accent than of fluency.

"Now, sir," said the barber briskly, "can't we give you a Turkish bath?" "No-o-o!" replied the man from Honduras, with some hesitation. "You see, I'm no-no Turk."—Popular Magazine.

Plants and Electricity.

The idea of growing plants by electricity has been referred to as the "last cry" in gardening and floriculture; but, as a matter of fact, the idea is nearly a couple of centuries old. As long ago as 1747 electricity, as an aid to plant cultivation, was advocated by a writer in the old Gentleman's Magazine, who mentioned the astounding results he had achieved from electrifying a myrtle seventeen times.—London Tit-Bits.

A Thackeray Slip.

Thackeray asked Lowell to point out candidly any error of Queen Anne English in the novel "Henry Esmond." Lowell asked if people used at that time the phrase "different to."

"Hang it all!" cried Thackeray. "No, of course they didn't!"

Draws the Line There.

"All the world loves a lover," quoted the wise guy.

"Yes, but it hates to buy wedding presents for him," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

How Scandal Grows.

"What's this? I hear you had your face smashed in a barber shop."

"You heard it wrong. The barber merely broke my mug."—Kansas City Journal.

Death of Mrs. Pangborn.

On Friday, evening, Oct. 24, at 9:50 o'clock, Mrs. J. C. Pangborn died at the Tillamook Sanitarium, after an illness of 12 weeks. Mrs. Pangborn was operated on the Tuesday previous to her death and it was hoped and thought for a time that she would regain her health.

The deceased was a member of the Methodist Church and a fine Christian woman. She leaves a husband and three children: Marvin, aged 9, May, aged 7, and Irene, aged 4; and a mother and many other relatives. Miss Blanche Rouse was born in 1833 near Malden, Ill., and in 1903 she was married to J. C. Pangborn at Malden. In March, 1912, they came to Tillamook County, buying the Carver place and making their residence there.

On Monday morning Mr. Pangborn and children, accompanied by Mrs. Jacob Breeden and Miss Addie Rouse,

sister, and Arthur Campbell, cousin of the deceased, left with the body for Malden, Ill., where the funeral services will be conducted by Rev. Kuhlman, who was pastor in charge of the Methodist Church here last year.

Before leaving on Monday morning a short prayer service was held at the Doty home, which was attended by relatives and friends of the deceased.

There is a feeling of deep regret and sorrow is felt by all of this community who knew the deceased, because of her untimely death. Women of her stamp are most certainly a loss to any community.

Mr. Pangborn is not decided as to whether he will sell his property and remain in the east or return and make his future home here. His many friends here hope that he will see his way clear to return.

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