

UNIQUE CEREMONY

The Japanese Rite For the Battle Slain of the World.

IT EMBRACED ALL NATIONS.

On a Floating Temple In Sumida River a Priest of Tokyo, With His Flock, Offered Prayers for the Souls of Soldiers Dead Because of Wars.

Unusual preparations were made one morning in Shussanji, or the Going Out of the Mountain temple, a quaint little place of worship hidden away in a labyrinth of crooked streets in a poor quarter of Tokyo—preparations for a celebration on the Sumida river for the repose of the souls of all those slain in battle regardless of nationality and to scatter scraps of paper bearing the image of Jizo Sama over the waves, one for each departed spirit. The chief priest, an aged man, with his assistant and the supporters of the temple, had been busy for days in advance, and all was ready. The red and gold altar of Shussanji was heaped up with offerings of rice and fruit, and a plain wooden tablet had been placed there bearing the v.c.s.: "To console all those souls who have passed into the beyond because of war."

The old priest, his bald head shining, clad in his coarse cotton robe of gray officiated before the altar, and when the last prayers were uttered the people formed a procession to the Sumida river, a short distance away.

Near a bridge an unusual craft was waiting, a deep cargo junk roofed over with canvas bearing bold black Buddhist symbols, and at the bow fluttered a white cotton banner on which was written in large black characters:

"A service to console the spirits of the whole world's departed ones."

Quickly the parishioners embarked and squatted down upon the cushions spread over the bottom of the boat, and the priest, the central figure in the religious ceremony, as gray and faded as the robes he wore, took up his position in front of the altar. A piece of solid embroidery did duty for an altar cloth and there was set up a tarnished statue of Jizo Sama. Just below were three wooden tablets. The central one read: "Pray for the whole world's departed ones' souls." The others had inscriptions asking for prayers for the Japanese army and for prayers for the allies of Japan.

The priest placed some sweet scented squares of incense upon the coals in a small brass brazier, and as the clouds rose into the air the boatman with his bamboo pole pushed off from the shore and the holy man's voice was heard chanting—all the worshippers, old women and young men and children, murmuring in an undertone, "Name Amida Butsu!"

Out upon the Sumida river the ceremony of scattering the papers was begun. Old and young with their hands full leaned over the sides of the junk, throwing away the sacred papers with the effigy of Jizo Sama stamped there on, each meant for the repose of the soul of some soldier slain in battle.

Those who have mourned dear ones slain in war would have been touched to the quick by this simple service of humble Japanese people given for all that great host of unknown who have laid down their lives for their countries.

And, while the priest intoned, the incense rose into the air, the metal and the wooden drums were beaten, and the worshippers chanted unceasingly, and the squares of paper fluttered out of the boat on all sides and were carried away by the wind over the water to make a long wake behind the vessel.

For three hours the temple junk floated down the river, the papers falling noiselessly over the waves as the banks of the Sumida were passed.

A halt was made at noon, when thin white wooden boxes filled with rice and vegetables were brought out, while an old woman brewed the tea over a little charcoal fire.

The spot at which the stop had been made was a sacred one, for in that exact place a Jizo Sama stone had been buried under the water. Here after the simple meal a special service was held before the boat returned upstream, and a long, narrow piece of wood was driven into the sandy bottom of the bay. The inscription upon it read literally as follows: "Herewith the service is held for the whole world's departed soldiers to console."—London Times

Paralyzed Him.
"Don't tell me you can't find work," said the hard faced housekeeper.
"Well, mum," replied the tramp at the door, "it's true a man offered me a job only las' week, but I couldn't take it."
"And why not?"
"I wuz paralyzed."
"You seem all right now."
"Yessum. Yer see, I wuz paralyzed wid fright."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Both Departed.
"You don't often see an old-fashioned whittler nowadays."
"No. The type is dying out; also the disinfective had man who used to pull out a bowie knife and threaten to whittle his foe down to his size."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Free Verse.
Willie—What's vers libre, dad? Crabshaw—Something you wouldn't know was poetry unless you were told.—New York Times.

The true shape of the earth still awaits accurate determination.

FORETOLD HIS OWN DOOM.

Lord Kitchener Felt That He Would Lose His Life at Sea.

Lord Kitchener had a sort of foreboding of an accident at sea. So much was this the case that he never crossed from Dover to Calais without wearing a life belt waistcoat, one that he had specially made for him in Egypt before he made his famous advance to Khartum.

Though so often on the sea and an excellent sailor, he detested sea trips and never felt comfortable on board any ship. He complained that the sea affected his sight.

Another curious point was that while he always acquired curios in any part of the world in which he might be, he took care never to allow his purchase to be on the vessel on which he was a passenger.

When Lord Kitchener was in France a few months before he lost his life at sea off the Orkney Islands he was visiting the British front. There he met his friend, the naval Captain Testu de Balmcourt, then on service at Dunkirk, whom Lord Kitchener asked to be his special aid if he should need one later during the war.

Lord Kitchener told his friend how a heavy shell had burst close to him while on this visit, but added, "That did not disturb me, for I know that I shall die at sea."—New York Sun.

STREETS OF LONDON.

A Name System That Is Confusing Even to Residents of the City.

When it comes to confusing street systems London should not be overlooked. Some consider it the most confusing, even Londoners not always being sure of locations.

As an example of what one meets in the British capital a man once asked to be directed to a certain house on King street. He was sent in one direction. When he did not come to King street as soon as he expected he asked again for King street and was sent in an opposite direction. Again not sure of his direction, he asked a third time for King street and was asked which King street he wanted.

The question stumped him, not knowing that London has nineteen King streets. This number does not include the King streets in London's suburbs.

If this man who wanted King street had asked for Queen street his predicament would have been even greater, for there are thirty-four Queen streets in London.

Great as the city is, it is far behind New York in regard to a comprehensive street system, even though corners of New York such as Greenwich Village are most confusing.—Exchange.

They Took the Lash.

One of the traditions of the British Royal Yacht club is of Lord Yarborough's Falcon, the crew of which were paid extra wages on condition that they submitted to the usual rules in force on British vessels of war.

These included flogging under certain circumstances, and it is said that in consideration of the additional sum paid by Lord Yarborough some of the crew cheerfully submitted to the occasional application of the cat-of-nine-tails. "Indeed, before the Falcon left Plymouth sound for a cruise all hands cordially signed a paper setting forth the usefulness of a sound flogging in cases of extremity and their perfect willingness to undergo the experiment whenever it was deemed necessary for the preservation of good order."

Superstitions About Hares.

There have been at various periods all manner of queer superstitions about hares, which would seem to indicate that the believers were themselves madder than any hare that ever gambled in March. Its brains were believed to make children's teeth come quickly and painlessly; those who ate its flesh became lovely and gracious for a week after; a waistcoat made of hare's skin straightened the bodies both of young and old, etc. Even today there are those who take as an evil omen the crossing of the road before them by this most innocent of creatures.—London Chronicle.

Too Slow.

Mr. Slowgait (about to propose; time 11 p. m.)—I am about to say something, Miss Chillington, that I should have said some time ago. Look into my eyes and tell me if you cannot guess what it is. Miss Chillington (suppressing a yawn)—You look as sleepy as I feel, so I suppose you must be going to say "Good night."—Stray Stories.

A Clever Reply.

Mme. de Maintenon once asked Lord Stair why it was that the affairs of government were so badly managed in France under a king and so well managed in England under a queen. "For that very reason," replied the English ambassador, "for when a man reigns the women rule him, and when a woman reigns she is ruled by men."

Sorrow.

Sorrow is not an incident occurring now and then. It is the woof which is woven into the warp of life, and he who has not discerned the divine sacredness of sorrow and the profound meaning which is concealed in pain has yet to learn what life is.—F. W. Robertson.

Sample.

"George didn't keep his engagement with me last night," said the girl who was betrothed to him.
"I'd give him a piece of my mind," said her mother.

"Just a little sample of married life," suggested father.—Cleveland Leader.

SEAL OF THE TREASURY.

Meaning of the Latin Inscription on Uncle Sam's Paper Money.

Many persons and even those with a rudimentary or fair acquaintance with the Latin language, find hardship in translating the Latin that is on the dollar bill as well as on all denominations of currency issued by the United States. This Latin is in the great circle of the seal of the treasury of the United States and that seal is near the middle of the right hand half of the bill. The legend on the seal is "The-saur. Amer. Septent. Sigill." being an abbreviation of the Latin, "The-sauri Americæ Septentrionalis Sigillum," meaning "The seal of the treasury of North America."

In addition to the Latin inscription on the seal there are a number of symbols on the seal, stars, a balance and keys. The thirteen stars represent the thirteen original colonies. Justice, the blind goddess holding the balance, has always been a favorite with the devisers of state seals. The first design submitted for the great seal of the United States had this device in full, but it was omitted entirely from the one finally adopted. The designers of our treasury seal used the balance alone as an emblem of justice. Keys, in secular heraldry, have been used from remote antiquity to denote offices of state.—Washington Star.

AN UNDERWORLD PALACE.

Wonderful Things to Be Seen in the Luray Caverns.

Halfway up the Shenandoah valley are the Luray caverns, an underworld palace built by the busy hands of trickling waters.

Aladdin, we are told, was once permitted to enter a cave which exhibited such decorations that its glory both dazzled and frightened. But Aladdin never beheld anything more wondrously exquisite than the water built architecture of Luray.

The throne room is canopied with curtains woven of diamonds and pearls. The Saracen tent has more than oriental splendors of richest damasks and golden samite, which drapes the crystal couch in festoons of magic beauty. Titania's veil is woven of petrified spiders' web, while the ballroom seems as if set to celebrate a marriage between the gods.

The visitor to Luray today shares the sentiment of another visitor of long ago who exclaimed, "Mortal hath not made the like nor human fancy conceived a thing more magnificent."—National Geographic Magazine.

Too Much For the Tax Man.

Hetty Green was frequently accused of changing her address every little while for the purpose of dodging the taxes of the different communities. A tax commissioner undertook to get some admission of this character out of her.

"Where do you live now?"
"Nowhere—I have no home," the wealthiest woman in the world replied.

"Do you live at the Hotel St. George, in Brooklyn?"
"No, you can't tax me there. I never lived there—only stayed. I paid my bill and left this morning. My hand-bag is all I had there. My trunks are up at Bellows Falls."

"Then where do you sleep nights?"
"I don't know. Can't you recommend a good place?"
That finished the tax commissioner.—New York World.

A Costly Tuft of Feathers.

On the apex of the crown worn by the Prince of Wales on special occasions is a curious feather, or, rather, tuft of feathers, the top of which is adorned with a gold thread. The value of this feather is estimated at \$50,000, and it has the distinction of being the only one of its kind in human possession. Twenty years passed after the first hunter set out to procure the feather before it was attained, and during that period more than a dozen hunters had lost their lives in the quest. The costly tuft is of periwack feathers, and the extraordinary danger incurred in procuring it was due to the fact that the periwack, for some unknown reason, is to be found only in dense jungles in which tigers make their lair.

Poppet Valves.

The inlet and exhaust valves on the gasoline engine are called "poppet" valves. The valve is continually popping up and down as the cam turns, which may account for the name "poppet" for this type of valve. However, the word poppet probably is a corruption of the name puppet applied to this type in England on account of its resemblance to the popping up and down of the puppets in the old time Punch and Judy shows.—New York Times.

Marital Concord.

"I should like," said Mrs. Peckton sternly, "to see the man that I was afraid of."
"So would I," replied her husband, edging toward the door. "In fact, I'd like to shake his hand."—Fall Mail Gazette.

Sarcasm.

"What is meant by charging an account to profit and loss?"
"The word profit in that phrase," said the head bookkeeper, "is sarcasm."—Detroit Free Press.

They Mostly Do.

She (recalling college days)—What became of our man of might? He—Oh, he married the woman of mustn't.—Judge.

One kind word may turn aside a torrent of anger.

THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE.

Women Teachers Have Good Reason For Dread of Tuberculosis.

That teachers are especially prone to tuberculosis is the statement made by the bureau of educational hygiene of the city of New York. This department says that this disease is 20 per cent more prevalent among teachers than among others of corresponding sex and age and that about half of all deaths among women teachers is caused by tuberculosis, and this in spite of the fact that teachers belong to a better hygienic grade than the general average.

Strenuous, nerve taxing work that causes physical exhaustion and nerve breakdown is given as the main cause. Terman states that "four hours of actual teaching represent about eight hours of ordinary office work." What is probably the second cause is lack of sufficient rest and regular exercise in the open air.

Speaking along this line, the state board of health says: "The worn, tired look that usually marks the teacher, especially about the close of school, is too often a condition of serious consequence. It may be just a 'tired, run-down condition' or a case of 'worn-out nerves' or both, but these are predisposing causes of tuberculosis as much or more than others."

"Unless the teacher is wise," says the board, "and as quickly as possible overcomes this tired feeling and regains her usual state of health and vigor she subjects herself to an open risk against tuberculosis as well as to other diseases."

"What the wise teacher will do is to avoid overwork and a nervous strain and see that she gets sufficient rest daily as well as daily exercise in the open air. This worn-out condition that is too often the beginning of a long, sad story is easy to prevent. To prevent it should be the teacher's first duty."

MADE A POOR GUESS.

The Chinese General Knew More Than Did the Tibetan Buddha.

At the entrance of the lamasery at Kumbum are eight large monuments, which contain the ashes of eight Buddhas. Long years ago, at the beginning of the Ming dynasty, after hard fighting the Tibetans were driven back from Chinese territory, which they had overrun for hundreds of miles. When the victorious Chinese general reached Kumbum he sent for these eight Buddhas and said to them: "You can read the future. Can you tell me when you are going to die?" One of them, shrewd enough to understand the general's mind, said, "Tomorrow." "No," said the general; "it will be today." And it was.

Quite a number of temples and buildings make up the lamasery. The chief temple, which is dedicated to Tsong Kaba, the great reformer of Tibetan Buddhism, has a roof of gold, variously conjectured as being from one-eighth of an inch to half an inch thick. Inside is a large image of Tsong Kaba, said by some to be of gold, but it is probably overlaid with gold. The temple threshold is covered with planks, and we saw many poor deluded people prostrating themselves in worship there. Around the main building are many large prayer wheels, which are kept well on the turn by the devotees to obtain merit.—Christian Herald.

Miseries of the Red Sea.

In the waters of the Red sea the cessation of the engines on a steamer for an hour means extreme physical suffering for passengers; for a day it would involve absolute torture. The wind which prevails every day is a hot, asphyxiating blast, and its continuous directions are from north and south toward the center. As a result every passing vessel is subjected to two days of almost intolerable heat, followed by two days of comparative comfort, but instances have been known of crowded liners being compelled when traveling with the wind to turn round and stem back for an hour or so in order to give the passengers even a brief respite from the sufferings induced by the dull, dead, unbearable atmosphere.

Must Try Something Else.

"I've planned a new cookbook for wives who take but a desultory interest in the kitchen."
"What's your idea?"
"Recipes will be sandwiched between short stories."
"That won't work. They won't read the recipes. Next to looking at the back of a book to see how a story ends the favorite occupation of the average feminine reader is skipping."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Some Reach.

Bacon—It is said a dinner table reaching around the earth sixteen times would be required if the inhabitants of the world sat down at a meal together. Egbert—Imagine yourself reaching for the butter!—Yonkers Statesman.

Diplomatic.

Young Man—So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her? Small Brother—Nobody ain't come yet, but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her.—Exchange.

Too Rough.

"How did the girls' sparring match turn out?"
"It was very brief. Mabel fainted and Gertrude fainted."—Exchange.

To please will always be the wish of benevolence; to be admired the constant aim of ambition.—Dr. Johnson.

"SEE 'EM BUCK"

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S. T. Bowser, veterinary surgeon, Sixth Street, Hillsboro, Ore., says: "I suffered for a long time from weak kidneys. This trouble was due, I think, to constant riding, and change of drinking water. I tried several kidney remedies, but Doan's Kidney pills gave me more relief than all the others. I have recommended them to other kidney sufferers who have used them with good results." Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Bowser had. Foster-Milburn Co. rops., Buffalo, N. Y.

John Leland Henderson, Secretary Treas., Attorney at Law, Notary Public.

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Other farm property, but the above is a snap for a short time.
Some choice city lots for sale.

Notice to Creditors.
Notice is hereby given, that the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Tillamook, has appointed the undersigned as Executor of the last will and testament of Johanna Marie Larsen, deceased; and any and all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are required to present the same, together with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned, at the office of T. H. Goyno, in Tillamook City, Oregon within six months from the date of this notice.
Dated August 31st, 1916.
Martha A. Larsen,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Johanna Marie Larsen, deceased.

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