

FASHIONS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

When Caps and Aprons Were Worn Even With Evening Gowns.

Fifty years or more ago the apron and the breakfast cap were the pride and joy of every matron...

According to an old copy of Godey's Lady's Book, aprons were made of such materials as black silk and satin...

WHIM OF AN ARTIST.

Turner and His Great Painting, "The Building of Carthage."

When Turner exhibited his great picture, "The Building of Carthage," he was disappointed because it had not been sold at once...

"Mr. Turner," said he, "I admire your 'Carthage' so much that I want to buy it. I am told you want 500 guineas for it."

"Yes," said Turner; "it was 500 guineas, but today it's 600."

"Well," said Sir Robert, "I did not come prepared to give 600, and I must think it over. At the same time it seems to me that the change is an extraordinary piece of business on your part."

"Do as you please," said Turner. "Do as you please."

After a few days Sir Robert called again upon the great painter. "Mr. Turner," he began, "although I thought it a very extraordinary thing for you to raise your price, I shall be proud to buy that picture, and I am prepared to give you the 600 guineas."

"Ah," said Turner. "It was 600 guineas, but today it's 700."

Sir Robert grew angry, and Turner laughed. "I was only in fun," he said. "I don't intend to sell the picture at all. It shall be my winding sheet."

For years he kept it in his cellar. Then it was brought up and hung in his gallery, where it remained as long as he lived. When he died he left it to the nation.

Autobiography.

The teacher had instructed the children to write their autobiographies. The following was one of the autobiographies turned in:

"I can remember when you got into the back seat of an auto through a little back door instead of side doors. When I was ten I was knocked down by a seven passenger machine, but it did not get over me. Mother has an automobile, and my dog Teddy and I and the rest of the family like to ride in it. Some of these days I am going to own an auto. That is all I know about autobiography."—Indianapolis News.

Musical Feat.

One of the fastest composers that ever lived was Trote, the writer of songs. Some of the composer's feats verge on the marvelous. It is said, for example, that he actually wrote the score of "In Old Madrid" and had dropped it into the letter box within eight minutes of the time he had taken up his pen. This would be remarkable merely as showing his dexterity and agility, as say nothing of the labor of the composition itself.

The Cuckoo.

In the middle ages the cuckoo was thought to be a god who took the form of a bird, and it was a sacrifice to kill him. The Romans were less superstitious and more practical. They caught him, killed him and ate him and held no bird could be compared with him for sweetness of flesh.

The Next Thing.

"This is the sunset gun. The commanding officer has to hear its report every night."

"And suppose it should fail to make a report?"

"Then I have to make a report."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He Was Soured.

Wigwag—I can always tell a married man when I meet one. Heenpeck—Oh, I don't know! You might occasionally run across a bachelor with a grouch.—Philadelphia Record.

Not in It.

"Money talks."

"I'm sorry, then, but you'll have to count me out of the debate."—Detroit Free Press.

FEROCITY ON THE STAGE.

Salvini as Othello Was a Terror to His Desdemona.

So abandoned was Salvini at times that it was difficult to believe that the force was at all governable. Though there would have been time just before the fifth act to run over my important scene with him, it was not done. In this act Desdemona's bed was placed in what seemed from in front to be an alcove, but the alcove was not boxed in, and I could stand right up against the bed.

Before the act began Miss Brooklyn, who played Desdemona with sweetness and appealing grace, implored Salvini to be gentle. "Now, Mr. Salvini," she begged, "do be careful, won't you?" He playfully promised. When, after she was asleep, he drew the curtains of the bed aside and gazed down upon her I stood within five feet of him.

The scene that ensued was at such close range very poignant. I did not wonder that she had implored him to be gentle. As he was choking her with the pillows she kept gasping in broken whispers of real terror between her heard outcries and moans: "Oh, Mr. Salvini! Please, please, Mr. Salvini!" Sickened and fascinated, I watched him, and I did not make connection with the real world again until Emilia—that vigorous and intelligent actress, Mrs. Bowers—made her round off scene at the back of the stage, calling, "Murder, murder!" Then I rushed headlong to Iago, for I knew that I must shortly go on.

Of what happened that first night I have no clear picture. I was dazed by the sudden transition from the darkness where I had stood and seen Desdemona strangled a few feet away to the torches of the stage and a world which in comparison to the one I had just left was palpable acting. Docilely I hurried after Iago and took my appointed place. But I should not have been in it when the time came had not terror rooted me rather than given me legs, for the ferocity with which Othello ran at Iago and the rage that distorted his features were unexampled. It was one thing to have seen it directed elsewhere and another to find it plunging your way.—"A Super With Salvini," by Algernon Tassin, in Scribner's.

CULTIVATE JUDGMENT.

Without It Intellect and Knowledge Accomplish Little.

Intelligence, Knowledge and Judgment were strolling along one day when they came to a young baby sleeping by the roadside.

"Here's a chance to do some good," said Intelligence. "That youngster appears to be a splendid specimen of humanity. Suppose we serve him during his lifetime."

"All of us?" asked Judgment. "Why not?" said Knowledge. "By combining we shall be able to produce a very superior person. I second the motion."

Some moments later when the baby rubbed his eyes upon a new world he found himself equipped with Intelligence, Knowledge and Judgment.

Many years later the three were again out for a stroll. "By the way," said Knowledge as they came to a spot at the roadside, "do you remember that long ago we three agreed to serve a certain youngster?"

"Perfectly," said Intelligence. "The curious thing about it all is that, although he is a perfectly good human being and respected by all, he has never amounted to much—has never acquired that supreme distinction which he should have received with us three backing him up."

Judgment was silent. They both turned to him.

"How do you account for it?" they asked. "I account for it quite simply," said Judgment. "I agreed temporarily to go in with you and serve him because there was a majority against me. But it didn't seem to me fair that he should have so much, so I after a little quietly withdrew and left him to be served by only you two."—Life.

Palisades of the Hudson.

The Palisades are slowly changing. To the traveler of a hundred years ago they were a sheer cliff of clean rock rising in a perpendicular line from the water's edge nearly a thousand feet. Now they are buttressed at the foot by immense deposits of broken rock which frosts have peeled from the cliff. Gradually this buttress is growing higher.

The upward growth of this supporting pile is due to the trees—evergreens of various kinds—which have grown seemingly right out of the rocks.—New York Sun.

Optimistic Gadsby.

"Gadsby has always wanted to live in a cottage by the sea. That's the dream of his life."

"And I presume fate has doomed him to end his days in a flat?"

"Yes. But Gadsby is an optimistic fellow. He still clings to the marine glasses he bought years ago."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Growing Thing.

"Mrs. Smith has telephoned six times now about that leak," offered the office boy.

"Give it a chance, son," said the plumber. "In a couple of days that leak'll be worth twice as much."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

No Wonder.

Mrs. Crabshaw—Don't cry, Willie, I'm not going to punish you this time, for you hurried when I called you. Willie—Boo-hoo, mamma, I fell down stairs.—Chicago Herald.

GRAFT RULES CHINA.

To Refuse to Accept It Would Create a Big Sensation.

Why can't China build her own railroads, dredge her own canals? She has engineers who are no slouches; she has limitless material and the cheapest of labor.

There are two reasons, sloth, and graft, the outgrowth of sloth.

Try to take one of the little steamers that ply from point to point along the coast of China. "Will the boat leave today at the schedule time?" you ask the agents at the pier. Well, no, probably not till tomorrow, the courteous Chinese tell you. Tomorrow again there is some delay, and you may hang there for a week before you get off in that steamer. How could such methods build a trunk line from Peking to Canton, even if the government could float all the bonds in the world?

Graft, which permeates all China, from the highest official to the poorest coolie, would make it very difficult for a corporation to live. So many would take bites from the melon!

A missionary over here on a visit tells a story of a Chinese boy, educated in a mission school, who nearly upset a whole province by refusing graft. Sent on some expedition for the local government, he was given what in our money would be \$300 for expenses. When he returned he handed in \$50.

"What is this for?" they asked.

"I spent only \$250," he explained.

There was a great do, and the governor of the province sent to see this lad, who had done what no man had ever been known to do before. But he was solemnly assured that he must not return that \$50 because it would mortify others who kept all they could get.—Eleanor Booth Simmons in World Outlook.

A MAN WE HAVE FORGOTTEN.

Matthew Fontaine Maury, Who Was a Really Great American.

Every one who has heard of Robert Fulton, certainly every one who has heard of S. F. B. Morse or Cyrus W. Field ought also to have heard of Matthew Fontaine Maury. But that is not the case. For my part, I had never heard of Maury until I went to Virginia. I have asked schoolboys if they have heard of him. None of them has. Yet Maury's scientific researches and accomplishments have had an enormous effect, not only in this country, but throughout the world.

It may be said that Maury laid the foundation for our modern weather bureau and that the science of meteorology began with him. He founded the national nautical observatory and the hydrographic office in Washington and discovered, among other things, the cause of the gulf stream and the existence of that plateau in the north Atlantic ocean which, if I am not mistaken, made possible the laying of the first Atlantic cable. Cyrus W. Field said with reference to this, "Maury furnished the brains, England the money, and I did the work." Further than this, the charts of the north Atlantic which Maury made years ago are today the basis upon which that ocean is navigated by all nations.

I am informed that though he was decorated by many foreign governments, he was never given so much as a cheap little medal by that of the United States, and that his name has not been kept alive by any memorial or other token of his country's gratitude.—Julian Street in Collier's Weekly.

The Cruel Wolf Spider.

One of the most unnatural things in nature, if the expression is allowable, is the manner in which the young of the common wolf spider treat their mother. After the little creature has laid her eggs she envelops them in a silken covering, so as to make a ball about the size of a pea, and this she carries about with her wherever she goes and will defend it with her life. When the young are hatched they climb on her back, giving her a monstrous appearance, and ride about until nearly half grown, and as soon as they discover their strength they fall to and devour their mother.

A Bamboo Forest.

There are few spots imaginable more beautiful than a Japanese bamboo forest. It is the most lovely in color, the most aristocratic and the best behaved forest in the world. It whispers pleasantly and gently, and the severest winds cannot make it angry. The long, slim bodies of its trees are useful long after death, for they are made into water pipes, canes, fences, picture frames, vases, fishing rods, roofings, flutes, fans, furniture and poles.

Following the Styles.

"The average woman spends most of her time thinking about what to wear."

"I fear you are mistaken."

"Why so?"

"She spends most of her time thinking about what to wear next."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

His Time to Talk

Judge—Have you anything to say before I pronounce sentence upon you? Prisoner—Yes, Judge, I certainly have. But it's dinner time. Let's wait until after we've had it. I have quite a reputation as an after dinner speaker.—Yonkers Statesman.

Dangerous Suggestion.

"Talk is cheap."

"Now, look out and don't be talking that way or first thing you know the telephone rates will be going up."—Baltimore American.

When a man sits down and hopes for the best he is apt to get the worst of it.

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New Year's Resolutions. To deal fairly with your body by clean temperate living and by giving it outdoor exercise and fresh air every day. To deal fairly with your soul by giving it freedom to grow in association with good books, good music, good thoughts and good company and by vitalizing it with the fire of a kind religion. The story is told on former Representative Amos J. Cummings of New York, who was once city editor of the sun. One Saturday it was announced that all the saloons were to be closed the next day. Cummings called his star reporter, Murry. "Tom" he said "go out tomorrow and find out if the saloons are selling liquor." On Thursday Tom appeared at the city desk. "They were," he reported. Judging from the shudder which comes over American industries whenever a rumor reaches them that the European war is going to stop, one would conclude that to them the thought of peace with Wilson is what war was to Sherman.

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