

EARLY N.Y. HISTORY

That part of Manhattan known as the Battery was originally what its name implied. It extended from Whitehall and Water streets to Greenwich street and bristled with guns. Where the elevated structure now is was water. Three hundred feet off shore stood the building now used for the Aquarium. It was a fort, and became known as Castle Clinton. With Fort Lafayette and Castle Williams it constituted a part of the defense of New York.

It had been ceded to the Federal government by the state, and in 1822 was ceded back. Here it was General Lafayette landed when he visited the country more than 40 years after the close of the Revolution. The fort had then been roofed over, and it had been rechristened Castle garden and was a place of amusement. Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," made her New York debut in it.

A BRILLIANT YOUTH

In 1852 or thereabouts, a vessel stranded on the Tillamook coast. The cargo consisted largely of groceries, among which was a large quantity of coffee. The vessel was consigned to the Hudson Bay Company at Vancouver, but the Capt. mistook the mouth of Tillamook bay for the mouth of the Columbia, just as Capt. Gray did 60 odd years before and his ship was wrecked.

John McLaughlin, who was head of the Hudson Bay Company, sent word all over the Willamette valley that he would give the residents, or anyone who cared to make the trip, one-half of all the groceries they could carry out to a designated depot.

In 1853 there was nothing but a like Indian trail that would lead into and across canyons, over mountains, through rivers and jungles to our now famous clam coast.

In those days one could grease his moccasins, catch up his glass-eyed cayuse, put on the saddle blanket without the saddle, and make a trip without the expense of gasoline and goggles. At that time there was no warden standing at the portcullis of a toll-road to hold one up for a dollar for the privilege of passing over a road "not made with hands," but eternal as to toll.

As groceries were very scarce and high in the valley at the time of the wreck, many men of that section took advantage of the Hudson Bay factor's offer and came over here and loaded up with coffee, tea and sugar and the like, on a 50-50 basis, and came home well laden with the things they so much needed.

One settler who greatly desired a supply of coffee above all else, sent his son, a great hulking, double-dusted fellow over here, with an oft-repeated statement that he wanted "nothing but coffee, and plenty of it."

The youth, mounted his horse and rode away, whistling merrily, a big horse pistol stuck in his belt, and a butcher-knife in his boot top. He was prepared for "Injun."

For some days, the coffee hungry settler paced between the house and barn, occasionally sweeping the limited horizon with his eyes, looking for the returning son and the coffee. But as a rule, people never come when you most expect them, and the prodigal, who was having the time of his life "seeing things" new and peculiar, was in no haste to turn his horse's head homeward. He could go home when he had nothing else to do. So he tarried for nearly a week, in the vicinity of the wreck, idly watching others retrieve goods from the wrecked vessel, until hypnotized by the glamor of his new surroundings, he forgot the special instructions of his parent as if he had never heard them.

One night, however, when the father's patience had become well nigh exhausted, and when he was being urged by the fearful mother to go in search of the prodigal, the door violently opened and the big muskull stood fully disrobed in the lamplight. His garments were soaked with the aqueous fluid, and water puddles gathered hastily on the puncheon floor, and would you believe it—the countenance of the son wore a broad smile of triumph.

For a moment he tugged at a huge linked object that was wound several times about his ample shoulders, and then there fell, with much clanking—not the sack of coveted coffee for which the old man's mouth watered—but the sturdy, well forged links of an enormous log-chain worth about four dollars in the coin of the realm.

Scolded by his mother, derided by his sisters and brothers, teased and jawed by his angry father, the poor youth scooted for the bare tannet through the dark and dreary night to the home of an uncle over on Soap creek, where he stayed for many moons recounting with much boasting, his exploits over in the Tillamook country, but avoiding, with mastery reticence any mention of the heavy log chain that wore sore paces on his shoulders as he wound along the dreary trail to an inhospitable home.

SCIENTIST TELLS ABOUT SHRIMPOLOB

(Continued from Page Seven.)

waters, but goes into some of the British Columbia rivers, and is quite common in the streams of Alaska. I expect to be back here some time next May, when I shall free about 1,000 young "Sock-eye" bulls taken from the Alaskan streams for the purpose. They will mingle with the Chinooks which I understand will begin to run up your rivers about that time. When I return I shall be pleased to further explain, and give you any information in my power, concerning my special work. By this crossing I expect that the sturdiness of the "Sock-eye" will show in its progeny, and that you will see goggle-eyed Chinooks and Steelheads. The "Sock-eye" feature will be practically eliminated by the crossing of the two species and the result I anticipate will be a goggle-eyed salmon with a flavor vastly improved. I trust I have made myself plain to your understanding?"

The reporter whose brain was in something of a whirl, nodded wisely.

"I am indeed pleased to have been so lucid," smiled the Professor with a twinkle of his grey eyes. "I am indeed glad to have met with one who has not offered some ridiculous objection to my plans. Just recently, as I came through Portland I talked with a supposed authority on fish propagation, who well nigh insulted me with his stupid and absurd objections. In fact, all his arguments were in the nature of ridicule, and I allowed my dignity to assert itself, and arose and walked away from him."

"Served him right," mumbled the reporter sympathetically.

"Another pet scheme, which I have harbored for some time is to cross the California lobster with the Tillamook shrimp. I believe such a thing to be humanly possible and the product of such cross propagation would be something that would attract hundreds—yes thousands—of Eastern epicurean tourists to your grandly scenic beaches. The food value—the gastronomic pleasure afforded by eating one of my new species, the "Shrimpolob," as I shall name it—cannot be conceived until actually tasted. I shall erect a building near Bay City next year for my experiments in the latter case, and hope I may have the pleasure of showing you the scientific side of my labors, in producing a new and valuable type of shell fish."

Just then a bullet-headed, stout-built man came up, and smiled at me, and jocularly nudged the Professor in the ribs with his thumb.

"Come, Prof.," said the newcomer, "it is time for us to take the stage for Portland."

"Very well, Mr. Johnson," quietly answered the Professor. "I will go up stairs and prepare my luggage. Have you placed the salmon eggs in the receptacle I gave you?"

"Sure thing," answered the bullet-headed man.

As the Professor started up the stairway, the reporter stepped close to the smiling attendant:

"Are you valet to the Professor?"

"In a sense, yes. I look after him; steer him so to speak, from persons who are apt to get too inquisitive, and who may rile him up."

"Is he—"

"Yep, balmy on Darwinism, that is all. I am paid for taking him about the country and humoring him. His folks live in N'Yawk

NEW YEAR PARTIES

Here's to the old year, drink boys, drink.

Here's to the days that have fled, Old friends, old wine, old memories; Drink to the joys that are dead.

Here's to the New Year stretching ahead.

To the days that are blithesome and gay.

May the joys of the old be the joys of the new.

Its sorrows fade gently away.

ANOTHER New Year comes to us with a volume all pure and unspotted, on which we will soon begin to write a history that will go on to be bound with the thousands of other records we call years. May 1922 bring us counterparts of the happiest days of the year just closing, and a heart for "any fate," and may we all learn the lesson of how "to labor and to wait."

Now for a jolly New Year's eve party that you may like to get up. Send out invitations for a "watch night" party or "remembrance" party, as one girl is going to call the intimate little affair she is arranging for New Year's eve. If you can sketch, draw an hour-glass, a "Father Time" or clock face with the hands at midnight or the last leaf on the calendar with "December 31" done in scarlet. Ask each one to tell of their happiest day in the year that is past and in what month it happened.

You may play cards, dance or "remembrances," just as suits you best. Have a cake with 12 candles surrounded by a wreath of holly and mistletoe and the favors symbolic of the year's special days; for instance, a calendar for January, a Cupid or heart for February, a kite for March, a tiny umbrella for April, a posy or bouquet of artificial flowers for May, or a wee May pole; a doll bride or a basket of roses for June, a freeracker for July, a golf set or picnic basket for August, bunch of grapes or a tiny washtub for September, the latter signifying "Labor day."

Represent October with a wee jack-o'-lantern cut from an orange, a pumpkin or football for November, or a turkey, and for December a miniature Christmas tree. These articles could be procured in duplicate and be used to find partners, or they may be placed in a Jack Horner pie made to represent the face of a clock, red ribbons going to each place.

This is an occasion when the fortune tellers may be used, taking perfect English walnuts and removing the meats, inserting a narrow strip of paper bearing a pleasant prophecy for the coming season, and then giving the shells closely together. These may be gilded and passed at the table. A wise hostess who knows her guests well will be clever in making these forecasts right.

Much merriment ensues when the girls ask the boys to dance, invite them to supper, and in general reverse the usual order of social conventions.

City, and it takes a professional wrestler to cool him down, sometimes, when somebody gets him too badly riled."

"Say, young feller, you don't know where I could get a tolerable good shot of 'moosamine' around this burg, do you? 'I'd like to smell the cork in a bottle of anything that would remind of N'Yawk."

The reporter happened to think of Sheriff John Aschlim's samples over in the courthouse—the bottled evidence against bootleggers—but before he could direct the athletic nurse of the mild lunatic, the twain had passed out of the door and had clambered into the stage.

OLD OBSERVANCES

NEW YEAR'S day isn't what it used to be. This is in a small way attributable to the addition to the Constitution of some dry reading matter. In still greater part it is because the international obsession for celebrating whenever Father Time takes a fresh start in piloting the earth around the sun is thousands of years old. The manner of observing the day has changed greatly through the centuries.

The urge to give presents at least once a year was felt even before Christmas and Santa Claus came into the scheme of things, and the ancient Greeks, Chinese, Egyptians and Romans tendered their gifts to one another on the first day of the year. Kings got into the habit of receiving extra gifts from their subjects on these days and liked it so well they began extorting larger and larger sums. This practice got so bad in Rome under the Caesars that Claudius called a halt.

It spread to other countries, however, and the English had their New Year's celebration spoiled annually by rapacious sovereigns until Queen Elizabeth's modest demands of her subjects cut gifts down to a minimum. In those days the celebration of New Year's day had become worldwide. With variations to suit all nationalities, it consisted everywhere of eating, drinking and motley merriment.

Christopher Columbus, so far as is known, was the first white man to jubilate on New Year's day in the western hemisphere. While his ships were undergoing repairs on January 1, 1493, he enjoyed a sumptuous dinner with two savage monarchs on the island of Haiti. After this meal, history says, the discoverer of America had his first smoke of tobacco. Whether he enjoyed it is not recorded, but he left it to a later generation—Sir Walter Raleigh is generally credited with the function—to introduce tobacco to Europe.

The Pilgrim Fathers and the first families of the older states of the Union enjoyed a quiet holiday as each year came around. They feasted, but not until they had attended religious services.

For 25 years up to the dawn of 1920 and the era of war-time prohibition, the celebration in large cities became noisier and more expensive each year. Thousands used to crowd into places of merriment, while principal thoroughfares were packed with throngs of merry-makers with aquavivres, clappers, bells and confetti. Every hotel and most of the restaurants were jammed with gay diners. In 1908 it was estimated that \$1,000,000 was spent in the New York white-light district on New Year's eve. After that statisticians gave up trying to figure out the sum.



HER RESOLUTION.
"Have you made any good resolutions for the new year?"
"Yes, I'm going to quit bustin' men's hearts."

HE KNOWS. Elihu Mink of Long Island learned to make it from an advertised recipe and will not have any trouble making it any more. The funeral was held from the house.—New York Evening Mail.

Roseburg—Southern Pacific shop force reduced to a 5-day week.

QUAINT NEW YEAR SUPERSTITIONS

New Year's night quiet and clear indicates a prosperous year.

On New Year's eve while the clock is striking 12 repeat three times: "Good St. Agne, good St. Anne, send me a man as fast as you can," and you will be engaged within the year.

Spend on New Year, spend all the year.

The Chinese say that if a man sits up for ten years in succession and sees the new year come in he will have a long life.

It is unlucky to refuse a beggar anything on New Year's day, or to refuse a request of any kind.

It is lucky to rise early on New Year's morning.

If the first carol singer who comes to the door on New Year's morning is brought in at the front door, taken all through the house, and let out at the back door, it will bring luck to the house for a year.

When the wind blows on New Year's night, it is a sign of pestilence.

If your first caller on New Year's day is a male, you will have good luck and many friends; if a female, bad luck and few friends.

The Chinese think New Year's day is the luckiest of the year.

If you wash clothes on New Year's day.

You'll be sure to wash a friend away.

Turn your pillow at midnight of the 31st of December and you will dream of the one you are to marry.

It brings good luck to place a piece of money on the window on New Year's eve.

If the first man you speak to on New Year's morning has his hands in his pockets, you will have a hard time getting what money you want during the year.

It is an old Dutch superstition that if you want to marry he girl you love, your voice must be the first one she hears and your face the first she sees on New Year's morning.

Superstitious folk consider it important to notice whom you meet the first thing on New Year's day. If it is a man, you will have good luck, if a woman, bad luck; if a priest, you will die within a year, if a policeman, you will have litigation.

The first person of the opposite sex you meet on New Year's day will bear the Christian name or your future partner.

If ice melts on January 1 it will freeze on April 1.

Feed the birds well on New Year's morning by placing a sheaf of wheat or barley or some bread outside your house, then good luck will attend you and good crops and prosperity come to you during the whole year.

On New Year's eve take your hymn book to your bedroom, blow out the lamp, open your book, and mark a hymn (in the dark), put it under your pillow, and sleep on it. Next morning read the hymn, and it will indicate the events of the year.

It is unlucky to have clothes hanging on the line when the New Year is born.

Cook cabbage on New Year's day and you will have good luck all the year.

Decorated apples stuck on three skewers are exchanged for luck on New Year's day in Great Britain.

Burn all the visiting cards that have been received throughout the year on January 1. If you keep them from year to year you will have bad luck.

If you have not provided yourself with a calendar before the New Year comes in you will be behind hand in all your undertakings during the year.

In Japan oranges are hung up on New Year's day as a charm to insure the long life of the family.

The Chinese believe it bad luck to pay all of outstanding accounts on the last of the year and begin fresh and straight on New Year's Day.

Just before midnight on New Year's eve the Chinese put on new or clean garments, so as to enter the new year purely, and thus gain good fortune to themselves.

Your conduct on New Year's day is a forerunner of your conduct all the year.

AGRICULTURIST MAKES PLEA

Continued from Page 1

good blood lines and traces in the nearest generation to a good dam and a proven sire. This bull should never leave Tillamook County.

Mr. Daniels is not the only owner of a good bull in Tillamook County. There are lots of others and will be more as dairymen realize the importance of having them. There also has been good bulls in Tillamook County. Take the "Company bull," owned by the dairymen of this county, which died several weeks ago. This was a valuable bull and has produced some valuable stock. Another instance is the bull who sired the F. R. Beale herd for several years. Right now its worth is being realized by the quality of his producing beefers. Then there is the bull Lavina's Lad who sired Penine belonging to L. A. McCormack, who produced 1895 pounds milk and 115.6 pounds of fat in one month and for a final illustration take the Wm. Williams herd of cattle nearly all sired by a pure bred bull Golden Glows Campers Chief now owned by Paul Fitzpatrick. This herd never came about by the introduction of a poor sire.

You probably would ask how to choose a pure bred sire. The only real way of selecting a bull is buying a proven sire but this is practically impossible to do. Proven sires are generally dead and gone before the real worth of them is ascertained and if they weren't there would never be enough to go around. If one can find a bull with daughters that are capable of throwing type and the dam show production then you have a bull that is worth putting at the head of your herd. You can raise young stock from this sire and eventually breed up your herd to higher production.

The writer believes there are places for lots more pure bred bulls in Tillamook County but it is not the idea of this article to convey to the reader that he proposes that a poor bull eats just as much food and as costly to keep as a good one and can create a loss to the herd in the amount of a good bull has produced in other herds as mentioned. After the bull has gone his good or bad work goes on just the same.

Now the question is can the dairymen even if he only raises a few calves each year afford to be without a pure herd sire. He cannot. How much can the Tillamook dairymen afford to pay? This is entirely up to the separate individuals but remember that a \$1000 bull does not necessarily mean that he is a good one nor that one is given to you or you pay \$50 is a cheap one because in the long run he may be far more higher in price than the higher priced one.

Now is the time if there ever was one for the introduction of good blood into some of the herds. Farmers are asking for the cost of production plus a fair profit. But have we a right to this if we milk what some of the dairymen here call female steers whose natural instinct to give milk at all times seems lost. There are many cows in Tillamook that do not pay for their keep. Can we ask the public to pay these prices if we work with tools that tend to lessen production?

One can change the entire character of his herd in a few years but one must realize first the need of a change. Having done that the next step is the selection of a sire from a high producing dam. If even that is beyond your pocket book there is organized bull associations where the cost is not as great as the present system of letting things slide.

In conclusion I might say that any dairymen desiring to purchase a pure bred bull does not have to look further than Tillamook. If outsiders purchase sires from Tillamook to head their herds and pay transportation charges why can't any local dairymen purchase a sire locally to start this change in his herd.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Webber of north of town went out to Portland Monday to spend the holidays with relatives and friends.

Good Bye



The Satisfaction Store
Wishes its Friends and
Patrons a Happy and
Prosperous New Year

E. G. Anderson