

First National Bank Tillamook, Oregon

DIRECTORS:

J. C. HOLDEN
B. C. LAMB
WM. G. TAIT
C. W. TALMAGE
PAUL SCHRADER

WE have just installed some modern Safe Deposit Boxes where your valuable papers will be safe from fire. We will be pleased to show them to you.

Under U. S. Government Supervision

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

Local Happenings.

J. D. Jones, of Beaver, is in town.
L. Smith, of Garibaldi, was in town on Monday.
Stove pipe made to order at Zachmann's.
Jeff McGinnis, of Hebo, is in the city.
Get your Blachford's Calf meal at the Tillamook Feed Co. store.
House moving jack screws and outfit for sale. See W. G. Dwight.
Fritz Marolf of Sacramento, Cal., was in town Saturday.
Father Van Clarenbeck left on Monday for Portland.
Chance cows, heifers and horses for sale. E. B. Beale.
R. Zweifel, of Mohler was in the city Saturday.
Bring your empty sacks to Lamb's Dock. R. C. wants them.
Just received a car load of extra selected seed oats. Tillamook Feed Co.
Attorney T. H. Goynne, returned on Saturday from a business trip to Portland.
Slab Wood for sale direct from the mill, or sawed and delivered. See Shrake.
Mrs. J. M. Harrison and son of Hobsonville were Tillamook visitors Saturday.
For sale: One number one dairy cow, 6 years old, fresh now. John Thylor, Hebo.
Mrs. McDonald of Seattle a sister of Mrs. E. Herring is now visiting at the Herring home.
Con Newbill, of Hebo, was transacting business in town the first of the week.
A good house broom for 25c at Lamar's Variety Store. "Drop in and look around."
Jay Baker, of the East Beaver Cheese Co., was transacting business the first of the week.
E. C. Lamb, who was transacting business in Portland last week, returned on Sunday.
For your house connections, for sewer, see Zachman. He will do you a good job at a reasonable price.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the kind friends and neighbors and especially the G. A. E. who so kindly assisted at the funeral of our father, John A. Ward.
G. H. Ward
E. E. Ward.

VISIT
CLOUGH
When you want anything kept in a FIRST CLASS
Drug Store
He also keeps
SCHOOL SUPPLIES
FOR EVERY PUPIL
CLOUGH
THE RELIABLE
Druggist and Book Seller

ManZan
Relieves the Stomach from pain instantly. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in tubes with rectal applicator.

Poetical Inspiration.
Congressman E. W. Townsend of New Jersey, author of "Chronic Paden," told a yarn of poetical inspiration which is well, to say the least. He was paying his first visit to Honolulu, some twenty-five years ago, and was greeted at the wharf by Charles Dana Bickford, one of his close personal friends. Townsend had decided to go to one of the local hotels and Bickford tried to dissuade him, desiring him to live at a bungalow high up Niihau valley, which the poet had occupied for some months. He described its charms as follows:
"Ed, it's the most beautiful spot in the world. Sitting on the front porch you can look down the valley, over the wonderful flowering trees, groves of coconut palms and poincianas, to the sea, with its hundreds of shades of color, from gray to the deepest blue of heaven. And for poetical inspiration I can sit on my back porch, where I do my work, and throw the ashes from my cigarette on the graves of two suicides."—New York World.

Testing Tea by Burning It.
"I bought tea the other day at a Japanese store," said the young housekeeper. "The proprietor saw that I had doubts about the quality, so he darted back to the rear of the store. I expected him to return with a cup of steaming tea, but he brought a small ash tray and match. He threw a pinch of tea into the tray, touched it with a lighted match and watched it burn. Then he applied the same test to another brand of tea that had claimed my half-hearted allegiance. The first sample showed only a small flake of ashes, the second three times as much.
"Which shows," said he, "that the first tea is the best. That is an infallible test. The better the tea the fewer the ashes. I invite all my customers to test tea that way before buying."
"I took the ashless tea, of course. Since then I have wondered what the average American grocer would say if his customers should apply a lighted match to their tea canister before giving an order."—Washington Star.

Telling the Time in Turkey.
In Turkey the watch and clock are extremely rare, and a big crowd of persons could be rounded up on the street without finding a watch among them, but the natives have an exceedingly ingenious way of approximating the time, and some of them hit it with considerable accuracy. They locate two cardinal points of the compass and then, folding their hands together in such a manner that the forefingers point upward and in opposite directions, they observe the shade cast. In the morning or evening at certain known hours one finger or the other will point directly at the sun. A comparison of the two shadows will determine the hours between. Another system followed in that country and some others of the orient is to observe the eyes of a cat. Early in the morning and evening the pupil is round. At 9 and 3 o'clock it is oval, and at noon it consists of a narrow slit.—Buffalo Express.

Satisfying Honor in India.
They had a peculiar way of going into bankruptcy among the Marwaris in India, now unhappily giving way to the less picturesque method of the white man. When a man could not pay his bills he would summon his creditors. They were ushered into a room in which the bankrupt or household god, was enshrined, but covered up with a cloth and with the face turned to the wall in order that it might not witness the scene that was to follow. The insolvent would then, in a burst of mourning, lie on the floor, presenting his back to his creditors, who, on a given signal, would fall on him with shoes and slippers and beat him till their wrath was exhausted. The beating finished, honor was declared to be satisfied all around.

The Criterion of Danger.
The Duke of Wellington once drove Sir George Warrender from Windsor in his carriage. The duke drove so furiously that Sir George, dreading every moment that a terrible collision would occur, begged him not to drive so fast.
"Don't worry," said his grace.
"My dear duke," replied Sir George, "if fear is the criterion of danger for heaven's sake stop and let me get out, for I was never in such a funk in my life."—London Mail.

Not Afraid.
Recurring to the danger you realize the danger before you? You are not afraid of having horses shot under you? Society Recruit Me? I had two motor boats explode under me, three autos start over me and an aeroplane fall with me during the past social season alone.—Puck.

A Dreadnought.
"I was talking to Digby this morning about the latest Dreadnought. He didn't appear to be much interested."
"I should think not! Digby married one."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Kindness.
Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are travelling the dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love—make haste to be kind!—Amiel.

His Obligations.
Wigg—The trouble with Harduppe is that he doesn't meet his obligations. Wigg—Meet them? He wouldn't recognize them if he did.—Philadelphia Record.

No one has any more right to go through life unhappy than he has to go through it ill bred.

FOR SALE OR TRADE FOR TILLAMOOK CITY OR COUNTY PROPERTY

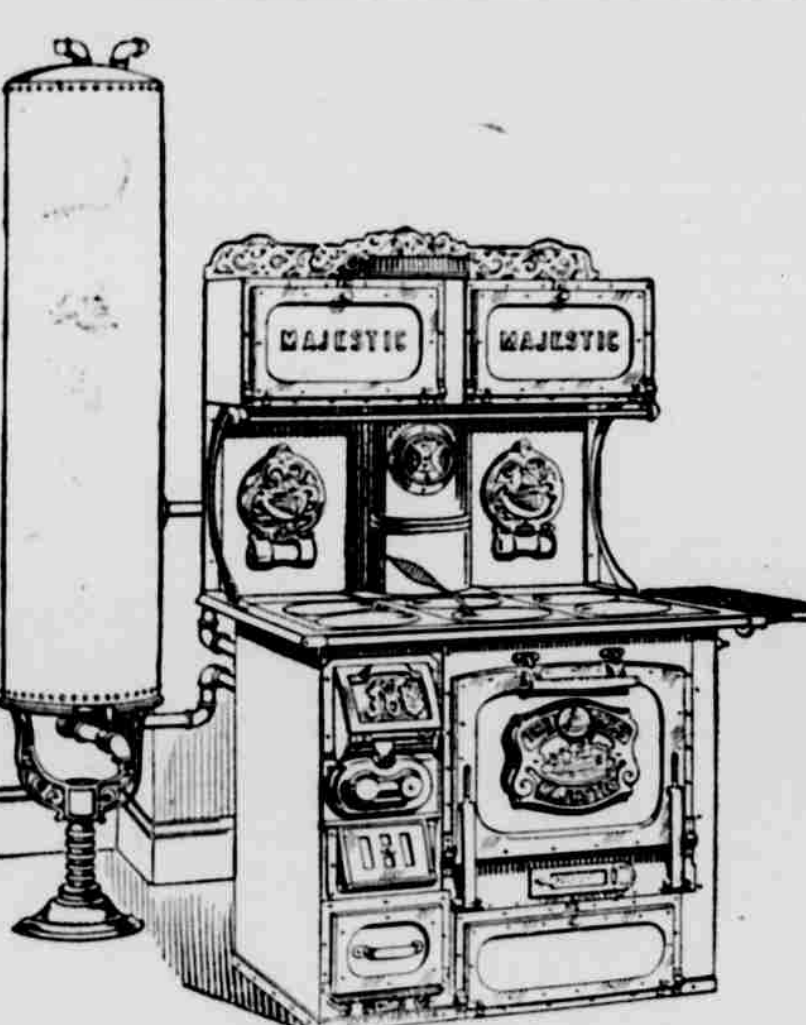
No. 1—Two lots in Rose City Park, Portland, one block from street car.
No. 2—Three lots in University Park, Portland, three blocks from street car.
No. 3—Two lots in Eugene City, one block from street car and four blocks from the High School, Carnegie Library and State University grounds.
No. 4—320 acres of wheat land in Morrow County, all under cultivation, in good wheat belt.
No. 5—One lot and fine residence in best residence part of San Jose, Cal., 5 short blocks from the High School and State Normal School, and two short blocks from three street car lines.

All the Above Will Trade For Tillamook City or County Property.

P. W. TODD, Tillamook, Oregon

**Cement : Coal : Lime : Brick
Shingles : Plaster
Root Paint : Drain Tile**

LAMB-SCHRADER COMPANY
Docks and Warehouse Front St. between 2d and 3d Ave. West



ALEX. McNAIR & CO.
Handles This Range—The Best On Earth

On Your Own Account

have you any money in the bank? A part of your earnings ought to be placed there, anyway. Everybody can afford to save something, however little. Have a bank account of your own and you will feel happier, better, more independent. Make your little money earn more, and so grow bigger. Better than hoarding it where fire or thieves can reach it. Your bank-book is a receipt and an evidence of your wise economy.

**THE OLD RELIABLE
Tillamook County Bank**

**LAMAR'S
VARIETY STORE**
Tillamook, Ore.
"DROP IN AND
LOOK AROUND"

**Make the Home Look
Cheery**
"A 15-watt Mazda Lamp on your front porch can be lit every night until midnight and register not over fifty cents per month on the meter."
Tillamook Electric Light & Fuel Company
WILL SPALDING, Manager.

ADVERTISE IN THE HERALD

BABIES UNDER THE SPOUT.

In Simla They Under the Youngsters to Keep Them Quiet.
The native mothers in the neighborhood of Simla in India have a curious practice of putting their babies' heads under a spout of water in order to keep them quiet. When a new cart road was made some years ago in the locality mentioned there was a halting place where rows of such children might be seen in a grove close to the road.
The water of a hill spring was so adjusted as to furnish a series of little spouts, each about the thickness of one's little finger. Opposite each spout was a kind of earth pillow and a little trough to carry away the water. Each child was so laid that one of the water spouts played on the top of its head, and the water then ran off into the trough.
An English official testifies that the process was most successful. There never were such quiet and contented babies as those under the spouts. The people were unanimous in asserting that the water did the children no harm, but that, on the contrary, it benefited and invigorated them. In fact, they seemed to think that a child not subjected to this process must grow up soft brained and of little account.—Harper's Weekly.

ORIGIN OF CINDERELLA.

The Dainty Footed Damsel Who Became a King's Wife.
It has been said, "Not one girl in a thousand knows the origin of the friend of her childhood, Cinderella."
Her real name was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden who lived 670 years before the common era and during the reign of one of the twelve kings of Egypt. One day Rhodope ventured to bathe in a clear stream near her home, leaving her shoes which were very small, lying on a bank. An eagle, passing above, caught sight of the little sandals and mistaking them for a toothsome tidbit, pounced down and carried off one in his beak.
The bird unwittingly played the part of fairy godmother for, flying over Memphis, where the king was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall directly at the king's feet. Its size, beauty and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king determined to know the wearer of so cunning a shoe.
Messengers were sent through all the kingdom in search of the foot that it would fit. Rhodope was finally discovered, the shoe placed on her foot, and she was carried in triumph to Memphis, where she became the queen of King Psammetichus.

UNCLE JAKE DIDN'T AGREE.

The Old Man Upheld His Reputation For Being Contrary.
"Uncle Jake" was one of the characters of Banbury. He was as deaf as a post—when he wanted to be—and as contrary as a bundle of sticks. One of his neighbors came into his yard one day and said: "Uncle Jake, I'd like to borrow your wagon this morning. Mine is having a spring mended."
"You'll have to speak louder," rejoined Uncle Jake. "I don't hear very well, and I don't like to lend my wagon anyhow."
The old man was an expert maker of ax handles—an occupation in which there is more art than the un instructed would suppose—and these handles he left at the village store to be sold on commission. One snowy day, as Uncle Jake came stamping up the steps of the store, another old fellow who was known as Uncle Horace remarked to the men lounging about the stove: "I'll treat the crowd if I don't make Uncle Jake agree to the first thing I say to him when he comes in."
"Don't be rash, Uncle Horace!" called out the storekeeper. "That never happened yet, and it isn't likely to."
But Uncle Horace merely grinned and plucked up one of Uncle Jake's ax handles. The door opened, and in came Uncle Jake.
"Jake," said Uncle Horace, running his fingers over and down the smooth wood, "this is a mighty good ax handle."
"No, it ain't," replied Uncle Jake at once. "I can make good handles, but that one you've got is the kind people want. They don't know no better."
And Uncle Horace treated the company to sundries, crackers and cheese.—Youth's Companion.

SMALL SAVINGS.

A Lecture on Economy that Mark Hanna Delivered to Dingley.
Mark Hanna did many things in a large way. Nevertheless he was not averse to giving his serious attention to little things on occasion. Senator Hanna one afternoon in Washington boarded a trolley car. Seeing Representative Dingley—he of the tariff law—just entering the front door, Hanna walked forward and took a seat beside him. The conductor approached and each man paid his separate fare, Dingley with a five cent piece, Hanna with a ticket.
The conversation fell along the lines of business. Reports, they agreed, indicated that every class of business and industry was prospering. "Every one," said Hanna, "seems to be making good money."
Dingley protested. He knew of at least one man who wasn't—himself. "It's very simple, Dingley, very," replied Hanna. "You pay your carfare with a nickel, the full hundred cents on the dollar. You may have noticed that I paid my fare with a ticket. I buy them six for 25 cents; therefore I save