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TILLAMOOK COUNTY FAIR & CARNIVAL, AUG. 23, 24, 25.

BRIDE AT SHIP'S HELM.

MRS. G. W. ROBINSON ASSISTS HER HUSBAND IN DARING OCEAN RACE.

Twenty-Eight Foot Yacht Braves Dangers of Gulf Stream and Treacherous Waves Off Cape Hatteras—Winner Received \$500 Lipton Cup.

After a daring ocean race of 650 miles, the sloop Gauntlet, with Mrs. Thora Lund Robinson at the wheel, finished second in the contest for which Sir Thomas Lipton offered a \$500 cup. The course of the race extended from Gravesend Bay, New York Harbor, to Bermuda. Mrs. Robinson is the two months' bride of George W. Robinson, the owner of the boat. It was a daring race for each of the three small yachts that competed, but more so for the Gauntlet, because she was the smallest of them all, being only 28 feet long from bow to stern. The yawl Tamerlane, which won the cup, was 40 feet long and the yawl Lila, 39 feet. All of the craft belong to the Brooklyn Yacht Club. For eight days these tiny boats were at the mercy of wind and wave, so much so that the yawl Lila was compelled to put into Norfolk harbor to save itself from destruction, while the smaller yacht bravely stuck to its task. They had to cross the gulf stream 150 miles off Hatteras, one of the stormiest spots on the Atlantic. Experienced yachtsmen were much surprised that the little Gauntlet was not wrecked or foundered somewhere on the way.

BUT TWENTY YEARS OLD.

Mrs. Robinson is only 20 years old but ever since childhood she has been used to boating and swimming. For several seasons she has sailed an eighteen-foot knockabout, making her summer headquarters near Amboy, on the lower New York bay. Though small, she is athletic and skilled in handling a craft and is said to be without fear on the water. Storm or sunshine is all the same to her.

"One of the conditions of our marriage on April 17th," said Mrs. Robinson before starting in the race, "was that I should go in this contest. George tried to dissuade me a few days after we were married, but I made him keep his promise. Although I am rated as the chief mate and bottle washer, if you will, of the Gauntlet, I have an idea that I may superintend things before I get through."

"Yachting is not new to me. I sailed a knockabout for years in the lower bay. I learned to swim because I was capsized so many times that I had to learn."

"Mr. Robinson and myself are to stand watch together, while J. L. Dunlap and H. Higgins, the remainder of the Corinthian crew, will alternate in keeping watch. Steer? Why you don't suppose I'm going to be a passenger? I can, and am going to, do everything that a good navigator must do."

STUMPED PROFESSIONAL SAILORS.

Professional sailors stood aghast at the courage of the Corinthian tars in undertaking such a perilous voyage. Disaster was predicted from the first. The yawl Lila lost her mainmast shortly after the start outside Sandy



Hook, and had to put back for a new spar, which was immediately prepared to permit her to restart the following Tuesday. The Tamerlane's navigator, it seeing the Lila's plight, decided that it would be an unfair advantage to continue in the race, and she, too, put back. The people of the Lila Gauntlet did not see the accident to the Lila. It is supposed, for the sloop kept right on in her sea-smashing trip to Bermuda.

The three yachts that contemplated the trip lay at anchor off the Brooklyn dock all morning, with their owners and crew busily at work preparing them for their severe test. On board the little Gauntlet, Mrs. Thora Lund Robinson was as busy as the rest making things shipshape about the boat. Until the day before the race no one took seriously her statement that she

proposed to accompany the yacht, and it was with consternation that the regatta committee learned that she meant to go. Refusal to permit her to start, threatened to disqualify the boat, and all appeals were in vain. At last the committee yielded and permitted her to start.

The Tamerlane finished the course at Hamilton, Bermuda, at 3 o'clock, June 3rd, while the Gauntlet did not arrive until 24 hours later. The result was in doubt until the finish of this tiny boat, as the Tamerlane had to allow it 16 hours and 10 minutes owing to the difference in their length.

Thomas Jefferson's Bible.

The Jefferson Bible, with its beautiful red Morocco binding, made no little trouble in the House while it was a single forgotten volume reposing under lock and key at the Smithsonian institution. Now that it has been photographed and reproduced in numerous copies, the little volume has multiplied care for the Senate. Hardly a man of the ninety but has had thousands of requests for the book, and more are coming in by every mail.

It seems that some enterprising business man advertised the Jefferson Bible prominently in a well-known magazine. He announced that it could be had for nothing if one would write to one's Senator or Member of Congress, concluding his advertisement with the further statement that he had gone to considerable expense in having the advertisement printed, and hoped readers would turn to his business announcement on another page.

So it is that requests are rolling in upon Senators especially, for the public seems to have taken the idea that they are more legitimate prey than gentlemen at the other end of the Capitol. Each Senator's quota is but thirty copies, and the only good way out of the dilemma appears to be to print more, just as Congress has done with the book and other popular Government publications. Better send for one before the second reprint is all distributed.

Who For Next President?

From American Spectator.

At considerable expense American Spectator has obtained opinions and expressions of the same from all of the prominent candidates for Presidential nomination. These are all ungenine, having come to us over our own private line, the least longest wire in the world. The pithy, epigrammatic summing up will, of course, be thoroughly appreciated. The following terse expressions are in answer to our query, "Will you be a candidate?"

Taft—My candidacy is a weighty problem, and there is a heavy responsibility attached to it.

Cannon—I will if I do.

Bryan—The third is the lucky trial. I shall not get out of communication with my friends.

Shaw—I have always universally considered myself a strong candidate.

Hobson—Of course it is an office of limited responsibilities—but—

Fairbanks—You'll really have to ask Mrs. F.

Funston—Am too busy to think of it, but they do say I was born in Ohio.

Foraker—I may have to do it just

RUSS BANQUETS JAP.

BARON ROSEN ENTERTAINS THE FIRST JAPANESE AMBASSADOR TO AMERICA.

Cordial Diplomatic Relations Established Following Bloodiest War in Modern History—Count Aoki the Guest of Honor.

That social ceremonies follow peace conferences was demonstrated the other evening, at Washington, when the Russian Ambassador and Baroness Rosen gave a dinner to the Japanese Ambassador and Viscountess Aoki.

While the historic Portsmouth Peace Conference was concluded many months ago, and, politically, Japan and Russia then resumed diplomatic relations so abruptly terminated at the commencement of the Russo-Japanese war, this function marks the resumption of social intercourse between the representatives of these great nations.

Although Viscount Aoki only arrived in Washington a few weeks ago, considerable interest has since been manifested in the personal relationship



BARON ROSEN. COUNT AOKI.

that would exist between the representatives of conqueror and vanquished.

The high art of diplomacy, that so well masks the innermost thoughts of those who rise to the heights of an ambassador, doubtless viewed the social intercourse between Baron Rosen and Viscount Aoki as most natural. But to the uninitiated the part of the host taken by one—Baron Rosen—who acted as Russia's peace envoy, lent peculiar glamour to the occasion.

The treaty of peace between Japan and Russia marked the close of one of the bloodiest wars of history. The dinner given by Baron Rosen in honor of the representative of the victorious Japan goes farther, in that it takes up social intercourse upon a plane exactly as though war had never been waged.

Those who were present at this most interesting social function were the Minister from the Netherlands and Mme. van Swinderen, the Counselor of the Japanese Embassy and Mme. Miyoka, Count and Countess Seckendorff, Baroness Elizabeth Rosen, the charge d'affaires of Spain, Senor Don Luis Pastor, Baron Schlippenbach, and Prince Koudachoff, of the Russian Embassy.

Jurgis laughed at the discontent every where manifest. "They are not men," he exclaimed. What of the "speeding up" practice of the packers? It was but play to him to keep abreast of the fastest. He was working to wed Ona.

They were all cheated shamelessly by the sharks which infest the great packing district; they could not speak English and they were at the mercy of these parasites. But as new obligations arose in the buying of a small, worthless house, sold them by an unscrupulous agent, etc., etc., Jurgis but smiled grimly, confident in his strength, energy and great love for Ona. "I will work the harder," he says. And then came a misfortune. Ona, a mere bloom of a girl of 17, had to go to work—temporarily. Then a younger child. Then Jurgis had a fearful day, after many months of faithful and herculean service for the great corporation.

In the melee of a wounded steer running amuck, he slipped on the bloody floor and sprained his ankle. Did the packers give him a short furlough with pay while he was recovering; at least they held his place for him? Neither. He returned to work, not very strong looking through pain

and worry, the boss sized him up at a glance and there was no work for him in Packingtown, and Ona, whom he had married meantime was about to become a mother.

Then he recited in THE JUNGLE, a tale of gradual and heart-rending downfall in the wearing out by inches, of a strong man. Jurgis gets a job in the terrible fertilizer vaults where his head nearly splits with the poisonous dust and the stifling fumes of ammonia. His father dies from the effects of the awful "speeding up" and the silmy wet in which he has to work, ankle deep. Ona, the beautiful, the once smiling bride succumbs to the hateful "Systein" and Jurgis, broken by the brutality and irresistible power of the bosses, becomes a great gaunt, hollow eyed ghost of his former self.

The story is a tale of the gradual extermination of a splendid, virile European family, from a deathly "System," by a pitiless monopoly, which cares no more or not as much for its workers than it does for the carcasses of the animals it converts into food. Incidentally the description of this process is sufficiently revolting to turn the stomach of the stoutest beefsteak.

Oh! could Jurgis, and Ona, and the rest of them, with their frugality and their brain, and their love of life and work, and joy of a home, have gone into some rural district to work out their salvation, what a different story would have been. Fine Jurgis. Some other name for the book would have been necessary. What if they could have gotten a dozen acres, or five acres of good land somewhere and bought it for what they squandered uselessly for their house in Packingtown—they were turned out and the house, resold by the first month they failed of payment—what a different history would have been told by the author!

What if the great packing trust, instead of killing men and women, should provide that its employees could live on an acre of ground, or a half an acre, out on the great fertile prairies of Illinois, quickly reached from the stock yards by a modern trolley, so that when they were of necessity, perhaps, "laid off" for a period of a week, or six weeks, or on "half time" they would have a piece of rich land which they could till and raise enough potatoes and corn and beans and cabbage to keep them from starving to death. But the packing trust—Mr. Ogden Armour and other millionaires and multi-millionaires—would make less money; it would decrease its dividends perhaps several per cent, and that is not to be thought of. By getting the best out of a man, all there is in him in a few short years, this unnamable thing can turn him out and get new blood. It is evidently most profitable to "speed a man up" to the wrecking point and then get new men. This process of trafficking in human life, coupled with the abominable and poisonous adulterations and use of diseased animals which Mr. Sinclair describes at first hand, enables Mr. Armour and the others to make very satisfactory percentages of profit—to pile up millions of dividends a year.

It is all a very great story. The Jewox is not a beautiful one, and well worth the reading, sturdily that the reader may learn something about the stuff we eat, and at what cost of suffering it is produced.

BACK TO NAPOLI.

STORY OF A FRAGMENT OF REAL LIFE AS PORTRAYED IN A NEW STAGE PLAY.

Showing the Operations of the Immigration Law as it Affects Those who Attempt to Enter the American Portals.

An hour at Ellis Island in New York harbor is full of smiles and tears. The newly arrived immigrant, before he has changed his native garb, with his outlandish boxes and bundles still about him, is eternally interesting. His meetings and partings are full of a childish exuberance and abandon. He is never so picturesque or so pathetic as when he has just doubtfully trusted himself to the great machinery of a new land and law.

He hasn't been much on the stage—this immigrant—but a fragment of his life finds its way there in a one-act play called "The Land of the Free," by W. C. De Mille, which was seen recently at a Vassar Aid Society matinee. It is described by the Times as a simple little story, one that happens day after day.

In a room of the big immigration control building, with its desk and its official, an Italian workman walks excitedly up and down. His clothes are cheap and poor, but they are plainly not his working garb, and a bright holiday handkerchief is knotted about his throat. His eyes are keen and expectant. Evidently it is a great day for him. It needs little encouragement from the good-natured officer to bring out the whole story.

A big Mediterranean steamer is just landing its stowage passengers. Luigi, as he peers through the gates at the incoming crowd, is almost beside himself with delight.

"I waita three year," he explains, breathlessly. "I worka verra hard and I sava de money to bring to me my Maria and my two little ones."

He can hardly wait for the gate to be opened. But the officer has more to find out. His questioning brings out further details. Luigi earns \$9 a week—with his pick and shovel. The wife is not strong. She speaks a little English. The officer looks doubtful, but says nothing.

The Italian catches a sight of them through the gates.

"Na, na, Signora, she comea last. She getta lame back and two baby. Ah—Dio! Maybe she missa da boat—Ah—Vedete Maria mia Ecco—Vedete ecco—Ah mia moglie—ecco!"

In another instant, the frail little wife, in her Neapolitan costume, and the two children, with their bags and bundles, are all in their father's arms, while the officer goes off to make his report.

With her head on her husband's shoulder, Maria breathes in Italian: "Ah, my husband! I see you again, thank God!"

To which the Americanized Luigi responds: "Si, si, carissima, but now talka English. We all good Americans and we live in Mulberry street. I gotta da little room for my Maria an' Fabio an' Tessa."

Maria marvels at Luigi's great salary—\$5 lire—until Luigi is forced to explain: "Yes, yes; in Neapoliti it is 45 lire, but in New York it is only \$9, not so muche."

Then in quick, excited phrase he draws rosette pictures of a future in which pennant stands and prosperity walk hand in hand.

Presently the officer returns. He draws Luigi aside. His face is kind, but his words are terrible. It appears that the little wife does not come up to the requirements. She is not healthy. She has no money, and Luigi has only that \$9 a week. It is not enough to support a family. The wife must go back to Naples. It is hard to make Luigi understand. Maria, hearing nothing, plays happily with the chil-

dren. The poor husband is stammered. "Napoli! She go back to Napoli! No, no. Ah, Dio Mio! You don't understand." He goes on, wistfully. "I work three year an' sava da money to bring her to me. Your boss he can nota send her back—we live all right on nine dollar week. I take her away. You leta me go—eh?"

"It's hard on you," says the officer, "but it's the law."

Luigi scorns the notion.

"Law? You taka my wife away? You senda my little boy and girl back to Napoli, an' you say it is da law. Na, na. America is a free country. I pay for her to come to me. I don't steal, so what da law got to say?"

But threats, tears, reasonings are all in vain. Luigi at last stealthily offers the blue-coated official \$7, his all, wrapped up in a handkerchief, as a bribe. The officer frowns and says firmly: "I cannot. I didn't make the law. I can't help you. We have to do this every day."

"Every day?" Luigi's eyes grow wide with pain. "You doa this every day? Ah, Dio! Every day you breaka da heart!"

Then he goes to Maria, takes her in his arms, and explains brokenly what it all means.

"They will not leta you stay—Maria mia—we have waita long—we musta stilla wait."

In the face of her fearful dismay he even tries to be cheerful.

"Say, looka here," he cries; "you got back to Napoli now, an' bimbye I getta da more money. I make me twelve—fifteen dollar week. Then I senda for you an' Fabio an' Tessa, an' they letta you stay."

But Maria is overcome.

"Back to Napoli? Alone?" she sobs. A sudden thought comes to Luigi.

"No, no; not alone. I goa too. If they senda you, I goa too."

He rushes over to the officer with his poor seven silver dollars, only to be met with the cruel truth, "Not half enough for your ticket."

Meanwhile the boat is returning. The officer lays his hand kindly on Maria's shoulder. The children look wonderingly on. Painfully the little trio pick up their bundles and turn back to the great gates. Luigi embraces them between his sobs.

"Don'ta cry, carissima; don'ta cry—I soon make twelve, fifteen dollar week and buya da peanut stand, an' I keep da little home. Then you come again to stay. Don'ta cry—you goa to the Mader in Napoli. Ah, Dio! We have waita three year an' I must senda you again."

As they pass out of his sight his voice falls and he falls sobbing under the great gate.

The author is said to have got his idea for the piece from a newspaper paragraph read at the breakfast table describing in three lines a case of the sort.

Robert Paton Gibbs, who played Luigi, studied his type with the help of a Neapolitan who has been long enough away from home to know the salient characteristics of his own people. The extra woman who fits so well into the picture are caretakers of the Hudson theater.

"We used to rehearse the piece every now and then down in the coal cellar," explained Mr. Gibbs, "and these two women used to come and weep over it."

Live Healthily.

Horace Smith, The English Post, Born 1779. Died 1849.

Ye who would have your features florid, Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unrinkled forehead, From age's devastation horrid, Adopt this plan—

"Twill make, in climate cold or torrid, A hale old man (or woman), Avoid in youth, luxurious diet; Restrain the passions; be lawless riot; Devoted to domestic quiet, Be wisely gay; Resist decay; Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure, But find your richest, dearest treasure, In God, His word, His work, not leisure."

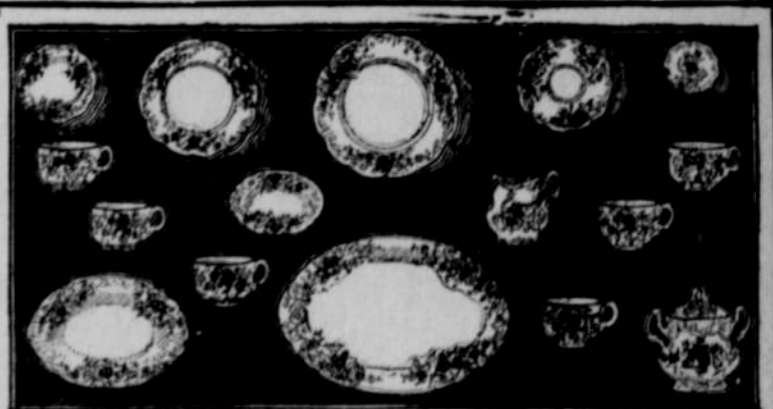
THE JUNGLE.

Mr. Sinclair's Story of the Awful Methods of the Beef Packers.

No more powerful or terrible book has been written in recent years than "The Jungle" by Upton Sinclair. It seems incredible that such depth of human misery as the author relates could be permitted even by the most callous money maker or the most soulless corporation; or, on the other hand, that such villainy and filth in the preparation of human food could be permitted; yet most of Mr. Sinclair's statements are from personal knowledge and observation, visiting the great packing plants, as he did mostly in disguise. Moreover, his statements have been abundantly corroborated by President Roosevelt's special commission, whose confidential report, containing descriptions of degradation, filth and food pollution, is too vile to print in a newspaper.

The hero of THE JUNGLE is Jurgis, a great, broad-shouldered Lithuanian, who gloried in work, for the mere sake of it, even if he had no incentive. In the fat forests of Lithuania, where he and his father had lived all their lives, children of nature, Jurgis had heard of free America, and that as much as \$10 a working man, in the great city of Chicago. And after many arguments and much discussion, he had prevailed upon his father, and Ona the sweet blithesome lass to whom he was betrothed, and her mother and several children and relatives, to emigrate to splendid America, where a man may not always remain a peasant, but where he has a chance to improve himself and rise in the world. Ten dollars a week was an unheard of fortune. The peasants of Europe make a few cents a day.

So they all went to Packingtown, and the first day that Jurgis stood in line, being altogether the finest specimen of a man in the yards, he was beckoned to by the boss and given a job. He went home jubilant. Two other members of the family, one a great strapping woman, also got jobs at once.



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to get that Roosevelt fellow out. Roosevelt—Didn't I say all along that there would be no third tier for me. After what's happened I suppose you'll believe it now.

Hears—I have enough capital to command labor.

Root—

Heaven On Earth.

Be such a man, live such a life, that if every man were such a man as you and every life a life like yours this earth would be God's Paradise.—Phillips Brooks.

Honduras has a debt of about one hundred million dollars or about \$1,300 a head.

There are three hundred million British subjects in Asia.

took seriously her statement that she