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Tillamook, Ore, Aug. 23, 1906.

JOB PRINTING.

When you Want
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PARCHEMENT.

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

STRIKING BEAUTY OF ENGLISH
COURT WHO IS FRIEND OF
WORKINGMEN.

As Accomplished Great Philanthropy, Founting Girls' Schools in Dairying, Poultry, Etc.—Prominent in Politics.

England has at least one titled woman whose wealth and position have not proved sufficient to blind her conditions which surround less fortunate men and women. She is the Countess of Warwick, long the reigning beauty of King Edward's court, and one of the most famous women in two continents.

The Countess has recently come into prominence through her participation in the English elections and is a strong advocate and supporter of Will Thorne, candidate of the dock laborers for a seat in the House of Commons. The Countess strongly supports the contention of the laboring element for a labor party in parliament and governed in the most bewitching of Parisian frocks and in a red automobile she has been stirring things up pretty lively in the forty-five parliamentary districts in which representatives of organized labor were running for the House of Commons. SENT DELEGATION TO AMERICA.

This very democratic Countess recently sent a delegation of twenty-five women to the United States to study labor conditions here. Each was entrusted with a different mission. One visited stenographers and typewriters, another went to tailor shops and still another to the factories where young men and women are employed and the entire labor field was adequately covered. The Countess defrayed all expenses of the trip and is now using the material which her delegation brought back to her for speeches to the laboring classes.

Not long ago the Countess addressed a tremendous crowd of workmen. Her stage was a tradesman's wagon and hundreds of workmen went without their dinners in order to hear her speech. She was given a great ovation, called the men "comrades and



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

friends" and urged them to strain every effort to get a labor party in parliament.

"You workers are the empire," declared the Countess and this with a succession of spirited assertions she made were lustily cheered by the laboring men.

The Countess of Warwick is one of England's most famous women. Before the succession of her husband to the earldom she was Lady Brooke and gained the nickname of "Babbling Brooke" for having told some things in connection with the famous bacarat party at Tranby Croft which proved one of the most sensational news stories of the year. The Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII, was a member of the party and a subsequent witness in the case.

TO TEACH DAIRYING AND CHICKEN GROWTH.

In the past few years the Countess of Warwick has devoted nearly her entire time to philanthropic and charity work. She once managed a linen and lace store but the venture proved unsuccessful. Later she founded a school and dairy work and poultry-keeping for young girls, a home for crippled children and a technical school.

CANDIED FLOWERS.

England Has Begun Strange Demands for Sugared Blossoms From the United States.

One of the latest developments of luxury said to be the candying of fragrant flowers. The notion is not altogether new, for violets have long been made into confections for the palate, as well as into bouquets for the olfactory organs.

At any rate, it seems that the fashion has acquired a new impetus of late, and a candied violet is coming to be regarded as an acceptable "tonic

bouche" to be presented to a lady. There is also, it is said, a demand for sugared rose petals, which is being catered to by some enterprising artists in sugar. It can hardly be pretended that flowers made into "sweets" are of any medicinal efficacy, though damask rose leaves have long held a recognized place in the materia medica.

Whether the violet has any therapeutic qualities does not appear, though the leaves (not the flower) have just now some reputation—outside the medical faculty—as a cure for cancer. The best that can be hoped for, if flowers are to be eaten as well as to be seen and smelled, is that they may in all cases prove to be innocuous. It is a nice question whether the perfume is always a safe guide.

Perhaps the modern craze is, after all, only a form of luxury. A candied violet or a dish of rose leaves cunningly prepared for the tea table could not possibly enter into the category of cheap sweets for the millions, and it is understood that the sugar trust is not interested.

BREAKS BY CONGRESS.

Peculiar Mistakes Due to Tremendous Amount of Work Transacted Just Before Adjournment.

In the hurry and bustle of "get away" day in Congress, a few errors slipped in to upset the calculations of party leaders. One of these was the signing of the agricultural appropriation bill by the President before that measure contained the signature of the Speaker of the House of Representatives. Of course this oversight was corrected, but the question then arose as to the importance of having the bill signed by the Speaker and the Vice-President. Their signatures merely certify that the bill has passed their respective houses, the important fact being that they have been passed by the House and Senate. For this reason it is not regarded as being absolutely indispensable that a bill should be signed by the presiding officer of the House. All that is necessary is to establish the fact that it has been so passed.

Another "break" was the presidential approval of the sundry civil bill containing an item appropriating \$3,000,000 for a site for a new departmental building in Washington. This item had been dropped out of the bill in conference but the enrollment clerks failed to notice the omission and so included this item in the copy of the bill laid before the President for his signature. When the error was discovered, a resolution was adopted by both houses of Congress repealing the feature of the bill making the \$3,000,000 appropriation.

It is not strange that these mistakes occur, as all of the employees of both the Senate and House during the last few days of Congress have an enormous amount of work shoved upon them, so that when Congress actually adjourns many of them are ready to take to their beds for several days in order to recuperate.

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY.

Northern Sister Would Like Such Arrangement; But is Waiting Move by This Country.

A letter from Ottawa, Canada, states that the question of reciprocity between Canada and the United States is by no means dead, as was clearly shown by the recent debate on the Canadian budget in a number of speeches, which, while they admitted that the United States did not appear to care for reciprocity, it would if it could be brought about on mutually advantageous terms, as a good thing for both sides of the line. Many of the crown ministers and even Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself, the premier, and described in the British Empire, are favorable to Canadian-American reciprocity, if it can be had. Sir Richard Cartwright, minister of trade and commerce, said recently that there could be no better British policy than to do everything possible to encourage good relations with the United States.

Senator Lougheed, the conservative leader in the Senate, stated that he thought no higher work could be found by King Edward than to promote the good relations of the two peoples, and bind more closely together the two Anglo-Saxon nations. He knew no happier way of strengthening the bond between the Anglo-Saxon peoples on the North American Continent than for the King and Queen to visit the shores of North America at the present time.

If reciprocity is not visibly to the front to-day it is because public opinion in Canada regards reciprocity as unattainable and the position of the anti-reciprocity men who are for the moment supreme, as unassailable. Hence, and for no other reason, reciprocity sentiment is put on the shelf until called for again, and an ostentatious appearance of indifference is manifested in Canada which will be stiffly maintained as long as the United States government makes no forward movement that public opinion in the Dominion can accept as sincere and based on a spirit of reasonableness and fair play.

To those who are able to read between the lines, the announcement of the finance minister that the changes to be made in the Canadian tariff, when revision takes place next session, must depend upon such new conditions as may have occurred, is obviously meant for the people at Washington who stand in the way of reciprocity, and those in London who have blocked and whose preference between the mutual country and Canada. It is a warning and may mean much, or little, as circumstances or conditions dictate.

A GROCERY IN CONGRESS.

REPRESENTATIVE MANN PLAYS SALESMAN AND DRUGGIST TO UNMASK FRAUDS.

Short Weight and Fraudulent Foods the Lure of Many Department Stores and Mail Order Houses. Honest Dealers Handicapped by Deceptions.

When the pure food bill was before the House of Representatives a few weeks ago, intense interest was displayed by the members of that body in a "grocery store" established by Representative Mann of Illinois. Mr. Mann had been given a special privilege by the House committee having the bill in charge to demonstrate the manner in which the ordinary food



REPRESENTATIVE MANN.

products of the country are adulterated, and how the consumer is defrauded. The space in front of the speaker's desk resembled a small section of a delicatessen store and a corner grocery with cereals, jams, jellies, tins of peas, tomatoes, corn, prepared spices, bottles of whiskey and wine, imported sausages, branched cherries and other edibles and drinkables scattered over two tables.

Representative Mann proceeded to demonstrate to the House through these various food products the necessity for a national pure food law. One of the first articles taken up by the Congressman was the ordinary condiment—pepper—which to the lay mind is considered too cheap for any manufacturer to spend time in adulterating. He read circulars from numerous concerns offering for sale a certain grade of adulterant which could be used to produce pepper of almost any other color of the species with some slight modification. As he scattered a package of this over his desk to the members in the vicinity started back in order to avoid the usual sneezing which follows the inhalation of a small quantity of pepper. But they were reassured by the "groceryman" that it was not harmful, for while it was called pepper it was nothing but ground olive pits. He convulsed the House when he read the price list of adulterants showing that they were offered to the trade for \$20 a ton in five-ton lots, and that at that rate they were guaranteed to make the finest black pepper which, as everyone knows, is sold by the ounce. He made the statement that even the pepper berry itself was adulterated by a cleverly contrived manufacture of taploco colored with lamp black.

Possibly the most striking demonstration of the afternoon was one with a bottle of red cherries. These cherries, it was explained, were picked green, and that after being bleached out white by the use of a powerful acid, had been colored the brilliant red by the use of coal tar dye—a deadly poison if used in large quantities. Representative Mann dipped a piece of white cloth in the "juice" of these cherries, and it partook of a brilliant red as though it had just come from a dyer.

Olive oil, explained Mr. Mann, is a product which is in most cases, adulterated. In many instances the counterfeit is merely American cotton seed oil—a wholesome and satisfactory dressing for salad, but it costs about 1/4 as much as real olive oil, and the American buyer certainly does not care to purchase a dressing for four times its actual worth.

HIVELSS HONEY.

One of the freak exhibits was a bottle of "honey" which, in order to complete the assurance of the buyer that the article was genuine, contained, as if by accident, the body of a real bee, yet the whole mess was pure and simple glucose, and had never been near a hive, much less a comb. The hive probably was a ten story factory in one of the large cities.

A bottle of "Freezine" was exhibited by Mr. Mann, who explained that this remarkable article was guaranteed to preserve meat from the action of the air and stop decay. While he admitted that it would stop the action of nature on meats, he claimed that the preservative itself was actually poisonous, containing sulphide of soda with red coal tar dye and could not be used safely upon human food.

The public is unwittingly defrauded to a great extent through short weight and short measure in package goods, explained Mr. Mann, and he insisted that the manufacturers should be compelled to state on the label the quantity contained in the bottle or carton. In line with this was a dramatic demonstration when the Chicago pure food expert held up before the House a



Synopsis of preceding chapters at end of this installment.

CHAPTER XI.

bottle supposed to contain a quart of vinegar, which when poured into a large graduate did not nearly reach the quart mark thereon—in fact was three inches below it. Raisins, currants and numerous other articles of food are apparently put up in pound packages and so the buyer considers, but in fact few of those on the market really contain a full pound.

DEPARTMENT STORE BARGAINS.

"It is the department stores and mail order houses," said the demonstrator, "which make profit from short weight cans and under-sized bottles. We are seeking to protect the legitimate grocery and the honest canner from men who are willing to make money by depriving the people of things they think they are getting. All that we urge is that an approximate weight or measure may be put upon each one of these packages and then, if the public chooses to buy a smaller package at a smaller price it may do so, but the manufacturers and dealers must not any longer deceive the people as to how much they are buying."

BREAKFAST FOODS A DELUSION.

On the tables where Mr. Mann, ably but silently assisted by Mr. Stevens of Minnesota, acted now as groceryman, now as druggist, and now as bartender, there were a dozen or more packages of breakfast foods with their familiar labels. A reference to table weights and skillful dropping of packages upon a balance scale in front of him enabled Mr. Mann to show that in a great many cases the public paid full price for an abnormal amount of pasteboard box. In scarce any case did the prepared food weigh twice as much as the box, and in many instances food and package were in nearly equal proportion.

Everybody knew, as Mr. Mann stated, that 25 per cent. of all the coffee used in the United States is sold as a mixture of Java and Mocha. He was prepared to show from official

figures that while we used last year more than a billion pounds of coffee, and while about 250,000,000 pounds were supposed to be Mocha and Java, there were actually imported into this country last year only a fraction over 2,000,000 pounds of Mocha and 10,000,000 pounds of Java, or approximately less than 13,000,000 pounds, or only 5 per cent. of the popular blend. It is staggering to know 95 per cent. of the people who think they drink Mocha and Java every day have been deceived, and yet the facts seem to be rather plain.

Figures like these, however, although ordinarily impressive and convincing, did not attract so much attention in the House, because the members were so absorbed in the practical demonstration of the extent to which fraudulent manufacturers of food products have been willing to go in the way of swindling the public.

Praise.

New Yorker.—To tell the truth, we are proud of this hotel.

Chicagoan.—Well, I can't blame you altogether, old man. I honestly think myself that it's the finest between Chicago and London.

For a time Sir Nigel was very moody and downcast, with bent brows and eyes upon the pomel of his saddle. Edricson, Ford and Terlake rode behind him. The four rode alone, for the archers had passed a curve in the road, though Alleyne could still hear the heavy clump, clump of their marching, or catch a glimpse of the sparkle of steel through the tangle of leafless branches.

"Ride by my side, I entreat of you," said the knight, leaning in his steed that they might come abreast of him.

"For, since it hath pleased you to follow me to the wars, it were well that you should know how you may best serve me. I doubt not, Terlake, that you will show yourself a worthy son of a valiant father, and you, Ford, of yours, and you Edricson, that you are mindful of the old-time house from which all men know that you are sprung. And first I would have you bear very steadfastly in mind that our setting forth is by no means for the purpose of gaining spoil or exacting ransom, though it may well happen that such may come to us also. We go to France, and from thence, I trust, to Spain, in humble search of a feud in which we may win advancement and perchance some small share of glory. But what is this among the trees?"

"It is a shrine of Our Lady," said Terlake, "and a blind beggar who lives by the limbs of those who worship there."

"A shrine!" cried the knight. "Then let us put up an orison." And pulling off his cap, and clasping his hands, he chanted in a shrill voice: "Benedictus dominus Deus meus, qui docet manus meas ad proelium, et digitos meos ad bellum." A strange figure he seemed to his three squires, perched on his huge horse, with his eyes upturned and the wintry sun shimmering upon his bald head. "It is a noble prayer," he remarked, putting on his hat again, "and it was taught to me by the noble Chandos himself. But how fares it with you, father? Methinks that I should have ruth upon you, seeing that I am myself like one who looks through a horn window while his neighbors have the clear crystal. Yet, by St. Paul! there is a long stride between the man who hath a horn casement and him who is walled in on every hand."

"Alas, fair sir!" cried the blind man. "I have not seen the blessed blue of heaven this two-score years, since a levin-flash burned the sight out of my head."

"You have been blind to much that is goodly and fair," quoth Sir Nigel, "but you have also been spared much that is sorry and foul. But, by St. Paul! we must on, for our Company will think that they have lost their captain somewhat early in the venture. Throw the man my purse, Edricson, and let us go." Alleyne, lingering behind, bethought him of the Lady Loring's counsel, and reduced the noble gift which the knight had so freely bestowed to a single penny, which the beggar, with many mumbled blessings, thrust away into his wallet. Then, spurring his steed, the young squire rode at the top of his speed after his companions, and overtook them just at the spot where the tress fringes of the moor are the straggling hamlet of Hordle lies scattered on either side of the winding and deeply rutted track. The Company was already well-nigh through the village; but as the knight and his squires closed up upon them, they heard the clamor of a strident voice, followed by a roar of deep-chested laughter from the ranks of the archers. Another minute brought them up with the rear-guard, where every man marched with his beard on his shoulder and a face which was agrin with merriment. By the side of the column walked a huge red-headed bowman, with his hands thrown out in argument and expostulation, while close at his heels followed a little wrinkled woman, who poured forth a shrill volley

of abuse, varied by an occasional thwack from her stick, given with all the force of her body, though she might have been beating one of the forest trees for all the effect that she seemed likely to produce.

"I trust Aylward," said Sir Nigel, gravely, as he rode up, "that this doth not mean that any violence hath been offered to women. If such a thing happened, I tell you that the man shall hang, though he were the best archer that ever wore brassart."

"Nay, my fair lord," Aylward answered with a grin. "It is violence which is offered to a man. He comes from Hordle, and this is his mother who hath come forth to welcome him."

"You ramnucky lurdin," she was howling, with a blow between each catch of her breath, "you shamocking, yapping, over-long good-for-naught. I will teach thee! I will baste thee! Aye, by my faith!"

"Whist, mother," said John, looking back at her from the tail of his eye. "I go to France as an archer, to give blows and to take them."

"To France, quotha?" cried the old dame. "Bide here with me, and I shall warrant you more blows than you are like to get in France. If blows be what you seek, you need not go further than Hordle."

"By my hit! the good dame speaks truth," said Aylward. "It seems to be the very home of them."

"What have you to say, you clean-shaved galleybagger?" cried the fiery dame, turning upon the archer. "Can I not speak with my own son but you must let your tongue clack? A soldier, quotha, and never a hair on his face. I have seen a better soldier with pap for food and swaddling-clothes for harness."

"Stand to it, Aylward," cried the archers, amid a fresh burst of laughter. "Do not thwart her, comrade," said big John. "She hath a proper spirit for her years and cannot abide to be thwarted. It is kindly and homely to me to hear her voice and to feel that she is behind me. But I must leave you now, mother, for the way is over-long for your feet; but I will bring you back a silken gown, if there be one in France or Spain, and I will bring Jimmy a silver penny, so good-bye to you, and God have you in his keeping!" Whipping up the little woman, he lifted her lightly to his horse



CLOSE AT HIS HEELS FOLLOWED A LITTLE WRINKLED WOMAN.

and then, taking his place in the ranks again, marched on with the laughing Company.

"That was ever his way," she cried, appealing to Sir Nigel, who reined up his horse and listened with the gravest courtesy. "He would jog on his own road for all that I could do to change him. First he must be a monk forsooth, and all because a wench was wise enough to turn her back on him. Then he joins a rascally crew and must needs trapse off to the wars, and me with no one to bait the fires if I be out, or tend the cow if I be home. Yet I have been a good mother to him. Three bazel switches a day have I broke across his shoulders, and he takes no more notice than you have seen him to-day."

"Doubt not that he will come back to you both safe and prosperous, my fair dame," quoth Sir Nigel. "Meanwhile it grieves me that, as I have already given my purse to a beggar on the road, I—"

"Nay, my lord," said Alleyne, "I still have some moneys remaining."

"Then I pray you to give them to this very worthy woman." He cantered on as he spoke, while Alleyne, having dispensed two more pence, left the old dame standing by the furthest cottage of Hordle with her shrill voice raised in blessings instead of revilings.

That night the Company slept at St. Leonard's, in the great monastic barn and spicarium—ground well known both to Alleyne and to John, for they were almost within sight of the Abbey of