

Editorial Snap Shots.

Wonder who it was that destroyed the records of a small fourth class post office? *

It looks to us that the sheriff has the Sage of Hemlock in a tight place for publishing libelous matter. *

It's a wonder they did not arrest the editor because the post office was moved. But they may yet, for they have to blame somebody. Well blame it on Baker. *

Instead of an attempt to muzzle the Press and muzzle the people, it appears to us that those who are trying to do this had better try to muzzle on the blind pigs. *

It is to be hoped that the blind fight won't get into any of the external orders. If it does the pigs ought to be booted, for it is no credit have them in any order. *

It is generally customary, Bro. Turner, when an attempt is made to muzzle the Press, stop free criticism and free speech for the Press stand together and champion the rights of the Press and the people. *

to the Anti-Saloon League: As a special favor and public request, editor of the Headlight will ask the League push all the other things they have against the bootleggers, for the reason that an attempt is made to persecute the editor. *

the business portion of the city gradually getting away from the street front, and from now on will be in the direction of the depot, for the city is having a steady growth, another year will bring about many more modern improvements in business houses and pretty cottages. *

Tillamook has elected a "wet" mayor. The open saloon cannot be more than the respectable state of affairs, moral and political, that has existed there in the year past.—Oregonian.

With all due deference to the Oregonian, we wish to state that the moral and business conditions are times better the year past than in Tillamook City was run "wide open" and outdistanced any mining town for gambling and bare-faced robbery of men who were made indigent and then taken to the gaming tables in the saloons and robbed of money which should have been used to provide clothing and comfort for women and children. That the cause of Tillamook County is dry and the cause still of the moral fight in the city, and the moral and political, that has existed there in the year past. *

of the citizens see that it is a case of persecution which is already acting as a boom. The last time that the editor was dragged into court was when he made a mistake in a name, and was fined \$5,000 damages. Talbot Johnson was the attorney who tried to get that amount of money out of the editor. At the end of the case the jury brought in a verdict of \$1 damages, and poor Johnson had to pay the editor's bill and his own and the taxpayers to pay the costs of a large number of jurymen who were kept from their businesses, and the editor, trying a case of that description, and by the way, Talbot Johnson appears to have moved spirit, will pan out expensive to the taxpayers county, and even more so if the fool law can deprive the editor of his constitutional rights of Press, free speech and a fair trial. But here is the part in this another attempt to persecute the editor, the editor will have to pay the costs of the trial also to muzzle them and deprive them of their constitutional rights. Will wonders be told in Tillamook for taking the editor into court and the taxpayers to foot the bills? *

Tillamook Jottings.

Several letters and other matter was left over this week on account of lack of time to get it into type.

The steamer Golden Gate will be put on the Tillamook-Portland run on Tuesday. She is not yet fitted up for passengers.

Christmas Gifts. Mrs. Weston will sell her Tahitan Curiosities. The money will be sent to help build the 4th S. D. A. Church on Society Islands.

Fred C. Skamp brought in more apples from his place on the Trask. They were Baldwin and sold from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per box. There is money in the apple industry in Tillamook County.

While making a landing at Bay City the Sue H. Elmore picked up the rope which was to have tied her to the dock, wrapping itself around the propeller. She was delayed going out on that account until it is removed, which is being done to day.

Gust Kunze and wife and daughter and Rudolph Kuntz and wife will leave for Idaho the first of the year to make their home there.

Word was received in this city to day that the body of Henry Wickman, a member of the life saving crew who was drowned in the capsizing of the life boat, was found at Arch beach.

DELIVERY SYSTEM CHANGES

Beginning, Monday, December 20th, the town will be divided into four divisions:

That part east of Second Ave. East and South of Fifth street will be known as division (1).

Fifth street and north will be division (3).

West of Second Ave. East and North of Fourth street will be division (2).

South of Fourth street and West of Second Ave. East, will be division (4).

Wagon Starts in Division.

No. 1—At 9:00 a.m. and 2 p.m.

No. 2—At 9:45 a.m. and 3 p.m.

No. 3—At 10:30 a.m. and 4 p.m.

No. 4—At 11:15 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Early delivery of meat in divisions Nos. 2, 3 and 4, at 8:30 a.m., and in division No. 1 at 9:00 a.m.

J. W. MADDOX.

Some Pertinent Questions.

TO THE EDITOR OF TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.

Captain Snyder and the Argo management pretend to be very indignant over the open letter published by a few of the survivors of the wrecked Argo, and even ask that they retract certain statements therein.

This letter in question would never have been published, but for the insulting and untruthful statements published in the Portland Journal of December 3rd, wherein the passengers are charged as being cowardly and unmanly and attempting to throw children overboard.

We understand that Capt. Snyder denies making these statements. As to that we are not able to say. But the article in question was published, and it is up to the captain and the Journal to straighten it out.

As for myself, I have nothing to retract; but could add still more if occasion should require.

If the captain can give a good explanation of the following questions it will put him in a much better light before the public:

Why did you attempt to come in over the bar at that stage of tide with the load you had and a heavy sea running?

Why did you not notify everybody on board to get ready to leave the ship when you saw it was necessary?

Why were you getting into the life boat while two of your passengers were working at the pumps to keep the ship afloat?

Why did you take most all the ship's crew in the life boat with you and drive the passengers to the other boat?

Why did you leave the ship before you saw everybody in the life boat?

How did it happen that you was a quarter of a mile from the ship when the last boat got off?

Why did you call to the mate in our boat to go back and get the man left on board?

Was it not your place to get him?

Why did you attempt to land in the breakers?

Wasn't it better policy to stay near the mouth of the bay than to pull for the Columbia, 60 miles away?

W. C. KING.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Tillamook County.

Francis G. Bailey, Plaintiff.

vs.

Charles A. Bailey, Defendant.

To Charles A. Bailey, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon,—You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the 28th day of January, 1910, and if you fail so to appear or answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the above entitled court for the relief prayed for in her complaint now on file herein, to-wit:

For a decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, for the care, control and custody of the minor children named in said complaint; and that defendant be required to pay defendant the sum of \$5 per month since the month of December, 1903, and the further sum of \$5 per month for each of said children, since the said December, 1903, and for the costs and disbursements herein.

This summons is published in the Tillamook Headlight for six consecutive weeks by an order of the Hon. Geo. H. Burnett, Judge of said court, which said order was made in open court in the city of Tillamook, Tillamook County, State of Oregon, on the 15th day of November, 1909. The first publication of this summons will be made on the 16th day of December, 1909, and the last on the 27th day of January, 1910.

A. W. SEVERANCE, T. H. GOYNE, Attorneys for Plaintiff.



Royal Baking Powder is the greatest of time and labor savers to the pastry cook. Economizes flour, butter and eggs and makes the food digestible and healthful

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Makes most healthful food
No alum—no lime phosphates
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Change of Rates.

Commencing January 15th, 1910, the following Joint Freight Tariff, applying on the Steamers Sue H. Elmore, Oshkosh, Gerald C. and Evie will go into effect. Freight Rates effective January 15th, 1910.

COMMODITY	TO	PORTLAND.	ASTORIA.
CHEESE	Twins	12 1/2c. per cs.	12 1/2c. per cs.
CHEESE	Trips	15c. " "	15c. " "
CHEESE	Brick	25c. " "	20c. " "
HIDES	Green in bundles	25c. " "	25c. " "
HIDES	Dry in bundles	4.00 " "	4.00 " "
Empties, when carried by these Steamers in... One half regular Rate.			

COMMODITY	FROM	PORTLAND.	ASTORIA.
Gen. Mdse. N.O.S.	per ton wt.	\$5.00 or Meas.	\$4.00
Flour, Feed and Grain	per ton wt.	\$4.00	\$4.00
Alfalfa Meal	per ton wt.	5.00	5.00
Hay Baled on Deck at Owners Risk	per ton wt.	2.00 Meas.	2.00 " Meas.
Salt in Bbls. or 'Sx.	per ton wt.	4.00	3.50
Sugar	per ton wt.	5.00	4.00
Cement	per ton wt.	4.00	4.00

The above commodities will be added too as the circumstances call for same, and the rates will only be changed upon Thirty Days Notice being given to shippers and the general public. But in NO CASE WILL THE RATE BE RAISED TO EXCEED FIVE DOLLARS (\$5.00) Per Ton Weight or Measurement.

The Companies and steamers interest reserve the right to lower these rates WITHOUT NOTICE.

S. ELMORE & CO., Gen. Agts. Astoria, Ore.

CHAS. G. STIMPSON, Agt., Couch St. Wharf, Portland.

B. C. LAMB, Agt., Tillamook.

TEACH THE YOUNG

To save a part of the pennies, nickles and dimes coming into their possession. Its good sense. The banking habit is a good one, therefore begin early and you will have thrifty boys and girls able to look after themselves when grown.

We Furnish a Steel Savings Bank Free to any person opening a savings account with a deposit of one dollar or more, if desired.

You Take the Bank. We Keep the Key.



Every successful person you know has a bank account. Why? Because he finds it help him in many ways. Open an account to day and get started on the road to prosperity.

A Savings Bank and Savings Pass Book with a Credit of One Dollar or More Makes an Excellent Xmas. Gift for Young or Old.

OLDEST BANK IN THE COUNTY

TILLAMOOK COUNTY BANK

CAPITAL \$30,000.00 STATE SUPERVISION

TILLAMOOK CITY, ORE.

SHOPPING IN MEXICO

Women Get Plenty of Excitement in Making a Purchase.

BARGAINING AS A FINE ART.

The Descent From the Asking Price to the Last Price and From That to the Final Selling Price Works Out Something Like a Farce Comedy.

When a woman goes shopping in the City of Mexico, especially if she speaks Spanish, she gets far more excitement for her money in the course of an afternoon than she could hope to compass in a year's time in America.

In the Spanish and French dry goods houses, where the trade is almost exclusively feminine, the goods are marked with the "asking price," which is a mere mathematical figure of speech, and the first question that the experienced shopper always asks of the salesman is, "What is your last price?"

This "ultimo precio" is generally about 25 per cent less than the selling price with which the goods are tagged. It forms, however, a certain basis from which to start the bargaining, which thereafter is carried on with all the skill and fury that characterize such transactions everywhere throughout Latin America. The woman customarily wishes to purchase a few yards of silk, for example. The marked price is, say, \$2 a yard, and the "last price" is given as \$1.50. The woman will look at the piece she desires with the same unconcerned scorn with which she regards everything else that is shown her. She will disparage it from every point of view and finally ask for something that is not likely to be in stock. At last she will sigh and look about in despair.

"Caramba, but I'm weary with this vain task of endeavoring to find something that I wish in this second class establishment! The prices are far higher than anywhere else, but I try to patronize this place because the proprietors are friends of my husband. Now, that rose silk is not the shade I wish, but I might be able to use it some time if I could buy it at a reasonable price."

The salesman, who has been listening with an assumed air of sympathy, responds with all the flowery eloquence that he can command and with a constant play of rapid gestures, his lighted cigarette in one hand describing a little arc of the somewhat dimmer than the diamonds he wears on his fingers.

"Senorita, we place at your feet this establishment and all that it contains. It is your house, and you may do with it as you will. But the very last price at which I can offer you this silk is \$1.25 a yard. I do this with a fear of losing my position, but with the hope that the proprietors will pardon my audacity when they learn that your husband is one of their personal friends."

"I thank you, senor," responds the shopper. "I appreciate your consideration, but I could not possibly accept the silk as a gift. Nevertheless I would be willing under the circumstances, so that you might make a reasonable profit, to give you 50 cents a yard for two yards."

At this the salesman drops on the floor the stub of the cigarette he has been smoking. This leaves both hands free, and if he is a master of the selling art as known in that country tears come to his eyes and he wrings his hands apparently in the depths of despair and chagrin. The Mexican dearly love acting and dissimulation of all sorts, and this byplay of the clerk is but a part of the price of the goods. After frenzied ejaculations he puts the price down to \$1 a yard, saying that that figure is the "last of the last prices." The lady has been gazing about indifferently and gathers up her pocketbook and other impedimenta as she rises to depart. As an afterthought and with condescension that amounts almost to pity she remarks:

"Sixty cents—no more. It is my last word. Adios, senor."

"One little moment, senorita. Do not depart in anger. Rather than let you go thus you may have the silk at 90 cents a yard, and I will make up the difference from my own pocket."

The lady hesitates, turns back as if indifferent, yet undecided. Then she again starts toward the door, speaking the phrase of pious farewell which is the Spanish equivalent of a final goodbye.

"May you go with God, senor."

She almost has reached the portal when the salesman catches up with her. He has had time to light another cigarette to fortify himself for the final struggle, and, waving this in one hand, he begs her, almost on bended knees, to return and take the silk at 80 cents a yard. She looks indignantly upon him. She has concluded that 80 cents would be about the right price and probably the best she can do. Yet she returns undaunted and in the softest of voices breathes the Spanish words which are the equivalent in that tongue for 70 cents. After ten minutes more of firmness on the shopper's part and every aspect of poignant grief by the salesman two yards of silk finally change hands at 75 cents.

The same furious bargaining is the rule in the grocery stores and in the sidewalk markets.—New York Press.

His Taste.

"Why does Julia feel that she must have a long coat at once?"

"Her husband has bought her a dress."—Harper's Bazar.

Simple diet is best, for many dishes bring many diseases.—Pliny.

ANTIQUITY OF DICE.

Origin of These Devices Buried in the Remote Past.

Scholars have delved in vain for the origin of dice, which, in various shapes, have been used in forms of worship and religious ceremonies since the dawn of history. Their earlier use was for the forecasting of events and obtaining of divine guidance. Their adaptation to a game of chance was comparatively quite recent.

There is a surprising number of varieties of dice, but they may be divided into two general classes. The most familiar form is the cube. With two exceptions—the Korean and Etruscan—cubic dice have the spots so arranged that the six and one, five and two and three and four are opposite, making the sum of the opposite sides invariably seven. In all ages the number seven has been regarded with particular awe and as having much mystic import.

The dice just described are not only proper to modern Europe and America, but to classical Greece and Rome, ancient Syria, Persia, India, China, Japan and Siam. The other form is the long, square prism sometimes found a vivid prehistoric ruins in Europe and existing today in India.

A most interesting form is the top or spinning dice, with four or six sides, which was twirled with the thumb and a small finger, of which a specimen was discovered in the remains of Naucratis, a Greek colony of 600 B. C. Two specimens of dice have been discovered at Babylon.—Harper's Weekly.

AN ARCTIC RESCUE.

The Feeling When the Relief Ship Came into View.

Very often during the months of daylight we stood on the cliff straining our eyes to see the longed for relief ship. As the summer of 1905 slipped on we almost despaired, but one day in July, when hope had almost abandoned us, we saw one of the boys jumping up and down and supposed that at last his brain had given way under the strain. In fact, many of us were almost crazy with the monotony and anxiety that were upon us day after day. We watched a moment and wondered which of us would be the next to go off his balance.

When we went to him and saw what he saw, the long looked for relief ship, I don't know whether we all jumped for joy or what we did, for we have no memory of our actions in that hour. Quickly each man gathered his little kit, ready to rush to the boats and leave forever that island where death had stared us in the face for sixteen months and where we had almost given up all hope of ever again looking upon the faces of our loved ones.

In our frantic haste to be gone many of us left behind relics and records which we prized and later regretted the loss of. At the end of sixteen months the relief ship Terra Nova had arrived, and we steamed to Norway, where our party divided, some going to London and others to Germany.—Captain Edwin Coffin's Account of the Ziegler Polar Expedition in National Magazine.

Has Seven Sons.

A mother who had only one child, a son, lost him through an accident by drowning when he was seventeen. His body was washed out to sea and never recovered. She very much wanted a portrait of him, and she called a famous artist who was a friend of the family. He asked for every photograph she had of her son from babyhood onward. When the painting arrived it represented a gladiator in a wood. Playing about were five little children of various ages, but all the same boy as his mother had known him. Coming down the center, joyous, gay, was the seventeen-year-old lad leading his baby self of one year by the hand. The mother looked at the picture and burst into tears. "I have lost seven sons!" she said.

"You had lost six of them before your son died," the artist replied.

Stealing Sea Water.

"They arrested me in Italy for stealing a bucket of water out of the sea."

The reporter laughed. He thought that the tourist on the pier was joking, but the tourist resumed:

"It's a fact. You can't draw water out of the Italian seas without a permit. The idea is to prevent your dodging the salt tax. Salt, you know, is very heavily taxed in Italy. It's a government monopoly. You buy it only in the government tobacco shops—a nickel a package, vest pocket size. And the government won't let you monkey with sea water lest you extract the salt from it."

Not Vindictive.

"There are germs lying in wait for you, no matter where you turn," said the scientist.

"I know it," replied the matter of fact person. "I dislike germs as much as anybody can, but I'm not going to quit eating, drinking and breathing just to spite em."—Washington Star.

The Widow's View of It.

Briggins is wily one—No, I shall never marry. I loved a girl once and she made a fool of me. The Widow (disappointed of her prey)—What a lasting impression she seems to have made!—Illustrated Bits.

Pleasant Rehearsal.

fair Amateur—The curtain will rise in a few minutes. Are you quite sure you know your words? Hero—Yes; all except the part where I kiss you. We'd better rehearse that again.

No man is really beaten until he himself admits it.