

GRIDIRON HEROES.

Ones Who Never Win Places In the Football Hall of Fame.

AND THEY WEAR NO "LETTER"

These Practically Unknown Men Are the "Scrubs," Who Help to Keep the Varsity Team on Edge—They Play the Game For the Gams' Sake.

There is no royal road to a thorough knowledge of American college football. The preparation of the varsity eleven is long and hard. The mills of the coaches grind slowly, and they grind exceedingly fine. There is nothing in store for much of the good material that in the end must be relegated to the side line. These men, wrapped in gray blankets, who line the low fence surrounding the field on the day of the big game, are the scrubs, or second team men.

There is a paradox in their situation—their only chance for personal glory lies in the defeat of the varsity eleven. There comes a time in many a big game when a coach, realizing that the day is lost, that his varsity men have done their utmost to no purpose and are being swept steadily down the field, will throw into the game scrub after scrub, hoping against hope that these men will play better than they really have a right to and so turn the tide. And even ten seconds in the big game give the scrub his letter.

So it is in after years that one may point out many a wearer of the letter, who was not nearly so good a football player as many scrubs. It has happened, too, that a man has fought for years in the hope of making the eleven, has improved slowly, if surely, has been sent into the big game as a forlorn hope and has played a game the like of which has not been seen on the field that season.

Even scrubs take their triumphs and their disappointments differently. There are not a few who are proud to have been on the second team in the year that the first eleven swept all before it. They have no varsity letter, but the discriminating know that they were better players than some of the varsity men of other years. There are other scrubs who bemoan the fact that they were not in college when the general average of the players was low and they would have been almost certain to make the first team. Be it said, however, for the honor of the second team that instances of the latter type are rare. A scrub player learns the lesson of self-sacrifice. It is his lot to be walked over daily by the varsity, while most of the instruction and encouragement are lavished on said varsity.

As a rule, however, there comes at least one week in the season when the scrubs are pampered and petted and made much of. The varsity is in the throes of a "slump," is lagging, dispirited and sullen. It is then that the scrub team suddenly finds that it is being taught to play the game just as if it were to take the field as the first choice against the foe. There is a coach for almost every man, there are words of encouragement, much valuable instruction and a new esprit de corps. Under the new inspiration the second team sweeps the flagging varsity off its feet, humiliates the first string players to the uttermost, while the coaches cheer the scrub and jeer the varsity. At least once a season it is very good to be a scrub, for at least once a season the scrub defeats and humiliates the team that has proved perhaps a terror to all its outside rivals. Nothing has such a salutary effect on the varsity as the eating of humble pie once in awhile.

In late years the scrub is getting more consideration than in the old days. Yet the men play principally for the love of the game and in order to make the going as hard as possible for the varsity. Sheer loyalty and the thrill of battle keep them at it year after year. They learn football from the ground up. They see the big games from the side lines and, knowing the signals, have a peculiar advantage over any other spectator. With a knowledge of the signals one may criticize the handling of the big team in the big game—may more readily understand the strategy of coach and quarterback.

It is this opportunity to analyze the big games, coupled with the chance to get practically as good coaching as the varsity, that makes excellent coaches out of many scrub players. Some of these scrubs have gone back to college and turned out freshman teams that have been able to fight the varsity to a standstill and so have astonished the very coaches who taught them. There have been instances of this at nearly every big institution in the east. Sometimes the services of these ex-scrubs have been eagerly sought by the veteran varsity coaches, and many a man without a field reputation has proved to be no mean strategist.

It is really these ex-scrub men who keep up the high average of interest in the game. They are turned out yearly at the rate of five or more to every varsity player. The varsity man may lose interest in the game in after years, but the scrub practically never. It is they who are the backbone of the pilgrimages to West Point, and it is they who talk football far into the night in the club and chop house.

The scrubs, in a word, all unbonored and ununsung as they are, are the backbone of the game in the colleges and out of them. They play the game and they watch it for the game's sake. New York Post.

GROTESQUE NAMES.

Burdens That Innocent English Children Had to Bear.

In England, as in other countries, thousands of people go through life cherishing a grudge against their parents for giving them absurd or incongruous names. It was most natural that a demure and pretty girl in a north suburb should feel resentful when she had to answer to the name of Busybody, given in honor of the winner of a race fifteen years before. Among the names registered at Somerset House are Alms and Graces and Nun Nicer, which were innocently borne by two little girls who found them most embarrassing in after years.

The appalling name of Wellington Woseley Roberts was borne by a young man who, in disposition and appearance, was anything but militant, and as little likely to win fame on the battlefield as his predecessors Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo Fox and Napoleon the Great Eagar. However, even these names, inappropriate as they may be, are to be preferred to Roger the Ass, Anna (sic) Domini Davies and Boadicea Basher. To parents of large families the advent of another child is not always welcome, but it is scarcely kind to make the unexpected child bear a token of disapproval. It must be rather terrible to go through life, for example, as Not Wanted James, What Another, Only Fancy William Brown, or even as Last of 'Em Harper, or Still Another Hewitt. And yet these are all names which the foolish caprice of British parents has imposed on innocent children.—Chicago Record-Herald.

OLD TIME GIRDLES.

They Were Indispensable Articles of Wear in the Middle Ages.

In the middle ages at the girdle were hung the thousand and one odds and ends needed and utilized in everyday affairs. The scrivener had his inkhorn and pen attached to it, the scholar his book or books, the monk his crucifix and rosary, the innkeeper his tallies and everybody his knife. So many and so various were the articles attached to it that the flippant began to poke fun. In an old play there is mention of a merchant who had hanging at his girdle a pouch, a spectacle case, a "punnard," a pen and inkhorn and a "handkercher," with many other trinkets besides, of which a merry companion said, "It was like a haberdasher's shop of small wares." In another early play a lady says to her maid: "Give me my girdle and see that all the furniture be at it. Look that pinchers, the penknive, the knife to close letters with, the bodkin, the ear picker and the scale be in the case." Girdles were in some respects like the chatelaines of more modern times, but they differed therefrom in being more useful, more comprehensive in regard both to sex and to articles worn, and when completely finished more costly. It is partly for this reason that we find girdles bequeathed as precious heirlooms and as valuable presents to keep the giver's memory green after death. They were not infrequently of great intrinsic value.

The Price of a Life.

According to Anglo-Saxon law, every man's life, including that of the king, was valued at a fixed price, and any one who took it could commute the offense by a money payment upon a fixed scale. The life of a peasant was reckoned to be worth 200 shillings, that of a man of noble birth 1,200 shillings, and the killing of a king involved the regicide in a payment of 7,200 shillings. It has been pointed out that the heir to the throne could thus get rid of the existing occupant by murdering him and thereafter handing over the fine, according to the scale, to the exchequer, when his offense would be purged and his money would come back to himself, for in those days the sovereign received all fines as personal perquisites. There is very little doubt that these rough means were practically applied in the case of some rulers.—London Telegraph.

Stevenson Obligated.

Robert Louis Stevenson once sent the following quaint letter to an autograph hunter: "You have sent me a slip to write on. You have sent me an addressed envelope. You have sent me stamps. Many have done as much before. You have spelled my name aright, and some have done that. In one point you stand alone; you have sent me the stamps for my postoffice, not the stamps for yours. What is asked with so much consideration I take a pleasure to grant. Here, since you value it and have been at the pains to earn it by such unusual attentions—here is the signature. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

Calculating.

"Why doesn't Mrs. Flimgit stop quarrelling with her husband and get a divorce?" "She realizes how much more of his income he would leave left after paying alimony than she now allows him for car fare and lunches."—Washington Star.

Careless.

She—My little brother shot off his gun this morning, and the bullet went through my hair. He—How careless of you to leave it lying around.—Exchange.

A Previous Question.

She—Papa asked what your intentions were last evening, George. He—Didn't say anything about his own, did he?—Boston Transcript.

If you get angry with a man or woman make up your mind what you are going to say and then don't say it.

DEATH BOARDS.

Curious Custom That Prevails in Eastern Bavaria.

In the eastern half of Bavaria, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, on the borders of Bohemia, lies the so-called Bavarian forest. This part of the country, although it boasts beautiful scenery, is seldom visited by tourists, probably for the reason that the charms of the region are little known even in Germany. This part of Bavaria has been in many ways untouched by civilization, and owing to its seclusion from the outer world some very strange customs are still in vogue, strongly reminding one of the middle ages.

One of these strange customs, strictly observed by the population, is the way in which they keep alive the memory of their dead by the erection of what are called "totenbretter," or "death boards." These are wooden planks cut in the shape of tombstones and roughly painted. Sometimes they bear also the image of a saint. They are erected—often in a row of thirty and more—on the roadside, in fields and meadows, near chapels and crucifixes, in the village streets—in short, everywhere; they are even nailed to houses and barns.

They do not mark burial places, as might be supposed. As soon as a person has died the corpse is put on a board, and there it lies in state until it is put into the coffin shortly before the funeral. These boards, then, are the so-called "death boards," and after the funeral they are cut into a suitable shape and decorated with an inscription containing the name of the deceased, his age and in most cases some lines of poetry.

These short poems, which are, of course, meant in every earnest, are occasionally very amusing. The boards are then stuck somewhere near the road or in the fields, where they sometimes accumulate to an alarming number. In the poorer districts these boards are not always cut into shape and painted, but are simply deposited just as they are at the foot of some crucifix, where they remain untouched until they molder away.

A REAL POISON PERIL.

Venom of the Most Deadly Creature in This Country.

One venomous creature there is in this country which may justly be termed a public peril in the widest sense. Proportionately to population more victims fall to it yearly in the United States than to the dreaded cobra in India. Some 12,000 Americans are killed every year by its bite. Three hundred thousand more are made seriously ill from the after-effects. Unfortunately the virus works so slowly that alarm is stifled. The victims do not sicken at once. The bite is forgotten, but ten days or two weeks after the subject falls into a fever. His blood is poisoned within him. Eventually in extreme cases he becomes delirious, succumbs to a stupor and dies.

Yet because there is nothing horrible to the sensation loving imagination in the malaria bearing mosquito public health or ignorance tolerates it with a grin and permits it to breed in city and country alike throughout the length and breadth of the nation. Compared with it as a real menace all the combined brood of snakes, scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas and other pet bugaboos of our childish romanticism are utterly negligible, are as figment to reality, as shadow to substance. It is perhaps characteristic of our wryly humorous American temperament that we should have invested the unimportant danger with all the shuddering attributes of horror and have made of the real peril a joke to be perennially haled with laughter in a thousand thoughtless prints.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Drummer.

Drummers seldom pray much, pay their bills, usually hate shams, dodge touches, have warm hearts, quick wits, much nerve and more courage, but are born scoffers. They have good memories, much humor and a fund of stories limited only by time. They can preach a sermon, lead in prayer, time a horse race, umpire a ball game, make a stump speech and have an opinion upon every known subject from prize-fights to the nebular hypothesis.—Commercial Traveler's Magazine.

Firmness.

"When my wife makes up her mind," said Mr. Meekton, "there is no use of arguing with her." "But every woman changes her opinion sometimes." "Yes. And Henrietta is particularly resolute when she makes up her mind to change her opinion."—Washington Star.

A Healthful Town.

"If this town is as healthful as you say it is, why do there happen to be so many doctors' signs in evidence?" "They are nearly all the signs of eye doctors. The people are so healthy here that they stay up nights enjoying the climate and injure their eyes."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Evidence of Faith.

Mrs. Brooke—Have you any faith in life insurance? Mrs. Lyne—Yes, indeed; I've realized \$100,000 from two husbands, and they weren't very good ones either.—Judge's Library.

Descriptive.

Stella—Would you say she was a well dressed woman? Bella—No; she looks like a Wall street bear who has covered in a desperate hurry.—Puck.

Manufacturing sorrow is one of the worst of sins.

HEADQUARTERS FOR DAIRYMEN'S SUPPLIES AND STEEL STOVES & RANGES



We carry a Large Stock of Hardware, Tinware, Glass and China,

Oils, Paint, Varnish, Doors, Window Sashes,

Agents for the Great Western Saw

ALEX McNAIR CO

The Most Reliable Merchants in Tillamook County.

Tillamook Lumber Manufacturing Company

Manufacturers of

FIR, SPRUCE AND HEMLOCK LUMBER

KILN DRY FLOORING, CEILING, RUSTIC AND FINISHED LUMBER.

ALL KINDS OF MOULDINGS. We Make the Best CHEESE BOXES for Tillamook County's Most Famous Cheese.

The Best Equipped Saw Mill in the County. New Machinery, Experienced Workmen and First Class Lumber of the Best Quality.

LET US FIGURE ON YOUR LUMBER BILL

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS

for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley's Kidney Pills purify the blood, restore lost vitality and vigor. Refuse substitutes. Sold by Chas. I. Clough.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, will receive bids for the grading to a width of 16 feet, in accordance with the survey and field notes, that portion of what is known as the Rock Road, which commences at or about Oretown school house and runs thence southerly to a point where the said survey of the Rock Road intersects the present road at or about the Commons place, now the Kodak farm.

Said bids must include the furnishing of all tools and equipment by the bidder (except the County road grader which the successful bidder may use) and should be made at so much per rod.

The successful bidder will be required to give a bond for the completion of the contract if awarded the same.

All bids to be filed in the office of the County Clerk of Tillamook County, Oregon, on or before 9 o'clock A. M. Wednesday, the 7th day of December, 1910.

The County Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids. By order of the County Court.

J. C. HOLDEX, County Clerk.

Fine Dairy Farm.

380 acres, lying 3 miles from Florence, the banking and shipping center of the district, with regular boat to Portland.

130 acres is dyked tide marsh, all in grass and worth \$300 per acre. 41 acres tide marsh in grass and not dyked, worth \$100 per acre. 210 acres rolling bench carries 4 million feet of virgin timber, worth \$6000—at local mills in logs at \$3.00 per thousand. This 210 acres after it is logged, will be worth \$100 per acre for pasture and apple raising. Fresh water trout stream runs through the tract. Fine building site, but no building. Only 30 minutes by motor boat to bank at Portland boat landing. Good school, church, stores, creamery, mill, etc., near building site. Total present value, \$70,000. I want to sell and will take \$20,000, with \$5,000 cash and balance long time with 6 per cent interest.

GEO. MELVIN MILLER, Box 33, Eugene, Ore.

WEINHARD'S COLUMBIA BEER,

EXPORT BEER, KAISER BLUME, Unsurpassed, Non-Intoxicating MALT TEA.

STAR BREWERY Hop Gold Beer, Special Brew.

BOTTLED BY THE Columbia Bottling Co., Astoria, Oregon.

Soda Waters, Siphons, Bartlett Mineral Water.

A. K. CASE,

PROPRIETOR Tillamook Iron Works General Machinists & Blacksmiths.

Boiler Work, Logger's Work and Heavy Forging. Fine Machine Work a Specialty.

TILLAMOOK, OREGON.