

THE FRUGAL DUTCH

Economical in Their Use of the Daily Papers.

ONE JOURNAL READ BY MANY

A Number of Families Will Subscribe For a Single Paper, Which Goes the Rounds—Some Thrifty Souls Will Only Rent Their Newspapers.

One thing visitors to Holland notice, and that is that no one on the streets or in the cars is seen reading a newspaper. Papers are not sold or hawked as they are in England and America. It is only when extremely important events take place and the papers print special "bulletins" that these are sometimes bought in the street. Usually the people content themselves by reading these same bulletins when they are displayed in the windows of cigar shops, booksellers' shops or at the offices of the newspapers, for the Dutch people economize in their reading matter. Many curious ways have been devised to economize with a plentiful supply of news and information.

Two, three or more families will combine to subscribe for one paper, which is then read by each in turn. The one who gets it first pays a little more than the later readers, and each may keep it for a stipulated time—an hour or perhaps two or three hours or half a day. In this way it is generally only the "head of the house" who gathers in any information. He monopolizes the paper as soon as it comes and keeps it as long as he can. The other members of the family then go without news or are only enriched by the crumbs of knowledge that now and then drop from the lips of paterfamilias.

Most of the daily papers in Holland are issued in the evening, but some of the more important ones publish morning editions as well. To subscribe for more than one paper is considered a terrible extravagance, and even a "whole" subscription for one family alone is looked upon as a luxury. At the clubs and the "coffee houses," the Dutch equivalent of the American saloon, there are always newspapers in profusion, and very many men do all their reading there and so save the cost of what they imbibe.

Many cigar shops and sometimes other stores have what they call "deposits" of newspapers, and there you can also "rent" a paper and take it home with you for a certain length of time for very little money indeed.

But the longing for information of the average Dutchman of the middle classes extends far beyond the daily papers. He wishes to know all about his neighbors far and near, and at the same time he wants to keep up his knowledge of the languages learned at school. For these purposes reading societies are formed either among friends or people living in the same neighborhood, or perhaps all the officers of a certain regiment will combine; then a committee will be selected from among the members on which will devolve the task of selecting suitable weekly papers or monthly magazines in English, French, German and Dutch and to circulate these among the members of the society. These books and papers are sent round in large portfolios either once or twice a week, as may have been agreed upon. So those joining such a society can read all the best English, American, German and Dutch periodicals at a slight cost.

Of course you don't always get the magazines as soon as they come out. This is carefully regulated according to the size of your contribution, and many people read their Christmas stories in June. Still, it keeps up an interest in the world at large and helps to keep fresh in the mind all that has been learned in youth.

If the head of the house gets most of the daily papers it is with the periodicals that the other members of the household have their innings. They can read them while father is at his bureau or at his office. Sometimes an enterprising bookseller starts one or more circulating portfolios in his neighborhood, and this is managed on the same lines as the private reading societies.

At the end of the year the old periodicals and books that have been the round of all the subscribers are sold by auction among the members of the association.

People visiting Holland are often surprised to find how well nearly every one in the country speaks foreign languages and how much he knows of the literature of other lands. If we take the above facts into consideration it will no longer seem so astonishing.—W. J. L. Kiehl in Chicago News.

The Right Flavor. The oxen had belonged to an old sea captain, and their new owner was unable to back the animals round in a narrow street despite all efforts with voice and ox goad.

The old captain appeared on the scene. "Hard aground, are ye?" he called. Then, seizing the ox goad, he backed the old boat steerer's cry: "Starn all!" The huge hulks slowly backed at the familiar call. "Larboard all!" The beasts swayed sideways, turned to the right, and the thing was done.—Success Magazine.

Success is not in an endeavor to do a great thing, but in repeated endeavors to do greater things.—Henry F. Pope.

THE VEILED PROPHET.

He Was the Most Noted Impostor of the Middle Ages.

The celebrated "Veiled Prophet" of history was a Moslem fanatic whose real name was Haken Ibn Hassem. He was born about the middle of the eighth century and became the most noted impostor of the middle ages. He pretended that he was an embodiment of the spirit of the "living God" and, being very proficient in jugglery (which the ignorant mistook for the power to work miracles), soon drew an immense number of followers around him. He always wore a gold mask, claiming that he did so to protect the mortals of this earth, who, he said, could not look upon his face and live.

At last, after thousands had quitted the city and even left the employ of the Caliph al Mohdi to join the fanatical movement, an army was sent against the "Veiled Prophet," forcing him to flee for safety to the castle at Keh, north of the Oxus. Finally, when ultimate defeat was certain, the prophet killed and burned his whole family and then threw himself into the flames, being entirely consumed, except his hair, which was kept in a museum at Bagdad until the time of the crusades. He promised his faithful followers that he would reappear to them in the future dressed in white and riding a white horse.

WANTED HIS PAY.

The Husky Jamaican Didn't Care to Work For Nothing.

An English naval officer tells of being on a war vessel which took provisions to St. Kitts, one of the British West India Islands. A hurricane had left many of the inhabitants in a destitute or even starving condition. Hungry crowds gathered at the wharf, but refused to help unload the food that was to be given to them unless paid for their work.

A similar story sheds light on the Jamaican negro. Some years ago a hurricane devastated the island, and a large relief sum was raised, much of it in England and the United States. The committee having charge of this fund sent a wagon load of lumber to a husky black man whose house had been scattered over the parish. He and his family were living in a rude shack, made out of odds and ends.

"What's that fur?" he asked of the men who were unloading the material in front of his patch of ground.

"That's for your new house," was the reply. "It's from the relief fund and won't cost you anything."

"Who's goin' to build mah house?" "You are, if anybody d'oes."

"Who's goin' to pay me fur mah work?"—Waynesboro Record.

An Old Garret on a Stormy Day.

I know no nobler forage ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy than the garret of an old family mansion on a day of storm. It is a perfect field of chivalry. The heavy rafters and dashing rain, the piles of spare mattresses to carouse upon, the big trunks to hide in, the old white coats and hats hanging in obscure corners like ghosts, are great! And it is so far away from the old lady who keeps rule in the nursery that there is no possible risk of a scolding for twisting off the fringe of a rug. There is no baby in the garret to wake up. There is no "company" in the garret to be disturbed by the noise. There is no crochety old uncle or grandma, with their everlasting "Boys, boys!" and then a look of horror.—Donald G. Mitchell.

Jack Sheppard as a Text.

Jack Sheppard had a great hold upon the imagination of the people of his time. The fact that 200,000 people witnessed his execution at Tyburn on Nov. 18, 1724, "upon the tree that bears twelve times a year" is some witness to his grim popularity. But one of the strangest tributes ever paid him was the sermon preached upon him in a London church.

"Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!" began the preacher, to the perfection of his congregation. He went on to draw a parallel between things of the flesh and those of the soul and to point out that the genius shown in housebreaking might have been bestowed upon "picking the locks of the heart with the nail of repentance."—London Standard.

Sure on One Point.

"Do you believe that great wealth has a tendency to keep a man out of heaven?" queried the party who was addicted to the conundrum habit.

"I am not prepared to express an opinion on that subject," answered the student of human nature, "but I know that great wealth has kept many a man out of the penitentiary."—Chicago News.

Stuttered Out the Child's Name.

Flannery—it seems his full name is Dennis K. K. Casey. What's all this K's fur? Flinnegan—Nothin'. 'Twas the fault of his godfather strutter's' when he tried to say "Dennis Casey."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Also It Uses Up Gold.

"Did you ever notice how a ring is like the marriage obligation?" "No. How do you mean?" "A ring is more easily put on than it is taken off."—Boston Transcript.

Musical Note.

A newspaper says of a recent operatic performance: "The ladies, the baritone and the bass were good, and so were the tenor's intentions!"

Every good deed performed is not only a present pleasure, but a support for the future.

THE BELTED PLAID.

This Was the Original Dress of the Scottish Highlander.

This original dress of the Highlander was the belted plaid. This was a piece of tartan cloth, two yards broad and four long, which was drawn around the waist in nicely adjusted folds and tightly buckled with a belt. The lower part came down to the knees in much the same manner as the modern kilt, while the upper part was drawn up and adjusted to the left shoulder, so that the right arm might be perfectly free. This upper part was the plaid, which was used as a covering for the shoulders and body in wet weather, and when the use of both arms was required it was fastened across the breast with a brooch, often curiously enriched. A brooch was also used to fasten the plaid on the left shoulder. To attire himself in the belted plaid required on the part of the Highlander no small amount of dexterity. The usual way was to lay it on the floor and after carefully arranging the folds to lie down upon it and then buckle it on. The lower end was fastened at the right hip. The utility of such a dress in the highlands is obvious, for the plaid rendered the man indifferent to storms and prepared to pass a night in the open air in the most inclement weather, while the loose undergarment enabled him to wade rivers or ascend mountains with equal ease. It was thus peculiarly adapted to the warrior, the hunter and the shepherd.—London Mail.

SHE LOVED SNUFF.

Remarkable Will and Funeral of a Quaker Englishwoman.

The will of Mrs. Margaret Thompson, which is preserved as a curiosity at Somerset House, England, is a tribute to the delights and consolations of snuff. The testatrix directed that in her coffin should be buried with her all her handkerchiefs and sufficient of the best Scotch snuff to cover her body. This she preferred to flowers, as "nothing could be more fragrant and so refreshing to me as that precious powder." Further, the six greatest snuff takers in the parish of St. James, Westminster, were to be her bearers. Six old maids, each bearing in her hand a box filled with the best Scotch snuff to take for their refreshment as they walked, were to bear the pall. Before the corpse the minister was to walk, carrying and partaking of a pound of snuff. At every twenty yards a handful of snuff was to be delivered to the bystanders, and at the door of the testatrix's house were to be placed two bushels of the same quality of snuff for gratuitous distribution. In order to insure the carrying out of her wishes the testatrix made the legacies given by the will dependent upon an exact and literal fulfillment of the conditions above named. In closing she bade all concerned to regard snuff as the grand cordial of nature.

Toned It Down.

"King Edward," said an English visitor in New York, "hated snobbishness. To show how ridiculous snobbishness was he used often to tell about an alphabet book of his childhood."

"This book had alliterative sentences arranged under each letter, thus: 'Callous Caroline caned a cur cruelly.'"

"Henry hated the heat of heavy hats."

"Under the letter V came the facetious sentence: 'William Vilkins viped his veskit.'"

"But the young prince's snobbish tutors thought this sentence too vulgar and low for their charge and accordingly they substituted for it the more refined and genteel line: 'Vincent Vining viewed a vacant villa.'"

Genius and Mediocrity.

Cornellie did not speak correctly the language of which he was such a master. Descartes was silent in mixed society. Themiostocles, when asked to play on a lute, said, "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village into a great city." Addison was unable to converse in company. Virgil was heavy colloquially. La Fontaine was coarse and stupid when surrounded by men. The Countess of Pembroke had been often heard to say of Chaucer that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation. Socrates, celebrated for his written orations, was so timid that he never ventured to speak in public. Dryden said that he was unfit for company. Hence it has been remarked, "Mediocrity can talk; it is for genius to observe."

The Art of Carpentry.

How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry may be seen from the following sentence: "The lawyer who filed the bill, shaved the note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, impaneled a jury, put them into a box, nailed a witness, hammered a judge and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter."

Contrary Human Nature.

"I suppose it is our natural contrariety which makes us do such paradoxical things."

"Such as what?" "As makes us long for things when we are short."—Baltimore American.

Annoying.

First Angel—What is that spirit fussing about? Second Angel—She says her hatpins stick out beyond her halo.—Harper's Bazar.

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Notice of Sale of Tide Lands.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the State Land Board of the State of Oregon will sell to the highest bidder at its office in the Capitol Building, at Salem, Oregon, on December 27, 1910, at 10:00 o'clock a. m. of said day, all the State's interest in the tide and overflow lands hereinafter described, giving, however, to the owner or owners of any lands abutting or fronting on such tide and overflow lands, the preference right to purchase said tide and overflow lands at the highest price offered, provided such offer is made in good faith, and also providing that the land will not be sold nor any offer therefor accepted for less than \$7.50 per acre, the Board reserving the right to reject any and all bids. Said lands are situated in Tillamook County, Oregon, and described as follows:

- Tide lands fronting and abutting on Lot No. 5 of Section 4, T. 2 N., R. 10 W. Beginning at a point where the section line between Sections 4 and 9, T. 2 N., R. 10 W., intersects the high water of Nehalem Bay, located S. 89° 51' W. 475.6 feet from the corner common to Sections 3, 4, 9 and 10 and running thence S. 89° 51' W. 1637.7 feet to low water line. N. 12° 29' E. 651.3 feet along low water line. N. 17° 59' E. 677.0 feet along low water line. N. 89° 51' E. 1350.3 feet to high water line. S. 8° 02' W. 346.9 feet along high water line. S. 00° 49' W. 936.1 feet along high water line to place of beginning, containing 43.9 acres. Applications and bids should be addressed to G. G. Brown, Clerk State Land Board, Salem, Oregon, and marked "Applicant and bid to purchase tide lands." Applicant to file with G. G. Brown, Clerk State Land Board, dated this October 4, 1910.

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