

Tillamook Headlight
Fred C. Baker, Publisher.

Official Paper, Tillamook City and County

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION
(STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.)
One year \$1.50
Six months75
Three months50
Office at corner of Main and 2nd streets.

EDITORIAL NOTES & NEWS.

Our peace commissioners in Paris are wrestling with terms to be decided upon. Spain sees the inevitable. She is powerless to stop the United States acquiring the Philippine islands. No doubt it appears to the Spanish people that the United States is somewhat exacting in demanding the surrender of these islands, but it was for humanity sake this country went to war, and it is for humanity sake we want to relieve Spain. No one can blame Spain for holding on so tenaciously, but the inevitable has come and Spain must give up her foreign possessions and sink into insignificance as a nation. In their next memorandum the American commissioners will go to the vital points. Definite notice will be given that the United States will take over all the Philippines, and Spain will unquestionably learn the terms, from which there will be no deviation. It is more than likely that the Americans will flitly summon Spain to effect an immediate amicable adjustment. Should Spain refuse to make a treaty ceding the Philippines to the United States, the instant alternative for America will be the conquest of that territory at an increased cost to Spain in the final settlement and possibly with the loss of Spanish life. It may be held that the Philippines, if ceded now, without any terms, would be an adequate war indemnity to the United States for its war expenses already incurred, and that Spain cannot expect, as a legal or moral right, any monetary concessions. Philippine acquisition by conquest, however, would entail upon the United States a waste of treasure far greater than a sum that Spain may accept now as the basis of peace for the session.

Why is it that so many Oregon raised young men, who have had many educational advantages, lack the energy and ambition to make a mark in the world? Most every town in Oregon appears to have a number of young men who appear to think that the only thing in life is to have a good time and to loaf about and grow up in idleness. The natural outcome of this is to create a large proportion of hooligans, who grow up to be worthless, idle class of citizens. Is it the fault of the parents in the training of their children that so many young men throw away splendid opportunities to improve their standing in society, brought about by parents being too indulgent? It is a sad sight to see young men of ability trying to make themselves tough as they possibly can by participating in every kind of debauchery against the earnest pleadings of their parents, yet in many cases the parents are responsible for this on account of lack of training on their part. We have heard much about protection the past few years but very little about protecting young men from the haunts of vice which exist more or less in every city, and which is even a menace to the young men who have the moral courage and determination to shun them. Perhaps someone can throw some light on why so many young men lack ambition, preferring to be tough rather than gentlemen. This is a matter which concerns every parent and should be thought out and delicately handled.

EASTERN democratic papers see in the result of the elections a promise that the democratic party will be redeemed from its devotion to free silver and go into the next national campaign upon some other issue. The Philadelphia Record says: "One lesson, at least, of the elections should be taken to heart by democratic leaders and that is that free silver is not, and cannot hereafter be made, an issue. That it remains a potent force cannot be denied, but its whole potency is and will be exerted solely to insure republican success and democratic failure. A study of the election returns must satisfy any one of sane mind of this." The Baltimore Sun, observing that the democratic gains are largely in the districts where the democratic candidates broke away from the Chicago platform, expresses the opinion that if that platform has been frankly abandoned everywhere the control of the next house would have fallen to the democracy and says: "So far as the election indicates tendencies it plainly means the decay of the silver party. It has made free coinage an impossible issue for 1900 and the losses of the populists suggest that greenback inflation will also be weakly supported in that year."

The Portland Evening Telegram has been obtaining the opinions of the editors of this state whether they favor the legislature appropriating money for the state fair. Possibly the real contention is an effort to have the state fair held in Portland instead of Salem. Logically Portland is the place to hold it, for that city would make a financial success of it every year. Although we are opposed to the state appropriating money for the neces-

sary expenditure which must attend the preparations, believing it should be self-supporting, the state legislature should appropriate enough money to give a premium to those who exhibit the finest product of Oregon growth or manufacture. Here is Tillamook county we make the best butter and cheese that is placed upon the market, and it would be a satisfaction to the citizens to know that Tillamook held the state diploma for butter and cheese making. Appropriating state money for premiums would create quite a healthy state of affairs, and, indeed, the county receiving the most would feel proud to possess them.

Iowa has reason to feel proud of its position at the head of the republican column. The Hawkeye state has rallied nobly to the support of President McKinley by more than 50,000 majority and a solid republican delegation in the national house of representatives. While there is naturally a falling off in the aggregate vote of Iowa, as in all other states; as compared with the returns in the presidential year, when popular excitement ran very high, there had been gratifying republican gains in every section of the state which can only be interpreted as an assurance of popular sympathy and appreciation for the great work done by President McKinley.

The west needs and must have millions of eastern capital if its development is to continue at the pace recorded for the past quarter of a century. It should be our aim and object constantly to show to the world that this is a far more inviting field for the investment of surplus capital than is either of the islands of the sea recently acquired by Uncle Sam. For a time American money may be poured into these new possessions, but the time is bound to come when the prevalence of the west as a field for wealth-getting is acknowledged the world over.

REVISING THE SCHOOL LAW.

The committee appointed to revise the school law of Oregon has about completed its labors, and the numerous changes it suggests will surely meet with approval of all citizens, no matter what political faith they may belong to. A good deal of contention appeared to exist in the committee as to a proposed change in the manner of selecting text books, but it was ultimately proposed to recommend that the governor appointed five competent men of high character from different parts of the state to make the selection, these men to have no official connection with the school system. Whether this will have a tendency to put a stop to the connivance of the book trusts remains to be seen. One thing is certain, however, the book monopolies will not have so many parties to deal with if this becomes a law. On the surface the proposed change appears all right, but on second thought we believe it will have a tendency to bring politics into our school affairs which is not desirable. In the matter of the vexed question as to the qualification of a voter in a school district of less than 1000 children of school age, no exceptions can be taken to the proposed change. It reads as follows:

"Any citizen of this state, male or female, married or unmarried, who is 21 years of age, and has resided in the district 30 days immediately preceding the meeting or election, and has property in the district, as shown by the last preceding assessment, upon which he or she is required to pay a tax of not less than \$5, shall be entitled to vote at any such meeting or election in said district; provided that no property qualification shall be required of any man residing in such district who is otherwise entitled to vote; provided, further, that no property qualification shall be required of any widow residing in such district who is otherwise entitled to vote, and who has a child or children over 6 and under 20 years of age."

It will be observed from this extract that there is to be a change in the age of children who shall be entitled to receive public money. The present minimum age is 4 years, which is to be changed to 6. The maximum age, 20 years is left unchanged. The time for taking the school census is fixed for the first Monday in June throughout the state, so there may be no doubling of the enumeration. It is to be carefully provided also just what children shall be enumerated.

The matter of compulsory education receives considerable attention. All the members of the committee were in favor of a law that would result in giving every child in the state a common-school education. The present law is deemed wholly inefficient. It is proposed that in every district the clerk shall supply the teacher with a list of all the children of school age in the district, and the teacher shall report to the county superintendent those who do not attend school. Unless it shall be shown that such children receive equivalent instructions elsewhere, to test which an examination will be provided for, the county superintendent shall withhold from the district the proportion of public money based on such nonattending children, and shall also take steps to prosecute those responsible for the nonattendance of the children. Compulsory school attendance is required only between the ages of 7 and 14 years, and where the child does not live more than two miles from a school. Twelve weeks a year is the time required for attendance at school. In districts having more than

4000 population, the appointment of a truancy officer is to be authorized, whose duty it shall be to look after the children who should be in school.

It is agreed that county treasurers should act as treasurers for school districts, and that no funds be turned over to the district clerks, so the clerks will be relieved of the necessity of giving bonds.

WHEN TO MARKET PRODUCTS.
Holding for Better Prices Sometimes Causes a Loss.

A writer in an article in the Country Gentleman says: "It is just as important to know how to market to advantage as how to produce to advantage. Profit depends fully as much on getting a good price as upon producing at little cost."

There is a natural penchant among producers to hold for a better price. It is a trait of human nature that a man's labor or its produce should seem to him to have greater value than they have in the eyes of others. The majority of men over-estimate their ability to handle capital. They stand ready to pay a higher rate of interest for money than they can make out of it. Hence "the borrower becomes servant to the lender." This is something farmers may well consider, for many farmers go into debt when they had much better stay out of it. Just as men overestimate their ability to handle capital do they overestimate the value of their labor and of its product. It comes of only normal, healthy self-respect—very valuable quality; but it must be reckoned with. We are disposed to hold our products for a higher price, independent of sound reasoning, of conditions or probabilities. From this inclination we may easily adduce our first rule about selling: In case of doubt, sell.

Each year the more clearly shows me the wisdom of this rule. Of course, there are exceptions to every general rule, and, as one cannot foresee the exceptions, one must follow the general rule to one's occasional loss; but I am convinced that if, year after year, the average farmer sells his products when he is in doubt whether he should sell or hold, he will find that he has done the best thing. It is easier to find cases of men having held too long than men having sold too soon. This follows from the inclination I have already noticed. So we may say that the probabilities that one will do the wrong thing by holding, the right thing by selling when in doubt.

If the general trend of prices were upward, the probabilities would be in favor of holding, and this might be put against the natural inclination to hold too long. If being at a higher point at the end of a period than at the beginning of it, and at the beginning of that period than at the end of the preceding one, then the probabilities would be in favor of a higher price by holding, though there might be uneven places in that plane and prices might be lower one year than they were the preceding year. If, on the contrary, the trend of prices is downward, the probabilities are that the best prices will be got by prompt selling. In fact prices have traversed a descending plane, as everyone knows, for the last quarter of a century. It appears to me that this is inevitable, due to labor-saving inventions and the discovery of better methods of production. It costs less to harvest grain with the self-binder than it did in the old days of the cradle and hand rake and hand binding—less than even later when we had the reaper, but it was necessary to bind the grain by hand; hence the price of wheat is a little less on this account. It costs less to plow and fit an acre with the sulky steel plow and the improved harrows than it did twenty-five years ago; hence, what is produced on that acre is sold for somewhat less. Hence instead of the tendency of price opposing the rule I have laid down, that tendency favors the rule. Again, the probabilities are that one will do best during a term of year by selling promptly.

We are prone to underestimate the cost of holding products. Grains lose in weight and deteriorate in quality when stored for a considerable time. The loss is not so small as many think. Mice and rats will generally do damage even in the best kept granaries and cribs. The weevil will get into the wheat, the oats may become musty, corn is easily and sadly damaged. Rats have well nigh ruined a crib of corn before it was suspected that they were doing much damage; naturally enough they kept away from the outside. Then there is the danger of the loss of the grain or hay by fire. Lightning may strike the mow or granary; or they may be burned in any of a half a dozen ways. If one insures his grain or hay one must pay the premium. Then, as long as one holds his farm products, one loses the use of the money they would bring. This must be considered. When all costs of holding products are taken into account, it will be seen that they foot up to an amount that makes no small advance in price necessary to cover them.

Notice.

I am sorry to disappoint my Tillamook patrons, but on account of an unexpected run of work here I will not be able to leave for some time. Just as soon as I can I will come and bring a good assistant with me, and we will remain at the Tillamook office till all work is done. Due notice will be given in this paper.
Yours truly,
W. A. WISE.

WRECKED ON THE COAST.

And 24 Men Find a Watery Grave.

YACUINA, Or., Nov. 18.—The British ship Atalanta, carrying a crew of 27 men and loaded with 2800 tons of wheat, from Tacoma for South Africa, was wrecked near Alesha bay yesterday morning, and so far as known there are but three survivors.

The causes of the wreck of the Atalanta and the circumstances attending it, produce a tale most harrowing. The mismanagement of the vessel by its officers is ascribed as the cause of the disaster, and the crippling of the Yaquina life-saving station by a penurious policy of that department of the government, adds horror to the situation. The only three survivors aver that some of their comrades on board the ship may yet be alive. While the members of the life-saving crew are in sight of the wreck, they are so far powerless to render assistance, owing to the want of apparatus. Meanwhile couriers scoured the beach and country adjacent for 10 miles, to procure horses to bring up the lifeboat and beach cart.

At 2 o'clock to-day the Atalanta lay about a mile off shore, in a field of furious breakers. Every swell passed over her works. Each hour a section of the vessel was seen to fall away, and the timbers float toward the shore. Astrong and steady southwest wind aided the current from the same direction to bear the wreckage rapidly to the beach. It was this power, and agency and this alone that enabled the three sailors who survive the escape the fate of their brethren. In a lifeboat filled with water, partly disabled with wreckage, and without oars to direct their craft, they were borne to terra firma, thus passing over a course of nearly two miles.

One man, who was clad in simply a shirt, more hardy than the others, made his way along the beach. He found a farmhouse and announced the news, and solicited assistance for his companions. When the unfortunates on the beach were reached they were so benumbed with cold as to appear beyond help. It has required nearly 24 hours for one of them to regain his powers of mind and body. The rescued sailors have been taken into cabins along the beach.

The only boat that has been picked up is that of S. A. Jacobson, of Stockholm. The wreckage that has come from the stranded ship has been ground up fine. Nothing of value has been found except some of the ship's papers which are in the hands of Captain Clark. Sail-or Frazer is the most talkative of the sailors, McMahon and Webber usually endorsing his expressions. He says that when the Atalanta struck the breakers all hands were called on deck. First Mate Hunter, who was officer of the deck at the time of the accident, spread the alarm with the call, "Get above, men for your lives. Don't wait to dress." Captain McBride sprang through the hatch exclaiming, "Put the wheel hard up, square the yards. My God, Hunter, where are you bringing us." The next moment the vessel struck. The waves lifted her three times so that she settle heavily on the sand. The last jar parted her just forward the mainmast, as though she has been cut with a knife.

At no time during the accident were seen the carpenter, the steward or the sailmaker. The survivors think they never got on deck. McMahon was on the port watch at the time the ship grounded. He relates that Captain McBride ran to him sobbing, "My boy, we are lost. I want you to promise to stand by me. I can't swim but two strokes." McMahon was with the captain for some time after they were thrown into the water, the captain holding to a broken spar, while McMahon swam about dodging debris until he climbed into the life boat. The disheartened commander of the ship soon surrendered to the inevitable.

NOTICE OF CITY ELECTION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the annual city election will be held in the City Hall, in Tillamook City, on Monday, the 5th day of December, 1898. Beginning at 9 o'clock a.m., and closing at 4 o'clock p.m. That said election is for the purpose of electing
ONE MAYOR,
FIVE COUNCILMEN,
ONE MARSHAL,
ONE TREASURER,
ONE RECORDER.
To serve for the year 1899; and
T. H. GOVNE,
W. H. REYNOLDS, and
TOM COATS,
Are appointed judges; and A. T. WHITE and D. C. PIERCE are appointed clerks to conduct such election.
By order of the common council,
C. N. DREW, Recorder.

THE North Yamhill Record shot off its bazoo again last week, throwing its billingsgate and epithets this time at the editor of the Headlight. No gentleman descends to such low down personalities, consequently we can afford to treat the slang of the Record with contempt and below the dignity of a gentleman to answer.

FRESH FROM THE YUKON.

A Tillamooker Comes Home for the Winter.

Two men, fresh from the Yukon, arrived in Portland on the late train from the Sound Friday night. They are Captain Arthur Riggs, who left Portland last May, and F. A. Elliott, of Newberg, who went in with the first trip of the steamship Elder, leaving Portland July 31, 1897. Both say they are glad they went, and both will return to the Yukon in the spring.

Riggs used to work for the O. R. & N. Co., but he resigned last April to go north. His first engagement after leaving Portland was with the Canadian Pacific to run the steamer Constantine on the Stickeen river. Before she left Vancouver, however, Stickeen prospects began to dim, and the Constantine was sold to British-American Corporation and put in tow of the steamship South Portland, which a Boston party had brought around from the Atlantic coast, for St. Michaels. The Constantine met the fate of most of the river boats that set out in tow for St. Michaels; she went to pieces in a storm about 400 miles off Queen Charlotte island. The crew was saved by the South Portland, which continued on to St. Michaels. There the British-American Corporation bought another river steamer, the Tyrrel, and Riggs was given command of her, and ran her all the season. Leaving St. Michaels, August 12, the Tyrrel made the run to Dawson with a load, and after doing some river business, she was put into winter quarters near the mouth of the Stuart river, and Riggs came out to spend the winter with his wife in Tillamook county.

Elliott went to the Klondike with L. S. Hill and A. Bowman, of Newberg. Both Bowman and Hill returned home during the summer, the former disgusted with the Yukon country, and the latter fairly well satisfied with his experience there. The party was among the first of the rush to get through to Dawson, and had provisions enough for the winter. Bowman worked for wages and the others prospected. They struck some good claims in the course of their prospecting. Four men are working two of their claims on a "lay" for the winter, taking half the clean-up for their labor. Elliott will go in so as to be present at the clean-up in the spring, which all mine owners deem it prudent to do.

Elliott was in Dawson the day after the big fire that destroyed two full blocks of the town. He says the fire left no one destitute, so far as he could learn. He started home October 20. Then there was no scarcity of provisions in the Klondike country, and on the way up the river he met several boatloads of provisions going in, particularly large quantities of fresh meat. There was sure to be an abundance of fresh meat in Dawson all winter, he says. For a while butter and eggs ran a little low, and speculators attempted to corner the supply, but more arrived and the market is now easy. Both Elliott and Riggs say the Yukon country is a good country for a man of good health, and average abilities to go to. The Klondike is occupied, but they say the opportunities are as good in other parts of that vast region as they were in the Klondike. The country is fairly shredded with gold-bearing streams, and paying claims are by no means hard to find. Elliott, who was out among the mines most of the time, though frequently in Dawson, says he knew of very few men who were without means of getting through the winter in reasonable comfort. He is interested in four or five good claims. He expects to look after his mining property in the Yukon country in summer time and spend the winters in Oregon with his family.

Two rich finds were reported as these men were coming up the river. One was on Thistle creek, about 10 miles above the Stuart, and they met the discoverer on his way to get his claim recorded. The other find is on Tulare creek, a few miles above Thistle. In both instances the reports appeared to be authentic, and to be supported by the facts, and the gold looked like that of the Klondike. Favorable reports have been coming from American territory down the river, and it is believed there is a vast extent of mining ground there as rich as anything in the Klondike.

The Tiny Girl.

Mother says she's awful bad,
Gets so cross it makes her mad.
Wants to know if I can't do
Something, little girl, to you;
Thinks I better whip you well,
Says you're good and bad a spell,
I ain't home all day to see,
So don't know how bad you be.
But I couldn't bear to whip her,
When I see her sweet lips curl,
For she's such a very little,
Such a tiny, little girl!
"Wouldn't mind a word to day!"—
"Spect that's what her ma will say."
"Just as bad as bad could be,"
Mother tells me that there child
Sets her sometimes wild.
Won't I punish her a bit?
Thinks she's better after it.
But I couldn't bear to whip her,
When I see her sweet lips curl,
For she's such a very little,
Such a tiny, little girl!
Thinkin' of her all day long,
With her laughter and her song;

But your mother says it's true
Bad man's got a hold of you,
How about it, little Miss,
With the rosy lips to kiss?
Couldn't punish her a bit,
And that just clean settles it.
But I couldn't bear to whip her,
When I see her sweet lips curl,
For she's such a very little,
Such a tiny, little girl!

The Ranch Girl of the West.

There's a simple grace about her that her garb cannot disguise,
There is frolic in her nature, laughter in her sparkling eyes,
There is vim in every action, vocal ginger in her words,
And the music of her singing rouses envy in the birds.
All the tinting of the roses finds reflection in her cheeks,
When she laughs we hear the rippling of her dashing native creeks,
And the tenderest emotions sway the heart within the breast
Of that bud of native modesty, the ranch girl of the west.
She can ride the restless broncho in its most rebellious mood,
Till it bangs its head in meekness, till its spirit is subdued,
She can pitch the long riata o'er the horns of fleeing steer,
And her dauntless border spirit never feels the thrill of fear.
She will ride upon the roundup with a free and dashing air,
While the breezes softly ripple through her loose, unprisoned hair;
All the dangers of the riders she will share with nery zest,
For timidity's a stranger to the ranch girl of the west.
Mounted on her lively broncho flying at terrific pace
She's an eye-entrancing picture of the poetry of grace,
And the hoofbeats of her pony as she wildly speeds along
Beat the time in thumping measure to the music of her song.
On the hills the gray coyotes catch the ring of her refrain
And their harsh, discordant yelping sounds in envy o'er the plain,
And the sagehen crouches lower o'er the brood within her nest
Filled with awe to hear the carols of the ranch girl of the west.
All the rough and dashing riders of the cattle studded plain
Are devoted to their princess, loyal subjects of her reign,
And the lucky knight who wins her feels that he's secured a prize,
And rejoices at the envy in the other fellows' eyes.
As a quiet wife and mother she's a gem of priceless worth,
Yet her voice is ever ringing with the olden girlish mirth,
And the songs of love she carols to the baby at her breast
Seem as realistic echoes from the ranch girl of the west.

A Soliloquy.

This world is such a bubble, doncherknow,
Full of twails and of twoubles, doncherknow;
You come to earth to cwy,
You grow oldah and you sigh,
Oidah still, and then you die, doncherknow.
And it's all a howwid mix, doncherknow;
Business, love and politics, doncherknow;
Fashions, follies, cliques and sets,
Clubs and pawties, sighs, wewgets,
Stwuggle, stwif and cigawettes, doncherknow.
Business? Aw! That's twade, doncherknow.
Something lost or something made, doncherknow;
You twouble and you mope
And you hang your highest hope
On, perhaps, the—pvice of soap, doncherknow.
Politics? Just a lawk, doncherknow,
Just a nightmare in t he dawk, doncherknow.
You perspire day and night,
And aftaw all the fight,
Why—perhaps the wrong man's wight,
doncherknow.
Love? Aw! yes; you meet a girl, doncherknow,
And get in such a whirl, doncherknow;
Get down upon the floah,
To adnoah and to imphloah,
And it's all a howwid boah, doncherknow.
Fashion? Aw! that's dwess, doncherknow.
The cause of much distress, doncherknow,
To determine what to weah,
When you go and likewise where,
And how to pawt your hail, doncherknow.
And there's weally nothing in it, doncherknow,
For you live just for a minute, doncherknow,
And when you've eaten, read and felt,
Heard and seen and said and smelt,
Why—all the cawds aw dealt, doncherknow.
You have one consciousness, doncherknow,
One stomach, and that's small, doncherknow;
You can only weah one tie,
And one glass in your eye,
And—one coffin when you die, doncherknow.