

News for the Unterrified.

Now that both parties have nominated their candidates, it is not a question which ticket will be elected, but the majority which the republican candidates will win by, for party strength, between democrat and republican, in Tillamook county is two to one in favor of the republicans, while some of the local candidates at the last county election went more than three to one. As far as the HEADLIGHT can ascertain, we fail to see where any perceptible change of sentiment has taken place in the republican party of this county the past two years. True, it may be that a few dissatisfied republicans will not support the ticket, but this will be offset by democrats and others who have recently affiliated with the republican party. Ex County Judge W. W. Conder is the strongest candidate on the democratic ticket, but two years ago, when running for joint representative he only polled 339 votes to 607 cast for Mr. B. L. Eddy. As Mr. Jasper Smith is popular in the republican party and has the confidence of the taxpayers, with no faction opposing him, he surely will poll as many if not more votes than Mr. Eddy did, while Mr. Conder's vote will probably be about the same. Under these conditions it should not be a question of doubt who the next county judge will be, and in Jasper Smith the county will have a conservative man who will look after the interest of every community. Neither has anything transpired which will reduce Mr. Eddy's vote, but if anything for the ability he displayed at the last session of the state legislature, he will have the solid republican vote, besides a large number of votes from democrats thrown as a boquet to Tillamook's able and distinguished son. For sheriff and county clerk the republicans have two "political fast horses" in Alderman and Mason, as their political opponents two years ago probably thought. Alderman polled 687 votes to 279 cast for F. T. Fitzpatrick, while Mason polled 667 to 296 for Coates. Both Fitzpatrick and Coates were considered strong and competent candidates two years ago, but they went a little behind on their party vote. J. D. Edwards is the candidate to oppose Alderman this year, and having figured in local politics for a number of years, he is known as one of the democrat war horses. His last political fight was four years ago when he was the independent democrat for county judge in a three corner contest, which resulted as follows: Edwards, 355; Huff, 264; Sappington, 409. The same year Alderman polled 696. If Edwards can poll as many votes as he did four years ago he will be able to congratulate himself, for it is claimed that the fusionists in 1898 would have elected their candidate for county judge had not Edwards come out. Homer Mason will run ahead of his ticket as in the two previous years, and there is nothing to doubt that E. Hoag, for treasurer; C. W. Bodyfelt, for commissioner; A. M. Larsen, for assessor; and C. E. Reynolds, for coroner, will poll the entire republican vote, while F. L. Sappington, for county surveyor, will probably fall behind. It was believed that the factional fight which started against Eddy, Alderman and Mason would have a tendency to reduce the republican vote, but on the day of election republicans will line up shoulder to shoulder, when it will be found that but few have deserted the republican party and gone over to the enemy.

Greatness of Cecil Rhodes.

Whatever criticism may be passed upon his life, no man could have left a nobler monument in his death than the late Cecil Rhodes. The progress of the world and a spirit of broad humanity which recognizes no geographical line or sectional bias are the salient characteristics of his will, portions of which are now being made public. They lift and illumine the man, give breadth to his ideas and do honor to that common humanity with which we all sympathize, but wish most—and even the best men—in their highest practical aspirations confine to the geographical limits of their own countries. Through reading his will the world at large will gain a bigger, better and juster appreciation of the man. To say that he was a great man is simply to say what the world has long conceded and the record of his life has proven. But to perceive not only that he was great but that he was not built along the lines of other men is to concede an unique greatness to which he may justly lay claim under the provisions of his will. Great ideas which possess men usually culminate through a process of evolution. They start in modestly enough at the inception of his career, with his success until at last after the process of years they burst upon the world in all their grandeur. But with Rhodes all of his central ideas for the future of South Africa—all of those ideas upon which his fame as an empire builder ultimately rest—were as clearly defined and as lucidly expressed in the will which he made at the age of 24—just a quarter of a century ago—as they were in the great testamentary document which he filed in 1899. To those ideas he remained for a quarter of a century true as the needle to the pole. He laid out for himself work which no man could accomplish in the ordinary span of two human lives, but he left behind him his ideas, a group of able lieutenants who were impregnated with them and vast fortune to draw upon to carry forward his great plan of federation and the commercial enterprises incident to it long after he knew his own great brain would be stilled in death. But even this did not measure all in the man or his ambitions. Back of it all is the bequest of \$10,000,000 to establish a scholarship at Oxford, in which beneficence the people of all the English-speaking world and Germany will participate. For many years there have filtered through the American press occasional stories of the high admiration for American institutions, particularly for the federation idea, which for the time in human history had been first formulated in practice. But no one appreciated how deep-seated was this admiration and how thoroughly it had taken possession of his mind, colored his imagination and influenced his life plans. When he contributed \$50,000 to the Farnell campaign fund he was credited on one hand with quixotic ideas, on the other with a selfish purpose of

securing parliamentary concessions. But as his will clearly indicates the utter lack of home rule, the throwing of the whole burden of government, down to its most trivial details, upon parliament is a dangerous weakness in the British government which loudly calls for remedy. It is now evident that whatever his immediate motive in making this contribution, back of it all was the profound conviction that in this way alone could Great Britain hope to remedy existing evils and wipe out racial bitterness, not only in Ireland, but elsewhere in its vast empire. And, best of all, his dream is peace—to knit together the vital races of the world (exclusive of Russia, which was beyond his range) that England, Germany and the United States combined might maintain the world's peace while lifting the human race to a higher level, opening new avenues of commercial and constructive enterprise and raising the standard of humanity in the remotest corners of the earth. The thought is a glorious one and great glory must fall to the man who conceived it, exhausted his last effort to achieve it and who left his fortune to bring about its realization.

The Slimy Old Bucket.

There is one thing that Tillamook county can boast of and that is a good drink of cool water at any time of the year. The thousands of springs yielding the purest of water, are not only convenient for the traveler, but make it possible for almost every family to have the water piped into the house at little cost. The following parody on the "Old Oaken Bucket" contrasts what we enjoy here with what many have to endure elsewhere: With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood Recalled in a light of a knowledge since gained, The malarious farm, the wet fungus grown wildwood, The chills then contracted that since have remained; The scum covered duck pond, the pig sty close by it, The ditch where the sour smelling horse drainage fell, The damp shaded dwelling, the foul barnyard night it— But worse than all else was the terrible well, And the old oaken bucket, the mould-crusted bucket, The moss covered bucket that hung in the well. Now little I know of the enteric fever Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink, But since I've become a devoted believer In the teachings of science, I shudder to think, And now far removed from the scenes I'm describing, The story of warnings to others I tell, As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing, And I gag at the thought of that horrid well. And the old oaken bucket, the fungus grown bucket— The slimy old bucket that hung in the well.

Reckless Bravery in South Africa.

The information that in a fight on the Harts river one party of the Canadian rifles kept its post until every man in it was either killed or wounded, is no unusual bit of information to come from South Africa. Indeed the bravery of the British troops and officers in the Boer war has never been excelled by any people in any war in human history, and whatever may be lacking in the conduct of the war, bravery cannot by any stretch of the imagination be classed in the list. Indeed, in the early stages of the war, exhibitions of personal bravery were carried to really a ridiculous length. Officers and men fairly sacrificed themselves without hope of accomplishing any good and not even with the merit of setting an inspiring example to men under their command. The theory of the Boers is very different. They are brave men too, but they do not recklessly expose themselves. They have adopted the very practical theory that they are of more service to the cause and their country while alive than they could be if dead and uncomfortable buried in the trenches. Therefore they work whatever havoc they can to the enemy and expose themselves as little as possible. While this may not be the most inspiring sight from the standpoint of romance or literature, it has proven exceedingly effective when put into actual practice and is one of the circumstances which has most powerfully contributed to the prolongation of the war in the face of such great odds. There is seldom a lack of opportunity to show an inspiring example during war, but whatever glamor may surround such exhibitions it is quite certain that in this practical age purely reckless bravery without hope of accomplishing good results is not rated as highly as it used to be. "It is magnificent, but it is not war," is the sum of modern philosophy, and the sooner the British learn that blunt and homely truth the sooner will they end the war, the bigger the results they will have to show for it and the more men they will have to serve their country in future wars.

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The First Thing Girls Ought to Know.

[TO EDITOR OF TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.] Girls ought to know, first of all, that they are the artificers of their own fortunes, as really as boys. "Self made, or never made," applies to them no less than it does to their associates of the sterner sex. All the wealth of the world can neither purchase nor hire substantial preparation for the duties of life. The best schools cannot furnish it, nor the best social advantages. The best gifted teachers can only "point the way." These facilities are at best only necessary helps. The learned can use them to aid her in the resolute achievement of success. If not inclined to do that, she must plod, linger, behind and fail. Before a dull, lazy, indolent pupil, the instruction is powerless to inspire and mould. Richter, the German author, was congratulated upon the high position of influence and honor which he had achieved for himself, when he applied to have made as much out of myself as could be made of the stuff, and no man should require more." In that reply is the true spirit of enthusiasm and self-help that are indispensable for a girl if she would make the most of herself. There is no reason why girls should be more content with mediocrity than boys. We say to the latter, "You can accomplish if you only think so." "Think you can, and you can." "Where there's a will there's a way." Why not say the same to girls? Do not they need the same kind of encouragement and inspiration? If we cannot say as much to them, for the sake of consistency and philosophy don't let us repeat the nonsense of the past: "You are only a girl, and a girl can't do that." "Girls can't keep store." "Girls should not study surveying." "Girls can't skate, or play ball." Tell them they can do it; for that is just as true of them as it is of boys. Why, talk to boys as men have talked to girls, and the spirit emulation would be repressed within them, and they would crawl back into themselves, never more to be heard from. "Excellent" is the watchword for girls, as well as for boys, inscribed upon their ribbons and fans, and written in capitals upon the fly-leaf of every text-book. Nothing less will inspire their souls with dauntless resolve. Girls should be heroes in surmounting difficulties, as boys should be heroes in the same. They should be cool and brave to meet responsibilities, and cease to lose heart at trifles, and scream and jump at the sight of a spider or mouse. They need to rise above the girlish idea of helplessness, and to feel the divinity within striving for nobler things; and to know that the prizes are for those who gain the mastery by dint of perseverance. This is according to the plan: "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth toward the mark for the prize." It is the true condition of success for both man and woman. The idea that education is more easily obtained now than it was formerly is inimical to self-culture. Such an impression is like to produce the same kind of false system claiming to teach "French in six easy lessons," and to accomplish other impossibilities. There is a rage for the "double quick." People can scarcely wait to be rich, great, or good. They hail "short cuts" to learning, fame and affluence. Young persons are especially prone to be hurried by rapid transit policy. Girls are no exception. They welcome the delusion, when a little serious thought would dispel it at once. Does the acorn grow into a sturdy oak more rapidly now than it did in the days of our grandfathers? Does the babe develop into childhood sooner than he did in the days of our grandmothers? Does it not require about the same length of time now as ever to make a man out of a boy, and a woman out of a girl? Are there any "short cuts" or "across the rails" in agriculture, mechanics, or manufactures? These questions answer themselves. There is no improvement, in all these departments. There is improvement, also, in the methods of education. And yet, about the same amount of labor, industry, perseverance, and courage are involved in culture now as there was a century ago. It is just as true now as then that "activity is the great law of culture, and that self-improvement is the great business of life." Girls who understand this fully cannot fail to appropriate the various aids to self-help; especially, when they reflect that they can find culture, not only in the school room, but also at the fireside, in the kitchen, library and parlor; in the office, behind the counter; in the sewing-room and social circle, and everywhere that a thoughtful and inspiring mind can glean. To a girl resolved upon self-culture, the whole experience and observation of life become a school; but discipline, the outcome of which will appear in complete womanhood. Teachers can make this subject plain and attractive to girls. Dr. Arnold used to say, "Never do for a pupil what he can do for himself." It was said that "he worked not for, but with his class, and strove in all his methods of instruction not to teach directly, but simply to guide in efforts for self-education. He considered the office of the teacher to be like that of the guide-board by the way side, to direct to the path, which was to be trodden with diligent footsteps. He often said it was not knowledge, but the means of gaining knowledge, he had to teach; that he desired not so much to impart information as to prepare the minds of his pupils to use to advantage subsequent acquisitions; to learn how to study and how to start aright in the lifelong work of self-culture." Dr. Arnold had no faith in geniuses; but he believed and taught what Kitto affirmed; viz., "I thought then, and think to this day, that all the fine stories about natural ability, etc., are mere rigmarole, and that every man may, according to his opportunities and industry, render himself almost anything he wishes to become." It is equally true of girls. Nehalem, Ore. G. A. WALKER.

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