

Warning to Newspaper Borrowers.

Here is a little story of what occurred to a man who was too economical, of course it was not that he was too stingy, to take his home paper. Perhaps he was like many others—was taking too many papers, and could not afford to subscribe and pay for his home paper—as long as he can beg or borrow it from relative or friend who pays for the home paper.

An exchange says: "A man who was too economical to take his paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a \$4 stand of bees, and in ten minutes looked a very warty summer squash. His cries reached his father who ran to his assistance, and failing to notice a barbed wire fence, ran into it breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy, and ruining a \$4 pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence, and got into the corn field and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the wife upset a 4-gallon churn full of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. In the hurry she dropped a \$7 set of teeth. The baby left alone, crawled through the spilled cream and into the parlor, ruining a brand new \$20 carpet. During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man; the dog broke up 11 setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts."

Now subscribe for the Headlight, the oldest, brightest and best newspaper in Tillamook county, and it is all home print.

Held Down the Mud Flats.

You sha'n't go home till morning,
You sha'n't go home till morning,
Until the break of day!

This was what the wild waves were saying on Saturday and what was wafted across the ruffled water of Tillamook bay to Tillamook City. It was an ill-omen, for in the evening this refrain was heard:

We can't get home till morning!
What did it all mean? Simply this. A merry party left this city that day for the Sandspit in a fish boat. Commodore Carl Haberlach was in command with a crew of young braves who delighted the young ladies when they displayed their skill as navigators of the mighty deep, little dreaming they had a Jonah on board who had jilted the Skookum Lake spooks. The sea was angry and the elements were out of joint, making the situation ominous as the boat glided over the troubled waters. Woeed on by the mischievous spirits, all went well until the waters suddenly receded, leaving the party to hold down the mud flats for the night and hear the cackle of the clams as they joined in chorus, "Home, sweet home!" Query: Who was the Jonah?

Lost their Effervescence!

The party which left this city on Sunday morning for a day's outing and fishing up the Miami was out of luck. It started out loaded with plenty of good things to satisfy the inner man and to make the outing enjoyable. Who the mascot was in starting out and the hoodoo in coming home we have not learned. To make a long story short, while the party was away fishing and having lots of fun there were others who thought they could do likewise by making a raid on the party's lunch baskets and carrying off the effervescence. It is too amusing to describe the consternation and anger that was pictured on every face when the party returned and learned what had happened. To put it mild, the dander of the party was up and some of the young gallants were ready to go on the war path. One gentleman was heard to say despondently: "It's, ah—Blasted shame, to steal one's beer! Don't you know." The editor of the Headlight must admit that, if he had tumbled across so many nice things, and being hungry and dry, whether he could have resisted the temptation. Fortunately we can prove an alibi. As most newspaper men can unravel a little mystery like this it is up to Bro. Watson to determine who got away with his effervescence and was the hoodoo of the party. But—Hush! Hush! The spooks are on the trail of the spook hunters.

Prostitution and Social Purity.

Mrs. M. E. Hoxter, who came in from Portland last week to lecture and to solicit subscriptions for the Florence Chittenton Refuge Home for Oregon, left on the steamer on Monday. The home is for the shelter of unfortunate girls who have fallen from the paths of virtue and who want to reform. Some 50,000 girls go wrong or are enticed into houses of prostitution every year, and one can only imagine the sorrow and distress which it brings to that number of families and homes in the United States when it takes so many innocent girls to become the victims of the worst class of wretchedness, vice and misery. And there are scores of men and women who conduct houses of ill-fame for the money there is in it, caring not whose daughters they lead astray and convert into common prostitutes, and breeders of venereal disease which eventually kill them. No matter how tenderly and virtuously a girl may have been raised, and no matter how respected her parents may be, there is no telling whose daughters will go astray in this respect when there are so many pitfalls to ensnare them. Social purity is a deli-

cate question, and is seldom handled by the country press, but it is of vital importance to every community and home. We will close by asking parents one pertinent question, and it is this: What assurance have you that some of the daughters you are raising will not fall victims and be enticed away to houses of prostitution?

Tillamook County Bank Opens.

In our advertising columns will be found the card of the Tillamook County Bank, which opens its doors for business next Saturday. Some delay was experienced in the completion of the fire-proof vault and building, so the bank opens some six weeks later than contemplated in the original plan. This institution is a welcome addition to the business enterprises of Tillamook City and County. The directors are M. W. Harrison, W. W. Curtiss and B. L. Eddy, men who are too well and favorably known to our people to need any introduction. Their names are a guaranty that the bank will be conducted upon safe and conservative business principles and will be an important factor in the future financial history of Tillamook. That the Tillamook County Bank will be a safe institution and that the people of the county will have implicit confidence in it is a foregone conclusion, for that is already assured by the names of the gentlemen who are at the back of it.

We note with pleasure the substantial and attractive appearance of the banking house, which is another creditable building to improve Tillamook City. The fire-proof vault is built of Tillamook sandstone, laid in the most careful manner, and the bank safe is of the latest and most approved construction, being guaranteed to be burglar proof. It is of solid manganese steel, and is known as the Manganese Steel Safe, manufactured by the Hibbard-Hodman-Ely Company of New York. Ladd & Tilden, of Portland, the Merchants' National Bank, of Portland, Ladd & Bush, of Salem, and other large banking houses of the Northwest have recently adopted this style of safe, after a thorough test by explosives and have discarded all other makes.

The bank counter and fixtures are pleasing examples of the highest skill of well known Tillamook workmen, including Mr. S. A. Brodhead and his assistants and Mr. Magnus Munson. The Portland correspondent of the new bank is the Merchants' National Bank of that city and the New York correspondent is the National Park Bank.

"News" Twitted Sam Elmore.

Astorian News: "Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Elmore have just returned from their Tillamook ranch, where they are said to have been investigating the project of asparagus raising. J. H. Henbow, an expert from Sacramento, went with them. He says California produces 98 per cent of the canned asparagus of the world. Asparagus lands near Stockton have risen from \$10 to \$1000. It is said it will cost Elmore \$15,000 to make the experiment, or less than one half what his newspaper experiment has cost him—and he is still holding the snipe bag." The Headlight considers this uncalled for on the part of the News, for it must be cognizant of the fact there is not a city in Oregon where so many persons have had their eye-teeth cut in dabbling into newspapers and have dropped as big "wads" as they have in Astoria. And even Mr. Elmore, who is reputed to have good business sagacity and tact, slipped up as slick as others had done in that city. It is known amongst newspaper men that more money has been lost putting it into Astoria newspapers and getting tied up with them, than in any other city in Oregon—and the end does not appear in sight, does it Sam?

Stole a Buggy to go to a Dance.

Mr. Frank Wheeler came to the city on Saturday with his horse and buggy and tied it up near Ackley's shop, but when he returned to go home it was gone, and it was a mystery who had taken it. It appears that Pearl Trout and John Williams wanted to go to the dance at Bay City, so jumped in and drove off just as though they owned it. They took in the dance, and returned to the city about three o'clock next morning, with Charley Hines driving. Mr. Wheeler was waiting for them, when Williams jumped and ran away, while Hines was put in the county lock up. It transpired that the latter did not know that the buggy and horse had been stolen. Both boys were brought before Justice Alley on Monday, and to give the boys a chance, he discharged them, but in doing so he cautioned them and gave them some wholesome advice, which, if they are wise and want to keep out of trouble, they will heed. The justice also had Pearl Trout brought before him and he addressed her in the same way.

It Paid to Kick.

Dr. Lawless, who was charged back charges on an express parcel which was prepaid to North Yamhill, and who registered a "kick" by sending a complaint to Wells Fargo & Co., has received this reply:

"Referring to your letter of the 15th inst. to the Geneva Optical Co. in regard to package shipped from them Aug. 5th, 1902, I regret to inform you that I find our men made a mistake and way-billed this package with \$1.00 collect instead of \$1.00 prepaid. Our agent at North Yam-

hill should have charged back to us the amount with the prepaid mark, but failing to do so I enclose you herewith a money order for \$1.00."

It evidently pays to "kick" when one runs up against back charges, for had he not done so it is a foregone conclusion he would never have heard any more about it, but grin and bear it. But who would have been credited with the \$1 had not Dr. Lawless made a complaint? The North Yamhill agent or the agent in Chicago?

BOULDER CREEK.

A fine healthy baby girl arrived Saturday morning, Aug. 23, to gladden the hearts and home of Mr. and Mrs. Hans L. Jensen. Mother and baby doing well.

Mrs. Effie Jensen and Mrs. Millie Sappington were up from Hebo Sunday.

H. A. Chopard came in from the camp Saturday and returned Sunday.

John Borba went down to Mr. L. Jensen's, at Hebo.

Mr. Bays returned from the valley last Saturday.

W. D. Gladwill, Rob. Maclay and C. A. Smith went to Tillamook Monday.

H. L. Jensen hauled oats for Jno. Corba Monday.

Mrs. Grace Smith's little niece, who has been visiting her for the past two weeks, returned to Tillamook Monday.

Master Cecil Getchell came up from Hebo Saturday to visit his sister, Mrs. Chopard, and his boy friends on Boulder Creek.

Mrs. Jessie Bays is staying with her niece, Mrs. Jensen, at present.

Two more families went down to the beach last week, Mrs. Cady and Mrs. Woods.

M. T. Soares went out to the camp Sunday.

NETARTS.

Frank Fitzpatrick is on the beach rusticated and taking in the sights.

Arch Perry and family and Dan Feely and family left for their homes in McMinnville on Friday after spending two weeks on the beach.

There is a crew of men working on the lighthouse road cutting the brush along the sides of the road and putting in new bridges, as some of the old bridges were broken down and were sadly in need of new ones.

F. E. Norton and family came over Sunday to enjoy themselves.

Ike Simlar and James Wilson and family are camping on the beach.

Chas. Hodgdon and wife went out to Portland Monday morning, where Charlie will work in a sawmill the coming winter.

N. S. Allen and family left for their home in North Yamhill on Monday. They have been on the beach for the last year for their health, which is greatly improved.

Marvine Cole and family left for Portland the first of the week to be gone about a month. Mr. Cole is negotiating for the Hulbert place on the beach.

Mr. Warren, of Bay City, rode over Sunday on his bike.

Arther and James Hunt are camping on the beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Eason, of Forest Grove, came in on Saturday last.

A. W. Phelps and family, of Round Prairie, are camping on the beach and enjoying the sea breeze.

Ralph Ackley was seen on the beach Sunday. What is the attraction, Ralph?

SOUTH PRAIRIE.

The continued dry weather is causing the average dairyman to look anxiously toward the bottom of his milk can, as he pores in his last bucketful of milk.

Grandpa Wells left last Monday by boat for Portland and Salem.

Albert Harris and wife, of Hubbard, Or., old time residents, have been visiting old friends on the Prairie. Mr. Harris being a good fisherman, secured a goodly number of the speckled beauties.

One evening last week while Clara Moran was bridling her pony in the front yard, the animal getting its fore-foot in the rein of the bridal, caused it to back around. Mrs. Moran, to save her smallest child, went between the pony and house. She was caught, and the pony knocked her down and fell upon her, breaking her collar bone and bruised her some. She is recovering nicely.

Thomas Lyster is working the roads at the south end of the district.

Mr. Eason, of Dilley, Ore., while camped at the Tillamook bridge last Saturday night, his horse took the colic, which resulted in inflammation of the bowels and death. Although Dr. Owens did all in his power to save the animal, but he was not called in time.

Quite a number are talking of going out to the valley to pick hops.

W. N. Vaughn, of Bay City, was up to see his son one day last week.

Quite a number have been attending the Georgia jubilee singers meetings at Tillamook.

It is dangerous for fruit men from the valley to come through here unless they stop at every house, for the women are ready to give them battle if they don't stop.

Church—What on earth are they ringing that bell so long for?

Gotham—That's to call a meeting together.

"What sort of meeting?"

"Meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Unnecessary Noises."

Tillamook's NEW DEPARTMENT STORE!

On a date to be announced later, we will open a New Store in Tillamook.

We are members of the CASH BUYERS' UNION, which is an organization of 49 Department Stores, located in Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon.

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| Headlight and Hoard's Dairyman | 1.65 |

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