

**WASHINGTON Shoes for Men & Boys.**

Nobby and up-to-date. They are reliable in every respect. Guaranteed to give satisfactory wear.

For sale by **MILLS & FINLEY.**

**RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
(STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.)

One year.....	1.50
Six months.....	75
Three months.....	50

**The Tillamook Headlight.**

Fred C. Baker, Publisher.  
Let us Build Up, not Pull Down.

As a large number of our citizens are well aware, the spirit of rule or ruin has been one of the worst features to contend with in Tillamook. It crops out in business and politics to such an extent that it is a detriment to the business and industrial interests of the city. No one can deny this when bitter personal antagonism appears to predominate. Surely it is time to lay aside this spirit of pull down and in its place strive to build up and encourage all legitimate businesses and local industries. It is anything but encouraging to those who want to invest money here to find that they are likely to run up against those who want to monopolize, pull down and get a "cinch." We have a city we have reason to be proud of, with a bright future before it if our leading citizens would lay aside their personal antipathy and come down to a common agreement for their mutual benefit. Bury the hatchets, gentlemen, and all pull together for the purpose of creating a spirit that will help build up, assist and encourage new industries and that will give the city a weekly pay roll. Even though it may be that some of our citizens may have a faculty of nursing, and never forgetting nor forgiving some trivial incident, life is too short to foster that kind of a spirit.

**Who are the Cowards?**

Some people are severe in their criticism of an editor because he does not champion this or that person's ideas of public morals. There is hardly a week but what we have to listen to those who complain about this or that evil in the community, and who expect the editor to champion what they think is right, or in other words take up their fight while they remain in the background and unknown. The HEADLIGHT has not been slow to express its opinions, in fact, we have been accused of being too pronounced in that respect. Now, by way of a change, we will give those who want to express themselves on public morals or prevailing evils, or any other subject with the exception of religion, all the space they require if they will consent to having their names signed to their articles when printed. Some editors may be a little cold in the feet at expressing an opinion for fear of losing a small dab of patronage, and for that reason there is some ground for the assertion that editors are cowards, but they are not all built that way. The idea we wish to convey is pointedly put in an exchange, which gives this word of advice:

"Don't attempt to ask the editor to write up or rebuke every evil in the town or community. But when once convinced that such duties need attending to, write an article for your paper and sign your name to it for publication. The man who is too big a coward to thus express an opinion is the man who will stand on the street corner and talk about the cowardice of the editor."

And the HEADLIGHT has a strong advertisement to persons who rush into print for the purpose of venting their personal spleen, but want to do so under some non-de-plume. And we are sorry we have some of that class in Tillamook City.

**Has the Proper Ring.**

The Pacific Monthly has the proper ring when it said: "The whole Pacific Coast today is a field ladene! with innumerable opportunities. Every man who has eyes may see them if he will. Yet, as always, men are blind—blind when the very grass they tread, the bracing air, the rain, the sun, even the charred hulks of fallen forest giants have written upon them in letters so large and plain that they almost shout aloud, 'Opportunity! Opportunity!' The atmosphere is breathing it into your ear and mine. Energy, enthusiasm, pluck, determination—these are the requirements today! Young men, never in your lifetime, rouse yourself here and now. Think and think, and then do. This is no time, no place for the laggard. The Pacific Coast wants men—men who will say 'I will!' and who will; strong men, and men of courage. Here we have the garden spot of the world spread out before us—everything that Nature can give or man's trained imagination can conceive. Beautiful and fertile valleys, glorious and majestic mountain and river scenery, wonderful forests, mines of gold, silver, copper, nickel, and what not, rivers teeming with delicious fish, sunshine, rain, and yet not a cloud to disturb the equable, the unapproached condition of affairs. We have it; we are in possession of it—this garden spot, this land pregnant with hidden resources, possibilities that almost stagger the imagination. Opportunities! It is for you—for us. A thousand million tongues are shouting, 'Awake! Awake!! Awake!!!' Surely the edi-

tor of the Pacific Monthly must have had Tillamook county in mind's eye when he penned the above, for there is no section of Oregon where there are as many opportunities and a country needs awakening as Tillamook.

**A Few Thoughts for the Pupils of Our High Schools**

[TO THE EDITOR TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.]

My young friends, you have taken a long stride in your search after an education. For seven or eight years you have been taught in the lower grades of our public schools, but you now are about to pass into the last and crowning department of our system of free public instruction, the high school. With this new step should come added dignity and gravity, and the childishness, appropriate only to the primary room, should be left behind. The regulations of our high schools are simple and few, such as will commend themselves to every right-thinking person. Your teachers will treat you as young women and men as long as you will allow them to do so.

The high school is dedicated to study, which the teachers will make so pleasant as they can; but you may as well understand, from the start, that unless you do study, it will be very unpleasant for you. In the lower grades, you have had much of your knowledge diluted or mixed, and given in homoeopathic doses in the shape of oral lessons. In the high school you will be expected to rely more upon yourself, to learn from books and by personal investigation. Before this you have doubtless heard that there is no royal road to knowledge over which you can be driven in a coach and four. Neither are there any shortcuts to learning. Neither do your teachers believe in German and Latin in ten easy lessons. Everything enduring, in nature or art, is of slow but steady growth. Remember that no excellence is ever attained without self-denial. Wisdom's ways are indeed ways of pleasantness. The satisfaction of having done well and nobly surpasses all other enjoyments. But to obtain this high and satisfying pleasure, many minor and incompatible pleasures must be foregone. Do not forget that your employments in school are serious. Study is sober business. This is your seedtime. Every hour of school time that you waste in trifling is an injury and a loss to your future. Though your teachers cannot study for you, they can give you much assistance, as the result of their experience in traveling the same road in their youth, and in guiding many classes since. They will point out the quagmires, smooth some of the rough places, and encourage you to surmount all obstacles. Your teachers are not your enemies, as some of you seem to think; they are in place of your parents, and if you will confide in them, they will do you good.

The courses of study that can be pursued in the high school will enable your parents to decide what course you shall take. The longer I teach, the more I am led to believe that all courses of study are of almost equal value; it is not so much what we study, as how we study. The most of you will remain connected with your school but a short time; some expect to complete the course, and perhaps go through college. To all I say continue your studies as long as circumstances will permit. If you cannot go through college, go toward it as far as you can. But you may reply, "What is the use of studying so much; we cannot retain all we learn." Granted that we forget almost all, yet the discipline acquired in learning remains. That makes all the difference between an educated and an uneducated man. The latter goes through the world with his mental faculties undeveloped, and misses half that makes life worth living. The former has every faculty disciplined, and besides enjoying life becomes a leader among men. It is in school that you decide whether, when you come to man's estate, you will be a governing man, or whether you will be a mere aimless drifter. Remember that men always, by necessary law, fall below the point at which they aim. You aim to be distinguished, and you turn out only meritorious, and you aim to be meritorious, and you fall into the multitude. You are content with being of the multitude, and you fall out of your class entirely. Few can hold themselves up to an exact fulfillment of their intentions for a great length of time. You should fix your aim high, and then keep yourself up to your good resolutions, as long and as closely as you possibly can.

If you desire to become a successful student, you must be willing to give up so called fashionable society, with its attendant calls, parties and suppers. These things not only take up your time, and thought in preparing for and attending them, but they also leave you in an unfavorable condition for mental exertion. The change from the brilliant party and late supper to the plain schoolroom is naturally depressing, to say nothing of those unpleasant reminders in the shape of disordered stomachs and weak nerves. Resolve, therefore, here and now, steadfastly, immovably, to say "no" to everything connected with school, no matter how innocent in itself, which shall interfere with your progress in your studies. After you have laid the foundations of your education broader and deeper, there will be time enough for these fashionable frivolities. I have in mind a number of young people who dropped out

of school long before they were ready to graduate, whose education was stopped by just such indulgences.

Young America is proverbially fast. Our young people are too eager to enter business; they are unwilling to take time to prepare themselves for responsible positions, and therefore often fail to realize their cherished hopes. We are in such a hurry to get rich, that we cannot wait to lay a proper foundation for a great superstructure. Our parents started out in life with less education than we have and did they not succeed? some may say. Granting that they did you fail to remember that the conditions are changed. Schools were not so general then, and your parents were probably as well equipped for the battle of life as were their neighbors. Now the facilities for gaining an education, without cost for tuition, from the kindergarten or primary school, through the college or university, are open to all. When you begin business or a professional life, it will be under a competition of whose fierceness your parents had no experience. This is no longer the age of the stage-coach and canal. Steam has annihilated distance, and electricity has outrun time. It is said that only one in five who embark in mercantile life finally succeed; that half who enter the legal profession remain in it no longer than five years; and the same proportion in other pursuits. One reason for these frequent failures and changes is believed to be the lack of suitable preparation. The laws of trade have become so complex as to demand the widest knowledge and closest attention for their mastery. The arts and sciences have so enlarged their boundaries that only a specialist with a good general training can hope for success. The learned professions are so crowded that only the most thorough preparation will enable one to reach a commanding, or even an honorable, position.

Let nothing, then, but the direct necessity induce you to leave school. Run errands, chop wood, milk cows, fish, sell newspapers, do anything honorable to continue your education. Let your motto be, To him who wills, nothing is impossible. We are proud of the young men who have passed through our high schools, normal schools, colleges, and university, in the mean time supporting themselves, and, in many instances, their widowed mothers, brothers, and sisters, by the labor of their hands. They are the stuff of which great men are made. They have left behind them the legacy of their example to inspire you. If you fear that your entrance into active life will be long delayed, remember that it is far better to begin life late well prepared than early and unprepared. Christ was thirty years old before he entered upon his public ministry, and he was a perfect man. The world's greatest deeds have been done by men past middle life. When old and blind, Milton composed his immortal epic, Paradise Lost, and the unapproachable Iliad is supposed to be the work of Homer, "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle." Then make haste slowly; do what your hands find to do conscientiously; improve your talents, whether great or small, and you will sooner or later reap a rich reward.

**A Good Certified Milk Story.**

As a general proposition the average householder knows what he bargains for, but he doesn't know what he gets, says the Indianapolis Journal.

"It makes me smile to read about sterilized milk," said a portly citizen who looked as if the germ-goblins hadn't got him yet. "I don't pay much attention to germs, myself, but my wife actually lies awake at night thinking what germ to be afraid of next. We have recently had a comic-tragic experience with milk. An old school friend of my wife called to see us not long ago, to ask us to patronize her dairy. It was to be the 'Cream of the Cream Dairy'—none like it anywhere around. She would personally superintend the milk herself, especially the cleaning and filling of the bottles. The milk was to be sterilized, aerated and a whole lot of other things. It would reach the consumer genuinely pure, absolutely safe, in perfectly spotless bottles.

"Naturally, this arrangement made us all feel very happy. To have such excellent milk was indeed to be a blessing. The milk wagon was a brilliant brand new chariot of stylish appearance, and its stoppage at our residence every day conferred a kind of distinction to be valued.

"One day my wife had been down street, and as she came toward home she saw the gay milk chariot drawn up to a halt just around the corner. The driver, a 17-year-old boy, seemed to be pouring milk from a large can in the rear into some jars. These he covered with the pasteboard caps and deposited in a pretty row in front of his seat. Then he whipped up the horse and came to our house. My wife hurried up, too, and met him as he alighted with our milk jars in his hands. 'You just filled those bottles from a can in your wagon,' she said.

"'Yes,' he stammered, not having time to invent any defense.

"'What did you do that for?' she asked.

"'We haven't got bottles enough to go 'round, vet,' he explained, 'so I had to fill these after I had picked them up from other customers.'

"Visions of sneaky, half-washed

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We carry a Large Stock of Hardware, Tinware, Glass and China, Oils, Paint, Varnish, Doors, Windows, Sashes, Fine Line of Choice GROCERIES.

Agents for the Great Western States  
**McINTOSH & McNAIR,**  
The Most Reliable Merchants in Tillamook County

bottles, grimy bottles from the untidiest of untidy homes in unwholesome neighborhoods, all sorts of germ-infested, bottle visions surged through my wife's brain.

"Take that milk back to Mr. and Mrs. Blank with my compliments," she said, "and tell them to send us our bill." The dairy people never asked an explanation, and we are now wondering what sterilized milk episode we shall run into next."

**Notice.**

I hereby give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Mrs. Johana Tomlinson, from this date, who has deserted my home. Tillamook, Or., July 23, 1903. S. C. TOMLINSON.

**Catarh Cannot be Cured**  
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CLENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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General Banking and Exchange business. Exchange on England, Belgium, Germany, Sweden, and all foreign countries. **TILLAMOOK, ORE.**

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BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.  
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Electric Baths nicely fitted up. Good for persons suffering with rheumatism.

**MAYER'S Ladies' Shoes.**

Embrace every feature of style, grace and beauty and durability. They wear well, look well. Price from \$1.50 to \$3.50.

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Tailoring Establishment,  
TILLAMOOK CITY, ORE.



GENTLEMEN—Thanking you for past favors, I beg to say that I have moved into my new store next to C. Ben Riesland's.

If you wish to see all the choice line of Suits and up-to-date Panting's to choose from kindly give me a call. All Suits cut and made in the shop at Tillamook.

P.S.—Pressing, cleaning and repairing of all kinds done.

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Merchant Tailor,  
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Boiler Work, Logger's Work and Heavy Forging  
Fine Machine Work a Specialty.  
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The Best Hotel in the city. No Chinese Employed.