

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
(STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.)

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

**The Tillamook Headlight**  
Fred C. Baker, Publisher.

**The Timber Land Assessment.**

The representatives of the timber syndicates, when they arrived in Tillamook City on Friday, were not pleased when they discovered that the assessment on timber claims had been raised from \$640 to \$800, making the assessment \$1 per acre higher. They represented something like 150,000 acres of timber. The assessor has not only raised the assessment on timber lands, but he has also done so on agricultural lands and town lots, the only reduction in Assessor Hare's assessment is that in the valuation of cattle. That being the case, the timber men saw that they were not being discriminated against. We do not think there is any disposition on the part of the assessor or of the people to assess or tax the timber men out of proportion to other property in this county. It seems as though the timber men prefer a low assessment, and this brings up the oft discussed question whether it is better to have the assessment high and the levy low or the assessment low and the levy high. It matters very little if the assessment is high or low if the assessor has put a fair valuation upon all property, and not raised timber land out of all proportion to other property. This he has not done, but until such time that the levy is made the timber men will remain uneasy, or pretend to be, for fear their taxes will be considerably higher. That the taxes will be as high or a little higher next year than this, is quite anticipated, but it will not come any harder upon the timber men than those who toiled hard and spent money to improve land, for these reasons: The county court is making an effort to get the count out of debt and to build a new court house in the near future. This could not be done without extracting a little more money from the taxpayers, and so that it should not become burdensome to the settlers by raising the money by an excessive levy in one year, it was thought best that it should cover several years. Tillamook County does not want to tax the timber men unfairly, nor does it want to "bleed" them as Clatsop County is trying to do, but it does want them to pay taxes in proportion to other property in the county. The timber men may feel a little hostile on account of assessing timber claims at \$800, but we are inclined to think they are a little more scared than hurt, for it is as much to their advantage to get the county out of debt and save interest as it is to the settlers who have to pay upon their improved land, and who are making no complaints because of their increased assessment. There ought not to be any friction between the county and the timber syndicates, nor do we think there will be, for all those who look at the matter fairly know that the timber men cannot put their timber on the market and realize on it. That will take years, and in the meantime the timber men are running the risk of fire. Longer the timber remains standing better it is for the county, as far as taxes are concerned, although one often runs across a person who advocates taxing the timber land as high as possible with the purpose of forcing the owners to manufacture. That is not a fair argument, for the timber in Tillamook will not move until there is a market for it and it can be manufactured at a profit. If anyone has a kick coming in Tillamook it is not the timber men, but the men who have got in and worked and cleared up land, and which is assessed at \$20 to \$60 an acre.

**It is a Fact, Nevertheless.**

That heavy dews kept pasturage green in Tillamook County is a story that many people will receive with some hesitation, yet it is strictly true. All through the Coast section of the state the air is so heavily laden with moisture, even in the dry season, that the grass is green nearly all summer and furnishes feed for livestock. It is this characteristic of the Coast climate that makes the western slope of the Coast Range so admirably adapted to dairying and stockraising—Oregonian.

Even our esteemed contemporary, the Oregonian, with all its precise information about different parts of Oregon, does not fully realize the climatic conditions in Tillamook in connection with dairying. For it says, "The grass is green nearly all Summer." To be correct the Oregonian should have said, "The grass is green all Summer and nearly all Winter." In proof of this, we will state that, though Tillamook has passed through one of the driest summers in the history of the county, meadows have kept green, pasturage have been good, and today the county is covered with a green verdure and looking as bright and fresh as though it was the Spring of the year, and with indications that the dairy herds will continue to find pastures long into next year before it will be necessary for dairy men to feed their stock with hay from their well filled barns they raised on their farms. Climatic conditions and being able to raise all their feed on their farms are features which have encouraged the thrifty and industrious farmers and brought about a prosperous state of affairs in dairying that cannot be surpassed anywhere in Oregon.

People have frequently made the statement that Tillamook County could not stand a long dry spell similar to that of the Willamette Valley, but the dry spell of this summer knocks that idea out so completely it will not be advanced again by those who have advanced it. True it is that Tillamook County does not get the sweltering heat of the Willamette valley during the dry season, which, no doubt, is one reason why pasturage is kept green, and, combined with heavy dews, as the Oregonian correctly says, "it is strictly true that heavy dews kept pasturage green in Tillamook County." There need be no hesitancy in believing this, unless it is by people who have lived so long in Willamette Valley they have no conception of climatic conditions, the fertility of the soil and wonderful resources that are on this side of the Coast Range; and, further, within less than 100 miles of Portland, and one of the best feeders that city could have, whenever the commercial and financial interests of that great metropolis wakes up to the necessity of devising ways and means whereby it can be brought into railroad connections with Portland.

The Coast Counties have been neglected in this respect, also in the federal government refusing to appropriate money to improve their harbors. Tillamook's long cherished hope of harbor improvements, although practically recommended by the local engineers, was turned down by the Board of Engineers at Washington because they thought it was not wise to improve another harbor so near the Columbia river. A poor argument, indeed, for the Board to resort to, when it was shown that the resources of the county, and its long bottled-up condition, justified the expenditure. Perhaps all these adverse conditions in the Coast Counties will be changed in a few years, at least we hope so, but in the meantime Tillamook people will patiently toil on the pasturing the dairy product from year to year until they can find an opening to manufacture and ship their other products.

**A "People's Trust"**

The Saturday Evening Post pronounces life insurance the very opposite of gambling. The man who insures is safe, the man who does not gamble that he will live to protect his family. Life insurance in the manner in which it is conducted to-day, and in the magnitude of the money people are putting into it, proves that there is no gamble about it.

"This is not such a nation of gamblers that its people would bet \$18,000,000,000 on a game of any kind," says the Post, and then proceeds to call it a People's Trust. The Post says:

"Insurance has now become a recognized form of property. If the holder of a policy dies its value goes to his heirs; if he lives he can collect it himself. The latest statistics show that in Philadelphia alone the amount of insurance in force is nearly \$900,000,000—equivalent to the entire bonded national debt of the United States. In New York it is about \$2,300,000,000, or nearly four times the market value of the Standard Oil Company.

"The people of the United States are carrying life insurance policies about equal to the nominal capital of all the trusts and all the railroads of the country combined. They represent a sum substantially equivalent to one-fifth of the entire estimated wealth of the nation, public and private. There are five life insurance companies, each of which has policies outstanding equaling or exceeding the interest bearing national debt. The old line companies have, all told, about 18,000,000 policies in force, and there are over 5,000,000 members in the fraternal insurance orders.

"It is safe to say, therefore, that at least 10,000,000 heads of families, representing 50,000,000 people, are carrying life insurance to some sort. It is the most gigantic co-operative enterprise in history. It is a voluntary pension scheme on a scale that dwarfs anything attempted by any or all of the paternal governments of Europe. Its scope is extending so rapidly that there will soon be hardly a family, outside of the 'submerged tenth,' without a share in its protection.

"The American people are now taking out new insurance at the rate of \$8,000,000 a day—probably three times the present cost of the Russo-Japanese war to both the combatants combined. When we are worrying about the concentration of wealth in the hands of the trusts, we may console ourselves with the contemplation of this tremendous popular savings agency whose operations throw all the trust put together into the shade."

**Pointed Paragraphs.**

The roll of honor is free from impure baking powder.

The bee that gets the honey doesn't loaf around the hive.

Decoy ducks are said to be popular with boarding house proprietors.

When a so-called vocalist murders a song it doesn't deaden the sound.

The more flattery a man hands his wife the less pin money he will have to dig up.

Grease spots may be quickly removed from clothing with the aid of a small pair of scissors.

Young man, beware of the girl who lets you do all the talking during courtship; she's playing a waining game.

**Charged with Murder.**

By request of one of our subscribers, we consented to publish the following article by Thie Morgan, taken from the Home Defender:

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

Not a whisper was heard anywhere.

Suddenly he arose to his feet, and in a low, firm, but distinct voice said:

"I have! Your honor, you have asked me a question, and now I ask, as the last favor on earth, that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through."

"I stand here, before the bar, convicted of the willful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my prolonged debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful deed, I have no right to complain or to condemn the verdict of the twelve good men who have acted as jury in the case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence.

"But, may it please the court, I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife!"

This startling statement created a tremendous sensation. The judge leaned over the desk, the lawyers wheeled around and faced the prisoner, the jurors looked at each other in amazement, while the spectators could hardly suppress their intense excitement. The prisoner paused a few seconds, and then continued in the same firm, distinct voice:

"I repeat, your honor, that I am not the only one guilty of the murder of my wife. The judge on his bench, the jury in the box, the lawyers within this bar, and most of the witnesses, including the pastor of the old church, are also guilty before Almighty God, and will have to stand with me before His Judgment Throne, where we shall all be righteously judged.

"It had not been for the saloons of my town, I would never have become a drunkard; my wife would not have been murdered, I would not be here now ready to be hurled into eternity. Had it not been for these human traps, I would have been a sober man, an industrious workman, a tender father, and a loving husband. But to-day my home is destroyed, my wife murdered, my little children—God bless and care for them—cast out on the mercies of the world, while I am to be hung by the strong arm of the state.

"God knows, I tried to reform, but as long as the open saloon was in my pathway, my weak diseased will power was no match against the fearful, consuming, agonizing appetite for liquor.

"For one year our town was without a saloon. For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and children were happy and our little home was a paradise.

"I was one of those who signed remonstrances against reopening the saloons of our town. One half of this jury, the prosecuting attorney on this case, and the judge who sits on this bench, all voted for saloons. By their votes and influence, saloons were reopened, and they have made me what I am."

The impassioned words of the prisoner fell like coals of fire upon the hearts of those present, and many of the spectators and some of the lawyers were moved to tears. The judge made a motion as if to stop further speech, when the speaker hastily said:

"No! no! your honor, do not close my lips; I am nearly through.

"I began my downward career at a saloon bar—legalized and protected by the voters of this town. After the saloons you allowed have made me a drunkard and a murderer, I am taken before another bar—the bar of justice, and now the law-power will conduct me to the place of execution and hasten my soul to eternity. I shall appear before another bar, the Judgment Bar of God, and there you, who have legalized the traffic, will have to appear with me. Think you that the Great Judge will hold me—the poor, weak, helpless victim of your traffic—alone responsible for the murder of my wife?"

"Nay, I, in my drunken, frenzied, irresponsible condition have murdered one—but you have deliberately voted for the saloons which have murdered thousands, and they are in full operation to-day with your consent.

"All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not the ravings of an unsound mind, but God Almighty's truth.

"You legalized the saloons that made me a drunkard and a murderer, and you are guilty with me before God and man for the murder of my wife.

"Your honor, I am done. I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open your blind eyes to your own individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this dreadful traffic."

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