

The Tillamook Headlight.
Fred C. Baker, Publisher.

The Money Changers at Portsmouth.

Representatives of some of the largest financial houses in New York, London, Paris and other great money centers are gathering at Portsmouth. This need not cause any surprise. The world's bankers are as much interested in the peace meeting as are the world's diplomats or the head of the world's states. To a considerable degree the financial situation in Europe and America for the next twelve months will depend on the sort of a settlement which will be reached, or on the question as to whether there will be a settlement at all. Both Russia and Japan have been heavy borrowers since the war began. Each had collected a large stack of money in preparation for war. While very little had been heard in advance about Japan's war chest, it was fairly well stocked. The chances of war impelled both Japan and Russia several years ago to get into the gold basis. Probably neither of those countries, until two or three years ago, expected to have to fight the other, but each for decades had the contingency of war with somebody or another in view, and each realized that the way to prepare for war was to adjust its financial system to the world's standard.

Hundreds of millions of dollars in the world's leading money centers are hanging in the air on the issue of the size of the indemnity which Russia will have to pay to Japan, or whether she will consent to pay any indemnity whatever. It is known that some of the biggest bankers of New York, London, Paris and Berlin have been sounded on the question of the size of the loan which they would be willing to advance to Russia as a price of peace. Apparently the money has been pledged, so that Russia will get all the money which she needs to placate Japan, no matter how high the figure is placed. All the moneyed interests have faith in Russia's recuperative power. All are far more willing to give her money to make peace than to continue the war. Russia can get millions for tribute, but not so much for a continuation of the fighting. This is because a prolongation of the war would threaten a civil convulsion. Japan's damage to Russia by a continuation of the fighting would be slight compared with that which could be inflicted at home by the dislocation of society which another reverse or two in Manchuria might bring. An internal crash in Russia would shake every bourse in Europe.

There is no need for surprise at the concern which the world's bankers feel in the issues at the little New Hampshire city. They are the men which open and close the gates of the temple of Janus. Just now Japan is a favorite with them, but for peace purposes Russia can get all the money which she asks. Even if Komura exacts Bismarck's pound of flesh of 1871 in the French case Nicholas II. can get the money. Nobody, however, believes that Japan will ask any indemnity of that size. France was far better able to pay the \$1,000,000,000 which her German conqueror imposed on her than Russia would be to give up any such sum of money in 1905. Yet the money can be got if it is needed for that purpose. Russia is a country of vast, though undeveloped, resources. Her march to the Pacific is checked for a generation at least, and possibly for all time. That warm water port on the big ocean which she has been reaching for almost since the days of Peter the Great dropped out of her grasp for good when Stoessel surrendered Port Arthur. Yet in the region which remains to her in Asia, to say nothing of that which is in Europe, and which can never be menaced by any foe from without, there is room for the exertion of her best energies for two centuries. Within the boundaries which will be left to her beyond all the mischances of war there is an empire capable of supporting five times the population and twenty times the wealth now in the czar's domain. Potentially, Russia is one of the richest countries on the globe. Despite her reverses and humiliations in the war and the ineptitudes of her autocracy and bureaucracy, from Nicholas II. downward, Russia has attractions for the money lenders, and her fate at Portsmouth will be watched with profound interest in all the world's financial centers.

An Object Lesson.

A tramp asked for a drink in a saloon. The request was granted, and when in the act of drinking the proffered beverage one of the young men present exclaimed: "Stop, make us a speech. It is a poor liquor that doesn't loosen a man's tongue." The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and as the rich liquor poured through his veins, straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure. "Gentlemen," he said, "I look tonight at you and myself and it seems to be that I look upon a picture of my blighted manhood. This bloated face was once as handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, for I was a man in the world of men. I, too, once had a home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, but I dropped the priceless pearl of her

honor and respect into a cup of wine, and like Cleopatra, saw it dissolve, then quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children sweet and pure as the flowers of spring, and saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit its flame upon the altar and ministered before it, but I put out the holy fire and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambition that soared as high as the morning star, but I broke and bruised those beautiful forms and strangled them that I might hear their cries no more. Today I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp without a home and a man in whom every good impulse is dead. All have been swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

EDUCATIONAL COMMENTS.

The Teacher and the Pupil.

Few persons realize fully the true nature and scope of education, the necessary qualifications for teaching or the traits by which a good scholar is known. With a large per cent, of persons, the object of education is to get enough knowledge to form a working capital so as to earn a living, or perchance to prepare for some one of the learned professions. It is, in short, to be able to live by the expenditure of the very least amount of intellectual energy. Such an idea is an erroneous one in regard to what real education is. There can be only one grand object in educating a human being, and that is mental power and moral character. The uppermost question is not exactly what a person knows, but what can he do with what he knows and what can he do with himself? How can he use his mind and body, the one the trained instrument of the other? How does he stand on the great questions of truth, justice, honesty, charity, forbearance, and gentleness? These lessons along life's highway, impressed upon the minds of pupils at home and in the schoolroom are the ones that make character.

There are parents who pull one way and the teacher is forced to work up hill in another way to upset the crooked teaching at home. If, by sharp practice, the parent can "beat his fellow man in a trade," will not the son try to play similar tricks, though in a smaller way, upon his class mates and teacher? If it be convenient to misrepresent the truth, need it be wondered at that the children glide into falsehood with as much facility as a black-snake slides over leaves? Will not deception at home crop out in full bloom in the school? If lies are told at home and condoned, will not the same thing occur in school?

There is no more pitiable and trying position in which a teacher can be placed than that of trying to root out vicious home training. The teacher picks out the spoiled child with as unerring judgment as the experienced jockey does the "balky horse." If parents wish their children trained properly, they should work jointly with the teacher, one helping the other.

Teachers and Parents.

Between parent and teacher is the child, and if he is bent on mischief he eyes both and begins a series of maneuvers to deceive both. Under the circumstances if the parent looks at the child from a point entirely different from that which the teacher knows to be the true one, the character of the child is endangered for all time.

In what is stated here the matter of prejudice upon the part of the teacher is not supposed to enter, and indeed nearly all cases of prejudice, or supposed prejudice, arise from vicious conduct by the pupil which he misrepresents at home. Systematically covering up his own faults and then inventing stories to tell at home, how the teacher had abused him at school, is a part of his scheme to shield himself. Very naturally the parent sympathizes with his own child, and all things being equal, he believes what he says. This is right; otherwise confidence is completely destroyed.

A large majority of children are disposed to do what is right, and especially is this remark true of girls, but in every school there are a few exceptional cases, and it is of these that I speak. Suppose the pupil is disobedient, and positively refuses to obey the requests of the teacher, throws his books on the floor, bristles up for fight, strikes the teacher, then vacates the schoolroom, slamming the door after him, and as goes, threatening the teacher with some tremendous home power. Now, what is to be done? Going home, he makes his defense far from the facts, and the parent, under the mistaken idea that his child has been shamefully treated, starts out in search of the teacher, to unbottle his wrath, taking his child with him, but as they near the school the child begins to lag behind. Perhaps the parent may have worked himself up into such a frenzy by the time he finds the teacher that he will not listen to reason; and, indeed, such things often happen, yet after a careful examination of many cases of this kind from different schools and under widely different surroundings, I am led to the opinion that in nine cases out of ten the pupil is to blame, and not the teacher.

Teachers are only human, and from the sense of justice and truthfulness, which they as a class possess and endeavor to inculcate, there is every motive to influence them to deal fairly, honestly, and justly with their pupils. And again, too many parents only

know one side of their children's characters. It is not until the child enters school and is treated as his fellows are, and he is made acquainted with the first principles of justice. It is in the school-room and on the play-ground that he is the equal of his classmates. If he craves a higher niche in learning or mischief than others, it is because he shows a keener aptitude. So far I have considered the parent and the teacher as working at a disadvantage, that is, at opposite ends of the lever with the child between. Reversing the points of application and letting parent and teacher work together with a mutual understanding, the child is usually well managed and his progress assured. Spoiled children who rule their parents are the hardest ones to manage in school. The experienced teacher soon learns from a child's conduct what the home atmosphere is.

Corporal Punishment.

Much has been said and written about corporal punishment in school, and without entirely doing away with it, teachers have succeeded in getting along without resorting to it very often. Granting, however, that it must be employed in very extreme cases, it should be made most effectual to the recipient with as little detriment to others as possible. It is a fact which cannot be successfully denied, that those who ferrit out criminals and are preoccupied in unraveling those abnormal phases of human wickedness, lose, to a great extent, faith in humanity. Now, the teacher who uses the rod frequently is injured by inflicting such punishment, and it is not to be wondered at that in many instances when parents have delegated the right to teachers to correct pupils by whipping them, the teachers have asked extra compensation for performing a duty which rested solely with the parent. The argument employed by teachers is of this character: To whip a child is somewhat of the nature of a surgical operation, and such operations are always high priced, hence extra pay is demanded since the general effect is injurious to the moral sense of the teacher. While the logic is not altogether conclusive, there is much force in it. A home regulation of this character, if commenced early in life, is warranted to succeed. When the child first starts to school tell him that for every stroke he gets at school he will get two at home, and bad behavior is not often heard of if the parent is sure pay.

G. A. WALKER.

Work on the Railroad.

All kinds of rumors are floating about the streets in regard to the new railroad, a few of which are true, and many just the reverse. A trip over the right-of-way will convince anyone that work is being pushed as rapidly as possible, and will forever remove the remotest idea that the Portland, Nehalem and Tillamook railroad is a myth. The first mile from the depot in Hillsboro to Billings' place is at least half graded, and from Billings' to Bagley's the right-of-way is all cleared, excepting a few big trees, which are to be made into wood for Mr. Barlow. The bridge over the Davis' creek is under way and all bridge timbers are on the ground. The huge pile driver was loaded on a Southern Pacific train at Portland last Saturday and delivered here Monday, and the piles are now being driven for the immense bridge. Ties and bridge timbers are being delivered all along the right-of-way from Hillsboro to Banks. The fact is that everything goes to indicate that the work of construction is being done as fast as possible. George Morgan has been appointed material agent, and is hustling to keep up with his work. One look at George these warm days would lead a person unacquainted with him to imagine he was straining his ear to hear the locomotive whistle. But he knows what he is doing, and the work of building the new railroad goes hurrying on.—Hillsboro Independent.

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THE GAMBLER'S LIFE.

Confirmed Pendleton Gambler's Way of Saying Good-by to Wife.

Though he dragged her out of bed at 4 o'clock in the morning and flailed her soundly for his morning dejection, Mrs. Ed. Switzler, of Pendleton, does not care to have her "hubby" drawn up to the Oregon whipping post and the cat-o-nine tails of justice laid on his bare back. Mrs. Switzler has decided to accept the flogging as her part and instituted proceedings for divorce with the understanding that she be molested by her erstwhile early morning husband no more.

Mrs. Switzler is said to have attended school at Monmouth. Her home was in Van Couve at the time of her marriage to Switzler. She is a woman of attractions and moved in the best of society circles at Pendleton.

Ed. Switzler was once a prominent man of affairs in that city. Commenting on his reprehensible conduct, a boyhood friend writing in the Baker City Maverick, says:

"During the age of adolescence he was a bright kid, big-hearted, whole souled, a firm friend, a jolly chum, a typical western American boy. His natural bent was toward taking a long chance—he was a natural dare devil. I've known him to ride down the 45-degree slant of the school house hill in Pendleton on those old-fashioned high wheeled bicycles, just because a dirty faced little archin said he 'dassent.' I have known him to fight with a kid twice his size because he resented the epithet 'cowardly elf.' I've known him to settle a dead-lock in a horse-trade by matching dimes for both causers. I've known him to back two duces, when 14 years old, for a \$200 jack pot and never bat an eye.

Here's the secret: He was a natural born gambler. It was in his blood. His life-long passionate hot blooded love was for the fickle young female who is known as the Goddess of Chance. From the time he was old enough to detect a pair of tens from a bob tailed flush, he worshipped at her shrine. In his callow youth he won—steadily, invariably, almost mysteriously. Thus the gambling fever struck deep—the virus "took," and remained with him for always. But, oh, the scar.

When "Switch" emerged into Edwin Switzler, Esquire, by virtue of the simultaneous attainment of his majority and a share of the big Switzler estate, the fickle Goddess of Chance wrinkled her forehead with a first frown. The festive tiger, heretofore a docile beast, began lashing its tail. The turn somehow came wrong. If Switch played "Double out," if he attempted a recouping ran aceboo in a poker game, his opponent was sure to get a top hand in the draw. From soda to hook, the Switzerlan system wouldn't work out. As a result, in one year he dropped \$26,000.

He was elected a member of the Pendleton city council because he owned a bunch of Main street brick blocks. Late hours, inevitable drink—for stimulants are as necessary to the gambler as roast beef to a blacksmith—grouchy temper, due to losses over the green cloth—the story is easily told. The climax came when "Switch" forgot his manhood and struck his wife. Thereby he took the longest chance of his life. He shut the door of the world against him. My heart goes out to Ed Switzler, for, honestly, he is not to blame. He had the making of a fine man in him—honesty, energy, good fellowship, a big heart and a clear head.

But, gentlemen of the jury, once let a chance slip in youth to make ready for life—neglect to direct the current of youthful energy and inclinations into the channel of legitimate profession, trade or business, and what follows is explicable. Above all things else, too, let once the soft, white arms of the fickle goddess encircle the neck; let once the perfumed breath of this Circe of the Hazard fan the lips—and its all off with any man. That's straight!

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