

Editorial Snap Shots.

Is the government officials going to take a hand in running down those who are known to have sold liquor without a government license? It looks that way.

Did the earth open up and swallow down two of the witnesses who were required in the gambling case today? How awfully funny. Well, they will come back to earth, by-and-by.

What the Headlight has contended for and still contends, that if the peace officers would swoop down upon and arrest those who violate the law it would soon put a stop to gambling and selling liquor, and which would be a saving to the taxpayers as well. Wouldn't it be surprise if they did?

The beaches in Tillamook are not only attractions for outsiders, but for citizens of this county as well, and it is a great pity that the roads are not kept in better condition for the summer travel. The Netarts road ought to be resurveyed so as to make it easy driving from Tillamook City as well as fixing the road from Garibaldi to the beach.

"Graft!" That is a matter which is causing newspaper comment all over the country. It need cause no surprise in Tillamook, for the system of toll roads is nothing but a graft, anyway, for they say to every home-seeker who travels the public highway into this county, "Dig up there, you can't get into this man's country unless you pungle up! The few mossbacks don't want any more people in the county."

The yellow weed is going to be permanent in this county. The question for the farmers to decide is whether they want a permanent weed or a permanent grass growing in their meadows. They can have either. Some few persons think that if once brome grass is allowed to get a foothold it will be hard to get rid of. We hope it will, for grass is what is required and the making of the county—not yellow weed.

The proper system for the water commission to adopt in selling water for power is by meter. That is the best and fairest way, for then everybody pays for the amount of water they use and will not allow it to run to waste, in fact, they pay for the actual power they consume, no matter whether they use it on week days, Sundays or nights. By the nozzle system a person has to pay for power whether he is using it or not. All gas and electric light companies charge by meter.

The saloons in this city, which the citizens put out of business last November, were responsible for the downfall of several bright young men. Deprived of all sense of honor and ambition, they are the product of the saloon keepers. To pull a young man down to the low level of a saloon bum is horrible for any parent to contemplate, and no home is safe when men don't care one iota what temptations they beset young men with as long as they can grow rich ruining them, as a number have been hopelessly ruined in this city.

The Headlight rooster was packed over to Happy Camp on Thursday by the Herald bantam, where the cock-a-lorum enjoyed a few days of camp life, enjoying the balmy breezes of the Pacific Ocean, defying Father Neptune and conorting the Mermaids. The next time the bantam packs the rooster over the Netarts road he had better get the latter to do the packing, for as the conveyance struck some of the chuck holes or descended the hill it looked as if the bed springs were several points too much to windward and when the driver dropped the hind wheel into position, which the rooster clung to like grim death for fear it might get too much out of position, it was not long before the trail in Happy Camp was reached.

The republicans of the state, to avoid further factional fights, are advising the party to "Get together" to prevent further democratic victories. Republicans who stayed with their party have nothing to harmonize. It is different, however, with those leaders who have used the "knife" to disrupt the party, for they are the fellows who feel awfully uneasy and want to "harmonize," "get together," "bury the hatchet," etc. Oh, say, that is a very easy way of getting back into the republican party after acting the part of a "bolter." We say it emphatically, do not harmonize with any of the "bolting" republican leaders, for they will only "bolt" again at the next election if the nominations are not according to their dictation. Now that they are out in the cold it is far better for the republican party that they remain there, for it will get along quite smoothly without them. The republicans who stayed with the party have nothing to compromise.

If the recommendation of Attorney-General Moody is adhered to by President Roosevelt, Judge R. S. Bean, of Salem, now on the Oregon Supreme Bench, will be appointed federal judge for the district of Oregon to succeed Judge Cotton, resigned. It is not certain that the President will abide by the Attorney-general's opinion in the matter, but it is reasonably certain that he will, and, if all signs hold good, Judge Bean's appointment will be announced from Oryster Bay tomorrow.

The Curse of Parentage.

TO THE EDITOR TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT. "Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children, unto the third and to the fourth generation."

The curse of parentage is contrasted by the blessing of parentage. "That in blessing I will bless thee." "And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." My grand parents had large families, their children reduced their families one-half, my generation are either barren or have only one or two children, it appears that the next generation will exterminate us entirely. The curse of parentage is hard thing to overcome and unless counteracted by the blessing of God, inevitably results in the death of a race in from three to four generations.

Our ideas are moulded largely by our parents' teachings and parents take one or two sides, either that children are a natural result of God's blessing to be entrusted to his providential care, or an encumbrance and expense, in which the curse of God is exemplified. I never heard but one side of the question and that was a barren life for happiness, that those who had children had want, and a thankless task. I can't help but think that those children born under the parental curse might as well have never been born, but there is no excuse for this condition, parents are responsible. God is disposed to bless those who trust in him. It is only those who hate him that have to suffer the curse. My socialist friends tell me that their plan will correct this evil by destroying poverty. If that were true those above want would be the most prolific, but it is the reverse. The man who waits until he can afford to raise children is either too old or finds something more profitable or entertaining. Sinclair says: "The sinful interference of hypocritical relatives, in homes which would otherwise be heavens upon earth, cries out for every utterance and influence for its suppression." A case authentically reported to me is as follows. After the clergyman had pronounced a happy couple man and wife, and the new made husband had brought his youthful and innocent bride to his father's home, his mother crushed the trembling heart of the new made wife as she stood upon the threshold of her new home with word worthy of a Lucrecia Borgia. The satanic edict was, "Now mind you! there are to be no children in your family." May God direct to all such hearts the convicting truth, that such an utterance is a sin against God, a crime against humanity, in short murder.

What must the next generation be, if they are the descendants of parents who speak to them as "accidents," whose mothers looked forward to their birth with sorrow, and who regarded that sequence of natural and divine law which brought them into being, as an inconvenience, an imposition? What must be the physical characteristics of a generation of children whose unnatural mothers regarded them as "things," rather than human beings, before birth? And who can wonder at filial impiety, crime and murder, in a child whose very soul has been steeped in hatred and murder by the mother, who, previous to his birth has in every way hated and endeavored to circumvent his existence? As surely as like begets like, as absolutely certain as the law of prenatal heredity, is it an undeniable fact, acknowledged by the medical profession, and apparent to all observers, that a child conceived in such iniquity and brought forth in such cruel sin, will fall below the high standard of mental and moral qualities, even if in the paradox of nature it may be so fortunate as to develop a symmetrical and robust physique. The imbecile asylums of America contain many unfortunates who might well serve as models for the chisel of the sculptor, or the brush of the painter, yet whose mental and moral natures are but the unerring fruition of parental effort to prevent their being; and of that state of mind which, instead of regarding offspring with love and solitude, is filled with vexation, confusion and mortification, in view of the false tenets of a polluted social "set," which regards child-birth as "bad form!"

And shall we not also, in this way explain much of the deformity, the monstrosity, which in the physical, as in the mental offspring, is otherwise unaccountable? Not once or twice, but many times have conversations been heard in drawing rooms in this civilized and Christian land, when a woman who is a wife in the eye of the law, and a mother by God's ordinance, has introduced her young child to another woman with the remark, aside, "This is my little disappointment." This is a national issue. Our forefathers fought and died for a nation, and unless the public conscience is aroused their effort is in vain. There is no question of this country being inhabited, but who by? Must we look to immigration or the ignorant millitantes of the South, is it not time to begin to educate the rising generation of their sacred obligations to the need of encouraging the fruitful home? A man cannot raise a family on nothing. There was a time when a poor man had to educate his own children, now they are educated at the public expense. It is only a step to providing food and raiment. The Chinaman

may boycott us, but the young American can make use of some of our surplus and grow to bless the land. J. C. GOVE.

Robber Soots to Hit.

EUGENE, Or., Aug. 16.—A daring hold-up occurred on Main street of this city at 1:40 o'clock this morning. A masked man entered the Hoffman House, one of the principal hotels, demanded that the night clerk open the cash register and hand him the contents of the till quick.

The clerk hedged by saying he had not the possession of the key. With an oath, the man left the office and ran down the street. The clerk gave the alarm and officers Croner and Farrington gave chase. The latter, overtaking the desperado near the court house, ordered him to throw up his hands and surrender. The hold-up's response was three shots from a big revolver in quick succession at the officer, the first shot taking effect in the fleshy part of the left leg, incapacitating the officer for further pursuit, and the hold-up escaped. The officer is not seriously injured.

E. L. Mitchell, of Knappa, was arrested by Constable Utzinger on an information charging him with wife-beating. Before the case was called in Justice Goodman's court, Mrs. Mitchell agreed to have the information changed to a complaint charging assault and battery, on condition that the defendant openly strike her again and also agree to support his wife and family. Mitchell promised all these things and was released upon paying the court costs. The case is an especially aggravated one, as the woman has eight small children, two of them being twins only six months old, and, according to the statement of witness, has been brutally treated by her husband.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Harry—"You say Maude sings like an angel. Why, I never heard her sing at all!" Penelope—"True; but did you ever hear an angel sing?"—Harlem Life.

—Mrs. Dahlgren—"Ah, Mr. Phipps, I saw you in church last Sunday." Mr. Phipps—"Yes, it rained, you know. Was that the reason you were there, too?"—Cleveland Leader.

—Reason to Be Thankful.—"Was your office-seeking trip to Washington a success?" "Yes; in a way." "You got a place?" "No. But my present employers didn't doek me for the time it took to make the journey."—Washington Star.

—"I may have bitten off more than I can chew," remarked the boar constrictor as the young gazelle disappeared within its capacious jaws, "but, thank fortune, I don't have to chew!" And it curled itself up for a six weeks' nap.—Chicago Tribune.

—"Thou art fairer than the day!" he cried, with a poet's fervor. The warm color suffused her cheek. "Fairer than the eight-hour day?" she asked eagerly; for she had been taught to think that very fair indeed to all parties concerned.—Detroit Journal.

—"In Doubt."—"I have strong suspicions," said the very susceptible young woman, "that he is a nobleman." "Where's his title?" asked her father, in accents of suspicion. "He is traveling incognito." "Perhaps so. It's either a case of 'incognito' or 'alias,' I can't quite make out which."—Washington Star.

—"I think," said the man who had bought a season ticket to the opera, whispering to his neighbor, "that I'll try to have my seat changed. Every night that girl sits in front of me with that same huge hat on and—" "Excuse me," said the girl, turning round indignantly, "it's a different hat every night."—Truth.

—"In a Glasgow car was an aged Irishman, who held a pipe in his mouth. The conductor told him he could not smoke but he paid no heed. Presently the guard came into the car and said, with a show of irritation: "Didn't I tell you you couldn't smoke in this car?" "Well, O'm not smoking." "You've got a pipe in your mouth." "So O! have me feet in me boots," replied Pat, "but O'm not walking."—Scottish Nights.

Snags in the Missouri. The Missouri river will have to keep its snags or employ some other dentist, says the Chicago Tribune. Uncle Sam gives up the job.

Landslides Are Feared. A portion of the cone of Mount Vesuvius has fallen in and precautions are being taken against possible landslides.

Advertisement for J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co. featuring a book on firearms and a rifle puzzle.

SLOW PHILADELPHIA

The Funny Flings at the Quaker City Not All Well Founded.

Business Men and Politicians Are as Wide Awake and Enterprising as Those of Any Other Great Community.

Those who have grown accustomed to the almost proverbial expression, "As slow as a Philadelphian," have never gone beyond the humorous consideration of the matter, writes Dr. William Ellis Trings, in the Chicago American.

The newspapers have made it the brunt of humorous thrusts, the theme has furnished food for caricaturists on occasions when more momentous problems have lain in slumbering quiescence, lecturers have scored introductory points about it, and knights of the "heel and clog" have come to resort to it as a vindication when old and memorable gray-haired jokes have failed to find market in the playhouses of the beautiful city of homes.

So far has this over-indulgence of a well-taken criticism extended, that one may hear in England and as far away as the orient, stories invested with ridicule for patient Philadelphia, the long-suffering and never-complaining home of as lovely and loving a community of people as God ever made.

A certain lecturer in Scotland, commemorating the disposition of his family said: "I have three children living, and one in Philadelphia, Pa." A well known long distance walker athlete, losing the championship in a time walk from Washington to New York, consoled his defeat and amused his admirers by declaring that he was far ahead of his old-time record, when, on arriving in the city of Philadelphia, his feet went to sleep, and he was unable to proceed further with his accustomed agility.

The members of a flourishing baseball team, on alighting from the train, each appeared armed with a gigantic alarm clock which they proceeded to carry about the town to keep them awake.

A still more unfortunate, but actual occurrence is the one recorded in the undertakers' journals that Philadelphia is the only city in the world enjoying the distinction of having had one of its citizens run over and killed by an undertaker's hearse.

Actors appease the fancy's fickle foibles by informing us that they come to Philadelphia and tell jokes one season, returning the next to find they have just penetrated the slumbering perceptions of the easy-going citizens.

And thus, Philadelphia becomes the poet's theme, the joker's jest, the caricaturist's hope, while its unavenging millions are born, live and die in the deepest affection for the place, unmindful of the thrusts, and not infrequently enjoying them.

I have seen consumptives deliberately refuse the offer of home and comfort, with an almost indisputable assurance of restoration to health and, certainly a longer life, in the mountain of the south, southwest and Colorado, that they might remain in the city of their love and die there—seemingly perfectly contented. In two cases particularly I know that each could have had very luxury that wealthy and anxious friends and relatives would have tendered to go away into the land of oxygenous air and balmy sunshine, but they refused to leave—the one dying when the winter came, and the other lingering to-day, held by the barest thread of existence that is worse than death.

Now, there is a serious and a scientific side to the fact of Philadelphia's slowness as a body of people.

It is noticeable that the men who control wealth, who handle great corporations and engage in vast business enterprises therein, are alive to their business' best interests, and comprise as wakeful a set of men as one wishes to find in any municipality in the world. This is particularly noticeable in the political affairs of Philadelphia.

Those who engage in the actual control of the vast city's interests take occasional opportunity to assure the world that there is nothing slow about the politicians of that town. The voters are just the contrary—let a man in authority betray every sense of honor and fidelity to his constituency, and they will re-elect him as long as he shows his allegiance to the powers that be. This signifies subservience—servile submission—whether it be good or bad. The same is true in business. While it is not done, I add, to the honor of Philadelphia business men, yet a business man who desired could exact almost any honest condition of employment from his hard-worked artisans, and they would humilatingly submit to it rather than run the risk and dread of a lost position. This is a sad in no disparagement—it is simple truth.

Domestic Point of View. If there was anything upon which Mrs. Unjohn prided herself it was her coffee. It was always rich, black and strong, and she trusted the making of it to none but her own fair hands.

This is why the visitors in the parlor, from whose presence she had excluded herself for a few moments, distinctly heard through the partly open door the loud, horrified voice of the kitchen girl: "Fer goodness' sake, ma'am, you're not goin' to feed the company on the horrid black stuff you drink yourself, are ye?"—Chicago Tribune.

In the Mountains. He—Now that we are engaged, won't you kiss me, sweetheart? She—I never kissed a man in my life. "Nor I."—N. Y. Herald.

FRANCE'S BURIED CITY.

Brought to Light by the Discovery of Two Ancient Tombs Near Orleans.

Interesting ruins which point to the existence of a buried city have been found in the woods of Charbonniere, near the chateau of that name, some miles distant from Orleans. Two tombs composed of monolith stones, in one of which the remains of a skeleton were reposing, have been found under ancient oaks. They were at a depth of 30 centimeters below the soil. It is estimated from the nature of the stones, their dimensions and form, that the tombs date from the sixth, seventh or eighth century.

According to a local tradition on this site, which was formerly crossed by a great Roman way, many centuries ago an important city stood, of which the ruins still exist, though crowded and crushed under the earth long ago by wood cutters and excavators.

This tradition attributes to this buried city the name of Sergy. It is probable that these tombs are not the only relics in this place, and that a well-conducted search would reveal an entire cemetery, whose extent would give an idea of the importance of the buried city.

A BLIND GIRL'S POWER.

She Detects Absence of Flowers from Dining Room the Moment She Enters.

There is a wealthy young woman living in Philadelphia, says the Times, who has the misfortune to be blind. When traveling as a young girl she contracted Roman fever in Italy and lost her sight. She is the only living member of her immediate family now, and occupies a handsome house in the residence part of the city. She has a companion who seldom leaves her, but the ability she shows for conducting her own affairs in spite of her misfortune is wonderful. Her remaining senses are marvellously acute, and it seems to people who are not well acquainted with her almost uncanny her cognizance of everything going on around her. On one occasion recently, when her companion was away at dinner time, the butler, either by intent or carelessness, failed to place flowers on the dining table, according to his custom. If he expected to evade the duty he was mistaken. The mistress of the house had hardly entered the dining-room when she discovered the omission. "James," she said, "you have forgotten the flowers to-night."

IT IS KNOWN AS SOLANINE.

That is the Name of a Deadly Poison That is Sometimes Found in Potatoes.

Chemical examination has revealed the fact that a poisonous alkaloid known as solanine is contained in potatoes. Little of this poison is found in new potatoes, but even fresh potatoes which have grown about the surface of the soil and have a green skin are generally known to be poisonous, says a scientific authority. When potatoes are kept a long time they contain a large amount of this poison, and many cases of serious poisoning have occurred in late summer from eating old potatoes. About ten years ago many soldiers in the German army were ill from an unknown cause. They suffered with headache, colic, diarrhea, vomiting, weakness and slight stupor, and in some cases dilation of the pupils. The matter was investigated and it was discovered that the men had been eating potatoes which had been kept for a long time in a dam place until they had begun to sprout. These potatoes, a chemical analysis showed contained as much solanine as is found in new potatoes.

HAD A CHINESE NAME.

Archibald Was Called Archie and the Mongolian Thought It Was "Ah Chee."

In the household of a prominent Bostonian is a Chinese servant who was brought east by the family several years ago from California, where he had ingratiated himself during a winter sojourn at Pasadena.

Recently a young man named Archibald has been visiting the family, and the Chinaman seemed to take a strange fancy to him. He is called Archie for short, and every time the name of Archibald was mentioned the Mongolian would grin and beam at the guest with a pride that seemed little less than paternal. That it was at least fraternal was disclosed one day, when he said: "Why for you have name allee samee like Chinaman?" Archibald was rather taken back. "What do you mean?" he asked. "Why, you name," replied the Chinaman, according to the Philadelphia Record. "When they talkee to you they callee you Ah Chee!"

Sweet-Voiced Kansas Squealers.

Following is the unique advertising letter of a Eudora (Kan.) hog farm: "To our friends, the farmers and stockmen everywhere: You are invited to attend our free open-air concert, given every evening at five p. m., under the direction of Mr. E. W. Melville. We guarantee to you that we have 200 of the sweetest voiced squealers in the country. No such an aggregation of male and female voices was ever got together under one management, and you will be highly entertained and pleased if you will attend one of our concerts. Reserved seats free for everybody. Special programmes will be arranged if you will but notify us, come out and hear us squeal. We will take special pains to please you. Yours till dead, —"

Advertisement for H. T. Botts, Attorney-at-Law, Complete set of Abstract Books in office. Taxes paid for non-Residents. Office opposite Post Office. Both phones.

Advertisement for W. H. Cooper, Attorney-at-Law, Tillamook, Oregon.

Advertisement for Carl Haberbach, Attorney-at-Law, Deutscher Advokat, Office across the street and north from the Post Office.

Advertisement for T. H. Goynes, Attorney-at-Law, Office: Opposite Court House, Tillamook, Oregon.

Advertisement for C. H. Upton, Ph. G., M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office one block west of the Allen House, Tillamook City. Calls answered promptly.

Advertisement for F. R. Beals, Real Estate, Financial Agent, Tillamook, Oregon.

Advertisement for Thos. Coates, Agent for Fireman's Fund and London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Companies, Tillamook, Oregon.

Advertisement for Thos. Coates, Pres., For Abstracts of Title, Tillamook Abstract and Trust Co.

Advertisement for A. W. Severance, Attorney-at-Law, Tillamook, Oregon.

Advertisement for J. S. Stephens, Real Estate and Fire, Life, Health, Accident, Insurance, Agent for the Northwest School Furniture Co. and Organs and Pianos, Notary Public, Office: Southwest from the Court House in the building occupied as a music store.

Advertisement for 'The Catarrh' Sewing Machine, featuring an image of the machine and text describing its quality and availability.