

Editorial Snap Shots.

The automobile fever appears to be on the increase. Next please.

It is really too bad that some of the dairymen's barns are not large enough to hold the bumper hay crop.

It is reported that the contractors for the railroad have threatened to take the construction plant away. Wouldn't that jar Tillamookers.

We don't wish to be sarcastic. But it would be desecration to pull down some of the old shacks on Main street, wouldn't it? Probably they will fall down before many years.

We are undecided as to the best course that should be pursued when the next individual comes to Tillamook City with a hot air railroad proposition—wine him and dine him ride him on a rail, or string him up.

We still have a flicker of hope that the Pacific Railway & Navigation Company will start up work and complete the first ten miles of road, as per their agreement, by next February. We must admit, however, that the flicker is getting smaller all the time.

Tillamook's bumper crop of hay this year is only another proof that crop failures are unknown in this county, and with cool weather and meadows green throughout the summer and the barns chock full of hay, Tillamook is the ideal dairying county of Oregon.

The Mayor and City Council ought to do something to prevent a repetition of the disgraceful affair which took place on Monday night in C. H. Woolfe's hall. If that is a sample of the Connor Club's doings then that club is a disgrace to the city and a low-down, debauching affair.

It is reported that the buggy peddlers are going to sue the county and the deputy prosecuting attorney and E. E. Tyler. Perhaps they had better go slow. They have from all appearance been violating a state law, and it is a deplorable state of affairs if those who are paid to enforce the law are to be sued every time they do so.

It is reported that a surveying crew for one of the steam or electric roads headed for Tillamook will come in on the next steamer, several parties having arrived in this city who are to join the crew. There is some doubt as to which road the surveying crew belongs to, but one of the boys said that the Southern Pacific paid him his wages.

Tillamook people appear to be more tickled over the prospects of an electric road than they were over a steam road. Electric roads into this county would be a fine thing for Tillamook and a fine investment. No matter where they are built, the section of country through which they go soon becomes valuable, with an immediate increase in population.

Probably most every dairymen in this county have made up their mind as to who they intend to vote for—a republican or a democrat—for president. They know, however, that the dairy products have been at a big figure under the republican administration, and as it is predicted that should Bryan be elected it will bring on one of the hardest times in the history of the country, the dairymen are not likely to become very enthusiastic over Bryan.

An exchange says a man in a neighboring town, who took a city paper in preference to a country paper because he got more paper for the money, was attracted by the advertisement of a fire escape which would be forwarded on receipt of \$2. He sent the cash and in a few days received a copy of the New Testament.

Probably, like a good many other persons, this individual, although not a subscriber, read the home newspaper. And it is the man who buys the home newspaper who does the most criticism.

Until the railroad or electric roads are built, it seems like money wasted for advertising Tillamook County in outside magazines and newspapers. The want of proper transportation is the hoodoo which confronts every effort in that direction, and will continue to hoodoo it, for when other parts of Oregon can be reached so quickly, it is not surprising that home seekers fight shy of a stage or a sea journey. Just as well reserve our energies and money until the transportation question is settled. And Ralph Ackley, after his experience in Portland, will coincide with us.

The Portland City County, in allowing women to be in saloons, is doing more to create a sentiment against the saloons than all the anti-saloon sermons. It was things like that and the flagrant abuse of the liquor laws by saloon keepers which put a number, if not all, of the counties in the "dry" column. As the anti-saloon sentiment and vote in some of the counties was a surprise, there is every reason to believe that, should a county anti saloon election take place in Multnomah two years hence, the large vote against saloons would also be a surprise, for a city council, apparently under the control of the liquor interests, is a factor which helps drive people into the anti-saloon band wagon.

In the interest and convenience of the

logging camp on the Wilson river, and if for no other reason, a bridge should be built across the Wilson river, above Bester's ford, before next winter. One will have to be built there before long to replace the one washed out on the North fork, and any improvement that can be made in building good roads and bridges to places where local industries are carried will be greatly appreciated. The Miami Lumber Co.'s logging camp on the Wilson River is the only industry of that description being operated in the county, employing men and distributing quite a large sum of money, and unless something is done soon to build a bridge it will be found difficult to operate the camp next winter.

We noticed that the parties who brought the buggies to this city kept them on one of the business streets, and nothing was done to force them off the street. It is bad enough for a lot of strangers to use the streets to display their vehicles, but it is also dangerous to allow a string of buggies to remain on the street night after night. We simply mention this to show how accommodating the city is to strangers who come here every summer for a few weeks and take business away from the merchant who is heavily taxed by the city. The streets are for the public, but here in Tillamook City strangers can string a row of huggies along a business street, leaving them there for days and nights, and nothing is done to protect the business interests of this city or the safety of the traveling public at night. But what is the use of the snap shot man drawing attention to these matters, there are those who will say were are "knocking."

The snap shot man several years ago pointed out quite frequently the importance to Tillamook City of having Hoquardon Slough straightened and deepened, so that any vessel which can cross Tillamook bar can reach this city. The citizens and business men took little or no interest in this matter, probably, for the reason that they did not realize to what extent that the slough and harbor front could be improved; nor did they stop to look into the future and figure out what it meant to this city and section of the county from a commercial and business standpoint. Suppose this work had been taken in hand some years ago and was completed today, with a wide, deep water front and a straight, deep channel to the bay, what a great and lasting improvement it would be to Tillamook City and how the business men and property owners would pride themselves upon the improvement. We simply mention this for the purpose of creating some enthusiasm. Other towns, with less natural advantages and less resources surrounding them, are pushing to the front. Tillamook City should do the same, and we do not believe there is anything that will benefit it more than the straightening and deepening of Hoquardon slough.

Evidently the people of Portland and other places fail to gauge the temper of the people of Tillamook county when they propose new railroad projects, subsidies and rights of way. We are afraid if this procrastination continues much longer Tillamookers will become so exasperated that it will be, "Jonny, get your gun," or the rope, for the next individual who pokes his nose into this county with another hot air, grafting railroad proposition. That is about how some of our citizens feel, and no one can blame them, for if every a section of country, was humbugged for years with railroad projects and hot air humbugs, Tillamook County has been. How long a feeling of righteous indignation will continue in this county at fever heat we do not know. For the last twenty years the Headlight has been publishing railroad news aglare, but still the county is bottled up by the Southern Pacific, or Harriman system. With three electric line projects headed for Tillamook this may have the effect of somewhat sobering the indignation of the people of this county, and as we are disposed to help boost these electric roads people are skeptical and will remain so, for the question is already asked quite frequently: "Do they mean business?" When the people are satisfied on this point they may turn in and help, but not before.

The Astorian says: That the city of Tillamook does not seem to display the interest that it should in the projected Astoria, Seaside & Tillamook Electric Railway Company has recently been the source of considerable comment among some of the leading business men of this city. But the reason for this fact may not be difficult of ascertainment, it is pointed out by others.

This looks altogether too premature on the part of the Astorian to make such a remark, for it did not know what Tillamook City would or would not do in regard to obtaining rights of way. This city is interested in obtaining a railroad, and the one most direct to Portland is naturally most preferred, for the reason that it will be more direct for the people who live in the center of the county to get outside and shorter and more convenient for outside people to visit Tillamook beaches. But there is a large stretch of country between Tillamook City and Astoria which not only needs railroads but wagon roads to open it up. It has a great future for dairying and lumbering, with splendid advantages to develop these industries as soon as the transportation question is solved. It is

the need of transportation which is keeping that country bottled up. Any effort that may be made to put a road, electric or steam, through from Astoria to this city, should have the hearty co-operation of both counties. It would, naturally, be a great advantage to Astoria. The most peculiar feature about the letter from Astoria is asking the people of this city to secure rights of way, even before a preliminary survey is made. It is just as well to remark, however, that we do not believe there is any great desire on the part of the citizens to rustle for rights of way for the Astoria, Seaside & Tillamook Electric Railway Company after their experience in securing rights of way for the Pacific Railway & Navigation Co. The Astoria electric and all other projected roads headed for Tillamook must expect to come here without any subsidies or rights of way secured for them, and they will have to rely on their own resources, the same as the farmers and other citizens have had to do. But each road headed for Tillamook will be offered the glad hand of welcome whenever they reach this county.

Peddlers Bound Over.

John Martin was arrested again on Friday, charged with hawking, peddling and selling buggies without first obtaining a county license. Martin, with Ira Smith, brought in a string of buggies to peddle and sell. They had been previously arrested on a similar charge, on the complaint of E. E. Tyler, but Justice Sappington dismissed the case on the grounds that the prosecution did not produce evidence that they had hawked or peddled the buggies, although the defendants admitted selling them without first obtaining a county license.

Martin had another hearing before the Justice on Saturday, and the evidence being sufficient, he was bound over to the circuit court, the bail being placed at \$500. Martin said he would not give bail and was locked up in the county jail. Next morning he changed his mind and put up cash bail.

A similar case against Ira Smith was continued until Wednesday and was then further continued until next week.

Joseph Gibbens Wanted.

TO EDITOR OF TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT. DEAR SIR,—I have taken your name from Dun's Reference Book, and am writing for the purpose of obtaining information concerning one Joseph Gibbens. When last heard of he was at Tillamook. His relatives have not heard from him for over a year and are very anxious to learn of his whereabouts. Mr. Gibbens before going West resided in Illinois.

Any information relative to the above named gentleman that you may give me will be greatly appreciated.

Thanking you for any courtesy you may extend to me in the matter, I am, dear sir,

Respectfully yours,  
F. J. PALMER.  
Denver, Colorado, July 25th, 1908.  
Box 1375.

There is a veritable network of rural routes out of nearly all of the towns and seldom does one find a farmer who is not placed in a position to take advantage of one. With present conditions existing, the man on the farm has the opportunity to take his daily paper as the one in town, and gets his mail sometimes earlier than many of the residents in the cities. There are rural mail carriers and rural mail carriers—each one has his striking characteristic. The majority are favorites in their particular field, and as a rule the patrons of his route would not trade him for any other man on another. The carrier and the farmer learn to know each other, and the country visitor on hearing them greet each other would say they were both "good fellows." The man that carries the mail should have a whole lot of credit. He is obliged to make the trip in all kinds of weather, and the heat of protection will not make the job an enjoyable one. Some time when he is not busy, let the reader talk a few minutes to a rural mail carrier and he will find that he is in touch with everyone on the route.

It Can't Be Beat. The best of all teachers is experience. C. M. Harlan, of Silver City, North Carolina, says: "I find Electric Bitters does all that's claimed for it. For Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles it can't be beat. I have tried it and find it a most excellent medicine." Mr. Harlan is factored by F. J. Cheney & Co., Inc., also for weakness, lameness, and all run down conditions. Best too for chills and malaria. Sold under guarantee at Chas. I. Clough's drug store, 50c.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure local disease, and by constantly failing to cure local disease, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, an internal cure, is the only one that reaches the mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Sold by druggists, 75c. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

POLK'S GAZETTEER A Business Directory of each City, Town and Village in Oregon and Washington, giving a Descriptive Sketch of each place, Location, Shipping Facilities and a Classified Directory of each Business and Profession. R. L. POLK & CO., Inc. Seattle, Wash.

NETARTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ackley and children, of Portland, are visiting with Geo. W. Phelps, Mrs. Ackley's father.

Elmer Hoag and family spent Sunday on the beach enjoying themselves and calling on their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Latimer are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. James Young, Mrs. Latimer's father at Happy Camp.

P. W. Todd and family are camping at Happy Camp for a week or two. A. W. Phelps, of Long Prairie, is visiting with his brother, Geo. W. Phelps, at Netarts for a few days.

Mr. Herington and party of 16, of Corvallis, are camping at Happy Camp. Ed Fitzpatrick was on the beach Sunday.

Arthur Hunt and family are camping at Happy Camp for a couple of weeks. Tillamook was well represented at Netarts Sunday.

Ed Saylor, Geo. Saylor, J. Griffith and Van Myles left for Portland Friday noon after a week's stay at Netarts. Gus Johnson was down from the lighthouse on Sunday.

F. J. Youngberg and party left for their home at Carlton Tuesday morning.

Miss Ethel Willig left for her home in Portland after a week's stay with her mother, Mrs. M. J. Cone. S. S. Johnson and T. B. Haudley were on the beach Tuesday.

A Woman's Back

Has many aches and pains caused by weakness and falling, or other displacement, of the pelvic organs. Other symptoms of female weakness are frequent headaches, dizzy spells, imaginary spots or dark spots floating before the eyes, yawning sensation in stomach, dragging or bearing down in lower abdomen or pelvic region, disagreeable drains from pelvic organs, faint spells with general weakness. If any considerable number of the above symptoms are present there is no remedy that will give quicker relief or a more permanent cure than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has a record of over forty years of cure. It is the most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening medicine known to medical science. It is made of the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful, or habit-forming drugs. Its ingredients are all printed on the bottle wrapper and attested under oath as correct. Every ingredient entering into "Favorite Prescription" has the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice—more valuable than any amount of non-professional testimonials—though the latter are not lacking, having been contributed voluntarily by grateful patients in numbers to exceed the endorsements given to any other medicine extant for the cure of woman's ills.

You cannot afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for this well proven remedy of known composition, even though the dealer may make a little more profit thereby. Your interest in regaining health is paramount to any selfish interest of his and it is an insult to your intelligence for him to try to palm off upon you a substitute. You know what you want and it is his business to supply the article called for.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by old Dr. Pierce over forty years ago, imitated but never equaled. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take and ready.

Did You Ever Try HARRIS'S NEW FEED AND LIVERY BARN, If not, give him a call. Everything first-class. Second block South of P. O. W. G. HARRIS, Prop.

EVERYTHING FOR PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS. We specialize on prescription compounding and therefore carry a stock which represents everything that physicians hereabout are likely to prescribe. All new worthy pharmaceuticals are here as soon as out and our line of prescription drugs is complete at all times. Only goods of highest purity and quality are ever used.

Physicians who are acquainted with our stock and methods invariably feel sure of best results from the medicines they have prescribed when they see our label on the bottle. Expert services day or night. Prices as low as anywhere. May we fill your prescriptions? CHAS. I. CLOUGH, Reliable Druggist, Tillamook, Ore.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

The Wind. The senator pushed into the crowd that surrounded the automobile. "What is the trouble here?" he inquired. "Punctured tire," replied a man with a dinner pail. "Make a speech into it, will you, senator?"—New York Press.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation. They do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.—Steele.

A ROMANCE OF STEEL

The Rise of a Great Industry and Enormous Fortunes.

KELLY AND THE AIR BLAST.

The Flash of Genius Which Provided the World With a New Metal—Robert Mushet's Device—Captain Bill Jones and Andrew Carnegie.

As late as the middle of the last century cheap steel was unknown. It was then sold at 25 cents a pound. The railroads were using iron rails which wore out in less than two years, and the total output of iron and steel in a year was less than is now made in four days.

Then came to William Kelly, a Pittsburg Irish-American, that flash of genius which provided the world with a new metal, something as strong as steel and as cheap as iron.

Kelly was an iron maker and needed charcoal. In time all the wood near his furnaces was burned, and the nearest available source of supply was seven miles distant. To cart his charcoal seven miles meant bankruptcy unless he could invent a way to save fuel. One day he was sitting in front of the "furnery fire" when he suddenly sprang to his feet, with a shout, and rushed to the furnace. At one edge he saw a white hot spot in the yellow mass of molten metal. The iron at this spot was incandescent. It was almost gaseous. Yet there was no charcoal—nothing but the steady blast of air. Like a flash the idea leaped into his excited brain—there was no need of charcoal; air alone for fuel.

But people said he was crazy when Kelly asserted that pig iron could be changed into malleable iron by the air blast, for every iron maker believed in those days that cold air would chill hot iron. "Some crank will be trying to burn ice next," said one manufacturer, and Kelly, through lack of means, could not turn his idea into the success he deserved.

Then, seven years later, came Bessemer, who made the new process a commercial success by the invention of his celebrated "converter" and received \$10,000,000, worldwide fame and a knighthood as his reward. Kelly received \$500,000 and comparative oblivion, although his idea was the nucleus of the Bessemer process by which iron is purified from carbon by the direct introduction of oxygen, for when Bessemer applied for and obtained a United States patent for his "pneumatic process" Kelly claimed priority for his invention, and his claim was allowed by the patent office.

Another pioneer of the steel trade, Robert F. Mushet, a Scotsman, who hit upon a device for removing a difficulty that baffled Kelly and Bessemer, fared even worse than Kelly, for he lost his patent by failing to pay the necessary fees and in his later years was dependent upon a pension of \$1,500 which he received annually from Bessemer.

The difficulty which Mushet removed was this: The air blast clears the molten metal of carbon and of all impurities, including sulphur and phosphorus. But a certain quantity of carbon is necessary to harden the metal into the required quality of steel. Instead of endeavoring to stop the process at exactly the right moment, Mushet asked, "Why not first burn out all the carbon and then pour back the exact quantity that you need? This was a simple device, but no one had thought of it before."

The man who took the invention of Kelly and Bessemer into his hands, developed it into one of the wonders of the world and made the Carnegie millions was Captain William R. Jones—Bill Jones, as he was known—who seemed to live with the sole desire of toppling over the idea that England owned the steel trade. He could have been a millionaire many times over, but he cared little for money. When he was offered a partnership he replied:

"No, Mr. Carnegie, I don't know anything about business, and I don't want to be bothered with it. I've got trouble enough here in these works. I'll tell you what you can do—these were his exact words—"you can give me a thundering big salary."

"After this, captain," replied Carnegie, "you shall have the salary of the president of the United States—\$25,000." The famous scrap heap policy was originated by Jones. He did not believe in waiting until his machinery was worn out. The moment that an improvement was invented old machinery was dragged to the scrap heap and the latest devices put in its place. He made the shareholders gasp on several occasions by asking permission to smash up \$500,000 worth of machinery that was as good as new, but outgrown. Jones died, as he had lived, in the midst of an industrial battle at the head of his men. He was killed in an accident in the company's works. "Carnegie, looking upon poor Jones as he lay in the hospital, sobbed like a child."

"The Romance of Steel," by Herbert N. Casson.

THE CHEERFUL TURTLE

This Queer Creature Enjoys Many Peculiar Advantages.

"To be or not to be—turtles certainly, if I could not be a turtle," declares one who speaks for a turtle of his subject. "Basking in the suns or cruising leisurely in the depths, the turtle has an enviable good time. As soon as the hatchling emerges from the egg he scuttles to the sea. He has no one to guide him, no one to guide. In his little world there is implanted a streak of conservatism based on the fact that until a certain period his projecting armor is hard and no defense against hungry fish and he immediately seeks shelter in the tropical profusion of the gulf which holds within its branches a fronda an astonishing abundance of marine life.

"Here the young turtle feels tested and knows that his armor is hardening apace. Once he has attained the weight of twenty-five pounds he may 'check' freely any monster of the deep. After that no fish or monster ever interferes with him. Instead, Cavourers may struggle all day long through his iron shell. The ways fall.

"The turtle, like the sperm whale, has but one enemy—man. Now, the turtle's shell is not as hard as the sperm whale's, but it is frequently to the surface to breathe and if it got beached high and dry, land what would become of it? The cheerful turtle can stay below the surface for a week if he wants to, but he often does, while if he had to be on an equal time on land he would be the change and be none the wiser. He is neither fish, flesh nor fowl, yet his flesh partakes of the characteristics of all three.

"Eating seems a mere matter with him, since for weeks at a time he may be placed in a barrel, with a bung out, and emerge after his fast apparently none the worse for enforced abstinence from food. Light and almost from air. Of all warm blooded organisms there is so tenacious of life as the turtle, a creature that would be instantly killed to fish leave the turtle apparently disturbed, and his power of long death at bay is nothing short of marvelous."

AN EFFECTIVE SERMON

Trumpet Blast That Drove the Sinner to Repentance. Old Peter Cartwright was a preacher and circuit rider many years ago.

The exhorter was holding a meeting in Ohio. There was a number of campers on the field, the eccentric speaker addressed the campers at every service. He thought too few were being converted. He felt that something should be done to stir the sinners to repentance. He prepared a strong sermon on the second coming of Christ. He held the world would go on in its wickedness and at last Gabriel would sound his trumpet and time would come to an end. He described horrors of the lost and the saved. Those who were saved, the sinners grew in intensity, and he brought people up to a grand climax, when he suddenly the sound of a trumpet came to the ears of the anxious throng. There was a great sensation. Many fell upon their knees and began to repent and pray. He screamed and strong men present Pandemonium was let loose for minutes. After the terror had subsided what caused the preacher to man up a tree, and he descended a long tin horn in his hand. The speaker then turned in stern tones and upbraided the people. He held out in stentorian tones that if with a tin horn up a tree would frighten them so, how would the last great end when Gabriel's trumpet sounded the knell of the world? The sermon had a great effect on the vast audience, and many had flocked to the front and were converted.

Simple When You Know How. An innocent cockney while in the country asked a farmer how the aged to grow storky bacon.

"Oh, it is simple enough," said honest agriculturist. "One week starve the pig or feed him very little. That makes a layer of lean meat. Next week we give him all he can eat, even working overtime, and makes a row of fat. So by alternating starving and feeding we get the storky streaky bacon."

"Dear me," said the cockney, "how do you make the ham?"

"Oh, we manage that by putting a ring in the pig's nose," was the answer.—London M. A. P.

The Careful Scots. A Scot and his wife came to the city and the worthy pair were in a state of fears concerning the disabbling quality of London thieves.

As they took their first walk in the Strand the husband was seized by a sudden hoarseness in her own woman, hast to get to the doctor, he feared feebly in the gymnasium.

"Na, na," she answered, "such a fule! I've left 'em sitting awa' in the portmanteau!"—Chronicle.

What a Blessing. Smith—What a blessing it is to have Jones (enthusiastically)—After she has no time to play piano.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Plot. Doctor—I think I shall have in some other physicians for my patient.—That's right. Get as many accomplices as you can. Load in Telegraph.