

Editorial Snap Shots.

We are all glad to see the railroad officials in Tillamook—if work on the railroad is to be resumed.

We want to inform those who have been buying groceries from peddlers that some of the groceries have been and is stored in one of the stalls of a livery barn in this city. Surely it cannot avoid the unwholesome smell of the barn, but as some people are duped into buying from peddlers and strangers, we simply mention this to show that they get their money's worth, anyway, in having it flavored so highly with barn manure and drainage.

It is not in the spirit of fault finding that we mention this: Are the road supervisors pushing the road work so that the county is getting value for the money expended? There are those who claim that road supervisors should be pushing the work along faster than they are. So it is up to them to see that the work is carried out expeditiously and economically. The county is expending \$14 per capita for road work this year, the largest amount of any county in the state, and it is up to the supervisors to see to it that the people get value for the money they pay in taxes. Quite frequently we receive letters criticizing the county judge or commissioners, when, in fact, it should have been the road supervisors who should have been criticised. The point is right here: The county court apportions the road money, and it is the road supervisors who have to see to it that the county's interests are well looked after in the expenditure of it. If they do not, and any district is not getting the work done that it should, then the people in the district can invoke the recall act to fire the supervisor and elect another in his place. That is the situation. The snap shot man is not in love with our present system of road building, but as long as it continues we have no fear in saying that if the people would desist from criticizing the county court and unmercifully criticize the laxity of some road supervisors and those who work—or do as little as possible—on the roads, probably there would be better roads and it would take less money to build them. This is a fact. On the other hand, there are road supervisors who are pushing work and building substantial roads.

Good Roads for Tillamook, and plenty of them, is a matter which should interest most everybody, but every now and then we hear "knockers" who undertake to "roast" the county judge and commissioners. There is no occasion for this, for they are doing what they can to give the county good roads as far as available money will go. Whether the proposed Good Roads Conference in this city next month will result in much good greatly depends upon the action of the county courts of this and adjoining counties. That being the case, it seems to us, if we are allowed to make a suggestion, that if the county courts of Yamhill, Polk, Tillamook and Clatsop Counties could be induced to meet in Tillamook City with some specific object in view, we believe it would accomplish more, and much quicker, than a meeting as suggested next month. The headlight will undertake to say what this specific work should be, and of common interest alike to Yamhill, Polk, Tillamook and Clatsop Counties, viz., a first class wagon road from McMinnville to Astoria. This would make a splendid drive way for tourists through the beautiful Willamette valley. Antos leaving Portland in the morning would go through Multnomah, Washington and Yamhill Counties, where diversified farming is carried on, and after leaving Sheridan tourists would then head for Tillamook, the land of milk and honey, beautiful green meadows, roads with but little dust and a sea coast as pretty and grand as anywhere in the world, arriving in Tillamook City, a distance of 125 miles, for supper. From this city to Astoria, a distance of 60 miles, would be through a section of country grand with scenic beauty. It is a road of that description which the Automobile Club of Portland is wanting and will have before long and we see no reason why the roads cannot be improved to bring this about. The mode of travel is changing so rapidly that a 100 or 150 mile drive a day in an automobile is a common thing, and it will not be very long before prosperous farmers will be buying autos to take them to the cities or their milk to the factories. Road meetings are alright in their way, but to accomplish anything a conference, either in this city or in Portland, of the county courts of Yamhill, Polk, Tillamook and Clatsop with the committee of the Automobile Club of Portland would bring immediate results. If these counties fail to see what an immense amount of travel would result from a first class road from Portland, via McMinnville and Tillamook City, to Astoria, other counties will soon be getting together. Portland is greatly in need of a road such as we have described. It would be a grand, beautiful route for the thousands of persons who visit Portland annually to take. Without mentioning any more words, instead of a road meeting in this city next month, if Judge John H. Scott would call a conference of the county courts and the Automobile Club with the specific purpose of improving the route the Headlight has mapped out it can be put in good shape by next spring. Our

advice to the counties concerned is to get in and improve this route as soon as possible, for as but few tourists and pleasure seekers visited these counties this year, thousands would do so whenever this route is made fit for travel. From an advertising and commercial standpoint it would be a splendid thing for all the counties, bringing into them the wealthy class, who leave large sums of money wherever they go, and those who are looking for industrial openings. Here is an opportunity to do something. Will the county courts co-operate with the Automobile Club, which is willing to assist financially?

A Different Version.

AN ENTERPRISING FARMER. J. Donaldson is one of our enterprising ranchers. He lives some four miles east of town and milks 75 cows. He installed four milking machines this summer, and states that they work to perfection. That with some of the old cows, he at first, had some trouble, in that they would hold back their milk some, but they soon got used to the machine, and with the young cows there never was any trouble. That the milking machines did the work and that it made a wonderful difference in the work of the ranch. It was much more cleanly and sanitary, it relieved the family from work around the barns, and allowed a rancher and his family to enjoy life the same as any one in any other line of business. Machines on milk ranches have come to stay.

[TO THE EDITOR TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT] DEAR SIR,—As the above article, which appeared in last week's Herald might be misleading and cause some one to go into unprofitable expense, I will say we have a milking machine outfit which cost us near \$1000, but while J. Donaldson is at Happy Camp taking a much needed rest the machine is idle and three men are milking 59 cows instead of 78 as is reported in the above.

Respectfully, Mrs. A. L. DONALDSON.

Will Not Buy Phone Line.

TO THE EDITOR OF TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT Mr. H. J. Gregory, Special Agent of P. F. & T. Co., Tillamook, Oregon. DEAR SIR.—Your proposition to sell your telephone system to us for \$14,000.00 was received and read at our meeting of stockholders to-day. The advisability of buying your system was discussed and it was found in your letter that you had misrepresented the cost of hauling your posts on Beaver line. You stated it cost 50 cents per post, but your men who hauled them informed us they received 40 cents per post for same. So if you would misrepresent on cost of them you might on other statements, and we are very well acquainted with the lines in this county and know them to be old or a great portion of them, and ready to fall to pieces and must soon be reconstructed. We know that a part of the line you are constructing to Beaver is second hand materials, and as most of us are farmers and have at times been bit by buying old second hand wagons or other farm vehicles or implements, we don't feel like investing in an old second hand telephone system. So we refuse to buy your system in this county at any price.

Hoping you will go ahead and put your lines in good condition. Throw away your old phones, and buy good ones and furnish your customers with good service. And in the meantime we will go ahead and do the best we can to have good service and all work together to build up Tillamook County and have some of the best telephone systems in the world. Hence we are yours in the interest of the people of Tillamook County. TILLAMOOK COUNTY MUTUAL TELEPHONE CO. R. Y. BLALOCK, Secretary. Beaver, Ore., Aug. 15th, 1908.

Allen House Arrivals. THURSDAY—A. L. Gurge, C. O. Lauritzen, C. Johnson, Omar Agnew, Portland; W. H. Nelson and wife, Harry A. Littlefield, Mrs. M. T. Littlefield, Newberg; H. C. Baker, J. W. Landon, Walla Walla.

FRIDAY—L. E. Merchant, North Yamhill; C. L. Lindsay, Mrs. F. C. Vader, Portland; C. V. Preston, H. W. Klein, Nehalem.

SATURDAY—A. Kimmerer, Seaside; A. L. Miller, Dulph; Arthur Willitt, Clark Smith, Duluth; W. Stativ, wife and son, Salem.

SUNDAY—A. S. Fleming, Salem; G. W. Clark, Portland; David Ayers, Warsaw, Ill.; Mrs. M. B. Hingworth, Miss Estella Smith, Toby L. Smith, Wilson; Odell Spencer, Hemlock; W. D. Woods, Bay City; C. J. Clements, Portland.

MONDAY—E. S. Helm, E. D. Barrett, J. M. Ward, C. S. Jackson, F. Jackson, P. Jackson, H. L. Choplin, wife and children, Portland; Harry W. Edgerton, Washington, D. C.; A. T. Pratt, W. E. Smith, Alfred Hoagland, Oscar Olafson, Mr. and Mrs. James Nud and son, Mrs. A. M. Cronen, Mrs. Fred Bullan, Mrs. K. Cronen, Dr. I. N. Coghlan, Bert McPhee, J. Noble, Portland.

TUESDAY—Russell Hawkins, Mrs. H. C. Wootman, Miss Blanche Davy, Miss Lillian O'Brien, Miss Verdi Monroe, H. M. Kerron, Will Abbee, Dr. Robt. Elias, S. Lowenberg, Eugene Opensheimer, Portland; Mrs. C. F. Miller, Forest Grove; W. T. Smith, Los Angeles.

WEDNESDAY—J. Kruttschnitt, J. Kruttschnitt, jr., W. W. Cotton, Geo. L. Davis, E. E. Lytle, Elmer Huston, Portland; J. L. Mayness, B. N. Himebaugh, T. H. Daves, E. A. Casston, Portland; W. G. Tibber, Seattle; L. A. Lehmann, Spokane; W. H. Sales and wife, Balm; Julius Erickson, Balm.

A COOL GUN FIGHTER.

Shot His Man and Then Leisurely Proceeded to Gulp a Cocktail.

"When I went to Tombstone, Ariz., in 1880 to practice law, there were many desperate characters in that community," said Hon. Marcus A. Smith, who has been delegate in congress from that territory for the biggest part of the past twenty-two years. "At one time I could have mentioned by name no fewer than thirty-five men who stood in the front rank of 'killers.' With one exception, I believe there was not one of the entire crowd who did not die with his boots on, slain by a bullet from a Colt navy six or a Winchester, in the same fashion he had himself meted out death to many of his fellows.

"It was the inexorable hand of fate that these demoralized beings should get their quietus by violence. Yet some of them were as gentle in their ways as the veriest dude who strolls idly along Pennsylvania avenue and apparently as harmless. I recall a 'fair-skinned, blue-eyed young fellow'—if your killers have blue eyes—named Harry Leslie. He was a Georgia boy and evidently the child of decent, well-to-do people.

"One day while in the act of taking a drink in a saloon in Tombstone some one whispered in his ear that an enemy was waiting just outside with a Winchester and swearing to kill him the moment he emerged from the bar-room. Putting down his untouched liquor, Leslie walked to the door, whipped out his revolver and sent a bullet crashing into the brain of the intending murderer, who never even got his rifle presented. It was the most quickly acted drama I ever saw. As soon as he watched his man fall prone to the earth Leslie walked back as cool as if it were the most trifling detail of life and leisurely sipped his cocktail.

"I was his lawyer when he was put to trial for his life, and the jury acquitted him after being out only a few minutes."—Baltimore American.

Too Big For the Booth.

Diners in a Broadway restaurant the other night were amused when a young lady wearing an enormous white straw hat trimmed with fanning red wings walked up to the telephone booth in the corner and started to enter. She evidently had forgotten she was wearing her "Merry Widow" for she fetched up against the sides of the booth with a bang, her hat falling to clear the opening by a good three inches on either side. However, the young lady was equal to the emergency. She calmly grasped the brim of her hat with both hands, tilted it to one side and glided through the door like a sailboat going through a draw-bridge. Up to this time there had been smiles and grins, but when the young lady tried to draw the door to close and found that it would not shut at all with her hat inside the room broke into a roar of laughter that shook up even the most imperturbable waiter.—New York Press.

Fought Under Six Flags.

A remarkable soldier has just died at Budapest in the person of General Stephen Turr, one of the bravest revolutionary generals that ever lived. He commenced his military career as a lieutenant in the Austrian army. Then he fought for the Hungarian revolutionary government, helped to quell a German revolution and joined Garibaldi in his great struggle. On the outbreak of the Crimean war he served as a volunteer in Omar Pasha's army against Russia and finally received a commission in the British transport service. It was while buying horses for the British army at Budapest in 1857 that the general was seized by the Austrians as a deserter and sentenced to death. But both the British and French governments made such emphatic protests against this sentence that it was commuted to banishment. Finally the old soldier settled down in Paris.

Memphis on the Nile.

Memphis on the Nile, one of the greatest capitals of the ancient world, buried beneath the ground which is now under cultivation by the villagers of Mitrahineh, who will have to be transferred to other plots and compensated before the contemplated work of excavation can proceed very far. It is estimated that an expenditure of about \$15,000 annually for fifteen years will be required to excavate the temple sites, apart from the city. The unearthing of Memphis, which contained the finest school of Egyptian art, will be by far the greatest archaeological work of recent times and must result in a vast addition to the world's knowledge of ancient Egyptian history and civilization. The work will soon be begun by Professor Petrie, head of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt.

A Lazy Boy's Invention.

The long handled shovel has made over \$300,000 for its inventor, and the inventor was a lazy, shiftless boy of seventeen named Reuben Davis, whose father lived in Vermont at the time. He set Reuben to digging dirt and loading it on a wagon, and the short handled shovel made the boy's back ache. One afternoon when his father was away he took out the short handle and substituted a long one and found the work much easier.

When the father returned home Reuben got a thrashing, but after the old man had used the shovel himself he said that it was a good thing and got it patented. They are now manufactured almost by the million. That boy's backache turned out to be a good thing for the Davis family.

She Lost Her Shoe.

While in Samoa Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife in a great measure did as the Romans did—that is to say, as the Samoans did. It was Louis' custom to lie abed late of a morning and spend the remainder of the time under a tree on the hill clad in light pajamas, the dress of the native Kanaka. With his wife it was the same. Stays were unknown to her and a curling iron a dim recollection of a shady past. It was while Stevenson and his wife were living at Apia, in Samoa, that Mr. Heywood was appointed consul there for this country. Shortly after his arrival in the country he arranged for a reception to the English, German and American residents of the country that they might meet him in his official capacity and he them as "citizens of Samoa." Of course an invitation was sent Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife. Two days before the date of the function Mr. Heywood was surprised to receive a note from Mr. Stevenson sent by courier. The note read as follows:

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and Robert Louis Stevenson accept Consul Heywood's invitation with pleasure and as sure signs that they will be present on the evening of the 23d if by that time Mrs. Stevenson finds her other shoe. Excuse, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Ancient Fashion Jargon.

The language of the fashion plate and the woman's paper is sufficiently appalling to the mere man even in these days of emancipated and, we may presume, more grammatical womanhood; but, according to an extract from a fashion journal of 1787, the jargon of those days was even more astounding. This is how the paper described the dress of a certain Miss D. at the opera:

"She appeared in a dress of 'stiffed sighs, ornamented with 'superfluous regrets,' the bodice cut in a 'perfect candor' point and trimmed with 'indiscreet complaints.' Her hair was dressed in 'sustained sentiments,' with a headdress of 'sustained conquest, ornamented with several 'flayings' and 'downcast eye' ribbons, and her collar was 'beggar on horseback' color." No doubt all these marvelous terms conveyed some meaning to the fashionable woman of the days when French society danced on the edge of the volcano of 1789, but to their descendants of today they have absolutely no meaning.

The First Hello Girl.

They were seated around a table in a well known cafe, and the conversation had turned upon the development of the dialing machine and other fruits of the inventive genius of the day.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed a solemn faced, lantern jawed member of the party. "What of it? The old folks were not so slow. Look at the telephone, claim ed as a modern invention. Why, say, it's the oldest on record."

The Insuperable Anticipation.

A young Scotch emigrant was brought before the magistrate of a Nova Scotia court, charged with having deserted his work on a certain farm without giving due notice to his employer. When asked what he had to say in his defense, he replied, "Well, they gied me nou't but brakshaw to eat." Brakshaw, it may be explained, is the flesh of animals which have died a natural death. "How was that?" asked the magistrate. "Well, it was this way. Ye ken, the auld coo deod an' we ate it, the auld steg (quander) deod an' we ate it, the auld cow deod an' we ate it, the auld bubble-jock deod an' we ate it. Then the old woman deod—an' I left."—Belman.

Hindoo Confectionery.

Like the American girls, Hindoo girls are passionately fond of sweet things. One of their candies, sada, is very much like our plain sugar candy. It is made of sugar and milk and flavored with attar of roses. Buddhika hal, or hair of Buddha, is one of their most popular sweetmeats. It is so called because it is in fine, long strings like vermicelli. This is made of sugar and cream from buffalo's milk, which is exceedingly rich.

A Queer Twist.

The late Bishop T. U. Dudley of Kentucky declared that he was indebted to a mountaineer of that state for the most ungrammatical sentence he ever heard. This is it: "Then three Miss Blake are three of as pretty a gal as I ever see."

Beau Brummel Reprimanded.

Beau Brummel once insolently replied to an invitation to take tea by remarking that he never "took" anything but physic.

Playful Otters.

Otters are the most playful of all the animals, romping, wrestling, playing tug of war with a stick instead of a rope and sliding downhill on a slippery incline of mud which they make themselves.

Why, Indeed?

Robert Lowe once watched a deaf friend listening to a most tremendous bore with his ear trumpet. "Why," Lowe wondered aloud—"why contend against natural advantages?"

Silver is of less value than gold, gold than virtue.—Horace.

THE WHISPER.

Of all the various modes of speech which polished art and nature teach the whisper plays its part the best. With hints—which let you guess the rest.

That (rather Irish) wary "Whist!" That (rather ancient) caution "Hiat!" The modern "Hush!" all warn you lest—Well, whisper—you can guess the rest.

Folks say that it is very rude. It is when generally viewed. Still, when a man's a social pest Just whisper—he will guess the rest.

Bored, fatterers, gossipers and such, Who know, or think they do, too much— If you would stop them I'd suggest A whispered hint—they'll guess the rest.

—La Touche Hancock in New York Press.

Proof.



"Do you know that your chickens come over into my garden?" "I thought they must be doing that." "Why did you think so?" "Because they never come back."—Cleveland Leader.

His Revenge.

Shirley Brooks, one time editor of Punch, was noted for his whimsical humor. "It annoys me," he said one day, "if I am discourteously treated at the threshold of a friend's door. I remember once calling on some one, and the maid, in her rudest manner, told me he was not in and shut the door in my face. I felt I must be revenged upon her somehow, so I returned after an interval of five minutes, rang the bell and in my meekest manner mildly said, 'Did I say he was?'"

Practical Scaling.

"Look here, Lucy," exclaimed Mr. Hardapple, "this is no time to be practicing on the piano. It's time to prepare dinner." "But, pa, I am interested in scales," pouted Lucy as she pounded the keys. "Interested in scales, eh? Well, I've a task for you. Go down in the kitchen and help your ma scale fish."—Detroit Tribune.

Their Achievements.

"He had three daughters. One married a French chauffeur." "I see! Quite romantic." "The second married an Indian, a descendant of a chieftain." "I see! Quite aboriginal." "But the third married a plain American business man." "H'm! Merely eccentric, I should say."—Puck.

Accounted For.

Mrs. J.'s patience was much tried by a servant who had the habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day as the maid waited upon the table her mouth was open, as usual, and her mistress said: "Mary, your mouth is open." "Yassum," replied Mary; "I opened it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Long Story.

Ascum—Say, old man, what did your wife say to you when you got in last night? Wounds—Oh, are you just starting on your two weeks' vacation? Ascum—No, why? Wounds—Then you won't have time to listen. I can't talk as fast as she did.—Houston Post.

Why She Asked.

"Have you ever kissed a girl before?" she asked. "Why do you put that question to me?" he replied. "I only wished to know whether it was lack of experience or natural awkwardness that made you go about it in such a ridiculous way."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Pretty Quarrel.

"Yes," said the suburban citizen, "it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands." "No hard words, I hope." "None whatever. My folks are trying to play the piano late enough every night to make the lawn mower artists next door oversleep themselves next morning."—Washington Star.

Concentrated.

"Say, why didn't you tell me that your father had a sore throat and couldn't speak?" "I don't see what difference that could make." "You don't? Why, it enabled him to concentrate all his energy in his foot."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Net Necessary.

Mrs. Nosligh—Jane, you haven't washed the front windows in over a week. Jane—No'm, I didn't think it necessary since the neighbors across the street moved away.—Bohemian Magazine.

No Need For Anxiety.

Facetious Amateur Fisherman—I suppose the next thing the fish will all be muzzled. Professional Angler—Of, you have no need to worry. They won't bite.—Baltimore American.

An Eccentric Genius.

Among the geniuses none perhaps was stranger than the poet Rabelais, who dyed his hair green, tried to strangle his father-in-law, used opium, tobacco and wine to excess and enjoyed perverted olfactory sensations. "My soul soars upon perfumes as the souls of other men soar upon music," he wrote. But what pleased him, strange as it were, others of putrefaction, the smells which other men abhorred and the stench of disease which made others sick. And yet his poetry is among the most passionately studied of the literature of France. He was exceedingly superstitious, believing he would not succeed in an undertaking unless he left a house first with the left foot, and would count the number of gas jets along the streets, the numbers of cabs and numbers of doors. Adding these figures in his mind, he would consider the result an omen—multiples of three good, multiples of seven reassuring, while his bad number was seventeen. Curiously, once he was thrown out of a cab, the figures of which he added and found amounted to seventeen.

A Sharp Swindler.

A fashionable young lady once drove up in a handsome carriage to a private lunatic asylum situated a few miles from Paris and requested to see the proprietor. Her wish being acceded to, she informed the doctor that she desired to place her husband under his care to see if a cruel mania under which he labored—viz., "that he had lost a large quantity of jewels"—could not be removed. After some hesitation the doctor consented, and the lady drove away directly to a jeweler's in Paris and selected jewels to the value of several thousand francs and requested one of the shopmen to go with her in her carriage to procure the money for the goods she had taken. She drove with him to the asylum, and arriving there, he was shown to a room. The lady then sought the doctor, told him of the arrival of her husband, and getting into her carriage, again drove away. The rest may be imagined, but the poor fellow was confined several days before it was found they both had been "sold." The lady was never heard of after.

Wagner's Portrait.

When Wagner was in England supervising the first production of his opera, the music enthusiasts commissioned the artist Herkomer to paint the musician's portrait, but Wagner was dabbling about in such a state of frenzy that he repelled impatiently every attempt to get him to give a "sitting." Still, Herkomer stuck to him like a limpet, fed with him, walked and talked with him, watched him conduct his orchestra, write music and read books, at last, when every attempt to secure a "sitting" had failed, Herkomer one early one morning, painted with frenzied speed all day, spent a short night in restless sleep, rose early again and painted furiously, till on the second evening he sat down exhausted but with his picture finished. Wagner was called in and threw up his hands in amazement. "Ah!" he cried, "Wonderful! That is exactly how I would like to look if I could!"

Why Kelly Didn't Sleep.

"One night I went in late to Father Dempsey's hotel. Every bed was full, and there were 200 men sleeping on the floor of the recreation room. Each one of them had a newspaper under him to keep off the dust of the floor. I pointed to one little Irishman and remarked that he did not seem to be resting well. "What's your name, my man? Father Dempsey asked him. "Thomas Kelly, your reverence." "You don't seem to be resting well, Mr. Kelly." "I'll get to sleep after awhile, your reverence," he answered. "I don't believe you will unless you change your bed. You're sleeping on a Westliche Post," answered Father Dempsey.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Caught the General.

One of the regular army officers tells a story of how the old stringent army regulations once went against General Scott. One wet afternoon that soldier was caught in the rain in Washington. He was in full uniform and was well known, so no cab being near, he borrowed an umbrella. Arriving at his hotel, an underofficer approached him and calmly remarked: "General, you will consider yourself under arrest for eight days for carrying an umbrella while in full uniform."

His Solitude.

"Is it a fact that your mother-in-law threw herself out of the third story window and you did nothing to restrain her?" "Excuse me, I went to the first story to catch her, but she had already passed."—Diavolo Rossa.

Riches.

It is not what we have, but what we can do without, that makes us rich. Socrates, seeing a large lot of rables pass one day, exclaimed, "I am most happy, for there are so many things that I do not want!"

The Maroon Monster.

Friend—I suppose you run down a great many people? Motorist—Well, sometimes I run them up. Friend—Run them up? Motorist—Yes; last night I ran two men up a tree.—Chicago News.

A Change.

Mrs. Larkin—I want a little money today, Fred. Mr. L.—I'm very glad of that. Mrs. L. (surprised)—Why are you glad? Mr. L.—Because generally you want a good deal.