

Editorial Snap Shots.

The city marshal should have authority to plug every dog in town with lead that is running a large without a license tag.

Say! The best kind of a Christmas present for the Tillamook people is competition in the transportation business, which was inaugurated this week.

The Water Commission is wanting a levy of 4 mills. Is anyone shooting off their mouth that the profits from the system would pay the running expenses of the city?

We understand that the people in the north end of the county are talking of organizing a Port of Nehalem, and we want to say this that it would be a good move on their part, for Nehalem is destined to become a great lumber manufacturing center.

As it is now unlawful for chicken to run at large in this city the marshal will be able to pick up a good many stragglers to furnish his table with chicken dinners. And if he would manage to get hold of a few blind pigs as well, the city marshal will be in luck if he would just get busy.

How foolish to drag the new saw mill company into the Port of Tillamook controversy. The matter of amending the law and annexing new territory was taken up and discussed early in the spring, while it was only about two months ago that the saw mill proposition was submitted to those who have taken it up. Someone ought to use a little common sense before they misinform the public with such false-hoods.

It cost the taxpayers of this county in the neighborhood of \$250 to locate and bring back Eva Wolfe, a state's witness who was spirited away and sent to Nebraska so as to defeat justice. We are wondering whether this would be called a graft or a bunco game worked upon the taxpayers by those who had the case in charge? Anyway, the taxpayers have to foot the bill whether they like it or not. But don't kick about your taxes are high, gentlemen, when you allow that kind of a system to go on. But we suppose the snap shot man will, as usual, be called a knocker for kicking over the traces.

The anonymous letter writers are again in evidence. A great many persons have not forgotten the anonymous letters that appeared in some of the local and one of the McMinnville newspapers besmirching the characters of some of our best citizens. All that we need say to those who are writing and publishing anonymous letters is that it is a cowardly procedure, for if a public question, which is open to argument, pro or con, is worthy of discussion, then those who take active part in it should have the manhood and courage to sign their names to what they write, and not hide—like a nigger in the wood pile—behind a non de plume.

The egotistical editor could find plenty of editorial space in last week's Herald to knock the Port of Portland and space for anonymous letters, written and published by men who are so unmanly and cowardly that they were ashamed to sign their own names, yet the Herald could not find space to announce that another boat was to be put on to break up the grinding transportation monopoly that has kept Tillamook hotbed for years. What does the farmers think of that? Now we will pay our compliments to the Big It, as he has seen fit to drag the snap shot man's name into print—why, out of so many others, we do not know. Such self-important, egotistical, swelled up individuals soon find the conceit taken out of them after they have rubbed up against Tillamook people. A good many editors of that description have come to Tillamook, only to find new pastures later.

For the information of those who are laboring under some misunderstandings as to how the matter of straightening the slough and annexing new territory to the Port of Tillamook first came about, it was at the annual meeting of the Tillamook Development League last May, and which was attended by a large number of the leading business men. The matter was thoroughly discussed and enthusiastically endorsed by those present. In the issue of the Headlight of May 28th the following appeared as part of the report of that meeting:

A matter of considerable importance to Tillamook City was brought up by Carl Haberlach, who proposes to enlarge the territory embraced in the Port of Tillamook Commission and to levy a small tax to straighten Hoquarton slough and to give eight feet of water at low tide. This would allow any vessel to come to this city that could cross the bar. The proposition was well received and Carl Haberlach, F. R. Beals and P. W. Todd were elected a committee to take the matter in hand.

ballot. Yet those who have taken the initiative to one of the best propositions that ever came up in Tillamook City have false accusations hurled at them by the Herald which it cannot substantiate.

As there appears to be a question raised as to whether the right procedure was taken to amend the Port of Tillamook law and to annex new territory, as far back as last May Attorney-General A. W. Crawford was asked for an opinion, and his advice was followed in the recent election, and from that it is safe to say that everything was regular. We give below the letter for the information of those who make the assertion that the new law is defective:

State of Oregon, Legal Department, Salem, May 20, 1908.

DEAR SIR.—In reply to your favor of the 18th inst., inquiring as to the necessary mode of procedure for changing the boundaries of the Port of Tillamook and reorganizing the Board of Commissioners thereof, permit me to say that in my opinion the provisions of section 2690 of Bellinger and Cotton's code would apply, and a special election as therein provided could be called by the Board of Commissioners upon the filing of a petition, as provided in said section, and the additional territory annexed as provided in that section. After you have enlarged the boundaries of the port, then by initiative bill you could so change the organization and powers of the commission as might seem best to you under the provisions of the general law for initiative and referendum legislation, which is chapter 226, page 398, laws of 1907, Section 10 et seq. found at page 405 apply especially to initiative and referendum legislation by municipalities.

Very respectfully yours, A. W. CRAWFORD, Attorney General.

This having been followed it looks to us without thoroughly going into it that everything was regular in the recent election. We have our doubts, however, whether the U. S. Supreme Court will declare the initiative and referendum constitutional law constitutional. In the event that it is unconstitutional the new Port of Tillamook will go to the wall the same as a number of other measures passed in a similar way.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Allen House.

Thursday—Guy E. Allen, Woods; John P. McCann, Dan Ellis, Astoria.

Friday—A. M. Austin, Netarts; Jack Thomas, Michigan; H. L. Chapin, Portland; Gust Janson, Cape Meares; L. L. Smith, Hobsonville.

Sunday—H. Synesken, B. Thompson, S. F.

Monday—J. F. and J. E. Cox, Portland; A. A. Lane Hebo; Oscar Bergman, Nehalem.

Tuesday—H. Myers, Portland; Daniel Shannon, Marshfield; W. B. Chapin, John Ferguson, R. Maps, Portland; Rosalina Landingham, Cloverdale; E. P. Wills and family, Bay Ocean Park; Walter Burke, Forest Grove; C. Roy Faulconer, Sheridan; Arthur Hunt, Henry Rodgers, Long Prairie; T. J. Ballantyne, Miami.

Wednesday—A. A. Lane, Hebo; L. L. Smith, Miami.

Hotel Ramsey.

Thursday—J. Brown, L. Sondox, Beaver; Joe Price, J. H. Vedder, Hobsonville; E. J. Schelling, Bay City; J. McNamee, Forest Grove; T. R. Wilson, Cloverdale; R. Cross, Sandlake.

Friday—J. J. Hollett and wife, Beaver; W. R. Hollister, Portland; R. Moore, Bay City; Jeff Fleck, Cloverdale; C. J. Blanchard, Hemlock; E. Cross, Hebo.

Saturday—Ollis Frisbie, Walter Purke, Forest Grove; Charley Finch, H. H. Miller, Cloverdale, Hugh Wallace, Hemlock.

Sunday—Frank Ekroth, Miami; J. Pennock, Ed Worthington, Cloverdale.

Monday—L. White, Sandlake.

Tuesday—C. L. Morrow, H. and I. Highley, A. Frazee, Portland; J. T. Keeber, Wilson; B. Beals, S. Scovell, C. Preston Nehalem.

Wednesday—G. Kaufman, Seattle; F. E. A. E. Eury, G. Knight, Nehalem; E. Wells, Bay Ocean Park; C. B. Harrison, S. F.

Notice of Trustee's Sale of Real Property.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That pursuant to an order of the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon, made and entered of record on the 10th day of December, 1908, authorizing and directing me as trustee of the estate of J. H. Beach, bankrupt, to sell all of the real property of said estate for the purpose of paying claims against said estate, and the expenses of such trusteeship, I will on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock of said day, and thereafter, sell at public sale, at the North door of the Court house, in Tillamook City, and for cash the following described real property of said estate, to-wit: An undivided one-half interest in and to the following: Beginning at a stake on the 16th section line, S. 29 chains N. W. 1/4 of Sec. 29, 3. S. of R. 9 W., a maple 16 inches in diameter bears South 22 1/2 degrees, East 1 1/2 chains, thence North 2 degrees, West 4 minutes, West 4 chains, set a stake for N. E. corner of factory ground West 1 25 chains, East 2 degrees and 40 minutes, West 4 chains; East 1 25 chains, set a stake for S. E. corner of factory ground, also an undivided one-half interest in a certain lot 50 feet x 150 feet adjoining the last above described parcel of real property on the West.

Said sale made subject to the confirmation of said Court.

Dated at Tillamook, Oregon, this 17th day of December, 1908.

D. L. SHRODE, Trustee of the Estate of J. H. Beach, Bankrupt.

THE BUGLE CALL.

VOL. II. C. L. S. Editors: Clint King, Violet Noyes, Assistants: Clarence Stanley, Lillian Anderson, Mabel Goynes, Daisy Goodspeed. E. L. S. Editors: Mabel Edmunds, Eva Wheeler, Assistants: Albert Branwell, Mary Goldsworthy, Lynn Ebermann.

This is the last week of school this year, and when we come back again after Christmas vacation it will be 1909.

Some students who were looking out of the library window were very much surprised to see Albert walking out to the gate with his arm around—

The vacant cloakroom has been converted into a laboratory and the apparatus has been moved from the library into this room.

Elmer has again taken a fancy for Daisies. He even likes them for summer.

Miss Shirk: "What is the product of two numbers?" Ninth Grader: "The sun."

Miss Shirk and Miss Centerwall have been taking pictures of some of the High School class lately.

The boys of the High School are "delighted," for they are quite sure that they can get the upstairs of the Tyler building for their gymnasium.

Miss Garfield: "Who has the popcorn?" Nellie (transferring the said popcorn with frantic haste to Vida): "Why, Vida, has the popcorn."

The Rivals.

Today a ladie, good and true, With tear drops in his eyes, Said, "Violet, dear I love but you, Your heart is of such size, I always loved that blessed smile, I spose I always will, It somehow made my blood just boil, As we strolled long the hill; But when that horrid Lynn came long And said those few small words, You said the most outlandish things A fellow ever heard."

Note writing in the Library is a thing of the past, But, as for Violet and Lynn, Well, we think it will last.

The Freshies followed the example of the illustrious class of '11, and gave a party at the school house last Friday night, at which candy and nuts were served. Each one of the class had to invite a partner.

Mabel Edmunds was kept from coming to school Monday of this week by a badly sprained foot.

Wedding Guest: "Suffering cupid! You've kept me waiting here listening to your crazy story, and there goes the bridal party, and I didn't even see the ceremony."

Ancient Mariner: "Well, there's one fool wedding guest that didn't get to throw old shoes and rice at the bride."

There is already considerable talk of getting ready for the gymnasium. Mr. Branwell will get the suits for those that want them when he goes out to Portland during the holidays.

A girl that belongs to the senior class was trying to make the time to pass, So a match she lit on a favorable spot, And, just as it always, the pupil's lot, The teacher came in, a class to hear, Just in time to see the smoke disappear.

The pupils seem to like the new library books as there is a great demand for them.

The tenth and ninth grades seem to have a craze for writing love stories when Mr. Riechen has them write stories for their English lesson. Nearly all of them wrote about a girl and boy named Christy and John, some of them were very good.

The try out debate will be held in the assembly room of the H. S. Friday evening. From the debtors the judges will select three and an alternate to represent our H. S. in the debate with the Astoria H. S. The question to be debated is: "Resolved that it is not practicable for municipalities to own and operate their public utilities." The debtors are Cloyd Dawson, Eliza Dawson, Helen Bibby, Jennie Blanchard and Nellie Hannekrat.

The wet days emphasize the need of a covered play ground and gymnasium. This is something for the students to secure for themselves, and by earnest persistent effort they can ultimately do so. Mere talk does not amount to much. It is a concentrated and combined student spirit that will accomplish the result if it is ever done. Let some school organization however small, take up the matter as its sole aim and stick to it and work for it persistently and indefatigably, and the end will be attained ultimately.

A Fireside Story.

"Harold," called Mazie. "Come! now, grandpa is ready to tell his, Fireside Christmas Story."

"Alright, I'll be there as soon as I finish decorating the tree." It was Christmas eve and the Dunbar family were gathered around the great fireplace, cracking nuts, and eating popcorn, and maple sugar. "Hurry up," the children all called in excited tone, for they could see that grandpa was nearly ready to commence, and that was enough to excite them. "I'm coming," he called back, and in a few moments, bounced into the parlor his face looking like a grand rosy apple in the fire glow.

"Now I'm ready," said grandpa where with the room became very still. "When I was a young lad of twenty and one years, I was working in a logging camp in Canada. The provisions had to be hauled from the nearest village, so we boys took turns in going after them. It happened to be my turn the day before Christmas. It was one of those cold bleak days when great clouds hung around the hills, and everything seems so dismal. The road led down to a large lake which was about five miles in length surrounded by high hills, covered with timber. From the lake the road extended through a very dense tract of woods. I knew there were wolves seen quite often around the woods, but guns were scarce those days, and as the boys were going for a hunt that day I did not take one along.

"I started out early in the morning, and reached town in good season, but was delayed much longer than usual as the harness and sleigh needed more repairing than I had thought for. It was getting dusky when I started, but the horses were feeling fine after their long rest, and the sleigh glided over the snow at a very rapid rate. I did not have a light so hurried the horses on as fast as possible to get through the timber before it got very dark. As I entered the timber it grew darker very fast; so fast that in a few minutes I could hardly see the horses. As it was a long four miles through the timber, I whipped up the horses to a trot I had never seen them equal. After I had gone about a mile I thought I heard a distant howl. That howl was answered by another, and another; they kept nearing, and more joining them. When I had nearly reached the lake, I looked back, and could see red balls, always two together, following at quite a distance behind.

"When I came out on the lake, I whipped up the horses; they seemed to realize the danger, and sped over the ice so fast that it seemed as tho' I were flying. When I would look back there were always an increase to the number of bright balls. When they would set up their howling, there would be answer from the sides of the lake and more of those awful lights would appear and join the rest. I began to revolve in my mind the question, How shall I defend myself—or as you remember I had no gun. All at once I thought of a scheme my father once told me; which was to let a rope drag behind the sleigh. Fortunately I had a rope in the bottom of the sleigh, so whipped up the horses, fastened the lines to front of the sleigh, and prayed in my heart that they would keep the track. I soon found the rope and easily fastened it onto the back of the sleigh. As it lengthened out behind, the wolves set up an awful howling, and I could see the bright balls, and more out to each side.

"We boys had large ox horns which we always carried with us to blow in case of danger, and they could be heard for a great distance. As I was now within a few miles of camp I gottch out and blew a blast, which set all the fierce band to howling, and I was sure the men would hear one or the other. When they quieted down again I blew again, and was answered the same as before. They were now crowding in on the sides and I was afraid they would soon attack. They came so close at times that I could see their shaggy forms and hear their deep breathing, but I only had about a quarter of a mile more on the lake. New hopes now began to arise, and I took the horn, blow such a blast as had never echoed through those hills before. The band did not howl this time but snarled and growled, pushed and crowded nearer and nearer. The horses were going so fast that I had to hold on, but oh! what a thrill of joy went through me when I heard an answer from camp. As I neared the shore I saw lights there, and soon the wolves began to scatter toward the bank, but one great shaggy fellow did not go with the rest. He came up so close I thought he would jump on me. He followed along for quite a distance then gave a ferocious snarl, and jumped into the air toward me, but was met half way with a bullet, for several of the boys had come to meet me, which sent him to the ice with a heavy thump. When the bullet hit him he gave a howl, which makes me shudder to recall."

"Did he kill you?" asked little Willie. "No," answered grandpa. "He did not kill me, but if the men had not come to meet me he would have."

"What a good story, grandpa!" exclaimed Harold, and all the rest echoed the same.

"Now let us go and see what is on the Christmas tree for us," said Mazie, so they all with-drew into the dining room.

Tommys Christmas Story.

It was the night before Christmas eve the family were all assembled in their sitting room where it was very pleasant in contrast to the rain and cold outside. The family consisted of a little boy, his parents and grand parents. Tommy which was the little boy's name, was restless because it was the night before Christmas eve and he was anxious to see his presents. He wanted some one to tell him a story to pass the time, for he was tired of being in the house all day. His papa said he would tell him one something about himself when he was a little boy. Then he began.

"I was about your age I was the only child in the family and generally had my own way. On Christmas morning when I was allowed to go into the sitting room, there was a pretty Christmas tree all fixed up for me. It had many playthings on it also nuts and candy. I played with my toys a while, first with one and then with another, and I ate all the nuts and candy I wanted, so I was tired of everything and did not know what to do.

"When we got home I asked papa if I could take a few of my things to the poor little boy, Papa was glad to have me do so. "The poor boy was very glad to get them and seemed much happier. I also felt happier when I came back home, so we can make ourselves happy by making others happy. When papa had finished his story, Tommy had made up his mind that he would try and make some one happy by giving away some of his many toys which he knew he would get."

By Helena Schlappi.

Medicine That Is Medicine. "I have suffered a good deal with malaria and stomach complaints, and have now found a remedy that does me well, and that remedies the Bitters; a medicine that remedies the stomach and liver troubles, and puts down conditions," says W. C. Halliday, Ark. Electric Bitters, and enrich the blood, tone up the system and impart vigor and energy to the weak. Your money will be well spent if it fails to help you. See at Clough's drug store.

Centrally Located. First Class Hotel. HOTEL RAMSEY, Tillamook, Oregon. The Only First Class Hotel in Tillamook, Oregon. A Modern Hotel. Traveling Men's Home. Tourists' Headquarters. J. F. RAMSEY, Pro.

Report of the Condition of THE FIRST BANK & TRUST CO., At Bay City, in the State of Oregon, at the close of Business, November 27th, 1908.

RESOURCES. Loans and discounts \$30,650.00 Overdrafts, secured 1,175.00 Bonds, securities, etc. 3,443.00 Banking house, furniture, and fixtures 1,475.00 Due from approved reserve banks 12,750.00 Checks and other cash items 5,975.00 Cash on hand 5,975.00 Total \$53,773.00

State of Oregon, County of Tillamook, SS.: I, JOHN O. BOZORTH, Cashier of the above-named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. JOHN O. BOZORTH, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of Dec., 1908. I. D. BOZORTH, Notary Public.

Insure With Me. Please REMEMBER this agency when placing your INSURANCE in any or all of the following lines: FIRE, LIFE, STEAM BOILER, EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY, PERSONAL ACCIDENT. If you carry insurance now, remember me when your policies expire. If you don't carry insurance, now is the time to see me. Come. Let us talk it over. ROLLIE W. WATSON. Insurance, Real Estate, Collections, Loans, Rentals, Employment. Telephone at Office and Residence.

THE SPA, CANDIES and NUTS. Call and see our fine line of Xmas Boxes, filled to order with our own made Chocolates and Bon Bons.

STAR THEATER, op. McNair's Store. FIRST PERFORMANCE, 7.30 o'clock. Change of Program Twice a Week. ADMISSION, 10 Cents.

Now is the time to invest in Tillamook property. Values will double in a few years. W. E. Catterlin. CATTERLIN & SHARP. Real Estate Agents. Main Street, Tillamook City, op. Larsen Hotel.