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The Tillamook Headlight

The "Knocking Machine" Working Again in Tillamook City.

The Herald is again "knocking," not that we believe Bro. Trombley, is a "knocker," but it seems he has to dance to the music of the band of "knockers" who have strings on that sheet. For political or personal reasons the Herald last week made some one-sided and unfair criticism about the post office, and in doing so not only "knocked" the postmaster, but was ungallant and hard hearted enough to drag two respectable young women, who have endeavored to make themselves proficient and serve the patrons of the office faithfully, into the political quagmire. But the "knockers" are no respecter of persons, for they would just as soon attempt to drag down young women who have the ambition to earn their own livelihood as they do successful business men. Taking everything into consideration incident to a change of postmasters and change of location, more or less mistakes will occur. It took several years to make Bro. Trombley a printer, and he made no end of mistakes in that time, but did any one question that they thought it was too big a job for him. We do think it was when he became the editor of the "knocker's" organ.

Then the "knocker" had to have a fling at the snap shot man, simply because he took the time and had the energy to write a letter to Congressman Hawley giving him a correct description of the deplorable condition the channel. Upon the receipt of this letter Congressman Hawley based a demand at the engineer's department for immediate assistance, and backed up by the Port of Tillamook and the Tillamook Commercial Club, \$1,000 was allowed from the emergency fund, which was increased to \$1500. When that little stunt was going on those who played their part were all pulling together, and accomplished something, because they were. But it might have resulted differently had the "knockers" known what was going on. We want to inform Bro. Trombley that we are too far advanced in years to be asking for or looking for bouquets for a little service in writing a letter, yet as the Republican State Commitment for this county whenever it is possible to get anything for Tillamook we intend to get it and not stand back and "knock," "knock," "knock." We have refrained from publishing the correspondence, but since the Herald has tried to belittle us and laud and praise others, we will publish just one:

House of Representatives, Washington, D.C., May 2, 1910.
Hon. Fred C. Baker, Tillamook, Or.
MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received the letter, copy of which is given below which is an official notice of the success of our appeal. If I can serve you further at any time I will be glad to do so.
With best wishes, I am,
Truly yours,
W. C. HAWLEY.
(Copy.)

War Department, Office of the Chief of Engineer, Washington, D.C., April 28, 1910.
Hon. W. C. Hawley, House of Representatives.

SIR,—Referring to previous correspondence, particularly your letter dated April 7, 1910, quoting from a letter to you from Fred C. Baker, editor of the Tillamook Headlight, relative to improvement of Tillamook Bay, Oregon, and the necessity for emergency work there by the government dredge, I have the honor now to inform you that this matter having been brought to the attention of the district officer, Major J. J. Morrow, Corps of Engineers, and upon his recommendation the sum of \$1,000 has been allotted from the emergency appropriation provided by section two of the river and harbor act of March 3, 1900, to be applied to restoration of channel depths at this locality.

Very respectfully,
(Signed) W. L. MARSHALL,
Chief of Engineers, U.S. Army.
The editor thinks, if anyway is entitled to praise, it is Congressman Hawley, who understands the situation here, but, unfortunately, for this port, it is hard sailing for Mr. Hawley to obtain large appropriations on account of adverse reports by the local engineers.

What Is a Knocker?

Have you ever tried to fathom the significance which clusters in the precinct of the term "knocker" as applied to various individuals?

If you have not it might be worth your effort to do so just to acquire a passing knowledge of the many applications of the word. There are male and female, large and small, old and young knockers, not taking into consideration the various degrees of the craft.

Then there are different kinds of knockers who are as profuse and

as varied as the virtues and occupations of the human family. There is the person who will spoil your trade when you have it almost completed; the thing which you have bargained to sell may be worth what you have asked for it, but the knocker is jealous; if he were the person selling it would be all right, but he is not, and he slips around, gains the ear of the prospective purchaser, pours out his poison and stings you because of his selfish, meddling nature.

The knocker is pessimistic; he is always on the adverse side; he is like Satan, he is against every move except that which tends to his own selfish ends. If a plan is projected for better conditions you can steadfastly count on his opposition, especially, if the improvement will cause any expense or any exertion on the part of Mr. or Mrs. Grundy.

Then there is another field in which he is very prolific and in which he takes ghoulish delight: If your neighbors affairs come up for discussion and you begin to enumerate his successes, and his good characteristics, how quickly the human buzzard, if present, will pounce upon his weaknesses and do all he, or she, can to belittle him and his achievements, so we discover that the type of humanity, under discussion, will knock character as well as business ventures, and perhaps takes keener delight in despoiling some one's fair name than in blocking a trade.—Monmouth Herald.

He Was a Knocker.

The Knocker knocked, but he flogged in vain,
For entrance into Heaven's domain,
But his works destructive were,
His hate
Had closed to him the pearly gate.

A Knocker once sought at the gate of St. Peter,
Asking permission to enter Heaven's land,
Stating, he knew, from reports that had reached him,

'Twas a haven of rest, a good place to strand.
"But what have you done?" said the guard at the wicket,

"To warrant an entrance to Heaven's high dome?
What cause have you honestly, faithfully succored,
That you in this haven should merit a home."

Said he, "I have haunted the streets of my city,
I have faithfully warned all who chanced there to roam;
I told them its ills, its demerits, and prithes,
Entreated them elsewhere to seek for a home."

The guard at the wicket just paused for a moment,
Then said, as a helper passed in on the right,
"Your works, sir, are evil, uncommonly selfish,
No entrance for you to the city of light."

"You failed to aid strangers when seeking for shelter,
Spoke ill of your town, too, your neighbors as well,
Such characters here, in this city celestial,
Would soon wreck its peace, proclaim it a hell."

—Monmouth Herald.

Murders on the Grand Ronde Reservation have grown so frequent in the last few years as to become monotonous, and the people of Polk County are becoming wearied of the ill behavior of the Indians and the constant drain on the county treasury in prosecuting offenders for crime. It was hoped that after the abolition of the Yamhill gallon house two years ago, conditions would improve, but subsequent events have proved that matters have only grown worse. White residents living in the vicinity of the reservation say that the wards of the Government are drinking more heavily than before, the "boot-legging" operations carried on around Sheridan and Willamina making it easier for the Indians to obtain intoxicants, owing to the secret nature of the sales and the greater chances for the illegal sellers to escape detection. Certain it is that crime is on the increase among these poor, weak children of nature, who, when sober, are a peaceful, law-abiding people. There is among all right-minded citizens a feeling of pity for the Indians, and loathing for the law breakers who prey on their appetites for financial gain. Instead of a desire to hang the Indians, the people of Polk County only regret that it is not lawful to hang every depraved wretch caught selling them intoxicating liquor.—Polk County Observer.

The High Cost of Living.

Increases the price of many necessities without improving the quality. Foley's Honey and Tar maintains its high standard of excellence and its great curative qualities without any increase in cost. It is the best remedy for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough and all ailments of the throat, chest and lungs. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. C. I. Clough.

Prohibition or The Saloon?

The Mist has received from the Oregon State Hotel Association a copy of the views of an Indiana preacher who, it is claimed, after having been engaged in anti-saloon work for a number of years, now opposes prohibition. The request is made that we publish his views as "a matter of news." We won't do that, but we will give a little attention to them. In the first place a preacher's views on the temperance question have no more weight with us than the views of a man in any other calling, and we see no reason why the Oregon Hotel Saloon League should pay any attention to them. Its members have no use for preachers, except for the occasional pervert whom they can use for their own purposes. We have had a few of this class in Columbia County, and if the Saloon Hotel League desires to use them we will cheerfully furnish their addresses. The preacher in question, C. W. Hilt, of Indiana, says among other equally wise and truthful things: "The closing of saloons will not solve the drink question." No, but it will solve the American saloon question. The people are beginning to understand all this. There is a great evil in the saloon aside from the mere passing of drinks over the bar. Its political power is great and is exercised unscrupulously to reward its tools and punish its enemies. It is the resort of criminals and this applies to the higher class as well as to the doggeries, the only difference being that the grade of criminal habits corresponds with the grade of saloon they frequent. Very many men will vote for prohibition next fall, not because they believe it to be ideal or perfect, but because they must choose between prohibition, with its imperfections, and the present saloon. "The drink habit," says Rev. Hilt, "is responsible for the existence of the saloon and not the saloon for the drink habit. There was a demand, and in keeping with a well known law the supply was forthcoming." The members of the Saloon Hotel League must have smiled broadly as they read this half truth and whole lie. The fact that there is a demand for vice does not make Pander's profession respectable or remove from it the moral and legal ban. The saloon keeper panders to the appetite of his customers, and his great effort is to increase their number and their desire for his goods. The community preys upon the saloon keeper by compelling him to pay an extortionate sum for conducting his business and he does everything lawful and many things unlawful to create and stimulate the desire for his goods. He appeals to the appetite in every possible way, and makes his place of business attractive to those whose patronage he desires. He creates the demand for his goods, just as do other business men, and creating of a demand for a useless and harmful product is one of the greatest evils of the saloon system. The saloon man understands fully the value of "education" and is making liberal use of it. If the saloon did not create the demand there would be no brilliantly illuminated and beautiful furnished bar-rooms, no pictures, no accomplished mixologist, no great variety of palate tempting mixtures, but just plain booze shops, where the man who was born with a desire for alcohol could satisfy his cravings. Then we have the remarkable statement that "Since the formation of the Anti-Saloon League the per capita consumption of distilled liquors has increased from a gallon to a gallon and one half, and of fermented liquors from fifteen to twenty two gallons." The inference is unavoidable that the Anti-Saloon League is responsible for this supposed increase, and as Rev. Hilt was for many years a member of that organization, and still professes to favor total abstinence, we can not blame him for getting out of the League, though he can not in this way escape his share in the responsibility for the increase. There is just one thing for him to do. He must show works mete for repentance, and as the Hotel Saloon League is endeavoring to undo the work of the Anti-Saloon League, we suggest that Rev. Hilt send in his application to Secretary Richardson and assist in the work of eliminating intemperance by means of education.—Oregon Mist.

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