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**Tillamook Headlight,**

**Editorial Snap Shots.**

Help boost the county and the county fair.

This is how one of our subscribers renewed his subscription: "Snap shot man; here you are for another year."

The State Legislature convened on Monday, and instead of multiplying the state laws it would be a good thing to decrease their number.

Taxes come high. It is 36 mills in Tillamook City. Too high, probably, for the good of the city. Taxpayers will be on the tapis about the first of next month, when the order of the day will be to pungle up.

We've got to have it, and we are going to have it, and that is a deep channel from Tillamook City to the bay. This is emphatic and is not open to dispute or discussion, for it is the mandate of the "Progressives" in this city.

Whatever may be decided upon in the matter of improving Tillamook bar, no time should be lost in improving Hoquar-ton slough. It is just as important to the center of the county as the Panama canal is to the commerce of the United States.

With the holiday season over, when some people drink to excess as well as eat too much, it is to be hoped that there will be less drunkenness to be seen on the streets. Yet it is a good thing that they do not run a person in for the same amount of gluttony in eating as in drinking.

What's the matter, anyway, with the pupils of the public school in this city that they did not try for the prize for the most appropriate name for the fair to be held this year? But as the time is extended, they, as well as pupils in other school districts, will have another opportunity to win the prize.

Don't be a knocker! Take off your coat and roll up your sleeves and boost the county and city. That's what the newspapers have been doing since the Headlight, the pioneer county newspaper, made its first appearance on June 8, 1888. Talk about the great industries, the great dairying, the great seaside and beach resorts, the great lumbering industries and the great future and splendid opportunities there are in Tillamook county.

The board of county commissioners reduced the road supervisors to three. This, we hope, will be an improvement, for too many road bosses are an expensive affair. Next to an experienced engineer, the court has done the right thing in concentrating the supervision of road work in as few hands as possible, and the courts has been fortunate in securing the services of three good men for supervisors, whose aim should be to see that the taxpayers receive value for the money put into roads.

In answer to those who have not the common courtesy to address their letters to the Headlight when wanting to ask questions or criticize the editor, we do not propose to take further notice of them, first, because it is customary with the Press to ignore them, and, second, because our contemporary has been over-worked and used as a cat's paw for many years to create an unfriendly spirit between the newspapers by those who differ with the snap shot man, politically and otherwise.

It is well to take into consideration the advisability of sending the President of the Port of Tillamook to Washington to obtain favorable action at this session in the matter of bar, bay and slough improvements. In our judgment it would be money well spent, and would probably be the means of getting the entire project through. Anyway, let the rivers and harbors committee see representatives

from the jumping off place of the Northwest who are willing to spend large sums of money to assist Uncle Sam to improve the harbors on the Pacific Coast. We find that quite a few of our citizens think that H. T. Botts and another person favorable to him should go to Washington. We think so, too, and they should "Get there!" as quickly as possible.

Why wouldn't it be a good idea for the different interests at Bay City to get together and work together? If the city on the bay ever amounts to anything—which we hope it will—it will be by united effort, not by strife and antagonism. This is the spirit we want to see cultivated, not only amongst Bay City boosters, but amongst those who are boosting other parts of the county. A large amount of publicity work will have to be undertaken the next few years with the object of bringing new settlers into the county, and with each city and all parts of the county pulling together results in the upbuilding of the county will come much quicker.

Another large and representative business meeting of the commercial club was held Monday evening, when matters of vital importance to the city and county were freely discussed. About fifty members were present, which shows that the business men are waking up to fact that they must up and do and work together if this city expects to hold its supremacy as the commercial hub of the county. The club has done a great deal of good already in breaking down factional strife and fostering a spirit of unity and get together for the good of the cause. Another thing, the meeting Monday proved that there are some pretty good scrappers when it comes to defending the city's interests amongst the "Progressive" element of this city. The two most important matters taken up were a county fair and harbor improvements, and a lively interest was taken in them.

The good roads question will for a long time be one of the burning questions in Tillamook county. And yet no action is being taken to put a practical engineer and road builder at the head of the road work. It seems as though several persons have been recommended for road boss, but as they have not the qualifications to map out, formulate plans and estimate the cost, it would be a waste of money to employ such a person. Sooner the county gets down to a practical, uniform and economic system of road building the better, but no one can expect those who have not the proper qualifications to do so. We contend that it is just as important to have a person properly qualified to build roads as it is to require a person to be properly qualified to teach school or make cheese. Road building in Oregon have been left too much to those who have had political pulls, and although some good roads have been built by some road supervisors, others have squandered a large amount of money doing a poor class of work.

The new Board of County Commissioners is alive to the needs of the county in the good roads movement, for Tillamook County will expend a large amount of money this year for road and bridge work, in all the large sum of \$124,508.73. This should prove that Tillamook is going to be one of the most progressive counties in Oregon for good roads, and as the government census gives the population of the county at 6266, the amount of money appropriated is a large amount per capita. The demand for road improvements and new bridges and new roads have been so numerous, we will venture to say that the court could expend double the amount of money if it had it at its disposal. However, with a few more licks of road work like the past few years this county will be far ahead of many other counties for good roads. It is the intention of County Judge Mason, as well as the desire of the citizens, that he devote a large amount of his time to going over all parts of the county and get "next" to the needs of road improvements, as well as ascertain where money is being squandered.

The Tillamook Commercial Club has decided to undertake the responsibility of holding a

county fair in this city, which, if properly managed, will prove a great attraction this summer to home seekers, summer visitors and automobile parties, as well as an interesting time for the dairymen and others. It is necessary that everybody in the county interest themselves in this event and do what they can to have an exhibit of some kind at the fair. Now is the time to prepare and plan for it. It is assured, now that the club is at the back of this undertaking, that every feature will be taken care of. One thing is apparent already, that cash and other valuable prizes will be offered for stock, dairy, vegetable, fish, fruit, poultry and Grange exhibits, thus making it of sufficient interest to induce those who can do so to prepare an exhibit. It is to be a county affair, and we believe that by united effort of the Press, the commercial bodies, dairy associations, Granges, dairymen, etc., it is possible to have a very creditable and attractive fair this year by all giving a helping hand so as to make it a success. A fair will foster the breeding of better stock and will give a good idea of what some of the dairymen are doing when they exhibit their stock.

**TILLAMOOK BAY GETS AIDS.**

**Inspector Will Recommend Additional Lights for Harbor.**

Range lights on both sides of the entrance to Tillamook Bay and additional illuminations to mark the channel inside are promised by Commander J. M. Ellicott, inspector of the Seventeenth Lighthouse district, but it is doubtful if lights petitioned for by commercial interest on those waters will be granted. The situation was thoroughly gone over in Portland and Commander Ellicott will forward his recommendations to Washington this week.

Until the improvement of the bar and harbor is completed under plans proposed by the Government, Tillamook Bay will require assistance in the way of aids, but as its commerce is confined to vessels of medium draft, it has not received the attention given other outside ports where commerce is heavy. It is proposed to sufficiently light the road from the bar to the principal towns as far as Tillamook. A personal investigation will be made of other conditions as soon as the inspector finds an opportunity of making his regular visit, which will be during the Spring.

**For Sale.**

Baled hay, \$20 a ton.  
 25 extra good cows, selected.  
 4 horses.  
 Farm implements.  
 See Frank Hannenkraft, 2 miles north of Tillamook.

**Notice.**

Notice is hereby given that hunting is strictly prohibited on what is known as the Elmore ranch. Persons who do so will be prosecuted.  
 JOHN HATHAWAY.

**Oat Hay For Sale.**

Four tons of extra good oat hay for sale. Enquire of V. Donaldson, Fairview.

**Team for Sale.**

For Sale, a nice young team of bay mares. Apply to F. N. Elliott.

**For Sale.**

Werner Grand Piano in a handsome oak finish. This instrument is practically new and can be had at low cost. Stool and scarf included. Call and see it at  
 JOE THERDICH'S,  
 The Pop Corn Palace.

**Farm for Sale.**

For sale by owner: The south half of the place known as the Hill place on the Nestucca River, half of mile of Hebo, will sell with or without cattle, some one is going to get a bargain, it is going cheap. Easy terms. Write for price.—HENRY THOMPSON, Hebo, Ore.

**Wanted to Borrow Money.**

Wanted to borrow from \$1,000 to \$1,500. Will give first mortgage on a good dairy ranch. For one year or longer.—Apply at the Headlight office or to J. N. Whitman, Cloverdale, Ore.

**Card of Thanks.**

We wish to thank the many kind neighbors and friends who helped us so kindly during the sickness and death of our darling baby.  
 MR. AND MRS. ALBERT OLDS.  
 MR. AND MRS. I. C. QUICK.

**For LaGrippe Coughs and Stuffy Colds.**

Take Foley's Honey and Tar. It gives quick relief and expels the cold from your system. It contains no opiates, is safe and sure.—C. I. Clough.

**STEALING A BATH**

**Adventure of a Trio of English Tourists in Germany.**

**A PRINCE AND A PRIVATE TUB**

His Autocratic Highness Was Shamefully Ignored and Enraged, and His Luxurious Bath Was Shamefully Appropriated and Abused.

Parker, Wilks and I had been "doing" Germany on the cheap, and I don't know which of us enjoyed it least. Parker grumbled the most, but then he always did, and though Wilks and I tried to look on the humorous side of things, we lost flesh over it. We had happened upon a heat wave and swallowed a tremendous lot of dust and flies thrown in gratis, cheap though our tariff was. But we couldn't swallow the foreign titles that cropped up around us. We had too much British pride for that. And, as luck would have it, at the last town of our tour we were quartered on the top floor of a hotel where a German prince occupied a suite of rooms. In our opinion, three English tourists were worth more than thirty German princes, and we dropped our boots on the floor at night in the vain hope that he was underneath. But, alas, his suit was on the first floor, and we never even caught a glimpse of him, though once we heard his high pitched, arrogant, penetrating voice and the cozy fulsome rejoinders of his valet both articulating a language which Parker contemptuously described as "the limit."

It was the last morning of our stay. Parker and I had gone back to the hotel to pack our bags before departing for the station. The weather was hot and dustier than ever, and Wilks, always energetic, had gone to the public bathing place on the river in search of a swim. I had a letter to write, and Parker wandered round the hotel to kill time. Presently he thrust his face in at the door. It had lost its familiar lowering look and wore a bright and alert expression.

"I say," he ejaculated mysteriously, almost under his breath, "I've just found a bathroom in this blighted hole—bath full of tepid water, with a thermometer in it—clean, warmed towels on the rail, and all that. What shall I do?"

"Do!" I replied. "Get into it, man, and let me know when you've finished."

He wasn't long and came back looking wonderfully young and clean. The mail had just arrived and I had spent a few minutes over my letters before I also found the bathroom, following his directions. It was without exception the best I have ever been in, and, to my surprise, the big porcelain bath was half full of tepid water, and a set of clean, newly warmed towels hung on the rail. I took what the gods gave and asked no questions, but I wanted more cold water and experimented unsuccessfully with various levers on the wall. As a last hope I attacked a cart wheel affair on the floor and after a stiff struggle managed to turn it. A flood of cold water gushed in along one side of the bath, and it was all I could do to wrench the wheel around and stop the flow. As I did so light came upon me in a flash. This was the prince's bath, prepared for him a second time by his obsequious valet. It was the glorious certainty of the fact that made me enjoy that bath as I have never enjoyed a bath before or since. The cheap English tourists were one up on his serene highness, after all. Still, I admit, when I had finished tubbing I lost no time in getting back to the fourth floor again. I told Parker the great news, and we were just discussing it with rapture when Wilks came in, looking supremely dejected for the first time on the tour.

"The bathing place isn't open," he snarled. "Had all the fag of going there for nothing. What dirty beggars they are!"

"Not all of them," I replied. "Don't you worry, old chap." And I described to him the position of the bathroom, and he was off like a hare. During his absence we thoughtfully packed our own bags and his. In ten minutes he returned, fresh as a mountain daisy and bubbling over with gratitude.

"What sort of bath did you get?" I asked carelessly.

"A clincher," he cried, "and it was all put ready for me, clean towels and everything. The only difficulty I had was with the cold water wheel arrangement on the floor."

"It was a bit stiff," I agreed.

"It turned on all right," said Wilks, "but I couldn't turn it off."

"What did you do?" we asked together.

"I left it," he answered simply.

"What time are we due at the station?" said Parker.

"Now," I replied, and we took our bags and went.

As we descended the stairs with studied calmness we heard electric bells continuously tingling on the first floor, a high pitched arrogant voice raised in anger, sassy tones answering imploringly. We came upon the proprietor leaping up the stairs and a stream of water leaping down them, and a couple of hours afterwards we crossed the border, with the secret satisfaction that we had "done" Germany at last.—London Punch.

A man is called selfish not for pursuing his own good, but for neglecting his neighbor's.—Whately.

**THE "HEATHEN CHINEE."**

**And the Cards Bret Harte Wrote Into His Flowing Sleeves.**

Every one who knows American poetry is familiar with Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinese," written in the early seventies at the time when the feeling on the Pacific coast ran high against the mild eyed Celestial and voicing that feeling by portraying the hero, if such a term may be applied to Ah Sin, as a crafty card cheating villain who outwits the sharps of the California mining camps.

It is not generally known, however, that the poem is unique in that it contains an error which the author failed to detect when reading the galley proofs and which survived and still survives all attempts at correction. Perhaps it is the only instance in literature where a grossly patent error in the copy reading of an afterward famous article, whether prose or poem, has persisted through numerous editions despite all efforts of author and editor to kill it.

The poem was written while Bret Harte was employed on a San Francisco daily and, to him, was merely a part of the day's work. It tells of a Chinese, Ah Sin, who, "with a smile that was childlike and bland," sat in a game of euchre with Truthful Jame and Bill Nye.

At a crucial point of the game the artless Chinese plays the winning card, "which," says Truthful James, the narrator of the catastrophe, "the same Nye had dealt unto me!" Whereupon Truthful and Nye proceed to "go for that heathen Chinese." The damaging evidence disclosed by their rough and searching investigation is told as follows in the poem as it was printed—and has been printed ever since the initial publication:

In his sleeves, which were long, there were twenty-four packs,  
 Which is coming it strong, yet I state but the facts.

In this form the busy Bret Harte let the proofs go down to the printer, and it was not until some time later that he recalled having overlooked an error in it. He hurried down to the press, but already several hundred copies had been struck off and were being distributed about the city to the morning subscribers. Bret Harte, attaching no importance to the fugitive verses, which had merely oozed from his pen the afternoon previous, made no effort at correction then. When, however, the eastern press enthusiastically copied it and publishers and illustrators rang all manner of comic changes in it he tried to substitute the correct phrase, but without avail, and "The Heathen Chinese" has persisted in its original form through numberless editions ever since.

What Bret Harte wrote was:  
 In his sleeves, which were long, he had twenty-four packs.

Now, in the game of euchre, as all card players know, the jacks are of great value, and the stuffing of numberless jacks up his flowing sleeves, as the poet intended to sing, showed great astuteness on the part of Ah Sin. The uncorrected error of the compositor who set up "packs" instead of "jacks," still left enough of sense to pass muster when embodied between the contexts.

The poet, after years of fruitless endeavor, finally gave up all hope and resigned himself to the butchered reading.—New York Times.

**Mule Riding in Portugal.**

In odd contrast to the modern rush and honk of the automobile and the clang of the trolley cars are the saleros or small farmers of Portugal, who ride nonchalantly through the twentieth century hubbub on the back—the extreme back—of small, patient eyed mules. Though the country has progressed and the farmers are progressing toward prosperity, they have consistently refused to move farther forward on the mule's back in Portugal than the last fifth of his anatomy. Perhaps the custom arose from the time when the mule carried a large load just before the rider and the habit has not been broken.—Christian Herald.

**The Mystic Seven.**

The Rossel Islanders in New Guinea hold the number 7 in great awe. A native policeman when asked what the numerals in the local dialect were "gave them readily enough, but hesitated at the number 7. You might not always say that number, he explained—sometimes it brought on thunderstorms if you did. And you must never say it at all when you went to Adele island to get coconuts or fish, because the most frightful results would undoubtedly follow." Miss Grimshaw vouches for the superstition in her book on "The New New Guinea."

**The Illusion.**

"So you are going to get married, eh?"

"Yes, the longing for a little home where I can put my feet against the wall, brace my chair back and smoke my pipe in comfort got to be too much for me."

"That's a beautiful dream!"

"Isn't it?"

"So beautiful that it will be a shame for you to get married and spoil it."—Atlanta Constitution.

**He Was a Veteran.**

"He's a military looking young chap." "Ought to be. He's a veteran of nine wars."

"Impossible! Why, he's only twenty-two years old."

"I know, but he once spent six months in South America."—Cleveland Leader.

No man who minds his own business ever complains of having nothing to do.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

**The Filial Chinaman.**

Many examples of Chinese filial piety strike the occidental reader as ridiculous. There is the famous story of Lao Laitso, which Mr. R. F. Johnston repeats in his "Lion and Dragon in Northern China." Lao's parents lived to such extreme old age that he was himself a toothless old man while they were both still alive. "Concealing it his duty to divert their attention from their weight of years and approaching end, he dressed himself up in the clothes of a child and played about in his parents' presence with the object of making them think they were still a young married couple contemplating the innocent gambols of their infant son."

A similar case is that of Wang P'ou, whose mother had an unconquerable dread of thunder and lightning. When she died she was buried in a mountain forest, and thereafter, when a violent thunderstorm occurred, Wang P'ou, heedless of the wind and rain, would hurry to her grave and throw himself to his knees. "I am here to protect you, dear mother," he would say. "Do not be afraid."

**Making a Gunstock.**

A party of men were out hunting, and an old woodsman who was with them broke his gunstock in some way or other. It was just about nightfall when the accident occurred, and inasmuch as he was very anxious to do some shooting early the next morning he decided to fix up his shooting iron. Finding a walnut fence rail, he set to work. His only tools were an ax and a big pocket knife. All night long he labored vigorously at his task, and by morning the gunstock was finished and back in place and worked like a charm.

"How did you do it?" asked one of the number, greatly surprised.

"Very easy," was this old hunter's reply. "No trouble at all. Just get a piece of wood about the size and kind that you want and then whittle away all that you want whittled away. When you have all the wood cut off that you don't want you have a gunstock."—Kansas City Journal.

**The Measure.**

The ancient judge sat before the scales of worth.

"Bring forth the royal treasure!" he cried, and the hurrying slaves poured into the huge pan sacks of golden metal, caskets of sparkling gems until it seemed as if all of the wealth of earth were there. Yet the balance never stirred.

"Let the learning of the ages be added," came the order, and tons upon tons of the wisdom of sages, philosophers, scientists and poets was heaped upon the pile. And still the great arm of the scales remained high in air.

"Add now the men of power and high position," said the judge, "and the scale will fall." But all in vain.

"But what is on the other side that outweighs all these?" asked one.

"It is character," said the judge.—Portal.

**A Good Sleeper.**

Talleyrand used to tell an extraordinary story of the impassiveness of Louis XVIII. When he was minister of foreign affairs a courier came to him one evening bearing unpleasant news, and he therefore postponed the communication of it to the king till next morning, when he explained that he was afraid the tidings might have disturbed his majesty's sleep. The king replied: "Nothing disturbs my sleep, as you may see from this instance. The most dreadful blow of my life was my brother's death. The courier who brought this dreadful news arrived at 8 o'clock in the evening. For many hours I was quite overcome, but at midnight I went to bed and slept my usual eight hours." The story is told by the Duchesse de Dino, Talleyrand's niece, in her memoirs.

**Sons of Butchers.**

Three of the stained glass windows in the hall of the Butcher Guild, London, contain the portraits of Cardinal Wolsey, William Shakespeare and Daniel Defoe in recognition of their connection with the meat trade.

The cardinal was the son of a "respectable" butcher at Ipswich, in Suffolk, and the "immortal bard" assisted while a youngster a butcher in his native town of Stratford-on-Avon.

Defoe, nowadays known as the author of "Robinson Crusoe," but in his day an adventurer and secret agent of his government, was the son of a butcher in Fore street and a member of the guild.—National Provisioner.

**Time, but No Money.**

Street Missionary—My good friend, why idle away the precious hours in this fashion? Don't you know that time is money?

Loafer—Don't you believe it, guv'nor. If that was so I should be a bloomin' millionaire, I should. I've been doing time on and off ever since I was a nipper.—London Mail.

**The Mean Thing.**

"Phyllis is the meanest kind of a gossip."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because she never tells you anything herself, but gets you to tell her all you know."

**A Poor Plan.**

The trouble with some men who reach the top is that they go right on over and down the other side.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**A Parting Shot.**

Cabby (badly worsted in the dispute)—Well, I 'opes as the nex' four wheeler ye tikes, mum, will be an 'arse!—Punch.