

**Advertising Rates.**

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS:

First Insertion, per line . . . \$ 10  
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**RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
 (STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.)

One year . . . . . 1.50  
 Six months . . . . . .75  
 Three months . . . . . .50

Entered as second class mail mat-  
 ter July, 1888, at the post office at  
 Tillamook, Ore., under the act of  
 March 3, 1879.

**The Tillamook Headlight.**

**Editorial Snap Shots.**

Another law suit over the pavement ruction, and amongst those who started the first fight. Sic 'em, sic 'em, sic 'em, for it is about time that something was doing.

So the "goat" who was taken by the horns must have butted when it came to the converting it into a mayor. Peradventure the gentlemen behind him didn't twist his tail enough.

Considering that there is a large amount of travel every day between the city and the depot, it would be along the line of improvement and civic pride to have the old plank side walks replaced with cement.

In making assessments in future, the Assessor has to place the full value on property. We do not envy the assessor his job, but he needs an advance agent to ascertain the selling price of land and property before he tackles the owners.

We understand that visitors to Seaside are less numerous this year and people there are wondering why. They need not wonder, for Tillamook beaches are becoming so popular they are drawing the crowds which went to other beaches.

It was reported to us that the city council was going to appoint a mayor on Monday, but for some reason it did not materialize. An amusing little incident was related to us as to who the "goat" was to be that will be worth repeating at some future date.

We have been informed that some of the Willamette nurseries, which have formed a trust, have been "soaking" the people of Tillamook. For instance, they have been selling apple trees at \$10 a hundred in other places but charge people here \$25. And it is also reported to us that they have been selling a Gold apple tree at \$2.50 each that is a gold brick.

The officials of the Tillamook County Fair Association are devoting considerable time in arranging the fair and it is pleasing to observe that the Grangers and dairymen of the county are taking a lively interest in it. We are glad of this, for the reason that when an association was first suggested it was hoped that the Grangers and dairymen would take hold and manage it. They are doing so and the fair is going to be the best and most interesting ever held in the county.

Tillamook City is getting a great many compliments these days from visitors who remember the city when the streets were full of chuck holes and mud, the side walks bad, and nothing but frame buildings to be seen. Since the spirit of progress took hold of the city there is, certainly, a wonderful transformation in its appearance, and it is not surprising the citizens are being complimented for the clean paved streets and substantial brick and concrete buildings. And we don't think there is anybody who would like to go back to muddy streets, etc.

There is a strong impression all over the city that the water rates are too high. When it is taken into consideration that the rates are twice as high as in most other cities, it is not

surprising that there a general complaint. It is up to the Water Commission to revise the rate, if possible, or submit it to a vote of the people whether the rate should remain the same or be cut in two. That, we think, is a fair way of disposing of the question, as well as allowing the people to rule. If an election cannot be arranged for immediately a friendly re-call election would answer the same purpose.

One prominent attorney said that he was in the pavement case for the money there was in it. Another prominent attorney said there were too many attorneys in the case who were after big fees and that it was not necessary to employ attorneys. Another surprise. One of the judges of the supreme court says that court has decided several cases similar to the pavement case in this city where the citizens cannot sue unless there is fraud. It is a matter between the city and the contractors. If this is correct then all the time and money expended in the law suit is thrown away.

There is one thing about the new assessment law that will interest those who own improved land, for unimproved land is to be assessed the same as the cleared land. There never was any justice in assessing as high as possible a person who makes improvements and allowing those who make none to get off at the minimum. This is going to raise the taxes of those who own idle land and hold it for speculation, but at the same time it will raise the taxes of those who own large farms that are only partly improved. This will probably have the effect of some of the speculators disposing of their holdings, as well as some of the farms being divided up.

We do not want to accuse the city council of extravagance or of expending the taxpayers' money wastefully, but a little fair criticism will, we hope, be taken in a kindly spirit by the city dads if we refer to one instance where the taxpayers got it in the neck. We refer to the bill allowed on Monday evening for \$250 for 25 days' work inspecting the work while four blocks of pavement were being laid. We wonder whether the city dads would have paid that amount of money had it come out of their own pockets? Now we want to point out the difference of inspecting similar work in the city and inspecting work in the county. The city paid \$10 a day and the county paid \$5 for inspecting, the county also having an advantage in having its inspector survey and place the stakes for the contractor, while the city had to pay extra for that work. In other words, it cost the city more than double what it is costing the county for exactly the same work. Why, and for what reason is there such a difference, gentlemen? We will leave it to the judgment of the taxpayers whether it is right for the city to pay double what the county is paying for the same work.

Commissioner R. Holman, of Multnomah county, was in the city of Monday, and he was surprised at our splendid roads and the system by which they are being constructed. He said that Multnomah should not get into the notion that that county was the only part of Oregon that knew how to construct good roads, for this county could give Multnomah some pointers. Mr. Holman was surprised to hear that Tillamook county had only three road supervisors, and he was highly delighted with the permanent improvements, for this is what counts in road building. Tillamook county can give other counties some pointers in road work, the most important of which is to rid themselves of the political pets who keep sucking at the road fund and employ men who will see to it that the county is receiving a good day's work. It may be an unpleasant job for somebody to fire a lot of political cronies, but when Tillamook county did that and a new system was inaugurated, everybody saw at once that more work was done and better roads were constructed. Although this improvement took years to bring about, it was started by a demand of the people for good roads and that every dollar of the road fund should be properly expended in road work—not wasted by those who had a political pull.

**BRIGHTON.**  
**A CHARTER FROM "LOAFING IN OREGON."**

MAE CELESTE POST.

Brighton is builded on the hills, and it's front edge is a crumpled, notched ruffled flower timbered line that follows the caprious shore line of Nehalem Bay, well, say a mile or so in length, and a right smart step back into the hills, farther than most of the residents have explored, for it is sure a wild and scary looking place, though there is a man in Brighton who has a map of it and has sold lots there, and has returned alive. It looks as though it might be the habitat of bears and cougers and strange things.

Now this is to say that Brighton is bounded on one side by clams, crabs and fish, and on the other by bear steak and roast venison, and that each of the other two ends run into towns just like it.

There is underbrush and overbrush and magnificent forest trees everywhere (and some stumps).

There are people living in Brighton, and they are very quiet nice people, though they never go to church because there is none there and they never hang around the saloon for the same reason.

There is no school, but as there is immediate need, it will soon come. There is no cemetery and there seems to be no need nor desire for one. But the inhabitants are human, so they get drowned. You almost have to be drowned in order to die there, for it is almost impossible to be sick. And as they are human, people are born there, and wavelets play upon the sands a crooning lullaby; the blue jays shout in glee, and flowers wild and gorgeous strew the pathway for the tiny feet.

Great sunbrowned men cut logs and saw lumber and fish and loaf and whistle—the store keeper spends their money for them in Portland, and divides up the groceries among the different families whose women folk cook and serve it in a most delicious manner and smile and sing (a woman can't loaf when she is cooking for loggers), and the young girls go to the post office.

They told me that you could stand anywhere in Brighton and without turning your head you could see river, bay, sand spit and bar; wooded points, rocky cliffs, mountains and the open sea, and believe me you can. Just to the North is Mt. Neah-Kah-Nie solemn and still, bidding defiance to the tumultuous sea, the old Indian trail shows plainly a golden thread against its bronze green side, no wonder the Indian held the mountain sacred, it is so vast, so still, so absolute, so different from all the other hills, the white mist from the sea sometimes curtains it from view while unseen hands recolor its mighty wall, now the wind spirits pull the curtains down, sometimes tearing them in long strips and threading them out over the bay, sometimes taking them entirely into the hills beyond, leaving Neah-Kah-Nie strangely purpling in the setting sun, where now green and gold, in an instant is gray, with an Arabesque in browns, now black against the star decked wall of blue beyond.

The bay—now a flat stretch of gray mud—bordered with marsh grass and rushes—(looks like an Iowa swamp.) The mecca of the loon and crane, and the clam digger—lo, in an hour a calm sea, upon its bosom sail boats, row boats, saucy noisy launches, and great sea going barges. I have tried in vain to describe the waters restless, yet full of peace, calm, animate, endlessly dabbling the shore, now like a mirror reflecting all the colors of the spectrum, now lashed to foaming fury by a wild free breeze, long glassy curves whose over lapping edges are lined with a fillagree of silver—then smooth undulating swells, coaxing, calling, reaching, grasping all that comes with in their way, carrying them out over the treachous bar into the broad ocean, with its endless surf rolling against the sand.

Across the bay is Nehalem spit, a long lean arm reaching out, grasping like a miser all the flatsam and jetsam of the sea, pointing its long gray finger at the bar, warning all the ships to stay away until the great, red white and blue gets the jetty finished. "Haste the day."

And then into the open sea, always, always with its procession of great ships, who leave no trail on its high way. I like the traffic of the sea. They can't fence in the right of way, they can't shut out the little boats, they can't mar the landscapes with grades and poles and sights, they don't roar and rumble and ring black signals and keep you awake all night, the ships that pass in the night and in the daytime, do it on schedule time, without any rumpus whatever. Boat ahoy! Then there is always the moan and sigh, the croonings and the laughter, the wailings and wild shrieking of the surf, and underneath its deafening uproar, are the little songs and wavelet cries, that you must go alone and bend your eye closely that you may hear what the wild waves are saying.

They told me that you could have clams for breakfast, crab for lunch and salmon for supper—roast duck and goose for Thanksgiving, bear steak for Christmas and venison when the law allows. Certainly, certainly.

And now I can visualize a great hotel upon the mountain side, with trails leading back into the hills, so you can stroll out and climb up and slide down and get lost just enough to feel deliciously creepy and always get back just ahead of the life preservers. Where hundreds of city folks may come and hand out good cold mazuma for fresh air flavored with salt, for the roar of the sea, and the stillness of the hills for the sun on the beach and the shade in the canyons, and plenty of grub.

I see a floating wharf and lots of gay row boats, and parties going over to the beach to bathe and sun themselves in the sand, and search for burried treasures, and to fish.  
 I see gardens, and bee hives and chicken coops, I see a school house and a board walk.  
 I see the pleasure of living increased a hundred fold.  
 I see the cost of living reduced a quarter of a cent. In Brighton.

**Notice.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,—That on Monday, September 8th, 1913, the County Board of Equalization will meet at the Court House, in Tillamook County, Oregon, and publicly examine the assessment roll for said year, and correct all errors in valuations, description of lands, lots or other property.  
 Said board will continue in session from day to day, until the examination, correction and equalization of the assessment roll shall be completed. All persons interested in the assessment of their property are requested to appear at said time and place, as no change can be made after the adjournment of the board.  
 Dated at Tillamook, Oregon, August 11th, 1913.  
 C. A. JOHNSON, County Assessor.

It's Import! Where you invest your money. The Western Loan and Investment Co., of Salt Lake, Utah is now open to make you a loan or build you a home on the small monthly payment plan.

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 OREGON STATE FAIR,  
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 EVENING until MONDAY MORNING for  
 each week for the next two months at the

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