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Notices, Lost, Strayed or Stolen etc., minimum rate, not exceeding five lines..... .25

**RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
(Strictly in Advance.)

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

**THE TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.**

**Editorial Snap Shots.**

Trading at home means prosperity at home.

It must be that the timber men's gunn shoe man have something to do with the Oregon voter.

It is simply a question of time with "store" newspapers when they are found to be an expensive luxury. Probably this is the reason that the Cloverdale Courier had to sever its connection in that direction and stand upon its own bottom.

Instead of recalling the county court of Polk County, we believe it is entitled to a vote of thanks for the excellent roads built in that county. But there are some heads in every county, and it seems to us this is another case of rule or ruin which the voters of Polk County should turn out in large numbers and squash. The recall law is greatly abused, and always will be so, for it places a weapon in the hands of knickers and who have personal grievances. We believe that those who want a recall election should be charged up with the expense, not the taxpayers, and if that was adopted there would be fewer recalls.

The snap shot man's trip to Southern Oregon and Crater Lake proved highly interesting in many respects, which we shall refer to from time to time. One thing that impressed us most was the inflated value placed in fruit farms by real estate speculators and the enormous amount of land that has been planted to fruit the past few years. To our way of looking at the situation it must be that people in that section of the state are fruit crazy. This is a strong statement to make but we can prove it without fear of contradiction. Large tracts of alfalfa and hay lands, which resulted in profit have been planted to fruit trees, with the result that the owners now realize that they made a vital mistake, especially where these lands are in the frost belt. To sum up the consensus of opinion, this was the general complaint everywhere: "We can't sell the fruit and we have no market." But that is not all, for when it is taken into consideration that a whole lot of this fruit lands were sold at fabulous prices, and large numbers of persons who have been induced to invest their money this way are down and out, mourning the loss of their hard earned cash. This is what land speculators have done for Southern Oregon. For instance, we were shown some hill land covered with sage brush, and that badly burned up, that land speculators held for \$300 per acre. There is no doubt but what real estate sharks have done a land office business in Southern Oregon for several years, but they have proved themselves a curse to that part of the state, and many good handworking settlers have been bilked by them, which makes it more distressing when persons advanced in years have lost their wad.

**Tillamook Farmer Considers Lime a Good Investment.**

As a result of experiments with lime Mr. Dolph Tinnerstet who owns a farm in Fairview obtained and used some lime from the Tillamook Lime Products Co. Last spring and sowed it in with his oats, and as a result is entirely satisfied with an excellent crop which is just now going into the barn. As the lime was sowed this spring and we have had a good deal of dry weather, Mr. Tinnerstet expects to get better results out of this piece next summer and later, as the coarser grains of limestone are gradually dissolved.

Just west of his house, Mr. Tinnerstet has a piece of ground about an acre in size. This was treated with a ton of lime two years ago and sowed red clover. It received the same amount of manure as the adjoining ground. Mr. Tinnerstet has been cutting the clover off of this one acre tract and feeding it to his cows. He has kept his fifteen cows on green feed all summer off of this one acre tract, and is now cutting the last of the third crop of red clover, which was waist high to a man. In fact the cows have not been able to keep up with it, as Mr. Tinnerstet had to mow a small part of the clover that had gone to seed and ripened. He expects to get a fourth crop off of it this fall. The adjoining ground that was plowed and seeded at the same time and received the same amount of manure, but not the lime, produced only an average crop of velvet and yellow weed. This shows what can be accomplished with our prairie soil. The writer doubts whether our river bottom lands are doing as much.

One ton of coal equals two cords of wood and you don't have to sow and split it, Lamb-Schneider Co., Hello Centray Grue 28W.

**Uncle Silas Says.**

Now that we have artesian water in the house, Amos, I have been wondering how we got along without open well and having to draw up the "old oken bucket" so feet with a windless many times to water one team and lugging water into the house in buckets. That reminds me of what your poor old name sake, Amos Boggs, had to endure to keep his wife supplied with water on wash day. He had to carry pail after pail of water from the old well through the orchard and across the barnyard to the kitchen when Mrs. Boggs washed for the family and several summer boarders. Therefore, he was in no mood to enjoy the questions of an inquisitive woman who was spending her vacation at their house. "How many years have you been at this sort of work, carrying water so far for household use, even the family washing?" she asked, elevating her eyebrows and puckering her mouth. Mrs. Boggs was then expending her energy and the heat of a heavy iron on a dress belonging to her questioner. "Ten years," answered Mr. Boggs, striding on with his pails full of water. "Dear, dear!" exclaimed the woman in a pitying tone. "Why, how much water do you suppose you've carried in that time?" He didn't stop to answer nor even look at her, but went straight on into the kitchen, and set the pails down with as near a thump as the nature of their contents would permit, then went to the door, and, leaning wearily against the frame, answered in a jerky tone, rather spitefully: "Madam, I've carried all the water that's been in the well during that time and isn't there now." That is just as we had to do, Amos, before we had the well bored and good, pure water came rushing into pipes all over the house and farm; and now all we have to do is to turn a faucet and out rushes, from the bosom of good mother earth, from somewhere but a little this side of China—water inexhaustible, fit for the gods to drink.

All things that we call wealth come from the land by work. Even the money that we buy or sell these things for, the tools that we use in making them, the machines we use in manufacturing them, are themselves drawn from the land, and hence capital is only that part of wealth, of the product of the land and labor, which is used to make or get more wealth. There is money to be made out of the soil, if you go at it intelligently. Any man who has brains enough to conduct any kind of business successfully, or knows enough to make a profit in the employment of laborers, or is good enough financier to meet monthly bills, knows enough to make money out of the soil. The same attention to details, of the crops and the farm in all departments will bring him satisfactory profits. Of course he must have experience, but by going slowly at first on the best information obtainable and profiting by the experience of others, which he can ascertain by reading and conversation, he can, in a year or so, by the employment of laborers skilled in farm work, establish such a satisfactory business, established than is possible in any other way. What chance of success has a business man of small means in the city, other than a mere living. He will only grow old trying to keep abreast of his expenses. Many of these people have a natural liking for the land. They love to prune, to plant, to help nature perform her marvels, and they might make a grand success of their lives if they worked the soil, and it is a life worth living.

Gertrude—we have heard so much in the past of the unrest of women, and have been confronted so often by the proofs of the reaching out of the sex for what has been regarded for ages as their "sphere" that we cannot help but think of the changed conditions that have called them to new duties. So many things have happened during the last year that we have ceased to wonder when something new and more strange is called to our attention. Over in England the changing times have brought women into membership with the railroad men of the national union. They have had to do men's work on the railroads, in the machine shops and factories—the hardest kind of physical toil—and it was greatly to the advantage of the men, and also to the women, to have them work under national union regulations. These women did not have to stand outside the union headquarters and beg to be admitted on a par with the men. They were thrust into the work that the men had been doing ever since there were railroads, the requirements of the times making women co-workers. Over in France many thousands of women are doing men's work in the factory, where materials for the war are made, and especially in the powder and other munitions factories. Woman, a year ago, possibly would have been afraid to stay in the same room with a pistol, which is now regarded as such a small detail in the deadly weapon class, that it is hardly worth mentioning. It is rather staggering to think what the next five years will mean to the woman of Europe, with the war over and the woman still in the majority, and obliged to do the work of men.

Mother if there is any one thing that I dread more than another it is second childhood, which must come to everybody who lives long enough, when one has lost all sense of personal responsibility, and whose memory has become so clouded that he has almost forgotten his own name as is frequently the case, he is, in a great measure, insanely—an object of pity and often derision by people of the rough-neck variety who have no reverence of old age. Sometimes these old children are as comical as they are harmless and silly. For instance, I read in the newspaper recently that "Johnny" Parshall ran away from his home in the suburb of

**LION GROUP WORTH \$50,000.**

**Twenty-Four of these Jungle-Bred Beasts Shown in One Act With Barnes Circus.**

The big, sensational, thrilling number on the program presented by the Barnes Wild Animal Circus, is a lion act, in which twenty-four full-grown, jungle bred African lions are assembled.

The group represents the very acme of lion perfection as to size, appearance and training. The herd, if placed on the market, would quickly sell for \$50,000, the normal price for a full grown male being \$2,500. These lions are unquestionably the finest specimens in captivity and are also the best trained lions known.

The twenty-four man eaters are turned loose at one time in the big steel barred arena in the center of the tent, one lone trainer in their midst. Herr Louie Roth is their madman, and the control he exercises over the ferocious beasts is certainly remarkable.

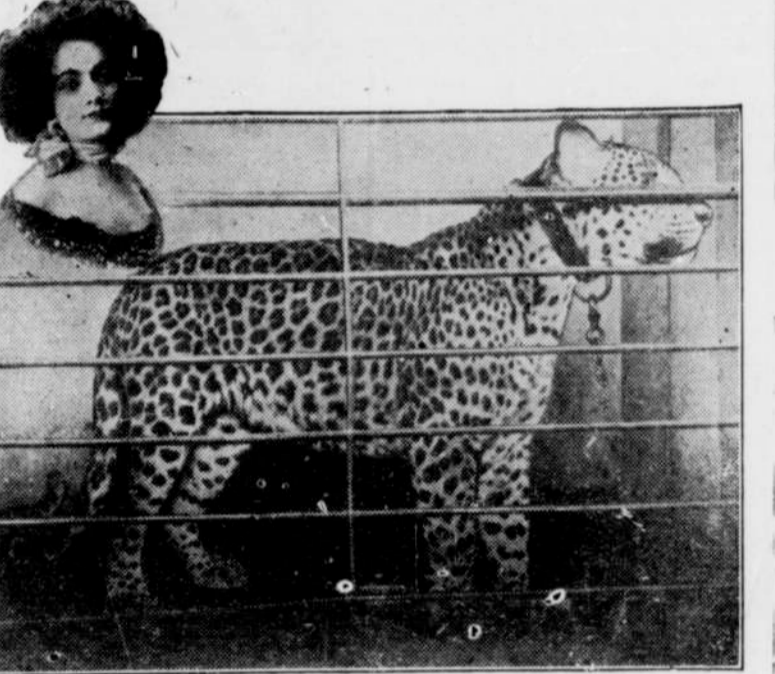
Crowding his way among them, armed with only a small whip, he proceeds to put the animals through a score of different poses and pyramids; mounts one of the largest on a high pedestal and then straddles the snarling animal's back; feeds another

raw meat from his naked lips; places his head in another's mouth; arranges the entire lot in a great pile on the floor and lies on the top-most one. The spectacle is thrilling to an extreme. The act ends with the lions doing a free for hurdle race around the arena.

Should any one attend the show not care to witness the many thrilling wild animal acts, they can turn their attention to the features in which large troupes of dogs, monkeys, beautiful horses and ponies and many other domestic animals are shown. Beautiful prancing high school horses do the late popular dances, marches and poses. Arabian and Shetland ponies assemble in brilliant military drills. Fifty dogs and monkeys do a line of tricks, acrobatics, high jumping and diving. Rocky Mountain goats give exhibitions of their dexterous climbing abilities. Also, one of the most marvelous acts known to dumb animal training is the sea lion group, these animals performing feats never before shown.

Then there's the laughing section, a comedy aggregation of fifty comedy elephants, bears, dogs, pigs, monkeys, ponies, mules etc. Every phase of trained animal entertainment is provided by the Barnes Circus.

A glittering mile-long parade is presented to the public at 10:30. Performances will be given in Tillamook at 2 and 8 p.m. on Saturday Aug. 21st.



Chicago and went to the city to see the sights. Johnny is 90 years old. The first thing he did was to get lost. He wandered into the Illinois Central Station while looking for the home of his friend, I. C. Brown. "Had the initials right anyhow," chuckled Johnny as he looked up to the sign which said "I. C. Station." He was jauntily swinging his cane when observed by a detective, attracted by his flowing white locks, and the weather-beaten old straw hat which was set at a rakish angle on his head. Johnny noticed the detective looking at him curiously. "Beats that old cabbage leaf all hollow," explained the runaway Johnny. "Cabbage leaf?" repeated the detective. "Yep," laughed the little old man, slapping his leg with his cane and hopping around like a little child. "I was getting tired of that cabbage leaf. That's one reason why I ran away. I had to wear one of those little cotton hats—the hottest thing you ever saw—and I wear a cabbage leaf next to my hair to keep my head from perspiring. Good for the hair but it got tiresome. Ever try 'em?" The detective never had. "Then I got tired of the cows and chickens," continued Johnny. "The farms all right, but I've got a long time to live yet, and I want to see the sights once in a while. I'm 90, but I'm spry as a kitten." Johnny did a few stunts, flipping his heels sideways to prove his youth, and he talked on as he walked beside the detective until they reached the detective bureau. "Don't tell my daughter you met me," warned Johnny, or she will send that doggoned automobile to bring me back." But the detective did just that. He telephoned to Johnny's daughter and she came after the runaway in the "doggoned automobile." There are many runaway Johnnies in the world, mother, but I fervently hope that I will never be one.

The newspapers that are so carefully guarding our neutrality that they rarely overlook an occasion to lecture us on the slightest lapse into international partisanship missed a beautiful opportunity to gently chide an important person for expressing opinions that must be very distasteful to one of the parties to the war, if not highly insulting to this country as well. The person is named Hexamer, and he gains his prominence from the fact that he is president of the National German-American Alliance. Probably to this fact, too, is due his immunity from the censure that would undoubtedly have been visited on any other man who had the hardihood to express himself as did Mr. Hexamer. In discussing the war and this country's attitude toward the belligerents, Mr. Hexamer permitted himself to say:

**Hyphenated Americans.**

"I must say I have not been proud of my country lately. A nation which prays for peace on Sunday's and supplies England with arms and ammunition all the rest of the week is, to say the least, hypocritical. I must confess that I, as a native born American, am nauseated by the lick-spittle policy of our country English ships parol our waters, England forbids us to buy ships and to trade with neutral nations as we would like; England cuts the cable leading from our shores to those of a friendly nation, and England decides for our Secretary of State what

news he shall impart to us American citizens who employ and pay him." The watchful and patriotic press allows language of that vicious and seditious character to be uttered unchallenged by two classes only: Those who are too insignificant to be noticed, and those who, either in themselves, or by reason of their affiliation, are too strong to be reprimanded. As president of the German-American Alliance, it, of course, cannot be said that Mr. Hexamer is too insignificant to be reprimanded for unjust and unpatriotic words. We must, therefore, believe that our courageous and watchful press refrains from criticising Mr. Hexamer because he is president of a very powerful association, whose views the newspapers may suppose he is expressing.

Mr. Hexamer may have been born in the country of which he is not proud and whose policy has nansated him, but it is doubtful if that fact has made him an American. At any rate, it has not made him the kind of American to whom the government may look for aid in times of conflict with another nation. Mr. Hexamer was born here, but the hyphen which he uses to qualify his nationality and which, it would appear, still binds him very closely to some other country, might well be dropped. Hyphenated Americanism does not make for good citizenship.—The Spectator.

Is the fluster of Lord Kitchener's military halo beginning to fade?



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To allay the smarting and inflammation of sunburn, use  
REXALL  
Mentholine Balm  
Only Sold By  
CHAS. I. CLOUDY CO.  
Reliable Dispensaries  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON

**We Want You to Call on Us.**

The Ammer Furniture Company is preparing to open a store in the Stephen's Building, on First Street, opposite Pennington's, and expect to be open for business Saturday. We cordially invite the people of Tillamook City and county to call on us. We will be pleased to get acquainted and show you our stock, whether you are ready to buy or not. Our goods are new and up-to-date. Mr. Ammer's many years experience in a leading Portland wholesale furniture house, enabled him to buy with discrimination as to quality, service and price. Our goods are seasonable and are all the products of reliable manufacturers.

In Ranges we carry the "Rose" made in Oregon and specially designed to meet Northwest conditions. The product of this firm, by its excellence to durability, its beauty and its moderate price, is winning such growing favors that the manufacturer informs us It is a beauty; come in and look it over.

In Rugs we have a good line, rightly priced.

It will be the policy of this house to give as good service, quality and prices to our customers as possible. We realize that when we ask for your trade we must give you value equal or better than you could get in Portland or elsewhere and we are prepared to do it. Let us show you.

**AMMER FURNITURE CO.**  
FIRST STREET,  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

**10 Days Stopover**  
at  
**SAN FRANCISCO**  
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**10 Days at Los Angeles**  
are allowed on all tickets to the East.

This will enable you to see the two wonderful world Expositions without loss of time or extra expense.

Scenery enroute is unsurpassed. Every mile protected by Block Signals. Four fine trains each way daily Portland to San Francisco making connections for the South and East.

Let us send you our illustrated folders "Wayside Notes," and "California and its Two Expositions."

**SOUTHERN PACIFIC**

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**The Secret**

—of good health is plenty of good sound sleep. Much depends on the right kind of a mattress. In choosing a mattress see that the name  
**HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD**  
is plainly printed on the label. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction. We will replace it with a new one if you are not satisfied.

**Price, \$15**  
**Others at \$12 and \$18**

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**AMMER FURNITURE CO.,**  
Sole Agents for Tillamook.

Notice.  
To all whom it may concern, Notice is hereby given, that I have purchased the interest of Mr. Charles L. Thayer in the shop known as the Thayer Blacksmith Shop, in Tillamook City, Oregon, and that the business will be conducted as usual, with Mr. Grant Thayer as manager thereof.  
Dated August 10th, 1915.  
T. H. Goyne.