

Tillamook Headlight.

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Editorial Snap Shots.

The democratic party is entitled to all the honor of making the dollar worth fifty cents, when it comes to its purchasing power.

This appears to be the policy of the democratic party; First, last and all the time for the welfare of the people in foreign countries.

Who are the thieves who broke into the fair buildings and stole a large number of glass vases and carried off electric fixtures and wire?

It is plainly to be seen that the county jail is none too strong or capable of holding for any length of time prisoners who are determined to get out.

Another cabinet official is to quit Wilson's family circle. If the members of the cabinet are a lot of figure heads like the President's colleagues in the peace conference, where Wilson was the whole thing in the United States delegation, no wonder that they quit.

An exchange says: "A lawyer in a court room may call a man a liar, scoundrel, villain, or thief, and no one makes complaint when court adjourns. If a newspaper prints such a reflection on a man's character there is a libel suit or a dead editor. This is owing to the fact that the people believe what an editor says."

It is all very well to give prisoners in the state penitentiary a chance to make good by paroling them, but it seems to us that a large number of them no sooner obtain their liberty when they start in again to commit crime. One of the bank check forgers who was sentenced on Saturday had been paroled. There is too much silly sentimentalism in regard to paroling prisoners and we consider it is a most unwise procedure.

Tillamookers are pretty wise when it comes to predicting the weather. The Fair Board knew along somewhere in the first week of September the first rain of the season makes its appearance. The Fair Board is to be congratulated that it fixed the dates just right, for had the fair been put off one week longer, weather conditions would have made it almost a failure and the gate receipts would have amounted to very little.

How is it that nearly all democratic politicians are trying to explain, apologize and are in sympathy with the willful waste and unbusiness like methods in production of spruce by the government? Even Os. West, exgovernor of Oregon, is in sympathy with the cost plus methods of fleecing the government out of large sums of money, which the taxpayers will have to pay. It is not long now when a long suffering public will have something to say about democratic extravagance and the willful waste of the taxpayers' money.

How remarkable. Without any experience whatever, and knowing nothing about western lumber and logging methods, General Disque was placed in charge of the spruce division, and had about 30,000 men under him. That is on a par with one of the first men who was sent to the Pacific Coast to look after the ship-building. He knew nothing about it. And yet still more remarkable. General Disque was given a job in New York, of which he had no previous experience, that gave him a salary of \$30,000 a year.

What's the use, anyway? We are frequently asked to boost the build a home campaign, for the reason there are not sufficient houses in this city and every man with a family should own his own home. The automobile craze has taken too strong a hold on the people, and it seems that men with families would rather pay monthly installments on automobiles than a home. Here's the trouble, however. It costs about twice as much to build a house these days compared to a few years ago, consequently people who should build and own their own homes are taking a little pleasure out of life in joy rides.

When spruce operations were started in Oregon, we contended that it should have been the men who operated the big western saw mills and logging camps, who should have been organized by the government. These were the men who could and would have brought about quick results, which was the most important phase of the situation. Men who knew nothing about milling or logging in the northwest were placed in charge and the taxpayers have to pay the fiddler. The investigation shows that it cost \$115,000 per mile to build a logging road in the state of Washington and \$70,000 and \$90,000 per mile for logging roads in Oregon, which experienced loggers claimed

should have been built for \$15,000. This will show what operating under a cost plus system means in doing work for the government. Talk about profiteering, why, the government's cost plus system was nothing but a get-rich-quick hold up by those who were singled out or fortunate enough in obtaining a cost plus contract.

Some of the officers in the spruce division could not understand why the people in the northwest criticized that division during the spruce operations, and they were naturally indignant. The reason was not hard to solve. It was thought unfair to send boys to France and pay them \$30.00 a month—a large number of whom made the supreme sacrifice—and then bring men from Eastern states and pay them civilian wages with eight hours work. There is some proof that some men went into the spruce division, to do what the democratic party promised when it proclaimed "He kept us out of war." We do not blame the spruce division for there were hundreds of boys in it who would rather been in France. It was the system that was wrong, in paying men \$30.00 a month to fight in the trenches, while men who happened to get into the spruce division were paid big civilian wages with short hours. That is the reason why so many persons criticized the spruce division, especially parents who had boys in France.

What does it all mean, and what is the intent and purpose of the big naval demonstration on the Pacific Coast? Is there a secret pact with the "big four", seeing that Mexico was not admitted to the league of nations, that the United States is to give that country a spanking? Or is it that trouble is brewing on account of the peace conference granting Shantung to Japan? There is something mysterious about the big fleet coming to the Pacific coast at this time. Or is it another demonstration of democratic extravagance in spending the taxpayers' money so that Secretary Daniels and President Wilson could participate in what they thought would be a big political stunt? To the average citizen, it looks as though it would have been the proper thing to have put the ships out of commission and return the officers and men to civil life, for the country has been burdened enough with taxation already. But, then, the democratic party cares little for the taxpayers as long as it can squeeze them for more money, and more on the top of it, and the naval demonstration to the Pacific Coast is only another demonstration of the useless waste of public money. It would have been more to the credit of President Wilson if he had remained in Washington and grappled with the food question and profiteers and Secretary Daniels had he remained in office lopping off some of the useless expenses of the naval department.

There is no getting away from the fact that the people are highly indignant with the high cost of living and they have a perfect right to be. There is no disputing that President Wilson and the democratic government is responsible, and the people, at the first opportunity, will hurl that party from power. It was exceedingly important, when the armistice was signed, that the reconstruction period should be immediately taken hold of. The government failed to do so, and President Wilson went to France, leaving affairs in the United States to take care of themselves, with the result that the cost of living have become higher and labor is dissatisfied. Everybody must admit that instead of getting back to normal conditions through the reconstruction period, very little progress have been made in that direction because the president and the democratic government were more concerned about the welfare of the people of foreign lands than they were about the people of the United States. There is a good deal of good horse sense to the sentiment that there are plenty of troubles to contend with in the United States without getting mixed up in the broils of foreign countries. And when it comes to shipping food stuffs to foreign countries, making it scarce and dear in the United States, the people of the country are not getting a square deal. As we have previously stated the government is responsible for profiteering. It placed a minimum price on wheat and made the people eat a lot of substitutes, and they were charged exorbitant prices for the nasty stuff, some of which was not fit to be fed to hogs.

It is suspected in Washington that President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George failed to include Mexico in the league of nations in order that the United States might at the proper time enter and clean up the country. It would not have done to discuss self determination and the rights of small peoples in one breath and then let the world know in the next that this principle applied to other peoples but not those near at home. It is proper that the proper moment may come when it is to the best interests of the Democratic party in the next campaign. Just now it might seem inconsistent to fight Mexico while Democratic Senators are giving voice to the idea that the league of nations is to stop all bloodshed for all time.

EASY TO TALK TOO MUCH

One Must Admit There Is Much Truth in the Sage Reflections of Mr. Goslington.

"It is my opinion," said Mr. Goslington, "that beggars talk too much. For instance, this morning I met a man who asked me for a nickel with which to buy a cup of coffee. As I was reaching for the nickel he kept right on talking, telling me among other things that he hadn't had anything to eat for three days, which I knew of course was false, and which detracted very much from my pleasure in giving. 'I am an easy mark. Perhaps as I grow older I shall grow harder, but as I feel about it now I would rather give to a dozen frauds than take a chance of missing one man who was hungry. Still I don't like the fraud to be too obvious; and I am sure there must be many prospective givers who, when the beggar keeps on with that surplus talk, rescind their original determination to give and keep their money in their pocket. Surely you would think the beggar would learn wisdom and talk less, wouldn't you? 'But the beggar is not the only man. How often do we hear it said of some banquet speaker that he is a good talker but he talks too much! This may seem a harsh way of putting it, but that's what people say. This speaker starts engagingly and talks for a time to the pleasure of everybody, wandering on then interminably to the complete obliteration of the first favorable impression. Here the only result is the tiring of the speaker's hearers; but talking too much might have a far more serious result in the case of, say, a man applying for a job.

"Many a man has talked himself out of a prospective job. He goes to the employer with what he wants to say clearly laid out in his mind, he says this clearly and simply, and the employer has practically made up his mind to take him; but then the applicant keeps on talking, to his own undoing. As he talks he reveals himself in a light less favorable; he discloses perhaps some peculiarity that may not really be a detriment but that strikes the employer not agreeably; and so this job that at first the applicant had felt perfectly sure of slips away from him entirely and without his realizing just how it all came about.

"The Hun helmet possesses a strong fascination for the American soldier. Apparently he is not able to resist the temptation to capture one whenever or wherever he sees it. A news story from the Rhine country tells us that German policemen of the towns occupied by the American troops have given up wearing helmets. Many of the policemen gave them up because they had none to wear. Others discontinued their use because the American officers made the discontinuance a request. The American soldiers, it is explained, couldn't resist the impulse to capture them. The German policemen were rushed all along the Rhine and deftly unbonneted. It all shows that the primitive instinct that urges a victor to take from the conquered some symbol of his submission continues strong in the warrior breast.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Old Mexican God Unearthed.

A statue of "Xochipilli," Aztec god of flowers, has been discovered by William Nivan, an American archeologist who has been in Mexico recently. The statue, the representation of the god known to have been discovered in virtually a perfect state of preservation in modern times, was dug up at Atzcapotzalco, a suburb of the capital, and which, prior to the coming of Cortez, was the seat of a powerful Indian nation, but which, at the time of the conquest, was the great slave mart of the inhabitants of Tenochtitlan, home of the Aztecs and the site of the modern city of Mexico. In addition to its slave trade, Atzcapotzalco was noted for its expert jewelers and wonderfully cultivated gardens. "Xochipilli" is supposed to have presided over one of these ancient gardens.

Yet Another.

The number of proposed undersea tunnels is increasing every day. Already to that under the Straits of Dover has been added the suggestion for one under the Irish channel. And now comes Colonel Rubio y Bellve, who has obtained permission from the Spanish government to carry out the preliminary soundings with a view to connecting Spain with Morocco by tunneling the Straits of Gibraltar. The proposal is that the new tunnel should sink west of Tarifa and come to the surface again east of Tangier. This would make it, roughly, some twenty miles long, which is within three miles of the greatest breadth of the straits, a breadth which varies from eight and a half to twenty-three miles.

Swallow Is Enemy of Mosquito.

If you want to free the neighborhood of mosquitoes encourage swallows to make themselves at home, says the American Forestry association. These birds feed almost entirely upon obnoxious insects and they will do much toward protecting orchards and other trees from insect pests. No better investment can be made, therefore, than some houses set out for martins or other swallows. Of the blue swallows the purple martin is the largest, the male being entirely blue above with a gray breast. Swallows are highly migratory, most of them spending the winter in South America.

HIGH ON SCROLL OF FAME

Is Written the Name of Frank Luke, One of the Best of American Air Fighters.

What Lieutenant Luke, famous American aviator, would, and often did, attempt was illustrated by his last flight. Starting out alone to attack three "drachens," or observation balloons, he had seen behind the German lines in front of Verdun, he was intercepted by ten enemy machines. He engaged them all, got two of them, and escaped the others by seeming himself to be disabled. His "fall" was from directly over the balloons, and before they could be lowered or protected he shot all three of them in flames. But then Luke disappeared, and what became of him was not known until after the armistice.

When the allies entered the village of Murvaux the rest of the story was learned from the peasants. The American had been forced by wounds or the disabling of his machine to descend, but he did not land until he had used his machine gun to the extent of killing eleven of the many German soldiers stationed there. Then he alighted safely in a nearby field and was seen to quit his machine and start for a little stream as if to get water. German soldiers ran up, and either by them or by a shot from further away he was killed. The German officer in command kicked the body and ordered that no one touch it. There it lay till the next morning, when the villagers were allowed to take it, uncovered, in a cart, to their cemetery and bury it.

So ended Frank Luke at the age of 29. He had lived much, if not long, and down in Phoenix, Ariz., where he was born, they are justly proud of him. He does not lack appreciation elsewhere, for Captain Rickenbacker says: "Had he lived he would have put me out of business long ago as America's leading ace. I wouldn't have had a show against him."

Bruges of Today.

Mrs. B. O. Tuffnell, writing in reference to Bruges, says: "I think it may be of interest to you to know that Bruges is extraordinarily little changed since the war. We were most agreeably surprised to find our things left behind intact and only one case had been opened. The hotel was still well run and comfortable, and the food was good, only the pre-war prices had changed for the worse! The beautiful old city looked much the same as before. The carillon is still pealing in the belfry, and few of the public buildings have suffered. The port has been greatly altered, and there the signs of war are very evident, not only in the huge works started by the enemy, but in the effectual destruction of them by our airmen. The shops are open, and the life of Bruges goes on as it did. Only the welcome appearance of khaki-clad men or businesslike W. A. A. C.'s strikes a strange note in the cobbled spaces of the Grande Place."

Memorial to Great Naval Deed.

Were it possible for the British people to forget that greatly daring naval deed of the war known by the uninspiring title of the Zeebrugge raid, the present movement on foot to commemorate it will assure for it perpetual fame. Happily the initiative has been taken by the city of Bruges, so there is not the slightest element of vainglory in the idea of a memorial to be erected on a suitable site within a few yards of the spot where the blockships Intrepid and Iphigenia were successfully sunk. The actual sinking of these vessels for the purpose of preventing the German submarines using the canal to Bruges, was rendered possible only by the gallantry of the attack made by the old cruiser Vindictive, which was afterward sunk across the fairway at Ostend. Standing on an elevation, the monument will be visible far out to sea.—Christian Science Monitor.

Suspense Worse Than Attack.

There are sailors who will tell you that the actual torpedoing of a vessel was not very much worse than the suspense and the many false alarms—any of which might have proved to be an enemy submarine. A merchant captain was looking out to sea one day, when in the distance he thought he saw something dark and round. He watched to see whether it would move. It did move, and then suddenly it dived. There was no time to do anything, since he did not know from what direction the torpedo might come. He waited. To his horror the dark, round object rose from the waves only 30 yards away from the boat. He said it was the worst moment in his life until he realized on further inspection that the "periscope" was in actual fact a large seal with a dirty yellow neck and a full crop of whiskers.

War and Roller Skates.

It is a far cry from the world war to a child's roller skates, but according to the fashion expert of Popular Mechanics Magazine, roller skates of the latest approved model are after the style of British fighting tanks. Novelty always being uppermost in the juvenile heart, it matters not that the new skates are a bit snowshoelike in size. The new skates are like all others except that they are surrounded by tanklike bodies made of light sheet metal.

The Source of Most Good Luck.

"How do you happen to have such good luck with ropes?" asked the neighbor. "Don't know," replied the amateur gardener, "unless it is because I hoe the ground a lot and spray them a lot, and work with them a lot."

RECORD SEEMS HARD TO SET

Just What May Be Accomplished in One Working Day Shown to Be Variable Quantity.

The most difficult task of the coal commission, says London Answers, seems to be to discover how much coal cutting is a fair day's work for a collier. It appears that in a good "place" a man will cut four tons of coal in a shift, yet the yearly output of coal per man was only 220 tons last year.

It is rather interesting to glance at other forms of work, and to see just how much other toilers do in a day. Take plowing for instance. The man who, with a single plow, turns an acre in a day, is well earning his money. In completing his task he will have walked and guided the plow about fourteen miles.

Harvesting in the old days used to be slow work, and the man who cut by hand half an acre of wheat was doing well. With the modern horse-cutter and binder one man, with the assistance of two "shockers," has been known to cut and bind twenty acres of wheat in one day.

At one time the setting of three hundred bricks was considered a day's work for a bricklayer. But at piecework, and using a special soft mortar, a man has been known to lay 1,400 bricks during an 8-hour day and to continue this average for days on end. Packing fruit is no easy task. Take oranges, for instance. These average 150 to the box, and each fruit has to be separately wrapped in paper. Seventy boxes is considered a very fair day's work, but a man has been known to pack 120 boxes in a 10-hour day. He had to handle and wrap 18,000 oranges to accomplish this task.

The work our men did in France when marching in full kit is far beyond that of an ordinary laborer. The world's marching record is held by a detachment of the London Rifle brigade. In April, 1914, these men—62 in number—marched from London to Brighton, a distance of 52 miles, in 14 hours and 23 minutes. They were in full kit, and carried rifles, a total weight of 42 pounds, yet not a man fell out.

Heroes, Every One.

In a section of the North Pennsylvania street stands on Welcome Home day, two women were much interested in the drum-major's pigeon-toed course, with his back forming a 45 degree angle with the pavement.

"Ever" one of our soldier boys be jest in his rights if he strutted like that leader, with his stick at the head of the band," one commented.

"Lawsy, all he needs is some featherers an' he'd beat the sprucest turkey gobbler I ever seen in all my born days," her companion remarked.

A man next to them volunteered: "Well, our boys ain't goin' to strut any; but as you say, they all got a license to: an' didn't they certainly take the goose-step out of the German army, when they chased 'em back across the Rhine?"

"Ain't they the grandest heroes ever was?" the first woman asked. "Bet yer life," the man agreed with pride.

"Yes, indeedly!" the other woman exclaimed.—Indianapolis News.

Some Good Out of War.

The geophone, a listening instrument developed by the French during the war to detect enemy underground mining operations, is to be used by our bureau of mines as a possible aid in locating miners who have been entombed after a disaster. A miner pounding on a coal seam can be heard with this instrument 1,200 feet away. Recently a pit boss who happened to be near while the geophone was being tested in a mine, put the instrument to his ears. He heard so distinctly that he called out in a startled tone: "Mack is tamping in a charge. We had better move away." A coal seam 800 feet thick separated Mack from the startled boss at the time.

Laugh on the Doctor.

An Illinois physician who had motorized into an Ohio town found a porter standing back of the machine laughing.

"What's the joke?" inquired the owner.

"Nuthin', boss; but you're a doctor, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"I thought so when I saw that red cross on the front of your car. But if I owned the car I think I'd put that sign on the back."

The doctor walked around to the rear and looked at his license tag. It read: "46,000 Ill."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Rose to High Place.

Thomas Okey, who has been elected to the new professorship of Italian at Cambridge, began life as a basket-maker. He traveled on the continent working at his trade and learning each country's language as he passed through. Later he took up the teaching of languages and is now known as one of the greatest English authorities on the Italian language and on Italy's art treasures.

Wise Conclusion.

"Going to buy yourself a car now? Why don't you wait until cars are cheaper?"

"Say, all my life I've been waiting for things to get cheaper and look what has happened to the price of everything. I've come to the conclusion that the time to get a thing is when you want it if you've got the money to pay for it."

SATAN'S THRONE IN BERLIN

Not, However, the Seat of the Kaiser's Authority, as One Might Reasonably Suppose.

In order to understand where the throne of Satan came from and how it came to Berlin, it is necessary to open the pages of ancient history and renew our acquaintance with Pergamum.

Pergamum (Pergamos or Pergamon) was the ancient capital of Mysia, in Asia Minor. It was about three miles north of the Calcas river and fifteen or twenty miles from the Aegean sea. Under the Greek rule of Attalus I (241-197 B. C.) it became not only a powerful city but also the center of the artistic and literary life of Asia. Attalus built many wonderful temples, altars and monuments that attracted the attention of the entire world. His son Eumenes II (197-159 B. C.) carried on the policy of his father. He founded the famous Pergamum library, which contained 200,000 volumes. This library was later removed to Egypt by Antony and presented by him to Cleopatra.

Attalus III bequeathed his treasures and the kingdom of which Pergamum was the capital to Rome, and so, at his death, in 133 B. C., it became a Roman province. This was the first Roman province on Asiatic soil. Carl Humann, a civil engineer, who had traveled in Asia Minor, induced the Berlin museum to fit out an expedition to excavate for the hidden treasures of ancient Pergamum. In 1886, at the close of the third campaign, Humann and a friend named Conze unearthed the great altar and the site of the library. Subsequent expeditions uncovered many treasures.

The great altar was shipped, piece by piece, to Berlin and re-erected in the Kaiser Friedrich museum. A few parts of it are in Constantinople.

However, the central and main portion of Satan's throne is in Berlin. With the throne of Satan in Berlin it is not difficult to understand the military ambitions and actions of the German government.

France's Big Families.

Notwithstanding all that is said about the depopulation of France, large families are by no means scarce in certain rural parts of the country.

A society for the encouragement of large families publishes a report giving the names of 557 families in the department of the Loire-Inférieure, each of which has had more than six sons or sons-in-law with the colors. At the head of the list is the Marlot family, of which twenty-two members—nine sons, three sons-in-law and ten grandsons—have joined the army. Four of them were killed, four wounded, one died in captivity, and one is missing. Four won the croix de guerre.

Numerous other families in the St. Nazaire district have had from six to twelve sons and grandsons at the front. The 557 families named furnished 4,015 soldiers to the army.—Lexington Herald.

Treat 'Em Rough.

This applies to all garden insects, for none of them are there with an honest purpose, says the National War Garden commission in a bulletin. If you discover that one or more hills of your canteloupes are infested with plant lice, the only thing to do is to pull the plants up and carry them off and burn them. But in doing so you should put them in a tight receptacle of some kind so that none of the lice drop off and get on other plants for they will multiply rapidly and you will have part of your fight over again.

As for squash bugs if they begin to suck sap until their skins burst, spray the canteloupe vines with nicotine sulphate, soap and water. Old squash bugs can be trapped under pieces of board placed near the plants. They will hide at night under these boards and may be killed in the morning.

Soldiers' Swear Words.

Despite the chaplains, the men developed the habit of swearing; soldiers always have. War requires emphatic expression. It destroys flexibility of expression—and "damn" and "hell" do seem the fullest description of a soldier's occupation.

"It's an innocent kind of swearing, though," said a chaplain. "It does not really blaspheme, and the men will fall out of the habit when they return home. They don't do it in a chaplain's presence—unless they are under fire, when chaplains are too busy to attend to such details."

Walks Upside Down.

Because he walks upside down as well as right side up, the black-and-white warbler is also frequently called the black-and-white creeper, says the American Forestry association of Washington, which is conducting the national birdhouse building contest. This bird has been called a symphony in black and white because of the beautiful manner in which these two colors are used over his body. His head is barred black and white with a white stripe over each eye; he has wing bars on each wing and the inner webs of his outer tail feathers are white patched. This bird gets most of his food by gathering insects and grubs from the crevices in the bark of trees, thus destroying pests which might work injury to fine trees.