

BRIGHTON BEACH

The Coming Commercial and Industrial City and Seaport on Nehalem Bay

BRIGHTON BEACH is 90 miles west of Portland, on the P., R. & N. Ry. It is situated on the deepest water on the bay, the channel over the bar being greatly improved by the jetty. One of the latest boats passing over the bar found 17 1/2 feet of water at half tide. The extension of the jetty will deepen this considerable.

An Associated Press dispatch in The Oregonian March 28 reports that the United States Army Engineers have recommended that the Government appropriate \$632,000 for the extension of the present jetty. Senator Jonathan Bourne telegraphs that this has passed the sub-committee of the Senate.

The Brighton Development Company is offering FREE MILL SITES on the tide lands in front of their property. As a result the largest and most modern sawmill in Tillamook County is now building at BRIGHTON BEACH. It is estimated that 25,000,000 FEET of merchantable timber is tributary to BRIGHTON BEACH.

BRIGHTON BEACH being a SEAPORT, it has competitive or terminal rates the same as Portland. Daily trains are running between Portland and BRIGHTON BEACH. Besides the timber, the immense dairy products of Tillamook County will help make an important city of BRIGHTON BEACH. The fishing industry, too, will be an important factor.

BRIGHTON BEACH is protected from the ocean by the long sand-spit directly across the bay, affording a safe harbor for large vessels and small craft. Backed by unlimited resources, BRIGHTON BEACH will naturally develop into an important SEAPORT AND MANUFACTURING CITY.

While Brighton Beach is not a beach resort, it overlooks beautiful NEHALEM BAY and the ocean and is protected from the elements. The FINEST BEACHES IN OREGON are close by, and across the bay Garibaldi Beach, lying one mile to the south. BRIGHTON BEACH is sheltered from the cold winds, and the bay affords unlimited boating and fishing pleasures.

About 900 persons have purchased lots in BRIGHTON BEACH. The letters of appreciation from buyers are evidence of satisfaction from those who have gone to BRIGHTON BEACH. There are big cities today which had not one-third the advantages of BRIGHTON BEACH.

BRIGHTON BEACH is high and slightly—no sand, no rock. Improvements are now under way. The J. W. Shafford Company is now logging off the property. Street work and grading will follow. An investment at present prices will be profitable. Witness the history of Raymond, Aberdeen, Hoquiam and other SEAPORT and LUMBER MANUFACTURING CITIES.

LOTS WITHOUT IMPROVEMENTS \$50 ON EASY TERMS

With GUARANTEED IMPROVEMENTS GRADED STS. SIDEWALKS AND WATER \$125 to \$400

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS CALL ON

BRIGHTON DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

904-907 SPALDING BUILDING MAIN 150

COUNT IS ON TODAY

Official Canvass Needed to Determine Coroner.

SLOCUM AND HAYES CLOSE

Lightner, Fitzgerald and Reed Seemingly Have Safe Leads, Is Belief. Precincts Yet to Come Will Add Strength.

County Commissioner Lightner has been renominated to succeed himself. With the vote from 11 precincts to be counted he has a plurality of 525 over T. J. Kreuder, his most dangerous rival. The vote on this office stands: Bailey 2254, Ellis 2246, Kreuder 2924, Lightner 6425, McAllen 5476, Sweeney 2521.

For Sheriff the complete unofficial vote in 152 precincts gives Fitzgerald what is considered a safe lead of 273 over McAllister, who is second in a field of nine. The vote as it stands follows: Bird 1567, Cox, 1849, Fisher 1466, Fitzgerald 5249, Hollingsworth 4148, McAllister 4971, McKernan 262, North 2637, Wilson 2659.

Henry E. Reed unquestionably has received the nomination for Assessor over B. D. Sigler, incumbent, and Reed's only opponent. With 11 precincts to be counted Reed has a plurality of 726, which will probably not be materially reduced by the final figures. The vote, with the returns from 11 precincts to be added, follow: Reed 12,461, Sigler 11,211.

County Clerk Fields today will begin the official count of the votes cast in Friday's primary election. Not until the totals have been compiled will the actual pluralities of the different candidates be learned. The count will also be required to determine the result of the contest for Coroner. With the returns from only five out of a total of 192 precincts in the county not available, Dr. Sam C. Slocum has a lead of 42 over Dr. James C. Hayes.

The official count is not expected to alter the result as to the offices of County Commissioner, Sheriff and Assessor for which W. L. Lightner, W. H. Fitzgerald and Henry E. Reed, respectively, have leads ranging from 775 to 559 over their nearest competitors.

The nomination of Coroner will be determined by the vote in the five missing precincts as follows: 22, 23, 129, 1274 and 172. With the exception of No. 22, these are all East Side precincts. This fact gives the supporters of Hayes hopes of overcoming Slocum's lead and landing the nomination. Hayes ran strongest on the East Side, while Slocum had his greatest strength on this side of the river.

HOW TO SMOKE A CIGAR

Most Smokers Do Not Understand the "Weeds" They Use.

London Fit-Rits.

Most smokers do not know how to smoke. They not only do not understand how to prevent smoking from being obnoxious to others, but they

themselves miss half the comforts of the "weed." For instance, smokers should slowly and gently blow through the cigar, driving out certain dust and debris which lie within its folds, especially if the purchase is an inexpensive one. The lighting, too, is important; the end should be ignited and no more. One puff at the match or gas jet should be enough to light the edges of the tip. If one holds it longer to the flame the result is usually to make the tobacco burn faster on one side than on the other.

With regard to pipe smoking, do not forget that in filling a pipe the main thing is to make sure it is dry and clean. Press fluff mixtures down hard for good results. With sliced plug you have a chance to use a little skill. Double the slice in the middle and roll it gently between your palms. Then take the bundle so formed and push it carefully into the bowl of your pipe, keeping the fibers of the tobacco running up and down, not horizontally. This gives an even continuity of the strands along which the light will travel coolly and sweetly, with a minimum tendency to go out.

WAVE TO THE ENGINEER

Some Children Never Weary of Saluting Passing Trains.

Chicago News.

One would suppose that residents along suburban lines out of Chicago would grow callous to the charms of the flying engine with its train of coaches and its plume of smoke and steam. In the rural districts, where there are two or three trains a day, the small country boy would rather run half a mile than miss the show. The first foot of the whistle rouses him to attention and he is always near the track when the train goes by, waving frantically at the passengers and gazing after the disappearing coaches until they vanish in the distance.

That is to be expected, but what of the city boy or girl who lives in a neighborhood never relieved of the thunder of passing expresses and locals, through trains and freights? Every day a hundred trains pass and seldom does a 2 or 5-minute period elapse without some specimen of rolling stock on the right of way.

But city boys and girls are just as curious over the passing of a train as are their country cousins. An observing passenger may see them come tearing out to the porches of their homes or stopping their play to wave until the train has passed. Often, it is true, no notice is taken of them by the passengers, who have their faces buried in papers or books, but the children's efforts are not wholly in vain, for at least two grown persons on each passing train have their little friends along the tracks. These are the engineer and the fireman. These good-natured and sooty-faced cabmen never miss a salutation.

It probably is true that most of the loyalty of the children is due to the attention they receive from this pair. Conductors, however, belong to a different class. They have to mix with the passengers so much they have become misanthropic. They eye with suspicion the waveings and gesticulations and seem to have the idea that this is merely a new form of protesting against the smoke nuisance.

Living Expenses as Liquid Money.

London Standard.

In France the money that must go for living expenses in a family is termed liquid money, and the phrase is used to contrast such part of the income with funds that are set aside for a rainy day.

GIRL GRADUATE RIDES TO BALL GAME IN TAXI

Her Escort Learns All About National Game and Is Told Never to Give Up Taking Defeats Gaily.

BY ADDISON BENNETT.

LANCING out the front window of the taxicab just as we were passing the hospital on the way to the ball grounds I noticed that the minute hand on the clock-like dials nailed to the side of the machine was pointing to eighty. I remarked to Helen that we were going at the rate of 30 miles an hour. "Miles," she said, "miles." That means that we have ridden 80 cents' worth—now it is 90.

I reached around and jabbed the blamed thing in the eye with my umbrella, which seemed to accelerate its activity, for it instantly jumped to 110. I think I fainted then. And I feel perfectly safe in saying that no fellow with a weak heart should ride in one of these indicator machines.

To sit and watch the second hand registering the nickels, the minute hand marking up the dimes and the hour hand scoring the dollars—it takes a fine and stamina and a thick pocketbook to stand the strain; also a heart that works freely on ball-bearings.

Escort Is Discouraged.

Once at the ball field and seated in the northeast bleachers Helen remarked that I looked rather discouraged, and asked me if the \$1.50 paid to the taxicab pirate had disconcerted me. I asked her not to get jocular with me, as I was unable to see a joke, having fallen out of a well several moons ago, thereby breaking my funny-bone. That held her for a moment or two.

I had decided to take Helen to the game because I have known her ever since she was big enough to be known, even when she was spending most of her time holding a bottle to her mouth or chewing a rubber nipple. Of recent years, she has been one of the chiefest rooters of the Gamma Delta Gamma girls, down at the U. of O., particularly for the "U" ball team; hence I knew she was onto all of the fine points of the game, and could prompt me in writing of the whyfores and wherefores of the various plays.

As the stands were filling up and a fat man behind me, who wore a number thirteen shoe, was jabbing me at regular and irregular intervals in the small of the back with the toe thereof, I asked her if she did not wish some of the other Gamma girls were with us to see the fun. "Wish," she remarked, "wish? I never wish; I fell from a cypress several moons ago and broke my wish-bone."

Manicured Incident Mentioned.

Considering the well and clean incidents as closed chapters I told her I had a very enjoyable and entertaining time at the last ball game, my companion being a most affable and charming young lady who belongs to the Damma Gits, Damma sorority of the Manicure College. At that she grabbed my hand and began scanning the lines to do a little future-reading herself. "I discern here," she said, "several lines which not only denote real estate—they are real estate. By digging them out and adding what is under your nails you could start quite a garden."

Silence fell while the chief umpire was dusting off the home plate with a broom. Deep silence. I somehow felt that I had straggled into a garden. The manicure lady at all. However, I braced up and began discussing the crowd, the players and the new ball field, when Helen remarked that she seemed to be the only lady in the

bleachers. Remembering the \$1.50 paid for the ride hence, and thinking of the long walk whence after the game, I let the remark pass without discussion, elaboration or explanation.

A fellow just in front of us now began to explain what a blessing it was to have the Portland boys playing their poor games and having their hard luck at the very beginning of the season, for luck would even up during the Summer and we would come from behind with a rush that would sweep everything before us—the "us," of course, meaning the McCredie bunch.

Just at that juncture I attracted and distracted attention by purchasing a five-cent bag of peanuts, whereupon Helen remarked that extravagance seemed to be my long suit on the present memorable occasion; the next thing probably would be the bargaining for a hot dog. But she corrected herself instantly by saying hot dogs were getting busy in thinking of the incident—she had apparently forgotten the \$1.50 paid the taxicab pilot. Or was it \$1.50? My mind was thereby broken up for the moment.

Helen Remembers Last Year.

The game dragged slowly along. It was an up-hill fight, same as the season series, with many pessimistic suggestions to the right and a few optimistic allusions to the left. But the pessimists seemed to have the better of it. They were looking for and expecting the worst—and they were not disappointed. When one of them rent the air with a lugubrious remark about a gift one of the Portland players had just handed out, a real optimistic fan came back with the remark: "Don't you know we came from behind and won the pennant last year?"

And we did, as Helen seemed to remember, even remembered the close shave by which we gained it, even knew the finishing percentage of each team. So she raised up to her full height, which is something less than six feet, for she has grown rather long; and she said, "I am glad to hear that, but I am glad to hear that you are cheerful and helpful in the moment of adversity—remembering the days of victory."

And by gum! The atmosphere seemed to change, the gloom lifted, gladness took the place of sadness, and one fine and sensible gentleman remarked, "We may lose, but it is a darned shame to be crotchety before the season is fairly open; let us hoop it up and encourage the boys."

And Helen remarked that almost anybody could be a graceful winner while but few could be cheerful losers. "Let us," she said, "have sense enough to be game whether we are on the roof or in the cellar."

Vancouver Man's Funeral Held.

VANCOUVER, Wash., April 21.—(Special.)—Vancouver Masonic bodies con-

ducted the funeral of Walter Vivian here today at 2 o'clock, at Knapp's chapel. The body was taken to Portland to a crematorium. Mr. Vivian was looking at the Knights Templars, of which organization he was a member, march to church Easter morning, when a blood vessel burst in his head, resulting in his death last week. Mr. Vivian also was a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, of Grand Rapids. His father is employed here on the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railroad.

FUTURE BOOKS OF METAL

Edison Says Steel, Copper and Nickel Can Replace Paper.

Eric Adolphus Dime in the New York Tribune.

At the present rate of depletion of our forests, the time is not far away when the pulp supply for the manufacture of paper will have reached its end. Leading lumbermen say that the visible supply of standing timber in the United States and Canada will last only from 30 to 50 years more, and unless reforestation is carried out on a large scale publishers will then have to look to some other material to serve as a substitute for paper for books and periodicals.

But take heart; the danger is not so imminent as it appears. If a prophecy made by Thomas A. Edison the other day comes true, the books of the future will not be printed on paper. The "wizard" of Llewellyn Park confidently expects that the books of the coming age will be printed on pages of nickel and steel.

A prophecy by Mr. Edison is not a wild dream. The famous inventor, on other days as I sat in his laboratory studio discussing with him the European trip from which he had just returned and his plans for the future. Among the questions asked him was this:

"Can we ever expect a good substitute for paper in the printing of books and periodicals?"

"Why, yes; steel, copper or nickel will do."

And Mr. Edison said this in as commonplace a way as one man would tell another that a trip from Manhattan to New Jersey could be made through the Hudson tunnels as well as in a ferry-boat.

Steel, copper or nickel can take the place of paper then. And that means that the material for the books that will line the shelves of libraries of future generations will be taken out of the bowels of the earth instead of from the forests which adorn its surface.

Continuing to discuss this subject, the inventor of the phonograph said: "By sheets of steel, copper or nickel that will absorb printers' ink. Of the three metals I consider nickel to be the best substitute for paper. It is possible to produce a sheet of this metal one twenty-thousandth of an inch in thickness and make it cheaper, tougher and more flexible than ordinary book paper."

As he said this Mr. Edison strolled over to one of the shelves and returned with a book with a thickness of about two inches, saying, "If the leaves of this book were made of nickel, it would contain 10,000 leaves, and it would weigh only about a pound."

New Fishing Boat Sails.

The new fishing boat Oregonian has

sailed from Puget Sound on her maiden voyage. The craft will engage in deep sea purse seine fishing off the mouth of the Columbia River and is captained by P. Milos, a man of experience in this kind of fishing. The Oregonian, of the same owners, was sent out to Cape Flattery last season to engage in purse seine fishing, her catch being 200,000 fish, which sold for about 12 1/2 cents each. The Oregonian is 64.10 feet long, 14 feet beam and 6.5 feet depth. She has a 55 horsepower gasoline engine and a four horsepower electric lighting plant. She accommodates six men in her forecabin and one in the pilot-house, her cost approximating about \$7500.

TAPT GETS HARNEY COUNTY

Selling, Sinnott and Fields Win Democrats for Clark.

BURNS, Or., April 21.—(Special.)—Incomplete returns from 17 out of 20 precincts in Harney County follow: Clark 124, Harmon 4, Wilson 167, Coshaw 21, Lane 92, Pierce 65, Taft 115, Roosevelt 51, La Follette 64, Bourne 71, Lowell 65, Martin 19, Selling 36, Roosevelt 85, Rusk 49, Sinnott 64, Cochran 22, Ellis 51, Fields 111, Oleott 102.

CORRECT CLOTHES FOR MEN!!!

At the time of Louis XIV, silks, satins and bright colors determined the position of the man.

The man of today who does things—the man with red blood in his veins—is not properly dressed unless he is spick and span in fine domestic or imported cloths of finest textures and made up by a real tailor.

To be sure you get it, call at the Rothchild Bldg and ask for



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APRIL 25, 26, 27.

ST. PAUL OR MINNEAPOLIS ONLY AND RETURN \$60.

May 2, 3, 4, 9, 10, 11, 17, 18, 24, 25.

June 1, 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29.

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August 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 12, 15, 16, 22, 23, 29, 30, 31.

September 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 30.

Chicago and Return \$72.50. St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Omaha, Sioux City, St. Joe, Kansas City, Winnipeg, Port Arthur and Return \$80.00.

New York and Return \$108.50. Boston and Return \$110.00. Buffalo and Return \$91.50.

Tickets allow 15 days for going passage, good for return to October 31st. Good going one round, returning another. Stopovers allowed within limits in each direction.

Try the "ORIENTAL LIMITED." Leaves Portland 7:00 P.M. daily. THROUGH STANDARD AND TOURIST SLEEPERS PORTLAND TO CHICAGO IN 72 HOURS WITHOUT CHANGE. FINEST SERVICE AND SCENERY. TICKETS AND SLEEPING-CAR RESERVATIONS AT CITY TICKET OFFICE, No. 122 THIRD STREET, OR AT DEPOT, ELEVENTH AND HOIT STREETS.

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