

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT.

Of the County Clerk of Tillamook County, State of Oregon, showing the amount and number of claims allowed by the County Court of said county, for what allowed, amount of warrants drawn, and amount of warrants out, standing and unpaid, from the 1st day of April, 1902, to the 30th day of September, 1902, both inclusive.

Table with 4 columns: ON WHAT ACCOUNT ALLOWED, No. of Claims Allowed, Amount of Claims Allowed, Amount of Warrants Drawn. Rows include County Clerk's salary, Sheriff's salary, Deputy Sheriff's salary, etc.

Table with 3 columns: AMOUNT OF OUTSTANDING WARRANTS UNPAID, Principal, Interest. Rows include Outstanding unpaid County Warrants on the 31st day of September, A.D., 1902, etc.

State of Oregon, County of Tillamook, S.S. I, Homer Mason, County Clerk of the County of Tillamook, State of Oregon, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct statement of the number and amount of claims allowed by the County Court of said County for the six months ending on the 30th day of September, 1902, on what account the same were allowed, and the amount of warrants drawn, and the amount of warrants outstanding and unpaid as the same appear upon the records of my office and in my official custody.

SEMI-ANNUAL SUMMARY STATEMENT.

Of the Financial Condition of the County of Tillamook, in the State of Oregon, on the 30th day of September, A.D., 1902.

Table with 2 columns: LIABILITIES, AMOUNT. Rows include To warrants drawn on the County Treasurer, and outstanding and unpaid, To estimated amount of interest accrued thereon, etc.

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT.

Of the County Treasurer of Tillamook County, Oregon, for the six months ending on the 30th day of September, A.D., 1902, of money received and paid out, from whom received and from what source, and on what account paid out.

Table with 4 columns: AMOUNTS RECEIVED, From what source received, GENERAL FUND, SCHOOL FUND. Rows include To amount on hand from last report, W. G. Carey, To amounts received from all sources, etc.

State of Oregon, County of Tillamook, S.S. I, P. W. Todd, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct statement of the amounts received, paid out and remaining on hand, in the County Treasury of said County for the six months ending on the 30th day of September, A.D., 1902.

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT.

Of the amount of money and warrants received for taxes, and money paid to the County Treasurer by the Sheriff of Tillamook County, Oregon, for the six months ending on the 30th day of September, A.D., 1902.

Table with 6 columns: TO AMOUNT RECEIVED, DURING THE MONTH OF, April, May, June, July, August, September. Rows include In coin and currency, In county warrants, Amount on hand, etc.

State of Oregon, County of Tillamook, S.S. I, H. H. Alderman, Sheriff of said County, do hereby certify that the foregoing statement is correct and true.

THE COUNTRY PUBLISHER.

The way he isn't and the way he is.

(BY G. T. KEENE IN NATIONAL PRINTER JOURNALIST.)

The ideas of some metropolitan newspaper men as to the lives of their country brothers are really amusing to those who are numbered among the latter. The city man seems to think the rural printer has naught to do but dream away the golden hours; only waking when the musical tones of the perfectly satisfied subscriber urges him to accept the price of his paper for two years in advance, besides leaving a bushel or two of apples and a big yellow pumpkin.

He is then invited out to a wedding feast at "high noon," takes a few notes regarding the ceremony and is given an order for a hundred copies at five cents each. The afternoon is spent in jotting down the locals that come his way, reading a galley or two of proof, sending receipts for the foreign advertisers draft, and in stroking the office cat. He and his family get their supper at a church social and are filled up on chicken pie without a smidgen of veal therein.

On press day there is a jolly hustle and bustle for an hour or two, when half the populace gathers around to "see the press go." The paper "out" he goes fishing for bluegills or swings in his hammock at home, while the smoke from his fragrant meerschaum floats lazily up and is lost in the branches of the spreading maple. Thus it goes on, week after week, year after year, and all the time his family and bank account are steadily growing until at last, at a ripe old age, he drops peacefully into the last sleep, and up there, on the golden page, his shining record is given a double column space next to the reading matter.

Nice isn't it? Who wouldn't leave the hurly-burly of a great city for such a life? Peace, plenty, honor and gratitude all the day long. That is the ideal as pictured so often by the city writer, but is it true? Is it a fact that the average country publisher owns his own office or his own home? I believe not; and even those who do, have purchased them with money received outside the printing business.

In the first place, the country publisher is usually editor, business manager, job and ad compositor and pressman, and each week has to lend a hand at all branches of the work. He probably has good and sufficient food to eat, but it is not sent in, according to supposition. It is paid for in good honest dollars or their equivalent in advertising and job work.

If he has his best interests at heart, he breakfasts early and is down at the office at seven o'clock. The mail must be opened and answered. The foreign advertiser to whom he sent a bill three weeks before asks for a missing copy of a July issue that he may check-up the ad. The ton of rapidly disappearing print must have another following it, and the plate house must be notified to ship six pages of "farm," "household" and "miscellaneous" with the regular "telegraph" page. Before he has time to more than glance down the Record-Herald's news summary the auctioneer comes in to hurry him up on that quarter-sheet auction bill, which he promised yesterday to have out by noon regardless of a hookfall of other jobs ahead of it. He slips out of his coat and digs into the bill until the auctioneer goes, then hustles to finish up a wedding job already started. The line "invite you to the wedding" is barely spaced out when the local hook is cleared and the girls are calling for "copy." The stick is dropped for pencil and shears, the hook is replenished and the wedding job completed, when an advertiser steps in to tell him that "the ad he set up last week (which, by the way, was brought in an hour before going to press) was a bum job and he guesses he will cancel his ad contract, as it cost him too much, anyway. It takes at least ten minutes to get him to feeling good again and agree to keep the ad running, and all the time this supposed-to-be dreamy publisher has one eye on the door, expecting the auctioneer to return and catch him away from that bill. He and "the boy" manage by dint of much hustling to get a proof of the bill before the man appears, and he is satisfied.

The afternoon is kept from getting monotonous by the cyclonic entrance of a lady who orders her paper stopped at once, and is even too angry to notice the

ink smut on his wrinkled brow. She imparts the soothing information that she is even now on her way to a lawyer to see if newspapers can with impunity print such libelous articles as that contained in his last issue. She flits out, forgetting to pay the eighteen months' subscription due and sends her lawyer down to inform him of the forthcoming suit. Right here is where a little ray of sunshine creeps in. The way this week and long-suffering editor vents his feeling on that lawyer is soulinspiring, and the man of other people's troubles is told to prosecute and be dashed. The scene ends with the exit of the lawyer while the red fire is still burning.

Thus the days wear into weeks and the weeks into months. The spring election comes and goes and "we" elect a party of "our" ticket. The successful candidate, in order to make himself solid for another term, divides up his printing between the papers of his own and opposite party, and asks for 50 per cent discount on all legal notices. The angry women has brought her suit for libel and is beaten after a long legal battle, from which the editor emerges victorious, but with a few more gray hairs and several less dollars.

The years come and go until time ceases for our country editor and he is laid away, at last to rest. I leave it to the country editors who read the PRINTER-JOURNALIST, and no doubt there are many, if the last picture is much overdrawn. If not, hadn't the young city newspaper men better stick to their good positions, where they know how to do what they have to do, for if they attempt to run a country newspaper on the easy-going plan there will probably, sooner or later, be an ideal county newspaper plant for sale.

NEHALEM.

Ghynn Alley and wife are visiting friends on the river. Geo. Cox has moved in the Pope and Robins house in upper town. The Wheeler Lumber Company will move their logging camp in a few days from the Elk place to the Andrew Klein timber and log that next.

C. L. Alley completed a flue in the Woodmen hall Saturday. Nehalem Camp W. of W. will soon have one of the best equipped halls on the coast. R. M. Watson gave Nehalem a call last week. Miss Mary Schollmeyer went to Hebo Friday to teach school.

BOULDER CREEK.

Mr. Fischer and family have come back to Tillamook County and are living in the old Newman house. N. P. Hansen and family of Hebo, visited at H. L. Jensen's last Sunday. Mr. Drew Dawson was also a guest at the same hospitable home that day.

Sidney Mason was calling at several houses in this neighborhood Sunday morning. Thurm Coulson was traversing the highway, Monday. H. A. Chopard and Dee Moon came in from Hadley's camp Saturday.

W. N. Bays went out to the Valley last week. H. L. Jensen is making preparations to go to the logging camp soon. Mr. Ike Bays went to Beaver Sunday. C. V. Getchell who has been working here the past week went home Sunday.

Coal Operators Agree to Arbitration.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—The following proposal has been placed in the hands of the President by J. P. Morgan, at the request of the coal operators: "We suggest a commission to be appointed by the President of the United States, if he is willing to perform that public service, to whom shall be referred all questions at issue between the respective companies and their own employes, whether they belong to the union or not, but the decision of that commission shall be accepted by us, the commission to be constituted as follows: "First—An expert in the Engineering Corps of either the military or naval service of the United States. "Second—An expert mining engineer, experienced in the mining of coal and other minerals, and in no way connected with the coalmining properties, either authentic or bituminous. "Third—One of the Judges of the United States Courts of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. "Fourth—A man of prominence eminent as a sociologist. "Fifth—A man who by active participation is mining and selling coal is familiar with the physical and commercial features of the business. "It being the understanding that immediately upon the constitution of such commission, in order that idleness and nonproduction may cease instantly, the miners will return to work and cease all interference with and persecution of any nonunion men who are working, or shall hereafter work. The findings of this commission shall fix the date when the same shall be effective and shall govern the conditions of employment between the respective companies and their employes for a term at least three years.

OUR LITTLE WOMAN.

We have a little woman home. Her height is only three feet three; Her eyes are just the sweetest one; I think a little golden ray Of sunshine, somehow, came to grief, And, falling on her dainty head, Thought 'mid its tresses it would hide, And then, unmindful of its nest, Resolved there to abide.

Perhaps 'tis scattered from her curls, I'll tell you what's my firm belief—I think a little golden ray Of sunshine, somehow, came to grief, And, falling on her dainty head, Thought 'mid its tresses it would hide, And then, unmindful of its nest, Resolved there to abide.

And then, I think the fogs, one night, When earth was lost in sweet repose, Piffled the fragrant, dainty tints Inhaled with a sleeping rose. Then stole from out a pathos' heart The limp-drops of a perfumed dew, And then they bathed her cheeks and eyes, Giving them thus their witching hue.

If pain or worry seems my brow, Our little woman finds it out, And by the sunshine of her smiles Soon puts the "vapors" all to rout. The "magn" in her gentle touch; And in her laughing, vibrant voice: The sound of her light, springing step Can make my heart rejoice.

She's like a flash—now here, now there, And always on her nimble feet. She's all about the house at noon, With happy songs and laughter sweet. When, sometimes, teardrops dim her eyes, Like showers on an April day, They've scarcely fallen ere her smiles Have chased them all away.

Dear little woman! Her tiny hands Smooth many a pain and fret away. She brings into the sweet home life An added beauty every day. And yet she's but a wee, wee maid— A laughing, darning, merry sprite; But, ah! our little woman still, Our treasure, our delight, —Claudia Tharin, in Golden Days.

MILLET'S "GLEANERS." These be Thy faithful children, Lord, The gleaners of the field; The golden-laden wains are gone, With all the harvest's yield; Yet some few scattered straws are left, Which diligent may find; A thousand sheaves he took away That left not one behind.

Across the stubble field I hear Sweet revelry and din, As when the reaper to his barns Draws his last wagon in; He thanks, Thee, Lord, with merriment And custom-honored praise, While round about his naked fields The gleaners go their ways.

Small thought has he for those who pinch And wear their lives away, With just enough of strength and hope To keep the wolf at bay; His is the lot of better blood Than flows in common veins; For him, O Lord, Thy sun doth shine And fall Thy gentle rains.

What matters it when winds do howl And snow fills all the sky, That others huddle in their huts To hunger, freeze and die? To hunger, freeze and die? Has he not used his talent well, And thanked Thee morn and night? Dost Thou not shield him with Thy love And clothe him with Thy might?

I wonder, Lord, if Thou shouldst come When this our harvest ends, Wouldst Thou be found where barns are full Or where the gleaner bends? Thou shouldst not in places high For men to follow Thee, But where the fisher cast his nets In quiet Galilee.

And well I know wert Thou again To seek for friendly hearts, That Thou wouldst pass the manor house, And pass the city's marts, And say to some most lowly soul— Some gleaner of the field: Come, follow Me, and thou shalt glean A more abundant yield. —Chicago Daily News.

HIS LITTLE BEN.

"The gladdest day in all my life was that day Bennie came, Though when his ma was made my wife My blood was tinglin' some; How cute and beautiful he was, a-layin' there asleep! I had to flat kneel down beside his little bed and weep.

Because I felt so good, you know! I promised God that day, That I would leave the way below—The broad and sinful way. "How proud we was to show our boy—I mean his ma and I— Each day he brought us greater joy and raised us 'toid the sky! We hadn't reely lived before he come to make us glad, The bindin' link between us was that happy little tad.

We lived for him, we saved for him, in every way we knew, Day in, day out, I slaved for him, well pleased to do it, too. "We planned a grand career for him, his happy ma and me— Wa'n't nothin' too good here fer him, as far as we could see; He'd got to go away to school—to college—so we planned, He'd got to have the best of all a-goin' in the land, And so we saved and slaved away and sent him off at last— I guess that I was proud the day I heard my boy had passed!

"My home agen to stay awhile, until vacation's through; He's learned a lot concernin' style, he's kind of distant, too; He brought another chap along, they're college chums, you know; They ride the horses 'round, and go! how they do make 'em go! It's harvest time, but, somehow, they don't sort of seem to care. While I must stay and work away they gallivant somewhere.

"My back was lame as it could be from puttin' in the hay; I overheard them talk of me—this happened yesterday! My boy I used to carry 'round and pray for every night— My boy that I have battled for and loved with all my might— He said: 'My folks are good and kind, as you have seen, but, oh, I'm sorry they are not refined, as yours are, you know.' "My gladdest day was that day when I learned a father's love I'd found down to me from above! The day God sent my little Ben down to me from above! And guided his first steps; for him I've laid awake and planned; When he was near the sky was fair; I've prayed beside his bed— O God of Love, why was I there to hear them words he said!" —E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

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