

Tillamook Jottings.

Next Sunday, at 2.30 p.m., at the Adventist Church house, Elder Blacklock, pastor of the Baptist Church of Tillamook, will preach from the text "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken." Hab. 2:15. Come and hear him. This is the beginning of his campaign for Tillamook and Oregon dry in 1912.

It is reported that Alva Williams, who left here about a week ago for Portland, was united in marriage to Miss Rose Bryan of that place. Both young people are well known in this place, Alva being a son of George Williams, a prominent farmer and dairyman, and Miss Rose, who is a niece of D. L. Shrode, having lived at this place for some time. All join in wishing them a long and prosperous life together.

The Tillamook Commercial Club will give a basket social next Thursday evening, Dec. 12, to which all the live and progressive citizens who are interested in the welfare of the city are invited. There will be a program, and the management will be in the hands of the ladies who gave such a fine time Thanksgiving evening. Ladies are requested to provide baskets with supper for two, which will be auctioned off.

Colonel Biddle, stationed at San Francisco, and Major C. W. Kutz, located at Seattle, will meet with Major Morrow and citizens of Tillamook and Portland between December 15 and December 25 to discuss the proposed improvement of Tillamook Bay with joint funds of the Government and the Port of Tillamook. A final report will be made to the War Department on the project, which is expected to be given every assistance.

"Nobody's Fool" at the Opera House. The Dramatic Club will present this funny comedy Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2nd and 3rd. This is the best play of its kind yet offered by the club. No pains will be spared to make this the best of the season, and everyone is looking forward to the success it will so richly merit. Seats are now selling and the many inquiries for tickets shows there will be a bumper turnout. Mark the date, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2nd and 3rd, the great comedy, "Nobody's Fool." Don't miss this one—it's great.

The body of Ester Hubbard was brought to this city for burial on the last trip of the Empire. He and his brother, M. L. Hubbard, who have worked around Tillamook for the past five years, left for Astoria and received employment at that place. At the time of the accident Ester was painting on the roof of a building over which some live wires were stretched and raising his head, he hit the back of it on one of these wires, burning a hole through his skull. This happened Oct. 25 and death did not come until Nov. 26. Mrs. Alice Wolfe, who had been nursing the injured man, and his brother, came in with the body. The funeral services were held at the Christian Church Wednesday under the auspices of the K. P. lodge. He is survived by a father and mother in Texas and a brother, M. L. Hubbard, of this place.

E. C. Lynch, who has been working for Otis Frisby, in the barber shop, was found dead in his room, in the west part of town last Friday. It seems that he had been drinking quite heavily, and was also a user of cocaine. The coroner was notified of the case and it was decided at the inquest that death came from alcohol and cocaine poison. He was found in exactly the same position as he was laid the night before, when carried to his room by friends. The mother of the deceased was notified at The Dailies by Undertaker Hinkle, and arrived here this week. She will leave with the body on the next boat for their home, where interment will be made. The deceased was a man about thirty years old.

The basket social given by the young people of the Christian Church last Friday evening at the Oddfellows' Hall was a most enjoyable affair, and despite the unfavorable weather conditions, which kept many away, the attendance was excellent. A good program was rendered consisting of recitations and vocal and instrumental music. Dr. and Mrs. Monk delighted the audience with several guitar and mandolin duets, and Chester McGhee added the violin in a few trio numbers, all of which was highly enjoyed and fully appreciated. Much interest centered in the sale of baskets, and with Henry Crenshaw as auctioneer, this part of the program was an entertainment in itself. The baskets were indeed a handsome lot, every one artistic without and delicious within, and they sold at good prices. Among the unique designs were a cross, heart, twin barges, U. S. Revenue cutter, grape arbor, and other original shapes. After supper, games were the order

of the evening, and a delightful time was enjoyed by all present. The receipts from sale of lunch were over \$75.00. Cake, sandwiches and coffee were provided for those not caring to buy baskets.

At a city caucus on Saturday last at the opera house, a ticket was nominated, and although a number of the citizens stayed away because the caucus is usually dominated by the saloon interests, the latter succeeded in carrying most of their "slate," with C. W. Talmage at the head of the ticket for mayor. The ticket was made up as follows:

Mayor—C. W. Talmage.
Recorder—F. A. Rhodes.
Recorder—T. E. Handley.
Marshal—John Aschum.
Councilmen:
1st ward—C. F. Shortridge.
2nd ward—Geo. P. Wilt.
3rd ward—Alex. McNair.
4th ward—C. B. Vantress.
5th—J. H. Hathaway.
Water Commissioners:
1st ward—R. F. Zachman.
At large—F. D. Small.

The pool rooms closed up for the caucus and a number of "floaters" participated in the voting, the ballot being "stuffed" several times. The slate prepared at the pool room joints did not go through intact, for it was broken in several cases.

Commercial Club Meets.

On Monday the monthly meeting of the Tillamook Commercial Club was held in the Club rooms, with President Webster Holmes in the chair, and there was a large attendance of members, who took considerable interest in the deliberations. The matter of new members was taken up and a committee was appointed to induce those who did not belong to do so. Between 60 and 70 names of desirable persons were mentioned who should be members of the Club.

A proposition for a monthly publication was referred to the Publicity Committee.

A vote of thanks was tendered the ladies for the social time they gave on Thanksgiving evening.

It was decided to give a basket social on Thursday evening, Dec. 8, to which the public is invited. The ladies will have charge of arrangements, and another enjoyable social evening is anticipated. The ladies are invited to bring baskets.

It was decided to offer the club rooms to the dairy associations and Grangers whenever they wanted to hold their annual or other meetings.

A masquerade ball is to be given in the New Year.

Mayor Coates created a good deal of sentiment in favor of what he said when he remarked that but few of those who were nominated on Saturday were members of the club, and he further remarked that it was not right that a few persons should put up a ticket and run the city just as they pleased, while an organization like the Commercial Club, with a membership of 80 members, and composed of the business men and the leading citizens, was not consulted. This was not right, and he advocated that the Tillamook Commercial Club should have a large representation in the city council.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

Bible hour 10 a. m.
Christian Endeavor 6.45 p. m.
The union services will be held in the Presbyterian Church next Sunday evening at 7.30. Rev. V. E. Hoven, of the Christian Church, will preach the sermon. Subject "The obedient Church in Evangelism." Special music will be promised. All are cordially invited. These Union services on Sunday evenings are held for the purpose of preparing the way for the revival meetings which are to follow.

For Sale.

Werner Grand Piano in a handsome oak finish. This instrument is practically new and can be had at low cost. Stool and scarf included. Call and see it at
JOE THERDICH'S,
The Pop Corn Palace.

Lamar's
Variety
Store,

B. D. LAMAR, Prop.
Located in the
TILLAMOOK HOTEL.

"Drop in and Look
Around."

NEW GOODS on
each boat.

55 Acres—16 Cows.

All Bottom Land—Equal to the Best Tillamook Bottom Land.

\$3,500 Will Handle This.

55 Acre farm, all bottom land, the kind that will raise 5 tons of alfalfa hay, 3 tons of timothy and clover to the acre, sugar beets, pears, apples and cherries equal to any section. White clover comes up spontaneously without seeding. Onions grow equal to the output of beaverdam land. Cabbage and all garden truck does the best in this rich land, and it's right at the doors of Portland. 25 miles away. Equal to the best Tillamook bottom land.

51 acres in a high state of cultivation. 4 acres has some timber on it, but is used for pasture.

This is an ideal dairy ranch, fully equipped and making a fine income, and a snap for the man who knows how to do dairying and gardening combined. Has a good substantial 6 room house, a new No. 1 barn 34 x 53 ft., wagon shed, milk house and chicken houses, a family orchard, several varieties.

All stock and implements included; 14 choice milk cows, 1 bull, 2 horses, 6 good hogs, 60 chickens, 2 wagons, 1 buggy, mower, harrow, cultivator, all tools, 2 sets double and 1 set single harness, 40 tons of hay in the barn, and besides 16 tons have already been sold, \$400 worth of potatoes, 2 acres of kale, abundance of feed to carry the stock through the winter.

1 mile from the railroad and 2 miles from a town of 1000 people, on county road with all conveniences such as milk and mail routes, telephones, etc. River transportation, boat landing on the place, also a ferry bringing a monthly income of \$15.

PRICE, \$9,500.

\$3,500 will handle it.

RALPH ACKLEY LAND
COMPANY,
605 CORBETT BUILDING,
PORTLAND, ORE.

BURN YOUR BRIDGES.

When All Retreat is Cut Off, Then You Must Go Ahead.

Young men often make the mistake when they start on an important undertaking of leaving open a way of retreat if things go too hard, says Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine. No one can tell his greatest reserves to him, while he knows that if the battle gets too hot he has a line of retreat still left open. Only when there is no hope of escape will an array fight with that spirit of desperation which gives no quarter.

Many a great general in his march on the enemy has burned his bridge behind him, cut off his only possible retreat, for the bracing, encouraging effect upon himself and his army, because he knew that men only call out their greatest reserves of power when all retreat is cut off and when fighting desperately for that which they count dearer than life.

We are so made that as long as there is a chance to retreat, as long as there are bridges behind us, we are tempted to turn back when the great test comes.

"Will you hold this fort?" asked General Rosecrans of General Pierce at Stone river. "I will try, general."
"Will you hold this fort?" "I will die in the attempt." "That won't do. Look me in the eye, sir, and tell me if you will hold this position." "I will!" said General Pierce, and he did.

THEY SEPARATED.

But the Parting Was More Strenuous Than Jim Expected.

A man named Royzor when gold hunting in Alaska had as partner a venerable prospector, who went about habitually with his boot legs stuffed full of dynamite sticks. The old man had a pleasantly casual way of filling the stove oven with these sticks in order that they might thaw out there. Sometimes, too, he forgot them, which was imprudent, to say the least. Royzor was not at all of a timorous disposition, but the ancient prospector's reckless carelessness troubled his nerves. He remonstrated with him repeatedly and strenuously, but his protest did not seem to have the slightest effect.

"Jim," he said finally when driven to desperation, "if you can't be more careful with that dynamite we'll have to separate."
That night as he approached the shack a terrific concussion rent the air and knocked him insensible. When he recovered consciousness he perceived one of the aged prospector's legs lying near. He stared at it a moment meditatively.

"Well, Jim," he remarked at last sadly, "I guess we've managed to separate all right, particularly you, Jim!"
—Minneapolis Journal.

A Picture of Eternity.

The negro preacher is noted for his enthusiasm and his picturesque, almost poetic, way of expressing things. In "Life in Old Virginia" J. J. McDonald tells about a colored minister who was conducting a revival without much success. At last, however, he awakened his congregation by asking:

"Does yo' know what eternity is? Well, I tell yo'."

"If one of dem IT' sparrows what yo' see round yo' garden bushes was to dip his bill in de 'Lantic ocean an' take one hop a day an' hop 'cross de country an' put dat drop of water into de 'Lantic ocean an' den he hop back to de 'Lantic ocean—jes' one hop a day—an' if he keep dat hoppin' up twell de 'Lantic ocean wuz dry as a bone, it wouldn't be break o' day in eternity."

"Dar, now," said one of the brethren, "yo' see for yo'sef how long eternity is."

A Tribute to Woman.

When everything around a man staggers and wavers, when all seems dark and dim in the far distance of the unknown future, when the world seems but a picture or a fairy tale and the universe a chimera, when the whole structure of ideas vanishes in smoke and all certainties become enigmatical, what is the only permanent thing which may still be his? The faithful heart of a woman. There he may rest his head; there he will renew his strength for the battle of life, increase his faith in Providence and, if he be led, find strength to die in peace with a benediction on his lips.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

Essy Marks.

"Talk erbout yore essay marks," said Uncle Silas Greenaw, who had been passing a week in the city, "us rubes ain't in it with them air towns, A-haps."
"Did yew sell 'em enny gold bricks, Silas?" queried old Daddy Squashneck.
"Naw, I didn't," answered Uncle Silas, "but I seed a feller peddlin' artificial ice—hed th' sign right on his wagon—an' blamed ef th' clumps did not buy it fer th' real thing, by grass!"—Chicago News.

Lots of Nerve.

Farmer's Son—My father sent me over to borrow your horse and cart.
She—Goodness! Why, he already has all our tools, our axes, our hay-rakes and—
He—I know. He just wants the horse and cart to bring them back.—London Telegraph.

A Baser Motive.

"Yes, he played the last two acts with a broken wrist."
"Heroin, eh?"
"Not at all. He was afraid to give his understudy a chance."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sooner or later the world comes around to see the truth and do the right.—Hillard.



For Sale.

30 acres of rich Nehalem river bottom land. For particulars and price call on or address the owner, George R. McKimens, Nehalem, Ore.

Stray Calf.

A stray Jersey heifer calf, about six months old, has been on H. H. Hayes' place on the Sandlake road for about a month, and the owner is hereby notified to claim the same.

Team for Sale.

One Driving Team, harness for sale. Price \$150.00 to A. Emerson, near Creamery, Tillamook, Ore.

Saved From Awful Fate.

How an appalling calamity was averted from a family was prevented in the McDonald, of Fayetteville, F. D. No. 8. "My sister had no appetite, she grew weaker every day, and edies failed, till Dr. King's Discovery was tried, and she was completely cured her, that she was troubled with a cough. It's the best medicine I ever heard of." For coughs, grippe, asthma, croup, bronchitis, all bronchial troubles, equal, 50c, \$1.00. Trial box Guaranteed by Chas. I. King Drug Store.

A Bank's First Duty

Is to its depositors. The business of this bank is conducted on this basis, which is, in truth, SECURITY AND CONSERVATISM. Safety is considered before profits.

We feel justified in asking for your banking business, assuring you always, courteous treatment and satisfactory service.

TILLAMOOK COUNTY BANK,
TILLAMOOK, OREGON.



THE Bell Telephone keeps the traveler in touch with all the resources of civilization.

The Bell Sign becomes an old and tried friend. He can order his dinner, explain his delay, summon relief in an emergency, or say the word forgotten in the hurry of starting. He can do this from almost any point on the road because the Bell System has stretched out its lines to meet his unexpected needs.

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