

Uncle Silas Says.

There seems to be no way to get rid of the farm produce middlemen. Notwithstanding the rapid, safe and cheap transportation facilities of the parcel post for direct dealing between the farm food producer and the city consumer, whereby the exorbitant profits of the middleman are divided about equally between them, the consumer is slow in taking advantage of the opportunity thus afforded to greatly decrease the cost of his living chiefly because he is not acquainted with farmers who want to sell direct to consumers. I have been told that a very simple and successful method of direct dealing has been inaugurated in Nebraska recently. For instance, over fifty towns are listed on the bulletin in the Lincoln Post-office, showing the names of farmers living near those places who are anxious to furnish the people of Lincoln with butter, eggs, poultry and fruit by parcel post. The produce list is prepared for the purpose of establishing a direct producer-to-consumer trade. Fifty-six farmers of one town have the list, and the number of producers at each of the towns varies from that number down to just a few who are anxious to build up a parcel post trade with town people. Now, of course, the post office bulletin method is cheap advertising, but it only reaches residents in local towns, whereas, to be most effective, it should reach consumers in large cities. This can only be accomplished by advertising in the daily papers of the large cities, which is being done by the farmers of the Eastern states, particularly Pennsylvania, and from the way such advertising is increasing I infer that it is wonderfully successful. I am quite sure that it would succeed just as well in the West.

Gertrude, your experience today with the flip young chappie from the city who had the gall to come here in answer to the invitation to a correspondence which you wrote on an egg that went to market with those I sent a couple of weeks ago, reminds me of a similar occurrence which Aunt Lizzie never tires of telling and laughing about. As you know, she has a keen sense of humor, and, in her younger days she delighted in playing harmless, practical jokes on her intimate friends. Even now, although she is nearly 80 years old, and has never been married, she has many intimate associates among the younger unmarried women of the neighborhood, to all of whom she is just "Miss Lizzie". The incident she relates, with so much gusto and so humorously, might well have caused chagrin to a woman of less good sense. It appears that a young girl of her acquaintance at a social gathering at a neighbor's was greatly annoyed by a young fellow from the city, an entire stranger, who introduced himself to her and was very fresh in his manner and speech. This, of course, offended her, but she treated him very pleasantly, and when he asked her name, the idea quickly occurred to her to teach him a lesson in etiquette and at the same time, play a practical joke on Aunt Lizzie as an offset to the many that Aunt Jane had played on her; so, happening to have with her one of Aunt Lizzie's calling cards, she gave it to him and, rather cordially invited him to call on her. The following evening, Aunt Lizzie's door bell rang, and she answered it to find a well dressed youth on the porch. "Is Miss Simmons in?" asked the chappie, with a beaming smile. "Please walk in, I am Miss Simmons," she replied, courteously. But the youth gave an exclamation of surprise and thumped his cane on the floor, nervously. "You Miss Simmons?" he asked in dismay. "Yes" Aunt Lizzie insisted, but the youth hesitated. Then an awkward explanation followed and she knew that some girl friend of hers had used the fresh chappie to play even with her and she enjoyed the joke. Then she soothed the young fellow and sent him away after kindly lecturing him on the dangers of chance acquaintances.

Amos—Do you know that the farmer gets a small profit from his investment. Many times smaller than that in many other business, and that he is victim of commercial combinations? The manufacturer is also a victim of combinations that control prices of raw materials which the farmer produces, and nonproducers of all classes have to pay for what they buy to eat more than twice the amount that the farmer receives. The farmer gets only 30 to 40 per cent of what his products cost the consumer. I see in the papers that a national convention of the Farmers' Union was held in Lincoln, Neb., last week. Delegates were present from thirty states, representing a membership of 3,000,000 farmers. I haven't read the full proceedings of the convention yet, but I infer that the purpose of the meeting was to endeavor to solve the problems of the farmers of the entire country by perfecting an organization whereby the tillers of the soil may get more for what they produce and have to sell and pay less for what they have to buy. I presume they will recommend measures and methods of co-operation in both buying and selling, that is, buying at wholesale and selling at retail, that will practically eliminate the middleman as a factor in fixing prices. As I understand it the proposition is to sell as much of the produce of the farm as may be possible to the consumers; the raw materials such as cotton, grain, etc. to the manufacturers, both by direct dealing. A simple and comprehensive system of accomplishing these results will doubtless be recommended by the convention to the union for adoption and action. Now I have been thinking the matter over, and have come to this conclusion that if the high cost of living is to be successfully met, at least so far as food products are concerned, it must be demonstrated to the farmer how he can, on the same area and with the same labor, produce much more than he does now. The middleman cannot be wholly eliminated. He is the kind of a leech that does his bloodsucking so slyly that his victims don't know it. Nevertheless, his opportunities for plunder can be taken away. He can be made con-

tent with reasonable profits, thus giving the producer a fair price and enabling the consumer to buy at a low cost. Yes, Amos, co-operative marketing is a sure and just remedy, benefiting both the producer and consumer of farm products.

Mother you know I have always been interested in bees, and am quite proud of those we have and from whom I have learned many valuable lessons. I study their wonderful order of living and government, and the more I study the more I wonder if they are wholly governed by instinct or endowed with reasoning powers—a sort of human intelligence. Their government is an economic despotism, in which the individuals that stand in the way of accomplishments of the best results for the community as a whole is mercilessly sacrificed. For instance, the queen is the supreme ruler during the time of her sexual vigor but, when that declines voluntarily abdicates in favor of another and seeks an asylum in some secluded place, followed by a swarm of those of her own generation, consisting of a greater portion of the workers of the colony. There is left in the hive a small colony of worker bees and an abundance of drones, and all the way from two or three to twenty to fifty queen cells, most of them ready to hatch. If one hatches a few moments before her rival sisters she, with attendant workers, at once begin to gnaw in the side wall of the queen cells and when opened she sends her death sting to her sisters. But, often before all such queens are killed, there will be several hatched, and when they meet a pitched battle will ensue, resulting in the death of all but one, only one queen will stay in the hive, so it often happens that there will be two or three young queens, who rather than fight for life, will take a portion of the bees and go to the woods. All queens when from 4 to 7 days old, will, if weather permits, take their wedding flight, select the drone of her choice, and while on the wing become mated once only for life. The drone bee never gathers any honey or helps in the household duties. He is simply an extravagant eater and a loafing gentleman.

Mother, did you ever notice how Old Jinks gets after nearly everybody in midsummer, which has been well named "the silly season"? Nearly all of the financial calamities that come to people have their origin when the sun is hot and blood at the boiling point. Then the money shark, not satisfied with his pound of flesh nearest the heart of his victim, sees millions in cornering the market, jumps in with both feet, plunges headlong to the bottom, and has to take his own medicine of disaster which he has compounded for his prospective victims. The smart Aleck from Bugtown, with a big roll of hard earned money, listens trustfully to the fletcher on a street corner of a strange city and buys a gold brick. A tramp sells a big city office building for \$100 to a trustful traveler waiting for a train at a city terminal station. Men quarrel about the flavor of tobacco, fight and have to pay police court fines. Mere boys and girls fall in love, elope, get married, fight and get divorced. Girls are dared to marry, and to show their pluck allowed themselves to be tied for life to men who can't take care of themselves. A small business with an ambitious society wife, before his home is paid for buys a new one on a no-thoroughfare, and an automobile, both on credit, and staves off his household expense bills—for a while. Examples could be multiplied but what's the use? We all do foolish things in dog days. We see our temper for the slightest cause, or without any reasonable cause, when the dog star reigns and the man in the moon is looking for something to laugh at.

Amos, it makes me tired to read in the newspapers and magazines about "rural life," because the term is suggestive to codfish aristocracy—idle rich who own "country estates" where they live only in summer and spend the time in playing golf, tennis, fishing and killing birds that destroy insects that infest the crops of real farmers who live near them, have household "servants" to dress and undress them and come at their beck and call, who look down upon toilers in the fields, call them "common trash" and treat with lofty condescension neighbors who are real working farmers whom they term, in conversation between themselves, "people of the earth—earthly." And what gets on my nerves in this matter is to hear one of those "earth people" parrot talk after those codfish boobs, using the same lofty terms of speech instead of the common ones that are far more comprehensive which they have always been used to. Now, my head don't understand me as condemning the use of refined language, if it is simple and commonplace. Isn't farm life a better term than rural life, as applicable to the work, business and domestic conditions of those who live always in the country and by working the soil feed the people of the world? Rural life signifies living in the country on an "estate" in a condition of financial independence, addition of other than agriculture. Farm life signifies working the soil for a living and the enjoyment in the home and social intercourse, with real farming neighbors, of the fruits of honest toil. No "rural life" for me my boy, but genuine farm life, now and forever.

Gertrude, you have a keen sense of humor, and I am sure you will appreciate the harmless practical joke I played on a boot black in the city when I attended the Live Stock Producers' Convention last week. I took a with me, for that very purpose, a suit of rough clothing, the one I wear when at work among the cattle in the pasture, consisting of the old style cutaway coat, the sombrero hat, blue cutaway shirt and cow overalls, yellow flannel shirt and cow overalls that had been well greased with hide boots that had been greased with hide tallow. After the convention adjourned I went to the hotel, paid my bill, went to my room, put on my rough work suit and, carrying my grip, started to walk to the railway station to take the train for home. On the way I greatly enjoyed

the efforts of the rough necks, who followed me as boys follow a circus parade, offering me all sorts of bargains in diamonds, watches, and so on. Finally, when near the station, I stopped, put down my grip and asked them to pass around a hat and come across, as I lacked \$2 of enough money to pay my railroad fare home. That settled them and I went on to the station, where I soon became the center of attraction. A small boot-black urged on by his companions, seeing that my boots were greatly in need of a shine, walked up to me, and in a spirit of fun said: "Wanta shine, Uncle Peter?" I looked down at him and asked what he would charge. The bootblack replied ten cents, which was adding a nickel to the usual charge, because he thought me from the "forks of the creek," and he seemed surprised when I told him to go ahead and shine my boots. He started in and scrubbed them thoroughly, put the paste polish on and tried to shine them. He brushed away for ten minutes as hard as he could but the boots refused to shine. After going through the operations several times during which I smiled down at him benignly, he looked up at me and said, "Mister, these boots won't shine at all!" "Well," I replied smilingly, "I did not think you could put a shine on a coat of tallow, but you seemed to want the job. Here take this dime and beat it." As I hurried toward the train, somebody who knows me told the crowd who I am, that I am fond of joking and had undoubtedly dressed up in the cross-roads style for the fun that would ensue. Then everybody including the boot black, shouted and laughed, as loudly as you are doing now.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, Defendant No. two.

John R. Harter, Plaintiff vs. Charles R. Soule, Soule Brothers, Incorporated, a corporation, J. J. Jones, J. Swank, W. O. Wilson and Harriet L. Wilson, his wife, C. M. Zumwalt, W. C. Look and Mrs. W. C. Look, his wife, and W. B. Shively, Assignee, Defendants.

To J. J. Jones, W. O. Wilson and Harriet L. Wilson, his wife, and W. C. Look and Mrs. W. C. Look, his wife, the defendants above named:

In the name of the State of Oregon You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within six weeks from the date of the first publication hereof in the Tillamook Headlight, the date of the first publication thereof being the 26th day of August, 1915, and if you fail so to appear and answer, the plaintiff will take a decree against you as follows, to-wit:

First. That the plaintiff have judgment against the said defendant, Charles R. Soule, in the sum of seven hundred and 00-100 dollars with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum from the 22nd day of July, 1911; in the further sum of one hundred dollars attorney's fees; in the further sum of \$38.62 with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum from the 30th day of January, 1915; in the further sum of \$61.03 with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum from the 30th day of July, 1915; and for his costs and disbursements of this suit.

Second. That the mortgage described in the said complaint be foreclosed and that the following described real property, to-wit:

Blocks, three, four, nine, ten, eleven, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty seven, twenty eight and twenty nine, and lots from one to seventeen inclusive and from twenty three to twenty six inclusive of block two, and lots one and from twenty six to forty seven inclusive of block sixteen, and lots from twenty eight to forty eight inclusive of block fifteen, and lots from one to eight inclusive, and from fifty seven to sixty one inclusive of block twenty one, and lot one of block twenty six, and lots one, two, and sixteen of block twelve, all in Avalon, in the County of Tillamook and State of Oregon.

Be sold in the manner prescribed by law and the proceeds of such sale applied to the payment of the said judgment.

Third. That the defendant, Charles R. Soule, and all persons claiming through or under him, be forever barred and foreclosed from setting up any claim, right, title or interest in or to the said lands, or any portion thereof, excepting the statutory right of redemption.

Fourth. That the plaintiff be permitted to become a purchaser at such sale.

Fifth. That the plaintiff have such other and further relief as to the court may seem just and equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof by order of the Hon. A. M. Hare, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Tillamook, made and entered herein on the 26th day of August, 1915, in the absence of the Circuit Judge.

E. J. Claussen, Attorney for the Plaintiff.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern; that by an order of the County Court, of Tillamook County, Oregon, made and entered of record herein on the 11th day of September, 1915, the undersigned was appointed the administrator of the estate of Jasper W. Buckles, deceased.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them, verified as required by law to the undersigned as said administrator at his office in Tillamook City, Oregon, within six months of the date of this notice.

Dated this 10th day of September, 1915.

E. J. Claussen, Administrator of said estate. First publication Sept. 16, 1915. Last publication Oct. 14th, 1915.

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