

Uncle Silas Says.

Amos, as I have listened to the ghost stories you told last night to Gertrude and her schoolmate guest, I was reminded of myself when I was a boy and lived on a farm in Illinois. I had a very vivid imagination, and for fun, used to invent and tell blood-curdling ghost stories to my schoolmates. Well, a party of city friends of our family came to visit us in June, and on bright day they went fishing in Spon River, about six miles from our house across the wild prairie. About half way over was a deserted house. It was growing dusk as we were driving, back after a long day's fishing. I was amusing them with stories of the surrounding country, and one of them was what I had often heard told by the country people of a tin peddler who had mysteriously disappeared and was supposed to have been murdered. He had last been seen at that old deserted house which was later believed to be haunted, and the story was, that every night at 8 o'clock, the sound of falling tinware could be distinctly heard in the old house. The fishermen all laughed at the idea, but I offered to show them the house on the way home, so they said "Go to it!" The house stood a little way off the main road, in the midst of a thick growth of weeping willow trees, and it was a gloomy place, indeed, being shunned, as a plague spot, by all the people of that part of the country. With broken windows and fallen stairs and floors all fallen down it was a mere shell. I drove up to and turned around so as to be ready to start back to the road. The fishermen lighted their pipes afresh and sat waiting and sat waiting for the dread hour. They had not long to wait. One of them had just remarked humorously: "Bring on your tinware, its almost 8," when we all jumped at the sound of falling tinware! Even the horses heard it. The reins were lying loose on their backs, and without a word from anyone they bolted and the wagon went bumping and rattling over the stones toward the main road. The fishermen gripped their pipes with their teeth and the sides of the seats with their hands, but said nothing until we had gone a mile. Then they charged me with playing a practical joke on them and I had to confess that I had conspired with some schoolmates to go there and give them a scare. I was to lure the fishermen to the place, and the boys, armed with bunches of tin cans tied together were to do the ghost stunt. Well, how these fishermen did laugh after their freight had subsided and the team had calmed down. Then they chipped in a dollar each to buy me a present for my novel entertainment.

Gertrude I want to compliment you on your musical skill, especially your performance on the piano. I have been playing the violin for over half a century, in accordance with the teachings of expert musicians, but I must confess that you outclass me by a large majority. One thing especially has impressed me with the harmony of your music is the close attention and rapturous approval of it by our good old dog Sport, and I have much confidence in his good taste and judgment. What are you laughing about my dear? Animals are far better judges and are more interested in the merits of music than you can realize without having studied them as I have done for many years. A case in point is that of a calf that learned to play a piano. A lady, who was an expert musician was seated at her piano beside an open window playing something very melodious when a calf came up very close to it and looked in. As the melody flowed on the calf began swaying on its feet, sighed deeply and expressed its approval of the music with a softened "Moo!" several times repeated. The lady turned to the window, and the expression she found on the calf's face fascinated her. It was as though the mid-eyed creature had seen some cruel dairyman plucking a quart of water in a pint of milk to be sold for the use of city babies. A few days later the lady heard some one picking out notes on the piano keys. She ran into the parlor, and there was the calf tapping the piano keys with its nose and gently mooing in imitation of singing. Thereafter, the calf was allowed to come into the house over a strip of linoleum every day to practice and eventually it became, in its own opinion at least, quite an expert performer. Doubtless the lady felt gratified by the fact that her finger music had charmed the calf and returned the compliment by permitting it to imitate her melody with its nose. You may rest assured, dear, that of Sport approves of your music it is alright—all right, then some more.

Aunt Malinda, of course you have heard of "the street car hog," the person who tries to monopolize an entire seat, or the larger portion of it to a great discomfort and annoyance of any other person, who is entitled to a full half of it. Well, while I give the women generally credit for decency and unselfishness in that respect I had a little experience with one that was decidedly swinish, in a street car while in the city a few days ago. She was a puffy middle-aged woman, the kind that seems to be continually looking for trouble and cast reflections on other persons. She got on the car in front of a group of others and held up the line for two squares while she fished around in her pocketbook and counted out five pennies to the conductor. There were plenty of seats in the car at the time, but she took a seat behind a man whose window happened to be closed. The window at her seat was open, but she leaned over and asked the man to raise his window. The man replied that his window would not open, and she blurted out in a very offensive tone: "Well I guess a big husky fellow like you could open it if you tried!" She took up the entire seat, and when the car began to be crowded and every seat was taken, she didn't move over, but retained the entire seat, and allowed her umbrella to extend

out in the aisle and hit other people on the legs. When she arose to leave the car, she jabbed a man in the back and literally butted her way through the crowd. Just as she approached the front end of the car, where I was sitting, I got up to go out, stepped in front of her and stood waiting for the door to open. That made her mad and she blurted out so loud that every one in the car could hear her, "You are no gentleman!" I turned and looked at her in a surprised manner and she repeated her assertion pointed her finger at me, shook it in my face and added: "You! I mean you!" I had been noticing her maneuvers, as had all the other passengers, and I was mad enough to fight, but as the comical situation dawned upon me I grinned at her and replied: "No I'm married and my wife has a mother who resembles you very closely in her little cute ways." Then everybody in the car laughed including the conductor and motorman at the discomfort of the female monopolist, and I am sure that dear old grandma, in the circumstances, forgave me for the fib.

Uncle Bill, do you know that the Jenkins boy, stupid and ignorant as he is, is the champion horse trader of the county? Last week he was on his way to town with a load of wheat by a young mule belonging to his father, and an old horse, which he owns, that couldn't pull his share of the load, yet was fat and sleek and looked fine. About half way to town the kid stopped his team to rest, and a fellow came along driving a mule and a horse. Noticing the fellow's team the kid hailed him and said: "Hello stranger! Are you a trading man?" The fellow looked at him and his team a moment, then answered slowly: "Not much, though sometimes just to be doing. However, it seems to me that I ought to own your horse and you ought to have my mule." "It looks that way to me too, said the kid yawning lazily. "Even up?" queried the stranger. "It's a go," replied the kid, and they traded. Well, the mule that the kid got was worth \$50 more than was the horse he traded for it, and the joke was on the fellow he traded with who was a new comer book farmer with an agricultural college education. I was repairing my fence within a hundred feet of them and heard it all. Well, the following day I happened to be in town and came across the Jenkins kid and the fellow he had traded with standing on a street corner talking about it. The stranger had got onto the fact that he had traded the kid a fine young mule for an old horse almost worthless, but he was game and wasn't squealing. After they had talked awhile about their trade, good-naturedly, during which the chap had sized up the mentality of the kid, he turned to me, slyly winked, and said: "I didn't know until today that there is free air in this town." I quickly understood that he had something up his sleeve for the kid, and replied: "Oh, yes I heard of that several days ago. Town folks are very particular about their air, but they are not stingy with it. In some parts of this town there are signs telling where the air is free. The kid was doubtful and the other fellow offered to bet him a good dinner for us three that he could show him a sign to that effect on a nearby street. The offer was accepted. Together we went to a place on a side street where there was a sign on which were the words, "Free air here help yourself." I understood at once that it was for automobile tires, but the kid didn't and swallowed the bait, hook and sinker. After commenting on the peculiar folks of the town we went to a restaurant and the kid manfully paid for our dinner. Yes, the boy is a champion horse trader, but in everything else is dreadfully stupid—the kind of verdant youth whom the street vendors of gold bricks for a dollar a pound and office building at a hundred dollars each are looking for.

Taxes Cause Worry.

The state tax agency of C. L. Starr is putting out the following jingle from the pen of Walt Mason for the comfort of those who find it hard to finish up their tax paying: "I read about the war like guy who smiling goes to battle; and naught can still his joyous cry and nothing him can rattle. But nobler than the man who wins renown with battle-axes, is he who springs some sunny grins while coughing up his taxes. The captain, who in time of wreck, is free from fear's emotion, deserves a wreath upon his tile; he's surely smooth as wax is; but O the man who ing, and bullets barely missing his taxes? I've seen a brave policeman walk where vicious knives were flying, and bullets barely missed his block, and bricks and knives were flying; I've seen the wild beast tamer fool with savage bears and yaks; but O the man who's calm and cool when coughing up his taxes. Let oak leaves on his brow be laid, let nothing be denied him! All other heroes wilt and fade when they are brought beside him! No greater shall be found while him! No greater shall be found while his earth revolves upon its axis—this lofty soul of sterling worth, who smiles when paying taxes."

Nearly every Old World people now realize had better have emigrated en masse to this country long ago. Now, the Americans.

We all have a voice and an interest in the new navy about to be built, even if not endowed with taxable property. Part of the cost of it comes out of your hat, your coat, your shoes and, verily, out of the 10-cent sack of gum drops you buy.

A Billy Sunday story is being told that must have escaped the eagle-eyed reporters of the Omaha papers. One afternoon recently, during the hour of Mr. Sunday's one ring, double hour of acts, two young girls got into a quiet left the meeting, doing so in a quiet manner. Bill spied them, and pointing his finger scornfully at them shouted, "There goes two daughters of the devil." Quick of a flash one of them turned, waving her hand, and said: "Good bye, papa." And perhaps the reply was just what he needed.

TILLAMOOKERS AT THE FAIR.

Rollie W. Watson Gives His Experience of Earthquakes.

Rollie W. Watson has written another interesting letter of his experience while attending the fair at San Francisco. He was somewhat scared by little things like earthquakes and hurried out of the hotel. He says: "My letter from San Francisco was published in your last issue and I am sure it was read with much interest by a number of your subscribers—for a number have spoken to me about it—hence this communication. Mrs. Watson and myself returned from San Francisco and the exposition on the 19th, having been away from Tillamook just 16 days. A number have inquired of us to the trip the big fair and the expense of such a trip. Our trip was made both going down and return on the steamer Great Northern, which is a sister ship of the Northern Pacific, we had the same stateroom both ways. The round trip from Portland to San Francisco, including meals, stateroom and rail, no extras, is \$30.00; the round trip from Tillamook to Portland is \$6.00, making transportation only \$36.00. A fine room can be had in San Francisco including bath for \$2.50 per day and all meals are very reasonable; admission to the fair 50c; street cars 5c, and jitney 10c, therefore, I figure that a person can without extravagance make the trip and see the fair in all for \$75 to \$100, and do it easy. The fair closes on December 4th. It is great, couldn't begin to tell you half what we saw. Numerous acquaintances were made on the trip, people from all over the world are flocking to San Francisco and California at this time of the year. While in the city I took the greater part of the forenoon in calling on my business associates in the fire insurance business, 12 companies which I represent, I was only fortunate in calling on seven of my companies and entertainment was provided and arranged, a great deal that we were unable to avail ourselves of. In the afternoon and evenings we spent at the exposition. Our experience in Frisco would not have been complete had we not had an earthquake. We certainly had one, two, three. On Thursday night, October 7th we had just returned from the fair grounds, had gone to our room on the 5th floor at the St. Regis Hotel at 4th and Mission streets. We were just preparing to go out to dinner. The last shock camp at about 9:45 and lasted fully three seconds, the room rocked like a ship at sea, everything moveable began to move about the room, the light fixtures from the ceiling crashed together and the closet door which I was just entering slammed shut. Mrs. Watson became very much frightened and we hastened our departure from the room and down by the elevator to the office, while during the next few minutes there were two other shocks which were not as strong as the first. The quake was reported by the Oakland and cross-bay and other papers, but the San Francisco papers it appears have mutual understanding not to make report of such trifling matters. The feeling experienced would be hard to explain, but at any even it gives one a good shaking up that they will not soon forget. People of San Francisco do not pay any particular attention to these quakes and only laugh about it. This one, it was stated was the most severe since the big quake in 1906. A laughable incident occurred in the office. A portly German from Pennsylvania had made his exit to the street in a hurry without his hat and had on returning the bell-hops and elevator boy with others were jossing him about his hurried exit, he said: "Believe me, I rather get hit mit a brick on mine head, than haf a whole building fall on me." I don't know what ever became of our German friend but we saw him no more.

The Tillamook exhibit at the fair is represented, by about a dozen cheese, these were old, dirty and black spotted. A very handsome young lady was cutting this cheese into small samples served with a salted cracker the same being wrapped in an advertisement as follows: "SAVE THIS WRAPPER" GENUINE TILLAMOOK CHEESE To Get The Best Ask Your Grocer for TILLAMOOK CHEESE. And Be Sure And Get It. Parott & Co, San Francisco, Agents. The Tillamook cheese exhibit does not do our product justice, it is not a fair sample, nor quality of our product. The exhibit is a joke to all that have seen it and know of the wonderful resources of this county. Other counties of the state have done themselves proud. Hood River county, Coos county and Benton county being leaders with their wonderful showing. Tillamook county has lost a wonderful opportunity. An opportunity to show to many millions that have visited the fair what we could offer them. Well it is too bad that an exhibit worthy of this county was not made. We hope we have not intruded on your space. We are glad to get back to Tillamook the greatest country we have ever seen.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator. In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Tillamook County. In the matter of the estate of James McGhee, deceased. 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 therein, on the 14th day of October, 1915, the undersigned was appointed the administrator of the estate of said James McGhee, deceased, and all persons having any claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, properly verified to the said administrator at the Tillamook County Bank, within six months of the date of this notice. Dated this 14th day of October, 1915. C. A. McGhee, Administrator.

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