

MEASURE IS FULL OF JOKES.

Report Persistent That Single Tax Idea Lurks in Jackson Bill.

A few years ago the people of the state of Oregon, in a spirit of gentle and amused tolerance, listened to the Portland Journal's campaign for single tax. It was Mr. Jackson's pet hobby, and his official mouthpiece shouted long and loudly. When the votes were counted, however, the people breathed a sigh of relief, for single tax and Oregon citizenship were found to have nothing in common.

For a time Editor Jackson subsided. Unable to dictate the editorial policies of the newspapers of the state, and stung to the quick the decisive defeat of his pet scheme, he maintained an attitude of calm demeanor.

Now Mr. Jackson steps up to bat again fostering and fathering a new plan of unfathomable and inexplicable legislation. In on the scheme with Jackson is a Portland attorney, and the two have devised a plan that is unique to say the least. Just the interest of the lawyer has not been divulged. The proposed law bears the Jackson trademark, and those who have familiarized themselves with the measure, state it is as full of "jokers" as some of Mr. Jackson's single tax measures in the days of old.

Jackson's scheme to abolish the delinquent tax law as it now stands and substitute in its place an impractical, etherial scheme, cleverly framed to lure the voters, but intended as a piece of radical and vicious legislation that will benefit the lawyers the title grabbers, and others of their ilk,—at the expense of the struggling home owner. Such is the Jackson delinquent tax bill. There are those that intimate that Jackson's energy in working for the bill is due to the fact that his Portland Journal has been overlooked in the publication of Multnomah lists in days gone by, and that his spleen against the present statute is inspired through petty jealousy in the Portland newspaper field. This may or may not be the case.

The present tax publication law for Oregon is the ideal measure of public service may be considered the criterion. It is simple, practical and devised to protect the taxpayer from the title grabbers and other vultures. Briefly it provides that notices be sent by the tax collector, through the mail to every delinquent taxpayer within 90 days from the date of delinquency. Then, and only then, to reach whom the mails have failed to reach, the law provides that publication shall be made in the newspapers.

Could any plan be fairer? Could there be any better scheme to protect the unfortunate delinquent from the malicious cunning of the tax title grabbers who love to work in the dark.

Now comes Mr. Jackson and the Portland Attorney and initiate a bill to abolish the publication. It requires no particular mental acumen to see the result, to note the splendid opportunity for the title grabbers and their legal friends to quietly "clean up" on those who have failed to receive notice. Theoretically the scheme looks fine on paper. So did single tax. So did other bits of freak legislation that have been turned down cold by thinking voters.

Jackson would have the tax collector send the notice through the mail—as he now does under the present law. The law makes the burden obligatory on your part to keep him notified of any and all changes in your address; otherwise you lose your defense in case of foreclosure, and cannot plead lack of notice. In other words you are left holding the sack. To add insult to injury Jackson would make the tax collector personally liable to keep properly posted on your address. Briefly stated, you must keep the tax collector posted at all times, or lose; if Uncle Sam fails to deliver the notice as often happens, well, you lose again; if the tax collector fails to do his part, you lose a third time—and the poor collector loses also. Can you beat it?

Jackson's scheme would end with the sending of notice by the collector. The present law provides for exactly the same scheme as that of Jackson, but goes a step further in the direction of common sense, and requires the tax collector to publish the list which is still delinquent after Jackson's method has been tried out, thus giving the essential publicity to protect the delinquent from the wiles of the tax title grabber and the tax lawyer. Of course these latter gentlemen are working tooth and toe nail for the law and believe they can put it over this fall, under the much abused banner of "economy" so-called.

Certainly there could be no fairer, more equitable scheme than the present law. Let well enough alone and help the State of Oregon protect the holdings of its people from the tax vultures. Watch for the "Jackson" label at the coming election and swat the measure hard.

Notice.

To whom it may concern. I have sold my interest in the Tillamook Feed Co. to Geo. Williams, who will pay all bills against the company and collect all accounts.

Charles Kunze.

Jenkins, the Jeweler, is now in a position to give you prompt service on your repair work.

Letter From Guy W. Stockman.

Somewhere in France, Sometime in August.
To the Tillamook Headlight.

Dear Sir.—I am far from being a newspaper correspondent, but when I left your lovely little berg of Tillamook, there seemed to be quite a few people who wished to hear from me. Of course, I promised everyone I would write, but broke all of them, except one, which, of course, a fellow won't, you know.

But as paper is scarce here, and most of the people know me not by my name, but by the way I dressed, and very clear in my mind yet, "There goes the fellow in white". Well I have two more colors attached to me now, Red and Blue, and which I am very proud of. As I was a soldier the 29th day of March, I received my training at the most beautiful camp in the U. S. A., Camp Lewis, Wash., and can say now, that I never realized that I was in the army until I left that camp. But we have to take the bitter with the sweet, at anything, and in this case of scraping for the world's democracy, we can stand a lot of it.

I was transferred out of the Depot Brigade, after some three weeks of physical torture, as we called it, to the 363rd Inf., Hdqs. Co., to the Signal Patoon, and started to school learning dope on the stuff we would use in canning Fritz. Went to school seven weeks, and was tickled to death when an order came that we were to leave for overseas. We left for some camp in the East, which name I cannot mention, as to our censor, but can say it was a lovely place, and we had a fine journey across the states. We stayed at this place five days only, and I was lucky enough to get a twenty-four hour pass, and visited a very large city. The next day found my neck stiff. Some skyscrapers I'll say. At the end of the 5th day we were marched aboard a transport, 2,000 of us, and land was soon out of sight, and water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink. There were 25 vessels in the convoy. Quite a city by itself, and we had a most pleasant uninterrupted voyage, which lasted seventeen whole days. The ocean was as smooth as glass all the way, and I made the whole trip without feeding the fish.

When we were out some three days from our port on this side, we were met one evening, by twelve sub chasers. They sure looked good to us too, as we know our journey would soon be to an end. At the second day from our port seaplanes were flying over and around us. They would stay two hours and fly back and then another one appear. I counted eight over us at once.

On our way down the channel, I saw some of the castles, I used to read about in books and had no idea I would see them. We landed somewhere in dear old England. It is said by a certain poet that this city was a mass of fog most of the time, but as our luck happened, it was very clear and we had a wonderful view of it, lying at anchor in the harbor. The next day at 10:30 we landed on dry land, and I put my foot down good and hard, to see if the ground was still, as 17 days on a vessel is quite a while on water.

We were marched direct from our vessel from a large enclosed station or depot, and commenced loading on small cars. Some joke, I'll say, but eight of us were squeezed into a compartment, and eight compartments to a car with what it looked to me a toy engine hooked ahead. But I won't criticize too strong, but will say, I was surely surprised at the speed they went, and rode four hours on this train and landed at a village, from here we hiked 3 1/2 miles, to a most beautiful camp, they called it a British rest camp, but the camp was all there but I never found the "rest" part of it, but only stayed there a few days and we were once more on the small trains, bound for another "rest camp", this was someplace in France (and a rest camp again at that). But thanks to goodness we only stayed here one day, and left for some other place in France. We were put on a train, or I mean box cars, 40 of us to a car, planking for seats, and if you have ever sit two days and nights on boards, you know how hard they get, but I could do it again, and perhaps I will, and I might say here the country we traveled through was beautiful. Their crops are wonderful, and gardens too but they still use the old reaper that McCormick first invented, and the women going behind binding the bundles. We landed at a very large village, at 10:30 a.m., unloaded our cars, loaded onto another narrow track cars, and was on our way again, arriving at another village at 3:30 a.m. We then unloaded and hiked to this village where we have been since, and I can say I have found the (rest) part of it here, even though we do the country over every day on manoeuvres and drills, and I have never been so tired yet, that I haven't enjoyed every bit of it, but the signal corps is lucky, as we go in army trucks, but we do our share when we land.

I might tell you a few things of interest about this village. They say it is some 200 years old, and I don't doubt it in the least. The houses or billets as they call them, are built of stone, everything sleeps in the same house, cows, horses, pigs, chickens, geese, down to the dogs and cats. The French people have fine stock, and they take fine care of them, everything is rolling fat.

We were billeted in a French house

GRAVE MARKS PYRE SITE

"In Memory of Hearst's German Propoganda" Reads Epitaph.

Eugene, Or., Sept. 27—What appears to be a newly made grave, mysteriously appeared here tonight on the corner of the lot where the County Jail is located. The mound marks the location where citizens about two weeks ago burned a large quantity of Hearst magazines and newspapers which had been taken from the news stand of a dealer who had agreed with the other dealers in the city not to sell them because of the alleged pro-German attitude of the publisher.

The headstone is painted white and adorned at the top with a German crest. The inscription reads: "In memory of William Randolph Hearst's German propaganda cremated September 12, 1918". The footstone bears the lettering, "W. R. H. G. H."

Limit Hours of Sale of Gasoline.

Asking the co-operation of the members of the Oil Industry and the public at large in the movement to conserve man-power, D. M. Folsom, Director of the Pacific Coast Section of the Oil Division of the Fuel Administration, has announced that all sellers and distributors of gasoline and engine distillate, without exception, have been requested to limit their sales to the hours between 6 a. m. and 6 p. m. The appeal is being made in all states of the Pacific Coast Section, including California, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Nevada, Utah and Idaho and the Hawaiian Islands. The limit of the hours of service will work no inconvenience on the gasoline and engine distillate consuming public, requiring only a little forethought in order to secure their requirements.

With the public co-operating with the oil companies and making their purchases only during the hours suggested by Mr. Folsom, it is pointed out that a large reduction can be made in the number of employees needed in the distribution of gasoline and engine distillate throughout the Pacific Coast States and these men released are made available for national service.

Mr. Folsom acted at the suggestion of the Pacific Coast Petroleum War Service Committee, which has been considering the problem of conserving man power for sometime, following the appeal of A. C. Bedford, chairman of the National Petroleum War Service Committee. Mr. Bedford stated in a recent communication of the western body that two essentials were to be kept in mind in taking steps to meet the national emergency, first,

"That every man within the draft age whom it is possible to dispense with should be spared for military service," and second

"That the vital importance of the oil industry to the successful carrying on of the war requires the retention of an adequate force to maintain the industry in the highest state of operating efficiency."

Chairman Baruch, of the War Industries Board, in a recent order, placed the oil industry first in the list of essential industries.

The movement to conserve the man power of the country was initiated by Mark L. Requa, head of the oil division of the fuel administration, who urged that every man than can possibly be dispensed with be released for national service.

Olson on Supreme Bench.

Salem, Or., Sept. 28—Conrad P. Olson, of Portland, today was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Frank A. Moore. No statement accompanied the announcement of the appointment from the executive officers.

Mr. Olson was immediately sworn in, receiving this commission here personally. He will take up his new duties with the court the first of the week.

Secretary Olcott today sent out notices to County Clerks that a successor to Mr. Olson in the State Senate is to be elected in November. A blank will be left for the voter to write in the name of his candidate, as it is now too late for any candidate to have his name placed on the ballot.

Jim Dale.

Young Jimmy Dale, across our street is just a gawky lad. He grew so fast, the doctors said His heart was mighty bad, They wouldn't let him do much work Or any hearty play, But, just the same, they drafted Jim, And Jim has gone away.

Jim was a sort of great big kid, And fooling all the while; So, when they ordered him to camp He went there with a smile.

Jim Dale is in the army now, Lank legs, bum heart and all, To fight like other drafted men That got the country's call.

God, yes! Jim's heart may drop him dead, Or he may live to be Shot all to pieces "over there"— What odds to you or me?

By thunder! It's these odds to you: If kids like Jim can go, With smiles, to fight our wars for us We can put up the dough.

If we can buy a bond or two And don't, while Jim, poor cuss, Goes smiling off to death or wounds, Then hell's too good for us:

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Administrator's Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned Adolph Schild, by an order of the County Court for Tillamook County, Oregon, duly made and entered, has been appointed administrator of the Estate of Margaretha Schild, deceased, and has qualified as such. Notice is further given that all persons having claims against the said estate must present the same to the undersigned at Tillamook, Oregon, on or before 6 months after this date, duly verified and with proper vouchers.

Dated this October, 3, 1918.

Adolph Schild, Administrator of the Estate of Margaretha Schild, deceased, Tillamook, Ore.

Johnson & Handley, Attorneys.

Notice to Creditors.

In the District Court of the United States, for the district of Oregon. In the matter of E. J. Arenz, bankrupt. No. 4955 in bankruptcy.

Notice is hereby given that on the 23rd day of September A. D., 1918, E. J. Arenz, of Tillamook, Oregon, the bankrupt above named, was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and the first meeting of his creditors will be held at my office, 8th floor, Title & Trust Building, Portland, Oregon, on the 15th day of October, 1918, at 10 a. m., at which time said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

Claims must be presented in form required by the Bankruptcy Act, and sworn to.

The schedule filed discloses no assets.

Dated September 30, 1918.

A. M. Cannon, Referee in Bankruptcy.

Before buying that automobile, see W. J. Stephens at the Elkhorn Billiard Parlors about the Oldsmobile.

The Usefulness of This Bank

SOME people do not realize the many different ways in which this bank can serve them. It is unusually well equipped to furnish valuable information and advice on financial and business matters. Our customers have often been able to avoid serious losses by making use of our access to first hand business information.

Our membership in the Federal Reserve Banking System gives us special facilities for meeting the requirements of this community. Moreover, it is our aim to give a helpful, progressive personal-service to every depositor—regardless of the size of his account.

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CARBOLIC COMPOUND is a powerful Germicidal mixture and by its use will improve general stable conditions.

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Gravely lasts so much longer it costs no more to chew than ordinary plug

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THE BUGLE CALL

Summons all the forces and resources of the Republic to the defense of Freedom

THE OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

which the United States authorities have ranked as one of the fifteen distinguished institutions of the country for excellence in military training, has responded to the call. The College is distinguished not only for its military instruction, but

DISTINGUISHED ALSO FOR—

Its strong industrial courses for men and for women: In Agriculture, Commerce, Engineering, Forestry, Home Economics, Mining, Pharmacy, and Vocational Education.

Its wholesome, purposeful student life.

Its democratic college spirit.

Its successful graduates.

Students enrolled last year, 3453; stars on its service flags, 1258, over forty percent representing officers.

College opens September 23, 1918.

For catalog, new illustrated Booklet, and other information write to the Registrar, Corvallis, Oregon