

LOW PREMIUMS.

IMMEDIATE SERVICE.

Oregon Life

Leads All Life Insurance Companies.

In Oregon During 1918.

Rank	Company	New Insurance issued in Oregon, 1918
1	Oregon Life, Portland	\$4,010,647
2	New York Life, New York	2,795,423
3	Mutual Life, New York	2,633,760
4	Aetna Life, Hartford	2,398,555
5	Northwest Mutual, Milwaukee	2,221,000
6	Metropolitan Life, New York	2,024,311
7	Western Union Life, Spokane	1,889,532
8	Equitable Life, New York	1,691,025
9	Travelers, Hartford	1,553,736
10	Kansas City Life, Missouri	1,337,500
11	Idaho State Life, Boise	1,067,239
12	Mutual Benefit Life, Newark	1,030,000
13	Penn Mutual Life, Philadelphia	913,177
14	Prudential Insurance, Newark	900,786
15	New England Mutual, Boston	810,444

Contented Policyholders.

No Misrepresentations.

ILLUSTRATION OF OUR IMMEDIATE SERVICE.

The late Frank Dye had only two policies, one in Oregon Life the other in a Fraternal Order. Oregon Life paid in 3 days. The other paid in 36 days.

Information Cheerfully Given. Address H. R. BLAUVELT, Executive Special, Corbett Bld., Portland, Oregon.

ALL VALUES GUARANTEED.

NO ESTIMATES TO REGRET.

THESE JOKES ARE ON THE ARMY

Gratitude.

Speaking of cooties, Col. Orrin H. de Wolfe, assistant adjutant of the Western Department of the Army, has a story that he got while in France in command of a fighting regiment of negroes who never were too busy fighting the Hun to have a joke now and then.

A big top sergeant while under fire felt a cootie gnawing at his back, and although the shells were whizzing by at an alarming rate and rifle bullets were winning their way toward the rear, the sergeant had to stop and attend to Mr. Cootie. He reached over his shoulder to grapple the new enemy, and as he did so he inclined his head forward. At that time a big Bertha whizzed right over his head, barely touching his iron helmet.

The sergeant looked at the cootie a minute almost lovingly. He hesitated a moment, then remarked: "Mr. Cootie, you shuah did save my life out time. Now I see gwine to save youah's. Back you go to your pasture foh life."

And back it went right beneath the undershirt.

No Time Limit.

"How long should a man keep his arm around a girl do you think?" asked the sweet young thing.

"Until he hears his wrist watch strike," replied the young man in khaki.

"Why, wrist watches don't strike, do they?"

"Of course not."

Where He Should Be.

"You've fallen out of line not less than five times; you should not be in this regiment at all," cried the instructor at the officers' training camp.

"Where should I be?" demanded the recruit.

"In the flying corps, and then you'd only have to fall out once."

Not Used to Fits.

A rather plainly dressed young man went into a furnishing goods store and asked to see a suit of clothes. "Oh, don't bother about fitting it, just wrap it up as it is—and, by the way, put in a hat."

"Any old number around seven will do."

"Any shirts?" ventured the clerk, wonderingly, selecting a hat.

"Yep, throw in three or four, and don't mind the size, for I was a private in the A. E. F. for over a year, and I'm afraid if I get any duds to fit me now I won't feel at home," said the former soldier.

Then What Happened?

At a Saturday morning inspection a private was not wearing a belt.

First Sergeant: "Have you a belt?" Private: "No, sir."

First Sergeant: "You report to the quartermaster sergeant for a new one and tell him to charge you for the one lost. I'll stop this carelessness."

Private: "All right sir; but I loaned you the belt about two weeks ago and you still have it."

Easy For Some People.

Two Irishmen who had tried in vain to learn French arrived at their first billet on French soil and be-

gan exploring a little town.

Their attention was attracted by a child who was jabbering as fast as her tongue would allow.

The two Irishmen gazed with admiration, their mouths wide open, then Terry said: "Pat, will yer listen to the fluint way that foreigner kid talks the damned language!"

Some Gig Ones.

They were having a contest to see who could tell the biggest war lies.

"I drew a bead on a Boch airman with a rifle, wireless him, 'Hands up' and made him come down inside our lines," said one.

"I whistled like a 75, scattered an enemy machine gun squad, captured the gun and took the whole crew prisoners," said another.

"I sneaked a limousine, ran it to a German corps headquarters, told the C. G. I had a message from the Reichstag for him, and brought him back to our regimental P. C.," said the third.

"My spirals never come down," said the fourth.

COAXING YOU TO SMILE.

Not Ashamed of His Religion.

The woolly-headed Uncle Rasmus was accused of disturbing the peace. Officer Mort Randolph explained it as follows:

"Your honor this man was running up and down Mill River road, waving his arms and yelling at the top of his voice, and otherwise raising the mischief, at 1:30 o'clock in the morning. The people of that district complained, and they had a perfect right to."

The judge frowned at Rasmus, who didn't seem to be particularly worried. "What do you mean by such unbecoming conduct?" His Honor demanded.

"Religion, Judge," was the response.

"Religion! Are you a holy roller, or something like that? I have religion, Rasmus, but I don't get up at midnight and tell everybody about it."

"Dat's des de difference, Judge, I ain't erashed ob mine."

A Sartorial Diet.

She was the sort of woman who always tells everybody her business, with a cheery smile, she settled herself at the counter of the hostess's shop and began:

"My husband has just been very ill—very ill, indeed. So I have to do his shopping, and I want a shirt."

"Certainly madam," said the assistant, courteously. "Stiff front and cuffs?"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, in horrified tones. "The doctor says he must avoid anything with starch in."

Sure Proof.

William J. Burns, the detective, said in a Scranton lecture: "To a well trained detective every incident is pregnant with significance—yes, every incident is as full of meaning as well, I am reminded of a story. A young man sat in a parlor alone."

To him a beautiful girl entered. Thereupon the young man took six cigars from his upper waistcoat pocket, laid them carefully on the piano and then advanced toward the girl passionately, his arms outstretched. But the girl drew back.

"You have loved before," she said.

Who Is Responsible For The High Living Cost.

A concerted effort is being made by administration politicians and newspapers—newspapers and magazines both of the outspoken and camouflage "independent" kind, to make the people believe that the responsibility for the mounting cost of living and the failure to punish profiteering, is due to the Republican Congress elected last November. Having won national power in 1912 on the high cost of living issue, and every day since the inauguration of President Wilson having witnessed a steady rise in the level of the price of necessities, these Democratic politicians and papers actually have the effrontery to attempt to raise this issue once more in their own behalf!

Everybody knows, of course, that never before in the history of this country has there been such wholesale profiteering during the six and a half years beginning with President Wilson's first inauguration. Elected on the strength of demagogical outcry against plutocracy, is of official record that since President Wilson's inauguration more millionaires have been created than during the entire preceding history of this country, and this through no increase in the productive resources of the American people, but through speculative processes.

Several factors have contributed to excessive living costs. The administration has been criminally extravagant in the expenditure of public money. It accumulated vast stores of food and clothing at prices far above the ordinary market level, and these it has refused to throw upon the market for the relief of the high price situation. Vast stores of food have been shipped abroad for the alleviation of conditions in Europe, not only during the war, but since the signing of the armistice, with the result that price levels have been heightened. There has been a tremendous inflation of the currency under the operations of the federal reserve act, with consequent depreciation of the value of the dollar.

The war has disturbed the whole basis of business, and disordered business conditions have had much to do with the creation and maintenance of price levels which, if long continued, or increased, will produce general bankruptcy in the United States, and, possibly, grave social and political as well as industrial conditions.

But in view of the demagogical effort of the administration spokesmen to place responsibility upon a Republican Congress helpless to relieve the situation, for this oppressive condition of affairs, the truth should be plainly spoken. Most of the profiteering in this country at this time, so much of the profiteering as is done by big business, is directly due to the refusal and failure of this administration to enforce laws now upon the statute books for the dissolution and punishment of combinations in unfair restraint of trade. Before the present administration came to power a great anti-monopoly statute was on the books,—the Sherman anti-trust law. The Democratic party had complete control of the legislative as well as the executive branch of the government for six years, and additional laws were passed, which we were told by President Wilson would put an end to the monopolistic exploitation he claimed was general at the time of his inauguration.

Neither the old law nor the new ones are being enforced by the administration's Department of Justice. No concealment is made of this situation. The responsibility, therefore, in so far as present conditions are due to the profiteering of big business, lies directly at the door of President Wilson, and the administration and party in power. Let no one be deceived by the efforts now being made to unload the responsibility from the shoulders of those to whom it belongs, to the backs of those who will have no opportunity to enforce the anti-monopoly laws of the land, or put new laws on the statute books over presidential opposition, until March 4th, 1921.

Let it not be forgotten that Mr. Wilson got into power saying that this country was in the grasp of the monopolistic special interests, of highly organized and tyrannical big business, and that it was his high purpose to smash the plutocracy and end forever the influences he claimed had the American people by the throat. How does the account stand at the end of six and a half years? Have the wrongs complained of been corrected? Has plutocracy been pulverized? Has profiteering been brought to an end? Has the cost of living, either actually, or relatively, been reduced for the average man? How much longer are the people going to be deluded by demagogues who ride into power denouncing the "plutocrats"? Legitimate business has been made a target; yes, tremendously heavy burdens of taxation have been heaped upon honest trade and industry, yes. But what has been done for the people through elimination of the evils of speculation and exploitation? These evils have been vastly increased, not diminished. This administration cannot escape a judgment upon its record by attempting to shift this responsibility, or change the issue.—National Republican.

It is said that as we didn't fight to prevent all those other nations from robbing China we ought not balk on the Shantung business. In other words, if you can't stop all the robberies, you have no right to decline to join in pulling off a safe-blowing yourself when requested to do so by the league of burglars.

A Columbus, O., Baptist clergyman says it isn't surprising that the Paris peace conference made a mess of things when Divine guidance was never asked during the session. If this minister were a regular reader of an administration newspaper or magazine he would know that Divine guidance was there without being asked.

Scraps of Paper.

William Allen White says England will have a bolshevik administration within six months. Won't it be nice to be tied up with 'em, then, in a leaguanation?

They have just named the spot where Washington crossed the Delaware, but who shall honor the place where Wilson double-crossed the Chinese?

What encouraged Mr. Wilson to go to Paris and match his wits with Clemenceau and Lloyd George was the success he had enjoyed matching his wits with Carranza.

Since President Wilson sees what happened to his idea of what a senator ought to be, out in Michigan, he cannot be blamed very much for not letting the Senate cross-examine him in public.

Milwaukee people are mailing sausages to their relatives in Germany. Under the Burleson system of swift mail delivery, by the time that sausage reaches its destination the Germans will think its another gas attack.

Doubtless if the Kaiser were to make a tour of the United States, he would get record breaking crowds, but that wouldn't demonstrate his popularity or approval of whatever he might talk about. Curiosity is the great crowd puller.

We have reached that stage in an administration pledged to that "simplicity and economy befitting a democratic government" that a mere \$25,000,000 for aircraft, offered to a department which has already spent a billion dollars building planes and training officers, is treated as too small change to be worth picking up.

The price we paid for the nothing we went to Paris for, and got, is gradually coming to light. We gave Shantung to Japan, we promised Italy financial assistance, we signed a treaty of alliance with France, we gave Great Britain the exclusive freedom of the seas. This is a good bit to trade for a six year term as president of the world at \$200,000 a year, isn't it?

The Albany (N. Y.) Evening Journal: "Marshal Foch interviewed by a correspondent of the London Daily Mail, paid high tribute to Great Britain for the production of a magnificent army in so short a time after war found the empire almost unprepared. Also he insisted that Great Britain ought to maintain large services of military material, because that is one of the obvious and indispensable precautions to be taken. Unless it is taken, the next time England will be in the same position as the last time—she will not be ready, and we shall have to wait for her. Then Marshal Foch believes that there will be a next time. He has no faith in the perpetuation of peace under a new order of the world. And nobody will deny that Marshal Foch's opinion has weight."

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Taking No Chances.

"Dick, darling," hinted Mrs. Youngbride, "do you remember how we used to sit on one chair at papa's?" "That was all right at papa's," replied the practical Dick, "but I'm not going to forget that these chairs cost me good money."



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