

THE CEM THEATRE FEATURE ATTRACTIONS.



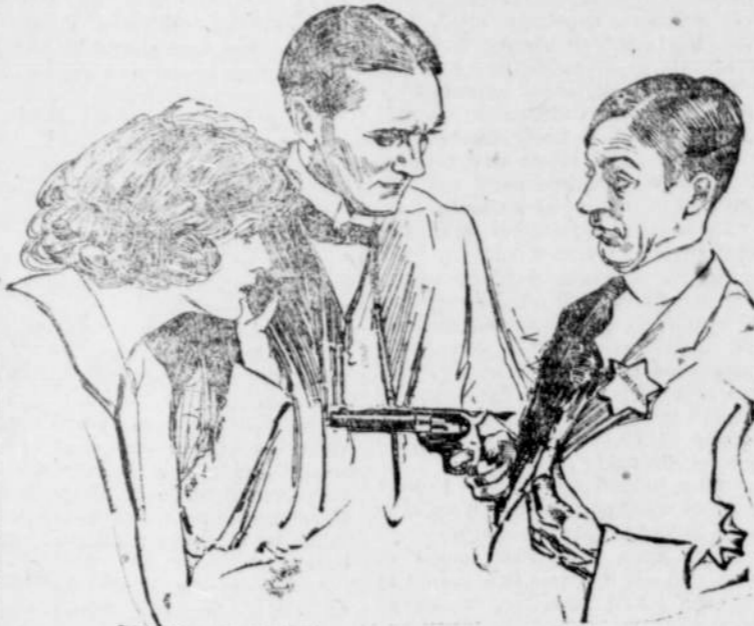
Marguerite Clark
IN
"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN."

THIS story of the girl who "played cook" and captured her heart's desire in spite of her lowly position, kept the crowds going to Broadway to see her for two years.

"TRIPLE TROUBLE"
Charlie Chaplin
Comedy.

2 reels of hilarious laughter and fun. Don't miss it.
Tuesday Night, Dec. 30

MARGUERITE CLARK
"Come Out of the Kitchen"
A Paramount Picture



You're Pinched
What a fix for a perfectly respectable husband and wife to be in

SCENE: Gountry Hotel.
TIME: Midnight.

Wife had arrived two hours earlier with a handsome male foreigner. They took adjoining rooms and wife roused the neighborhood by almost snatching the foreigner bald headed because he tried to steal a kiss—which he thought he was entitled to because she had eloped with him.

Then hubby arrives—hot under the collar, cussing on all cylinders—makes straight for wife's room—and the brave hotel clerk-constable beards them in their lair.

"I ain't goin to have no more sich doins in this house—you're pinched!" he says—

Constance Talmage

IN A
"A TEMPERAMENTAL WIFE."

A Peppy Play about Wives and Stenogs

"Love's False Faces."

MACK SENNETTE COMEDY.

THURSDAY-NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

ADULTS, 25c.

CHILDREN, 15c.

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before the war

5c a package
during the war

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**THE FLAVOR LASTS
SO DOES THE PRICE!**



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Discuss Current Topics

The El Paso (Tex.) Herald, a Democratic paper, in its issue of November 23, said editorially, under the caption, "President Wilson Pays the Price of Playing Politics With the World." Whether for his party or for himself, the President played the political game all the way, and played it badly. No doubt he sincerely believes the treaty which he framed was for the good of mankind. It was not so much his treaty as the way he negotiated it that brought deep seated resentment, not from Senators alone, but from a great body of the American people.

Senator Pomerene, of Ohio, Democrat, says that while the country is paying present prices for sugar instead of 9 or 10 cents a pound, there is plenty of sugar on hand, held back for profiteering purposes, and the administration is responsible for it through desertion of the public interest to take care of Louisiana sugar interests. Senator Pomerene declares that the beet sugar men were willing to sell their crop for 9 or 10 cents a pound, but their offer was refused. The Cuban sugar crop, he says, could have been bought by the Sugar Equalization Board. It had not done so because Prof. Taussig opposed it, although every other member of the board favored it. The President however, sided with Prof. Taussig.

Indianapolis News: "It is for the American People to say whether they will submit to such a hold-up (as the miners strike). Also the time has come for national and state governments to act, and act decisively. Even if further negotiations should be proposed there is now no time for them. People today are suffering for the lack of fuel. All over the country industries are shutting down—and this has just begun. Stores in our cities are closing at 4 o'clock in this busiest season of the year, at great loss to their owners. Public utilities, on the operation of which the very life of the people depends, are face to face with a coal shortage which will, if this strike continues, before long be a coal famine. What we have in short, is war. An enemy landed on our shores could not more directly attack the life of the people. Here is a crisis that must be met with decision and firmness."

Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, maintains that education along American lines of all foreigners in this country is an essential part of the means of averting further industrial unrest. "According to the census of 1910," says the Senator, "there were 8,590,000 persons in the United States who could not speak English. These people offer a fertile field for the propaganda of the bolshevik and I. W. W. We must get away from the discord and strikes of the present time and get back to the unity and solidarity which we had during the war to combat the forces that are working against the country from the inside. We can deport Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman, but we cannot deport the idea which they have planted here. The only way we can prevent the spread of that idea is to educate it out of the people. To do that we must get to the basis of one language, the American language."

New York Sun: "The American railroads are scheduled to be turned back to their owners at the end of this month. Government operation has piled up their operating expenses, has cut down their traffic, and cleaned out their treasuries and has left them, or a great majority of them, powerless to do their work of transporting the people and the business of the United States. As matters stand today, in truth, the American railroads face going back—the good, the bad and the indifferent—dead broke. And railroads cannot operate without cash any more than they can

operate without coal. Either the roads must go back to their owners in the new year with some government provision for paying their bills or they must break down. If the American railway system breaks down American industry and American business must break down with it. Then American bread and butter will be at stake. Congress has no more important work to do for the nation in the next few days than to save the American railway system from bankruptcy. In its immediate consequence nothing else could be more important. Until a permanent plan can be worked out for the railroads Congress must provide the financial means to keep them operating. This first aid to the roads cannot wait."

COAXING YOU TO SMILE

Returning Empties.

An optimistic Colorado farmer, on seeing some clouds floating by, remarked: "Well, I guess we are going to have some rain."

"Aw!" said the pessimistic neighbor, an ex-railroad man. "those are just empties coming back from Iowa."

His First King.

One of the treasury officials who helped put over the Liberty Loan campaigns and his colored man servant George, were coming through Rock Creek Park the other morning and they met King Albert of Belgium taking a constitutional afoot. The trio stopped and chatted for a few minutes and the king shook hands with George the same as he did with the official.

After the king had passed on the official turned to George and asked him what he thought of his majesty. "Ma, alive," George said, "dat on the first king I ever saw outside of a deck."

Not Such an Easy Job.

The sympathetic prison visitor went from cell to cell interviewing the inmates. To one penitent-looking individual she put the usual question: "What brought you here?" "Borrowed money lady," was the reply.

"But, good gracious!" she exclaimed, "they don't put people in prison for borrowing money."

"Not ordinarily," said the man, "but I had to knock a man down three or four times before he would lend it to me."

Enchantment Is Distance.

Two cow boys in the wild west agreed to settle their differences with revolvers. Both were dreading the ordeal. Patrick showed it most. His knees knocked together to such an extent that they affected his aim.

"Look here!" he said at last to his opponent. "Will you as a favor allow me to rest my leg against this milestone to steady myself?" "Yes," said the other man trying to control his voice, "if you'll allow me to rest my leg against the next!"

"Only Us Chickens."

Late in the night an old negro heard a flutter among his poultry.

"So I takes down my gun," he says, "an, creeps 'on in de dark. De doah of my chicken house is wide open an' I sticks the revolver inside an' says, 'Ef yo' don't come outen dat yo' low-down thiev'n niggah who's in dere, 'just blow yo' black head to pieces.'"

"He don't let on, an' I shout out again, 'Who's dah?' Den I heah that crim'n'l niggah say squeakly, like 'e was just gwine to cry, 'It's only us chickens!'"

A Human Phonograph.

"Going far?" asked the chatty little man of the man in the corner! "Oh, no, only to Scotland," replied the other, who hated talking to strangers, and who wish to nip this one in the bud. "I am a commercial traveler. My age is forty-six, I

HAPPY NEW YEAR.
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The First National Bank
TILLAMOOK, OREGON

am married. My name is Henry Bigfeet. I have a son of nineteen. He is in the 11th Clamshires. My father died last July. He was on the stock exchange. My mother is still living. I have a niece with red hair. Our chair-lady's name is Mrs. Smuggs. Is there anything else?" "What oil do you use for your tongue?" he inquired slowly.

The Newest Cause.

"The workmen have struck again sir."

"What for, more money?"

"No sir, not this time."

"For shorter hours then?"

"No, sir, This time it for long dinner hours."

Abreast of the Times.

"What has become of the man who used to tell us how anybody could get rich raising chickens?"

"I guess," said Farmer Cornrossel, "he has switched around and is making a fortune out o' plans for sellin' chicken feed to the people he started rasin' chickens."

This Was Going Too Far:

When the conference preliminary to the formation of a labor party at Chicago decided in favor of the nationalization of land the representatives of the Farmers Non-Partisan party withdrew. These delegates wanted it distinctly understood that while they were in favor of nationalizing other people's property they would not endorse any foolishness about socialism in land. They were willing to divide up, all right, so long as the other fellow did the dividing. Socialism is like a boil—a fine thing on the other fellow's nose. Nevertheless the near socialist cannot too soon understand that when the dividing up proposition begins, he is going to have to give up his property and let it be distributed from the general store. If industries are going to be socialized, farms must be too, and they will be.

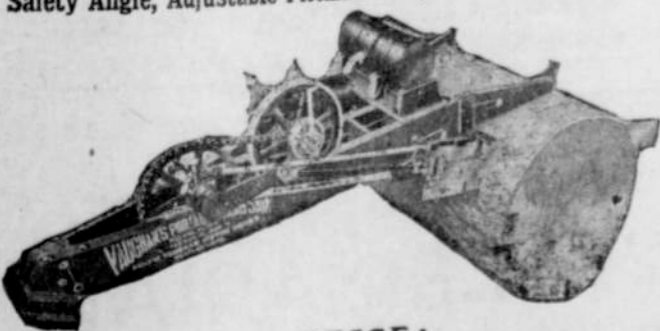
**We wish our numerous
customers and Friends a
Happy and Prosperous
New Year.**



C. O. & C. M. Dawson.

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