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**E. E. KOCH, Ph. G.**  
Tillamook, Oregon.

**A Sleeping  
Beauty**  
By CELIA ROSE

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
"Hello, Muggins!" Johnny Deeds shouted from the road. The figure in the rocking chair upon the Martin porch did not lift its eyes from the book in hand. Johnny halted again—again his answer was the silence of unconsciousness—clearly Louise Martin did not mean to admit that she had ever responded to the name of Muggins. Johnny grinned cheerfully and scattered up the winding way, to pause at the steps, doff his hat and say, with an elaborate obsequiousness: "Is the—ah! ahem—lady of the home at home?"

"Not to—vagrabonds," the rocking chair's occupant returned tranquilly, its eyes still down. Next minute two warm hands fell over them—the head holding them was drawn gently back and a kiss planted upon a pair of soft red lips.

"That's how you wake a sleeping beauty, isn't it?" Johnny asked guilelessly. Louise had risen and faced him, a furious scarlet flooding her cheeks. She dared not speak—if she did, she would either laugh or cry. Either meant triumph for Johnny, the lawless—she knew of old his capacity to torment her. Silently she turned to go inside—then Johnny caught both her hands and sat her down, not very gently, saying: "No, you don't! Not in this company. What ails you, anyway, Muz? Used to be the best sort of sport, you did."

"You mean—I was a barbarian, the same as you," Louise burst out. "Well, I have learned better manners. Unless you can do the same—please keep away from here!"

"H—m! Is that a true word—or just makeup?" Johnny asked, the least shade of seriousness creeping into his face. Louise glared at him. "Will you never grow up?" she stormed. "You know, you must understand, my position here in my uncle's house. His wife is the very proudest person—with a leaning to wild ways under the rose. If she had heard you say 'Muggins' I should never have been anything else to her—of course, in strict privacy, she makes Uncle Ben think her a sort of grown-up snow white. Already she hates me, because I see through her. If she knew anything of those mad, happy old days when we were playfellows, thinking and knowing no evil, she would have a whip ready to her hand, and would use it to put me through my paces."

"She shan't know, girl. I'm willing to kick myself a mile!" Johnny exploded. "I ought to have thought—of course, the neighbors know something—of the dual personality of the new Mrs. Benjamin Martin. Still, I honestly didn't dream of making you trouble. Forgive me all my impertinence and let me know if I can help you in any way."

"Only in—a very hard way—for me," Louise said, sighing. "That is, by staying away until—be sure I'm not here for always. Uncle says Martin blood forbids my working. I have another notion as to that—I'd rather scrub floors for a living than stay here much longer."

"You need not stay a day—remember?" Johnny began significantly. Louise looked over his head, flushing deeply. "Don't let's think of impossibilities," she said, but sighed as she said it. Johnny laid a brotherly hand on her shoulder, asking: "Haven't you got over anything?" In reply she could only shake her head and turn away, biting her lips.

would forget that cursed Melville and marry her faithful Johnny, all things would come right. He was sure she did not love the real Melville, but rather an image she called by his name and set up in her heart's inner shrine. "She really is a Sleeping Beauty," he said to his heart, reverting to the happy audacity whose memory made him tingle. "Once she waked up, she'd have to know life and things. My business is to wake her. I wonder how I shall do it."

After three days of pondering he bit upon something that made him cry aloud: "The very thing." Then write a letter, hasty but full of details. After he had dispatched it to a distant address he gave his whole mind and time to haunting the Martin establishment, bent on knowing all that passed regarding his beloved. There was need of his constant vigilance. Franklin Ware was a desperate wooer, and ably seconded by Mrs. Benjamin, who, of course, brought her husband to seeing with her eyes.

Therefore he said seriously to Louise, that with no wish to constrain her inclination, he felt bound to say she would both please and relieve him by providing for herself so finely. Franklin Ware was not, to be sure, in his first youth—he had, moreover, had a harvest of very wild oats. To offset that, he was rich, well born, possessed of a standing that gave his wife entree everywhere—and eager to make her the most magnificent settlements. Furthermore—here Uncle Benjamin half sighed—he himself could do no more for his brother's only daughter than give her a home and maintenance while he lived. All he had was well tied up beyond diversion in any direction. And it would pain him deeply to think either of leaving his niece unprotected for, or to have her go to work. In the name of the blood he begged her to save him such discomfort—she listened shivering—not over what was said, but left unsaid, namely, that Uncle Ben might be now a millionaire, if he had not years back voluntarily paid huge sums to clear his brother of debt, and keep the family name spotless. Then, too, so long as the brother lived, he had been generous in help to him, who was the soul of provident kindness. Louise felt the narrow of her bones all she owed the good narrow man, too fine bred to recall benefits bestowed. It seemed to her she must obey him—or die. Death, indeed, seemed her only refuge—she could not think of accepting Johnny with all her heart belonging to Melville.

Then when she was most distraught came Melville's letter—in mad haste. "Johnny writes me you have great prospects—if you will accept them," it said. "My dear girl, don't be a fool. Accept the goods the gods provide—and thus justify the admiring friendship of

"Hastily and heartily your,  
"ARTHUR MELVILLE."

Johnny saw her read it—not for naught had he studied postal schedules and haunted the carrier's route. As she crushed the sheet within a shaking hand, he touched her shoulder gently, saying:

"Honey—trust yourself to me! Even if I can't ever make you love me, it will be—better than—the other inevitable thing."

"I can't! I am too ashamed. To think I—oh, no decent man ought ever to look at me!" Louise cried hotly; then with a sob gave him the letter. When he had read it he turned to see her sitting with bowed head, face hidden in her hands, and trembling all over. "I believe you have saved me—from—the very worst," she said. "If you will have me—" breaking off there and drooping lower still.

He married her next day—to the scandal of Mrs. Benjamin. Time's whirligig indeed brings revenge. Before the honeymoon waned Louise hid her face in his shoulder to say, happily, "I was in a trance, Johnny, dear! How in the world did you care enough to wake me?"

"Oh, I have a taste for sleeping beauties," Johnny answered, tweaking her ear—but with eyes that misted a little in spite of him.

**Picture in a Spanish Barn.**  
A great stir has been caused among lovers of art by the discovery of an ancient masterpiece in a barn, in the Spanish province of Estremadura. It is a fine painting of a Madonna, with the infant Jesus on her lap, a black-robed monk on one side and a white-robed monk on the other—these being probably meant for St. Benedict and St. Bernard. It is painted on wood and is less than four feet square. It is thought to have been produced about 1500 to 1550. To prevent Americans and other outsiders from snapping up this treasure, and taking it out of the country, a millionaire of Bilbao has advanced the large sum demanded by the owner of the barn and has offered it to the Spanish government. Meanwhile it has been placed in the Prado museum at Madrid.

**Hunger Vanished.**  
While dining with my girl friend one evening her parents had a friendly little quarrel about the traits that their daughter inherited from each, and the father, who was rather an ugly man, said, "Well, beauty from me anyway." And speaking before I thought I chimed in, "I should say not."  
My hunger vanished and I felt like following its example.—Chicago Tribune.

**Home Town  
Helps**

VINES GIVE FINISHING TOUCH  
Hardly Too Much to Say That House  
Is Not Really Complete With-  
out Green Growth.

No farmhouse is complete unless it has something green growing over the porches or beside the doors. If you happen to have a house of brick, stone, or concrete, you can use a clinging vine, like the Virginia creeper. For the northern states you had better use Ampelopsis Engelmannii, which is particularly hardy. You can also use Eunonymus vegetus, a remarkably fine climber, which takes the place in the North of the English ivy, the latter vine not being hardy. It keeps its green leaves all winter, and when well grown produces a large number of attractive berries resembling bitter sweet. When you have a wooden house you can make choice among many different vines, like bitter sweet, Clematis paniculata, Hall's honeysuckle, Akebia, Dutchman's pipe, and various roses. Indeed, some of the climbing roses are almost indispensable. This does not necessarily mean the old-fashioned Red Rambler, for some of the newer sorts are cleaner and better. Among the good hardy kinds are Excelsa, American Pillar—one of the finest of all; Dorothy Perkins, Lady Gay, Taussendschon and Aviateur Bleriot.

Now that peace is returned there is a notable tendency to grow more flowers and flowering plants. This means that a great amount of planting will be done, and it should mean the improvement of country homes everywhere throughout the country.

**RIVALRY HAS GOOD EFFECT**

Competition of Towns in Showing  
Community Progress Worked Won-  
ders in West Virginia.

Cities at least have the stimulus to make improvements whether they do so or not. The village and rural community lack the stimulation that comes through contact with the outside world. It is not surprising to find them narrow and unprogressive. A unique experiment along the line of community betterment has been in progress for two years in 23 small West Virginia communities. A system of points is used to score community progress, 1,000 being a perfect score. Nine general headings are used to cover the field of community development—history, government, business, farm, clubs, homes, schools, churches and health. As examples of the way it works, the absence of gaudy and ugly advertising signs scored two points; increased use of school building for regular school work and as a social center, four points, and one point each for better housekeeping, as the results of activities of the farm women's clubs, installation of bathrooms, and running water in kitchens, and extension and improvement in the rural telephone system. The experiment has produced no Utopia, but has raised standards in the communities involved.—Leslie's Weekly.

**Garden Cities.**  
To those who really understand what garden cities mean, who have seen them in actual being, and maybe, lived in their midst, there are few things that appeal as more utterly right than this new development in the great scheme of the world's housing. The ease with which ugliness is avoided and beauty attained; the generous way in which nature, at every turn, enters into the plan, responding at once to the smallest touch of art with a quite superabundant generosity; the wonderful outflow of public-spiritedness from all concerned, once the way is opened up, these and a hundred other welcome graces are to be found everywhere within the garden city.—Christian Science Monitor.

**Pure Air Vital.**  
People grow old and die fast enough in the purest of air. A smoke-laden atmosphere strikes years from the calendar of the average life. Yet the average person does not know it, and goes as complacently to an earlier death as do the cattle to the slaughter pen.

The air of every city can be made pure by being kept pure, and it is the function of engineers to bring this about. Not only is it their function to keep city air pure, but it is peculiarly their duty to arouse the public to authorize them to apply their knowledge.

**Home Means Everything.**  
Home is where the idealism of the race is nurtured. It is such a place that endears the soil to the man who lives upon it. It is a strong bond which links him to the community. It deepens and makes sweeter the whole family life, and it forms a background of pleasant memory for his children which will endure.

**No Sympathy From Him.**  
During a recent oil tank fire, while the city was enveloped in a dense black smoke, Richard was told by his mother that the oil tanks were burning; a playmate suggesting that it was castor oil, Richard said: "Let it burn."

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