

Political Band Wagon.

Announcement.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election of County Surveyor, on the Republican ticket, at the primary election, May 21st, 1920. If successful will conduct the office in an efficient, economical and courteous manner.

W. S. Coates.

Announcement.

Upon the advice of a large number of leading citizens of Tillamook County, I have decided to announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Clerk, subject to the approval of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held in May.

If nominated and elected I will perform the duties of said office to the best of my ability, and will devote my exclusive time in looking after the interests of said office and the taxpayers of Tillamook County affected thereby.

J. C. McClure.

To The Republican Voters of Tillamook County.

I am a candidate for sheriff in the Republican Primaries. I am a deputy in this office at present, have had several years experience there, and I submit my record as an officer for your consideration.

Should I be nominated and elected, I will endeavor to serve you efficiently, honestly and impartially.

John Aschm.

To the Voters of Tillamook County.

I want the Republican nomination for sheriff at the primary election next May. To get it I have to have enough Republican votes. All who have faith in me, and vote for me, I thank in advance.

Frank Hannenkrat.

Announcement.

Owing to the fact that a large number of tax payers in different parts of the county have asked me to make the race for County Judge, and believing that with my previous experience in County business, I am qualified for the office, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Judge, subject to the approval of the Republican voters at the coming Primary Election.

Homer Mason.

Announcement.

To the Republican Voters of Tillamook County.

I hereby offer my services to the people of Tillamook Co. as County Commissioner and respectfully ask your support at the coming primaries stand for permanent roads properly graded and fair treatment to all sections of our county.

H. V. Alley.

Announcement.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the Republican nomination for representative in the legislature from the 14th Legislative District embracing Yamhill and Tillamook Counties.

Frank A. Rowe.

Announcement.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Judge at the primary election. My motto, 100 per cent efficiency for every taxpayer's dollar.

W. L. Campbell.

To the Voters of Tillamook County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Clerk, on the Republican ticket, subject to the approval of the voters at the primaries next May.

H. S. Brimhall.

Announcement.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Tillamook County, on the Republican ticket.

Alexandria Rock.

Announcement.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Tillamook County, for re-election, on the Republican ticket.

Kathleen Mills.

To the Voters of Tillamook County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Assessor, on the Republican ticket, subject to the approval of the voters at the coming primary election.

G. B. Lamb.

Announcement.

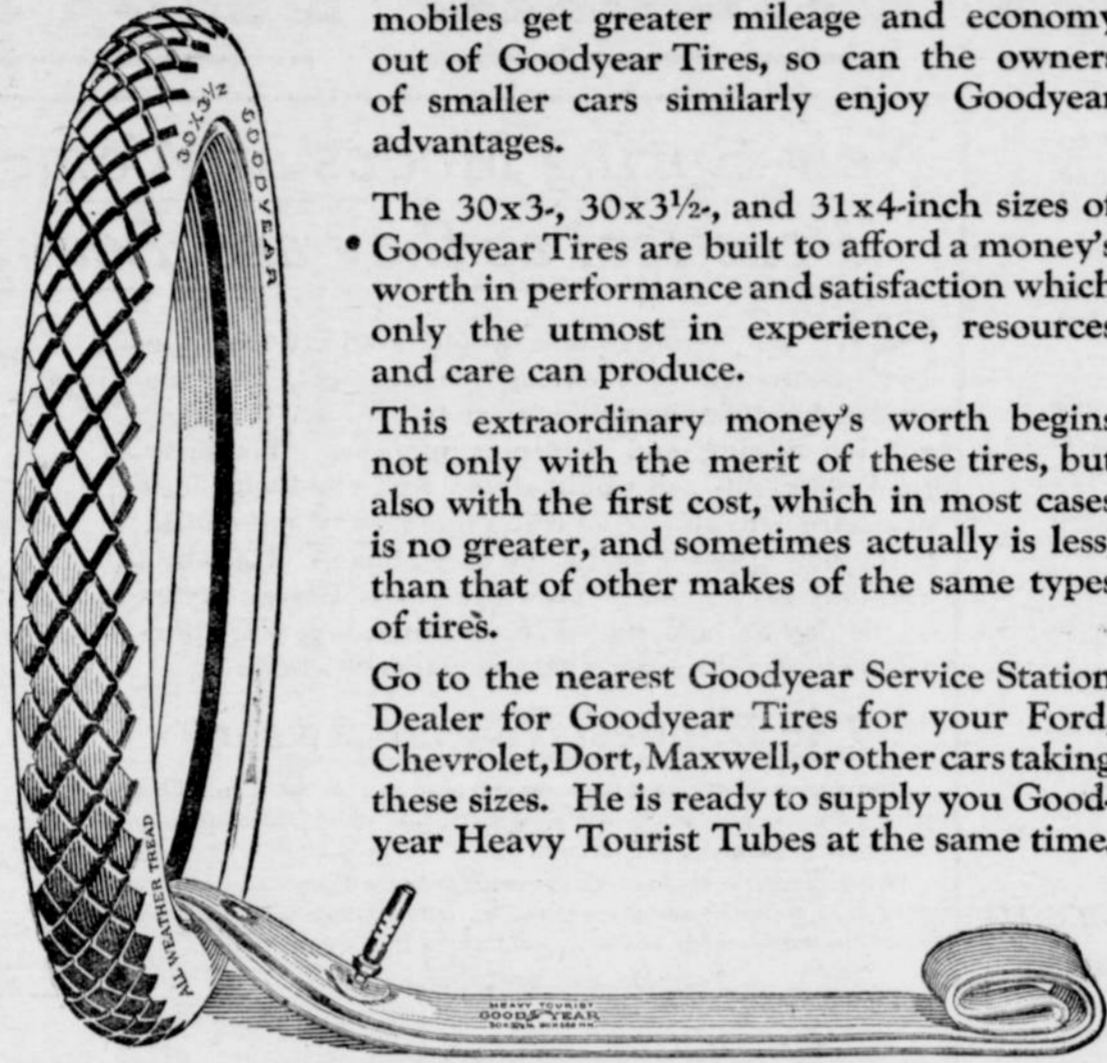
I am a candidate for re-election on the Republican ticket, at the primary election, May 21, for the office of County Assessor. Economy, efficiency, and a business system in handling the work of office, combined with careful treatment to all, has been my policy in the past, and will be my policy in the future.

C. A. Johnson.

CANCER.

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Summons for Publication in Foreclosure of Tax Lien.

In the circuit court of the State of Oregon for Tillamook County. W. A. Robbins, plaintiff.

T. B. Potter Realty Co., Frances L. Potter-Thomas, T. Irving Potter, Frank Boecher, L. E. Latourrette, R. R. Steel and D. T. Van Tyne, joint receivers of the T. B. Potter Realty Co., et al. Defendants.

T. B. Potter Realty Co., Frances L. Potter-Thomas, T. Irving Potter, Frank Boecher, L. E. Latourrette, R. R. Steel, Eliza K. Potter and D. T. Van Tyne, joint receivers of the T. B. Potter Realty Co.

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby notified that W. A. Robbins, the holder of Certificate of Delinquency numbered 1168 issued on the 19th day of September, 1917 by the tax collector of the County of Tillamook, State of Oregon for the amount of Eight and 41-100 (\$8.45) Dollars, the same being the amount then due and delin-

quent for taxes for the year 1914 together with penalty, interest and costs thereon upon the real property assessed to you, of which you are the owner as appears of record, situated in said County and State, and particularly bounded and described as follows to-wit: Lots 49 and 41, in Block numbered 61, Bayocena Park, County of Tillamook, State of Oregon.

You are further notified that said W. A. Robbins, has paid taxes on said premises for prior or subsequent years, with the rate of interest on said amounts as follows: 1914 tax, paid Sept. 19, 1917, tax receipt No. 7891, \$6.60 rate of interest 12 per cent.

1915 tax, paid Oct. 5, 1917, tax receipt No. 6829, \$4.89, rate of interest 12 per cent.

1916 tax first, April 22, 1918, tax receipt No. 4318, \$2.46, rate of interest 12 per cent.

1916 tax, second, Nov 18, 1918 tax receipt No. 6982, \$2.57, rate of interest 12 per cent.

1917 tax, first, April 19, 1919, tax receipt No. 4273, \$2.04. rate of interest 12 per cent.

1917 tax, second, Dec. 22, 1919, tax receipt No. 7223, \$2.20, rate of interest 12 per cent.

Said T. B. Potter Realty Co., as the owner of the legal title of the above described property as the same appears of record, and each of the other persons above named are hereby further notified that W. A. Robbins will apply to the Circuit Court of the County and State aforesaid for a decree foreclosing the lien against the property above described, and mentioned in said certificate. And you are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the first publication of this summons, exclusive of the day of said first publication, and defend this action or pay the amount due as above shown, together with costs and accrued interest, and in case of your failure to do so, a decree will be rendered foreclosing the lien of said taxes and costs against the land and premises above named.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable George R. Bagley, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, and said order was made and

dated this 2nd day of Feb., 1920, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 5th day of Feb., 1920.

All process and papers in this proceeding may be served upon the undersigned residing within the State of Oregon at the address hereafter mentioned.

John F. Reilly, Attorney for Plaintiff. Address 510 Wells Fargo Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Notice of Final Account.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his final account as administrator of the Estate of Anna M. McLeod, deceased, in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, and that said court has appointed Monday, the 8th day of March, 1920, at the court house in Tillamook City, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account and the settlement thereof.

G. H. McLeod, administrator. Dated this February 5th, 1920.

Broken Rules

By DWIGHT TINGLE SCOTT

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In the year of our Lord nineteen eight, one who could wear a white vest and mix cold or hot exhilarating things and keep the customers smiling into the big mirror earned forty or fifty dollars a week; for some fifteen minutes of strenuous exercise within a roped arena, twenty by twenty, a certain husky athlete is reputed to have received fifty thousand dollars; men who could handle iron while it was hot were earning twenty dollars a day. During this prosperous era the efforts of Rev. Hance Chitwood, whose "let not your heart be troubled" struck soothingly the deepest notes of mortal woe, and whose "what God has joined" set vibrating the most sublime chords of human joy, were appraised by society at six hundred dollars a year, and he got that much—some years.

So when Reverend Chitwood died he left a mortgage on the little home in a Jersey town, twenty-eight dollars in back salary, a determined widow and Little Chit.

"It is the only thing I can do well—and I had rather it would be here than elsewhere."

"Indeed Mrs. Chitwood, I have never forgotten those pies and that cake you made for the church supper and I remember my promise perfectly." It was the steward who spoke. He had once been a member of Reverend Chitwood's congregation. So Mary Chitwood became pastry cook at a big beach front hotel, and because school was out and because Mary Chitwood wanted him near, Little Chit became bellboy extraordinary out in front.

"What's all the excitement, sonny?" old Colonel Job, the hotel's most consistent grouch, paused, slipped a handful of "coppers" into the lad's snug coat pocket and patted Little Chit on the head.

"Oh, haven't you heard, colonel? The Money Princess is coming today." "Hub—that child in Chicago that there has been so much in the papers about?"

"Yes, sir, the real Money Princess and she is coming to our hotel today." "Tell us about it, dear," prim old Miss Harvey, who spent the year round in the hotel and who had seriously wanted to adopt "her pink-faced cherub," drew Little Chit near to her chair.

"You see she is the richest little girl in the whole world. But she hasn't any mother or father, or even aunts or cousins," explained Little Chit quite seriously. "But she is coming on a private train with a lot of people who look after her and they have fixed up almost a whole third floor for them."

The honking of automobile horns, the clatter of bags upon the marble floor, the forward rush of bellboys and porters; they arrived. The Money Princess herself was almost lost in the hubbub. Came her governess, came her nurse, came her music teacher, came her maid, came her housekeeper, came her eminent Dr. Louise Craig-Lackland, the child hygienist, came others and the servants of others.

Little Chit picked up a small black bag, trimmed in gold. He touched his cap and smiled. The Money Princess smiled back.

When they reached their floor there came the hubbub of inspecting rooms. Dr. Louise Craig-Lackland knew that the scientific principles of ventilation had been violated. She got out an instrument with a fan wheel and a dial. And of all things! The music teacher's room was done in salmon and lavender, the housekeeper had ordered roses—there were sweet peas in all the vases, the rooms faced the east, the morning sun would annoy—to be sure the ocean was inconveniently in that direction, too—could they make their apartments do?

Again Little Chit touched his cap and smiled at the small girl standing in the midst of all this commotion and looking very sweet and very lonely and very much like any other little girl of twelve might look who had long yellow curls and red lips and pink cheeks and blue eyes.

Again the Money Princess smiled back and opened a little gold mesh purse that hung from her graceful young arm.

"Not from you, princess." The Money Princess closed the bag. "You know," said she, "I like you, little boy, very much."

"And I like you, too, princess." It was a week later and Little Chit had just delivered ice water. Quite suddenly but softly the door opened and the Money Princess slipped into the hall. She put her fingers over her lips.

"Listen, Little Chit," she whispered, "I am running away from them." Little Chit stood transfixed.

"Did you ever," she continued, "have to eat food that had been all weighed out for you, and have to learn French verbs for an hour each day and practice old finger exercises every afternoon, and have that old Dr. Louise Craig-Lackland snooping around with a watch in her hand every time you went in bathing, and some one always warning you against playing with other children on the beach?"

Little Chit admitted that his life had not so far been complicated by any of these things.

running away, and you shall go with me, Little Chit."

"Lock that door, don't let another soul in here."

"But sir," he says they from the Philadelphia detective agency and they have just come over on a special train."

"I don't give a whoop who they are; there is not room to breathe in here now and my private office wasn't built with the idea of accommodating all the policemen this side of New York."

The manager of the great hotel swung about in his chair and addressed impatiently a round-faced, matronly woman whose arm was about a fair-haired little girl clinging to her as though for protection from the excited group which ranged itself behind Dr. Louise Craig-Lackland. "Go ahead, Mrs. Chitwood."

"That is about all, sir. I am sure no harm is done, that I can see. When Little Chit brought her home I should have come right over, especially when she admitted that she was out without her—her—" Mrs. Chitwood cast about deviously for a word. She dare not refer to the indignant group as servants, and parents and relatives they were not, "without her keepers' permission," cheerfully resumed the widow, noting with placid satisfaction the gasp of Doctor Craig-Lackland. "They were out all the afternoon playing on the beach, and her shoes and stockings were all wet. So I made her take these off while I dried them and then the poor dear child was so hungry."

"Yes," spoke up the Money Princess, quite suddenly losing her shyness, "you shall not blame Little Chit's mother, nor Little Chit either. I had a perfectly glorious time, so I did—all afternoon, and I had soup for dinner, soup with big yellow dumplings and chocolate layer cake, and I am glad I didn't come home and have to eat four ounces of old farina and fruit and sterilized milk, and I wish I could stay right here with Little Chit and his mother and that all of you would let me be."

"Such impertinence," gasped the governess.

"It comes of her association, no doubt," indignantly declared the housekeeper.

"Boiled dumplings and chocolate cake at bedtime! You naughty, ungrateful child." This from Doctor Craig-Lackland.

That very night the Money Princess and her retinue left the great hotel. But as the last taxicab pulled away from under the porte cochere, a bright golden head protruded from the cab window.

"Good-by, Little Chit, remember our promise."

"Good-by, princess, I shall never forget you."

The rule seventeen as plainly posted over the head porter's desk told what would happen to an employee who—but no difference, for hadn't Colonel Job hurried right into the manager's office and hadn't the manager called in Little Chit's mother and wasn't the outcome of this whole matter that old Colonel Job, who had more money and more gout and less relatives than is good for any man of his age, astonished the whole hotel by insisting that he was henceforth to be Little Chit's guardian and protector—and that the boy was to have everything that money and a good home could afford?

Ten years elapsed.

Terrible as the strain of the last few days had been—days when there was neither sleep nor a moment's rest nor ease of mind, every member of University unit No. 2 thrilled with pride.

American engineers had filled the gap. Throwing away picks and shovels they had stemmed that gray horde that was pouring through a wide hole at the very base of the British wedge, a widening hole that for two days threatened to turn Ryan's mighty victory into disaster immeasurable.

"I have just put your first American into 'G' pavilion." The orderly pushed the empty operating cart into the corridor and dropped a hospital record card onto the nurse's desk as he passed.

She was not a trained nurse, this beautiful, fair-haired young woman. She had volunteered as a secretary to an American university unit, just as hundreds of other wealthy American girls had volunteered.

In the stress that followed the ebb and flow of the great offensive when first dressing stations had been swept away and disorganized, morning, mangled men had been hauled in by the hundred—hauled in, yet wearing the foul, sticky clothing in which they had fallen.

She had plunged in and scrubbed and cut away filthy clotted clothing and done cheerfully and well those repetitively necessary things for which training is taught beside a washbasin, and calm nerves and a cool head, all of which the Money Princess had.

With cool professional air she now glanced down at the card before her. A quick intake of her breath. Leaving the desk she moved softly into the dimly lighted pavilion.

"Mother!" How often had that cry rang out over the red-soaked fields of France! Always it was their first word when they came from under the anesthetic. Quickly she moved toward the bed and knelt beside him. It was very unprofessional. Making allowance for her youth, for her utter lack of training, the head nurse would have been bitterly indignant had she seen it. Besides there was rule 17 of Base Hospital 28, which plainly stated—but, privately, wasn't she an American and wasn't she an American, and wasn't the name on the card, Lieut. Horace Chitwood? What did she care about rules.



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