

Letters to the Editor.

The Passing of the Poor School-teacher.

To the Editor:
It's a long worm that has no turning—as Shakespeare would remark. That much pitted, long-down-trodden worm whom we have ever with us—the poor school marm—is at last beginning to come into something slightly resembling her own. She has not only turned but she is climbing upward, in the wage scale at least.

Reports from various sections of the country indicate that \$125 is a common wage for the coming school year and that even \$150 is not unknown. A wave of sentiment in favor of higher salaries has been brewing and agitating slowly but with a deadly degree of sureness from one end of this fair land to the other. Of some one thousand professions the last one to advance in salary has been teaching. With customary slowness in seeing the light where educational matters are concerned, it took our great American public a long, long time and a few hard jolts to its nervous system to decide whether it would pay its teachers or go without them. Workers in other lines were advanced from \$0 to \$20 per cent in accordance with the well-known increased cost of living with which we are all familiar by now. Factory hand and mill-workers, plumbers and dressmakers, the street-cleaner and the hod-carrier waxed exceedingly prosperous. They bought themselves silk shirts and classy cars. Their wives had spring hats in January, tricotette blouses in the summer and diamonds any time. They were moneyed.

And the school-teacher? Was she also moneyed? She was not. But she was dead game—for a time at least. She kept right on training the little olive branches in the way they should grow, sometimes enough left out of her monthly wage to buy a gallon of gas for the family Ford, but more often not. Regardless of the fact that she was virtually donating her services, she continued to inculcate arithmetic and the rules of spelling day by day and handing the pay check to the landlady; now and then touching dad for a financial lift over the Christmas season or a June full of brides and sweet graduates to be remembered with presents. When she approached the powers that be for a raise they only registered horror, solemn and intense, and said in one voice, "We never paid that before! Never!" And when a school-board intrenches itself behind that mossy-grown and moth-eaten never-did-it-before defense there is nothing that mortal may do except retire from the field.

Then the Civil Service began to have thousands of vacancies that could be admirably filled by teachers and we began to hear of resignations and closed schools, and patriotic appeals from solid citizens not to desert their posts in a national crisis, even if the wolf did put his head in at the front door. And then came a great exodus to other professions. Anything paid more than teaching. Stenography claimed some; others went in for factory or shop work, or nursing, or millinery, or the chorus. Some were even driven to commit matrimony. At any rate there was an increasingly large number of knowledge dispensaries with no knowledge dispenser to be obtained. She simply was not. The solid citizens and magazines got busy with touching stories of the passing of the little red school house, of the blank, coming generation, of the total and complete degeneration of a democracy's fondest and onliest hope—the schools. The women's clubs took it up and even on the edge of department store ads along with Buy Bread for Armenia you might glimpse A Living Wage for Teachers. A few of the Old Guard talked in the papers about affiliating with the Labor Unions and got themselves some denunciation and some profitable advertising.

Finally the public stretched and woke up. People said, "Here seems to be a situation. Can it be that the teachers have conspired en masse to leave us in the lurch? They couldn't really have the heart to do that to us, could they now? We'll pay a little more and coax the remaining ones to stay because Johnnie and Susie simply must get through this year." And then, they figured, you could always get low-priced beginners from the yearly crop of new teachers. Some way the new crop failed. It got so that there isn't much of any crop, new or old.

The statistics show appallingly the hundreds of school rooms without teachers or with untrained ones, many schools in rural districts have not opened their doors for a year.

City and town boards in frantic attempts to retain the ever-decreasing supply have been doing some things unheard of in history. Wouldn't it be fun to get grandfather on the ouija board and tell him that Pumpkin Ridge district paid cousin Amaranthis a bonus of \$150 to stay till the end of the term, or that in Hickory Holler all the teachers got mid-year increase for fear that they'd get a notion to go and be cooks or lady burglars? Who ever thought or dreamed of such goings-on in the good old days when lordly boards hired and fired at their own lordly pleasure from the ranks of trembling applicants. Now it's the school boardsthat do the trembling and imploring. They are beginning to offer what sounds like sure enough salaries to anything that at all resembles a pedagogue and even at that some of them are going to be left out in the scramble.

Verily and truly, the tables are turning. Soon the teacher can have a 1920 model hat while it is still the year of 1920, and can take out life insurance, and buy things like other folks. Maybe they'll even have bank

accounts and check books. If their prosperity continues to the upward wise young men considering that this is the open season for leap year game will make it nice and easy to get themselves proposed to by one of these coming millionaires. Another raise or two and she can support you in most of the luxury to which you have been accustomed, with perhaps a few extras that you never thought of.

At any rate, relief is coming to a long-suffering and patient and little appreciated genus of our species. Let us rejoice with her.

School Teacher.

The Senior High School Class Entertainment.

To the Editor:
As I came home Wednesday evening, May 16, from the entertainment given by the class of '20 of our high school I could not help saying to myself "Oh dear! Oh dear!"

Now by nature I'm mild of disposition and slow to blame. An opinion with me is nearly as slow of growth as a slip of boa or a pine seedling, and almost as evergreen. Most of the entertainment I watched with considerable enjoyment, though the film-drama was not one I should have chosen to show my highschool brother and sister. The picture of the interesting customs of the Kentucky mountaineers perhaps was true enough and the love-making business realistic enough, but it was not the kind for my brother to see. Would a real man—say the kind that Kipling shows us, who can lose all and never breathe a word about his loss, who can force his heart and nerve and sinew to serve his turn long after they have gone, and so hold on when there is nothing in him except the will, which says to them "Hold on!", the kind who inherits the earth and everything that's in it,—(I saw those stanzas on the board at the high school not long ago.) would such a man find any passion uncontrollable? Our young men and women should not be shown pictures of weaklings who do. There are pictures portraying both strength and refinement which are just as entertaining.

The songs from Romyany were very pretty and sweet and the setting was very effective.

"A Lady's Note" was well done for amateurs. Unhappily they had accomplished little when it was over, the skit being so slight and so very—well, skit-ish. But it is difficult to find a really good playlet for inexperienced actors and we were entertained by the predicament and the handling.

Chorus de Paris, Oh dear! Oh dear! Are our teachers—and mothers and fathers encouraging our young women, or permitting them to be encouraged, to prepare for professional careers as chorus girls in our decadent present day ballet? Are they inciting them to express in public artfully and brazenly before many, those perfectly natural and chaste desires which, by those of refinement, are (and always will be) expressed naturally and with the utmost delicacy only in the presence of one? Why are they (whoever they are) inciting or allowing our daughters and sisters to do this or even to attempt to imitate those who do? "Not failure, but low aim, is crime!"

That encore—that music was played for me once when I was selecting Victrola records and I would not take it home for every time I hear it I see again a picture I once unfortunately saw of a scantily clad Hawaiian painted lady (that's far too pretty a name for them) successfully performing her alluring seductive dance before her coveted beloved. And there are so many beautiful dances for our girls to express their exuberance with, beautiful folk dances from the olden-time Greek dance with a ball, the Celtic, Scandinavian, Bohemian and English peasant dances on down to some of the beautiful interpretive dances of our own American Indians. The girls and their teachers might even have originated some free, animated and graceful bodily expression of their own lives, experiences and hopes which would have been beautiful, artistic and highly entertaining.

One who attended.

Poisoned Weeds

To the Editor:
Dear Sir: As there is about this time of year considerable trouble experienced by cattle owners on account of plant poisoning, I think perhaps a few words on the commoner poison plants of our locality will be of interest:

Oregon Water Hemlock (carrot family.)

This is found in springy and boggy places along streams of the ranch. It is very poisonous, and has a rootstock with several branching rootlets. Grows to a height of four feet; has green ribbed, hollow stems, spreading in an umbrella-like expansion of white flowers. The poison is contained in the roots, but tops of plants are also poisonous.

Symptoms: Violent convulsions; frothing at mouth and nose; excessive urinations; shallow breathing and coma. Seen in early spring or from slough hay in winter.

Fly Amaneta (Poison toad stools) This fungus growth is found principally in the timbered pastures and produces considerable losses during the season. This poison is the one used to make poison fly paper, and some idea may be had of its poisonous nature.

Symptoms: Frothing at mouth, staggering gait, coma and death. Larkspur.

There are several species of this plant but one most concerned here is the "Columbia River species". It is found along the streams and meadows. It grows to a height of several feet, having broad geranium-like

leaves. The surface of the plant is covered with a white coating, similar to the surface of ripe plums. It has white and light blue spur-like flowers which bloom in May. These are poisonous before and at flowering time.

Symptoms: Straddling gait in hind legs; involuntary movements of muscles of side and legs; violent spasms; easily frightened; appetite good until death; few are poisoned at once. Seen in May and June.

Yours very truly,
E. L. Glaisyer.

PREVENT FOREST FIRES.

1920 Fire Season Officially Open on June 1st.

On June 1st the 1920 fire season is officially on and anyone desiring to burn slashings in the vicinity of standing timber or old buras, must get a burning permit to do so. Burning permits may be had from the nearest fire warden. A list of these wardens will be printed as soon as they are appointed.

Tillamook County, as well as western Washington and western Yamhill, are now patrolled by an organization which was formed. This Patrol organization is called The Tillamook County Fire Patrol Association and is composed of the timber owners within the three counties. The association cooperates with the Federal Forest Service and the State Patrol in every possible way.

The Association secretary's report for 1919 shows that out of a total of 73 fires in the district, 67 were caused by man. The remaining 6 were caused by lightning. This shows very plainly what must be done to prevent future fires and the sooner this fact is brought home to every man, woman and child, the sooner the dreaded forest fires will be eliminated from this county and state.

It is a well known fact that in heavily timbered counties such as Tillamook, the large share of the taxes is borne by the timber owners, which applies to the small owners as well as the larger one. Remove this source of taxation and who remains to carry the tax burden? It would fall on the shoulders of a comparatively small body of men, mostly dairy and stock men. The taxes derived from the agricultural community would not make much of an impression on the various improvement bills, for roads, school, etc. Not only does the timber industry lessen the tax burden for the county, but while in the process of manufacture, it contributes to each individual through its large payrolls. These payrolls will amount into millions of dollars in the next fifty years, providing fires are kept out.

No doubt a large number of fires are caused by people from outside, fishermen, hunters, campers and tourists. Everyone in the county, loyal to its interests, should see that these people passing through, are impressed with the importance of fire prevention, and also give every possible aid to the fire wardens in bringing to justice violators of the fire laws. A good many fires could be put out at the start, if people passing through the timber would report them at once to the nearest fire warden. The telephone operators throughout the county will have lists of the fire wardens and their headquarters. Notices will also be posted over the county stating where the nearest warden can be reached.

A large number of Eastern people are expected to come to Oregon during the coming summer. Without a doubt many of them will be business men of means who are looking for a place to invest their capital. It would be hard to interest them if a heavy pall of smoke is hanging over the country. It wouldn't look like a safe investment to a hard headed operator. It is to the interest of every person in the county to help keep the fires out of the timber this coming summer, and by the earnest cooperation of everyone it can be done.

The Merry Song of the Profiteers

(By D. M. Moody, Albany, Ala.)

We are the royal profiteers,
Our hearts are filled with joy,
We rob the people without fears,
We have the right alloy,
We are growing fat on profits
We are allowed to take
From the "easy marks," the people,
With our Democratic rake.

We will squeeze them till they yell with pain,
Now that we have the chance,
And as we may not get in again,
We will even take their pants.

Now that we have the right direction
From the good old Democrats,
To hell with the "common people,"
They are nothing more than rats.

We will raise the price of clothing
Till diamonds blush with shame,
And tools for the "hayseed farmer,"
We will raise them all the same.

Our yard sticks are just two feet long,
We do not give a heck;
We will sell them flour and corn meal,
Six quarts we'll call a peck.

The price of shoes has gone so high
We charge them for the squeak,
Our slogan is, "Root, hog, or die!"
This is the prayer we speak

Of all our friends and families,
We like ourselves the best;
If the Democrats can just stay in,
The devil take the rest.

We have been so busy hogging things
Into the pile of loot,
That our snouts are getting calloused,
So

It's easy now to root;
We have got things fixed to suit us,
I'm just telling this to you;
But we see the coming end of it
About November two.

The Sultan of Turkey sticks to his job as stubbornly as a deserving Democrat to a superfluous office.

What the Editors Say.

The prayerful consideration of publishers who have solicited political announcements and other advertising of like character is invited to the following provision of the Oregon corrupt practice law: "No person shall demand, solicit, ask or invite any candidate to pay for space in any publication." The exception given in the section is the solicitation of business advertising of the candidate has been previous of candidacy a regular advertiser, and law makes the candidate who gives, as well as the publisher who solicits equally guilty.—Independence.

McNary's Break.

Many good citizens of Oregon are expressing great surprise at Senator McNary's astounding endorsement of Senator Johnson. We think there is little to be surprised at and that McNary is running true to form. Lack of stability is one of his leading characteristics. Those with good political memories will recollect that McNary voted against war prohibition a few months over two years ago, giving as his reason that "the president asked him to." Perhaps "Johnson asked him to" give him an endorsement. His attitude on the peace treaty was usually wobbly and half his constituency never knew whether he was "on again or off again."

Some of his apologists say that he is merely paying back a debt, that Johnson and some of the other western senators, endorsed him when he was running two years ago, and that he "doesn't want to appear as an ingrate." Personally, we think it much better to appear as an ingrate than to be put in a class with senator Johnson.

Others of McNary's friends excuse his queer conduct by saying that Johnson is a senator and McNary is a senator, and, as the fellow sat on the jury, "it is time for us senators to hang together."

McNary's own excuse is that Johnson is a "western man." Well, so is Tom Mooney and Bluebeard Watson and attorney VanDervee r, but it would not excuse anybody in supporting them for president merely on that account. The president of the United States represents far more than a degree of longitude. If the only argument McNary can think of is that Johnson is a Western man, he has damned him with faint praises. If a longitude argument has any merit, then we have a right to believe that the east would not vote for Johnson if he could be nominated, which he can't be.

Again, Mr. McNary's plea for a "western man" is a false plea on the face of it. His Johnson statement came to this office in typewriting from from Portland the day the Hoover announcement of withdrawal was made. Evidently, it must have been sent to the Johnson managers from Washington by letter. Even had it come by telegraph, it is quite evident that it was made before it was known that Hoover was to withdraw, and Hoover is "a western man" and Charles McNary used to play one o'eat with him in the streets of Salem. "A Western Man!" Bosh! Also Hypocrisy!

Verily, Mr. McNary may have paid off his senatorial indebtedness, but to do so he heavily mortgaged the respect and esteem of thousands of hitherto friendly Oregon voters.—Gazette Times.

Administratrix' Notice to Creditors

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, has appointed the undersigned as Administratrix of the Estate of HENRY S. DAVIDSON, DECEASED, and any and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present same, properly verified, together with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned at her residence at Beaver, Oregon, or to T. H. GOYNE, Attorney-at-law, at his office in Tillamook City, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this May 20, A. D., 1920.
ELIZABETH DAVIDSON,
Administratrix of the Estate of Henry S. Davidson, Deceased.

Administratrix' Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Vine Dwight, has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of W. G. Dwight, deceased, late of Tillamook County, Oregon, and has qualified as such administratrix. Notice is further given that all persons having claims against said estate must present the same, duly verified, together with vouchers, to the undersigned, or to her attorneys, Johnson & Handley, at Tillamook, Oregon, on or before six months from this date.

Dated April 29, 1920.
Vine Dwight,
Administratrix of the Estate of W. G. Dwight, deceased.

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Portland, Oregon, April 20th, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that Fred Eugene Munro, of Dolph, Oregon, who, on June 19th, 1915, made homestead entry No. 04536, for N.E. ¼, N.E. ¼, Section 34, Township 5 South, Range 9 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final 3 year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Clerk of the County Court for Tillamook County, Oregon, at Tillamook, Oregon, on the 8th day of June, 1920.

Claimant names as witnesses: G. T. Baxter, of Dolph, Oregon; Clarence Cornell, of Dolph, Oregon; Walter Sedor, of Dolph, Oregon; A. Stem, of Dolph, Oregon.
Proof made under the Act of June 11, 1906.
Alexander Sweek, Register.

Announcing Our New Vulcanizing Department.

FOR the past several weeks we have been searching for a Vulcanizer far above the average. In this we finally have been rewarded and now have with us Mr. Robert S. Coleman, who has been in the vulcanizing business for twelve years and who had charge of one of the most complete shops in Portland at the time we secured his services.

In keeping with his high quality workmanship we have installed a complete and up-to-the-minute Vulcanizing Department in the Sunset Garage and are now prepared to give you tire service such as Tillamook has never known.

This vulcanizing service along with the Standard lines of tires which we are handling enables us to give you tire service that means Genuine Economy and incidentally the necessity of getting every dollar's worth of wear out of your tires will probably never be reater than it is this year, due to the high price of tires and unquestioned shortage of fabric for first class tire construction.

You Profit by Letting Us Serve You.
SUNSET GARAGE.

Buy All Your Clothing Needs Here.

DRY GOODS--CLOTHING--SHOES!
Everything Ready to Wear!
For Men, Women and Children.

Splendid Varieties! Ample Stocks!
At Prices All Can Afford.
Outfit the Whole Family Here in New Attire.



We Serve You Better--Save You Money.

Sir Auckland Geddes says: "It is essential that there be respect and sympathy and understanding between the British Empire and America." The way to bring that about is for each nation to attend to its own business and not try to put anything over on the other.

If the money that was wasted in cost plus contracts and in other ways during the war were now in the United States Treasury the matter of paying a bonus to soldiers of the World War would not constitute so perplexing a problem. As it is, the problem of how to pay the proposed bonus and at same time escape national bankruptcy or a financial panic is not so easy as it looks.

Much of the trouble we are now in as a nation is due to the fact that during the war the administration spent so much money it didn't have for things it didn't get.