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Leaves Tillamook Hotel

Daily at 2.30 P.M.

Fare \$5.50. Round Trip \$10.00.

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TILLAMOOK CITY, OREGON.

NOTICE.

Have sold my interest in the Tillamook Transfer Co. and have bought into the City Transfer Co., and all of the old customers who wish me to do their work will find me on the Job.

Prices Right.

H. BROOKS.

Letters to the L.

At the Public Library.

To the Editor.

Though, like Charles Lamb, "I books I read I like to buy," in the stern vagaries fate a poor book-lover me decreed; hence, soon after coming to Tillamook, I began visiting the public library. First I went hoping to get Strachey's Eminent Victorians. Then I went wishing but hardly hoping to find Mr. H. Fessenden's Memoir of Samuel Butler. Again I wanted The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer by Palmer, which I have long meant to read when I could buy it. I do believe, with Mr. A. Edward Newton, that most of us, like Dr. Johnson, "love the biographical part of literature best." (Isn't that what we are beguiled by in fiction and the movies? The real thing is not much harder to get.) I have especially wanted to read the Life of Mrs. Palmer since hearing her husband read some of the poems he loves. (I can hear him yet:

"She will not give me heaven? 'Tis well! Those who win heaven, blest are they!"

It takes a poet to understand a woman, in so far as a man can, even tho' he be merely one who vibrates to another's music. Remember Barrie's Cinderella's policeman?

I did not find any of these books but in looking for them, I did find so many splendid things, Abraham Lincoln by Nicolay and Hay, and the Harvard Classics, among a number of other sets of books of the first rate. I found Miss Alice Brown's Children of Earth. I love to read plays, sometimes better than to see them. I wish I could have found Drinkwater's Abraham Lincoln. One evening I brought home Mary E. Dares', Poems Every Child Should Know, it made me cry too much to speak, and read them aloud, those that I wish I could buy about a dozen copies to give away.

I skipped through Constance Mackay's How to Produce Children's Plays and wondered if our teachers use it. It's really fine. The chief thing I got from it was a reminder of Keat's beautiful little play The Land of Heart's Desire. When I read it several years ago, I imagined I fit it as Keats did On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer. Nothing ever seemed more poignantly beautiful to me. I still hear the refrain.

"I sing of a land where the old are fair And even the wise are merry of tongue!"

I wish I had time now to read, Roosevelt the Citizen, by Rills, Meredith's, Celt and Saxson, The Future of the American Negro, and The Log of a Timbercruiser. And there is Peppy's Diary, as large an abridgement of it as most of us will have the patience to read. Stevenson used Mr. Mynors Bright's abridged edition of "six huge and distressingly expensive volumes" and, like a true student and "liberal genius to all studies" wished for the complete Diary. He says, "to be quite in sympathy with Peppy, we must return once more to the experience of children. I can remember to have written, in the fly leaf of more than one book, the date and the place where I then was—if, for instance, I was ill in bed or sitting in a certain garden; these were jottings for my future self; if I should chance on such a note in after years, I thought it would cause me a particular thrill to recognise myself across the intervening distance. Indeed, I might come upon them now, and not be moved one tittle—which shows that I have comparatively failed in life, and grown older than Samuel Peppy's. He continues, after citing similar instances in the Diary, "the man, you will perceive, was making reminiscences—here then, we have the key to that remarkable attitude preserved by him throughout his Diary, to that unimpaired, sincerity which makes it a mirror among human books, shedding a unique light upon the lives of the mass of mankind."

Of course The Education of Henry Adams, an autobiography, in its beautiful blue and gold cover caught my eye at once. It is one of my own dearest volumes; in the hope of finding some of my mental kin I asked the librarian if she could tell me who had had it out. She said she had been there five months and she had not known of its being taken out; As I dip into it, now a haphazard I feel: "The boy Henry wanted to go to Europe; he seemed well behaved, when anyone was looking at him; he observed conventions, when could escape them; he was never quarrelsome, towards a superior; his morals were apparently good, and his moral principles, if he had any, were not known to be bad. Above all, he was timid and showed a certain sense of self-respect, when in public view, what he was at heart, no one could say; least of all himself; but he was probably human and no worse than some others." How I should enjoy reading dozens of interesting passages with someone who liked them. Henry Adams is known preeminently as a historian, one of a family of great American statesmen. His chief and lifelong study he has expressed in Mont Saint Michel and Chartres, A Study of Thirteenth Century Unity and in his autobiography, a study of Twentieth Century Multiplicity. Significantly, he could never finish it, for "just when he was ready to hang the crowning garland on the brow of a completed education, science itself warned him to begin it again from the beginning." But he never tired of his search for that "point that would give him a far look ahead", for he says, after the loss of his dear friend Clarence King has made him know he is nearing the end, "the affection of readiness

stage role, and staid resources, though the way it has been exulting to go with him a trail across the darkness of education." Living thing and we do like others "make of it all."

For something of Trollope's Samuel Butler's The Way of Zenobia, I find this: "Edward," said my father severely, "we must judge so much by what they do, as what they make us feel that they have it in them to do. If a man is done enough either in painting, music, or the affairs of life, to make me feel that I might trust him in an emergency he has done enough. If he has made me feel that he felt those things to be loveable which I hold loveable myself I ask no more; his grammar may have been imperfect, but still I have understood him. Talk of his successful son! He is not fit to black his father's boots. He has his thousand pounds a year, while his father had perhaps three thousand shillings a year towards the end of his life. He is a successful man, but his father, hobbling about Palsham Street, in his grey worsted stockings, broad-brimmed hat and swallow-tailed coat was worth a hundred of George Pontifexes, for all his carriages and horses and the airs he gives himself." Right here I would close this volume and put it back on the shelf, if I could go buy one of my own. As things are, I take it home, with great anticipations.

I am certainly pleased to find such a splendid library here. The last village library I had to depend upon spent their money chiefly on current fiction. I have seen many fine things here which I have not taken time to mention, beautifully bound sets of the works of a number of writers that I love, and of course I haven't found all the good things yet.

A new comer.

A Mere Man's View.

"Clothes do not make the man," according to an old adage, but they go a long way toward making the woman is the opinion of a former Hartford boy, now in the city, who has been chagrined—if not shocked by the modern tendency in feminine dress. He deprecates the feminine boycott of dry goods, and clings to the old ideas in woman's dress that were in vogue when he was a boy on the old farm near Hartford. He is not alone in the view that scantiness of attire does not add to woman's charm, and he has dressed his views up in verse with a request that the Day Spring publish them. His rhythm may not be perfect, but he expresses a thought that is not amiss:

Ode to the Girl.
(By One of the Boys.)

Little girl, you are so small,
Don't you wear no clothes at all?
Don't you wear no shimmy shirt?
Don't you wear no "petti" skirt?
Just your corsets and your hose—
Are those all your underclothes?
Little girl, you look so slight
When I see you in the light.
With your skirts cut rather high
Won't you catch a cold and die?
Aren't you 'fraid to show your calf?
It must make the fellows laugh!

Little girl, what is the cause?
Why your clothes all made of gauze?
Don't you wear no undervest?
When you go out fully dressed?
Do you like those peek-a-boos,
Stead of normal underclothes?
Little girl, your splendors show
When the sunshine plays just so.
I can see your tinted flesh
Through your thinnest gown of mesh
Is it modest, do you s'pose,
Not to wear no underclothes?
I can see way past your throat
To a region most remote;
'Taint my fault, now, don't suppose,
Why not wear some underclothes?
Little girl, your socks have shoals
Of those tiny little holes;
Why you want to show your limb
I do not know; is it a whim?
Do you want to catch the eye
Of each fellow passing by?
Little girl, where is the charm
In your long, uncovered arm?
And the "V" behind your neck—
Is it for the birds to peck?
Little girl, I tell you those
Are not as nice as underclothes.

Little girl, now listen here:
You would be just twice as dear
If you'd cover up your charms—
Neck, back, legs and both your arms.
I would take you to some shows
If you'd wear some underclothes;
But no lover—goodness knows—
Wants a girl "sans" underclothes.

Little girl, your mystery,
Loving charms and modesty
Are what make us fellows keen
To possess a little queen.

S'pose I wore some harem pants,
Or no shirt like all my aunts,
Or a ringlet through my nose—
They'd arrest me, don't you s'pose?

I must wear a coat of mail,
Clothed from head to big toe nail;
I must cover up my form,
Even when the weather's warm.
—Hartford (Mich.) Day Spring.

The President wrote a letter to the Kansas Democratic state convention declaring that the issue of the campaign was whether or not the United States would fulfill its "solemn obligations" to "mankind." A more immediate question is whether it isn't a "solemn" obligation of the United States government to fulfill the promises made during the Liberty Loan campaigns by keeping the government's first 4% Liberty bonds at a higher price than \$5 cents. When we get that little thing done maybe we can give a little more of our time to looking after the interests of the rest of humanity.

Coaxing You to Smile.

It was Pat's first attendance at a meeting. When the chairman announced as the result of a vote that there were forty-two noses and twenty-one eyes, Pat began to fidget in his seat and then got up and started for the platform.

"Sit down, there!" yelled the chairman.

"No, begorra," said Pat, "not until I look this audience in the face. I want to see them humans what has more noses than eyes."

"Now, how do you suppose Noah spent the time in the ark during the flood?" the Sunday School teacher asked.

"Prayin'," suggested Willie.

"Fishin'," ventured Dick.

"Humph," grunted Willie contemptuously. "Two would be fine fishing wid only two worms, wouldn't it?"

Teacher: "Donald, why are you scratching your head?"

Small Donald: "Cause I'm the only one that knows where it itches."

"What is an apostle?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

A pause, and then a solitary hand went up.

"I know, teacher."

"Well, my dear?"

"The wife of an apostle."

Teacher—"You have named all the domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, is grimy, likes dirt, and is fond of mud. Well, Tom?"

Tom—(shamefacedly)—"That's me."

Saying Good-By.

A writer describes the different methods by which various nations say "good-by":

The Turk will solemnly cross his hands upon his breast and make a profound obeisance when he bids you farewell.

The genial Jap will take his slipper off as you depart, and say with a smile: "You are going to leave my despicable house in your honorable journeying. I regard thee!"

The German "Lebe wohl!" is particularly sympathetic in its sound, but it is less embracing than the Hindu's performance who, when you go from him, falls in the dust at your feet.

In the Philippines the departing benediction is bestowed in the form of rubbing one's friend's face with one's hand.

The Fiji Islanders cross two red feathers. The natives of New Guinea exchange chocolate. The Burmese bend low and say, "Hib, hib!"

The Cuban would consider his good-by anything but a cordial one unless he was given a cigar. The South Sea Islanders rattle each other's whale-teeth necklaces.

The Sioux and the Blackfoot will at parting dig their spears in the earth as sign of confidence and esteem. This is the origin of the term, "Burying the tomahawk."

The Russian form a parting salutation is brief, consisting of the single word "Praschai," said to sound like a sneeze. The Orahite Islander will twist the end of the departing guest's robe and then solemnly shake his own hands three times.—Selected.

I'm The Farmer's Friend.

If all that I was intended for
Was just to bale up hay or straw,
I guess I'd get along as well,
But then this tale I'd never tell.
I once embraced a bale of hay
And how the shaft of the one horse shay
Or where the farmer, through mischance,
Has burst a button off his pants;
You'll find me there when duty calls
Where the bucke was on his overalls.
I'm often used to patch his fence,
So old muley cug cannot wander hence.
The farmer has twisted me on his door,
To keep it from sagging to the floor;
Then out upon the old plowshare
I replace the bolts no longer there;
You'll hardly find a rein or trace
That's old, wherein I have no place.
I'm twisted in the young pig's snout
So he no longer loves to root;
I've braced up wobbly kitchen chairs,
And spread apart the feet of hares
The farmer skinned when short of meat;
I've even laced the shoes on his feet.
On the old washtub I'm a nifty handle;
I'm ready to hold the camper's candle;
When the handle splits on ax or pick,
I'm wound around it pretty quick;
Or I couple the break in the telephone line.
So you'll agree it's mighty fine
That though my job's long since done
My usefulness has just begun,
And it seems that farmers will never tire
Of finding new uses for old hay wire.
—Popular Mechanics.

Open-Air Service and Picnic of the Reformed Congregational Church

The members of the Ref. Congl. church will go to the Alfred Zwald ranch on Sunday to attend the open air service and picnic.

The service will commence at 11 o'clock. All of our friends are heartily invited to come. As it is a grand place right amidst the mountains we sure will have a joyous time under the blue sky. In case it would rain a place of shelter will be provided there.

Rev. Richard Schuetze.

William Randolph Hearst continues to talk more loudly than anybody else about saving paper and be more active than anybody else in wasting. He would be the ideal man to carry out a Democratic national platform.

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