

Ride on Goodyear Tires in That Sturdy Small Car of Yours



It surprises certain users of small cars to find that they can obtain Goodyear Tires at a first cost ordinarily not greater, and sometimes less, than that of other tires.

This initial value, as well as the very low final cost, results from the application of Goodyear experience and care to their manufacture in the world's largest tire factory devoted to 30x3, 30 x 3 1/2- and 31 x 4-inch sizes.

Such facts explain why more cars, using these sizes, were factory-equipped last year with Goodyear Tires than with any other kind.

If you drive a Ford, Chevrolet, Maxwell, or Dort take advantage of the opportunity to enjoy real Goodyear value and economy; equip your car with Goodyear Tires and Heavy Tourist Tubes at the nearest Service Station.

30x3 1/2 Goodyear Double-Cure Fabric, All-Weather Tread . . . \$23.50
30x3 1/2 Goodyear Single-Cure Fabric, Anti-Skid Tread . . . \$21.50
Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes cost no more than the price you are asked to pay for tubes of less merit—why risk costly casings when such sure protection is available?
30x3 1/2 size in waterproof bag. \$4.50



Goodyear Service Station for Tillamook City is at the **STAR GARAGE** TIRES, TUBES AND ASSESSORIES. We Give Goodyear Service. C. F. PANKOW, Proprietor.

Notice of Final Account

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has filed his final account as administrator of the Estate of William H. Perry, deceased, in the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, and that said Court has appointed Monday, August 2nd, 1920, at the Court House in Tillamook, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. as the time and place for filing objections to said account, and the settlement thereof.

thence east to the place of beginning, containing six acres; also the north half of the northwest quarter of section thirty-four, all in township two South of range nine West, and containing 206 acres.

Citation

the County Court of the State of Oregon for Tillamook County, in the Matter of the Estate of B. J. deceased.

Homer Mason, Clerk of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County.

Administrator's Notice to Creditors

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, D. A. Browne, by an order of the County Court for Tillamook County, Oregon, has been duly appointed executor of the estate of Thomas P. Browne, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, D. A. Browne, by an order of the County Court for Tillamook County, Oregon, has been duly appointed executor of the estate of Thomas P. Browne, deceased.

Notice to Water Consumers

Sprinkling will be permitted free of charge under the following conditions: from 5 p. m. until 9 p. m. each day all east of 2nd Ave sprinkling on Monday, Wednesday and Friday; all west of 2nd Ave E. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

By order of Tillamook Water Commission, June 14, 1920. By E. D. Hoag, Supt.

WINCHESTER



Use A Flashlight About the House

KEEP A WINCHESTER Flashlight in the kitchen to flash into the pantry shelves, the oven or the ice-box. Have it ready to light the way to the cellar, or down the back-door steps. Always have a WINCHESTER Flashlight in the bedroom. Use it in the clothes closet—keep it beside the bed at night.

King-Crenshaw Hardware Co. THE WINCHESTER STORE

ROBERTS GENERAL TRANSFER

Just Starting in Business.

Your patronage will be highly appreciated. Prompt Attention to all Orders. Tempory Phone Wagoner's Cigar Store. Both Phones.

What the Editors Say

Mr. Bryan says his "heart is in the cause, and it will require time for it to come back to him." In our view Bryan cannot consistently support the democratic ticket, in view of what he has said of the candidate in the past. Here is one of his utterances: "The candidacy of Governor Cox is an insult to the 15,000,000 women voters of this country."

Cement roads built by the State Highway Commission in California are going to pieces rapidly. They were not heavy enough to stand the strain of modern traffic. Coating them with thin coats were through quickly and the cement disintegrated under the strain of traffic and weather.

Characteristic strong-arm methods of some democrats were in evidence even at the party's convention, where only friends are supposed to be met. Permanent chairman Robinson, who at other times wears as a symbol of his dignity the toga of a United States senator, wanted entry tickets to the convention. He made his demands known and was requested sign a receipt for the card-boards.

We have discovered why it costs so much to provide school children with arithmetics. Only a few years ago the arithmetics had problems in which potatoes were figured at as low as 50 cents the bushel, flour at \$2 the 100-pound sack, beefsteak at 10 cents the pound and other foods at like obsolete prices.

There is sound logic in the position of the Republican state committee announced at its meeting last week that carrying a state for Harding and Standfield are of equal importance.

Is the League of Nations dead? The Daily Express of London has said so. America having failed to underwrite the Wilson contract to prevent all the remotest nations of the earth from fighting each other over boundary lines, or what not, Great Britain declines.

Under the crux of all the League, Clause 10, it comes to this: that the coffer and forces of the British Empire must be engaged to the hilt to maintain a constitutional bill of government in Liberia or to secure some nascent kingdom of Vanitaria from the aggression of Britannia.

Exactly. That is the way we looked at it, and the more we looked the more we didn't like it.

But in the Express's view of the Anglo-American guarantee of French integrity there is room for reconsideration. According to the Express, America's failure to accept the engagement kills it for Great Britain also.

"My young friend, do you want to know what is the matter with you?" asks Deacon Walker. "Well, I will tell you. You are an eight-hour-a-day man. You imagine that the greatest wrong that can come to a person is to have to work over eight hours a day on any job."

But that lesson, we take it, has been learned once and for all in British, and, treaty or no treaty, Britain will never sit by and see France made an outpost for German assault upon England herself.

But that lesson, we take it, has been learned once and for all in British, and, treaty or no treaty, Britain will never sit by and see France made an outpost for German assault upon England herself.

Rebuke of Unreasonable Women. Senator Harding's statement should put to silence those incorrigible and unreasonable women agitators who attempt to coerce the republican party to force ratification of the suffrage amendment by those of the states which have not yet acted.

What's this near beer, that they sell now, like? "Well, it's just like having your girl throw you a kiss. The sentiment is all right, but you don't get any real thrill."

Senator Harding's statement should put to silence those incorrigible and unreasonable women agitators who attempt to coerce the republican party to force ratification of the suffrage amendment by those of the states which have not yet acted.

Coaxing You to Smile.

An heiress is always suspicious of a man who declares he can't live without her.

"You've made a mistake in your paper," said an indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum of a sporting journal. "I was one of the competitors at an athletic match yesterday and you have called me the 'well-known lightweight champion.'"

Getting Down to Facts. Father: "How many people work in your office?" Son (Government employee): "Oh, about half!"

The Difference. "What's this near beer, that they sell now, like?" "Well, it's just like having your girl throw you a kiss. The sentiment is all right, but you don't get any real thrill."

As widow Waitis bent industriously over her wash tub she was treated to polite conversation by a male friend, who presently turned the conversation to matrimony, finally winding up with a proposal of marriage.

Are ye sure ye love me?" sighed the dusky widow, as she paused in her wringing.

The man vowed he did. For a few minutes there was silence, as the widow continued her work. Then suddenly she raised her head and asked: "What's the matter, have ye lost yer job?"

Some time since a business man advertised for an office boy, and it wasn't long before an ambitious youngster of the red-headed type was applying for the place.

"Say, mister," finally remarked the boy after several minutes of close questioning, "what kind of a boy do you want anyhow?"

"I want a nice quiet boy," answered the man, "who doesn't smoke, use bad language, whistle around the office, play tricks, get into mischief."

"You don't want a boy, mister," broke in the youngster, starting for the door. "What you want is a girl."

The famous Lady R. A. was seriously ill—nervous trouble, the doctor said, and advised a nurse. But the old servant who had been in the family for years, insisted on taking on the duties.

She bored the doctor by enlarging on the circumstances responsible for the attack. When the doctor could get a word in, he asked: "Has your mistress exhibited any signs of hysteria lately?"

"Oh, no, sir!" was the unexpected reply. "She's never done any of them. They was all water cures, all of 'em, and real beauties, too!"

A Glasgow minister on visiting one of his "poor" parishioners, a mission worker, was startled to find she had invested in a new piano which had cost her 40 pounds.

While contemplating the new purchase the woman informed the minister that it was bought "to go one better than her neighbor over the stair, who had paid only 39 pounds for hers."

"But," remonstrated the clergyman, "can any of your household play the piano?"

"Oh, no," replied the woman cheerfully, "but there's a young fellow coming in tonight to show us how it goes."

A young fellow who was the crack sprinter of his town—somewhere in the South—was unfortunately enough to have a very dilatory landlady.

One evening, when he was out for a practice run in his rather airy and abbreviated track costume, he chanced to dash past the house of that dusky lady, who at the time was a couple of weeks in arrears with his washing.

He had scarcely reached home again when the bell rang furiously and an excited voice was wafted in from the porch:

"Foh de Lawd's sake, won't you all tell Mars Bob please not to go out no more till I kin git his clothes round to him?"

Queen's Bouquet. Queen Mary sent a beautiful bouquet that had been presented to her to a soldiers' hospital. To show their appreciation the inmates commissioned one of their number to stand at the hospital gate the following morning, holding the gift, when the Queen passed. He did so—with rather unexpected results.

Queen Mary, seated in her car, saw the soldier standing there, bouquet in hand, and assuming that he wished to present it to her, she reached out and took it. After she had thanked him her car passed on.

Coaxing You to Smile.

An heiress is always suspicious of a man who declares he can't live without her.

"You've made a mistake in your paper," said an indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum of a sporting journal. "I was one of the competitors at an athletic match yesterday and you have called me the 'well-known lightweight champion.'"

Getting Down to Facts. Father: "How many people work in your office?" Son (Government employee): "Oh, about half!"

The Difference. "What's this near beer, that they sell now, like?" "Well, it's just like having your girl throw you a kiss. The sentiment is all right, but you don't get any real thrill."

As widow Waitis bent industriously over her wash tub she was treated to polite conversation by a male friend, who presently turned the conversation to matrimony, finally winding up with a proposal of marriage.

Are ye sure ye love me?" sighed the dusky widow, as she paused in her wringing.

The man vowed he did. For a few minutes there was silence, as the widow continued her work. Then suddenly she raised her head and asked: "What's the matter, have ye lost yer job?"

Some time since a business man advertised for an office boy, and it wasn't long before an ambitious youngster of the red-headed type was applying for the place.

"Say, mister," finally remarked the boy after several minutes of close questioning, "what kind of a boy do you want anyhow?"

"I want a nice quiet boy," answered the man, "who doesn't smoke, use bad language, whistle around the office, play tricks, get into mischief."

"You don't want a boy, mister," broke in the youngster, starting for the door. "What you want is a girl."

The famous Lady R. A. was seriously ill—nervous trouble, the doctor said, and advised a nurse. But the old servant who had been in the family for years, insisted on taking on the duties.

She bored the doctor by enlarging on the circumstances responsible for the attack. When the doctor could get a word in, he asked: "Has your mistress exhibited any signs of hysteria lately?"

"Oh, no, sir!" was the unexpected reply. "She's never done any of them. They was all water cures, all of 'em, and real beauties, too!"

A Glasgow minister on visiting one of his "poor" parishioners, a mission worker, was startled to find she had invested in a new piano which had cost her 40 pounds.

While contemplating the new purchase the woman informed the minister that it was bought "to go one better than her neighbor over the stair, who had paid only 39 pounds for hers."

"But," remonstrated the clergyman, "can any of your household play the piano?"

"Oh, no," replied the woman cheerfully, "but there's a young fellow coming in tonight to show us how it goes."

A young fellow who was the crack sprinter of his town—somewhere in the South—was unfortunately enough to have a very dilatory landlady.

One evening, when he was out for a practice run in his rather airy and abbreviated track costume, he chanced to dash past the house of that dusky lady, who at the time was a couple of weeks in arrears with his washing.

He had scarcely reached home again when the bell rang furiously and an excited voice was wafted in from the porch:

"Foh de Lawd's sake, won't you all tell Mars Bob please not to go out no more till I kin git his clothes round to him?"

Queen's Bouquet. Queen Mary sent a beautiful bouquet that had been presented to her to a soldiers' hospital. To show their appreciation the inmates commissioned one of their number to stand at the hospital gate the following morning, holding the gift, when the Queen passed. He did so—with rather unexpected results.

Queen Mary, seated in her car, saw the soldier standing there, bouquet in hand, and assuming that he wished to present it to her, she reached out and took it. After she had thanked him her car passed on.