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Were it not for the assistance the Department of the Interior has rendered, our wonderful irrigation systems, waterworks and similar projects could never have been developed. Progress such as this is vital to all of us. This phase of our government's endeavors to further prosperity is graphically told in the fifth of the series of articles which we issue each month.

To receive this story and the ones previously published send us your name and address. There's no cost to you—nor are you placing yourself under any obligation.

Tillamook County Bank

Uncle Walt's Story

SECOND HAND

"YOU have the general appearance of a man who is hunting for trouble," volunteered the low-browed man.

"I am greatly annoyed," replied the professor. "I bought a second-hand typewriter, thinking I was getting a bargain, and it is a constant aggravation."

"A man always thinks he's getting a bargain when he bargains himself for second-hand goods. Old Doolittle thought he was getting rich quick when he bought a surrey for \$17. The man who sold it said it was as good as new, and it broke his heart to part with it, but he had to go to Florida for his health and needed the money. Most of the great bargains are offered by people who have to go somewhere, for their health, and they're wise in doing that, for if they stayed around the neighborhood where they sold the junk, they'd have their heads punched."

"Doolittle was so proud and happy over his bargain that it would have made you feel ten years younger just to look at him. He hitched up his family steed, which is named January, and then invited Aunt Julia and Mrs. Spry to take a buggy ride. He and his wife sat in the front seat, and the invited guests took the rear one, and all went as merry as a divorce bell for about a block.

"Then one of the hind wheels came off, and the surrey keeled over and dumped my aunt and Mrs. Spry onto a pile of gravel that had been left on the street by a cement contractor. He had put a red lantern on top of the pile as a danger signal to motorists. I think the fall must have unsettled Aunt Julia's faculties for the time being, for she grabbed up the lantern and broke it over Mrs. Spry's head. Mrs. Spry has her faults and fallings like other people, but she is dead game, and the way she went for Aunt Julia was the prettiest thing I ever saw. I was sitting on our front porch where I could see the doings, and I don't know when I ever enjoyed myself so much.

"Unless you have seen a couple of refined and cultured ladies clawing each other around on a pile of gravel, you don't know what true sport is. Mrs. Spry showed some fine ring generalship, but my aunt had the best wind and she finally won out and came home victorious. And thus through camp and court she bore the trophies of a conqueror," as the poet says, but there was no pleasure in living in the same house with her for a week or two. As soon as she cooled down she was sorry and ashamed, and would have given a million dollars if the row had never started.

"Women are so blamed queer I've given up trying to understand them. When I get the best of a shindy I feel all swelled up for quite a while. I don't have any remorse unless I get the worst of it, and that doesn't often happen, for I am a pretty handy man. When I put a copula on Tensmith's head last February I was so cheery for a month that everybody noticed it, and thought I must have been appointed postmaster.

"Well, after the women fell out of the rear seat of the surrey, old January ran away, and it was amusing to see that rig go bumping along the street on three wheels, with Doolittle hanging onto the dashboard and his wife waving her umbrella and yelling 'Fire!' January couldn't go very fast, being covered with ringbones and spavins and other blemishes, but he managed to knock several people down and do a lot of damage to property, and the old man had to pay out nearly \$200 to avoid some damage suits.

"The one thing that keeps him from despair is a rumor that the man who sold him the surrey is coming back here to live. Doolittle will be at the depot to meet him, and it will be worth \$5 to have a ringside seat when the meeting occurs."

Opinions.
 "What is your opinion of the tariff?"

"It's a great question," replied Senator Sorghum, "on which I do not permit myself personal views. My public opinions are regulated largely by the lines of business in which my most influential constituents happen to be engaged."

Many Unclaimed Accounts in Banks.
 New York.—There are 25,000 unclaimed accounts in savings banks, trust companies and private banks in New York state, accounts which have lain dormant for from five to thirty years. They range from \$5 to tens of thousands of dollars.

Slow.
 "He seems a little slow."
 "Who?"
 "The fellow who will be claiming to have gone to school with Harding. So far he hasn't announced himself."

Jersey Breeders to Meet
 There will be a meeting of the Jersey Club at Fairview Hill on Tuesday, May 17th.

It is requested that every member present to help complete arrangements for the Jersey Jubilee. A letter from the State Secretary has been received saying many out of state visitors are expected to attend the Jubilee.

ROSE CRAWFORD, Secy.

HAS FAITH IN HIS "CURE"

Only Patient Who Tried Snake Bile for Leprosy Died, but Doctor Holds to His Theory.

In practicing medicine for the benefit of the natives I worked out one theory in regard to leprosy, which is a fairly common ailment in the Archipelago. I asked myself why, since a snake sheds its skin, a man who is afflicted with disease should not be able to do the same thing.

In Singapore there was a rich Chinese leper, known as Ong Si Chew, who asked me repeatedly why I did not bring him some new remedy for his disease. Since he had a large household of servants who took care of him, and his own carriages and rickshaws when he traveled, he was allowed to live untroubled by the authorities; but he was very unhappy, because he had tried all the remedies of the native doctors and was steadily growing worse.

At last I told him that I had something that might help. He asked me what it was, but I would not tell him. When he insisted, I answered, "Snake-bile."

"U-la!" he exclaimed, waving his arms in the air.

Then I explained my theory. The ability of a snake to shed his skin might be transferred to a human being if he ate snake-bile; and if so, the person would be able to shed his leprosy. Ong Si Chew did not care for the idea at all, but I told him it was worth trying and I argued that a snake is much cleaner than an eel.

At last he consented, and I furnished him with a number of small pythons, with the instructions that they were to be killed and cleaned immediately before they were eaten. He was to eat them raw with his rice.

I left Singapore soon after that, and when I returned I found that Ong Si Chew had died. People thought it was a great joke on me because my patient had not survived the treatment, but I am far from being convinced that the cure will not work—or, at least, help to throw off leprosy. Ong Si Chew was in the last stages of the disease, and his case was not a fair test.—Charles Mayer, in Asia Magazine.

Folly Remembered Cyclone.
 A parrot, named Polly Langston, died recently at the age of fifty-three.

A native of Missouri, Polly was a feathered prodigy whose remarkable talents included many vocal and linguistic accomplishments. She could sing and talk in English as well as Spanish, her mother tongue; pray and sing several of the old familiar hymns, which she had picked up at church and social gatherings, besides having a wide repertoire of conversational "small talk." At one time, when the circus came to her local town, and Polly had poured forth her sage salutations to the passing paraders, the attention of the late P. T. Barnum was attracted to her and a large cash offer was made for her, but her owner could not be induced to part with her. She remembered to her passing hour an event of her early life when a cyclone wrecked the town and brought death to scores of the inhabitants. Polly survived by a miracle, but for more than 40 years afterwards whenever the dark clouds gathered she became so frantic with fear that it was necessary to put her where she would escape the lightning's flash and the roar of thunder.

To Weigh and Measure Children.
 To establish a standard table of the heights and weights of children a conference of representatives of the United States bureau of the United States bureau of education, the United States public health service and various educational and private organizations working for the betterment of children has just been held in New York city. At the present time various tables of measurement are in use by the different organizations engaged in weighing and measuring children. The results of the tests are not comparable; also considerable confusion has arisen because of apparent differences in the standards of normal development as given out by the various organizations.

A complete standard table will be prepared by a committee, and all future weighing and measuring of children can then be in accordance with their uniform table. The findings of the tests will be comparable and much greater use can be made of the facts revealed.

Falling Manna.
 Nobody had ever seen the laziest man in the Texas oil fields do a stroke of work, yet he already had a few deep holes bored in his land and was confidently predicting that some day he would strike oil.

"How d'ye do it, Bill?" asked a neighbor. "Ye sit around yer pi-azzy all day and next mornin' ye got a new hole as deep as any of us?"

"It's by the grace of God and the Wright brothers," the laziest man confided. "The air passenger route to Mexico passes right over my place and pretty near every day they throw a bum of the aerial express."—American Legion Weekly.

Egg Made Monster Omelet.
 An ostrich's egg from the New York zoological garden has sufficed for an omelet for 30 people. The food value and flavor are about the same as those of the egg of the domestic hen. The ostrich egg has less protein and more fat than meat, and its useful constituents include iron and phosphorus.

The Road to Happiness
 You must keep well if you wish to be happy. When constipated take one or two of Chamberlain's Tablets immediately after supper. They cause a gentle movement of the bowels.

Headlight Classified ads bring quick results.

PURSUED BY GHOSTLY SHIP

Tradition of Modern Flying Dutchman That Massachusetts Fishermen Firmly Believe In.

The burial of John Winters, recalled to old-time fishermen a tradition of a modern Flying Dutchman with its ghostly crew that was believed to roam the seas in pursuit of a ship that had sent them to the bottom, relates a correspondent from Gloucester. Winters was the last survivor of the crew of the Gloucester schooner, Charles Haskell, which in a storm in March, 1832, ran down and sank a Salem schooner and its entire crew on Georges fishing banks. He died at the Fisherman's King Harbor in his eighty-second year, repeating almost to the last the tale of the ghost ship supposed to have pursued the Haskell throughout its career as a fisherman.

Some off Eastern point, at the entrance of Gloucester harbor, Winters said, a schooner ran down the wind, boys along the Haskell, and its phantom crew climbed the rigging, declaring themselves the ghosts of the Salem fishermen.

Winters and others of the Haskell's crew refused to fish in the ship again and a new crew was taken on. These returned with a similar story of ghostly visitations at sea, took their damage bars and quit. Another and still a fourth crew were shipped, but each came to port with a renewal of the story of a ship shrouded in white and a specter crew, and the Haskell was hauled up, unable to get men. It finished its seagoing as a sand freighter, and the Salem ship was not heard of again.

BELL DACTING IN OLD JAPAN
 People Gather in Thousands to Witness Ceremony Which Has Deep Religious Significance.

The making of the bell in old Japan was accompanied by great and solemn rites, Marjorie Latta Barstow writes in Asia. For months, sometimes for years, the community had been contributing of its bronze and copper ornaments and precious possessions. For many days before the casting there were prayers to determine the auspicious moment at which to begin, and to put all spiritual beings and ministers of grace in a propitious mood. Pilgrims came from all the surrounding country, for the Japanese of long ago loved a pilgrimage as much as do their descendants today; and made of their act of piety an opportunity to enjoy a little festivity and see something of the great world.

On the appointed day, men gathered in their finest attire. Then the priests appeared in rich ecclesiastical brocades and the workmen in robes beautiful and sanctified. With prayer and ceremony the work reached its climax. The great molds were prepared and the flaming, molten mass, into which had gone so many precious things, was to them what the dedication of a cathedral was to the believers of the middle ages. Before their eyes and with their own co-operation, something intangible and divine assumed shape and tangibility. Many went away to become heroes in their villages because they had participated in the making of the great bell, which became more precious and mysterious as time went on, and they passed on to their children's children, even down to this day, the souvenirs of the occasion, inscribed with prayers by the presiding priests.

A Come-Back.
 "I wouldn't be a fool if I were you!" "That's the only sensible thing you've said during this discussion. If you were I you certainly wouldn't be a fool."

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