

HIS CITY NEPHEW

Reuben Somover, the sage of Singletree canyon, was in Tillamook last Saturday from his ranch, to see his sporty nephew off to Portland. The wagon was loaded with gun cases, ammunition boxes, decoy ducks, fishing tackle and other trumpery from the tail-gate to the spring seat.

As the youth bade the old man good-bye, and started for the depot after disposing of his outfit in an express wagon, Soonover said: "I'm mighty glad he's gone."

"Didn't you enjoy his visit," queried the reporter who had witnessed the not over cordial parting.

"There ain't none of us will say so," exclaimed the old man indignantly. "I never was so sick of anybody in my life, as that fool boy. He just stayed a week, but it seemed like a whole year. You ought to have heard him order us around. He called me 'Uncle Hayseed,' his aunt, 'Mother Lightfoot,' because she wore slippers on account of rheumatism in maple saplin' to him."

her feet, and he nick-named his cousin Ira, 'The simple rustic.'

"Such a time as we had with that feller. He pretended he thought our chickens was China pheasants, and kept the back stoop piled full of 'em. When me and his aunt remonstrated with him, he laughed at us, and said:

"I suppose you've heard what Penoyer said to Cleveland, hain't you?"

"I ast him what it was, and he said: 'You tend to your business, and I'll tend to mine.'

"Well, sir, I jist billed over and give him a lecture, but he put his hand up to his ear, and played deaf on me. He jabbed my pore old plow team with a three-tined pitchfork until they kicked the back end of the barn nearly off."

"One morning he got up, and before breakfast and shot and killed a fine Berkshire sow wuth \$25, claimin' he thought she was a grizzly bear. If he hadn't been my sister's youngest child, I believe I would have taken a good thick vine slippers on account of rheumatism in maple saplin' to him."

"I can't begin to tell half the devilment that feller did—and cheek—I never did see the beat of it!"

"He talkd through his nose to Brother Snooks, our preacher; he tried to get Miss Prim, the purty little school ma'am to v-lope with him. He objected to Ira eatin' with his knife, and pretended he was afraid Ira'd cut his mou th. Every time I'd start in to tell an antidote or anything, he'd say: 'Awful moidy, Uncle Hayseed, give us something up-to-date.'

"Actually, sometimes, I thought the boy was 'lackin' in the upper story,' as the sayin' is. Why, he'd the up a sack of cow feed to a rafter in the barn, strip down to his undershirt and britches, and maul that sack for half an hour at a time, 'till I thought he'd bust the sack. Me and his aunt watched him through a crack in the barn, till we was plumb disgusted and tired out. Jist a day or two before he left, he got Finny Flytime, a neighbor boy to put on the boxin' mittens with him, and the fust pass Finny made he knocked him flat, and when Finny

got up, he clinched, and I had to part 'em with a four-tined pitchfork."

"Well, he's gone, and he ain't got no invite to come back duck huntin' from none of us, neither. But, Gosh-all Hemlocks, he'll come, invite or no invite, if he happens to take a notion," concluded the old man, as he went up town to get some face-powder for the school ma'am."

War Waged Against Moles

The mole campaign is getting under way and to date 34 meetings have been held in Washington and Tillamook counties with a total attendance of 1071 people.

In Tillamook county \$200 has been secured to be offered as prizes to the school children catching the most moles. For the purpose of distributing the prizes the county has been divided into four districts and a first prize of \$25 in each district will be given to the boy or girl turning in the largest number of moles and gopher skins to the county agent's office in the ensuing year.

The second largest catch in each district will receive a \$15 and the third highest a \$10 prize. In addition to this the county agent is conducting a pool of the mole skins and will return to each youngster his share of the money received for the skins. The county is also paying a bounty of five cents on the moles and gophers, which will be received by the children in addition to the money received for the skins. Meetings are being held in every school district in the county for this campaign.

Charley J. Cater has just received the news that he has been awarded the contract for carrying the United States mail between the post office in this city and the Southern Pacific depot, his duties beginning January 6th, 1922.

Sawmills are starting up everywhere along the coast, and the non-employment spectre will soon be a thing of the past.

Born to Mrs. W. C. Bufam a daughter Jan. 4th 1922

HOLD WOMEN IN SUBJECTION

"Equal Rights" Theory Has No Standing Among Tribes of the African Slave Coast.

Woman is still the inferior sex in Africa. Man still makes her the beast of burden, the salable chattel, and treats her like an ignorant and recalcitrant child. With the Yorubas on the Slave coast, man's chief occupation seems to be to direct and impress women. Among other things, "to prove to the womenfolk that man rises and goes to heaven," says a University of Pennsylvania Museum bulletin, "a man, dressed in the shroud of the dead man, and with a wooden mask of the dead man's face upon him, is placed in a private room with the body. Then, when all the family is assembled in an adjoining room, some one strikes the ground three times with a stick, crying out "Father! Father! Father! answer me!" The "Egun," or man with the corpse, answers in a deep voice, and everybody claps hands and rejoices.

Even the male children are aware that it is the "Egun" who answers; but frail woman is supposed not to know. Woe betide her if she voices any doubts or unbelief about it! She gets a good beating. The "Egun" has developed in many localities of Yorubaland into a kind of boggy whose function it is to spirit away undesirable—busybodies, scolds, scandalmongers. The women are his special providence, although on occasion he will punish a man if that high-and-mighty member of society can ever be thought guilty of any punishable offense! An African woman who threatens an "Egun" with personal violence, or speaks evil of him, is punishable by nothing less than death.

WORLD LOVES PLEASANT MAN

Simple Rules by Which One May Attain Popularity, and Its Concomitant, Power.

- Learn to laugh; a good laugh is better than medicine.
- Learn how to tell a story; a good story, well told, is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.
- Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself; the world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.
- Learn to stop croaking; if you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.
- Learn to hide your aches and pains under pleasant smiles; no one cares to hear whether you have headaches, earaches, or rheumatism.
- Learn to meet your friends with a smile; a good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic is not wanted anywhere.
- Above all, give pleasure; lose no chance of giving pleasure.
- You will pass through this world but once.
- Any good thing, therefore, that you can do, or any kindness that you can show to any human being, you had better do it now; do not defer or neglect it.
- For you will not pass this way again.—*McClure's Family Herald.*

Flies Have Their Uses.

The next time you are worried by a flea, do not be impatient with it. It has its uses, remarks London Answers. Glasgow, which justly prides itself on its municipal efficiency, has lately discovered that even small insects may be utilized in the interests of empire. The filters at its sewage purification works become periodically choked with a gelatinous matter, the clearing away of which was very costly. The local authorities have now enlisted large numbers of insects of the flea tribe, and the results are remarkable. Each of these insects absorbs four pounds per week of this disturbing gelatin, and allows the sewage to be converted into water that possesses crystal clearness. Acharutes, as they are called, have hitherto been regarded merely as pests. It is fortunate that we have found some useful employment for them at last!

"In the Jug."

"In the jug" is an expression that has all the characteristics of slang but it was adopted into our own patois from that of the Scots. Jug, in this connection, doesn't mean a vessel, though it is tempting to trace the thought of someone being in jail to the term of "bottled up." The word itself is derived from the Scottish "joog," a kind of iron yoke or pillory for the head, which years ago was used in the punishment of rogues and criminals. When, years later, a round house of stone was set up in the market place for such offenders, this prison was popularly called "the stone jug." This particular building is supposed to have been the first prison ever constructed on British soil.

Civilization Four Thousand Years Ago.

Excavation at Knossos, Paeston, and other sites in Crete has not merely established the existence of a people whose form of civilization was the earliest in Europe, but has shown much about their daily life, games, amusements; their art, religion, writing—though hardly yet their language; their physical characteristics, dress, and the houses they lived in. A huge palace has been unearthed at Knossos. It has a drainage system that an eminent Italian archeologist has described as "absolutely English," and that certainly anticipates the hydraulic engineering of the Nineteenth century. The men of science engaged in the work estimate the age of their discoveries at 4000 years.

VALVE-IN-HEAD

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Effective January 1st, 1922

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- 22-Four-36 Three Passenger Coupe, 1295
- 22-Six-45 Five Passenger Touring, 1395
- 22-Four-37 Five Passenger Sedan . . 1395
- 22-Six-49 Seven Passenger Touring, 1585
- 22-Six-46 Three Passenger Coupe, 1885
- 22-Six-48 Four Passenger Coupe . . 2075
- 22-Six-47 Five Passenger Sedan . . 2165
- 22-Six-50 Seven Passenger Sedan, 2375

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