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OREGON

MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

SYNOPSIS

PREFACE.—'Mary Marie" explains her pparent "double personality" and just why she is a "cross-current and a contradiction;" she also tells her reasons for writing the diary—later to be a novel. The mary is commenced at Andersonville.

CHAPTER L—Mary begins with Nurse Sarah's account of her (Mary's) birth, which seemingly interested her father, who is a famous astronomer, less than a new star which was discovered the same night. Her name is a compromise, her mother wanted to call her Viola and her father insisting on Abigail Jane. The child quickly learned that her home was in some way different from those of her small friends, and was puzzied thereat. Nurse Sarah telis her of her mother's arrival at Andersonville as a bride and how astonished they all were at the sight of the dainty eighteen-year old girl whom the sedate professor had chosen for a wife.

CHAPTER II.—Continuing her story, Murse Sarah makes it plain why the household seemed a strange one to the child and howher father and mother drifted apart through misunderstanding, each too proud to in any way attempt to smooth over the situation.

CHAPTER III.—Mary tells of the time spont "out west" where the "perfectly all right and genteel and respectable" divorce was being arranged for, and her mother's (to her) unacountable behavior. By the court's decree the child is to spend six months of the year with her mother and six months with her father. Boston is Mother's home, and she and Mary leave Andersonville for that city to spend the first six months.

CHAPTER IV.—At Beston Mary becomes "Marie." She is delighted with her new home, so different from the gloomy house at Andersonville. The number of gentlemen who call on her mother leads her to speculate on the possibility of a new father. She classes the callers as "prospective suitors," finally deciding the choice is to be between "the violinist" and a Mr. Harlow. A conversation she overhears between her mother and Mr. Harlow convinces her that it will not be that gentleman, and "to violinist" seems to be the likely man. Mrs. Anderson receives a letter from "Aunt Abigail Anderson, her former husband's sister, whi is keeping house for him, reminding her that "Mary" is expected at Andersonville for the six months she is to spend with her father. Her mother is distressed, but has no alternative, and "Marie" departs for Andersonville.

for Andersonville.

CHAPTER V.—At Andersonville Aunt Jane meets her at the station. Her father is away somewhere, studying an eclipse of the moon. Marle—"Mary" now—instinctively compares Aunt Jane, prim and severe, with her beautiful, dainty mother, much to the former's disadvantage. Aunt Jane disapproves of the dainty clothes which the child is wearing, and replaces them with "serviceable" sergas and thick-coled shoes Her father arrivantome and saems surprised to see her. The child soon begins to notice that the girls at schoel seem to avoid her. Her father appears interested in the life Mrs. Anderson leads at Boston and asks many questions in a queer manner which puzzles Mary. She finds out that her schoolmates do not associate with her on account of her parents boing diverced, and she refuses to attend school. Angry at first. Mr. Anderson, when he learns the reason fer her determination, decides that she need not go. He will hear her leasons. In Aunt Jane's and her father's absence Mary dresses in the pretty clothes she brought from Boston and plays the liveliest tunes she knows, on the littleused plano. Then, overcome by her lone-someness, she indulges in a crying spell which her father's unexpected appearance interrupts. She sobs out the story someness, she indulges in a crying spell which her father's unexpected appearance interrupts. She sobs out the story of her unhappiness, and in a clumsy way he comforts her. After that he appears to desire to make her stay more pleasant. Her mother writes asking that Mary be allowed to come to Boston for the beginning of the school term, and Mr. Anderson consents, though from an expression he lets fall Mary believes he is sorry she

Aunt Hattle-I heard her-that she thought every girl should know how to cook and keep house; and that if she had learned those things when she was a girl, her life would have been quite different, she was sure.

I am learning at a domestic science school, and Mother is going with me. I didn't mind so much when she said she'd go, too. And, really, it is quite a lot of fun-really it is. But it is queer-Mother and I going to school together to learn how to make bread and cake and boll potatoes! And, of course. Aunt Hattle laughs at us. But I don't mind. And Mother doesn't, either. But, oh, how Aunt Jane would love it, if she only knew!

What do you suppose I am learning things!" now? You'd never guess. Stars. Yes, stars! And that is for Father, too. Mother came into my foom one day with a book of Grandfather's under her arm. She said it was a very wonderful work on astronomy, and she was sure I would find it interesting. when I got to Andersonville and father talked to me, I'd know some do that this year."

thing. And he'd be pleased, She said she thought we owed it to Father, after he'd been so good and sensible that even Aunt Jane would kind as to let me stay here almost love them, I know. And tomorrow I've three whole months of his six, so I got to put them on to go in. that she was very sure this would already?

please him and make him happy. And so, for 'most a week now, Mother has read to be an hour a day out of that astronomy book. Then we talk about it. And it is interesting. Mother says it is, too. She says she wishes ANDERSONVILLE she'd known something about astronomy when she was a girl; that she's thing about something he was interthat I knew something about such

It seems so funny to hear her talk such a lot about Father as she does, when before she never used to mention him-only to say how afraid she was that I would love him better than with me so long." I did her, and to make me say over said so one day to her-I mean, I said

gave a queer little laugh. Then she grew very sober and grave, and said: "I know, dear. Perhaps I am talk- her.

ing more than I used to. But, you see, I've been thinking quite a lot, and I to make you forget what I said-about wasn't right, dear. Mother was wrong. She shouldn't try to influence you the carriage there; and I can rememsay that," she broke off.

But she'd already said it, and, of, course, I knew she was thinking of the violinist. I'm no child.

She went on more after that, quite a lot more. And she said again that I must love Father and try to please him in every way; and she cried a little and talked a lot about how hard it was in my position, and that she was afraid she'd only been making it harder, through her selfishness, and I must forgive her, and try to forget it. And she was sure she'd do better now. And she said that, after all, life wasn't in just being happy yourself. It was in how much happiness you could give to others.

Oh, it was lovely! And I cried, and she cried some more, and we kissed each other, and I promised. And after she went away I felt all upraised and holy, like you do when you've been to a beautiful church service with soft music and colored windows, and everybody kneeling. And I felt as if I'd never be naughty or thoughtless again. And that I'd never mind being Mary now. Why, I'd be glad to be Mary half the time, and even morefor Father.

But, alas! Listen. Would you believe it? Just that same evening Mother stopped me against laughing too loud and making too much noise playing with Lester; and I felt cross. I just boiled inside of me, and said I hated Mary, and that Mother was getting to be just like Aunt Jane. And yet, just that morning-

Oh, if only that hushed, stainedwindow-soft-music feeling would last!

Well, once more school is done, my runk is all packed, and I'm ready to to to Andersonville. I leave tomorrow morning. But not as I left last year. Oh, no. It is very, very different. Why this year I'm really going as Mary.

Honestly, Mother has turned me into Mary before I go. Now, what do you think of that? And if I've got to be Mary there and Mary here, too, when can I ever be Marie? Oh, I know I said I'd be willing to be Mary half, and maybe more than half, the time. But when it comes to really being Mary out of turn extra time, that is quite another thing.

And I am Mary. Listen: I've learned to cook. That's Mary. I've been studying astronomy. That's

I've learned to walk quietly, speak lady at all times. That's Mary.

And now, to add to all this, Mother has had me dress like Mary. Yes, she began two weeks ago. She came into my room one morning and said she wanted to look over my dresses and ter; and he was very rich, and had things; and I could see, by the way she frowned and bit her hp and tapped was going on to tell more-how he her foot on the floor, that she wasn't suited. She said:

"I think, my dear, that on Saturday we'll have to go in town shopping. Quite a number of these things will not do at all."

And I was so happy! Visions of new dresses and hats and shoes rose before me, and even the pink beaded silk came into my mind-though I didn't that Aunt Jane was no longer living really have much hopes of that.

Well, we went shopping on Saturday, but-did we get the pink silk? We did not. We did get-you'd never guess what. We got two new gingham I might call her "Cousin Grace." dresses, very plain and homely, and a pair of horrid, thick, low shoes, Why, I could have cried! I did 'most cry as and a real pretty lady, with a light-I exclaimed:

"Why Mother, those are Mary

"Of course, they're Mary things," answered Mother, cheerfully, "That's if I was really I, and if this was Anwhat I meant to buy-Mary things, as | dersonville? you call them. Aren't you going to be Mary just next week? Of course, you are! And didn't you tell me last year, as soon as you got there, Miss Ander-She said she was going to read it son objected to your clothing and aloud to me an hour a day. And then, bought new for you? Well, I am trying to see that she does not have to

> And then she bought me a brown serge sult and a hat so tiresomely Do you wonder that I say I am Mary

CHAPTER VII

When I Am Neither One.

Well, I came last night. I had on Why, I couldn't believe my ears. Of sure it would have made things a whole lot easier and happier all and every turn of the wheels all day around, when she married Father; for had been singing: "Mary, Mary, now then she would have known some you're Mary!" Why, Mother even called me Mary when she said goodested in. She said she couldn't help by. She came to the junction with me that now, of course; but she could see Just as she had before, and put me

"Now, remember, dear, rou're to try ber and told her all about it right

very hard to be a foy and a comfort to your father-just the little. Mary that he wants you to be. Remember, he has been very kind to let you stay

She cried when she kissed me just and over again that I didn't. And I as she did before; but she didn't tell me this time to be sure and not love thought it was funny, the way she Father better than I did her. I noticed thing, though I might have told her easily that I knew nothing could ever

When we got to Andersonville, and the train rolled into the station, I -I've learned some things. I'm trying stepped down from the cars and looked over to where the carriages your loving me more than him. That were to find John and Aunt Jane. But they weren't there. There wasn't even against your father. He is a good ber now just how my heart sort of felt man; and there are none too many sick inside of me when I thought that good men in the world-No, no, I won't even Aunt Jane had forgotten, and that there wasn't anybody to meet

There was a beautiful big green automobile there, and I thought how I wished that had come to meet me; and I was just wondering what I should do, when all of a sudden some body spoke my name. And who do you think it was? You'd never guess it in a month. It was Father. Yes Father!

Why, I could have hugged him, I was so glad. But of course I didn't, right before all those people. But he was so tall and handsome and splendid, and I felt so proud to be walking along the platform with him and letting folks see that he'd come to meet me! But I couldn't say anythingnot anything, the way I wanted to: and all I could do was to stammer

"Why, where's Aunt Jane?" And that's just the thing I didn't want to say; and I knew it the minute I'd said it. Why, it sounded as if I missed Aunt Jane, and wanted her instead of him, when all the time I was so pleased and excited to see him that I could hardly speak.

He just kind of smiled, and looked queer, and said that Aunt Jane ercouldn't come. Then I felt sorry: for I saw, of course, that that was why he had come; not because he wanted to. but because Aunt Jane couldn't, so he had to. And I could have cried, all the while he was fixing it up about my trunk.

He turned then and led the way straight over to where the carriages were, and the next minute there was John touching his cap to me; only it was a brand-new John looking too sweet for anything in a chauffeur's cap and uniform. And, what do you think? He was helping me into that beautiful big green car before I knew

"Why, Father, Father!" I cried. 'You don't mean-" I just couldn't finish; but he finished for me.

"It is ours-yes. Do you like it?" "Like it!" I guess he didn't need to have me say any more. But I did say more. I just raved and raved over that car until Father's eyes crinkled all up in little smile wrinkles, and he said:

"I'm glad. I hoped you'd like it." "I guess I do like it!" I cried. Then went on to tell him how I thought it was the prettiest one I ever saw, and 'way ahead of even Mr. Easterbrook's.

"And, pray, who is Mr. Easterbrook?" asked Father then. "The violinist,

perhaps eh?" Now, wasn't it funny he should have remembered that there was a violinist? But, of course, I told him no, it wasn't the violinist. It was another one that took Mother to ride, the one I told him about in the Christmas lettwo perfectly beautiful cars; and I didn't take Mother now-but I didn't get a chance, for Father interrupted, and said, "Yes, yes, to be sure." And he showed he wasn't interested, for all the little smile wrinkles were gone. and he looked stern and dignified. more like he used to. And he went on to say that as we had almost reached home, he had better explain right away there: that his cousin from the West. Mrs. Whitney, was keeping house for him now. She was a very nice lady, and he hoped I would like her. And

And before I could even draw breath to ask any questions, we were home; blue dress on, was helping me out of the car, and kissing me as she did so. Now, do you wonder that I have

been rubbing my eyes and wondering

ONE WEEK LATER

It isn't a dream. It's all really, truly true-everything: Father coming to meet me, the lovely automobile, and the pretty lady in the light-blue dress, who kissed me. And when I went downstairs the next morning 1 found out it was real, 'specially the pretty lady; for she kissed me-again, and said she hoped I'd be happy there. And she fold me to amuse myself any way I liked, and said, if I wanted to I might run over to see some of the girls, but not to make any plans for the afternoon, for she was going to take me to ride.

Now, what do you think of that? Go to see the girls in the morning. and take a ride-an automobile ride -in the afternoon. In Andersonville course, I was wild and crazy with delight-but it was all so different. Why, I began to think almost that I was Marie, and not Mary at all.

And it's been that way the whole week through. I've had a beautiful time. I've been se excited! And Mother to excited, too. Of course, I wrote



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