

IN OTHER DAYS

From the Headlight of Dec. 18, 1902

Tillamook people will enjoy Christmas as usual in good style because they have been blessed with a prosperous year.

Attorney Carl Haberlach left on the stage Monday morning to spend Christmas with his relatives at Oregon City.

J. S. Diehl has returned from Napa, Calif., where he had gone for a change. He ran across several Tillamookers at that place.

Representative B. L. Eddy leaves next month to attend the state legislature, where he represents Tillamook and Yamhill counties. Mrs. Eddy and family will go with him and visit while outside.

Merrill Smith has accepted a position in the hardware store of R. L. Wade.

The Hobsonville stage returned to the city Monday being unable to get through on account of the rivers being over their banks.

The steamer Sue H. Elmore is still bar bound at Garibaldi and the Geo. R. Vosburg appears to be in the same fix at Astoria. Say, its a long time since the Vosburg was here and those who have freight coming by her are on the anxious seat.

Portland Auto Stage

IVAN DONALDSON, Mgr., Tillamook, Ore.

Lv. Tillamook, 7:30 a.m., 2:00 p.m., and *6:00 p.m.

Lv. Portland, 7:45 a.m., *12:30 p.m., and 3:30 p.m.

via

Hebo, Grand Ronde, Willamina, Sheridan, McMinnville, Dayton, Newburg, Multnomah.

*Daily except Sunday.

Holiday Greetings

from

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Tillamook County Bank

What better Christmas Gift could you make
your friend than the Headlight 82 times?

The First Christmas Tree

By Eleanor E. King

I WAS the Martins' pleasure every year at Christmas time to go to some orphan's home and bring back two or three little children to spend the holidays with them.

This year their choice had been two girls and a boy. Jean and Robert, brother and sister, and Souzette, a little, bright-eyed, winsome girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin (Daddy and Mother), they had asked the children to call them and the three kiddies were busy trimming the tree.

"My, what beautiful ornaments," exclaimed Souzette.

"What bully lights, you mean," corrected Robert, who was all eyes for electrical things.

"Well, I like the tree best," put in Jean. "It's wonderful. Did you have a tree when you were little, mother?" queried the child rather shyly.

"Yes, I had one every year, and I still have my tree, you see."

"Pears like they've always had them doesn't it?" said Robert.

"They have had them for long, long years. Haven't you ever heard of the first Christmas tree?"

"No," burst forth Robert. "They don't have time to tell us anything at



"What Beautiful Ornaments."

the home, but get up and go to bed."

"Well, a long time ago, there was a huge forest where the fairies and elves all lived. They had a fairy queen who was always planning surprises for them. One day she called a few of her favorites around her and gave them some orders. "Now be sure and don't tell anyone," she said, and off they went laughing and whispering to each other.

"Days passed, weeks passed, and then months, but still these little fairies were busy as bees, working at some big secret, from morning till night."

"I'll bet you couldn't keep a secret that long, Jean. You'd go an' tell Souzette. You always do," put in Robert.

"Finally the fairy queen sent out her heralds and called all her subjects about her. When they were assembled she said: "Tomorrow, come to this place at the same time. Put on your finest clothes and come happy as a lark, for I have a great surprise for you."

"Then the fairy queen sent out her heralds again, and this time had all the forest folk sent to her. When every bird and animal in the forest was assembled before her, she told them what she had told the fairies and elves. They fairly scampered away, they were so eager to get ready for the morrow."

"Do you suppose they were more excited than we were when we got ready to come here?" piped up little Souzette. "I don't think they could be."

Mrs. Martin smiled at her and gave her a kiss, brushing a tear from her eyes and steadying her voice she went on:

"The morrow came, even though many of the little folk thought it never would come. They were all there early, waiting, dressed in their grandest clothes. At the time led the queen came. She led them to a



"Well, a Long Time Ago—"

large opening in the forest, and then the fairies and forest folk stopped in amazement. They had never seen anything like this sight before."

"What—what was it?" the children chorused.

"Just I should dropped that great big ornament," said Robert excitedly. "It was a great, huge pine tree, decorated with all the packages. They had never seen anything like it before."

I Knew He Would Come



which looked like a spider's web so fine, silky and delicate was it. Then these were suspended from the tree by a string which shone in the afternoon sunlight like raindrops.

"Little stars had given their services for the surprise and they twinkled from among all the branches. It was too much for the little subjects and they sat down about the tree where they were to admire it."

"Then some of the fairies began taking the packages off and giving one to each member. There was honey for Mister Bear, cheese for Mister Mouse, corn for Mister Rat, berries and seeds for the birds. Just everything that they had wanted. It was a great success."

"You know Santa grew up with these fairies, and—"

"No, I didn't know it," broke in Jean and her eyes grew the size of saucers.

"So," continued Mrs. Martin, "when Santa began making toys for children he thought of this idea of the pine trees, and he took a tree for each child and hung their presents on it."

"By and by, though, his load grew to such a size that he found it was impossible to carry so many trees."

"Yes," said practical Robert, "they took up too much room, and he wanted to make toys."

Mrs. Martin nodded.

"So the mothers and fathers agreed to get the trees and trim them for him, which helped him a great deal."

"That's how they thought of these ornaments, then," said Souzette. "This, the last one to put on, too."

"Come on; let's get to bed quick now, so Santa will come," suggested Robert.

"And they've been helping Santa all these years," said Jean dreamily.

"Ever since," replied Mrs. Martin.

"Now let's see who will be in bed first."

California has a population of 3,426,861; Washington 1,356,621; and Oregon only 783,399. The per cent increase for the decade is California 44.1, Washington 18.8, and Oregon 16.4. Well what is the matter with Oregon that it is not making more progress? Maybe, it is that we have so much freak legislation in the state that persons who are looking for new locations prefer to go to states that are not pestered with it. It is time to look the matter squarely in the face and ascertain why Oregon is not making the progress and development of other states. Where California and Washington have several large cities doing a large amount of business, while Oregon has only one large city.

TO MY MANY FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC

I am pleased to announce through the columns of this paper that I have been appointed agent for the Reliance Life Insurance Company of Pittsburgh and am now in a position to write life, health and accident insurance as well as fire and automobile.

Also will do all kinds of stenographic work, mimeographed circular letters, copying, mailing lists, statements made out, etc. Work done evenings by appointment.

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A share of your business is respectfully solicited and will be appreciated. Residence mutual phone.

ROSE J. WILKES, Tillamook, Oregon.

Fine stationery at Koch's Drug Store.—Adv.

Christmas Times of Long Ago

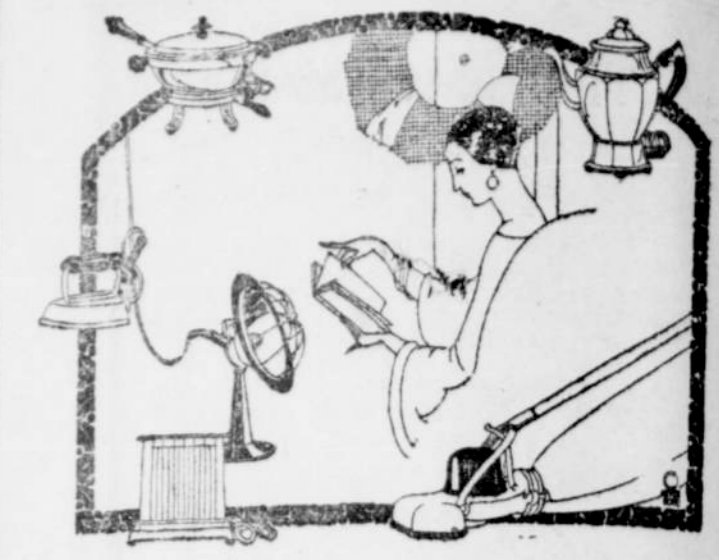
'TIS CHRISTMAS Eve! Turn low the lights; let quivering shadows fall
Althwart the curtained windows there, and play along the wall
Low wraiths glide! 'Tis time for rest; 'tis time to put away
The cares and trials that beset the weary hours of day.
'Tis Christmas Eve! Quick, stir the fire,
And in its ruddy glow
We'll live again those happy hours
Of Christmas times of long ago!

We'll walk again the old-time paths; the old-time friends we'll meet;
And to the old-time homes of youth we'll trip with merry feet.
And hand in hand, and heart to heart, we'll tread youth's golden ways,
And live again the joyous hopes we lived in other days.

The clock ticks on; its pendulum
Swings softly to and fro;
And every tick a memory brings
Of Christmas times of long ago.

And so another Christmas comes. We linger in the gloom
While ghostly forms of childhood's friends troop in and fill the room.
No words we speak—To memory's view come visions thick and fast
And for an hour we live again the dear days of the past.

Old Time the tide of life turns back,
And on its ebbing flow
We glide again through golden hours
Of Christmas times of long ago!



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- | | |
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