

GO TO
Martin's
for
Service

Having purchased the Cove Grocery Store, formerly owned by C. M. Dawson, I solicit your worthy patronage and offer you a square deal in exchange.



MARTIN'S, GARIBALDI, ORE.

**Tile Your Farm
IT PAYS**

Tilamook Clay Works
Make a Fine Grade of Tile
Sold at Reasonable Prices
E. G. KREBS, Prop.

Lake Lytle Hotel

On Tillamook Beach Lake Lytle, Oregon.

This hotel will supply every modern convenience and comfort. Well heated and lighted rooms, with hot and cold water in each. Attractive lobby where dancing may be indulged in. Sun parlor overlooking ocean.

Southern Pacific depot near hotel.
Special week end or dinner parties solicited.
Reasonable winter rates.

For information write or phone
Miss Julia M. Parker, Mgr., P. O. Rockaway, Ore.

**EMPIRE
MILKING MACHINES**

The Recognized Standard

NEARLY every field of endeavor has its recognized standard—one manufacturer's goods that always loom up first in your mind when a product of its nature is mentioned.

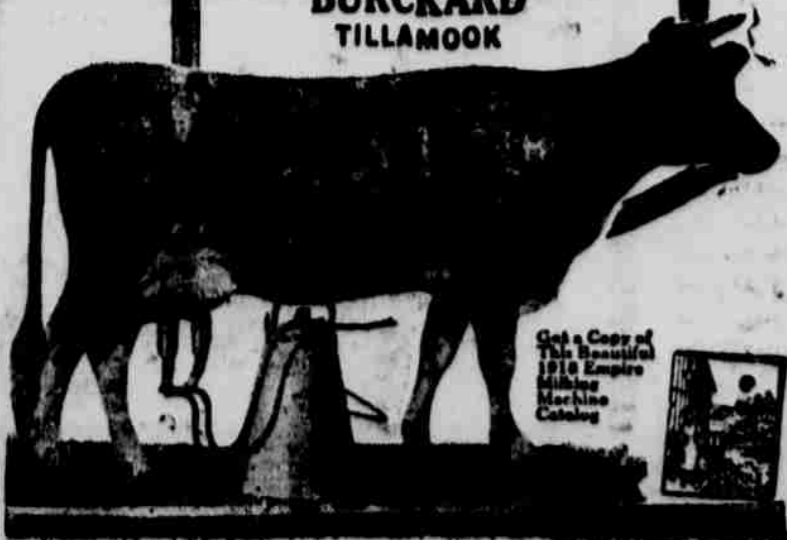
It's true of cameras, pianos, locks, crackers, speedometers, watches and a host of other products.

And it's true of Milking Machines.

Visit the homes of prize winning stock of all breeds, go to the dairy farms whose chief object is the production of large quantities of milk or go to the small farmer who has only a limited number of cows; everywhere you'll find the dominating milking machine to be the Empire.

Complete information from us will place you under no obligation. Come in to see us or ask us to come out to see you at once.

**BURCKARD
TILLAMOOK**



B-U-N-K
By the Cub Reporter

Hello Gang! How's tricks?

We had a close shave Saturday. Walked out of Honorable Sam's deluxe snow-white tonsorial parlors to get our bristles scraped and hirsute adornment properly cared for and came out feeling like a different bloke. Sam barbers by choice and Mayors by inclination or out of the kindness of heart of Tillamookers. If he weds the gavel like he flourishes the razor he cuts keeps his councilmanic cohorts in a flurry. P. S. We liked our shave and if we didn't we'd never tell.

You know gang, we just can't see why all you fellows hic yourselves up to British Columbia for your vacations when the Moonshines so good here.

John Junor, our competent foreman of the press room and fighting editor filled a dinner engagement at Bay City last Sunday. Now we wonder if he hasn't been rummaging around in our mail and appropriating to himself some of those dinner engagements we so lovingly referred to in this column in our New Year's edition. Unless John Junior did cop off one of our "invites out to dinner" we haven't received a gosh-darned reply to our hint. And the Boss says advertising pays. Show us, boss—show us!

Our linotype cherub is on a quest. Someone, evidently thinking that they were seeking information from an established source, asked her for an understandable definition of love. She says she knows not and has asked Webster and Encyclopedia, whoever they are, and they failed to give her a satisfactory answer, so we have some faith with an answer. Here it is—

Love itself can never be really defined. It has so many elements that render it complex—but we know that it exists and that it is the greatest thing in the world. Have you ever seen the sun's rays broken into their ingredient color when passing through a glass prism. Beautiful! Most certainly. So it is with love. Pass it through the prism of everyday life and it readily dissolves into component parts. Then what do we find? Patience? Yes! Self-denial? Yes! Kindness? Yes! Humility? Yes! Courtesy? Yes! Good nature? Yes! Charity? Yes! Sincerity? Yes!

Well, then, love is beautiful. Now if any of you girls—or married chickens—can give a better answer for the love of Pete kick through.

We often think that we'd like to take in one of the Gem's shows more of these frosty nights and then maybe we'd write it up for you gangsters, but Messrs. Morrison and Partridge seem to want to sell all of their pastebards. We're not hinting, or anything like that, but confound it, we do like shows especially shows like the Gem puts on. Here's hopin'.

We've got some juicy B U N K up our sleeve for next issue, so watch-out for us. Grab your copy early and get the laugh first. So long, for this time, keep the coal bin filled and don't forget to feed the chickens.

Machine Clears Land for Farm.
Among the new agricultural machinery is a ponderous mechanical construction which moves under its own power over some rough country and leaves it in condition for planting. The operation of clearing land for agricultural purposes is a very hard and tedious operation, but with the aid of this new machine the labor and time expenditure is reduced more than half. The front end of the machine, which moves on a caterpillar tread, is equipped with heavy bars with sharpened points which enter the ground alternately and tear roots and throw them on a conveyor belt, dropping them inside to be disposed of later. The rear of the machine is supplied with a somewhat different device which pulverizes the ground and leaves it in condition for planting. Under ordinary conditions this machine has a capacity of three acres a day.

Enlightening the Ignorant.
A large, guttural-voiced woman sat in an aisle seat for one of the Pavlova performances at the Manhattan opera house. She was the type who read all the captions aloud at the movies. Here her weakness took her in the form of interpreting the pantomime for the benefit of the man with her, and those around who could not escape. "Aw!" she would exclaim deeply and earnestly. "Her toes!" Her best remark, however, was on the occasion of Pavlova's final scene in "Amarilla," where she is dancing near the stone seat in the count's garden. "Now," she said, "she is Vorshaping where he sat."—New York Evening Post.

Truly Mathematical Prodigy.
The mathematical prodigy, whose case is reported in the Lancet, was able to give the square root of any number running into four figures, in an average of four seconds, and the cube root of any number running into six figures in six seconds. He gave the cube root of 465,474,375 (which is 775) in 13 seconds. These feats, and others even more remarkable, he performed without resort to writing, as he was blind from birth.

GEM THEATRE

SUNDAY-MONDAY JANUARY 15-16

Gareth Hughes
IN
"The Hunch"

We've all heard the expression "I've Got a Hunch" what does it mean? In this picture "The Hunch" deals with stock speculations—A bogus murder mystery and amusing incidents occurring during the time consumed in clearing up the situation. It's a most clever production and will more than please. It's a oint of the ordinary—
Make it a point to see it!

"SHE SIGNED BY THE SEASIDE"

A Mack Sennett Bathing Beauty Comedy.

TUESDAY-WEDNESDAY JANUARY 17-18

The Silent Call

Featuring **STRONGHEART**, Famous Belgian Police Dog and hero of the late war. "The Silent Call" is taken from the Saturday Evening Post story "The Cross Pull". "The Silent Call" positively the greatest "Dog" picture that has been made. It is the only picture in the history of the "Liberty Theatre" of Portland has ever played a return engagement on—And that in less than 30 days after first run. You don't want to miss it—You can't afford to miss it—you're going to come and see it on one of these two nights. Come early!
FOX NEWS

THURSDAY JANUARY 19.

Shirley Mason
IN
"Lovetime"

The story narrates the experiences of a dainty peasant maid of Savoy, both at home and in that gay Paris. It is a romance as delightful in incident as it is in theme.

"THE SON OF TARZAN" Episode No. 12

FRIDAY-SATURDAY JANUARY 20-21

CONSTANCE TALMADGE & HARRISON

FORD IN

"WEDDING BELLS"

She got a husband in half a day, a divorce in half an hour. But when she wanted her husband back, it took a year to find him! And then—he was being married to another girl.

A SHRIEKING SKID ON THE PEAL OF "WEDDING BELLS"

A REGULAR RIOT OF FUN!

"ONE REEL COMEDY"

TWAIN FOND OF BILLIARDS

Biographer Has Told How Great Humorist Would Wear Out His Companions at the Game.

November 30 is Mark Twain's birthday. The beloved humorist would have been eighty-six on that day in 1921, if he had lived. His biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, in writing of Mark Twain's passion for playing billiards, a hobby which endured to the last, comments upon his great physical endurance and perpetual youth.

"I was comparatively a young man, and by no means an invalid," Mr. Paine writes, "but many a time far in the night, when I was ready to drop with exhaustion, he was still as fresh and buoyant and eager for the game as at the moment of beginning. He smoked and smoked continually, and followed the endless track around the billiard table with the light step of youth. At three or four o'clock in the morning he would urge just one more game, and would taunt me for my weariness."

"I can truthfully testify that never until the last year of his life did he willingly lay down the billiard cue, or show the least suggestion of fatigue. He played always at high pressure. Now and then, in periods of adversity, he would fly into a perfect passion with things in general. But, in the end, it was a sham battle, and we went on playing as if nothing had happened, only he was very gentle and sweet, like the sun on the meadows after the storm had passed by."

WITTY EVEN IN DREAMLAND

Rev. Washington Gladden Was Able to Recall Humorous Response He Made During Sleep.

Many of us have dreamed of writing a poem, delivering a speech or making a witty remark, that seemed at the time wonderfully brilliant, but that, recalled on waking, proved to be either commonplace or wholly meaningless. That is not always the case, however, as a story once told by the Rev. Washington Gladden proves.

He dreamed that the old house that formerly stood near his church was still there, and that old Mr. Deahler, who had been dead many years, still lived in it. Doctor Gladden also knew that his old dog, George, who never failed to bark at the minister when he passed the house, still lived. In the dream Doctor Gladden was passing the house when the door opened and the old gentleman came out, followed by George, who, as usual, rushed barking up to Doctor Gladden.

"Now, now, George," said the old man, "you ought not to do that. You know that's a friend of ours; that's Doctor Gladden."

"Oh! I have met George before," responded Doctor Gladden in his dream. "In fact George and I have for some time had a bow-wowing acquaintance."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

In 1920 there were 587 fur farms in Canada, 578 of them foxes, six mink, two raccoon and one karakule sheep. The animals on these farms are valued at a little less than \$5,000,000, silver foxes leading.

The industry commenced on Prince Edward Island and has worked west into British Columbia. By provinces the farms are distributed as follows: Nova Scotia, 55; New Brunswick, 57; Quebec, 80; Ontario, 42; Manitoba and Saskatchewan, 4; Alberta, 15; British Columbia, 11 and Yukon Territory, 14.

Ex-Servicemen as Teachers.
Intensive training for teaching is given ex-servicemen in England at Hornsey Rise Training college, under the auspices of the ministry of labor. The course is 75 weeks long and not more than 24 days' absence will be allowed to any student, so that the length of the course will approximate that of the ordinary training college.

There are 180 students registered in this course, which began July 1. All of these have been approved by the board of education and by the National Union of Teachers. Some have already had teaching experience.

Life as I See It.
From our prehistoric ancestors down man has always had a friendly feeling for trees, regarding them as almost sentient beings.

Great writers have not declined to express this feeling.
Robert Louis Stevenson says: "He inquired his way of every tree."
And again, after an unpleasant encounter with a boor: "A tree would not have spoken to me like that."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

She Guffawed Then.
Sam—I never see you with Miss Giddings any more.
Lou—No; I couldn't stand her vulgar laughing.

Sam—So! I hadn't noticed it.
Lou—No, you weren't around when I proposed to her.

Preventable Forest Fires.
More than 100,000 forest fires have occurred in the United States during the past five years. Of these, 80 per cent were due to human agencies and were therefore preventable.

Seek Cheap Power Alcohol.
Gasoline users will be interested to know that the search for cheap sources of power alcohol still continues. A recent writer in Nature suggests that foodstuffs are too valuable at present for such uses, but thinks that waste land in Ireland might be used to produce crops to be utilized in this way. Arrowroot, cassava and corn are possibilities in tropical countries; and a number of cellulose materials, such as straw and sawdust, offer possibilities in industrial regions.

Mummy's Wisdom.
"Mummy, may I have that chocolate you promised me now?"
"Bless the child! Didn't I tell you you shouldn't have any at all if you didn't keep quiet?"
"Yes, mummy."
"Well, you've kept quiet for the longer you keep quiet the sooner you'll get it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Happy Homes

Many Tillamook homes will have a happy holiday season because of accounts at the First National Thrift has taken up its permanent abode, and their gifts will be worth-while.

Why not a surprise gift of a joint family Thrift Account at the First National? A small deposit opens one, and if all work together to build up the balance, it will mean prosperity and happiness.

Directors: John Morgan C. J. Edwards A. W. Dean B. C. Lamb Henry Rogers W. J. Kiech C. A. McGhee

The First National Bank
TILLAMOOK, OREGON

COAL
LAMB-SCHRADER CO.
28 W

The Future Men and Women

Will be what we make them through our care of the children of today—undernourished children cannot develop into vigorous alert men and women.

Neglect the boys and girls in their growing days, and we wrong them forever and beyond recall.

Milk, a quart or more for each child, daily, will assure prop mental and physical development for the standpoint of nourishment.

Order Golden Rod Dairy Clarified Milk.—"Its clean"

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