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A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT

By F. A. Mitchell

I am a bachelor, and I propose to remain a bachelor. Heaven forbid that I should be tied by unbreakable chains to one of those paradoxical, unreasonable, illogical creatures, a woman.

Why my bosom friend, Jim Brown, had to put a firebrand between himself and me I can't imagine. We were inseparable. I never felt at home with any other person as with him, and without me he did not know what to do with himself. Suddenly there popped up between us—what? Clothes—many clothes, clothes varying in cut with every season. And within these clothes was a woman.

There is nothing unreasonable about me. I would have been perfectly willing that Jim should go to see this much adorned grownup child once a week and stay till 3 in the morning if he liked. I certainly would never have thought of being jealous of one who is not endowed with a spark of manliness. But she was not satisfied with this. She wanted him all the time. And Jim, poor beggar, was so under her thumb that she did what she liked with him.

Then she must needs nag at him to bring me to see her. Why she wished to meet me was a puzzle. I certainly had no desire to meet her. "Do bring your friend. He must be a lovely man since you are so fond of him." And Jim was fool enough to believe that she wanted to meet me because I was "a lovely man."

Just as soon as they were engaged there was friction as to the evenings she wanted Jim and those I wanted him. I, being a reasonable creature, was willing to divide Jim's evenings with her. Not so she. If Jim made an engagement with me she would make him break it.

Despite all this pulling and hauling for Jim's companionship, he must bring that "lovely" friend of his to see her. I refused to go. This frightened Jim, for he said that it would create an enmity between her and me that would be unpleasant all round. I gave in to Jim—not to her.

Considering what she wanted me for, her treatment of me was remarkable. You would have thought she was in love with me instead of Jim. "I'm awfully glad to see you!" she said, all smiles. "I've heard so much about you that it seems I have known you a long while. You have no idea how fond Jim is of you. You must come and see me often. Any one that Jim speaks of so highly must be very nice."

If you had heard the intonation she gave the words "very nice" you would have realized the irony between the beginning and ending of this sentence.

Mind you, I didn't see through all this then. I confess I was fooled while she was showing plainly that she had an object in fooling me. No one but a woman can coddle a man and let him know that she is stuffing him without repelling him. Instead of repelling she winds him round her finger while she is feeding him poison.

But I know it all now. Jim was married, and when he returned from his wedding trip he tried to grasp my hand with fervor, but it was not the same fervor as before. I knew that

I had been supplanted, and, more than this, I knew that his wife had undermined his good opinion of me. Then it became apparent why she wished Jim to bring me to see her. She couldn't attack one she had never seen, or if she did her onslaught would have had no weight. She must have something tangible to attack.

"So this is the wonderful man," I doubt not she said after seeing me, "that you have been lauding to the skies. Why did he not say some of those bright things that you have so often spoken of? Didn't feel well enough acquainted? I suppose I shall have to wait till he does. Some day when he feels more at home here I presume he will deluge us with his wit."

What a melancholy awakening Jim must have had after this first inspection by his ladylove of his bosom friend to discover that I was after all a commonplace person! And how singular it is that these creatures, who do not know the difference between a syllogism and sole leather, can produce on a man of intellectual vigor the effect they require by mere irony! Jim had known me intimately for years, and yet by a few words a woman had shattered his idol.

Jim has a relapse occasionally and drops into my room for a bit of "old times," as he calls them. But he knows they are not old times; they are altered times. Doubtless he thinks that for him they are changed for the better; that he is leaving me in a stationary position, while he has advanced. At any rate, I have noticed that those things I continue to enjoy, or think I enjoy, are beginning to bore him. If I speak of a new play on the boards he will turn the subject to the smart sayings of his little Jim. Then, too, he has become absorbed in piling up money for his wife and children after he has gone. He says it is awful to think of leaving them without support. It seems to me that in getting married he gave up all the fun there is in life to make a slave of himself.

Sometimes I wonder whether if Jim and I had grown old as bachelors we would have maintained the same interest in each other. I fear not. Men develop on different lines. Some men don't develop at all. At any rate, I find that association with any one does not interest me as it once did. I wonder if I will some day regret not having put my head in one of these pestiferous matrimonial nooses.

Mourning in Arabia.

When Arabian women go into mourning they stain their hands and feet with indigo for eight days, and during that time they will drink no milk, on the ground that its white hue does not harmonize with the mental gloom. —London Standard.

The Way of Life.

One of the follies that poison home life is the unwillingness to yield in unimportant trifles. The desire always to have one's own way is very far from the way of life.

BANKING BY MAIL

Several of our customers are people we do not know by sight though we have done business by mail with them for years. We believe we have given them satisfactory banking service and can give you the same satisfaction.

Mail us Your next Check or Checks

It saves you time, and TIME IS MONEY, especially at this season of the year. No need to come to the bank in person.

SECURITY AND SERVICE our Motto

TILLAMOOK COUNTY BANK
TILLAMOOK, ORE.

POLITICS AND BUSINESS.

A Sample of How Cleverly They Are Mixed in France.

Politicians of the United States are supposed to be gifted above those of all other countries in the art of self advertisement, but it is doubtful whether any of our politicians are more adroit in this respect than certain Frenchmen. Witness, for example, the following announcement, published in the newspapers of Paris:

"GENERAL ELECTION.

"To the Electors of the Steenth Arrondissement, City of Paris: The undersigned appreciates the flattering desire of many of his fellow citizens that he should represent this arrondissement in the chamber of deputies. Always proud to feel himself in accord with his fellow citizens, he is convinced that he would represent them faithfully and that his nomination would be equivalent to an election.

"Fully appreciating this fact and thanking the citizens of the Steenth arrondissement for their confidence so generously bestowed, he begs leave, nevertheless, to announce that the great increase in his business as a dealer in hats at 1000 Rue de Marseilles fully occupies his time and attention and that his service to the public at this well known establishment will unfortunately prevent him from accepting the responsibilities of a deputy.

"In short, instead of putting himself at the head of the people, he claims the privilege of putting his products upon their heads."—Chicago Herald.

Fair Offer.

"Can you tell me how to live 100 years?"

The philosopher stroked his beard thoughtfully. "I will try," he said, "if you can give any good reason for wanting to live 100 years."—Philadelphia Record.

Africa's Sea God.

Each Tuesday on the Gold Coast of Africa is devoted to the sea god. No fishing takes place, and the fishermen utilize the time in mending their nets.

Much of our lives is spent in marring our own influence.

JUMPING ANIMALS.

Several Species of Fish Are Famed For Their Leaping Powers.

Jumping as a means of locomotion is shared by a variety of animals of widely different classes. Kangaroos and jerboas among the mammals, thrushes and robins among the birds, as well as such familiar forms as frogs, cockies, crickets and fleas—all illustrate this proneness to leap, mostly as a means of getting quickly over the ground, and even lions and tigers, which never spring in ordinary circumstances, readily adopt this method of attacking their victims.

A considerable number of fishes are remarkable for their leaping powers, and several of these performers are on that account specially favored by anglers, since by jumping clear of the water in some cases many times in succession they tax the fisherman's skill more severely than fishes less active and therefore give added zest to their capture.

Members of the salmon family are universally famous for their high jumps. The sea trout are untiring acrobats, and a fish of a pound weight will more than once jump several times its own length out of the water when hooked before coming to the net. At their best salmon can jump at least ten feet above the surface, a feat achieved by slapping the water with the powerful tail and flexing the body until the head and tail all but meet.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Where Dr. Johnson Worked.

Dr. Johnson's house in Gough square, London, is a noble old piece of Queen Anne architecture, and in stripping the walls of their surfeit of paper and canvas and stuff the restorers came across several quaint old cupboards, and these have all been preserved with their original handles and mountings and add enormously to the domestic verisimilitude of the place. At the top may be seen the spacious garret, where the doctor kept his six clerks slaving away at the dictionary which first brought him fame; and alongside the house and the caretaker's lodge is the tiny garden which Carlyle in his essay on Johnson describes as rather larger than a bed-quilt.