

Cloverdale Courier

Published Every Thursday

Frank Taylor, Editor and Publisher.

Entered as second-class matter, November 13th, 1905 at the post office at Cloverdale, Tillamook County, Oregon, under Act of Congress, March 3rd, 1878.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year, in advance.....\$1.00
Six Months......50
Three Months......25
Single Copy......05

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THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1916

Recently Tillamook was initiated Bottville, passed to the degree of Marxville, then raised to Goyneville. Next.

One of these fine mornings the citizens of Tillamook county will wake up and find summer actually here.

Russia has 180,000,000 people who ought to make good customers at the American counter.

THE RICHEST WOMAN.

An exchange says that one of the most unique characters in the country is Mrs. Hettie Green, whom copywriters like to picture as one of the richest women in the world, and also one of the most eccentric. Yards of copy have been written about the very plain little apartments which Mrs. Green occupies, and her hopping aboard a street car instead of riding in a limousine, has never failed to shock the sensibilities of people who appear to think that the very rich people should not do plebian things like that. Mrs. Green is in her eightieth year, but notwithstanding her age she gives daily supervision to her business affairs. Recently she was slightly indisposed, and the newspapers seized upon the item of news to make it appear that she had suffered a paralytic stroke. The brave old woman denies that she is tottering in her steps, and she also denies some of the many other yarns that are frequently published about her eccentricities. As a matter of fact she is living in a very comfortable way at the home of her son, Edward H. R. Green, who has established a good deal of a reputation on account of his business-building power. Like most other scions of homes of wealth, Mr. Green has no such habits of economy in personal living as have brought distinction to his mother.

When Tea Was Dear.

Those who grumble at the price of tea should turn for consolation to the records of its price in early times. At its first introduction into England, about the middle of the seventeenth century, tea fetched anything between £6 and £10 a pound, and though a fall in price quickly took place the East India company still had to pay over £4 for the two pounds of tea which it presented the king. However, even thus it is doubtful if the tea merchants got very fat, seeing that the importation of some 4,000 pounds in 1678 was enough to glut the market for some years.—London Chronicle.

MISS HITTY'S DISCOVERY

(Continued from first page)

She was expected to help pack the barrel.

Before her were the alluring posters.

Hitty glanced once up and down the street and then disappeared through the swinging doors. She did not know that Mrs. Deacon Peddie, passing on the other side of the street, had glimpsed her backsliding sister and was even now detailing the circumstances to a shocked group of listeners about the missionary barrel.

Hitty found her accustomed seat, and being rather short in stature she sat down on the bundle of shirts and so did not miss a thing all evening.

The sweet romance of "All For Love" was slowly reeled off to the sentimental rapture of the very young and a few lonely souls like our own Miss Hitty. She sat through it all, her round, sweet little face uplifted to the screen, with a look of wistfulness that a newcomer saw as he sat down nearby.

If any one had been interested it might have been noticed that the bronzed newcomer divided his interest between the pictures and Hitty Morton's face. After awhile the seat beside Hitty became vacant and in the darkened theater the stranger glided across the aisle and occupied it. Hitty never even turned her eyes from the screen; she was accustomed to this change of neighbors.

On the screen appeared the first of the travel pictures, which were Hitty's delight.

A great steamer was sailing from San Francisco for Japan. She felt herself one of that group of travelers hurrying up the gangplank of the great liner.

The scene shifted to the first port of call, Honolulu. Dark eyed maidens with garlands of flowers about their necks and other garlands for sale, queer vehicles, a swift view of a vol-

cano, then aboard the steamer. A glimpse of the social life on board, then the approach to the fairy islands of Japan.

Breathlessly Hitty watched the shifting scenes, fascinated by the oriental sights. She almost thought herself there with Dick, as she had dreamed. While she watched she turned a little worn ring on her engagement finger. Any woman in Edgewood would have told you that it was Hitty Morton's engagement ring.

The man beside her glimpsed the ring, and his face grew pale.

At last the steamer approached the yellow shore line of China. Then she dropped anchor off Wusung, in the mouth of the Yangtze river, and transferred her passengers to the small tugs which were to convey them up the shallow tidal river called Whangpo to the city of Shanghai.

When the picture of the public wharf at Shanghai was thrown upon the screen Hitty leaned forward. She wanted to scream.

There in the crowd of eager faces watching the arriving passengers was a familiar one—the face of Dick Hedges, grown older, perhaps, but Dick Hedges, nevertheless, smooth shaven, with a captain's uniform on his broad shoulders and a gold laced cap on his handsome head.

It was Dick—Dick Hedges, her Dick in faraway Shanghai!

The much maligned moving picture screen had shown her that he was alive!

"Dick! Dick! Oh, Dick!" she whispered sobbingly.

A strong, warm hand covered hers, and the man beside her looked down out of Dick Hedges' eyes. He wore a captain's uniform, and in his other hand was a gold laced cap.

"Dick!" Hitty thought she screamed the word, but it did not leave her lips.

"Easy, lass; easy, lass!" he whispered gently, and then while the screen displayed further pictures of these far

countries Hitty saw no more. Was not life unreeling for her a greater romance than could be depicted on a screen? Had not the sea given up its dead?

Dick whispered the meager details of his story. He had been lost at sea and then rescued, and when he had returned to civilization some one from Edgewood had maliciously told him that Hitty Morton had forgotten him and was married to another man.

Only a little while ago had Dick heard that Hitty was still unmarried, and so he had returned to Edgewood to ascertain if she still cared for him. He had dropped into the theater and glimpsed her face. He sat beside her and saw that she wore his ring alone upon her third finger. He had seen her face when his own picture—taken unknown to himself—had leaped out of the crowd upon the wharf in Shanghai. He had heard her murmured words, her unconscious cry of joy at seeing him.

"Then I knew that you still loved me and that I was not too late," he whispered as they followed the crowd outside. "My ship sails from San Francisco on the 21st, Hitty, so we must be married at once so that we can start on our honeymoon voyage. You remember how we planned it, eh?"

Of course Hitty remembered. They walked along in happy conversation, the package of shirts tucked under Dick's free arm.

Mrs. Deacon Peddie and a group of missionary ladies overtook Hitty Morton and brought her to a realization of her sins.

"Hitty Morton! Where are those missionary shirts?" demanded Mrs. Peddie. "We're holding the barrel open till morning so's they can be put in."

Hitty took the package from Dick's grasp, but he snatched it back again.

"If these are shirts, men's size," he said genially. "I guess I'm the missionary they'll about fit. I want 'em for my trousers. Hitty and I'm going to be married in a day or so."

An Ingenious Picture.

There is in one of the European picture galleries a painting called "Cloudland." It hangs at the end of a long gallery, and at first sight it looks like a huge repulsive dab of confused color without form or comeliness. As you walk toward it the picture begins to take shape. It proves to be a mass of exquisite little cherub faces like those at the head of the canvas in Raphael's Sistine Madonna. If you go close to the picture you see only an innumerable company of little angels and cherubim.

Dodging Her Cooking.

"Jack, are you coming home from the office tonight?"

"No, Juliet, dear; I am going to the club for dinner with visiting friends, and then we are going to the play."

"Well, it's all right, Jackie. I will accept an invitation to the Whillikens' bridge party and dine with them. And, besides, this is Mary's day out."

"Yes, I knew that."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A Social Lunch Route.

"Where are you heading for now, old chappie?"

"Dunno exactly. I've been to five receptions and had five macaroons and five cups of weak tea. Do you know of any affair where they are serving ham sandwiches?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Talk and Art.

"It's a treat to hear Dobson talk about art. He seems to have the subject at his fingers' ends."

"Not quite; merely at his tongue's end. If he had it at his fingers' ends he would talk less and paint more."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



D. H. M. MASSEY

is a college graduate in Dentistry, registered in Oregon, has had several years experience, and has come to Tillamook county to make it his future home.

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DR. W. A. WISE

is the same Dr. Wise who practiced Dentistry in Tillamook county a few years ago, and will be pleased to again wait on those who desire his services.