

# Cloverdale Courier

Published Every Thursday

Frank Taylor, Editor and Publisher.

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My Job Department is complete in every respect and I am able to do all kinds Commercial Job Printing on short notice at reasonable prices.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1916

Robert LaFollet has kissed his presidential hopes goodbye.

This reciprocation business is mighty fine so long as you are the recipient.

It seems to take our troops a much longer time to get out of Mexico than it did to get in.

The first sign of returning peace in Europe is the discharge of 3500 men working in the gun cotton works.

If Mr. Ford would send a string of his jitneys along the battle fronts of Europe he might induce the boys to get out of the trenches for a joy ride by next Christmas.

## Puss In Boots.

No collection of fairy tales is complete without "Puss In Boots," and it is interesting to know that it has amused the children of a hundred generations. The various versions of the story differ materially, however. It is believed that the Zanzibar version is the original. There the man is ungrateful to the clever cat and is punished by awaking to find his prosperity a dream. In France, Italy and India the cat is a swindler and the Marquis of Carrabas is his accomplice. In Russia and Sicily "Puss In Boots" is a moral story and the cat helps the man from motives of gratitude. When Cruikshank illustrated "Puss In Boots" he rewrote it and introduced the moral motive of gratitude in the cat, but the American version does not point out any motive. Why should the cat help his master to title and riches? In our story he is a weak fellow who does nothing to help himself, and we feel that the cat is throwing his energies away on an idler.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Good Form.

Aunt—You'll be late for the party, won't you, dear? Niece—Oh, no, auntie. In our set nobody goes to a party until everybody else gets there.—Boston Transcript.

## Vicarious.

Nodd—How do you like your chauffeur? Todd—I don't know anything about him personally, but my wife and daughter tell me he drives my car very well.—Judge.

## Jokes on the Men.

Mrs. A.—Do you ever read the jokes in the newspapers? Mrs. B.—Only the jokes on the men—the marriage notices, you know.—Exchange.

## A JEALOUS TELEPHONE

By M. QUAD

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Henry Howe was a young farmer living three miles from the village of Lansing, and his deaf mother kept house for him. In the village above mentioned lived Ellen Wilcox with her father and mother. Henry was twenty-two years old and Ellen nineteen. One day when Howe had sold a load of stove wood at the Wilcox home he and Ellen met. They looked good to each other. Then began a courtship that lasted almost a year, and there was but one break in it. That was when Ellen went to a picnic which Henry could not attend, and Henry the next Sunday for revenge took out driving a girl he had once kissed at a husking.

This break in Cupid's plans lasted a month, and people had begun to say that it was off forever when the couple made up. The turtle doves cooed again, and in the course of a month they were married.

All went merrily for the next three months, and then came a fiend in human shape. He was agent for a telephone company, and he advanced about 150 reasons why Henry should install one of the instruments in his peaceful home. The young bride advanced her reasons also, and after giving a week or two's thought to the matter Henry ordered in the wonderful little thing.

One day a sewing machine agent came along the road where Henry was at work and pulled up for a talk. He led the conversation around to that Sunday school picnic and Henry's buggy ride and presently said:

"Did you ever see the feller that escorted your wife to that picnic?"

"Why, there was no feller!" was the surprised reply.

"Oh, wasn't there? How a woman can fool a man! You have gone and put in a telephone. I don't say that feller is still in the village, but if he is how easy for your wife and he to have a dozen conversations a day over the wire! Have you thought of that?"

"Say, old man, don't get off any trash like that," cautioned the farmer. "There was no feller, I tell you, and if there was he did not make a mess. Don't try to stir up any trouble here."

"Oh, I am not one to stir up trouble," said the agent, and he drove along to the house and entered it. He knew he could not make a sale of a machine, for one was there already. He said to the wife: "I was one of those who thought you and Henry had broken off for good. In fact, I made a bet of \$10 that he would marry the other girl."

"Aren't you a bit impudent?" queried the young wife as she flushed up.

"But I didn't mean to be, Mrs. Wilcox. I was just thinking how handy that telephone was for him. Her father also has a telephone in his house, and, if she and Henry wanted to talk, there you are. He could slip in here a dozen times a day, and if he didn't talk too loud you could not hear him from your work in the kitchen."

"If you have no other errand you had better drive along," was the quiet suggestion.

Henry did not tell her that he had seen the agent that day, and she did not tell Henry that she had seen him either.

Despite the way they had answered him he had planted a seed of distrust and jealousy which presently took root.

Henry took his mother out to the barn, where his shouts in her ear would not reach the wife in the house, and told her to keep count every day of the times his wife used the tele-

phone. The wife managed to hang around every time Ellen was telephoning, and she strained her ears to hear every word.

One day there was a ring, and Henry was called for. He had just come up from the field and made an excuse that he wanted a drink of water. He rushed for the telephone, and the wife rushed after him. She could not hear what was said by the other party, but she thought there was a blush on his face as he answered. After a talk of two minutes he replied to the other party that he would be there about 8 o'clock in the evening. This was altogether too bold. She was being humiliated in her own house. Henry was wearing his hat. She cuffed it off his head and blazed forth:

"Henry Howe, if you are going to see that girl this evening I will follow you every step of the way, and I will pull every hair out of her head!"

"You had better stay home and talk over the wire to the feller who escorted you to the Sunday school picnic!" he retorted.

Taunts were dying back and forth when a thunderstorm that had been gathering for the last hour suddenly broke, and a thunderbolt instead of striking the barn made a straight wake for the house. It knocked about a hundred shingles off the roof, wrecked a bedstead upstairs and then tore that telephone out by the roots and prostrated man and wife and mother. It did not seriously injure them, and in half an hour they were able to sit up and smell the brimstone and survey the desolation.

"Good!" exclaimed Henry as he pointed to the telephone lying on the floor.

"Good!" added his wife as she also saw it.

"You never went with a feller to the picnic!"

"And you don't care two cents about that freckled face girl!"

That telephone has never been replaced.

We pay 25c per dozen for eggs. Cloverdale Mercantile Co.

## Notice for Publication.

(PUBLISHER) 03027

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. LAND OFFICE at Portland, Oregon, June 7, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Peter N. Forsyth, of Nenamusa, Oregon, who, on April 24, 1911, made Additional Homestead Entry No. 03027, for n  $\frac{1}{2}$  ne  $\frac{1}{4}$ , section 18, township 4 south, range 7 west, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office, at Portland, Oregon, on the 19th day of July, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Ellery DeLashmut, of Willamina, Oregon; Charles C. Wilson, of Willamina, Oregon; Frank D. Maine, of Blaine, Oregon; Dewitt Jones, of Nenamusa, Oregon.

Proof made according to law under which entry was made.

N. Campbell,  
Register.

## Notice for Publication.

(PUBLISHER) 02958

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
U. S. LAND OFFICE at Portland,  
Oregon, June 16th, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that William H. Davis, of Blaine, Oregon, who, on March 29, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 02958, for n  $\frac{1}{2}$  n w  $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 22, Township 3 South, Range 8 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Clerk of the County Court for Tillamook County, Oregon, at Tillamook, Oregon, on the 3rd day of August, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Matthew Thompson, of Blaine, Oregon, John Wilmoit, of Blaine, Oregon, Frank D. Maine, of Blaine, Oregon, John T. Moon, of Cloverdale, Oregon.

Proof made according to law under which entry was made.

N. Campbell,  
Register.

The Evening Telegram, Portland's best daily paper, and the Cloverdale Courier, both papers one year for only \$3.50.

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