

CLOVERDALE COURIER

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Frank Taylor, Editor and Publisher.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1917.

ABNORMAL SPRING CONDITIONS.

In practically every section of the northwest spring work is unusually late. A comparatively small amount of spring plowing has been done. Such conditions of farm operations, combined with an acute labor situation and abnormally favorable market conditions for farm crops increases general farm interest in everything that can be done for loss time in plant growth. The labor situation in some sections will be very acute during haying and harvesting, owing to the large draft made on laborers joining the colors.

It seems to us says the Portland Live Stock Reporter that a very effective method of meeting the situation is to make liberal use of available plant food in the form of fertilizers. Such plant food not only gives a vigorous start to wheat, corn, potatoes and other crops, but, with favorable weather conditions, maintains rapid, vigorous crop growth, which does a great deal to combat disease attacks and leads to largest yields of best quality and early maturity.

If such speeding up of crop growth is beneficial under normal conditions, much more is to be advised under the present crop conditions, which have not been equalled in favorableness within the memory of the average active farmer. Speeding up crop production by liberal use of fertilizers a great deal will have been done toward maintaining the production of food products at their usual level, in spite of the threatened

cut in acreage which is feared, due to the high price of seed and labor. The present crisis and the urgent need of larger production makes the matter of increased crop production doubly important.

WARNING AGAINST BASELESS STORIES.

In the interest of justice and fair play toward those of our fellow citizens who may be affected, the Courier would again caution its readers against giving credence to stories which are circulated to impugn one's loyalty to the Stars and Stripes. While there may occasionally be an isolated case of some person of foreign birth making a disloyal remark or committing a disloyal act, it is well on general principles to denounce stories of this sort. Frequently these stories are started with malice aforethought to do some person a grave injury, and it is for this reason that we advise that no one repeat any story which is calculated to do a friend or acquaintance an injury.

DIDN'T WANT SPENCE AT ALL.

A Beaverton man tells of a funny sequel to the meeting of parent-teachers association of that town Wednesday night. Robert Krohn, physical director of the Portland schools, had expected to address the meeting, but found at the last moment that he could not fill the engagement. A Portland organization was appealed to for another speaker and the gentleman selected was met at the train by the reception committee. Being a stranger the visitor was queried as to his proposed address and replied that he would talk against the bonds. The ladies were in a quandry for a moment, but finally explained that Beaverton was for the bonds and they did not think it proper to introduce the topic in an educational meeting. He therefore returned to Portland with an undelivered address and it is said that inquiry as to who he was brought the reply that he was C. E. Spence.—Hillsboro Independent.

THE SLAB CREEK SAGE SAYS

People with long faces absorb much sunshine and reflect none.

Most photographers would have to shut up shop if people could see themselves as other see them.

Did you ever notice how few people there are present when anyone happens to say nice things about you.

It isn't work that kills. Its the worry caused by having to work that increases an undertaker's bank balance.

The Girl Next Door

A Sketch of Juvenile Love

By F. A. MITCHEL

Spring is the season of flowers and love, as has been remarked before, it seems, to the present writer. He does not claim originality for the remark. But it is as true now as it was when first made, some centuries ago, and all English and American poets from Chaucer to the present poet laureate have enlarged on the theme.

Why not use it, therefore, to introduce a little tale, or sketch, rather, of a very young man and a very young maid and flowers and flour?

Billy Atherton was nearing sixteen—that is, he was at an age when two things monopolized the limited space there was in his undeveloped brain, the first being his clothes, the second a girl. It may seem absurd to put the clothes before the girl, but such is the proper relation. There are a great many girls, but only one wardrobe, for a young man, and he requires that wardrobe to be exactly in vogue.

The first sign Billy showed of approaching manhood was when he was fourteen. Then he displayed marked concern about his neckwear. Later a new complication developed: then the period for long trousers came on. The color of his neckwear must match the color of his socks. Nothing would induce him to wear socks that were not clocked. His favorite shade for his scarf and socks was a brilliant yellow, and woe betide the tailor who produced a pair of trousers for him that were not short enough to display seven-eighths of his hosiery!

When Billy was invited to his first formal dance he was confronted with the most important question thus far of his life. Should he wear a swallow-tail or a tuxedo? If a tuxedo, should he wear a white or black vest, a white or black tie? In Billy's time boys of his age were supposed to pass upward and onward to full dress through a tuxedo. So, notwithstanding that he was invited to a formal dance, he must wear a tuxedo.

Consultation with half a dozen other boys of his age soon cleared the way through the vest and tie problems. They were to be both black. But Billy struck a snag on the collar. There was unfortunately a division of opinion. Some of the boys ruled for a standing, some for a turndown collar. During the afternoon before the dance Billy was in a fever of suspense whether it should be standing or turndown. Finally the matter was settled by a telephone message from his haberdasher, who, after consulting a periodical giving such fashions, assured Billy that if he wore anything except a turndown collar the bottom would drop out of the universe. That settled the final momentous question as to how Billy should be arrayed on going to his first formal dance.

Since Billy was to enter upon his first love affair during the evening of this dance one would suppose that the apparel of the girl he was to fall in love with should be also described. Betty Hinsdale, aged fourteen and ten months, was as much concerned about her party get up as was Billy about his apparel. A dress had been especially prepared for the occasion. But if her costume were to be as minutely described as Billy's has been it would require a woman to do the job. This would involve two persons to write the story. Hence I can only say that when Betty was paraded before her father in her party dress he immediately ordered it lengthened at both ends. This is all the information I can give on the subject.

The apparel of these two young persons being the most important part of this story has necessitated its being introduced in the beginning. It is now necessary to mention a certain spring day when Billy had put on his baseball suit and was in his back yard sunning himself, occasionally throwing a ball against the brick wall of his home.

Billy was standing within a few feet of the house examining a tear in the ball he had been tossing when he was surprised at a fine powder settling all over him. He brushed it off, but more settled in its place. He looked up to see whence it came. All he saw was that it had emanated from a window in the house next door.

Billy was puzzled. Nevertheless he suspected that some one was showering him. Bending his head over his ball for awhile, he raised his eyes suddenly and saw the laughing face of a girl at a window. It was drawn in with astonishing rapidity. Billy waited and watched for some time, but there was no reappearance of either the girl or the flour that had whitened him.

He it remembered that this was springtime. One morning when Billy was getting himself late for breakfast by a painful indecision as to which cravat out of more than twenty he should wear he cast his eyes aside from the mirror before him—it was very close to a window—and saw a girl planting seeds or roots in the yard next door. He at once divined that she was the maid who had floured him, and he wished for something with which to return the compliment. In the window was a box of plants, and the plants were budding. Billy began to throw the buds at the girl, who was pretty.

A man would have been surprised at seeing a flower drop near him and would have looked to see where it came from. Not so this young lady. She was conscious of the fact that a young man lived next door. She remembered to have dropped flour on his shoulders and was on the lookout for a response. In fact, she had seen Billy at his window amid a rainbow of cravats. Given a girl in a back yard, a young man at a window, and it is to be supposed that the girl will expect something.

Billy tossed sprigs and flowers, which fell to the girl's right, to her left, before her, behind her, but she paid no attention to them. Then he went to the bathroom, filled a tumbler with water and, returning to his window, sent the contents in a spray on the flower planter. There was just enough of a sprinkling to cause her to fear a douche. She arose from her work and marched into the house. On her way she cast a glance up at Billy and made a "face" at him. Billy in return threw her a kiss from the tips of his fingers.

This time Billy saw enough of the girl to be sure that she was pretty. What else she was he did not know and did not care to know. He had attracted her attention, though he had been obliged to sprinkle her to do so. She had brought the sprinkling on herself by giving him a stage snow-storm, and as for the face she had made at him he did not mind that a bit.

The next day when Billy was going up the steps, getting out his latchkey, who should come out of the front door of the next house but the girl. She passed him with her nose in the air, but she had scarcely reached the sidewalk when Billy heard a giggle. He turned and tried to get up his courage to follow and join her, but he had not been introduced to her, and should she scorn him he would never recover from the blow. She had floured him and he had flowered her, but this did not constitute an introduction. He would no more dare speak to her without the formal introduction required in social life than he would return to his knickerbockers.

Such was the condition between these two next door neighbors when Billy was invited to his first formal dance. He began to array himself at 6 o'clock for a function that was supposed to begin at half past 8. Much time was required. He put three sets of studs in his shirt before he was satisfied with a set of tiny mosaics. He had inserted gold links in his cuffs, and this necessitated a further change, for had he worn mosaic studs with gold sleeve buttons he would expect to be ordered out of the house by the host. The tying of his neckwear was another delay requiring some twenty-five minutes. He succeeded in placing it above the collar button, but was in terror lest it slip down.

He was informed by his mother, who stood by him nobly in this critical period of his life, that he would surely be late, and at last he put the finishing touches to his makeup and, going downstairs and out, entered a limousine that had been summoned to transport him to the scene of hoped for conquests. As he was driving away a car stopped next door. He wondered if the girl who lived there was going anywhere.

Billy on reaching his destination spent half an hour in the dressing room. Whether it was for further arrangement of his apparel or a stage fright at appearing at his first function there is no record. Nevertheless he held on to the banister on his way down. He made his bow to the hostess and was at once taken off by a member of the family to be presented to some of the young ladies he did not know.

Those invited were all supposed to be between fifteen and seventeen, though some of the girls had barely turned fourteen. Billy was introduced to several girls in succession and was landed for a similar purpose before another when he stood stock still. She was the girl next door.

"Miss Betty Hinsdale, this is Mr. Atherton!"

Why all the retiring qualities are attributed to the softer sex it is difficult to explain. Billy, as he expressed it afterward, was taken "flat aback." Miss Hinsdale was as cool as a cucumber. Billy stammered something like "pleasure of a dance," whereupon she threw back her head with all the air of a society belle, at the same time thrusting out a dance card with not a vacancy on it. But Billy soon caught up with her. He erased several names and boldly wrote his own name in their place.

Minute accounts of love affairs may be pleasingly realistic, but they require much space. But it doesn't require much time for a boy of sixteen to fall in love. Billy did the falling like a house painter from a scaffold—very suddenly. But he was a dead man, so far as his heart was concerned, long before the evening was over. He had not only been made acquainted with the girl next door, but had fallen madly in love with her.

The flouting, the flowering and the sprinkling, and all that, were over, and another phase of the affair was begun.

But that phase has been so often portrayed that we will leave these youngsters at the end of the beginning of their affair by merely stating that the love spats were so numerous one would suppose that they were bitter enemies instead of lovers. Billy was at one moment in the clouds, the next in the slough of despair. This up and down condition lasted till he went to college, when he succeeded in getting admitted to the university baseball team, and from this moment he forgot the girl next door. But it is only fair to her to say that before she married she had been engaged six times.

More failures are due to lack of will than to lack of strength.

In Latin America sun dried beef is stretched for tether rope.

A telephone wire swings for 1,200 yards across the Yukon river.

Portugal makes ability to read and write a requirement for suffrage.

Japanese bread is shaped somewhat like a stick of bamboo, being sold in strings.

Taylor Real Estate Agency

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Five hundred dollars down will buy the nw 1/4 of the se 1/4 and the n 1/2 of the sw 1/4 of section 3, and the e 1/2 of the se 1/4 section 4, town 5 south, range 10 west. I can rent you this place, if you want it, at a very reasonable price.

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Buying, selling or trading real estate and business enterprises our big hold. We have realty from Timber to Neakowin and business enterprises scattered along the way, that can be bought right. Find us if you are in the market and if you are not in the market for some of the snaps I have, get in. A tip that's worth taking.

Taylor Real Estate Agency
Cloverdale, Oregon.

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