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JOB DEPARTMENT
 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, MAY 10, 1917.

If, for instance, the legs of the chairs surrounding card table were to be ordered taken from the seats, there would be an army of men that if they did not enlist they could become useful in producing something to feed the people.

There is a great deal of talk nowadays about the necessity of raising more live stock, says E. L. Potter, of the O. A. C., but I've stock cannot be grown without feed and there is no use talking about raising more live stock until more feed is produced at prices cheap enough to justify its use for feeding purposes. The man who accumulates a lot of stock without knowing where he is to get the feed for them is only courting disaster and, while his efforts might be inspired by the purest motives of patriotism, the result would be a detriment instead of a benefit to this country.

BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END.

The country newspapers are being appealed to to urge the farmer to greater production. The appeals come from professors of colleges, the clubs of the cities, etc. The farmer is, and always has been a progressive producer. His business is production, and like other good business men, he is on the alert for a greater production, the same as the business man is to a greater and bigger business. Now it comes to pass that Uncle Sam wants recruits for his army and the farmers' tools and the farmers' help are quick to respond. Hence, the opportunity for the usual production is handicapped and then to appeal for greater production to institutions that have always aimed at, and made, the greatest production that was possible, seems to us like attempting the impossible.

Would it not be a better plan for these professors to urge the closing of pool halls and card rooms in the cities and towns so that the army of men and boys who hang around them could be put in the production class, thus assisting the farmer to replace the help that has gone to service.

DO YOUR SHARE.

Are you doing your share in the cause of humanity? The world's progress is caused not only by the mighty pushes of its heroes, but also by the aggregate of the tiny pushes of each honest worker, and every man who refuses to push because his effort would be so small is making a foolish mistake.

Eyes of the Chameleon.
 The chameleon's eyes are situated in tiny sockets projecting from the head. By this curious contrivance the peculiar little animal can see in any direction without the slightest motion save of the eye.

OVER THE WIRE

A Telegraph Operator's Story

By WARREN MILLER

There is no more favorable opportunity for young people of opposite sex to poke fun at each other than over a telephone or telegraph wire. There is a fascination in operating from behind a shield rendering one invisible. A girl will delight to say things to a man who can't see her and doesn't know who she is. I was a telegraph operator when a young man, and I noticed this disposition in many a girl operator with whom I talked over the wire. I am a matter of fact sort of a fellow myself and doubt if it would ever have occurred to me to bamboozle a girl in this fashion had not the girl shown a disposition to bamboozle me.

She who first tried it was an operator at a station about twenty miles away from me. I was in the town of M., while the girl was out at G., a way station some twenty miles distant in the country. She had more time on her hands than I, and I suppose this is what set her on to quizzing me. She started in one night about 9 o'clock after having taken a message from me, beginning by asking me what was going on in town; how I liked M.; if there was any fun going on there and expressing her dislike at being compelled to live in a little way station like G. From this we fell to talking about ourselves and naturally, as persons of opposite sex at that age invariably do, finally drifted on to love and marriage. From love and marriage in general we dropped into specialties, at last narrowing the topic down to ourselves.

The girl led me along in the channel she laid out herself till I admitted that marriage being a lottery, I would about as lief marry a girl I had no knowledge of as one I had met and loved. All I required was to know that the girl I was to marry possessed a fair amount of good looks. One thing led to another till it was arranged that she should mail me her photograph and I should send her mine. Then if we were mutually pleased we might proceed further toward forming an acquaintance with a view to matrimony.

The next day I looked over my stock of photographs—not of myself, but of my friends—and, selecting one of Sam Atkins, the best looking fellow in the lot, I sent it to the girl. Sam was off at the Spanish-American war at the time, and I trusted to his getting shot or dying of disease so that I might not get into trouble by passing him off for myself. In return I received a picture of a rather pretty girl, who I judged from her features was full of mischief, the very one to get up just such a complication as we were entering upon. Upon her lips was an engaging smile and in her eyes a very saucy look.

After that the wires began to warm up with our conversations, till at last they came to a white heat with love passages. When we had fired a lot of such missiles at each other we began to talk about meeting. At my proposal to go to see her she cooled down a bit, and it was easy to see that her exuberance was the result of fighting behind a masked battery. I made several propositions to go to see her on a certain day and hour, but for every time I set she gave some reason why it would be inconvenient or impossible for her to receive me. At last it occurred to me to go up and look her over without an appointment. Never having seen me, she wouldn't know me.

So one day, having secured a leave, I started to see my charmer. On arrival I walked up into the village and on the street met my girl, whom I recognized at once by her photograph. I followed her into several shops and finally to a yellow house that stood back from the street. She went into the house, and, having waited half an hour for her to come out, I concluded she lived there.

I knew a man in the place, Tom Foster, and, hunting him up, told him that there was a girl in the town I wished to know. He said there was going to be a dance that evening and all the girls in the place would be there. He would take me with him, and if he knew the girl I wished to meet he would introduce me. I thought that an excellent plan since it would give me the advantage of keeping my affairs to myself. I could obtain an introduction to different girls without my introducer knowing the one I was especially interested in.

That evening I went with Foster to the hall where the dance was to take place. He asked about the girl I wished to know and why I wished to know her and all that, but I evaded his questions. I didn't propose to let the girl herself know that I was the fellow she

had been making love to over the wire—at least till I had learned all about her. She was there sure enough, looking as pretty as a picture—a brunette with a profusion of jet black hair, a stately figure and as mischievous an eye as ever I saw in a woman. When I first saw her she was talking with another girl about her own age, and that I might not give myself away to Foster I asked him to introduce me to the other girl.

She proved to be Miss Ellen Ormsby, a staid young woman whom I found rather hard to talk to. I asked her who was the girl she was with when I was introduced to her, and she said she was Agnes Miller and, taking the hint, offered to introduce me. I accepted and was introduced.

I don't think I ever chuckled so in my life as when I found myself incognito chatting with the girl whom I had been saying soft things to over the wire. I made up my mind to stave off the denouement as long as possible. Not for the world would I give her any clew to my identity by the slightest reference to what had passed between us. And as to letting her know even that I was a telegraph operator, nothing would tempt me to risk giving away the whole thing by doing so.

I danced several times with Agnes Miller and once with her friend Ellen Ormsby. I concluded to go slow with Miss Miller, but I got in a number of compliments and several looks indicating my admiration for her. When I left her to catch my train, which I did before the dance had ended, I pressed her hand and received a slight pressure in return.

Very soon after this I received a shock at the return of Sam Atkins. The Spanish war was over, and Sam had come home in excellent health and handsome as ever. What disconcerted me was that in some way—I having sent my girl his photograph—he might spot my fun. But on second thought it occurred to me that there was no likelihood of this since she was so far from both of us.

He did give a scare one evening when he came to my room and seeing a new and pretty face among the photographs on my table began to quiz me. He declared he would scour the country round till he discovered the original of the picture.

On my return from G. I resumed my telegraphic chat with her, enjoying it far more than before from having made her acquaintance. It was very amusing to talk with her, having seen her, while I was still unknown to her except through Sam Atkins' photograph. She continued to complain of the dullness of G., so I concluded to ask her to come to town and go with me to the theater. This would let her into the secret of my having sent her another man's photograph, but I must let that out some time, and there was no especial reason for delay.

She accepted the invitation with alacrity and appointed a night. I procured a couple of seats and wrote her that I would meet her at the station and take her from there to the theater; she would know me by a bit of orange ribbon worn in my buttonhole. To keep up the fraud till her arrival I asked her to carry a few violets in her left hand.

When Miss Miller alighted from the train and saw me, whom she had met before, with the orange ribbon in my buttonhole she stood still for a moment; then, simply remarking that we had met before and I had deceived her about the photograph, we left the station, and, since it was a summer evening and an hour must elapse before the play would begin, we walked to a park or central square and sat down on one of the benches. She then reproved me mildly for sending her the wrong photograph, but said she didn't mind that since she had made my acquaintance at G.

When we entered the theater and took our seats but few people had arrived. We enjoyed ourselves chatting about our telegraphic correspondence and watching the audience come in. Suddenly my heart stood still.

Who should enter and take the two seats in the next row in front of us but Sam Atkins and Miss Miller's friend, whom I had met at G., Ellen Ormsby. The expression on their faces was, to say the least, peculiar. Smiles were struggling to assert themselves which the three were endeavoring to suppress. I cast a hasty glance at my companion and saw her eyes fairly dance with a mingled delight, mischief and triumph.

I knew at once that the game I had been playing had not only been discovered, but had been turned against me.

"Sam, you rascal!" I exclaimed. "You're a traitor to your own sex!" My remark occasioned a burst of laughter from the whole party except myself.

"Come," I said, "explain the matter." At this moment the orchestra struck up the overture, and in ten minutes more the curtain rose. My tormentors forced me to wait till the end of the first act before giving me an explanation; then my companion said:

"Nellie Ormsby is a telegraph operator at the G. station and has been your correspondent. She sent you my photograph with my consent instead of her own and, having no more confidence in you in such a matter than her-

self, did not believe the likeness you sent her was your own. She went to M., taking the photograph with her, and a mutual friend of hers and Mr. Atkins there told her that it was his picture. Before leaving town she saw you at work at your instrument and knew that you were her correspondent. Then Mr. Atkins returned from the war. She went again to M., made his acquaintance and told him the secret.

"Meanwhile you had gone to G., and the moment you entered the ballroom Nellie recognized you. She saw your attention fixed on me and introduced you. Your enjoyment in the part you were playing gave us double what was evident in you. When your invitation came we decided to spring the joke on you here at the theater. We wrote Mr. Atkins to find out if possible where our seats were and get two more near them. This he learned through you. "So you see that when a man sets himself up to outwit a girl he must sharpen his own wits on a whetstone." It was all plain enough now. I acknowledged myself beaten and after the play invited the party to the best supper that could be obtained. There is a sequel to this story, but not to be given here. The gist of it is that I paired off with Miss Miller and Sam with Miss Ormsby.

Light as Chaff

Always on the Job.

"Now, children, I want to talk to you a few moments about one of the most important organs in the world," announced the minister to the Sunday school. "What is it that throbs away, never ceasing whether you wake or sleep, night and day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any effort on your part, hidden away, as it were, in the depths, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing rhythmically all your life long?"

During the pause in the effective oratorical delivery a small voice piped forth: "The gas meter."—Country Gentleman.

The Stranger Obligated.

A stranger walking along a country road in the suburbs of Dublin met an Irishman who was holding a ram by the horns.

"Will you hold this ram," said the Irishman, "just while I climb over this gate and open it from the other side?" "Certainly," replied the obliging stranger as he seized the horns.

"Thanks," said the Irishman when he got to the other side. "The vicious brute attacked me an hour ago, and I have been struggling to get away ever since. So long as you hold his horns he can't hurt you. Farewell! I hope you'll be as lucky in getting away."



How to Do Things

Drop a live coal into the water with which you wash a saucenap that has been used for onions. It will quite take the oniony taste away.

Boil very dirty curtains in water to which some bleaching soda has been added. It is wonderful how it gets them back to a good color. Directions for use are printed on the packet in which you buy it.

Make the best parts of worn table cloths into table napkins. If washed at home such napkins will last for months. Don't starch. Iron when rather damp and they will be quite stiff enough.

Add a few drops of lemon juice to any soup or gravy that isn't "tasty" enough. Lemon juice brings up the flavor in a most wonderful way.

Rub satrons before using on a rag in which a piece of wax candle end has been tied. The wax makes the rag slip over whatever is being ironed.

Make a beefsteak pudding with half beef and kidney and half well boiled macaroni or rice. It will be just as nourishing as if you had used all meat.

When cream will not whip add the white of an egg to the contents of the bowl. Let both egg and cream become thoroughly chilled, then try again, and the cream will be found to whip easily.

Iron saucenaps should be cleaned as soon as possible after use and if anything greasy has been held in them put in some soda and boil this up.

Milk is an Economical And Nourishing Food

The average person in this country uses only a little more than a half pint of milk daily. This quantity can very profitably be increased when safe milk is available, says the United States department of agriculture. Economy in the diet does not always depend upon limiting the use of certain foods, but sometimes it is a question of actually increasing the use of foods which furnish nutritive material at relatively low cost.

Many people think of milk only as a beverage, but if they understood that it is in reality a nourishing food they would increase their daily allowance. Milk contains the body building materials (protein and mineral substances, such as lime and phosphorus), and also supplies energy for carrying on the body functions. The following shows the quantities of various foods needed to supply as much protein or energy as a quart of milk:

Protein.—A quart of milk is equal to seven ounces of sirloin steak, or six ounces of round steak, or four and three-tenths of eggs, or eight and three-fifths ounces of fowl.

Energy.—A quart of milk is equal to eleven ounces of sirloin steak, or twelve ounces of round steak, or eight and a half eggs, or ten and seven-tenths ounces of fowl.

A table of comparative costs of these foods would show that if milk is selling at 10 cents a quart sirloin steak must sell as low as 23.3 cents a pound and eggs at 25.1 cents a dozen to supply protein at equal cost. It would also show that milk even at 15 cents a quart is a cheap source of energy as compared with sirloin steak and eggs.

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In every line of Merchandise, but none more especially than in

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